

Symposium and Celebration Honoring Aldo Leopold's Graduation Centennial
"Yale Forest School"

LUNCH CONVERSATION

**A Lunch conversation with Leopold's daughter, Estella,
and his great-granddaughter, Clare Kazanski**

Friday, April 3rd, 2009

This lunchtime conversation includes Leopold's daughter, Estella, and great-granddaughter, Clare. Estella reflects on her childhood, the fondness of the shack, Aldo as a father; and Clare describes how the Leopold traditions have survived over four generations and how such lineage has informed her growth and development.

Panelists

Gene Likens
Estella Leopold
Clare Kazanski
Susan Flader

GENE LIKENS:

I was just asked to introduce two of my favorite people, people whom I respect very much and have known for a while and enjoy very much what they're doing. So, we're going to have a conversation, as I understand it, between Estella Leopold, Professor Emeritus at the University of Washington, Seattle, a very distinguished scientist, a member of all the academies that you can be a member of, and yet still a very nice, humble person.

[LAUGHTER]

That's one of the things I like so much about her. And she's going to have a conversation with the great-granddaughter of Aldo Leopold. Estella's obviously a daughter of Aldo Leopold.

Clare Kazanski is a great-granddaughter. She's the daughter of Madelyne Leopold who is the daughter of Luna Leopold who was one of the three sons of Aldo Leopold. Did I get that right? I hope I got that right.

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[LAUGHTER]

Clare is a graduate of Carleton College. She's been working at EDF, Environmental Defense Fund, and she's planning to go back to graduate school, and is starting her applications in that regard.

So, I won't go on. It's not necessary. This isn't about me. Let's have a conversation.

ESTELLA LEOPOLD:

Thank you, Gene. Thank you very much. Clare and I are looking forward to being a part of this. We want to tell you, first of all, our great thanks, all of us, to Gus Speth and the Forestry School who have put this wonderful celebration together. And we're pleased to be a part of it.

Now, we'd like to share with you some observations and thoughts about Aldo Leopold, my father and Clare's great-grandfather. And I'd like to say before going on that Starker Leopold and I each took some graduate work here at Yale. I must say it's nice to be back on this campus.

I'd like to start with what Dad was like at Yale. Now, we know from his extensive letters home that he took long tramps, ten miles at a time, and he climbed East Rock and West Rock. He took the trolley to the edge of town and explored the meadows and the streams, and practiced ornithology with his mother's opera glasses, and got very good at it. He recorded in his letters some of the warblers that were coming in, in the spring - very exciting.

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We hear that Dad was a late bloomer socially, and shy, but he finally got into the swing of the balls and the parties and the girls. Curt Meine called it "a forbidding array of social functions."

[LAUGHTER]

Dad was very careful about his expenses. Things weren't all that easy back at the Leopold Desk Company in Iowa at that time. But he always had his shirts made to order. He still did that when I knew him. He had the initials AL embossed on the pocket. He took classes up here in the old forestry building. It's called Marsh Hall. And I was thrilled when I was here last time and one of your elder faculty members in forestry led me through that building and showed me the second floor where Aldo Leopold and his classmates apparently did their lab work, up there on Prospect.

Well, as you can see from the first slide, he dressed well.

Now, when Dad graduated and he went to New Mexico, there were many things he discovered there. And one of the most valuable was his wife. He discovered Estella-Luna Bergere at a dance in Albuquerque, and this was great luck for us because they were really a winning team.

Mother and her sisters were very accomplished at horsemanship. They did a lot of camping and fishing up in the Pecos above Santa Fe. So, her background lent itself well to the life that she and Aldo led together. And what a wonderful, loving pair they were. How lucky we are, I'll tell you.

This next slide: We're at the shack putting up a birdhouse. Mother always wore skirts at the shack, the Leopold getaway. We were up there every weekend of

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life. And Mother, the Hispanic, was a musical inspiration to the family, but not the only talent. Carl and others of us taught ourselves the guitar, and Mother taught us all these songs from her childhood, in Spanish, which we loved. We still sing those. And we ended up singing around the fireplace at the shack in the evenings, and on Sunday night driving home, singing all the way.

Now, Mother and Dad did a lot of reading out loud in the evening. And as they grow older, Mother would get sleepy and fall asleep while she was reading, and Dad would have this beatific smile on his face and he'd look around to her and say, "Okay, dear, time to go up to bed."

[LAUGHTER]

In the second chapter of *A Sand County Almanac*, Leopold talked a lot about oak - oak coals and oak firewood. And in his essay, now very famous, "The Good Oak," he talked about the particular connection when we cut this oak. And, by the way, this slide is of the oldest white oak on the Leopold reserve, up at the shack in Wisconsin. This particular oak was, as he wrote, growing along the road cut where the immigrant road crossed the glacial moraine at our place. It dated back to the civil war, counting the rings. It was struck by lightning some years before, and it was now time to make it into firewood. It was an April day, a clear day. There was new snowfall, and there were glistening white snow crystals on the branches of the tree. Mother and Dad and Dave Spencer and I - Dave was a graduate student of Dad's - stood under the tree with two-man saws, looking it over. Dad said, "Estella, if you climb up and take off one of those lower limbs, we can get started." And I was up in the tree and it was quiet, and I looked up and I saw four swans coming right over our head, flying low. The swish of their wings was absolutely wonderful - quiet, white and majestic -

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heading north and in formation. And I tell you, I will never forget that wonderful day.

Some months later in Madison, Aldo Leopold was up early. He was always up early, getting light meter readings on the first bird songs of the morning. I came down for coffee, and he put down his pencil and he handed me some yellow papers with some handwriting on it and said, "Do you want to see my latest essay?" And I said, "Oh, of course, Dad."

[LAUGHTER]

And so, he handed it to me and I was reading, and I said, "Dad, can I type the first copy of this essay, this wonderful essay?" He said, "Okay. So, I did, and I want to tell you, I am very proud to say that I was the first one to type those memorable words: *"There are two spiritual dangers in not owning a farm. One is the danger of supposing that breakfast comes from the grocery, and the other that heat comes from the furnace."*

And there's more to this. On the next page he wrote, *"Some day some patient botanist will draw a frequency curve of birth years to show that the curve humps every ten years, each hump originating from a low in the ten year rabbit cycle."* And he added, *"Only one acorn in 1,000 ever grew large enough to fight rabbits. The rest were drowned at birth in the prairie sea."* I think it's a great line.

Well, in my senior year, I wanted to be that patient botanist. Under the guidance of Norman Fassett at the University of Wisconsin, I went out to collect readings on oak stumps - hundreds of them - in a clear-cut right outside of Madison, and to get rabbit cycle data from DNR and from Dad's graduate students. And Dad was right - not statistically perfect, but the pattern was there!

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Many of us admire Dad's sentiments in the way he wrote, but the question I want to raise is: how did he teach? Well, most of what we learned from him was up there on walks, and every season at the shack along the Wisconsin River, which is, as I say, where we were every weekend. Dad encouraged us to read the landscape. One of the things he would say is, "Hello. What's that track? Who made that track? What's going on here?" Or then we were down by the river, and Dad would say, "Now, why is it that all those cottonwoods at the upper end of that island over there are the tallest and the ones downstream are the littlest?" We had to figure that one out.

We siblings took Dad's class, Wildlife 118, and at school Dad used the same Socratic method. He'd throw on one of his photographs and talk to us about this is what this is, and that's what that is. Now, how do you interpret this? And he would ask us to explain the landscape, history, or what you could read into the vegetation structure. And then, when we handed in our term paper at the end of the class, he would interview us one at a time to make sure that we well understood the ecology involved, which was always interesting.

Well, by accident, I was seven years younger than my four siblings. And, perhaps for that reason, he always called me "Baby." That was difficult when we sat in class.

[LAUGHTER]

I would raise my hand to answer one of his questions, and he'd say, "Yes, Baby?"

[LAUGHTER]

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This was really tough.

[LAUGHTER]

But nice.

Susan Flader said, "Leopold came to a deeper personal understanding and appreciation of the new biotic health idea when he got involved with participation in the land community at his shack." And she said, "This place was in Wisconsin's cutover, plowed up, worn out, and eroded Sand County," the land that Dad had bought for eight dollars an acre. You see here the cornfield that we restored to very nice prairie as it is today.

Well, at the shack we lived a land ethic, as it is now called. It was a restoration exercise. We restored the land, and every weekend it restored us. We built a fireplace, and that took the whole family and a whole lot of cement and work. And we planted a lot of small pine trees. Here we're putting in a white pine area right next to what we know as "Birch Row". And we struggled hard to bring in native plants. We stuck with native species.

Now, my brother, Carl, tells the story that Dad and he were working on the ridge top over on the sand hill, and they heard some sounds down by the road, and they could hear the clank of a shovel. They looked at each other and said, "We better go investigate." So they walked down there and what did they find but two middle aged couples, the men in baseball caps and the women in gaudy pantsuits, and they were digging up our pine trees.

[LAUGHTER]

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And Carl said his blood pressure began to rise ...

[LAUGHTER]

... and Dad confronted them: "What are you doing?" And the man said, "Well, we're digging up these little pine trees." And Dad said, "Who said you could dig up these pine trees?" And he said, "Well, they're not going to die. We're going to put them in our front yard, and they'll do all right there." And Dad tilted back his hat on his head and he looked them over and he said, "Well, God damn ..."

[LAUGHTER]

And one of the men said, "Please, there are ladies present."

[LAUGHTER]

And Carl was watching Dad and thinking that Dad was really going to blow, but instead he leaned back and began to laugh, "And really a marvelous, silly laugh," says Carl.

Well, we know here is Dad with his pipe. Leopold was fun, and he had a great sense of humor. I can remember early one morning falling out of a canoe; we were up at the Huron Forest. It was cold water. And Mom and Dad and my sister, Nina, were standing there on the dock watching, and Dad was laughing uproariously as though this was really funny.

Another such incident: Dad was always rescuing boards and planks that had floated down the river. And Nina, my sister, thinks he got this idea from reading

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Thoreau. Such treasures as bridge beams and two by fours and boards of various lengths became crucial materials as we were rebuilding the shack. One time we were all walking down the frozen slough toward the shack. Dad and Carl were carrying a long plank, and Carl was first. And all of a sudden Carl dropped through the ice into the water waist deep and with the beam on his shoulder, and we were all scurrying to hold that beam up while he was trying to get out of the ice. And here was Dad laughing, laughing. "Good show, Carl, good show."

[LAUGHTER]

Well, one of the things that Dad learned from Mother was the expression, "Whoopsie." That's what one said when you dropped something. Dad was standing at the shack high on a ladder fixing the top of the chimney with some cement, Carl was halfway up on the ladder, and I was down on the ground. I would hand a wet brick to Carl, Carl would hand it to Dad. Well, Dad dropped a brick. Carl said, "Whoopsie," and I said, "Whoopsie," and Dad said, "Whoopsie, God damn it."

[LAUGHTER]

So, that's the whoopsie God damn it story.

We find in Dad's essays a strong element of emotion. And, yes, Dad was a man of feelings. At the same time, Aldo Leopold was tough. This is a picture of his favorite dog, Gus, the Short Haired German Pointer hunting dog, with Gus's family. Carl is taking the picture there. And this dog was badly wounded in the river by a deer, which was also wounded. The deer had come down on the Gus's back, who was chasing him, and had apparently broken his back. They were swimming to the other side. So Dad got into his rickety boat, and I watched

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him paddle across that river, and he shot Gus with his 20-gauge shotgun. We all knew that was really hard, but we never saw a tear, not one.

Now, in his last talk before a National Wildlife audience, Dad had to stop several times due to his emotion. And the science reporter who was writing the next day said, "Leopold's talk was interesting, but poorly delivered."

Bill Cronon, historian at the University of Wisconsin, wrote, "The little tract of shack property in the backwash of the frontier was more than just a scarred remnant of a lost wilderness." We can say, yes. Our idea of the shack was to visit that land together in all of its seasons. And we learned to love that land and all that was on it. Our challenge was to do right by the land we made our own. Our experience gave us that rare commodity: a sense of place in an ecological community."

I'd like now to turn to Clare who will tell us some of her thoughts and perceptions about her great-grandfather. Clare?

[LAUGHTER]

CLARE KAZANSKI:

So, I guess I'd like to just start off by echoing Estella's thanks to Dean Speth and everyone who went into making this event so great. It's been a fun morning, and look forward to further conversations this afternoon.

Again, I'm Aldo Leopold's great-granddaughter. I'm the granddaughter of his second eldest son, Luna Leopold. And I'd just like to build on some of what Estella talked about and share some stories and some thoughts on "The Land Ethic" from another family perspective. So, I actually never met Aldo Leopold.

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He died fighting a fire on a local neighbor's property the same week that my mother was born. And she often comments on what an emotional week it must have been for her Dad to lose a father and gain a daughter in the span of five days. But, despite my never knowing him, I feel that my perspective and my experiences have been shaped in large part by the personal legacy that he left behind and the imprint that it had on his son, Luna, my grandfather, and Luna's siblings.

I think a lot of the family legacy was rooted in the shack, the traditions that Estella and Aldo established there. We tease a lot in the family about having inherited the shack gene, because so many of us have it. That essentially refers to this deep need to have a place out in the country where you can really dig your hands in the dirt and have fun playing around outside, and in turn maybe learn a little bit about those local ecosystems, even develop some connection to the land there.

My grandfather's shack is out in Wyoming. I spent a lot of time every summer since I was about three months old going there. And my parents several years ago found their own shack out in southwestern Wisconsin where we've had several prairie and stream restoration projects going on for a while, and a big garden to play in, and a big ravine. So, you know, this idea of the shack is something quite pervasive throughout the family.

But I really think that the shack - our own shacks, our shack equivalents - are the venues where we really lived this idea of an ethic. It's not necessarily some philosophical or heady concept, but really something that we learned from the small adventures that we embarked on while we were in these great places.

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So, for our family, cooking and eating outside is one of those simple pleasures that we always enjoyed. And a lot of the memories that I have of spending time with my grandfather involved picnics. His pickup truck always had a small cutting board and a Swiss Army knife and a couple of glasses, a table cloth, just in case, you know, you ever found that spot when out trouncing around. And being one who studied rivers, water was obviously a prerequisite for any good picnic spot. Another thing that he shared with us was cooking in Dutch ovens, a family tradition that he had learned from his father when they were out camping, and something that my parents have definitely passed on. Cooking the family meatball dish, Albondigas, which came from Estella's Hispanic heritage, has become an important enough tradition to the point where my grandfather came out when we were building the fireplace at our little shack in southwestern Wisconsin to help us lay the rocks and get the placement just right, but mostly to make sure that those pot hooks were at just the right, optimal height so that we could cook in our Dutch ovens.

At my grandfather Luna's cabin out in Wyoming, we spent a lot of time entertaining ourselves, in large part out of necessity, but by being outdoors. My younger brother and I became experts at reading the horizon and understanding the weather patterns so we could know how long we could keep our kites up before the afternoon thunderstorm rolled in. A lot of the way that we spent our time there and learned to entertain ourselves went around this whole idea of making things and making things by hand.

One year we orchestrated this large regatta where we everyone had two days to build a little boat, but we were limited to the materials found around the house. We couldn't go to the store in town. We couldn't buy anything. We had to use what was around us. It was a challenge, and it was quite fun. So this particular little folly, if you will, sort of became a lesson: I remember my grandfather, after

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spending hours meticulously building this beautiful little sailboat - it was just gorgeous – he just watched it completely fall over and get logged on the side by the banks as this tiny little willow-woven disk sped past.

[LAUGHTER]

But we had a lot of fun for sure. I think this focus on learning by doing and taking initiative was a common thread that I experienced with my Grandpa Luna, and I think, as Estella mentioned, this idea of teaching by example.

One of the stories that Nina often tells, and that I think illuminates this idea well, is one afternoon when Aldo was leaving the shack with pail and shovel in hand, and his wife pulled a couple of the kids around and said, "You know, it looks like your father's going to go do something interesting. Don't you think you should follow? Just go run off." He didn't necessarily try to impart his wisdom, from the stories I've heard, but more kind of allowed you to learn through doing and through being there and finding that niche that created a personal connection.

Similarly, I always was curious about what my grandfather was doing and kind of had this desire to please and impress him. And one of the things that I remember is we'd go on all these little excursions from his cabin in Wyoming, and one of them was out to some local cobble sites. He had this theory, and he was bringing us all along to help prove his theory. He had this idea in his head that humans had settled North America far earlier than any archeologists were thinking at the time, and he was going to prove this by going out and finding ventifacts, you know, artifacts that had been shaped by wind over centuries, and use that as a mechanism to prove his theory.

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So, we all went off in his truck, and he was, I don't know how old exactly, but mid-eighties, and so too old to go out and trounce around the hill and turn over stones himself. So he gave us a brief lesson and armed us with a walkie talkie and let us loose to go scramble around the hillside. We'd go around, looking at these rocks, and sending back questions: "Well, I found this, but I'm not quite sure if this is really what we're looking for." So at the end of the afternoon I remember coming down with an armful of rocks, which I had become so invested in – right? - turning each over and thinking, "Well, it kind of looks like a tool. Maybe it was a tool. If you hold it this way, maybe." So I came down and showed Luna one by one and he'd just go, "No, no, no."

[LAUGHTER]

So, you know, afternoon's work just scattered around.

[LAUGHTER]

If he kept just one at the end of the day, that was considered a success in my mind. But in contrast to my failure at ventifacts, Grandpa Luna and I shared a common love and knack for bird banding, and we spent a lot of time doing that in Wyoming. He had a little trap in his back deck, and he kept records for years and years of birds that came in. He taught me all the intricacies of holding the birds properly, being gentle with them. He taught me how to use the bands and what they all meant and how to band the males versus the females. He had this whole methodology that was quite fun. But it was really neat. You know, we'd track these birds that would come back. It was always fun to get one that had returned. And it was always neat to sort of imagine where that bird had been over the past year, or since the last time that we had recorded his being there, and to think what adventures he might have had in his path.

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There was one in particular that I remember, a male goldfinch that had returned for over ten years straight. And whenever we found a bright finch in the feeder, I always hoped that it would be that same bird.

But I guess this approach of learning through doing and exploring and taking initiative is really what helped us develop this greater connection and appreciation for our surroundings, whether or not we recognized it at the time. I really think that the lessons, these adventures and follies, everything we did at our own little shacks, are really a lot of what helped me build a connection to the land and an appreciation of it.

So, I guess I'd just like to close. I think we have been very lucky to grow up able to experience nature in these ways, to have these shacks to spend time in. But I really don't think that owning land or having a place to escape to is necessarily a requirement to have these same sorts of adventures and experiences. They can take place anywhere from a backyard to a local park to what have you.

I think a lot of what came up earlier today is this idea that if people don't have that personal connection and time and nature, what sort of relevance and future is there for a land ethic. And despite the fact that we were lucky enough to have those places, I think it's not at all a prerequisite to having those same experiences where you get the dirt under your toes and develop a strong sense of curiosity for one's surroundings. So, I guess we'll leave it at that.

[APPLAUSE]

GENE LIKENS:

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Estella, Clare, thank you very much. We have, I guess, some political dynasties in our country, but we don't have many scientific dynasties. And I think what a wonderful family, how much all of Aldo's children contributed, and now right down to the newest generation. How many siblings do you have, Clare?

CLARE KAZANSKI:

Just one.

GENE LIKENS:

Just one now, but there's a whole new generation coming, and we expect great things. Thank you for those vignettes and memories that bring everything back to life. We have a few minutes if there are questions.

Audience Member:

Estella, thank you for bringing your great-granddaughter...

[LAUGHTER]

But a question to you: Charles Elton wrote a book called *Animal Ecology* in 1927. Do you remember the extent to which that was used by the family?

ESTELLA LEOPOLD:

I think it was important for Dad's teaching, and some of us were asked to be sure and read that for his class, Wildlife 118. You know, he was a very great admirer of Charles Elton. And they did meet, as Susan has told us, when at a meeting somewhere in Canada. Anyhow, they were corresponding all the time. So, I think it made a big dent in Dad's thinking. Susan can comment further on that.

SUSAN FLADER:

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Yeah. I am just curious what the relationship between Aldo and Gifford was since they're both graduates from Forestry here. What was the connection, relationship, feeling between Gifford Pinchot and Aldo Leopold?

ESTELLA LEOPOLD:

Well, as everyone here at Yale knows, Gifford Pinchot started the Forestry School, and I'm sure he was a great deal older than Dad since Dad was in the first graduating class. But, anyhow, Dad was at Gifford Pinchot's farm in Milford, Pennsylvania, at least one whole summer. And there I guess later he actually met Gifford Pinchot at some point. But looking closely at what Curt and others have written, I don't think they rubbed shoulders a lot, but admired each other, I guess. That is, Dad admired him, and had problems with dealing with that type of forestry because he was thinking a little differently at that time.

Audience Member:

Estella, I've heard you speak once before here at the Forestry School, and you made reference to your Dad always having you guys sharpen your shovels.

And I had the good fortune to be part of a collection for something called the "Encyclopedia of Earth" about Aldo Leopold. We have several wonderful essays by graduate students who also make reference to Aldo Leopold asking them immediately if they used a good sharp shovel. And so, I'm just wondering if that is a theme that also has been passed to the generations.

[LAUGHTER]

Are any sharpening shovel stories to be told?

ESTELLA LEOPOLD:

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Well, I hope it did pass on down, Clare, to some of you. It used to be that when we would start in the spring we would be planting trees, grab the shovels and start off with a bucket of little pines. Dad would say, "Wait. We've got to get out there and sharpen the shovels first." And, you know, this was a big sequence we had to go through every day. It was no fun doing this without a sharp shovel. So, that was a big deal: knowing and respecting tools, and cleaning them carefully, as we did with the shovels at night before we hung them up. Try and tell that to our students today.

[LAUGHTER]

It's his respect for tools. He was a great craftsman, as many of you know, which was something awesome.

CLARE KAZANSKI:

And I don't know about sharp shovels specifically, but the whole idea of tools in general and caring for them and keeping them in good shape is definitely something that we were told and encouraged to do. Whatever it is that you're making or working on has to be the best. So, the only real shovel story that I remember from my grandfather was when he was out on a hike. One of the reasons that he'd always carry a shovel was in case of snakes. And I remember the story of him encountering this rattler and just whacking it on the head because that was what he had to do when he was out in the southwest. That was a major concern doing research out there.

Audience Member:

Yes. Hi. It's been wonderful listening to all the stories. But if we could just go back to the family photo with the dog, Estella, could you point out which one you are?

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ESTELLA LEOPOLD:

Well, I'm the youngest of the siblings, so I'm sitting next to the dog.

And then, on my right is Nina who is wonderful. She's holding down the family fort in their log house right next to the shack. And Dad's, you can tell, with Mother. And, look, he's holding a journal. Do you notice that? Carl, the photographer, probably said: "Dad, come on over here. We're going to take a picture." So he'd carry his journal reluctantly and sit down with his sharpened pencil. Okay. There's Luna in the middle, and Starker off to the right - Luna, the hydrologist, Starker the wildlife scientist of Berkeley, California.

Tony Leiserowitz:

Hi. Again, I'd just like to welcome what everyone said. It's wonderful to hear some of who he was as a human being. I'm actually really curious to know a little bit more about your insight into his state of mind as he was completing the manuscript of *A Sand County Almanac*.

ESTELLA LEOPOLD:

As he was completing the book?

Tony Leiserowitz:

As he was completing *A Sand County Almanac* at the very end of his life. I mean, what was his state of mind as he was ready to release this book out into the world?

ESTELLA LEOPOLD:

I think Nina has told it very well. He was pretty depressed about some of the issues, particularly his long-term fight over the population of deer expanding in

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the state of Wisconsin, and elsewhere. He tried so hard, being on the Conservation Commission, to convince those guys - some of whom were friends - that they should pass a hunting doe law. And he never won that battle, and he got a lot of bad publicity. It was very hard on him. I think Mother was a big help to him. Susan, you may want to comment on that. She had another question.

SUSAN FLADER:

Actually, I have the microphone, and I'd love to follow Tony's question because, as I think everyone knows, *A Sand County Almanac* came close to not appearing in two different ways. Its prospective publisher, Knopf, turned it down. And then, of course, although Leopold died prematurely, there were two moments in which the book might not have appeared. And I understand there was a very important family role in saving that book, and that, Estella, you were a part of it, and that, Clare, your Grandfather Luna was very much part of it. I was wondering if you might tell a bit of the story of saving the book, which we might not have had were it not for you.

ESTELLA LEOPOLD:

Well, I think we know that someone in the family had to deal with the publisher and follow the suggestions, for example, to change the title. His original title was *Great Possessions*. And they felt, ultimately, at Oxford Press, they were going to change the title. Anyway, somebody had to represent the Leopolds on this, and Luna jumped forward to grab that opportunity.

We were fighting with Luna, saying, "Don't change a word."

[LAUGHTER]

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There was one word he changed that we were getting kind of upset about.

[LAUGHTER]

I think it was in "Round River." He said something about changing to "the Hoy Polloy. The correct Greek would leave out the "the." It's Hoy Polloy. Anyway, we fought with him, but he got it published his way.

So, anyhow, that was Luna's role. He picked up several of the unpublished essays, as you know, later. Of course, the family was well intent on seeing these published. So Luna filled that role.

SUSAN FLADER:

Estella, I wonder if you would tell the story about how your Dad helped you find your career.

[LAUGHTER]

ESTELLA LEOPOLD:

Well, I was pretty small at the time, and we were sitting in the living room in Madison. I sat on his lap and he said, "What are you going to do, honey, when you grow up? What do you think you want to do?" And I said, "Well, I want to be a bugologist because ..."

[LAUGHTER]

He said, "How's that?"

[LAUGHTER]

Symposium and Celebration Honoring Aldo Leopold's Graduation Centennial
"Yale Forest School"

And I said, "Well, everything else is taken."

[LAUGHTER]

"Starker's in wildlife. Nina's a geographer. Luna's an erosion expert, engineer and hydrologist, and Carl's a botanist. I want to be a bugologist." "Well, dear," he said. "I'll take you down to the book store on Monday, when we have time, and I'll get you Norman Fassett's "Spring Flora" and a vasculum, and let's see what you can do with that.

[LAUGHTER]

And you know what? It worked.

[LAUGHTER]

[APPLAUSE]

[END]