Well, there is your bridge. Handed to you on a silver platter by the people of Skagit county. All you had to do to get it was work yourself into alternate states of fury and despair over a period of eighteen or twenty years before someone noticed that a bad situation wasn’t getting any better, that our wails in the wilderness were of some distress. It takes a lot of time to convince a few stubborn men who don’t want to understand, a very short while to convince a lot of common folks. So, when you get around to watching the final steel go into place on that bridge across the Skagit river, make sure that on the inevitable plaque that goes with it’s price there are no dedications to glory for the few men whose duty it was to make the plans and buy the steel. Instead, let’s have a simple wording of honesty and truth – “This bridge built by the people of Skagit County.” I wager folks will come for miles around to see that plaque alone, it would be so unusual.