



JACKSON STATE DEMONSTRATION FOREST (COURTESY OF JIM FITHIAN)

Doing More With Less

Camp 1 Management Assessment

[“EggTake Manifesto”]

By Michael Winn, 2009 Camp Host

“Is not the challenge of legal justice to conform to our contemporary notions of social justice?”

*Louis D. Brandeis
Chief Justice, U.S. Supreme Court*

An “on the ground” assessment of operation, management and facilities of Camp 1, known locally as “EggTake”, a public campground in Jackson Demonstration State Forest, presenting problems, perhaps endemic in Northern California, and proposing solutions that may offer economic opportunities for local communities and the state, possibly surpassing historic revenue from timber production, and also benefits through education and increasing public awareness about the importance of watershed forests. Possible immediate and affordable changes to facilities and policy are presented at the end and a brief history introduces the subject. Unless otherwise stated, opinions, interpretations and images are my own.

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Michael Winn
August 27, 2009

Preface

When a neighbor, suggested I apply to become the Camp host at Camp 1 last spring, she told me I'd meet some interesting people. Later, when I was accepted by CDF, she said, "Do you have a good lock on your door? Lock everything up...I just hope they support you." I had no idea what she meant but I'd heard there's a long history in which Camp hosts were out on a limb. In the previous year, 2008, CDF went through 10 Camp hosts.

My neighbor's admonition conditioned my expectations. Snapping twigs caused by a curious raccoon or skunk had me looking out the windows of my motor home. A herd of gremlins on the aluminum roof turned out to be a family of deer mice. (I dismantled the RV stove to get rid of the mess they made.) During my first week, a small, bare-chested, inebriated young man, who I now refer to as, Pol Pot, strode into my camp with a tall young man wearing a light blue cotton shirt that fit his slender body like a dress on a hanger in a thrift shop. Pol Pot asked me where Lotus Flower was camping. It had been a long day and this uninvited visit was bad enough without his speaking to me like a peon. "Lotus Flower is here somewhere," I said, "take a look around." "What kind of a goddam' Camp host are you?" he said. I had enough of his impertinence, "The kind that tells you to get lost." "Alright," he said, "You said, 'get lost' and that's what I'm doing." He turned and stomped away, followed by his taller pal, who glared at me in sympathy. "As he climbed into a brown van with a broad yellow stripe on its side, he added, "I'm calling CDF—you won't be here long!" Instead of leaving, however, he drove off down Road 360 into the campground for which I was responsible. Not realizing that his behavior was conventional in the culture, I called "Command Center" and asked them to send a ranger to deal with Pol Pot. While on the phone with the dispatcher, a maroon van came down the road. I left the phone to see if this was the second wave of an invasion. This van was driven by a soft spoken man in his 60s, who reminded me of Kris Kringle. His bushy grey beard and eyebrows sheltered a prominent nose and watery blue eyes. Ed said he wanted to camp for "awhile". I pointed to the intersection, "Go left across the bridge over there to Wagon...police will be coming down the other road." "Really?" His

eyes narrowed, “Trouble?” “Not yet and I don’t want any. Find a spot in Wagon. If you want it, come back and I’ll give you a permit.”

A half hour passed. Craig Pedersen came down the road with Ben Nichols. CDF rangers wear blue uniforms with gold badges. Craig wears a sidearm that looks huge on his slender frame. Their cop radios, twice the size of Star Trek communicators, constantly squawk dispatches to police and firemen. Noting how upset I was at Pol Pot’s intrusion, Craig and Ben asked which way he went and drove off. I sat down with my Pomeranian friend, Bear, opened a can of Keystone Light and waited. Time passed. The brown van came back down Road 360. Rounding the left turn onto Road 300 without slowing, it sped off toward Parlin Fork. For a brief moment, I saw the thin henchman’s white face sneering at me through the front passenger window. 10 minutes later, Craig and Ben drove in. Craig said I should be more careful interacting with people since response times can be much, much longer. “I’m really on my own here, then?” Craig looked at Ben. Ben looked at Craig and shrugged. Craig said, “I’m just saying that it can take some time for anyone to get here—we got here a lot quicker today—don’t depend on that.”

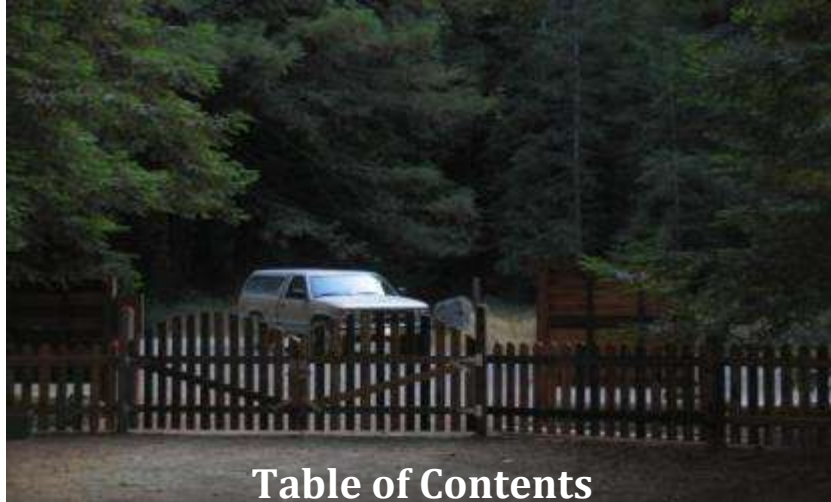


Jim Buckley (l.) and Bob Sallee

First thing next morning, I was surprised to see Craig out front. Bob Sallee and Jim Buckley drove up in Bob’s CalFire-Red F250.

Bob does maintenance in JDSF. Jim’s a fire engine driver who helps Bob during the wet season.

Bob and Jim built a redwood fence across the front to prevent people like Pol Pot from casually strolling into my camp. They’d have to jump over it, wade across a creek or walk around it through poison oak, ferns and blackberries on either side. Finishing the fence, Jim said, “I could have built it higher and longer but when you need to run for your life you’d have trouble getting over it.” This idea made me feel like bait. Was Big Foot out there chumming with the bears? Pol Pot hadn’t said, “I’ll be back,” he said he was getting lost. I was beginning to learn what my neighbor meant about support—I *was* on my own down there—until I learned how to depend on the community of campers, which in large part is the subject of this history.



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Executive Summary:

This report may explain why there are locked gates in a public forest preserve and around public recreational facilities; who is kept out and who is let in—not by name (unless this is relevant), but based on what they appear to be doing or what they have told me they are doing when they checked in with me or in conversations about their violations of forest rules in which mutual obligations to the forest and each other as stewards were discussed.

Generally, those who honored the forest rules followed them well and some of them viewed them as ideals. For example, one evening in July, as I relaxed with a day's-end glass of two buck chuck, gazing up into the tapestry of gold and green illuminated by the setting sun, the sound of a speeding car drew my attention to the Day Use area where the road to the highway enters the campground. I saw a silverish VW Passat kicking up a "rooster's tail" of blond dust expanding like the contrail of a jetliner. Without slowing, it flew over the bridge crossing the South Fork and past the "STOP" sign in front of my residence above which there is a sign that reads, "CHECK IN WITH CAMP HOST".



Through the dust cloud of rising around the car, I caught a glimpse of the bobbing head in a rasta hairstyle I recognized as belonging to a camper at "Wagon-4". They had been dusting my camp every morning and evening in various cars that carried them in and out of the forest, presumably driven by patrons, since few possessed their own transportation.

This particular act of inconsideration occurred on the afternoon when, during a frustrating telephone conversation with CDF staff, I was told that since reducing my dust inhalation was not a CDF priority, I should not expect relief in the form of dust control and should just accept it as a fact of life. Before the VW passed out of sight, I put down my glass and surged into action. Throwing wide the gates of my compound, I drove my 1980 Ford F150 pickup, pictured above, through the settling cloud of dust made by the VW to Wagon campground, climaxing in a sliding stop on the rock road about 20 feet behind the VW such that the cloud of dust made by my F150 drifted over a crowd of long-haired

gypsies that had gathered around the car, the driver of which I presumed was the expensively dressed young lady standing among them who was the only person not staring at me with glazed but open eyes in a dumbfounded expression of surprise.

Standing on the floor of the cab above them, I aimed from my left shoulder down my arm, thumb and index finger pointing at the Passat and with more than sufficient volume and just a little more anger than irony, I said, “*Who* is the driver...of *that* car?”

Looking at me like deer caught in headlights, with cannabis-soaked retini, perhaps they anticipated my interference centered on the hash, pot and/or meth they were about to trade to the young lady who stood in their midst, a veritable symbol of innocence, a Cinderella among dwarfs and trolls. Some may have imagined I’d finally gone postal, a result of their diligent efforts, but not one of them smirked, cracked wise, sucked on a joint or made a sarcastic, stupid remark. For a change, it was they who were surprised.

The voice of the young woman arose like the call of a loon over a still, misty lake, “That would be me,” she said. A titter and shuffling of feet rippled through the assembly.

With rasping authority of a Klingon in my voice, I growled, “Would be? Or, *was*?”

“Was!” she threw back at me without hesitation like a topspin backhand, accompanied by a slantwise look in her eyes that added the subtext, “...*you complete moron.*”

“Did you happen to see the stop sign as you flew by?”

“Stop sign?” she asked to the air, still not looking directly at me, “No. What stop sign?” with the subtext: *What are you talking about and why are you bothering me about it?*”

I stepped down from the truck. The throng, still silent, drifted apart opening a path for me. I passed between bodies redolent of days spent unwashed in Camp 1’s rustic accommodations, with strong hints of marijuana and tobacco accents.

Kevin, a Deadhead who had been staying off and on in the Wagon Camp for two months, stepped in front of me with his right hand held up towards me, open palm. From Brooklyn, and now in his mid-30s, Kevin sounds more like Al Pacino than Pacino himself. Because this amused me, he was the one in this group who “talked to Mike”. “Wait, Mike,” he said in his unwittingly superb interpretation of Al P. Lowering his hand, which he now held palm up and gestured toward the young woman, as if presenting a newly “made man” to Marlon Brando, “This beeyooteful young lay-dee has neva b’n here beefore. C’mon, Mike, she didn’t know, give her a break.”

I leveled my gaze to penetrate the veil of THC behind his turquoise eyes and lowering my voice to assure him I was in fact, not postal, I said, “What didn’t she know, Kevin? Yes, she is sweet and young. No, I don’t want to give her the impression we are inhospitable here and I grant you she’s never been here before.” Then turning my head and shoulders to her, I said, “...she *can* read, can’t she!” This got her attention. The wide-eyed “who

me?” expression evaporated from eyes reflecting the pastel windows in the forest canopy above. I repeated, softly, “You *can* read English?” [Subtext, ...*you can read, can't you, bitch?*] Her eyebrows lowered, lips pressed together like a cat deciding to spring on its prey. “The shape and color of a stop sign is universal. You see it everywhere...Fort Bragg...Willits...Cloverdale...”

With undisguised disgust her voice punctuated the air, “Yes, I can read!” [Subtext: *You blockhead.*] “And, no, I did *not* see a stop sign.” [Subtext: *Prove it, asshole!*]

Turning back to Kevin, I said, “I’m fed up with this bullshit, Kevin.” Kevin stepped back, with a shrug. She was on her own.

“What about it?” I asked her again. “Please, don’t tell me you didn’t see the stop sign. It looks just like stop signs everywhere in your world. Ah! Was it because you were going too fast?”

“I don’t read road signs!” she lobbed back, “Every one speeds! Who reads road signs?”

Taking a clue from the quiet chuckling of the crowd, she was inspired to add, “I have better things to do with my life than *read road signs*? No one *I* know reads road signs,” with the subtext: *Get a life.*

The audience laughed, clinking beer bottles, some lit joints. My experience at Camp 1 and elsewhere was consistent with her statement. People *are* oblivious, no less to the particular stop sign at issue. But I could still salvage the credibility I generated by the well executed entrance and peroration.

Addressing her and with a sweeping gesture, the entire assembly of pot heads, whom rangers call “the hippies,” younger people that saturated the north end of Wagon under a bubble of THC during most of the season to the extent that the ravens and perhaps even the trees were getting high, I surrendered. “Twenty minutes before you came down that road, there was a kid out there, learning to ride a bicycle—maybe four years old, if that. What must I do so you will respect the rules of this forest, put your trash in the trash cans, keep your bodies out of the creek until after you wash them, drive 15 miles per hour, stop at the stop sign and stop dusting my camp?”

She looked at Kevin, who shrugged an “I dunno, you’re on your own” at her. She looked at the road winding back through the forest, at my truck and then down at the wheels of her car. Suddenly, her eyebrows lifted and she said to my consternation, “Put in speed bumps. That’s what I’d do if I were you. My car’s so low, it can’t handle speed bumps.”

Once again, I had underestimated an EggTake visitor. She answered the practical question rather than the moral one. “Are you related to Arnold Schwarzenegger?” She didn’t smile. For the next two weeks until the hippy camp repopulated with new versions of their style, there was a noticeable improvement in the respect they paid to the rules and

no one said a word about it when I made a speed bump in front of my camp using a long slice of bark left over when Bob and Jim sliced a log to make a post for my fence.

The speed bump worked. A few Wagon residents who seemed intent on driving me out of my mind or at least, out of the forest, sped around the speed bump, grazing the fence, which led me to move three heavy steel drum trash containers CDF had placed by the side of the road to prevent this, but everyone else began to stop at the stop sign. However, turnover was rapid at EggTake. New faces appeared every day and when the new faces outnumbered familiar ones, whatever had been learned by the community evaporated like the dew on the grass on a summer morning.

Then, one day in August, Lynn Webb, a CDF manager (who I can't recall seeing in the forest until CDF started logging in Brandon Gulch, which they accessed on Road 360), stopped by while I was changing the information on a whiteboard I'd put up by my gate to answer constantly repeated questions. Lynn stopped by to tell me to remove the speed bump—she said there was potential liability for CDF if a visitor is injured because of it.



"I don't understand," I said, "the speed limit here is 5 mph and the speed bump is aligned with a stop sign. Are you afraid someone will trip over it?"

"The strip of bark could fly up and hit someone," she explained

"That might happen at very high speeds," I said, "but the speed limit here is 5 mph and 15 mph everywhere else on these rock roads that are littered with fallen branches."

“It’s a matter of liability on public roads,” she said, “it doesn’t matter if someone is speeding, because we’re still liable if it happens.”

“But if one of the millions of rocks or fallen branches is sent flying by a speeding car on this unmaintained rock road, aren’t we just as liable? Here it is less likely.”

“I really don’t have time to talk about this now. I’ll move it myself.”

“No, please, don’t trouble yourself, I’ll do it. Have a nice day.”

Loggers started arriving at 6:00 AM every weekday morning, which clarified this for me. At least, I understood what had motivated her appearance. I assume Lynn made a report about this to Craig Pedersen, my superior who spent most of the summer far away on more important missions. It’s probably in my personnel file under “justifications for termination, sub-heading: “Questions Authority” for evidence if ever needed.

Bear was growing weaker by the day. Veterinarians here were unwilling to work without a cash deposit. I had neither desire nor emotional strength to go to the mat about CDF’s unreasonableness. Without Bear, I didn’t really care—dust, no dust, whatever.

Preconceptions in Understanding and Serving People

A revelation from my work at EggTake came from seeing how the different ways people look at things determines actions. Philosophers go to great pains to describe human being in terms of sentience, free will and choice, while human behavior, since it relies on perceptions which are in turn shaped by individual expectations, reflects the opposite. Rational explanation may describe the behavior of almost everything else in the forest that responds to events, but not human behavior, governed as it is by reaction to perceptions, which have more to do with fears that have nothing to do with the events.

For instance, the preconception of CDF staff in Fort Bragg regarding camp hosts presupposed that the words, “camp host,” are interchangeable with “scumbag.” This prejudice in perception is consistent with their experience with previous camp hosts rather than the individual standing in front of them. CDF shared a similar prejudice with the community about the people that CDF (and local newspapers) called, “hippies”. I describe this in detail further on.

As I began to see my own prejudices I began to really see and hear others better. Without doing so, how could I relate to their behavior instead of my fears? How otherwise could I manage the constantly fluctuating menage of people, many of whom could not see or hear me because of their prejudices? I found I had to acknowledge and understand their prejudices since they were consistent—something I could depend on.

One day, Craig Pedersen told me I could no longer use a small portable generator CDF owned, as I had been doing on occasional weekend to recharge batteries in my motor home to power the lights and water pressure and to ignite the cabin heater. It seemed arbitrary and inconsiderate to effectively deny me the occasional availability of electricity

and Craig's tone when he told me this was angry. He said I had no right to ask to use the generator because it was not included in the original terms of my employment. He said the lifetime of the generator was not infinite and my use meant that it would have to be replaced sooner. Of course, I explained that I didn't know the generator in the motorhome I purchased to use at EggTake was not functional, and I could not afford a new one, however, Craig said his position on this was not negotiable and in his view, I had stepped over the line when I asked and Bob received permission to let me to use it. This, no doubt, became another negative entry in my file: Abuse of Privilege.

CDF had never before taken responsibility for their part in shaping an impossible job for the camp host at Camp 1 and for hiring people in previous years that turned out so badly. CDF was doing their best to make me uncomfortable and I could not understand why. Nor could I understand why had previously hired people that not only were not service oriented, but also, who corrupted their position. What had they achieved in doing this? Why did they want the only service-oriented, incorruptible person they'd hired to leave? *(Note: After I gave a copy of an early draft of this document to review. Craig Pedersen defended some of the 2008 camp hosts but I learned much more about the practices of former camp hosts from campers who returned each year than I did from CDF. CDF was either unaware or turned a blind eye.)*

Managing a Logging Camp

In the summer of 2009, I was surprised by as many forms of "madness" as brilliant invention in human expression. I learned to approach the gate to my "compound" with the expectation of the unexpected. The unexpected is the norm. Imagine, for a moment, that you must make authentic contact with every person who passes you in the street. Since, I was responsible for issuing habitation permits for every camper and for advising all visitors about the rules as well as responding to their complaints and needs, informing them about violations, etc., contact could not be avoided without consequences. Most people viewed me as the person with the authority to manage and oversee Camp 1. I imagine that in the days when Jackson's Mallet railway engines rumbled down the valley, when Wagon Camp was where the single men lived and Roundhouse, the place where the engines were turned around, the job of the Camp manager was no different.

Accountability for managing a community like Camp 1 with no authority beyond my own words and actions set up a possibility in which no communication was wasted. What was required from me was that I persist in my commitment. Then, even interactions that went awry could lead to *rapprochement*. Many visitors I saw only briefly, when I issued a permit or answered a question. But when I was authentic in communicating, people with whom I connected left me with indelible impressions in their gestures, actions, tempi, tones, facial expressions and ideas. I can recall them easily now. It leads me to wonder, with awe, how a good prostitute might regard and recall her clients.

The Mystery Solved: No Mystery After All

Managing this constantly morphing community of campers required finesse that CDF executives may have possessed, but they seemed to have no interest in it. Policies seemed intentionally counter-intuitive because they were designed for priorities that had nothing to do with managing a recreational campground. Early on, I was told that, because CDF had been thwarted in attempts to conduct logging operations for several years as the result of lawsuits, they were walking on eggshells to avoid any possibility of interference with their plans in 2009 when they had finally negotiated a settlement and wanted to prevent anything that might interfere with cutting trees, for instance, the spotting of a spotted owl or if someone noticed and reported something to draw attention.

CDF had never taken management of recreational uses seriously and had not the slightest interest in recreational activities. In so many words, I was told they regard the task as a legacy they would like to be rid of and possibly would already be rid of were it not for some people with money, mainly equestrians and members of the Jackson Advisory Group, who were not involved in logging. If CDF could have closed down all camping there would be less risk of interference. Because of severe budget cutbacks in 2009, they were in a position to close down camping for the season. Lack of a qualified volunteer camp host could justify closing the camp because budget constraints prevented them from doing the job themselves or paying an experienced person to do it. In hindsight, it must have been frustrating for Mark Jameson, when I continued to do my job when any reasonable person would have thrown up his hands in despair or simply made a run for it.

Because I did not quit, many people, including campers, JAG and CDF prevention officers (rangers) had an opportunity to learn as much as I have. Some had been involved much longer than I and often demonstrated a potential for compassion that surprised me but they had never worked in a paradigm that included serving recreational visitors.

Camp 1 and the Local Economy

CDF, according to common knowledge in the community, based on their actions since 1993, has been aligned with logging interests. People refer to CDF as “the California Department of Logging”. Who did what, how and why wasn’t my concern nor an object of research so far. The issue, however, is critical to solving local economic problems in the coastal community. Most people would not know that annual timber production in JDSF is several times greater than the cut allowed each year. This means that the potential eyed by logging interests is much greater than the few million board feet CDF is currently allowed to harvest. The lawsuits that prevented logging operations for several years, until 2009, were brought by people who believed that CDF managers had previously abused their franchise privileges, i.e., CDF was allowing loggers to cut more wood and in places where they had no right or reason to do so. In November 2009, JAG and CDF resolved some of these issues, mainly through the diligent efforts of local activists with the aid of foresters of national reputation. But questions remain regarding management of recreational purposes and other activities that have enormous economic potential, that in some cases are related to but which are not “logging”, *per se*.

Recreation, Tourists and Related Commerce

“Camping” and “recreation” can mean anything to anybody. Why not? Some people have fun killing deer and quail. Some like to shoot balls of paint at each other. Some enjoy riding motorcycles and ATVs on pristine forest trails, etc. I observed only one feature that inherently applied to every camp, shaping both behavior and outlook. This assertion is based on what campers were doing and what they said they had previously done at and around Camp 1. They were all *communal* gatherings. This included pairs and ménages of lovers, families and their extensions, celebrations of birthdays, anniversaries, deaths and marriages, celebrants of celebration, clans and tribes based on ethnic, familial, religious or other social identification, men’s groups, women’s groups, adolescent bingers, rastas, rainbow children, Deadheads and would-be deer hunters (experienced hunters prefer open space not found in a dense young redwood forest).

Even those who came to the forest alone (except for occasional over-nighters who slipped away in the morning like will-o-the-wisps) formed campfire relationships, including some who seemed to enjoy the peace and solitude of nature, taking long solitary walks. With no knowledge in advance about the commonality of interest among eclectic mixes of campers that also changed daily, I began to see how campgrounds serve these myriad interests. Corporations like Spielberg’s and Disney’s spend billions on attractions to ply hundreds of billions from people. CDF spends nothing whatsoever, zero dollars, to attract visitors, nor to improve recreational facilities at Jackson Forest’s Camp 1 and though campgrounds everywhere serve this market, few if any do so as well as Camp 1.

Those who manufacture, market, design, sell and service products that are used by campers, ranging from \$500,000 motor homes to eco-friendly toilet paper and publishers that sell ads and information about camping have been getting rich by exploiting this market. The design of Camp 1 campgrounds fits the best expectations of campers.

Current CDF managers inherited these campgrounds from previous managers 16 years ago and have added nothing save replacing two outhouses (at Tin Can and Camp 8). Changes in the populations that use the campgrounds could not be anticipated by the original designers, who worked from their own parochial and provincial perceptions. Since 1993, little if any thought or effort has gone into management solutions beyond policing strategies financed by the influx of money available to policing everywhere following the massacre in New York at the former World Trade Towers.

No one in Mendocino County has paid any attention to the appeal these campgrounds have for people even though unemployment is rife in Fort Bragg, Willits and Ukiah. Businesses have much to gain and little to lose from sustainable approaches. Partly because commercialization of nature and land development is often destructive of the quality of life and in part because *ad hoc* marijuana cultivation serves personal interests of more locals better than tourism, which primarily supports the hospitality industry, even though local state park campgrounds are raking in money and people from everywhere travel to the north coast to explore new places and then return to them year after year, bringing their portable “homes” in the forms of tents, trailers, motor homes, school buses and some with just a good attitude, Camp 1, which offers more than any other

campground in the coastal area that is reasonably close to stores and services uses the same outhouses built there more than 7 decades ago and there is no potable water.

Sustainable Economic Development

Sustainable *economic* development means increasing trade while preserving natural and local community resources. While working as a visitor information host at the Ford House in Mendocino, following my stint at EggTake, I learned that some fifty motion pictures had been made in the neighborhood of Fort Bragg and Mendocino prior to 1993. Around this time, a political faction in Mendocino deliberately drove the film business away. None have been made since Jim Carrey shot parts of *The Majestic* here.

Mendocino Art Center, which was the heart of the coastal area and nurtured art education and local artists since the '70s, has recently been embroiled in a turmoil of financial woe, obstreperous arguments and deferred maintenance. MAC was the hub of coastal culture, and according to many locals, MAC *was* Mendocino, attracting young artists to settle here who established the reputation of high culture here.

Increases in coastal California property values made it possible for many to sell their homes to great financial advantage. But this also has meant much higher housing costs for those who were renting and this now discourages young people from starting families and businesses here. The same is true in Fort Bragg. With few opportunities for work beyond pot gardening and only low paying new jobs at RiteAid, CVS and Safeway, the decline of two major income sources, filmmaking and arts, has combined with the narrow perceptions of local leadership who have not the skills and experience to exploit natural resources in a sustainable way.

This has created a tightening economic noose: fewer professional jobs, relegation of low end jobs to a growing community of people from Central America. The closing of the huge Georgia/Louisiana Pacific (formerly, Union) Lumber mill—a “brown field” industry, left a huge economic scar on the area, equal to the physical scars left on forest watersheds on which great runs of salmon and steelhead depended, leading to further economic constraint with the loss of the commercial fishing industry in Noyo Harbor.

The loss of a strong middle class income group has had other effects on the community that are worth mentioning since it is less effective in attracting medical professionals and arts organizations like the Symphony of the Redwoods and Mendocino Theater are also having trouble. The abalone, however, are doing fine, and so are the sea urchins.

What People Want: Camping as Ritual

What better context is there to observe people being themselves than when they are enjoying themselves in a neutral context over a period of time? Camp 1 was an eye-opener for me but it is no less so for every camper, and I even include some who were apparently rendered senseless most of the time on alcohol and/or steeped like strong tea in herbal remedies. As Emerson described at Walden Pond, the scale in which we see ourselves, when quietly present to undisturbed nature induces a paradigm shift, albeit momentary and for some, unconscious, that results in an unfamiliar measure of ourselves.

The value of spending time with family, friends and strangers in this context is priceless. The culture of loggers, millwrights and the like had to ignore this aspect of ancient forests as they clear cut the watersheds and dynamited streams. How could they otherwise? But today, with a second growth forest preserved through selective harvesting, JDSF offers the best recreational, undeveloped camping opportunities in California.

JDSF as Part of the Coastal Community

JDSF has been the ritual community playground for generations of coastal families. My personal prestige as the “new host at EggTake” was surprisingly resonant throughout the Fort Bragg and forest communities—something of which I was rightfully proud.

There was talk at CDF in 2009 about charging a fee at Camp 1: first, because improvements are necessary and maintenance has been deferred (described further on) and more important to some advocates of fees: to exclude those who were using the forest because it amounts to free rent and attracts people who can’t afford the costly mobile technology necessary in a place like Camp 1, where there is no potable water nor sanitation facilities.

Charging a high enough fee will keep most poor people out, but will not only not keep out those who cause the most trouble, but also, is likely to incite a few to actions of spite. Problems presented this summer were created by facilities that did not anticipate their needs. With modern sanitation facilities and potable water available, these problems would disappear. And many poor people who would be eliminated by fees presented no problems at all because they were prepared, and they were good forest stewards.

I feel strongly that management and facilities that respect human dignity will make just as much or more difference than fees. Furthermore, a solicitation of donations from campers, both in kind and in cash, and a system of refundable deposits will provide all that is needed to immediately change the culture of the forest in a progressive fashion.

Since the coastal region has for years relied on the forest lands in lieu of developing affordable housing, the effect of *really* closing JDSF to the poor, strikes a seriously dissonant chord here.

Free vs. Paid Camping

Free camping is a tradition in California State and National Forests. Poor and homeless people are attracted as well as recreational campers. However, for Mendocino, Fort Bragg and Willits to implicitly treat JDSF as if it were an alternative to transitional housing places a burden on the forest that ultimately hurts everyone, especially the businesses that depend on tourism in these places.

The earliest settlers of this area who patented homestead claims of 80 and 160 acre redwood forests were by our present definition, “homeless”. In some cases they were also murderous, privateering SOBs who shot natives for sport and/or profit and to drive them off their lands. Those with clean hands brought a regiment of soldiers here to establish an “Indian” reservation and military barracks called, Fort [Braxton] Bragg, ostensibly to

protect the native people. The solution, however, was to round up the surviving people throughout the entire area north and west of here. When they got in the way in Mendocino, they were moved to Round Valley to an area where a reservation still exists for their descendants.

The tradition of “free” camping throughout America has some interesting history.

Private campgrounds and state parks are charging \$35 a day for RV parking without hookups and for tent camping, which is out of range for many people who are traveling or vacationing. Moreover, well-located mobile home parks everywhere increasingly refuse to accept RVs that are more than 12 years old. Used RVs are all that low and moderate income households can afford, so the options available to people with less are disproportionately reduced compared with those for people who are better off.

The Impact of Homelessness

Meanwhile, the homeless population increases. When the savings and loan or “thrift” lenders were deregulated by the Reagan administration, the first thing that happened was a ruinous melt down that destroyed the institutions that had funded the development of affordable homes following WWII.

Today, as jobs and homes are lost in a global economic meltdown, new housing construction is at a standstill and rents increase with demand and the absence of government insured low interest financing, coupled with environmental concerns project a continuing reduction of housing opportunities for lower income households, who are in the majority all over the world.

After 50 or more years of community opposition to development of apartments and especially housing for low income households, mostly because of perceived loss of equity growth in established communities, demand now far exceeds supply and rents are rising. At the same time, for the first time, social security payments are not being increased to meet the rising prices, which means that those on fixed incomes will be less able to afford rents.

Redevelopment projects that provided tax benefits for cities to eliminate “blight” in most cases, eliminated low-rent housing, replacing it with commercial properties and residential rentals aimed at households with moderate to high incomes, and higher tax yields for local governments. In addition, since Prop 13, new development has been inequitably burdened with the cost of deferred replacement and addition to infrastructure, which adds to the price of new housing. Add the imposition of lengthy development review processes while the land acquisition loan balance eats up interest and on top of all this, chaos in global capital markets, uncertainty about the value of the dollar, increasing dependence on offshore materials, higher transportation costs, scarcity of lumber and other materials at a time when inventories are kept low and criminal practices in the mortgage and mortgage insurance businesses and this all adds up to housing shortages at the low end. Not all households on the short end of the housing stick end up in a redwood forest, but a tiny fraction of the greater numbers can easily fill all available spaces.

Managing Camp 1 with Homeless and Poor Households

No additional costs at Camp 1 this summer are directly attributable to managing a campground with a high percentage of poor or homeless visitors even though their presence complicated the Camp host's job. CDF committed no more personnel or material to deal with changing demographics.

CDF personnel had no experience with managing low income housing. They are unprepared for dealing with problems that typically arise in such situations; they could not see conditions as I saw them, nor even, from the point of view of the campers.

My background includes several years as the director of a nonprofit low income housing corporation including oversight of management of more than 400 low cost rental units. Lack of experienced personnel with this kind of experience has been exacerbated by CDF's past reliance on camp hosts who not only lack appropriate experience, but also, who were sketchy characters in more respects than laws of fairness allow me to describe.

Why and how CDF hires such people is now obvious: who would take on a 24/7 job that requires they live in a place which has no potable water, no electricity or other utilities, where they are constantly exposed to all kinds of risks,? The answer has been, primarily, people who could profit by doing so. How did they profit? By selling camp sites, primarily, but also, by selling other things, including drugs and alcohol, including selling these things to prisoners incarcerated at the nearby Parlin Fork Conservation Camp. Why does CDF hire these people, knowing this? Because, in doing so, CDF literally passes on the risks to campers. When a problem comes to light, the itinerant camp host is fired or forced to resign or forced to close down illicit operations, the host leaves and a new one is recruited to take his place. Occasionally, the enterprise of a camp host is benign, rather than illicit, but in the only case of this I'm aware of, the duties were not fulfilled.

The "Volunteer" Racket

Like others who are not held accountable for the predicament of those in poverty that is exacerbated by substandard housing, CDF doesn't see a liability of their landlord-tenant relationship with campers even though they are aware the state can't be indemnified against claims arising from damages. In urban areas advocacy groups like Legal Aid and ACLU focus their efforts. I'm aware of no advocacy for tenants who are campers in small, rural places, nor for people working as "volunteer" employees.

The rules protecting renters should logically extend to CDF's use of "volunteer camp hosts" where a living space is bartered in lieu of wages. Instead, both CDF and the State Parks routinely deny accountability for laws related to labor and fair housing by claiming that a volunteer exists in some condition not covered by the laws neither of employment nor housing. In other words, by applying the label, "volunteer" to designate the employment relationship, the individual's rights to these protections are deemed waived. How can this be? If the state can do it, why can't anyone? And, indeed, recently, a private organization called, Workamper.com, is operating to facilitate similar arrangements in the private sector. How can this be squared with minimum wage laws, health insurance and other protections won by workers over years of struggle?

The practice, for many years employed in our state and national parks, should not logically nullify labor and housing protections that are the hallmark of the 20th century. Things we have come to expect as conventional, such as payment of a minimum wage, limitation of working hours and conditions, payment of overtime, breaks, job security, medical insurance, social security, fair housing and workplace safety.

Anyone who might assert a right to fair treatment under the law could not only be fired without cause or explanation, but also, could be “black-listed”, i.e., barred from serving as a host at each and every park in California and possibly, all over America. Fairness may be possible but it depends on the mentality of people who avoid abusing their power. Mitigating against this, however, is a risk averse bureaucracy who would much rather excise a problem by getting rid of the messenger, than have something rise to the surface attached to their name or position.

In addition, since those who are bartering for housing and accept work under these conditions (volunteers) are the lucky ones, mostly older people on fixed incomes, CDF and State Parks can skirt laws regarding labor, fair housing, fair employment and all other policies and protections granted by state and federal laws including the ADA and rules related to ethnic balance.

Looking into genesis of the volunteer camp host phenomenon—how it serves employees in agencies like CDF and State Parks revealed another dysfunctional aspect. Why would a union of civil service employees tolerate this practice which effectively eliminates entry level positions for new members in favor of hiring people at much lower rates of compensation, with no benefits, retirement costs, etc.? In the California state parks, every volunteer does only 20 hours work. Every volunteer couple or two volunteers replaces a paid work week for an employee. This sounds like a great break for the taxpayer and for the volunteer, who receives an RV hook up in a nice park in exchange for 20 hours.

But when you examine closely another picture appears. The money that is not paid to volunteers for their efforts is not saved by the taxpayers, nor is it used to cover maintenance, which is deferred throughout the system, nor development of new park facilities. Because of the way the state budget process works, the effect of saving money on personnel who would do the work now done by “volunteers” indirectly funds salaries and entitlements of (primarily) senior staff members.

Moreover, when I began traveling through the state, staying at state parks, I noticed other phenomena that seemed discrepant in our contemporary integrated society. I have yet to see a “volunteer” of African American descent, nor even a state park or CDF employee. This is not to say there are none—perhaps there are somewhere. Furthermore, while I have been a taxpaying resident and business owner in California since 1958, I have been turned away from volunteer opportunities because all slots were taken by people who have been coming here seasonally from Oregon in large RVs licensed in Oregon, who have not and do not pay income taxes here, and very likely are not even licensed to drive here. These people have sewn up the locations where they stay, are not service-oriented and are hostile to other people who make inroads on what they consider their turf.

When Problems Arise

CDF delegated all management related to Camp 1 to the volunteer camp host who they then declared was “not really an employee”. Craig Pedersen told me that there were no CDF employees who are specifically accountable for recreational facilities management. From this I deduce that no one is on the hook when a problem arises, and the camp host can be conveniently blamed and fired or simply warned, thus passing on accountability.

In the past year, CDF created a potentially dangerous situation for the campers and myself by refusing to remedy problems and then threatened to terminate my “employment” (which was not “really” employment), ergo also evicting me from my housing, though I was not “really” entitled to notice. CDF held up to me their terms of volunteer employment while at the same time, saying “you’re not really an employee” and therefore not entitled to protections afforded to all government employees while in the pursuit of duties when I was menaced by some illegal campers.

“These are the terms to which you agreed,” they said, when I objected to their filling of my water tank with badly polluted water. “It is not our policy to [let camp hosts use an unused generator...or to provide camp hosts with clean water, etc.] CDF staff said I was not entitled to conventional rules of employment (OSHA regulations and so on) in a situation when a CDF executive refused to evict belligerent campers who were menacing me, and whom another CDF officer previously evicted and who returned the following day. Only because of the insistence of campers concerned for their own safety, did the executives relent, but on the following day, I was told without explanation that I had to pack up and leave. Refusing to do so, I claimed unfair termination and requested a formal hearing. I then received a phone call saying that CDF executives had conferred and though I could stay, I was to receive a warning letter accusing me of having failed in my duty to properly represent the state as an employee and again, I was told I was neither an employee nor a tenant and had no rights whatsoever in these regards.

About two weeks after the phone calls, I picked up the promised warning letter at CDF’s office in Fort Bragg. I did not open the letter until after I completed the season and left. No one at CDF has ever discussed the contents with me. I think I may have it framed. It is small wonder that I was the only Camp 1 host in recent memory that survived an entire season or who performed with diligence and/or who did not corrupt the position. I’m aware of no previous camp host of Camp 1 who has ever returned. While, I eventually grew to love Jackson Forest this summer, and I intend to return to the forest, I would not willingly subject myself to the punishment of such working conditions.

Irony

I learned so much about people and bureaucratic stupidity during my stay at EggTake that if I could go back in time, I might change nothing except the loss of my beloved friend, Bear. The loss still haunts me with a heart rending pain that opened me to accepting and forgiving the circumstance of mortality that afflicts only those who love deeply without condition. In some ways, I’m thankful for things being as they were that summer and for people, including CDF staff, being just as they were. If I could go back in time, I would change none of that. But because of all that I’ve learned, now I cannot go back to the



innocence of ignorance protected by willing stupidity, i.e. “hear no evil, etc.” Solutions and changes to policy are long overdue. It is time for those who have been abusing their power in these state agencies to be held accountable.

Poverty is not the Problem

Some campers this summer who were poor and/or homeless were as conscientious and well-prepared for “rustic” camping as any Sierra Club member. Some obviously well-off people trashed their campsites, but not nearly as often. Conditions of poverty, typically seen in neglected urban neighborhoods, showed up in the forest. What would you expect? But the combination of CDF policy and “rustic” facilities facilitates it.

For instance, we allowed [no more than] 10 people and 2 vehicles to use each camp site. Populations at camp sites sometimes grew well beyond this limit, as people arrive without checking in, or who sometimes know each other from elsewhere or even met at Camp 1 while looking for an open camp site, and finding none, joined a party.

At times, 20 or more individuals burdened adjacent campsites. It’s impossible to regulate this without nightly bed checks and morning head counts and CDF encouraged me to surreptitiously document who I saw early in the morning and make notes about people and vehicles not shown on campsite permits. The widespread logistics of Camp 1, however, made this difficult and sometimes impossible. Sometimes, people would slink off into the forest as I approached. “Who was that?” “Who? I didn’t see anyone.”

Households often included couples as well as single parents with small children and several family dogs all inhabiting adjacent campsites at Wagon, South Bend or Red Tail.

Sanitation and housekeeping conditions arise just as they do whenever several families occupy a dwelling (to afford high rent). But housekeeping with no potable water, no bathroom or kitchen and dependence on plastic and paper produces scenes like that in the photo on the previous page.

At times, some homeless people arrived saying they were directed to EggTake by local social services, medical clinics, city council members, police, retailers, etc., and by other homeless people they met on the street or “under the bridge” [at Noyo]. Among them were several who suffer from clinical mental illnesses, e.g., schizophrenics, bi-polar, ADD and/or brain damage, some from addictions, as well as those who render themselves incompetent by self-medicating with various street drugs and/or alcohol.

In 2009, CDF incurred very little cost directly related to harboring people in Camp 1 who suffered from mental illness or were in poverty or homeless. Indirect costs were possibly associated with police work, but all of this would have been unnecessary if CDF made a few changes (described further on), including making an effort to join with people in the wider community in accepting that people in such predicaments need care and sanitation facilities. The photo on the previous page is a metaphor for people out of step with nature, much like the island of plastic debris the size of Texas that is floating around the North Pacific Ocean. Both result from dealing with food safety with disposable packaging. Poverty and homelessness exacerbates problems created by other mistakes.

EggTake provided a laboratory for observing how people from many walks of life relate to nature and stewardship. In the future, it could provide an opportunity for useful experiments. Since state and national forests, wildlife preserves and parks have been created everywhere, there’s potential for education and replication. A progressive community with intelligent and sophisticated leadership could look at things this way. Those with a more cynical view argue that such a community does not exist in California.

We are living in a depressed economy, each year more people are out of work. If we continue to view those in poverty as if they should be quarantined, we should be prepared for more irresponsible behavior toward the environment. Policing just moves the problem around. At Camp 1 last summer, people sometimes carried on like rats running amuck in a maze. As I’ve mentioned before, camp hosts ran for the hills or became part of the problem in previous years. Since I was positioned to operate on the context, I had a foothold that most people in this situation would never have and never before have had.

CDF has no Capacity to Preserve JDSF & Can’t Manage a Campground

There’s little difference between the policies of CDF and those of logging contractors who harvested old growth forests. However, CDF is crippled by political interference and the inconvenience of civil justice procedures. Despite modern logging technologies, CDF is even less efficient than the stream dammers and mallet railroaders of old. In the days when the northwest coast of North America was covered by an estimated 35 billion board feet of marketable redwood, logging could be inefficient and still profitable. And if you had no reservations against slaughtering the native population, you could easily take the

land and hire thugs to keep labor costs down. Of course, this was wasteful to an extreme, achieving 20% or less usage of trees that were felled. Further, there was no one to complain about the destruction of spawning habitat and after clear cutting, you could sell the land for ranching or farm it yourself. Those were “the days”.

Today, frustrated at every turn by inconvenient requirements to monitor wildlife and preserve ecological systems, CDF was pressured by Sacramento to cut wood to bring in revenue, despite a depressed market. Since, they can’t even do the wrong things very well, they appear to be making a show of incompetence. What would CDF do if it were not for prison labor at Parlin Fork and Chamberlain Creek? How could they maintain their vehicles, not to mention roads and fire lines? Individuals in CDF are helpful, honest and some are hardworking, but under the circumstances, it is foolish to expect an organization that is hampered in so many ways to take responsibility for JDSF, which as a public resource, should be independent of CDF and logging interests.

What the Future Holds at EggTake

Not only are there far more homeless people each season, but a substantial number of homeless people have been returning to EggTake each year, expecting that, as in previous seasons, they will run circles around an unsupported camp host and CDF will not interfere. CDF had been hiring incompetent, unqualified and dishonest itinerants to serve as camp hosts and they learned from this that they need not respect, trust or support a camp host; if he can’t be bribed, they can make his life uncomfortable. The result? In 2008, campers smeared feces on outhouse walls and complained to CDF that the camp host is not fulfilling his custodial duties. (CDF maintenance does not service outhouses.)

Need for Better Training and Support for Camp Hosts

The only training I received *before* my first tour as a camp host in early May 2009 was part of one day, consisting of a tour of the campsites and verbal instruction about how to fill in the information on camping permits, how to sweep out outhouses and how to install rolls of toilet paper on a locked steel bar on the wall of each outhouse. The job entailed so much more work than could possibly be imagined, largely because of the quasi-police responsibilities involved that are implied in the words, “24/7 availability in emergencies” when combined with the logistical fact that the camp host has the only telephone within 3.5 to 10 miles and depending on circumstances, it may take an hour or longer for uniformed police officers to arrive, perhaps 45 minutes for emergency medical. Further training in these duties was “on the job” and mostly occurred when I resorted to calling the Emergency Command Center at Howard Forest, which is the same as dialing 911, and usually ended with the instructions to not call ECC, but to report whatever conditions I’d called about to a CDF ranger the next time I saw one, which could be in two days.

This aspect of the job at Camp 1 is far more responsibility than normally expected of competent camp hosts, whether paid or volunteer, for instance at State Parks. Perhaps, it may seem inappropriate to train a seasonal volunteer or a forester in quasi-police work. But under this circumstance, without appropriate training, and not having a radio/wireless communicator or even a partner or assistant close by was a costly mistake. It was costly because, I had no choice, especially early on, but to ask for support or to betray the trust

that campers had placed in me. Whether or not facilities for the camp host are improved such that the position attracts more qualified applicants, this will not go away.

Meanwhile, the value of some instructions is questionable and created more problems than it solved, for instance, locking rolls of toilet paper on flat bars so that it is harder to use, which was explained as a way to deter people from using the toilet paper in the forest, is complete nonsense unless the undeclared purpose is to infuriate and/or confuse people who may already have something to complain about if they had been chased off the streets of Mendocino, Willits or Fort Bragg.

Will Camping Fees Help?

CDF views charging fees as a way of excluding difficult visitors and raising money that could help improve facilities. Since the forest is a traditional local social and recreational resource, the very idea that any agency is contemplating taking away a free natural feature is inimical to local interests. However, the value and potential educational possibilities with regard to fire prevention and stewardship of free camping as well as the economic value of the forest as a recreational resource could become more important to the health of the forest as well as to local communities, possibly without charging fees. Beyond this, fees will expose the public to other problems.

State Government as Franchisor

Marilyn Murphy, the Manager of the State Park Mendocino District Office told me she recently attempted unsuccessfully to negotiate a turn-over of the state park campground at Westport to KOA, a for-profit organization that sells franchises. Why would she want to do that? What public benefit could be derived from the loss of these fees? I mention this here because my experience with CDF and at State Parks has led me to view the district offices of these state-wide organizations as franchises. Those who administer them are *de facto* franchisees and the contractors who are hired are also beneficiaries. Nepotism is rife, from the top down, however, the greatest problem is waste and inefficiency. And the reason for this is related to turf wars and that anyone who dares to tell the truth will not only be fired, but also, black-listed. Meanwhile, the franchise is given the ability to milk the trade and build an empire in which the head administrator is literally, allowed to operate as if she were above the law. This is particularly difficult when the agency organization includes a paramilitary function. In CDF and State Parks, these people are called, rangers. Not only will an employee who speaks out be fired and black-listed, but also, because law enforcement officers of local offices of every agency know each other socially and work together, there is potential for ominous treatment.

Private vs. Public Sector Franchising

A private for-profit or nonprofit local franchise could be much better managed for public and local economic benefit while giving more consideration to social issues. While charging fees will both reduce housing opportunities and increase pressure on forests where people camp illegally in dry weather, private operations can at least avoid the conflict of interest and wastefulness presently seen in the system of state parks. The state park system has neglected maintenance in state parks and forests for years and now some state parks are operated seasonally while in others, fees have been raised. This assertion

is evidenced as soon as you look behind the smoke and wood-engraved signs. You will see very quickly that salaries and retirement entitlements of management level employees have risen while maintenance has been deferred and money wasted on activities and contracts that are off-purpose. Now that the State Park and CDF budgets have been cut, you will notice little actual change because they were over-staffed to begin with. Ironically, the managers, having laid off the only people who were doing some practical work, are grumbling because they have to answer phones and use a broom. But the raising of camping fees by the state parks in response to the budget cuts has been ill-considered and irresponsible. Off-season RV fees have helped marginally budgeted seniors because they offer the only affordable decent shelter. These RV sites have been an important low cost housing resource in many communities. This issue, which should have required careful consultation in the communities and selfless sponsorship on the part of CDF and State Parks, has never been brought up in either case.

JDSF Role in Housing Opportunities

Locked gates do not deter desperate people. Some neighbors of JDSF employ large dogs, which then drive people who are frightened into the state forest. Meanwhile, local police have been getting homeless people off the street for years and where can they go but into the forests. Every time I go into town for groceries or to pick up my mail, I run into people I know because they spent time at a free campsite in JDSF; young people as well as older people. As described in some detail further on, these people are for the most part men who are decent human beings who showed kindness and consideration to me and to each other. In most cases, when I've asked them where they are living now, they tell me that they are camping "illegally". Where else can they go? Aside from the community's failure with regard to their responsibility to provide housing opportunities, a condition of the local jurisdiction's franchise, spelled out in a General Plan, this use of the forest puts additional pressure on the watersheds and it is seen everywhere near urban centers where social services are located. The forest is *the* housing opportunity in Northern California. Ironically, the people living in the forest have replaced the tribal nations. But, what happens if forest doors were closed to them? We certainly don't want to build prisons for them rather than low cost housing. The problem of providing housing opportunities gets less attention by far than marijuana cultivation, the market for which could come crashing down with legalization that is likely to occur within the next decade.

Low cost housing has been and continues to be subsidized at all levels of government in parts of urban areas, where limited development is resisted less by local political will. These solutions can become nurturing communities when designed and managed well, and even when poorly designed and managed, are still a better habitat for the children and elderly members of low income families. Having been such a child, I'm clear that even when architecturally deplorable to sophisticated tastes (which can be remedied), a safe port in the storm is all a child needs to survive and access to good education. I was trained as a developer by Local Initiatives Support Corporation, and developed more than 400 homes for low-cost rental by a nonprofit that I helped to organize in San Diego. I found that the greatest impediment to a remedy in places like Fort Bragg (and JDSF) is local coordination; the greatest obstacles that add costs and diminish value have been some of the people running local agencies of government, self-serving politicians and

large financial institutions. The second greatest obstacle is cupidity, but that is manageable with a decent press. But combinations of these things not only prevents development, but it raises costs, which drastically reduces value since the effort is to lower costs. Ironically, all of the effort to prevent building a slum pushes the developer into having to do more with less.

Why and How JDSF Can Be Part of a Housing Solution?

As an Irish friend of mine would say, “What? Are you daft, man?” There was more than enough usable timber harvested in JDSF this year to build something useful to providing outstanding affordable housing opportunities, not only here, but also, in Willits and Ukiah. Moreover, as contributing partners to the community of Fort Bragg, how better could CDF and JDSF demonstrate commitment to solving community problems, while providing work for millers, loggers, contractors, craftsmen and construction workers?

Economic Opportunities and JDSF

Beyond social issues, camping has been a proven source of local revenue from “outside” sources. Tourism has become important to the local economy in Fort Bragg and Mendocino and it is unimaginable that in a place where 50,000 acres have been dedicated to environmental preservation, little or no consideration is given to exploit eco-tourism opportunities. Local and county government bears the cost of policing, fire protection and civil administration, and they benefit from tax revenue from sales taxes paid by visitors. Taxes on sales of retailers who supply campers help pay some of these service costs. Some income from sales of marijuana is connected to visitors. If, through improving *policy* of camping management at JDSF in support of eco-tourism, we can increase the number of visitors spending money nearby, isn’t it foolish to let anything less than normal tribal feuding, selfish ignorance or moral stupidity stand in the way?

The scope and purpose of this document is in part, to explain how all this fits together, and to make some helpful recommendations. Commonly held opinions, like myth, tend to exaggerate differences and misunderstandings. Further on, I’ve described how different “types” of visitors use Camp 1 and how this affects the forest and adjacent communities. Some readers may see how we may better utilize the forest to produce revenue, provide shelter and create jobs in ways other than cutting trees and how we may make far better use of the trees we do cut by coordinating this with community purposes.

I’ve provided brief descriptions and photographs of recreational facilities to show their condition. Observations about facilities, management, maintenance, public safety and procedures reflect events I witness May through September, 2009. Historical information is mostly from books I found in Fort Bragg’s Public Library, Ford House, Kelley House and some is from verbal comments of current and former CDF personnel, including previous camp hosts of Camp 1. Anecdotal information was contributed by campers this summer, some of whom are “homeless” or living a nomadic lifestyle. Members of local families who have been annual visitors for several generations also provided information. Some sources are people with whom I’ve worked and/or to whom I reported at JDSF.

Camp 1 offered unique insights into American culture. All that was required was interaction with accountability, i.e., I had to spend sufficient time walking in a lot of different moccasins, some of which were a tight fit and others so big I tripped on them, so it was not a cheap education in terms of effort.

So much for talking the talk. What does walking the walk look like? Commitment. When campers asked me if I'm coming back to host next year, I said, "perhaps". If I accomplish things I plan before then, I may. This document is as much about how I learned what I learned during my tour of duty at JDSF and why the experience felt like Afghanistan.

What I Learned About Commitment

I learned that the earth promises greatness whether or not humanity rises to the occasion. Around the stumps of majestic plants cut down 160 years ago stand clusters of young redwoods offering to repopulate the region with giants, if we are willing to let it be.

I learned that Jackson Demonstration State Forest has already shown to loggers, foresters and environmentalists something about selectively logging subtropical rainforests but there is still much to learn to mimic nature's process—this is described further on.

I learned that the demonstration goals when JDSF was politically organized were based on forestry science that was beginning to understand the relationships between species, climate and geology and in light of global warming, that knowledge is invaluable.

I learned that redwood forests like those lost to short-sighted exploitation develop over thousands of years and this means a demonstration must anticipate continuation over hundreds of human generations and possibly thousands and that such an idea though hard for short-sighted beings like humans to accept, is crucial to the survival of our species.

I learned that the Achilles heel of every civilization has always been the siren song of short-sighted goals. "I'm just trying to do the best I can in a less than perfect world" is the implied banner flying over every bureaucracy and the justification for every compromise of integrity in the name of expedience; a phrase only called for when the speaker is quite aware of his/her moral weakness in relation to conflict of interest.

Just as unseen tectonic plates in the planet's crust shape topographic features such that some directions in biological evolution are favored, human nature is biased by our physiology—we are born of women, our flesh is subject to invasion by unseen microbial "predators", we have inherited parts of our senses, bones, muscles and brains from the same origins as houseflies and reptiles. Our species survived adverse conditions because we evolved a social structure from rudimentary roots in common with other primates into sophisticated tools that give to us the ability to succeed in a greater variety of rapidly changing environments. We developed linguistic abilities to make fine distinctions in support of specialized activities that eventually resulted in technology that outlasts the individual's lifespan, and in some cases, timelessly so. This quality of human nature sparks excitement when an Einstein or Mozart emerges from the herd, but is inspiring when seen in the humble. Another facet of this ability is we tend to measure our actions

in relation to time and we have each our own biological clock. We are able to organize social structures and activities into precise agreements related to time. The stress of measurable accountability then attracts us to short-term gains—the bird in the hand.

I learned during my tour at EggTake that the most common quality shared by all the expressions of humanity that drifted, drove, stumbled, cantered, rolled, stomped and slid past my gate, though rarely considered, quietly guides the direction of all that we will: fear of mortality. That's a big statement. But, what happens with youthful ambition such that it sometimes end in despair, evangelism, resignation, self-delusion in a haze of alcohol or other drugs, or is sworn away by compromise, never satisfied, reduced to a spark not wholly killed within, lurking in the shadow to infect our dreams while we sleep? Since faith and consciousness must be present in authentic stewardship and this is not the same as putting on “good manners”, the rebel who eschews good manners and litters the park is actually expressing a futility and below that is a wish for something.

I did not expect to see the reward available in my experience at EggTake, not for good manners, but for being authentic about my stand for authenticity. There awakens a spirit that may find its reflection in the eyes of every species. Is that the “kingdom of heaven”? For me, EggTake was like “Wittgenstein's Ladder”—a sequence of logical statements, one following upon the other, such that, when you get to the top, you throw away the ladder, and the logic of each step is irrelevant and words cannot describe the experience.

I learned that the psychological conundrum of denying the essential human condition, our mortality, is like a pandemic disease. Serotonin re-uptake inhibitors are widely used now by relatively young people to ease the pain. Lifestyle decisions related to issues that are called spiritual by some, have been leading many to obesity, diabetes and heart disease in epidemic proportions. Some people lose themselves and their lives in unsatisfying work or raising a family, roles with which they can identify their purpose in life and when company folds and after the divorce, the pursued illusion evaporates, they are in a sense adrift in a world that is moving on without them.

Marijuana is now a common self-medication and may be a good indicator of where we are with this issue. Cocaine and morphine are, as well. Our advertising industry motivates purchases by tying products to youthfulness, eschewing any suggestion of mortality: material things, like all placebos, work by distracting us but only for a while, only for as long as hormones can hold sway over our minds.

At EggTake I saw that our failure to deal with the short-sightedness of our civilization, even though hugely evident in the plastic trash covering an area the size of Texas floating in the North Pacific, stems from measuring results within momentary time frames. We simply miss the point of creation. Our vast global economic system and the calculation of interest therein, relentlessly compels us towards smaller frames in which big pictures are ignored despite the prognosis for ecological disaster. Extending lifespan reinforces easy goals while fear leads us to risk aversion exactly when principles should take precedence in support of our best interests. We regret missed opportunity and hope fear will not win again. But right before our eyes fear again arises and we stand still unprepared.

JDSF: The Great Takeover Saga

Satisfying stories have beginnings, middles and ends. A conflict arises and a hero must overcome obstacles to save the grail, get the girl and symbolize the transcendence of virtue, and so it is with this story, related to me in pieces by foresters at various times.

About 16 years ago, the state was in fiscal disarray, not as dismally as it is now, but bad enough to trigger a (short-sighted) treasure hunt into the budget. At that time, around 1993, JDSF was an example of sustainable forestry that produced jobs, lumber and educational programs. As the story goes, the forest fiscal reserves were raided by desperate politicians, not only for the \$8 million reserve in the bank, but also, JDSF operations, which were at that time a funded activity of a California department of forestry was deleted as a separate item from the state's budgeted expenses. From that point onward, JDSF foresters would have to cut trees to pay their salaries and finance all preservation, maintenance, recreation and other activities. In addition, the assets of JDSF were taken away as well, including even the trucks, shovels, lock, stock and barrel.

To illustrate the change, JDSF sold 4.5 million board feet of timber at a time when no mills want it for a paltry \$350,000, roughly eight cents a foot. To make matters worse the low price subsidizes the buyers cost to deck the logs until the market recovers. To add to this fiasco, the Mendocino County Supervisors committed all available Community Development Block Grant funds to subsidize a mill in Ukiah, ostensibly, to mill the lumber that nobody wants to buy. When the market returns, the buyers of the 4.5 million board feet will have an advantage over private forest sellers and JDSF.

Background: In 1993, forestry programs in local schools were supported by JDSF operations, and the goals of environmentalists were, if not identical to those of foresters, at least closely aligned. In the summer of 2009, the only dialogue took place at meetings of the Jackson Advisory Group and CDF was not forthcoming about either its activities or its plans. The conflict was a "rhinoceros in the living room" all over Mendocino County albeit subdued by greater concerns related to marijuana cultivation and marketing. CDF and law enforcement ignored violations of marijuana laws below a high threshold, which was the will of local people. Gardens would be removed in JDSF but ignored in privately owned forests on its boundaries. Since CDF works hand-in-glove with the Sheriff using helicopters and aircraft equipped with accurate sensors, local policy supported the county's prime agricultural crop on which local people depended.

Stewardship

Clear-cutting forests was accomplished by contractors for Ford, Jackson and Johnson for the same reasons wood was cut by CDF in a bad market in 2009: people doing their best "to survive in a less than perfect world". If state forest managers, boutique vintners and marijuana gardeners are all permitted to stress watersheds, how can we stigmatize those who merely use the forest as a public dump on occasion and use the rivers as their toilet?

I recall a riff by Lenny Bruce I heard in LA in which Lenny alternately pretends he's both sides of a telephone conversation between Reverend Billy Graham and the Pope. At one point, Billy (Lenny) complains to the Pope about an African American religious leader by

saying to the Pope, “I keep telling him that, but he says, ‘let them go to school with *them*’ means that, not ‘amend Section A!’ I don’t know what the hell to do. It’s crazy here.”

We no longer blow up the rivers with splash dams and knock trees apart with dynamite as in the halcyon days of Ford and Johnson, but isn’t that irrelevant to our present needs? Doesn’t preservation need to adjust to current knowledge about watersheds? The fiscal effect of neglect is hardly benign: With undependable water levels in the streams where salmon spawn, commercial fishing is gone or dormant. Mendocino is currently allotting water limits to well owners. JDSF may be the City of Fort Bragg’s best or only resource for sustainable economic development. Unregulated marijuana gardening can be as harmful as clear cutting but when it is legalized and regulated, it is likely that more efficient and secure growing methods will be organized in other locales, perhaps where solar energy is cheaper. Meanwhile, it is generally recognized that legalizing marijuana would lower prices and cripple yet another Mendocino industry.

Shortly after I arrived here in 2008, I met an outgoing leader of the Coastal Conservancy who said to me, “all these people want to do is cut trees—they won’t do anything else.” He was talking about the working people in Fort Bragg. There’s usually a little truth beneath every bigoted generality, but it’s not relevant to our present environmental needs. Fort Bragg is a place that takes care of people—the problem is usually the way it is done.

JDSF is well on the way to demonstrating how we can take care of people while restoring the forests of the world and by managing timber harvesting and recreational uses to best advantage. The concept still confronts opposition of those who want to allow the forest to re-grow as it was in the 19th century, which requires more than 500 years, but restoration can include restoring prosperity for a community and this is a powerful idea. For instance, we know how to restore salmon spawning grounds because that means restoring a watershed. If forest operations are driven by a state that is eternally looking for money to sustain a ballooning bureaucracy, CDF will have to be kept on a close rein and we can expect to initiative to help with this.

In 2009, CDF was pressured to abandon selective logging techniques and begin a program that would harvest “clusters” of 2nd growth trees that now surround every old growth stump (rather than selectively felling individual trees). The political impetus came from logging interests who wanted to increase profit for the logging companies by lowering costs, since it will be faster and cheaper to take clusters. Opponents of the proposed change wanted a healthy watershed and to be relieved of their watchdog role.

The outcome of this dispute was ultimately decided by the Jackson Advisory Group in favor of preservation and a policy to prevent future raids on forest resources. There are economic benefits for Fort Bragg and Mendocino County beyond historical returns from logging if instead of raiding the inventory of existing 2nd growth trees to increase profits, we allow the 80- to 150-year-old trees to continue to grow and instead find ways to create better markets than the limited number now available to the mills and logging. CDF has dealt successfully with fires and controlling crime in the forest, but there is nothing about

their human resources to suggest it can break ground in a new enterprise. It would be counterproductive for CDF's priorities to become those of entrepreneurs.

From the beginning, CDF only reluctantly paid for anything related to recreational uses at Camp 1. It has deferred maintenance and not made improvements and the excuse has been that the money is not budgeted for this purpose. In 2009, staff could not be bothered with facilities development. It is reasonable for the public to ask why the forest cannot support itself today when there was an \$8 million reserve in the bank when CDF took over. Why is it not fair for the state to money this money. These funds were the product of and an asset of the local community. By investing this money in improving returns from tourism and restoring the watershed, forestry would mean more to people in Fort Bragg.



The author with Gene Burns (l.), taken at Camp 20 (Dunlap) where Gene has served as Camp host since 2003

Photo by Jim Fithian, taken at Camp 20, September 7, 2009

I began compiling this report from my notes on August 7, 2009 at the suggestion of a JDSF biologist who said, "you have to put it in writing, nothing happens unless you put it in writing". I've published limited numbers of earlier versions by email to CDF, members of J.A.G. and others. CDF and J.A.G. have taken action on some issues I've raised in this assessment. I have not cited references nor do I plan a bibliography. I told CDF that I planned to write this report when I accepted the post of camp host in May 2009. I've also promised that I will correct inaccuracies when they are pointed out to me and I have made some changes based on input I received from Craig Pedersen. I've been a documentarian in film and print for longer than many of my peers at CDF have lived. My wish is that it leads to better times.

Typing human beings as I have sometimes in this document is only useful to find ways to serve people with similar needs. Many people with whom I interacted during my tour left me with a lasting impression from which I've learned more about myself. Good, bad and

indifferent, they exposed my views, fears and prejudices. Whenever, I have touched or been touched by another human soul, it is only because I was privileged to serve them.

This assessment is not a weather report, it is dedicated to the memory of the kindest soul that ever visited this roundish rock, that I was privileged to know and love. This and all that I shall ever do hereafter is conditioned by this love and I would leave this life in a New York minute if I knew I could be with him again. This writing is about integrity. Now, today, I have the benefit of hindsight. But this benefit derives from willingness to look at the past with unequivocal frankness. Mistakes have been costly for me—I lost my best friend and companion this summer. I’ve paid dearly for my lessons.

Caveat: It is nonsensical to blame visitors to the forest for being themselves, or police officers and social services clerks for directing homeless people to the forest when forest management has tolerated this for years. But it is useful to understand that, without exception, every problem at Camp 1 is in the purview of forest management. CDF has no recreation management and complains of a lack of resources, as if fiscal issues are the source of problems when, at some level CDF was responsible for husbanding resources. In failing to maintain appropriate reserves and defaulting to toleration of conditions abusive of visitors and Camp hosts, a host of persistent problems resulted that should be discussed in a forum that appropriately includes all sectors of the community. Why?

When problems persist over years, the complainer is benefiting from the status quo. If the benefit is acknowledged, the complaint would sound bogus. Failure to make good use of JDSF is a headache for depressed businesses in the City of Fort Bragg and for the un- and under-employed in Fort Bragg. California Department of Forestry and Fire Prevention (CDF) are responsible for JDSF. Civic leaders in Mendocino County and Fort Bragg are responsible for economic development.

Rather than look to the potential of the forest watershed, leaders in Fort Bragg have been obsessed with the former site of the Georgia Pacific Mill. Accounts of this in local newspapers give the impression that the site may be an undesignated “brown-field”. A high fence around it is decorated with signs that declare the presence of hazardous chemicals in bold type while public workshops are conducted about residential development. Glaring inconsistencies like this usually mean that money is being made. Presently, the Lowes Company is using the site to store and ship lumber. I have been told that by doing this at the GP site, they escape significant taxation. It is also inconsistent that in these difficult times, civic leaders ignore the economic potential offered by the forest, not as a venue for development *per se*, but as a resource for employment and recreation. Faced with the worst financial crisis since 1929, can we afford to ignore this?

Brief History and Description of JDSF

A Demonstration Forest



Jackson Demonstration State Forest (JDSF) is a jewel-in-the-tiara of California coastal ecology: spanning 50,000+ acres of forest territory 30-miles wide between the town of Willits on Highway 101 and the coastal communities of Fort Bragg, Caspar and Mendocino. Jacob Green Jackson's Caspar Lumber Company clear-cut the area that is now JDSF and then sold it to the State of California. The thriving rain forest covering hills and valleys that Caspar had shaved to the nub is due to the inspired work of foresters led by California Department of Forestry prior to 1993, a period when JDSF, although a public entity, demonstrated forestry like a private company (no one cuts when the price is down) and helped support the economy of Fort Bragg. JDSF grows more than double the allowable cut each year and had not only supported itself and the community, but also, in 1980, it began accumulating cash reserves that totaled \$8 million by 1990. Funding was good and steady from year to year and various outreach programs were kept alive by operations, including a program that helped private landowners elsewhere in California plan and manage their forestland, do fire prevention work, plant trees, and create habitat improvement projects. Other projects from this fund included a wood recycling incentive program, various research projects, education in schools, and urban forestry.

The state was an economic disaster in the mid '90's and swallowed up the reserve and told CDF to pay for all forestry from JDSF revenue, an idea that at first created a conflict of interest since supervisors who had been organized and trained to preserve the forest would asked to cut it down to pay their own salaries. Ostensibly, this problem was solved by replacing forest supervision. In 1993, forest administration had been transferred from

the Department of Forestry in Sacramento to the unit fire command of California Department of Forestry and Fire Prevention, now called CalFire or CDF at Howard Forest. After taking its reserves, Sacramento had abandoned the forest. Forest operation at JDSF that had been steadily increasing revenues, when it was overseen by college-educated foresters, began to decline under the direction of a fire control staff, the priority for whom views trees and the forest in terms of BTUs. Only cursory attention is given to forestry. People who work in fire control often have studied forestry, but neither a high school diploma nor a college degree is required to work in this field and fire control administrators don't spend much time as foresters nor are they people with MBAs. As I write in this moment, JDSF is logging 100 acres in a market in which there are no buyers.

Some years ago, a public outcry protested when CDF began aggressive logging instead of following the conservative program that had demonstrated the ability to not only recover from the "cut and run" tactics of timber history here, but also, to begin to support a local economy that centered around timber for over 150 years. The protest received international attention and involved a number of sophisticated environmentalist organizations. A lawsuit centered on a flawed environmental impact report was brought against CDF by local stakeholders and forest operations, for a time were entirely stopped.

Hostility over this persists. My experience, since arriving in Fort Bragg a year and a half ago is that leaders in the timber production industry here appear to keep a low profile. They are represented on the Jackson Advisory Group, however, and I have to believe that they must be active politically since they are the chief, if not only beneficiaries of aggressive logging when lumber prices are at an historic low. I have not yet researched this area. However, I've watched a dozen trucks a day pass my residence, loaded with Redwood and Douglas Fir logs between two and six feet in diameter. Watching a truck round the intersection one day, a CDF forester said to me in dismay, "Look at that! Douglas Fir! Why are they cutting Douglas Fir? It's not worth the cost of cutting it." Revenue from selling fir trees in the current market makes no sense and unless there are buyers, there are costs to preserve the cut lumber.

When trees are cut, the water inside runs out, at first quickly. A large tree may contain hundreds of gallons. Structural changes can render the wood unusable. Dead or dying tissue of the tree's new growth layer is vulnerable to a range of fungi, bacteria, insects, birds and rodents. Much of the biomass of a healthy forest is involved in decomposition. It can be seen everywhere you look in a forest. Populations of steelhead and salmon in the watershed feed on organisms involved directly and indirectly in decomposition of fallen trees and branches. The process of decomposition is one of the wood-maker's big problems. Timber must be stored in a way that protects it from extremes of humidity. As wood dries, it shrinks and changes shape as well as dimension. When the humidity goes up, the wood expands again. Depending on the intended use, the moisture content of wood must be limited to a percentage range compatible with the place the wood will be used. After initial milling into long planks, wood is carefully stacked to prevent the twists, cupping and other deformation that would otherwise naturally occur. It must also be protected from insect infestation and decay. Excess inventory in the wood business can be an unwanted expense.



From the perspective of CDF's concerns about fire prevention, JDSF's campgrounds are an unnecessary expense and visitors are a hazardous pain-in-the-neck, the costs for which they feel they are not budgeted to support. Income from logging goes into the state's general fund. Funding for fire prevention, which is budgeted by the state legislature, does not include maintenance and staff support for recreational activities. As a Camp host unknowingly walking into this situation, I felt the brunt of bitter feelings. I am writing this document at a Starbucks restaurant in Fort Bragg because CDF staff refused my request to use a small electrical generator occasionally when it is not needed by Bob Sallee. My requests for potable water (rather than polluted creek water) in the camp site fell on deaf ears until I complained to a member of the Jackson Advisory Group (JAG), whereupon I received the water along with a telephone call to terminate, which CDF ultimately retracted at the request of a member of the JAG Recreation Committee. In the

words of Craig Pedersen, my superior at CDF, “every penny spent on the campgrounds comes out of funds that are budgeted for fire prevention.” Still, there can be no justification for knowingly exposing a Host and JDSF visitors to infectious disease.

Neglect in the forest and camp grounds is easy to see. Theft and vandalism has robbed JDSF of redwood burls and artifacts left by Caspar Lumber and some of its finest arboreal examples. The cost to citizens of the State of California can be extrapolated by projecting the lost value of an income stream from a well-managed forest. Based on the 1993 reserves and a decade of high lumber values, that would amount to tens of millions not counting the fiscal benefits of investments that were once made from reserves. But the financial impact of the 1993 transfer of forestry operations to CDF on the people of Fort Bragg and Willits, although visible everywhere, is not generally understood. Fort Bragg has a large working class community, the problems for whom, following the loss of the GP mill and the loss of sustained forestry revenues are now compounded by inflation, an artifact of the global crisis. Civic leaders in the City of Fort Bragg spend endless time wrestling with GP over the fate of the possibly “brown-field” at the site of the now defunct lumber mill. Missing the source of Fort Bragg’s decline, and therefore its potential salvation, leaders view the working class as anachronistic. There has never been a more literal case of a government not being able to see the forest for the trees.

JDSF is very likely the only available resource that is rich enough to help Fort Bragg out of a slump that began with the closing of the General Pacific (formerly Union Lumber) mill and that has grown worse since JDSF revenues were taken away in 1993. At Camp 1 this summer, I could see the connection between the unique and priceless resource of JDSF and a solution to the economic malaise that covers Fort Bragg like its perennial fogs. There’s a fable that tells of a boy cleaning a stable. Hip deep in manure, he is enthusiastically swinging his shovel as if unaware of the size of the task. His partner leans on his shovel and watches in amazement. “Are you crazy? What are you so happy about?” he asks. “With all this horseshit, there’s got to be a pony in here somewhere!”

Knowing the source of a big problem gives a hint of big possibilities, the kind that have the potential to shape an economic turn-around in Fort Bragg. What people have to give up for that to happen isn’t worth holding onto—a brown field that may take 50 or 100 years to recover. In the meantime a working forest and a working city can be nurtured.

Ecosystem



JDSF includes watersheds of several salmon and steelhead spawning streams: Big River, Hare Creek, Noyo River, Chamberlain Creek, Caspar Creek and numerous smaller tributaries. Among forest fauna commonly seen by visitors are Mountain Lions, Bobcats, Bears, Osprey, Owls, Goshawks, Ravens, Quail, Crested Jays, “Chipmunks”, Deer Mice, Wild Turkey, Deer and 1000s of insect species with whom I’ve become intimately acquainted.

Mid-morning, forest canyons hum with the sound of billions of flying insects whose larvae are a formidable biological mass that feeds birds, reptiles and fish that, even if they could think of it, don’t exist to process nutrients necessary for growth of the trees. Every species plays an equally important role in the balance of a habitat that supports all. Interference with a minute fungus, for instance, could lead to dramatic changes in many other species. Redwood timber production depends on maintaining the relationships that help them thrive. The idea demonstrated at JDSF is that logs may be selectively harvested if logging is done in a way that maintains the delicate balance of a forest’s ecosystem and

the habitats of the myriad species that make up its biological resources. In this view *Homo sapiens* show up like a virulent weed: unnecessary and often destructive.

The California Department of Forestry and Fire (CDF in the vernacular, or CalFire) took over the administration of biological monitoring of the health of indigenous plant and animal species and soil and water qualities at JDSF. Biologists are needed to protect a unique natural environment for public benefit. Recently, CDF drastically cut the staff and severely constrained manpower for this staff in order to support police enforcement and fire prevention training. I saw biologists at JDSF doing prep and cleanup work, rather like using doctors to scrub the floors in the operating room.

Fire is Essential in the Redwood Ecosystem

Fires a vital force that shapes the particular mix of species in every forest—the way different species are affected by fires is one of the strongest factors that determines the varietal mix of a forest. *Sequoia semper virens* have features that make them impervious to the fires that periodically consume every other species. In the aftermath of a fire, the redwoods thrive on a fresh stock of nutrients dissolving out of the ashes of competitors for space in the canopy. And when the redwoods monopolize the space in the canopy, nothing below can compete.



Sequoia s.v. derives from a different stock than conifers and other trees. It is genetically related to tree ferns which took a step up on the competition by developing the ability to send up new sprouts from established root systems. This gives them an advantage over

seedlings of other species in the fight for space in the forest canopy. Capitalizing on their ability to survive fires, redwoods grow at an accelerated rate in their first 30 years. They have also developed resistance to microbes, fungi and insect infestation as well as nesting and burrowing animals. Individuals have thrived for 1000s of years, threatened only by geologic events, global climate change and human beings, and the latter is, indirectly, the subject of the Jackson Demonstration.



JDSF is a working forest, established by foresters who are interested primarily in the health and growth of trees for wood production. Their profession views a forest as a resource for harvesting timber. It's not a new idea. Forest preservation was built into the design of ancient communities and more recently, European "Crown Lands". Foresters work to preserve a complex ecosystem that relies on a balance between species related to climate, soil, atmosphere and water conditions. An over-abundance or deficit of any species indicates changes in the ecosystem that could threaten all. JDSF incurs substantial costs now to prevent illegal camping, farming, dumping and other activities that alter the environment redwoods depend on, an environment that has lots of ground water below the surface, vulnerable to pollutants, an atmosphere of mists of coastal fog, winter temperatures above freezing, soil that is rocky enough to support their enormous mass and nutrients that are the product of the activity of many other organisms. Recreational activity in any form, particularly camping, can be inimical to the pursuits of forestry and the more developed a forest is for recreational activities, the greater the potential for interference—analogous to putting a china shop in the middle of a *corrida*.

Does Selective Logging Replace Fires?



The premise demonstrated at JDSF is that selective logging (presumably with controlled burning) can replace the role of wild fires in redwood forest ecology, in effect making timber production a way to sustain the redwood's ecosystem. Controlled burning is risky—a shift in the wind can spell disaster and preventing or suppressing wild fires is not a safe bet since a forest contains megawatts of solar energy that can be released by oxidation at relatively low temperatures. The public, in this case, the State of California is the insurer against a risk for which an insurance company would charge unaffordable premiums, assuming they would underwrite it—Las Vegas odds-makers wouldn't.

The JDSF strategy not only requires prevention and quick suppression of wild fires, but also preservation of all elements of the redwood's ecosystem, which entails regulating human activities that are often injurious; such as, over-fishing, chemical fertilizing of illegal "pot gardens", waste disposal and unpermitted harvesting of wood.

Development in and around redwood forests adds to risks and losses from fires. Fire prevention and suppression are required to protect adjacent recreational, residential, agricultural, commercial and industrial land uses. It makes no economic sense for the public to heavily subsidize private timber production for the sake of a few hundred logging jobs, but protecting life and property is another matter. Even so, it is obvious that risks taken by investors in the future value of timber are mitigated by a public subsidy similar in value to that enjoyed by petroleum exploration. This could be taken into

consideration at timber sales but in the last JDSF timber sale, private industry bought 3,000,000 board feet of timber for \$350,000. This compares unfavorably to the infamous “bridge to nowhere” that was earmarked by the U.S. Congress for Ketchikan, Alaska.



Spend a day in this forest, however, and you may feel that no expense is too great. If people can enjoy visits to Camp 1, Dunlap, Boyles and numerous other recreational venues in and around JDSF, it is all worthwhile. Camping in JDSF is “free”. California residents have already paid for the privilege. In a sense, charging a fee would be double dipping. However, those who are currently arguing for charging fees do not do so to address a need for funds, but rather as a way of excluding problem people from the forest.

Uncontrolled fires are started every season by lightning strikes, arson and carelessness. Fire suppression is dangerous as well as costly. The terrain is topographically uneven and the logistics of fire fighting daunting. Thousands of acres of forest are burned in wild fires annually with a loss of investment in previous prevention expense when mature trees are destroyed. Suppression requires development of fire breaks and maintenance of roads for access by heavy equipment and fire crews. It takes decades for a tree to grow to harvestable size, so for a forest to economically pencil, it must cover an area large enough to make prevention and suppression cost effective. The state uses prisoners on fire crews to reduce cost, however, since it costs twice as much to maintain a prisoner as it does to train a doctor, the savings is like a Safeway Club discount. The subsidy of the timber industry is promoted to people in communities around the forest with the

explanation that logging provides local jobs. This myth is a cynical joke in Fort Bragg, a town which has been in “recession” since the closing of the Union Lumber (Georgia Pacific) mill built by C.R. Johnson. Once a prosperous company town, Fort Bragg has suffered as much as any company town in the U.S. rustbelt that depended on an industry that no longer pencils. This summer, for the first time in several years, Fir and Redwood trees are falling in a selective logging of 100 acres. Fallers on the way to Brandon Gulch pass by my residence on weekdays. The number of men who are working is relatively small and the work is only to last for 3 months. I understand that the fir trees have very little commercial value. The market is stagnant because of global economic conditions.

For many local people, the JDSF symbolizes government interference and incompetence. Local community leaders here as elsewhere wear the rhetoric of environmental preservation like green Teflon while doing nothing that makes any difference about a problem for which they pretend they bear no accountability. They are backed up by their legal counsel and city planning staff and the average citizen hasn’t the background to understand anything but the impoverishment of ideas among their elected officials in spite of their ingratiating smiles. However, by refusing to examine the potential economic benefits for the community that may be derived from the resurrection of this prehistoric living forest, although they avoid the risk of independent thinking, the only thing left for them to do is commiserate, look the other way and occasionally award a friend a permit.

Last year, the former president of the coastal land conservancy told me, point blank, “All they [referring to Fort Bragg’s unemployed young and middle-aged men] want to do is cut down trees. They’re not interested in doing anything else.” It’s true that men and women here grew up in a logging community—they can fell trees, buck logs and make wood. There’s a mystique to their profession, pride and prejudice is involved, logging has been a rite of passage in their working class culture. They regard the presence of “yuppies” and “bright-lighters” as superfluous if not evil. These feelings are reflected in the background of conversations around campfires of locals in the JDSF, at the counter at Nello’s market, on the Noyo harbor jetty in crab season and at Mendo Mill. I hear them while I lament the missing fish and trees. Over the eons, species may come and go. But if JDSF was a productive, working forest in 1990, and it can be so again and if the good lord gives you lemons, make lemonade.

Timber Production in the Noyo & Booldam Watersheds



Union Lumber Co. built and “owned” the City of Fort Bragg on the western boundary of JDSF. The company town adopted the name of a fort established to house soldiers who corralled native nations in the 1850s to make room for logging, forming the Mendocino Indian Reservation. Forests in Oakland, Marin and the Peninsula had been clear cut to build San Francisco before C.R. Johnson, the founder of Union Lumber, brought in money from Wall Street to methodically harvest the old growth forests on the Mendocino coast. Because of the scale of his operation and his development of Noyo Harbor, where he could load coastal schooners with larger quantities of dried, processed timber rather than large dimensioned lumber produced by Jackson at the Caspar mill, Union eventually perfected a near monopoly. Before Johnson dredged and built wharves in Noyo harbor, coastal schooners anchored in protected bays and timber was sent down to them on long chutes supported by cables. Around 1893, Jackson had put Johnson in a position where he couldn’t refuse his offer to buy the tracts of land that are now JDSF. The story is that Johnson paid his employees with vouchers they could exchange at his Company Store. Jackson and his partner quietly paid cash for the vouchers and presented them to Johnson all at once at an inconvenient time, along with an offer to buy the JDSF tracts. Caspar Lumber proceeded to clear-cut the tracts. Clear-cutting takes everything down, then burns off the debris of branches (slash) to make it easier to remove logs. Fifty years ago, not only JDSF was all bald hills, but also, the forest beyond, extending out to the horizon.



Noyo Valley looking north from Road 1000 near Waterfall Grove

With their ability to sprout new trees from existing roots and stumps, and resistance to decay, over a century later, 2nd growth redwoods encircle gigantic stumps of old growth redwoods that were thousands of years old when Caspar cut them. JDSF is peppered with stumps of old growth trees that were 200' to 300' tall—each stump now surrounded by a chorus of 2nd growth trees, 2' to 6' in diameter.



Large specimens of Douglas and Grand Fir, California Bay Laurel, Alder, Madrone and Tannoak grow up around the redwoods, along with Willow and varieties of shrubs, ferns and grasses. 2nd growth logging has been possible for many years now, providing redwood and fir to the market and revenue for JDSF operations.



Circle of 2nd growth trees around “parent” stump on hill above “Wagon” Campground, below, old growth redwoods in JDSF’s “Waterfall Grove”

Tannoak seedlings, however, are now threatening the balance of a redwood-dominated ecosystem which depends on forest fires to eliminate them. JDSF has not successfully marketed Tannoak. Tannoak has a warm, light finish with beautiful figure in the grain. It’s instability with changes in humidity make it unsuitable for outdoor use, but it is light and easy to work and hard enough to finish beautifully for furniture but it is useful for structural applications because of its unpredictable movement during seasonal changes. Recent increases in petro fuel prices has pushed demand for fuel wood that makes Tannoak worth the cost of cutting, dependent on the cost of extracting it from the forest.

Possibilities like this might be pursued better in a way that benefits the entire community, however, forest management and environmentalists have not been able to work well together. One complaint heard locally about forest management and county government in general is a lack of transparency. Lawsuit(s) brought by environmental activism interfered with the CDF’s ability to produce timber for several years, reducing revenue for forest operations. Plaintiffs in the lawsuit(s) were concerned about CDF allowing timber production that was far more aggressive than the selective logging practices that had been followed for many years, resulting in the present healthy stand of timber. There were and still are similar concerns about the effect aggressive logging has on the salmon and steelhead populations in the Noyo and Big River watersheds. (Last year, only ten salmon were counted in the South Fork of the Noyo). While I have great respect for the people I worked with at CDF this summer, there were many occasions when CDF staff expressed their concerns to me, and cautioned me to not provide any more specific information than was necessary to answer a question about why a campsite was closed. I was told that information could be misused by people who were hostile to timber production in general.

Lawsuits rarely end happily for anyone but those who work for the courts and lawyers. Unless CDF can reorganize sufficiently to clear the air and provide a new beginning, the community really can't move forward and make better use of economic opportunities. Fort Bragg, a community which has wonderful potential, has suffered economically from the demise of its sustaining industries: timber production and fishing. Under the present circumstances, those currently involved in timber production have little interest in pursuing anything more than cutting more trees, based on the model of the 19th century. At this moment, CDF has put forward a new proposal that, on the face of it, would be a radical change from the selective logging practices of the last 50 years. Nothing could cause more alarm in a community that depends in so many ways on the health of its ecosystem. The situation is summed up in this way:

Other than CDF personnel, every person with whom I have spoken about this subject expressed in one way or another, a feeling that change is unlikely until those who are accountable at the top are replaced with people of kinder and greater vision and more compassion for the community. Popularity is not a synonym for quality. I have a hard time defining recreation as driving out to a rock quarry with my television and my rifle, but I can relate to the appetite for smoking a Panasonic. So I think I understand the problem.

Watersheds, JDSF, CDF and Adjacent Communities

Long before JDSF became part of a state forest system in 1947, the forest was an integral and significant part of communities that surround it. *Homo sapiens* and other *fauna* have long exploited it for food (hunting, fishing, food gathering), shelter, recreation, spawning and other activities for thousands of years. Pre-Colombian native nations did not fell trees for fuel or timber. The Pomo diet included a staple of seeds from conifers and they used other forest products that are shed or nurtured by plants and fungi under the mantle of the forest canopy. Non-timber uses by local people continue and the interests of foresters and those with other agendi (hunting, mushrooming, shelter, fishing, etc.) as well as developers and environmentalists created a complex set of rules for the state forest when the forest stock was threatened by encroaching development on the borders of towns and by viticulture. Cooperation across jurisdictions is necessary to protect thousands of acres from development and fires. State ownership of JDSF relieved the former owners of liability and maintenance expense while still allowing them access to the timber. Public benefits in the arrangement include use of free campgrounds, hunting and protection of private forest land, ranches and residences adjacent to public lands..

During the last 200 years, forest land that was not developed for agriculture, commerce or residence has been neglected and abused by local communities who have used the forests as a dumping ground for waste: and as a source of cheap fuel. Coastal forests have also become an “unofficial” solution for “low cost” housing. Economic hard times have resulted in a growing number of homeless, indigent and transient people, whom residents of Mendocino, Willits, Ukiah and Fort Bragg refer to as “itinerant” and the presence of whom makes an impression on tourists. A traditionally lax attitude toward *ad hoc* forest habitation, outlaw-ism, poaching and hell-raising in JDSF has helped eliminate street people in Mendocino, Fort Bragg, Willits and other places. Legendary anecdotes of hijinks in the JDSF are retold around campfires at Camp 1 by people who began visiting in the 1950s; e.g., infamous “Van Meters” who I am told, shot at deer from the windows of moving pickup trucks. An updated version uses ATVs and motorcycles—last week, a motorcyclist sped down Road 300 with a rifle strapped to his back. The barrel of his rifle struck and destroyed the high-tech mirror on an SUV going up to Red Tail campground.

Non-Recreational Activities in JDSF and Nearby Towns

Residents of coastal Mendocino County as well as inland towns like Willits, Ukiah and those residing on private forest land around and within JDSF draw water from relatively shallow wells, springs and rivers affected by watersheds. Fort Bragg draws its water from the Noyo River not far from EggTake.

Some activities seem to be recreational for those involved are not typically considered recreation. For instance, although, there are public dumps available, people constantly use forest roads and campsites for this purpose. At one location, there’s an abandoned rock quarry along Road 408, where it appears that local people have been dumping televisions and other stuff that they then use for target practice.

People hiking in the Noyo and Big River watersheds told me of a trail of toilet paper along the banks of Big River from camp sites near Camp 20 (Dunlap) all the way to the coast. Private forest owners bordering JDSF have been cultivating Marijuana for many years using potent chemical fertilizers. Construction of a Great Wall along the US southern border since 2001 reduced hemp supplies from Central America and the Far East via Latin America while at the same time, the high quality of Northern California hybrid cannabis is virtually branded. This robust *quasi-sub rosa* industry became an economic mainstay in Northern California attracting criminal cartel types and barrio gangs that kill each other, rob harvests on private land and fiercely protect their marketing territory and illegal plantations on public lands that are maintained without consideration for the environment. There's enough illegal gardening in JFSF to disturb the balance of its delicate ecology because of chemical fertilizers that accelerate growth and thoughtless disposal of waste and pumping water from creeks for irrigation.

Forests as Mendocino County's Economic Reserve

Since 2008, I've served on an economic development advisory committee in Fort Bragg. Officials here see coastal Mendocino as a growing venue for "retirement" housing. While the place is certainly a "growing" venue for pot, evidence that is cited in support of its success as a terminal destination for those who are aging is from recent sales of real estate here over the last ten years. This evidence is skewed by the fact that, with no other job opportunities, with the exception of pot gardening, the only people who can afford to buy a new house here don't work for a living. Marijuana gardening supports retail, supplements the incomes of under-employed, relatively low-wage earners. No other opportunities attract in-migration and young people leave to seek education and opportunities elsewhere. The only real estate activity relates to tourism and retirement but this doesn't mean that Mendocino will become a retirement mecca. It suggests that the population is aging in place while pot growers are taking advantage of the JDSF forest canopy to grow thousands of illegal plants.

Fort Bragg city government receives financial and other support from Georgia Pacific (GP) (current owner of the former Union Lumber mill site that occupies around 325 acres along the entire length of the city's ocean view. Consultants hired to draft a plan for commercial and residential development for this land have not found a market to substantiate their planning. Apparently, the ground was contaminated by hundreds of years of industrial activity and is now said to be unsuitable for habitation or agriculture. Without denying the science of studies that have been done, it seems peculiar to me that this condition would be limited to one mill site after 200 years of operations, i.e., why would dioxins not be present everywhere downwind of a mill? The GP site has been fenced-off since the mill stopped operating. City officials view it as potential future development. Citizens have no great expectations. Georgia Pacific, however, can benefit from an increase in valuation if the city approves a Specific Plan for the land they own and there has been a lot of deal making activity. Financial benefit of rezoning is immediate even if nothing is ever built and remains vacant and fenced off for environmental mitigation after the city approves a development permit. It is possible that the only residential development that could make sense involves high density apartments.

Although additional housing would help any economic possibilities in Fort Bragg, anti-development sentiment, especially on the ocean front is a show stopper.

Isolating retirement housing geographically is an unhealthy proposition for a community anyway because people decline rapidly when they feel irrelevant. In one successful experiment with retirement housing in Houston, Mercy Housing, a nonprofit development corporation of the Catholic Sisters of Mercy together with their investment subsidiary, Related Capital, developed a complex that includes homes for a range of ages so that older citizens could interact with families and small children. Other examples of integration vs. separation in retirement housing can be seen in places as diverse as the Fiji Islands and Scandinavia, where grandmothers are employed by the government in a program the call, “Day Play Mother” (in translation). Grannies who meet the health and other criteria are paid by the state for providing daycare for parents who need this kind of assistance and this helps grandparents to supplement their otherwise fixed incomes. The children benefits as well as their parents who are freed to continue work and education. Merging compatible interests produces healthy economies. While, by itself, retirement housing doesn’t seem to be a realistic fit for this area, Fort Bragg and Mendocino do offer a haven for child raising and a development which merged the high standard of community values found here with senior services might be successful.

There may be great potential if CDF, the Jackson Advisory Group, state, city and county officials and educational institutions could learn to work toward common goals.

Compatibility of Logging and Recreation

CalFire’s primary concern is fire prevention and suppression, however, because the purpose is to demonstrate compatible uses of the forest, CalFire, which is the agency that manages JDSF for the people of California is required to reasonably accommodate recreational activities enjoyed by citizens living (and/or working) in the communities around the forest, e.g., Fort Bragg, Willits, Mendocino Coast and Ukiah as well as citizens from places north (Leggett, Laytonville, Red Bluff, etc.), west (Redwood Valley, Lake County, Chico, Sacramento, Oroville, etc.) and south (Petaluma, Santa Rosa, Healdsburg, Marin, Oakland, San Francisco, Fremont, San Jose, San Francisco, etc.).

After JDSF was chartered in 1947, most of the logging camp facilities were removed and campgrounds were created in several places (JFSD forest map appended) at the Caspar Lumber Co.’s former logging camps, primarily at Camp 1 and Camp 20 and at several other sites in the forest. The charter stipulates that every person may use these campsites free of charge for a maximum of 30 days each year with a maximum of 14 consecutive days before the visitor must spend 48 hours outside any state forest, of course, all conditional on following forest rules as well as state and municipal laws.

A camping “season” was traditionally correlated to seasonal weather. From November to May, rain turns the ground and roads to mush. Under CDF, opening and closing dates are determined by administrative decision. The season opened on Memorial Day in 2009 and began to close on Labor Day, with a few campsites remaining open until October 1.

CDF as Campground Managers

The greatest difficulty I experienced as a Camp host was adjusting to multiple managers—6 people had 6 differing views and expectations, although one seems to be in charge. Actually, there is no single person responsible for recreation. The feeling I got reminded me of the TV show, M.A.S.H., with a touch of Star Trek and a smattering of Reno 911. I finally modeled my role on the Colonel K., the Commandant of the German POW camp in the TV sitcom, “Hogan’s Heroes”.

J.T., the winter resident at Camp 1, told me, “You get a different answer from every person you ask at CDF.” He meant this about things in general, but we were discussing when Camp 1 would close this fall. CDF are among the best in the profession when it comes to fighting fires that are infinitely unpredictable in every recognized dimension. Being light on your feet is essential. My experience of Camp 1 was more relaxing and interesting when I adapted to these circumstances.

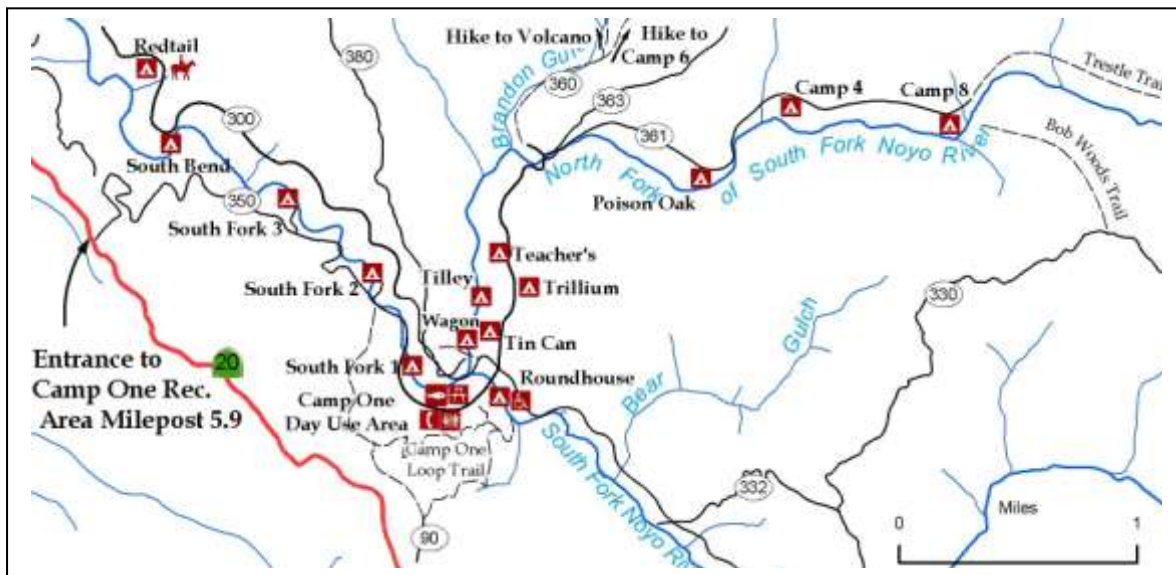
"Rustic Camping"



Presumably, those who installed these outhouses 50 years ago, preservation of an untrammelled, "natural" forest meant using the simplest technology: low tech is best. By modern standards, the best technology is the one that produces the best result.

Recreational facilities at JDSF are minimal to accommodate campers who respect the environment and many campsites at JDSF Camp 1 provide the best opportunities to experience nature without development that distracts from this. This explains why there was no impetus to develop potable water, electricity or sanitation early on. However, in early days, creek water was somewhat clean and recreational camping was much lighter.

The map of Camp 1, below, shows locations of campsites. They are all near streams along pre-existing logging roads that were built by Caspar Lumber. Some campsites are separated from each other by more than ½ mile. Not evident on this map are smaller roads, some more than ¼ mile long, leading down into campsites along the South Fork. There are 2, 3 and 5 campsites in the Tin Can, Roundhouse and Wagon campgrounds, respectively. At Roundhouse, Wagon and Red Tail, an ambiance of communal campfires, is reminiscent of the time when Camp 1 was Caspar's first logging camp. Red Tail is the equestrian campground in which 10 campsites are closer, along a trail weaving through a grove of large redwoods at a bend in the river. When horses, dogs, horse trailers and RVs are present, the feel is of a forest village. In comparison, Tilley, the group camp, is more open and can accommodate 100+ people, with tent and RV sites arranged around a great, central fire ring, around c. 12' in diameter. Poison Oak, Camp 4 and Camp 8 are single campsite campgrounds that are distantly isolated from each other in a valley that narrows as it ascends towards two extraordinary hiking trails. South Bend and the South Fork campsites are similarly private and secluded spots, and offer an ambiance that is more connected to the river which is larger and more prominent in the landscape.



Every campsite is located by one of the two tributary streams that form the South Fork of the Noyo River. 2 more, “walk in” campsites are 3-4 miles from the center of Camp 1.

Vehicle access to Camp 1 is restricted by locked gates to Road 350. For much of 3.5 miles down to the valley floor, it follows the twisting turns taken by Caspar Lumbers' logging railway. Horses, bikers and hikers can maneuver around locked gates on other roads.

The spread-out logistics of Camp 1 that make it so attractive also make it convenient for illegal camping, poaching, ATVs, motorcycles and pot gardening. Proximity to Fort Bragg businesses and social services make Camp 1 attractive to homeless and nomadic populations—presenting an interesting and sometimes difficult task for the Camp host.

The growing number of young people who are part of the vagabonding community and older people and families living a nomadic lifestyle “off the grid” are not a danger, but many of the younger people are careless about trashing the place. All of these people are poor and most are motivated to find ways to extend their stays beyond the legal time limits. Many people in distant places are now learning about free camping at JDSF on the Internet. Accommodation of greater numbers of people who are unprepared for hygiene where there is neither potable water nor sanitation facilities is a new danger. Conditions aren’t new to CalFire, but their volume and intensity is growing. Increasing demand for free camp spaces as well as changing demographics (blamed on persistent economic hard times) amplifies problems. What was once a nuisance is now intolerable danger. The problems are exacerbated because CalFire has not been adjusting to these changes.

Demographics and demands of campground users have changed dramatically in the past year, and this change appears to be trending, perhaps due to global economic conditions. The same conditions that have left many people jobless and homeless also constrain CalFire’s financial ability to correct the impact on campground facilities. However, since campground operations are supposed to be funded from timber revenue. In the absence of this revenue even prior to the global context, recreation has been understaffed. All publicly funded activities have now been asked to do more with less and while the bureaucracy is beginning to look for ways to operate more efficiently and to increase revenue by means of fees, a legacy of hostility between timber producers and environmentalists has been preventing constructive solutions. This wasn’t helped by recent decisions to cut timber at a time when mills are not buying nor by selling timber that has taken 80 years to grow at ridiculously low prices, presumably to increase volume. Recreational maintenance is suffering from lack of attention.

This season, JDSF had one maintenance employee, Bob Sallee, who maintains all facilities in its 55,000 acres, including roads and bridges used for logging and patrols as well as recreation. Much of the time, there has been only one uniformed forest patrol officer, Catherine Kellington. Bob works hard, is knowledgeable and multi-skilled but was limited to 80 hours per month. Cathy only recently graduated from the police academy, had only one year experience on patrol in the forest, she has often been tied up in training and she is required to patrol the entire forest and may be called away when there are fires. Maintenance issues at Camp 1 were so constrained by lack of funds that pumping waste tanks under outhouses and replacing fire rings, both extremely important to public safety, have been postponed.

Insufficient attention to communication, signage and support for camp administration on the part of management caused the only problems at Camp 1 related to law enforcement. Because my personal safety was involved and I have had some experience dealing with homeless populations, with the help of several older campers, we kept a lid on things.

Creek levels are low now, outhouse waste tanks scandalously high and the lack of support for the Camp host prompted uncomfortable moments as some camp sites overflowed with “campers” that had no interest in keeping house, who trashed the environment, who have no or little means of survival in the forest and no sanitary resources. Some of these people were resentful of authority having been pushed around by local police wherever they went. Some were in the forest because the alternative would be jail and they have no means of travel. Some had little or no interest in recreation *per se* other than drugs. Under these circumstances, a conscientious Camp host must come up with unplanned strategies and find resources among campers for personal and public safety and forge workable relationships with CalFire’s recreational and prevention enforcement staff who were used to viewing the Camp host as expendable and as the scapegoat for criticism. This summer, Prevention Officers directed illegal campers they found elsewhere in JDSF into both Camp 1 and the Big River camp (managed by Gene Burns, Camp host at Camp 20, 12 miles east of Camp 1).

Many campers return to Camp 1 every season and requested a favorite spot. Reservations are not allowed but it is possible for people to get what they want by coordinating their arrival with the departure dates of the campers who precede them, which only requires polite communication. For people from Fort Bragg and Willits, this is not difficult, but people who travel far to get here are at a disadvantage without reservations. People come here from Ukiah, Santa Rosa, Sebastopol, Chico, Paradise, Sacramento, Oakland, Santa Cruz, Southern Humboldt, Petaluma, etc. Under the circumstances, it is remarkable, that, until the beginning of September when CDF closed more than ½ of the campsites, there have been very few instances when I had to turn people away even though throughout the season, most of the time, Camp 1 was full. Campers were often willing to help each other out and share large campsites. CDF recreation staff advised me that I shouldn’t encourage communication between campers about anything: “we don’t ask campers to help other campers.” CDF staff believe this precludes a possibility that the state may be held liable for what happens between people who meet at the campground if the Camp host is involved. Experience does not bear this out. While it is true that Good Samaritans are at such risk, the isolated location of Camp 1, far from communications and services is a mitigating factor. The state could just as well be accused of contributory neglect.

One of the key elements that I found lacking in the knowledge base of CDF, perhaps because there are no personnel specifically assigned to recreational management, CDF has been unable to do more with less. There is a basic misunderstanding on an official level and in the community about what camping means: what people of all kinds, types and backgrounds are doing when they are camping—and the nature of recreation.

Recreation vs. Residential Camping

The word, “recreation”, appears frequently in JDSF governance. Whatever the dictionary says about the words “recreation” and “recreational”, they connote relatively short-term vacation visits to JDSF in contrast to purely residential.

The camp host resides at a campground, whereas a visitor may either be vacationing (recreational) or using the forest a place of residence. When JDSF was initially chartered, camping facilities were deliberately minimal. Today, only a minority of forest visitors the minimal view, including both recreational and residential visitors. But, since residential visitors were not anticipated, neither facilities nor forest management were planned with adequate capacity. CDF views residential visitors as a management nuisance but there is no way to prevent them. The charter isn’t concerned with reasons why people camp.

Since “camping” and “recreation” connote communal activities, residential visitors cannot avoid being drawn into the communal ritual of rustic camping and they unwittingly take part in recreational aspects of living in the forest without electricity, potable water, showers, etc. There is no plausible reason why providing showers and potable water would change this. Doing so would better serve the forest and everyone. CDF and JAG (the community) have been taking a patronizing view toward residential campers. They deliberately maintain the situation because they believe that making the facilities less uncomfortable will attract more residential visitors.

JDSF Forest Rules seem to be irrelevant to some (but not all) residential campers who are using the forest to save rent or have no better place to live. These people required most of the attention of CDF enforcement and maintenance this summer. Forest Rules are posted outside every outhouse, but not because visitors need to be reminded to be good stewards. The rules are posted there so people can’t claim ignorance. As any traffic cop can tell you, posting rarely has this effect. “I didn’t know,” is the *force majeure* governing all human behavior. What can be learned about dealing with both recreational and residential visitors that need to be reminded about forest rules? This: if we really want to protect the watershed, the strategy of posting rules and complaining afterwards repeatedly fails and uses most of the manpower expended by CDF throughout the season. (Even Bart Simpson knows what happens when you do a dumb thing harder and better.)

The fact that posting the rules doesn’t produce the desired behavior is not missed by CDF but they don’t correlate this with the rising cost of enforcement personnel. Day-after-day, the Camp host stands for stewardship but he is beating his head against the thick tree of impertinent, obstinate, mischievous human irascibility. CDF has set the stage for a sometimes hilarious, sometimes tragic opportunity for the Camp host. With a variety of cultural, moral, economic and ethnic influences, managing Egg Take’s population requires both understanding and grace. Gene Burns (Camp 20 Host), CDF Chief CDF Enforcement Officer, Larry Graft and I sometimes seemed to be dealing with one set of observations while CDF staff were dealing with a tangential set. Gene, Larry and I dealt with real people whose names and memorable expressions show up in our dreams. We remember them because of what they do—we can’t treat them all alike. Other CDF staff

rarely if ever expressed interest in this level of detail while trying to manage Camp hosts who can't do their jobs without doing so.

An experienced Camp host wields tremendous power and at the same time, since he can't force anyone to do anything, his success depends on the quality of his relationships and how people perceive him. Craig Pedersen and Larry Graft both understand this from the point-of-view of law enforcement, however, they lack the experience that Gene Burns and I have in establishing relationships in a way that produces constructive behavior. Both Gene and I can see problems coming long before it occurs, sometimes just in body language or facial expression, and most of the time, we can head it off. How we do this was part of my education and sometimes created a conflict with CDF. But the benefit of this experience I have taken away has been important to me as the five years I spent earning a university degree. I am indebted to CDF for entrusting me with JDSF. This document, which may be perceived as critical by CDF, is mostly an opportunity for me to share what I have learned and what I continue to learn even now from this writing.

For instance, Camp hosting is a service. The host is, *de facto*, the advocate for visitors. Gene and I were the only representatives of CDF that most visitors met. Many are not sophisticated and have no idea about the bureaucracy they're dealing with. The host "is" the state. They expect fair treatment, they have experienced prejudice and corruption elsewhere. They take offense at perceived mistreatment. They appreciate personal attention and understanding about their needs and concerns.

Moral and ethical judgment may even lead a Camp host to contest CDF policy and procedures when they seem counter-intuitive or unresponsive. CDF doesn't understand that hosts make request only when it is in the public interest, even when the request is for something to support the camp host.

When I have pointed out sanitary conditions at the camp that were dangerous to public safety, the response from CDF executives was that "rustic camping" describes a bare-bones development of facilities, justifying that sanitation means an outhouse that is swept out. CDF's answer ignores the message that a danger exists to people and the watershed.

Residential Campers at Wagon deliberately trashed two outhouses repeatedly to express their frustration about the lack of healthy sanitation. Even some who were prepared for rustic conditions, were not prepared for the level of pollution created by those who were not prepared for "rustic" camping. They were as upset as I to see campers thoughtlessly trashing the forest, fouling the creeks and creating dangerous sanitary conditions. CDF's response was to blame me for not cleaning up after those who deliberately made a mess and then complained to CDF that I was not fulfilling my custodial duties. On the other hand, groups of recreational campers trashed Southfork 1, 3 and Camp 4 this summer.



Excluding the “Bad Element”

The defining concern of environmentalism is environmental preservation but when faced with destructive thoughtlessness on the part of a significant percentage of JDSF visitors, it is understandable that they want to exclude them. An interesting parallel may be seen at our nation’s southern border where Homeland Security funds have been used to build a high fence monitored by radar, aircraft, ground patrols and seismic detection devices. When, at a meeting of the Jackson Advisory Group (JAG) recently, I described some of the sanitation problems exacerbated by residential visitors this year, one member of the committee proclaimed, “We’re not in the social services business,” as if by his declaration we can ignore the problem. But then he probably doesn’t know that the full waste tanks under the outhouses are not a sufficient deterrent since people use the woods.

Exclusion is easy and pre-emptive, but it is neither moral nor ethical in that we haven’t given any thought to serving the needs of campers who are not prepared for “rustic” camping nor have we given any thought to the nature of “recreation” as it is practiced by people who seem clueless about the forest yet return here year-after-year to trash it. If there has been any follow-through regarding recreational planning, education and management since 1993, it has not appeared on the ground at Camp 1 other than in the form of three new outhouses, one at Tin Can, one at Camp 8 and a new his-and-hers’ outhouse opposite the day use area. If CDF had monitored the cumulative effects of a

growing population of campers as they monitor the plants, animals, fish, soil and water, the evidence supports the notion that there has been no correlative action. Why not?

Data to Inform Planning

Just as the population of a city changes over time, the cultural habits of people who visit JDSF is constantly changing. The nature of these changes is not recorded on camping permits that are CDF's only source of information about campers. They are not sufficient to inform planning, which may partially explain why Camp hosts and CDF seem to be looking at different worlds. Current visitors include the urban, suburban and rural poor, homeless and transient. Few of them arrive prepared for sanitary facilities defined originally at JDSF as a hole in the ground enclosed by a redwood building resembling the architectural approach popular during the hay days of Caspar Lumber.

The only solution to improving facilities I've heard is instituting a fee so there will be money to develop camping facilities and to price the homeless out of the campgrounds. But, even if CDF had enough money, the problems would not be solved. Not only would new facilities be constrained by a commitment to an outmoded definition of rustic camping and by ongoing fighting between environmental activists and people who see trees as money, but also, CDF would not have the staff with the right combination of experience and maturity. I'm 70 in November and in my experience, the result of this is ongoing restriction on personal freedom rather than responsible community development. The huge investment in police personnel and equipment arising from Homeland Security legislation is everywhere to be seen and as times get tougher, new appropriations of funds will be required to support these elements, while schools, hospitals and especially affordable housing needs go wanting. The burden of this will continue to fall on forest lands. Relying on law enforcement is endemic in America: a failure of management at both CDF and the local community and the fault is one of leadership that was accurately predicted by George Orwell in his novel, 1984 and other writers. There is no excuse for trashing the forest but it is unethical and immoral to only exclude homeless campers who are poor if management solutions are available. Moreover, excluding the "bad element" doesn't address other issues. We must assess campground development with better information.

Hidden in the Obvious: Recreation is Communal



CalFire gave me a magnetic sign to stick on my pickup: “Volunteer in Prevention,” which sends a mixed message. Pol Pot hit the nail on the head. “What kind of a goddam’ Camp host are you?” he said.

A Camp host committed to prevention is semantically, at least, *non sequitur*. Following CDF’s focus on preventing homeless people from “gaming the system,” violating forest rules, trashing the forest, vandalizing facilities, etc., I spent my first 3 months on the job making rounds trying to keep up with it while observing how different groups of campers and individuals live in the forest.

It was impossible for me to discern a recreational aspect directly related to the environment in what most of them appeared to be doing. Having met more than 100 people every 24 hours coming in and going out of the forest on many days this summer, coming from different cultures, professions and places, in varying physical conditions, with a myriad different interests, ethnicities, etc., the only universal quality I saw in every single instance is this: camping is a communal activity.

Management Informed by Community Values

The idea is so simple it goes unnoticed. CDF managers are fire fighters. They aren't hired because of their expertise in psychology, cultural anthropology or sociology. In my experience, no one gets a job in a small town like Fort Bragg without a relationship with someone who already lives there. Perhaps this tends to filter both the gene pool, range of experience and resources. I've met 4 African-American campers this summer and one Native American and half a dozen Asians. They were all better than average campers with regard to forest stewardship. With little or no understanding about the variety of social aspects of camping, CDF strategy resorts to enforcement and even then, CDF fails to understand and utilize the strongest arrow in their quiver—social pressure.

The communal nature of camping is obvious. Very few people come to the forest alone and they readily form connections with others. "Getting away" for R & R is a break from our usual surroundings, friends and relations, but recreation entails discovering fresh ways of viewing things by connecting with the unfamiliar and this includes other people. Living for a short time in the forest provides an opportunity to connect with others in a context that is freeing, forgiving, not judgmental, not connected with anything in the past. This affected every visitor coming down the dusty, pot-holed, wash-board of Road 359 this summer, whether sober, high, drunk, wise, stupid or whatever. Some campers arrived *en masse* yet the same premise may be just as appropriately applied to a group as well as to individuals and couples—a group or a couple can recreate or re-declare its identity.

This is the service provided by a recreational campground like JDSF. Lodging is often associated with recreation but it is an accommodation for recreational purposes along with hiking and biking trails. Camping at JDSF is a sort of *hotel al fresco* to support some other activity. No more than .1% of visitors this summer came to hunt, slightly more to hike or bike. This is a useful set of facts.

What if the recreational purpose for which the forest is a resource, is personal transformation?

Delivering on a promise like this consistently, a venue develops mystique and becomes a destination.



In this context, those who violate rules, who fail to respect the forest and its caretakers, are missing the opportunity for which they came.

If camping is a communal activity, the desired outcome of which is transformational for both groups and individuals, what then?

Fees for camping in the forest will not educate people and are prohibited, but fees for providing other services that benefit people, society and the forest are not prohibitive.

Part of the problem at JDSF has been the culture of CDF and its relationship with Fort Bragg. What looks from the outside like institutional laziness is resignation about this problem. Feeling you are contributing to something worthwhile is productive and gives you energy; feeling you're involved in a futile exercise is exhausting.

CDF has been asked to manage within a context of traditional ignorance: dumping human beings who are unpleasant reminders of our troubled society in the forest amounts to poisoning the well (literally and figuratively) and since CDF is accountable for forest management and has neither the resources nor the support of local communities to do anything about this, the result, over time is institutional resignation. The tunnel vision that had clear-cut forests of giant redwoods is still grinding the community. Forestry in America is a business the priority for which values only productivity of wood. Environmental preservation is coincidentally related. Since CDF had been unable to change the political will of the community regarding using the forest as a dump, it incurs the expense of cleaning up the mess and attempting to prevent dangerous consequences.

To Know What it Means to Have Nothing You Must Have Nothing

One day, RH, a CDF forester it was always my pleasure to see because of his sense of humor and authentic interest in people (and dogs), asked me a poignant question. RH is small is as small in stature as he is great of heart. He wears platform shoes to not draw attention to his height. Like everyone else from CDF in Fort Bragg who came to visit me, his visits were unexpected.



One morning RH arrived around 11:00. He walked around my camp, looking at things. Like many CDF staff that actually spent time in the forest, there was no consideration for my privacy outside my motor home. This mostly never bothered me since I never had “company” and it seemed to be a convention at Camp 1. Both the rangers and I went in and out of camp sites, within reason as we needed to.



He looked under a tent I'd put up over the picnic table, where I was building an orchard ladder, by hand.

On a redwood plank a previous resident had jammed between two trees, were a dozen or so bags and boxes of wood scraps: all types and sizes I'd saved from the fire bin behind the School of Fine Woodworking.

There were other stacks of material, of greater length, in other places, mostly cast-offs I'd acquired for one purpose or another, waiting their turn in the production line I'd recently finished building a screen door for the motorhome..



Another tent that a local character in the Noyo harbor, named Dusty, gave me, had a surrounding insect screen. Inside it, I'd set up a large work table on saw horses for doing closer work on mechanical projects when I didn't want to be bothered by the bugs, the variety and number of which was stunning when not stinging or stabbing.

My generator sat on the table where I tried to sort out the mystery of its wiring.

My laundry system was in operation, a twice-weekly process involving three tubs of water. Shirts, pants and towels were already drying on a line I'd strung between the corner of Rocinante and the roof of the lean-to I'd attached to a post that had been placed for the telephone line.



My bathing station was improvised on 2 pairs of saw horses. Tubs and pans of water were placed on the ground in particular places where they would catch the morning sun through the canopy to heat water in which I would then wash my dishes and, hiding behind a large towel, do my “bath”. No matter how rudimentary, the facilities, I felt just as refreshed as I ever had after a hot shower.

But it was summer, and around 65 F.

My shaving station was the broken half of an old mirror that I salvaged from Shannon’s house in Fort Bragg. I intended to use it as a feature in the design of a marquetry inlaid table top that I’d drawn. The mirror was propped up with a piece of tannoak under the roof of the lean-to where I’d tied the clothes line.

On the bottom shelf, I kept a collection of “hazardous” and flammable liquids, paint, and paint thinner and such.



I include this photo on the because I like the way it makes me feel.



It evokes in my memory, the magical feeling when looking into that mirror in the morning.

Most mornings in Camp 1 are bright around 9:30 when the sun is high enough. The canopy explodes into a kaleidoscope of billions shards of green and yellow light. The air is neither warm nor cool. Insects and chipmunks are hiding early birds and the ravens chase around the canopy.

I'd collected a bunch of red, green and blue canvas camp chairs stood in a circle around the fire pit and others were next to a table under the awning by the side of the Southwind and Rocinante.

Most of the chairs were left behind by campers who may have thought of them as disposable, like paper plates.





My Roc 'N Soc "throne" stood by the door with a view through trees of the Day Use area where Road 350 enters. Before it stood a foldaway music stand and beside it a guitar stand and a foot stool made of redwood left over from Bob and Jim's fence building.

The red/brown color on the awning was contributed by the redwood above. The color has pretty much disappeared now. At the back is the motorhome's roof ladder that I was repairing, and material I removed in restoration.

In the foreground is a collection of driftwood placed to prevent me (and others) from walking into the strut for the awning

After wandering around my camp, from corner to corner, occasionally asking, "what the heck is that?" and "you're building a ladder?" and examining my clothes line raised aloft by a 10-foot branch held vertical only by the tension on the line, RH declared, "I'm going to report that your camp is *well-organized*."



Had I known my my camp was to be inspected, I would have scurried about, cleaning things up. The impromptu visit worked out since I passed muster without the effort, but I felt like I was back in the Coast Guard again.

I showed him the screen door I'd made and installed in the motor home, which impressed RH, and we sat talking for a while in the mild golden light of the canopy. He said, "Mike, I don't

understand. If I had your job, I'd just kick the trouble-makers out and if the police didn't back me up, I'd quit. I'd just leave. Goodbye! I'm gone."

There was no way I could leave until the motor home was paid off. I couldn't afford to park it. Apparently, RH was been sent out to get "the goods" on me for keeping a sloppy camp, which was really an outdoor studio. His colleagues had been treating me with the casual disrespect in which most people view homeless people and they were always vexed whenever I called them out to back me up unless someone was actually laying on the ground bleeding, which (I think to their surprise) never happened.

A week or two before the end of each month, or sometimes, because of the vet bills, I was flat out broke. I was reminded of a parable told by the late, great Richard Lord Buckley about Álvar Núñez Cabeza de Vaca, who wrote down his experiences in a report to the King of Spain that was published in 1542. Núñez was the accountant on a 400-man expedition to establish Panfilo de Narvaez as the Governor of the Florida territory in 1527. Narvaez and his landing party were attacked on shore by local people who were no doubt irritated with the Spanish who killed, raped and enslaved them. Narvaez had sent his ships away, leaving him with few supplies. The men built small boats and sailed off west along the gulf coast. They shipwrecked in a hurricane near the mouth of Rio Brazos (Galveston, TX). Only four survived: Mustafa Zenmouri, *aka* Estevanico (Little Stephen), the first African in the new world, Núñez and two other men "with Hispanic surnames", who were all taken prisoner and enslaved by a tribe of the Karankawa nation.



They escaped six years. Dressed like the Karankawa tribesmen, they walked west and then south to cross the Rio Grande, then north to the place we call, New Mexico; then crossing northern Mexico to Culliacan on the Sea of Cortez where they ran into some Spaniards who went with them to Mexico City—a journey of 2 years on foot. The four men connected with many aboriginal nations along the way and they gained a reputation for strong, healing medicine. Miracles of healing were attributed by to Núñez but may have also been performed by Zenmouri, Alonzo Castillo de Maldonado, or Andres Dorantes. Upon arriving, Viceroy Antonio de Mendosa asked Núñez to write a report, explaining to the King what he'd been up to during these eight, long years.



Álvar Núñez Cabeza de Vaca: a romantic sculpture in an exhibit at the Whitehead Memorial Museum in Del Rio, Texas, to evoke how Núñez appeared to those who lived along the Rio Grande in 1534

Núñez described how they were assisted by people along their journey, who fed and helped them find their way; many people, dispersed in small, tribal communities. He explained why and how they were treated with kindness and described the customs of the native nations across this wide area. In explaining what happened to him, in logical fact, how he'd "gone native", Núñez wrote, "*To know what it means to have nothing, you must have nothing!*" He wrote of healing powers he discovered within. In 1936, the poet and scholar, Haniel Long wrote a fictionalization based on Núñez' report and in 1946, Long wrote a translation of *Relaciones* entitled, "The Power Within Us". It is a humanist credo.

Buckley, who performed brilliant monologues between sets of jazz, first in Chicago, then later in Laguna Beach, Ca, introduces the story and postulates a scene: a *shaman* demands that Núñez heal the chief's son who is deathly ill and promises simple justice if Núñez should fail. In his hep vocabulary, Buckley describes the situation, "This cat was not knocking on death's door, he had his foot on the threshold; he'd been on the rug for three days, the pilot light was nearly out. Gone, you know what I'm saying." He then describes how Núñez falls utters a prayer so true, so pure, so authentic, no God in history could but understand and appreciate. "Don't you know, come sun-up, the cat on the rug opened his eyes, looked around and said, 'what's for breakfast, I'm starving?'"

The Catholic clergy in the 16th century were no more prepared to deal with this than they are now. They instead decided that Núñez stumbled upon the fabled Fountain of Youth, setting Ponce de Leon among others out to claim it for the glory of Spain. Núñez was re-assigned as Governor of Paraguay—comfortably out of the way until he took his boys on a 1000 mile walk and found the awesome Iquazu. The men did not appreciate Núñez’ zeal for long walks and deprivation and sent him home in chains, from which he was later pardoned to retire and write his memoirs. Paraphrased from my memories of Buckley’s recording that I first heard in the Spring of 1968, what Alvar Núñez wrote was something like this, “There is a power within us...that, if you nurture it, grows like a *magic garden* and can cause *miracles!* And if you do not, it recedes and disappears from you.”

Having *nothing* is not easily done. To truly have nothing, there can be no dualism about it, i.e., you don’t get there by taking a *vow* of poverty or working at the Food Bank. In Haniel Long’s words, “And who is any of us, that without starvation he can go through the kingdoms of starvation?” Having nothing is not a judgment about “conveniences” you lack and being attached to material things precludes the possibility. You can own nothing and still not have nothing; it is an experience of moot presence to all of nature for which there are no words but in which unthinkable ideas can be unconcealed. Albert Einstein described his synthesis of relativity as outside his rational mind. Of course, he needed the ability to distinguish complex mathematical relationships to recognize it.

But there is something else that Long took away from reading Núñez’s *Relaciones*. “The moment one accosts a stranger or is accosted by him is above all in this life the moment of drama... Whoever we meet watches us intently at the quick, strange moment of meeting, to see whether we are disposed to be friendly.” This then brings me back to EggTake, and why friends I met in the forest, who camped near me in Roundhouse, and read the beginning, called it the “EggTake Manifesto”.

It was surprising how often people I’d never met before and spoke little to told me that my presence in the forest made it possible for them to find what they were looking for or something to that effect. It wasn’t a matter of saying a lot. I understood what they meant and I thanked them for that. They found nothing. My job was to write permits, provide toilet paper and maintain safety, decorum and human dignity consistent with cohabitation in that magnificent environment in which, confounding all expectations, I continued to see the spirit of this forest rise like Phoenix from the ashes of ignorance, resignation, stupidity and greed. Perhaps, this is what Núñez meant: it is something always there but to have it you must surrender your desire to possess it.

I have said at times that I did not leave the forest because I was unable to do so. Not true. I could have sold something or give up the Gibson guitar I left with the troll who sold me the motor home. He held it as collateral for four monthly payments of \$500. When deducted from my social security, after car insurance, gasoline needed to make rounds, food, Medicare and a few other things, I had little left and that went to the veterinarians. I relied on the Food Bank and the occasional charity of friends—mostly some forest nomads. I did not sell my tools or instruments or let the Gibson go. I would to save Bear but there wasn’t time by the time I understood what the vet in Fort Bragg had not done.

But lack of money did not occur to me as poverty, nor did the lack of indoor plumbing and heat. These were circumstances that gave me an opportunity to live more simply.

And because I didn't leave and learned from this, I began to see the forest for the trees. What I learned in the process would not have been possible without conflict. Conflict that arose because of the *commitment* of people at CDF. Our differences were slight, when all is said and done, and our values similar. If only the leaders in our communities were more committed to serving others than to their own political survival, their priorities would become aligned with the purpose of their jobs. This seems as relevant to JDSF today as it is to global ecology and as it was when Núñez walked to Mexico City.

There are more people squatting in the state and national forests in every state than ever before. While they are doing so by choice—it's psychologically an easier place but it's really not a good place for people to be without sanitation. But for them, isn't it better than subsisting in some urban morass, scraping by for minimum wages while they are beset on every side by agencies of a hierarchy of governments, who feed like ticks on their modest wages. What happens when state after state increases fees and enforcement? Prisons are bursting at the seams. What next? What do you call a system of health care that favors the wealthy and ignores the poor if the effect of it is coercing the population? Effects of people living without adequate sanitation visits problems on the forest but they are cumulative in their effect on communities.

"We Don't Care and We Don't Care if You Don't Care"

No doubt, EggTake could be managed better and at lower cost if we made a better impression on people and use opportunities for communication and education. Sending signals to people in brief messages along the highways and forest entrances calling attention to things we want people to value and consider could reduce incidents calling for expensive enforcement procedures and maintenance. Posters in places frequented by forest visitors would also help as would occasional articles placed in local newspapers. Presently, EggTake is locally reputed to be unsafe. Legend exaggerates experience, but there is more danger from mountain lions than from people of unsavory appearance and bad character. The tragedy is that JDSF's potential as a tourist attractor is destroyed when visitors to the area get the impression they are at risk. JDSF is safer than the Boston Commons and has never presented as many risks as New York's Central Park, San Francisco's Presidio Park and that wonderful playground in LA, MacArthur Park.

Appreciation for the watersheds and JDSF deserve the attention of the whole community. Promotion and operation can't be addressed as if they are not related, decisions must be made by a wider range of interests in the community. Historically, our state and national parks, heritage sites, and even wineries and local private resorts have provided useful models but things have changed over the years and absent strong leadership, state agencies, county and local government skid around like drunk dinosaurs on a glacier. As falling budgets cramp the food supply, older people in the food chain who are filling the time to claim their 90% retirement plans, who show the least interest in work of any kind, much less innovation, are retained while the younger, more economical people are let go.

Recently, a high ranking state park officer complained to me that his lieutenant had to answer a telephone call. It ticked him when I suggested that a volunteer would provide that service free if his union had not objected. Captain Morgan Zeitler and his ilk are so immured to wasting our money in so many ways, for so long, they not only have forgotten whom they are supposed to be serving, they think it's the other way around! We *owe* them. Recently, a state parks employee showed me a shiny new International semi and a custom trailer rig that are easily worth more than \$400,000. The trailer, which contains SCUBA diving gear, had never been used. I asked him why the state park needs a SCUBA rig like this. "I don't know—there's a bunch of guys from all the different parks that are supposed to train with it but it just sits here. We're supposed to drive every vehicle once a week. Look at all these things!" He gestured to a couple dozen trucks and cars parked around the yard. "I don't have time to drive this truck once a week like we're supposed to. How can I? It's ridiculous." The greater irony is that they fill no need.

(JDSF is not related to the state park system but it shares the same misapprehension as the state parks, when it comes to serving the public. CDF puts out fires and supervises prisoners from Parlin Fork and Chambelain Creek who work on the roads and do brush abatement, sometimes, in the state parks. They are good at this. But with regard to public campgrounds, the state parks view the public as their cash cow while CDF is ticked off because they can't charge admission to Camp 1. Neither is service oriented.

Consistency in communication is crucial, which in a way explains the lack of community identification around JDSF. The consistent image presented to the public is CDF's fire fighting mission. This has nothing to do with the interests of forest visitors and sends a meaningless message. An equivalent would be for to a town like Mendocino to adopt the symbol of modern police protection, sending the message that there is potential danger for visitors. CDF projects the idea of "forest stewardship" but their only presence is in law enforcement. It's the same for the state parks, except that they also use "volunteer" to greet visitors with their hands out: \$35 a night for a place to pitch a tent.

From the moment a visitor turns onto Road 350, (the entrance to Camp 1) to their arrival at the Department of Fish and Game's Egg Collecting facility, 3.5 miles down the road, there are numerous opportunities for JDSF to create a context of stewardship and increase awareness about the watershed. After a long period of no investment in campgrounds, JDSF has no signs to help greater numbers of visitors who come from further away, with less knowledge about the watershed. Lack of information may enhance the rustic feel, but the cost is that information isn't provided where it is needed. The signs that are there and the unmaintained rock road give an impression of abandonment. The way the Camp 1 entrance, road and outhouses are [not] maintained, the implied message is "we don't care and we really don't care that you don't care".

From the perspective of many people using camp sites where waste tanks under outhouses are long overdue for pumping, where fire rings are crumbling to the ground and creek water is polluted because of lack of sanitation facilities, this message is made over and over and fulfills expectations associated with JDSF's legendary notoriety. The history of "sketchy" camp hosts perfects the notion. By operating a campground without

decent amenities for sanitation, energy and potable water, CDF has created a situation in which it is unlikely that a competent camp host will ever be willing to work at EggTake.

Having a competent Camp host this year broke a cycle of incompetence that lasted many years. My continual requests for better communication, logistic support, improved signage and support during “rounds” were not received well at CDF Headquarters. Only after repeated calls, reluctant and begrudging, CDF eventually responded enough such that the culture of the least respectful visitors at both Camp 1 and Camp 20 showed improvement. In the words of CDF prevention officer, Sean Zimmermaker, who actually evicted a few people at Dunlap toward the end of the season, “I told them to leave and they actually left! They didn’t argue or give me any problems, they just left.”

Locally, this shift is associated with me, but unless attention is paid to public perceptions before the next season begins, challenges we addressed this season will arise next year. If we work on this during the winter and spring and begin to empower “ownership” by the community, improve signage, solve the sanitation and water problems, improve campground management to meet higher expectations of accountability, we can build on what we’ve learned and find some ways to cost-effectively improve existing facilities, pump the outhouses regularly and provide better support for campground staff. These ideas are treated in detail further on.

Context of Celebration

Every rule violated by campers this summer was a rule that was also respected by others. In most cases, violators were not completely thoughtless because the violation was an element of celebration, somewhat like the strange Greek tradition of throwing plates and shouting, “opah!”, a celebration of “we don’t care and we don’t care that we don’t care”. By recognizing that camping is a communal ritual, whether or not campers are homeless vagabonds, whether or not they are upright, middle class job holders from Petaluma, card-carrying members or REI or Fort Bragg marijuana gardeners, the task of managing compliance with forest rules depends on relationship, which depends on communication. In this context, every violation is directly attributable to management.

It may not seem logical that homeless campers are celebrating when they are camping “street people” consistently exhibited communal relationship. They were predictable in their habits. They were sloppy campers who littered their camp with trash, burned the furniture, broke the fire rings and refused to let me know about people who joined their camps. It wasn’t that a few individuals trashed the place, as they would claim to me. They had adopted cultural values that that eschewed neatness. They could spend a day picking up their trash and there would still be enough trash around to give the impression that the place was a mess. The only danger they created was with their bathing habits and defecation in the woods around their camps. Violation of forest rules was an expression of community values, which on the whole, were very conservative..

Dysfunctional relationships are the norm in a world in which most interactions are fragmented moments and for many people, even relationships lasting years have the quality of ships passing in the night. In many if not most cases people never get past their

prejudices, fears and other distractions to discover who others are. Under stressful circumstances, among people who are habitual users of a variety of self-medications that alter their perceptions, over time, with compassion and kindness, understanding emerges. Even so, when people seek refuge from authentic communication in alcohol and other drugs, they are unable to take responsibility even when they seem unaffected, i.e., don't appear to be drunk or high. This doesn't mean that they are criminals, just that they are inauthentic. When they are visibly drunk or high, these symptoms are absurdly exaggerated. Ostensibly, stewardship is an expression of personal responsibility. Law enforcement, although helpful to protect others, does not lead to stewardship and is expensive. It is logical that anything we can do to improve communication can reduce the cost of law enforcement. It is therefore important that although there was some violent communication, physical violence among the population of pot heads and everyone else was limited to three incidents of public drunkenness, each of which was more humorous than dangerous and the few dramatic incidents arose when people on the fringe of the society of street people, who are known to be mentally ill, went over the edge.

Larry Graft, the chief CDF Prevention Officer for JDSF, sets an example of excellence in communication and I am indebted to him for his occasional but always precise guidance. Sean Zimmermaker, Ben Nichols and Kathy Kellington, all of whom worked under Larry's direction as police officers at JDSF are lucky to have such a mentor and I saw remarkable progress in performance through the season.

CDF management either denies or does not understand that the relationship between Campers and law enforcement almost always involves the Camp host, and in this regard, the Camp host takes on the position of a "cop on the beat." This assessment will hopefully in part, to fill in the gaps in understanding.

How often do you see a lone, unarmed police officer in uniform or one without a vehicle equipped with a shotgun, flashing lights and a squawking radio idling nearby? Throughout the summer, CDF told me that a camp host's duties do not include law enforcement. And I was also repeatedly instructed to carefully document violations and to inform visitors about them. I was also told to advise visitors when they check in, that the camp host is their only link with the rest of the world and they should bring their problems to me. The fact is that the camp host in this situation is the "beat cop". Gun toting enforcement officers are only present for a few seconds during the day, and when there are staff shortages, not at all, and since CDF policy is opposed to writing citations or evicting people, from a visitors point of view, the camp host is the only recognizable individual associated with forest rule enforcement.

There is no way to avoid this at Camp 1 without locating a "storefront" type of police station onsite or possibly hypnotizing campers to alter their perceptions (which I found unreliable). It is wrong and dangerous for CDF to not tell the truth about this. Not to do so is negligent. Because of its isolation and logistics, not everyone is prepared to do this job. Charging fees won't guarantee that people will not walk into the forest or ride in late at night and will not change the basic fact that the camp host is the person who is accountable for managing the campground and contacting law enforcement or other

emergency services, 24/7. Fees will not reduce the number of violations and will not eliminate the “community service” aspect of “police work” done by camp hosts. More care must be given to the ability, support and training of camp hosts. And it will be counter-productive if the core of training is provided by law enforcement.

Campers have destroyed signs, fire pits and used various structures for firewood. CDF relies on prisoners at Parlin Fork and on Bob Sallee (a “retired annuitant” who does maintenance part time) and the Camp Host to clean up after thoughtless and/or antagonistic campers, but our work was only on the tip of the iceberg, e.g., the stream is polluted due to human activities in Camp 1 but also, elsewhere in the forest. Campers assisted, which helped reduce expense and improve coverage. On one occasion, they put out a fire 2.5 miles from my residence that may have been deliberately started outside the Red Tail campground. They often picked up after campers who had left a mess. They towed vehicles out of the forest. They kept me informed, entertained, amused and awake.

Greater Indirect Cost of Forest Rule Violations

The indirect cost of violations has never been assessed. I divide these costs into two areas. One area results from the “dumbing down” of the local culture, regarding personal responsibility, stewardship and environmental preservation. The second area derives from coincidental circumstances: The economic future of Fort Bragg and Mendocino County depends on human and natural resources. Unless gold is discovered here, JDSF is our only “standing reserve”. Attitudes toward JDSF in adjacent communities are misinformed. Until the population learns how to exploit the potential of the forest, it will be impossible to realize economic progress. As JDSF managers, CDF is morally and ethically obliged to do everything possible to support the economic health of the area, and v.v., CDF has everything to gain from this but apparently has not only not given any thought to it, but also, hasn’t realized the connection—that they’re a part of an important plan for economic vitality in this area.

Forest Stewardship: An Obvious Hint

Everything we do serves some aspect of self interest, including forest stewardship. You take care of things when you have a sense of ownership. Some people feel better about themselves as forest stewards, others see ownership as loggers and some arsonists declare ownership in destruction. Stewardship is present in myriad varied expressions.

New ways of perceiving may be learned, but in retraining a bureaucracy, you’re more likely to encounter fear of change than interest. Those at the top don’t want to change, why bother? Those at the bottom don’t want to make waves.

It is not necessary for people to change to improve their behavior in the forest, i.e., make them better stewards. People who are good forest stewards may be rigidly opposed to learning, what counts is what they do not why they think they are doing it. If this were not true there would not be airplanes or cars and no one would have touched the moon.



*Where have they fled
The fabled arts of Mendocino?
A muse waits beside still
Streams...*



Few visitors to JDSF this summer saw they were topographically, geologically and ecologically in watershed of the Noyo or Booldam (Big] River. How we perceive the forest and how we relate to each other in the forest are connected. Few residents of Fort Bragg or Mendocino view their homes and lives as being an *integral part* of a watershed. They see their lives as outside or within the forest, on the headlands, in the sunbelt, etc. They see JDSF as an area between Fort Bragg and Willits. Noyo River is *in* Fort Bragg, The Pygmy forest is near Caspar and Mendocino. The watersheds, of course, know none of this. They *include* land, rocks and water under and around Fort Bragg and Mendocino, spawning runs of steelhead, fallen trees inhabited by hidden nets of mycelia, vines of sweet pea that haunt the summer around abandoned Chinese camps, tangles of berries, ruts of roads that fill with water when the rains come, and Indian springs. Everything here then is an integral part of, is affected by and in some way alters the watershed.

The watershed is the only grounded context in which to plan the future of the closed Union Lumber mill that occupies a 2 mile stretch of headlands from Pudding Creek to the Noyo. From their offices at the foot of Redwood Street, executives of Campbell Hawthorne, a forest management operation that sell timber futures to investors, can view the sky over Bald Hill and the fractal edge of wooded ridges bordering JDSF. They should see something besides money in the connection between woods and water.

Local political leaders here wear blinders. Relatively recent immigrants to this coast, they can see only to the west and to the past: coastal real estate development. Georgia Pacific, which owns the mill site, views it and all the lands under Campbell's management as an asset on a balance sheet. In this view, ecology is an inconvenient concept that constrains profit. They view the environmental mess created by their mill as something to be gotten around, calculated, negotiated or "mitigated". GP accepts no responsibility for errors in judgment that systematically destroyed the spawning habitat in every stream in the watersheds even though the managers and employees of Union's and Caspar's and Mendocino's mill and all the logging contractors continued in place, and their practices were unchanged and the legacy figured into the price GP paid, including tax advantages.

The economic potential of the City of Fort Bragg depends on awakening new possibilities and the watershed is now the only resource. Understanding how local people and visitors view the watershed is a starting place and CDF, as JDSF's forest managers, are in a position to affect this by observing how people relate to forest stewardship in Camp 1. Unfortunately, since CDF took over management of JDSF in the early '90s, the direction of forest operations has become dominated by leadership with the same priorities and views as GP's. People "on the street" in Mendocino County call CDF, the "California Department of Logging". Yet, those I've talked with only understand the effects CDF's priorities have on their particular concerns, such as fishing, for instance.

Forest Rules

The priorities of CDF are skewed by the influence of timber industry financial interests, but they also represent the open mindedness of loggers who, because of the nature of their work, live by their wits and the strength of their backs in the forest environment. Of all the people and agencies I've interacted with here, CDF personnel have been in many ways the most fair, intelligent, tolerant and the most appreciative of nature. Compared to local state park managers, for instance, who stand watch like greedy trolls with their hands out, in many respects, CDF people are enlightened and selfless public servants.

The rules are simple enough and very considerate of the needs of campers. For instance, campers are allowed to burn anything they find on the ground as long as it fits into the fire pit that is provided. If anything, the rules are too lenient but since violation of any of these rules is a misdemeanor, in California, this means a heavy fine or jail time.

JFSD prohibits removing wood from the forest but it's next to impossible to prevent anyone from doing this if they have a mind to and a plan. It's also a misdemeanor to harm any tree still standing, whether dead or alive. The decomposition of fallen trees is part of the ecological life cycle that supports the tree. Fallen trees in the streams are also necessary to protect the natural habitat of fish and other aquatic species. Trees that fall adjacent to any stream must be left where they have fallen so that natural processes feed plants, microbes and fungi, insects, fish and other animals.

Campers must place their trash in garbage cans located near the outhouses at each campsite. The amount of trash left by campers each weekend is formidable after weekends when upwards of 200 people have shown up. There is no provision for

recycling. CDF policy is to pick up after campers who foul the outhouse and bring trash into the forest allows everyone except the camp host and maintenance staff to ignore it. Alternatives provide useful insight into how management can be improved.

Campers may only camp in developed campsites fires are only permitted in the fire pits that were built by JDSF, some of them more than 50 years ago. Campers may burn any wood they find on the ground provided it is cut to fit in the fire pit. But many campers don't bring tools to split and cut large wood and by mid season, the smaller pieces of wood near the campsites has been collected and burned. This leads to foraging in other places, which is more damaging to the environment than trail hiking.

Electronic noise must not be so loud that it can be heard in other camp sites. Noise of any kind that is audible in other campsites is prohibited after 11:00 P.M. People generally respect this but both the communal nature of camping and the inebriation that is traditional when celebrating makes for occasional conflicts. It surprised me that some people felt they had a right to broadcast music from radios in their automobiles and in most cases, they conditioned their exercise of this right based on whether or not the vehicle was in motion, i.e., they could ignore the noise rules if their motors are running.

The forest's population of wildlife can't be segregated. Owls, quail, turkeys, raccoons, skunks, wild cats and other animals live in and around the campgrounds. Many creatures are hatched or born and nest close by. A quiet campground is more compatible with their needs but it seems unnatural to many people who don't stop and listen to the forest.

There are prohibitions against pollution of the creek but no rule addresses sanitation before bathing in the creek and there are no facilities available unless the campers bring them. Fewer than 20% of visitors came prepared for this. It was insightful to see that all of the older adults who lived a nomadic lifestyle with RVs came prepared.

There is no rule to guide campers about dealing with ashes from their fires, which mount up in the fire pits over the season. They be dispersed in the forest, but some campers simply made a big pile by the side of their camps, or worse in the flood zone of the creek. With no provision for and requirement for recycling, it was typical to see cans and bottles in all the fire pits.

The Camp Host and Forest Rules

The camp host oversees camping practices of all visitors and is given the instruction by CDF to advise campers of their exposure to a serious misdemeanor citation if a CDF ranger catches them. According to the magnetic sign on the side of his car and the printing on the vest he is given to wear, he is a "volunteer in prevention" and he is to emulate forest stewardship. No educational programs or printed materials are provided.

CDF directs the host to inform campers of the rules and advise them of infractions by telling them that, if they are cited by a ranger, it will be a costly misdemeanor. When he observes violations, the camp host is supposed to inform a ranger the next time one shows up, which can be days later. Even if the violator is still there when the ranger

arrives, the ranger must witness a violation before he can take action. In practice, this policy resulted in the camper received repeated warnings.

No matter how often people violated forest rules this summer, rangers wrote no citations and asked a hand full of people to leave the forest the following day. After seeing that violations were ignored, some troublesome campers learned they could flout the rules. In a few cases, when there was evidence of destructiveness that the camper couldn't deny responsibility for, rangers asked me to patiently wait till the offenders leave at the end date of their camping permit. In two instances, rangers made a camp evacuate one day before their permit expired, but then allowed violators to return two days later. Camp 1 is so large that evicted campers could also easily come in at night as "guests" at another campsite. This cycle eventually gets rid of the Camp host.

CDF staff and Gene Burns told me that CDF wanted to institute a camping fee and they believe that by eliminating free camping, there will be a more responsible clientele. Based on what I've seen in state parks, this is wishful thinking. Neglect of facilities in Camp 1 sometimes aroused animosity among those who were affected.

Sanitation & Waste Disposal

The practical reason for demonstrating how timber production can help maintain the ecological balance of the watershed was and still is political. Recreational facilities at Camp 1, Camp 20 and elsewhere were a nod to local tradition. The more brittle aspects of the transaction in which Jackson's heirs transferred title to 50,000 acres to the state hinged on how the logging contractors would be able to harvest timber. Some remedial work was necessary to undo the residue from a century of clumsy disposal of human and animal waste around "Chinese Camp", where the railroad builders lived.

Surnames on stones in Fort Braggs' Rose Memorial Cemetery are northern European, with a scattering of Italian and Portuguese. Asians, Africans and Native Americans were inferior races, i.e., subhuman. In Del Rio, Texas, Judge Roy Bean dismissed a count of murder, with the explanation that "you can only murder a human being". It is unlikely that the families of whites here socialized with Asians and I have yet to see an African American in gainful local employment north of the Golden Gate.

In any case, the campsites at Camp 1 are wonderfully thoughtful in their quiet isolation from each other, are a minimal imposition on nature and gave no thought to changes in the culture that use them. Recreational uses today were not anticipated in drafting forest rules nor considered in planning facilities. Aside from moving an equestrian camp from an area now named for Forest Tilley (the large group campground) to a new and better site for horses, called, Red Tail, the Jackson Advisory Group strives to preserve Camp 1's "rustic" ambiance, preferring to reduce the impact of recreational users by limiting them rather than accommodating them.

Meeting sanitary needs at a campground requires one outhouse with toilet paper whether the site includes one campsite for ten people or ten camp sites that can accommodate up to 100 overnight campers plus an equal number of guests.



Outhouse at South Bend 3

Most outhouses in Camp 1 in 2009 were built mid-20th century using full dimension redwood frames and planks with redwood shingle roofs. They are still fully functional; more evidence of redwood's resistance to decay and ability to hold on to iron nails.

The sheds were built directly on top of a concrete tank that is now of questionable integrity. Cylinders covered by toilet seats have been replaced. With no skylights, they are "pitch black" inside when the door is closed. ABS tank vents attached to the back wall may be recent. Small openings under the eaves allow ventilation.



Above: Wagon Outhouse

Increasing numbers of long-term campers (14 to 30-days) filled the tanks mid-season.

The waste contractor explained to me that CDF declined to order this and full waste tanks in sites that saw the greatest use may have discouraged campers. Some, obviously went into the forest with toilet paper.



Above: Detail Wagon Outhouse



Above: Typical of forest floor above Wagon Campground in 2009

Attempting to discourage campers from despoiling the woods, CDF puts toilet paper on a padlocked, flat steel bar on the wall in each outhouse.



Odor was a frequent complaint at Wagon

The paper on the bars in the dark sheds made it frustrating to remove single-ply paper without tearing it. This did not prevent campers (who often as not brought their own toilet paper) from using the woods.

No one complained about the paper on the bars, they just removed it.

In the case of Wagon, where the tribe was “confined”, they also trashed the outhouse as at left.

There were no wash-up facilities for campers in Camp 1. This was not true of Camp 20, where a public restroom is located in Dunlap Day Use area, including potable water piped across Highway 20 from the Chamberlain Creek prison’s water treatment plant.

Since the camp host did all administrative and other work, with the exception of emptying trash barrels and law enforcement, CDF incurred no direct expense related to Camp 1 during the 2009 season, except for a few days replacing posts here and there and some light road “brushing”. Heavier road work was done by Parlin Fork prison crews, mainly clearing for planned logging operations and a few days prior to the season when trees along roads 350 and 300 were trimmed by Jim Buckley, Ron and Bob Sallee.

Most campers expected recycling at Camp 1, especially young people traveling with tents and those CDF called, “hippies”.

Except for one drum labeled, “Recycle” by the gate to my compound, there was no evidence of recycling. The first time Ron came by with the stake truck to pick up the trash, he disabused me of the notion. He dumped cans, bottles and paper together with the other trash.



Above: Abandoned stuff left by Wagon Campers

No limit was placed on what campers may bring into the forest, nor was I to make a suggestion, much less a requirement, that they take trash with them when they leave.

A “forest rule” prohibits making repairs to vehicles but since enforcement in 2009 was limited to “life and death” emergencies, Bob and Ron, the “part-time retired annuitants” (seasonal part time employees who did custodial work), occasionally removed everything from car seats to mattresses. Bob told me that, at the beginning of the 2009 season, with the help of a work crew from Parlin Fork over several days, he had filled two large CDF stake trucks and an open trailer of equal size to the height allowed by safety with household discards left along Road 408 over the winter season.

Road 408 is accessible off Highway 20 near Camp 1 and connects with many other forest roads that lead through Jackson Forest to Mendocino, Caspar and other places. 408 has for long been one of several traditional *ad hoc* dumping grounds used by locals. Bob said people did this even though public dump charges are not very high. Perhaps, a combination of unemployment, low wages and labor monopolies held like franchises by local subcultures (primarily, central American) made any expense at all unaffordable for many and resented by some who had been using the forest as a dump for generations.

There are many people who own property in around Fort Bragg, who live inland and north of here. Most homes here are rented.

Collections of “stuff” around properties includes dump trucks, radial arm saws, doors, windows and, of course, piles of redwood). It was interesting to see how this played out at Camp 1.



My interactions with campers about trash they were about to leave drew protests about increasing costs for waste disposal. Notably and expectation of better service in return for what they paid to governments. With sales tax (sort of value added tax) approaching 10% of everything they paid for but food, those living in households that had a “median” income, who spent all they earned as quickly as they earned it, the combination of income taxes, bed taxes, property taxes, special taxes for alcohol, tobacco, telephone use, annual fees charged for vehicle registration, charges for using state facilities, permit fees paid to county and city government for planning and improving properties, recording documents, fines and fees paid to police and courts and for documentation required by governments, assessment for maintenance of infrastructure and monthly rates paid for municipal water, sewer and other services, the cost of government stagger the imagination and the service provided does seem reluctant and sometimes patronizing.

“Maintenance” was interpreted by CDF to mean trash barrels are emptied weekly, outhouses are swept out by the camp host, usually on turnover, and restocked with toilet paper and broken things are eventually fixed according to priority.

Pumping of the waste tanks below each outhouse was apparently discretionary—I was informed that CDF had put off pumping them at the end of the previous season. If that was the case, it appeared that they had “leached” down over the winter. This is apparently being repeated this year but waste tanks at Wagon, Trillium, Roundhouse, Teachers and Tin Can were overdue for pumping two months before the end of the season.



Campers who were the worst “housekeepers” did not limit their thoughtlessness to the outhouse—their habits were in plain sight everywhere.

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Opposite: Table at Wagon

Wash-up facilities have never been provided in Camp 1, at least not since the time when it was a Chinese camp, or before when it was Caspar’s logging camp. I asked CDF if they aren’t concerned about potential danger from using creeks for this purpose. Staff explained, “*This is rustic camping—nature doesn’t provide hot and cold potable water.*” Mark Jameson, head man in Fort Bragg in 2009 said to me, “We can’t stop people from getting into the creek, we can only stop them from using soap.” Environmentally safe soaps are readily available and we can provide them at little cost. But where do they wash their bodies when they come out of the outhouses if not in the south fork of the Noyo?



Parents with small children often spent the night at Camp 1 when they were traveling to and from places further north, including many summer festivals. Many did not bring a child seat for the outhouse and chose to use the woods.

Ron complained to me when some threw dripping disposable diapers in the trash without wrapping them, which ruined his day when the trash bag leaked as he threw it into the truck.

Opposite: Remains of a Fire ring at Wagon

Campers who had been coming to Camp 1 for years expressed their feelings about changes, lack of maintenance, and some in vandalism.



Opposite: “A sign dragged into bushes by campers that had objected to “horse preference” policy at Red Tail

Red Tail is the “horse preference” camp at Camp 1. We let others camp there when horses were not present, which was most of the time. Red Tail is 2.5 miles from the camp host, campers who had not checked in were surprised when they were asked to move to make room for horses. A sign at the entrance to Red Tail that informed campers about the policy disappeared. At the end of the season, a rider found the sign hidden in the brush about 200 yards from the camp ground. The cost of replanting the sign and the police action required when a camper refused to move, saying he had not been properly noticed, could have been avoided by better management.

I didn't understand how and why some campers broke down concrete fire pit rings until I saw campers attempting to break a burning branch over one.

Earlier I had advised them that firewood must fit within the fire pit ring. They were burning the center of a 10' long log they had put across the fire ring. As I walked away, I saw one of them jumping on it attempting to break the branch.

The edge of a 50-year old concrete ring crumbles long before a Madrone log breaks.



Above: Broken Fire Ring at Wagon 4

The cost of replacement and danger of fire would be reduced with better management.

Demographics of Forest Visitors

Dunlap Camp host, Gene Burns told me the mix of campers at his camp in 2009 differed substantially from previous years. Although the number of “recreational” campers, including annual reunions and other group celebrations had increased over last year, the ratio of “residential” to “recreational” campers changed from 50/50 to 70% residential to 30% recreational.

“Residential” is a term I’m using in this document to distinguish “homeless” or “itinerant” households and individuals from those who are vacationing. Residential campers maximize their opportunity to stay in the forest for at least 30 days each year. However, beyond this similarity, they fall into a number of categories, as briefly described below and most of them made use of both Dunlap and EggTake.

Many of these households came from inexpensive winter campgrounds around Mendocino, Humboldt and Lake Counties and some from further away—Sacramento, Merced, Chico and even Oregon, Washington and Nevada.

A substantial number are an itinerant, permanently homeless population, who roam the state, region or nation in cars, light trucks and vans, RVs, motor homes, converted school buses, etc., as well as some who are hopping freights, walking, hitching and riding bicycles and motorcycles. I also include in this group, young wanderers of various types and couples who are spending a season or longer “vagabonding”. I view them categorically only because they use the forest as a residential resource rather than for recreation. In a practical sense, they are camping, which conforms to the forest charter but the purpose of their camping has nothing to do with recreation. They seldom show appreciation for or interest in the biological features of JDSF.

Recreational campers seemed to more often demonstrate stewardship and responsibility for campground facilities. But statistically, this was more balanced because a lot of weekend party campers were drunk and if they were belligerent toward authority when they were sober, they tore up the place when inebriated.

But, because of their longer-term occupancy and their need to organize the logistics of an entire household on a picnic table, residential campers appeared to be creating more of the litter, pollution and environmental damage seen throughout the season. Some of them also left substantial amounts of household trash behind. Except for the specific issue of sanitation, day and weekend visitors have as often damaged the environment and facilities, left trash scattered, including toilet paper and human waste, along with smoldering fires in fire pits. And, to the contrary, “residential” campers, because they wanted to stay longer and to return, were more responsive when I pointed out violations.

Local visitors who break trails riding motorcycles and ATVs and who dump car parts, refrigerators, TVs, furniture, etc., do their share of damage both in and far from the camps and they are rarely camping. Volunteers working with the Sheriff and CDF removed 80 abandoned vehicles from a forest north of Westport this summer, including a fire engine and a school bus. They filled two semi-truck trailers with all kinds of trash.

There are vandals among both residential and recreational categories, which was not helped by CDF directing illegal campers to campgrounds without regard for the disruptive effect this sometimes has on the campgrounds when a camp host is more or less obligated to give permits to people who have already shown their disregard for the law and arrive with a “chip on the shoulder” attitude.

I allowed Wagon Wheel campground to become a mini-ghetto to contain these “feral referrals” (as some campers referred to them) and the result was a lesson in sociology. How does a Camp host administer a campground inhabited by a lawless *ad hoc* tribe of indigent youth who are constantly high on marijuana, hashish, LSD and meth? They are a colorful, amusing and individually interesting group, but they make an awful mess, have no place to bathe but the creek and are not self-policing. They also harbor a few predatory and mentally ill individuals. As a group, they can be outrageously thoughtless when it comes to picking up after themselves or following forest rules. Their culture views the camp host as fair game for ironic jokes and based on numerous comments, this view is consistent with the hosting history of previous seasons.

CDF policy allows a 14-day camp site permit and this easily leads to a situation in which nearly all campgrounds are occupied by “residential” campers for extended periods. The camp host is charged with keeping track of the length of stay of each individual and each vehicle. CDF gave me a pen and a stenographers’ note tablet. In some weeks 50 to 100 people come and go, some late at night or when the host is making his rounds, occupied with business, bathing or sleeping.

It’s not humanly possible to keep track of people who enter and leave without checking in. Yet the host is expected to deny permits to those who are “timed out” and to advise them they are not to remain in the forest when their time has expired. Many strategies are available for those who want to cheat the system. They can (and did) dress differently, grow or shave beards, use make up (sometimes, dirt and leaves), trade tents and vehicles with others, give different or fictitious names, hide in the back of vans driven in by others and so on. I do have a good memory for names and faces and to tell the truth, I enjoyed and encouraged their creativity by requesting that in the future, they should check in with me and providing there is space, they will find a place to sleep for the night. It seemed wisest to establish trust since they could easily slip in and out of the forest anyway. And, it turns out that the people who made real problems were not in the forest for long...

The Saga of Emory Ellingsworth

I laughed the first time Lobo drove his VW van into the forest and I continued to laugh everytime I saw or heard the damn thing. It looked to be about a ’68 Westphalian that had somehow gone back in time to go through WWII. You’d here it coming long before it appeared because it was slowed down by the fact that it wasn’t firing on all four cylinders all the time and there was no muffler. I’m sure there were other things wrong with it, but it was like a python in the way it attracted your attention. Perhaps, it was the way it was painted, or missing paint in places such that I could not say what color the thing was, whether it was black, grey or the same color as the road.

Disturbed from the work I was doing on my new screen door for the Southwind, I looked across the creek toward Day Use and watched in fascination as the van came slowly into view. I recall praying that it would, perhaps, stop there and just fall apart in pieces and blow away. But it kept coming, round the bend by Roundhouse and over the big culvert. Resigned to the interruption then, I walked out to the gate, holding my varnish brush in my hand and arrived at about the same time as the VW pulled up to the stop sign, where it stopped with a jerk, a sputter and a sigh and was quiet.

Lobo put his face partly out the driver's window with a cigar stuck in his teeth and said something unintelligible, then opened the door and came over and offered me his hand, which I looked at for a moment trying to decide whether or not to put the varnish brush in it. He looked at the varnish brush. I looked at the knife he had strapped to the left of the two string bean shaped legs he walked on, that ended at the ground in what I recall were cowboy boots. He wore a black hat, was two weeks past needing a shave. His black pants were tight and dirty and his shirt was black as well, and nevertheless, there was so much dust about him, that it was remarkable how close he came to resembling the paint job on the van. His one saving grace was the little dog that came running up beside him, about the size and shape and ferocity of a Jack Russell. It was hard to tell who was imitating which of the two. As he offered his hand to me, Lobo said, "Hi, I'm Lobo." The dog barked almost at the same time, which gave the statement added meaning. "You shut up!" Lobo said to the dog, which turned around and went back into the van.

"My name is Michael," I said. "I've got varnish on my hand, I'm sorry."

"No problem," he said, "it's all good."

"I'm thankful for that. What happened to the muffler?"

"What?"

"The muffler on the van you're driving."

"What muffler?"

"Never mind. What can I do for you, Lobo?"

"Well, nothin' really for me. I'm givin' a ride to my friend, here."

I looked around him. I looked at the dog. He looked around, too, "Dammit," Lobo said, "Where'd he go? Em'ry! For pete's sake! Where the hell are you?"

From the other side of the van, I heard a voice saying, "I'm here! I'll be there in a minute!" A few seconds later, Emery Ellingsworth ambled over to stand next to Lobo. Emery is not a big man, but he's got big features so he seems bigger than he is especially standing next to Lobo who looks like an old and grizzled version of Twiggy. As Emery comes forward to offer his hand, Lobo sort of recedes. Emery went around wearing khaki

Bermuda shorts and a short sleeved shirt. That day, which was the first time I saw either one of them, Emery wore some kind of a hat. Not a baseball hat, but a small dark green hat with a brim, like you might see on a fly fisherman.

“I’merryshingledwurt,” is what I heard him say as he stuck his big hand over the fence, palm up. I couldn’t tell whether he was smiling or he had gas.

“What?” I asked.

He looked a little confused, first at me, then at Lobo.

“I’m sorry,” I said, “I didn’t understand what you said just now. What did you say?”

Lobo shook his head, “I’m going to sit down in the van,” he said to Emery. “Let me know when y’er ready.”

“Lobo,” I said, “pull the van over there under the trees where it’s shady. You’re blocking the busiest intersection in the known world.”

“What?” he said, “oh, yeah, sure, no problem. It’s gonna make a little noise. Are you sure?”

“That’s OK now,” I said, “but you are taking this thing back out of here, right?”

“Yeah, sure. Not a problem, really. Emory, let me know when you’re ready.”

After the VW was shut down again, now located on the other side of 300, I said, “let’s start over.”

“Alright,” he said, “my name is Emery Ellingsworth.”

“Emery? Ellingsworth?” I said, incredulous. I looked over toward Lobo who leaned against the side of his van smoking his cigar.

“Really,” he said, “that’s my name. Look, I’ll show you...” he started to get out his driver’s license.

“No,” I said, “Don’t bother. I believe you. It’s just that the last three people who came through here were called, Dragonfly, Jessie James and Half Pint. I’m pleased to meet you Emery Ellingsworth.”

“Everyone knows me around here,” he said, “my family’s been here forever.”

“I don’t doubt, but I don’t remember seeing the name, Ellingsworth anywhere...any of your ancestors in Rose Memorial? The cemetery over by pudding creek? No? Anyway, how can I help you? The varnish on this brush is drying.”

“I’d like to, you know, camp here for a little while.” At this point, Emery put his left hand up near the top of the fence. Between his fingers was a wad of cash.

“That won’t be necessary. Camping here is free.”

“Well,” he said, “that’s what I want to talk to you about.”

“What do you mean?”

“I’ve got this really big motor home.”

“Where is it?”

“Over at Wildwood.”

“Wildwood...” I repeated with a tinge of thoughtful skepticism. “I see. That rules out some places. How long will you be staying?”

“It’s a new model. Really, beautiful, you’ll like it!” The hand holding the money moved up by the top of the fence again and floated there like a bird teasing my attention.

Looking into his earnestly wide blue eyes I said, “put the money away, camping here is free. I can’t accept payment.” I sighed, “How long do you want to stay?”

I don’t know, maybe a week.”

“Go take a look at Wagon 1. You know where that is? You go left, over the bridge over there, and then make the first right. Wagon 1 is the first camp site on your left.”

“Sure, I know where you mean. Great! Thanks! I’ll go get my motor home and be right back.”

They left and about a half hour later, a beige-colored Bounder pulled up out front, with Emery at the helm.

“Go ahead and get set up over there, Emery” I told him, “I’ll come by before dinner, check things out, go over rules and give you a permit.”

(The rest of this section is in editing...)

There are 16 campsites in Camp 1 that were open 24/7 in 2009, plus an additional 10 in the Red Tail campground that were available 24/7 except when horses were present and an additional 4 “overflow” campsites (one which had no outhouse) that were available on weekends. Tilley campground which could (and did sometimes) accommodate in excess of 80 campers adds to this number. 21 campsites may seem like a small number, but on

some weekends Camp 1 accommodated many more than 200 people with their vehicles and dozens of dogs and a few cats.

Each camp site was limited to 10 adult persons and 2 vehicles, which would maximize the population at 300, not including children, but it is impossible to monitor the traffic at all hours when laden vans came in and several times, 100-150 people spent the entire day at the Day Use area, and used the hiking trails.

On some days, the only sites left for weekend campers were the four “overflow” camp sites located at the northern extension of Road 361 (Poison Oak, Camp 4, Camp 8 and Self Contained) simply because these sites are gated during the week. I tried to “manage” turnover of a few campsites for short-term campers to accommodate more recreational visitors, especially around holidays, but doing this without violating a “first come, first served” policy is a time-consuming effort.

The ability to manage occupancy had been previously exploited by camp hosts to generate substantial income from campers willing to pay substantial sums. I was often offered bribes and a few were angry when I turned them down. I explained to them that this would be a violation of trust and intolerable for relationship with my peers and not make for a safe place for them to stay. Taking money for special favors has been well documented in the history of hosting at EggTake. Gene Burns, Camp host at Camp 20, “Dunlap”, located about 12 miles east of Camp 1 since 2003, who had served as a “relief” host at Camp 1 when hosts left or were fired in 2008, told me that previous hosts at Camp 1, who took bribes, said they eliminated problem campers by doing so, but he said that he does not do this, nor did I.

As mentioned above, in 2009, the 5-campsite Wagon campground became as a safe harbor for the young street crowd. Gene Burns and one of the prevention officers told me that in previous years, Roundhouse had served that purpose. Many homeless people landed there as a consequence of pressure from police and CDF officers elsewhere. I participated in this solution because it seemed sensible to confine an unpredictable element to one area, close to my compound and out of more distant camp sites. This not only made the other campsites available for recreational visitors, but also, kept them from being trashed. The tribe was happy with Wagon because it is easily accessible on foot. Prevention liked this solution because it was easier to keep an eye on the behavior of some trouble-makers and illegal squatters who seemed to fit in with the homeless lot.

Since, rangers were only around occasionally and took no serious action about problems I reported to them and at such times had at times taken the side of the violators, the tribe came to view me as irrelevant and they flouted the forest rules. This left me in a difficult position, because CDF would complain to me about problems I was there to help prevent. Eventually, push came to shove and thankfully, CDF backed down and allowed Larry Graft to evict some troublemakers, who subsequently started acting like gentlemen.

Meanwhile, the lack of sanitary provisions or any infrastructure other than a waste tank under a single outhouse that was not emptied through the entire season produced health

risks for all of us since their only alternative was bathing and washing their clothes in the stream. Most could care less about polluting the stream even though they must be aware that children are swimming a short ways downstream. Many of them came into Camp 1 from other places, spent a day or two cleaning up and then went on.

Periodically, middle class people would have to drive through the Wagon campground on their way to the Tilley group campground located adjacent to it. The parade of SUVs through the tribal camp presented a contrast in lifestyles that seemed to embarrass both groups. I found it interesting to spend time with campers at each of these camp sites. I used these opportunities to encourage relaxation of prejudices and resentment on both sides and to examine my own prejudices. As a camp host, I represented authority and my job required that I do my best to protect the children from exposure to the drug use of the Wagon campers, and this was difficult for some stoned out members of the tribe to grasp.



Members of the tribe habitually did not check in with the Camp host, often arriving late at night and in a haze of drugs and/or alcohol and exhausted. In the mornings, there were bodies flopped in sleeping bags and blankets, haphazardly thrown around the Wagon campground and among surrounding trees. Naturally, the tribe ignored prohibitions against tying ropes on trees, when they needed to string their hammocks and other gear. They were not interested in putting trash in receptacles and preferred to scavenge in the trash left behind by the residents of the group camp. They also like to trash their own outhouse, then go into adjacent camps to use and trash those outhouses. They removed

bag liners from garbage cans to use to collect recyclables, harvest marijuana in their gardens deep in the forest and for tarps.

Because of their proclivities and some things that are a consequence of their poverty, the camp host must exercise judgment about whom to locate at which camp site. Not only is there an issue of compatible uses, but also, there's an issue of public safety, sanitation and forest preservation. This is the thinking that led to the unfortunate solution of concentrating the tribe in the Wagon campground, and later to their removal.

One day after I forced CDF to expel some campers who had menaced me, a CDF executive toured the Wagon campground and told me on his way out that he was upset because a tribe member had asked him for trash bags to clean up the place and then used the bags to haul their load of recyclables out of the forest. The man said he was in a hurry and did not have time to explain that since CDF has chosen not to provide recycling containers in the forest because management of this would add to their burden, the tribe was doing CDF's job at the cost of a few trash bags. Ironically, when I started in May, CDF magnanimously offered that I could make money by taking on recycling (as if I had nothing else to do). I declined. The camp host's work at Camp 1 is ongoing, endless and 24/7 unlimited. I was literally called out of bed, away from dinner, out of the bathroom countless times. A camper complained to CDF after I told them to find a campsite themselves and see me in the morning. It was around 7:PM and I had just stepped out of the shower. CDF staff told me that it was "really not that late." It was the repetition of this kind of thoughtlessness on the part of CDF that communicated their attitude very loudly. CDF, having no paid staff to oversee recreation, burdens the camp host with all of the responsibility for administration and was in the habit of treating them like dirt. It should be expected that the run-of-the-mill quality of previous camp hosts conformed.

Ad Hoc Camping

A significant issue arose about CDF policy that tolerated *ad hoc* camping in Camp 1 and anarchy when it came to forest rules at Wagon. CDF presumed that because the *ad hoc* campers are choosing a lifestyle without shelter and personal hygiene, they don't deserve anything better. But the *ad hoc* people were a cohesive faction and acted like a mob. They easily subverted the time limitation policy, came in and went out as they pleased and they made the camp host's attempt to manage by issuing permits an exercise in futility, and then they flouted the absurdity of it with an "in your face" flippancy. A group decided to up the ante by menacing me and it was only after other campers backed me up when I threatened to call the CHP. Instead of evicting the offenders, CDF had sided with the offenders, and when they audaciously returned the following day, it took another round of strong demands before CDF told them they were 86'd. CDF officers claimed that since they had not personally witnessed the menacing, it was my word against the campers. When I pointed out that state and federal law makes it illegal to interfere with any public employee in pursuit of his duties, and I was willing to make a formal complaint, CDF told me that a camp host is not a state employee and not entitled to protection provided by this law. This was actually put in writing after these events. CDF did not seem to understand how they were putting camp hosts in harm's way.

Although the behavior of “recreational” campers as well as “residential” campers presents problems, most of the trouble caused by “recreational” visitors was related to irritants like noise and litter. “Residential” campers amplify a range of problems for the forest, the campground facilities, public safety, the job of the camp host and forest management. Not all of them and not because of poor social behavior. There are other problems related to lack of sanitation facilities. “Residential” campers come to JDSF because it’s free, it’s relatively close to a town with a supermarket and social services and because it’s safe. Some of these folks were good neighbors, who use the forest seasonally to stretch their income. They have simply dropped out of the “rat race” and found a subsistence lifestyle. They are in the minority among the “residential” visitors. The most typical violation is related to outstaying their time. The reasons for people being broke and homeless vary: some are indigent because they can’t get along with others at work or in a family; some have drug or alcohol problems or a criminal history or mental illness and any of these can be an obstacle to employment or conventional habitation. Some are simply priced out of the housing market. It was presumably not anticipated by the forest charter that JDSF would become a seasonal safe-harbor for people with such problems. If it had been, perhaps other preparations would have been made. Aside from the health and pollution issues and drastically reducing the available space for recreational camping, their problems aren’t addressed by the community by sending them to the forest and since many are far from prepared to deal with its hardships and lack of basic sanitation, this issue must be raised as a joint concern of city, county and forest management. It’s clear that nothing beyond “law enforcement” has been done: existing facilities and policies are decades old and it is clear that the environment cannot bear current uses without catastrophic social and/or environmental consequences and unimaginable expense.

Although, the lifestyle issues of hygiene, clothing and rudimentary shelter may make it appear that impoverished “residential” campers are the greater cause of environmental degradation; it’s a mistake to think that “recreational” campers and day visitors are any wiser or better campers. While some of them are, many aren’t.

Just because “recreational” visitors are camping in the forest by choice rather than as a resort, this doesn’t mean they are more respectful of or knowledgeable about the forest environment. They are as likely to foul the water, burn the outhouse and throw bottles and cans in their fire-pits. They have been more likely to build bonfires, leave their campfires unattended and park vehicles on tree roots. Recreational visitors may have less at stake if they’re asked to leave, whereas, this would be a great inconvenience for “residential” visitors.

Some recreational visitors viciously assault the forest trails on motorcycles and ATV’s. These people are routinely and self-righteously thoughtless and their affect on the forest worse than the ignorant street waif who emerges from the outhouse and wanders down to the creek to bathe his body and clothing therein. In the latter case, the intentions of the camper are understandable, if still thoughtless, and the community, in failing to provide bathing facilities elsewhere, is complicit. But there is no comparable justification for the cyclist who endangers wildlife habitat for a cheap thrill. Even the occasional meth addict and drunk this season endangered no one but his/her self.

My experience this summer included contacts with all these archetypes of JDSF. With few, notable exceptions, people who showed most respect for the forest were from distant places. The notable exceptions were mostly homeless, older citizens in motor homes, those who reserved Tilley (the group campsite) and a few local family gatherings.

Day Use Visitors

The Day Use area of Camp 1 is adjacent to my quarters, on the south side of the south tributary that borders my camp and adjacent to the “Egg Tank”. It has been used regularly on weekends, often by families with children who like to swim where the water is deeper because of the dam that diverts water into the collection tank. The largest group that regularly returns to the Day Use area is a Mayan Christian church group of about 100 that holds festivals there. Other than that they wash their dishes and babies in the creek upstream of the dam they have been no trouble.

Solving Problems by Eliminating Long Term Camping

Some problems whether caused by residential or recreational visitors may be addressed with inexpensive and even cost-saving changes in policy and procedures and they may not be solved by a usage fee although, presumably, the burden on management may shift to other areas. The inconsistency arises from details. This is because the logical relationship between a host and a guest is the same whether or not fees are charged. Problems always arise, whether at the Ritz Carlton or San Quentin whenever these roles are not properly fulfilled in the perceptions of either party. With regard to performance and facilities, JDSF lies somewhere between the two (and closer to San Quentin!)

Whenever a guest at JDSF has had a problem, it was with management’s failure. By not emptying waste tanks, not providing potable water, not providing sanitation facilities, not ensuring peaceful co-existence, not picking up trash, not making reservations, not providing adequate signage, and so on. Occasionally, a guest had a problem as a result of my failure to properly welcome the guest in my capacity as a camp host.

Unless fees are part of a planned program including other measures, there may be more problems resulting from guests having greater expectations. It could cost much more to meet these expectations than it would cost to meet current expectations. The forest is large and the demand for space too great to safely prevent illegal habitation without cooperation from many people, in particular those who currently use Camp 1 free. And also, the forest rangers, local law enforcement and social service agencies who are used to sending clients to JDSF to keep them off the streets and out of their back yards.

Whether or not fees are charged, visitor sanitation and camp host facilities are critical.

Some proposed changes require that we communicate with the people involved to find ways they may become part of the solution. Residential campers include as many families with small children as young adults, adolescents and older citizens. Evidence of this is recorded on “State Forest Use Permits”, Form RM 29 (rev 12/2008). These forms show

the identities of those who checked in, including their home addresses (often a post office box or an address from which they emigrated), the kind of vehicles (if any) they brought into the forest, the animals with them, the dates and lengths of their stays in the forest, and in some instances, notes about extraordinary behavior or problems related to their stays (although, as time and energy become scarce, this is often scant).

County Department of Social Services and Police in Fort Bragg, Willits, Mendocino Coast Clinic and businesses in Fort Bragg regularly advise homeless and/or destitute people they can stay “free” in Jackson State Forest (JDSF), specifically, EggTake or Camp 1, advising them they can stay there free for up to 30 days. Representatives and officials in these jurisdictions and agencies are part of the problem. Sometimes they are well aware of the financial and medical predicaments of those they direct to JDSF. A rapidly growing subculture of several categories of “residential” campers returns to the forest each year. Some of these folks know a lot about each other.

Categories of Campers

More About “Types” of Forest Visitors

A subculture of “homeless” young adults in the coastal area form a community with whom they identify. They have characteristics of tribalism. They have begun to create a dialect and have established rules of behavior, social mores and shared values. They are following a local precedent set by residents of Boonville and live by similar rules to those used to describe the Boontling language. They assist each other, honor each other’s property and share what they have. Within this group there’s a wide range of behavior, including many who are stoned all the time, some who suffer from or carry vicious diseases, like staphylococcus, some who are either drunk or hung-over, some who are dealing or trading forms of THC, some “Dead Heads”, “Rainbow Children” and so on. Many are originally from other counties or states and connect with locals in transit or have stayed in Mendocino. Some are young people on a “walkabout”. Some come and go. As a group, they are as outraged by perverse or dishonest behavior as are people in any middle class neighborhood and they are respectful of what they consider to be “righteous” treatment. As a Camp Host, for management purposes, I found it appropriate to treat them as a social unit since they “worked together” to beat the system. They create the same kind of problems in the campground as other campers and in addition, they bring other problems. For instance, they come in with a lot of dirt on their bodies and clothing and leave the dirt in the creek. Since they have no place to bathe, what else can they do? Since they are comfortable around people with whom they have much in common, they form communal campfires where they share beer and recreational drugs. Individually, they have a surprisingly large number of canine companions so that when they group up in a campsite, there may be as many dogs as people. Many are clueless about canine behavior and some subject the animals to poor training, including a few that encourage attacking human beings. There are more Pit Bulls, Alsatis, Rotweillers and Labrador mixes. Although, they initially may take permits in different camp sites, in the evenings, they coagulate around a portion of a campground which becomes the center of their universe. When I have come into their camps, regardless of the reason, they exhibit mob behavior, making it difficult or impossible to have a conversation with an individual,

let alone expel someone or modify behavior. Because of my age and responsibility, it has been impossible to create relationships of accountability. At times when I began to, I have been threatened or attacked. When a “tweaker”, drunk, pervert or “psycho” has violated their sensitivities; they form a posse and are as likely to injure themselves as the outcast(s).

Another completely different category of residential campers are truly “whacked-out” souls, male or female, who give the impression they are barely able to take care of themselves. The younger individuals live on the fringes of the tribe. The older whacked out people are shunned by the tribe, however, it is a mutual attitude. The impression they give is belied by the fact of their survival—not only their physical survival but also the survival of the precarious-appearing identity they have assumed, for which purpose they have mastered powerful communications techniques. These individuals and the tribal street subculture have very little to do with each other either in the forest or town. Some have multiple pets. I’ve seen hardened, tough prevention officers act like sheepish children around some of them. Locally notorious alcoholics, who normally reside at Wildwood, a private RV park/campground located 3 miles west of Camp 1 on Highway 20, or at illegal camps on the south end of the mill site sometimes take a camp site but they can’t last a week without getting into trouble, often with touchingly absurd results. They are as entertaining to watch as The Three Stooges or Laurel and Hardy. Having the social skills to manage such people requires the patience and commitment of a priest or rabbi. Discipline is the name of the game because it creates the structure of predictability that results in safety and environmental preservation. And self-discipline is the art of the science. Is it any wonder that a good Camp host for Camp 1 is rare and requires support?



A third category of residential campers are the competent single seniors who live comfortably in a small, older motor home, often on social security or a disability pension, often with SSI assistance. They are unusually intelligent compared to most other campers and relatively sophisticated conversationalists. Since they are older people who are managing to make ends meet with as little difficulty as they can, there's a lot to learn from them. Unlike the two previous categories, they appear to be enjoying their stay and to appreciate the forest environment, differing significantly from many who hardly notice it. They take good care of their camp sites in part because they have learned to live compactly and are prepared for conditions like those in the forest. Like many older people I've met, they have hobbies, such as: wood-carving, photography, herbal healing, painting, etc. They go into town frequently, often daily, where they bathe and take advantage of social services and they never leave campsites without putting everything away. As a group, they make little use of their fire-pit. It is doubtful that this category of forest visitors would want to or could pay a substantial user fee, albeit, they might be able to afford a subsidized rate and would value access to potable water, decent rest rooms, utilities and showers. They are reliable allies, critical to a Camp host's survival when he's the unarmed "lone ranger" in a situation in which the cavalry is an hour away (or longer) and his team mates are conflicted since they'd really rather that problem people remain on his turf.

A fourth category of "residential" campers are families who recall "drifters" described by Steinbeck and other writers during the '30s and during the 19th and early 20th century

European expansion in America. Like the single seniors, these families are benign in their social behavior, and keep a low profile. The poorest live in tents and expand a large household into a camp site in a way that leaves a degraded environment even when they are good housekeepers. Imagine putting your household effects on and under a single, large table. Many also travel with multiple pets. Sanitation is a problem for them, and with children, there's a heavier burden on the environment, especially the stream.

There's a fifth "residential" group that I view as miscellaneous, such as, single women traveling or homeless with several children, and a few single fathers, lesbian couples living on the road, some with a child, and the occasional man or woman traveling alone, occasional middle class women with several kids in late model cars or SUVs, who appear to be "taking a break". Occasionally, a fugitive from justice hides out in the forest, driving in late at night and slipping out at daybreak. An outlaw couple who appeared to be living out a Bonnie and Clyde fantasy came by and "cased the joint". The very attractive young woman of the pair seduced my attention while her companion checked out my property. They left, apparently not seeing anything they valued.

The Camp host at Camp 1 has the task of managing this human invasion consisting of both "residential" and "recreational" campers. Recreational campers as a group are by no means angelic and present as wide a range of consciousness and appreciation for nature as do the residential visitors. 95% of them are literally "asleep at the wheel" in one regard or another. They cruise through the stop sign in front of my camp without noticing, drive by a sequence of three 5 MPH signs within 100ft at 25 MPH. And when this is brought to their attention, they express confusion, blinking at me in dismay. What? Many do not pick up after themselves in the outhouses, littering the floor with trash, most ignore the stop sign and speed signs. The prohibition against cutting trees doesn't apply to them. Some wash their clothes and bodies in the creek. When they defecate in the forest, they leave toilet paper in concentric, wider rings around their campsites. Some drink and carouse late into the night. Few pick up after their dogs. An overview of the human population of any community can be applied to the forest community and in view of the way the Camp host is charged with overseeing human behavior as a Forest Steward, the ability to see the gap between the ideal and reality in a concentrated geographic area has been a valuable opportunity for me—the opportunity that led me to write this assessment.

A few facts as background: Although, this has been a subject of constant disagreement The Camp host is a *de facto* employee of the California Department of Forestry (CalFire). He is charged with overseeing the activities of "campers" in every regard 24/7. He is an employee *de facto* because, although compensation is in the form of "free rent" of a camp site, he signs documents that obligate him to represent the interests of the state, JDSF and CalFire and it is on the basis of this relationship that he is entitled to remuneration for mileage and workers compensation. Moreover, he must work at a specific work site for a specific period of time, a place which is owned and operated by an agency of the state and, by law is a state facility, required to fly the flag of the State of California. He has the same rights to appeal as do other civil servants. He is required to wear a uniform at all times he is in the campground (a hat or vest).

CalFire is an agency of the State of California whose employees enact the policy and procedures established by California Board of Forestry, a Commission whose members are appointed by the Governor of California pursuant to State Law. The Camp host has no law enforcement authority, however, since the Camp host is responsible for monitoring behavior, calling in officers, reporting offenses, informing campers about forest rules and violations, as well as issuing permits, the camper's view of the Camp host resembles that of a "cop on the beat". Campers are asked to bring problems with other campers to the Camp host and it is in the Camp host's judgment to mediate, relocate campers, ask campers to follow rules and even to tell them that their behavior will lead to revocation of their permit and/or arrest.

"The moment one accosts a stranger or is accosted by him is above all in this life the moment of drama... Whoever we meet watches us intently at the quick, strange moment of meeting, to see whether we are disposed to be friendly." --Haniel Clark Long

Camp Host Duties and Compensation

In 2008 (last year), Camp 1 had a series of ten camp hosts through one four-month season, the history of camp hosting over the past few years is even more alarming. CDF explained to me that this turnover is misleading but many local campers coming from Santa Rosa, Potter Valley, etc. told me they were pleasantly surprised to find a camp host who is not "totally whacked out," "dumber than a stick" or a "sketchy" person, for a change. Tales of the corrupt and irresponsible practices of previous EggTake hosts are legion in and around Fort Bragg. These tales were also volunteered to me by citizens of Fort Bragg and some CDF and Parlin Fork prison camp staff. It is reasonable to ask, why has this been happening? Below are a few facts in explanation, prefaced by this caveat: in my view, nothing needs to be changed if the objective at CDF is to put a camp host in an untenable position such that he must find his own resources and thereby, sink, swim or jump overboard. This in part explains the turnover in camp hosts in previous years and why several took bribes for access to camp sites, giving rise to mistrust and dislike. However, to fully understand why CDF appears to view camp hosts as expendable, an examination of duties vs. compensation explains it much better:

In 2009, a camp host at JDSF received as payment for all services, the right to use a campsite where he may park an RV, trailer or similar portable dwelling within a triangle of land at the junction of the south and north fork tributaries of the Southfork of the Noyo river, which is also the intersection of 5 rock roads, as described more fully above. The camp host's residence differed from all other camp sites at Camp 1 in this respect because the residence served a double function as the camp administrative center.

Instead of an ambiance that reflects its location in the middle of a wilderness, the constant traffic around the resident's camp site lends the flavor of a freeway interchange that is covered in a blanket of pale yellow dust. Within the compound, there's a lockable storage shed and a separate tool shed, in which things like shovels and trash cans can be stored. There's an underground tank with pipes for RV waste connection. A 300 gallon water tank into which CDF periodically pumped (non-potable) water from the adjacent creek, stands on a platform on top of the tool shed. The water is for the camp host's personal use (until August 20, when I finally realized how stupid this was.). There's an outhouse for the camp host's use located about 100 feet away on the other side of Road 300, the inside of which I never inspected. CDF provides all the firewood a camp host desires. It is bucked and split by inmates at Parlin Fork.

In return for this consideration, the camp's host is required to be on duty 24 hours a day, 7 days a week, which calculates to a 168 hour work week. Impossible you think? But it's in the paperwork and turned out to be accurate. Certain, perfunctory daily duties included that I would inspect all the campgrounds at least twice each day for which task, I was required to use, maintain and insure my personal motor vehicle, but I was promised

reimbursement for fuel. In addition to this task, which takes a minimum of 2 hours per inspection, often 4 to 5 hours to complete, frequent situations required additional visits to distant camps as well as trips to town, 10 miles distant. A total inspection of all campgrounds begins a journey of 21 miles on narrow, rough, dusty rock roads with many blind corners and other features that are often made dangerous by speeding vehicles driven by inebriated or caffeine and marijuana-stunned campers as well as logging trucks, Parlin Fork's fire crew trucks and other vehicles, and sometimes deer and mountain lions.

The camp host received \$0.585 cents per mile after he submits a monthly accounting. Since reimbursement takes 45 to 60 days or longer, I was literally subsidizing CDF operations. It is therefore understandable that previous camp hosts had treated the position like a franchise and profited by selling drugs, beer, firewood, water, phone service, camp sites, etc. Camp hosts who have done this, however, could be easily fired, if necessary, and blamed for problems that were CDF's responsibility.

The camp host's job includes issuing "camping permits" (Form RM 29), which he signs as a "Forest Officer". He is to provide information to campers and visitors, advise campers about and oversee their observance of forest rules. He is the only communication link with the outside world including public safety, medical, fire and all other emergency services because the landline telephone in the host's location is the only communication serving Camp 1 because cell phone service isn't available there. At times, rangers asked to use my telephone when they were not able to call out using their radios.

As mentioned above, the camp host was expected to work 24 hours a day, 7 days a week and I was frequently awakened at night, called away from meals and interrupted in the lavatory or while taking a shower. During the day, rangers at times walked into my camp without notice—as if I had no right to personal privacy. There was no time of day, awake or asleep, when duty did not call. Exacerbating this, some visitors expected instant response, which was made more interesting when they were belligerent or drunk or both since they sometimes took personal offense if their demands weren't promptly met. They were often spectacularly stupid or lazy—unwilling to view a posted map to find their way around and wake me at night to ask directions. Since signage in the forest seemed deliberately confusing and mysterious, some frustration could be forgiven and the arrogance with which some expressed their demands was after all, a matter of personal style, so they shouldn't be judged too harshly for acting normally.

Another task was called, "sweeping out" the outhouses, as explained to me by Craig Pedersen, this meant broom sweeping around the toilet, removal of feces sticking thereto, using a toilet brush, and placing two rolls of toilet paper on a flat steel bar and spraying the outhouse interior with a solution of "Pine 64", an industrial grade disinfectant that, in this case is mostly effective as a short term deodorant.

The host was asked to keep an informal personal record of visits made by each camper and vehicle so he knows when the 14-day and 30-day limitations have expired for each visitor. Since the limitation includes all state forests and it is impossible to know when campers have stayed at other forest campgrounds, and since a great number of campers

come and go, and they can do so on their own recognizance, and since CDF made no effort to obtain data nor to create a database, nor make information available to the camp host, conceptually at least, the assignment of this task was not only without merit, but also somewhat suspicious. CDF collected information from me in the form of the original, signed completed permits that I issued. I have no idea what they do with this information, which includes the personal address and vehicle identification of visitors.

Most campers were conscientious, making this record keeping unnecessary and those who want to extend their stays get around the limitation, especially, local residential campers, who show up at the camp sites of friends after their own permit expires. Through a succession of permits to members of a group, they can extend their use of the forest throughout a season. Some go to the trouble of changing their appearance and use different names, showing creative thinking. Some employed pit bulls and Rotweillers to intimidate the camp host to keep him from monitoring their presence.

Compensation Quantified

As mentioned above, at Camp 1, the host receives a place to park an RV, equipped with a waste tank and a water tank that CDF refills with “non potable” i.e., polluted, water that is periodically drawn from an adjacent creek. To quantify the value received by the camp host, prime local RV campgrounds charge \$500 per month for full hookups, including cable TV, internet, sewer, electricity and water, hot showers and other amenities. A state park camp site in a scenic location with full hookups, potable water, electricity and access to flush toilets and hot showers costs on average \$35 per day, or c. \$1000 per month.

The hosting campsite at EggTake has no hookups, no water, no electricity, no showers, no sanitation. The economic value can’t be higher than \$250 per month for the 4.5 month season. Since all other campers in JDSF are entitled to only one month free, however, the quantified value received is only 3.5 months or \$875 total. On-duty time is 24 hours a day for 135 days or 3240 hours, which comes to \$6.48 per day or \$0.27 per hour. But wait! Some of this time, although he’s on-duty and on-site, he’s actually eating, sleeping, reading, whatever. Let’s look at actual time “in the traces” vs. compensation:

A daily “round” takes the camp host more than 2.5 hours but usually takes much longer, depending on conditions which the Camp host must deal with, including picking up after campers around their camp sites and in their outhouses, picking up wads of soiled toilet paper in the forest around the camp grounds, dealing with campers about violations of forest rules, issuing permits to campers, etc. But in 2009, the Camp host was asked to make at least two daily rounds, adding at minimum, another 2.5 hours daily. 5 hours per day for 135 days equals 675 hours. If this was all the job entailed, that is substantially more: \$1.30 per hour, almost 1/7th of the minimum wage. But that isn’t fair either!

After all, in addition to making rounds, the camp host was also asked to work at his residence/administrative center, doing a number of things: issuing permits, making reports about and responding to emergencies, providing aid of all kinds, continually updating a status board with information about all campsites, conferring with rangers and providing visitor information on average of at least 3 hours each day, adding minimally

another 405 hours for the season. Add this to the 675 hours for rounds and you get 1080 hours, reducing compensation to \$0.81 per hour. Yet, this still isn't accurate.

Seven days a week the camp host was held accountable for the administration and custodial attendant of the entire campground, including traffic enforcement, security in a general sense as a 24-hour watchman and responsibility for locking and unlocking specific gates as well as managing communications with CDF police, medical help, media, all JDSF visitors, including loggers, fish and game staff, surveyors, biologists, equestrians, day users, etc. I was responsible for signing all camping permits as an "officer of the forest" and expected to assist and monitor users of the Day Use facility, the group campground and the equestrian camps in addition to all the other campsites. Moreover, in doing all these activities, I was expected to represent not only the public image of CDF, but also, of the state. And beyond that, I was told my actions exposed the state to unimaginable liability. Performance of these services adds up to a value that cannot be easily calculated. But just looking at addition time, it is not unfair to add one hour per day, or 135 hours for the season, and now we are at 1215 hours or \$0.72/hr.

However, in addition to my time, the camp host incurs expenses that, in conventional practice would be compensated with a per diem allowance. A residential caretaker with 24/7 accountability at a location far from public services, providing his own work clothing in a hazardous outdoor situation, would be entitled to at least \$50 per day. And an employee of the State of California would also be entitled to medical insurance and retirement benefits, a package typically valued at 35% of salary. What's more, since the camp host was required to use his own vehicle to make rounds on poorly maintained, rough rock roads, driving 20 to 30 miles a day, an equipment rental company might be unwilling to allow a vehicle to be used this way, but if so, it would charge a premium and CDF would be required to indemnify and provide comprehensive coverage.

CDF's lax attitude regarding violations of forest rules and failure to support me made their practice of dumping indigent, alcoholic and drug addicted folks into Camp 1 an additional hazard for which their own officers receive hazard pay.

The host is required to "make rounds" each day during which he identifies who is camping at each site and oversees their behavior. This requires asking for information to identify campers and receiving and communicating complaints and requests for enforcement and medical assistance. He is not empowered to ask for identification and presently, although he is identified on camping permits as an "officer of the forest", he can be accused of acting inappropriately beyond his authority if he does so.

In view of this, it is understandable why, in the 2008 season, EggTake had a sequence of 10 camp hosts, every one of whom was either fired or fled (unknown if in terror or disgust or asked to resign). Perhaps, they lacked sufficient funds to subsidize their work? Or lacked the skills and confidence when solving problems required making strong requests of CDF to support their decisions regarding those who violated forest rules?

Point of fact: when I made such requests, the first words I would hear from a CDF staff person were that I can always quit. The second statement was telling me that I'm not a "real" employee of the state and I have no rights, whatsoever. I feel it is significant that every time I was refused support by CDF the result was that later, the camper(s) who were causing trouble went on to cause harm to others and/or themselves or to cause other trouble that involved costly police intervention. It's possible that not one of the 10 camp hosts that were employed by CDF in 2008 had the credibility, experience, education and maturity to do the job I did and without reasonable compensation—not to mention electricity, potable water a support team. What intelligent, experienced person would knowingly accept such responsibility and conditions?

Only a person who has no idea what he is getting into would take this job.

This was true for me. I'd never been a camp host, never lived in a rustic situation. But because I am interested in learning about the people who came here and about the forest environment, and in finding ways to make life on the planet healthier everywhere, it was perfect that I arrived here. This summer has been one of the most memorable, fascinating times of my life. There have been difficulties and I feel that CDF recreation staff are now, as a result of our interactions, looking seriously at ways to improve at least some of the situations described herein. The degree to which they are capable of that depends wholly on how honest they are willing to be about their personal and "corporate" priorities.

A Zen koan admonishes that, "when the pupil is ready, the teacher appears" or in the vernacular, "leading a horse to water doesn't mean he will drink" or as Sancho Panza would say, "nothing escapes a man whose head is empty" and in view of this, I repeat in conclusion that I have left EggTake with but one inconsolable regret: that I lost my dearest friend and companion, Bear, in whose memory I have dedicated this document, my life and the future of this poor world, ravaged as it is by the incompetence, greed, negligence, paranoia and stupidity of its human would-be custodians.

Effect of Logistics on the Camp Host's Job

The host of EggTake is located at the geographic center of the campground, 3.5 miles down a rock road from the only public entrance at State Route 20. Fort Bragg is 6 miles west from this entrance and Willits is c. 27 miles east. From the center, the most distant campsites under the host's care are the two walk-in camps called, "Volcano" and "Camp 6", each is 4 to 5 miles into the woods beyond locked gates, i.e., closed to all but official vehicles and hikers and bikers. The walk-in camps were not used this summer and were only requested once, by deer hunters, who decided to go 15 miles east to Chamberlain Creek, where a recent forest fire created open space.

All the other campsites at Camp 1 are accessible by vehicle and located near one of the three rock roads that radiate 2.5 miles from the hub, one to the west, another southwest and one north. Other campsites are located within a quarter mile radius from the center.

Most campgrounds require little need for law enforcement and this could be true for Camp 1 if changes like those proposed further on were employed. The topography of

Camp 1, lack of wired and wireless communication, isolation of individual campsites, distances to reach them and the condition of the rock roads create a situation in which it is necessary to reduce the potential for problems requiring law enforcement.

Cell phone service is not available in forest valleys, which is where campsites were located next to one of the tributary creeks of the Noyo. Campground locations are also related to earlier logging operations that built all rail and vehicle roads in the valleys and cleared staging areas where logs were loaded onto skids pulled by oxen, and later by narrow gauge railways.

In the best of circumstances, it takes 30 to 45 minutes for emergency services to arrive. In the meantime, the host may need to render aid to avert catastrophe and with no one else around to help, he must enlist support from campers to contain a fire, prevent violence, and to provide first aid, and so on, until help arrives.

The host can't do this every day without suffering stress and exhaustion. Since campers are the closest and most often only source of support, a successful host learns to rely on the eyes, ears, hands and sometimes, just the presence of willing and able campers. For example, campers at the Red Tail campground recently extinguished a fire that may have been deliberately set near Road 300 near their camps.

A Camp Host's Most Valuable Resource

On occasion, I asked a camper to accompany me when dealing with a mob that was becoming rowdy. The presence of a second person, who never said a word, gives a different impression. Most campers voluntarily cleaned their campgrounds and outhouses with more care than forest maintenance take time to do. Campers brought the behavior of others to my attention, they drove injured people to get medical help, corralled individuals who presented violent behavior, informed me about people they felt are untrustworthy and those needing medical attention, described the behavior of mountain lions and bears and even provided information about illegal camping beyond the campground.

One day, a camper in Tilley pushed down a "widow maker"—a dead tree he believed was a threat to the safety of his family. CDF had refused on principle to mess with it. Campers offered food and assistance, in two cases they loaned me money for gasoline so I could continue to make my rounds (during the state budget crisis the state was 45 days late in reimbursing me and CDF refused to help by giving me gasoline). Instead, I told to reduce rounds to one each day, which meant nothing since very often, my trips were in response to emergencies. In several instances, campers cooperated by voluntarily offering to help others to repair and remove their disabled vehicles from the forest, saving the state a lot of time and money as well as enabling a camper to promptly evacuate. Campers offered to organize volunteer work parties in their communities to clear hiking trails and to bring volunteer work crews with appropriate construction equipment to perform maintenance work of any kind, free of charge. I am clear that not only would my job as Camp host not be necessary were it not for campers, but also, I could not not have done my job without the help and cooperation of campers. It is obvious that campers are the most important part of any solution to forest problems.

The Past Doesn't Exist Until it Becomes the Present

Demonstration purposes of JDSF appear to be all but abandoned. If “Demonstration” was deleted from the title, the name would be authentic. For the demonstration to begin anew, managers of JDSF operations must be charged with responsibility for meeting quantified demonstration goals and accountable to the public in doing so, with a review of an annual statement of results and goals in the context of historical results. It is likely that few or none of the changes described herein can be implemented within the current managerial structure because there is an inherent conflict of interest that leaves managers with no motivation to make changes. This explains why they strive for invisibility and do as little as possible. For them, no attention is the only good intention.

If the history of JDSF was viewed based on audited records for each year by an independent entity, along with a correlated inventory of JDSF assets, a graph will show an inverted “V”, with the apex at 1993. From these records, annual budgets could be compared with results produced in terms of JDSF goals, timber revenue, environmental preservation, facilities for camping, educational programs and all presented graphically. Costs of law enforcement, fire prevention and other expenses could be compared with results over time. Accounting and operations are subject to public inspection but if the records are not audited and presented, the public benefit produced by the use of a tax exemption is never available for analysis. Such documents are the core history of an entity. The reason they're not available is a product of the conflict of interest.

It is my understanding that JDSF reserves were taken by the state in 1993 and the changes in management accountability to accomplish this created the conflict of interest. In this change, salaries and support for forestry personnel at JDSF were to be covered by forest income, while expenses were governed by CDF. JDSF could not manage expense and when CDF can skim the revenue, they were placed in a position in which they must agree to timber harvesting that is contrary to good forest management to not only support their own salaries, but also, to pay for biological studies and surveys and facilities for improving and restoring forest habitat, regardless of how this affects the ecological goals of the forest. Foresters who had made a success of JDSF prior to 1993, who opposed this manipulation were over time reassigned and the current staff at CDF/JDSF support the CDF agenda. The demonstration that was begun was essentially abandoned.

For the past eight years results of JDSF forest operations have been poor. Where earlier operations provided a surplus, they are not producing sufficient revenue to cover JDSF expenses. Or it may be an artifact of CDF accounting. Perhaps, funds are being used for unproductive and unrelated salaries and expenses. But, it's obvious that little if any money has been spent on facilities. JFSF no longer has its own vehicles and equipment. These and other assets were “absorbed” into CDF. The administration of campgrounds is delegated to unpaid “volunteers” who are given no direct staff support—there are no CDF personnel assigned to administration of campgrounds. Maintenance utilizes “free” prison labor, including wood milled at Parlin Fork. Homeland Security has provided funds for law enforcement and prevention. Under these circumstances, reserves at JDSF should have grown.

The value of uncut timber, when three million feet of timber are sold for twelve cents a foot is far below the value of previous years. The number of fish measured at EggTake has also declined from thousands to a total of ten fish this season. No projects appear to have been undertaken to improve this situation. Surveys that pursued in 2009 seemed aimed at preventing interruption of logging activities, not preserving endangered species.

The perceived value of JDSF has dipped as well. Residents of adjacent communities continue to litter the forest with household trash. Local social service and law enforcement agencies now dump unwanted people in JDSF. While current JDSF management may claim no responsibility for this, they did not want to take advantage of any opportunities to change the way people perceive the forest.

Under the current management there appears to be no statement of nor acknowledgement of accountability for demonstration goals, nor a plan for meeting these goals or increasing revenue from forest operations or recreation. Even if there were, there is no planning for development of educational or other programs in support of these goals such that raising revenue would result in meeting demonstration goals.

According to Craig Pedersen, there is no CDF staff specifically assigned to recreation. But, when revenues, which are supposed to support this and other activities are either tapped for other purposes or are insufficient to cover the cost of campground operations, such as, pumping waste tanks and replacing fire rings, it wouldn't make any difference when there is no motivation for the organization to adopt changes like those proposed in this document. To the contrary, forest revenues will continue to be used for other purposes and it is likely that more aggressive timber cutting will be employed.

Some Proposed Changes

Structural Changes

A private, nonprofit, educational foundation, overseen by a local board of directors produced as a community project.

Changes in policy described further on are possible within the paradigm of a private, nonprofit, educational foundation, overseen by a local board of directors evolved as a community project and many changes may be impossible without structural change. CDF would seem to be much better-off relieved from the burden of operating campgrounds, educational programs and historic preservation, allowing it to focus on its mission. However, those who are currently employed by CDF to run JDSF are likely to feel threatened by this document and this suggestion.

Because such a project could unite the community at large and empower economic change to overcome obstacles that inhibit local growth, the value to the entire community so outweighs petty concerns that the community cannot afford to ignore it without realizing that their hopes and dreams are literally in the balance. This document was written in part to inform CDF about this, and to reassure those individuals at CDF that the best option they have is to do their best to support the proposed structural changes.

Since the economic future of Fort Bragg depends on it, this change should be met with enthusiasm, provided that key elements of the community are brought together to take appropriate action.

Consensus must be created among all local community organizations around the idea of optimizing economic opportunities related to a joint-powers agency to plan and organize a private nonprofit entity to eventually receive JDSF and to oversee forestry and other operations. Forest operations have previously focused on logging because the Mendocino Coast is historically a logging community but can have a broader interpretation. This effort is about restoring the local economy through improving forest management. It involves job development and other social services and regional economic development. A local citizen's ballot initiative may be employed to begin the process and obtain funds. The project could then seek federal support related to economic stimulus and state support related to economic development in a depressed area. The plan can include approaches similar to those employed by the WPA during the 1930s.

Exciting change is seldom if ever possible without risk and there are no guarantees.

40 Suggested Changes to Procedure & Policy

The following is a list of “smaller” changes addressed in a random order. None of them will cost much to implement, but most of them require planning in the winter season:

1. User fees are not proposed for implementation in 2010 but we need to address the issue now because a user-fee without other changes would only exclude some who can't afford them. If the intention is to eliminate problem campers, it could easily backfire. Homeless campers who are not a problem will be discriminated against while others can organize to violate occupancy limits. Wildwood charges \$10 a day for a campsite with restrooms and potable water available. Some who are tolerated at Wildwood are legendary alcoholics, addicts and worse. Many people on fixed incomes can't afford \$300/month for a place to pitch a tent or park a van or trailer, while many alcoholics and substance abusers can afford this and do. Instead of fees, we could reward Campers for leaving the forest and the campgrounds a better place than when they found it and earn the privilege of camping. This could be motivated by requiring a cash deposit.
2. California offers an education-credit for motor vehicle violations and rewards a prisoner's completion of GED and vocational programs. In previous years, educational projects were funded from forest operations. Campers can “qualify” for use of campsites in our sensitive areas by completing a test or program for which they can be cleared to occupy camp sites in sensitive environments. This kind of measure is justifiable on environmental grounds. CalFire is responsible for maintaining a sensitive ecosystem containing the habitats of numerous species. Campers in JDSF should be educated to be aware and respectful of sensitive habitat. This kind of education can be part of biological science curricula in public schools and community colleges.

3. 24/7 the Camp host is on his own. He may wait an hour or longer for response after calling 911 and telephone service can easily be interrupted. Allies aren't just helpful, they are essential to the Camp host's health and to maintaining a safe campground with camp sites that are located miles apart from each other. A solution that I experimented with this summer is to have campers serve as resident docents. Sited in different campgrounds, depending on conditions, they provided better coverage than I could alone, as well as better access to communications for emergencies. Provided with short range radios, they can be in instant communication with each other and with the "Camp Hosting Manager," a position that could replace the current "Camp host" position. Presently, as a means of providing for public safety and personal safety, I recently allowed 2 "unrelated" campers to share one large campsite (Roundhouse 1). I attempted to legitimize this practice with members of the "tribe" who showed promise: Zach and Kevin. Zach lacked the authority with problematic people among the tribe. Kevin is older, tougher and was more successful. (I understand that some previous Camp hosts have done something similar.)
4. Waste levels at Wagon and Tilley have been over capacity for a month. Existing outhouses, perhaps everywhere, but urgently in group locations; such as, Roundhouse, Wagon, Tilley and Red Tail can be recycled or supplemented with a system of portable restrooms, equipped with adjacent wash-up stations with tanks of potable water. Those who have argued that JDSF is not a social service agency need to clean their lenses. The facts are that: 1) Recreation is a social activity; 2) JDSF can't refuse residential campers. 3) County social service agencies as well as CalFire's own prevention officers send indigent people they find elsewhere in the forest to Camp 1, 4) the state is liable and must ensure the safety of those it permits to camp in JDSF. Ignoring responsibility in this matter is more than negligent and may be exposing people to grave danger.
5. Examine the needs of different kinds of campers; e.g., parents with young children, to identify ways to be of service that will encourage greater respect and appreciation for the campground and the host, for instance, child potty seats may be sold or given to campers. Not all parents foresee the need for this. Many parents are letting their kids do it in a bucket that is dumped in the outhouse. The bucket, however, may be washed in the creek.
6. Minimal charges can cover the supply of toilet paper, weekly servicing of restrooms and potable water. The flat bar method of preventing defecation in the woods has failed. Simply provide a better alternative for people. One of the obstacles to improving services I have heard repeatedly this summer from CalFire management is that by providing any improvement, more liability is inferred. Nonsense, the liability is there already, it just hasn't been tested yet. A jury could be more inclined to award a heavy judgment against the state for gross negligence if JDSF, knowing the risks, takes no action whatsoever.
7. Rather than a fee, campers may be required to post a deposit refunded on their departure. With the deposit, they can also be issued trash bags, loaned tools and given a brochure that explains where to put ashes, recyclables and trash and that tells them how they may use creek water. People who have made the worst messes are habitually lazy thinkers as well as doers—they don't go to the trouble

- of picking something up. A host should be able to ask them to toe the line or get out. The current practice of a Camp host waiting until a prevention officer arrives and refuses to support me isn't effective. When you provide the camper with information, tools and materials, there can be no excuse.
8. Present philosophy is that CalFire prevention officers make a big show of a presence early in the season and "strike the fear of god" into the hearts of would be offenders. The myth that this presence makes a difference is based on some real value: there are certain kinds of criminal activity that have been moved out of the camp by the presence of the people in blue with guns, but when they cannot issue citations for forest rule violations, the population that violates the rules soon learn what to expect. The Camp host is the only person in CDF who is in a position to know what is going on and the system now in place could not be more damaging to the credibility and authority of the Camp host.
 9. The importance of registering your presence with the Camp host must be reinforced. A board shows which sites are available and which are occupied. It is managed by the Camp host. The problem is that campers can easily use this to manage the Camp host for their own purposes. It is crucial for a Camp host to manage potential problems and increasing populations that he can direct incoming campers to campsites that suit their intended use. And since it is unlikely that a Camp host will know all the people who come in, or predict whether or not they will trash the place or cause problems with other campers, he should also have the authority to ask campers to leave. Simply because he has this authority changes the situation to workability.
 10. The obligation of self-registration must be made more clearly obvious. Presently, self-registration is a request. It should be a requirement that a camper must post a self-registration form or have a valid permit.
 11. I mounted a white board beside the campsite occupancy board this summer, which has solved some communication problems, but I requested a more formal facility to make it easier for people to leave messages and complete registration forms, including personal information by dropping them into a secure box.
 12. A map of the campground must be posted in a way that prevents its theft. I had two copies of this map prepared for posting early this summer. They were helpful, but were eventually taken. Requests for new copies were not filled.
 13. The host is provided with a telephone, which is the only link to emergency services and between the host and management. A telephone answering machine or voice mail is such a simple and important function, and must be provided.
 14. It is understandable that providing PG&E utilities for the host at Camp 1 would be expensive and take a lot of time, however, there is no reasonable argument that can be made for not providing a propane cylinder, a generator and for using water from the city or Parlin Fork water since the cost of delivery is minimal and there are no environmental issues.
 15. Public showers can be provided using temporary shelters and wash basins that can be situated centrally for clothing and dishes. Coin operated showers will fund the cost of on-demand pumping and heating of water. Biologically "safe" cleaning agents can be provided free of charge. Washing water can be stored and removed to appropriate leach fields that are sufficiently far from the streams.

16. Showers and the host residence can be moved to higher ground. We forget that at one time, Camp 1 was the site of many homes, gardens and bunkhouses, with stables and livestock—pigs, horses, chickens, cattle. Presumably, such uses had components for sanitation but there is no sign of them now. A septic system with a leach-field is not rocket science. CDF staff told me that providing for sanitation would conflict with the JDSF charter, i.e., that camping is intentionally “primitive”. Presumably, pumping outhouses when needed was anticipated by the charter although it wasn’t a common practice when Caspar Lumber produced as much dioxin as Union did in Fort Bragg and no one paid much attention to what went into the streams—practices that are primitive by current standards.
17. We could provide wash-up water and brown soap that would help with poison oak.
18. The roles of host (Manager) and Prevention Officer must be distinguished from one another. The former is administrative, the latter is law enforcement. It is counter-productive for Prevention Officers to make administrative decisions, to direct the Camp host to issue a camping permit or direct a camper to change from one campsite to another campsite. This also subverts communication. An officer should suggest to a host that a camper’s request be honored but the host’s role must be respected as he is responsible for the JDSF’s relationship with the camper. (The most troublesome people I’ve had to deal with at EggTake this summer were eventually evicted and the reason this had to happen is that I was not given the option to make this kind of decision and prevention officers were not prepared to follow up on it. For instance, when campers *de facto* refuse to check in, i.e., repeatedly come in without doing so and then bring other people with them who also don’t check in, the prevention officer has no way of knowing.
19. There can be no tolerance of threatening or menacing any forest officer. Under state law it is illegal to obstruct or interfere with an employee of any government entity or contractor on government business. CDF took the position with me that a host is a “volunteer” and as such is not covered by this statute. In view of the state’s liability for anyone on state property and the responsibility a host is entrusted with, this is a foolish and potentially costly error. Since the host does receive compensation, works in a state owned facility, reports to an executive of an agency, is expected to do specific tasks, including signing permits as a “Forest Officer”, is covered by Workmen’s Compensation and is reimbursed for mileage in the pursuit of his duties as a state employee, is working with the public in doing his job and often in a way that requires obtaining personal information, monitoring their behavior regarding forest rules and other laws and must advise and notify them of infractions, CDF’s position about this seems untenable and unwise. If a host is injured by a camper or injures a camper, CDF is exposed to the same liability as it would be with any other state employee. By denying a host the protection provided by state law the host is put at unnecessary risk and his credibility as a representative of JDSF is destroyed. The only conceivable “benefit” CDF derives from denying that a host is a state employee, is the ability to claim CDF has no liability either for the safety of the host or responsibility for anything that happens that can conceivably be blamed on a person who is not an employee. In the event of a lawsuit, CDF policy potentially puts the State of

California at greater risk, so if there is any benefit at all, it only applies to internal affairs. The extension of this idea also raises a question about income and taxes.

20. Camp Hosts need to be empowered to issue official written notices. When a camper ignores the request of a host to cease a violation of forest rules, under current policy, the host is supposed to advise the violator that his/her permit could be revoked on account of this behavior and that they will be exposed to citation or arrest and no other action is to be taken by the host, even after multiple violations. But when a prevention officer fails to cite any camper or after “investigation” decides to take the side of the camper, the host is seen as a person whose substantive job is to clean up the outhouse after the camper messes it up, while in fact, the host is accountable for all the administrative work and advance enforcement work for CDF.
21. The Camp host is responsible for issuing permits and revocation of the permit should be in the hands of the host. A host is not in the position to investigate the background of people to whom he issues permits. When one of these permittees becomes a problem, the host should be able to request that the person leave and if they fail to do so, only then does a prevention officer need to help out. If a camper wants to challenge this decision and can’t work things out with the host, it does no good for a prevention officer to side with the camper. The officer is already free to revoke permits and issue citations on their own decision but since to do so, they must witness or decide that sufficient evidence exists, this has never happened.
22. When a Camp host is instructed not to call for support until the following day (as I have been), and not to use his only means of contacting an officer (a telephone call to the Command Center) unless there is a “life and death” emergency, the result is that violators are not around and/or the evidence is not available by the time support arrives. This puts the Camp host at risk, destroys his ability to manage and his credibility and sends the message that he is “fair game”.
23. Change title of Camp Host to Campground Manager with responsibility for training and managing volunteer docents, issuing camping permits, maintaining records and communications with JDSF.
24. Volunteer Docents can be located at the following camp sites,
Red Tail (any site)
Self Contained
Wagon #3

The task of monitoring Camp 1 by making rounds to each campground location once each day is unrealistic and often unreasonable. I was at Camp 1 since May 15 and except for occasional trips to Fort Bragg, I’ve been in the forest all of this time. Some days I was ill. When problems occurred at Camp 1, there were precursor events involving the people who caused them. Because of its logistics Camp 1 requires two rounds a day or sometimes more. If the host were in contact with a docent located in each of the above sites, he can be made aware of problems more quickly and accurately than by making rounds.

25. A Hosting Manager can also be responsible for organizing community meetings, establishing and maintaining relationships with other community organizations and supporting the activities of volunteer committees. Docents can help with this.

- Currently, CDF has zero (0) staff support for any of these things. Without the staff to enroll support and to manage volunteers toward a vision, nothing of great or lasting value will occur.
26. Forestry is the focus attraction at JDSF but recreational uses make it possible for people to appreciate this attraction. CDF would have to proactively work through the winter season to create some new and better uses of the forest as a resource for the community. The 2010 Hosting Manager should be working on this now.
 27. Without seeing the budget and annual report, I can't imagine why money from the sale of forest products doesn't cover the cost of forest management now. A private forest would not be cutting timber when there are no buyers. However, other revenue sources can be developed. Recreation and shelter are not the only alternatives that might provide more revenue but unless CDF supports staff to engage the community and obtains help in learning how to serve and attract visitors, such alternatives will not be gainfully employed. Presently, CDF has no staff with the experience or interest in doing these kinds of things and to my knowledge there has been no outreach to deal with mounting problems resulting from the destructive practices of adjacent communities, changing demographics, aging facilities, lack of education and so on. Services that are consistent with forest preservation can be developed cost effectively to produce revenue but foresters and fire fighters are not expected to be entrepreneurial pioneers.
 28. Improve signage. Many campers' problems I've dealt with this summer resulted from a lack of information and organization. I must drive 3.5 miles to the entrance of Camp 1 to post a "Camp Full" sign, which was vandalized several times and not replaced. Every weekend I received complaints from campers about visitors driving through their camps late at night. It would be easy to provide a series of signs for visitors to read as they enter the camp, informing them of the procedures. An "occupied" sign can be inexpensively made that campers post at their camps after they check in. It can be re-usable and have a space for the expiration date to be written with a dry erase pen.
 29. An exit survey of campers regarding their needs, situation and sanitation habits. Cost = \$0. Benefit = inestimable.
 30. When they check in, campers should be given a brochure telling them how to take care of their camp site, the stream and the forest, how to dispose of ashes, how to take care of the outhouse, how to use creek water, and asking them to take their trash with them when they leave. If this reduces trash pickup by 50% the corresponding savings for CalFire will be produce a positive return. Cost = \$0
 31. Incorporate a deposit program which requires campers to make a per diem deposit, refunded when they leave. It could be \$10 per day, for instance. Violations of forest rules could be charged against the deposit.
 32. Set aside four campsites for reservations by individuals. Charge a nonrefundable deposit for reservations, to be refunded when the camper leaves.
 33. Require that campers obtain a permit prior to occupying a campsite instead of the present practice, which is the reverse.
 34. Locate a dumpster in a clearing near the exit. Even if it is used by passing motorists, keeping trash off the roads and out of the forest is cheaper than picking

the stuff up in Southfork 3 or elsewhere. This could be financially supported by Caltrans.

35. Make a distinction between expulsion and suspension of camping privileges. Establish criteria for each and give the host authority to deliver written notice.
36. Institute a retribution policy that allows campers to return only after they pass a test administered by docents regarding camping dos and don'ts and perform community service in the forest.
37. Institute a work merit program to reward good campers. The reward may be the use of one of our special camp sites that has special features, including firewood.
38. Most if not all the conditions that are problems for the host of Camp 1 are the result of a lack of forethought on the part of current management about recreational uses and a history of toleration of abuses by the community and CDF. CDF staff told me they view forestry as the priority in JDSF and recreation an unwanted, unfunded task they must tolerate, (and as a camp host, I symbolize all that is unfair and unnecessary in their world). They couldn't do a better job of hiding the entrance to Camp 1: a tiny faded sign hidden in the brush about 75 yards beyond two large old growth redwoods that stand on either side of the entrance. When they began logging this summer CDF posted a red sign so their tree fellers and truckers could find the place. CDF clears brush from the sides of the 3.5 mile-long rocky road into the camp at the beginning of each season, but the road is left riddled with pot holes and is generally poorly maintained. While CDF staff were quick to argue that they have no money to repair the roads and like to cite "rustic camping" no apparent effort has promoted JDSF as an important tourist venue of economic benefit to businesses in the City of Fort Bragg and the rock roads are state property and could be improved by Caltrans. Mendocino County could also benefit from economic development in the community. Simply put, there is no interest evident at CDF to engage the community to help solve problems that are mounting.
39. Trail Head information is nonexistent. The most beautiful trails in this area are in JDSF. A color brochure should be produced for distribution to hotels, restaurants and visitor information. There's also a need for a comprehensive trail guide.
40. Organize a volunteer improvement and preservation committee whose members reside in communities whose citizens are more frequent visitors: Willits, Santa Rosa, Fort Bragg, Ukiah primarily, but others as well. Their task will be to produce ways of implementing these and other solutions to existing problems with camping facilities and camping behavior. Include campers from each category in the planning process. Committee members can also locate financial and other resources for carrying out an improvement plan. Some things we can obtain by soliciting community support:
 - Propane cylinder for use at Campground Manager's Residence
 - Radio system to network campground docents and manager
 - Computer for record keeping
 - Office trailer
 - Portable lavatories with wash up stations
 - Potable water tank
 - Road repairs

New day use campsite development
Signage and Up-to-date maps and hiking trail guides
Public relations
First Aid Station
Recycling containers and servicing thereof
Vehicle(s) for making rounds
Child seats for outhouses
Trail Guides
Wash up stations at Wagon, Red Tail and Day Use areas
Bottled water service
2000w Generator for camp management

Wittgenstein's Ladder

When I first met Gene Burns on the phone last May, he said, “it takes 3 years to train a camp host”. Gene said he wouldn’t host EggTake.” In a later conversation, he told me, “you’ve heard that shit runs downhill, well, you’re at the bottom of the valley down there.” Without someone like Gene to talk to early on, who understood what I was going through and putting up with, I would have felt alone and unhappy. Later in the season, I figured out that, if CDF wasn’t going to provide the support I needed, I’d have to create a cadre of docent-assistants among campers who were willing to help, and the smartest thing Craig, Kathy, Larry and Sean did was to give me the freedom to make things work. If you asked me today how to do the job, I couldn’t tell you much more than that. Unless you can start off with that kind of team, as the job evolves through the season’s turnover of visitors, influenced by the daily mix of campers and CDF staff, an individual host is accountable for more than you can possibly imagine. The outcome of his daily work shows up in the camp in a variety of ways. Without the support, there will be constant trouble. With the support, the entire forest calms down and people help each other.

Through for four months of hectic incidents ranging from hilarious to tragic, I learned to distinguish intuition from reaction. CDF prevention officers, Ben Nichols, Kathy Kellington, Sean Zimmermaker and Craig Pedersen demonstrated intelligence in their police work. We laughed many times at the season’s ongoing bill of melodramas and comedies. As I grew into being the gatekeeper of EggTake, I felt bonds developing in every direction, with CDF people, loggers, campers, deadheads, and even with some of the corps of 5150s who offered the most reliable entertainment.

Today, at the Ford House in Mendocino where I now serve as a host and answer man, I was asked to deal with a group of young locals who had taken two cases of Red Seal and a guitar into the bushes on the bluff behind the house overlooking Big River Bay. “No problem, I’ll take care of it.” They asked me who I was after I suggested that they’d save themselves trouble if they take their party someplace legal. “Who the hell are you,” this big kid says to me, “I’m the camp host at EggTake and I help out at the Ford House.” One of the kids says, in a belligerent tone, “What the f-k is that supposed to mean?” Another kid looks at me straight, “Really? EggTake?” and then he says to his belligerent partner, “chill man, he’s trying to help us,” and with that, they begin gathering their stuff to leave. I often run into the homeless people I met this summer on the street in Fort Bragg. Even people I had to evict or had thrown out by rangers consider me a friend.

Some “problems” with visitors at EggTake are not going to change. They are the same everywhere. As I drove my motor home out of the forest on October 1, I was overcome by a feeling that I was leaving an island of love, to return to the comfortable sanity of that which passes for civilization in the 21st century. I don’t want to tame the wilderness nor try to cage the human spirit despite the improbable, unpredictable variety of human expression. The banality of reality TV is, in comparison, as a 19th century postcard is to a work of Van Gogh. EggTake provided opportunities every week for those who were willing to discover themselves in the act of being themselves.

I'm sure that no other camp host at EggTake has come there with a commitment to serve as I did, but each one signed permits as a "Officer of the Forest" and by this authority he should be able to revoke permits when appropriate. Since he is obliged to issue a permit he must be able to control when and where people camp. But experience is required to understand how to serve a permittee and the community to make this judgment. If he is not or can't be sensitive to this, problems arise. This is like being a zookeeper—you don't put the lions in with the lambs. Since the population constantly changes, involving all the types of visitors previously described, and since you don't want to monitor and control people, flexibility is required up to a point, however, at that point, you must present the law of gravity. This is not a game—it is for real—you are obliged to be ethical.

CDF staff led me to believe that I would be taking a dangerous risk were I responsible for revoking camping permits. Danger may arise from how you treat unstable people but I am on friendly terms with every person I asked to leave or made CDF evict this summer. On their own, CDF would not evict anyone from the forest for violation of forest rules alone. CDF puts the camp host at risk by not supporting him since he will be regarded as superfluous. CDF made the mistake of treating camp hosts as if they are expendable—the gist of their responses to serious requests was: "if you don't like it, you can quit". This attitude puzzled me for most of the summer. What kind of enterprise wouldn't want to retain experienced help? The puzzle is consistent with the fact that they went through ten different camp hosts in 2008 and at times had to operate without a camp host.

The answer to this riddle drove by my residence several times a week except when there was a fire somewhere. Front line people on CDF fire lines are prisoners who are earning the opportunity to serve their time in a "minimum security" facility. "If you don't like it, you can quit" is the underlying logic of how these prisoners are treated by CDF, a familiar refrain. To the prisoners, that means they can go back to serving their time in a typical lockdown prison. It is not easy to qualify to serve your time at Parlin Fork. These guys are big, physically strong, confident men and they work together in teams doing hard physical work in sometimes brutal and dangerous environments. Have you noticed when fires are being fought, you never see their faces or hear their voices on the news?

Why does CDF treat camp hosts as they treat prisoners at Parlin Fork? Because they led by a paramilitary organization that views people who are not in uniform as "others". Since the camp host is called a volunteer merely to get around obligations to pay fair salaries and benefits in accordance with a contract negotiated with their union, he is clearly not one of them. Since he is expected to follow the direction of his "superiors" as would an employee or a prisoner, he is not a civilian in the same sense as any visitor of the forest. Since he is living and working 24/7 within a state facility and expected to report his departures, he is more like a prisoner so they treat him that way and then they hire a person with scant resources, since who else would accept such conditions? No wonder the history of camp hosting at Camp 1 has been a tale of too many scumbags. CDF can't admit being wrong, so they formed an opinion of the camp host to justify treating like a prisoner who has no rights and who may be terminated at will. Because of the inconvenience of the Constitution, CDF begins to compile a file of evidence with

which to justify their actions on the first day—a sort of prison record. On every occasion, the file is added to, every opportunity to enter a judgment, every fault is the prisoner's. As in all the prison movies I've seen, I had to rely on campers and once we got things worked out about that, they seldom let me down. When things got out of hand, campers helped out long before CDF, police or an ambulance arrived. They helped when CDF had more important business elsewhere and they helped when, for whatever reason, CDF refused to help. I respect and admire the people I worked with during the summer of 2009. I owe my survival to the hearty and heartfelt support of many campers.

Hosting "EggTake" was like being master of ceremonies for a 3-ring circus written and directed by a collaboration of Bergman, Kerouac, Cocteau and Fellini, with occasional music by Ives, Hendrix, Mingus and Garcia, with all of them in dispute about everything. It was often a play within a play in which I sometimes played the role of director of psychiatric medicine at a looney bin on a world in which the asylum and all its inmates had been sent to live "rustically" in a redwood forest. (Life is but a dream.) But, please, note that this was completely an accident of nature—I was there at the right time.

I have never laughed so hard, so long, so loud or so often. The gods, indeed, are crazy!

I now see California state and local government as an aggregation of franchises. Civil service defines the rules in which local franchisees may profit in a geographic or virtual territory. The U.S. constitution is all that protects the citizen but franchisees need not use it as their guide if it is inconvenient since they are somewhat protected from individuals. In the real world, some of their actions could be called, conspiratorial. I was naïve to expect a commitment to serve state taxpayers and communities within the local franchise or at least an obligation of transparency and good faith. The cynicism expressed in their statements and views of campers and camp hosts took me by surprise. I have caused them discomfort and embarrassment by pointing things out they thought it best to ignore. I am not obliged to apologize for wrongs they did, not for their pumping polluted water into a tank, nor for misrepresenting a situation they knew was unreasonable, nor for ignoring the mission of their franchise. It wasn't until mid-November that I received a reimbursement check for August expenses, but I felt sadness for them, not anger. A local realtor explained to me last week, "this place is Middle Earth". Maybe, but even if that were true, it's still no excuse for *willful* malice, greed or stupidity. Things have changed.

Sincerely,

Michael Winn
Camp Host, 2009
Camp 1, Jackson Demonstration State Forest