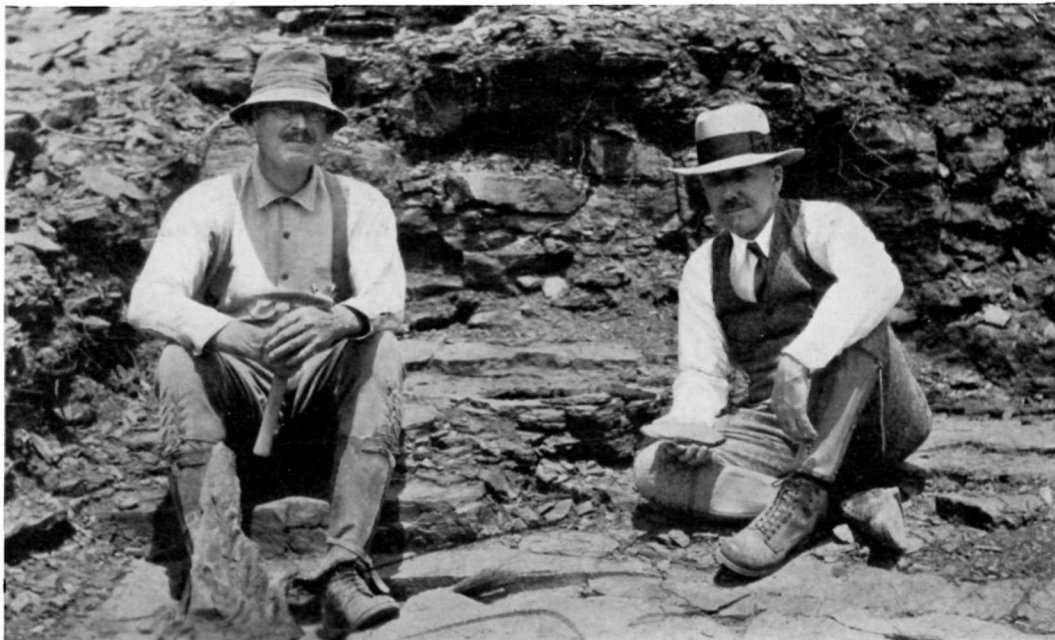


# NATIONAL PARKS BULLETIN

To Conserve Nature and Win All America to Its  
Appreciation and Study



*Photograph by* FRANCOIS E. MATTHES

GATHERING FERNS MILLIONS OF YEARS OLD  
David White and John C. Merriam in a Newly Discovered Quarry in the Grand Canyon

ISSUED TO ITS MEMBERS BY  
THE NATIONAL PARKS ASSOCIATION  
WASHINGTON, D. C.

*THE DISCOVERY OF RAINBOW BRIDGE*



Copyright by FRED HARVEY

#### GRAND CANYON FROM YAVAPAI POINT

Showing Part of the Area immediately Overlooked by the Interpretive Exhibit now Building on the Rim under Direction of Dr. John C. Merriam, chairman of the Association's Advisory Board on Educational and Inspirational Uses of National Parks

NOVEMBER 1927

# NATIONAL PARKS BULLETIN

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ROBERT STERLING YARD  
EDITOR

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## THE WORK AND THE WORKERS

*Editorial*

DR. JOHN C. MERRIAM'S announcement in the July number of this Bulletin of plan and organization to realize, in cooperation with the National Park Service, the educational and inspirational uses of our national parks has made a profound impression upon thinkers throughout the country. The personnel of the Advisory Board (page 24) appointed by the National Parks Association to help him carry this work into effect is impressive in quality, ability and range of experience. These are men who have done and are doing. From such a chairman heading such a committee may be expected development as substantial as it will be sound.

Thus comes realization at last of more than eight years of pioneering and preparation. Had we accomplished nothing else than to bring this body into existence, the Association's labor and cost from the beginning would be many times justified. Preparing the way has been exceedingly arduous. It has involved years of struggle in Congress to save the National Parks System. It involves defending its standards today.

After all, what we have won is not fruition, but opportunity. We have won our chance to work in a new and wonderful field under distinguished leadership; and we find it worth the winning.

### Hosts in Cooperation

In cooperation in educational and inspirational realization are many able organizations of many kinds, large and small. Immediately engaged with us in work cooperative with the National Parks System are special committees of the National Academy of Sciences and American Association of Museums, and working in close association are the Geological Society of America and the National Research Council. These with ourselves constitute the group immediately active.

Close by, ready to bear a helpful hand, are many tried and faithful allies of past years upon whose earnest work and unflinching sympathy we may confidently depend. Several have great size and influence. We have had no readier and more powerful ally for seven years than the American Association for the Advancement of Science, nor any co-worker more devoted, more constant, harder working and quicker in response to call than the General Federation of Women's clubs. Scores of popular organizations and leagues of great size, national

reputation and wide influence, together with many hundreds or thousands of lesser local bodies which took their parts with us in the System's long defense, will help us achieve popular acceptance of uses for which this park system, alone of all land systems in the world, is capable. The membership of cooperating organizations will reach millions. In publicity, we have the cooperation of Science Service. It remains only to perfect organization.

The working forces, scientific, educational, and popular, are thus seen to be many, efficient, and ready.

### The Student Body

The direct field of influence, which we may designate the student body of this Super-University, is still more impressive. Every person who visits a standard national park becomes a possible learner of nature's significant story. The problem is to interest him in his opportunity. It is not enough to be a "national park lover." One must become a seer as well.

Already the hosts of the appreciative are very great. They draw continually from the millions who merely look and admire. Of the hundreds of thousands who carelessly swing in and out of some great park each summer, glancing in passing at some impressive revelation of nature, a few thousand dimly apprehend fundamental meanings. All of these are future possibilities. Some become students at once.

To hasten matriculation in nature's university, to lead ever increasing thousands into cultural realizations best revealed by the story of creation here so simply and strikingly told, is the ultimate object of this work. To help the people of this country into clearer vision of man's place in nature, with all that such a revelation implies, is another expression of ultimate purpose. Still another sees it a popular and fascinating shorter approach toward realizations of fundamental truth which are the end of all education.

### The First Demonstration

During the summer, Dr. Merriam, assisted by geologists of distinction, began demonstration on the rim of the Grand Canyon of possibilities of interpreting its eloquent depths. Upon Yavapai Point there is now rising a structure designed to house explanatory exhibits to whose careful planning and construction many

learned minds have contributed. It is destiny, in the belief of many, that this project shall advance the art of demonstration many years. It explains the great museum which is the Canyon itself. A succeeding number of the Bulletin will describe and picture this project as a new instructional type which may dominate the outdoor education of the future.

### Super Extension Service

But using the parks themselves to entangle the minds of actual visitors is far from the National Parks' System's only educational and inspirational use.

Comparatively few, even in an automotive age, get so far from home as any one of the dozen or more regions of stupendous geologic phenomena and unmodified forest condition which constitute our standard national parks system. But picture stories of these spectacles so designed as to carry their thrill-winged messages into the homes and schools of all America may be utilized as our Super-University's super extension service. There are long-studied plans for this, also.

Welcome, then, the new workers in a new field remarkable in potential achievement, and little developed. To their help in so noble a work we invite the activities of all who appreciate, and to the support of public achievement so useful and enduring, we ask the contributions of all who can afford to give. We shall require this year and hereafter about double our former income.

### MAKERS OF HISTORY

**F**ORTUNATE indeed we are in having still among us many of the earlier makers of conservation history, explorers, pioneers, preachers, organizers, workers in Congress and the bureaus, who laboriously, through decades, shaped the beginnings of the complicated land systems and policies of today. Fortunate, also, are they to see youthful dreams of the impossible come true.

We followers have our duty, not alone in pushing forward the work which they began, but in gathering the unrecorded facts of their experience, while still we have them with us, for the use of tomorrow. Doers are seldom recorders except of final results. Few write of lives keenly lived. Those whose acts ultimately count greatest for the future seldom at the time esteem their doing worth even passing comment. If we would gather these facts first handed, which is clearly our duty and opportunity, we must be about it. There is no time to lose while original human sources still remain.

The fame of our standard national parks system is only beginning. A generation from now every move contributing significantly to its upbuilding will have value to the history of outdoor education. Except for Yellowstone, little more than a generation spans its human history, many important episodes of which are still available in original sources. Many facts which will prove valuable to the historian of the future must be gathered now or lost. For years we ourselves have been fact gathering when time and opportunity offered. Other serious workers, both men and organizations, may be counted on the fingers. But such a field needs many patient gleaners if opportunity is to be seized in passage.

In this number of the Bulletin we publish the vivid story of the discovery of Rainbow Bridge by an adven-

turous searcher of the desert who now heads a great desert university. To get it from the busy writer, who was one of his party, has needed the prodding of several years. Which shows once more that gathering first-hand information while still it may be had is no ready task. First, you must find your doer, for he seldom will disclose his presence. Then, if you are both persistent and lucky, eventually you will land your prize.

How valuable these prizes of original first-hand fact!

We invite industrious participation in collection of national park facts. Every man is instinctively something of a historian. Let us be keen-eyed for opportunity and unremitting in pursuit.

### MOTOR-ROAD vs. WILDERNESS

**T**HE expected has happened even in greater measure than predicted. The new "all year" entrance highway to Yosemite Valley has added 216,000 visitors during its first year, scoring a total exceeding 490,000 registrations which almost doubles any national park record.

At this writing official figures are not available, but we may be sure that more than four-fifths of this increase of more than eighty per cent consists of strictly state, and largely neighborhood, day-run and week-end pleasure travel to the Valley alone, which hereafter must be considered principally a local California motor resort. All its practical problems are now municipal.

Again the motor road is seen dictating the fate of the wilderness. The same agency which makes enjoyment of National Parks possible to multitudes threatens greatly to impair and sometimes to destroy their usefulness for any higher than merely resort ends. We face a problem of compelling importance which must be solved with least possible delay while some small part of this fair land, in National Park, in National Forest, and in Public Domain, still remains wilderness.

It is one of civilization's oldest problems—to hold its Frankensteins in useful control. Strict, well-studied, prompt road limitation alone can save any part of America as God made it.

### TO OUR BROTHERS OF CANADA

**A**T THE annual meeting of the Alpine Club of Canada held at Lake Louise on August 2, 1923, was created the Canadian National Parks Association, of Calgary, Alberta, with objectives identical with ours.

We renew our greetings upon its continued gallant struggle in face of difficulties even greater in some respects than our own. We predict its sound eventual success. Meantime it should have the hearty sympathy and practical support of all up-looking Americans on both sides the international boundary.

The time is surely coming when National Park Systems in Canada, the United States, Mexico and Central America shall be operated by their respective governments as a single system, constituting together a natural unmodified geological, biological, and anthropological super museum of North America.

We predicted this in July, 1923. Resolutions toward its accomplishment, which were passed by the international American Association for the Advancement of Science, were influential in creating the Canadian National Parks Association.

Now we hear of a national park movement in Mexico!



# THEIR "INCOMPARABLE SCENIC GRANDEUR"

*"Areas Whose Principal Qualification is Adaptability for Recreation  
are Not of National Park Calibre"*

By STEPHEN T. MATHER

*Director of the National Park Service*

THE national park system of the United States is unique both in its scenic exhibits and in the exceedingly high standards by which each candidate for admission to the system is judged. As now constituted, it is made up of areas of incomparable scenic grandeur. Each of the major national parks was selected for parkhood because of some distinctive feature, either scenic or prehistoric, which is of national importance and interest. Under the policy governing the establishment of national parks, only one area of a particular type is considered for inclusion in the system, and each area selected must represent the highest example of its particular type.

## "Requirements Are Exacting"

The scenic supremacy of an area alone is not sufficient to gain it admission into the national park system. It must also be susceptible of whatever development is necessary to make it available for use by the millions of park visitors who may care to use it, without injuring in any way the extraordinary natural features which, under the expressed command of Congress, the National Park Service is to preserve "unimpaired for the enjoyment of future generations."

Areas whose principal qualification is adaptability for recreational uses are not, of course, of national park caliber.

Proposed parks are measured by the standards set by the major national parks of the system; hence the requirements are exacting. As long as these standards shall prevail there is no danger of too many national parks being established, or of the excellence of the present system being lowered.

## A STATE PARK, INSTEAD

**North Dakota Offers an Example which can Profitably be Followed in the East**

THROUGH promotion of the State Park Conference, the area in North Dakota proposed for the Roosevelt Memorial National Park is likely to be made a State Park instead. One of the most vividly colored examples of the Bad Lands, highly scenic, possessed of unusual recreational values, nevertheless it lacks the quality of supreme beauty required by National Park standards; and several years of persistent effort on the part of its promoters have occasioned much worry to defenders of the National Parks System, who feared that its creation as a national park would tend to break down protective barriers.

### Public Sentiment Backing State Parks

According to "State Recreation," Governor Sorlie will investigate the possibilities of acquiring the area for a state park, toward which local sentiment is rapidly turning. This wholesome solution was largely helped by the example of South Dakota in creating Custer State Park in the scenically finest area of the Black Hills. The conference with Governor Sorlie, says the organ of

the State Park Conference, "was arranged by Mr. E. C. Danielson, of Minot, President of the Greater North Dakota Association, and by Mr. James C. Milloy, of Fargo, Secretary of the same association. Others who took part were Professor O. G. Libby, Secretary of the North Dakota Historical Society of Grand Forks, and the Field Secretary of the National Conference on State Parks. Congressman J. H. Sinclair, representing the district including the Bad Lands, who has presented bills in Congress for a National Park, also was present at later discussions.

"Governor Sorlie agreed to appoint a committee to act for the State, and Congressman Sinclair promised his aid in Washington, looking to transfer of the remaining Federal lands to a State preserve."

### Good Example for the East

North Dakota's example may well be followed by promoters of eastern national park projects, almost every one of which falls short of the incomparable scenic grandeur and other standards of the National Parks System. It is the opinion of many that a State park of distinction serves its State better than a national park for whose lack of the necessary special standards the country is obliged always to apologize.

Besides, the day of the State Park has dawned. States are ranking today by their number, size and importance.

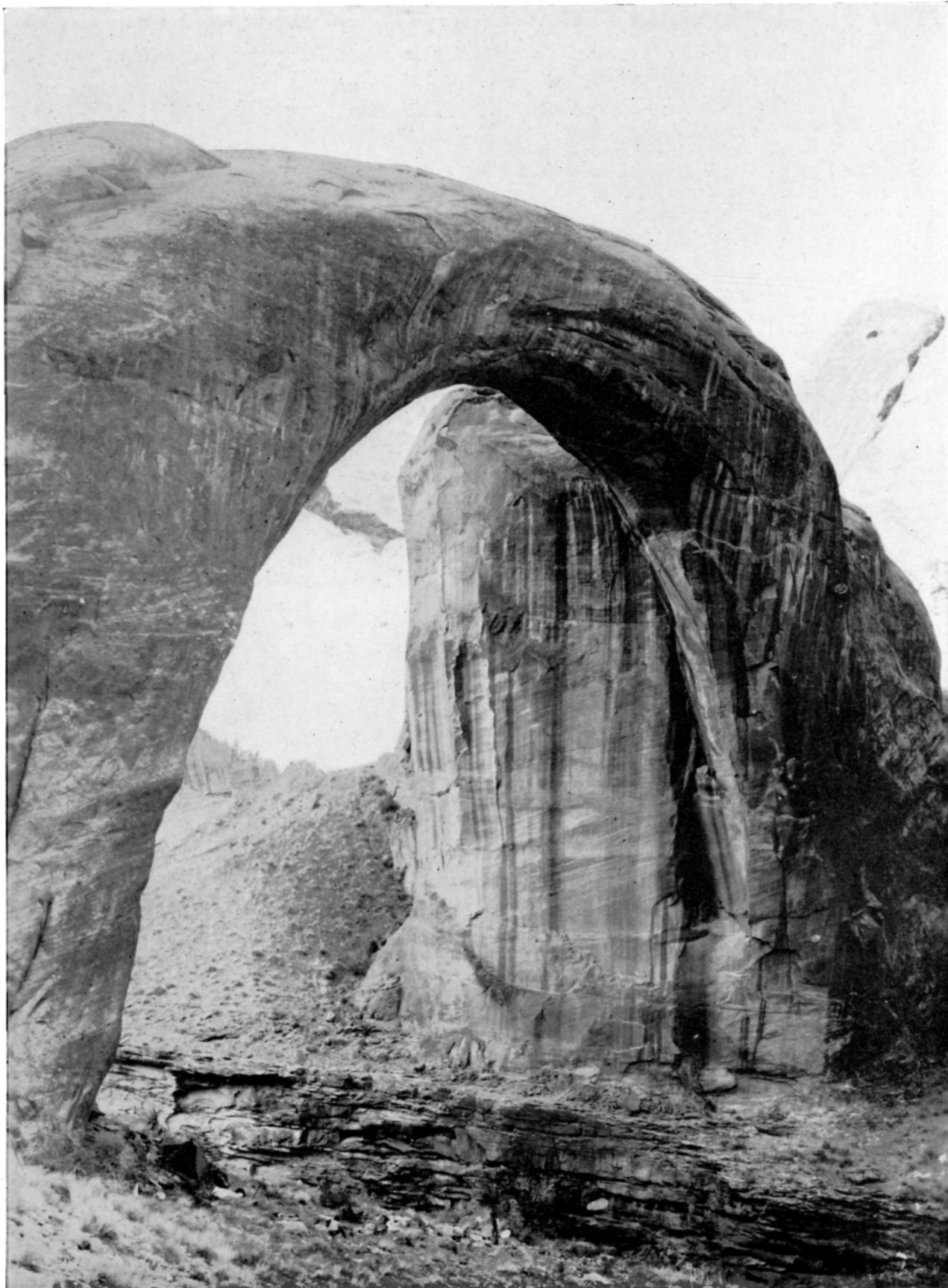
## A NATIONAL PARK CREED

By JOHN C. MERRIAM

*President Carnegie Institution of Washington*

WHILE the National Parks serve in an important sense as recreation areas, their primary uses extend far into that fundamental education which concerns real appreciation of nature. Here beauty in its truest sense receives expression and exerts its influence along with recreation and formal education. To me the parks are not merely places to rest and exercise and learn. They are regions where one looks through the veil to meet the realities of nature and of the unfathomable power behind it.

I CANNOT say what worship really is—nor am I sure that others will do better—but often in the parks, I remember Bryant's lines, "Why should we, in the world's riper years, neglect God's ancient sanctuaries, and adore only among the crowd, and under roofs that our frail hands have raised?" National Parks represent opportunities for worship through which one comes to understand more fully certain of the attributes of nature and its Creator. They are not objects to be worshipped, but they are altars over which we may worship.



*Photograph by S. M. Young, 1909*

**RAINBOW BRIDGE FROM DOWN STREAM**

This first view of the Arch from its west side shows it in its most gracious and beautiful proportions. It is of red sandstone, spanning 278 feet. Its apex rises 309 feet above its base. The Flatiron Building, New York City, with three stories added, could stand beneath it.



Photograph by S. M. Young

DISCOVERERS AT RAINBOW BRIDGE, AUGUST 14, 1909

Front Row: Left to Right, Mike's Boy, John Wetherill, Dr. Byron Cummings, W. B. Douglass and Malcolm B. Cummings  
 Back Row: F. English, Dan Perkins, Jack Keenan, Gene Rogerson, Neil M. Judd and Donald Beauregard

## THE DISCOVERY OF RAINBOW BRIDGE

By NEIL MERTON JUDD

*Curator American Archaeology, United States National Museum*

**T**HIS is an old story, a tale already eighteen years old, but one never before told. It is the story of the discovery of Rainbow Bridge—Nonnezoshe, as the Navaho abbreviate it—colossus among the world's known natural bridges. Nonnezoshe has been plainly described by those who wished to record the fact of its geologic existence in words the appreciative reader could easily comprehend, and it has been adjectived by others who sought merely to convey vivid, personal impressions of this natural phenomenon, with the trials and tribulations of a not-too-comfortable journey going and coming.\* But the story of that first trip when, on August 14, 1909, white men saw the Bridge for the first time, has not previously been written for the public eye. As a member of that group of discovery, I have been invited to tell the story.

Who actually discovered Nonnezoshe? Nobody knows. Some Indian way back in that pre-Columbian past when man romped and roamed widely over this continent of ours but left no written record to prove it. Some Indian was the real discoverer; he stood a moment, dumb with surprise-turning-to-reverence, then straightway built an altar whose rising smoke column carried his prayer of homage up into the turquoise

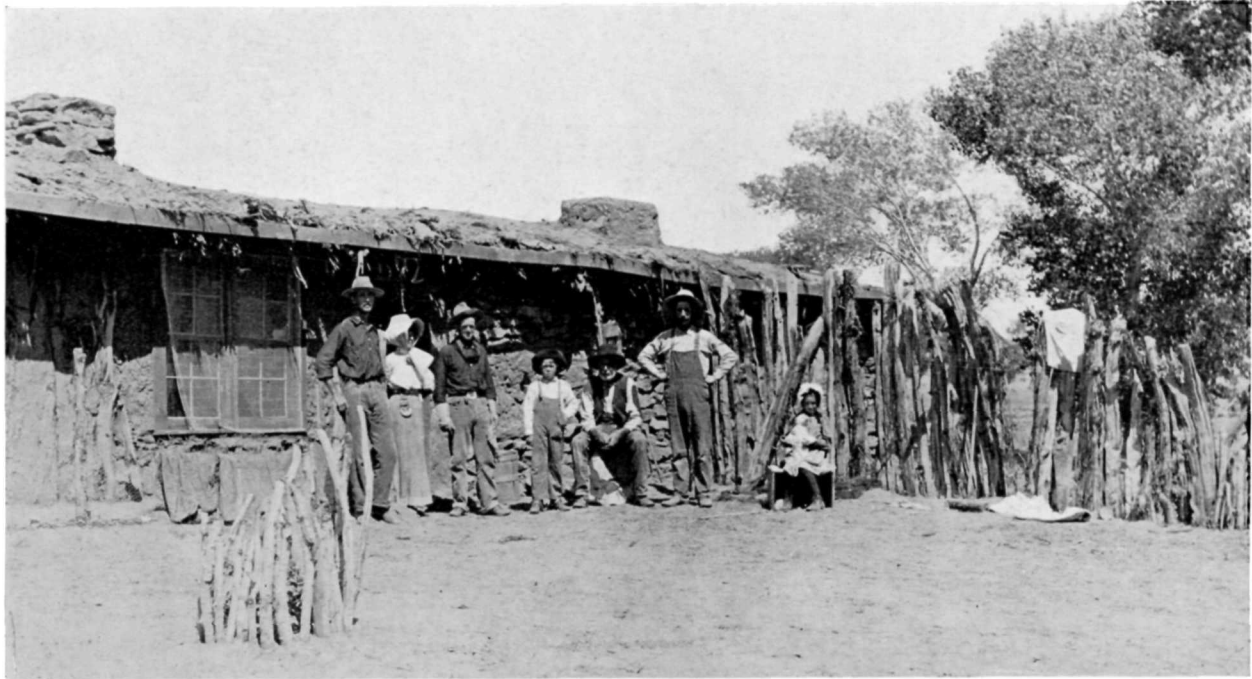
dome where dwells the omniscient Sky Father. But we whites have a conceit all our own which frequently tempts us to ignore the achievements of those of a different hue. A thing clothed in the traditions of a thousand years remains unknown until we, ourselves, have seen and recorded.

Somewhere in the archives of the Department of the Interior is a report identifying Mr. W. B. Douglass as discoverer of Rainbow Bridge. Zane Grey and others have given this honor to John Wetherill, famed plainsman and guide to desert regions. Such statements are incorrect; they pervert the truth or, unwittingly, omit certain essential facts. The first white man ever to have seen Nonnezoshe is Dr. Byron Cummings, now President of Arizona State University. That was on August 14, 1909.

Not only was Professor Cummings the first white man actually to behold the graceful curve of Rainbow Bridge, but he was also leader of a University of Utah party whose purpose was discovery of that Bridge. John Wetherill, like myself, was in the employ of Professor Cummings at the time; Wetherill is too much of a gentleman deliberately to arrogate to himself the rights of his employer. Mr. Douglass, leader of a United States survey party, also had the Bridge as an objective. To aid Douglass, Professor Cummings retraced his steps forty miles and waited two days. Without this gracious and unrecognized act of professional courtesy by Doctor Cummings, it is doubtful that Douglass would have seen Nonnezoshe in 1909;

\*Byron Cummings, in *National Geographic Magazine*, Vol. 21, No. 2, Feb., 1910, and *Bulletin of the University of Utah*, Vol. 3, No. 3, Pt. 1, Nov., 1910; Joseph E. Pogue, *National Geographic Magazine*, Vol. 22, No. 11, Nov., 1911; Zane Grey, in *Recreation*, Vol. 52, No. 2, Feb., 1915; H. E. Gregory, *The Navaho Country*, Water Supply Paper 380, U. S. Geol. Survey, 1916; perhaps others.





Photograph by NEIL M. JUDD

WETHERILL'S TRADING POST AT OLJATO IN 1908

Showing Mr. and Mrs. Wetherill, their two children, and two placer miners from the Rio San Juan. Mr. Clyde Colville, Mr. Wetherill's partner, stands at the left

without the help of John Wetherill it is equally doubtful that Cummings would have succeeded in his purpose; without the first-hand information of Nashjagay, Professor Cummings' Piute guide, it is extremely unlikely that Wetherill or anyone else would have visited Rainbow Bridge that year. This is said with full recognition and appreciation of the fact that, from information previously furnished by Nashjagay and his father, Wetherill successfully guided the combined Cummings and Douglass parties to within little more than a day's ride from the Bridge before the young Piute overtook the expedition.

But it was that last day's ride that counted. It was that last day's ride that threaded the labyrinthian canyons and brought weary men and animals to their goal. Without aid of Nashjagay, the adventure might well have failed; without aid of John Wetherill, the difficulty of conversing with the Piute would have handicapped if, indeed, it had not actually prevented Professor Cummings from carrying out his plans; without aid of Professor Cummings, Mr. Douglass would have been three days or more behind the Utah party; without aid of Mrs. John Wetherill neither Cummings nor Douglass would have learned in 1908, as they did, of the existence of Nonnezoshe or, later, of guides that really knew the route.

It all started in this way. In the early summer of 1908 Professor Cummings, then of Utah State University, extended his archeological surveys south of the Rio San Juan into the Oljato and Marsh Pass districts. The previous season had been devoted to similar researches in southeastern Utah—along Montezuma Creek, Grand Gulch, Armstrong and White canyons in which latter two gorges are to be found the Edwin, Caroline and Augusta natural bridges either one of which might make Virginia justly envious. From Wetherill's trading post at Oljato, Cummings directed his 1908 studies through canyons of unpronounceable

Navaho names—Sagie-ot-soci; Adudgi-gee-i; Sagie proper (the Laguna Creek of early military maps); etc.—to discover Ladder House, Swallow's Nest, and several other cave-ruins. In 1909 he visited Kit-seel, larger than the well-known cliff dwellings of Mesa Verde National Park, and discovered Betata-kin—Hillside House—which I had the privilege of excavating and repairing for the Department of the Interior in 1917.

But it was during the progress of these 1908 explorations along the trail of prehistoric man that Professor Cummings learned from Mrs. Wetherill of the existence, somewhere in the vicinity of Navaho Mountain, of a natural bridge larger than those in White and Armstrong Canyons. The venerable Navaho who first told of the colossal arch had died the previous winter, thus justly punished, his fellows may well have thought, for having divulged a tribal secret. However, Mrs. Wetherill agreed, at Doctor Cummings' request, to make further cautious inquiry during the approaching winter—the Navaho will not tell of mystic things until after frosts have fallen—and make any necessary arrangements whereby the Bridge could be located and visited the following season. Professor Cummings left Oljato in the late summer of 1908, therefore, with two objectives already in view for his 1909 expedition: discovery of the great stone bridge, and continuation of his archeological researches. And, if you have ever met an archeologist, you will know which of these two objectives was uppermost in Cummings' mind.

When the Professor returned in June, 1909, he was informed by Mrs. Wetherill that she had learned of only two Indians, father and son, who actually had seen the Bridge; many had heard of it. These two were Piutes, dwelling in Piute Canyon on the east slope of Navaho Mountain; they had seen the stone rainbow while searching for strayed horses. Through





Photograph by NEIL M. JUDD

#### FIRST JOURNEY TO RAINBOW BRIDGE

Finding a safe way across the "smooth rocks" was not so easy as this view indicates

Mr. Wetherill, Doctor Cummings sent word to the younger Piute, Nashja-begay, engaging him as guide for the Bridge trip whenever the Utah party should complete its archeological work and proceed to the Indan's hogan in Piute Canyon. The first of August was suggested as a most likely time for the venture.

But when August came and John Wetherill arrived, as by agreement, at the Cummings camp in Sagie Canyon he brought word that Mr. Douglass was expected at Oljato in about four days with Rainbow Bridge as his sole objective.

Now only one who knows Professor Cummings can understand how truly characteristic it was for him to order his party back, from a point already forty miles out on the Piute Canyon trail, to await two days the arrival of the Government surveyor. Bear in mind the fact that Professor Cummings had in his employ one of the two Indians who actually had seen Nonnezoshe; bear in mind the further fact that Cummings purposely retraced his steps forty miles and then waited two days to offer the obvious advantage of such guidance gratuitously to the Federal man and you will better understand the impatience of less generous members of the Utah group, and our subsequent disappointment when Douglass announced that Professor Cummings had attached himself to the Federal party! It is because of these facts and my personal recollection of that moment when the Professor drew rein and pointed out to Wetherill, and later to Douglass, the distant curve of Rainbow Bridge that I insist, and shall always insist, that Professor Byron Cummings and no other is the rightful discoverer of Nonnezoshe.

And now, with the background rather sketchily prepared, we may return to our story. From Oljato the combined Cummings-Douglass parties turned north, down the Moonlight, toward its junction with the Rio

San Juan. From Sagie Canyon, Cummings could have followed an easier trail across the higher mesas stretching away from the base of Navaho Mountain; from Oljato, it was necessary to turn far to one side to avoid the deep canyons that separate the frayed ends of those same mesas.

I do not recall where we camped that first night. Probably in the lee of some low sand knoll, with grass nearby for saddle and pack animals and a bit of brush handy for Dutch oven and coffee pot. I do not recall what we had for supper nor many other minor details that a trained story teller would, I suppose, never have forgotten. The first experiences that stand out vividly after eighteen years, were our arrival in Nokai Canyon, our camp there and our exit. Nokai Canyon looms out of the past like the *Mauretania* on a foggy morning.

It had been a long, hard day—not hard as we learned later to know the meaning of that word on the Rainbow Trail—jogging, jogging, jogging through loose, shifting sand down the Moonlight to the San Juan, around ragged points to the mouth of Nokai then up its crooked course a short distance to convenient water pockets and camping space. All day without water under a bronzing sun, across glistening sand; across acres of clicking pebbles, burned brown through eons of time; across endless bare, red rocks to camp on more rocks, more sand. The Professor and his student assistants were somewhat hardened to it, having been doing much the same sort of thing daily for two months past. In that time they had learned to minimize personal conveniences, to sleep in sweaty saddle blankets when necessary, to travel days on a diet of rice thus to lessen the packs and reduce the number of animals in the train. But they cut too close to the bare necessities on the first Bridge trip and, unpardonable blunder, neglected to bring a shoeing outfit.

So fate decreed that one of the first things to be



Photograph by NEIL M. JUDD

FIRST PHOTOGRAPH EVER TAKEN OF RAINBOW BRIDGE

This was what Dr. Cummings discovered, and this is the spot to which he called the other members of the 1909 expedition for their first view of the Great Arch

done at camp at Nokai Canyon was to replace a shoe thrown by a pack horse during the day. And from this distance I recall with some amusement that Wetherill did the task with nails from an old tomato carton, salvaged from the camp site of a defunct placer company, with a cobblestone as shoeing hammer. Trained on the desert as he was, Wetherill seemed prepared for any emergency. In all the years I've known him and trailed the canyon country with him I've never seen Wetherill stumped for long. He might turn around an obstacle; he never turns back from one.

The while supper was preparing. Boiled rice, no doubt—it is light to carry, swells with the cooking and is sufficient. Boiled rice, reddened by sediment in surface water left by the last rains, and baking powder biscuits hot from the Dutch oven! I grieve for any man who escapes these mortal coils without having tasted a Dutch-oven biscuit. What matter if the bread be dun-colored, brick-hued from such scanty water as the desert provides? I've known biscuits so red that experience dictated the wisdom of marking their position, when set out to cool on the red sandstone that answered as table. But such soul-satisfying biscuits, such melt-in-your-mouth biscuits are only produced in a Dutch oven, aged by the pungent smoke of countless sage and cedar fires.

And sleep! After a long hot day across sandy valleys and tablelands, with dust devils whirling and dancing to right and left, sleep comes early and easily. Then tired muscles relax to fit any irregularities of the ground and even a sandstone mattress vies in comfort with the best offered by Fred Harvey's justly famed hotels.

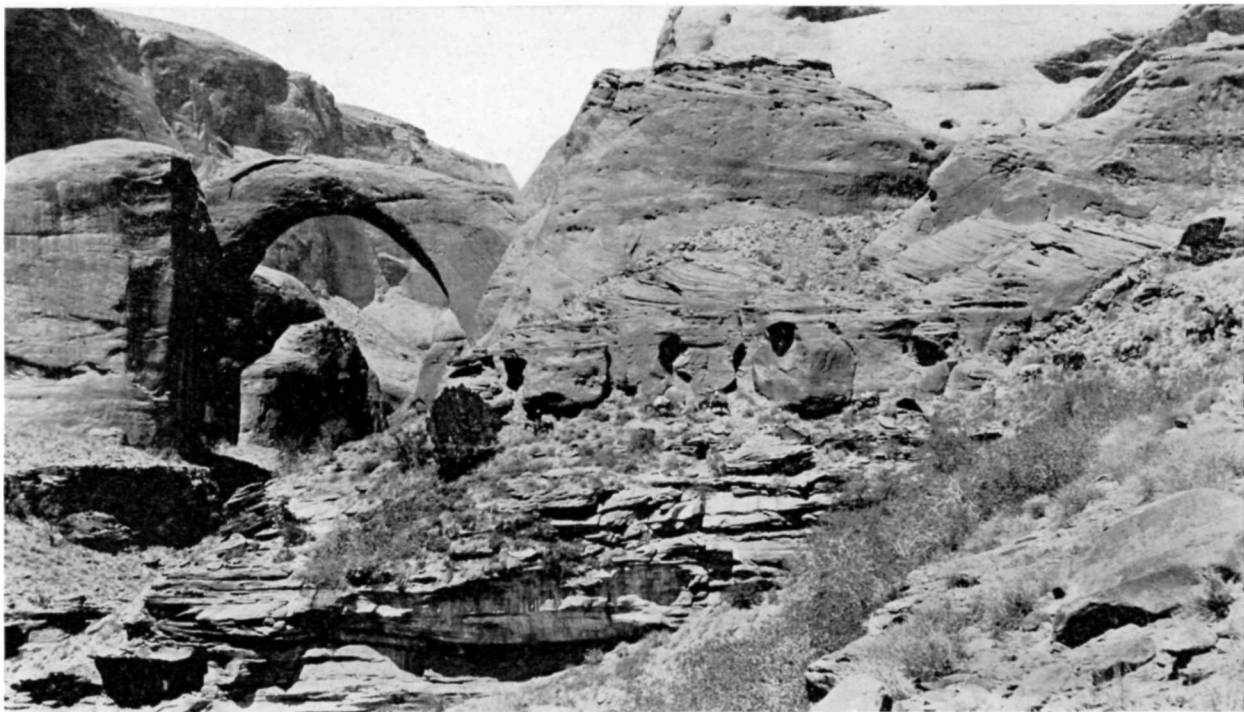
With fading stars the horses were wrangled in, breakfast prepared and the day begun. The long, snake-like trail that led out of Nokai Canyon to the summit of the plateau in 1909 is no longer passable. It is washed out;

abandoned even by the Indians who made it. But when we first climbed it, Nokai trail seemed endless rather than difficult. Up out of the bare, burned valley it crept, hugging the mesa side, turning and twisting but always up, up. There were three or four occasions when the bulkier packs had to be removed and the clumsier horses helped around jagged, treacherous points with rope at neck and hand on tail. Cliffs rose high on the right and dropped sharply away a thousand feet on the left.

Canteens were empty when we reached the top; mouths dry; tongues thick and cottoned. It had been beastly hot on the long, upward grade with a merciless sun beating full upon us. But a mile or more back from the rim, shallow pools of recent rain water marked the summit; into those pools went fevered noses, horses and men side by side. Did you ever stretch out on your belly beside a sun-warmed puddle, frighten away clustering little black wrigglers with a finger wagging at your lips and strain in through clenched teeth long draughts to soothe a parched gullet?

Beyond the mesa top the trail led down into Piute Canyon and here, close by green fields of Indian corn, we expected our guide, Nashja-begay. But the old father, toasting cotton-clad shins on the sunny side of his hogan, informed Wetherill his boy had waited until a day or two before then had gone to the mountain with the family sheep and goats. So we moved on up out of the canyon and through the piñon and cedars that blanket the north slopes of Navaho Mountain. Nashja promised that his son would be recalled immediately and sent on to overtake the party. The old man also refreshed Wetherill's memory as to prominent landmarks that would be met.

Two days later the boy arrived—squat and deeply bronzed, typically Piute in features and mannerisms, reeking with odors of cedar smoke and sheep camp—to



Photograph by NEIL M. JUDD

#### NEARER APPROACH TO THE BRIDGE

Showing pack horses of the Cummings and Douglass parties

find the white men preparing supper beneath the spreading branches of a gnarled piñon. You may confidently expect an Indian to appear just at meal time! I cannot recall the name we gave this particular canyon but the previous night had been spent beside the clear, gurgling waters of Beaver Creek, at the camp site utilized by nearly every subsequent party Nonneszoshe bound.

Between Beaver Creek and the place where Nashjagbegay overtook us was rough going. From vantage points along the trail we looked down the length of sandy mesas, yellowed by sparsely set clumps of bunch grass, toward a purple ribbon that marked the gorge of the Rio Colorado. Vegetation was scant indeed: Rabbit brush, goldened by the summer's sun; scraggy piñon and cedar, half starved for lack of moisture, each tree standing somewhat aloof from its fellows but all forming, when far enough removed, a thin lacework of dark green against the red background of sandstone ridges and flat-topped mesas. Vermillion cliffs etched with magenta shadows! Toward the west, beyond the Colorado, Kaiparowitz Plateau supported a turquoise sky; northward, the Henry Mountains reared through misty distance; close on the left, Navaho Mountain rose in solitary majesty, 10,000 feet above sea level. Where else may such magnificent vistas be found? Where else is Man so impressed with his own relative insignificance?

Bare rock stretched before us. Billows of bare red stone, carved and scoured by wind and sand, reaching mile after rocky mile and always downward from Navaho Mountain into the intricate network of canyons that surrounds it. I still marvel at Wetherill's ability or instinct to lead us over these wind-swept surfaces, around dangerously narrow ledges, past apparently insuperable barriers, without visible evidence of earlier travel to guide him. But he did and brought us finally to the rounded crest of the "smooth rocks," planed surfaces

to which later pilgrims have attached divers, trivial names such as "Looking-glass rock."

Here, at last, a trail! The first sign observed since passing Piute Canyon that other humans had journeyed this way. Shallow steps, pecked with stone hammers, led down the curved nose of the precipice into the valley below. And these steps have a history which I know only in part.

About 1865 the northern Navaho were making a last strenuous stand against American military and civil domination, which had deprived them of that playful sport of harassing Mexican settlements to the southward. Hoskininni was leader of the northern Navaho at that time, a resourceful leader beyond question. In 1866 Captain Kit Carson, with a detachment of United States cavalry, was sent into the red rock country to subdue Hoskininni and his followers. But the wily Navaho gave the soldiers the slip, forded the Rio San Juan supposedly at the Clay Hill crossing, turned through the Clay Hills and doubled back across the river at the lower Piute trail and thence into the rocky, wild, untraveled and uninhabited region northwest of Navaho Mountain. Here his families were never found and Hoskininni gained lasting fame in his tribe for having so cleverly outwitted a soldier and plainsman whose abilities remain unquestioned.

Now Hoskininni is accredited with having cut the steps down the Roman nose of the "smooth rocks" and, in the intricate canyons beyond, hiding away his followers and their herds until the soldiers withdrew. Only one who has stood at the top of those hewn steps and gazed into the maze before; only one who has looked northward from that same point across bumpy miles of bare sandstone—sandstone carved and wind-etched into rounded knolls like close-lying tussocks in a hayfield; only one who has swum his pack train across the treach-





Photograph by S. M. YOUNG

CLOSE VIEW OF THE BRIDGE IN 1909

Its splendid proportions are most apparent from the up-stream side

erous San Juan and viewed Navaho Mountain and its environs from the summit of the Clay Hills can fully appreciate the completeness of Hoskininni's escape. Only such a one can understand that defeat under the circumstances was not seriously to the discredit of cavalymen in a strange canyon country. I believe, too, that the Navaho tradition grown up around Hoskininni's escape boasts unexpected help from tribal gods in that the latter sent sudden floods racing down the San Juan just as Carson and his troopers reached the crossing.

One hesitates before descending Hoskininni's stairway. It is a narrow passage into the unknown. Cliffs fairly echo the old, familiar challenge: "Abandon hope all ye who enter here—." We were tired when we reached the steps. The day had brought fatigue. Our weary horses balked at the dubious prospect; they required much coaxing and some beating. Two of them, trembling with fear and seeking better footing, left the stone-pecked trail, slipped and slid to the bottom, pack and all. Neither was seriously hurt. Both accumulated bruises and left patches of bloody hide on the abrasive rocks. No other damage.

Earlier in the day slow, toilsome progress gave intimation of what still lay ahead. Rocks, ledges, sheer cliffs surrounded us. Rocks everywhere. Couldn't avoid them.

Sand and sandstone. Where were we going and why? Just to find a sandstone bridge two Indians were alleged to have seen. Perhaps they were liars. Indians had lied before. Leg-weary men are easily dissuaded when not especially concerned with a task both exhausting and dubious as to outcome. Two of the surveyor's white assistants openly expressed their discontent. Also, Mr. Douglass' Piute guide, Mike's Boy, and Professor Cumming's Navaho horse wrangler, Dogeye-begay, had had enough; both threatened to quit and return to more agreeable valleys. But Wetherill laughed them to shame and forced their continued, though unwilling, cooperation under threat of telling all the Indians who visited his post that these two had failed under hardship and displayed less stamina than white men. Douglass has maintained that his Piute was the real guide of the expedition, although Mike's Boy confessed to Wetherill before reaching Nokai Canyon that he had no certain information of the Bridge yet hoped to learn the way from such Indians as might be met along the trail.

So it was a tired and partially disheartened group that made its way down the stone stairway, trailed along the sandy floors of more rocky canyons and came finally to camp beneath the gnarled branches of a sheltering piñon. The site chosen for the night was pleasing enough. Piñons



and cedars formed a green screen beyond which rose lofty sandstone cliffs, their strength and majesty enhanced by the setting sun. Camp was carpeted with soft white sand that lifted after dragging feet and mixed, it is safe to say, with the food in preparation. Boiled rice again; corn fresh from the can; Dutch-oven biscuits; hot tea flavored with alkali.

It was just here, with the party gathered for supper around a canvas spread on the sand, that Nashja-begay arrived. He smiled a friendly greeting and, I like to believe, felt somewhat chagrined that the expedition had advanced so far without him. But the jaded spirit of the party revived so soon as the Piute dismounted and gave attention to his portion of the evening repast. Nashja-begay knew the trail to Rainbow Bridge; he had seen the Bridge; Rainbow Bridge was our goal and, despite the doubts entertained by some as to the wisdom and ultimate success of our adventure, hopes rose speedily with the arrival of Nashja-begay. The camp fire burned later that night and Professor Cummings, with Wetherill translating, questioned the Indian as to the latter's absence from home when we were expected; reviewed the hours we had spent on the trail since leaving Piute Canyon, and gained a more intimate understanding of what still lay between us and our objective.

We broke camp next morning with lighter hearts; some of us even whistled as we whacked lagging pack horses into line. Professor Cummings and Wetherill were in the lead; Nashja-begay rode mostly with the other Indians yet responded promptly whenever doubt arose concerning the direction to be taken. The trail was perhaps even more wearisome than that of the day before but the mere presence of Professor Cummings' Piute guide created a feeling of assurance that smoothed difficulties. Nashja-begay knew the way! We crossed through Paradise Valley, the most delightfully secluded and picturesque retreat on the Rainbow Trail, threaded a footsore way through polished boulders that pave successive ridges on the western slopes of Navaho Mountain, and came finally to an upper arm of Nonnezoshe-boko—the canyon of the rainbow-turned-to-stone.

Beauty and weirdness clothe Navaho Mountain and the canyons that serrate its western base. But the weird beauty of that silent region was not fully appreciated by the first party of white men to traverse it. Not until 1923, when I visited Rainbow Bridge for the second time, again under Wetherill's guidance and along trails now well-marked and easily followed, did I find the inclination to note and enjoy my surroundings. Solitude is to be found there; ragged canyons thread downward and away; cliffs pile upon cliffs; the hazy blue walls of distant red mesas inclose the entire district. A few miles away, purple shadows mark the inner gorge of the Rio Colorado. Near at hand, Navaho Mountain raises its gray bulk, dressed with rock pine at the shoulders; girded about the waist with cedar and piñon forests.

But the wild beauty of these untamed canyons is not for everyone. From Wetherill's present post at Kayenta, the ride is only for those somewhat accustomed to the saddle and to blankets spread on the ground beneath gorgeous skies, sparkling with low-hung stars. By way of Rainbow Lodge, automobiles now transport one to within a day's pack from the Bridge but I, for one, shall always prefer the longer way if only to escape the more completely from a normally civilized mode of life.

The present trail through Nonnezoshe-boko is not the

one we traced in 1909. That of today is as the Lincoln highway to a picket fence. In 1923 I tried to mark our earlier pathway. It was not easy. Many unforgettable landmarks loomed here and there: Lofty red cliffs with scarred faces and bruised crests; rock-strewn taluses down which we had zig-zagged; dunes of yellow, blown sand beneath canyon walls. But mostly the different points of view created pictures too altered for prompt recognition.

Memory may play me false, but that first trip through Rainbow Bridge Canyon stands out as the most trying I have ever experienced. Others have approached, none surpassed, it. And I remember, too, that my particular charge on that 1909 trip was an old brown pack horse, grown weary and utterly disgusted with our adventure. Brownie had a beastly habit of dodging behind convenient cedars, of scraping his pack against jutting rocks, of looking apologetic when discovered browsing complacently in secluded corners.

Tired animals occupied the attention of tired men on that first journey down Nonnezoshe-boko. Then we saw the canyon walls not as things of indescribable beauty but only as obstacles to our progress and barriers against return. Red cliffs rose close on either side—red sandstone cliffs, brown-streaked and fractured. Our course lay now across a sliding talus; now wound through the cobble-paved stream bed.

Mr. Douglass was in advance of the packs, his big roan sweaty with hard riding. How many miles we traveled that last morning I have no means of knowing. Time has obliterated the lesser details of that 1909 adventure. But I recall vividly the distinct thrill I experienced as I urged the brown horse over the crest of a rounded knoll and saw Professor Cummings, some rods in advance, suddenly draw rein and point down canyon. Then Wetherill reached his side; they stood in silence as others gathered. Of course I sensed that Nonnezoshe itself had at last come into view, and I am sure my rope plied the brown pack horse more vigorously than was necessary. I caught my first glimpse of Rainbow Bridge just as Mr. Douglass joined the silent group on the rim of the inner gorge. Never shall I forget that moment!

From the point where we first observed it, Nonnezoshe appeared rather insignificant, dwarfed, as it was, by red sandstone cliffs towering five hundred feet or more above. Brown rock masses protruded from the left; at the next bend, others extended from the right. The canyon twisted and turned; it folded and unfolded upon itself. A few steps to one side and the arch quickly disappeared. Only from one distant vantage point could it be separated from its enveloping cliffs. From that one point Professor Cummings discovered Nonnezoshe; from that same point of view each other member of the joint expedition first beheld Rainbow Bridge.

Oh, I remember it well! Those massive red cliffs, patched and streaked with brown; purple shadows and a faint bluish haze down canyon; shelving rock beneath the ledge on which we stood; brick-colored taluses flecked with yellow bunch grass and rabbit brush.

For moments we stood in silent admiration. Rainbow Bridge! The goal for which we had labored and endured much! It stood there before us, half hidden by the cliffs of which it formed a part. Human weariness, aches and pains were momentarily forgotten. We had attained the mystic stone rainbow; we had seen what few living men, white or red, had ever seen.



Photograph by NEIL M. JUDD

#### FIRST PHOTOGRAPH OF BRIDGE FROM DOWN STREAM

John Wetherill and Donald Beauregard climbed to the top and built there a monument with fragments of the sandstone casts from ancient mammal bones weathered from upper levels. Note the two men on the bridge and the horses in the foreground

It was near mid-day. A noon-time sun blazed down into the gorge and sent ripples of heat shimmering along each out-standing ridge. Silence ruled. We were the only living things astir. The crunching of hoofs on graveled slopes echoed from wall to wall and died away. Echo lived and died.

But when we came at last beneath the great arch, packs and saddles were first removed. Our animals had fared far worse than we. Nearly every horse had lost its shoes during the preceding four days. Hoofs were worn to the quick; in some instances, were bleeding. Heads drooped; exhausted muscles could force weary legs no further. Not until the slanting shadows of late afternoon ushered soothing breezes through the canyon did our horses move out along the hillside to crop such dry grass as could readily be obtained. Saddle and pack horses bore the burden of that 1909 trip. And they had no ambition to gratify; no interest, whatever, in Rainbow Bridge.

Nonnezoshe awes one into silence. I don't know why, but it does. Perhaps one is impressed there, as in other rare corners of the world, with the near presence of the Master Builder. A graceful curve of buff-colored stone spreading 274 feet and reaching skyward 308 feet in a thin arch that would span the Capitol at Washington. Before such unmistakable evidence of the Supreme Architect, one stands as in a temple. I noticed this effect on trail-soiled humans that mid-day of August 14, 1909, when we stood, bareheaded beneath the towering arch; I observed the same effect fourteen years later, on the occasion of my second visit. Indians, even more than white men, pay homage to the phenomena of Nature.

The Navaho have a tradition that long, long ago, one of their hero gods, hunting in the canyon, was suddenly entrapped by a rush of flood waters. In this predicament, with escape cut off, death for the hunter seemed unavoidable. But just then the great Sky Father cast a rainbow before the torrent, the hero god climbed to safety across the arch, the latter turned to stone and has so remained until this very day as proof

to all of the omnipotence of our Sky Father and His constant watchfulness over His earth children.

Near the down-curving buttress, but slightly to one side, is a small heap of stones inclosing a slab-sided receptacle—the altar of cliff-dwelling peoples who roamed this canyon country long before the Navaho won it for themselves. Coals lighted at this crude altar perhaps 2,000 years ago conveyed the prayers of prehistoric man to the same Sky Father that most men, irrespective of color, recognize today.

It is said that devout Piute and Navaho Indians will not today pass beneath the stone rainbow without first voicing the prayer prescribed for such passing. Most whites approach Nonnezoshe in similar spirit although now and again one will appear who seems utterly calloused to things sublime. It all depends, of course, upon one's point of view. But I doubt that I shall ever wholly forgive the man who came all the way from New York—it must have been New York—just to be the first to drive a golf ball over Rainbow Bridge. If there be glory in such a feat—and feat it truly is—I willingly grant it him. He came not to see Nonnezoshe but to boast. Were I a golfer I should say that such a man needs remodeling with his own niblick.

Strange tales are being woven about the Rainbow Natural Bridge, mostly by those who never saw it. Out of Los Angeles there recently issued a story that Doctor Cummings and his party erased the names of earlier visitors, carved at the base of the Bridge. That story is an utter lie. There were no names on Nonnezoshe before August 14, 1909; every name carved since has been removed by John Wetherill in his duty as Government Custodian of a National Monument.

On the California Limited, while penciling these lines, I chanced to overhear a description of Rainbow Bridge. That description caught my ear; I couldn't avoid it. Later I questioned the gentleman as to when and how he had visited the arch. Briefly, it was long ago, before anyone else had seen it, and he had driven right up to the Bridge in a wagon. That's the gospel truth! He had driven to Rainbow Bridge in a wagon!



Photograph by NEIL M. JUDD

#### IN PIUTE CANYON ON JOURNEY OUT

Dr. Cummings third from left of those kneeling. Mr. Douglass wears the cap; his Piute guide, Mike's boy, standing on left

Well might the desert gods weep at tales told of Nonnezoshe—by those who never saw it!

About mid-afternoon of the first day at Rainbow Bridge some few of us decided to turn down canyon to see the Rio Colorado. Our position had been estimated as about 6 miles from the river; the walk down and back, 12 miles, could be made before dark. At least so we thought. Well, we saw the Colorado and we got back to camp somewhere around midnight, but we were drenched to the skin, bruised of body and mind. Below the Bridge, Nonnezoshe-boko crowds in; it becomes a mere slit through solid sandstone. In places, one's outstretched fingers could almost touch the two walls of the gorge; high overhead, a thin ribbon of daylight. Behind huge, polished boulders and at angles of the canyon were pools of clear, cold water. Returning, we stumbled into those same pools and bumped shins against jagged rocks after our supply of matches gave out. The gorge was jet black; far above, stars seemed as threaded beads. Just within the mouth of Bridge Canyon, under the overhanging north wall, is a dilapidated cliff-dwelling, re-occupied by later gold seekers. Abandoned miner's tools and camp equipment littered the cave in 1909.

Both the Navaho and Piute peoples know Rainbow Bridge. They told us of it and they gave us its name. The Piute call it Barohoini—The Rainbow. Navaho describe it as Nonnezoshe—The Arch; less frequently, according to Mrs. Wetherill, Nah-gee-lid nonnezoshe—The Rainbow Arch. This anglicized spelling of Indian names is not altogether successful, I admit, but it conveys the idea. Nonnezoshe is an "arch" rather than a "bridge."

About noon of August 15, Professor Cummings and the members of his party set out upon the return journey to Oljato, by way of Nitsie Canyon. The year before, Doctor Cummings had found Inscription House, with its 17th century Spanish date, in Nitsie-boko and was desirous of exploring neighboring canyons for other ruins. Mr. Douglass and his assistants remained

to establish the boundaries of what President Taft, on May 30, 1910, designated The Rainbow Bridge National Monument. Nonnezoshe, therefore, is now administered by the National Parks Service, Department of the Interior. John Wetherill, as Custodian in charge of the Monument, may draw the characteristic wage of \$1.00 per month; he apparently is expected to maintain the Rainbow Trail, 100 miles long, and 300 miles from a railroad, out of the savings from his monthly salary.

There is but little more to the story of the discovery of Rainbow Natural Bridge. Before departing that August morning eighteen years ago, Professor Cummings offered Mr. Douglass my services as guide to Kit-seel and Betata-kin, the latter an imposing cliff-dwelling discovered by the Professor early that same summer. His offer accepted, Doctor Cummings instructed me to remain with Mr. Douglas until his survey at the Bridge had been completed; thereafter to conduct the surveyor to the two ruins mentioned and rejoin the Utah party at the earliest practicable date. These instructions were followed.

With the Douglass party, therefore, our trail to Nonnezoshe was retraced until within a short distance of Piute Canyon when we turned sharply around the east base of Navaho Mountain and bore in a southeasterly direction, circling the head of Piute Canyon and thence down into Sagie-boko. This was the easier trail Wetherill had recommended and which Professor Cummings had intended to follow until he learned of Douglass' coming and returned to Oljato gratuitously to share his guide, Nashja-begay, with the Federal surveyor. Since I have ridden from Rainbow Bridge by way of Sagie Canyon on two separate occasions, I can vouch for the ease and greater speed of the latter trail over that through Nokai Canyon. To one seeking recreation and an ever changing panorama, the Sagie route is greatly to be preferred; indeed, it is the only route that may safely be traveled today.

In 1909, we were still paralleling the rim of Piute



Canyon when my attention was drawn to the number of Indians journeying in our direction. These usually jogged along with us a short way then passed on at a gallop. The Indians traveled in groups of from two to half a dozen; several such groups were leading race horses. The very multiplicity of tracks along the trail indicated that a considerable number of Indians had already passed; that some sort of celebration, including horseracing, was scheduled in the vicinity. Inquiry confirmed this supposition: A Navaho war ceremonial, long since prohibited by the Government, was to begin the following night not far from the trail we were following.

We continued until Indians were encountered approaching from the opposite direction, then made camp and awaited developments. About 9 o'clock drums sounded through the cedars off to the right. On foot, we made a tortuous way toward those drums. Fires soon conquered the night and we emerged finally into a clearing in which some six hundred Navaho were congregated for the beginning of a three-day and three-night affair. Piles of burning trees lighted the gathering. To one side, a hundred or more close-packed men swayed to the rhythm of a spirited chant. Old Baneed-i-cloy, fanatical Navaho, slipped from the shadows and beckoned his clan. His hate for the white man was deep rooted; he would not lose the present opportunity for further deviltry. But our chance part in this forbidden ceremony has nothing to do with the discovery of Rainbow Bridge. It is a story that must await its own turn.

Professor Cummings and his party had other adventures following departure from Nonnezoshe. With eye and ear on the trail of ancient man, the Professor turned aside to examine cave dwellings and ruins in the lower tributaries of Piute Canyon. And all the while empty saddle bags and empty stomachs urged haste in reaching the nearest stock of canned stuff. One fat young mutton, thought the Professor, would enable his party to linger another day. But no one wanted to sell a fat, young mutton.

Bargaining and the display of silver heralded the advance of the Utah party from one Indian camp to another. The supper hour was near at hand and breakfast that morning had been meager indeed. Still, no young mutton. Oljato was two days distant. The situation grew irksome and the more one dwelt upon it the hungrier one became. There seemed to be a combine of some sort—producers organized against the consumer. But, finally, at almost the last hogan in the canyon a venerable Piute expressed his willingness to sell a goat. He would part with no sheep and no young goats; nothing but the one brindled ram that browsed cautiously beside his cornfield fence.

Each member of the party brought a different version

of that purchase back to Oljato but all agreed the Professor was too inconsiderate in wheedling the old Piute into selling that particular goat. It seems the critter was something of a family heirloom, and the gnarled and wrinkled Indian, when still a young lad, had grazed it with the rest of the family flock out along the rim of Nokai Canyon. Indian and goat were equally weather-beaten and scarred; both stayed at the hogan because neither was able to follow the trail to the mesa top. But Cummings got his goat! And as the old ram had long resisted the onslaught of Time so did he, in death, resist the Utah party, with its combined determination and culinary ability. He wouldn't fry; he wouldn't bake. Strips of his pale flesh sizzled and smoked on hot coals but remained as unmasterable as a piñon knot. He wouldn't boil. According to the reports that awaited me at Oljato, that Piute goat would do nothing except soak—owing, presumably, to his long life of deprivation on the desert. He softened a bit with repeated boilings but he didn't weaken. And that is why the Cummings' party lived three days on goat consomme.

Douglass and his crew fared better. We were on half rations or less but we journeyed through greener pastures and were able to purchase roasting ears and squash-flavored watermelons from Piute or Navaho farmers. However flat-stomached we may have felt at the time, after eighteen years the incident may be brushed aside with a depreciative, somewhat pompous wave of the hand. It was as nothing! We worked down from the plateau into upper Sagie Canyon, passed Toh-anish-cushie—a marvelous bubbling spring, since destroyed by caving arroyo banks—passed the mouth of the side canyon that shelters Betata-kin ruin and made camp beneath the terraced roofs of ancient Kit-seel. There I took leave of Mr. Douglass and his assistants and, next evening, rejoined my own party at Wetherill's trading post. The last 10 miles were made on foot, my horse, utterly exhausted and unable to go further, having been temporarily abandoned in a grassy meadow that promised rest and new strength. A few days later the Utah party resumed its march—through Monument Valley, across the Rio San Juan to Bluff, and by wagon and train to Salt Lake City.

Thus ended the first visit of white men to Rainbow Natural Bridge. Many have seen it since; still more will see it as the years roll by. Strange tales—tales truthful or otherwise—will be heard in Pullman cars and elsewhere concerning the mystic Bridge country and the difficulty of penetrating it. But it was the story of that first trip, when white men marked the way; it was that moment on August 14, 1909, when Professor Cummings directed the attention of his companions to the stone arch, half hidden among the folding walls of Nonnezoshe-boko, that needed telling.



Photograph by FRED HARVEY

IN THE NAVAHO COUNTRY



# THE PARK NATURALIST'S RESPONSIBILITIES

By LOYE MILLER

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SINCE the inauguration of an official Nature Guide Service by the Parks administration in the Yosemite National Park in 1920, the movement has grown rapidly in extent and in apparent favor with the public. The general administration and the local superintendents have looked with increasing favor upon it, until now there are few of the national parks that do not have at least a part-time naturalist. It was the writer's privilege to aid in the inauguration of this work at Yosemite, privately sponsored in 1917 and officially so in 1920 and 1921. The subsequent rapid and healthy development of the Yosemite venture under other guidance made easier the acceptance of an invitation to install the service at Crater Lake in 1926 and the function of this note is to record my pleasure in the birth of a similar service on the rim of that sky bowl of incredible blue.

When asked my opinion of the infant effort in Yosemite seven years ago, I told Mr. C. M. Goethe, one of its godfathers, that it was a movement of "infinite horizon." I had forgotten the expression until he reminded me of it the other day, but I am again impressed with the truth of the phrase.

The whole natural park movement has gone forward tremendously of late years. Cities, Counties, States, the Nation—all and separately have approved the idea and have taken steps to provide, where possible, unspoiled bits of natural terrain, or have endeavored to restore to natural semblance some despoiled area. The National Parks too are "natural" parks, and increasing numbers respond to the appeal of "natural" environments.

The major portion of those who come to such parks are incipient naturalists whether they know it or not. Otherwise would they seek other amusement centers where they would find art galleries, theaters, great libraries, symphony orchestras, lecture bureaus, or the less enlightening types of pastime. Even the unsocialized primitive who leaves the remains of his lunch and the entire Sunday edition of his newspaper under the tree where he wallowed his holiday through has a spark of nature response in him. Our national park patrons then are most of them temperamentally open to the appeal of natural scenery and ready to be led to an understanding of the natural features, ready to profit by their visit to the park beyond the mere acquiring of an additional sticker on the windshield. Such assistance is the function and the opportunity of a department of adult education represented by the park naturalist.

Our park appropriation provides for roads, sanitation, fire and police protection, and such material comforts as are feasible, that the visitor may enjoy his vacation by a partial relapse into the primitive, and such is good for the most of us. Yet it does not entirely cover the situation. The park naturalist should be there to serve these incipient naturalists. The body needs a vacation but even more does the mind need it. Much truth lies in the statement that "a vacation consists in a change of thought," and my personal opinion is that the average American needs more consideration for his psychology than for his general physiology. We are a restless people, an energetic, aggressive, need-to-be-doing-some-

thing people, who, like children, *will* be doing something, and, if there is not something worth while to do, will do something that is not worth while or that is even vicious.

As the hours of productive employment are more and more reduced it becomes increasingly important that the remainder of the twenty-four hour cycle be taken care of. Today we have the strife for entertainment becoming sometimes more hectic and destructive than the strife of production. Much of our so-called recreation is not creative to corroded nervous tissues. We can not even eat our meals in peace at some types of public "service stations" for he was not entirely a cynic who defined "cabaret" as a "device that took the rest out of restaurant and put the din in dinner". We need a return to more normal recreation such as the national parks, properly appreciated, will afford.

What is this normal to which we should temporarily return? It is a closer approach to that interrelation between nervous and muscular tissues that millenniums of adaptation have brought about. Studies of fatigue in muscle indicate that irritability of the nerves is reduced by a sort of narcotic action of the products of muscular activity beginning with sarcolactic acid as the earliest recognized step in a series of katabolic changes. In other words the neuro-muscular combination is self-regulative and normal muscular activity produces its own normal "sleeping powder"—the only such that is excusable without prescription of a careful physician. Primitive man chased his food, chased his clothing, chased his enemy or fled from him, and his business cares were few. He was a creature of physical rather than nervous activity and the ages have brought about a biologic adaptation between these tissues, that is presumably normal. There was sufficient muscular activity to palliate the nervous irritability of an average primitive day.

Civilized man of the rather brief modern period has greatly disturbed this balance. He has pressed down on one scale pan by enormously increasing the number of stimuli and he has lifted up on the other by reducing to the minimum the calls upon his muscular system. Far be it from one who so greatly rejoices in the fact of being alive in these wondrous times to advocate a wholesale return to the primitive life, but I do advocate and do urge the wisdom of return at periods in our Natural Parks.

I advocate also, along with the conservation of certain natural areas, the conservation of our ability to enjoy; and the more types of proper things we learn to enjoy, the better. Only a happy people can make up a healthy nation, hence anything that the state can do to make people sanely happy is very much the state's concern. The best definition I can compile for happiness is that it consists in the proper satisfying of normal desires. The desires of the healthy animal are normal to man and our National Parks may help him to a proper satisfying of his several appetites for food, drink, exercise and the like. He has however certain intellectual appetites: desire to understand and to achieve. He has also an appetite for social contacts, for we are naturally animals that live in packs or colonies and the craving for society of some sort exerts a powerful influence upon our

“selves”. We starve if we lack social contacts which normally are furnished by others of our own species. The recluse is an abnormal, but still even the recluse has associations with books, trees, mountains, birds or other forms which he has personified. How many old prospectors or hermits have made friends with the wood rats, the chickadees, or the foxes about their cabins? They even personify their winchesters or six shooters and talk to them quite at length.

We are all of us, just a bit queer, even “thee and me,” so most of us enjoy acquaintanceships among the natural habitants of the woods or the mountain top, and the pleasure of making or of renewing these acquaintances may tempt one to the physical exercise that he needs in order to induce natural hunger, thirst and sleep. Thus does his enjoyment become two-fold; both mind and body are nourished, the horizon is extended and the spirit is enlarged.

The function of the park naturalist lies in just that direction. He must lead his park guests to a pleasurable and intelligent appreciation of the parks natural features. He must conserve and add to their enjoyment and thus enlarge life for them. The oriental concept of art is that it should conduce to “repose of spirit.” I think the Occidental concept is that the function of art is the enlargement of the spirit.

In this respect, then, the park naturalist should be a constructive artist with boundless sympathy for nature and a great love for plain “folks.” His mission is a pleasant one—that of making folks happy—and he sometimes does it in an algebraic fashion by subtracting from their unhappiness, taking away some of their fears of the out of doors, the things that make them hesitate to go into the woods or sleep under the stars. Afraid of “mountain lions,” afraid of bats, afraid of lizards. A proper understanding of the out of doors, and these fears drop away, the park visitor is released from certain fears and the way is opened for positive enjoyment, physical enjoyment, aesthetic enjoyment for intellectual stimulus, and for expansion of horizon. Certainly all this should work toward that “enlargement of the spirit” which is the function both of art and of science.

The park naturalist has a great opportunity and he should have unlimited vision.

May I add that the administration has a great responsibility. Let us hope its sight also may be clarified.

### THE KERN RIVER

The new national park river, the Kern, ranks with the Middle Fork of the Kings; they are principal streams.

Both originate in the great backbone of the Sierra and its network of supporting and flanking ranges. Their immense drainage basins, together constituting the most gorgeous high-altitude region in America, are separated by the Great Western and Kings-Kern Divides, the Kings flowing west, the Kern flowing south.

The greater part of the three hundred and forty-eight square miles added a year ago to Sequoia National Park constitute the Kern's birth chamber. It is roughly a great oval bounded by mountains unexcelled in loftiness and beauty in the United States, broken only in the south.

Below these lofty surrounding walls, innumerable glacial lakelets collect the drippings of the everlasting snows; from these a thousand streams converge in greater streams, and these in streams still greater, to swell the cold rushing waters of the Kern.

## LAWS REQUIRING REPEAL

### One Authorizing National Park on Grandfather Mountain, and Another Deputing Right to Grant Water Power Licenses

THE Temple Act authorizing conditional national parks in the Blue Ridge and Great Smoky Mountains, and the Ernst-Thatcher Act conditionally authorizing creation of Mammoth Cave as a national park, are not, as many suppose, the first of their kind. On June 12, 1917, Congress authorized a national park on the summit of Grandfather Mountain, North Carolina, conditional on its being found acceptable by the Secretary of the Interior.

Owners of a large forested area which included this mountain had, earlier in the year, offered to present a small area on its extreme summit to the government provided that it should be called a national park and developed accordingly. This, upon examination, was declined by the National Park Service.

Nevertheless, at the end of the session, the following rider was put through with the Sundry Civil Bill:

“Hereafter the Secretary of the Interior is authorized to accept for park purposes any lands and rights of way, including the Grandfather Mountain, near or adjacent to the Government forest preserve in western North Carolina.”

This is still law, which any future Secretary of the Interior, should he feel so disposed, might act upon without further preliminary. It ought to be killed.

### Dangerous Division of National Parks Into Two Chronological Classes

Another act of special legislation that badly needs revision was passed in March, 1921, indirectly but very definitely granting to the Federal Power Commission unconditional authority to issue water power leases in all national parks which should be created after that date.

Since then, every bill for a new national park is obliged to carry a special clause excepting it from the authority of the Federal Power Commission. Some day this will be forgotten, and a precedent established which future would-be despoilers of the System may find very useful. This feature of an otherwise admirable act was in effect special legislation, the purpose of which has now passed. It should be repealed.

The time has come when our National Park laws should be thoroughly revised and the standards which have been recognized since the beginning of the system in 1872 incorporated beyond question of dispute.

### STATE LAND SURVEYS PROPOSED

AT ITS annual meeting in May, the National Conference on State Parks recommended that each State should make a survey of all existing major uses of lands, and that each should develop a “general plan for showing possible or desirable areas to be devoted to parks, recreation, timber production, agriculture, water power, industry, commerce and urban residential development, and showing means of communication and transportation to and among such areas.”



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#### A STREAM IN THE GREAT SMOKIES

“The forest, watered by a thousand streams, is by far the most luxuriant in all our East—almost tropical in richness and variety, and the size of its trunks”

## BOOK ON GREAT SMOKY

### Our Coming National Park and the Unique People who have Lived on its Hilly Borders for More than a Century

**I**N THESE mountains, thanks to their isolation, as in no others, the original American frontiersman has been preserved.”

So writes Robert Lindsay Mason in his “Lure of the Great Smokies” of a unique and lovable people resident from ancient times in the low hills surrounding our proposed Great Smoky National Park. Because of their isolation, he tells us, “this blood has kept its original force and individuality.” These people are “descendants of old Scotland’s borderers who helped the Irish Presbyterians fight for the separation of Church and State, Englishmen who sought release from royal Episcopacy, and the original Palatinates who scorned court sycophancy in their decadent countries.

#### Last Survival, Perhaps, of Deer-Slayer Days

“They have preserved in a fortunate environment their original instincts and conditions along with their primeval forests.”

“This region,” he continues, “is by no means an American ‘melting-pot’—far from it. Its people are as individual, upstanding and clean-cut as the vast mountain places in which they live. They are still the frontiersmen and frontierswomen of a hundred years ago, with much the same ideas and habits of living. Very possibly this is the last tragic stand in the United States today of the deerslayer days.”

Thus our coming national park will perpetuate, in its immediate environs, a human exhibit as unique as the magnificent original unmodified forest enshrined within its borders.

Mr. Mason’s book has the fascination and worthwhileness that only a gifted keen observer, lover both of man and mountain, can impart to description of a region which commands his personal devotion as well as admiration.

#### Contribution to National Place Literature

To him mountains and mountaineers are inseparable parts of an adorable whole. He loves the great central uplift with its covering of heavy virgin forest for its own great sake. Of the grandeur of its contour, the richness of its beauty, and the splendor of its original unmodified forest, in which it is unapproached by any other area east of the Rockies, he discourses with enthusiasm not unmixed in places with suggestion of the awe that unquestionably the visitor feels often in the presence of these mountains.

We recommend not only to those interested in mountains of genuine national park quality, but generally also to students of mountains and mountaineers, this valuable contribution to our national place literature. The book has 320 pages and 64 illustrations. It is published at \$4.50 by the Houghton Mifflin Company.

#### ALL ABOARD FOR COLUMBIA CREST!

According to the Associated Press, the Seattle Chamber of Commerce has passed a resolution favoring a tramway to the summit of Mount Rainier to replace present dangerous paths.



# SENATE COMMITTEE FOR BECHLER BASIN

## *Present Status of Addison T. Smith's Attempt to Bite a Reservoir Site out of Yellowstone's Beautiful Cascade Corner*

IT WAS not until after the final dissolution of the Sixty-ninth Congress last May that a special Senate committee reported a hearing held nine months before on Representative Addison T. Smith's project to cut the Bechler Basin out of Yellowstone National Park for a local reservoir. No clearer indication than this significant delay is needed of the purpose to carry this issue over into the Seventieth Congress in hope of backing it by political pressure. Political jugglery in ante-election sessions has determined national park legislation in one instance at least in the past, but any idea these people may have that the hand of the government will ever be lifted against Yellowstone is absurd.

This handling of the project strongly suggests methods which were too common in Congress before Roosevelt, but do not chord with the finer spirit of today.

Manœuvering has characterized this promotion from its very start in 1919. At that time, wanting to plant his reservoir inside national park boundaries, Mr. Smith handled his bill so quietly that it was within probably a fortnight of final passage when discovered and defeated by a protest of national size and compelling vigor.

### **Trying the Strangle Grip**

During succeeding years, other projects destructive of national park standards which had been planned to follow it were similarly defeated one by one, and the principle was at last soundly established that no commercial projects were to be conducted within national park boundaries. That is why the Smith project now reappears in a new shape. What they propose doing if they can is to redraw the Yellowstone boundary so as to leave the reservoir site outside the national park. It will then be easy to get.

But Mr. Smith and his friends feared to introduce a bill to cut the site out of the park. Any direct issue, they saw very clearly, was likely to meet defeat by direct opposition. Circumstances called for indirection, and opportunity offered. Knowing that the National Park Service had been planning important boundary corrections for years in several old parks, involving cutting useless areas out of Yellowstone, and that undoubtedly these bills would have the support of the very forces which had defeated their own original project, Mr. Smith and his friends decided patiently to await introduction of a bill to improve Yellowstone and clap upon that an amendment to cut out Bechler Basin.

### **Pulling the Wires in Congress**

This, he figured, would confuse and divide the Yellowstone camp. Rather than see such a bill fail, both park officials and unofficial park defenders might let the amendment pass. He virtually said to the National Park Service: "I am for your excellent boundary improvements provided you accept my little reservoir scheme, but I shall oppose your improvements until you do accept it. Of course you know that I can hold up your improvements indefinitely."

This he probably can do unless national protest again comes to Yellowstone's rescue.

This situation developed soon after Representative

Winter of Wyoming introduced his Yellowstone boundary bill at the beginning of the Sixty-ninth Congress in December, 1925. Mr. Smith sprung his amendment at a hearing before the House Committee on Public Lands, of which he is a member, and Superintendent Horace M. Albright of Yellowstone National Park seriously damaged its prospects by describing the Bechler Basin as one of the most interesting primitive areas in Yellowstone National Park, dwelling on its waist-high grasses and flowering shrubs, its many beautiful streams affording the finest fishing in Yellowstone, and its innumerable "islands" of finer pines and spruces than are found elsewhere in the park. Apart from its interest and value as a unique wilderness, he foresaw it the camping ground of future thousands.

### **Strategy!**

This was not so good. Weakness, too, soon developed in the House Committee. Seeing that a striking change of tactics had to be made, Mr. Smith shifted initiative to the Senate Committee on Public Lands. Excellent strategy! If the scheme could pass the Senate first, the House probably could be managed. By agreeing that Wyoming should share more generously the irrigation waters from Jackson Lake, nearly all of which now pass over the border into Idaho, he won important support from the Wyoming delegation.

The move was not made until the first session neared its end. Then Senator Gooding of Idaho introduced, and the Senate passed, a resolution authorizing chairman Stanfield to appoint a sub-committee to investigate proposed boundary changes; whereupon Mr. Smith retired apparently from the initiative. It now became, formally, the project of the Public Lands Committee of the United States Senate.

This move really fooled nobody, however. The dignified Senate resolution was seen to be nothing but the old House strike of 1919 masquerading in frock coat, choker and stove pipe.

### **Canny Moves in the Senate**

No appointments were made to this special committee while Congress was still in the spotlight. In July, 1926, after adjournment, Chairman Stanfield appointed himself its chairman, and for its other members named pretty much the same men who had sat with him the year before in a committee to record and advocate the ambitions of western grazers for permanent rights in national forests. No report of the committee's appointment was made public, and our application to the Public Lands Committee office for news of it was referred to Senator Stanfield, who had gone west. Our letter to him received no reply.

What happened thereafter was that several members of this sub-committee, accompanied by influential House and Senate guests and convoyed by Representative Smith, went to Yellowstone in August, 1926, rode through the Bechler Basin on horseback, and several days later held an open session at St. Anthony, Idaho, at which spoke many local people who favored the proposed reservoir.



But when Congress convened in December for its second session, the Senate committee made no report. Months passed; repeated inquiries about the report remained unsatisfied; Senator Stanfield, having failed of renomination, retired from Congress when the final session ended in March, at which time all unpassed bills automatically died.

With the death of the Yellowstone Boundary bill, any report on it was naturally superfluous. None was then expected, especially as the chairman of the special committee was no longer even in Congress. The question seemed to have settled itself.

Nevertheless last July, between Congresses but in readiness to meet any reintroduction of the Yellowstone boundary bill in the Seventieth Congress, the report unexpectedly appeared. Let us look it over.

#### Committee Made No Investigation

As anticipated, this Senate report gives no least evidence of investigation of any of the boundary changes proposed for any national park, but deals solely with Addison Smith's Bechler Basin project in Yellowstone. It shows no investigation even of that, but only advocacy. Nowhere does it estimate national value in comparison with local values, nor the value of Bechler Basin to Yellowstone National Park. It shows no attempt to estimate any other than irrigation values. It does not even mention the interest of the people of the United States in maintaining Yellowstone unmutilated. It makes no pretense of being anything in the world but a brief for this special project.

The committee's case against Yellowstone is based upon a table of "water shortages" in two of Idaho's twenty-five counties for eight years as follows: 1918, 25,894; 1919, 295,124; 1920, 58,154; 1921, 54,508; 1922, 43,234; 1923, 47,572; 1924, 241,338; 1925, 15,826; and 1926, 238,700. The figures for 1926 are estimated.

What unit of water measurement these figures stand for, and above what limit they are "shortages", the report does not state. To this committee of irrigationists, plainly the people who own Yellowstone do not count as worth the trouble of explaining technicalities. The untechnical hundred million owners of Yellowstone, deeply concerned in its protection, may infer, nevertheless, that the years 1919, 1924 and 1926 (estimated) developed comparatively heavy "shortages," and that the year 1925 showed least "shortage" on record.

The table appears principally to prove that in Idaho, as everywhere else in the world, dry seasons occur at irregular intervals.

#### Splendid Prosperity Without Reservoirs

The report states that the area to be benefited, all in eastern Idaho, includes 200,000 acres (312 square miles) with a population of 25,000 people (average of 80 to the square mile including towns), 5,000 of whom are farmers. With a good water supply, the area "should produce crops worth \$10,000,000 annually." It has been for half a century a dry-farming country, and "sugar-beet factories, pea factories, flour mills and other agricultural establishments" have been in operation "for many years."

"This area is an important factor in supplying the people of the United States with food necessities" says the report, "and there had been built up a number of splendid towns, railroads have been constructed and in

operation, and there are splendid highways, all of which are dependent to a great degree upon the farming industries."

In other words this markedly successful farming development has resulted from many years of succeeding wet and dry seasons without use of any water from Yellowstone National Park.

The committee emphasizes the fact that "many splendid scenic attractions such as water-falls, beautiful streams and mountains of great beauty" are "just beyond" the Bechler Basin, but it does not otherwise designate the relations between the Basin and its surrounding "scenery." It omits mentioning that the two are component parts of a scenic and geographic whole, the foreground and background, so to speak, of the same picture.

It is silent also concerning the beauty of the Basin meadows themselves, their streams, their surrounding and "island" forests of Yellowstone's finest trees, and the splendid canyon entering them, all of which will be submerged within the proposed reservoir. It makes no mention of the exposure of broad mucky mud flats during the vacation month of August within sight of the surrounding "scenery."

#### "Most Beautiful Meadow I Have Ever Seen"—

##### Kendrick

Also, it omits quoting or considering in any way the statement of Senator John B. Kendrick of Wyoming, a member of the committee, at the hearing in St. Anthony, who said, in part:

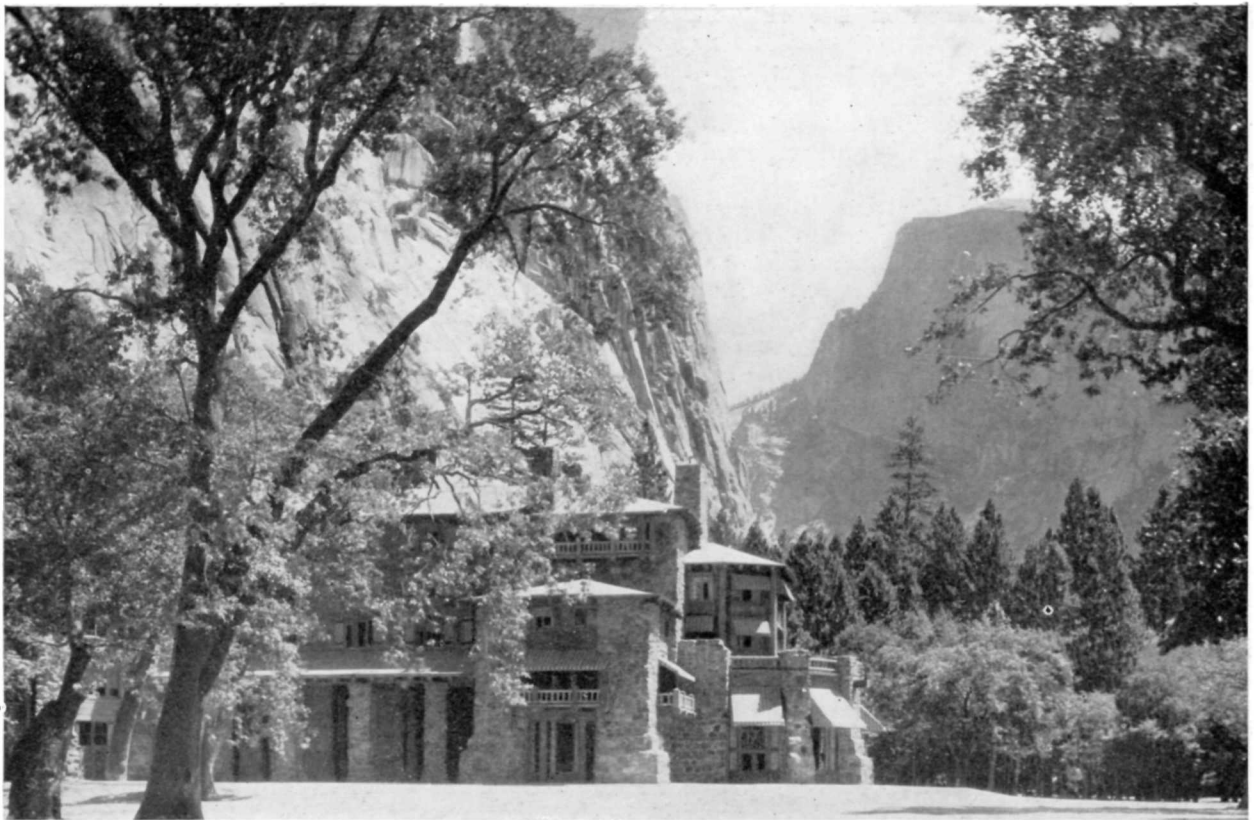
"It ought not to be overlooked that this territory was dedicated over fifty years ago to all the people, and therefore, it behooves us to proceed very cautiously and not interfere with that plan of dedication. \* \* \* I have heard it said that this area had no scenic value. Personally, I never saw the place until yesterday, but I am impressed with the simple fact that it is the most beautiful meadow I have ever seen. \* \* \*

"We (in Wyoming) are tremendously fearful of the fact that, when the initial step is taken in this sort of interference with the territory dedicated to the use of the people, there is extreme danger, and any other action should be given most careful consideration because of what it means in future years."

#### WATER OUZEL OBSERVATIONS

**S**PEAKING of early birds, Park Ranger Floyd W. Schmoe of Mount Rainier National Park notes finding young water ouzels on May 8 with the ground covered deep with snow. "The nest was typical," he writes, "a well-matted ball of green moss almost round and some ten inches in diameter, placed precariously on a tiny niche of the rock face above the Nisqually. Eighteen inches below swirled the mad waters of the glacial torrent. We watched the parent birds, intent upon their 'fishing,' come down the stream working from rock to rock. At the sound of their voices the two youngsters set up a terrific din within and presented open mouths at the entrance.

"Two interesting habits were noted aside from the characteristic twitter, constant squatting and amazing under-water feeding habits. One was that of singing with the beak full of insects, and the other was of dipping the insect into the water at frequent intervals after it was caught."



Lloyd Photo

THE AHWAHNEE, YOSEMITE VALLEY'S NEW HOTEL

Close to the Royal Arches and so near Half Dome that one feels its immensity, the site commands nearly every point of particular interest in the Valley

## NEW HOTEL OPENED IN YOSEMITE VALLEY

**A** HOTEL has been built in the Yosemite Valley which all who see find wonderfully suited to its environment. It stands near the Royal Arches commanding major views of Half Dome, Glacier Point and Yosemite Falls. It merges into its cliff background so that it attracts little attention even at a short distance. Entrance is at the foot of the cliff on the north side of the Valley, and cottages to supplement its facilities will stretch along the river out of sight.

Architecturally, the Ahwahnee, for thus it is called, follows no period or style but is quite actually environmental. Its columns of native granite, rising six stories, may roughly suggest the castles of mediæval Europe, but there is no insistence on the type. The concrete walls, made to suggest wooden timbers, take their warmth of color from the trunks of pines and cedars, and pick up the same tone in the weathered reds of the building and of the Valley walls above it. The light green of shutters and trim is identical with that of the young needles of fir and pine, and the black and rus-

set streaks of the beams reflect similar splashes on the cliffs.

Similarly, no attempt has been made within to follow style or period, but only to "suggest an atmosphere expressive of the spirit of Yosemite." Seeking "simplicity, freedom from self-consciousness or touch of pose, a certain dignity," patterns have been taken from Indian basquetry, Alpajarra and Khilim rugs, Persian hangings, Scandinavian textiles, Mexican jars, and whatever else appealed to the decorators as suggestive.

For the lounge, restfulness was sought combined with dignity. Each public room acquired its own definite atmosphere, but all became parts of a whole.

For bedrooms, the decorators have gone to peasant sources for inspiration.

How successful the architect, Gilbert Stanley Underwood, and the decorators, Arthur Upsham Pope, Phyllis Ackerman and Dorothy Ward Simpson, have been in their sympathetic and diligent quest, each lover of Yosemite must determine for himself.

### TO JOIN THE NATIONAL PARKS ASSOCIATION

and do your own personal part in the important work of this Association, mail your name and address to the Treasurer, 1512 H Street, N. W., Washington, D. C., enclosing your check for first year's dues. You will receive regularly the *National Parks Bulletin* and other publications of the Association, and will soon find your own working place in the ranks of service.

<i>Annual membership</i> .....	\$3.00
<i>Contributing Membership</i> .....	\$10.00
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*Stene Photo*

A NEW FRAMING FOR YOSEMITE FALLS

Dining Room of the new Ahwahnee Hotel, Yosemite Valley



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1. To conserve nature and win all America to its appreciation and study.

2. To encourage use of the National Parks System for enjoyment of its unsurpassed spiritual and educational value.

3. To protect National Parks against whatever may tend to disturb their continuity of natural conditions or to diminish their effectiveness as supreme expressions of beauty and majesty in nature.

4. To promote use of National Parks for purposes of popular education and scientific investigation.

5. To promote a national recreational policy under which publicly owned lands of the nation shall be equipped for recreational service of the people so far as this is consistent with other requirements.

6. To protect wild birds, animals and plants, and conserve typical areas existing under primitive conditions.

7. To aid specialist organizations, and to interest organizations of many kinds and the people generally, in these objectives.

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