

NATIONAL PARKS MAGAZINE

PUBLISHED BY THE NATIONAL PARKS ASSOCIATION

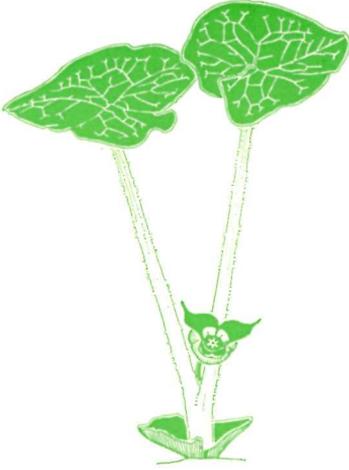


THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER PARKWAY—Page Fifty-four

APRIL-JUNE 1952

• 50 CENTS

• VOL. 26; NO. 109



No dogma taught by the present civilization seems to form so insuperable an obstacle in the way of a right understanding of the relations which culture sustains to wilderness as that which regards the world as made especially for the uses of man.—JOHN MUIR.



NATIONAL PARKS MAGAZINE

Published quarterly by The National Parks Association

An independent, non-profit organization with nation-wide membership
guarding America's heritage of scenic wilderness

1840 Mintwood Place, N. W., Washington 9, D. C.

DEVEREUX BUTCHER, Editor

April-June 1952

CONTENTS

Vol. 26, No. 109

THE COVER: The Mississippi River near Hannibal	<i>Massie, Missouri Resources Div.</i>	
SAVING THE CARMEL BEACH	<i>Margaret Millard</i>	51
THE MISSISSIPPI PARKWAY	<i>Stanley W. Abbott</i>	54
THE OKEFENOKEE SWAMP—Pictorial		59
URANIUM MINING IN CAPITOL REEF		65
THE WALKING HILLS	<i>Richard E. Klinck</i>	66
ISLAND BEACH	<i>Devereux Butcher</i>	70
MEMORIES OF THE QUETICO-SUPERIOR	<i>Huston Thompson</i>	74
IN MEMORY OF WALTER T. SWINGLE		78
THE ABSENCE OF PAINT AND VARNISH	<i>Olaus J. Murie</i>	79
THE BALD EAGLE IN ALASKA		81
THE BUTTLE LAKE FIGHT CONTINUES	<i>Fred M. Packard</i>	82
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR		83
ACTIVITIES OF YOUR EXECUTIVE STAFF		84
A VICTORY IN NATURE PROTECTION		85
ON DINOSAUR MONUMENT		86
THE EDITOR'S BOOKSHELF		91
THE PARKS AND CONGRESS		93

NATIONAL PARKS MAGAZINE, formerly National Parks Bulletin, has been published since 1919 by the National Parks Association. It presents articles of importance and of general interest relating to the national parks and monuments, and is issued quarterly for members of the Association and for others who are interested in the preservation of our national parks and monuments as well as in maintaining national park standards, and in helping to preserve wilderness. (See inside back cover.) School or library subscription \$2 a year.

Letters and contributed manuscripts and photographs should be addressed to the Editor, 1840 Mintwood Place, N. W., Washington 9, D. C. The National Parks Association is not responsible for loss or injury to manuscripts and photographs in transit. Return postage should accompany contributions.

Copyright 1952 by the National Parks Association. Title Registered U. S. Patent Office. Printed in the United States.

Entered as second-class matter at the post office, Washington, D. C., under Act of March 3, 1870.



Morley Baer

California's Carmel Beach.—"It seems hardly necessary to remind ourselves that the beauty alone should be cherished."

Saving the Carmel Beach

By MARGARET MILLARD, Secretary
Point Lobos League



SHALL we measure time with the passage of tides? How many have come? And how many will come, rolling onto these shores, streaming over these rocks, rising and falling with the moon's course?

You and I, standing on this Pacific coast beach, might well feel insignificant as we pause to consider this passage of time. Rachel Carson, in her book *The Sea Around Us* observes, man "often forgets the true nature of his planet and the long vistas of its history, in which the existence of the race of men has occupied a mere moment of time."

Yet during that brief period, man has managed to possess and destroy much of the earth's surface including a large part of the limited line of coastlands. He rarely approaches a cove and beach, a cliff and inlet, with reverence for preservation. Instead, this comparatively rare area appears a fresh challenge to his ingenious ways.

"The primeval seacoast," writes Benton McKaye, President of the Wilderness Society, "was a double environment, a zone combining wild land and that other wilderness, the ocean." Yet only a century of the white man's use has left much of the California coast robbed of its primeval character. Most of the damage has been wrought within the past thirty years. It is a fact to consider carefully, with all of its tragic implications.

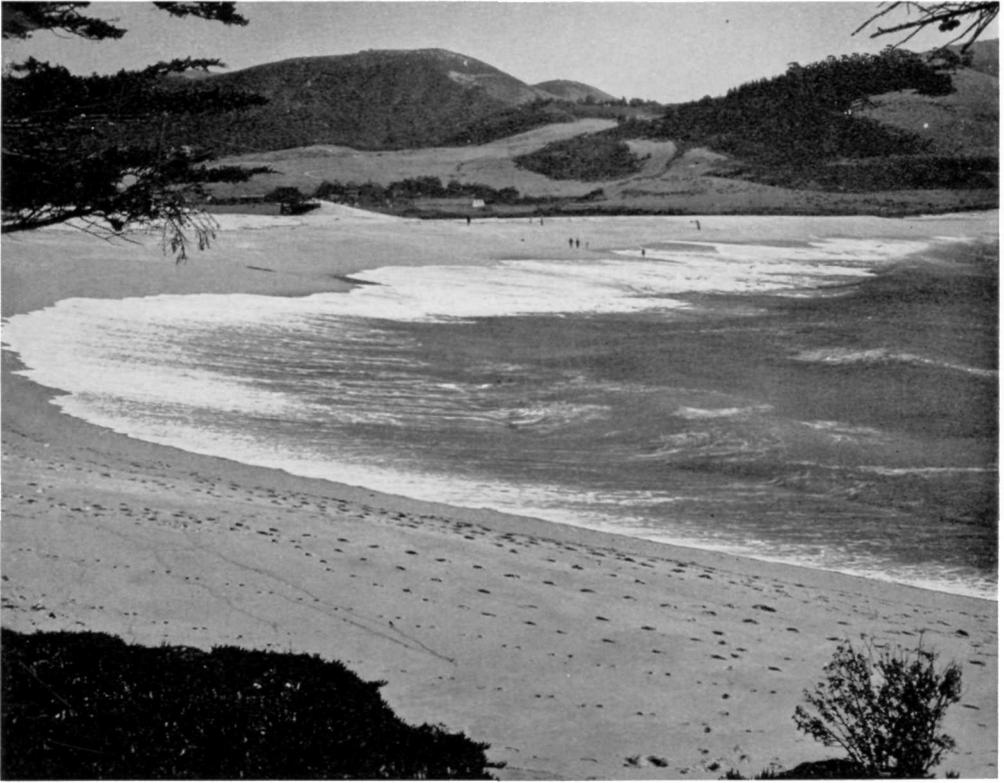
"No scenic and recreational resource in the United States is more sorely in need of

preservation," stated Newton Drury, Chief of Division of Beaches and Parks in California. "There is only so much of it and there never will be more." California tends to neglect her responsibility to the nation, seeming to forget that her coast is the nation's coast, her beaches are not alone for the residents of her state, but for the people of Iowa and Kansas, the people of Wyoming and Arkansas, the people on the plains and in the mountains, and the children of the big cities.

Aside from the scientists' serious concern over the destruction of balanced ecology of plant and animal life along this western edge of the continent, it seems hardly necessary to remind ourselves that the beauty alone should be cherished as a heritage for future generations. Possessed alone by the eye that sees it, whether it be today or two generations hence, it must be left in its natural state, promised an undisturbed permanence.

Instead, it is gradually being seized and shut off from the public view—the rocky cliffs blasted for roads, the sands trucked away, a restaurant perched on a ledge, a subdivision staked out over salt marshes, a "keep out" sign along the beaches, all records of blind self-seeking, with no mind to the future.

In the town of Carmel, 120 miles south of San Francisco, it was the sudden threat of a new subdivision that aroused the people into awareness. From Carmel south for sixty-five miles, only one public beach



Morley Baer

"Always a focus of much public expression, this particular coastline radiates an undeniable air of enchantment."

was open for free public access. But in Carmel's dooryard, lying quietly in sun and fog, stretched a mile of beaches and rocks long taken for granted as a birthright by the children who played there, by the artists and writers stirred by its beauty, and by thousands of visitors who returned yearly because of it. Always a focus of much poetic expression, this particular coastline radiates an undeniable air of enchantment. Now this, too, is jeopardized.

The river mouth, in the words of Robinson Jeffers, "where the Carmel River leans upon its sand bar in love with the waves," is the heart of the area, and from it the beaches fan north to Stewart Point and south close to the border of that rare headland, Point Lobos Reserve, a state park

jealously preserved in its natural condition by constant vigilance.

Behind the beaches, the Santa Lucia mountains quickly rise as background and drop their folds into the redwood canyons. One of these deep canyon streams flows into the sea over the San Jose Creek beach at the southern end of the mile stretch.

All along this curve, large rolling breakers pile onto the sands with a powerful roar because of the precipitous shelving off of the land into immediate deep waters. Always within sight and sound of the waves, sand verbena and beach asters, with their pale foliage and lavender rays, bridge the line between salty sands and rocky soil.

Tide rocks and worn boulders break the

regularity of the beaches, and hold in their hollows and crevices the jewel-like sea gardens, those tiny balanced worlds of hermit crab and purple sea urchin. The blossom-shaped anemone, the pink abalone and the scarlet starfish cling to the rock walls partially hidden by the sunset-colored seaweeds and presenting a dream world to the eye of the artist, to the curiosity of the child, or simply to you and me as we walk, free to explore and enjoy.

Sand dunes, dramatically cut through by the mouth of the Carmel River in the rainy season, separate the beach from the lagoon, where a fast vanishing type of habitat for land, shore and marsh birds holds the interest of ornithologists. The best known visitors are perhaps the pelicans, flying in single file, flapping their broad wings slowly, and gliding to a splashing stop onto the waters of the marsh. Here they feed during the day, returning at night to their roost on Point Lobos, one of their northernmost nesting spots on the Pacific Coast. Unless this feeding ground is preserved, it will undoubtedly be destroyed, and the ducks and loons, the grebes and rails, the rare white-tailed kite and the transient Emperor goose will all simply disappear.

You and I might watch with interest to what happened in Carmel when the town perceived that these beaches and the lagoon were actually endangered. "Carmel copes with threat of 'Improvement'," ran the editorials in the local news. San Francisco papers smiled sympathetically at the furor. "The sinister shadow of progress falls across Carmel's southern exposure," chuckled the reporters. "They want the land so they can leave it be."

Some said acquisition of the property would be a move toward socialism, a move against free enterprise; others, to the contrary, felt the owners should donate the land as a public duty. Some believed that the natural scientists would prevent the people from using the area for recreation, while others groaned over the recreational crowds which would litter the beaches.

But a small group of Carmel people turned their backs on the idle chatter and prepared for action. They organized as "The Point Lobos League" and met at the "Forge in the Forest" where the village smith stopped his hammering on the anvil, and mapped out a plan.

"The state is interested in those communities that show initiative in their own projects," he explained. "The county will match all public subscriptions we can raise, and the state will match the total of private and county funds."

Within a few months' time the Point Lobos League had become a non-profit corporation with an aim "to preserve natural scenic and recreational areas for the use and enjoyment of the people." Pamphlets were printed and distributed, donation boxes appeared and school children's posters filled the shop windows.

"This is a drive by the little people," whispered one ex-college president to his retired banker friend in a back row at a meeting in the grammar school. "But," he added, "they are the people who get things done. Watch them."

The Carmel Art Association and Carmel Craft's Guild immediately expressed their enthusiasm as a body by heroically donating one hundred and twenty-two paintings, sculptures and handcrafts to a benefit that netted \$3300. The Carmel Audubon Society, with its special interest in the bird life of the lagoon, donated \$1000 from the proceeds of their yearly lecture series. A Christmas card was designed featuring a Point Lobos cove, and this sold out immediately, with all profits going to the drive.

An "Auction of Surplus Treasures" was dreamed up to include the housewife and the antique collector as both donor and purchaser.

"We are asking you (with a gentle curtsey)" ran the announcement, "to donate a surplus treasure, a choice object you can just (but barely) part with. All of these we shall entertainingly auction off

(Continued on page 84)

THE MISSISSIPPI PARKWAY

By STANLEY W. ABBOTT, Supervising Landscape Architect

Mississippi River Parkway Survey

IN a north woods setting of spruce and white birch is Lake Itasca, one of 10,000 lakes that dot the glaciated state of Minnesota. Near the outlet of the lake, crossed on steppingstones, is a sign reading: "Here 1475 feet above the ocean the mighty Mississippi begins to flow on its winding way 2552 miles to the Gulf of Mexico." Impressive! And especially if one has been told to find out all about that river and suggest how to develop a scenic road along it. From the other end, shoulder high in a sea of grass at the delta, old Miss seems even more the giant.

"The Mississippi," wrote Mark Twain, "is the river in all ways remarkable." Today he might have added, "for those who read," since probably no epic of America is more securely bound in books and less real in our national life. The steamboat is gone or nearly so. It provided the "grand tour," once as popular as the ocean cruise of today. The showboat is gone, once unique in world theater. There are few trails to entice the motorist or the hiker along the riverbanks. Travelers east and west settle for a nodding acquaintance when crossing, and note in passing, the rising price of

Bluffs along the Mississippi River, near Alton, Illinois.

Alton Evening Telegraph





Abbie Rowe, Courtesy N.P.S.

The Mississippi from Eagle Point, near Dubuque, Iowa.

pork, bumper crops for the grain market, cotton loadings at New Orleans.

Less likely to be noticed is the feeling that has grown among rivermen and spread along the banks—a sense both intangible and real—that something is lost, or being lost, that was the color and the culture of the river. Out of it, resourceful leaders in the valley have built an extraordinary case. It is their case for a 2000-mile motor parkway from Canada to the Gulf.

No doubt, in the minds of some, it is merely a scheme for a fair share, or maybe more, in the profits from tourist travel. But with others it is something larger, concerned with the river's beauty, history and romance. During a century of building, they complain, we've raised our bridges, contrived our disciplines (the levees are the greatest work of man in earth, on earth). But Old Man River, as a feature of human and natural interest, we neglect.

When the idea of a scenic parkway was

advanced a dozen years ago, doubters among the rivermen backed off, thinking the proposition absurd. Others pursued it in the legislatures of ten states, not an easy course. An interstate commission resulted, disregarding state lines, outwaited the war, and carried the idea, in 1949, to Washington. Now a report on the valley's enterprising proposal has been completed by the National Park Service and the Bureau of Public Roads. The report says a parkway is feasible provided one takes a new slant toward the techniques that cause a parkway's superiority among roads. The solution proposed by the two bureaus has never been tried in any of America's 150,000 miles of first class highways. It is new in the field of scenery protection. Paradoxically, the road itself would not be new. There would be a conversion of old roads to bring them up to parkway standards. It would take \$81,000,000 to do this, they estimate, over and above what would be

spent on river highways, anyway, during the coming decade. This amount is one-tenth of what it would cost to build an all-new pavement from "the pines to the palms." In the federal opinion, the Mississippi road should remain essentially a state affair; should be built and operated by the state highway departments. They suggest utilizing the best of the existing river bridges to cross and recross, thus tapping scenes on both banks and in parts of all ten states, with one developed route. Unlike many roads in the East and West the riverside roads in the mid-west are relatively free of the dross of roadside industry, and can yet be salvaged and improved to parkway standards. North-south traffic is also lighter except near the metropolitan centers. A two-lane pavement should suffice for the present in many places, and could be doubled as the need develops, if only enough land is bought now to prevent "growing pains" later on. Also gradual in the modified parkway plan would be the diversion of trucks to other routes.

The economical way to protect pastoral scenery is through simple scenic easements, the design specifies. The farmer continues to own and work the fields and sells only his right to convert to other uses that part of his lands bordering the road. Undeveloped acreage, however, such as swamps, wooded islands and the faces of river bluffs would be bought outright to become public parks.

Financing would be in two parts. Improvements of the pavements, which will go on in any case, would come from regular yearly apportionment of Federal Aid Highway Funds to U. S. roads. These are matched by the states according to nationwide formulas. The additional part that would effectuate "parkway" would be that work not ordinarily undertaken on state roads. To encourage the states in the effort, supplemental Federal Aid would be provided in some new arrangement if Congress goes along. The National Park Service would consult in the planning through

the Bureau of Roads. Such a parkway as is visualized "would improve intercommunication between cities, make access easier to the nation's number one waterway, and give some of the storied river back to the people," the report concludes.

Conservationists here must simultaneously read with interest how the British reason for saving the "amenities" along the Thames by means of a "linear national park" built on the framework of that river's tow-path. Here is marked similarity of purpose, in separate parts of the world, which would superimpose the notion of beauty and history for the common good upon a highly developed countryside. The Thames is cultivated loveliness. It is time-honored architecture to the last detail. It is its own respectable way of life. These are provincial qualities that have come less from a national effort than out of the native good taste and appreciation of those who have dwelt in the valley, and instilled its flavors through a long period of time. Until recently, matters have seemed safe in their hands. But the 20th century has begun its inroads, and the Thames now turns to the commonweal for security against unwanted change.

We are too easily satisfied with what we have managed to save in the national parks, forests and places of history, in America. We may delight in Yosemite, be grateful for Williamsburg, but not take pride in our open countryside. Our comparison is unhappy with the well-kept pastoral landscapes of the European continent. We have tried for an appearance of regional beauty and order by zoning in the cities and suburbs, which is taking perhaps as well as can be expected in the times. In the country, our approach has been woefully indirect. We have hoped to insinuate good taste to the owners of the American roadsides and have shown no willingness to pay, out of large expenditures for pavements, any part of the relatively small cost of saving America's pastoral scene. We think to boycott the billboard, to patronize only the

decent among ubiquitous hamburger stands, or to cover ugly construction with bank roses or an iris planting. There seems to be no hope for the cause unless we too affirm in the courts that America, by the side of the road, is a matter of the commonwealth.

It is a matter also for the economists who would have done with waste. Consider only that we scrap thousands of miles of pavement in these traffic bound years, because the junk yards, catchpenny hawkers and trolley-car diners block the way to widening and improvement of the existing road. We move the road over, and repeat the performance on a narrow right-of-way without limiting the assumed rights of owners of abutting property to exploit the public pavement. Then we ponder the argument of toll road versus free road in the clogging East and West. The British landscape architect Repton has a good phrase for

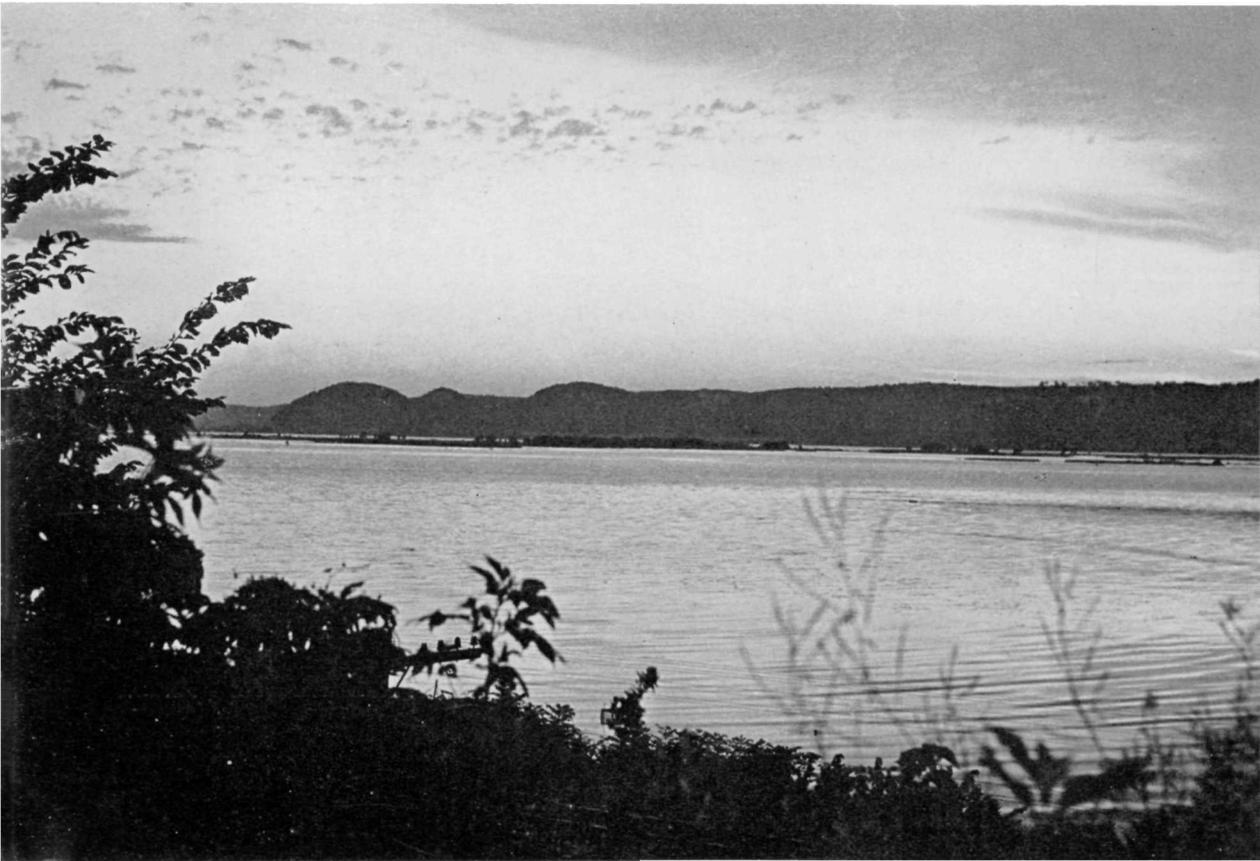
it; he says: "A better thing can be done with a just sense of general utility." This belief is behind the plan which sets out a new means to a parkway for the river states.

Planners seldom are handed a more engrossing problem than to study a way of saving the Mississippi River with a parkway of a nature undetermined, when the study was begun two years ago. It showed intelligence, on looking back, that they decided to move the valley to Washington by means of aerial photographs, and to apply modern methods of aerial reconnaissance to the work.

But there were months afield, afloat, aloft and astride the Missouri mule, when the staff explored the vast mid-country. The things that make it, are how numerous? As with the Thames, they are things that stem from nature in the first instance, but as much from people and what they

Sunset over the Mississippi, south of La Cross, Wisconsin.

Abbie Rowe, Courtesy N.P.S.



have lent to it. Though the river motif threads it all, the valley has many provinces—ones which the Scandinavians settled, and the loggers of many backgrounds; places of French influence and of Spanish memory; places where you feel the American Gothic of the Grant Wood school in art, where the big red barn and silo take proprietary charge of the breadbasket fields. The South is like it—and different; cotton and cane stretching endlessly back, field cabins, cotton gins, old houses, mules, levees, of course, and bayous inscrutable.

Above all else there is a province of the water and the rivermen, as apart from that of the landmen. One aging Scot reflected on his houseboat: "My life's been on the water, I canna gae fer the land." Another riverman of German descent, once trapper, now conservationist, motioned toward one of the twenty-eight dams and lakes that make a nine-foot navigation channel of the upper river, and appraised it: "We ain't got no riffer now, only a string of sausages." His eyes brightened however, when a modern tow rounded the bend.

Many things about the river are transitory. Mark Twain would find it changed in the way ships are docked at New Orleans, or grain elevated at the Twin Cities; in the way a net is rigged from a shrimper; in the method of picking cotton. But these differences likely would not disturb him, for the river would always permeate life along it with a color of its own. Rather the river's chief protagonist would be disturbed by seeming lack among us of perceptive appreciation for some of the things of the river's past. He could well wish there had been more endeavor to preserve them out of the past while thinking of the future. He would want the showboat com-

ing in, a revitalized regional theater important to native and traveler alike. And the Mississippi revisited, he would want to eat catfish in watery places; on a converted barge, perhaps, moored to the levee and the river lazing tawny in a summer sun. Many of the river's palisades, he would reason, ought to be a public trust, because of great scenic value. The stands of bald cypress and live oak ought to be kept where they still are, and more planted where they are not. Longer stretches of swamp and more frequent sand bars should be kept green for the migratory flights of millions of birds over this major flyway. The favorite spots of Tom and Huck to fish or swim, the pipe-stone quarries of primitive Indians, the camping places of trappers, the old plantation bells, are for keeping, not for losing. Fields and pastures, river towns, industrial plants, locks, dams and all manner of boats are the Mississippi, too. It is the interrelation of them all in some order and without unneeded ugliness that comprises the "amenities" to which the British refer in their advanced conception. Seen as an instrument for scenery protection, a parkway is a means to enfold and interpret a native countryside—its farms, its industry, its people, its natural beauty. Mark Twain, who called the Mississippi "the fittest dwelling place for civilized man upon our globe," might well have seen it this way. If, by means of highways transformed to parkways, the valley states set their mind to restoring the beauty of their river, and protect it, develop its recreational potential, speak clearly of its history, weave the magic of river yarns and spin its legends, then greater travel will take care of itself. What is more, the Mississippi might remain "the river in all ways remarkable."

The publishers of *Woman's Day* have generously donated 500 copies of their February issue to the National Parks Association. The issue contains an authoritative article, beautifully illustrated in color, about the national parks, by Bernard DeVoto. A copy will be mailed to you on request. Please enclose 10 cents to cover cost of postage.

THE OKEFENOKEE SWAMP

Photographs by DEVEREUX BUTCHER

GEORGIA'S LAND of "trembling earth" is one of North America's superb beauty spots. Birthplace of the Suwanee, its 700 square miles are comparable in grandeur to any of the outstanding scenic areas in our country. Photographs can but slightly convey its mysterious beauty. It must be seen to be realized. To travel into this strange and awesome watery wilderness by boat or canoe is to experience a supreme sense of solitude and remoteness.

Twenty-five miles east-west, and forty miles north-south, the area became the Okefenokee National Wildlife Refuge in 1937, to be cared for by the U. S. Fish and Wildlife Service. The Service administers the swamp under the best policies, for here no shooting, no trapping, no logging or

other disturbing activities are allowed. On the north side, a small part of the swamp is in the Okefenokee Swamp Park, cared for by a local civic group in nearby Waycross. Here the same sound policies of protection prevail.

Okefenokee's greatest danger may be that it is not more widely known. Raided by the land-drainers and lumbermen in the past, an attempt has been made recently by oil interests to get permission to sink test wells in the swamp. Okefenokee's primeval wilderness deserves the same vigilant guardianship by the people of America against selfish interests that today is accorded our national parks. The requisite to adequate defense is the combined force of many who know the area's esthetic value.

On Okefenokee's west side, the mirror of Billy's Lake reflects cypress-lined shores.





East of Dinner Pond, a primeval forest still grows.



Narrow, lily pad waterways wind among tall gray trunks.



Silhouettes make patterns in still water along the wide horizons of east side prairies.



Little openings are sometimes walled
by thick stands of moss-cloaked trees.



Known to most visitors is the intimate beauty of the Swamp Park, near Waycross.

URANIUM MINING IN CAPITOL REEF

Editor's note:—*For a number of months, the possibility of opening Capitol Reef National Monument, in Utah, to the mining of uranium has been known to your Association's Executive Committee. At first, the threat seemed imminent; then it appeared hopeful that it would not be necessary to open the monument to this destructive use. More recently, pressure for mining here increased, and the Department of the Interior authorized the Atomic Energy Commission to mine in the area. The Park Service assures us that every means is being worked out with the AEC for causing as little harm as possible to the monument's landscape. On the basis of national defense, and the unquestionable need for obtaining uranium ore from every possible source in our own country, it seemed advisable for your Association not to protest this adverse use of a national monument. The Executive Committee feels certain that, under these circumstances, members will agree that the wisest course has been taken by the Association. The Department of the Interior has submitted to us the following statement, which we consider it our duty to share with the members:*

In February, after long negotiations for the fullest possible protection of monument values, the Atomic Energy Commission was authorized by the Department of the Interior to search for, extract and remove uranium deposits in Capitol Reef National Monument. This action followed the acceptance of statements from the commissioner, AEC, as to the continued requirements for the production of fissionable material in the interest of national security

and the need for the commission to secure all available uranium-bearing ore. Geologists of the commission have reported that deposits were believed to exist in the monument. The program of the AEC is strictly governmental, and will be carried out by commission authorizations, labor forces or contracts. The monument will not be open to prospecting and mining under the mining laws. Mine tailings and other disturbance to the landscape will be kept to a minimum.

It is good to be able to report that our greatest hope for your Association's book *Exploring the National Parks of Canada* is being realized. A Canadian firm is now printing 7000 copies, and will do all necessary publicity and distribution in Canada. A royalty will be received by your Association on each copy sold.

For the convenience of members in winning fighters for the defense of Dinosaur National Monument, your Association has purchased reprints of *The Menaced Dinosaur Monument*, by Arthur H. Carhart, in the foregoing issue of NATIONAL PARKS MAGAZINE. Your Association also has Congressional Record reprints of *This Is Dinosaur*, by Devereux Butcher, published in our October-December 1950 issue, combined with *The Dinosaur Dams Are Not Needed*, by General U. S. Grant, III, originally published in *The Living Wilderness*. These are available singly or in quantity to members free upon request.

THE WALKING HILLS

By RICHARD E. KLINCK

Photographs by George T. Henry

IN all the ages of their existence, the Rocky Mountains of Colorado have assisted in the molding of a multitude of fabulous things—chasms and canyons, jagged snow-capped peaks thrusting upward to pierce the sky, unconquerable cliffs and precipices of awing proportions, and every sort of natural wonder.

But in their timelessness, and with their

magic art of creation so perfected, they have given Colorado another extreme, strange and bizarre, far apart from the rivers and streams, ice and snow and mountain greenery. They have brought into being a bit of true fantasy in the form of the Walking Hills. The existence of these hills—the dunes of Great Sand Dunes National Monument, of the San Luis Valley

The Great Sand Dunes as seen from the national monument picnic area.





The dunes rise a thousand feet above the surrounding level country.

in southwestern Colorado—seem unreal, perhaps a mistake. Great dunes of restless sand do not seem to belong here; but their very existence is most striking to one who has been there and viewed this fabulous inconsistency of nature.

The casual visitor is first awed, then overcome by their immensity. No miniature heaps of sand are these. “Great” they are indeed! Seen from east-west highway 160 that passes to the south, the sand dunes appear peaceful, motionless and docile, hugging the bases of the dominating Sangre de Cristo Range for protection and shelter. But when viewed from the monument area, the sands are understood for what they more truly are: angry and frustrated in their attempt to surmount the mountain barrier immediately to their east. Many of the dunes raise their shifting crests almost 1000 feet above the valley floor. For ten

miles they parallel the base of the mountain barricade, covering, in all, an area of some fifty-seven square miles, and forming the largest sand dunes in the United States.

It was several millions of years ago that these hills of sand began to form. They were created from the bottom of a lake which once covered the entire area of the San Luis Basin. That lake was born of some primitive cataclysmic action, existed for a brief eon or two, then succumbed to time, and at last drained away to the south, when the barriers there were worn away. When that lake had fled, only the settlements of the ages remained. Where once foam-flecked waves lapped on primeval shores, there was now only silt and volcanic dust, soon destined to be moved eastward on the shoulders of the restless wind. Gaining strength, the prevailing wind crossed the valley to the formidable Sangre de Cristos.

where its force was lessened by the mighty 14,000-foot peaks of the "Blood of Christ" Range; and here it was turned abruptly upward, dropping the sand at the foot of the range.

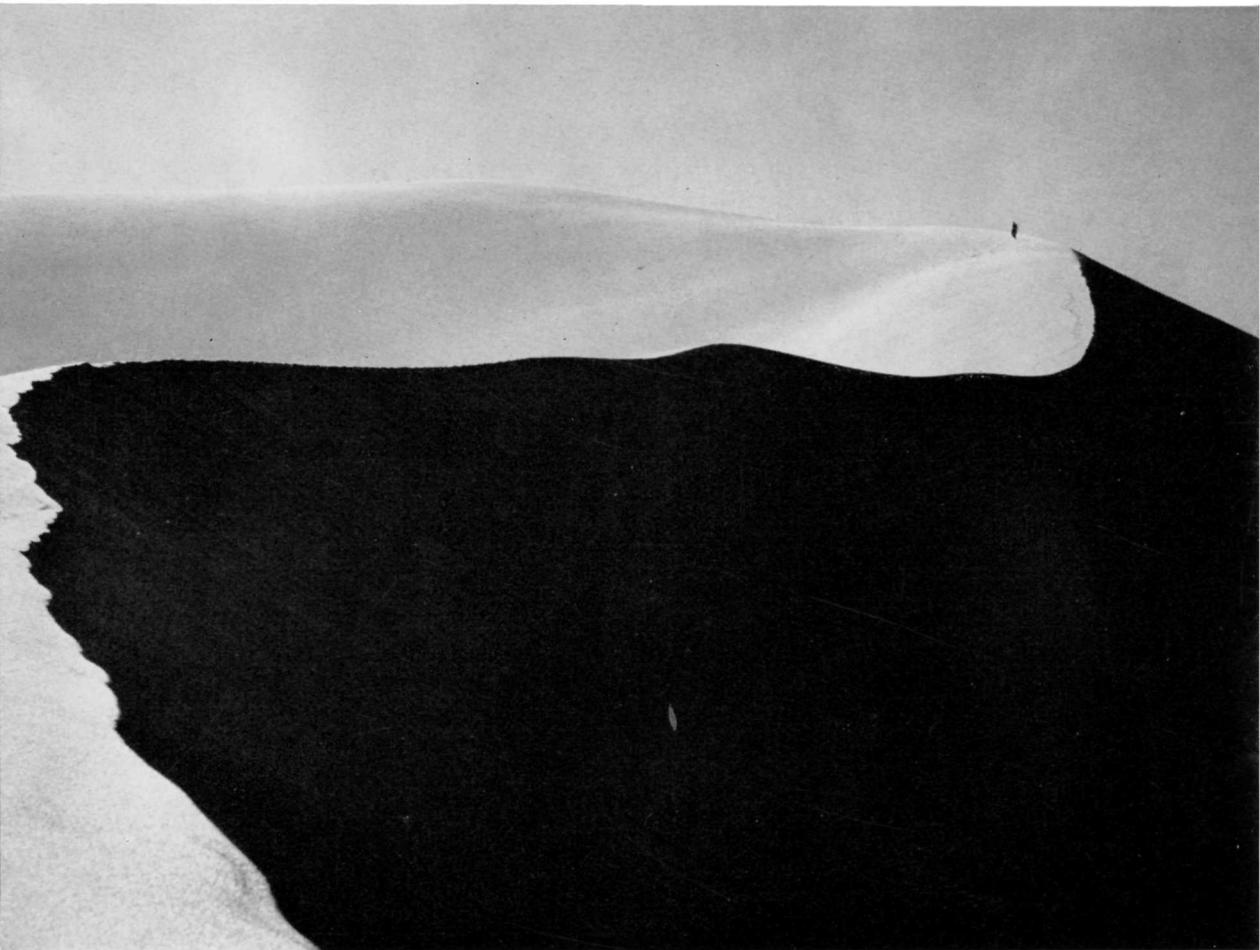
Here began to arise the Great Sand Dunes, marching up out of the old lake bed, against the stern outlines of the Sangre de Cristos, marching to certain defeat. And except for that mountain escarpment, it is easy to imagine that the Walking Hills might have moved silently across America, to bury themselves at last in the blue At-

lantic, some 2000 miles away to the east.

The visitor who climbs the dunes immediately recognizes and feels the life and the anger that are there. Before long, his world has become one of gray silicate. Then it is that he first feels the wind, and finds it armed with biting fangs, flagging the dunes on in their march. Shoes fill with sand. Better to remove them and, barefooted, meet the challenge to climb to the will-o'-the-wisp heights.

Once you have reached the top of the tallest dune, the others are seen to spread

**It is a land of sand and wind—a
land apart from the one we know.**





The dunes' immensity becomes distorted from a high place, so that they appear as ripples left by the ebb tide.

out below you magnificently in every direction. Their peaks and shadows give a rippled effect that changes with every hour and appears not unlike a seashore designed by waves of water instead of by waves of wind. With all the dryness surrounding you, snow on the Sangre de Cristos appears unreal. And though you stand on the highest point and seem to be a conqueror, your success might well be only of your imagination; for, looking back, the wind has already wiped your footprints away.

The wind, though always in motion, is soundless. This is a land of silence; yet if you listen with the ear of the romantic you can hear the voice of this sand pile cursing its defeat, and you feel its mighty heart-beat.

Seeing the Great Sand Dunes of Colorado is seeing nature in one of its rare moods. The visitor who climbs the dunes has an experience he shall never forget. His is a walk from the familiar world of substance and reality into the mystic splendor of a world apart. There is magic in this land, magic that is a song—a song of mystery—magic inherent in the great heaps of sand, ageless and eternal, vibrant and alive. This land is of yesterday; but it is not alone a place of past glory. The moving crests are glorious today, fearless of tomorrow. There is enchantment in the land of the dunes. There is a savage beauty, there is a gentle fantasy—both forever to live among the Walking Hills—in the Great Sand Dunes National Monument.

ISLAND BEACH

By DEVEREUX BUTCHER, Field Representative
National Parks Association

Photographs by the Author

AS you drive east from Toms River, New Jersey, the highway emerges from the wooded country, onto the open salt marshes. Looking ahead, you see on the horizon the line of dwellings typical of almost all of the New Jersey coast. (From Cape May, on the south, northward along the barrier beaches to Highlands, the coast is nearly an unbroken line of summer resort development.) But as you come closer, you notice that a little to the right,

the development ends abruptly, and from here southward, for nearly as far as you can see, the skyline consists of dunes and dune forest. Where the development ends, is Seaside Park, and the wild land extends for a little more than nine miles beyond, terminating at Barnegat Inlet, across which stands the tall Barnegat light, visible from here only if the weather is clear. This wild ocean-barrier land is proposed to be set aside as Island Beach National Monument,

Heather that blossoms bright yellow in spring
covers broad areas of the white sand.





One of several inlets and ponds is seen in this view looking west across Barnegat Bay to the distant mainland.

to be administered by the National Park Service.

Thirty or forty years ago, there might not have been anything remarkable about this narrow stretch of dune land. But today, it is the last sizable untouched piece of the New Jersey coast. There are a few other small stretches, such as the one between Stone Harbor and Avalon, where high dunes and natural vegetation have not yet been destroyed by the real estate promoters, and another between the east boundary of Brigantine National Wildlife Refuge and the ocean, where there are several wild islands. Neither of these has unusually fine vegetation, nor are they of outstanding character from the point of view of topography, and both are in line for resort development.

The Island Beach area, which is really not an island, but a peninsula, has been protected, and belongs to the Henry C. Phipps Estate. To enter the area, you must first acquire permission, for Captain Joseph E. Tilton, the estate superintendent, is under orders to let no one through the gate who has not applied for admission and given his reasons for wanting to go into the tract.

As you pass the gate, you see the narrow

road stretching ahead, down the peninsula. On the right is a thick forest of red cedar and holly, with some small hardwoods, such as oak. On the left, the trees are not as tall and are less dense, and as you proceed southward, they become smaller. On the left side, great white dunes make an undulating skyline blocking your view of the ocean. Their curling crests are abundantly covered with various kinds of plant life, including several species of grass and shrubs. There are thickets of bay, greenbrier and holly, with scattered cedars. On the right side, toward Barnegat Bay, cedar is the most conspicuously abundant tree species, but it becomes more sparse southward. While the shore along the ocean beach forms nearly a straight line, the bay shore is broken by a number of small inlets and coves. Several marshy ponds are dotted here and there, bordered by wide areas of grass, cattails and bay, with occasional areas of the tall, picturesque marsh cane. Parts of the bay shore are beach, although perhaps most of it is marshy. Open, rolling, sandy areas, surrounded by cedars and hollies, are covered with mats of *Hudsonia* heather. In spring, this plant forms carpets of bright yellow blossoms. Later on, the white blooms of beach plum put on a show,

followed by the rose mallow, gerardia, marsh pinks and other wild flowers. But the heather is the characteristic species of Island Beach flora. A small white cedar bog here is said to be the only one on the New Jersey coastal strip. It is the habitat of wild cranberries, thread-leaved sundew, curly grass fern and Carolina club moss, the latter, according to the botanists, here reaching the northern limit of its range. If you visit the reservation in December, you will be impressed with the abundance of berry-bearing female holly trees. In the extensive and beautiful forests of south and central eastern New Jersey, holly is extremely abundant, but you look almost in vain for berry-bearing trees. Will the holly eventually become extinct throughout most of its range as a result of the ruthless, devastating raids made upon the female trees for Christmas decoration? If so, then Island Beach will take on still greater importance as a nature sanctuary if established as a national monument.

During migration periods, the beaches are the feeding grounds of numerous shore birds; warblers and other songbirds swarm

through the trees; while waterfowl—brant, Canada geese and various sea and bay ducks—can be seen along both shores. Herons and egrets have a rookery near the bay; snowy owls come here on their periodic winter migrations; and Lapland longspurs, horned larks and snow buntings are regular winter visitors. Mammals of Island Beach include foxes, rabbits and opossums.

The proposed monument boundary suggests the inclusion of a large part of the bay. If this should be realized, it would provide sanctuary for migrating ducks and geese, thus assisting the waterfowl restoration program being carried on by the Fish and Wildlife Service through its system of refuges. The nearest national wildlife refuge to Island Beach is Brigantine, about twenty-five miles south. Near the southern end of Island Beach is a group of small islands that today belong to a gun club. These are suggested to be purchased and included in the monument.

It was in the 1920's that a botanist brought to the attention of Mr. Phipps the importance of Island Beach as a botan-

From inland, a line of dunes, gleaming against the blue sky, breaks a view of the ocean beyond.





The wild Atlantic shore is bounded by a broad beach, where the sand is strewn with sea shells, and the sound of foaming breakers is always heard.

ical area. In 1934, it was suggested to make the area a national seashore, to be administered by the National Park Service. After a study, the Park Service approved this idea. In 1938, the New Jersey State Planning Board recommended the area for state park status, in a report entitled *Where Shall We Play?* Except for the recreational development aspect of the proposal, scientists approved the plan. More recently, the national monument plan was suggested; and in May, 1945, the Island Beach National Monument Commission, with Dr. George H. Shull of Princeton University, as president, and Richard H. Pough of the American Museum of Natural History, as chairman, was established to spearhead the drive for protection of the area.

A bill, S. 1583, was introduced in Congress in 1949. This passed the Senate, but was blocked in committee in the House. The bill would authorize acceptance of the area by the federal government, but it would not appropriate any funds for acquisition.

The Board of Trustees of the National Parks Association, at its annual meeting in

May, 1949, adopted a resolution endorsing S. 1583, and this appeared in our July-September 1949 magazine:

Whereas, the primeval sand dune region of Island Beach, in New Jersey, is one of the few unspoiled stretches of seashore remaining on the Atlantic coast, and fully qualified for inclusion with the national park system, therefore, be it resolved, that the National Parks Association endorses S. 1583, which provides for the acceptance of this area by the Secretary of the Interior to be administered as a national monument.

New Jersey is now showing interest in acquiring Island Beach as a state park. This should be an excellent move. Since the state has surplus funds, the governor has approved, and a bill, introduced in the state legislature for purchase, is before the Senate Appropriations Committee. Chairman John N. Summerill says it depends on public interest whether the bill is passed. New Jersey residents should write at once to Senator Summerill, State House, Trenton, urging passage; but be sure to recommend that the bill, as passed, specify clearly that Island Beach be kept wild.

Memories of the Quetico-Superior

A CANOE TRIP TAKEN IN AUGUST, 1916

By HUSTON THOMPSON, Member
Board of Trustees, National Parks Association

WE were seven. One was a youth of eight; three were brothers, and another was the wife of one of the brothers. We reached our destination, Kawnee, Ontario, by the Canadian National Railroad. As I, one of the brothers, look back on it, I wonder why we should have attempted to make a 200-mile, ten-day trip by canoe and portage just for the sport of it.

For those who have traveled the international lakeland's waterways, or those who are contemplating it, I should say that we started at Lake Eva, portaged to

French Lake, thence to French River and to Pickerel Lake; from Pickerel Lake over Pine Portage into Sturgeon Narrows, and thence to Sturgeon Lake into Malange River, and on to Lake St. Croix. This far, we traveled in a southwesterly direction toward the United States, and the current was with us. On the return, through another series of lakes and portages, the current was against us. We had it from Mr. McDonald, the chief ranger, with whom we discussed our plans, that the trip in the southwesterly direction was the same as that

On Basswood Lake, in the Superior Roadless Area.

Leland J. Prater





Leland J. Prater

"It required no small effort for two of us to shoulder that canoe, together with all our baggage, and portage a half mile to three miles."

taken by the English General Wolseley, who, in 1872, with a thousand men, attempted to reach Winnipeg and suppress an uprising of half-breed Indians. He had built flat-bottom boats upon which he placed cannon and horses. Whenever he reached a portage, he had to cut his way through the forest to get his cannon overland. From time to time we spotted the wrecks of the boats and other paraphernalia that his army had left by the wayside.

Quetico has been well named "the rainy lake region" and we experienced all too much of that kind of weather for people who are sleeping outdoors and making twenty miles a day in canoes. Nevertheless, there were compensations for weather conditions: It was wonderfully beautiful country to traverse.

My brother and I, experienced campers and used to the outdoor life in our youth,

were selected to handle the heaviest boat. It required no small effort for two of us to shoulder that 100-pound canoe, together with all of our baggage, and portage it overland a half mile to three miles. We still had some pride left from earlier days, so we never indicated to the rest of the party how great an effort it took.

One of the fascinating things was to watch the different birds playing on the water ahead of us. As we traversed what seemed to be almost artificially constructed canals of grandeur, it was fun to watch the fish-eating ducks disporting themselves. In almost every turn of the rivers and lakes, there would be moose standing in the water. We deliberately gave chase toward the first one we saw—a cow followed by her calf, swimming far out in the lake. She increased her speed and headed toward the shore. The moment her feet

struck bottom, she turned to see where her calf was, waited for it to catch up, and then the two dashed into the forest. Almost always when we came upon a herd of four or five, one would be a bull. While the cows and young would scurry toward cover on the shore, the bull would stand and challenge us. In the narrow streams, we frequently came across beaver dams, and at night we could hear the animals felling trees. On several nights, we camped near animal crossings and could hear deer, elk and moose as they wandered past. In the morning there would be many tracks. We saw mink and otter and other animals,

and at night their quarreling could sometimes be heard.

We generally came to a stop about three o'clock in the afternoon, and set up camp. We had been trained to lake fishing in our youth; but we found a characteristic in the Quetico streams and lakes that was unique. After pitching camp, Jack, the guide, and some of the others would start preparing supper, while the rest of us went fishing. Almost invariably, we could not attract the fish for the first hour or two; then by going toward shore among the weeds, or toward a deep water shelf, we would have success, bringing in wall-eyed

"The whole scene suggested a grand canal which man might have spent a hundred years in building."

Leland J. Prater



pike, pickerel or lake trout weighing between two and ten pounds. We were never without fish.

As a sport, and in order to move along more rapidly, we used to race the canoes. My brother, who, in the early days had canoed those terrific Alaska rivers, probably was as good a man with the canoe as one could find. With him in the stern and I in the bow, we frequently challenged the others. Almost every day we ran rapids. This was great fun, and each group cheered the other as it went down and over them. While running the rapids was a gay and joyous sport, we were confronted with one rapids that added a note of excitement. On this occasion we could hear a noise in the distance, and the other canoes, which were ahead of us, turned toward the shore, indicating they were going to portage. I sensed trouble. I have never been able to understand why my brother, who was in the stern, refused to change our course, go to the shore and portage over. As we approached a glassy stretch, I could see mist rising, and I knew there must be a waterfall ahead. I shouted to my brother to turn, he being in the steering position, but he would not do it. Nearer and nearer we approached. I shouted louder, but to no effect. In a few moments we were caught in a swift current, and before me was a pitch of about twenty feet, with rocks below. Over we went, in the wildest excitement, with all of our baggage shifting

For the information of our many new readers, it is well to point out that the magnificent Quetico-Superior wilderness lakeland, astride the international boundary in northern Minnesota and southern Ontario, has been endangered on the U. S. side by development of private inholdings for resort purposes. The airplane has been the chief means of access to these developments; and in December, 1949, the Superior National Forest roadless area was closed to airplanes by Presidential Proclamation. (See *Wilderness Victory* in NATIONAL PARKS MAGAZINE for April-June 1950; and *Swift as the Wild Goose Flies*, October-December 1949.) It is a pleasure to publish here these all-too-brief reminiscences of the area by one who saw it thirty-six years ago.—*Editor*.

toward the bow, and I heading for the rocks. We landed with a crash. My brother, who was lightning quick, began maneuvering the canoe, for water started spouting up around my feet. For a moment we hung on a rock, then shoved off and started to sink, and as we went down, we lost our food and wearing apparel. To lighten the canoe, we got out and found the water up to our shoulders, but were able to go to the shore. It was then that Jack and my brother showed their woodsman skill. In no time they had pine pitch, which has great sticking qualities, and birch strips with which they plugged up the holes in the canoe, enabling us to get back into the stream. To this day, my brother will not say why he would not turn aside.

While there was plenty of rain, there were evenings when the sunsets were awe-inspiring. One night we built our camp facing the west, and here we saw our most gorgeous sunset. It filled the Biblical description, "The heavens declare the glory of God." But the colors, changing in marvelous combination, disappeared so rapidly that they elicited one spoken regret after another, that they should fade so soon. Shores were sometimes lined with poplars and birch, making such vistas as one seldom sees. Occasionally there were forests of pine, but this was not often, and only once did we see an oak forest. Beyond the camp, there was a waterway a quarter mile wide, down which one could look for four miles. On one side there were lofty birches and poplar trees bending gracefully over the water, revealing their snow white trunks. Along the shores were great rocks that, in the distance, looked like houses, the whole scene suggesting a grand canal which man might have spent a hundred years in building.

All of us had seen the northern lights in various stages of beauty; but on our last night, as a final recompense for our trip, nature put on one of her great performances. After supper, as the sun went down, there was the most startling phe-

nomenon that even Jack of the Canadian woods, or any of us who had lived in Minnesota, had ever witnessed. About eight o'clock, the entire horizon suddenly appeared as if dawn were about to break. At first there was a soft, pale blue color, then waves of filmy sheeny light, before and behind us, ascended rapidly to the center of the heavens. The waves of light unfolded like a flag in a breeze; and as they grouped together in the heavens, they took on a form that inspired all of us. To me, they recalled childhood pictures of

the garments of angels floating toward the zenith. When they reached there they seemed to group themselves into the shape of a figure, and, strange as it may seem, that image resembled a double eagle. As we watched this thrilling formation, someone called our attention to similar waves descending from every part of the sky. In half an hour or so, the entire heavens were bright with silver waves. We lay there in our sleeping bags, looking up until, one by one, we dozed away—a fitting end to a trip still vivid in my memory.

IN MEMORY OF WALTER T. SWINGLE

ON January 20, Dr. Walter T. Swingle died at his Washington, D. C. home. His interest in national park matters and in nature protection made him an interested and loyal supporter of the Association's work for many years. It was in May, 1937, that Dr. Swingle became a member of our Board of Trustees, and he remained on the Board until May, 1949. From May, 1944, until the end of his term, he served on the Executive Committee.

During the years when every effort was being made to save the Everglades, Dr. Swingle could always be counted on to give sound advice on this problem; and it was he who urged the Association to take action toward preservation of Florida's superb royal palm-big cypress forest in the Fahkatchee Slough, just north of Everglades City. (See *Going, Going—Florida's Royal Palm-Big Cypress Forest*, NATIONAL PARKS MAGAZINE for April-June 1948; *Florida's Royal Palm Forest*, October-December 1948; and *Florida's Royal Palm Forest Logged*, July-September 1949.) Among other areas to which Dr. Swingle gave his attention, was Joshua Tree National Monument, in California. He expressed concern over the need for giving protection to the short-leaved species of the Joshua tree, an area of which lies north and outside the present monument.

Dr. Swingle studied at Kansas State

Agricultural College, the University of Bonn and the University of Leipzig, and in 1888, became assistant botanist at the Kansas Agricultural Experimental Station. Following this, he began his fifty years of service with the Department of Agriculture's Bureau of Plant Industry. During those years, he studied the agriculture and botany of many foreign countries in Europe and Asia, as well as in Mexico. Among his accomplishments were the introduction of a fig insect into California, making possible the culture of Smyrna figs there, aiding in the commercial growing of date palms, the introduction of Egyptian cotton in Arizona, and the hybridization of citrus fruits in Florida. In 1939, he went to Brazil to study the possibility of rubber and quinine growing, and he aided the country in the cultivation of cocoa, Brazil nuts, and fibers. In 1941, Dr. Swingle retired, and became a consultant on tropical botany with the University of Miami. He authored numerous papers on agricultural and botanical subjects. Besides being a member of the National Parks Association, he belonged to several scientific groups, such as the Washington Academy of Sciences, the American Botanical Society, the Société National d'Acclimation de France and the National Geographical Society. In 1926, he represented the United States at the Third Pan-Pacific Congress held in Tokyo.

The Absence of Paint and Varnish

By OLAUS J. MURIE, President
The Wilderness Society

In the summer of 1951, the author visited Mount McKinley National Park, Alaska. During his stay, he made a number of observations. As a result of these, he wrote a letter to Mr. Arthur E. Demaray, then Director of the National Park Service. This article is adapted from that letter.—Editor.

MY entrance in to the park on August 31 was particularly happy. Aside from the pleasure of being with my brother and his family in such surroundings, there

were some other things: The park sign, for example. There it was, of moderate size, simply announcing Mount McKinley National Park. I remember the first sign at Grand Teton National Park, many years ago—a huge billboard, flamboyantly proclaiming “Grand Teton National Park, U. S. Department of the Interior, so-and-so secretary,” as I recall the advertisement. This was later replaced by an appropriate, unassuming log sign, low to the ground at the entrance to Jenny Lake.

Mount McKinley and Wonder Lake.—“There should be no hint of human impedimenta in such a view.”

Sackman





National Park Service

McKinley Park Hotel.—"As it is now, for the visitor unacquainted with the country, the surroundings are a little confusing. A good trail leading up from the hotel would be helpful."

The Mount McKinley sign appeared weatherbeaten, unobtrusive, and so eminently fitting in those surroundings. It expressed the simplicity of Alaskan wilderness living. As we drove in over the road, and later out into the park, I was conscious of a comfortable feeling, a sort of welcome into the landscape. The moss and the blueberry bushes came right up close to where we were driving. We were not frightening the landscape away from us, as we seem to do on carefully manicured highways.

I did not scrutinize headquarters with a critical eye, but my impression was the absence of "paint and varnish," figuratively speaking, avoidance of geometrical, forced neatness. Instead of extensive, formal lawn, I found native vegetation and mouse runways, blueberry bushes, cranberries, and squirrels storing cones from the spruces. The buildings appeared to have been set down among the trees of the forest, with a minimum conflict with nature. My impression on arrival was a wholesome simplicity, with the concept of the "uniform" and officialdom happily in the background.

Were I to go to McKinley Park today with my family, as tourists, without a car and depending on the only available accommodation, the government hotel, my finances would be badly depleted in a few days. For any extensive travel, I would be limited to the regular bus trips for "sight seeing." I do not mean that the hotel rates are necessarily exorbitant. I only mean that not all people can afford to live in the park hotel with funds saved for a national park vacation.

Alaska is anticipating an increase in tourist travel, and we may expect a greater influx to Denali. Preparations should be made for such influx. I realize that, to visit Denali from the states, one must have considerable financial resources. However, there will be many who will attempt to save money for a trip to Alaska by car, and many residents of Alaska, who will want to visit the park, and who will have to husband their funds to do so. A national park should provide for such people, as well as for those who can stay at hotels. You have some fragmentary accommodations for camping, but at present no adequate
(Continued on page 85)

THE BALD EAGLE IN ALASKA

THE unfavorable committee report on Congressman Angell's bill (H. R. 1870) to extend federal protection to the bald eagle in Alaska has been misunderstood by many who supported that legislation, and has led to considerable discouragement and confusion. The National Parks Association believes the bill should have been passed, but there has been steady progress toward protection of this magnificent and harmless species in the Territory.

The testimony at the hearings, including a statement by your Executive Secretary, was overwhelmingly sympathetic to the bald eagle. A few letters from Alaska residents comprised the only adverse evidence. Dr. Clarence Cottam, Assistant Director, Fish and Wildlife Service, presented detailed information about the status of the species, its innocuous feeding habits, and its importance as the representative American symbol. Unfortunately, the office of the Secretary of the Interior was hesitant to give unqualified support to the bill, evidently for fear of antagonizing the people of Alaska, so that the Fish and Wildlife Service was forced into an equivocal position—it could and did strongly oppose the present bounty paid on bald eagles in Alaska, but could not advocate complete legal protection for them. It may be true that if a law providing this protection proved seriously unpopular in Alaska it might do the eagles little good, in view of the lack of enforcement machinery; but there is reason to believe the Secretary's office over-evaluated the amount of rancor against the birds there. This ambiguous attitude confused the committee, which decided not to recommend immediate enactment of the bill.

The committee did recommend that the Alaska Legislature remove the bounty at its next session, in 1953. It went so far as to state that if this action were not taken, it would reconsider the question of providing legal protection by Act of Congress, and

recommend the enactment of legislation to that effect. The committee also pointed out that the Alaska game law of 1945 grants the Secretary of the Interior authority to provide protection to the bald eagle in the Territory, so that congressional action is not entirely necessary.

The result is that securing complete protection will require two steps: removal of the bounty, followed by action by the Secretary or the Congress to add the bald eagle to the list of birds guarded by federal law. The Fish and Wildlife Service and the Alaska Game Commission have repeatedly and vigorously urged the Territorial Legislature to repeal the bounty. Dr. Irsten Barnes points out the biological absurdity and unsound economics of this bounty in an article in *The Atlantic Naturalist*. Alaska offered 50 cents for each eagle killed between 1917 and 1923, then raised it to one dollar. Funds ran out in 1941, and the bounty was rescinded in 1945. It was re-enacted in 1949 at two dollars a bird; Governor Gruening opposed the bounty, which became law again without his signature. Due to these bounties, 114,291 eagles were killed between 1917 and 1940.

As Dr. Barnes comments, "Inasmuch as the eagle is not guilty of the charges against it, the payment of nearly \$100,000 for the destruction of eagles is actually a raid on the Territorial Treasury. The bounty benefits a special segment of the population: the fox farmers who bait eagles with disease-killed fox carcasses; the fishermen whose high-powered rifles shoot eagles out of the spruces around their anchorages; the trappers who throw out skinned carcasses of trapped animals to lure the eagles down; the bounty hunters who find easy pickings among the eagles feeding on the salmon that die after spawning."

Recognizing the fallacies of the bounty, the Alaska Game Commission, at its meeting on February 19, 1952, again recom-

(Continued on page 90)

The Buttle Lake Fight Continues

By FRED M. PACKARD

AFTER the hearings before Water Comptroller E. H. Tredcroft, at Victoria, British Columbia, last August, the decision was handed down that a license would be issued for the construction of the proposed dam on Buttle Lake,* in Strathcona Provincial Park. Opponents of the dam immediately appealed, and further evidence was heard by the Minister of Lands and Forests, the Honorable E. T. Kenney.

At the hearings in August, citizens and civic organizations of British Columbia presented detailed evidence that such a dam would destroy forever the incomparable beauty of Strathcona Park and ruin it for park and recreational purposes. It was made clear that there are sound alternative sites nearby, where a dam can be built without ill effects. The British Columbia Power Commission admitted this is true, but argued that such a dam would be more expensive. Your Executive Secretary, Fred M. Packard, attended this hearing and testified to the great value of this primeval park to the people of the United States.

Presenting the appeal before Mr. Kenney, Mr. T. G. Norris, Q. C., insisted that "a few engineers in a hurry" must not be permitted to devastate the last wilderness area on Vancouver Island, reserved by the provincial legislature in 1911 as a heritage of the people forever. He protested Mr. Tredcroft's decision in the face of overwhelming evidence that the people of British Columbia do not want this dam built at this location. The Power Commission has still made not even the most elementary surveys of the sites at Buttle Lake and elsewhere, while qualified engineers, who have studied them independently, question whether a dam that would hold water can be built on Buttle Lake. "It is shocking," Mr. Norris stated, "that a public body

should attempt to obtain the right to destroy a great public park on evidence as unreliable as that presented by the Commission."

The refusal of the Power Commission to investigate the alternative sites has led to speculation whether the Buttle Lake proposal may be a cloak for a timber steal, that certain interests are seeking to gain control of the magnificent trees that grow along the shores of the lake. The dam would raise the water level forty or fifty feet, so this forest would have to be logged off. Ignoring the value of the natural forest and beaches as integral parts of Strathcona Park, interests with an eye to immediate personal profit see a temporary bonanza from the felling of these stands.

In Canada, the government in power establishes policy, and legislation opposed to that policy cannot be introduced unless the government consents. In this case, the hearings were called after the official policy had been announced. Neither the Water Comptroller nor the Minister of Lands and Forests, Mr. Norris contended, could properly render a decision because, since they are an arm of the government, they are biased judges and must act in accordance with stated official policy.

The legislature reserved Strathcona Park and prohibited its exploitation, and opponents of the dam insist that only the legislature has authority to alter the provisions of that Act. "The whole matter should be referred to the legislature with a recommendation that a special committee be appointed with power to make a thorough investigation; and for such purposes to hear evidence, to employ independent geologists, engineers, park experts and accountants to the end that the highest use of Buttle Lake shall be determined."

The people of British Columbia are determined to win their fight to save their

* See *The Battle of Buttle Lake*, in NATIONAL PARKS MAGAZINE for October-December 1951.

magnificent park, and the press throughout the province is strongly behind them. The situation was complicated, but probably improved from their position, when the coalition government was turned out of office the very day of the second hearing, thus providing opportunity for a reversal of official policy. It is doubtful whether work will be started on such a controversial project in an election year. A delay in construction favors the opponents of the dam.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear Sir:

Congratulations on the current issue (January-March 1952) of NATIONAL PARKS MAGAZINE; a beautiful number, I thought. The photograph on the cover, the egret inside, and the article on the Everglades by Philip Wylie, were all outstanding.

Irving M. Clark
Bellevue, Washington

Dear Sir:

I just read your January-March issue of the NATIONAL PARKS MAGAZINE. There are several very nice things in it, and I am certainly pleased with the article by Carhart, and also the article on Acadia. Naturally, I am very much pleased with the way you announced my appointment as Director.

Conrad L. Wirth, Director
National Park Service

Dear Sir:

You must be a very happy editor, and I hope to be among the first to assure you that you have very good reason to be. Your Dinosaur number from cover to cover is a beautiful example of editorial imagination, vision and judgment. How many members of the Association, I wonder, have seen your slides of the monument? None, I'm sure, more happily than did Bradley and I, with you and Mary, in the pleasant intimacy of your living room. Because of that, we camped beside the Green River at Split Mountain, as you know. Superintendent Lombard gave us a glowing account of his first boat trip through

the canyons. Maybe Carhart was with him. At any rate, I envied him the experience.

Carhart is absolutely right. I heartily support his conviction, (See *The Menaced Dinosaur Monument*, NATIONAL PARKS MAGAZINE for January-March 1952) not only because of what I saw and heard during a stay at Dinosaur, but also because I, too, have sojourned at Yellowstone, Grand Canyon, Yosemite, Zion, Bryce Canyon, Crater Lake and others. My eyes and imagination have benefited from training in geography, physiography and ecology. My endorsement of Carhart's summation of Dinosaur's offerings is not sentimental.

Ted Sibley
San Francisco.

Dear Sir:

The new edition of our Association's book arrived today, and what a book it is! It's grand and glorious, and the section on the archeological spots is tops!

Evelyn G. Pattison
St. Louis.

Dear Sir:

Thank you very much for publishing Mr. Wylie's article "In the 'Glades Park with the Audubon Society." I was tremendously interested in Mr. Wylie's statement "a walk out on Anhinga Trail, which is probably the most dramatic short walk of its kind in the world." I am still radiating material to newspapers across the nation on Everglades items, trying to awaken ever increased interest in the wonders of that region.

C. M. Goethe
Sacramento, California.

Dear Sir:

As a member and financial contributor to the good work of the National Parks Association, I protest the article in January-March issue on Glacier Park (*Summer Snow-Venturing in Glacier*, by Robert Baker Elder). Any Californian knows you can see snow peaks from Pacific beaches and ski at Bear Lake, one hour from Los Angeles, all summer. The story is bad advertising for Glacier.

James A. Cruikshank,
Bronx, New York.

ACTIVITIES OF YOUR EXECUTIVE STAFF

Your Executive Secretary has been invited to address a number of conservation meetings during the past few months. He showed kodachrome slides of the national parks and monuments and wildlife to members of the Garden Club of America, at the American Museum of Natural History on December 6. The next day he had the pleasure of addressing the National Life Conservation Society, at its luncheon at the Hotel McAlpin; and talked to this group again on April 3. On February 20, Mr. Packard appeared on a National Audubon Society television show called *Wildlife Unlimited* to discuss national park problems, and to show pictures from *Exploring Our National Parks and Monuments*. The Conservation Department of Yale University, which is pioneering in conservation education, conducted a forum on various aspects of hunting, and asked Mr. Packard to represent the viewpoint of the non-hunter. Toward the end of March, Mr. Packard attended the North American Wildlife Conference and the Wildlife Federation Conference, held at Miami.

In January and February, your Field Representative took a trip of five weeks, visiting a number of national wildlife refuges along the Atlantic coast, including the famous Okefenokee Swamp in southern Georgia. He spent a week seeing the Everglades National Park. In March, he gave an illustrated talk to the District of Columbia Audubon Society on Dinosaur National Monument; and talked and showed pictures of national parks and monuments to the University Women's Club. Mr. Butcher plans a field trip to the Southwest, as soon as this issue of the magazine has been completed. (For the benefit of members who may wonder, we wish to point out that your Association does not finance these field trips, nor has it ever done so in the past. All funds for travel and photographic expenses are donated specifically for this purpose from a private source.)

CARMEL BEACH

(Continued from page 53)

on a gala day! And we promise dividends for your gifts, oh yes! A mile-long stretch of undisturbed beach permanently yours. A quiet lagoon filled with ducks, loons and herons, preserved as a bird sanctuary."

The result was an additional \$3000.

By this time the campaign had spread far from town, and the Sierra Club, the Izaak Walton League and the Save-the-Redwoods League were but a few of the established organizations that offered their support.

A number of months passed and the "little people" placed \$15,000 with the state's contingency fund. To this, the county contributed \$25,000 and, with the state's matching money, brought the total to \$80,000.

The beaches are by no means won, but an interval of watchful waiting bides in the "Forge in the Forest." Negotiations are now being carried on by the state with the owners. More money will be needed, but the "sinister shadow of progress" has momentarily been checked and in its place a different heart-warming form of progress has been awakened. A new respect, you and I might say, for time and tides.

To those of you who sense the earnest importance of this preservation we appeal for contributions. To those of you who have set foot on our light sands, make it possible for yourselves to return in the future with your children. Make it possible for your children's children to be free to enjoy it! Donations may be sent to the Point Lobos League, Box 2294, Carmel, California (deductible from taxable income).

ABSENCE OF PAINT

(Continued from page 80)

quate camping or lodging facilities away from the railroad.

I understand you have plans for a lodge of some kind near Wonder Lake. Would it be presumptuous of me to urge that such a structure be as inconspicuous as possible? This is open, treeless country, and even a small object is visible a long way off. Would it be feasible to have a sprawling building not more than a story or story and a half high, as close to the earth as possible? And could I suggest a pleasing, neutral color, as harmonious with the landscape as possible? It appears to me that the proposed location would be visible from Wonder Lake. This is the only fair-sized lake in the park. It should be free from intrusion. Perhaps even the present ranger cabin is an intrusion. Let us remember the classic mistake at Old Faithful. It is not necessary that the visitor should be able to see Wonder Lake from his bedroom window. Surely one should be willing to walk a few hundred yards to see it.

Furthermore, the lake has been and will be, for generations, used as a delightful foreground for Denali itself. Beautiful pictures have been taken with the mountain reflected in the lake. There should be no hint of human impedimenta in such a majestic view.

But it is not only from the standpoint of preserving Wonder Lake intact as a scenic resource that care should be taken in the placing of tourist facilities. Buildings intrude on such an open landscape from any viewpoint, including the approach by road. I believe it would be possible to locate the necessary structure farther along, around the hill. Within a distance of less than a mile, it may be possible to find an indentation in the hillside, where housing facilities can nestle into the landscape, rather than stand out prominently, as on the point now tentatively selected.

Much can be done to build attractive structures, and our architects have the artistic skill to do it. But however beauti-

(Continued on page 88)

A VICTORY IN NATURE PROTECTION

Officials of the Kaibab National Forest have been worried for several years over the increasing numbers of people who stake out mining claims along the entrance highway (state route 64) to Grand Canyon National Park. The forest officials found themselves unable to prevent such filing of claims, even though the "mineral" may be stone or volcanic cinders, and the real objective to establish a hot-dog stand or filling station on the site. With the help of Grand Canyon National Park officials, who were vitally interested in maintaining natural conditions along the park's entrance highway, a bill was introduced in Congress by Congressman Patton of Arizona, to assure that only legitimate claims based on real mineral showings could be filed. By this means, the highway would be safe from further undesirable and haphazard development. The Congressional committee concerned with this bill, held a hearing at Grand Canyon at Eastertime, 1951; and by July, a bill had been passed similar to one that had successfully prevented mining claim developments in beautiful Oak Creek Canyon, in the Coconino National Forest.

The new law, although recognizing proper mineral deposits, restricts development to mining operations; and it vests control of surface development in the secretaries of Agriculture and Interior.

All who are interested in the protection of scenery and nature may rejoice over the success achieved in affording proper roadside protection to the south approach road to Grand Canyon National Park—Harold C. Bryant, *Superintendent*.

ON DINOSAUR MONUMENT

Hon. Arthur V. Watkins
511 Newhouse Hotel
Salt Lake City, Utah

My dear Senator Watkins:

I have received your telegram of November 12 concerning Assistant Secretary Doty's statement before the Sierra Club in Los Angeles in which he referred to the proposed Echo Park dam in Dinosaur National Monument and expressed the hope that "alternative plans can eventually be worked out to avoid the use of the national monument for water storage purposes."

Assistant Secretary Doty's statement is consistent, I believe, with the hope which all of us concerned with this project have held, namely, that we might be able to find ways of meeting the water and power needs of the Colorado Basin States without sacrificing Dinosaur National Monument. I have expressed this hope on a number of occasions and I have no doubt that you have also. In making this statement I do not feel that I am taking a partisan position with reference either to the national monument or to the basin storage project.

As you know, I have lived for many years in the West and I have dealt with water conservation and other natural resource development problems in the Department of the Interior for many years. I feel, therefore, that I am in a position to share your great concern for the water needs of the West and particularly the needs of the Colorado Basin States. I know that the conservation, development, and efficient use of all available water resources is of vital importance to this great region and I am doing everything within my power to assist the reclamation program.

It is highly important that this Department, when it transmits its recommendations on the Colorado River Storage Project to the Congress, be in possession of all information essential to a sound development program. The Corps of Engineers has raised some serious questions concerning certain phases of the Bureau's proposed report. General Grant has made a careful study of the water storage proposals related to the national monument [See *Alternative Sites for Dinosaur Dams*, NATIONAL PARKS MAGAZINE for October-December 1951.] and has also raised important questions. I would be doing less than my duty if I failed to heed or to weigh impartially and carefully all such information before I transmit my report and recommendations to the Congress.

I shall, of course, abide by my decision reached last year following the Echo Park and Split Mountain projects hearing, unless suitable alternative projects can be worked out. I feel sure, however, that the people of Utah will profit more if their water and power needs can be met without sacrificing the national monument than they will profit if we have to sacrifice it.

November 21, 1951.

Sincerely yours,
Oscar L. Chapman
Secretary of the Interior

Hon. Oscar L. Chapman
Secretary of the Interior
Washington, D. C.

Dear Mr. Secretary:

Due to newspaper articles which have appeared these last years, I have noticed that your department is considering the construction of a large power dam within the Dinosaur National Monument of Utah and Colorado. I have been fortunate enough to have had the privilege of seeing this monument in almost its entirety and have ever since thought it one of the most beautiful and inspiring areas out here in the West. Its geological features remain

unequaled by any region I have yet visited. The gigantic fault and upturned strata at the junction of the Yampa and Green rivers, the amazing canyon cut by the Green through Split Mountain Gorge, are not only geologic wonders, but scenic treasures in themselves. Believe me when I say they are things a person never forgets, and in this monument alone can they be seen. Unfortunately, the entire region is now very remote and perhaps not over several hundred men have had a chance to see and appreciate all that is really there. However, with the proper Park Service development, I would say that this area will some day give more pleasure to the people of our country, particularly those of us who live here in the West, than perhaps the Grand Canyon itself. This sounds like an outlandish statement, but I honestly think there are places in this monument more spectacular than anything one encounters on a visit either to the Canyon or Yellowstone National Park. If more people of influence could only become familiar with this region, I am sure they would share my enthusiasm, and it would be made a national park and full scale Park Service improvement and accessibility programs would be launched, giving our citizens something they would sincerely appreciate.

While carrying on my explorations several summers ago, I camped one evening with a group of surveyors, whom I found were mapping the region for your proposed dam site. At the time, they left me with the impression that this particular project was a thing of the far distant future. Recently I have come to see that this is not the case. They were surveying the area of Red Canyon not far from Ashley Falls and Park. If a dam were erected here, I believe the backwaters would lie outside Dinosaur National Monument, and perhaps only Flaming Gorge, Horseshoe Canyon and Red Canyon would be inundated. This will be a shame, for they are truly beautiful canyons. But it is just a small matter when compared with the damage that will occur if a dam is built in Whirlpool Canyon, just below the Yampa junction, inside the monument. We will lose something which is every day assuming greater value. As industry claims more and more land, these places of such great natural beauty are things that hold a meaning hard to express. They are places very close to the hearts of those who have gotten to know them, and it will someday be the desire of an amazing number of people to get to know for themselves such magnificent country. Unfortunately, most people will not realize this until it is actually gone. They will use up, exhaust or convert the land, and will eventually come to cherish the small bits they have set aside under supposed government protection above almost anything they have. It will be doing far more harm than good to start infringing on this protection now afforded national parks and monuments from enterprising commercial developments, even by our government. Certainly such power projects are immeasurably valuable to each and every one of us, but I personally feel the sacrifice in this case is not and never will be worth what irrigation and power values may be derived from the construction of this dam.

I am an archeologist here at the University of Arizona, taking graduate work; my interest in this matter stems principally from an admiration I have developed while engaged in my studies and pursuing my research work, which took me at one time through the Green River from Green River, Wyoming, to Green River City, Utah. It has inspired me with an admiration and a devotion to the country out here, which, in many cases, has only its beauty to make it a land worth living and dying for. But even in my very short lifetime, I see it vanishing. Our economic progress dooms one area after another, and it will not be so very many years before we have unwittingly removed the very best nature has given us.

I realize the magnitude of this project and understand that a great many things other than the aspects I myself can see and understand will either push this dam to its completion or abandon it, but I honestly hope you will be able to leave this wonderful national monument as it is for those who would in time come to enjoy it to its fullest extent. ,

December 4, 1951.

Sincerely yours,
James C. Gifford
Tucson, Arizona

For more on Dinosaur Monument, see *The Parks and Congress*, page 93.

ABSENCE OF PAINT (Continued from page 85)

ful a building may be in itself, it may be an intrusion if it stands in the path to some other kind of beauty. It should not be our aim to try to improve the landscape of Denali. We come there to see it as nature made it. That is why it is a national park today. That is why we should do our best to place the necessary structures in humble seclusion, as much as possible. This would tend to assist us to maintain the appropriate humility in the presence of grandeur. Let me emphasize that here, in the Wonder Lake area, we have scenic culmination of a trip into Denali's wilderness.

Some people express the opinion that, in conjunction with whatever lodge is built, there could be simple, low-priced housekeeping cabins, and a campground. One visitor with whom I talked thought there could be a community kitchen in which campers might cook. Denali is not in view regularly. It is necessary to await the proper weather. Therefore, it is a big adventure to be able to camp at that end of the park so as to be on hand when the mountain does consent to make its appearance. There should be a store near the railroad where those who do their own housekeeping could obtain supplies. Fuel is a problem. Most of the country is treeless and, especially at Wonder Lake, wood is scarce. Would it not be feasible to promote the use of some simple type of gasoline or oil-burning stove, of the Primus type, for camp cooking? A supply of such stoves might be carried in stock at the store or hotel near the railroad.

From the hotel, there should be better hiking facilities. There is the trail to Horse-shoe Lake and the beaver pond, below the hotel. What is needed is a trail up through the woods back of the hotel, a trail that would lead the visitor high enough afoot to obtain a good view of the country, and far enough to get him up into the edge of the forest, with a clear view of hiking possibilities into the open country of the

upper mountain heights. As it is now, for the visitor unacquainted with the country, and who happens to have time enough for a limited hike, but not a real mountain climb, the surroundings are a little confusing. A good trail leading up from the hotel would be very helpful.

There is a landing field within the park boundary, near the hotel. This would appear to be contrary to park policy. But it lies along the railway, which likewise runs through the edge of the park, as in the Grand Canyon National Park. Certainly the landing field is no more an intrusion than the railroad, and we have here a legitimate exception. This landing field is useful in many ways.

However, somewhere I gained the impression that the National Park Service itself is promoting the construction of a landing field in the Kantishna, adjacent to the Wonder Lake area. Although the location, if I am correct, is outside the park boundary, I believe it unwise for the National Park Service, as such, or its personnel, to be promoting a commercial venture. I cannot take space to elaborate this thought. It is obvious that Alaska is coasting along on a boom, enhanced, perhaps to a great extent, by the military establishment. This has led public officials to make extravagant claims, in my opinion, about the future of Alaska from the economic standpoint. I have heard some Alaskans speculate on what would happen to the present boom if world peace should be achieved, a goal that is earnestly desired. It seems to me that this is a poor time for a federal agency, especially the National Park Service, to promote private financial projects.

Alaska has a safe future, I am sure. If we can get past this highly speculative, grab era, a sound, worthy progress can be expected. If an air service to Kantishna eventually develops in response to need, well and good; but it seems to me that we now have adequate air service to the park entrance, where there is transportation into

the park, once the visitor lands. Experiencing Denali from the regular entrance is not of the "hasty-lunch" grab-a-bite kind. It involves miles of travel through fascinating country, characterized by anticipation, until Muldrow Glacier, McKinley Bar, and the mountain itself appear, as culminations of a seeking. This would seem to be the right way. In fact, the National Park Service, through those members of its staff who are genuinely moved by such considerations, could encourage by suitable literature just this kind of appreciating what Denali has to offer. I think we would all agree that there has been too much cheap advertising of parks in earlier years.

I admire the skill, and appreciate the satisfactions of many of my friends who fly. But a national park relates to another aspect of our civilization, another kind of recreation, a special source of inspiration with which speed and excessive mechanization is incompatible. The danger is that some of those who fly a plane become so used to it, become so conscious of their pleasure in this occupation, that they forget what it may do when introduced to the special dedicated areas. I have had conversations with flying enthusiasts that reveal such tendencies, and of course it is understandable.

It may be recalled that, in 1947, a report was prepared on "Aircraft vs. Wilderness" by a special committee appointed by the National Research Council, at the request of Chief Forester Lyle F. Watts. (See *The Living Wilderness*, No. 22, Autumn 1947.) Among the recommendations was one urging that administrative use of aircraft in wilderness or park be kept to a minimum.

Being much interested in the bear problem in national parks, I cannot refrain from commenting on what I saw at Denali. Below the hotel is an open sewer and garbage dump ground. This is regularly visited by several grizzlies. Near Savage River is a road camp where a grizzly had become accustomed to feeding on the

garbage, until the animal became dangerous and was shot while forcing itself into a house.

It should be kept in mind that these are grizzlies, with a temperament different from the garbage-trained black bears of the Yellowstone. With a view to the increased travel in Alaska and in the park, it is important to anticipate and forestall a serious condition, and handle this problem in its incipient stages. At all cost, the Denali grizzlies should not be sacrificed to *laissez faire* or indifference. It is a public responsibility to maintain national parks as nearly as possible in their original condition—in other words, to maintain the wilderness unimpaired, so far as it is humanly possible.

This is at stake in Denali. This wilderness includes the grizzly as an important feature of it. Not only that, it includes the original habits of the grizzly, as well as of the other animals, and the plants. Adolph [brother of the author] produced an outstanding motion picture of the wildlife of this park, including scenes showing the grizzly acting out his fascinating life history. I have shown it countless times, stressing the wilderness character of the park. The intimation is that such scenes may continue to be possible in the distant future. Audiences have responded most enthusiastically, and I am sure they picture the bears of Denali as they are presented in this film.

During my trips in the park this fall, with various people, grizzlies were seen. Invariably there was great enthusiasm among the people, and interest in the activities of the animals, as they dug for ground squirrels or pranced around for mice. Here we have an open country, easy for observation, well supplied with grizzlies. Here we have a real bear "show," about which we need have no qualms of conscience. What will happen to this priceless wilderness situation if, by careless planning for garbage disposal, the bears within an observable distance of the road become

addicted to garbage and largely forsake the interesting and significant actions that now are such an attraction? I would suggest a bear-proof fence around the dump.

At Wonder Lake I met Mr. Jensen, Park Service electrician from the regional office. In point of length of service, I believe he ranks among the oldest. I enjoyed my talk with him. His comments might have been those of Stephen Mather or John Muir.

BALD EAGLE

(Continued from page 81)

mended that the legislature repeal it, and the Fish and Wildlife Service supported this recommendation. Since the legislature does not meet until 1953, the game commissioners are now drafting regulations to make it illegal to kill bald eagles for the collection of the bounty. It is to be hoped that this measure will remove the principal incentive to kill the birds. A few stiff fines imposed on violators should be salutary.

The second step, after the bounty is repealed, is to extend legal protection to the species. It has been asked whether the present law protecting the bald eagle in the United States would automatically extend to Alaska if she were granted statehood. The best opinion available is that it would

The old ideals are still alive, I thought!

I know there are weak spots here and there throughout the National Park Service. These need attention. But we can also give attention to the areas of strength, nurture them, and contrive with out highest faith and intelligence to cause the worthy program, with which we are concerned, to spread in its application, and grow in effectiveness and value.

not. In any case, even if the statehood bill were enacted (which seems doubtful at this writing), two years must elapse before Alaska becomes a state, and the legislature will meet before then.

It seems probable that once the incentive for killing eagles for profit is removed there will be little effective opposition to giving the eagle full protection. That factor hinges on whether there is really important resentment on the part of the majority of Alaskans against the species for fancied wrongs, or whether the feeling is rather one of public apathy. Efforts now to develop public understanding in Alaska of the harmless nature of the bald eagle, its significance as our national emblem, and the desirability of protecting it for its own sake, would lead to the desired result.

Wilderness Trail Trips in Glacier National Park is a public service enterprise which is operated by Frank and Edna Evans. This will be its ninth year of operation. It is dedicated to making possible a few days of living in the sanctity of primeval splendor and to be on speaking terms with mountains, the waterfalls, and the very wilderness itself. It is one of the most inspiring experiences that one can know. Four ten-day trips will be featured with the following dates: July 7-17, 21-31, August 4-14, and 18-28. An eleventh day is optional, and it features a float trip down the north fork of the Flathead River.

All equipment is furnished and pack animals transport everything. The guests, limited in number, hike moderate daily distances. Side trips and climbs are included for those desiring them. Fishing in Glacier's back country is excellent; scenery is unexcelled, and one finds wonderful companionship with those who seek this adventurous type of vacation. Frank was formerly a ranger in the park, and he is a naturalist by profession. Edna is a registered nurse and a delightfully charming camp hostess. Details may be had by writing: The Trail Merchants, 715 West Garden, Coeur d'Alene, Idaho. After June 1, address Panorama Ranch, Belton, Montana. Rates are \$150 for the ten-day outing.

THE EDITOR'S BOOKSHELF

YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK PHOTOGRAPHIC PORTFOLIO, by Franz Lipp. Published by the Art Institute of Chicago, and available from the Yellowstone Library and Museum Association, Yellowstone National Park, Wyoming. 1951. Price \$1.50.

Millions of visitors have photographed the geysers, canyons, wildlife and scenery of Yellowstone National Park in the hope of capturing the spirit of the park's wonders; but only the patient concentration and study Mr. Lipp has devoted could achieve the perfection of the dozen of his photographs selected for this portfolio. He spent forty weeks in the field in Yellowstone, mingling with the animals, learning all the changing moods of the geysers, watching for the perfect cloud formations to insure the best picture. Those who believe they have really seen their national parks by racing from one to another in a summer's trip would do well to contemplate the achievements of a photographer who has been willing to stay in one place.

These twelve pictures include portraits of bighorns, bears, and other wildlife, shimmering geysers and brilliant vistas, remarkable not only for their technical excellence, but for their comprehension of the inward meaning of the outdoors. Each is printed on a separate sheet, ideal for framing. The low price of the portfolio makes it an attractive supplement to one's personal souvenirs of a visit to this great national park. This is the first of a series of portfolios of Mr. Lipp's work that will be issued, which, when completed, will undoubtedly be the finest collection of pictures of Yellowstone ever assembled.—*F. M. P.*

PLANTS OF BIG BEND NATIONAL PARK, by W. B. McDougall and Omer E. Sperry. Published by the National Park Service, obtainable from the U. S. Government

Printing Office, Washington 25, D. C. 1951. Illustrated. Index. Glossary. 209 pages. Paper cover. Price \$1.

This is another of the several outstanding National Park Service publications designed to help visitors get more pleasure from the parks. The publication of such material as this by the Service is in strict conformity with the duties of the Service to interpret the beauties and wonders of the parks for the people. Many other publications of this kind remain unwritten and unpublished because of insufficient funds.

Plants of Big Bend National Park is no mere guide to wild flowers. It is literally what the name implies—it is a guide to all of the park's plant life, including trees, cacti, grasses and so forth. To one who has not visited Big Bend, and who may think of it as mostly desert, it will come as a surprise to learn that several kinds of ferns live there, not to mention clubmosses, oaks and pines. Here you will find a member of the dogwood family, the silktassel, described as a shrub two to eight feet high; and here, too, the Douglas fir, the big conifer that is abundant in the tall forests of the Rocky Mountain and Pacific coast states and western Canada; and there is the madrone, the shrub or tree with conspicuous smooth orange colored bark native to the wet coastal forests from northern California to British Columbia. There is in Big Bend an amazing variety of plants, and many of them are shown in photographs in this book. Just to look through the pictures entices one to go to the park. Texts describe each species, and, in many cases, tell where it grows in the park, as in a certain canyon high in the mountains, or down along the banks of the Rio Grande. Anyone planning a trip to Big Bend, should be sure to go armed with this book.

Aside from the obvious value of *Plants of Big Bend National Park* to visitors, the book, should be a valuable reference for

general use on flora of the Southwest; and it should serve the interest of naturalists, gardeners, teachers and students of botany.—*D. B.*

THE STORY OF MOUNT RAINIER NATIONAL PARK, by Frank Brockman. 1940. Price 50 cents.

BEHIND THE SCENERY OF MOUNT RAINIER, by Howard R. Stagner. 1947. Price 50 cents.

A GUIDE TO THE TRAILS OF MOUNT RAINIER NATIONAL PARK, by Robert K. Weldon and Merlin K. Potts. 1950. Price 50 cents.

MAMMALS OF MOUNT RAINIER, by Merlin K. Potts and Russell K. Grater. 1949. Price 50 cents. Published by the Mount Rainier Natural History Association, Longmire, Washington.

Reading the review of *Flora of Mount Rainier National Park* in the July-September 1951 issue of our magazine, Park Naturalist Merlin K. Potts invited our attention to four other publications that have been issued by the Mount Rainier Natural History Association. It is a pleasure to recommend them to our members. They are exceptionally interesting and informative, and each should be read by anyone who has seen this national park, or who hopes to go there. The particularly valuable feature of the series is that it has been carefully written to show the visitor his own relationship to the subjects discussed, and so has more significance than many popular pamphlets about the parks.

The first booklet is a vivid account of the exploration that led to the reservation of the great peak, of the hazardous climbs made by early adventurers, and of the importance of the park for scientific research. The second is an appreciation of the beauty of the setting, with a dramatic story of its geological development, supplemented with a superb series of photographs. The guide to the trails is designed to advise the visi-

tor where to go to enjoy the park to the full; each trail is discussed in detail, with notes on the points of special interest of each. The pamphlet on the mammals is one of the best popular nature bulletins that has crossed our desk; the habits, occurrence and life histories are fascinating, and the illustrations excellent.

The naturalists of the park are to be congratulated on the quality of this series, which is an example of the kind of public education material needed in all of the national parks and monuments. The success of the natural history associations in developing and publishing this sort of material is demonstration of their value, and of the contribution they are making to the program of nature appreciation.—*F. M. P.*

THE STORY OF MAN IN THE YELLOWSTONE, by Merrill D. Beal. Published by The Caxton Printers, Ltd., Caldwell, Idaho. 1949. Illustrated. Appendix. Bibliography. Index. 320 pages. Price \$5.

Beginning with the discovery of the Yellowstone country by John Colter, this book takes the reader through the thrilling pioneer history of this rugged, scenically beautiful part of the Rockies. It gives a vivid picture of the early trappers, as well as of the Indian tribes that inhabited the surrounding country; and it describes the "pygmy tribe" called Sheepeaters, cave dwellers, the only tribe actually to have inhabited the Yellowstone. A chapter is devoted to fabulous Jim Bridger, and another to the "final discovery"—the famous Washburn-Langford-Doane Expedition. Then comes the Hayden Expedition, followed by the outstanding historical event of establishment of Yellowstone National Park, in 1872. From here, the story is replete with the names of men well-known in national park history, for the story of Yellowstone is one with the expansion and development of the park system. Dr. Beal, a former Park Service man, is now Professor of History at Idaho State College.—*D.B.*

THE PARKS AND CONGRESS

82nd Congress to April 1, 1952

STATUS OF THE DINOSAUR DAMS

RECENT ISSUES of NATIONAL PARKS MAGAZINE have carried articles discussing the reasons why the National Parks Association and other organizations are opposing the proposed construction of Echo Park and Split Mountain dams within Dinosaur National Monument. A year ago, following Secretary of the Interior Oscar L. Chapman's decision to approve these dams, and following introduction of legislation in the 81st Congress, to authorize Echo Park dam as part of the first phase of the Colorado River basin project, the chances of eliminating these two dams from the proposal seemed dim. Now, because of strong public response to articles explaining the situation, there is a chance that both dams will be deleted from the project, and alternatives along the lines suggested by General U. S. Grant, III, may be approved.

On February 20, 1951, your Association called a meeting of conservation leaders to suggest that General Grant's recommendations be discussed with Secretary Chapman. The Secretary granted an interview, and appeared receptive to the idea that Utah and Colorado might gain equal or greater benefits by changing the sequence of construction of other dams involved, and omitting Echo Park and Split Mountain from further consideration. He assured us that he had not changed his mind, but said that he would make a thorough reinvestigation of the problem, both from the viewpoint of preservation of monument values and from the engineering viewpoint.

Secretary Chapman and his staff have stated publicly that they are concerned about the damage these dams would do the monument, and that they hope a solution can be found that will leave the monument unimpaired. (See Secretary Chapman's letter to Senator Watkins of Utah, on page 86.) While the Secretary has not announced

any conclusions as a result of these new studies, his willingness to reconsider the matter gives reason for optimism.

On February 25 of this year, a delegation of engineers from Vernal, Utah, showed in Washington, a motion picture of a boat trip down the Green and Yampa rivers through Dinosaur National Monument. Although presented as an argument for the dams, the pictorial beauty of the film was fully as impressive as evidence for preserving the monument. The commentary emphasized the asserted dangers of taking a boat through the rapids, and minimized scenic and scientific values. This attitude toward the magnificent wild rapids of the Green River might be countered by saying that one does not go over Yellowstone Falls or Yosemite Falls in order to enjoy those scenic wonders. As a matter of fact, in the year 1951 alone, 106 people took the river trip through Dinosaur's canyons. No opportunity was given to discuss the film or statements made in connection with it; but one spectator said later that flooding these canyons to a depth of 500 feet would ruin their park values just as effectively as similar flooding of the Yosemite Valley would devastate that famous park. The Izaak Walton League hopes to arrange a public showing of this film, in Denver, with a panel discussion of the pros and cons of the proposed project by authorities on both sides.

If bills authorizing these dams are introduced, letters should be addressed to Congress about them. Every new member of the House of Representatives to be elected in November, and present and new members of the Senate, should be informed of the views of their constituents when Congress convenes in January, 1953. It is hoped that a battle on this subject, before the new Congress, will not be necessary.

H. R. 1638 (Murdock) To facilitate the management of the National Park System. Passed the House; before the Senate Committee on Interior and Insular Affairs.—This legislation provides needed congressional authority to the National Park Service with regard to utility services, law enforcement, and other matters. The National Parks Association favors enactment.

H. R. 2897 (Lantaff) To authorize the establishment of a wildlife management area in the Florida keys. Before the House Committee on Merchant Marine and Fisheries.—There has been no progress on this bill to save the key deer since the report in the October-December 1951 issue of our magazine.

H. R. 4199 (Redden) To authorize the transfer of certain lands acquired in connection with the Blue Ridge Parkway to the Department of Agriculture for national forest purposes. Passed the House; before the Senate Committee on Interior and Insular Affairs.—The National Park Service has acquired a number of small parcels of land near the parkway that are not needed. These could be put to better use if administered by the Forest Service. The bill will enable the Park Service to turn such tracts over to the Forest Service at the discretion of the Secretary of the Interior.

H. R. 4512 (Engle) To authorize the exchange of certain lands within Death Valley National Monument. Passed the House; before the Senate Committee on Interior and Insular Affairs.—The Borax Consolidated Company owns a small landing field at the edge of Death Valley, for servicing its plant. Twenty acres of monument land would be given the company to increase the safety of its operations in exchange for 230 acres of land valuable for inclusion within the monument. The National Park Service favors this bill.

H. R. 4794 (Bartlett) To authorize the Secretary of the Interior to permit removal of volcanic ash from areas along the shores of Shelik Strait, in Katmai National Monument, Alaska. Reported favorably by the House Committee on Interior and Insular Affairs.—This deposit of pumicite, required for construction, is located where it can be mined with a minimum of disturbance to the monument. Confronted with the probability of legislation to withdraw the area from the monument, the Park Service approved this bill in order to ensure proper supervision of the operation. Mining is legally permitted in four National Park Service areas, and few, if any, of these claims are in production. The addition of a fifth, however reasonable, unfortunately strengthens this bad precedent.

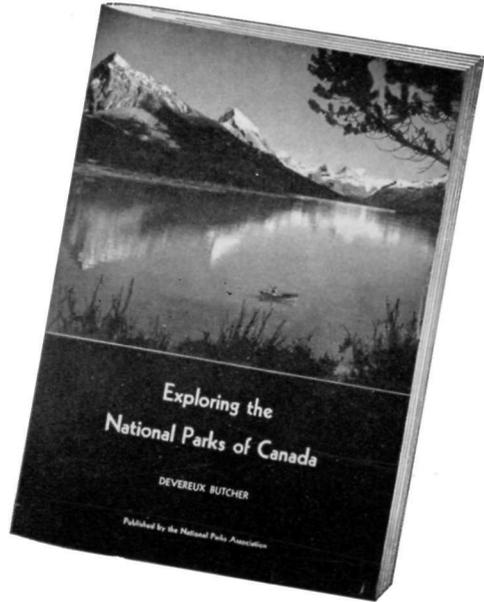
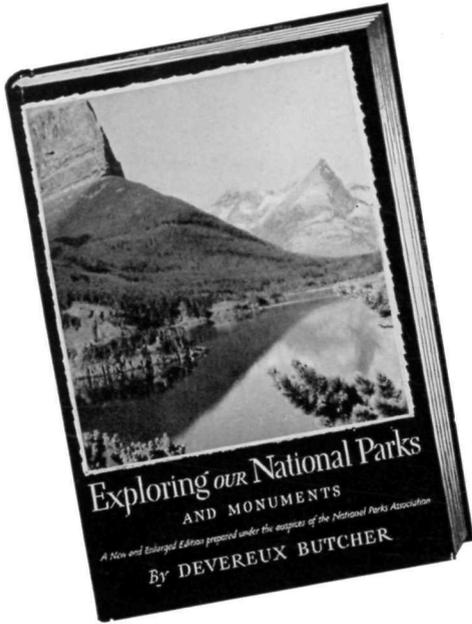
H. R. 5023 (Johnson of California) To prohibit the construction, operation, or maintenance of any project for the storage or delivery of water within or affecting any national park or monument. Before the House Committee on Interior and Insular Affairs.—This bill is strongly endorsed by the National Parks Association. It is not likely that action will be taken in the present session of Congress; but it is hoped that Congressman Johnson will reintroduce his bill in the 83rd Congress.

H. R. 6094 (Buckley), **H. R. 6180** (Dondero), **S. 2437** (Chavez) To amend the Federal-Aid Road Act to provide authorization for 1954 and 1955 appropriations for various types of roads and trails in national parks and national forests. Before the House and Senate committees on public works.—Special appropriations of between \$10,000,000 and \$23,000,000 would be allocated to the National Park Service to speed up road and trail construction, delayed by inadequate funds. Between \$23,000,000 and \$64,000,000 would go to the U. S. Forest Service, and additional sums to Indian reservations and the Inter-American Highway.

H. R. 6784 (Redden) To provide for the conveyance of certain land situated in Swain County, North Carolina, to such county. Before the House Committee on Interior and Insular Affairs.—44,000 acres of the Hazel Creek and Eagle Creek watersheds, within Great Smoky Mountains National Park, near Fontana, transferred to the park from TVA holdings, about two years ago, would revert to county ownership. The ostensible reason for this proposal is that, during the past two years, the Park Service has not received funds to replace a road flooded by the Fontana Dam, although actually construction has begun, and \$392,000 has been earmarked for continuation this year. It is fairly certain that the real motive is to reopen this area to bear-hunting for local gunners. The National Parks Association opposes this bill, and urges members to express their views to the Honorable John R. Murdock, chairman of the committee, and to their own representatives.

H. J. Res. 387 (Chatham) To change the name of the Blue Ridge Parkway to the Robert L. Doughton Parkway. Passed the House; before the Senate Committee on Interior and Insular Affairs.—This resolution, intended to honor a retiring congressman, who has assisted realization of the parkway, was rushed through the House over the protest of the National Park Service and of Congressman Doughton himself. The undesirable nature of such a proposal is obvious. It is to be hoped that the Senate committee will pigeon-hole it. The chairman of the committee is Senator Joseph C. O'Mahoney.

H. J. Res. 389 (Redden) To appropriate \$3,000,000 for the construction of three unfinished sections of the Blue Ridge Parkway, in North Carolina. Before the House Committee on Appropriations, the Honorable Clarence Cannon, Chairman.—The National Parks Association approves this legislation.



Two Beautiful Books to Help You Plan and Enjoy Your Vacation

EXPLORING OUR NATIONAL PARKS AND MONUMENTS, third edition, describes 26 national parks, 36 nature monuments and 18 archeological * monuments. In 288 pages, it contains 284 magnificent photographs of scenery, animals, birds, wild flowers and prehistoric Indian ruins in the reservations; tells how to reach each area by automobile, bus or train; where to stay, including hotels, lodges and campgrounds; what to see and do; and names important trips in the parks. Three maps show locations of all areas described.

EXPLORING THE NATIONAL PARKS OF CANADA, in 84 pages, describes Canada's eleven big national parks. Prepared in the same handsome format as *Exploring Our National Parks and Monuments*, it is just as lavishly illustrated, with the most thrilling photographs of Canada's glorious wilderness. Here, too, is complete information on how to reach each park, where to stay and what to do. Both books are designed to help you plan your vacation. Order copies for yourself and for your friends by filling in and mailing the coupon with your check today.

* The national archeological monument series, although included in this larger book, is also available in a separate 64-page booklet entitled *Exploring Our Prehistoric Indian Ruins*. Anyone specifically interested in archeology can obtain this booklet by enclosing \$1 additional and marking X beside "Archeology" on the coupon.

National Parks Association, 1840 Mintwood Place, N. W., Washington 9, D. C.

Please send me.....cop.....of EXPLORING OUR NATIONAL PARKS AND MONUMENTS

Paper-bound @ \$2.50 a copy Cloth-bound @ \$4.00 a copy

and cop.....of EXPLORING THE NATIONAL PARKS OF CANADA

In paper covers only, @ \$1.50 a copy

Archeology \$1.00 My check for \$..... is enclosed.

Name.....

Street.....

City.....Zone.....State or Province.....

NATIONAL PARKS ASSOCIATION

OFFICERS

William P. Wharton—**President**
Sigurd F. Olson—**Vice President**
Joshua Evans, Jr.—**Treasurer**

Harold J. Coolidge—**Secretary**
Fred M. Packard—**Executive Secretary**
*Devereux Butcher—**Field Representative**

Mrs. Alice S. De Lanoy—**Membership Secretary**

BOARD OF TRUSTEES

Horace M. Albright
Albert W. Atwood
John H. Baker
Paul Bartsch
*Austin H. Clark
*Harold J. Coolidge
*Delos E. Culver
Newton B. Drury
*Henry P. Erwin
*Joshua Evans, Jr.
B. Floyd Flickinger

*Francis M. Goodwin
Edward H. Graham
Louis J. Halle
*Michael Hudoba
Ethel L. Larsen
Waldo Leland
Martin Litton
Fred S. Lodge
Mrs. Edward McKeon
George Hewitt Myers
*Sigurd F. Olson

Fairfield Osborn
Arthur N. Pack
*Edward A. Preble
H. Radclyffe Roberts
Anthony W. Smith
Guy Stantz
*Huston Thompson
*William Vogt
*William P. Wharton
*Charles G. Woodbury
Mrs. Robert C. Wright

* Executive Committee

COOPERATING ORGANIZATIONS

Am. Ass'n for Advancement of Science
Am. Committee for Internat'l Wildlife Protection
American Nature Association
American Society of Landscape Architects
American Society of Naturalists
Ecological Society of America
Garden Club of America
General Federation of Women's Clubs
Internat'l Union for Protection of Nature
Izaak Walton League of America
National Audubon Society

National Council of State Garden Clubs
National Parks Association of Canada
National Speleological Society
National Wildlife Federation
New York Zoological Society
Olympic Park Associates
Sierra Club
The American Forestry Association
The Colorado Mountain Club
The Nature Conservancy
The Wilderness Society

PAST PRESIDENTS

Henry B. F. MacFarland
Charles D. Walcott

Herbert Hoover
George Bird Grinnell

Wallace W. Atwood
Cloyd Heck Marvin

Fill out and mail to National Parks Association, 1840 Mintwood Place, N. W., Washington 9, D. C.

I wish to support the work of the National Parks Association through membership. I have indicated the class desired, and enclose check for dues which includes subscription to the quarterly NATIONAL PARKS MAGAZINE.

- Annual \$3 a year. Supporting \$5 a year. Sustaining \$10 a year.
 Contributing \$25 a year. Life \$100, no further dues.
 Patron \$1000, no further dues. School or library subscription \$2 a year.
 Contribution to reserve fund. (A donor contributing \$100 or more to the reserve fund automatically becomes a life member. Dues, contributions and bequests are deductible from your federal income tax returns.)

Name

Address

Why the National Parks Association

ORIGIN OF THE NATIONAL PARK SYSTEM AND SERVICE

Wanderers penetrating the wilderness that is today known as Yellowstone National Park told tales of the natural wonders of the area. To verify these tales an expedition was sent out in 1870. At the campfire one evening, a member of the expedition conceived the plan of having these natural spectacles placed in the care of the government to be preserved for the inspiration, education and enjoyment of all generations. The party made its report to Congress, and two years later, Yellowstone National Park came into being. Today its geysers, its forests and its wildlife are spared, and the area is a nearly intact bit of the original wilderness which once stretched across the continent.

Since 1872 twenty-six other highly scenic areas, each one a distinct type of original wilderness of outstanding beauty, have also been spared from commercial exploitation and designated as national parks. Together they comprise the National Park System. To manage the System the National Park Service was formed in 1916. In its charge are national monuments as well as other areas and sites.

COMMERCIAL ENCROACHMENT AND OTHER DANGERS

Most people believe that the national parks have remained and will remain inviolate, but this is not wholly true. Selfish commercial interests seek to have bills introduced in Congress making it legal to graze livestock, cut forests, develop mines, dam rivers for waterpower, and so forth, within the parks. It is sometimes possible for an organized small minority working through Congress to have its way over an unorganized vast majority.

Thus it is that a reservoir dam authorized in 1913 floods the once beautiful Hetch Hetchy Valley in Yosemite National Park; and that during World War I certain flower-filled alpine meadows in the parks were opened to grazing. The building of needless roads that destroy primeval character, the over-development of amusement facilities, and the inclusion of areas that do not conform to national park standards, and which sometimes contain resources that will be needed for economic use, constitute other threats to the System. The National Parks Association has long urged designating the great parks as *national primeval parks* to distinguish them from other reservations administered by the National Park Service. The Association believes such a designation would help to clarify in the public mind the purpose and function of the parks, and reduce political assaults being made upon them.

THE NATIONAL PARKS ASSOCIATION

The Association was established in 1919 to promote the preservation of primeval conditions in the national parks, and in certain national monuments, and to maintain the high standards of the national parks adopted at the creation of the National Park Service. The Association is ready also to preserve wild and wilderness country and its virgin forests, plantlife and wildlife elsewhere in the nation; and it is the purpose of the Association to win all America to the appreciation of nature.

The membership of the Association is composed of men and women who know the value of preserving for all time a few small remnants of the original wilderness of North America. Non-political and non-partisan, the Association stands ready to oppose violations of the sanctity of the national parks and other areas. When threats occur, the Association appeals to its members and allied organizations to express their wishes to those in authority. When plans are proposed that merely would provide profit for the few, but which at the same time would destroy our superlative national heritage, it is the part of the National Parks Association to point the way to more constructive programs. Members are kept informed on all important matters through the pages of NATIONAL PARKS MAGAZINE.

THE NATIONAL PARKS AND YOU

To insure the preservation of our heritage of scenic wilderness, the combined force of thinking Americans is needed. Membership in the National Parks Association offers a means through which you may do your part in guarding the national parks, national monuments and other wilderness country.

MAN WILL CEASE TO COMBAT NATURE,
AND INSTEAD WILL COOPERATE WITH HER,
WHEN HE RECOGNIZES HIMSELF
AS MUCH A PART AND PRODUCT OF NATURE
AS ALL EARTH'S OTHER CREATURES