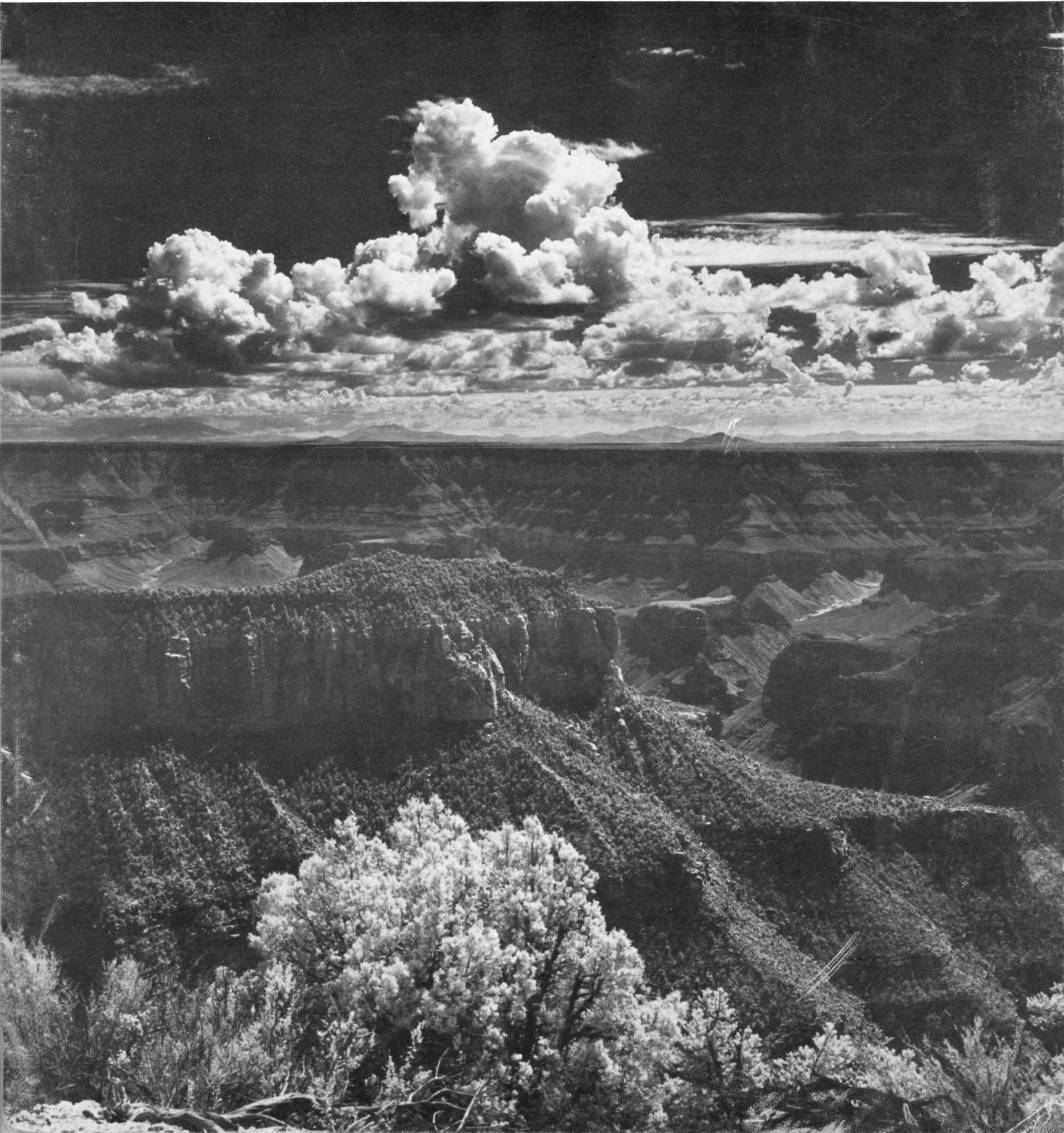


# NATIONAL PARKS & *Conservation Magazine*

**The Environmental Journal**

**May 1970**



# PEOPLE, PARKS, AND TRAFFIC

**T**HE NATIONAL PARKS of the United States are in grave danger unless the American people rally to their defense. Already overburdened with traffic, the parks will be utterly overwhelmed as things are going, by the time our population has grown by another hundred million, as forecast for the end of the century.

The protective steps which are needed have been widely agreed upon, but no action has been taken by the responsible agencies.

The primary mandate of the National Park Service Act, which governs all the units of the national park system, is that the parks are to be preserved in their natural condition; access is also to be provided, compatibly with protection, but protection comes first.

The Wilderness Act laid an additional injunction on the Service to protect the roadless country within the parks, the trail and campfire country, which more and more people, particularly city people, want to see preserved.

There is no real conflict between the protection of wilderness and the provision of outdoor recreation of other kinds if park planning can be done within the framework of large surrounding regions into which crowds can be dispersed; if park planning is attempted within the limits of the parks themselves, failure is inevitable.

Around most of our great national parks, there are large areas of publicly owned land, managed by the U.S. Forest Service, the Bureau of Land Management, and other federal agencies, and in state parks and forests; beyond these publicly owned lands, there are private lands with great recreational potential; the Bureau of Outdoor Recreation has always had authority to recommend comprehensive plans to other federal agencies for the management of such large regions on a coordinated basis.

This Association, with the support of practically all conservationists, urged for many years that the BOR shoulder this responsibility, that the former President's Council on Recreation and Natural Beauty, later the President's Environmental Quality Council, now the Cabinet Committee on the Environment, direct it to do so; and that the Secretaries of the departments having land management bureaus execute an interdepartmental agreement accepting such planning.

No one has objected to these proposals; indeed, there has been largely unanimous approval of the approach; everyone has been about to do as proposed—tomorrow; but tomorrow never comes.

The more unfortunate crowd-magnet areas, Yosemite Valley, the Yellowstone geyser basins, have been well publicized, but the overcrowding of the parks by traffic is a general condition; the new seashores, Assateague, Padre Island, and others, are threatened by big roads, vast parking lots, and large buildings. The natural beauty of the parks and beaches, which people seek to enjoy there, will soon be gone, or gravely impaired, if present trends continue. This is not a question of wildlife against people; it is a question of people against the traffic.

The answer is really rather simple; had we, as a nation, a gift for social organization comparable to our ingenuity with gasoline engines and electronic equipment, we would disperse ourselves into natural-type campgrounds in the commercial-cutting areas of the national forests, and harvest the timber crop in these areas (not the parks or the wilderness areas) by ecological methods which would preserve the forests unimpaired. We would make use of the great recreational potential of the unreserved public domain, the reservoir lands of the

Army Engineers and Bureau of Reclamation, and the Indian lands where the Indians desire it. We would get going with a system of privately developed vacation resorts, publicly aided, far out beyond the public lands, on private property, where the luxury-type accommodations can be provided which transcontinental tourists so often desire.

The key to survival for the park system lies not only in regional planning, and in the wide dispersion of recreational facilities and crowds, but in curtailing the use of the private automobile in the parks. The personal auto is the Sacred Cow of American society; we look with ostentatious pity on the devotion of rural people to their superannuated cattle; but the private automobile fetish is far more dangerous and absurd.

The parks can actually absorb great numbers of people, but not great numbers of autos. The parking lots are savagely destructive; the roads, fumes, noise, the slaughter of wildlife on the highways, and the peril of dismemberment or death in the traffic for visitors, all add up to atrocious mismanagement. The private car can be a helpful servant; in our cities and our parks it has been a tyrannical master.

The concession policies of the national park system need basic revision. Overnight facilities in the parks should be frozen at present capacity, and in time reduced, to protect the woods, wildlife, streams, and scenery for which people travel to the parks. Concessions should be granted to private enterprise to bring visitors into the parks by comfortable coaches from well-planned and well-financed resort facilities on private land outside the parks and forests.

The administrative machinery for such an approach to park protection is already available in the government structure. The Council on Environmental Quality should formulate a basic policy statement. The Cabinet Committee on the Environment should implement it by a signed interdepartmental agreement. The agencies in several departments having responsibility for land management should then be required, by executive order if need be, to comply with the agreement.

It is high time for a shakeup from the top. The program recommended here can be put into effect overnight without legislation. The national park system of America, which has been a model for the world, can be saved by such action; without such measures the parks are doomed.

—A.W.S.

The parks need your help!

The time has come for action to save the national parks of America!

Unless the government agencies pull themselves together, get the Sacred Auto under control, provide more recreational facilities outside the parks, and establish large wilderness areas within the parks, the parks will be destroyed for the people.

You can help by writing to: President Richard M. Nixon, The White House, Washington, D.C., and urging him to put into effect the Regional Planning Program for park protection advocated by the National Parks Association.

You should send copies of your letter to the members of the Council on Environmental Quality, Executive Offices of the President, Washington, D.C. The members of the Council are: Russell E. Train, Chairman; Robert Cahn; and Gordon J. F. MacDonald. Please send us copies of your letters.

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# NATIONAL PARKS & Conservation Magazine

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COVER *Front cover photograph by James Fain*

As summer thunderheads gather over the South Rim of the Grand Canyon, the vista from Point Sublime on the North Rim is truly awe-inspiring. In the distance at left, some 60 miles south, rise the San Francisco Peaks in serene majesty outside Flagstaff, Arizona. Subject to daily and seasonal change, the Grand Canyon constantly shifts mood, as James Fain describes here beginning on page 4.

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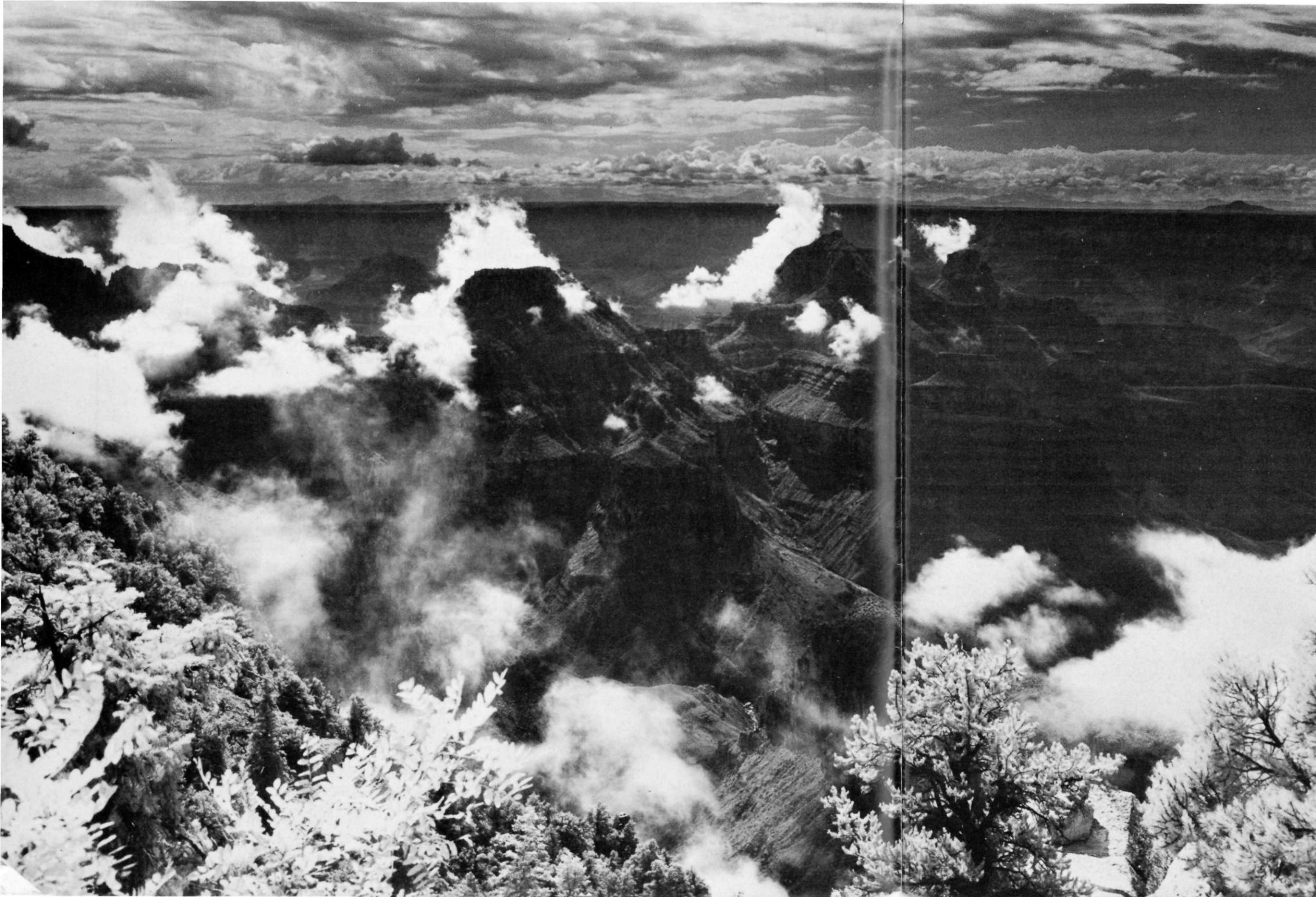
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# MOODS OF THE NORTH RIM

GRAND CANYON NATIONAL PARK

JAMES FAIN



Large thunderheads gather in the northern skies. Slowly more clouds join the towering masses. Silently a summer storm grows. Suddenly the silence is broken as a gentle rumbling drifts to us from the distance.

Afternoon shadows lengthen. The sky darkens, and the rumblings become more violent. In a flash, the forest and canyon are bathed in white light. Jagged lightning shatters the afternoon sky.

After the first warning peals of thunder break the solitude, it is time for us to find shelter. It will not be long until the gentle rustle of raindrops striking pine needles will be heard throughout the forest.

A sprinkle suddenly turns into a downpour. Then gradually it tapers off into a refreshing afternoon shower.

And so it is, as one of nature's summer moods freshens the fragrant atmosphere of the North Rim, Grand Canyon National Park.

Upon arriving at the North Rim entrance, we can only imagine the grandeur that lies ahead. All around us are towering firs and pines. Scattered among them are green, shimmering groves of quaking aspen. At 9,000 feet altitude the air is fresh and clean. What could be more wonderful?

Stretching ahead, as we drive away from the entrance station, is Little Park Meadow. The entrance road traverses the length of this grassy oasis and disappears into the trees in the distance.

A few hundred yards past the entrance station a dirt road departs to the west. This is Sublime Road. It leads to one of the grandest views in Grand Canyon National Park.

As we turn off the hard surface road onto the Sublime Road, we notice a sign that warns that the road is primitive and should be traveled only at one's own risk. However, if we take our time, the 34-mile round trip will be interesting and rewarding.

The graded road passes through narrow meadows and winds near the canyon rim in several places. Oh, but wait now; let's not stop yet! Wait until we reach the point.

Wildlife is a common sight along the Sublime Road. It is not unusual to see at least half a dozen deer and several wild turkeys along the way. And if we are really lucky, we might glimpse a shy tassel-eared Kaibab squirrel, better known as the whitetail squirrel, unique to this area.

Point Sublime, on the most western reaches of the North Rim, is located at the end of one of the longest promontories projecting into the Canyon from the Kaibab Plateau. On this point we are practically surrounded by the Canyon, and we can really feel the immensity into which we gaze. To the west, as far as the eye can see, there is nothing but canyon. Looking south we see the main gorge and beyond that the panorama of the whole South Rim.

Evening is upon us as we return to the main road and head for the Grand Canyon Lodge on Bright Angel Point.

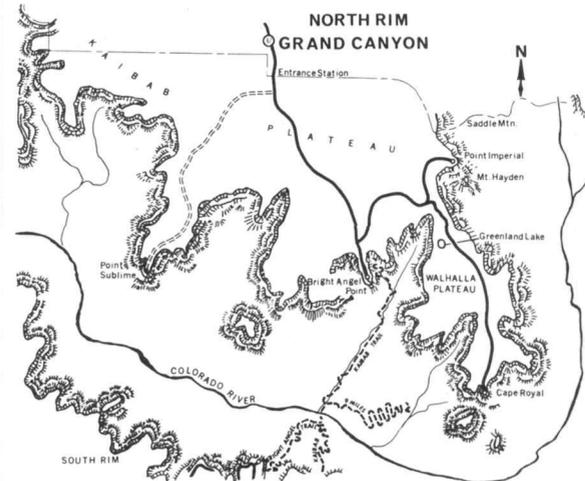
Curving through the darkening woods, we cover the 12 miles from Sublime Road to the canyon rim quickly, arriving at Bright Angel Point just in time to see a beautiful Grand Canyon sunset. Canyon walls, ablaze with color, reflect the lavenders, pinks, and blues of the evening sky.

*An early morning autumn rainstorm leaves the Canyon in a mystic mood.*



*In Clear Creek Canyon west of Cape Royal, deep shadows slowly retreat before the rising sun.*

*North of Point Imperial, Saddle Mountain, the Buffalo Range, and the Vermillion Cliffs are visible in the distance.*



Seeing a Grand Canyon sunset from Bright Angel Point will not soon be forgotten.

To gain the full impact of a North Rim sunrise, we must get up early enough to allow time for the 26-mile drive from Bright Angel Point to Cape Royal. From Cape Royal and Angels Window, we can see the sun's first rays gently lighten the eastern skies. As a blue haze settles across the canyon, pinpoints of light begin to appear on the distant mesas and buttes. The sun's warm, rapidly spreading rays soon chase away the haze, and in its place appear sparkling temples of creamy sandstone. With the sun climbing into the clear Arizona sky, the deep shadows of the canyon walls slowly retreat to reveal the ragged depths that eons of erosion have created.

Greenland Lake, located about halfway between Cape Royal and the Point Imperial junction, is another delightful spot to visit. Greenland Lake is not the kind of lake we may imagine; it actually is a small sinkhole pond. In early spring this picturesque little lake is full from winter runoff. As summer wears on, however, the water level drops until the lake is little more than a small swamp.

Past Greenland Lake, in the direction of the entrance road, is the junction to Point Imperial. By taking the north fork and driving 8 miles, we come to another of the North Rim's eastern viewpoints. To the north of the point is Saddle Mountain, scene of a major forest fire several years ago. Beyond Saddle Mountain is the Buffalo Range in House Rock Valley. Farther north are the Vermillion Cliffs. South of the point, projecting straight up from the Hermit Shale, is the sandstone shaft of Mt. Hayden—one of the better known North Rim landmarks.

It would take us several days to see all the scenic areas on the North Rim. However, to see all the scenic areas in their seasonal moods would require several seasons over a period of several years.

Of all the seasons, fall is probably the most beautiful time of year on the North Rim. During the last two weeks of September and the first two weeks of October, the autumn colors are their brightest. The reds of the maples on the canyon rim contrast with the colors of the sandstone walls. Golds, yellows, and red-oranges of aspens contrast with shadowy blues of spruce and fir. Falling leaves cover the ground with a soft autumn carpet.

Fall rainstorms are frequent, and the light clouds veil the canyon and forest with silvery shrouds of fog and mist. After such a fall shower, we can see misty clouds swirling up from the canyon depths where they repeatedly hide, then reveal the points and promontories along the rim.

**James Fain is a free-lance photographer in Logan, Utah. The illustrations accompanying this article and on the cover of this issue were part of his master's thesis in photography at Utah State University.**

When travel slows during late fall, the North Rim concessions of lodging, food, and gasoline close. The only accommodation left for the traveler is the campground, maintained by the park service.

With the dropping of the last leaves of fall, winter rapidly approaches. The first heavy snows close the North Rim for the winter.

Winter is a lonely time. The only sound is the moaning of wind through the snowbound pines. Snowfalls are usually heavy, with drifts sometimes piling as high as the eaves on the park service cabins. No one inhabits the North Rim during winter. Only the periodical visits by park service rangers in snow weasel or helicopter mar the windswept mantle of white.

For the North Rim country, early spring is a bleak time. Meadow grasses are lifeless and brown. Aspen groves look like stands of stark white skeletons.

But with the first green of spring, new life is added to the barren landscape. The new growth of grass and leaves soon replaces the browns and grays of winter. And white thunderheads gather in the northern skies. ■

*December snow clouds shroud the North Rim, as seen from Grand View Point on the South Rim.*





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Snowbowls surrounding Mineral King valley proper show in aerial photograph at far left. Artist's renditions show the mammoth resort complex with its parking and reception area that the developer wants to set down in the narrow valley. The proposed new road would roughly parallel Route 276 along the Kaweah River.



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# MINERAL KING—A FRESH LOOK

DEWEY ANDERSON

The fate of a fine natural area, Mineral King in California's High Sierra, hangs in the balance today. Plans to develop a large commercial ski resort in this remote valley on public land have elicited a 5-year controversy between the U.S. Forest Service and conservationists.

In 1965, as part of its multiple-use programs of forest management, the Forest Service offered prospective developers a permit to construct and operate facilities for skiing in the exceptional snowbowls of Mineral King in Sequoia National Forest. The proposal is regarded by critics as likely to set in motion a chain of similar plans elsewhere in the national forest system that many regard as exceeding the statutory authority of the Forest Service for multiple-use management. In this instance the successful bidder, Disney Enterprises, was granted a preliminary planning permit for 3 years, the life of which has now expired, and the Forest Service has approved the plans subject to considerable review authority.

The developer intends to invest \$35 million in an elaborate system of motels, hotels, restaurants, ski lifts, roadways, skating rinks, swimming pools, retail shops, and many other facilities for an expected 986,000 visitors annually by 1978.

This conglomerate of structures, functions, and programs is regarded as necessary to make the huge investment profitable. But so far as I have been able to learn, no serious study is available that defines what will be the effect on the Mineral King ecosystem. That is the starting point from which any plans should be considered.

The National Parks Association criticized the proposal severely in *National Parks Magazine* in the summer of 1967. The Association worked closely with the then Interior Secretary Stewart L. Udall to prevent approval by the Department

of Agriculture. It urged the creation of a wildlife observation area instead, which it considered more in keeping with the ideals of care and concern for animals inspired by the beloved Walt Disney in his True-life Adventure films.

Thereafter, alarmed by the dangers conservationists saw in the preliminary plans, the Sierra Club obtained a temporary injunction in the Federal District Court in San Francisco in July 1969. The case has been heard in the U.S. Circuit Court of Appeals, and a decision is expected in May or soon thereafter. Judging by the temper of the litigants, the case eventually may go to the Supreme Court of the United States, where the time schedule is such that construction could be delayed for months, if not years.

All these circumstances now allow the public to take a fresh look at the situation. Many considerations should be taken into account, some of which I shall try to set forth here.

Mineral King is a magnificent narrow hanging valley containing about 300 acres, only 2 miles long and ¼ mile wide. It is fragile, unstable, still in formation, subject to seasonally shifting stream beds, rock slides, and avalanches. Its precipitous slopes, more than 7,000 feet high, are unsuited for climbing by amateurs, except over designated trails; and ski experts do not consider it desirable for ski lifts or ski runs. Its snows can be used in their natural state only by experienced skiers.

Until now the valley has not had much human use; the seasonal visitor load would not normally total above 1,000. In contrast, when the planned hotel-motel facility first opens, it would accommodate 1,505 persons a night; in full operation it would bed down 3,600 persons nightly. The expected summer season use of the valley would exceed 8,000 visitors daily,

and the winter weekend load would exceed 20,000. Such a load would change Mineral King's character drastically.

The main lure of Mineral King for the sports enthusiast is its surrounding ski areas. On the slopes immediately outside and adjacent to the valley proper are eight or more excellent snowbowls. Only the lack of installations, accommodations, and transportation prevents their use by many hundreds of winter sports enthusiasts today. That is the combination that the Forest Service and the developer seek to put together.

A so-called high-standard access road is the key that would unlock the project. By 1969, the first plans were approved by the Forest Service, the road had been engineered, and both state and federal funds had been either made available or programmed.

The proposed road would cover the 25 miles from the main highway at the towns of Three Rivers and Hammond and would replace the present seasonal road that traverses the distance over a zig-zag, steep, and hazardous grade. It would be a hard-surface, year-around highway with two 14-foot lanes, plus shoulders—a highway perhaps 36 feet wide or more, requiring many cuts and fills to provide the necessary grades for fast travel. It would be engineered to carry a traffic load of 3,600 cars at any one time, with from 900 to 1,200 vehicles moving each way every hour by 1978. Anyone familiar with road conditions in the Sierra knows that this highway will be "lost" to weather and storms more often than will be welcomed by its users or by the developer expecting large numbers of weekend visitors. The road could well become the "killer highway" of the state, a prospect the Forest Service should not allow. The road would cost an estimated \$1 million a mile to build. Its maintenance costs can become the highest ever

known if it is to be kept open for heavy traffic during the winter season.

Such heavy use of the highway means an overloading of the mountain terrain to the detriment of its flora and fauna and the impairment of its ecological integrity—an alteration so great as to become a manmade scar extending for 25 miles through primitive country, some 9 miles of which traverses a national park that has been dedicated in perpetuity to the preservation of natural conditions.

Presently, only a conditional permit has been granted by the National Park Service for this 9-mile park crossing. Final permission depends on satisfying the Park Service that the route does not damage the trees, terrain, and flora and fauna entrusted to its care. In my judgment, such a highway and its substantial use as contemplated presently cannot meet this requirement in major particulars.

Moreover, the Mineral King area has been a game refuge since 1926. It is the habitat of migratory deer and many other species of animals and birds. Little is known precisely about the deer, so presently a study is underway to determine their migratory habits and usage of the area. In all probability, the study will conclude that a high-speed highway spells accidents and death to them and disturbance to all wildlife in the area. The National Park Service will think twice before granting access to its territory, for this if for no other reason.

Some 3 miles from Mineral King proper is a tract of approximately 250 acres of privately owned land, on which the owners propose to build an elaborate complex of clubhouse, restaurant, bar, condominiums, golf course, and a subdivision for sale of lots to builders. Turned down by Tulare County in their first attempt to get approval of their plans, the owners

no doubt will be back again and again once a public highway has been constructed.

Basic to any program for the development of Mineral King, the following points should be considered: (1) No more people should be allowed into Mineral King either in winter or summer than its terrain and natural environment can sustain without harm. (2) No private automobiles whatsoever should be allowed into the area; for if overcrowding by people is dangerous, congestion by automobile traffic would be fatal.

The Forest Service would be well advised to reconsider entering into a partnership in the hotel business of the kind contemplated under the present permit. Such enterprises are not the function of the government, as has been amply shown in the consistency with which the Forest Service and Park Service have refrained from owning or operating such concessions. The trend of sound modern management of public lands is away from more concessions that clutter up forests and parks.

Assuredly, if larger numbers of people are to use Mineral King, and also if the present facilities in Sequoia National Park are to be thinned out, hotels, motels, lodges, stores, and other appurtenances should be built in the open country on private land along the Kaweah River in the vicinity of Hammond and Three Rivers. This can and should be done without subsidy, and these taxable properties would come under the supervision of Tulare County and its political subdivisions. Proper planning to avoid honkytonk development should be insisted upon by the state and county, and also by the Forest Service and Park Service as conditions of any concessions or permits for operation on public lands.

The National Parks Association has proposed that facilities within the Park be removed and that reliance for accommodations be placed on such developments on private lands outside the park. Privately operated resorts could be built outside the northwestern and southern entrances to the park. Motorcoach transportation should be provided from these private resorts into the park, where visitors would alight at trail bases for travel into the High Sierra, or at access points for visiting the Sequoia groves. Local bus facilities, using minibuses or the like, would be available to take people without charge through the major points of interest in the park. The National Park Service would grant concessions to the operators of the private resorts outside the park for management of the motorcoach and bus facilities. Parking lots for visitors would be provided as part of the concession, at the private resorts outside the park. The combination of these features could become a very profitable operation for the concessioners.

Access to Mineral King for limited development could be provided in the same manner. The resort operators at Hammond and Three Rivers could be granted a concession to operate a motorcoach line into Mineral King. But while the present highway might not be suitable for this purpose, a much simpler facility than presently proposed would be entirely satisfactory for motorcoach travel. It could even be a one-lane road with turnoffs to permit coaches to pass each other on schedule. The drivers would be experts, and hazards would be mightily reduced. The facilities at the Mineral King end would be held to a minimum, consisting only of a terminal, with modest eating facilities, sanitary facilities, a small hospital, and overnight dormitory accommodations for people caught in storms. Rope tows could be provided from bases above the valley proper up to the snowbowls.

**Dewey Anderson, NPA's consulting economist,  
formerly was Executive Director of the Public  
Affairs Institute.**

An arrangement of this kind would have the advantage of permitting the resort operators to take people into the park by coach in the summer and into Mineral King by coach in the winter. A natural-type limited access road would not do as much damage to the environment as the facility planned under the present permit. The danger, however, would be that pressure would mount for building a second highway to carry the reverse traffic. If any road is constructed, even though proposed for limitation to coaches, it will be difficult, as a practical administrative matter, to continue any such limitations; moreover, the inholders along the route would almost necessarily have to be given access to their properties, and an objectionable private development would occur.

There is another alternative, the provision of access by a narrow-gauge railroad. Such a railroad could be designed for nonstop service, with no stations except the two terminals. Such an arrangement would preclude speculative development of the existing privately owned land along the proposed roadway. It would prevent any automobile or bus access whatsoever into Mineral King. The trains could be driven electrically, and all atmospheric pollution could be avoided. The difficulty would be the tremendous cost of such an undertaking; on the other hand, I am not sure that adequate comparative studies have been made of the relative costs of highway and railroad access. The enormous outlays that will be required by any highway—whether a fast road or a slow road—constitute a public subsidy to private enterprise; we are not accustomed to providing railroad facilities for such purposes, although habituated to subsidy by highway. There is really no logical reason why a narrow-gauge railroad should not be built and operated by proper public agencies. But when subsidies for these purposes are looked at in this realistic way, the question arises whether we really want to go in for this kind of elaborate and expensive development at all.

Mineral King should have been made part of Sequoia National Park at the beginning. The only reason that it was not is that mining was going on at that time; this incompatible use seemed to make it undesirable for inclusion in the park. But mining has long since ceased; foot travel over the trails of the wilderness areas in the national forests of the Sierra and over the trails of the national parks has increased to the place where it may be necessary to limit such use. Mineral King and its surrounding forests and mountains probably ought to be kept inviolate as trail, campfire, and wildlife country. Cross-country skiing will always be available, and skiing in the snowbowls, also, for winter sports enthusiasts who have the hardihood to venture into the wilderness on their own two skis. Many other resorts are available all over the United States for people who want recreation under tamer conditions.

Proposals have been advanced for including Mineral King at this time into Sequoia National Park. One alternative, which would not involve legislation, would be to have the area declared a national monument by Executive Order pursuant to the Antiquities Act, and administered by the Park Service jointly with Sequoia National Park. When all is said and done, this last proposal is probably the soundest plan for the future use and protection of Mineral King. If so, a very basic re-examination of present arrangements must be undertaken promptly by the developer and the U.S. Forest Service. The National Park Service still can decline to grant final approval for access by highway across the arm of the park that lies in the course of development. Having invited the successful bidder and others to submit proposals of a kind that have now come under serious attack, the U.S. Forest Service may be in serious difficulty. Perhaps this experience will lead it to reconsider plans that it seems to have in mind for other extravagant projects elsewhere in the national forest system. ■

# ENVIRONMENT and ESTABLISHMENT

## A Student Letter

Harvard College  
April 22, 1970

Dear Establishment:

You no longer need ask, as you have done, how to interest students in helping to solve environmental problems. We are now involving ourselves. There are relatively few of us, but the movement is growing. Yet our causes, our motives, may well be different from yours. We are troubled and confused enough to be seeking new contexts, new values. And we are finding some.

The questions we ask, the problems we see, and the reasons for our confusion are important for you to understand if you want us to relate to you constructively. Although some of our values are the same as yours, we are developing different ones. If you try to understand our values, if we can explain them to you, then any cooperation can at least be based on understanding, if not on acceptance.

Despite the gut feeling and inner sensing on which we depend, a major source of our environmental movement has been objective and scientific. The Commoners and Ehrlichs, the Carsons and Rudds have warned us of the ecological realities facing us across a shortening future. They have measured, computed, predicted, and told us two things. First: we have little ecological understanding and perhaps little time in which to find it, especially when you have destroyed the virgin world we need to study. Second: we have failed to use what little knowledge we have. The price of this failure is a dim future.

The other part of our development has been the evolution of feeling. Deep questioning has led some of us in search of new contexts from which to act toward war and racism and oppression, as well as toward a deteriorating environment. The Gary Snyders and Edward Abbeys have described new ways the individual can begin living now. We have been looking again at Thoreau and Leopold, further turning their ground.

The result of joining the two sources with our senses is that we have found ecology. We have discovered that the word and its idea apply not only to some external wild "nature," but to all aspects of man and other life—to the interrelations of man's industry, society, homes—everything—with other life and the physical world. The word is meaningful not only in science, but in daily living and thinking. The result is seeing, thinking, feeling—wholes. It becomes apparent that environmental problems are symptoms of the underlying causes of which the war and racism are also symptoms.

Yet we are troubled about what each of us should do. We see the time limit (from the objective sources). We see our environment sick, and therefore humanity ill. Can we expect to solve the problems (the physical symptoms) soon enough in any way other than by using the technology and politics of your system? Probably not.

We also feel the deep, underlying causes, the need for changes in values and life styles. Can the underlying causes be found and solved by working through a system that lives by those causes of our sickness? Can necessary changes in values be brought about by individuals supporting a system that is wrong? Many of us think not.

Some of us feel forced to answer "no" to both questions: we then go live in a commune or on a mountain or high in our minds. Others of us believe that the solution is to let everybody act in his own way as long as he is not ecologically disruptive: everybody do his own thing. In this view, the conservative can save trees, the liberal try to help the system clean itself up, and the radical try to ferret out the underlying causes and find new life styles. One can visualize an ecosystem of effort, with all kinds and political types of groups involved and interacting. The idea looks very nice.

We feel that such a vision of "everybody do his own thing and interrelate, man, interrelate" cannot satisfy the perceptive individual trying to decide what *he* is to do. Such personal responsibility for acting seems to be much more important for us than for you. We see ourselves forsaking an ideal if we do not support it with our everyday living.

When we feel that action must reflect belief, we find it very hard to let ourselves be part of the activities of a system that is responsible for violent ecological disruption. When we feel the inability (or refusal) of your system to solve its underlying problems of needless consumption, of self-esteem rather than love of life, of ideas of "my" and "mine" instead of "part of the ecosystem belonging to all life," then we feel no choice but to turn from you and seek a valid life elsewhere.

If we feel the ecological futility of the system's operation, of its tenets and values, then we must try to change them, or leave your system. A few of us join groups to destroy the system, feeling that if we do not, it will destroy what bit of future may be left to life. Many of us respond by deciding to pay little attention to you. Rather than striving to change your established way and cure environmental symptoms through group effort, we try to find ways to live ecologically more sound lives ourselves. We try to change our life styles and help others to do the same.

But ignoring your system (as much as we can) places

upon us a heavy responsibility. By so doing, we refuse to help find the technological and political solutions without which we may not exist long enough to change our values and life styles at all. The responsibility we feel for helping you find solutions in order to save your system is small or nonexistent. But the responsibility to save present and future life in the best way possible weighs heavily. A vision of the human race finally achieving ecological compatibility, once again becoming a form of life deserving a place in an ecosystem, is somehow dulled by the real possibility of not surviving long enough to do so.

The solution for a group of individuals or organizations—work on all levels, do your own thing—makes one look at what “they” should do, not at what “I” can do. For the individual, the closest approach to an answer seems to lie in realizing that we have a responsibility to all life for seeking the best ecosystem, and that we must work with you to do so in time. After realizing that we often cannot stand your system because we are totally frustrated by it, we can perhaps work with you if we do three things.

First, we must always realize the goal: striving for a healthy ecosystem on this planet by ceasing to destroy it and starting to fit it. We must learn to see all things, at all times, in an ecological way—as interrelated parts of one whole.

Second, we must communicate, so that you will know that we are working not to save your whole system, but its good parts, and not to save ourselves, but to save life from ourselves.

Third, we feel that we must always resist your great establishment dogma that group actions are in any way substitutes for personal action and change. Working to pass a law, no matter how necessary, is no *substitute* for putting out a lighter garbage can every morning. We are not arguing practicality. Both personal change and group effort are needed. But the right feeling, the necessary awareness—an in-tune, aware, alive head—comes only through discovering how one can change one’s own life. There is no substitute for this enlightenment.

After all this explanation, how do you and we relate? Or how might we, or can we? The first point to pass is your probable comment of “Be realistic! Solve practical problems and don’t get hung up on useless philosophy!” We reply that the simplest everyday acts of our lives, our personal acts of eating dinner and driving a car and turning on the furnace and flushing the toilet destroy the ecosystem strands—and you call yourselves realistic? You try to make laws and pollution abatement devices when you smoke and drive a car to work alone and buy things that are “disposable” and non-recyclable, and think such behavior is realistic?

We are no better. We also smoke, pollute, destroy. But we are trying to stop. We are trying to see a realism to which the value of all life and the importance of the individual’s actions are central.

Many of us will “go halfway” by agreeing that parts of your system must be used and will therefore participate in using them. You might laugh: “Our system! It’s yours too, you’re caught, too. What are you going to do without it—you owe it everything you’ve got!” In addition to asking what you are really doing *with* it, we would suggest only

that we speak from a different context, in which a high standard of living and a racing economy are not goals at all. Stand in Harlem or Watts or Roxbury and say we must *maintain* our high living standard! We realize a debt contracted with the system’s technology before we were born. Most of it is written in the red ink of ecological chaos. You wrote it.

As we go halfway by working through your system, will you go halfway by starting to make your goal the attainment of healthy society and healthy environment for all life? Not the goal of State of the Union Addresses, but of your personal lives? You must begin doing so if you want to go halfway to meet us.

The National Park Service talks some about environmental awareness. It may even have ideas about the purpose of parks being to help people become more ecologically in tune. If so, then when is it going to get its own visual pollution out of Yosemite Valley? When is it going to reduce expenditure on lavish visitor facilities that are hardly in keeping with ideals of conserving resources, fitting unobtrusively into our environment, and disrupting as little as possible? When is it going to remove concessioners from the parks, while at the same time realizing that it bears as much responsibility for foisting them onto the surrounding land as for keeping them within the parks? When is it going to manage its parks so that streams are not polluted, fishes not fished, ski slopes not seen from its roads, and campgrounds hidden? When will the Park Service manage first and foremost on the basis and with the feeling of ecology? When will it communicate an ecology/whole-earth-household message involving trees and cities, deer and men, sparrows and ICBM’s? When will it start thinking of wholes and interrelations and webs and flows throughout all its operations, and not of static little pieces of land with psychological fences around them?

When will you, an individual, stop driving your automobile in cities and use mass transportation instead; carry a shopping bag to the store so you won’t be using up paper bags that are seldom recycled; refuse to use no-deposit, no-return bottles and excess packaging; raise a small vegetable garden instead of your suburban lawn, and turn your garbage into compost; bend your toilet float to waste less water; buy nothing that is disposable if a more lasting article can be found, and then take the time to make it last and not waste?

Perhaps you’d best not ask how to involve us, best not “salute” us only, but best ask how to involve your individual selves, in your jobs and homes; and when you find out how, do it. Please don’t misunderstand—it *matters* to us to be able to communicate and unite. We want more than anything to have everyone join each other, by acting to make better, more ecologically sound lives. The only valid uniting that is not merely a surrogate is unity in action. If you will begin to act ecologically, we will not be waiting to salute you or commend you or thank you; we will be acting alongside you, creating better lives. A few whom we know outside our generation have begun; some of us are beginning; most have not started.

Sincerely yours,  
Phil Nelson

# *Itchetucknee*

## *Florida's Crystal River*

James F. Stanfield

Photographs by Jimmy Dicks

*F*lorida tends to give the impression of being subtropical jungle surrounded by sand and sea. But far from the eye-wrinkling glare of the beaches the state has a cool, green heart. There parklike grazing lands are scattered with big mossy oaks. Alternating with the pastures are surprisingly deep, wild oak woods and tangled cypress swamps.

Through one of these swampy forests flows probably the clearest river in North America, the Itchetucknee. On the hottest day it is cooled by the earth's stone arteries. This stream, a scant 5 miles long, is fed entirely by a group of limestone springs. The headspring is ringed by giant oaks, and for 3 miles the river is bordered by high-ground stands of oak alternating with low stretches of cypress swamp that merge with the river through stands of reeds.

Swimming underwater you might think you are in an aquarium. Patches of translucent green water plants grow from a white riverbottom, vibrating in the swift current.

Tiny fish see you coming too soon for you to approach them easily, but a sharp eye can spot them cowering under a weed frond. You might even run across a 2-inch-long flounder hiding from the sea until it is big enough to take care of itself. If you know where to look, you may spot fossil sharks' teeth or fragments of mastodon bone.

This river is about to become the center of a new state park, protection that is appropriate and timely, as developers have been eyeing the area for some time and in fact already have spoiled the natural character of the lower 2 miles of the stream. However, there is a danger that recreation, of the sort that implies picnic tables and baseball diamonds, will be the principal moving force behind park planning. Turning the Itchetucknee into a facsimile of a municipal playground would be as callous to the true worth of this beautiful place as would letting the developers have it. It should be preserved in its natural state.

Jacob Rhett Motte, an Army surgeon during the war with the Seminoles in Florida, passed by the Itchetucknee headspring in May 1837. He described the scene in his journal: "About noon of the second day's march from Charles Ferry we reached an oasis in this desert, which broke upon our vision like the fairy-land sometimes in dreams. Itchetucknee was the name of this terrestrial paradise. . . . In a hollow dell where the very air seemed concentrated in coolness, a grassy slope of the most rich and velvet green extended to the margin of a translucent and placid spring, whereon was faithfully reflected the green foliage that thickened over it; and in its transparent water might be clearly discerned the tiniest object at the bottom."

Itchetucknee River begins in north central Florida about 70 miles west southwest of Jacksonville. It joins the Santa Fe River near the latter's junction with the famous Suwannee.

Fears have been expressed for years and increased in intensity recently that big-money land developers would take a sudden interest in the land and develop it commercially, as has happened on the lower 2 miles of the river. But rescue came in 1969 when Florida purchased the upper 3 miles of the river and 2,240 acres of adjoining land for a state park.

The Itchetucknee has been a favorite place for recreation for many years, yet because of the inaccessibility of the river by land for most of its length it has been preserved

from destruction. Swimming at the headspring has been popular since the days of Motte, and more recently floating downstream on automobile innertubes has been the rage of visiting youth.

The river's many springs are responsible for its remarkable clarity throughout its entire length. The Itchetucknee is considered to be a first magnitude spring by the Florida Geological Survey. To qualify as a first magnitude spring, it must have a flow of greater than 100 cubic feet per second; a flow of this volume will fill 100 typical 35-by-20-foot swimming pools in about 1 hour. The Itchetucknee River group of springs has a flow of nearly three times that much during its lowest periods. Its average of over 300 cubic feet per second (over 200 million gallons per day) places it in the category of such famous Florida springs as Silver and Rainbow. There are only 75 first magnitude springs in the United States, and 17 of them are in Florida. Most of those in Florida are already in the hands of private interests.

The Itchetucknee headspring is a circular pool about 100 feet in diameter with a flow of about 40 cubic feet per second. The first road across Florida, the Bellamy Road, passed by the pool, and the spring served to refresh many travelers.

The next spring, and the largest of the group, is about 1/3 mile downstream. It is called Jug Springs because the water issues from a cavern shaped like a jug. From the 10-foot-diameter mouth of the cavern gush about 80 cubic feet

of water each second. The floor of the cavern lies about 40 feet below the surface, and the walls are riddled with openings.

The third spring in the complex has no name that I know. Actually it is a group of eight small springs whose combined flow is 45 cubic feet per second.

There are several more springs in the river group; some can only be heard pouring from the rocks behind dense river grasses, but the spring called "Mill Spring" is one of especial interest.

Mill Spring is introduced to the main river by a long and very shallow spring run. At the head of this run and in front of the spring stand a tall earthwork and the remains of an old log dam. Before the turn of the century a grist mill was located on this very spot. The mill has long since disappeared, and records do not show the former ownership. Mill Spring still pours out over 20 cubic feet of water each second.

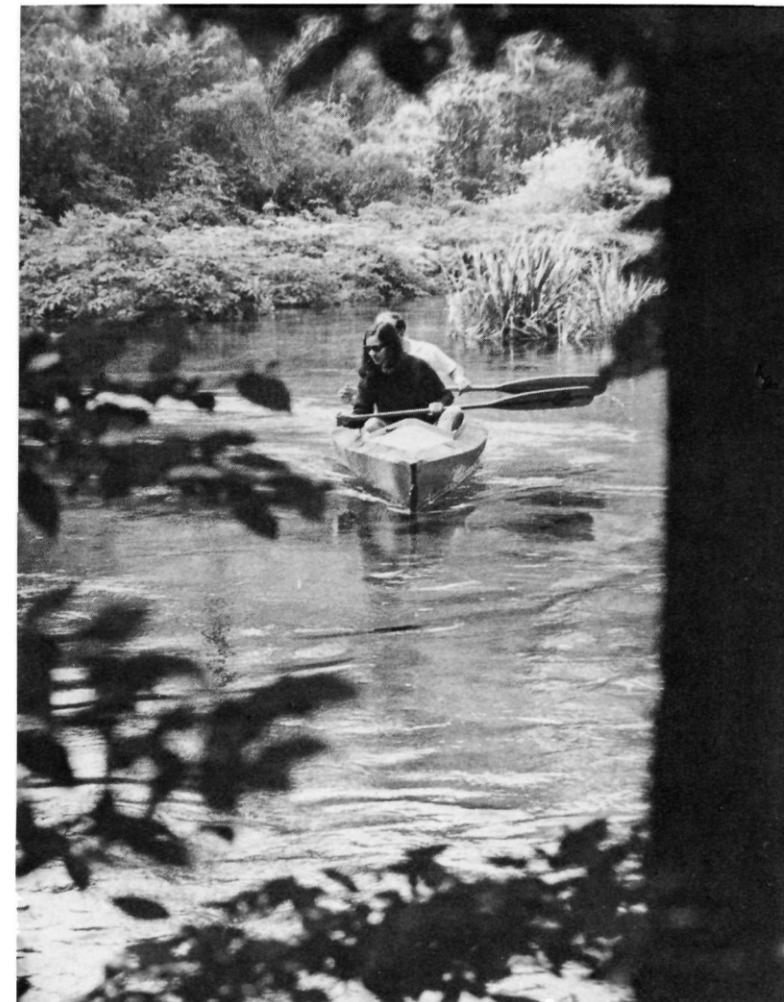
The future of Mill Spring and the others lies in the hands of those who are to develop Itchetucknee into a park. According to a variety of people who have studied the river, proper development is the key to its preservation.

Gene Liddon, Director of Buildings and Grounds for Gainesville, Florida, has had experience in developing natural areas as parks. His suggestions for Itchetucknee hinge around making it a nature center: Plan some nature trails, provide small exhibits to explain the area, and have

*Whole families drift down the Itchetucknee River in innertubes. Although littering of the river accompanies this recreation, most people consulted about the park development agree that tubing should not be discontinued.*



*The Itchetucknee's clear, shallow water reveals its white sandy bottom and patches of underwater vegetation.*



*Above, the author and his wife gaze into the clear depths of Jug Springs before paddling downstream. Below, a river visitor examines the remains of the foundations of the dam at Mill Spring.*





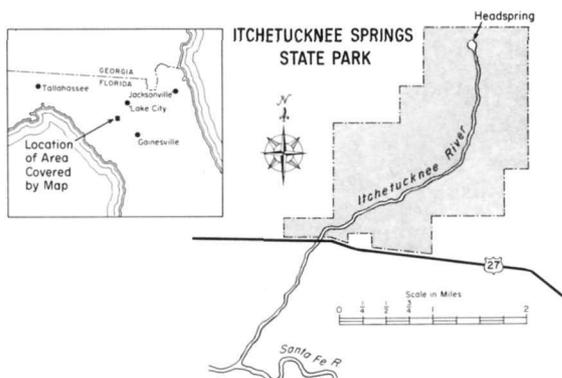
naturalists on hand to aid the visitors. Inasmuch as you must have camping, segregate it in one corner of the park by some kind of natural barrier if possible. Limit the number of roads in the park. He says, "Walking is the way to enjoy nature." Liddon also claims that active recreational facilities, such as baseball diamonds, would ruin the concept of a nature center and the park. He emphasizes that the main attraction of the area is the river itself and its setting. Exhibits should be built only to increase the understanding and appreciation of the visitors for the nature they are viewing.

Dr. Thomas Patton, assistant curator of Vertebrate Paleontology at the Florida State Museum, also advocates keeping the area natural. Dr. Patton says that the Itchetucknee River contains a large and rich sample of the remains of Florida's past wildlife. He emphasizes that, in developing the park, these treasures of the river must be protected from

destruction by the unskilled. He suggests that this is an excellent opportunity to start fossil exhibits in Florida such as those in some areas in the West. Again, an exhibit is the suggested means to explain to visitors the importance of not exploiting the flora and fauna irresponsibly. Dr. Patton further explains that Florida is unique in "biogeological" importance and that Itchetucknee is unique in its flora and fauna accessibility. He adds that local scientists probably would be glad to assist in developing such a park and exhibits.

Dr. K. R. Swinford, professor of forestry at the University of Florida, describes the Itchetucknee as one of the finest purchases the state could have made. Dr. Swinford encourages the development of the park along the lines of a nature center, but he would favor either eliminating tubing altogether or confining it to the lower part of the river, his reason being that (in his opinion) "tubers" spoil the relationship with nature enjoyed by others. He agreed that recreational swimming at the headspring and non-motor-powered boating would be important to the success of the park.

When the state does begin developing Itchetucknee into a park, then these suggestions of ways to preserve its natural beauty should be carefully considered. ■



**James F. Stanfield is a native of north central Florida. He has been enjoying the beauty of the Itchetucknee River for over 10 years on numerous camping and skin diving expeditions.**

Readers may write the following addresses to urge retention of the natural values of the Itchetucknee:

Mr. N. E. Miller, Director  
 Division of Recreation and Parks  
 Department of Natural Resources  
 Tallahassee, Florida 32304

Mr. Jack Phillips, Chairman  
 Advisory Council for the Development  
 of the Itchetucknee  
 Branford, Florida

*Report of the President and General Counsel, Anthony Wayne Smith,  
to the General Membership of the*

**NATIONAL PARKS ASSOCIATION**

*on the Occasion of the Annual Meeting of the Corporation and Trustees, May 22, 1970*

THE PRIMARY RESPONSIBILITY of the National Parks Association has always been to help protect the National Park System of the United States. Among the serious dangers which threaten the parks at present, the congestion occasioned by automobile traffic is perhaps the most difficult to combat. The parks can absorb large numbers of people, but the present crowding by automobiles will destroy them unless checked.

The Association has approached this problem in terms of the master planning process in the parks. The National Park Service develops and constantly revises master plans for the location of facilities and the protection of natural areas. In the approach taken by the Association, it is considered necessary to plan for a much larger region around each park than is contained in the park itself. Around most of the parks and monuments there are extensive national forests; and beyond them the lands administered by the Bureau of Land Management and other large public and private holdings.

Our Association has pressed for planning for the recreational and conservation use of these areas in integrated programs. We have urged that the Bureau of Outdoor Recreation and the former President's Council on Recreation and Natural Beauty were the proper agencies to undertake these responsibilities. The new Council on Environmental Quality would seem to be the proper central authority now.

The basic law governing the National Park System requires that the parks be preserved in perpetuity in their natural condition. The Wilderness Act contemplates that roadless areas be designated and preserved as such, without structures or mechanized equipment. Regional planning makes it possible to perpetuate wilderness within the National Park System because it can provide for the expansion of recreational facilities such as campgrounds in the public and private lands outside the park.

The solution is essentially simple; the more elaborate accommodations should be built and operated by private enterprise on private land in existing communities outside the parks and other public land. Comfortable motor coaches should bring people into camp and picnic grounds inside the parks and forests, and to major points of interest. The private automobile should be held at parking lots at the private accommodations on the periphery. Existing road systems, which are already adequate, can provide access for the coaches. Trams, railways, monorails, and so forth are not desirable because of noise and mechanical intrusion, and will not be necessary if coach access, as contrasted with private car traffic, is provided.

While this approach advocated by our Association has been

accorded considerable official endorsement, it has not been implemented in practice.

THE EVERGLADES AND THE SEASHORES. One of the best examples of the protective work of National Parks Association during the year was our success in opposing the giant jetport which was planned for Big Cypress Swamp, north of Everglades National Park in Florida. As most people now know, this jetport would have required 39 square miles of land and water and would have been a serious menace to the survival of the park. The Association took the lead in opposing this program and was instrumental in bringing together a broad coalition of 23 national conservation and labor organizations, which came to be known as the Everglades Coalition.

The Coalition carried the fight against the jetport to the Secretaries of Transportation and Interior, and eventually to the President of the United States; the work was done mainly out of the national office of the Association. Large numbers of devoted conservationists, both in and out of government, cooperated wholeheartedly in achieving the eventual result, which was an agreement between the Dade County Port Authority, promoters of the jetport, and the federal government to abandon the project. These results show what groups of truly concerned people can do when they work together.

Another example of the work of our Association in the defense of the Park System relates to the planning for Assateague National Seashore in Maryland and Padre Island National Seashore in Texas. Here the problem is not construction sponsored by outside agencies, but rather overdevelopment of the areas by the National Park Service itself. If the present official plans for the seashores are carried out, large road systems and enormous parking lots will be constructed on the islands, which will destroy the natural environment which people wish to enjoy there.

The course we recommend is to place facilities, such as motels and restaurants, on the mainland, and to take visitors to the seashore by comfortable motor coaches running frequently and making many stops. This approach can be carried out without additional legislation under the authority the Service now has.

In an effort to protect Assateague Seashore from roads which were threatened last year, the Association organized a broad coalition of conservation and labor organizations quite similar to the Everglades Coalition. Senator Joseph Tydings of Maryland picked up the battle for the defense of the seashore, and an earmarking of an appropriation for road con-

struction was eliminated by Congress, preventing undesirable construction. This was a temporary gain, but the only long-term solution is planning for mainland development.

**WILDLIFE PROTECTION.** The national parks are among America's finest wildlife refuges. They were established to protect not only the scenery, but also the plants and animals. The animals are not hunted in the national parks; they become relatively tame, and a different kind of relationship develops between man and animals. The Association takes the position that the federal government should reserve control of wildlife on all federal land; not merely in the national parks, but in the national forests, and certainly in the wildlife refuges.

We have major concern with the threatened extinction of the great numbers of animal species. About 850 species or subspecies of vertebrates alone are on the endangered species list of the International Union for the Conservation of Nature. We support efforts to protect endangered plants and animals in the United States, including predators like the wolf. We are pressing for a Ministerial Conference on Endangered Species to execute an international convention for protection on a worldwide basis.

Alaska may become the theater of some of the greatest wildlife and environmental protection struggles of the next decade. We dealt with these questions editorially in the September 1969 issue of the Magazine. The menace of the huge oil pipeline, which is planned for the Arctic tundra, the giant oil tankers which are a dangerous alternative, the oil spills from drilling along the southern shorelines, the recent offshore spills from tankers, are only part of the problem. Mismanagement of wildlife and forests raises literally dozens of questions as to whether men are competent to manage their environment at all. We shall need all the help our members can give us in wrestling with the Alaskan problem.

**MANY PROTECTION ISSUES.** The environmental wealth which is protected in the parks is not confined, of course, to natural areas. A number of the important parks and monuments preserve archeological treasures of great importance; and protection against crowding and vandalism involves problems of appropriations and staffing; but also dangers of overdevelopment which can be met by regional dispersion.

The Association is equally concerned with the historical parks and monuments. One of the prime examples of this concern is our interest in the Chesapeake & Ohio Canal National Historic Monument.

We are deeply concerned also with the preservation of green and open space in our cities and surrounding regions. We help to battle against the throughways which are constantly threatening parks and established residence areas.

The Association maintains its concern for a rational transportation system, national and worldwide. We took a stand editorially in the December 1969 issue of the Magazine against the supersonic transport, SST, urging a worldwide agreement among SST powers to refrain from this destructive program. Good transportation is important, but transportation facilities must not become our masters.

The Association has always supported and will continue to support the creation of networks of trails across the continent for foot and horseback travel; a system of wild and scenic rivers; and protection of wetlands and estuaries from dredging, filling, and pollution.

**INTERNATIONAL CONSERVATION.** The Association was represented by President Smith at the General Assembly and Technical Sessions of the IUCN at New Delhi, India, in

November of last year. Many problems of the survival of endangered plants and animals were discussed at these meetings. The desirability of a broad expansion of national park systems over all the world was also considered.

Among the issues which arose at New Delhi was the question of banning the use of the insecticide DDT over all the world. The Assistant Secretary of the Interior, representing the United States government, and President Smith on behalf of the Association, with the cooperation of the American delegation and people from other nations, were successful in obtaining a recommendation for a worldwide ban, except in emergencies involving human health.

It was recognized and noted that the agricultural revolution which is taking place in many countries must be expedited if impending famine is to be avoided, but that short-lived pesticides and biological controls are available instead of long-lived pesticides; and it was noted that the latter may be destroying the tiny plant life of the ocean, which produces much of our atmospheric oxygen. Health programs based on medication and immunization were advocated instead of massive insect eradication, partly because insects are becoming immune to chemical insecticides.

The Association hopes to expand its work in the international field in the months and years ahead. The Magazine plans to publish more extensively on the endangered species; articles are in preparation, for example, on the Asiatic lion and the Indian tiger, and the story of the white rhino has already been told.

Looking ahead, the Ministerial Conference on Endangered Species, already mentioned, should lead to the establishment of some kind of International Endangered Species Agency. The Secretary General of the United Nations has announced a large conference on the Human Environment, which will probably be held in Stockholm in 1972. One outcome of such a conference might be the creation of an Environmental and Population Organization, comparable to the Food and Agriculture Organization and the World Health Organization. Massive resources of the participating governments and the U.N. itself might be drawn into the vitally important work of rescuing the ecosystem of the planet.

**WORLDWIDE POLLUTION.** The problem of DDT is only one aspect of the abuse of pesticides and insecticides everywhere. More recently it has been recognized that the excessive and improper use of fertilizers, specifically nitrates and phosphates, has resulted in widespread eutrophication and serious dangers of water pollution.

Our Association has been well in the forefront for many years in pointing out the dangers of water and air pollution; it continues to give vigorous support to programs for the complete restoration of the purity of water, with pollution prevented at source, and for the restoration of the pristine purity of the atmosphere everywhere.

The forms of pollution are many: pesticides, herbicides, fertilizers, detergents, oil, dispersants, industrial chemicals, municipal and agricultural wastes, thermal and radioactive contamination, and even noise.

Through the Magazine, and by direct negotiation with agencies in the executive branch of the government, as well as in testimony given on invitation at public hearings, the Association plays a leading part in efforts to restore a liveable environment.

**THE POPULATION CRISIS.** Underneath all problems of pollution, and such grave dangers as the extinction of plant and animal species over all the world, lies the population issue. Our

Association has been pointing out for years that a new population ethic must be developed, based on the knowledge that the average number of children a woman must be reduced to is a statistical 2.2, if our total population is to be stabilized, and the many pressures resulting from overcrowding are to be eliminated; this means an ethic of not more than two children per person.

For a long time, the Association was a voice crying alone, as far as the conservation movement was concerned; the population explosion was left to the specialized population organizations. But, more recently, there has been a rapid emergence of a widespread public understanding that the quality of human life will be seriously impaired unless present proliferation can be halted.

In our view, remedial measures must be largely educational but normative in nature, indicating the personal conduct people should follow; government can and should aid by suitable fiscal incentives, in technical, clinical, research, and educational assistance, and by promoting a public understanding of dangers and solutions.

The rapid stabilization and eventual reduction of population, worldwide, are imperatives of survival for all life on earth including human life. The agricultural revolution cannot save the world from famine unless coupled with population control; moreover, it must confine itself to ecological methods else poisoning of soil and water may combine with starvation in widespread destruction.

**E**COLOGICAL FORESTRY. Closely related to the protection of the parks is the protection of the national forests; also the state parks and forests; likewise the issue of the ecological management of productive timber lands everywhere, large and small.

By ecological forestry we mean the harvesting of timber by methods which leave the soil, vegetation, wildlife, watercourses, and the forest canopy itself intact. With such management, the scenic and recreational potentials of a commercial forest can be maintained while valuable economic resources are utilized. If campgrounds which would otherwise overload the national parks are located in such forests, and timber cutting is carried on in such a way as to protect the forests for such purposes, recreational facilities can be greatly expanded and yet an untouched wilderness can be preserved in the parks. Hence, for purposes of park protection, but also for the proper management of the forests, we advocate ecological forestry.

Unfortunately, it has been the prevailing practice and more and more customary for large corporations, managing extensive forest holdings, to clear-cut their land; even though cut-over areas may be replanted, they are normally unsuitable for recreational use for many long years thereafter.

Public programs need to be developed, which would ensure light selective thinning methods on public lands and require them also on large corporate holdings; comparable methods should be developed to encourage ecological woodland management on farm woodlots and other small holdings.

Among the spectacular issues in forest management has been the project for the establishment of a large commercial ski resort in Mineral King in Sequoia National Forest in California. The Association has opposed this gigantic commercial recreational development as inappropriate for a remote natural area in the High Sierra. Unless this project can be blocked, similar proposals will, no doubt, be offered in years ahead in most of the other national forests. The forests have always been famous for their natural recreational facilities, simple picnic and campgrounds; this is what most people want, and their needs should have priority over commercial uses.

**C**HESTNUTS, SEQUOIAS, SEED BANKS. One of the gravely endangered forest trees in America, as everyone knows, has been the American chestnut. This was a stately tree which produced valuable nuts and lumber; during the twentieth century it has been decimated and almost completely destroyed by a blight brought from the Orient. The Association has directed its attention toward setting up long-term plantation systems, looking toward the utilization of natural selective processes and toward the establishment of survival plantations in distant parts of the globe. We work closely with others concerned with these issues in the hope that a resistant strain of American chestnut may eventually be evolved even though a century or two may be needed.

As our members know, the Association maintains a special program for the protection of the sequoias. In regard to *Sequoia gigantea*, the Big Trees of the High Sierra, the problem is to ensure proper management, including protection against fire, for groves already for the most part in public ownership in national parks and national forests. For *Sequoia sempervirens*, the coast redwoods, the problem is to complete the establishment of the Redwoods National Park, and to extend ecological forestry practices to the management of the entire coast redwoods belt. Nothing more important could possibly be done for the protection of the sequoias than to stop clearcutting in the commercial coast redwood forest; the redwoods regenerate well in the shade and are an ideal species for selective cutting.

The impending extinction of many species of plants over all the world is one of the great tragedies of our time. If an incredible number of animal species are in danger, even more plant species are on the verge of extinction; intensive agriculture and the abuse of both insecticides and herbicides, together with rapidly growing urbanization are the causes. Responsible governmental and private institutions have been seriously to blame in these matters for the reason that remedies could be found more easily for the dangers involving plants than those involving animals; plant seeds can be stored for great lengths of time, and deep refrigeration makes such storage increasingly feasible. A few directors of important botanical gardens in several countries have been hoping to establish seed banks at such gardens and elsewhere for the permanent preservation of stocks of seed pending the stabilization and reduction of human populations, and the reestablishment of conditions permitting replanting in the open. Our Association hopes to aid in creating international institutions for this purpose.

**G**OVERNMENTAL RELATIONS. Always central to the work of the Association have been the consultative activities with the agencies of the executive branch of the government.

We endeavor to assist agencies like the National Park Service, the U.S. Forest Service, the Bureau of Outdoor Recreation, to mention only a few, where their work, as is usually the case, appears to be in the best public interest. In situations where we consider programs to be bad, after objective analysis, we try to persuade the agency to adopt a different course. One example of such efforts would be our work with the Department of Agriculture to restrict unsound programs resulting in the abuse of pesticides and herbicides.

During the last few months, we have been deeply engaged in protective problems related to Everglades National Park and its surrounding region, as but one example of our work with government agencies. We have pressed for a strong exertion of federal authority to prevent the thermal pollution of Biscayne Bay, including action in court by the federal government. We have pressed for necessary decisions by the Attorney

General defining the responsibility of the Army Engineers to control water releases from the Conservation Areas in Florida into Everglades Park.

The work initiated by the Association many years ago for the protection of the Potomac River Basin against destructive reservoirs proposed by the Army Engineers led eventually to the emergence of a broadly based coalition of conservation, farm, and labor organizations opposing the reservoirs.

Such activities require top-level meetings with officials such as the Secretaries of the Interior, Agriculture, Army, HEW, and the Bureau of the Budget; they often lead to meetings at Presidential and Cabinet levels. Responsibilities of this kind are among the most important duties discharged by our Association in fulfilling its obligations for the protection of the parks and the national environment generally. They often require elaborate technical studies, frequently coupled with expensive mapping work, and here again, the financial support of our membership, with significant contributions over and above regular membership dues, is essential and greatly appreciated.

**THE MAGAZINE.** Beginning with the April issue, *National Parks Magazine*, originally *National Parks Bulletin*, changed its name to *National Parks and Conservation Magazine, the Environmental Journal*.

The change reflected no alteration in the scope and programs of the Magazine, nor of the Association. While our concern with the National Parks System has always been central to our activities, it has been clear for many years that the parks could be protected only within the context of large surrounding regions and, indeed, the entire environment.

The Magazine is the strong right arm of the Association. It is the main educational vehicle and our principal contact with our members. We welcome correspondence from members and attempt to reflect suggestions and criticisms in the Magazine, as well as to respond personally where possible. The main function of the Magazine is to explain and promote the educational work of the Association.

**PUBLIC HEARINGS.** As our members know, the Association is a nonprofit, public-service educational and scientific institution. Contributions and bequests to the Association are deductible for federal income, gift, and inheritance tax purposes. As a tax-deductible organization, the Association does not engage in efforts to influence legislation by propaganda or otherwise.

We respond on occasion, however, to official invitations to testify at hearings held by committees of Congress and participate regularly in meetings and hearings held by agencies in the executive branch of government on questions related to executive and administrative programs not involving legislative matters.

One excellent example of our influence was the role played by the Association in protecting the Grand Canyon of the Colorado against destructive hydroelectric power dams reservoirs several years ago. On invitation, we recommended to the responsible committees of Congress that coal-fired steam plants be substituted for hydropower for the purpose of pumping needed water from existing reservoirs into central Arizona. These recommendations were eventually approved by President Johnson, and became the official policy of the Administration; the essential legislation, together with measures for the protection of the Grand Canyon, were passed thereafter by Congress.

**RESORT TO THE COURTS.** There has been a growing awareness of the helpful role the courts can play in protecting the environment. This is an area of privately owned protective activity, which was explored by the Association many years ago in a number of pioneer efforts.

We find ourselves becoming party to litigation for the protection of the environment against mismanagement by public agencies in an increasingly large number of cases; we may participate by lending our names as parties, by a more extensive and active participation, or by filing briefs as friends of the court, whatever seems to be the most appropriate method of participation; such activities are extremely expensive, because they require retention of costly legal talent, and this is one of the areas within which contributions by our members to the work of the Association can be extremely helpful.

**GROWTH OF THE ASSOCIATION.** One measure of the success of the Association in fulfilling its responsibilities over the years has been our growth from about 11,000 members a dozen years ago to nearly 48,000 members at present. Our financial resources and income have increased about tenfold; but the scope of our programs has expanded mightily, and the financial demands upon the Association are constantly increasing. It is a never-ending battle to develop the income to maintain the staff necessary to discharge our responsibilities. Fortunately, our members rally to the cause with constantly increasing generosity; only because of such interest, expressed in the tangible form of gifts and bequests, can we hope to continue our work on its ever-expanding scale.

As our members know, we are now solidly established in permanent headquarters of our own in the heart of Washington. We have an excellent library, comprising most of the national conservation and environmental fields, and our members are welcome to use it when they visit Washington; it is open to the public. The board room boasts one of the finest pipe organs in the city of Washington, and organ recitals are held from time to time by musical groups from all parts of the metropolitan area. An important activity of the Association in Washington is the Conservation Education Center, which conducts a series of lectures, slide shows, and motion pictures monthly at the Smithsonian Institution auditorium addressed mainly to public school teachers and their students.

Our World Travel Program which was initiated last year has proved popular and successful. The Association trips are conceived as educational, and contacts are made with conservationists in other countries.

While the Association is not organized on the basis of local chapters, it makes systematic efforts to maintain a network of communications with conservationists and conservation organizations all over the United States and, indeed, around the world. In addition to its highly qualified staff, the Association retains professional consultants in the national fields of its interest and utilizes professional volunteers who contribute their talents to the Association as a matter of public service.

By methods such as this, we are able to expand our activities far beyond the limits which would otherwise be imposed by financial restrictions; in brief, we try to get along as much as we can without much money; but we doubly appreciate all financial assistance which our members find it possible to give.

At the time this report is published, we shall be engaged in our annual appeal to our members for contributions over and above dues, and we hope that this drive will be successful this year, as in years gone by; this depends on the decision of individual members.

In but a few short years, public consciousness of the destruction of our environment has all but eliminated the formerly familiar attitude that conservationists were naïve children, unable to cope with the realities of "progress." Today, the conservationist is, in the public image, not simply kind and good, but, increasingly, wise. And, of all the conservationists, those whose external vigilance guards our national parks certainly occupy the highest ranks of wisdom.

But is there not a danger in occupying such a perfect and unassailable position that no fault—by definition—can ever be found with it? When teaching young engineers, I often admonish them to follow a simple rule of self-criticism: If you cannot think of at least three reasons why what you are proposing to do might produce exactly the opposite effect to that which you intend, you have not thought sufficiently about the problem. And so it happened that while reading a particularly glorious article in *National Parks & Conservation Magazine* I was struck with an idea of an almost tragic flaw in the scheme of the national park system.

Simply stated, the flaw is this: In accepting the idea of a park as a place to be preserved and protected against human destruction, we may be encouraging the idea that any place which is *not* a park may be abandoned to man's destructive impulses. We do not have far to look for illustrations of this peculiar psychology. In our road system, for example, we designate some roads as "parkways," which means that they are set aside to be beautiful—and also means that other roads are more or less expected to be ugly. In our cities, we set aside certain blocks as parks—which seems to diminish the care and attention that one gives blocks that have "only houses," and also seems to justify setting aside certain blocks as garbage dumps. In our national park system we set aside certain areas as parks—which evidently is interpreted to mean that once the park boundary is crossed, any kind of unsightly commercial establishment or land usage is permitted.

As Americans, perhaps we take this philosophy for granted—we have set aside beautiful places, so we have done our duty to man's esthetic sense; now let us get on with the business of America, which is, after all, business. For me, this attitude disappeared when I had the good fortune to live in Switzerland for two years, for the Swiss do not feel this way about their country.

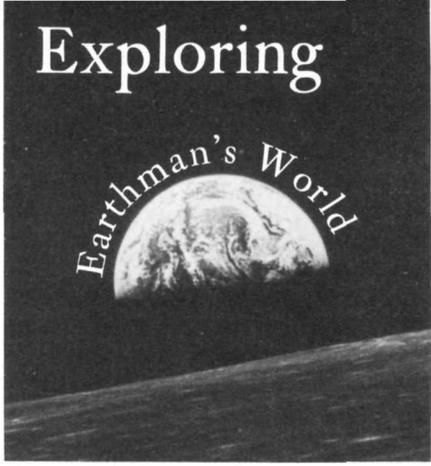
I recall walking one day in the Parc des Eaux Vives in Geneva and stopping to view the numerous redwoods that had been grown there from seedlings brought from California over 100 years ago. As I stood there, a rather poor-looking man walked off the path to retrieve a newspaper lying among the giant trees. Stepping with utmost care among the tiny plants that grew there, he got the paper, folded it neatly, and carried it to an inconspicuous disposal can some distance away. All this had taken him some distance from his course, but he seemed undisturbed by the necessity for doing what was evidently his civic duty.

At the time—being newly arrived in the country—I saw this act as a fine example of the devotion that the Swiss had to their parks. Indeed, this devotion is so great that one rarely sees such an act performed, for there is rarely any litter lying about to be retrieved—at least, when tourists are not there. But the next time, and the next, and the next, that I saw a similar happening, it was *not in one of the parks*, but on some "ordinary" street.

Most often, the reaction of the Swiss was so swift that the source of the trash was still present. I have one especially vivid image of a gentleman in formal dress near the Opera picking up an empty cigarette package that had been crumpled and dropped by a man in front of him. Catching the litterer's attention, he handed him his package, saying in French, "I believe this is yours."

# Exploring

Earthman's World



## THE NATION AS A PARK

A series of short articles examining man's relationship to nature

### Gerald M. Weinberg

For his troubles, he received an answer in English (American English): "Thanks, but it's just *garbage*."

"Yes, I know," said the Swiss, switching to English to accommodate this guest of his country. "But here in Switzerland we don't drop our garbage in the street."

By the end of my stay in that Alpine wonderland, I came to realize that the Swiss do not think about their country the way Americans generally do. Although they have a "national park" (which need make no apologies to any in the United States), the general Swiss attitude is that their *entire country is a park!* Or possibly that it is not a park at all, but simply their home—and who throws trash on the floor at home? Or possibly it is a park *and* a home, for in a small country one cannot afford the luxury of fragmenting one's living space as we seem to do here.

But time grows short for us, for our country, too, grows smaller. (Indeed, the earth is growing smaller.) Perhaps it is impossible to keep our parkways free of litter *because* we have set them aside as parkways—and thus set aside every other road as a garbageman. Perhaps it is impossible to keep our streams free of chemicals *because* we have set aside some streams as nonpollutable and thus, in a backhanded way, authorized the pollution of all the others. Is it really worse to throw a soda bottle into Brilliant Pool at Yellowstone than into the Hudson River at Yonkers? Is it really worse to carve initials in a Muir Woods Sequoia than in a pitifully struggling little tree on Sixth Avenue? Does respect for our "temples not built with hands" precede or follow simple respect for the "houses built with hands" that happen to be the places where we spend most of our lives?

For me, the picture seems clear enough. By concentrating solely on the preservation of the national parks—by elevating them to the role of holy shrines above the dung heap in which we live most of our days—we may succeed in preserving them for a decade or two after the rest of our home is entirely destroyed, but then they too will surely fall. Only a nation with the concept of "the nation as a park" can hope to preserve our national parks in perpetuity—not as examples of beauty alone among man's ugliness but as examples of nature's grand untouched beauty as contrasted to the tiny beauties that man has managed to forge. ■

*Dr. Weinberg holds a degree in Communications Sciences and is a general systems theorist at the School of Advanced Technology, State University of New York at Binghamton.*

**Coming back** not long ago from a 9,600-mile, 22-day tour of the country, I felt I must have received as fully as anyone could the visual impact the American land is capable of making. Those who have made longer and more leisurely excursions will have seen more of it but, I think, will have missed the overwhelming effect of getting it all in one sustained draught.

Traveling alone in a small camping bus, I had America before me, all to myself, the whole day long, day after day. I lived it, ate it (in the bus), generally slept it (again in the bus), and awakened to it. (The need to bathe did require occasional nights in a motel.) What I opened my eyes on in the morning might be a forested mountainside or a sweep of grasslands with a western meadowlark singing from a slab of sandstone, or it might be a highway intersection from a service station or a muddy trailer court in a drab village on a high and arid plain. ("Medicine Bow. Home of Owen Wister's 'The Virginian.'") It depended on whether I was lucky enough to find a park with campgrounds at nightfall. In any case, there was nothing to distract me from the scene, even as an agreeable companion would have done. I was with it, altogether.

I had been doubtful of being able to carry the trip off, with so much driving, and in solitude. However, having agreed to do a book that called for a much wider acquaintance with the physiognomy of the country than I then possessed, I had to see as much of it as I could, and my deadline was such that three weeks seemed as much time as I could spare for it. (The book was to be a geological history of North America written for the layman with, it was hoped, the enthusiasm of an amateur.) As it worked out, by providing myself with a tape-recorder to talk into and comfort myself with the sound of my own voice and by dismounting every couple of hours to jog for a quarter of a mile or so, I got along very well. I came back stunned from what I had seen and wishing I had had the benefit at some stage of my education of a really good course in messiahship. How do you go about arousing a nation, anyway?

From my home in northern Virginia I drove down the Appalachians of summits remote and aloof and of secret valleys, down the length of the Blue Ridge and across the Smokies. (By the ancient rocks, among the ancient boles of the trees the flowers were fairylike, and the May foliage itself was flowerlike, while the spruce and fir forests of the Black Mountains, up in the sky, were rimed from a freezing cloud.) I went from end to end of Tennessee on a highway that sliced in a single cut through a hundred thousand years of shales or limestones left course on course by Paleozoic seas; across the world's longest river, slipping seaward with its arcane knowledge of the land and its load of sediment to spread its deltas over the edge of the continental shelf; past the Ouachitas of Arkansas and Oklahoma, offshoots of the folded Appalachians, and the last stand of the leafy eastern forest; over the long-grass and short-grass plains, which have the sweep and swell of the ocean, and so into the arid West, where the flash floods of ten million years have cut the defenseless land down by hundreds or thousands of feet to leave glowering mesas like the hulks of enormous ships at anchor. At Santa Fe I saw the Southern Rockies rise out of Glorieta Pass, hump on hump to where the rock breaks through the soil and snow above the

## THE CONTINENT IN OUR HANDS

Charlton Ogburn, Jr.

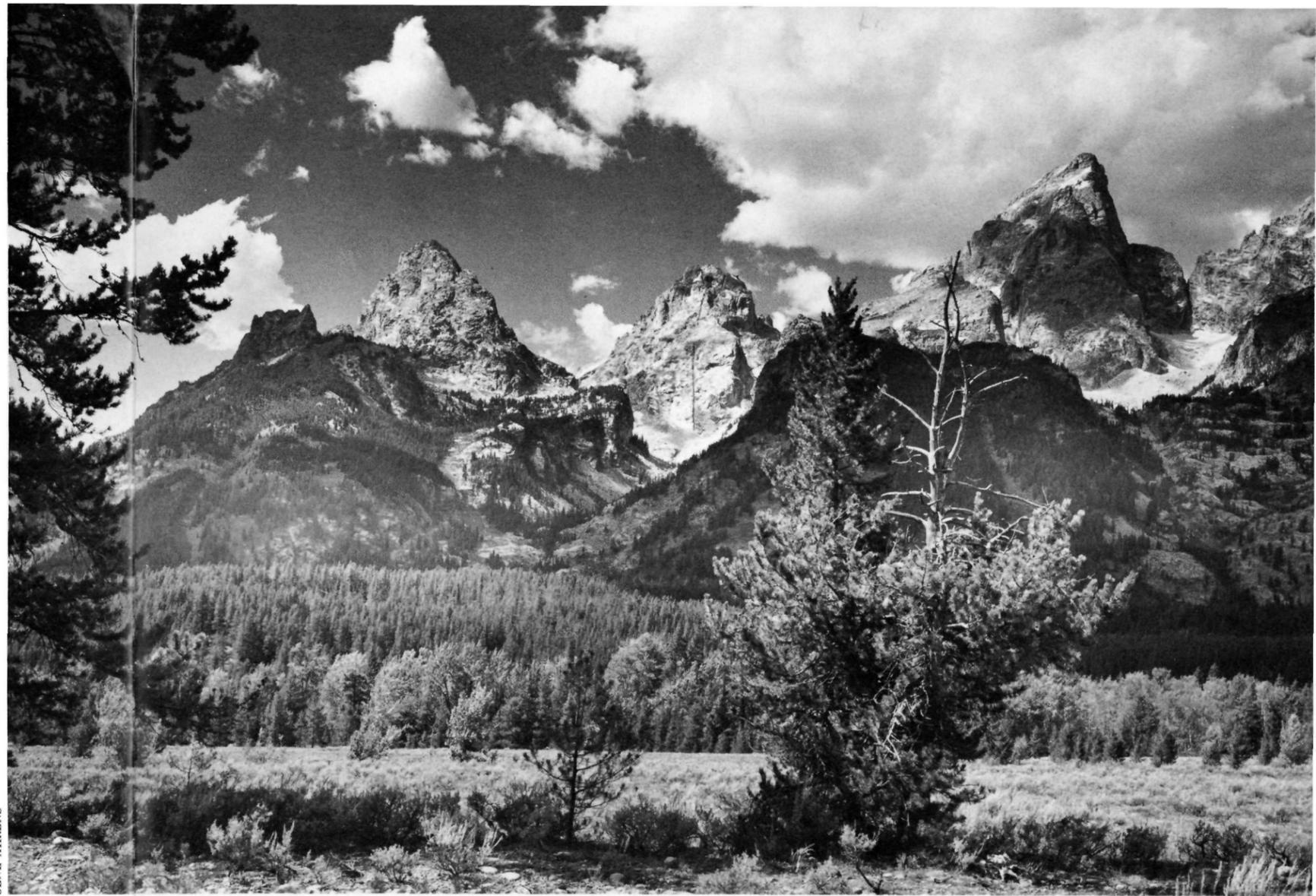
western forest that begins on their slopes—columnar ponderosa pine, mast-straight Douglas fir, and still-leafless aspen. With Flagstaff came the first of the volcanic provinces, and above it the snow-capped, truncated cone of Novatukia Ovi—the San Francisco Peaks. From that abyss between stacked precipices of gouged rock a mile deep in which a billion years repose in a calm and silence beyond profundity—the Grand Canyon—my way led through the portals of the Underworld, where the Colorado has plowed Black Canyon through volcanic rock, thence over and among the raw-boned mountains of a Plutonic realm seared with the torch of the desert sun, among them the Amargosas and Panamints that enclose the burning wastes of Death Valley, finally to the giant Inyos, beyond which, like a curtain drawn across the western sky, rising 10,000 feet from the valley to the procession of white peaks ("My God, what a range!" cries my voice from the tape), the Sierra Nevada! From the highway between them, the long, snow-capped ranges of the Sierra and the White Mountains seemed—or so says the tape—"to assure the possibility of ascending to

some higher realm of being and of singleness of soul." The road climbed among the Gothic forms into which the granite block of the Sierra has been given by the frosts of eons, up into thin, icy air and sunlight warm as summer; but, spring or not, the passes were blocked by drifts, and to cross the range I had to drive north to the lower elevations around Lake Tahoe, grey and choppy as the sea in a subfreezing wind.

What mountains our country has! "Early morning, creeping in second gear past the huge tree trunks, blue sky overhead and the sun picking the great conifers out of the mist": that was crossing the Klamaths. (Never have I seen such a road for curves. "You've bent my bus!" I complained to the postmistress of Bridgeville.) On the other side the road wound down hair-raising slopes to the redwood forests of the coast. ("You don't see the tops of the trees at all, just the enormous, fluted, creosote-brown trunks, and the delicate, light, almost floating foliage. Awesome . . . august. But they touch the heart. . . . Any church that didn't regard these groves as close to the divinity would be essen-

tially irreligious.") Where the Coast Range runs out into the Pacific in dark headlands hewn deep by breaking waves second to none in the world for mass and power, I turned back.

Crossing the Cascades in sight of the ermine-robed volcanic cone of Mount Shasta, an unearthly apparition standing all by herself, I traversed the northern end of the Great Basin, through the Great Sandy Desert of Oregon where the empty highway passes beneath the somber escarpment of Abert's Rim—a block of the volcanic rock forming the Columbia Plateau somehow thrust 2,500 feet above its base. Passing among the green, smooth mountains of the Malheur Valley of eastern Oregon ("as if worn by water out of cakes of green soap a thousand feet high"), I followed the Snake to the boiling springs, steaming fissures, and roaring geysers of Yellowstone that attest the near proximity, beneath the surface, of rocks still hot from the elemental furnace. Below Yellowstone came the Grand Tetons: they seemed to me the most thrilling mountains of all, more jagged than any, a conflagration in snow-capped rock



GENE AHRENS

*The Grand Tetons . . . the most thrilling mountains of all, more jagged than any, a conflagration in snow-capped rock . . .*

mounting skyward. In Wyoming, descending that stream of loveliest name—the Wind River—and impounding on tape the bawling of a herd of Herefords that clogged the road, I passed north of the Medicine Bows and south of the Laramies and then, in Colorado, drove as far as I could into the snow-banked fastness of the Front Range, where the billion-year-old rock of the continental basement has been buckled up to more than 14,000 feet above sea-level in mountain monsters precipitous in slope and sharp-edged in ridge and peak from the bite of the Pleistocene glaciers.

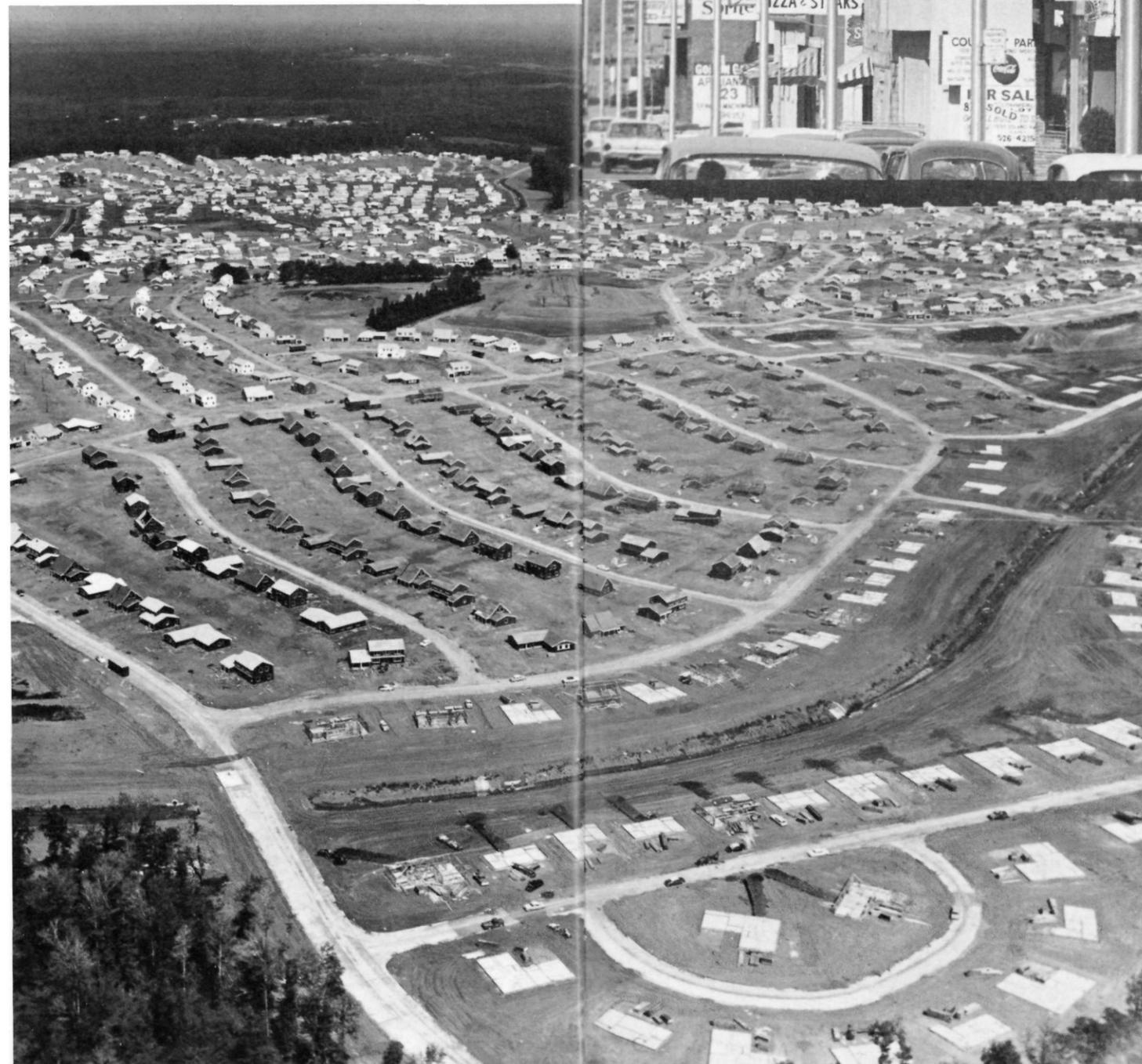
Recrossing the wind-blown plains over which the clouds draw the eye to illimitable distances, reluctantly passing the cobalt-blue glacial lakes of eastern North Dakota that are home to ducks, shorebirds, and grebes, I entered the continent-spanning boreal forest of spruce, birch, and aspen in eastern Minnesota and stayed with it around the northern rim of Lake Superior, where hills of the continent's oldest exposed rock—the rock of the Canadian Shield—look across ice-cold waters that could be those of the ocean but for their formless waves and the trees growing to their edge. The last leg took me through the Adirondacks—synonym to me of the northern wilderness in my boyhood and redolent of its fragrance no less today—and below the massive summits of New Hampshire's White Mountains where on great Agichook (Mount Washington in the school books) the Arctic has its southernmost outpost in the East. Exhausted, I pulled over to the side of a toll station on the New Hampshire Turnpike at eleven p.m. on the twenty-first day and spent the night there.

Such is the splendor, the variety, the grandeur of the country—still remaining—that I arrived back at home pierced through by it, dazed by it, groggy from it. And such is the tawdriness, the bleakness, the sordidness of most of what we have contributed to it that I was overpowered by that, too.

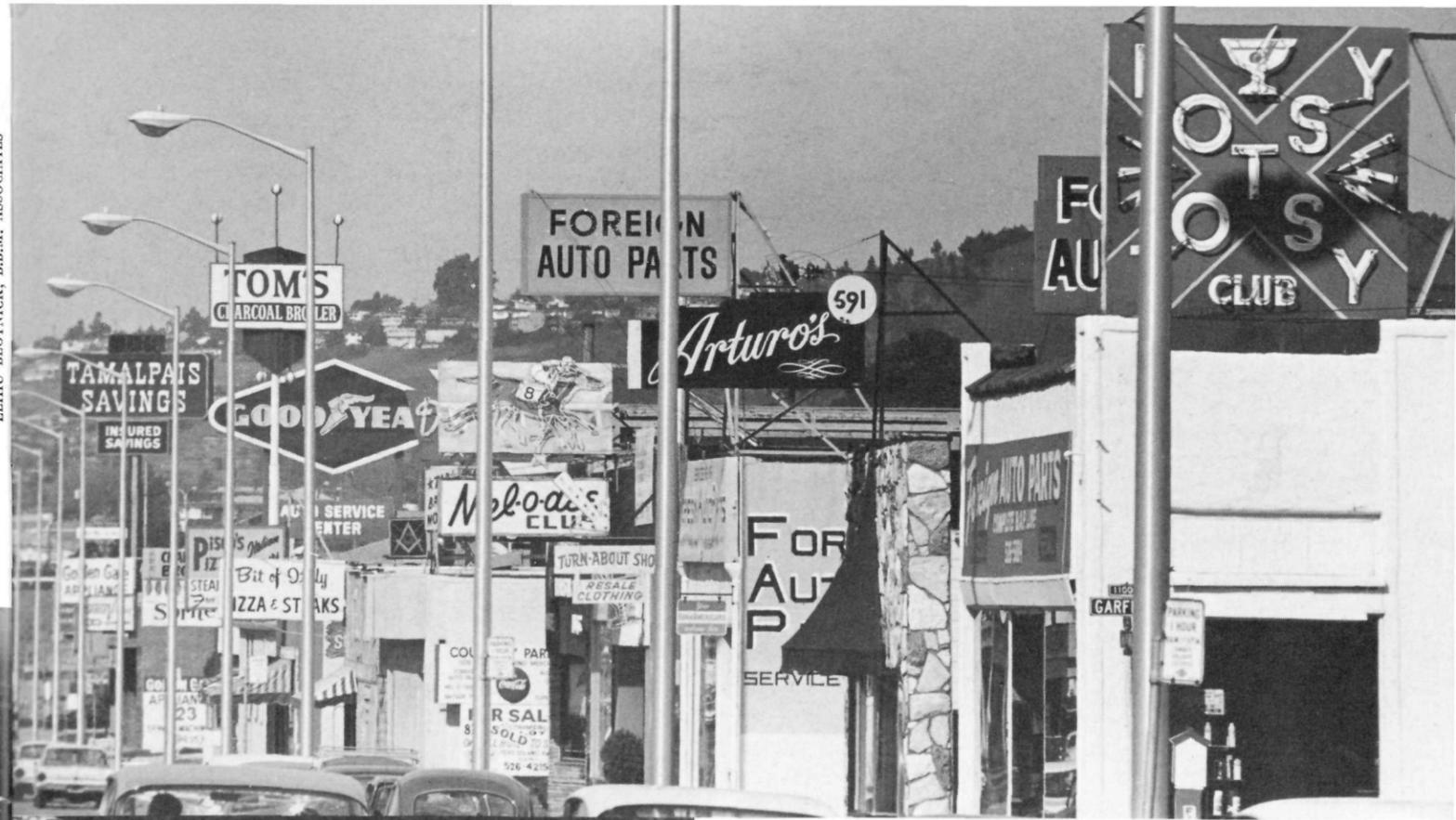
The pure, visual hell with which the typical American community surrounds itself is of course nothing new to anyone who has moved about at all in our country. But to run the gamut of it, the sometimes hours' gamut, again and again, in place after place, day after day, over thousands of miles—the disheveled and disrupted earth, bulldozed and disemboweled; the gas stations, motels, truck depots, eateries ("Burgers Shakes Cones"), drug-, hardware-, and auto-supply stores, real-estate and insurance agencies, construction equipment yards, auto-wreckers, industrial plants, and power stations and countless other manifestations of an insatiable and relentless commercialism making up a chaos of clashing colors and heterogeneous and meaningless structural forms; the blatant, strident, chromatically screaming devices of an all-consuming and pathological hucksterism, and all combined in a patternless and mostly trashy extravaganza as nerve-wracking as it is cheap and debasing—that is something else.

(At Wall, South Dakota, I had had enough. For a hundred miles or more there had been roadside signs jocosely touting the wonders of the Wall Drug Store—more and more, a goddamn procession of them. "Let the dirge for

America be a Nervous Requiem"; I don't know where the thought came from; I was working myself up to a pitch from which I could not back down with self-respect. At Wall I pulled up in front of the accursed emporium and strode in and up to a grey-haired man at the cash register. "Do you know who the manager is?" He was the manager. "I want you to know," I said in a carrying voice but one trembling with rage, "that you and those like you are more dangerous enemies of the United States than the Communists. Here we are given this magnificent country and all you can do is prostitute it with your miserable billboards, across half the state." He looked utterly dumbfounded, and I was aware that everything around us had stopped. "You get out of here!" he cried. "We don't want your kind here!" But I was already halfway out the door. When I



ELIHU BLOTNICK, B.B.M. ASSOCIATES



... visual hell ... characterless ramblers on raw lots ...

reached the bus I saw that he had followed me out and was taking down the number on my license plate.)

Inhabiting a continent as superbly endowed as any known to man, rich almost beyond measure, the American people must yet, I thought, be the most sensorily starved, sensorily abused people on earth—and one of the most spiritually, or physically, deprived. No, more. They must be insane to have created such a nightmare for themselves or must go insane from living with it.

It is true that those you encounter seem quite calm and impervious to it all and are as patient, good humored, and helpful with a stranger as Americans are reputed to be. You yourself would probably give an impression of normality. Yet you are not reassured. The thought persists that a civilization may go mad while the people who compose it, taken individually, remain on the whole rational and responsible. Such would seem to have been the case with Nazi Germany. But it goes beyond that.

You have the impression that most of what is not new, unseasoned, and unassimilated in our country is run down and deteriorating. Overwhelmingly, it seems, our dwellings are characterless "ramblers" on raw lots fresh from the building-supplies distributor and sheet-metal, packing case, robot-built "mobile homes" totally expressive of a dreary transience. Or they are drab, shabby houses put up a generation or two or three ago and, by their looks, with little work and less love having been invested in them since then. Never mind—for the moment—that it is not all this way; the salient quality of our culture seems to be impermanence.

DEPARTMENT OF HOUSING AND URBAN DEVELOPMENT



We are, of course, notoriously a people on the move. I found myself constantly brought back to an utterance by Lord Dunmore when he was the Royal Governor of Virginia: "I have learnt from experience that the established Authority of any government in America, and the policy of the Government at home, are both insufficient to restrain the Americans; and that they do and will remove as their avidity and restlessness excite them. They acquire no attachment to Place. But wandering about seems engrafted in their Nature; and it is a weakness incident to it, that they should for ever imagine the Lands further off, are still better than those upon which they are already settled."

Abuse followed by neglect: that is the impression the traveler receives of our treatment of the land. Having consistently moved to newer lands in the West as we exhausted the fertility of the old, we have since been abandoning the land altogether as a way of life and in swelling numbers herding into the cities—to pour out again in the periodic diasporas of holidays. Last year we clocked a trillion miles on the odometers of our motorcars. On the average, we move our homes every five years. *We acquire no attachment to Place.* Mobility is with us very nearly the supreme good—the mobility that superficializes, if I may so express it, our relationship with the land. Abandoned fields, some complete with farmhouse and outbuildings in decay—mouldering barns in Minnesota the size of railroad depots—mountainsides blasted open and valleys piled with rubble for a \$70 billion Interstate Highway program and cities drawn and quartered in the same cause, decaying city cores and ubiquitous spreading suburbs that by their indistinguishability one from another from New England to California and from Virginia to the Great Lakes, demonstrate how far we have lost local roots: those are signs of contemporary America.

Perhaps because my reading of history tells me, rightly or wrongly, that peoples with psychological security and staying power are peoples wedded to the land and part of it and with a strong sense of community, I wondered as the country unreeled before me (and as I still wonder) what we would fall back on if the material prosperity by which we live and our national safety were imperiled—adversities other peoples have had to endure time and again. I recalled how the economic setback of the 1930's—a minor one measured by the hardships other peoples were suffering—had shaken our confidence in what the nation stood for and made fellow travelers of a whole crop of intellectuals and the most powerful man in Congress of Huey P. Long. I recalled how China's rejection of our missionaries and adherence to the camp of our enemies was enough to produce the hysteria of the Joseph McCarthy era, when citizens on the streets of Wisconsin were afraid to subscribe to the Declaration of Independence and a man overheard criticizing Chiang Kai-shek in a restaurant in Texas was hauled off to jail.

There has never been the stabilizing force among us of a feeling of identity with the land. "Modern American civilization did not evolve organically out of this continent's

soil or historical past," Rene Dubos of the Rockefeller University has observed, but from "conquest, the enemy being nature itself." And by way of contrast, Dubos quotes the lofty utterance of the Indian chief for whom the city of Seattle is named: "Our dead never forget the beautiful world that gave them being. . . . Every part of this country is sacred to my people. . . . The very dust . . . responds more lovingly under our footsteps than under yours." Our occupation of the land has been like a loveless marriage in which the dominant partner, having entered in the quest of gain, tries to escape its essential emptiness in material acquisitions, roving, and the pursuit of sensation.

We have also lacked a binding sense of community. Generally shared national antecedents and a common historical experience perhaps produced a family feeling in Yankee New England. It certainly produced one in the white South. But even in the South the consciousness of community is fast fading. A family feeling has surely been characteristic of ethnic groups in America and is pronounced today among the Jews and obviously growing among the Negroes. But to no great degree has there ever been an American community. In his relationship both with the land and with his compatriots, the American is generally denied the comfort and support of "belonging."

What we have had to give us a common direction and purpose is a shared vision of a better world to be won. That vision has been the American Dream—of individual freedom, general plenty, and equality in a nation stretching from sea to sea, superior and immune to the devilments of the world beyond. It was because they seemed to impugn the validity of the American Dream that the Great Depression and the defection of China shook our nerve as they did. (The Asians were to have been our grateful tutelaries while the Europeans were held at arm's length.) But the American Dream has carried us about as far as it can. Half of it—the notion that we could have the external world on our own terms—has proved to be unrealistic. For the rest, we have the dream within our grasp—and our feeling is one of letdown. Perhaps that must always be the way when a dream is achieved. The achievement raises more problems than it solves, especially the problem of where you go next. Remnants of poverty among us remain to be dealt with as do the remaining denials of full and fair opportunities for Negroes. But anyone who believes that all will be well with us when anyone willing to exert himself can expect to achieve a split-level on a quarter-acre with color television and two late models from Detroit in the carport is, I think, misjudging what is amiss with us. We are more confused about ourselves than we have ever been before, it would seem, and more at odds with ourselves than at any other time since the Civil War. We are at a pass at which it is possible for a respected critic, Brooks Atkinson, to declare that "Life could not be more ugly or futile than it is in America at the moment." One might comment that it is bound to give such an impression when self-gratification is the ultimate aim. We have become a permissive society because we know of few grounds on which anyone should be denied anything he wants.

It has always been a cardinal weakness of the American



Dream that its central preoccupation has been the deserts of the individual. The bounty of the earth, the nation, and even, it would appear, God himself has no higher function than to serve the individual and to promote his satisfactions. This way of looking at things has made us a nation of go-getters. But if life has no other meaning than what I can get out of it and what others essentially like me can get out of it, I am not going to be reconciled and sustained when what I am getting out of it is not very much—which is bound to be a lot of the time—and when I see extinction as the end of it all. (A substantial portion of Americans, admittedly, profess a belief in an after-life, but probably most, even of these, look for a justification of life in this world. In the roll of Other-Worldly societies, ours would certainly not lead all the rest; and one less guided by the injunction “Lay not up treasures upon earth” would be hard to imagine.) We extol the ideal of service

**Charlton Ogburn, Jr., is the author of a number of books, including *The Forging of Our Continent* and *The Winter Beach*, winner of the John Burroughs Medal.**



*A society less guided than ours by the injunction “Lay not up treasures upon earth” would be hard to imagine.*



PHOTOGRAPHS BY ELIHU BLATNICK, B.B.M. ASSOCIATES

to others, and a noble and civilizing ideal it is; but if the ultimate purpose is for everyone to advance the cause of others intrinsically no different from himself, we have something perilously close to everyone taking in everyone else's washing. People are not going to be indefinitely satisfied with that. If they are to bear up, human beings have to see something beyond the mere collection of rather sorry specimens of their kind that meets the eye. They are bound to look for a more transcendent rationale, one that will give meaning to their straitened existence, and under the lash of adversity have proved capable of following some very queer soothsayers who provide one, ranging from revivalists of our rural hinterland to the Mahdi of the Sudan and Adolf Hitler.

The other critical weakness of the American Dream is that it has put the national patrimony pretty much at the mercy of the acquisitive—still in the name of individual rights. The result has been the achievement of a gross national product unmatched in history. While continuing to exploit our natural riches with insatiable appetite, our entrepreneurs have been exploiting with increasing vigor the market—us; from sea to shining sea we are given over to a commercialism that appalls the traveler with its aggressiveness and vulgarity—its negation of form and meaning in life. But here again the end of the Dream is in sight. Whether we can take much more abuse of our senses and disintegrative violence to our inner order, I do not, as I say, pretend to know. It is evident, however, that our homeland cannot stand much more pillaging, the medium of our existence much more prostitution.

“Man, in the process of seeking a ‘better way of life,’ is destroying the natural environment that is essential to any kind of human life at all,” says Lamont C. Cole of Cornell; “during his time on earth, man has made giant strides in the direction of ruining the arable land upon which his food supply depends, fouling the air he must breathe and the water he must drink and upsetting the chemical and climatic balances upon which his very existence depends.” In the van is the juggernaut of American industry and public works. “Conservation's concern now is not only for man's enjoyment,” President Johnson declared, “—but for man's survival.”

True—but I doubt that that consideration is going to supply what is needed to save the environment, at least until people start collapsing around us. It certainly has not so far. It brings to mind a statement by the noted nineteenth century historian, Lord Acton: “The pursuit of a remote and ideal object which captivates the imagination by its splendor and the reason by its simplicity evokes an energy which would not be inspired by a rational, possible end, limited by many antagonistic claims, and confined to what is reasonable, practicable and just.”

To realize their potential, men require a vision, a vision of an ideal order to which they may aspire, for which they may toil and sacrifice, and which will justify their toil and sacrifice. It was that kind of vision that the American Dream supplied, giving us a national purpose almost from the beginning of Jamestown. What is needed now is a vision to carry us on from where it has left us, in which its fatal shortcomings will be made good—a vision that will

move us to protect, husband, and cultivate our homeland, and man's, as powerfully as the American Dream moved us to despoil it, that will give us the sense of an association with what is lasting and superior to any individual.

It must look beyond the people. Had the ultimate aim of Greece in its Golden Age or of Europe in the thirteenth century been the gratification of people, the great and noble temples above the Aegean and the soaring cathedrals that rose where wolves still howled would never have been built. They were built not for people but in tribute to the eternal, and consequently they uplifted the lives they touched and cast a transfiguring light over civilization.

So it was, too, with the achievements of Florence, Venice, and Siena in their prime. When, in the late Middle Ages and Renaissance, Italy held the position of the United States today as the wealthiest country in the world, says Bertrand de Jouvenal of the University of Paris, "she gave the world what is still our richest patrimony. Is it not time for her heirs to emulate her?" To that end perhaps we should heed an observation by the German art-historian Wolfgang Braunfels: "Siena would never have become the city we see today without, *first*, the belief that the ordering of the town was a mirror of the cosmos and so of life itself, *secondly*, that this order could be manifested in symbolic form and, *thirdly*, that it was incumbent on every citizen to collaborate in the establishment of this order." Inasmuch as the Sienese conception of beauty was an evolving one, he explains, "we have a living city," the product of "a long and sustained effort to reach a Utopian perfection."

In the midst of our continent's deterioration, when we seem most likely to achieve an overcrowded, junk-filled desert, it may seem preposterous to speak of aiming at a garden that will harmonize the best of nature and the best of man, mirroring and symbolizing the cosmic order as science and an awareness of the consummate artistry of creation reveal it to us. But the unattainability of an ideal is nothing against it. Quite to the contrary. And is it entirely unattainable?

**B**efore we had fully wiped out the fauna that astonished the first explorers of North America with its richness and splendor, we did step in with laws to save much of the remainder. Our national parks are the admiration and envy of the world. The establishment in 1964 of a national wilderness preservation system shows a breadth of mind on the part of the nation one would scarcely have dared hope for a decade before. The defilers of the national landscape may still operate largely unchecked, but with the Johnson administration it was at least established that ugliness is against the national interest. For all the blight we have brought on it, America is also a country in which the race has expressed itself in grace and beauty. There are few American communities in which somewhere, at least, nature has not been manipulated to felicitous effect in compositions of trees, shrubs, flowers, and greensward. In few parts of man-made America does one travel many miles without beholding landscapes that rejoice the heart. Much of New England and the southern Piedmont, with their balance of meadows, woods, and sky, their near views of

blossoming hillsides and ferny vales and distant sweep of tranquil hills, offer more to the eye and spirit and potentially succor a greater variety and abundance of life than they did when they lay in the half-life of an unbroken forest. And in the best work of our architects and artisans, illustrious and anonymous, we have built to match. Surely that is true of the time from the early eighteenth century to the Civil War—since when our better creative instincts have been swamped by our worst, which the genie of the machine has given us the power to implement. Go to any of the older parts of the nation and you will be charmed by the buildings you find that accord with and enhance their surroundings and, in their style and proportion, reflect a vision of concord and discipline in the society that produced them. Whatever their shortcomings in other directions, our forefathers shared a belief in a natural, or God-given, order that stood as a model and precept for man.

Chewing up and debasing the environment on which our lives and/or sanity depend is extremely profitable or, where it is not, generally productive of something people want, such as highways. To curb the Moloch that is in us is going to take the strongest medicines available, by which I mean religious and patriotic sanctions. And surely these are in order. What is at stake are the masterworks of the Creator and the character of America, the scenes that make our love of country what it is. Those who heedlessly pillage the American land are asking for and will be stopped only by the kind of animosity that is spontaneously visited on the sacrilegious and traitorous. Only when Congressmen who piously plug prayers in school and legislate respect for the flag while condoning the rape of the nation's natural and historic heritage are seen as the hypocrites they are shall we be able to look ahead with hope.

Thanks to our vaulting technology, the fate of the continent in all its sublimity and of the life it supports—our own and that of an infinite variety of marvelously contrived plants and animals—is now largely in our hands. To the extent that we can desolate the earth or glorify it, we have displaced the rule of Nature, or, as Jefferson had it, Nature's God; at least we have made ourselves the surrogates of the Supreme Power. Along with attaining to exhilarating, breathtaking possibilities, as we know without perhaps knowing why, are obligations that cannot be evaded without inviting a reckoning strict in its exaction of an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth. Supplant a king, and the functions of a king inescapably devolve upon you. Supplant a God and his equally are yours to discharge.

If religion and patriotism alike enjoin us to protect and foster our homeland, as surely they do, another consideration is even more impelling. It is called *noblesse oblige*, and what it means is being worthy of one's advantages. When our astronauts landed on the moon, it seemed that the American people, even in their intense excitement at the peerless exploit, had been given pause, had been subdued, as perhaps by a sense that where before we were merely one nationality among a number, we had been elevated to a role in which small-mindedness and narrow self-seeking would be impermissible. If so, what we were experiencing was a sense of *noblesse oblige*—and the moon voyage was well worth all it cost. ■

## MINING THREATENS CANOE AREA

Exploration for minerals began last summer in Minnesota's Boundary Waters Canoe Area, a wilderness comprising half of the 2-million-acre Superior National Forest on the U.S.-Canada border. If workable minerals are found, mining could destroy the area as a wilderness.

The situation illustrates a state of affairs that exists in several public natural areas because of archaic mining laws, and it may prove the test case whereby the government determines whether private mineral exploitation should take precedence over preservation of natural areas for the public.

Basically, nineteenth century mining laws allow mineral leaseholders on the public lands to extract the minerals in any "reasonable" way. The test of "reasonable" is almost purely economic, with little or no concern for natural surroundings. The principal leaseholder in the Canoe Area is G. W. St. Clair. He maintains that current prospecting is simply for the purpose of assessing the worth of his 200 square miles of mineral leases, with an eye toward being paid for his mineral rights by the federal government. But he is also prospecting another 300 square miles for other leaseholders, and the likelihood of a worthwhile strike in such a wide area is considered fairly great. The government may be unwilling or unable to pay St. Clair and the others more than they could make from working a good strike on the leases.

All these considerations, however, ignore the public's rights. St. Clair has paid no taxes on his leases; they have cost him nothing to hold and probably cost relatively little to acquire. Any profit he makes speculating on public lands will

have come out of the public's hide; the public would rather have a unique canoeing wilderness than a rich Mr. St. Clair.

Surely it is time to put an end to century-old practices for the promotion of mining on public land, so that these crises do not keep recurring.

## THE BANK EXECUTIVES OF TOMORROW

Nobody was saying it out loud, until Dr. René Dubos got stung by a heckler in a New York City environmental meeting, but a lot of people have been wondering how long the current campus enthusiasm for environmentalism will last.

Dubos was urging his youthful audience to adopt a new personal ethic, to accept responsibility for industrial pollution by virtue of their demand for cheap, wasteful luxury. One member of the audience interrupted to read a fact sheet of industrial environmental sins (obviously missing Dubos' point in the process); others shouted "Who's at fault?"

"You kids who are going to have the teach-ins are going to go out and do a few activities," Dubos shot back, "but then you're going to get bored with it and become the vice-presidents of the banks of tomorrow."

America loves a fad, and from the nature of some of them it seems that the act of rebellion, not the cause, attracts some people. The environmental cause is survival, however. Let us hope that the new environmental awareness lives on and becomes more than a fad, that tomorrow's bank presidents remain as concerned about human survival as they are today.

## POINT REYES SEASHORE AUTHORITY BOOSTED, AGAIN

Congress has once again boosted the authorization for land acquisition at Point Reyes National Seashore, this time by a whopping \$57.5 million. That is the price of hesitant fiscal bumbling. It is safe to say that if the money is ever appropriated and spent, it will have gone in large part simply to enrich some California land speculators.

Point Reyes was one of the first national seashores authorized. It extends along 45 miles of coast, starting 30 miles above San Francisco. The initial authorization of \$14 million in 1962, however, was not appropriated and spent with any alacrity. Word of the park sped around; not surprisingly in such a metropolitan area, land prices zoomed, and the \$14

million no longer was up to the job. A supplemental authorization of \$5.1 million for land was made in 1966. But more delays and more brisk speculation rendered that sum also obsolete. To date, of the 53,000 acres authorized for the park, only 23,000 acres have been purchased.

The recently passed supplemental authorization bill hopefully will permit spending enough money to complete purchase of the land. In addition, the bill repeals a section of the 1962 authorization bill that forbade the Secretary of the Interior to condemn land in the "pastoral zone" in excess of 500 acres so long as it remained in agricultural use. Not only did this provision result in a crazy-quilt acquisition pattern, but it allowed land to be held against inevitable price rises and so permitted covert speculation.

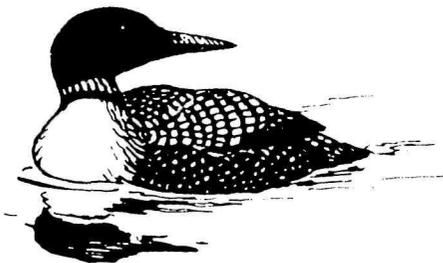
Point Reyes is easily accessible for day use by more than 5 million people in the San Francisco Bay region; last year nearly 1 million visitors were counted, an increase of about 70 percent over 1968. Obviously the seashore is valuable from a recreation standpoint alone. It also represents a preserve of natural beauty against the abominable kind of development that California is wont to inflict on its shores. Now that the hobbling pastoral zone provision is gone, there should be no more procrastination in fabricating a true national seashore from the bits and pieces so far accumulated. There are strong signs that the Administration is willing to expedite the freeing of the money itself, which is very good. It is just a shame that the full amount was not made available in 1962. The taxpayers might have saved \$50 million or so.

## TULE ELK PRESERVE PROPOSED

"It took ages of nature's time to produce a species. To be guilty of contributing toward the extinction of a species is like tearing up the foundation planks of the universe," remarked Dr. Lloyd Ingles, a leading mammalogist, in support of the Committee for the Preservation of the Tule Elk. The quote led off the committee's testimony before Congress recently.

The tule elk, numbering less than 300, are among the rare and endangered mammals listed by the Bureau of Sport Fisheries and Wildlife. They have been reduced by aircraft hunts and squeezed off lands near Los Angeles. Pending legislation (H.R. 14603, S. 3028) would authorize the Secretary of the Interior to study the desirability of establishing a national wildlife refuge for the elk in California.

The Owens Valley, part of the natural range of the tule elk lying between the crests of the Inyo-White and Sierra Ne-





conservationists point out, which is suffering from a dearth of money, not wood.

• NPA's wilderness plan for Everglades National Park, prepared last year but held in abeyance during the fight over the Miami jetport, has been submitted to Interior Secretary Walter J. Hickel. In his covering letter, NPA President Anthony Wayne Smith commended Mr. Hickel for his stand on the jetport but pointed out that the park is threatened by "serious internal dangers as well, consisting of possible overdevelopment of the park."

The plan calls for wilderness designation for nearly all the park where facilities do not now exist. An Everglades Wilderness would take in most of the park north of the main entrance road. A Florida Bay Wilderness would include nearly all the park south of the road, including the bay. The plan suggests access ribbons for motorboats to trail bases in the wilderness, from which canoe and backpacking trips into the wilderness proper could depart.

Recognizing that the use of motorboats to reach many of the islands in the bay is "well established and probably necessary," the plan suggests a modified wilderness in the bay that would allow the closely regulated use of motorboats without confinement to access ribbons. The plan would depend heavily for its effectiveness on dispersing recreation facilities outside the park as far as possible and on using mass transportation rather than private vehicles to bring visitors into the park. An NPA covering letter to National Park Service Director George B. Hartzog notes that NPS master plans for the park "in our judgment provide for much too heavy development."

• In a related move, Mr. Smith wrote Attorney General John Mitchell urging federal action in court against the Florida Power & Light Company's plans to further thermally pollute Biscayne Bay National Monument. The letter asks the attorney general to seek an injunction to prevent construction (already begun) of a canal to carry heated effluent into the bay. The Federal Water Pollution Control Administration has charged that existing thermal pollution from the plant has caused severe damage to aquatic plants and animals in lower Biscayne Bay. The canal under construction would carry off heat from a nuclear power addition under construction that would further aggravate the situation.

• At last November's meeting of the International Union for the Conservation of Nature, held in New Delhi, Mr. Smith was instrumental on behalf of NPA in amending a resolution on pesticides to include a call for an immediate world-wide ban on the use of DDT except in

human health emergencies. The amended resolution passed by a substantial majority, although there was some strong dissent. As part of a continuing effort on the danger of pesticides, Mr. Smith has sent research reports outlining some of DDT's effects to the IUCN Committee on the Ecological Effects of Chemical Controls. The reports deal with the likelihood that pollution of the open ocean by traces of DDT is upsetting Earth's oxygen renewal system.

In other action by the Association:

• A letter from Mr. Smith to President Nixon commended the Administration for Secretary Hickel's proposal to move the civil functions of the Army Corps of Engineers into the Interior Department. The letter said the management of the nation's water resources by a military agency is an "anachronism."

• A letter to Mr. Hickel by the Everglades Coalition urged that the federal government put the highest priority on setting the environmental criteria for a Miami jetport. Mr. Smith of NPA and Dr. Elvis J. Stahr of Audubon, co-chairmen of the Coalition, noted that a new site cannot be found without the promised criteria; and until a new site is found, the threat to the Everglades remains.

• Another letter to Mr. Hickel from the Association opposed additional capacity for dams planned in Grayson County, Virginia, by the Appalachian Power Company. The additional capacity requested is intended for pollution dilution. The letter says the dams should not be built at all but that if they are, they should not be made even larger in an attempt to flush pollution. "The time is long past for constructing reservoirs for the flushing and dilution of pollution," Mr. Smith said. "The American people are going to expect government commissions and agencies to insist on complete prevention of pollution at source."

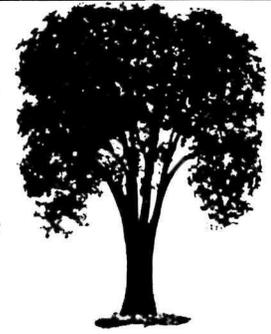
### KNOWING-THE-ENEMY DEPARTMENT

A mature remark from a leading spokesman for those who had big eyes for the dollar in the matter of the Everglades jetport: "Don't you forget it. We've got our foot in the door and we're not going to stop. Don't you think that those birds and those frogs down there have had the last word. . . ."

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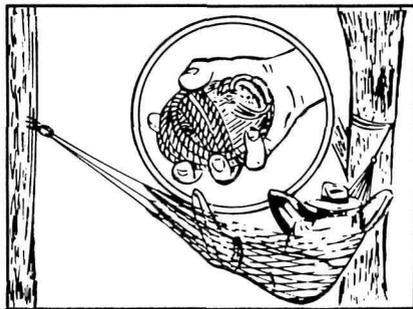
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## CONGRESSIONAL REPORTS

President Nixon has signed a bill creating the Commission on Population Growth and the American Future. John D. Rockefeller, III, has been appointed chairman by the President. The commission, to be made up of two members of each house of Congress and not more than 20 presidential appointments, has been directed by Congress to submit a report at the end of 2 years. The study is to examine the probable course of population growth and related demographic developments between now and the year 2000; the resources in the public sector of the economy that will be required to deal with this anticipated population growth; and how this growth will affect federal, state, and local government.

- Senator Gaylord Nelson (D-Wis) has introduced a bill (S. 3665), the Packaging Pollution Control Act of 1970. This bill proposes to amend the Solid Waste Disposal Act to establish economic incentives for the return, reuse, and recycling of packaging so as to reduce the public costs of disposing of packaging and other solid wastes. It also would require national standards for packaging. Significant in S. 3665 is the provision that authorizes the Secretaries of Health, Education, and Welfare and the Treasury to charge manufacturers for some of the costs of disposing of their packaging. The fee would be based on such things as the amount of recycled materials used in the packaging, its potential for further recycling, its toxicity to the environment, and its biodegradability. Collected fees would be turned over to agencies responsible for solid waste disposal.

- The Senate Subcommittee on Air and Water Pollution, chaired by Senator Edmund Muskie (D-Maine), has been conducting hearings in Washington and California on three major air pollution bills: the Air Quality Improvement Act (S. 3229), the National Air Quality Standards Act of 1970 (S. 3546), both sponsored by Senator Muskie; and the Clean Air Act Amendments of 1970 (S. 3466), the Administration bill. S. 3229 proposes an extension of national emission standards to *all* new and used commercial vehicles. (Standards at present apply only to new cars, trucks, and buses.) This bill also would establish an Office of Noise Abatement and Control.

S. 3546 requires states to set and enforce air quality standards for all areas not at present included in federal air quality regions. It also provides for suits by citizens. S. 3466, the Administration bill, provides for national air quality standards and limited national emission standards, and allows the Secretary of HEW to control use of fuel additives.

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# review

## THE LAST OF LANDS

Edited by L. J. Webb, D. Whitelock, and J. Le Gay Breerton

The Jacaranda Press Pty. Ltd., 46 Douglas Street, Milton, Queensland, Australia. 1969. 202 pages, color and black and white illustrations. \$6.95.

Next to Antarctica, Australia is the emptiest of continents. Its 3 million square miles of land—nearly as large as the “lower 48” of the United States—supports a population of only 12 million, a density of about 4 persons per square mile. Furthermore, nearly all the population is found in cities within 200 miles of the eastern seaboard or within an area no more than 200 miles square on the southwest corner of the subcontinent. Most of Australia has a population of less than one person per square mile.

In light of ecological realities, however, Australia is not nearly so “empty” of people as it seems. Considering the desert and semi-desert condition of so much of the continent, there is a question as to how large a population Australia can maintain on a “sustained yield” basis.

Conservationists and ecologists will be interested in *The Last of Lands*, which reviews the state of Australia's ecology with special reference to the development of the national parks system in that country. The book is edited by three ecologists and presents reports by 22 outstanding Australian authorities.

The book opens with the impact of recreation on ecology and conservation, followed by an analysis of development of ecosystems in Australia. A survey of the Australian flora emphasizes the unique biochemistry of many Australian species. The vertebrates of Australia also have many unique features. The platypus and the kangaroo have an international reputation, but few non-Australians are aware of the wide range of other fascinating marsupial forms found there.

Part three lists and discusses the national parks and reserves of the nation. The marine national parks are probably unmatched anywhere else.

This fascinating report is beautifully printed and richly illustrated. Although there are not many Australians, they have ample free time and a yen to inhale a few gasps of breathable air and to enjoy communing with nature. All this creates problems of congestion akin to that in parks in the overpopulated United States.

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