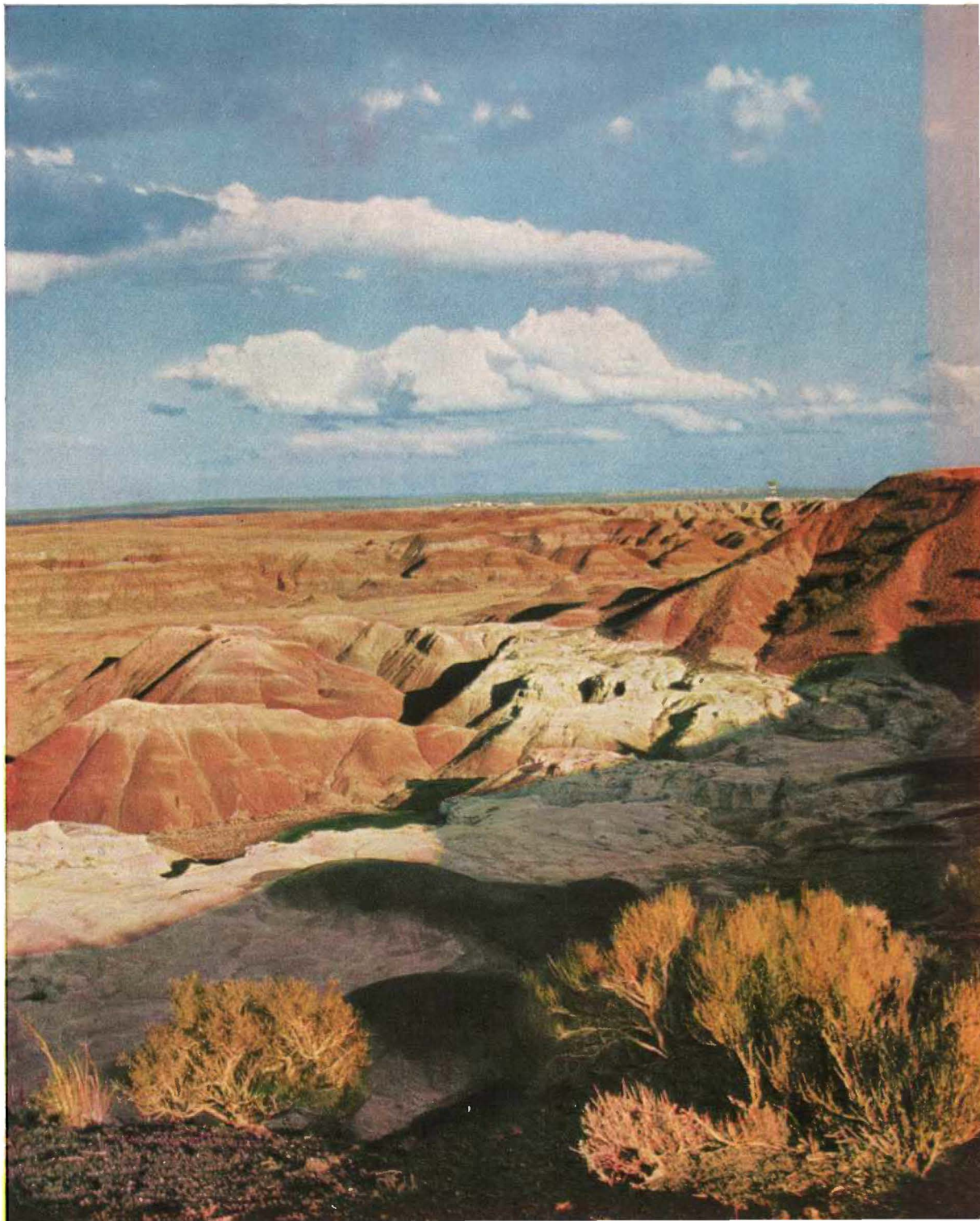


NATIONAL PARKS *Magazine*

July
1961

Painted Desert:
Arizona



When I Walk in the Woods . . .

WHEN I WALK IN THE WOODS I realize the dire need for more forest-loving people, more forest patrons and forest planners, more forest scouts and forest rangers, more forest observation posts, more nurseries and tree planters, and more interest in tree communities.

When I walk in the woods I realize the need for forest indoctrination at the grassroots level. We need federal and State forest institutions; we need forest legislation and protection; we need greater protection from pyromaniacs, arsonists, careless campers, and other enemies of the trees.

When I walk in the woods I see the great need for preventive measures against disease and insect pests. We sorely need health-promoting forest hygiene along organic principles. We need specially-prepared forest soils. We need more mixed woods where conifers and hardwoods intermingle freely to form a healthier tree community.

We certainly need more forest-loving highway planners, engineers and builders. We need greater consideration for trees when building dams and reservoirs, waterways, industrial and residential developments, power transmission lines, pipelines and other structures in our forests. We need the grace to adapt ourselves into a forest landscape without desecrating it. We truly need more reverence for trees.

We need more city forests and wooded parks to supply the human needs for oxygen. We need the trees in our parks as companions. We need more garden cities, more childhood forest memories, more friendship and intimacy with trees. We need forest monuments to honor great men and women or to commemorate great events, deeds and accomplishments in human history. We need forest shrines and forest sanctuaries.

We need more forest crops for our domestic and industrial uses, in which waste, greed and carelessness should be unknown. We need to take the basic forest facts into our schools, colleges and universities. We need more forest education among our farmers, lumberjacks and woodlot owners.

We need more and better forest shelterbelts to slow the winds and protect the crops, to break the monotony and enhance the landscape, to provide food and shelter for our wildlife, and to make America more beautiful. We sorely need better financing by State and federal governmental agencies for forest protection and forest promotion. We need more forest in our country to counteract the droughts, the water shortages, the floods, the dust storms, soil erosion, and climate deterioration.

We need composers to put these words to music.

Frank D. Steiner

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NATIONAL PARKS Magazine

OFFICIAL PUBLICATION OF THE NATIONAL PARKS ASSOCIATION

JULY 1961

Vol. 35, No. 166

Paul M. Tilden, Editor

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The July Front Cover

Along the wide outcrop of the Chinle formation of northern and northeastern Arizona lies the Painted Desert, brilliantly colorful in its array of red, blue, purple, orange and brown tints, ever changing with the moods of a desert sky. A fine portion of the Painted Desert is included in the Petrified Forest National Monument, several miles east of Holbrook.

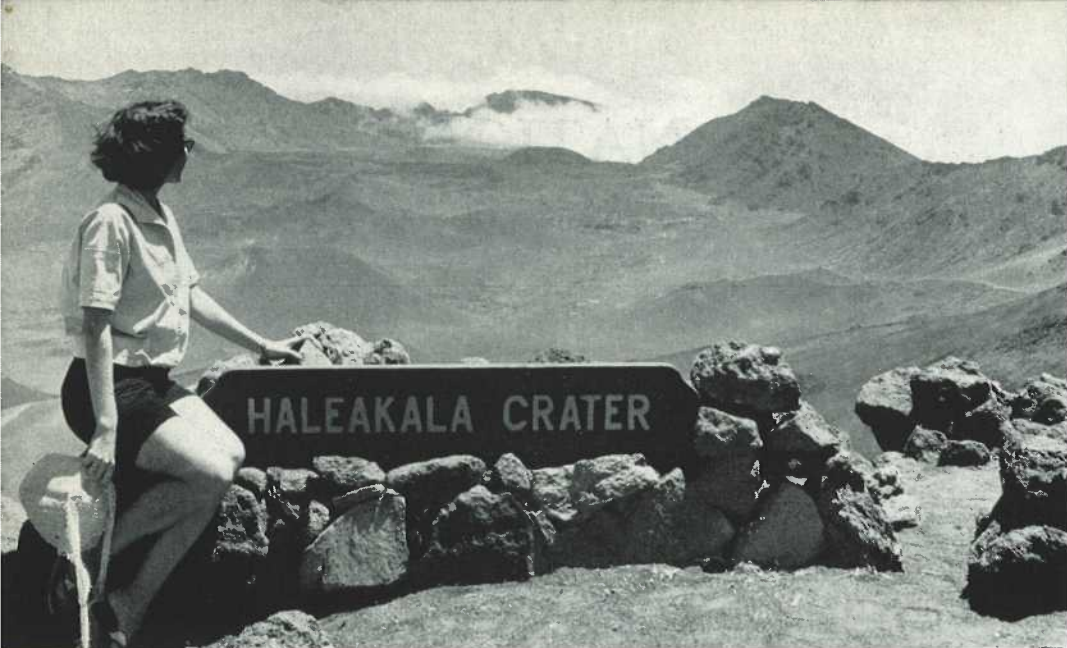
Photograph by Robert B. McCoy

THE NATIONAL PARKS AND YOU

Few people realize that ever since the first national parks and monuments were established, various commercial interests have been trying to invade them for personal gain. The national parks and monuments were not intended for such purposes. They are established as inviolate nature sanctuaries to permanently preserve outstanding examples of the once primeval continent, with no marring of landscapes except for reasonable access by road and trail, and facilities for visitor comfort. The Association, since its founding in 1919, has worked to create an ever-growing informed public on this matter in defense of the parks. The Board of Trustees urges you to help protect this magnificent national heritage by joining forces with the Association now. As a member you will be kept informed, through *National Parks Magazine*, on current threats and other park matters.

Dues are \$5 annual, \$8 supporting, \$15 sustaining, \$25 contributing, \$150 life with no further dues, and \$1000 patron with no further dues. Contributions and bequests are also needed to help carry on this park protection work. Dues in excess of \$5 and contributions are deductible from your federal taxable income, and bequests are deductible for federal estate tax purposes. As an organization receiving such gifts, the Association is precluded by relevant laws and regulations from advocating or opposing legislation to any substantial extent; insofar as our authors may touch on legislation, they write as individuals. Send your check today, or write for further information, to National Parks Association, 1300 New Hampshire Ave., N.W., Washington 6, D.C.

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Hawaii Visitors Bureau

Five days on foot through the

Strange World of Haleakala

By Irving L. Winslow

MY WIFE AND I RECENTLY RETURNED from a vacation trip to the Hawaiian Islands. In this day of fast travel, there is nothing uncommon about such an excursion—indeed, Hawaii, stimulated by the publicity of Statehood, is teeming with tourists, and will be visited by thousands more “mainlanders” in coming months.

Most vacationers, however, confine themselves to “doing” Honolulu and Waikiki, on the island of Oahu, or perhaps extend themselves to take in a few of the principal points of interest on the big island of Hawaii. But Myrtle and I spent five days in the crater of Haleakala, in our newest national park on the Island of Maui. It was an experience we shall never forget.

We flew from Honolulu to Maui—a forty-minute flight—arriving at the airport at Kahului in the early forenoon. In a limousine-bus we climbed, in an hour's time, from sea-level to

10,000 feet elevation and the ranger station at the summit of mighty Haleakala. The road, black-topped but narrow, switchbacked first through farming country, sugar cane and pineapple fields, then through cattle ranches with their large groves of eucalyptus trees.

At park headquarters, learning that the three cabins within the crater are fully equipped for camper-hikers—except for food supplies—we reduced our packs to the bare minimum, leaving all excess stuff in a headquarters store-room. A young ranger, smart in an immaculate uniform, obligingly drove us to the starting point of the Sliding Sands Trail. A little after two o'clock we began the long descent.

Before we had hiked two hundred yards, an immense silence settled over us. Never have I known such stillness. We have hiked often in wilderness areas, but always before, in mountains, in forests, even on the prairies,

there have been *some* sounds about us—the rustle of trees, the whisper of windblown grasses, or the hum of insects. But now, in this arid, sterile land, there was no sound whatsoever except for the scrunch of our boots on age-old lava.

Down we went, the trail switching back and forth through great fields of *aa*, the lava that looks like clinkers from a giant furnace. Indeed, that is exactly what it is; the jagged black and gray debris that once was molten rock, spewed out of the mighty throat of the volcano. Enormous cinder cones, rearing hundreds of feet from the crater floor, were silent testimony to fiery belchings of the past. What a colossal cauldron this must have been!

The trail is well-named “Sliding Sands.” It is all downhill, and at every step the feet slide forward in a hiss and clatter of pulverized rock. Every hundred yards or so shoes must be

emptied. It was 6:30 when we arrived at Kapalaoa cabin, nestled against the crater wall. It had been a six-mile hike, we were hungry, and our feet and legs cried for rest. However, we had to sit a few minutes on the front steps of the cabin and drink in the beauty of the sunset.

The crater floor spread out before us, spacious and serene, the only vegetation a few wisps of bracken fern and the nodding, golden heads of *pili* grass. The sun had slipped below the rim of the crater wall far across from us, and the far slope was already in deep shadow. So high were the cinder cones in the near foreground, however, that their tips were still aglow. The softly-rounded domes were brushed with pink and rose, the pastel colors shading off on the lower slopes into more somber hues, lavender, mauve, magenta, and finally, down at the base, to deep purple.

A Well-Provided Cabin

The day had been a hot one. Now, with the sun gone, a chill enveloped the crater, and we hastened to start a fire in the cabin's stove. The three government-maintained cabins within the crater are identical in size, shape and design, and all are well-equipped. Each has twelve bunks with mattresses, a great supply of Army-type blankets, a wood-burning cookstove, kitchen sink with running water, several kerosene lamps, a lengthy dining table with benches, and a cupboard full of dishes, pots and pans, and silverware. Even firewood is provided, sawed and split to stove size.

The little stove performed nobly, cooked our corned-beef hash and gave us a friendly warmth. The kerosene lamp put out a soft glow that was cheerful and mellow. We sank down into our bunks wholly at peace with the silent world outside.

The hike next day to Paliku cabin was not as long, but it was just as tiring because the trail was rougher. We came now upon another kind of lava. It was *pahoehoe*, lava which had cooled while it was still flowing. It looked for all the world like solidified fudge. A volcanologist could tell why and how *aa* was produced in one place and *pahoehoe* in another; we could not. But we had the feeling that we were on some other planet as we walked



Hawaii Visitors Bureau

A horseback party pauses on the trail at the entrance to the crater of Haleakala, one of the world's greatest dormant volcanoes, on the Island of Maui in the Hawaiian Archipelago. On July 1st, the twenty-five-odd square miles of the area, formerly a part of Hawaii National Park, will be officially designated Haleakala National Park. (Map on page 16, this issue.)

over the lava. A science-fiction writer or an artist would thrive here, describing or depicting the strange and wild and awesome scenes, the bareness, aridity, and sterility of it.

We learned later that these great lava fields will in time, if left undisturbed by further cataclysms, be pulverized by the erosive action of sun, wind and rain into a marvelously fertile soil. But now they can produce virtually nothing. We could see only a few fern fronds and some low bushes, covered with red and white berries, whose roots struggled miraculously downward to some unseen sub-soil.

Wild Goats in Crater

At the base of the cinder cone was a herd of wild goats, the first wildlife we had seen. There might have been a dozen of them; rams, ewes, and kids, some all black, some a black and tawny mixture. They were not timid, and they stared at us curiously. Then they trotted, without haste, over the rim of a low rise.

Paliku cabin was reached in mid-afternoon. The day had been bright and sunny; but toward sundown,

clouds swept in through Koolau Gap and rain began to fall. The Paliku area at the eastern end of the crater, we had read, usually had an annual rainfall of 150 inches. A mile or so before we came to the cabin, we observed that the character of the vegetation about us was changing, becoming very green and lush. There were more and more good-sized trees, and meadows of thick grass.

It was in the midst of dinner preparations that we saw a party of six on horseback, heading for the ranger's cabin some hundred yards from ours. (That cabin, in addition to being the living quarters for the park ranger in charge of all activities within the crater, is also a stopping place for horseback parties.)

A half-hour later, there were four young men, on foot, also heading for the ranger's cabin. Actually it seemed good to see a few other humans, the first we had seen since entering the crater. A while later there was a bang on our door, and in strode a man with the warmest, most engaging smile I ever had seen. Behind him, standing in the doorway, respectfully but almost



Hawaii Visitors Bureau

Typical of Haleakala Crater's plant life is the now-rare silversword, *Argyoxiphium sandwicense*, a beautiful plant well adapted to the strong sunlight and aridity of the area. Past destruction by humans, livestock, and insect parasites has brought this plant, once quite plentiful, to the verge of extinction.

pleadingly, were the four young men, all bedraggled, their teeth chattering with cold.

The older man introduced himself. He was Frank Freitas, guide in the crater for forty years. This was his 1059th trip. His horseback party had filled up the ranger's cabin, and would we mind if these four young fellows moved in with us for the night? We welcomed them; they cooked their supper and dried their clothes. We talked a while, and it was time to turn in.

Because of cabin reservations made by other parties, it was necessary for us to hike back to Kapalaoa the next day before proceeding to the third cabin, Holua. The return to Kapalaoa was uneventful, but pleasant. Our feet and legs were getting toughened, the rain had let up by the time we were ready to leave Paliku, and we enjoyed a leisurely hike. When we got to

Kapalaoa at noon, Frank was there. Since our last meeting with him, he had been out of the crater and now back in—on his 1060th trip. Only one patron was with him now, a man of seventy-five. We expressed our admiration for this gentleman's hardiness and said: "Well, you must be used to riding a horse."

"Never been on a horse before in my life," he replied. "And I'm having the time of my life!"

The two had just spread out their sandwiches for lunch, and Frank, the soul of generosity, insisted that we join them. While we ate, he told us story after story of his experiences in the crater. He spoke, still with amazement, of the one and only time back in 1926, when he had awakened one morning to find the whole crater blanketed with snow, and what an exquisite sight it had been. He told us, with chuckles, of the many times the ladies in his parties would take turns at night painting each other's saddle blisters with mercurochrome. (All around the outside of the cabin we had seen plenty of evidence of sore feet and raw posteriors: adhesive tape, corn plasters, and bunion pads.) Frank laughed gleefully at the remembrance of one college girl who complained that her buttocks were rubbed so raw from the saddle that she simply could not ride another mile. "I told her," Frank boomed, "Girlie, you *gotta* ride; you can cure your blisters in the saddle."

Some Crater Features

The trail to Holua cabin led us, next day, past a number of bizarre features not unlike those of Yellowstone National Park: Bottomless Pit, a great gas vent, formed ages ago, which the old Hawaiians say is so deep that it leads down to the sea; Bubble Cave, a "blister" formed when deep-down gases barely failed to break through molten rock and created a cave, the roof of which collapsed later. The cavern that remained was used by ancient travellers as a shelter. Pele's Paint Pot (Pele was the goddess of volcanoes in Hawaiian mythology) has the brightest, most vivid colors to be found anywhere in the crater.

Off this trail was the Silversword Loop. The silversword (in Hawaiian, the *ahinahina*) is a rare and exquisite plant typical of the crater of Haleakala,

and without close relatives outside the Hawaiian Islands. Growing close to the ground, it is a lovely ball of silver green spikes. After an unpredictable interval, between seven and twenty years, it blooms, thrusting up from its center a four-foot-high column of yellow and purple flowers. We were not fortunate enough to find any in bloom, but were delighted just to see and photograph the plant itself.

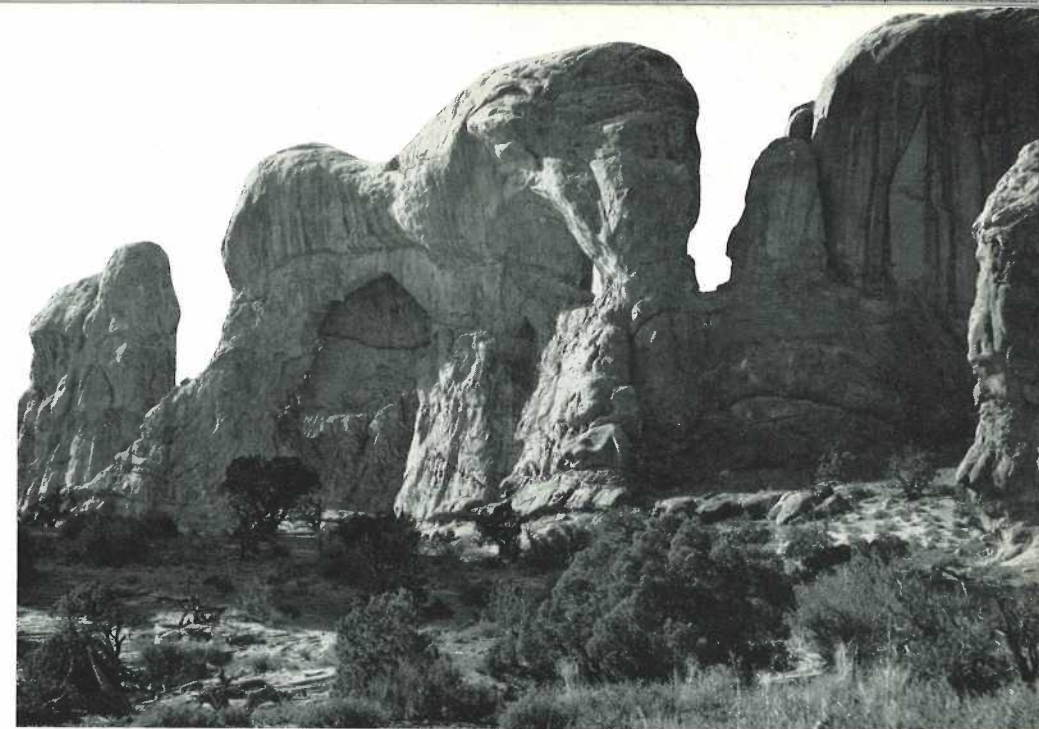
Holua cabin, our last stop, was exactly like the other two cabins. There was a great display of beauty for us, too, at Holua. The cabin was a bit warm that night, and after supper, the dishes all washed, we stepped outside to cool off. Never were the heavens so aglow with stars! Cassiopeia and the Great Dipper revolved serenely around the North Star; Arcturus was spiked securely in its place; the Milky Way splashed across the sky like a filmy, white blanket.

In the morning the sunrise matched in beauty the glory of the previous night's stars. Masses of gray clouds surged into the crater early, and lay waiting for the sun to challenge them. Gray brightened to fleecy white, white blushed and became pink, grew bolder into copper, then burst into gold.

We saw all this morning beauty because we *had* to get up early, knowing there was a hard climb ahead. Up and out of the crater today; and this was the toughest hike of all. The whole distance up to the rim was only about four miles; but within two of those miles we climbed 1800 feet. I started to count the switchbacks, but soon gave up. The average grade was no more than six percent, but our packs got heavier at every step, though they were empty of food by now. We stopped often to rest, easily tired by such exertion in the thin air; but at every pause there were tremendous panoramas.

Mountain switchbacks, I thought as I trudged along, are fickle, always beckoning, always holding forth sweet promise—but never there with fulfillment. At each hairpin turn in the trail we looked ahead several hundred yards to the next "switch" and confidently believed that *there* would be the summit, the pass, the end of the trail. But no. Another turn, and more trail.

We came out at last, back to a world we knew. We had spent five days in
(Continued on page 14)



A parade of sandstone elephants files through Arches National Monument, Utah, where erosive forces have carved out grotesque rock shapes.

Erosion was the magic that created

RAINBOWS

OVER

UTAH

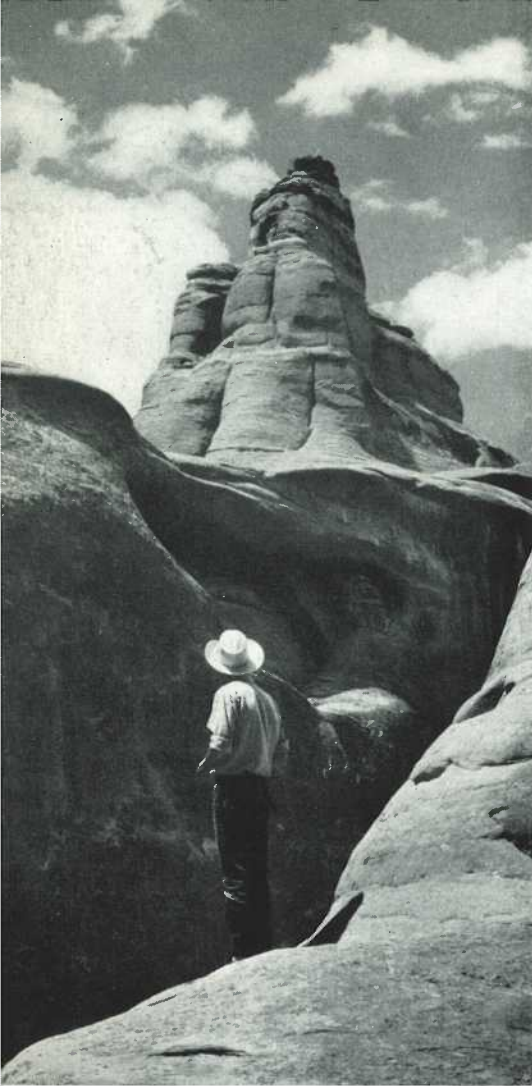
STRANGE AND COLORFUL is the world that attracts travelers to the famous red-rock country of southeastern Utah. There, preserved within the Arches National Monument of about thirty-four thousand acres, are some of the finest examples of erosion to be found anywhere in the world.

Arches lies north across the Colorado River from the picturesque, pioneer Western town of Moab, Utah. Within the wild realm of sandstone there are fantastic formations of balanced rocks, pinnacles, sheer spires, coves, figures of beasts, and the natural arches. Here, the combined action of rain, running water, frost, sun and wind have sculptured the landscape into a sandstone wonderland.

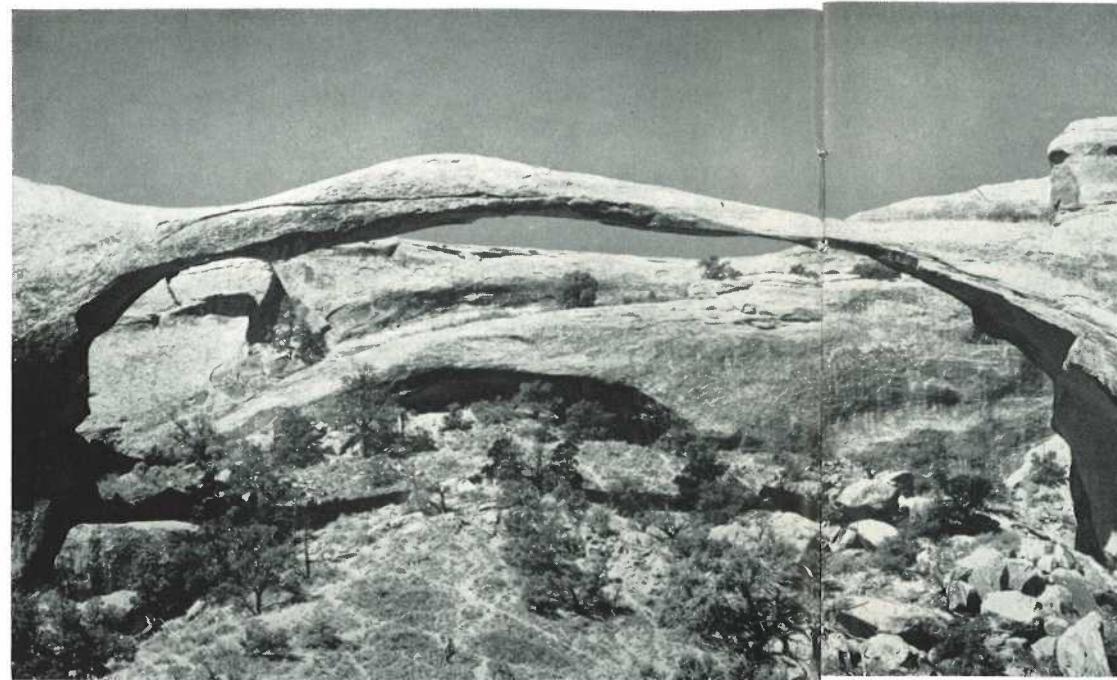
Erosion rules the red-rock country of the Arches. It is the master architect—the builder and the destroyer of the sandstone bridges. The coordinated work of the elements is a sight never to be forgotten. ■

A Story in Pictures

By Cecil M. Ouellette



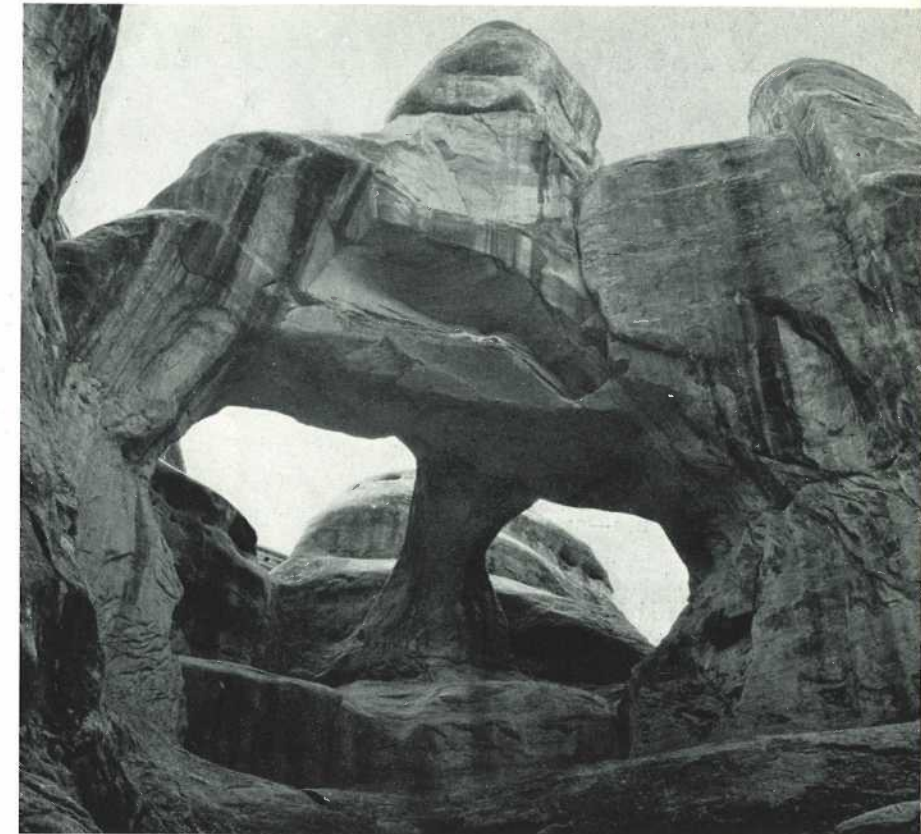
A lonely figure gazes upward at a perpendicular wilderness of spires and sheer rock walls in southern Utah's Arches National Monument.



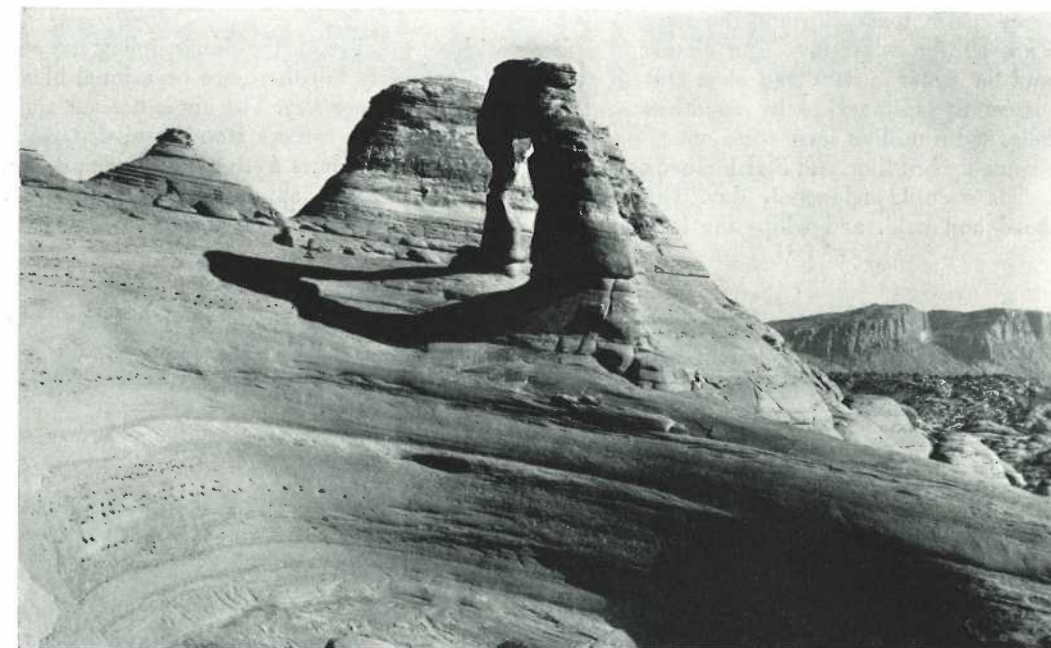
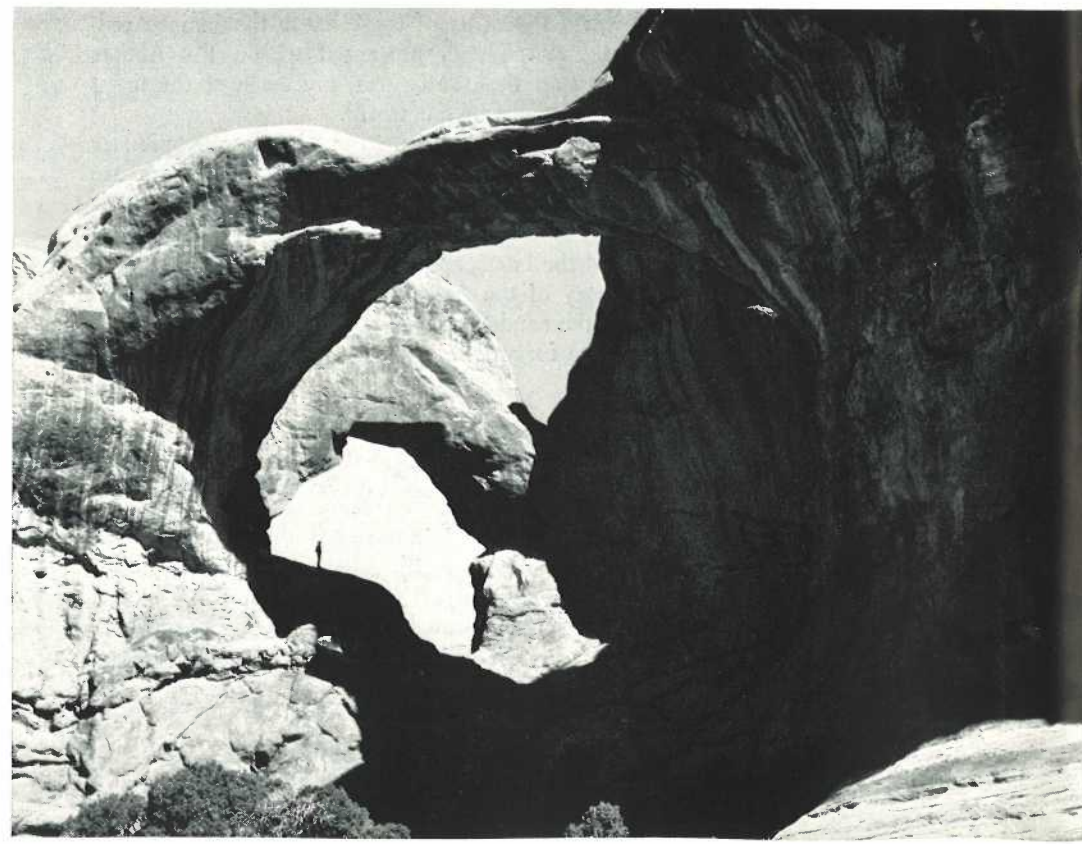
Thought to be the longest natural stone span in the world, Landscape Arch stretches across the sky like a rocky thread. With an arch of 291 feet—almost as long as a football field—and a height of 120 feet, its smallest cross-section measures only six feet. After erosion has thinned the bridge to the breaking point it will collapse, leaving only buttresses at ends.

Right: Nature has drilled identical holes high in a sandstone cliff to form Twin Arch. The arches of the area have been shaped from a layer of red Entrada sandstone.

»



Below, Double Arch soars 156 feet above the junipers. The rock forming the natural arches of the monument was deposited as sediment on the floor of a sea during the time that dinosaurs were roaming the earth.



The masterly hand of erosion has left Delicate Arch alone on a high mesa where the cliffs join the sky. It is 85 feet high and 65 feet wide; one of its legs is only six feet thick. The locality of Delicate Arch offers superb views of the great gorge of the Colorado River and the snow-capped La Sal Mountains.

These Are the Dunes . . .

By Louis A. Rosenthal

WHAT ARE THE DUNES? Yellow hills in the bright sun, a bright sun against a powder-blue sky, and a powder-blue sky over dark waters; miles and miles of shoreline with about a soul per mile of beach; a sandy waste like a Sahara-on-a-lake. Behind the dunes are rolling country and virgin woods, and little lakes and marshes, and:

*Coryopsis and camomile
And wild roses in a fairy glen.*

The dunes—ay, what are the dunes? The dunes are hills of sand, water, woods and sky. Woods and the waters, and soft fine sand, blades of grass and berry bushes, insects and birds, turtles and frogs and snakes.

It is no place to plant corn, or to wear high-heeled shoes. The dunes—roar of the angry surf and lisp of the wavelets, and the mutable sands in the shuttles of the wind. The dunes—repose and oblivion.

In the dunes every day is different, and the face of the waters is not ever the same. One morning the water is calm, and overlaid with fog, thick billowy fog, and sky and water are a thick homogeneous gray. Only a dark movement here and there—the horizon is lost in it. Slowly the fog lifts. A breeze comes up and stirs the waters. The waves go jogging up and down. The sun comes out.

Another day. From the dunes, the sky is full of white cloud. The greenish waves curl a foamy lip and the gray gulls play in the sun among the whitecaps. The clouds gradually drift away, and the water is dark and blue. Out in the deep the lake is gently agitated as by countless dancing fishes. Night falls, and a million stars come out.

Tomorrow the winds come up howling, and bluish clouds hang o'er the horizon. 'Tis a chill, melancholy day. The northeaster drives in hard and cold, and whips the lake

into a fury. The billows heave and froth and rise to mountainous heights. Then shafts of light piercing through the dark clouds silver the waters, so they are strangely lighter than the sky. By and by the blue clouds lift, the waves calm and the winds abate. The skies pale, and the waters turn and become dusky blue again. The horizon line, after the blow, is sharply delineated. Far out, forty miles away from the dunes, one can see the towers and spires of the city, dark specks, like the masts of ships in the distance.

The lion of yesterday is like a lamb today. The lake is so gentle one could go canoeing. Puffy clouds are suspended on the horizon like great white ranges, and the waves fresh and green, like oily dolphins, dive in the bright morning sun. At sundown on the dunes there is hardly a breeze stirring. Over the face of the waters there is a gentle swell. That is all there is left of the madcap waves of yesterday.

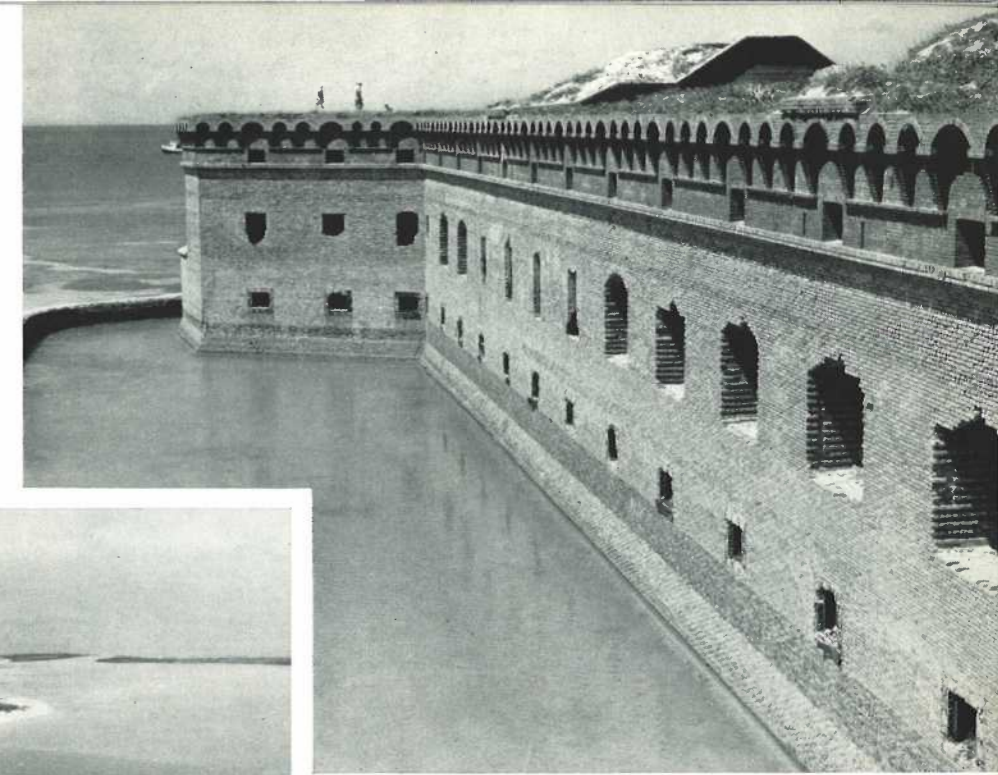
Tomorrow it may be blowing a gale again. The waters are ash-gray, the clouds dark and lowering. The waves come in heavy, champing and frothy in big rollers, and the whitecaps out yonder are bursting into spray. 'Towards the evening a rift appears on the horizon, just a wee breach at first, in the far beyond. The breach grows, the heavens open for the sun to show. The sun looks through a moment, then spreads itself on the waters, and goes down in a blaze of glory . . .

Days without number on the dunes, many the moods of the lake. In the early fall there are occasional bleak days. The earth is in a minor key. The air is hushed, quiet with apprehension, and the waters stand aquiver, waiting for the big change. Then comes a stretch of golden days; white dappled clouds, the sun shining palely, and the waters
(Continued on page 14)

Michigan Tourist Council



Fort Jefferson, one of the largest links in a chain of coastal defenses authorized by Congress after the War of 1812, was solidly built of brick and stone on sixteen-acre Garden Key, one of the coral islands of the Dry Tortugas, off the southwest tip of Florida. The isolated islands of the Dry Tortugas are winter quarters for myriad gulls, terns and migratory birds.



National Park Service



Florida State News Bureau

Jefferson: Outpost of History

By Freeman Tilden

WE HAD COME OVER FROM KEY West to Garden Key that day in late April, having fairly smooth water until we crossed Rebecca Channel, which is always fretful and sometimes positively unkind to people bound for historic Fort Jefferson. The storm signal for small craft was already flying at the Coast Guard station, however, and we could expect something of a blow without much delay.

The hospitality of the superintendent and his wife made the evening pass delightfully, and about midnight I went to bed. But I could not sleep, though I felt unusually well. It was all so exotic, so utterly different from

the rest of the United States—even from the tip of Florida—that one had the feeling of being in a tropical Erewhon anywhere between Cancer and Capricorn.

The wind was rattling the screened windows—the warm-cool wind characteristic of the tropics at night. I got up and sat at the window and listened to one of the strangest sounds that ever came to man's ear. Tens of thousands of birds were circling above the key, uttering cries that were neither joyous nor mournful—rather, with a note of simple ritual. They were terns. Most of them were sooties; some were noddies. Next month they would begin

nesting on Bush Key, a short distance away. Now, night after night, appearing after dark, gone before daylight, they would circle and circle and cry and cry. And where are they when they are absent between dark and dark? Does anybody know?

Now they circle and cry at night, but next month they will, each pair, stake out a few square feet of coral sand and the female will lay just one egg. Then both parents will take turns, not to incubate the egg with body heat, but on the contrary to shade it from a sun that would hard-boil it in its shell. And woe to the tern that shall invade another's patch of sand! The



National Park Service

In the photograph above, sooty terns are seen nesting on Bush Key in the Tortugas. A 1935 hurricane destroyed Bird Key, previously favored by the terns as a nesting ground; after a year's use of Garden Key, the birds chose Bush Key as their rookery.

tern's unfenced square is its castle.

I have described the terns as nesting upon Bush Key. But they have not always come to that islet; and therein lies a strange, somewhat humorous tale. Not funny from the viewpoint of the tern; for him it was frustration in the fullest sense of the word.

Island Rookery Disappears

For generations upon generations of terns, the nesting had been upon another key of the Tortugas group. Humans had never seen their rookery anywhere else, so it came to be called Bird Key. In the autumn of 1935, a hurricane moved through the islands. After it subsided Bird Key had sunk beneath the ocean level and had become a sandbar. When the terns returned the following spring they were seen flying *by day* over the place where Bird Key had been. Apparently it took them several days to adjust themselves to the fact that their old haunt was really gone. A "conference" of the leaders resulted in a choice of Garden Key for the current nesting.

But Garden Key happens to be the one on which Fort Jefferson stands and almost wholly occupies. Well, this did not deter the birds. They chose the ground between the moat and the beach and even used the decks of the old north coaling pier. The latter place was a particularly hazardous selection for the chicks. They began flopping

into the moat. The men on duty at the Fort, sympathetic with the birds' plight, kept dip nets handy and rescued the fledglings as they fell from the pier decks.

Indeed, no birds ever got more sympathetic treatment. Concluding, as they well might, that the terns were going to use Garden Key for their nesting place of the future, the wildlife folks really gave them the red-carpet treatment. The coarse grass was mowed for them; the sand along the moat wall was embanked so that the tern chicks could not fall into the moat; a little white fence was built to protect the hatching birds from visitors. NESTING AREA: KEEP OUT. Perhaps it was the first time a really scientific rookery had ever been constructed by man. It lacked only a *Welcome* mat at the front door.

Alas, you can't seem to please terns. Next spring the birds made their annual hovering over the Tortugas and finally came to rest on . . . Garden Key, do you think? Oh, no. We can imagine that the leaders suddenly said, "Oh, looky! There's a nice unoccupied key over there. Let's nest there." So they settled down upon an unempt islet—Bush Key—and have been there ever since. Sadly the willing human helpers took down the little white fence and the sign. The protective ditch was smoothed out again, and the sedgy grass and brush were allowed to resume their growth.

Why are birds so thankless and perverse? Perhaps my friend C. Ray Vinten, superintendent at Castillo de San Marcos at Saint Augustine, has the answer. Ray had seen all the human effort at Fort Jefferson. He said, drily, "Maybe, instead of saying 'this is the kind of rookery sooty and noddy terns should have,' we might better have asked ourselves the simpler question 'if we were terns, what kind of rookery would we like?'"

The nocturnal circling and nesting of the terns, one of our greatest wildlife phenomena, is merely a single feature of the fascinating cycles of bird existence that go on at these coral keys, the Dry Tortugas, dotting themselves out into the Gulf of Mexico toward the Yucatan Peninsula. In the shallow underwater places marine gardens are undulating and weaving, fanned by tidal movement instead of breezes. Gaudily-colored as well as giant fish are darting and preying, while overhead the frigate bird, sometimes called the man-o-war, is soaring endlessly on the updrafts without taking the trouble to move a wing—soaring all day, so far as I could see, around and around, for the mere pleasure of being luxuriously supported by the currents of air on which it rides. But later, when the terns are nesting and gathering minnows to feed their nestlings, these frigate birds will swoop upon the parent terns and rob them of their food. With a seven-foot wingspread, these self-appointed revenue officials have no trouble collecting the excise on each incoming cargo.

Forging the Links

I reach this point in my vivid recollections of the Dry Tortugas: suddenly it occurs to me that Fort Jefferson National Monument is a *historical* area. And I have been talking about birds.

Like Fort Pulaski and a number of others that are historic structures, Jefferson was a unit of that chain of coastal defense initiated by Congress after the War of 1812, during a period when trouble seemed to be brewing from several quarters. The European nations were still casting hungry looks upon the young frontier country of the western world, which had had the temerity to set up a form of government that the wiseacres of polity said was theoretically brilliant but practi-

cally bound for the dust-bin of experimentation. Now, one vulnerable spot in our long seacoast was certainly the access to the Gulf, to New Orleans, and consequently to the lifeline of our inland empire. The Tortugas, said one surveyor of fort sites, could "control the navigation of the Gulf." Fort Jefferson was the answer.

It was to be the biggest of all the chain of forts: half a mile in its perimeter, and not only covering Garden Key but even lapping over in places. Magnificently planned and constructed—so far as its construction ever went—the engineers made one error that was hardly excusable. They "thought" the foundations were on a solid coral reef. They were not. They were on sand and coral fragments that had been washed up by the ocean. As time went on the great structure began to settle and the walls to crack. Fortunately it made no great difference. Fort Jefferson was never called upon to repel a foreign fleet.

Today Fort Jefferson is a ruin not without its grandeur. Here, as is seen at Fort Pulaski in Georgia, the brick and stone masons squandered the finest craftsmanship in a lavish way, the rough work being done by slaves brought over from Key West. Fifty feet into the air rose the eight-foot-thick walls, and you get a notion of how much this fort was considered the "last word" in defense by its planners when

you look at its three gun-tiers and know that it was designed to mount 450 guns. It *was* the last word, but in another sense that the architects did not know. Before it was finished, the new rifled cannon made the work obsolete. In 1861 Jefferson was seized by Federal forces, but save for a few shots fired at Confederate privateers it played no part in the War of Secession.

The Work of Craftsmen

We walk through the ruined Jefferson, see the beautifully turned brickwork, the cut granite brought from Vermont and the bluestone slate from Pennsylvania, all assembled as though for a millennium, and our thought is: "In patient craftsmanship that was the 'golden age.'" When *was* the golden age of anything—of living itself? I recall reading in a little essay of Thomas Carlyle, in which he spoke of his boyhood and of his beloved father, that the elder Carlyle told Thomas of hearing *his* father (a stone mason) say that there was "no more good stone cutting done in Scotland." Probably the great-great-grandfather was saying the same thing. But there is no doubt of the skill of the artisans who worked on Garden Key in the Tortugas.

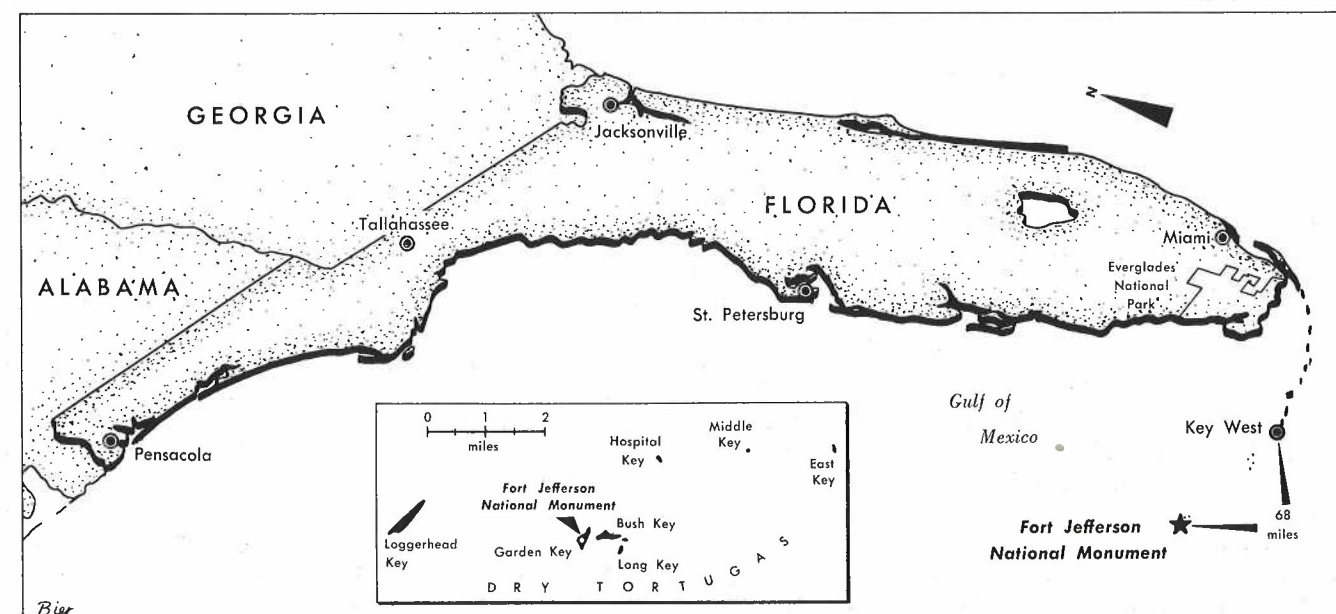
I have written that there was little activity here at Fort Jefferson during the War of Secession. True. But some-

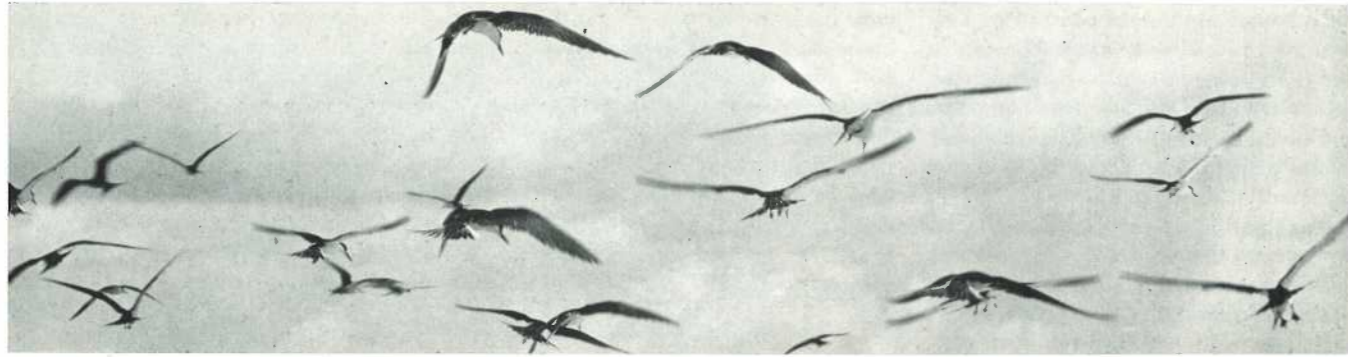
thing happened here after the war which represents a tragic aftermath of the bitterness that grew during the struggle. The calamitous assassination of President Lincoln was followed by a judicial miscarriage of which we are now ashamed, but which was perhaps to be expected as a result of the white rage that swept the North at the murder of the President.

Dr. Samuel Mudd was the physician who set the broken leg of the assassin John Wilkes Booth. It was not proved that he was party to the conspiracy; he said that he was merely acting in the line of a doctor's duty; but the dragnet caught him, and off he went to Fort Jefferson, sentenced to life imprisonment at hard labor. Fortunately, it did not result as badly as that, though badly enough. After four years he was pardoned. We should like to think it the tardy correction of a wrong; yet perhaps it may have been more due to the recognition of Mudd's heroic service, together with that of Dr. Whitehurst of Key West, when the dread yellow fever came to Tortugas in 1867. The room where Dr. Mudd was kept is still to be seen above the sally-port, a warning to doctors to inquire, before setting a broken leg, whether the patient has murdered anybody lately.

Pleasanter than this bit of soiled history is wandering around the elderly ruin and seeing what pleasant things

Map by James H. Bier





go on here. Perhaps, as you look out at the gunport, you may see a fleet of shrimping boats anchored in the roads; or, in case of a big blow, they may have crept into the old coaling pier and tied up. When I was there some of the shrimpers were a nuisance, though most of them were well-behaved and interesting to visitors at the fort.

It is a queer vegetation in the parade ground. Most of the trees are utterly unfamiliar to first visitors—gumbolimbo, geiger tree (with an orange-colored bloom somewhat like nasturtium), portia tree (called the *bendy* in India), sea-grape, bay cedar, buttonwood—many exotics have been planted from time to time. Outside the fort I noticed the poinsettia, small shrubs with the typical flaming involucre bracts of the larger trees that line the streets in Ventura, California.

Over on Loggerhead Key, to the westward, there is a scene that surely makes the visitor think of the South

Seas of the movie romance. Here are groves of coconut palms, and here great sea-going turtles still come ashore to lay their eggs, just as they did in the days of Ponce de Leon, when he named the coral group *las tortugas* because of "the great amount of turtles which there do breed." *Dry* tortugas they are; the only available water is such as you may catch and retain in cisterns. Nor is there any true soil—just a coral debris in which only adapted plants have a chance to survive.

Splendid Fishing Waters

There is, of course, splendid game fishing in these waters, in accordance with reasonable regulations which the superintendent of the monument will specify. I can testify that there are plenty of fish, for though I am not an Izaak Walton I went along in a cabin cruiser to see and to admire. The only difficulty my friends had was that after

they had hooked a desirable fish—a large yellowtail, for instance—and brought him nearly to the boat, usually at that moment a big wolfish barracuda intercepted the prize, leaving the angler with the yellowtail's head and the chance to invent new and more radiant profanity. However, I did no worrying, because I knew that back on Garden Key our reliable Jack would find a way to knock together a tasty chowder from his freezer, barracuda or no barracuda. I was not wrong.

Unfortunately, at the present time, this fine monument is, for the average person, not very accessible. It is an isolated wilderness of coral rock and water, and the visitor must provide for himself not only transportation, but eating and sleeping facilities. Some day it will be different; then, I am sure, Fort Jefferson National Monument will be one of the most noteworthy of all the areas of the park system. ■

The Dunes . . .

(Continued from page 10)

shimmering like sequins.

Winter is an interlude, nature resting from her labors. The leaves have curled up and gone to sleep; winter has covered them over. The ground is hard, everything frozen tight. The woods are a pen-and-ink sketch; the skies are gray. When the sun comes out it is a miracle . . .

But one day the dunes will be steaming again with the emotion of spring;

and the waters will look up to the skies and reflect their every changing mood. The trees will run with sap, and the buds begin to show, and all living things will come out and stand in the sun and breathe deeply and grow. People, too, will come out and recline in the sand, look out over the waves, and dream for days on end.

The dunes awaken once more. The yellow hills in the bright sun, a bright sun against a powder-blue sky, and a powder-blue sky over dark waters. Ay, these are the dunes. ■

Haleakala

(Continued from page 6)

the crater of Haleakala, living in all its beauty, its mystery, its awesomeness. Our nerves were soothed by intense silence, our muscles stretched and strengthened by the toil of the trails, our esthetic sensibilities stimulated by the sights we had seen. We felt that our lives have been immeasurably enriched by our trip into the domain of Pele, goddess of Haleakala and the Hawaiian volcanoes. ■

Your National Parks Association at Work

Heald Represents NPA At Watershed Congress

During the middle part of April, one of the important annual American natural resource conferences took place at Tucson, Arizona, when the Eighth National Watershed Congress delegates met to discuss water and watershed problems on a national, regional, and local scale.

The Congress, sponsored by twenty-seven national conservation organizations, including the National Parks Association, heard talks and discussions on watershed development, soil erosion, water runoff, and other aspects of watershed management.

Representing the National Parks Association at the meetings was Mr. Weldon F. Heald, widely known Southwestern writer and conservationist, and member of the Association's Board of Trustees. In his report to the Association, Mr. Heald spoke highly of the organizational work of the Eighth Congress' steering committee, which was headed by C. R. "Pink" Gutermuth, of the Wildlife Management Institute of Washington, D.C., and he noted that "activities proceeded on schedule without a hitch."

However, Mr. Heald also had the following to say:

"I noted two omissions in the talks. One was a lack of consideration for the esthetics of water. It was treated as a hundred-percent utilitarian resource. No mention was made of the desirability of preserving any of it in its natural condition as a scenic resource for people's benefit, enjoyment and inspiration, and only . . . two talks . . . even intimated that there might be such a consideration. In other words, the only good water is managed water, and nature unaided by man is incapable of handling the situation efficiently. Perhaps at a future Congress someone representing nature preservation views might take up this subject in a short talk. Water, of course, is a very important part of the natural scene we are trying to save in the national parks and wilderness areas. This goes too far for wildlife preservation and some types of recreation.

"The other lack was the fact that not one speaker had the courage to come out and tackle the villain of the piece—the 'population explosion.' Although almost everyone mentioned this as being at the base of all our water-problem planning, nobody even suggested that the solutions might be aided by some type of biological human checks. However, one questioner did bring the matter up;

but he was pleasantly but quickly gotten rid of.

"Unless we conservationists do tackle this matter of the mass proliferation of the human race, we might as well fold up shop and learn to like this ever-more-crowded world."

Chicago NPA Group Meets

An enthusiastic meeting of members of the National Parks Association in the Chicago area met at the Horner Park Fieldhouse in Chicago on Friday evening, May 12, to hear a talk by NPA Executive Secretary Smith on park problems and the work of the Association.

Mr. Raymond Mostek, chairman of the Chicago Area NPA Program Group, under whose auspices the meeting was held, showed color slides of Isle Royal National Park. Mr. Harold Kiehm, secretary of the Group, reported that many members volunteered substantial help in making arrangements for the meeting.

The Group plans to arrange similar meetings at intervals of about six months.

MINAM RIVER IN DANGER!

The Association is opposing the opening of a road into the Minam River Valley in the Wallowa National Forest in Oregon, contending that the area, which is one of the finest remaining virgin timber stands in Oregon, should be protected against logging and development.

It has recommended that the Eagle Cap Wilderness Area, adjacent to the Minam River Basin, be extended to include the Basin.

Mr. John Osseward, Trustee of the Association, submitted a statement for the Association at Forest Service hearings on the road question at La Grande, Oregon, on May 23, 1961.

This matter will soon come before the Secretary of Agriculture for final decision. Members should write to the Hon. Orville L. Freeman, Secretary of Agriculture, Washington 25, D.C.

Director Wirth Assures Association of Firm NPS Policy on Habitat Protection

May 10, 1961

MR. ANTHONY WAYNE SMITH
EXECUTIVE SECRETARY, NATIONAL PARKS ASSOCIATION
WASHINGTON, D.C.

Dear Mr. Smith:

I believe that our discussions and our exchange of letters have given me a good understanding of the position of the Association on wildlife in the Parks. You can be sure the views you have expressed will be taken into full account.

There are a couple of points, however, in your April 25 letter [*National Parks Magazine* for June, 1961, page 15] on which I would not care to be misunderstood. Your quotation from my earlier letter: "Whatever methods are required * * * are justified" does not express my views, but reports the opinions of some of the people who have written to us on this subject. Not every means can be justified—certainly not public hunting as customarily practised. We have no intention of opening National Parks to public hunting. Nor do I expect to abdicate the responsibility to manage the wildlife in the National Parks. To turn over to the States, or anyone else, the duty of determining what control measures are necessary, and the job of carrying out these measures, would be an abdication. I will have none of it.

Sincerely yours,
CONRAD L. WIRTH, Director
National Park Service

May 11, 1961

MR. CONRAD L. WIRTH
DIRECTOR, NATIONAL PARK SERVICE
WASHINGTON, D.C.

Dear Mr. Wirth:

Your fine letter of May 10th about habitat protection in the parks is gratifying and encouraging, and I want to congratulate you on it.

We are giving full publicity to our exchange of communications in *National Parks Magazine*, and we will publish your May 10th letter in the July issue, which will be distributed about June 20th.

Cordially yours,
ANTHONY WAYNE SMITH, Executive Secretary
National Parks Association

News Briefs From the Conservation World

Russell Cave Proclaimed National Monument

On May 11, President John F. Kennedy signed a proclamation establishing the Russell Cave National Monument, an area of about 310 acres near Bridgeport, Jackson County, Alabama. Russell Cave, which has already yielded artifacts indicating habitation over a period of some 9000 years (7000 B.C. to about 1650 A.D.) had been presented to the people of the United States earlier in the year as a gift of the National Geographic Society, of Washington, D.C. [March *National Parks Magazine*, page 16]. President Kennedy's signature on Presidential Proclamation 3413 was the final step in bringing into the national park system an area "recognized by scientists to contain outstanding archeological and ethnological evidence of human habitation . . ."

No Retreat on Motorboats!

Pressure is being generated in several western States for a review by the Secretary of the Interior of the Yellowstone motorboating regulations promulgated by former Interior Secretary Fred Seaton in December, 1960.

Under the regulations, the southern arms of Yellowstone Lake were closed to all watercraft save those propelled by hand, for the protection of natural values and area wildlife. (See news story *Yellowstone Powerboating Regulations Win Approval* in this magazine for February, 1961, page 14, for a more detailed discussion of the regulations.)

If you feel that the regulations were warranted and should not be modified or abandoned, write Secretary of the Interior Stewart L. Udall, Washington 25, D.C. and tell him so.

Kuskokwim Range Renamed

The Kuskokwim National Wildlife Range, on the delta of the Yukon and Kuskokwim Rivers of western Alaska, has recently been renamed the Clarence Rhode National Wildlife Range in honor of the Fish and Wildlife Service regional director, pilot, and conservationist who lost his life while on a Range boundary study flight during the summer of 1958. The establishment of this vast wildlife range was accomplished by former Secretary of the Interior Fred A. Seaton during the closing days of the Eisenhower administration; the terrain included in its two-million-odd acres comprises one of the North American Continent's greatest waterfowl breeding grounds. [A map pinpointing this, as well as the Arctic and Izembek Wildlife Ranges, estab-

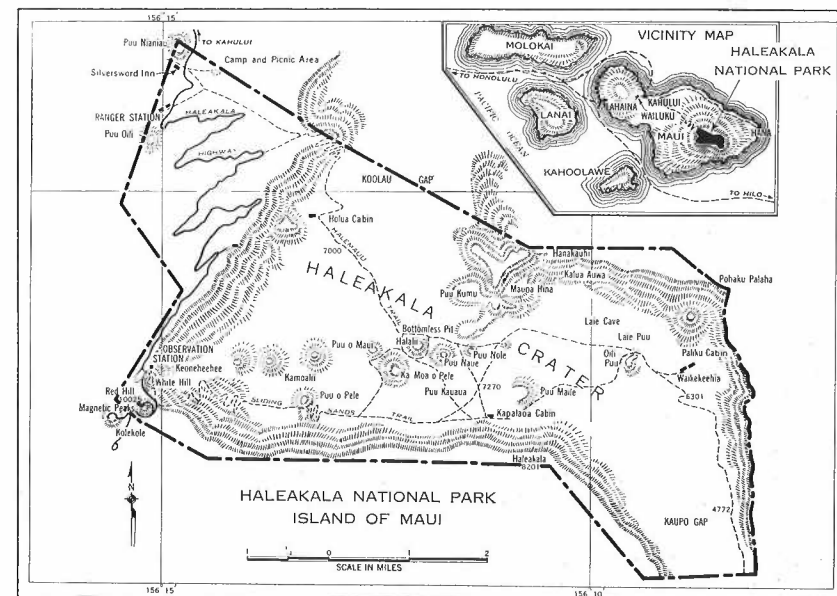
lished at the same time, will be found on page 17 of *National Parks Magazine* for January, 1961.]

Teton Elk Herd To Be Reduced

The National Park Service has announced that a part of Grand Teton National Park will be opened to elk hunting during the 1961 hunting season in order to relieve pressure on the forage resources of southern Yellowstone Park and the area lying between Yellowstone and Grand Teton Parks. An agreement recently concluded between the Service and the Wyoming Fish and Game Commission will permit issuance of 2000 special permits to qualified, licensed hunters, who will be deputized as special park rangers and who will camp at designated areas.

The Park Service is authorized by law to issue elk hunting permits in Grand Teton as a range conservation measure to be employed when necessary, and the 1961 reduction program will be the first needed since 1958. Park Service Director Conrad L. Wirth has indicated that 2000 permits will be issued this fall instead of the usual 1200, because of the relatively small number of hunters who take advantage of the permits. Thus, in eight years of hunting, the elk kill by special license has averaged only 166 animals.

Outlined in the map below is the thirtieth national park—Haleakala, on Maui Island, in the Hawaiian Archipelago—which will be officially incorporated into the park system July 1, 1961. Haleakala was one of the two areas that composed Hawaii National Park (the other being on the Island of Hawaii) and was made a separate park for administrative purposes.



DATES and PLACES

July 30-August 2 16th Annual Meeting, Soil Conservation Society of America. Purdue University, West Lafayette, Indiana.

August 13-16 Conservation Education Association Annual Meeting. Montana State University, Missoula, Montana.

August 13-19 University of Iowa Family Camping Workshop. Palisades Kepler State Park, Mt. Vernon, Iowa.

Indian Lands to New National Forest

The U. S. Department of Agriculture has recently acquired title to some 525,000 acres of former Klamath Indian tribal lands in southern Oregon, and will use the land to form a nucleus for the planned Winema National Forest. About 100,000 acres of former reservation lands will be added to the existing Fremont National Forest, and about 500,000 acres of three adjoining national forests will be put into the new Winema lands, according to the Forest Service.

The Klamath Indians had previously

voted to sell their interest in the tribal lands, which were first offered for sale to private parties. The unsold balance, by provision of law, was then placed under the jurisdiction of the United States Forest Service.

Interior Department Backs Texas Seashore

During April, the Department of the Interior recommended the early enactment of legislation to create a Padre Island National Seashore, embracing the longest undeveloped segment of seashore in the United States portion of the Gulf of Mexico. Under the Department's recommendation, the Secretary of the Interior would be authorized to acquire a total of 328,000 acres of dry land, land subject to inundation, and water, for establishment of a seashore, which, according to Under-Secretary James K. Carr, is "one of the nine areas which have been identified by a nationwide seashore survey as possessing national significance."

C & O Canal Activities

Hikers and moviemakers lent an air of unfamiliar activity to the towpath of the C & O Canal National Monument in Washington, D. C., recently. In late April, an Indiana University camera crew began shooting scenes along the canal for an educational color film for elementary schools. Produced by the university's Audio-Visual Center, the film recreates life on the canal in the 1840's, when packet boats, locktenders and mules were an important part of the Washington scene.

The towpath of the C & O Canal was also the route for the 7th annual reunion hike of the C & O Canal Association during early May. Led by Justice William O. Douglas, 178 hikers walked sixteen miles from Seneca, Maryland, to Sycamore Island in Washington. Secretary of the Interior Stewart L. Udall, Senator Paul Douglas, and former Governor Leroy Collins of Florida were among those who made the hike.

Preserve System Proposed

A bill to establish an Illinois system of nature preserves was recently introduced into the General Assembly of that State by Senator Robert R. Canfield. The bill provides for a nature preserves commission, which would be responsible for establishing and managing the preserves, and appropriates \$75,000 for the two-year period beginning July 1, according to a recent release of the Citizens Committee for Nature Conservation, of Rockford, Illinois.

The proposal has the backing of the Illinois Nature Conservancy, Illinois

Wild Flower Preservation Society, Citizens Committee for Nature Conservation, and various other local conservation organizations. It aims at setting aside natural areas as living museums for their educational and scientific value.

Many of the nature preserves would consist of portions of existing State parks, forest preserves, or other public lands, which would be voluntarily dedicated to this use by the owning agencies. In addition, areas of vegetation types not adequately represented in public ownership would be acquired to the extent possible to round out the system. The preserves would be relatively small, probably averaging less than a hundred acres.

It is hoped the system would ultimately encompass a panorama of the original Illinois landscape, ranging from the cypress swamps of the southern tip of the State to tamarack bogs in the northeast corner. Forests, prairies, marshes, rock outcrops, caves, dunes, and vegetation types and geological formations would be included.

Riaski Named Secretary of Izaak Walton League

The Izaak Walton League of America, national conservation agency with headquarters at Glenview, Illinois, has recently announced the appointment of William Riaski, formerly executive secretary of the group's Iowa division, as executive secretary of the national organization. Mr. Riaski succeeds Frank Gregg, who resigned last March to accept a position with the Department of the Interior in Washington, D.C.

Dust Bowl Lands in the National Forests

Four million acres of National Grassland became an authentic part of the National Forest System during the past Spring when they were given names reminiscent of their history and legend, according to the Department of Agriculture.

The Department's National Forest Service has given the lands—formerly known rather prosaically as land utilization projects, and identified by State abbreviations and numbers—names befitting their localities. Some run to the picturesque, like Buffalo Gap, Thunder Basin, Cross Timbers, Black Kettle, and Curlew. Others are named for Indians who hunted and fought battles in the area: Cheyenne, Pawnee, Oglala, Kiowa. Some have taken the descriptive names of geographic features, such as Crooked River, Rita Blanca, Little Missouri, Cimarron, and Fort Pierre.

These areas have been incorporated into the national forests to be managed

Help Protect Olympic!

Pressure is rising again to have the Park Service construct a road into the Seven Lakes Basin country of Olympic National Park, with a view to granting a ski-tow concession there. If you are against this, write to the Honorable Stewart L. Udall, Secretary of the Interior, Washington 25, D.C., and say so.

for all resources; recreation, forage, timber, wildlife and water. They are lands that were found unsuited for cultivation, and were purchased by the federal government in the 1930's following the dust bowl era. The purpose was to take them out of cultivation and assist in the stabilization of agriculture in the surrounding areas.

Many of these lands require careful management to preserve soil resources. Many have been reseeded to grass, and grazing management is accomplished cooperatively with organizations of local livestock owners. Members of the associations coordinate management of their lands with the conservation plans for the national grasslands, thereby improving conditions on many additional acres. The lands are also valuable for watershed purposes and for wildlife production. They are open to the public for hunting, recreation, and other uses.

The newly-named national grasslands are: Little Missouri, Cheyenne, and Cedar River, in North Dakota; Buffalo Gap, Grand River, and Fort Pierre, in South Dakota; Comanche and Pawnee, in Colorado; Cimarron, in Kansas; Oglala, in Nebraska; Thunder Basin, in Wyoming; Black Kettle and Rita Blanca in Oklahoma; Cross Timbers, Caddo, and part of Rita Blanca, in Texas; Kiowa, in New Mexico; and Crooked River, in Oregon.

Society Sponsors Wilderness Trail Trips

The Wilderness Society, nationally known conservation organization of Washington, D.C., has announced that it has scheduled eight different trips into the nation's finest remaining "back country" under its 1961 *A Way to the Wilderness* program, directed by Don Clauser from the Society's Santa Fe, New Mexico, field office. Interested persons may secure a brochure giving details of the various trips—which range in length from 11 to 13 days—by writing the Wilderness Society, 2144 P Street, N.W., Washington 7, D.C.



The Editor's Bookshelf

OUR NATIONAL PARK POLICY: A Critical History. By John Ise. Published for Resources for the Future by Johns Hopkins Press, Baltimore, 1961. 701 pp. \$10.00.

At long last we have a book on the national parks that is scholarly, objective, well-written and historically sound. John Ise, a retired professor of the University of Kansas, is known for his book on the Forest Service, published in 1920, and is eminently qualified to do justice to the more complex national parks study.

Our National Park Policy is a legislative, political and administrative history of the entire national park movement in the United States, from the setting aside of Yellowstone in 1872 to the present time. It offers a detailed discussion of the formation of each of the national parks and monuments and their subsequent enlargements, subtractions and use. Pick any park at random and you will get the full story of how it came into being, who fought for it, who fought against it, and how it has been administered.

Mr. Ise is a keen analyst of park policy. As a result we have a picture of the forces that made it possible for the United States to create the largest and best national park system in the world, as well as the counterforces that fought against almost every major park's creation, and in some instances are still fighting. High on the list of such forces are the special interest groups: the lumbermen and their allies, the cattle and sheep men, the mining interests, and in some cases the land speculators who tried to stop the creation of Olympic, Sequoia, Kings Canyon, and many other parks. Even the Forest Service in the past opposed excision of national forests to make a national park. As Ise says in discussing the Olympic Park controversy: "The sight of so much beautiful timber, some of it mature or even partly down and rotting was something to stir a forester's soul to battle, and to inspire a lumberman to file his saws."

Perhaps no better summary of the history of the park movement was ever penned than an editorial in the Salem, Oregon *Capital Journal*, quoted by the author: "The creation of every national park and monument has met with violent opposition unless the area was without other than tourist, recreational, and

scenic values. Lumbermen, stockmen, hydroelectric and commercial interests lead the opposition as a rule, backed by local officials fearing loss of tax revenues in the future—few of them ever on record for conservation of natural resources and most of them practicing a depletion that has made similar regions a waste."

Our National Park Policy will henceforth be the authoritative book on every aspect of our parks. The author has carefully documented his narrative and offers many chapters of intelligent analysis of the specific as well as broad problems such as financing the parks, administration, concessions, wildlife problems, and the wilderness issue.

We must heartily congratulate Resources for the Future for financing and publishing this study. Since Mr. Ise writes in a vigorous, nonacademic style, the book is not only an important addition to our information about parks but is eminently readable, a worthy companion to Freeman Tilden's classic interpretive book on the national parks.

—Anthony Netboy

A Quick Glance at . . .

AMERICA'S NATIONAL MONUMENTS AND HISTORIC SITES. By E. John Long. Doubleday & Co., New York, 1960. 260 pp. Photographs in color and black and white. \$5.00—An armchair tour of nearly two hundred national monuments and historic sites, starting with the Far West and moving cross-country to include Puerto Rico, the Virgin Islands and Canada. Map and general comment introduce each geographic section, profuse illustration should tempt the most sedentary to look around their country.

HALEAKALA GUIDE. By George C. Ruhle. Hawaii Natural History Association, in cooperation with the National Park Service. Hawaii National Park, Hawaii. 1959 94 pp. \$1.00; and

TRAILSIDE PLANTS OF HAWAII NATIONAL PARK. By Douglass H. Hubbard and Vernon R. Bender, Jr. Hawaii Natural History Association, as above. Vol. IV, No. 1 of *Hawaii Nature Notes*. Revised edition, 1960, 28 pp. 50¢.—Armed with copies of these informative paperback publications, both of which are profusely illustrated, the visitor to either or both of Hawaii's national parks—the

Haleakala section of Hawaii Park became our 30th national park on the first of July—will enjoy a more intimate acquaintance with the traditions, history, geology, birds and mammals, and plant life of these preservations. *Trailside Plants* deals only with the plants of Hawaii National Park likely to be encountered by visitors.

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THE CONSERVATION DOCKET

Hetch Hetchy Tunnel Aqueduct. In early May, Secretary of the Interior Udall approved the application of the City and County of San Francisco to relocate a right-of-way for a tunnel aqueduct between O'Shaughnessy Dam at Hetch Hetchy Reservoir in Yosemite National Park and Early Intake in Stanislaus National Forest north of the Tuolumne River. The Secretary expressed approval with the condition that the City and County of San Francisco accept a stipulation to protect park and forest lands, and provide for the release of adequate water supplies for fishing, recreation, and consumption in the national park and national forest.

Original plans for a tunnel aqueduct at Hetch Hetchy date back to 1914 when the City of San Francisco was granted a right-of-way for power construction on the south side of the Tuolumne River. In 1958 the City applied to the Bureau of Land Management for permission to relocate the right-of-way on the north side of the river. In September 1960, it was pointed out at public hearings that because the City had not been diligent in development work at Hetch Hetchy, it had forfeited its rights according to the terms of the Raker Act of 1913. (See *National Parks Magazine*, June 1960, p. 16; August 1960, p. 8; November 1960, p. 19.)

Secretary Udall in his announcement of approval of the new right-of-way said he was not passing upon the "due diligence" issue in the present decision, but was willing to authorize the project in the new location provided that the park and forest lands would be protected.

High Mountain Sheep Dam. In contrast to Interior Secretary Udall's March request to the Federal Power Commission to suspend further hearings on a private license application for a High Mountain Sheep dam on the Middle Snake River of Idaho and Oregon, a recent report by the Army Corps of Engineers urges the initiation of construction of a dam at High Mountain Sheep by the Federal Government. A dam at this site would pose a problem of fish passage,

blocking salmon runs up the Middle Snake River. General Emerson C. Itschner, in the Corps' Columbia River Report, recommended that early authorization of construction of the High Mountain Sheep dam be made on the chance that a solution to the fish passage problem would be found by the time construction starts. Secretary Udall's letter to the FPC stated that accelerated studies of the fish passage problems in connection with both the High Mountain Sheep and Nez Perce Dams on the Snake River would be completed by the end of 1964.

Water Pollution Control. H.R. 6441 (Blatnik). To increase annual Federal grants to help local communities build waste treatment plants from \$50 million to \$100 million a year. Raises total authorization for construction projects from \$500 million to \$1 billion. Also increases annual Federal grants to State and interstate agencies handling water pollution control from \$3 to \$5 million, provides for regional field laboratories and research facilities. A similar bill last year was vetoed by President Eisenhower after the House and Senate had met in conference and passed it in revised form. The compromise bill authorized local grants of \$90 million instead of \$100 million, and \$900 million in total authorization. The House failed to override the President's veto.

The present bill came to a House vote in early May. One of the objections raised on the House floor was concerned with the bill's provision that the Federal Government may, for the first time, police intra-state waters, in addition to interstate waterways, on the request of States. An amendment to leave enforcement of pollution abatement to the States was defeated. The bill passed by a 307 to 110 vote.

The Rivers and Harbors Subcommittee of the Senate Public Works Committee, which has held hearings on Blatnik's bill, should soon make its report to full committee.

Association's Forty-Second Annual Meeting Held May 25

On May 25, the National Parks Association held its annual meeting for 1961 in the organization's headquarters building at 1300 New Hampshire Avenue N.W., Washington, D.C. Present for the meeting were seventeen trustees and the Executive Secretary, Mr. Anthony Wayne Smith; Editor Paul M. Tilden; Business Manager Katharine W. Bryan; and the Association's Conservation Education Center Director, Orville W. Crowder.

Following opening comments by President Clarence Cottam, the reports of various officers and committees were heard; officers, executive committee members and trustees were nominated and elected, and current park problems were discussed.

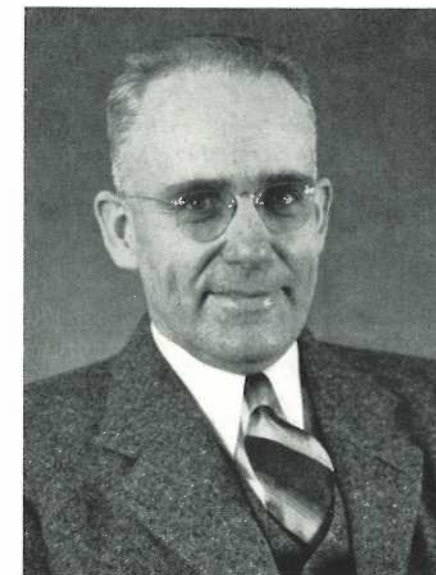
Reelected to another one-year term were the officers of the previous year; namely, Dr. Clarence Cottam, director of the Welder Wildlife Foundation of Sinton, Texas, president; Frank E. Masland, Carlisle, Pennsylvania, business executive, vice-president; Dr. John H. Cover, of Washington, D.C., secretary;

and Donald A. McCormack, also of Washington, treasurer.

Reelected to three-year terms as trustees of the Association were: James C. Charlesworth, of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania; Harold J. Coolidge, of Washington, D.C.; John H. Cover, of Washington, D.C.; Joshua Evans, Jr., of Washington, D.C.; and Olaus J. Murie, of Moose, Wyoming.

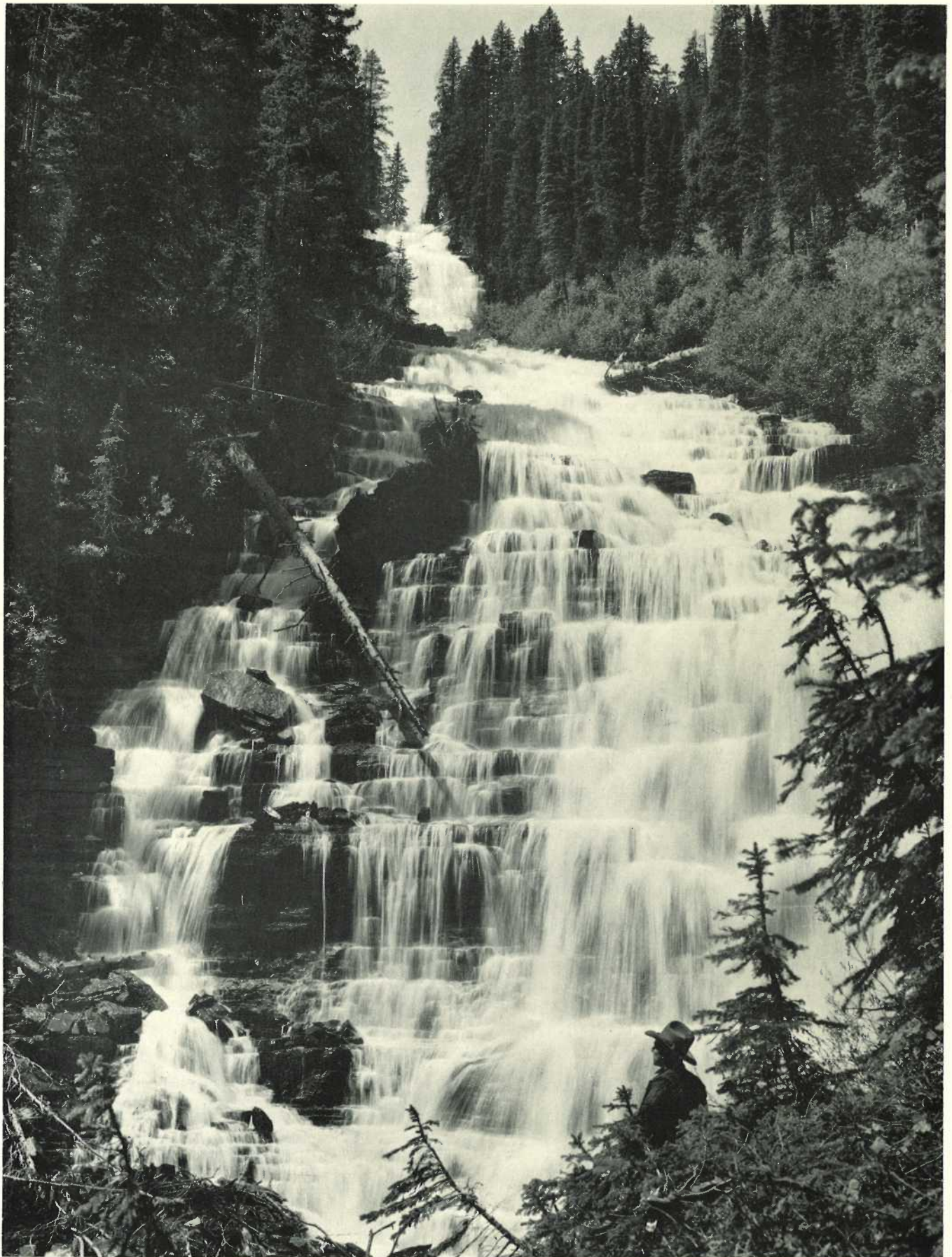
Newly elected to the board for three year terms were: Herbert L. Alley, of Tavernier, Florida; Richard Borden, of Concord, Massachusetts; George E. Brewer, Jr., of New York City; Robert Z. Brown, of Colorado Springs, Colorado; Raymond B. Cowles, of Santa Barbara, California; Leonard Hall, of Caledonia, Missouri; M. Graham Netting, of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania; and T. Henry Wilson, of Lenoir, North Carolina.

Following the annual meeting, the trustees, officers, staff, and a number of invited guests enjoyed an evening cook-out at Stronghold, on Sugar Loaf Mountain some ten miles south of Frederick,



DR. CLARENCE COTTAM
Re-elected Association President

Maryland, the beautiful estate of the late Colonel Gordon Strong. The estate is now preserved and operated by the non-profit organization called Stronghold, Inc., for public enjoyment and education in the appreciation of natural beauty.



Florence Falls, Glacier National Park

A Hileman Photograph