

# NATIONAL PARKS MAGAZINE

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WHEN WINTER COMES — Page Nineteen

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NUMBER 75



*“Where is man’s boasted intelligence, or his sense of proportion, that every man does not see the monstrous moral obliquity involved in the destruction of a species.”*

WILLIAM T. HORNADAY.



# NATIONAL PARKS MAGAZINE

formerly

## NATIONAL PARKS BULLETIN

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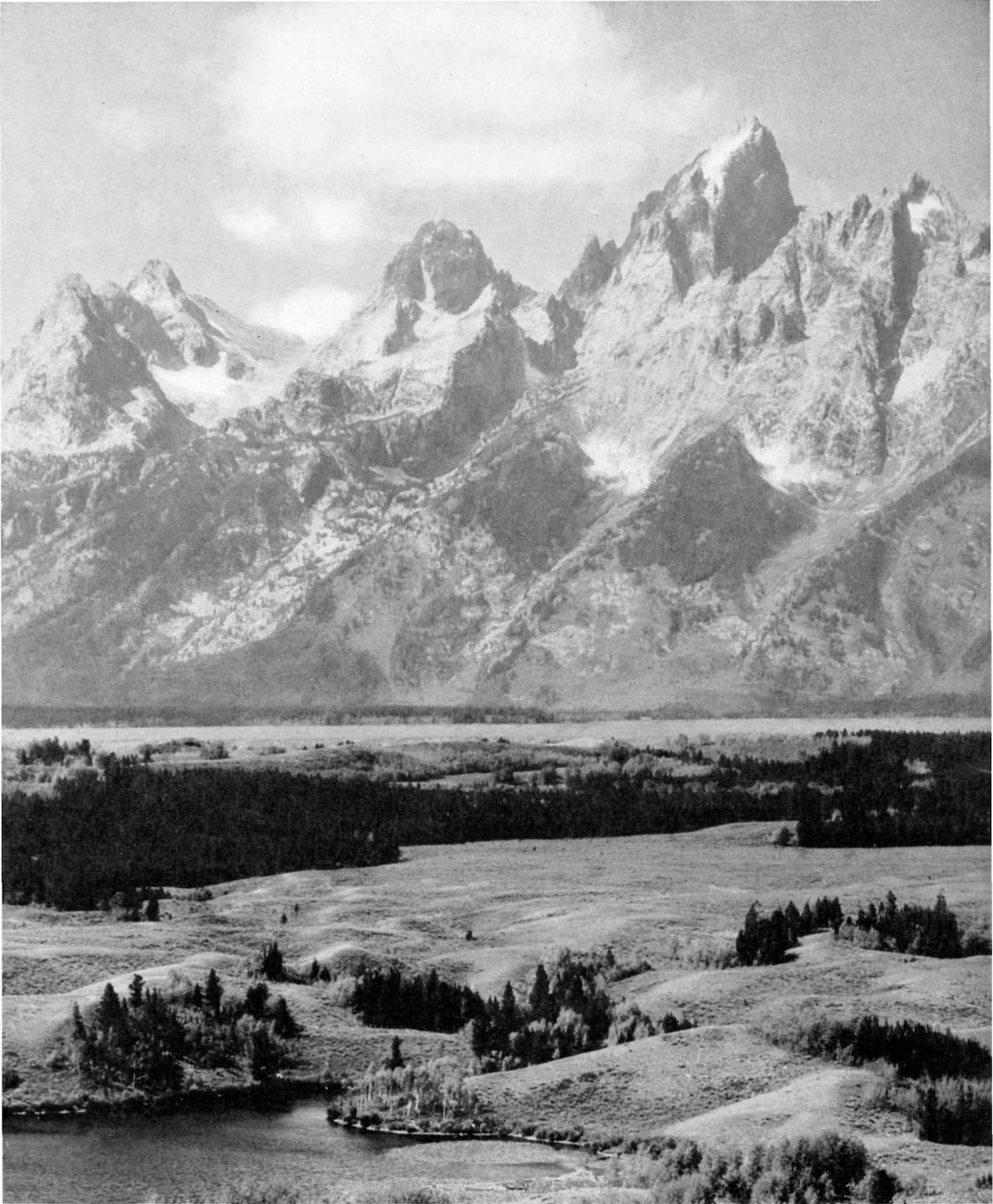
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NATIONAL PARKS MAGAZINE, formerly National Parks Bulletin, has been published since 1919 by the National Parks Association. It presents articles of importance and of general interest relating to the national parks and monuments, and is planned to be issued quarterly for members of the Association and for others who are interested in the preservation of our national parks and monuments as well as in maintain-

ing national park standards, and in helping to preserve wilderness.

Letters and contributed manuscripts and photographs should be addressed to the Editor, 1214 Sixteenth Street, N. W., Washington, D. C. The National Parks Association is not responsible for loss or injury to manuscripts and photographs in transit. All contributions should be accompanied by return postage.



Part of the Teton range as seen across Jackson Hole from near the old Elk-Gros Ventre post road, east of Deadman's Bar.

George A. Grant for Interior Dept.

# EDITORIAL

**I**N 1934 Senator Carey of Wyoming introduced a bill in Congress "To extend the boundaries of the Grand Teton National Park in the state of Wyoming." The land proposed to be added to the park included a large area lying adjacent to the eastern border of the park. Within the boundaries of that area—also to be added to the park—were the artificial Jackson Lake Reservoir and the dam at Moran.

The views of the National Parks Association regarding Senator Carey's bill were:

1. "We endorse the objective and purpose of the Carey bill to restore to natural conditions, so far as it is possible, areas adjacent to the Grand Teton National Park.

2. "We oppose the principle involved in the inclusion therein of Jackson Lake Reservoir and other commercial features as destructive of national park ideals and maintenance of national park standards for which this Association unequivocally stands.

3. "We believe that laudable and desirable purposes sought by the bill can be obtained by coordinating action upon the part of federal agencies concerned, without the sacrifice of any basic national park principle, and that they should be so obtained."

Today, with practically the same area as proposed by the Carey bill included in the new Jackson Hole National Monument and essentially a part of the Grand Teton National Park, the views of the National Parks Association remain the same as in 1934. The Association, highly approving the preservation of a reasonable foreground to the Grand Teton National Park, nevertheless deplores the inclusion of the commercially used waters of Jackson Lake Reservoir and the huge concrete dam.

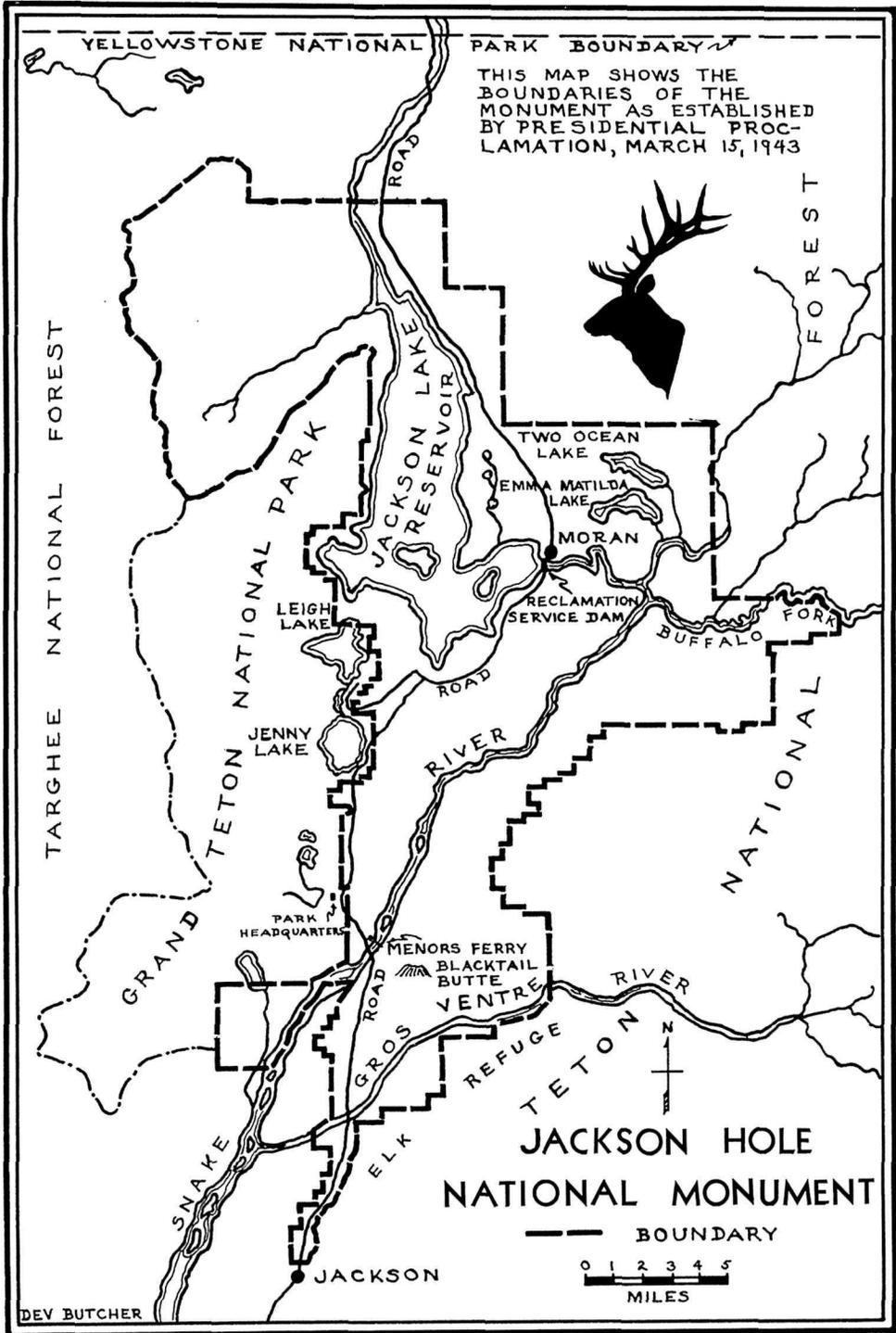
The reason the Association deplores this inclusion is because it violates the primeval character of the National Park and Monument systems, and because it sets a new precedent for the damming and commercial use of waters elsewhere within the

systems. We do not agree with the views of those who differentiate between the building of a dam in an existing park and the inclusion of an existing dam within a new park. In either case, the systems will contain a dam and commercially used and artificial waters that have been deliberately introduced, violating national park standards, which read in part as follows: "That wilderness features within any park shall be kept absolutely unmodified. That parks must be kept free from all industrial use."

With one region commercially using park waters, how can another region be denied the same privilege? It is well to remember that commercial interests are constantly seeking to utilize the materials within the national parks for their personal gain, at the expense of the entire nation for whose benefit and enjoyment the national parks are held in trust. Even though Jackson Lake Reservoir remains, it is possible that the present administration may ward off similar commercial invasion of other national parks and monuments; but what of future administrations?

Some say that the inclusion of Jackson Lake Reservoir does not set a new precedent. Those who hold that opinion point to Sherburne Lake Reservoir in Glacier National Park, and to Hetch Hetchy Reservoir in Yosemite National Park. Both these reservoirs were authorized and their dams built previous to the writing and general adoption of national park standards, and prior to the creation of the National Park Service. The inclusion of Jackson Lake Reservoir, therefore, does set a new precedent.

Believing that "it is better to be safe than sorry," the Association favors the exclusion of the beautiful though dangerous Jackson Lake Reservoir from Jackson Hole National Monument for the sake of protecting the entire National Park and Monument systems from future commercial encroachment.



# The Jackson Hole National Monument

By OLAUS J. MURIE

OUR car begins to take the zig-zag turns, and we put her into low just to be sure. Glancing up the slope we see a piece of the road directly above us. We know we are approaching the top. Yes, there is the dip in the ridge straight ahead. We leave the hairpin turns, and here we are, gliding out on the little flat at the summit of Teton Pass.

Usually we stop the car here and look. Out through the gap fringed with the forest of spruce and fir and pine we look into the misty valley below, and see the blue, white-flecked mountains beyond.

Beside us there is a rustic sign: "HOWDY, STRANGER. YONDER IS JACKSON HOLE, THE LAST OF THE OLD WEST."

Those of us who are not strangers, those of us who live down there in the misty blue, will, if we are honest, confess a little tightening in the throat when the view bursts upon us. Is that slight mistiness in the scenery or in our own eyes? We don't think so much about the "last of the old west." Those forest-clad slopes, the very air we breathe, spell "home."

Last March, by Presidential proclamation, the northern part of Jackson Hole was designated a national monument. The news was received in our community with varied emotions. It was startling to all of us. The question of national control of this area for recreational purposes had simmered and bubbled for a decade or two. At times it had blazed out in open conflict, setting neighbor against neighbor, breeding recriminations and hate, and political maneuvering. Feeling had spread. It had even become state-wide.

During recent years the question had become dormant. The announcement of the President's action, therefore, was sure to arouse feelings again. Some said, "Thank God! It's settled. Now we can have peace in Jackson Hole."

But the old opposition flamed anew, and a bill was drawn up to abolish the newly created national monument.

Most of the area has been under Government control, and including the donations of Mr. Rockefeller, this amounts to over ninety percent. Now this land is more specifically dedicated to public recreation, under the administration of the National Park Service.

So far as we are all concerned, such is now the law of the land. Naturally certain people who had commercial or personal interest in this area were much disturbed, and raised objections. The Department of the Interior announced that cattlemen using the area for drifting their cattle across to the summer ranges on the national forest are to continue to do so. Those who have their ranches in the area, their homes, or leases, are not to be interfered with. In short, private interests are to be protected during the lives of the present owners and their immediate families. In all fairness, it must be said that no one is to "lose his home," as the general public has been led to believe. Stock raising, dude ranching, are to continue.

It is easy for non-residents who are not familiar with details to gain a wrong impression of what is taking place. For instance, the armed guard which escorted cattle across the newly created monument (as publicized in well-known magazines), knew then that the cattlemen had already been granted the right to drive those cattle across. The editors were given the picture—they were evidently not given the background.

The vital question has hardly been touched upon. What kind of administration of this area are we to have?

But, first of all: What is this area like; what are its values? Some maintain that the valley is not of national monument

caliber. They say, "The Tetons, yes. That's all right. But this flat valley out in front—no." "Just sagebrush," someone says. "The forest is only lodgepole." "Just gravel." A picture was published showing the "ordinary character of the lands involved."

All of these statements can be demonstrated, when taken literally. Yet no such statements would conceivably appear in the advertising matter put out by any of the dude ranchers in this area, who long ago chose to locate their ranches in the valley of Jackson Hole. One man of means thought enough of the valley itself to locate his summer home on the east edge of it, on the opposite side from the Teton Range. Others have located at the north end, among some low hills, back in the lodgepole pines.

What is there, then, about this Jackson Hole that is so attractive, if it is possible to criticize it piecemeal? The answer, I think, lies in something bigger, something that transcends any one local controversy;

something that means the understanding of the American landscape with all its esthetic and emotional implications.

Years ago I had an opportunity to make a trip into southeastern Oregon, into the antelope country, with a cowboy friend. There were the rolling sagebrush plains. At long intervals we came to a ranch house. We saw bands of antelope on the low ridges, shimmering in the heat waves. We crossed alkali flats. We saw the cloud formations piling high over the low horizons. We enjoyed a spring we came to, where we made our camp. When, on the first evening at the sagebrush campfire, the cowboy glanced out over the landscape and remarked casually, "You know, I like this dried up sagebrush," I could understand—understand his appreciation of country, the wide spreading plain, the unformed poetry that stirred in his soul.

I recall mushing across some of the country north of the Yukon in Alaska—

**Menors Ferry at Moose on the Snake River is one of the landmarks of early times in Jackson Hole. Notice the cable which was used to pull the ferry across.**

George A. Grant



cold, miserable days, many of them; monotonous country, one would say, if he happened to be low in spirit; frozen muskeg and stunted black spruce. But the low sun, making its slight appearance over the southern horizon in the small arc of northern day, cast a pink suffusion in the southern sky, merged sunrise into sunset, and tinted the snow. Above all, there too was big country, a long trail, miles on miles of dog travel. This thing must be felt. It can not be explained. I can only say, helplessly, "It was Alaska."

In the *Atlantic Monthly* for October 1933 James Norman Hall wrote an unforgettable essay on "The Spirit of Place," in which he revealed an unusual understanding of what makes the American landscape what it is. He presents a discouraging picture of how we Americans, in our mad rush for commercial exploitation, have rudely trampled on the delicate fabric of the inspiring values of our land.

This is our problem. Not the number of acres that are under state or private or federal jurisdiction, but whether or not we can retain the ability to be attuned to the many facets of primitive America, and keep our souls receptive to their uplifting message.

Jackson Hole is not merely a sky-piercing range of mountains for tourists to point their cameras at. It is a country with a spirit of its own. Grand mountains, to be sure; dominating mountains that testify to the power of earth forces in a heroic moment. But also lesser hills harboring on their wooded slopes the bulk of the game herds. A fringe of aspens in the foothills, Jackson Hole's crowning glory in the autumn. The sage plain of the valley floor, where in primitive times buffalo and antelope grazed. The Snake River bottoms, where white-tailed deer found congenial habitat within the memory of men still living. Numerous lesser nooks and retreats that offer charm to the appreciative one who discovers them.

But mere enumeration of land features is not adequate. "The Old West." We like

to hold that out to the tourist as an attraction. What is the thing that we in Jackson Hole boast we have "the last of"?

No doubt the cowboy is part of it. The Indian and the mountain man are gone. Some would stress roulette, poker, whiskey and barroom dancing, which have only in recent years reached their highest development in the town of Jackson. These, of course, were part of life in early days in the little towns that sprang up in the wake of the white man's invasion of the west. But "the something about Jackson Hole," how can we encompass it in words? I have heard residents try to pin it down in an outburst of enthusiasm, but they couldn't find the word, and ended by weakly naming something that can be found in almost every place in our land.

No, we can not describe the spirit of Jackson Hole, the "Spirit of Place," but many of us feel it. Hall would have delighted when, one night in camp, a certain veteran guide and rancher pulled out of his pack a book of poems, and we tried to give expression to these elusive values. Hall would have been encouraged could he have heard a cowboy, resting a moment on a mountain side, discuss the needless innovations in our valley for the benefit of a softer civilization; or a garage man in town who gave his views on the value of the primitive. And he should walk into our St. John's Hospital, in Jackson, and read the plaque on the door of the operating room honoring those who generously donated this room to the hospital, in memory of their daughter who lost her life in the Tetons, and whose last entry in her diary was "God Bless Wyoming and Keep It Wild."

One evening, after a heavy thunder shower, two of us left our camp in an aspen grove and leisurely walked over to Two Ocean Lake. Skirting the willow swamp, we spied three moose out for their evening meal. As the sun sank behind the trees, we heard a Wilson snipe spiralling in the sky, sending earthward his version of a love song; a coyote, over on a hillside, bursting

into wild yapping and howling; and a Lincoln sparrow singing in the border of the swamp. The latter belonging to the beaver ponds, his thrilling notes blended with the gleam of water through a fringe of willow and alders. We stopped for a while on the shore of Two Ocean Lake. Dusk was settling now—the hour when the hermit thrush is at his best. Over and over came his inspired song from the woods. I always think of the violin when the hermit thrush sings.

Sometimes we have friends with us who have come to enjoy Jackson Hole. I recall the day we went out to find elk. It was September, and our friends had never heard elk bugling. We could drive as far as Two Ocean Lake—far enough! (I hope we can never drive further, I hope the woody road never gets prettied up.) From there we climbed the hills, the four of us, seeking mild adventure. I recall the enthusiasm over the little vistas through the trees, the hopeful elk tracks, the hilltop where we rested a bit and looked back over the low country and where we could see the Tetons in the distance.

There was a flurry of excitement when someone spied a cinnamon bear on a rise in front of us, glimpsed through a fringe of trees—a wild bear that did not linger, one of those tantalizing, momentary views of a woods creature that stays in the memory. How Dick beamed with satisfaction as he described the glint of sun on the long fur, and how it rippled as the bear loped away.

There was the lunch, with fresh peaches, in a beaver meadow surrounded by forest. Then, finally, the elk. First we heard them in the distance. Then, coming to the edge of the woods, we saw them on a slope across a gully. A group of cows grazing here and there, and a restless bull pacing among them. Time and again he raised his muzzle and we heard the full-throated ringing sound of his call. We were near enough to hear the low grunts of the wind-up. This experience was enhanced by the genuine appreciation and the enthusiasm of our friends. At supper that evening, in the rus-

tic dining room near Jackson Lake, we relived the incidents of the day.

I recall little excursions in the willow swamp country along the east side of Jackson Lake; a beaver pond with a brood of newly hatched Barrow's golden-eyes, their white-speckled downy bodies reflected in the water; a family of trumpeter swans in a small lake spattered with lily pads; a wildly calling loon swimming across the reflection of Mount Moran; a bull moose belly-deep among the yellow lilies.

I recall drives along the east side of the valley over Antelope Flats, down toward Blacktail Butte. Here are the sage flats that some have objected to; the "featureless, monotonous" country to some people; but others, who are sensitive to the "Spirit of Place," recognize it as an intimate part of Jackson Hole, without which this area would not have the esthetic or historic meaning it now possesses. Here at one time ranged the bison and the antelope. Here still we find the sage grouse. And here, too, pass many of the Jackson Hole elk in annual migration. It is a pretty sight when you come to the "pot-hole" country in the spring and find scattered bands of elk slowly drifting back to summer range.

I recall a day in autumn, when an early snowstorm was raging across these sagebrush flats. Dim shapes were approaching. As they came nearer in the swirling snow I saw the outline of antlers, the familiar faces of elk, a band of them, groping their way to winter range.

Recently I saw a long line of riders, a colorful company of boys, picking their way across the sagelands toward the home ranch—a dude ranch for boys across the valley. Here was a sample of young America riding through historic Jackson Hole, returning from their adventures in the Teton Mountains.

"But why do anything with this area," some will object. "Why make it a monument? Why not leave Jackson Hole alone?"

This is a point well taken. It is worthy of serious consideration by anyone interested in this or any similar area. If we

only could leave it alone! That would be ideal. But no doubt that is wishful thinking. Recall that historic occasion on September 19, 1870, when the group of travelers camped in what is now Yellowstone National Park and discussed the fate of that area. At first came the thought of commercial exploitation, to "divvy up" the possibilities for personal gain. They were there, and had the opportunity. But a more patriotic feeling prevailed and the final decision, on the proposal of Cornelius Hedges, a member of the party, was to gain federal protection for this area, for all the people.

The American public decidedly will not leave Jackson Hole alone; nor can we ask them to. They will be coming in increasing numbers. In any situation involving large numbers of us, some regulation becomes a necessity, whether we like it or not. No doubt this was in the minds of those residents of Jackson Hole who many years ago began to seek some form of *protection* for this valley; protection from unregulated commercial exploitation; protection from ourselves, if you will. No individual federal agency was indicated at first—they simply wanted protection by some public authority. This is still the feeling of many who now so heartily approve of the creation of Jackson Hole National Monument.

In undertaking the administration of this historic region the National Park Service has accepted grave responsibility. This is decidedly not just another picnic place; not just another glorified campground with all modern conveniences. It would be so easy to fall into routine administration without giving enough thought to the safeguarding of those intangible values that make Jackson Hole what it is.

Fortunately, we Americans have had a great deal of experience in such matters since 1872. We have learned from our early mistakes. We have talked about them, written about them, and have gradually begun to develop a set of ideals in public recreation, a goal to strive toward. The present National Park Service administra-

tion is fully aware of this. It is familiar with past mistakes and with the problems of the future. I have heard many expressions of thought on this by those directly involved, and the prospects are promising. There is a feeling that the Jackson Hole area is different from other park areas and should have different treatment. Note, for example, the boundaries of the Jackson Hole Monument, that they provide an entrance at or near the town of Jackson, with the implication that all possible commercial facilities should be centered in that town, where they belong. We have learned the danger of *cluttering up our precious scenic areas with a multitude of commercial structures and paraphernalia, and all the comforts of home*. Developments should be zoned and strictly kept to a minimum consistent with proper enjoyment of Jackson Hole. There is every indication that the National Park Service is conscious of this.

What of the public? Do not we, who seek historic and scenic places for our enjoyment, share in these responsibilities? Are we to act like the man who comes in to the dinner table and, by action or words, demands, "Feed me, woman!"

It is *our* government. It is *our* National Park Service. We have asked them to care for something precious that belongs to us; actually, to see to it that *we* do not injure something that belongs to all of us.

But the government, any branch of our government, is helpless without our cooperation. It is well known that relatively few can destroy the privileges of many. We should not demand personal advantages that can not be given to all.

On the positive side, the visitor to Jackson Hole should, and probably will, come prepared to accept the kind of recreation and inspiration this valley has to offer. Those of us who have our homes here and are raising our families here, are in a position to help in making plain to the visitor the spirit of Jackson Hole. It should be our ambition to assist all agencies to keep intact this one segment of America that we boast of as "the last of the Old West."

# Michigan's Porcupine Mountains

THE preservation of the last remnant of the once vast hemlock-hardwood forests of the Lake States received new impetus one day last August, when Congressman John B. Bennett of Michigan called a meeting at Ontonagon.

Purpose of the meeting was to get support for a program to obtain funds from the State of Michigan to purchase this bit of forest, a tract of about 45,000 acres, located in the Porcupine Mountains on the Upper Peninsula bordering Lake Superior. If the plans drawn up at this meeting are successful, the area will be presented to the federal government to be preserved and administered as a national monument by the National Park Service.

A committee was appointed to gather information on the exact acreage to be purchased, on the boundaries, and to learn the names of the present owners of the timber and land.

Present at the meeting were representatives of the State Legislature and Senate, the State Conservation Commission, representatives of several firms owning land and timber in the proposed area, officers of the Upper Peninsula Development Bureau, as well as many residents of neighboring counties who for many years have recognized

the value of preserving this tract of virgin forest. Also present at the meeting was Raymond Dick, Secretary of the Save-the-Porcupine Mountains Association, familiar to readers of NATIONAL PARKS MAGAZINE through his article *Going, Going, —, the Forest of the Porcupines*, published in the July-September issue.

Some people may argue that this is not the time to spend public funds for the preservation of wilderness country; that we should wait until the war is over. Let those who would support such an argument remember that lumber companies are now hard at work destroying the Porcupine forest, and that at the present rate of cutting, there will be none of it left after the war. Now is the time to save the forest.

From the Ironwood Daily Globe we learn that October 14 is the date set for a meeting of the Upper Peninsula Development Bureau, and that at this time it is hoped that the newly appointed committee will present its findings for consideration.

The National Parks Association wishes the committee and other Michigan conservationists all possible success in bringing about the quick saving of the Porcupines. To this end, the Association continues to stand ready to offer its fullest cooperation.

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## IN MEMORY OF DR. T. GILBERT PEARSON

The internationally known ornithologist and conservationist, Dr. T. Gilbert Pearson, died in New York on September 3rd. In the year 1899 he became professor of biology at North Carolina Normal and Industrial College, and it was while there that he determined to devote his life to the conservation of birds. For fourteen years he was president of the National Audubon Society, and in 1938 he became chairman of both the United States and Pan-American Sections of the International Committee for Bird Preservation. In this ca-

capacity he made several trips to South America where he met with success in building a consciousness in the importance of protecting, instead of slaughtering, birds.

Dr. Pearson figured in numerous legislative skirmishes in state capitals and in Washington. He contributed many articles on conservation to magazines, and was the author of "Adventures in Bird Protection—An Autobiography." Dr. Pearson leaves a widow, the former Claire Weatherly, and a daughter and two sons. Both sons are serving in the armed forces.

# BIRD LIFE IN THE EVERGLADES

By HUGO H. SCHRODER

Photographs by the Author

**E**ARLY visitors to the Florida Everglades found the region teeming with bird life, for here a diversity of aquatic species concentrated to a degree duplicated nowhere else in North America. There were colonies of herons, egrets, pelicans, ibises, spoon-bills and many others, and it was the beauty of their plumage that nearly spelled the extermination of several of them.

Most persecuted of all were the egrets. Numerous rookeries of the big white American egret and its smaller relative, the snowy egret, were shot out because the fashion of the times called for "aigrettes" on ladies' hats. The "aigrettes" of the millinery trade were the nuptial plumes of the egrets, worn only during the nesting season

of those handsome birds. To secure the plumes in quantity, plume hunters waited in the rookery ready to shoot the birds as they came in to feed their young. The nuptial finery was ripped from the slaughtered egrets and their bodies left to the vultures, while the young perished from starvation. A season's carnage ended only when there were no more birds.

The sale of the plumes was finally outlawed in this country, yet this did not stop the killing, for it was possible to find markets for the plumes in other countries.

It was then that the National Audubon Society devoted its efforts to saving the birds from further slaughter. Sanctuaries were created, and wardens were stationed

The large wood ibis—the only true stork in North America—nests in the mangrove and cypress regions of the Everglades.



to watch over the few remaining rookeries, to allow the raising of young.

But plume hunters were determined to gather plumes regardless of efforts to prevent their nefarious work. Some of the wardens were killed while on duty, yet others fearlessly took their places. Happily for the plume-bearing birds, the watchfulness of the Audubon wardens has succeeded in bringing back the egrets to nearly their former abundance, although surreptitious raids have occasionally been made on the nesting birds.

Other species of Everglades bird life have not fared as well as the egrets, and a few still hover dangerously close to extinction.

Depredations on the spoonbill rookeries is a story which parallels that of the egrets. The pink feathers of these rare and beautiful birds became fashionable for ladies' fans, and when the slaughter of the spoonbills was finally stopped, they remained in small numbers. They have increased but little.

To guard all the rare bird life of the Everglades country it is important that the establishment of the proposed Everglades National Park be brought about with no further delay. By this alone will the complete protection of a wide area be possible, affording sanctuary to all species.

Among the birds that need immediate protection to keep them from the fate of the passenger pigeon and the Carolina parakeet, is the Everglades kite. This kite was once plentiful in marshy regions in Florida, but today only a few individuals remain in the state. Everglades kites have been persecuted so relentlessly that only year-round protection can save them. Selfish collectors have not hesitated to add Everglades kite skins and eggs to their collections. Uninformed duck hunters shoot the kites, believing all hawks injurious. However, the food of this species consists entirely of the *Ampullaria* snails, which are plentiful in the Everglades. Whether these interesting and colorful kites can be saved

depends on how early they can be protected from human enemies.

The white-tailed kite is another vanishing species in need of complete protection from irresponsible gunners.

Fortunately the graceful swallow-tail kite exists in greater numbers than its ill-fated relatives, and is more abundant in the proposed Everglades Park area than anywhere else in Florida, where it may be observed to excellent advantage. Frequently groups of a dozen or more can be seen coursing back and forth over their feeding grounds.

The swallow-tails are masters of flight. They glide on wide-spread wings, taking advantage of every air current. A mere tilt of the wings or movement of the tail feathers is sufficient to sustain them in flight. Only after the bird has descended to pick up food is it forced to employ strong wing beats to rise again.

Having obtained a dragonfly or other food, the bird feeds while in flight. Drinking is also done on the wing, as the bird flies to the surface of a pond, roadside ditch or marsh, time after time until its thirst is satisfied.

Another interesting resident of the proposed park area is the limpkin. Like the Everglades kite, these birds feed on the *Ampullaria* snails. However, limpkins are still present in some numbers wherever large areas of suitable cover are available, and where an adequate supply of the big snails can be found. The plaintive call of the limpkin is among the strangest bird-voices to be heard in Florida. It sounds somewhat like the agonized cry of a human. Unlike the Everglades kite, the limpkin is not given to prolonged exposure to danger; the crying bird manages to find safety in the masses of aquatic vegetation present in its favorite haunts.

A true call of the wild is the trumpeting "gur-roo" of the majestic Florida sandhill crane. It can be heard for a great distance in the open prairies where it usually resides. Large numbers of these big birds may

Fortunately the graceful swallow-tail kite (right) exists in greater numbers than its ill-fated relatives. This species is a master of flight. A mere tilt of the wings or movement of tail feathers will keep it aloft. In the 'glades this kite may be seen in groups of a dozen.



The white American egret was one of the most persecuted species. During the nesting season hunters hid themselves in the rookeries to kill the birds upon their return to the nests. Slaughter stopped only when there were no more adult birds alive.



gather to feed in the marsh lands; smaller groups forage in dry open prairies. One of my red letter days in the south Florida wilds was when I saw more than 200 cranes fly up from their marshy feeding grounds at sunset and wing their way to their nocturnal gathering places.

Early in the year at the beginning of the nesting season, the cranes gather for a sort of ceremonial mating dance. Numbers of the birds congregate in an open area where they engage in one of the most spectacular demonstrations indulged in by our native birds. The attractiveness of the large birds, together with the exuberance of their dance, makes the event an unforgettable one for the observer.

Before efforts were made to protect this bird from extermination, many cranes were slaughtered annually. Continued protection has been responsible for its present numbers.

Tall, colorful flamingoes have visited south Florida from time to time in the past, coming over from their Bahaman home. Forty to fifty years ago, naturalists visiting the Cape Sable region reported having seen as many as a thousand in a single flock. Occasionally small flocks have been reported in recent years. Perhaps these strange looking and beautiful birds may become more frequent visitors to south Florida if given the protection of a national park. Certainly they would be a desirable addition to the wildlife of the lower tip of the peninsula.

Large concentrations of the sickle-billed white ibises gather in the area during the nesting season. The large wood ibis—the only true stork in North America—nests in the mangrove and cypress regions. A large colony of the coppery-sheened glossy ibises has nested on Lake Okeechobee, some miles north of the proposed Everglades Park area, for a number of years. Perhaps these tropical ibises, which were rarely met with in Florida until the present decade, might move into the park area in the future, along with other members of the ibis family.

Colorful gallinules swim in the canals beside the Tamiami Trail, which traverses the northern part of the proposed park. However, these birds usually retire to the shelter of the vegetation bordering the water when anyone pauses to look at them. They seem to have learned that caution is necessary for their survival.

Florida ducks are permanent residents, while large concentrations of other ducks come in from the north each autumn, staying for a period of about six months before returning to their northern nesting grounds. Coots and grebes mingle with the ducks, and water turkeys, bitterns and several species of heron are also permanent residents.

A number of rare visiting species, both large and small, and including land and sea birds, have been reported from the lower Florida mainland and from the Keys. Some are Bahaman birds, others come from Cuba and the West Indian islands. The possibility of discovering some rare straggler would make a visit to the region all the more interesting. Several new sub-species have been reported from the Cape Sable region during the last decade. Undoubtedly other sub-specific varieties remain to be discovered, and species new to Florida are likely to be found when a larger number of visitors travel to the area. While many naturalists have visited south Florida in the past, their visits have usually been too brief and too infrequent to discover all the birds to be found there. Park naturalists on duty the year-round could add greatly to the information regarding the numerous species which inhabit the area.

When the Everglades National Park is established, its bird life will constitute a new and added feature to the National Park System. Just as Yellowstone National Park is noted for its wild animal population, so will the Everglades Park be noted for its wild bird population. If establishment is soon consummated it will mean that the marvelous variety of birds endangered in the south Florida wilds will be saved for the enjoyment of future generations.

# THE COUNTRY BEYOND

## PART III

**N**OWHERE in all the world is there a region containing so great a variety of strange and beautiful geologic and erosion formations as the vast Escalante country of southeastern Utah. Yet there is perhaps no region so hostile to the habitation of wildlife except the blazing sands of the Sahara and the polar snows.

On this subject Mr. David Madsen, formerly Game Commissioner for Utah, has written: "The high plateaus through which the Green, the Colorado and the San Juan rivers have cut their canyons, as well as the adjoining desert, are almost devoid of a permanent water supply, and the sheer walls of the canyons are barriers for great

distances against the animals that might otherwise range along the streams. There is a noticeable absence of even the most common rodents. For this reason the region is not inhabited by the usual numbers of coyotes and other predators. Even the hawks are conspicuously absent. In fact, all native bird life is less abundant than in any other place I have ever visited." Only along the borders of this weird country are deer occasionally present, and in pursuit of the deer, mountain lions may sometimes range. Otters live along the Colorado and the Green; and in a few places along the rivers and their tributaries, beaver and mink are found.

**Little wonder that wildlife is rare in such a wilderness of rock as is shown in this view of the Gorge of the Colorado. This picture and those adjoining were taken in the northern third of the Escalante.**

Photos by George A. Grant





The work of rain and rivers on rock and gravel is well shown in this land of the Orange Cliffs in the vicinity of Labyrinth Canyon.

Flowing beneath towering masses of rock, the raging Colorado River, here a few miles below Moab, has the peaceful appearance of a mill pond.





From hundreds of feet in the air, this strange formation resembles the crumbled paving of an ancient Roman highway.

In a land where the unusual becomes the usual, the Colorado, near its junction with the Green, demonstrates an ability to tie itself into a bowknot.

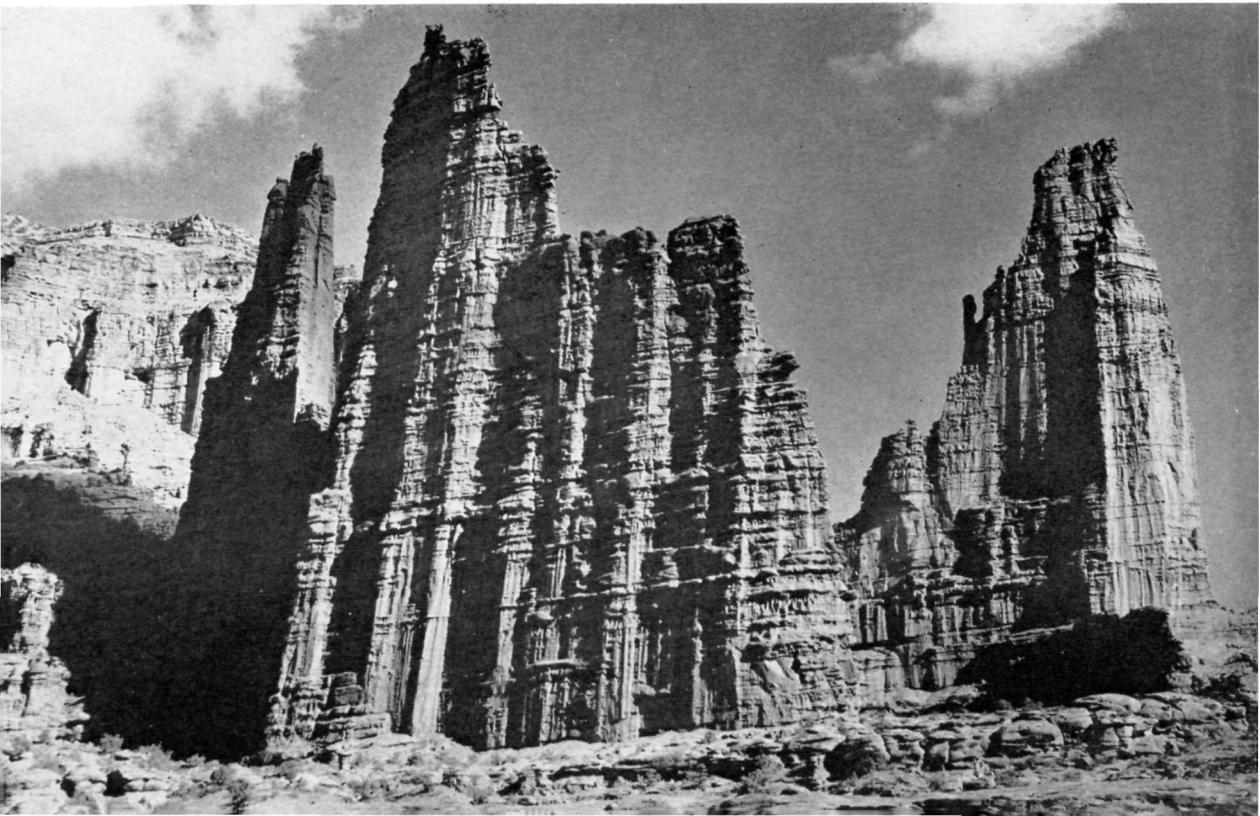




Barren of life, and too fantastic for description, are these slopes and ridges near Notom, Utah, between Capital Reef and Hanksville.

With their delicate carving, the Towers, which are thirty miles from Moab, resemble the ruins of a Gothic cathedral, and are among the outstanding wonders of the Escalante.

Harry Reed



# WHEN WINTER COMES

By FRANCES JUDGE

Photographs by the Author

ALL summer long visitors have been streaming through our Glacier National Park. They have come by train or in their own cars. Some have camped and others have gone to the several hotels or chalets; but one and all have made the trip because they craved the soothing, healing influence of this spectacular wilderness of vast, dark forests, ragged peaks, glaciers and gardens of alpine flowers.

Exploring the trails by horse or on foot, or merely taking the motor trip over Going-to-the-Sun Highway, these people have caught a glimpse of the park. In so doing, they have come into contact with Park Service personnel, and it is not infrequent that a visitor wonders about the life of these men and their families here in this land of the "Shining Mountains," and particularly as to the sort of life they lead after the curtain has dropped on the scene for the tourist.

To many park visitors there exists perhaps an aura of glamour about the rangers. That, I think, is as it should be; yet for us who live in the park the year-round, life does not differ greatly from that of other Americans. Of course, living in the midst of a primitive wilderness holds a charm for those who like it. A friend expressing her thoughts on this, once wrote, "It seems to me much of the time you have your cake and eat it too."

My husband is a ranger.

Paul and I and our two young sons, Jim and Ned, live at a ranger station located on a bluff, overlooking the North and Middle forks of the Flathead River which form part of the boundary of the park, in a region seldom visited by the tourist. The station is a picturesque log cabin standing in a clearing bounded by a forest of young jack pines which stretches away to the hills beyond.

One morning last autumn little Jim hurried in to tell me a flock of geese was flying overhead. Drifting south, those geese told us winter was not far off. Mornings and evenings were becoming cold, and wind rattled the dried stalks of the summer's crop of wildflowers and grasses.

This was the time for the opening of the social season at park headquarters. It is always a gay season of noisy, happy, informal parties—dances, card parties and pot-luck suppers to which each family brings a pie or a covered-dish and all the children.

Slowly winter came. There were days filled with sunshine, mist or snow, and there were gray days incredibly calm, when every weed, every twig and pine needle was whiskered with frost. Sometimes the rivers shone with the colors of the sunset, and the nights were clear and cold; and there were times when a chinook would bring ice clattering from the trees, making the night eerie, and the children restless in their beds.

My days were busy, not only with the running of our little home, but also with Jim's schooling, for we are eight miles from the nearest school, and we therefore decided to give him a home study course with me as teacher. I have not always found it easy to get him down to the severe reality of arithmetic, because like all little boys, he would rather run wild out of doors. Sometimes I wonder how I can get everything done that has to be done in a day. I am writing a book, and with cooking, scrubbing, washing, writing letters. . . . Well, maybe I should legislate for a forty hour day. I patch and iron during the evening when Paul is free to read aloud. And we listen to the war news over the radio with a huge atlas spread open on the floor.

We must know as much as possible of



Jim and Ned

today's world, and prepare for tomorrow's, which will be fraught with fear and hunger. Paul's brother was serving in the Philippines when the islands fell. We do not know his fate. War is a weight and a responsibility.

As we watched the snow come, we wondered how soon we would be snowbound. Home-canned fruit and home-cured meat, together with other staples, were stored against that day.

Deer were everywhere, and coyotes howled through daylight and darkness. They were hungry and out for food, and, as nature designed, they sometimes killed a deer.

During the winter, patrol trips take up a great deal of a ranger's time. He studies the range, condition and habits of wildlife, and checks on possible game poachers. He records the depth of the snow, and ob-

serves the general condition of the park.

To facilitate these patrols, snowshoe cabins are conveniently located throughout the park so that a ranger can snowshoe from one to another in a day. They are stocked each fall with rations and other supplies, and there is plenty of bedding stored in mouse-proof chests. Windows are iron-barred, and menacing spikes are driven through the door to keep bears from breaking in. Bears do not go into hibernation until late November, and are usually out of their dens by the middle of March. The food-stocked cabins are vacant much of the time, and the bears are quick to take advantage.

In addition to the long trips, there are many short patrols. Paul always tells me approximately when he intends to be home, so that I will have a meal prepared. He tells me he will be home one hour earlier

Paul leaves for a patrol trip.



than he intends to return, because he knows I am usually one hour late with a meal. Knowing what is behind what he says, I usually have the meal ready an hour after he returns. When once in a while our schedules become fuddled, and I have a meal cooked and waiting, I get uneasy. I wonder if Paul has been put up a tree somewhere, snowshoes and all, by a bull moose. I stir the fire, look into the kettles on the stove, watch from the window, and fidget until he returns. Then I find that the going on snowshoes has been difficult, or the wildlife unusually interesting, or both. Always I had worried foolishly.

December came. Our road was kept open by a crew cutting firewood for headquarters, and on Christmas Eve we were able to drive to headquarters for a Santa Claus party held in the recreation hall. All children old enough to stand up and talk, had been asked to speak a piece. When Jim was called upon, he hastened up front, opened

his mouth, but no sound came forth. He looked surprised and foolish. He bit his lips, and his hands fluttered at his sides. I'm sure, for a time, he was sorry a blizzard had not kept us home. At last, his four lines came back to him from wherever they had flown. A number of the other children forgot their lines, but in this day and age to hear children falter through a program is pleasant, old-fashioned reality.

For us, Christmas week was filled with each other, and letters from far-off friends; and snow and sparkly frost; and cookies hot from the oven; and carols over the radio; Ned pulling silver rain from the Christmas tree, and Jim trying to shoot the angel from the top branch with a toy cannon. The week passed all too quickly.

New Year's Eve was to be spent at park headquarters. Though the road was passable, and the night calm and lovely, Ned had caught cold. . . . He was scrubbed and greased and tucked into bed, and we cele-

**Our log cabin home is a ranger station located far off in a part of the park seldom reached by visitors to Glacier.**



brated quietly at home—even though I had whipped up a new hair-do out of *Made-moiselle* especially for the party.

That night of nights, Jim was given permission to stay up as late as he wished, and he, Paul and I popped corn, and played with the games that Christmas brought. We heard the New Year's loud arrival in New York, and later in Chicago. When it was midnight here, Paul turned off the radio, and stepped outside to listen for any sound the New Year might be making. But, except for the rivers, the night was still as eternity. One day in January rain came. I washed clothes and enjoyed hanging them; the rain was soft on my face, and I heard the hollow, rhythmic whistle of duck wings overhead. I was sure I could smell spring—even feel it; but when I told this to Paul, he looked at me with incredulity and a slow smile.

Soon I knew why that look and why that smile.

During the night a wind arose. It grew stronger and shifted to the north. The temperature dropped and kept on dropping until it reached thirty-seven below zero, and by morning a swirling, driving blizzard had piled drifts everywhere, and plastered every crack and cranny of the cabin walls with snow. The windows were sugar-coated with frost, and looked good enough to eat. The contracting logs of the cabin popped like guns, shaking the whole building. We were having a "typhooster".

Three feet of snow filled our road, and the telephone line went down. At last we were snowbound. Day and night Paul kept fires burning, and hot bricks in the basement to take off a little of the chill. Whenever he went outdoors he dressed as he might for a stratosphere flight. We all put on warmer clothing, and oh'd and ah'd at the weather. It was exciting, invigorating; it gave us a lift. We were proud of this storm. One would have thought we had concocted it in our own woodshed and turned it loose on the world.

Deer bedded near the cabin. They moved around as little as possible during the blizzard, for moving takes energy, and energy takes food, and food is not plentiful when the snow is deep and crusted. Besides, they are easy prey for coyotes in deep snow. They plunge through, while the coyotes run swiftly over the crust. At the height of the blizzard, the snow buntings came, swirling like flakes, seemingly blown by the wind. They were riotous little birds.

Winter months are rich months for us.

But even as I looked at the frost-thick windows I knew that all too soon those windows would be washed with the gentle rain of spring, and Jim and Ned would find spring condensed in buttercups, and the birds would return to sing their theme songs in our clearing, and the ground squirrels would run their trails again.

To live like this is a rare privilege.

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## NATIONAL PARKS MAGAZINE AND THE U. S. ARMY

Members of the Association will be pleased to know that once again their magazine has been contributed to the hundreds of Army camp libraries throughout the United States, the Canal Zone, Hawaii and Puerto Rico. It has also gone to one of the Navy rehabilitation hospitals in the West. This issue will likewise be contributed if you will send in your donations without delay, to make it possible. Nearly

700 copies of the magazine are involved, and printing and mailing costs amount to approximately \$125.00 for each issue.

Your executive staff is sorry to have to report that on no previous occasion have half the necessary funds been received, and this has brought about a heavy drain on the Association's account. This worthy project cannot be continued without your full cooperation.

# WINGS OVER THE WILDERNESS

## A THOUGHT FOR PLANNERS

By EDWIN A. MASON

**T**HE National Resources Planning Board has laid the foundation for postwar activities intended to cushion the period of adjustment that will follow when the guns cease firing.

One proposal made by the Board is of interest because of its ultimate nation-wide implications. This proposal is a regional one, applying to New England. It has two broad objectives: First, to provide jobs in the postwar period by the building of a highway system through the Green Mountains, over the White Mountains, and extending as far north as the Dead River section of Maine. The other objective is to provide for increased recreational facilities for the dense populations of the East in the mountains and forests thus opened to automobile traffic.

It is all too true that the intangible qualities of wilderness are already lacking in most of the New England countryside. The question arises whether the remaining bits of wilderness should be further reduced by building more highways, the arguments revolving around the points of view laid down by whether you are on a mountain top looking at the road and the cars crawling over it, or in a car looking at the mountain top.

Both these arguments may be beside the point. In planning for the future, the planner must penetrate that future and visualize the shape of things to come.

Men in the aviation industry have already made bold predictions regarding transportation in the postwar era. These predictions compare with those made by the visionaries in the days of two-cylinder automobiles.

The aviation men present a wider view. Having "touched the stars," their thoughts rise above the traffic-jammed highway. They bring up arguments to back their contention that when this war is over, a great proportion of our population will travel through the air rather than over the land surface. They point to the huge new facilities for making planes in quantity. They point out, too, that the family plane of tomorrow, besides being of low cost, will be inexpensive to operate. It will be safe and simple to fly. Perhaps as cogent as any of their arguments is the one that once having shaken off the dust of earth to soar through the blue infinity of the sky, most people will not choose to return to fume, earthbound travel in automobiles, except for short distances. Before peace returns, a great segment of the population will have

**A plane takes off over the Bob Marshall Wilderness Area of the Flathead and Lewis and Clark national forests in Montana.**

K. D. Swan





Courtesy, Press Herald-Express

**A fleet of private planes comes to rest on Moosehead Lake in the wilds of northern Maine. Scenes like this bear up the author's contention that, "Before peace returns, a great segment of the population will have flown. Will not these people seek sky-ways in the postwar world?"**

flown. Will not these people seek sky-ways in the postwar world?

If so, then all land-use planning must take into consideration the inevitable increase in air travel. Past conceptions must recognize this possibility with its train of consequences.

First and foremost of the changes that can be expected is that more people than ever before will be able to turn to the great wild spaces for recreation. It was so when the automobile became almost universally owned. There is no reason to expect that the advent of air travel will have any other effect. You may say that great numbers seek amusement rather than recreation. Possibly so, but they will arrive in far places just the same. About all that can be done is to plan for their arrival, and attempt to so manage things that the inevitable clash between the two schools of thought in land-use management will make the necessary adjustments with a minimum of friction.

Airports will be demanded. Fortunately there are indications that the size of air-

ports will shrink rather than expand. This will mean that enormous clearings need not be anticipated. In many instances existing small meadows and lakes will provide landing space.

Upon reaching a destination, the visitor will want a meal and a place to sleep. Buildings providing such accommodations will therefore surround the air field, as will the stables for the horses that will take the visitor into the back country. Careful planning will produce an orderly growth of these developments. Here the planners must profit by experience. They need only observe the abundance of roadside slums, billboards, unsightly filling stations and hot dog stands that have followed in the path of increased automobile travel, and which desecrate our scenery today. Will such desecrations be further stimulated by the advent of wide-spread pleasure flying?

If the majority of tomorrow's people interested in far places are akin to the many of the recent past who wanted only to view the scenery from the seat of a car, then we may be assured that merely flying over,

with stops to rest and eat, will suffice. There will be, of course, always a few who will wish to get close to the soil, and to linger awhile among the dimmed forested aisles.

In any scheme for the construction of scenic skyline drives for postwar work, the planners should seek the opinions and advice of men in aviation. They should seek likewise the opinions and views of all individuals or groups to whom their road-building program may give cause for concern.

Careful planning is needed; yet, in the carrying out of plans, all of the values of our countryside must be considered. Among these values are the esthetic and scientific. They, too, must be fitted into the pattern.

EDITOR—*The National Parks Association is well aware of the injury to wilderness and wildlife brought about by the use of the airplane, and of the need for protective measures.*

**These views were taken at Squaw Mountain Inn near Greenville Junction, Maine.—“Upon reaching a destination, the visitor will want a meal and a place to sleep. Buildings providing such accommodations will therefore surround the air field.”**

Courtesy, Press Herald-Express



# THE 1943 FOREST FIRE SEASON

THE National Park Service has been confronted with many uncertainties during 1943, in handling its forest fire problems. Perhaps the most serious problem was that of recruiting and training key seasonal protection personnel. Few of the experienced fire guards and other seasonal personnel upon which the Service has been able to count each year were available, so that a large proportion of the fire organization had to be recruited from new and usually inexperienced sources. A few older men with experience were obtained, but most of the fire guards were high school boys. Despite their inexperience, most of the new and previously untried individuals have proven conscientious workers, willing to learn, and generally satisfactory.

Five Civilian Public Service camps are located in park areas: On the Blue Ridge Parkway, Great Smoky Mountains, Glacier, Sequoia, and Shenandoah National Parks; and these have provided material assistance in fire suppression and prevention.

Early in the summer, the Army, realizing the importance of forest fire prevention, and the critical shortage of manpower available for fire suppression, offered its cooperation. Detachments of troops have been of assistance on several park fires.

To train the inexperienced personnel, an intensive training program was undertaken in all areas. The trainees were very receptive to the instruction, and when called upon to demonstrate on actual fires, performed well.

The National Park System, with areas in all major sections of the country, has experienced a great variety of fire danger conditions during the year to date. The spring fire season in the East was relatively short, but rather severe danger conditions existed for several weeks. The summer fire season in the West has varied from one of unusual intensity in the Southwest to one of below average danger along the Pacific Coast. The Rocky Mountain areas experi-

enced about average fire danger conditions. The East still faces an uncertain autumn fire season, and danger conditions still exist in parts of the West at this writing.

As of September first, fewer fires had occurred in park areas as a whole than during any year since 1933, with only 250 reported. Lightning, which is normally the cause of the largest number from any single cause in the West, has this year resulted in fewer than normal. Smokers have caused the largest number. Only six fires were reported as caused by campers so far this year, which is far below the average and reflects the decrease in campers. Debris burning and other causes, largely started by local residents, closely approximates the ten-year average.

A total of slightly over 10,000 acres has been burned to date, of which more than 5,000 acres resulted from a single fire in the Saguaro National Monument in Arizona, and 2,000 acres of woodland, brush and grass destroyed in Dinosaur National Monument in Utah. More than three-fourths of the fires that started in the parks were controlled at less than one acre burned. The total area burned inside the national park areas to date this year amounts to approximately eleven-hundredths of one percent of the total area requiring protection.

The need for continued protection of the National Park System even during wartime was recognized by the Congress through an increased appropriation for the 1944 fiscal year for forest protection and fire prevention. Additional funds from a national defense appropriation to the Department of the Interior were provided, as during the previous year, to intensify protection on areas adjacent to the Atlantic and Pacific Coasts. The need for adequate funds this year to provide for all key fire protection positions was particularly urgent in view of the critical shortage of other sources of manpower for fire suppression.

# CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE



Olaus J. Murie

Olaus J. Murie (*The Jackson Hole National Monument*) has lived in Jackson Hole since 1927, and he therefore writes with authority on this subject. He is in the employ of the U. S. Fish and Wildlife Service (formerly the Bureau of Biological Survey) and has been with that branch of the Federal Government since 1920. Mr. Murie's chief interest is biology, but he is greatly attracted to writing and to the painting and photography of wildlife. His activities as museum collector and field naturalist have taken him, in both summer and winter, to Hudson Bay and Labrador, the Aleutian Islands, to central and northern Alaska, and on shorter trips through Canada and the United States. His scientific interests have led him to join most of the ornithological and mammalogical organizations, and other general scientific societies. With a strong interest in the conservation of natural resources and the preservation of nature, Mr. Murie is also a member of such organizations as The Wildlife Society, the National Audubon Society and the American Forestry Association.

Hugo H. Schroder (*Bird Life In the Everglades*) was born in Iowa where he began the photography of birds as a hobby thirty years ago. Since 1926 he has spent most of his time in Florida, and has broadened his work to include many forms of nature besides birds. Among these are reptiles, mushrooms, insects, wild animals, cloud types and cacti in both color and in black and white. Mr. Schroder's articles and pictures have appeared in over one hundred magazines and newspapers in this country, as well as in Europe. These pub-

lications include *Nature Magazine*, *The National Geographic*, *New York Times*, *Natural History*, *Illustrated London News*, *Country Gentleman*, *American Weekly*, and *American Forests*.



Frances Judge

Frances Judge (*When Winter Comes*) attended the University of Montana and the University of Utah, graduating from the latter with an A. B. degree in Spanish. For two years she held a position as clerical assistant in the District Court in Detroit, and then taught for a year in a Wyoming country school, after which she married in 1930. Mrs. Judge comes of true American pioneer stock. She speaks with pride of a great-grandmother who, in the 1860's, pioneered in Montana, and who, when eighty years old, homesteaded in Wyoming.



Edwin A. Mason

Edwin A. Mason (*Wings Over the Wilderness*) received his schooling in the public schools of England, his native land, and later received agricultural training there in a private school. For the past fifteen years he has been in charge of the Wharton bird banding station in Groton, Massachusetts, where he did wildlife management and research work. Mr. Mason is the author of many research papers and popular articles on natural history subjects and is a member of The Wildlife Society. This fall he begins a teaching assignment at the Landon School for boys in Washington, D. C.

# THE EDITOR'S BOOKSHELF

MEETING THE MAMMALS, by Victor H. Cahalane. Published by The Macmillan Company, New York. Illustrated. 133 pages.

In this book there are sixty-six mammals described, and all of them are inhabitants of our western national parks and national monuments, which comprise an area of 13,500,000 acres where "no 'improvement' is permitted," and where "the wild animals are free to work out their own lives as they did before the white men came to the West."

This attractive book should serve as a guide and introduction to wildlife for visitors to the western parks. To own it and to read it while visiting the parks will greatly increase one's interest on such a trip. The book is free of scientific terms, so that even a child could enjoy reading its numerous entertaining accounts.

The author, having visited the parks and monuments of the West, gives much of his information as a result of observation. He is with the Fish and Wildlife Service, and is in charge of the Section on National Park Wildlife.

The vigorous, life-like illustrations done with pen and ink are by Walter A. Weber whose animal paintings are well known to the readers of the *National Geographic Magazine* and many other publications.

ON YOUR OWN, HOW TO TAKE CARE OF YOURSELF IN WILD COUNTRY, by Samuel A. Graham and Earl C. O'Roke. Published by The University of Minnesota Press, Minneapolis. Illustrated. 150 pages. Price \$2.00.

This is a manual designed for use by field and service men, but it should prove of value to anyone who frequents the wilderness. The many helpful suggestions it contains do not replace information in first aid, but are intended as a guide to getting along in a wild environment either inside or outside of the United States. It

tells how to make bandages with sphagnum moss, how to build shelters, how to obtain drinking water from fish, and how to create refrigeration. It tells also how to deal with dangerous plants and animals such as poison ivy, cobras, scorpions, sting rays and lice; and it makes many suggestions for obtaining food in the wild, and also what to avoid as food.

THE MAMMALS OF EASTERN UNITED STATES, by W. J. Hamilton, Jr. Published by the Comstock Publishing Company, Inc., Ithaca, New York. Illustrated. 432 pages. Price \$4.00.

Never before has the subject of mammals of the eastern part of our country been so thoroughly treated as it has in this volume. The author, one of the most able naturalists in the United States, is Professor of Mammalogy at Cornell University. Although there are many state lists of mammals, this book is the first to present a detailed account of the 253 species and subspecies to be found in this vast region. During his years of study and research, both in the field and in museums, the author has visited and collected in twenty-one of the twenty-seven states east of the Mississippi.

The book answers countless questions of the kind that arise in the mind of one who wanders in wild places. It should act as a stimulant for independent research, for, as the author admits, there remains much to be discovered about the lives of our eastern mammals.

The discussion of each animal includes a description of appearance, habits, distribution, and often there is mention of a personal experience of the author. In some instances economic importance is given. There is a range map for each species, and there are over 150 illustrations in all, consisting of photographs and drawings. Twenty-nine of the drawings were made by E. L. Poole, Director of the Reading Museum in Pennsylvania.

# NEWS FROM THE CONSERVATION BATTLEFRONTS

SAVE-THE-REDWOODS LEAGUE, 25 Administration Building, University of California, Berkeley, California.—Although we are passing through a period of national emergency, very many persons have given close study to the values and uses of our great redwood forests. As evidence of interest in objectives of the League we find that our membership is now at the highest level attained in the history of the organization. At the same time we note that the number of gifts to the League for purchase of land, and for development in projects of the first importance, has been exceptionally large. There should be no doubt that with passing of the years bringing better acquaintance with the redwoods, there is increasing appreciation of the wonder and value of these areas, in which the most beautiful and sublime forests of the world may be seen continuing in their course of growth or evolution along lines laid down for their development by the Creator in remote ages. Together with the value of these regions as places of rest and for healing of wounded spirits, the redwoods are seen universally as among the greatest influences of nature contributing toward development of our minds, widening of our vision, and increasing our effectiveness in constructive thought.—JOHN C. MERRIAM, *President*.

TRAILS CLUB OF OREGON, Portland, Oregon.—It seems rather odd to talk of forest fire control as a hobby, yet that's exactly what has taken place on the Pacific Coast. Members of the Trails Club of Oregon and other organizations, as well as many private citizens in Portland, planned to spend their vacations on fire duty. Lookouts, smokechasers, patrolmen and other forest guard duties have been included.

One important phase is the place of the women. Besides lookout work they have an S.O.S. crew. This group is an emergency organization fully capable of setting up and conducting a complete fire camp.

A field day recently held gave actual practice in putting out real forest fires under the supervision of experienced Forest Service rangers. Cross country travelling by compass and fire detection from a lookout station completed the day. Noon dinner was served to over 200 by the girls' S.O.S. crew and their work received the highest praise.

Behind it all has been the desire to do something to contribute to the war effort and help solve the critical manpower shortage in the area.—G. E. CANNON.

WILD FLOWER PRESERVATION SOCIETY, 3740 Oliver Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.—Letters and press items express fear of destruction of scenic beauty or extermination in many areas of the mountain laurel and rhododendron in North Carolina through the use of their root burls for pipes. Facts show that only a small percentage of the plants on low moist ground along streams have burls. Such areas comprise an infinitesimal part of the range of these shrubs. Heavily burlled areas are seldom over a quarter acre in extent. Suggested laws cannot prevent land owners or lessees from harvesting burls. Some burls have come from the Pisgah National Forest where these operations have been authorized by law. Contracts in that forest have not been renewed.—P. L. RICKER, *President*.

EMERGENCY CONSERVATION COMMITTEE, 734 Lexington Avenue, New York. From Publication No. 88.—Very bitter is the news released by the Department of the Interior in January, 1943, that Sitka spruce is to be cut in the Queets River Corridor of the Olympic Peninsula, adjoining the Olympic National Park, and leading to the Pacific Ocean.

A remnant of what was once the grandest forest of the world still stands on the Olympic Peninsula in the State of Washington. Led by the Emergency Conservation Committee, conservationists strove, previous to 1940, to make what is now the Corridor, together with a much larger area of the surrounding forest, an integral part of the Olympic National Park. The narrow Corridor was one of those unhappy compromises that conservationists are too often forced to accept. But we were assured that, although the Corridor was not included in the Act of Congress that established the park, it was yet to all intents and purposes a part of the park, and would be guarded as such.

Now the most glorious of its trees are to be cut, leaving a mere screen to preserve the beauty of the proposed parkway through the Corridor—"so far as possible." So far as possible! It is not possible. These trees standing together depend each on the other to hold the moisture necessary to their existence. Each tree that falls admits the sun and wind to dry out the trees that surround it, and the rain, without interception of branches, to wash away the soil—until the whole forest is impoverished.

"In making cutting plans," a news release of the Department of the Interior tells us, "provision is being made to save a strip of forest vegetation

along the proposed parkway . . . " Saving a strip of spruce forest along a highway is a hopeless and futile plan. Sitka spruce cannot be saved in strips. Sitka spruce is the most delicate of trees. It will not stand exposure, and if the covering vegetation around the spruces is destroyed, they will die, not right away, but within a few years. Neither can the lowland white fir, which is a considerable component of the forest of the northwest coastal region, stand being left exposed. The destruction of the firs will open up the forest still more, and further hasten the destruction of the spruces. If the spruces are saved at all, they must be saved in blocks. It would be far better if some good blocks of spruce timber could be selected and preserved in their natural condition, and the lumbermen allowed to do their worst elsewhere.

We remember how stubbornly the lumber interests fought against saving any part of the Olympic Forest. We believe that they have now, with more avarice than patriotism, taken advantage of the opportunity offered by war to bring undue pressure on the Park Service. Secretary Ickes states that the Sitka spruce is "urgently needed" for war planes, "a necessary contribution to the war program." This can be true only if all the National Forests carrying Sitka spruce have been combed for the last spruce. Have we used all the Sitka spruce of the national forests? We need this assurance from the Forest Service before we can be reconciled to the destruction of any part of the virgin forest set apart on the Olympic Peninsula.

For no virgin forest of outstanding beauty should be touched until the extreme limit of necessity has been reached. Such forest cannot be replaced as can even the greatest monuments built by man. If St. Paul's Cathedral in all its venerable beauty were destroyed so that no stone lay upon another, it is yet conceivable that it might be rebuilt, raised to be even more beautiful and more sacred, because of the devotion that would go into the rebuilding. For what man's brain and hand has created can be created again. But a virgin forest of the temperate zone, once destroyed, is gone forever. It is vain to suppose that one hundred or five hundred years could reproduce trees one hundred or five hundred years old in a forest such as the Olympic forest. This would be to ignore the record of preceding ages.

A line of a familiar poem tells us, "only God can make a tree." But with this thought we must couple the profound reality spoken by the great poet of Israel who says, "A thousand years in Thy sight are but as yesterday . . . a watch in the night." It is millions of these yesterdays, each one a thousand years, that have gone into the making of the rocks and the soil that have finally borne the primeval forests of North America. And once that forest is cut, that soil exposed, eroded from the mountainsides, and carried into the sea, who can compute the ages that must pass before another forest can, if ever, again be created?

Conservationists should write to the Hon. Harold L. Ickes, Secretary of the Interior, Washington, D. C., and protest against the cutting in the Queets Corridor of the Olympic Peninsula.

Recalling the personal interest of Mr. Ickes in saving the last of the forest of the Olympic Peninsula, we have no doubt that he is as sad and as bitter at the thought of the destruction of the great trees of the Corridor as are the many thousands of conservationists who worked to save them, and who now grieve at the thought of their destruction.—Mrs. C. N. EDGE, *Chairman*.

THE AMERICAN FORESTRY ASSOCIATION, 919 17th Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.—The fiftieth expedition of the Trail Riders of the Wilderness, sponsored by The American Forestry Association in cooperation with the National Park Service and the U. S. Forest Service, was completed in August. This history-making trip in the Flat Tops Wilderness of the White River National Forest of Colorado, was the last of three organized this summer. The first, in June, was in the Great Smoky Mountains National Park of North Carolina and Tennessee; the second, in July and the third, in August, were in the Flat Tops Wilderness. Seventy-three riders, representing nineteen states and the District of Columbia, took part in the three trips.

Of the fifty expeditions successfully completed since 1933, fourteen have been made in national park areas. Eight parties have explored the Great Smoky Mountains National Park—the first in 1936, two in 1937, two in 1940, and one each in 1941, 1942, and 1943. The Olympic National Park (while the Olympic National Monument) has been visited by two parties of Trail Riders—in 1936 and 1937. The region now included in the Kings Canyon National Park, California, was visited by the Trail Riders in 1938 and 1939. The high back country of the Sequoia National Park, also in California, was explored by Trail Riders in 1940 and 1941.

The first expedition of Trail Riders, in 1933, explored the Flathead-Sun River Wilderness of the Flathead and Lewis National Forests in Montana, the great wild region just south of Glacier National Park. Since then parties have ridden in the major wilderness areas of ten different states. Approximately 7,000 miles of unfrequented trails have been covered. In these eleven years, more than 800 men and women from practically every state in the Union have participated in expeditions of the Trail Riders of the Wilderness.

These wilderness trips were organized in 1933 by The American Forestry Association as one of its educational services. They represent a means by which the public, at a low cost, may fully enjoy the beauty and majesty of true wilderness country under experienced leadership.—ERLE KAUFFMAN, *Associate Editor, American Forests*.

# THE PARKS AND CONGRESS

78th Congress to October 1, 1943

Because Congress has been in recess since July, there has been little or no change in the pending legislation which was presented in the July-September issue of this magazine.

**H. R. 3084** (Magnusen) To amend the Act entitled "An Act to establish the Olympic National Park in the State of Washington," approved June 29, 1938, so as to grant for an indefinite period the right to locate and patent mining claims within certain areas of the Olympic National Park.—This proposal is not in accord with national park principles.

**H. R. 2241** (Barrett) To abolish Jackson Hole National Monument. Introduced March 19. Hearings have been held but no action taken. The Committee on the Public Lands requested funds to send an investigating committee to Jackson Hole, and the committee is still conferring.

**S. 1056—H. R. 2591** (Robertson-Barrett) To amend section 2 of the Act entitled "An Act for the preservation of American antiquities," approved June 8, 1906, with respect to the creation of national monuments. Introduced May 3. The Committee on the Public Lands is awaiting a report from the Interior Department.—This amendment provides that before the President can establish a national monument by proclamation, the state in which the area is located shall give its approval.

**S. 1046** (O'Mahoney and McCarran) To repeal section 2 of the Act entitled "An Act for the preservation of American antiquities," approved June 8, 1906. Introduced April 29. Reported out of the Committee on Public Lands and Surveys June 4. Reported to the Senate on June 9.—This bill would abolish the power of the President to establish national monuments by proclamation.

**H. R. 1398** (Englebright) To amend the Act of June 13, 1933 (48 Stat. 139) to read as follows: "That the mining laws of the United States, be, and they are hereby, extended to the area included within the Death Valley National Monument in California, or as it may hereafter be extended, subject, however, to the surface use of locations, entries, or patents under general regulations to be prescribed by the Secretary of the Interior." Introduced January 21. Reported upon unfavorably by the Interior Department.

**S. 1152** (McCarran) To provide for the conservation of wildlife on public lands and reservations of the United States. Introduced June 1. Referred to the Senate Public Lands Committee which is awaiting reports from Agriculture and Interior departments.—Backed by grazing interests, this bill contains provisions that would prove of detriment to wildlife conservation, even in national parks, and would permit the sale of wildlife meat. Sportsmen and conservationists, beware!

**H. R. 323** (Anderson) To authorize the exploration of proposed dam sites located on Indian lands within the state of New Mexico.—Dams built on the proposed sites would flood certain living pueblos that are of national interest historically and architecturally.

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## ASSOCIATION ISSUES NEWS SERVICE RELEASE NO. 50

Several of the bills given above, as well as the demand for cutting timber in the rain forest of Olympic National Park, have made it imperative for the National Parks Association to express its opposition to them in Release No. 50. This release, mailed to the membership on September 22, discusses first the Olympic Sitka spruce problem and quotes the resolution adopted by the Board of Trustees at their annual meeting in May. Danger of an indefinitely extended period

to locate and patent mining claims in Olympic National Park is opposed in the release; and the Association presents its views in regard to three bills, H. R. 2241, S. 1056, and S. 1046, introduced in Congress as a result of the establishment of Jackson Hole National Monument last March 15th. Another item in the release deals with a threat to wildlife on the public lands and reservations by certain provisions in the McCarran bill, S. 1152.

# NATIONAL PARKS ASSOCIATION

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# WHY THE NATIONAL PARKS ASSOCIATION

## ORIGIN OF THE NATIONAL PARK SYSTEM AND SERVICE

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

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

## COMMERCIAL ENCROACHMENT AND OTHER DANGERS

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

Thus it is that a power dam built in 1913 floods the once beautiful Hetch Hetchy Valley in Yosemite National Park; and that during World War I certain flower-filled alpine meadows in the parks were opened to grazing. The building of needless roads that destroy primeval character, the over-development of amusement facilities; and the inclusion of areas that do not conform to national park standards, and which sometimes contain resources that will be needed for economic use, constitute other threats to the System. A danger also grows out of the recent establishment of ten other kinds of parks lacking the standards of the world-famous primeval group. These are designated by descriptive adjectives, while the primitive group is not. Until the latter are officially entitled *national primeval parks* to distinguish them from the others, they will remain subject to political assaults.

## THE NATIONAL PARKS ASSOCIATION

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

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

## THE NATIONAL PARKS AND YOU

To insure the preservation of our heritage of scenic wilderness, the combined force of thinking Americans is needed. Membership in the National Parks Association offers a means through which you may do your part in guarding the national parks and other wilderness country. Join now. Annual membership is \$3.00 a year; supporting membership \$5.00 a year; sustaining membership \$10.00 a year; contributing membership \$25.00 a year; life membership \$100.00, and patron membership \$1,000.00 with no further dues. All memberships include subscription to NATIONAL PARKS MAGAZINE.

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