

NATIONAL PARKS *Magazine*



Sunset shadows the Ajo Mountains
in Arizona's Organ Pipe Cactus National Monument

January 1969

FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY NATIONAL PARKS ASSOCIATION

Folly in Florida

ONE OF THE LATEST IN THE PASSING PARADE OF ENVIRONMENTAL follies (it happens to be taking place in Florida) is the new jetport in the Everglades.

The American people, acting through Congress, established a magnificent new national park in the Everglades in Florida more than 20 years ago. They have come to its rescue repeatedly against drainage and construction programs, and all manner of other intrusions, which would have destroyed it. The struggle for protection is never-ending.

North of the park are the great Conservation Areas—still mainly pristine Everglades—established by the State of Florida and the Army Engineers to conserve water for many purposes in central and southern Florida, including water for Everglades National Park.

In many respects, from the conservation point of view, these areas are quite as important as the national park itself. Like the park, they serve as habitat for a teeming plant and animal life, subtropical in character, of immeasurable scientific, esthetic, ecological, scenic, and human value, which can be found nowhere else in the United States.

At the request of Congress, the Army Engineers have recently turned out a new water-engineering plan involving the raising of water levels in Lake Okeechobee, a main source of supply for all the Everglades, and for larger conduits to carry the water from the lake and the areas to the park. The main doubt about the plan is whether the water will actually be supplied; but the engineering works are under way.

And so now comes the project to build a huge airport adjacent to the Conservation Area just north of the park. It starts out as a training field; its future, in the eyes of its promoters, is to be the biggest transcontinental and international jetport, perhaps, in the world. It will occupy 39 square miles of marsh, an area more than six miles square.

It will play host, so it is foreseen, to the lumbering jumbo-jets carrying 360 passengers, with which this country is already slated to be burdened. It will also harbor, we can certainly assume, the supersonic jets whose booms will shake the cities and the mountains from coast to coast.

The project provides a case-study in fantastic folly; in our profound failure as a nation to establish viable goals

of economic, social, and governmental planning; in our incompetence in managing the huge scientific and technological capacities we have turned loose upon ourselves.

Having invested vast efforts and millions of dollars on a famous national park, we now turn all our engineering powers against our own environmental treasures. Having struggled valiantly to protect the plant and wildlife resources preserved in the park, we shall now edge the traffic and the noise closely up to the margins of the preserve and greatly imperil them.

The Conservation Areas established to store water for myriad social and ecological purposes will now begin to fill with rock, sand, and gravel. A superhighway with a right-of-way 1000 feet wide will provide travel access through the Area near the park, not along the existing Tamiami Trail a little to the south, nor along the so-called Alligator Alley, a new road on the north, but straight through the center of the intervening Everglades.

Laughably, the project has become a bone of contention between New York and Miami. The New York Port Authority and the Metropolitan Transportation Authority consider New York's three huge existing airports inadequate. Miami, it seems, is about to rob New York, not merely of a little air traffic, a dreadful loss in itself, but of its entire economic lifeblood. One visualizes New York's overseas maritime shipping dwindling away, and the superhighways which spiral into Manhattan suddenly empty. All the motorists have headed south to leap from the Everglades by air to their chosen destinations all over the world. Some New Yorkers might think it a good thing if the population of their supercity fell to the point where they could count on living a little longer in the old home town. Some people in Miami, not the speculators, might feel the same way about Miami.

As usual, the Indians suffer. The airport site has been a hunting ground for the Miccosukee Indians for centuries. They perform an annual rite known as the Green Corn Dance. The Authority has graciously agreed to preserve a few huts. The invaders, of course, have a corn dance of their own: condemnation and demolition in the worship of speed and construction.

The Federal Aviation Agency lent \$500,000 to start this project off. The Bureau of Public Roads will be making its own contribution to the monstrous access road. The Army Engineers are pouring millions into the drainage, storage, dumping, and distribution of Everglades water. The Federal Housing Administration is underwriting mortgages for construction on land (and water) which ought to stay unoccupied. The Defense Department and the National Aeronautics and Space Administration have chosen Florida for some of their most extravagant installations, which often could have gone elsewhere. Agricultural subsidies

(continued on page 21)

GOLDEN ANNIVERSARY

The National Parks Association will complete the first 50 years of its service to conservation and the Nation on May 20 of this year.

This is our Golden Anniversary Year, and we shall have a number of projects to unveil to our membership and the public in the months that lie ahead.

Among the great events will be a special issue of *National Parks Magazine* in May. Keep the Anniversary date in mind; it should be the occasion for a renewal of moral and financial support by our members for the work of the Association.

WHAT CAN BE DONE?

If you think that nonsense like the giant jetport in the Everglades near Miami should stop, you are free to write to President-elect Richard M. Nixon, The White House, Washington, D.C.



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Front cover photograph by David Muench

In May, 1965, the National Park Service focused public attention on an American conservation dream of many years' standing with publication of its study report on a possible Sonoran Desert National Park. This would include the present Organ Pipe Cactus National Monument, the huge Cabeza Prieta Game Range, some 80,000 acres of Sonoran Desert terrain, all in Arizona, and if possible a substantial portion of the wild and desolate Pinacate lava fields across the Arizona border in Mexico's State of Sonora. In this issue of the Magazine David W. Toll, writer and editor of Reno, Nevada, looks at the park proposal and its position.

The Association and the Magazine

The National Parks Association is a completely independent, private, non-profit, public-service organization, educational and scientific in character, with over 39,000 members throughout the United States and abroad. It was established in 1919 by Stephen T. Mather, the first Director of the National Park Service. It publishes the monthly *National Parks Magazine*, received by all members.

The responsibilities of the Association relate primarily to the protection of the great national parks and monuments of America, in which it endeavors to cooperate with the Service, while functioning also as a constructive critic; and secondarily to the protection and restoration of the natural environment generally.

Dues are \$6.50 annual, \$10.50 supporting, \$20 sustaining, \$35 contributing, \$200 life with no further dues, and \$1000 patron with no further dues. Contributions and bequests are also needed. Dues in excess of \$6.50 and contributions are deductible for Federal taxable income, and gifts and bequests are deductible for Federal gift and estate tax purposes. As an organization receiving such gifts, the Association is precluded by law and regulations from advocating or opposing legislation to any substantial extent; insofar as our authors may touch on legislation, they write as individuals.

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NATIONAL PARKS MAGAZINE

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Photograph by David Muench

For some years conservationists have dreamed of a great international park in the Sonoran Desert of Arizona and the Republic of Mexico, to be fashioned from existing Organ Pipe Cactus National Monument, the Cabeza Prieta Game Range, and additional land in Arizona, and the Pinacate lava field across the international border. The view shows a portion of Organ Pipe Cactus Monument looking toward the Cubabi Mountains of Mexico in the distant background.

THE SONORAN DESERT NATIONAL PARK

By DAVID W. TOLL

"It came over him all of a sudden that he had not grasped the stupendous nature of the desert setting. There was the measureless red slope, its lower ridge finally sinking into white sand dunes toward the blue sea. The cold, sparkling light, the white sun, the deep azure of the sky, the feeling of boundless expanse all around him—these meant high altitudes. Southward the barren red simply merged into distance. The field of craters rose in high, dark wheels toward the dominating peaks. When Gale withdrew his gaze from the magnitude of these spaces and heights the crater beneath him seemed dwarfed. Yet while he gazed it spread and deepened and multiplied its ragged lines. No, he could not grasp the meaning of size or distance here. There was too much to stun the sight."

GALE IS THE HERO OF ZANE GREY'S MELODRAMATIC NOVEL of 1913, *Desert Gold: A Romance of the Border*. In the passage quoted, Gale is taking a moment out from a desert duel with the villainous Rojas to join a long and distinguished list of visitors to the northwest corner of the Mexican State of Sonora who have been profoundly impressed with its violent volcanic landscape. Juan Maria Salvatierra, S. J., shrank from it as being like "the condition of the world at the general conflagration." Said a frontier lawman at the turn of the century: "Hell boiled over at Pinacate."

The 1500-square-mile Pinacate lava fields begin a few miles south of the Arizona border, roughly adjacent to Organ Pipe Cactus National Monument and to the Cabeza Prieta Game Range, into which an arm of the Pinacate lava flow has penetrated, and extend nearly to the Gulf of California. The rotting lava lies upon the earth in every known volcanic form, in cones and craters, in tubes and vents and spills, in cliffs and spatters and postpiles, and on the playas as bombs. To the south and west of center in this silent display of ferocity is the Sierra del Pinacate, "a sort of rubbish heap of *tezontle* stone," according to a Spanish description in 1706. This hump of rubble was the vantage point from which Fr. Eusebio Kino pointed out conclusively that the Californias were joined to the mainland, and he named the range the Santa Clara Mountains. So grand a name refused to stick, however, and they have long been called the Pinacate, after a black beetle common to the region. The 4235-foot summit offers a view much like that described in *Desert Gold*, except that there are mountain ranges rising like reefs from the desert floor, as well; and so rich is the Sonoran Desert vegetation that everything is green. But the deception of that greenery may be inferred from the fact that, aside from park personnel at Organ Pipe Cactus Monument, there are barely half



Photograph by M. Woodbridge Williams

Collared lizard: a Sonoran Desert specialist in the art of living without water.

a dozen human beings inhabiting something like 3000 square miles of territory astride the Mexico-United States border.

And because this area represents not only the last sizable expanse of relatively unspoiled Sonoran Desert remaining in the United States but also the great volcanic area of Pinacate, conservationists on both sides of the border have been hopeful that the United States and Mexican areas could be incorporated into an international park, perhaps on the order of existing Waterton-Glacier International Peace Park on our Canadian border. So powerful has this urge been, in fact, that when the National Park Service inspection team charged with re-evaluating the purpose of Organ Pipe Cactus Monument made its report, proposing that it be combined with the Cabeza Prieta Game Range and an additional 80,000 acres containing the Tinajas Altas Mountains to create the Sonoran Desert National Park, it could not resist adding Pinacate to the plan. "Careful analysis of the many factors involved," the team wrote, "supports the conclusion that Organ Pipe Cactus National Monument, Cabeza Prieta Game Range and the contiguous Pinacate volcanic field in Mexico constitute an integrated unit of unspoiled Sonoran Desert. The biological, geological, historical, scenic and esthetic values of the entire study area are of such outstanding significance and their recreation value so high as to fully warrant whatever steps are necessary to provide for both adequately pre-



Photograph courtesy National Park Service

For an introduction to the moon, one need not leave the earth. Above, a portion of the Pinacate volcanic field in Mexico south of Arizona's Cabeza Prieta Game Range, seen as a possible part of an international park. Sykes Crater is in foreground, while in right middle distance is MacDougal Crater. In far distance is dune area near Gulf of Lower California.

serving the area and making it available for public use.”

One measure of the change which the region has undergone in recent years is that in the 1920's and '30's, guides leading Eastern hunters in search of bighorn sheep in the Pinacate could often rope the animals from horseback. Now the sheep population is reduced to a generously estimated 500 in the 3000 square miles comprising the Pinacate region, Organ Pipe and Cabeza Prieta. A similar decline has been reported among the other large mammals of the area: gray foxes, kit foxes, mule deer, white-tailed deer, bobcats, mountain lions and Sonoran Desert antelope. And, while hunting has certainly been an important factor, it can not have been the only one involved, since many of

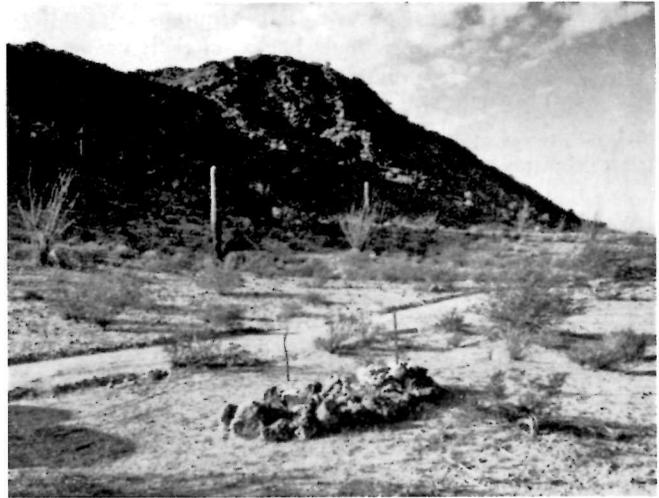
the un hunted animal species have fallen off in numbers.

Change has also been seen in the vegetation of this arboreal desert, with annual plants increasing markedly while the number of perennials slightly diminished. The result of this shift is that the desert, always “heavily forested” with tall columnar cactus—saguaro, organ pipe and senita—and shaded by palo verde, mesquite, creosote bush, ironwood and a host of other trees and shrubs, is becoming increasingly green as well. In most places it is necessary for a hiker to thread his way through the thick vegetation. Yet there are only a very few places in the region where a leaf larger than a fingernail can be found.

The human population of the region has shown signif-

icant changes, too. The best available evidence suggests that human occupation of the region began some 5000 years ago with people known as San Dieguito I. By 1540, when Melchior Diaz became the first European to enter the region, the Pinacate region was inhabited by two small bands of Areñeros, or Sand Papagos. Few other Indians lived nearby. Fr. Kino built the westernmost of his missions at the Pima village of Sonoyta (now a prosperous community and port of entry opposite the much smaller Lukeville, Arizona), and traveled the waterhole-to-waterhole route between Sonoyta and the Colorado River in the early 18th century. Captain Juan Bautista de Anza led his colonists over the same route on his way to settle San Francisco. So well known, in fact, did this route become that when gold was discovered in California, it was crowded with travelers. There were too many for the slender water resources of the route, and ill-prepared for the blistering temperatures of summer. As many as 500 are said to have died of thirst along the way in the years of the gold rush. The highway came to be called "*El Camino del Diablo*," the Devil's Highway.

Contact with the argonauts is the probable cause of the disappearance of the Areñeros. The small band living east of the Pinacates was ravaged by plague, and the few



For many a seeker after California gold the end of the trail was marked by a rude cross atop a cairn of Sonoran Desert cobbles.

Below, camera looks southwest across the Cabeza Prieta Mountains, with lava-capped Cabeza Prieta Peak to left of center. Cabeza Prieta tanks are just below center, while Gila Mountains are in distance.

Photographs above and below courtesy National Park Service



survivors moved away. Some of the Indians on the west side were moved to turn their backs on their crude agriculture in favor of robbing and murdering travelers along El Camino del Diablo. A Mexican posse wiped out the last of them about 1890. So forbidding is this region that, with the exception of a single small farm cleared on the east side of the Pinacates last year, no one has settled in the region since. There is not a single inhabitant in the Cabeza Prieta Game Range, which is larger than the State of Rhode Island, and the national monument has only its Park Service personnel and the population of Lukeville, less than a hundred all told.

Yet if the desert is forbidding, it is also extremely vulnerable. In many places where El Camino del Diablo passed its roadbed is still clearly evident even though it has not been traveled regularly for half a century, and then mostly by foot. Nowadays a tire track will remain in the desert dust long enough to become a landmark. And now the pressure of human activity is increasing.

Puerto Peñasco and the Gulf beaches are attracting ever larger crowds of weekenders from north of the border. Dune buggies snort along the coastline. Cinder miners are at work in the lava fields. Woodcutters are hauling out ironwood. On the United States side, mining and grazing have long been permitted within the boundaries of the national monument to the obvious detriment of vegetation. And because most of Cabeza Prieta Game Range is overlapped by the Air Force's Williams Bombing and Gunnery Range, there is a constant rain of metal debris and spent projectiles on the landscape there.

It would be heartening to be able to say that there is promise of arresting the process of attrition in this vast area of magnificent scenery, of unique life patterns and of rich scientific interest. There is scant promise of doing so. To date only one of the steps necessary to achieve the recommended park has been made, and that haltingly. A bill to create the Sonoran Desert National Park has twice been introduced in the House of Representatives by Arizona's

Congressman Morris Udall without reaching a vote.

And if current prospects seem gloomy on the United States side of the line, they are nearly non-existent in Mexico. "There will never be an international park here unless the idea and the enthusiasm for it originate in Mexico," Organ Pipe Cactus Monument Chief Ranger Jim Carrico told me. "There's just too much resentment against gringos to permit our pushing the idea through."

There are also some practical, unemotional reasons why the present level of enthusiasm in Mexico is low. One of them, according to Alfredo Badilla Martinez, hunting agent for northwestern Sonora and former chief federal game warden in the region, is the poverty of the Mexican government. "You must understand," he told me, "that we haven't many dollars. We also don't have the great number of people with so much leisure time as the Americans, so to us a national park isn't as urgent a question as it is with you." But most important, probably, is that Mexico's Tiburon Island Game Reservation, created in 1966, is still undergoing slow development. "In addition to providing a sanctuary for wildlife, Tiburon Island will also offer recreation facilities. Beaches, hotels, perhaps a marina—it will be a large investment for us. And the last one in this part of the country for a while, I think."

Despite the pessimistic outlook for its rapid accomplishment, the concept of an international park for the area refuses to die. The United States and Mexican territories clearly complement each other, and together would make up a Sonoran Desert Park of marvelous complexity and diversity: mountain ranges, cactus forests, vulcanism, sand dunes and possibly a seashore. Without much real encouragement from the present realities of the situation, supporters of the idea on both sides of the border remain undaunted.

Says the superintendent of Organ Pipe Cactus Monument, Matt Ryan, "This is pretty rough, inhospitable country, and we are used to the fact that it takes a seed an awfully long time to take root and sprout." ■

LOOK AT SNOW

*When you have
forgotten
what snow is
listen to
the great white whispering,
look at white pearls,
a secret woman
you can never reach—
then like the last
person awake
touch the star
inside the snow,
feel the new
dimension whirling,
incandescent angel light.*

MARION SCHOEBERLEIN



JAUNTY BRIGAND: THE STELLER'S JAY

By Ferris Weddle

Photograph by the author

SHORTLY BEFORE STARTING THIS ARTICLE I had a strictly one-sided "conversation" with the subject, a Steller's jay. A handsome fellow (or gal) with his shiny black, crested head and dark blue body, the jay chattered and squawked with harsh impudence in the locust trees in my front yard. I squawked back, and he must have understood

what I said (though I did not) for he hopped from limb to limb, loosing a barrage of chatter that attracted the attention of the ranch dog and cat and two more jays.

I left the jays scolding the dog and cat with the uneasy feeling that the chattering was very likely of a profane and censorious nature. Jays affect me—and many other people—that way. If you have never listened to the irate denunciation of jays by hunters when the latter act in their self-appointed capacity as forest sentinels, you will know what I mean. Or perhaps you have heard farmers verbally and otherwise blasting away at jays, crows and magpies when the jaunty brigands attempt to appropriate grains or other farm produce.

These birds, all members of the Corvidae, or crow family, have an ability to both amuse and annoy mankind beyond that of any other feathered family. The family I.Q. is probably the highest among birds, or close to it. For that reason they make excellent pets—if the human involved has a tremendous amount of patience and a well-developed sense of humor. If these two traits are missing, the pet jay, crow, or magpie is likely to push a human companion dangerously close to a nervous breakdown.

Named by Georg Steller

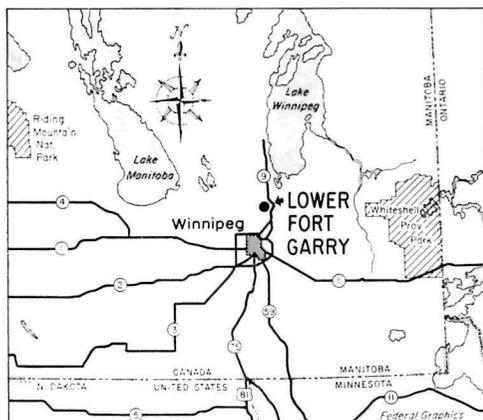
Among the Corvidae, I believe the Steller's jay is my favorite. This species is the only native crested jay of the Western forests, although people persist in calling it a bluejay. The bluejay is crested, too; but it is an Eastern species and more colorfully attired. Our Western jay was named by a German naturalist, Georg Steller, in 1741, when he accompanied Bering on the latter's Alaskan expedition. From eight to twelve races of this jay (depending on your authority) inhabit the forests from southern Alaska to Nicaragua in Central America.

Usually you will find another jay—the gray jay, or camprobber—occupying the habitat of the Steller's jay. The camprobber, appearing to be an oversized chickadee, is not as noisy or nosey as the Steller's jay, although camprobbers are bolder about snitching food from a camp—or from your hands.

The noted western frontier ornithologist, Dr. Elliott Coues, said of the Steller's jay: "He is a regular filibusterer, ready for any sort of adventure that promises sport or spoil, even if spiced with danger."

Rowdy, impudent and curious, the Steller's jay is denounced by many sportsmen because it may rob the nests of other birds, including game birds. But studies have shown that such depredation by jays, and by crows and magpies, is actually beneficial. Game and song birds may become sloppy about their nesting habits, thus exposing their eggs and young to various dangers. But let a jay, magpie, or crow destroy a nest, and the second nest will be hidden with more wariness and care. Also, the nest destruction forces game birds to spread their brooding activities over a longer period of time, so that weather conditions will not interfere too much with a successful hatching.

Our forests would be much more silent and joyless without the jaunty jesters of the bird world, the Corvidae. They have an important place in forest ecology. And besides, they are interesting entertainers, regular outdoor politicians in feathers! ■



A historic site in Canada's national park system reflects the events that helped shape a young nation

LOWER FORT GARRY

By NAN SHIPLEY

Workhorse of Canada's northern rivers during fur-trade days was the big York boat.



WHERE THE CANADIAN PRAIRIE SLOPES FROM THE WEST down to the Red River, nineteen miles north of the city of Winnipeg, stands Lower Fort Garry, the only stone-walled houses of the old fur-trade days that have been continuously occupied since 1831. In that year George Simpson, governor of the Hudson's Bay Trading Company and ruler of all Canada west of central Ontario, requested that a handsome stone fort be built at this point to serve both as the official seat of Company rule and a fine home for his eighteen-year-old English bride.

The Scottish stonemasons built well, and today the fort still stands as a beautiful and fitting monument to the courage and memory of the men and women who settled Western Canada. As one of the units of Canada's growing system of national historic sites, the fort attracts thousands of visitors annually.

Lower Fort Garry is situated just off Highway No. 9 near the Red River, the main lane of traffic when all transportation was by water. The eight-foot-high walls are three feet thick, built of limestone quarried nearby, and extend more than 2000 feet to enclose four and a half acres of flower gardens and evergreen and shade trees.

Like the thick walls the four bastions are loopholed, but there was never a shot fired from Lower Fort Garry; and each 55-foot-wide bastion—with the exception of one—appears to have had a very peaceful function. The northeast bastion held powder and ammunition, while the others served as icehouse, bakeshop, and storage-rooms. In addition to the sturdy buildings within the stone walls, outside the fort there was a grist-mill, blacksmith shop, and a small brewery to promote the good life.

All the comforts that money and position could buy in a land two years from the nearest market were showered on Frances Simpson in the roomy Residence. She had innumerable servants, a splendid carriage to ride in summer, and during the winter months racing horses drew the handsome light cart or carriage emblazoned with the Hudson's Bay Company coat of arms. But the stone fort became unbearable to Frances after the death of her baby son, and the Governor and his lady left the Red River country to make their home in London and Quebec. Lower Fort Garry remained the official residence of the territorial governor and the center of great activity each summer when Sir

George Simpson (knighted in 1841) made his annual tour of inspection and held the Northern Council of Rupert's Land.

From the far-off Pacific, from Labrador and the rim of the Arctic, officers of the Hudson's Bay Company travelled for weeks to attend these meetings at Lower Fort Garry, presided over by the Governor to conduct the business of the fur-trade and to set policies that determined the history of the whole Canadian Northwest until that nation's Confederation in 1867.

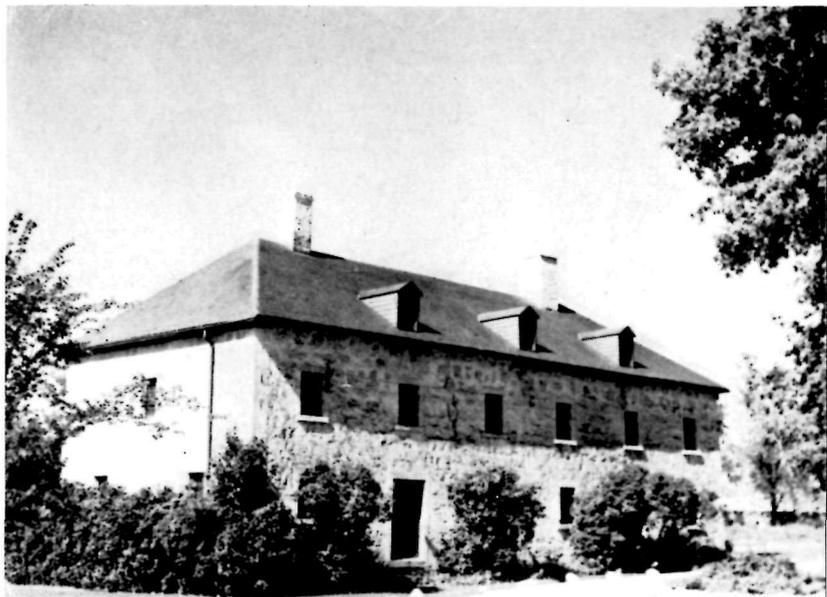
A Point of Departure

Many important scientific and exploration expeditions were outfitted at Lower Fort Garry. The American scientist Robert Kennicott, of the Smithsonian Institution, obtained much of his information about the Canadian North at Lower Fort Garry. Here Dr. John Rae planned his search for Sir John Franklin, who disappeared in 1846 while exploring the Arctic, and recruited men from this area for the expedition, men with long experience in living off the land and familiar with travel by canoe and clumsy York boat. One such York boat, the great freighter that carried supplies into the north and brought back thousands of bales of fur, may be seen at the fort today. Tourists marvel that these 40-foot-long boats, built of spruce and manned by eight oarsmen and a steersman, were capable of carrying 10,000 pounds of cargo and a dozen or more passengers. In fair weather a Hudson's Bay blanket could be raised to rush a brigade of seven to ten boats across the wide northern lakes.

When the United States and Great Britain were in dispute over the border of Oregon in 1846 the Royal Warwickshire Sixth Regiment of Foot, some 250 strong, arrived at the Fort from England only to learn that agreement had been reached between the two countries weeks before! But at least their bright uniforms enlivened the local scene. In July, 1967, the 10th Earl of Selkirk, descendant of the Lord Selkirk who in 1812 sponsored the first white settlers in the Canadian West, visited Lower Fort Garry and was greeted by an honor guard in the uniform of the famous Sixth Regiment of Foot.

A most important event took place at the Fort in 1871 when Treaty Number 1 was signed with the Indians at the fort gates. Two years later the first contingent of the red-coated North West Mounted Police wintered at Lower Fort Garry. Indeed, there were very few events that marked the history of Western Canada that did not in some manner touch this remarkable site.

The last dog-team loaded with supplies for the north pulled out of Lower Fort Garry in 1912, and the two-story retail and trading store is now a remarkable museum filled with historical collections of the Hudson's Bay Company. The building also serves as the administrative headquarters for the whole fort area, which was presented by the famous fur-trade Company to the Government of Canada in 1951; it is now administered by the Historic Sites Branch of the Canadian Park Service. Archeologists and builders are still at work uncovering and reconstructing the many old workshops, the penitentiary bake-ovens, and other structures in their search for more clues to the full story of Lower Fort Garry. ■



Photograph courtesy Manitoba Archives

One of the well-preserved buildings at Lower Fort Garry is the retail and trading store, now a museum housing historical collections of the famous Hudson's Bay Company.

The central area of the fort was enclosed by eight-foot walls of heavy limestone construction guarded by four massive bastions, one of which is pictured below.

Photograph by the author



AUTUMN'S ACRES

By MARIE B. MELLINGER

Photographs by the author

ON THE HIGH PEAKS OF THE GREAT SMOKIES' BALSAM Range autumn comes early, with frost bronzing the fern tops and golden leaves dropping from birch and alder. Rims of distant mountains become sharply distinct, and each embattled spruce and fir stands out darkly against a bright blue sky. Even in late October or early November color is still rampant. The mountain ash, an abundant tree of these montane heights, is glorious with large clusters of bright red berries. The understory of bush honeysuckle and viburnum takes on crimson-purple shades, and the raggedy blackberries that edge the trail bend with their weight of crimson leaves and a few lingering tartly-sweet berries. Witchhazel, that perverse witch-woman shrub, is covered with yellow flowers, their spicy scent blending with the aromatic odor of balsam.

The laurel and rhododendrons are dwarfed and twisted

along the balsam trail, stalwart, bulky masses that provide protection from the brisk autumnal winds. Long gone are their blossoms, but the twigs bear next season's flower-buds, all tightly sheathed; for like most members of the heath family they prepare for spring far in advance.

In the sheltered clefts of the granitic rocks that overhang the trail alumroot is still blossoming, along with a few clumps of saxifrage and massive bottle gentians, their deep blue secret blooms rivaling the color of the arching sky. Clumps of pink turtlehead grow beneath the dripping places where hidden springs send their waters trickling down the ledges. Most common of the autumn beauties, however, is the high mountain goldenrod. This plant displays masses of bright golden flowers, each individual floret the largest of any of its genus. Dodder, the so-called "lovevine," is everywhere, bright yellow tentacles clasping and encircling bush and flower alike. At intervals the twisting wiry stems produce clusters of oddly attractive blooms that seem to lure little green-bronze flower-flies.

Sit quietly along this trail with your back against a sun-warmed rock, and watch the many little creatures that seem to be enjoying the late autumn warmth. There are little skipper butterflies, tailed blues and bright yellow sulphurs hovering over the goldenrod and turtleheads. A woolly-bear caterpillar, handsome in fuzzy coat of black and yel-

low, hurries across the path as if anxious to find a place to make a silken cocoon. Chewed witch-hazel leaves show where he has been feeding. A tiny salamander with bright, beady eyes darts across the moss, fragile looking but well adapted to his world of damp earth and fern.

The raven calls his hoarse cry and circles overhead, or perches on a dead spruce stub. Juncos, widely known as snowbirds, flit and call along the trail, and you might see a saucy red squirrel or busy chipmunk gathering seeds.

The bracken and hayscented ferns have bowed before the frost, but the rock-cap polypody remains cheerfully green. Many mosses and lichens bloom in late autumn, and each boulder or mossy log can be a miniature flower garden.

This is the harvest time for seeds of a million shapes and forms, ready to fly, or cling, or ride, or be washed down the mountainside by running water in the race to spread the species into new and suitable places. Among these are the pinkish-green, flat-topped heads of the angelica, and the parachutes of dandelions, homely wayfarers of the high places, braving the high slopes along with the hanging heads of drop-seed grass.

These are indeed autumn's acres, glorifying the season. The vast balsam ranges of the Great Smokies are spread before you, and never is the air more entrancing or the far vistas more fair and inviting. ■

Long before color touches the trees and shrubs of the lower valleys the high ridges of the Great Smokies commence to paint themselves in subdued shades of bronze and purple.



A woolly-bear caterpillar has been chewing on the leaves of the witch-hazel . . .

The cheerful mountain goldenrod displays the largest florets of any member of the Solidago tribe . . .





National Park Service photo by Ralph H. Anderson

The Yosemite Valley from the Wawona Road tunnel.

YOSEMITE VALLEY REVISITED

By Lawrence C. Merriam, Jr.

BENEATH THE TOWERING WALLS OF THE VALLEY MY SON and I sat at the very base of upper Yosemite Falls and looked toward Sentinel Rock and Glacier Point. The falls were very low, swaying back and forth on the 1430-foot cliff like a great pendulum in the way that John Muir had described during the time of spring fullness, more than 50 years ago. The view from the falls of the surrounding cliffs and mountains, as we saw it, was much the same as it had been for Muir and as it had been for centuries before his day.

A half-mile down the trail we looked directly into the Valley and viewed the sprawling development in Government Center and the moving traffic of the busy park community. Returning to Yosemite Lodge on the Valley floor we were back in a hotel atmosphere not unlike that of Las Vegas or Miami Beach, and with the same conveniences.

Moving east we found no more Old Village, but stores, administrative development and cars concentrated in Yosemite Village as in any other city shopping center. Nearby the Yosemite Transportation System garage, backed by the concessioner's village in the pines, strangled the landscape. Around it and moving ever up on the talus slope were the newer residences for other park employees, looking much like the suburbs that surround the dying portions of America's large central cities.

Beyond this concentration, and serenely separated by golf course and fence, sat the Ahwanhee Hotel with its

subsidized elegance and perquisites similar to those of the Carlton in St. Moritz. A park road separated the hotel grounds from the squalor of Camp 15 and the nearby 7, where overnight visitors press together like sardines. Campground trees and stream banks were being dislodged by human erosion. Camps 12 and 14 were quite similar, and rangers on horseback with walkie-talkie radios patrolled camp roads to maintain order. A few "hippies" were seen walking and enjoying the natural scene near Camp 14, and it occurred to one that perhaps they are more in tune with the natural environment than those who stay at the hotels and lodges.

Camp 11 was being renovated to provide more space for individual campers and to prevent the highly publicized congestion of the older campgrounds. This will also facilitate control of sites, and hopefully aid in the restoration of natural vegetation. Yet it may reduce camper sociability. Camp Curry, reputedly hurt by unpleasant elements, appeared to possess only a shadow of its former significance as a visitor resting spot. Ironically, it is to the writer the most natural of the Valley's concessioner developments.

Everywhere in the park the power of the concessioner, the Yosemite Park and Curry Company, is evident. In the Valley there are the hotels, stores, gas stations, horses and other transportation. In the High Sierra are the tent camps. At Wawona a public pioneer history center seems to be oriented to lead visitors to the horse concession.

For more than a century there have been farms, hotels, and developments of all sorts in Yosemite Valley. The Valley has been a major destination for visitors from all over the world, and there really is no substitute for a visit to the actual place. As technology has improved roads and transportation, more people can visit the Valley. It has really become a city hemmed in by high walls, so that there is no suburban expansion room. Here the non-hiker may have claustrophobia.

As the Yosemite Valley is the central attraction of one of the nation's major public parks, how do you make the Valley equally available to broad groups of society while preserving it for the enjoyment of future generations? Unfortunately, many people do not recognize deterioration of the park environment, and those coming for the first time have no basis for comparison. Additionally there are those, perhaps a large number, who do not perceive the beauty of the Valley or appreciate the natural environment for its own sake. These people are looking for action.

As one who has viewed the Valley intermittently over the past 30 years and who has marveled at the apparent retention of its beauty, I see some difficult problems which will require painful remedies if the natural area is to be preserved.

It would seem improbable that the naturalness of Yosemite Valley can continue to be preserved and at the same time serve more and more people in a nonexpandable space. A couple of possibilities come to mind; perhaps they are extreme, perhaps not.

Continuing on the present course, the hotel facilities (like Yosemite Lodge) probably will spread farther into the Valley. Employee residences and related service facilities will extend up the side ravines. Campground conditions will produce more tension and law enforcement problems. At the same time, young people looking for action may be a problem (as they were in 1968) in the less active declining hotel units. Visitors in general may become less and less satisfied with the Valley visit, blaming through Congressional representatives or other channels the National Park Service and the Company for their displeasure. The park environment will continue to suffer from human erosion, seen already on river banks and in camps. *The ironic thing will be that except for personal inconveniences in camps, hotels, and "action" facilities, the public generally will not complain of the dulling of the natural scene. Most will accept it as presented.*

Another possibility is to make major changes, always keeping environmental preservation and visitor satisfaction in mind. The National Park Service has made a start on this with the Camp 11 renovation, which if continued may eliminate the present camping slums. The camps will also be easier for checking and public contact. The individual camping party will have its own unit and the human impact on the natural environment should be altered, perhaps beneficially.

The major concentrations of concessioner and government housing and offices could be moved out of the Valley,

Professor Merriam is with the School of Forestry, University of Minnesota. He is vice-chairman of the Board of Trustees and Executive Committee of the National Parks Association.

retaining only sufficient staff and units in the Valley for its administration. El Portal, suggested in the past, is not adequate, due in part to limited space; but perhaps Wawona inside the park (27 miles from Yosemite Valley), where private inholdings are being purchased, might, like Mammoth in Yellowstone, be the spot for major concentration. Future camping development and motel units also could be at Wawona or other park points such as Crane Flat. Distance is not the limiting factor it was when developments were first located in the Valley.

The space vacated by housing and service facilities could eventually become the alternative public campsites as older ones are closed for study and restoration. Emphasis could be placed on interpretive facilities and on relating the natural environment and its attractions to the visitor who comes to enjoy the environment. Most of the action activities—golf, tennis, and the like—and stores and souvenir shops would be out of the major attraction. Some people would make a short foray into and out of the Valley, perhaps over the Tioga Road. If they did not like the Valley they could leave rather than remaining to possibly work out their aggressions on vegetation, other visitors, or facilities.

As changes were made in locations of facilities and services, carefully designed research projects should be carried on to study the effects of visitors on the environment and the results of changing use impacts over time. Concurrently, studies of the visitor's perception of the natural environment of Yosemite Valley and park and how he relates to it (that is, the importance of naturalness and scenic beauty to him) should be instituted. These will be guides to future management. In the past there have been several studies of Yosemite Valley, mostly of a limited nature.

Perhaps many of the changes suggested in the second possibility group will not occur. It may be too late for changes, but continuation of the present course would appear to lead to less visitor satisfaction and involvement with the Valley as natural park, and more damage to the environment. The procedure currently being considered, of public campground operation by the concessioner as an aid to management of camping, seems questionable. Such an approach appears more likely to build increased concessioner dominance rather than user satisfaction and area protection. The National Park Service would still have the responsibility of law enforcement and patrol in the camps. In the past, the Service management of the campgrounds has been an important point of contact between the managing agency and the public, identifying the agency to the visitor and providing an education function. Visitors staying in hotels and other concessioner units in Yosemite Valley do not receive this identification. Will the campgrounds be merely extensions of the hotel units?

Walking back up the trail to Yosemite Falls or driving to Glacier Point, we view the beauties of the Valley from above. Its granite walls, the distant peaks and the falls which are the major attractions of the park remain relatively unchanged. But man is changing the floor of Yosemite Valley. Can he maintain its attractiveness so that people can continue to feel themselves in harmony with it, and so its naturalness will be an asset to future generations? ■



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At Cape Cod National Seashore in Massachusetts a newly opened bicycle trail tunnels under a main road for the safety of cyclists. The eight-foot-wide paved bicycle trail presently traverses nine miles of dunes, marshes, and woodlands, and leads to ocean and bay beaches and picnic areas.

Photographs by the author

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The bicycle trail at the Seashore's Race Point Coast Guard Station parallels the main highway but does not cross it. Beyond the station cyclists may swim in the Atlantic at an excellent beach with Park Service life-guards in attendance during the summer.

An imaginative Park Service trail program
contributes to visitor enjoyment and health

BICYCLE TRAILS OF CAPE COD NATIONAL SEASHORE

By Charles R. Koehler

AT ABOUT THE TIME WIDELY KNOWN AMERICAN HEART specialist Dr. Paul Dudley White was strongly recommending the bicycle as an especially fine and healthful form of exercise for Americans, the National Park Service was contemplating construction of some bicycle trails in its then newly acquired Cape Cod National Seashore on the southeastern Massachusetts coast. Since then work has been in progress and, while all the projected trails have not yet been finished, two large sections have been completed—about nine miles in the Province Lands section of the seashore, and a short but pretty ride from the visitor center to a seashore beach.

The nine-mile bike trail traverses an area of dunelands, woods, and marshes. At two places—Race Point and Herring Cove—the trail touches fine bathing beaches with excellent bathhouses, comfort stations and, in the summer season, lifeguards. (Race Point is a high bluff overlooking the dunes, and the famous life-saving station here often records winds of 70 miles an hour and higher during winter storms.) At one locality bicyclists may pause for a much earned rest, and climb a lookout tower for a panoramic view of the entire tip of the Cape.

For the observant bike-rider or cycling naturalist there is beauty in the pines and oaks dwarfed and gnarled by the steady Atlantic winds, and rest in those sheltered glens where growth can be more normal. The trail parallels several picnic sites in these pleasant natural shelters. There is wild cranberry and hardy beach plum to be seen, and the dense, shiny-green ground plant called bearberry, or “hog cranberry”; hearty beach grasses, and the thorny red or white wild roses which flourish so splendidly along the harsh New England coast. In some places the National Park Service

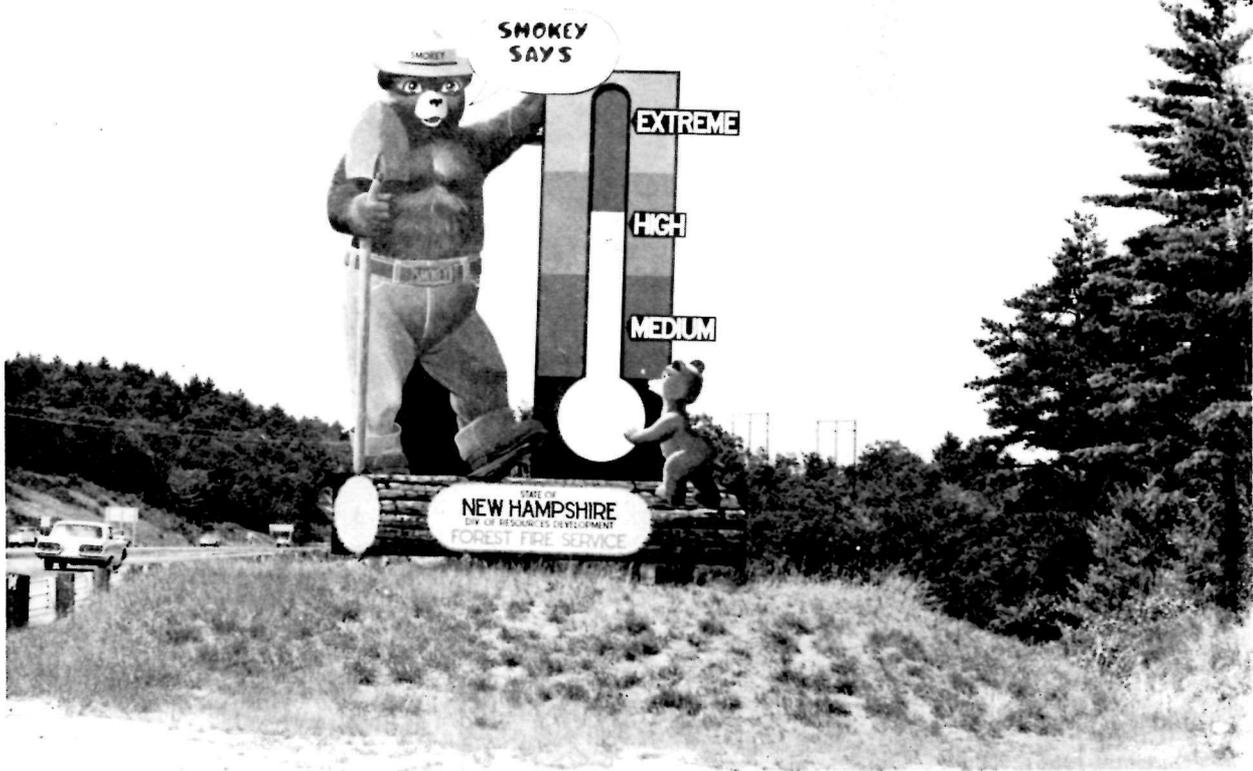
has identified these various plants with small signs. Many land and sea birds and foxes, raccoons and white-tailed deer make their homes along this shore, though shy and seldom to be seen during the summer.

The entire trail is graded and asphalt paved, and is eight feet wide. While the trail sometimes adjoins motor roads, it does not cross them; and at one point it tunnels under the roadway so that cyclists need not contend with the traffic.

“This bicycle trail has been designed and built to standards developed by the National Park Service,” park officials say. “No motor bikes will be allowed, and obstructions have been placed wherever the trail may tempt cars or motorized traffic. We will patrol the trail carefully.”

Actually, parts of the trail system have been opened for riders for some time. The Coast Guard Beach trail is the newest segment, running from the visitors’ center at seashore headquarters in Eastham to Coast Guard Beach, a distance of about a mile, partly on a wooden causeway across the great Nauset marsh. This beach, too, has bathhouse and rest-room facilities as well as lifeguards on duty in season. Nearby is the old Coast Guard Station, now unneeded and slated to become a nautical museum in the national seashore. Its heights provide a fine viewpoint for the Great Outer Beach of Cape Cod.

Money available for construction varies from year to year, but the National Park Service has completed plans for a bicycle-trail system that some day will run from Service headquarters in Eastham all the way to Provincetown—a distance of more than 30 miles, with rest areas, picnic groves, and perhaps camping facilities located conveniently along the route. ■



Photograph by Thomas J. Kelly, Jr.

Forestry agencies of the various states cooperate with the U.S. Forest Service in its program of public forest fire prevention education, now widely identified with the sturdy figure of Smokey Bear.

THE LEGEND OF SMOKEY BEAR

By MAL HARDY

IF YOU FIND PLEASURE IN AMERICA'S OUTDOORS, YOU OWE thanks to a furry character in blue jeans and campaign hat. Since 1945, when he first appeared on the scene, Smokey has become a legend—a public service symbol uniting all Americans in a common purpose, the protection of our forests and woodlands from wildfire.

Smokey's message is a simple one, "Please, only *you* can prevent forest fires!" Year in and year out, nine out of ten forest fires are started by people who are careless, wilful, unaware of the danger—or just plain unlucky. Because of this, Smokey puts the responsibility on all Americans, where it must finally rest.

Fire is a blessing, but not an unmixed one. Used wisely, it fries our fish and warms our shins. In the hands of an expert, it is a forester's useful tool. It removes choking competition from valuable timber trees and keeps the level of flammable litter on the forest floor below the point where *any* wildfire would destroy the forest. But fire, like the surgeon's scalpel, if used at the wrong time or by unskilled hands can scar and kill.

What are the dimensions of the forest fire problem? Before the Wartime Forest Fire Prevention Campaign started in 1942, our average was about 200,000 forest fires per year, with an average size of 150 burned acres. In all, the annual loss amounted to an area larger than the State of Pennsylvania. Twenty-five years later the average number of fires had been cut nearly half, while the area burned has been reduced by seven-eighths. These gains were made at a time when visits to the woods for recreation increased ten times, and when more and more roads and homes were being built in and near forests. At the same time the total area from which the figures are drawn has doubled, to 1.8 million square miles of forests and critical watershed lands. This fact alone makes any improvement remarkable.

One might well ask how such a record has been compiled and what the chances are for making even further reductions in this national waste. Many elements determine the number of wildfires that start. Among these are weather and fuel conditions, called by foresters "fire hazard." Of even more importance are the habits of people and their



Photograph courtesy U. S. Forest Service

In June, 1950, a badly burned black bear cub was rescued after a New Mexico forest fire. Nursed back to health by Judy Bell, daughter of a state game warden, "Little Smokey" became a national forest fire prevention symbol.

presence or absence in the forest, called "risk." We have little or no control over the weather; positive controls over people and what they do are almost as difficult a problem.

Laws can be passed to restrict or prohibit careless or irresponsible acts that start fires, and most States have such laws on their books. The States, also, have capable and conscientious law enforcement officers, dedicated to the protection of the common good. These are good and necessary parts of a balanced fire prevention program; but enforcement is effective as a deterrent only if the public understands and actively supports those who administer the laws.

Fire lanes can be plowed around high-hazard or high-value areas; railroad, trail, and highway rights-of-way can be burned or treated with fire retardent chemicals; improved camp and picnic grounds can be built so that campfires are safely contained and carelessly discarded matches and smokes have no fuel to set alight; spark arresters can be designed and required on equipment used in the forest; and potentially high-hazard grass strips can be kept green by irrigation. These and other engineering feats are also good and needed parts of a forest fire prevention plan. People, however, are too mobile and too independent for administrators to rely on engineering to do the whole job.

Finally, there is education. As soon as people know what

the problem is and understand how it serves their interest to solve it, they will be receptive to a program that prepares them to help with solutions.

Smokey Bear's job is education. His goal is to reduce forest fires so that they do not interfere with people's use or enjoyment of America's forests and wildlands. His goal can only be achieved through people, and the key to his success thus far has been cooperation. The strength of his campaigns comes from the blending into one effort of the professional skills and services of a wide variety of people, including advertising experts, foresters, educators, publishers, fire control specialists, businessmen, broadcasters, youth organizations, and the public at large.

Soon after Smokey appeared (in 1945) the decision was made to continue the wartime campaign in the postwar period and to call it the Cooperative Fire Prevention Program. It was an appropriate name. From the very first, efforts were based on formal cooperation between the War-time Advertising Council, federal and state forest officers, and volunteers from the advertising profession. These last-named gladly took time out from their paying accounts to donate skills to public service work on fire prevention.

To help readers understand how Smokey's program functions, here is a brief résumé of organization. Program policy is determined by the four members of an Executive Committee of State Foresters and three Forest Service Directors, who seek the counsel of representatives from the Advertising Council, Inc.—volunteer Coordinator James P. Felton, Vice President of Seaboard Finance Company,

Mr. Hardy is chief of the U.S. Forest Service's Branch of Cooperative Forest Fire Prevention and director of its highly effective Smokey Bear Program.



Photograph courtesy U. S. Forest Service

Now full-grown, Smokey, survivor of a disastrous fire on New Mexico's Capitan Mountain, lives at the National Zoo in Washington.

Los Angeles, and the volunteer advertising agency Foote, Cone & Belding, of Los Angeles. A similar committee provides policy guidance for a special campaign combating major wildfire problems in the South. For this regional campaign, Liller, Neal, Battle & Lindsey of Atlanta is the volunteer advertising agency, but The Advertising Council representative and the volunteer coordinator are the same. The Advertising Council has the major role of securing maximum use of campaign materials in mass communications media around the country, at no cost to the program for time or space. The estimated value of this free time and space in newspapers, magazines, transit advertising space, radio, and television, was more than \$15 million in calendar year 1967. Administrative direction of the nationwide and southern programs is handled by the Washington office of the U. S. Forest Service.

What is the product, the actual output, of all this organization, time, and talent? The reader might like to ask himself how he first heard about Smokey Bear and his forest fire prevention message. Was it on a poster in a country store, or in an announcement on his portable radio? Did he see a "Smokey Says" cartoon in a weekly newspaper? Was it a fireman or forest ranger that came to his school? These are only a few of the threads in the web of communications which Smokey uses to remind Americans that "only *you* can prevent forest fires!"

Posters, bookmarks, magazine and newspaper ads, radio and television "commercials," and a dozen other items are produced by the volunteer agencies for each year's campaign. Smokey's executive committee, staff art supervisor, and administrative staff provide technical data on the fire problem. A select advisory group from conservation-minded organizations reviews each proposed campaign before it is produced in a final form. A typical year's output includes about 40 items, totalling some 30 million individual pieces.

Campaign materials are distributed by The Advertising Council direct to mass media cooperators, and by Federal

and State forestry agencies. Arizona, the last State to come in, named a State Forester in 1966. On the federal side, the Forest Service has the largest program, with about 1000 outlets for material. Four agencies in the Department of the Interior also participate, though to a lesser degree. North of the border the Canadian Forestry Association provides a clearing house for Smokey Bear materials used in 8 provinces. Samples go to 25 to 30 foreign countries, to assist them in developing ideas that will help them with their fire problems.

Smokey's program picked up a new element of human interest in 1950 when a little bear cub, burned in a New Mexico forest fire, was brought to the nation's capital to be a living symbol of forest fire prevention, and nearly 5 million visitors came to see "Smokey" every year.

Children have a special interest in helping Smokey, it seems. Nearly 5 million of them have become Junior Forest Rangers since 1953, when Clint Davis (then Director) worked out the details with Ben Michtom of Ideal Toy Company. Smokey gets so much mail from young people and others (about 5,000 letters and cards per week) that the Post Office Department decided he should have his own ZIP code number, 20252.

The Smokey Bear Act of 1952 opened up added educational support through use of Smokey on such items as bookcovers, games, dolls, ashtrays, books, and scarfs. Royalties and fees received from these licenses are used to promote forest fire prevention. By the mid-sixties, these receipts were up to \$40,000 or \$50,000 per year—just about enough to support the cost of the Junior Forest Ranger program.

However Smokey's message arrives, it asks every citizen to be careful with every fire out-of-doors and to encourage others to do the same. More than half of the wildfires in America are incendiary, or caused by careless debris-burning. Every American can help by contacting his forest agency to learn about the problem in his area, and what can be done about it. ■

News and Commentary

Freeway Plans Threaten Nation's Capital

Washington, D. C. has become a significant testing ground concerning national intentions toward the quality of the environment. For many months a plan for an elaborate freeway network for the national capital has been a focus of sharp disagreement. Highway planners contend that such a network, totaling at least 29 miles, is essential to serve growing interstate and metropolitan traffic and bolster downtown Washington business. Numerous civic groups, conservationists and others contend the network would be too destructive, urging chief reliance instead on a planned rail transit system. Parks figure centrally in the debate, for nearly all the proposed freeway routes involve parkland encroachment.

Secretary of Transportation Alan S. Boyd, Secretary of the Interior Stewart Udall, President Johnson and Congress all have been drawn into the controversy. Mr. Udall oversees Washington's parks, since they are under the jurisdiction of the National Park Service. A legal concern with parks also is one reason for Mr. Boyd's involvement. Section 4(f) of the 1966 Department of Transportation Act barred the secretary from approving use of public parkland for federally aided transportation projects unless there is no feasible and prudent alternative.

A year ago Secretary Boyd voiced strong doubts about parts of the freeway plan, including an intended bridge across the beginning of the scenic Potomac Gorge and the Chesapeake and Ohio

Canal involving national park property on both sides of the river. Soon afterward, a group of Washington civic organizations was granted an injunction by the United States Court of Appeals for the Second Circuit against the proposed bridge and three other highway projects. Freeway proponents, however, asked for help from the House of Representatives Committee on Public Works. At the committee's initiative, Congress in September approved as part of the Federal-Aid Highway Act of 1968 a provision directing construction of the bridge and much of the balance of the proposed network, the injunction and other inhibitions notwithstanding.

Secretary Udall urged a veto of the act (as did several other cabinet members, on other grounds). President Johnson, in an unusual and somewhat ambiguous statement, was critical of the provision but said he felt able to approve the measure because he did not regard himself as bound by the mandate. The President nonetheless ordered steps aimed at getting additional road work under way by this month.

In December the National Capital Planning Commission and the District of Columbia city council, after a series of public hearings in which predominant sentiment was sharply negative, made a cutback in the plan. The proposed Potomac bridge was deleted, as was a route elsewhere involving a mile of parkland and substantial home destruction. A route in Anacostia Park was changed from a freeway to a parkway (barring trucks) and relocated. A strong policy declaration was adopted favoring rail

transit in preference to further freeway development. Secretary Boyd then announced disapproval, at least for the present, of one of the other freeway proposals, a mile-and-a-quarter-long cut-and-cover tunnel through the monumental area from the Lincoln Memorial to the Tidal Basin, and ordered study of a possible alternative to part of the Anacostia parkway plan. The controversy, however, doubtless is not over.

At the December hearings the National Parks Association pointed out that highway projects have preempted, already, nearly 250 acres of Washington's parkland and warned that the city cannot remain a beautiful capital if such losses continue. The Association urged more ambitious rail rapid-transit development to save the capital's livability.

Public Opinion Test of the Sonic Boom?

Last month we took note of the proposal of the Department of Transportation in Washington to give a larger say to the citizen, through additional public hearings, in the highway planning that is changing the landscape. A somewhat parallel proposal has come forward in another environmental context. In a report to Secretary of the Interior Udall, a group of scientists has urged conducting flight demonstrations and public hearings across the nation to determine the public attitude toward the noise potentials of supersonic transport.

Some time after 1975, according to the report to Mr. Udall, there could be flight capability enough to subject 105 million persons to as many as 50 sonic booms a day, if the government decides to permit overland commercial SST service. A
(continued on page 22)

Folly in Florida (continued from page 2)

are furthering beef production in Florida, which ought to stay in the Middle West; sugar production, which ought to be dispersed, for diplomatic purposes, around the Caribbean; and citrus migration from north to south, as frosts follow drainage, and drainage invites migration.

Note that land (and water) in the conservation area is being condemned at \$150 an acre; that land around the existing airports near Miami starts at \$35,000 an acre; guess who, among others, is pushing for the jetport? Consider the hundreds of thousands of jobholders in Defense, Commerce, Housing, Transportation and elsewhere in the Government and the State Capital whose chances will grow, if only a little, by this project. But consider, even more seriously, the profits in the construction, aircraft, and airline industries; how about switching over to education?

The Bureau of the Budget, presumably, has some responsibilities for unravelling this tangled confusion of gov-

ernmental mis-finance and mal-administration; at the very least, a regional budget should be developed for the conservation of the taxpayers' money.

The Civil Aeronautics Board, the Federal Aviation Agency, and the Department of Transportation have a responsibility to get their house in order in matters of this kind. Their first obligation is to hitch the transportation system of the United States to rational human purposes. Among these purposes is the decongestion, not the expansion, of the supercities. City people need to be protected by sensible facility location against the deadly overcrowding which is making urban life intolerable for everyone.

It is said that Miami has a fall-back plan, just in case the jetport does not go through: to convert some of its smaller existing fields to commercial transport use, and in that event sell off its Everglades land. We recommend that the Federal agencies nudge Miami, a little roughly if need be, toward these alternatives.

—A. W. S.

decision, in the view of the scientists and Mr. Udall, ought not to be made without public participation. To hold hearings the scientists advocate a presidential commission, and to give the requisite sonic exposure they propose simulated commercial SST flights, using existing supersonic planes, everywhere there is a likelihood of a future SST route. With the exception of coastal areas, most of the country would be in probable boom range, according to present calculations.

Should domestic SST service be permitted? The report never flatly commits itself, but it warns government officials now concentrating on the commercial aspects to take due cognizance of "the view that such service will produce a noise output generally unacceptable to society." Will the public be consulted? This is now a question for the incoming administration and, of course, Congress.

Asked by Mr. Udall to look into the subject a year ago, those collaborating in the report were John C. Calhoun, Jr. (chairman), H. Stanley Bennett, Barry Commoner, Rene Dubos, Leonard Duhl, Joseph L. Fisher, Karl D. Kryter, Gordon J. F. MacDonald, Cortland Perkins, Roger Revelle, Milner B. Schaefer and Athelstan Spilhaus.

Swans, Cranes and Eagles

One of the handsomest of North America's bird species, as well as its largest (by weight) and until lately one of its rarest, apparently has gained a new lease on survival. The trumpeter swan has been removed from the "rare" listing in the Red Book of the Bureau of Sport Fisheries and Wildlife, the official catalog of rare and endangered United States fish and wildlife.

In 1932 only 69 of the big swans were found in the 48 States. The 1968 survey located 3,641, and bureau biologists now estimate a total of 4,000 to 5,000 not

including Canada. Establishment of the Red Rock Lakes National Wildlife Refuge in Montana, transplants to other refuges, restrictions on capture for zoos, and general legal protection are credited with reversing a trend toward extinction.

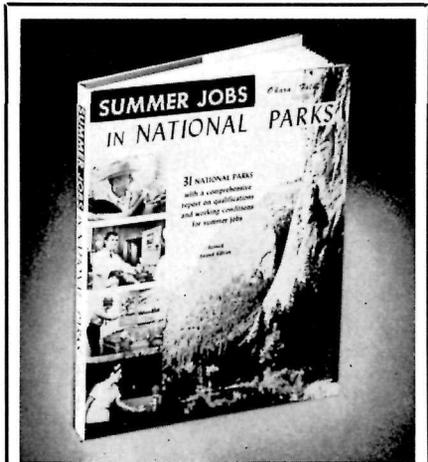
The still endangered whooping crane, meanwhile, is managing at least to hold its own. At latest report 50 whoopers were back at Aransas Refuge in Texas or neighboring Matagorda Island, compared to 48 a year ago. Only 14 could be found when counts began in 1938. There are now 18 in captivity, 12 at Patuxent Research Center in Maryland where scientists hope to raise a breeding colony for producing birds to be transferred to the wild. Most of Patuxent's whoopers are from eggs collected by helicopter in 1967 and 1968 from the Canadian nesting grounds. The other six captive whoopers are in San Antonio and New Orleans.

Bald eagles, now in the endangered category in most of the United States, are to be given greater protection in southeast Alaska, their most populous remaining habitat. The Departments of Agriculture and Interior have announced an agreement under which steps will be taken on national forest lands to safeguard nesting trees, such as restrictive clauses in timber sales contracts and road construction permits. While the government in 1966 estimated the southeast Alaska bald eagle population at 10,000 to 15,000, wildlife experts are looking to the impacts of both future resource exploitation and human population growth. Across the 48 contiguous States, the latest bald eagle count was only 2,772.

Caution on Pesticides

The growing awareness of environmental hazards in pesticide use is reflected encouragingly in a booklet recently issued by the Department of the Interior. A guide to spraying and other controls for diseases and insects attacking trees and shrubs, the booklet pointedly advises against the use of persistent chlorinated hydrocarbons such as aldrin, chlordane, dieldrin, endrin, heptachlor, TDE, toxaphene and DDT, whose danger to wildlife is now well documented. A superseded edition, printed in the early 1950's, recommended DDT spraying against elm bark beetles, the vectors of Dutch elm disease. For elm protection the new guide substitutes methoxychlor, now widely accepted as equally effective as well as less hazardous.

The booklet's recommendations are directed to urban rather than forest and agricultural situations, although credit is given to experts of the Department of Agriculture for assisting in the preparation. Curiously, in its own publications

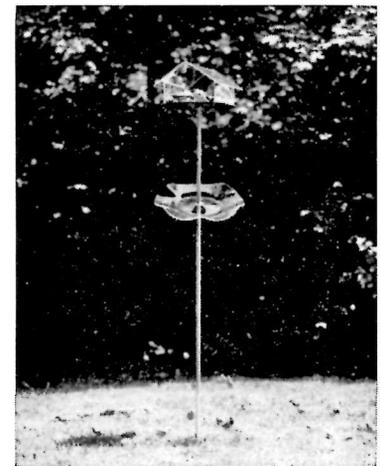


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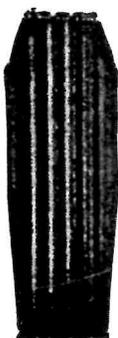
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the Agriculture Department still endorses persistent pesticides, including DDT for elm-spraying.

Author of the booklet, called *Tree Preservation Bulletin Six* and intended for the Eastern and Midwestern States, is Horace V. Wester, plant pathologist of the National Park Service. Copies are available at 35 cents from the Superintendent of Documents, U. S. Government Printing Office, Washington, D. C. 20402.

Conservation Appointments

• Dr. Elvis J. Stahr, who served as Secretary of the Army during the Kennedy administration and more recently as president of the University of Indiana, has become the eighth president of the National Audubon Society. He fills the office which became vacant in 1967 with the retirement of Carl W. Buchheister.

• Joseph W. Penfold, who has been the conservation director and Washington representative of the Izaak Walton League of America, has been promoted to League executive director. Theodore Pankowski, Jr., until recently legislative assistant to Rep. Nedsj of Michigan, has joined the league's Washington office as conservation associate.

• Russell E. Train, president of the Conservation Foundation, has been elected vice chairman of the recently appointed National Water Commission. Another professional conservationist, Louis S. Clapper, chief of the conservation education division of the National Wildlife Federation, has been appointed to the Federal Water Pollution Control Advisory Board.

Bull Creek's Redwoods

While the National Park Service prepares to become the working guardian of portions of California's coastal redwood heritage, the Save-the-Redwoods League is continuing its own program of redwood conservation. Recently the League announced the addition of 57 acres of virgin redwoods and 160 acres of supporting lands in the upper Bull Creek watershed to previous acquisitions at Humboldt Redwoods State Park.

The new tracts bring the lands acquired in the watershed, with the aid of the Rockefeller family and other donors, to more than 17,319 acres. Only some 1,300 more acres are needed, according to the League, to complete the watershed's acquisition. The project was instigated by serious flood damage to the Bull Creek Flat redwoods which occurred in 1955.

Plea for Forbearance

As do many non-profit organizations, the National Parks Association solicits

memberships from commercial lists of people who have shown an interest in conservation or its specialized facet of preservation. Screening out of persons who are already members would be a prohibitively costly operation—one which NPA members themselves would probably agree was not necessary in view of its high cost. Though this duplication may on occasion be annoying, Association headquarters hopes that members will show forbearance. If you have received an invitation to join the Association but are already a member, we hope that you will pass the invitation on to a friend who might also be interested in preservation or the general conservation field.

Review

FROM SEA TO SHINING SEA: A Report on the American Environment—Our Natural Heritage. The President's Council on Recreation and Natural Beauty. U. S. Government Printing Office, Washington, D. C. 20402. 1968. 304 pages in paper cover; 213 black and white photographs. \$2.50.

One of the manifestations of America's growing discomfort about the mess it is allowing to be made of the national habitat is the creation of a cabinet-level council on the subject. It would be better if the council, recently headed by Vice President Hubert Humphrey, had a name somewhat more inclusive and incisive than "President's Council on Recreation and Natural Beauty." However, this book-length report which was submitted to the President a few weeks ago, and which is part of the Johnson administration's legacy to its successor, manages at least a beginning thrust toward a suitable prospectus for environmental reform.

What should be in such a prospectus? Aside from mushrooming population, the largest of our problems, according to the council, is the subordination of broad human purposes—one might better say needs—to a welter of specialized, particular projects conceived without adequate heed to their effects, singly or in toto. The recourse, then, is to reverse priorities, putting larger objectives first. But of course actually attempting this invites a reformer's nightmare, not the least difficult task being merely to sort out the goals in order to start revamping.

The council has chosen a kind of Rand McNally classification system: first urban areas, proceeding from neighborhood to downtown to city to metropolis; then rural areas, subdivided into countryside, water and waterways, and recreation and wildlands; then transportation as a linking common denominator. It is a convenient approach, enabling at least brief at-

tention to most of the relevant aims, and aberrations, of a culture in the throes of increasingly unsettling physical alteration. But it has a major drawback. In focusing on conventional patterns one is drawn toward conventional evaluations and solutions, and away from the main target.

It is not very surprising, then, that council priorities turn out for the most part to be familiar and to be concerned to a disappointing extent with such irrelevancies, in terms of "our natural heritage," as street, parking-lot and office-building design, the relationship of downtown esthetics to business stability, zoning and building code revision, scenic road development and the like. To be sure, due mention is given to comprehensive planning, saving of green space, protection of wild rivers and wilderness and other broad conservation imperatives. There are at least a few welcome innovative suggestions, such as a federal program to help create state natural-area systems, and the building-in of environmental "overview units" in federal agencies (one has just been established by Secretary of Transportation Alan Boyd). But the main chance for creativity is missed.

Had the council and its staff (the Department of the Interior's Bureau of Outdoor Recreation) looked more searchingly into the current national policy hodgepodge on housing, transportation and resources, the case might be considerably different. What is really needed is a fresh examination of what the council has rather lavishly inventoried and then the fashioning of a blueprint independent of the obsolescent, disorderly present. Possibly a start could be made by taking up a council suggestion—a White House convention on environmental issues.

—J. G. Deane.

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A David Muench photograph

Quiet waters of the Merced River mirror the colossal bulk of El Capitan

David Muench's winter scene in monumental Yosemite Valley casts a cheerful white mantle over the troubles and problems of one of the park system's great wilderness units—troubles which are rooted in the ongoing race between visitation and development. Solutions which soon must be reached in Yosemite Park will also have application in many another of the national park system units. The National Parks Association feels, on the basis of thorough study, that the best hope for the future of the Yosemite Valley and Yosemite Park lies in the substitution of public transportation in the park for the private automobile; the dispersion of visitors into suitable non-park recreational lands in the Sierra Nevada and its foothills and, in short, a policy of maximum wilderness protection and minimum development which will assure the validity of the park's primary mission as a contact between man and nature.

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