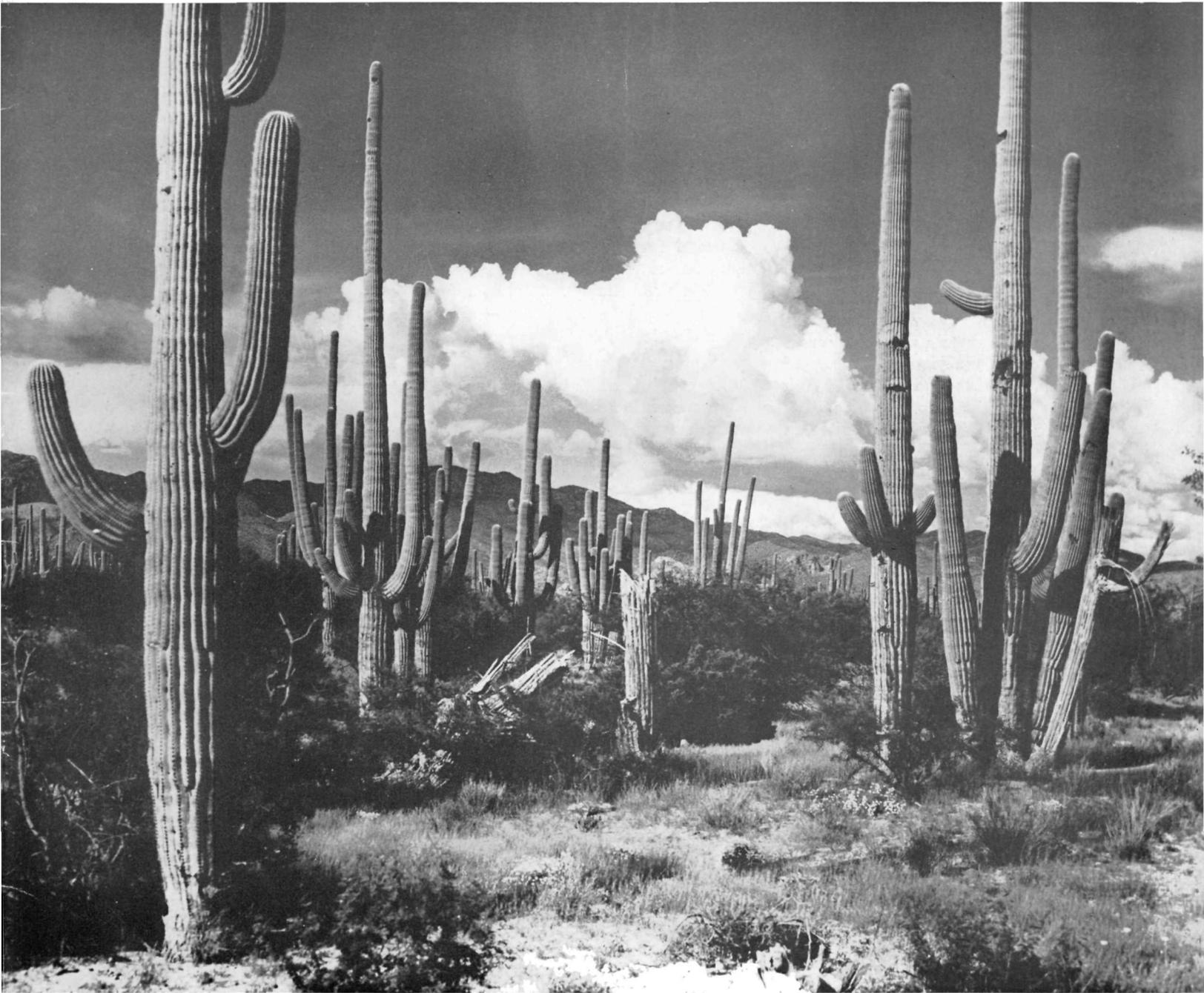


NATIONAL PARKS *Magazine*



Forest of the Giants:
Saguaro National Monument

November 1961

The Editorial Page

Success at Cape Cod

The steadily growing strength of the conservation movement in America may be read by many signs, among them passage of the bill for the establishment of the new Cape Cod Seashore by a wide margin.

One of the most magnificent ocean beaches on the continent will now be brought into Federal public ownership and protection and kept free and open for public use and enjoyment in its natural condition for this and succeeding generations.

A new and useful category of lands in the National Park System has been created, containing community and residential uses which would be unacceptable in the more highly protected reservations of full national park and monument character.

On recommendation of conservationists, the original bills were modified and in certain respects improved; the objectionable clause permitting communities to expand by 10% into the reservation has been deleted; the Monomoy Wildlife Refuge is left undisturbed under Wildlife Service administration; the Federal Government will decide whether there will be any hunting in the seashore and will control it; boundary adjustments of no great significance have been made.

It remains to be seen how workable the clauses may be which suspend the use of eminent domain in some cases while approved zoning ordinances are in effect.

Unfortunate for the rapid establishment of the Seashore and the protection of the area in the meantime was the denial of authority to contract for the acquisition of land in advance of appropriations; appropriations having been authorized, administrators should have been encouraged to proceed with expedition.

The realism of this criticism is confirmed by the near failure to provide funds to begin acquisition. Only in the Supplemental Appropriations Act were \$2¼ million out of the authorized \$16 million appropriated.

We note the resemblance to the failure to provide funds to implement the commitments in the Colorado Stor-

age Act for the protection of Rainbow Bridge Monument; conservationists will scrutinize these aspects of protection problems with increasing care in the future.

Throughout the entire legislative history of this bill, the strong hand of the Administration, brooking no interference with passage in satisfactory form, was evident.

The President was one of the original sponsors of this legislation while he was still a member of the Senate, and has repeatedly shown his personal understanding of the great issues involved and his keen interest in prompt action.

But behind this powerful Administration support is a growing public demand for protection of substantial portions of the pristine American continent in a reasonably natural condition.

—A.W.S.

The Battle For Rainbow Continues

By a hairsbreadth vote in committee, Congress has again declined to provide appropriations to protect Rainbow Bridge National Monument.

Reliable sources reported that the Appropriations Subcommittee in the House recommended the appropriation, and that by two votes on a show of hands, the full committee rejected the recommendation. A shift of one vote, and the recommendation of the subcommittee would have prevailed. Acceptance by the House and Senate would almost certainly have followed.

Conservation forces were tireless during the session in reminding members of Congress of the public agreement at the time the Upper Colorado Act was passed whereby conservationists withdrew their successful objections to the project and clauses were inserted providing for protection for the monument.

Many members of Congress expressed the view that the good faith of Congress was involved in providing appropriations.

Had the issue gone to the floor, there would have been strong bi-partisan support for an appropriation; but an amendment restoring the appropriation was ruled out of order by the

House Parliamentarian as an effort to legislate in a money bill, a familiar maneuver.

Conservationists may well ask what these developments imply with respect to Administration support. It is one thing to go on record in favor of an appropriation; quite another to do battle for it.

Appropriations bills are customarily used by an Administration to whip both friends and foes into line on measures considered important; but woe betide the unimportant measures, which fall by the wayside.

In the closing hours of the fight for Rainbow it began to seem clear that the deals had been made and Rainbow was not in the bargain. That the margin was so close speaks well for the fight the conservationists made. Bitter as this reversal may seem, and late as the hour now is, the fight to protect Rainbow is not yet over.

Any proposal at this juncture to enlarge the monument in such manner as to preclude the construction of protective works, or to substitute a new park for protection, would bring severe condemnation from defenders of Rainbow Bridge.

Conservationists will jot another note in the book: authorizations, declarations and mandates in the law are one thing, and the appropriations are another.

The Congressional commitments to protect the monument are still in the law; they still prohibit the closing of the gates at Glen Canyon Dam until protection is provided.

Meanwhile, there are supplemental appropriations bills, a new public works appropriations bill in 1962, remedies in the courts, and persistent rumors that Glen Canyon Dam may not hold water.

—A.W.S.

Exploration at Point Reyes

With the lesson of Rainbow Bridge before us, the limitations on the power of eminent domain in the Point Reyes Seashore bill as passed by the Senate must cause considerable concern.

In testifying on invitation in support of the bill, this Association expressed agreement with the provision permitting dairy ranchers in the area to continue operations.

The national objective in preserving

(Continued on page 17)

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Paul M. Tilden, Editor

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The Cover Photograph for November

It is easy to apply words such as bizarre, grotesque, unreal, and the like to the forest of great saguaro cactuses preserved in Saguaro National Monument, a few miles east of Tucson, Arizona. These plants are, indeed, grotesque to the human eye. Yet their towering, pleated columns of rib, tissue and spine are nature's answer to the life-requirements of a forbidding environment; they are the "trees" of the Sonoran desert.

A National Park Service Photograph

THE NATIONAL PARKS AND YOU

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

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

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The gaunt remains of Jack London's massive ranch house in California's new Jack London State Park near Glen Ellen have become a shrine for admirers.

The House That

By Ed Dieckmann, Jr.

Fortunately we are able to say, forty-eight years after that day in 1913, that London's premonition did not come true. For September first of last year saw the opening of Jack London Historical State Park, the 162nd link in the chain of State parks in California. The most colorful acres of London's magnificent estate are now open, safe for posterity, and in his name. This did not happen easily.

In 1909, soon after Jack and Charmian London returned from two years of sailing the Pacific and the South Seas, Jack said: "I will build a house that will last a thousand years. I will call it the House Beautiful. It will be a house of air and sunshine and laughter."

And then, with the irony that dogged Jack London all the days of his life, he added: "It will be a happy house—or else I'll burn it down."

Soon work on the "Wolf House," as he came to call it, was begun, the great blocks of purple-red volcanic stone hauled each day by team from across the valley.

Always prouder of physical accomplishments than intellectual, Jack launched himself into the challenge of becoming a master-farmer. Writing books was not enough.

"Look you, man! There's a natural basin below Sonoma. I'll throw a dam across one end, capture seven million gallons of water. I'll bring *life* to the land—and fortune!"

Life he did bring, but not fortune. Writing his heart out to pay for it all,

ONE AFTERNOON IN JUNE, 1913, Jack London, highest paid author in the world, rode on horseback to Sonoma Mountain, overlooking his ranch in the Valley of the Moon. It was a good place he had here, forty-eight miles north of San Francisco—the air like wine, the grapes on the hills green with the ripeness of summer.

And yet, with the sensitivity of the man who wrote *The Call of the Wild* and *The Sea Wolf*, Jack London felt a great sadness. For it came to him there in the bright sunlight that many men had already broken their backs and hearts over the land that was now his. These men had passed. He, too, would pass.

Despite the thirty-six books he had given the world, Jack London's name would join those on the abstract-of-

title that began in the 1840's with the vineyard called Tokay, on the *rancho* of Petaluma. Twenty names in all—not counting his own.

Together they represented an estate of 1500 acres. Then why be sad?

With his writer's brain Jack London put it into the words that described his feeling best:

"So I, too, scratch the land with my brief endeavor and flash my name across a page of legal script, ere I pass and the page grows musty."

Then, weary of his thoughts, Jack London spurred his horse down the trail to his ranch house and the waiting guests. When he strode into the dining room, he smiled the "smile that wouldn't come off," and no one but his wife Charmian could have guessed the sadness that lay beneath.

Jack Built

*Photographs by courtesy
Redwood Empire Association*

he never quite broke even. Yet he pretended not to care, and that the ranch was only his hobby. Today the evidence is plain that he did care—and the futility of his effort, coupled with other pressures, broke his heart.

In 1910 Jack's step-sister Eliza came to manage the ranch for him. With her she brought her son, Irving Shepard.

Every afternoon, riding his favorite horse, Washoe Ban, across the land to Wolf House, Jack London would gaze at its expanse of twenty-three rooms and fourteen fireplaces. In that house he would finally have room for his library of four thousand volumes—and the South Seas collection he had shipped back from the Pacific.

Experimental Farming

Breathing the scent of pine and baking earth, he told himself that life was good. And in August, 1913, with his experiments in farming promising to rejuvenate California agriculture, and with Harrison Fisher, world-famous architect, having assured him that his house "was the most beautiful house in America," life was indeed good.

But then, at two o'clock in the morning of August 19, the very morning that Jack and Charmian were to have moved in, the Wolf House burned, fired by someone with envy and skill—a clear case of arson. As Irving Stone, biographer of London, has written: "Something in his heart burned out that night and was destroyed forever."

It came to him again, the Great Fear he had felt on the mountain, that "since

the men before him, the 'possessors' of the land, had vanished, so he too would vanish, like words written on flowing water."

The outer stone shell of the Wolf House, with its fire-scarred towers jutting into the sky, was a symbol of all that was left of Jack London.

On November 22, 1916, worn out by illness, despair and the pain of uremia, Jack London died of an overdose of morphine. There are some who think it was deliberate, but the evidence is by no means conclusive. For the morphine was prescribed, and his actions were those, merely, of a pain-wracked man in the sleepless watches of the night.

His ashes were buried, as he had requested, on the hill where the children of early pioneers, "Little Lillie" and "Little David" lay, inside their tiny square of hand-hewn palings. Above his grave six horses pulled a great boulder of the red rock that had gone into the walls of the Wolf House.

And Charmian, his wife?

In 1919, knowing now that Jack's had been a life of unrealized dreams, she began work on a house that was almost to rival the Wolf House, her own "House of Happy Walls." Active, absorbed in the past, she watched the work slowly progress.

"Now," she would say, "there will

Several years after Jack London passed on, his wife Charmian began construction of the building called "The House of Happy Walls," which was finished in 1935 as her dwelling-place and eventually as a "house open to the public." In it are preserved many of author London's books and mementos.



be a place for all our treasures.”

But with the ranch mortgaged to the hilt, the work went slowly. Not until 1935, with the House of Happy Walls completed, its walls covered with mementos, did Charmian move in. Eliza and her son, Irving, married now and with a son of his own, lived on in the old ranch house, while Charmian closed herself in with the ghosts of memory.

To help pay for Charmian's house, two parcels of the ranch had been sold. Now, in 1935, Eliza and Irving opened the land as a guest ranch. And time, with its quiet power, worked changes on the place that Jack London had called "The Ranch of Good Intentions."

The sons of Irving Shepard, Jack and Milo, worked the land, went to school, grew to manhood. Then suddenly, in 1939, with the world on the brink of

war, Charmian insisted that she had to go to Europe. Frantically Eliza borrowed, mortgaged, and somehow raised the money.

Monument to London

In 1940 the faithful Eliza died. Later that year Charmian made her will. It contained this clause: "In no event, upon my death, will the House of Happy Walls be lived in by anyone but a caretaker." Then, with the stubborn will-power she shared with her husband: "It will be a monument, a house open to the public."

In 1946 Irving Shepard and his sons, dissatisfied with the "dude ranch," put all their efforts into raising a prize herd of Jerseys. In 1950 so well had they succeeded—their herd of three hundred cattle considered the second best in the

country—that they were able to close the ranch to guests.

For a while it seemed that security had come at last to Jack London's "Beauty Ranch." But then, one night in 1952, alone in her great house, Charmian fell and lay at the foot of the stairs until dawn. From that time, an injury to her hip finally putting a stop to her active life, she lay in bed at the Shepards'. True to the provisions of her will, she would not allow anyone else to live in her house. Then the trouble began.

Prowlers.

Right up until Charmian's death in 1955, the House of Happy Walls, with its South Seas collection, Robert Louis Stevenson plate, albums, books, was the target of thieves. At least once a month burglars broke in. Each time priceless London treasures disappeared.

Germ of an Idea

Finally, with the loss of a full-rigged ship model, some jewelry, and the rebound folder of Jack's famous lecture at Yale, Irving Shepard, remembering Charmian's wish that her house become a monument, had an idea.

He called up two friends of the family, Edmund Coblenz, ex-Hearst editor, now a neighbor in the Valley of the Moon, and F. Priestly Abshire, at that time California State Senator. Briefly he outlined his plan.

"Do you think it will go through?" he asked.

Coblenz and Abshire assured him that it would, but that first he had better contact Bob Coon, then Superintendent of State Parks.

Would the State be interested in the Jack London ranch as a State park? Coon said that it would.

"But," he asked, "would the County of Sonoma, in turn, be willing to build a new road from Glen Ellen to the parking area at the ranch?"

For several months in 1956 it was touch and go.



An upstairs hall in the House of Happy Walls exhibits some of the articles collected by Jack London during the course of his travels. The carving that serves as a newel-post once adorned a South Seas dwelling, while the chandelier above was adapted from a food bowl brought by London from the same area.

Finally, the Sonoma Board of Supervisors voted \$70,000 for the road. And then, on January 17, 1957, Senator Abshire introduced Senate Bill 757 before the California legislature. On July 10, 1957, it was approved by Governor Pat Brown, setting aside \$100,000, one ranger, and one park attendant for the monument, to be known as The Jack London Historical State Park.

A Sympathetic Ranger

Today, forty acres of the Beauty Ranch are open to the public, including the House of Happy Walls, the Wolf House, and London's grave. Fred Oltman, veteran ranger, is in charge. He is a kindly man and a patient one, with a feeling for Jack London and all his works.

"We expect to have 100,000 visitors the first year," he told me. "We'll have to keep it open seven days a week."

"Does the ranch still have problems—any headaches?" I asked.

Fred smiled. "Of course. One ranger and one park attendant are not enough. We have more work than we can handle. First we had to clear the debris from the Wolf House, including one tree that was threatening the walls. Then comes the poison oak."

"Poison oak!" I said, remembering my own bouts with the stuff. "Do you use gloves?"

Oltman grinned. "Rangers are tough," he said. "I handle it with my bare hands."

"You're not serious?"

"Sure. But I'll tell you a little secret. I've built up an immunity—all these years at Sonoma."

"Well, anyway," I said, "now your work is almost done."

Fred Oltman's eyes twinkled. "That's what I thought yesterday. But now we must get started on a fence for the whole property, before we can open the park."

"Fence? What for?"

"To keep the cattle out. They wander all over from the Shepards' place—and the State is worried that they will step on children or hurt somebody. That would mean a lawsuit, so of course we have to build a fence."

There was a hushed expectancy in sleepy Glen Ellen the day I saw it last year before the opening. Chauvet's Restaurant, named after one of the



The imposing stone building called the House of Happy Walls, within Jack London State Park, is a goal for many London memorabilia enthusiasts. Imbedded over the main doorway is a great horseshoe fashioned for London by Bob Fitzsimmons, Australian blacksmith and world boxing champion.

town's early pioneers, was open—and the last of the original eleven bars from the 'eighties, where Jack London used to "treat all hands," waited for the thirsty traveler.

The town wore a rejuvenated air of youth and bright future.

A Friend Returns

That afternoon, as Fred Oltman and I stood at the entrance to Charmian's house, beneath the large horseshoe made for Jack London by heavyweight champion Bob Fitzsimmons, Oltman told me: "Anna Strunsky is coming out to visit next month."

"Anna Strunsky!" I said, thinking that this closest of Jack's friends, who had collaborated with him on one of his books, was dead.

"Yes," Oltman said. "She wrote me last month that she'll be here."

"To say goodbye?" I asked.

In gentle remonstrance, Fred Oltman shook his head.

"To say hello—like everyone else."

* * *

It was then, as I rode back to San Francisco, that I remembered something that Jack London had once written:

"The things that I had fought for had failed me. The things I had fought for had proved not worth the fight. Remained the PEOPLE. My fight was finished, yet something was left still to fight for—the PEOPLE. The PEOPLE saved me."

"By the PEOPLE I was handcuffed to life!"

And so it is fitting that the last name on the parchment deed of the Jack London ranch should be, not just that of Jack London, but that of those he loved and put his trust in—the people.

The people of his State and nation, and of all the world, who read him and thrill to the romance, the glory, and the tragedy of his life. ■

Television, bears and baby were all involved in

Doing the Parks With the Hairs

By Michael L. Hair

Illustrations by Garnet Jex

THE FUN REALLY STARTED WAY back in October of 1958. We had arrived in Ottawa—our home for two years—recently married, full of energy, and with the travel bug in our veins. All our lives we had lived by the North Sea on the windswept Northumbrian coast of England, and we knew the sea and loved it. We had crossed the Atlantic, and wanted to see the Pacific. It was as simple as that.

While along the Pacific we might travel down the Oregon coast to California; and why not a little detour around Grand Canyon, Yellowstone, and maybe a few other parks, and really see something? We were almost on our way.

Letters flew in all directions, and for months the replies came in: from Vancouver and Florida, from Maine and California free booklets fought

their way to Ottawa until at last my wife almost wept at the sight of the untidy mound of rubbish that lay in the bottom of the hall cupboard. Imperial Oil Company supplied the maps, a local lumber company unwittingly donated a pencil, and there and then we sat down and worked out a route. We had just finished when my wife broke the big news. A little offspring was on the way, and was due six weeks before the scheduled start.

Nothing daunted, we decided still to go. Everyone thought we were mad, and perhaps we were. At any rate, we decided we would see whether it could be achieved, and in the end any fears we might have entertained were proved groundless. Geoff duly arrived, and at the age of six weeks set off on his tour of America. He returned at three months happy, healthy, suntanned, and

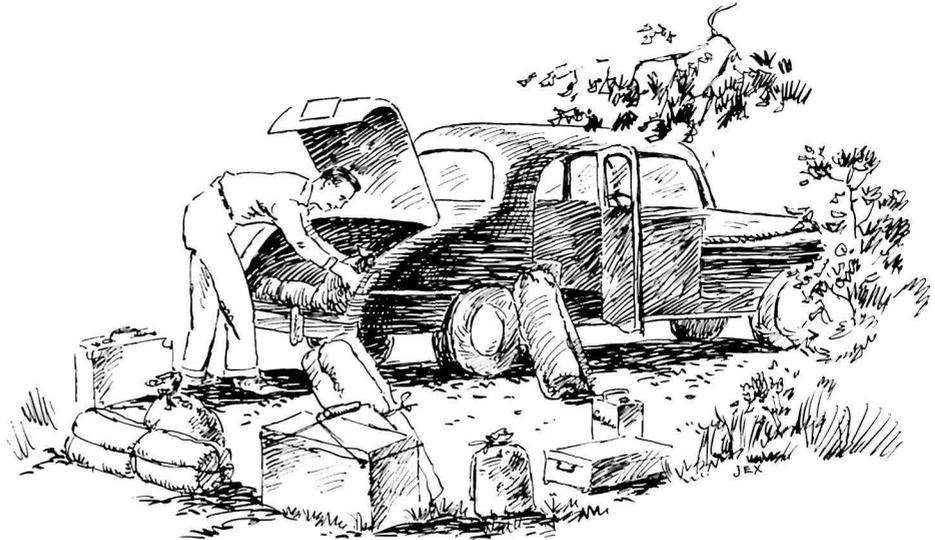
certainly none the worse for his venture.

Our car was uncertain. By the time it set out it had fifty thousand miles on the clock—which means that it had probably done eighty thousands and had battled through seven Canadian winters. Now, little can be more wearing for an automobile than a Canadian winter followed by an Ottawa summer; and our poor old Dodge was showing its age. But time alone would tell, and eight months of trouble-free driving gave us high hopes of a good run. One week before the appointed day a rear spring gave way. Several hours' hard labor saw it replaced, leaving the car—which had previously tilted to the right—with a pronounced tilt to the left. We wondered when the other spring would give away, but crossed our fingers and collected our baggage.



"... there and then we sat down and worked out a route. We had just finished when my wife broke the big news. A little offspring was on the way . . ."

"The night before leaving we packed and packed and repacked. Then we packed again."



What a heap! We seemed to have masses and masses of the stuff, and young Geoff could have utilized a car to himself, with his cotton diapers, towelling diapers, disposable diapers—the lot. And all to fit into one small trunk (along with the camping equipment, a spare wheel, odd tools, and a few of our things) and one third of the back seat of the Dodge. The night before leaving we packed and packed and repacked. Then we packed again. It took us four hours to pack the car to our mutual satisfaction, my wife's views constantly at variance with mine as to the amount of luggage permissible in the rear seat; but at last two and two were made to equal four, and at half-past ten we were able to crawl, quite exhausted, into bed.

Beginning of the Journey

Geoff woke us all at four o'clock as usual, and after a hearty breakfast we made away by six, missing both the dawn and the traffic. We had planned the tour to take us to Rapid City and the Black Hills of South Dakota; Mount Rushmore; the Devils Tower; Grand Tetons; Yellowstone and Glacier National Parks; Banff and Jasper; Vancouver; the Washington and Oregon coastline; San Francisco; Yosemite, Grand Canyon and Mesa Verde National Parks; Niagara Falls, and home in a period of about five weeks. On paper, this represented a distance of eight thousand miles; in practice, considerably more. Two courses were open to us: either to drive

steadily all the time every day, or to go hard on the first three and last four days, with little sightseeing before South Dakota or after Mesa Verde, allowing ourselves more time at the national parks. We decided on the latter course, and steeled ourselves for two boring rides. However, both journeys were exhilarating, and neither proved boring. They could never be, with a six-weeks-old baby in the back seat laughing, learning, progressing and growing bigger every day.

We entered the United States at Sault Ste. Marie, site of the oldest settlement in Michigan, and on through Michigan and Wisconsin. One could not fail to be impressed by the beauty of these two States, with their magnificent forests and the thousands of clear blue lakes that were oh, so cool! on a hot summer's day. At Worthington, Minnesota, we joined Highway 16, delightfully signposted "Sweet Sixteen," the numbers being surrounded by a voluptuous red heart; and Sioux Falls, the largest city in South Dakota and "gateway to the West," marked our connection with a stretch of road which has become known as the Custer Battlefield Highway. At Mitchell we had the misfortune to camp beneath a television set in a private campground, and after a look at Mitchell's main attraction, the raffishly-decorated Corn Palace, we returned to our campsite for an anticipated early night and a quick start next morning. But we had forgotten the one-eyed monster above our heads. The campers flocked to see it

and those who would not come wanted to hear it, as loud as it would go. Our campsite became communal ground as caravaners flocked around like so many sheep, and sleep became impossible. We watched the show, but this was lousy, too. We got our "early night" at two in the morning, and vowed never to camp near a television set again.

A Badlands Sunset

Our next stop was the Badlands of South Dakota. The *mauvaises terres* of the trappers well deserved the fearsome title bestowed upon them, but sunset over these gullies was a scene of unbelievable splendor when God, the supreme artist, replaced the Devil. The soft pinks in the evening sky reflected themselves on the already pink rocks, producing a fairyland that one could view forever. The nudity of the scene was removed and the hills re clothed in a fuzzy pink gown. It was a Cinderella story; the flower girl was transformed into the belle of the ball.

The Black Hills of South Dakota proved to be a delightful recreation area, the scenery spoiled only on occasions by the hastily improvised, pay-a-dollar-apiece-what-are-you-grumbling-about-you're-on-your-holiday-aren't-you? type of establishment, and we enjoyed our visits to Deadwood and Mount Rushmore National Memorial. At the latter we were entertained by the crowds, and in particular by one youth who gave a recital of "rock and roll," with twanging guitar and danc-



"Our next stop was the Devils Tower National Monument in Wyoming, a remarkable natural rock tower of volcanic origin . . ."

ing feet, using the colossal sculpture as a backcloth. Even Lincoln must have been amused!

Deadwood was a historically interesting town, and after the usual pilgrimage up Mount Moriah to visit the graves of Wild Bill Hickok and Calamity Jane, we visited Saloon No. 10 and the better-than-average Adam's Museum. Our next stop was the Devils Tower National Monument in Wyoming, a remarkable natural rock tower of volcanic origin which could be seen for miles stretching high above the rolling grassland and surrounding forest. The Devils Tower was the first national monument to be created in the United States, and it was here that we found the most interesting self-guiding trail of our trip. For a dime we purchased a booklet explaining the more interesting views and topographical details, geography and biology of the region. It was indeed well thought out.

The drive through the Bighorns was superb, and the next big thrill came in the Shoshone National Forest when we crossed the Great Divide at Togwotee Pass. A few moments later we held our breath as we caught our first glimpse of the Rockies. The Tetons looked absolutely magnificent in their snow-capped splendor, and this tremendous spectacle remained with us right into Grand Teton National Park. It is not

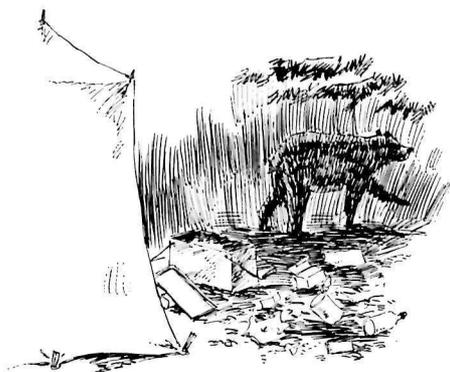
surprising that these mountains, rising abruptly from Jackson Hole to elevations of twelve to thirteen thousand feet, were hailed by emigrants on the Oregon Trail as a welcome sign that they were approaching Pacific waters.

Moving north, we entered Yellowstone, the most famous national park in the United States, and were greeted at the gate by the lovable brown bears which were everywhere within the campsites, grovelling among the garbage or at one's dinner table. Despite her apparent nonchalance, my wife was a little scared of these animals, and always left a car door open in case of emergency. At the first hint of close approach by an animal the baby was bundled up, to disappear in a flurry of skirts, and be seen again five minutes later in the locked car. Being newcomers to the bear game, we were fooled on our first night in Yellowstone. Midway through the night, my wife was awakened by a crashing and banging outside the tent. The master of

the house was immediately roused from his slumber, though whether the lady of the house wanted him to go outside and tackle the intruder has not to this day been ascertained. Crash followed crash, a munching sound, a shambling body, then silence. We went back to sleep. The cold light of dawn revealed the damage. Although the ice-chest had been securely battened down, a bacon odor had reached the bear's nose. The big brown visitor had immediately set to and enjoyed our hospitality, regaling himself on bacon, eggs, and butter. Fortunately the coffee and bread were in the car, and at five in the morning we were able to enjoy dry bread and coffee and think what might have been. We were first in the queue when the store opened.

Northward to Glacier

From Yellowstone we turned northwest into Glacier National Park for what, on reflection, was the most exhilarating drive of our lives. Crossing the park from east to west is the spectacular Going-to-the Sun road, and this was the route we had decided to follow. Had we known what was in store for us we probably never would have dared tackle this road, but fortunately we were unaware of the length and steepness of the climb, and we crossed the Continental Divide once more with nothing worse than three engine-cooling rests on the ascent. The summit of the pass commands a view of the whole valley, and the road can be seen ribboning its way down the side of the valley, clinging to the steep mountain-



"Crash followed crash, a munching sound, a shambling body, then silence . . . The cold light of dawn revealed the damage . . ."

side to eventually reach Lake McDonald. A pleasant foot trail took one away from the highway and the air was fresh and invigorating, although, being above snowline, the wind was very cold.

We entered San Francisco, a city we thoroughly enjoyed, over the Golden Gate bridge, and left over the Bay Bridge. Of the two we were more impressed by the latter, which is apparently the longest bridge in the world over navigable water. Yosemite National Park was curiously unimpressive, and the facilities seemed to be well below the standards set by the other national parks; but Grand Canyon was absolutely fascinating. Approaching from the south, our first view of the canyon was from Mather Point, and it was breathtaking. There, lying before us, was the most magnificent gorge in the world. Generally a dull red color but now glowing in the sun, the precipitous walls lay beneath us and the mighty Colorado River, a hundred yards wide, looked like a moorland stream as it ribboned its way through the canyon depths a mile below. Looking northwest, the canyon disappeared into a purple haze which contrasted with the green pines on the rim and the azure blue sky. The colors

of the rock left nothing to the imagination. The parallel edges of beds of colored rock, worn through and bared by the Colorado River, displayed a variety of reds, pinks, buffs and grays, while in the hot depths of the canyon the colors included chocolate-brown and slate-gray.

A day's drive from Grand Canyon lies Mesa Verde National Park, and this was as good a national park as we visited. We knew that it contained many old Indian cliff-dwellings, but we had no idea that they would be excavated, maintained and presented in such an absorbing manner. The history of the nomadic Indians who entered this area about the time of the birth of our Lord is traced from their arrival until their departure in the thirteenth century. Architectural progress is clearly shown from the first hole-in-the-ground dwellings right through to the building of Cliff Palace, a fantastic achievement. The museum in this park contained many fascinating exhibits of pottery and clothes found in the dwellings, but top exhibit, as far as I was concerned, was "Esther," a ghastly mummy. She made a fascinatingly ugly sight, and I sent a postcard with her picture to my best friend. Also in the museum were sev-

eral dioramas showing the development of the Pueblo Indians and many facets of their life. These tableaux were indeed well executed; we were sorry when we had to leave.

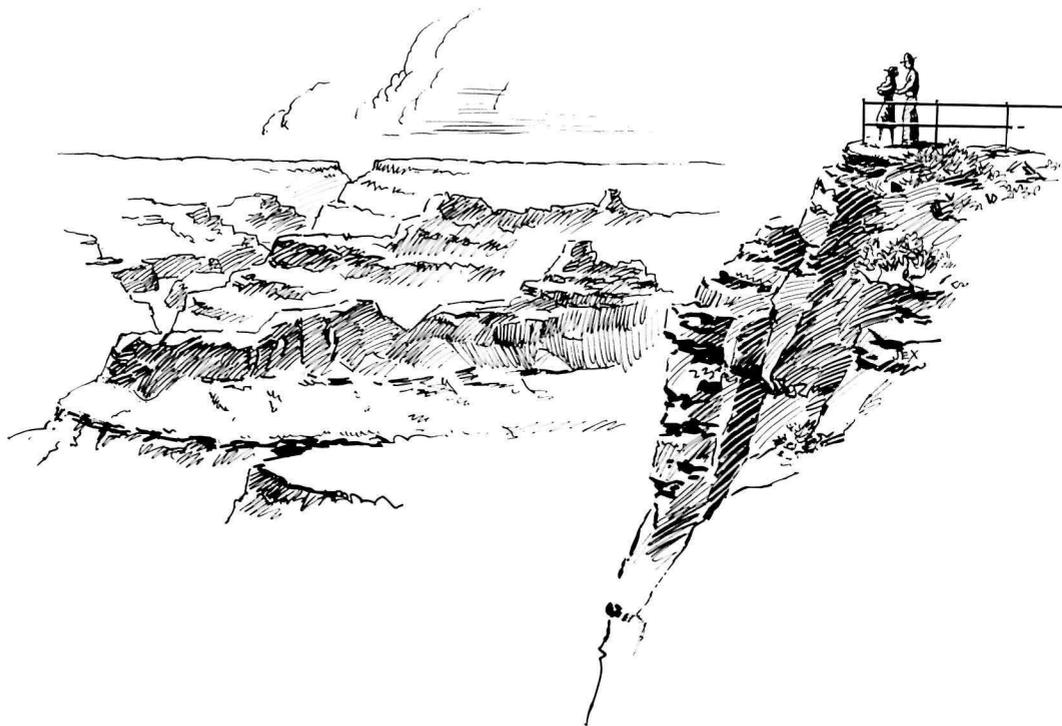
The Long Trip Home

And that was just about it. We had a long drive home and we drove hard and fast, stopping only for food and naps. We made Niagara in record time, and after our journeys of the previous weeks the drive from Niagara Falls to Ottawa was but a hop, skip, and a jump. A hot shower and a long sleep found us completely refreshed, and there only remained the dirty washing and the tidying up.

Very little has been said of Geoff. He was really magnificent and gave no cause for worry. Admittedly we had to adjust our mealtimes to suit his, but this was not a hardship, and his alarm-clock effect at five in the morning was a blessing in disguise. We were able to answer our critics and assure people that such a trip is both possible and easy, if one has a good baby.

Altogether, it was a wonderful journey and an experience not to be missed. It is not often one has the opportunity to cross two deserts and an icefield in a single month! ■

"... Grand Canyon was absolutely fascinating. Approaching from the south, our first view of the canyon was from Mather Point..."





Providence Gullies, in southwest Georgia (left) are spectacular examples of the endless struggle between water and the land. These 200-foot-deep gullies, which cover many acres of formerly productive farm land, are said to have had their origin in the dripping of water from a barn roof. A Soil Conservation Service photo.

There is never-ending warfare between

Water and the Land

By T. S. Buie

WHEN GREAT RIVERS OVERFLOW their banks and inundate the countryside, it is news. People read excitedly about the physical dangers and the economic losses as swift, muddy currents sweep away houses, animals and the fertile topsoils of agricultural lands in a mad rush toward the sea.

Hurricanes, too, are spectacular and newsworthy as they boil shoreward from the tropical oceans, to lash with a vengeance at continental shores and hew away great bites of shoreline.

These natural phenomena are, despite their violence, kin to the gentle summer showers that patter down on our hillsides and valleys; they are kin to the seeping, dripping water of our limestone caves, and to the clear, bubbling brooks of our hills and moun-

tains. They all play their part in the eternal struggle between water and the land on which we live, and on which we depend almost entirely for our daily sustenance and comforts.

Water works constantly to reduce all land surfaces to a common level, that the seas may flow unimpeded and unobstructed from pole to pole and from horizon to horizon. From the strandline and the sloping plains and piedmont to the tops of the highest peaks—even, indeed, beneath the surface of the land—the struggle goes on day after day, year after year, and century after century.

Each one of the countless raindrops that falls on the land area of the country is capable of dislodging a tiny particle of soil and moving it downhill, even if ever so slightly. Each such soil-

particle movement is a step onwards in a seaward journey. Although less spectacular than the raw power of ocean waves or the torrents of flooding rivers, this constant seaward movement of earth particles eventually affects our crop, pasture and forest lands—the lands on which we live. In many cases, it has affected our lands and fortunes disastrously.

It is within our power to either speed up or slow down the action of water on the land. We can either increase water's destructive action or bring about a state of harmony between the land and the water that attacks it.

When the land's surface is made more stable, either through the use of plant life or mechanical means, the power of running water is diverted or lessened. This provides the basis for

the soil and water conservation programs that are being carried out so effectively by many of our farmers and ranchers today.

Essential to the upper and higher reaches of a well-balanced watershed is the forest cover that protects the steep and rough lands from erosion, retarding water runoff from heavy rains, and acting as a great reservoir for the entire watershed below, with its farms and cities. Whether the forest land is privately or publicly owned, it is here that conservation of the land below really begins. Here, the leaves and stems of forest plants break the force of falling rain, and the decaying vegetation of the forest floor traps storm waters drop by drop, allowing them to soak into the ground and appear lower in the watershed as valuable springs or seepages.

In the agricultural lands of the watershed's lower reaches, conservation farmers practice contour strip cropping, either with or without terraces, and they make provision for the orderly and non-destructive runoff of storm waters in water-disposal areas, as well as retaining what they need for farm purposes in man-made ponds.

Working individually and collectively, our farmers and ranchers are making great progress toward stabilizing the productive farm and ranch lands of the nation. The net effect of their efforts has been a slowing of the constant erosion of our land surface; the amount of our topsoil that is presently being transported from farm lands to stream channels and floodplains and storage reservoirs, to finally arrive at the sea, is appreciably less today than even a few short years ago.

We have the power and ability to create a state of relative harmony between the land and the great forces of moving water; many people—city dweller and farmer alike—have recognized the great need for doing so, and are taking the proper measures. Our future prosperity—indeed, the very lives—of those who will come after us depends on the soil and water conservation measures we take today. ■

Mr. Buie, for many years a staff member of the Department of Agriculture's Soil Conservation Service, is at the present South Carolina's State Conservationist.



The slow removal of topsoil through sheet erosion (photograph above) is less spectacular than the massive erosion of floodwaters, yet the consequences of the former may be far more serious over long periods of time. Below, an example of harmony between water and the land. Countless farm fields all over the nation are being thus stabilized by their owners or operators; such modern soil conservation practices not only prevent valuable soil loss but increase profits.

Soil Conservation Service photos.



Some Reflections on Yosemite Valley

By L. C. Merriam, Jr.

AT VALLEY VIEW the waters of the Merced were sparkling clear. The image of El Capitan and the wisp of Bridalveil Falls were boldly outlined in the afternoon sun on a summer day in 1937 when our family entered Yosemite Valley as new residents.

In those days, the Sentinel Hotel stood in the old Village, along with Cedar Cottage, the sprawling village store, Degnan's Store, and other small cabins. Yosemite Lodge was a disorganized conglomeration of sickly-colored former Army buildings scrambled together near the base of Yosemite Falls. In the meadow near Government Center an old C-2 warehouse of the Yosemite Park and Curry Company was prominent.

Nature caravans were guided about the Valley by handsomely-uniformed ranger naturalists in open roadsters. Bath-tub-like buses were seen everywhere, each equipped with a well-dressed guide shouting descriptions of points of interest via megaphone.

A visit to the "bear pits" near El Capitan was a "must." Here King Bruin would slop garbage and was always available for a free handout despite brightly-colored signs warning against the feeding, touching or molesting of bears.

The colorful, uniformed figure of The Chief—Forrest Townsley, chief park ranger—was often seen, particularly on state occasions when he guided dignitaries through the park. The gracious Mother Curry was always at hand to greet travel-weary visitors arriving at Camp Curry. Aspects of Indian life were demonstrated to visitors at the museum by *Ta-bu-ce* (Maggie Howard). Always an attraction were the naturalist talks at Camp 14 given by the park naturalist, C. A. Harwell, and Associate Park Naturalist M. E. Beatty.

Fall, winter and spring were relatively peaceful in those days, with comparatively few visitors; but after Memorial Day the crowds increased through July, waning after Labor Day. In the summer, campgrounds were crowded and the evening atmosphere around Camp Curry was something like that of an amusement park.

Many people apparently enjoyed being in the crowded conditions of the campgrounds, and preferred this situation to more remote campsites with fewer people. A short walk of a few miles up any of the trails from the Valley took the visitor away from the crowds.

Based on National Park Service figures, the maximum daily use in Yosemite Valley during the prewar years of 1937 to 1941 was approximately as follows: 1937, 25,000 persons; 1938, 27,000; 1939, 23,500; 1940, 25,000; and 1941, 34,000. During these years Civilian Conservation Corps crews were amply available to carry out maintenance and development work needed to provide for park users.

After World War II park use greatly increased, and with the pressure of rising prices, inadequate funds, and insufficient personnel, the Valley suffered. However, the National Park Service tried hard to obtain adequate funds, and planned for the day when monies would be available to make changes, repairs and improvements necessary to provide for expanding park visitation. The park operator, the Yosemite Park and Curry Company, was also active in improvement.

Federal aid came in 1955 with the launching of the *Mission 66* program, a ten-year project of park rehabilitation and improvement.

* * * * *

In June of 1960, the vista at Valley View was still excitingly beautiful; the meadows of the Valley were green and the falls were full. Most of the colorful residents of former times were gone, but the massive granite landmarks stood in sharp relief above the crowded Valley.

The Sentinel Hotel and most of the other clapboard buildings of the Old Village were gone, as was the C-2 warehouse. The ugly old Yosemite Lodge was missing, and in its place was a beautifully designed structure oriented so as to frame the elegance of Yosemite Falls. An impressive, though somewhat grandiose, development amplified the earlier improvements in the Government Center, as here were placed the store facilities formerly at the Old Village.

Organized bear feeding and the "bear pits" were gone, and nature caravans were ingeniously replaced by a selfguiding descriptive booklet keyed to numbered roadside markers. Campgrounds still were crowded to overflowing and hotel facilities sorely pressed in the summer season. Cars were everywhere. Although trails to some points above the Valley were apparently well-used, it seemed as though there were relatively few people enjoying nature via Valley footpaths.

The average daily visitation in the Valley in 1960 was some 20,000—almost as high as the maximum in the years 1937 to 1940. The 1960 maximum was 41,466 people.

The National Park Service has obtained a sizable acreage of land outside the park at El Portal, and is moving residents as well as garbage and refuse disposal facilities there. Eventually the Service plans to move maintenance, corral, warehouse, and possibly some administrative activities to the site.

One of the most pressing problems in Yosemite National Park is the increasingly heavy use of the spectacular Yosemite Valley—the major feature and primary goal of most park visitors. Its relatively small size (some eight miles long and one mile wide) and localized development are not adaptable to ever-increasing daily use.

Before the establishment of the National Park Service in 1916, there was another and rather similar glaciated valley in Yosemite National Park—the Hetch Hetchy Valley on the Tuolumne River. This was lost to the public by the vagaries of hydroelectric and water supply politics, culminating in the passage of the Raker Act in 1913 and subsequent damming of the Tuolumne River. Perhaps this valley would have attracted some of the crowds now using Yosemite Valley.

Now there is but one valley, and here the people congregate. Some believe that use should be limited. There is definite basis for concern about concentrated heavy human use in relation to the natural conditions within the Valley. The problem is to make the area available to the public desiring to use it without damaging the natural scene, and without overregulation of the users. Can this problem be solved?

The movement toward El Portal is commendable. Encouragement should be given to removal of all residences and facilities from the Valley that are not actually needed for park administration, visitor use and benefit. Beyond this, it may be necessary to regulate use.

The problem of the development of the Valley is in many respects the result of an evolving pattern that started back in the 1850's. Its solution is both difficult and delicate.

Rising above this situation are the massive walls of granite that remain unchanged amid man's tribulations. ♦

Your National Parks Association at Work

Association Presents Views On Point Reyes Seashore

After careful consideration of the qualifications of Point Reyes, California, for inclusion in the park system as a Seashore, the National Parks Association feels that the area meets the qualifying standards for national seashores, and recommends its incorporation into the park system.

This was the essence of Executive Secretary Anthony Wayne Smith's statement to the Subcommittee on National Parks of the House Committee on Interior and Insular Affairs during the latter part of the summer when, in response to an invitation, he presented the Association's views on Representative Clem Miller's bill (*H.R. 2775*) to create a Point Reyes National Seashore.

Secretary Smith made it clear, however, that the Association makes a distinction between the great primeval parks and monuments and areas such as the proposed Point Reyes Seashore, which the Association considers very important but nevertheless in a different category.

In respect to game management and possible hunting in the proposed area, the Association strongly recommends that the language of the bill be changed to make it quite clear that any rules for hunting and fishing be regulations of the Secretary of the Interior, made in consultation with State officials, and not the game laws of the State, Mr. Smith noted; and that the Secretary should at all times retain complete control over hunting, fishing, and game management programs.

Trumpeter Swans Are Loaned to Zoos

Thanks to the Fish and Wildlife Service's policy of "lending" trumpeter swans to zoos and other institutions, some twenty-five million persons a year will be able to see the rare bird, once on the brink of extinction, reports the Department of the Interior. A few of the swans are distributed to zoos each year, the exact number depending on the status of the wild population.

Major breeding ground of the trumpeter in the United States is in the Red Rock Lakes Migratory Waterfowl Refuge, in the wild Centennial Range of southeastern Montana, administered by the Service's Bureau of Sports Fisheries and Wildlife. A smaller number use waters in Yellowstone National Park as nesting areas, and still other groups now breed in other parts of Montana and Wyoming,

For the protection of the "pastoral zone" of the proposed Seashore, which is presently in use for ranching and dairying, the Association feels that the bill might well provide for acquisition of development rights in the zone, rather than outright purchase of pastoral lands subject to return lease to landholders, according to Mr. Smith. He noted that such an approach to land acquisition problems has been gaining favor where acquisition costs are high, and that purchase of development rights would seem a safer procedure at Point Reyes than that of leaving out land subject to possibly unworkable or prohibitively expensive acquisition procedures in the future, in case of threatened development.

[A general article describing the proposed Point Reyes National Seashore and the Park Service's general outline for its development appeared in the June, 1961, issue of this magazine.]

Burns Waterway Harbor Opposed By NPA

In a recent statement submitted to the U.S. Army Engineer District, Chicago, the National Parks Association protested against the proposed construction of a Burns Waterway Harbor on the Lake Michigan shore of Indiana, within the area that conservationists hope to see preserved as an Indiana Dunes park or monument. The statement was submitted to the Engineers in connection with a public hearing held by that organization on the proposed harbor, at Indianapolis during late August.

Speaking for the Association, Executive Secretary Anthony Wayne Smith noted that the people of the Greater Chicago region still have a few fine natural areas available to them for recreational purposes along the Lake Michigan shore, and that Indiana Dunes is one of them. In the Association's view, he wrote, it would be an extremely unwise thing to locate the harbor in the Dunes area because such an action would destroy the fine existing recreational opportunities. The Association feels, Mr. Smith said, that the Indiana Dunes country should be preserved in its present state for scientific, scenic, educational, and recreational purposes.

Pointing out that the Association has, on one occasion, suggested to one of the major steel companies that it dedicate its holdings in the area for public use as a park, Secretary Smith declared that the harbor ought to be located elsewhere, possibly in a place already dedicated to heavy industrial activity. It is the Association's understanding, said Mr. Smith, that there are plenty of alternative sites for such a harbor, and that other localities along the shore would be interested in having the harbor located in their own areas.

[A newspaper of this issue contains a statement by one of the large steel companies owning land in the Burns Ditch area of the Indiana Dunes, site of the proposed Burns Waterway Harbor, outlining the reasons why the company also feels the proposed harbor should not be constructed there.]

as well as in Idaho. Total population in this tri-State area is estimated at between six and seven hundred birds. There is also a relatively large population of trumpeters in Alaska and Canada—some 1500, according to estimate.

Petrified Wood Removal Calls for Study

The steady removal of large quantities of petrified wood—sometimes by the whole stump or tree—on public lands in the western States, as reported by the Bureau of Land Management, has caused Secretary of the Interior Stewart L. Udall to take steps for the protection of these interesting geological relics, according to a recent news report. While petrified wood mining is permitted by law on such lands, the Secretary said, the Department of Interior is currently studying ways of preserving the better deposits as an unusual and irreplaceable resource.

(The more colorful varieties of petrified wood are eagerly sought by dealers supplying commercial lapidaries, and to a somewhat lesser extent by amateur rock and mineral collectors—the so-called "rockhounds," whose numbers have increased enormously over the past few years—*Ed. note.*)

NOTICE

The Chicago Area membership of the National Parks Association will hold its regular semi-annual meeting on Friday, November 3, at 8:00 P.M., at Gage Park, 55th Street and Western Avenue, in Chicago. Mr. Jack Mulder and Mr. Gene Bondar, who have served as national park rangers, will show slides and give brief talks.

Raymond Mostek, *Chairman*
Chicago Area Membership.

News Briefs From the Conservation World

Right Whale Appears Again in Cape Cod Waters

After an absence of a hundred years or more, the right whale, at one time hunted nearly to extinction for its copious supplies of oil, has made a reappearance in the waters off Cape Cod, Massachusetts, in the area of the newly established Cape Cod National Seashore.

Since the appearance of a single specimen of the big mammal—which may attain a length of 50 feet—in 1956, others have followed; but according to a marine biologist at the Oceanographic Institute at Woods Hole, it is present in limited numbers as yet. “One season’s hunting would wipe them out,” noted Institute biologist W. E. Schevill, “so it is fortunate that they are protected by law.”

1960 State Park Visitation Sets Another Record

The results of a National Park Service survey of State park and recreational area visitation, conducted at the request of the National Conference on State Parks, show that attendance figures for 1960 set another all-time record of 259,000,000, nearly 4 million more than the 1959 figure, itself a record high. The figures for 1960 include all 50 States.

Added to the 1960 national park visitation figure of 72 million, the grand total of visits to national and State parks and recreational areas stood at 331,000,000. “Camper days” in State parks showed a gain of 18 percent, as compared to a gain of only 0.5 percent in day-facility use.

Note: after seeing these figures, some wag suggested that if national and State park users consist largely of “birdwatchers” and sour individuals seeking to escape “progress” (as has been hinted more than once by special interests opposing new parklands) there must be more birdwatchers these days than there are birds!

Have Dog, Need Sleep

Some people, including a few in the mortgage departments of our banking institutions, think that motel construction along the nation’s highways has been a little overdone in the past several years. “No Vacancy” signs are few and far between these days; at least, they are unless the prospective lodger is accompanied by faithful Towser. In the latter event, the number of possible lodgings nosedives, and sometimes actually vanishes for miles on end.

Available to dog-owners who must

sleep on the road is a 48-page handbook published by the Gaines Dog Research Center, 250 Park Avenue, New York 17, titled “Touring with Towser,” listing more than 6000 motels and hotels in the United States where guests with pets are welcome. Listed also are State and national park regulations concerning the entry and control of pets in parklands. The pamphlet is priced at 25 cents.

Burns Ditch Harbor Opposed by Steel Company

Conservationists and others who are interested in preserving the scientifically and esthetically important Indiana Dunes, along Indiana’s Lake Michigan shore in Porter County, were impressed by a recent statement of the Inland Steel Company as printed in the *Congressional Record* (Senate) for September 6, 1961. Inland Steel is owner of some 800 acres of land in the vicinity of Burns Ditch, on which the proposed Burns Waterway Harbor would be constructed by the Corps of Engineers at a cost of some \$80 millions. Inland Steel’s land, in the words of the statement, “has been held and continues to be held for the purpose of building a steel plant with harbor connections.”

However, in its statement to the U.S. Army Engineers, the company expressed opposition to construction of the Burns Ditch Harbor on the grounds that any general overseas cargo handled there in the foreseeable future would be negligible as compared to steelmaking cargoes, and that the latter tonnages would be handled to the almost exclusive benefit of two other steel manufacturing companies which own tracts of land in the Burns Ditch area. [Midwest Steel Co. and Bethlehem Steel Co.—Ed.]

Inland Steel noted in its statement that several Indiana lakeshore cities have urged studies of their areas as possible alternative port locations, and that the improvement of existing facilities at several localities in the general vicinity is presently being contemplated.

Further, the company said, “the justification for a harbor at Burns Waterway seems to be directly connected with possible future steelmaking and related facilities there and, in view of the large public expenditures, both Federal and State, there should be assurance, at the very least, that other industries in the area and the public have access to such a waterway on an equal basis with the two adjoining steel companies.”

In conclusion, the company submitted

that the Burns Waterway Harbor ought not to be approved for construction, or that its further consideration should be at least be delayed until an alternate harbor can be studied.

Possible New Historic Monument

Under a bill recently approved by the Senate Public Lands subcommittee, “The Grange,” old New York City home of the nation’s first secretary of the treasury, Alexander Hamilton, would be designated as a national historic monument. Present plans call for the removal of the structure—which has already been moved once—to the campus of the City College of New York from its present location on Convent Avenue near 141st Street. It would be donated to the government by the American Scenic and Historic Preservation Society.

Scientists Study Effects of DDT Spraying on Birds

Ever since the chemical DDT was first employed—and then employed on an ever-increasing scale—in combatting the Dutch elm disease in this country, bird enthusiasts and scientists alike have been deeply concerned over the resulting heavy kill of songbirds and other birds that customarily feed in or around elm trees. Citizens of most of our cities having elm-lined streets are now accustomed to seeing the streets littered with dead or dying birds after the usual spring spraying programs. The problem has been particularly acute where spraying programs have been carried out by inexperienced or careless operators.

Recently published by the Cranbrook Institute of Science, Bloomfield Hills, Michigan, is a booklet entitled *Bird Mortality in the Dutch Elm Disease Program in Michigan*, by George J. Wallace, Walter P. Nickell, and Richard F. Bernard, which assesses bird losses observed in Michigan in connection with DDT spraying programs. Wallace and Bernard are zoologists with Michigan State University, while Nickell is a member of the Cranbrook Institute of Science.

Aside from reporting the results of a scientific investigation into the effects of DDT spraying programs—with a listing of Michigan birds which have been found poisoned to a greater or lesser extent—the authors have reached the conclusion that the total value of elm spraying programs, as currently conducted, is questionable on ecological grounds. “Any program which destroys 80 or more species of birds and unknown numbers of bene-

ficial predatory and parasitic insects needs further study," states the report.

The handsomely printed booklet, short title of which is *Bulletin 41*, may be secured from the Cranbrook Institute of Science, Bloomfield Hills, Michigan, upon request.

Development of W. Virginia Parks, Highways Suggested

Among the many remedies that have been suggested as possible cures for the State of West Virginia's chronic economic ill-health is the fuller development of recreational resources. Wider development might, according to a recent statement by Secretary of the Interior Stewart L. Udall, "provide a major new economic base" for the State. In a preliminary plan drawn up by Interior's National Park Service, there is a recommendation for the development of many thousands of additional acres in West Virginia as recreation areas, parks, and historic and nature preserves. Under the Park Service plan, "selected areas of superlative scenic, scientific, historic and archeological interest" would be brought into the State park system, which already includes twenty-one parks, nine State forests, and two recreational areas, in addition to national forests and a national monument (Harpers Ferry).

Included in the plan, which was worked out at the request of Senator Robert C. Byrd and Representative Harley O. Staggers, both of West Virginia, would be a network of high-speed expressways of perhaps 1000 miles in total length, part of which would cut through some of the State's remaining wilderness lands.

Another road-building project that has been proposed for West Virginia is the so-called "Allegheny Parkway," a 550-mile superhighway cutting through some of the State's wildest lands and which, in the words of West Virginia's Senator Byrd, "would open up scenic panoramas of breath-taking beauty and would afford access to presently inaccessible streams and lakes, camping and picnic sites, richly-gamed hunting areas and numerous other attractions."

The proposed parkway would run from Hagerstown, Maryland, through the Monongahela National Forest in West Virginia and into adjoining Virginia to Cumberland Gap on the Kentucky-Tennessee border.

Grazing Advisory Boards' Membership Expansion Considered

Under a recent proposal by Secretary of the Interior Stewart L. Udall, representation on State and national grazing

district advisory boards would be expanded to include representatives of mining, timber, conservation, recreation and wilderness, water, industry, and other non-livestock groups. Aside from the national board, there are ten State grazing advisory boards in the Western States. Present membership is limited to livestock men and an individual representing wildlife.

The duties and functions of the present State and national grazing advisory boards would be broadened to include all subjects and resources involved in public land administration, and considerations and recommendations by the boards would not be limited to grazing matters alone. Secretary Udall said, in connection with the proposed changes, that they would strengthen multiple-use management of lands administered by Interior's Bureau of Land Management by providing balanced representation to include all resources.

Testing for Air Pollution

Eight big cities in the United States—Philadelphia, Detroit, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Cincinnati, New Orleans, Washington and Chicago—will soon have around-the-clock air testing stations to sample and analyze their atmospheres for harmful gases, most particularly for their carbon monoxide contents. The stations, to be built by the Public Health Service, will take and analyze air samples for

seven different gaseous pollutants every five minutes on a twenty-four-hour basis. First in operation will be the station in Cincinnati, opening of which has been timed to coincide with "Cleaner Air Week" in the latter part of October. The new stations are not substitutes for those of the National Air Sampling Network, which have been in operation on a nationwide basis since 1957; however, the latter conduct testing operations only on a periodic basis.

Seashore Status Proposed for Sleeping Bear

Shortly before presstime, the National Park Service announced release of its report and proposal for the preservation of the Sleeping Bear region of Lake Michigan's northeast shore, together with a large offshore island, as a National Seashore. Sleeping Bear is one of the Great Lakes preservation possibilities cited in the Service's 1960 publication *Our Fourth Shore—Great Lakes Shoreline Recreation Area Survey*; it is located along the shoreline of Michigan's Lower Peninsula in Leelanau and Benzie Counties, and includes some 37 miles of continuous and largely unspoiled beach and dune lands, with a fine background of forest land and lakes.

Included within the proposed new Seashore would be approximately 77,000 acres, of which 11,000 acres would represent water surfaces of inland lakes.

Point Reyes

(Continued from page 2)

Point Reyes should be, it would appear, to protect the headlands and the beaches in their natural condition for the enjoyment of the public, subject to proper use, while retaining the compatible rural activities which are part of the traditional scene.

It was originally proposed that the Government acquire the ranches subject to lease-back to present operators on condition that present uses continue. As passed, instead, the bill suspends the power of eminent domain while present uses continue. True, under this arrangement, if a dairyman decides to subdivide, the Government may condemn, but at the crucial moment funds may not have been appropriated. Moreover, by that time, land values may have rocketed out of reach.

In its testimony this Association

recommended consideration of another procedure: the acquisition of development rights. This method of land management is coming rapidly into use in many counties concerned with the protection of green spaces. It is to be distinguished from the scenic easement, and involves the purchase, by condemnation or otherwise, of the owner's right to subdivide or otherwise change the use of his land. The owner is compensated not only by the purchase price of the rights which he surrenders, but also by reduced tax assessments. The question of possible speculative development is foreclosed at the start, once and for all. Appropriated funds are used for the acquisition of the vital interests before trouble begins, and need not be frantically sought when much too late.

Our recommendations have been well received in some places, and it is hoped that they will be given objective study and consideration. —A.W.S.



WILDERNESS: The Discovery of a Continent of Wonder. By Rutherford Platt. Dodd, Mead, & Co. New York, 1961. 310 pages, illustrated. \$6.00.

This is a strange book, a mixture of fascinating nature writing and pedestrian history. Rutherford Platt, in several previous books—especially *The Green World*—emerged as one of our best interpreters of nature, an untrained scientist with a sharp eye for the subtle expressions of natural scenery, a word artist in the great tradition of John Muir, Burroughs, Roger Tory Peterson, and their like.

The present book is a travelogue across the American continent, and attempts to describe the land in terms of the first explorers, from the Atlantic to the Pacific. It is a good attempt, but suffers from the fact that whereas the nature description—of plants and animals and their interrelationships—is always on a high literary plane, revealing the author's true gift for uncanny observation, the historical material is generally neither new nor exciting.

However, to the uninitiated this book is probably as good an introduction to our land in its pristine state as one can find. It produces the impact expected of any sensitive writer who presents this fabulous continent, with its vast forests, grasslands, deserts, mountains, rivers and other topographic features, before the white man came. The picture that unfolds is of a continent endowed with natural riches beyond our comprehension today, when much of our forest land has been decimated, our grasslands plowed up or chewed to the ground by excessive numbers of domestic cattle, our wildlife slaughtered or destroyed by radical changes in their habitat, and our rivers and streams polluted, dammed, or disfigured by man-made structures.

The book would have been more important if the author had deigned to give us sources for his innumerable quotations, and a bibliography. Lacking these, we can only place it in the category of journalistic productions, a kind of literature that has a place in the realm of literature but is not worthy to stand beside the more scholarly yet equally readable books of men like Peterson, Murie, or Aldo Leopold.

—Anthony Netboy

POCKET FIELD GUIDE TO TREES. POCKET FIELD GUIDE TO ANIMAL TRACKS. POCKET FIELD GUIDE TO NATURE. Paperbacks, illustrated. The Stackpole Company, Harrisburg, Pennsylvania. Prices not listed.

The titles of this trio of field guides are self-explanatory, and the volumes are aimed approximately at the 7-10 year age group. *Guide to Trees* covers a representative selection of American trees, including a few of the well-established exotics; Grimm's accompanying sketches are excellent. *Guide to Nature* performs a similar task for the mammals, birds, reptiles, amphibians and some plant life; it includes a smattering of such nonsense as: "The bird shown here is an American goshawk. He is a bad hawk . . .", etc. *Guide to Animal Tracks* is the most advanced of the three paperbacks, with more detailed information about mammal characteristics and habitat, supplemented in some cases with distribution maps.

—P.M.T.

MONUMENT VALLEY MAP: Utah & Arizona. Robert M. Woolsey. New Jersey. 1960. 50¢—Shows scenic topography and four descriptive profiles for identification of formations located in the area of many of our national monuments. Write to Robert M. Woolsey, RFD 2, Box 92, Reeds Ferry, New Hampshire.

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Recorded below is the progress of significant park and conservation legislation that was introduced into the first session of the 87th Congress, which adjourned during the latter part of September. Adjournment of the first session does not affect the position of pending legislation, which may be considered further by the second session in January, 1962.

Rainbow Bridge Protection. The Appropriations Committees of both the House and the Senate again this year refused to authorize funds for construction of protective works for Rainbow Bridge National Monument. "The Committee," read the House report, "continues to see no purpose in undertaking an additional expenditure in the vicinity of \$20,000,000 in order to build the complicated structures necessary to provide the protection proposed." Rainbow is soon to be threatened by the rising waters of Lake Powell behind the Glen Canyon Dam. At stake in the Rainbow case is not only protection of the great natural bridge from possible physical or scenic damage, or both, but precedent for future invasion of other national parks or monuments by waters of man-made impoundments.

Cape Cod National Seashore. The provision in the Senate bill (S. 857, Saltonstall and Smith) signed by President Kennedy on August 7, providing for condemnation as a means of acquiring clear land title, has not deterred some towns in the future seashore park from granting building permits, including additions and alterations as well as new dwellings. The National Park Service cannot stop any building within the boundaries until it actually acquires the property. In mid-September, the House passed a supplemental appropriations bill allocating \$2¼ million for land acquisition in the area.

It was provided by Public Law 87-126, the enabling act, that no public use area for recreational activity be established by the Secretary of the Interior within the future seashore without the advice of the Cape Cod National Seashore Advisory Commission. While the Secretary may establish trails, observation points and exhibits for public enjoyment and understanding of the area, no development may be undertaken for visitors that would preclude the preservation of its unique features.

Chesapeake and Ohio Canal National Historical Park. A set of amendments to S. 77 (Beall) corresponding to those supported by the Interior Department has been recommended by the Senate Interior and Insular Affairs Committee. They authorize the purchase of additional lands for development of service facilities, including camping and picnicking grounds, and parking areas. The "authority to construct park-type access roads which is not needed with authorization of the acquisition of additional lands," was deleted. Contained within the amendments is a statement that lands shall be made available upon Federal statutory authorization for public non-park uses when they are found to serve the public interest more adequately. According to committee report, this section is "intended to assure that the establishment of the Historical Park will not bar or create a prejudice against any essential project proposed to Congress, including Great Bend or any other recommended by the Corps of Army Engineers in its pending report." S. 77, as amended, was passed by the Senate August 2. *H.R. 2047* and *H.R. 4684*, (Mathias), and *H.R. 7487* (Quie), have to date received little attention from the House Committee.

Grand Canyon National Park. S. 333 (Hayden and Goldwater), authorizing the Secretary of the Interior to accept the conveyance of title to the Orphan Claim, a mining claim of about 20 acres on the south rim of Grand Canyon, was passed by the Senate in September. The acquisition of this land could prevent the construction of a controversial Grand Canyon hotel (reported in *NPM*, Sept., 1961, p. 16) although mineral rights on the claim would be reserved for thirty-five years (limited to underground mining) and the Grand Canyon Inn and related facilities could be operated until the close of 1966.

Boundary Waters Canoe Area. *H.R. 3052* (McMillan), a bill to remove a restriction on the condemnation of certain lands within the Boundary Waters Canoe Area of the Superior National Forest and to increase by \$2 million the authorized appropriations for acquisition of lands within the area, passed both the House and Senate this session. Signed by President Kennedy October 4, as Public Law 87-351.

Great Basin Park. In hearings held by the National Parks Subcommittee of the Senate Interior and Insular Affairs Committee on S. 1760 (Bible and Cannon), a statement was presented on behalf of the Secretary of Agriculture pointing out that 95 percent of the proposed park would come from the Snake Division of the Humboldt National Forest, and that the public interest would be served if these lands retained National Forest status. The uses to be permitted in the proposed park (prospecting, mining and livestock grazing), and their similarity to present National Forest uses, it was suggested, indicated that no special purpose would be served by giving this area national park status.

In favorably reporting the bill establishing such a national park in late August, the full committee retained the sections permitting prospecting and grazing.

Indiana Dunes. S. 1797 (Douglas), and S. 2317 (Hartke), made little headway during the first session. Hearings on these bills are expected to be held in Washington by the Interior and Insular Affairs Committee of the Senate early in 1962. Since the last report on his bill, Senator Douglas has introduced what amounts to a new bill. It provides for a National Lakeshore instead of a Scientific Landmark. It would also establish for ten years an Indiana Dunes National Lakeshore Advisory Commission, made up of seven members; four from Porter and Lake Counties, two appointed by the Governor of Indiana, and one appointed by the Secretary of Interior. In August, the Army Corps of Engineers held a public hearing in Indianapolis on the pending study of harbor improvements at Burns Waterway, at which the Hon. Ray Madden, Representative from Indiana, as well as Inland Steel Co. and the National Parks Association, testified against the proposed harbor site. The bills in the House, *H.R. 6544* (Saylor), and *H.R. 8760* (Roush), have made no headway as yet.

Point Reyes Seashore. The Senate bill S. 476 (Engle and Kuchel), was reported favorably out of subcommittee in the middle of August. Within a week it had passed, with amendments, the full Interior and Insular Affairs Committee, and after two days of debate in September, it passed the Senate. One amendment provides for 26,000 instead of the original 20,000 acres of ranch or dairy lands to be set aside as a pastoral zone. Another provides that no land within the pastoral zone, other than land required to provide access to the seashore, shall be acquired without the consent of the owner so long as it remains in its natural state and is used exclusively for ranching and dairying purposes, including farm housing.

In the House, hearings were held on *H.R. 2775* (Miller), by the National Parks Subcommittee in August; no further action taken.

Shorelines. Having adopted a number of Interior and Insular Affairs Committee amendments en bloc, and Senator McNamara's amendment to remove Pictured Rocks and Grand Sable Dunes, Michigan from the shoreline areas listed in the bill, the Senate passed S. 543 (Anderson, et al.), in late August. The two areas excluded from this bill are the subjects of S. 2152 (Hart and McNamara), establishing them as National Recreation Areas. No hearings have been held on this latter bill. Twenty-nine State governments endorsed S. 543, which provides in part that the Secretary of Interior may pay to any State an amount equal to one-half of the purchase price of shoreline areas it wishes to acquire and develop.

Ozark Rivers National Monument. The Interior Department recommended enactment of S. 1381 (Symington and Long), and *H.R. 5712* (Ichord), early in July. No action, however, has been taken in either Interior and Insular Affairs Committee. This may be due to the fact that the U.S. Forest Service has submitted a plan for an "Ozark Scenic Riverways"—*H.R. 6289* (Curtis). This latter bill has been referred to the Agriculture Committee. Public testimony was heard by the respective subcommittees on all three bills during the first session.

Let Us Give Thanks . . .

By C. Meacham

THE HARVEST IS IN; the grain, the vegetables, the fruits are marketed or safely stored. We face the winter months assured of all the food we need. We should indeed be grateful for the bounty that the land provides.

When giving thanks, the land itself should not be overlooked; for land is more than real estate—more than sand or clay, or loam to dwell upon. Land is the source of all material things: of metals, minerals, plants, and animals including man himself.

It is good that men have learned to use the land, provided that they use it well. Too frequently, however, land has been abused by those who have not understood the natural laws that supersede man's efforts to control his habitat. They have not understood that certain kinds of lands would not support intensive agricultural use; they have not realized that even fertile lands might be too steep, too dry, too wet, or unduly subject to the erosive action of the elements. Such lands have failed, and the people dwelling upon them have also failed.

It has happened in the past. Great civilizations rose and fell in China, Babylonia, Syria, and on the Mediterranean shores of Africa. Today, where mighty cities stood, desert

sands fly with the shifting winds over the ruins of antiquity.

Three thousand years ago the "Promised Land" was blessed with rich and fertile soil. It yielded bounteous crops of figs and grapes and grain. Fat sheep and goats found ample forage in the hills. It fed four times as many people as it can support today. What happened to the "milk and honey" land? The mountain slopes were logged to build Phoenician ships; the rugged upland areas were overgrazed; steep lands were ploughed and tilled; the soil was mined to feed too many mouths; and through the centuries erosion took its toll.

What, then, of our own land? A brief three hundred years ago, when the Pilgrims gathered to give thanks to God for food and life, the wooded hills and valleys, the prairies and the plains were rich in soil and wood and minerals. We took this land, we tamed the wilderness, we cut the trees, we tilled the soil, we prospered; but we left much devastated land to mock prosperity.

And yet we have sufficient fertile land to feed us well, provided that we husband it. We know what we must do; we have the skill to manage land without depleting it.

Let us give thanks.

Soil Conservation Service

