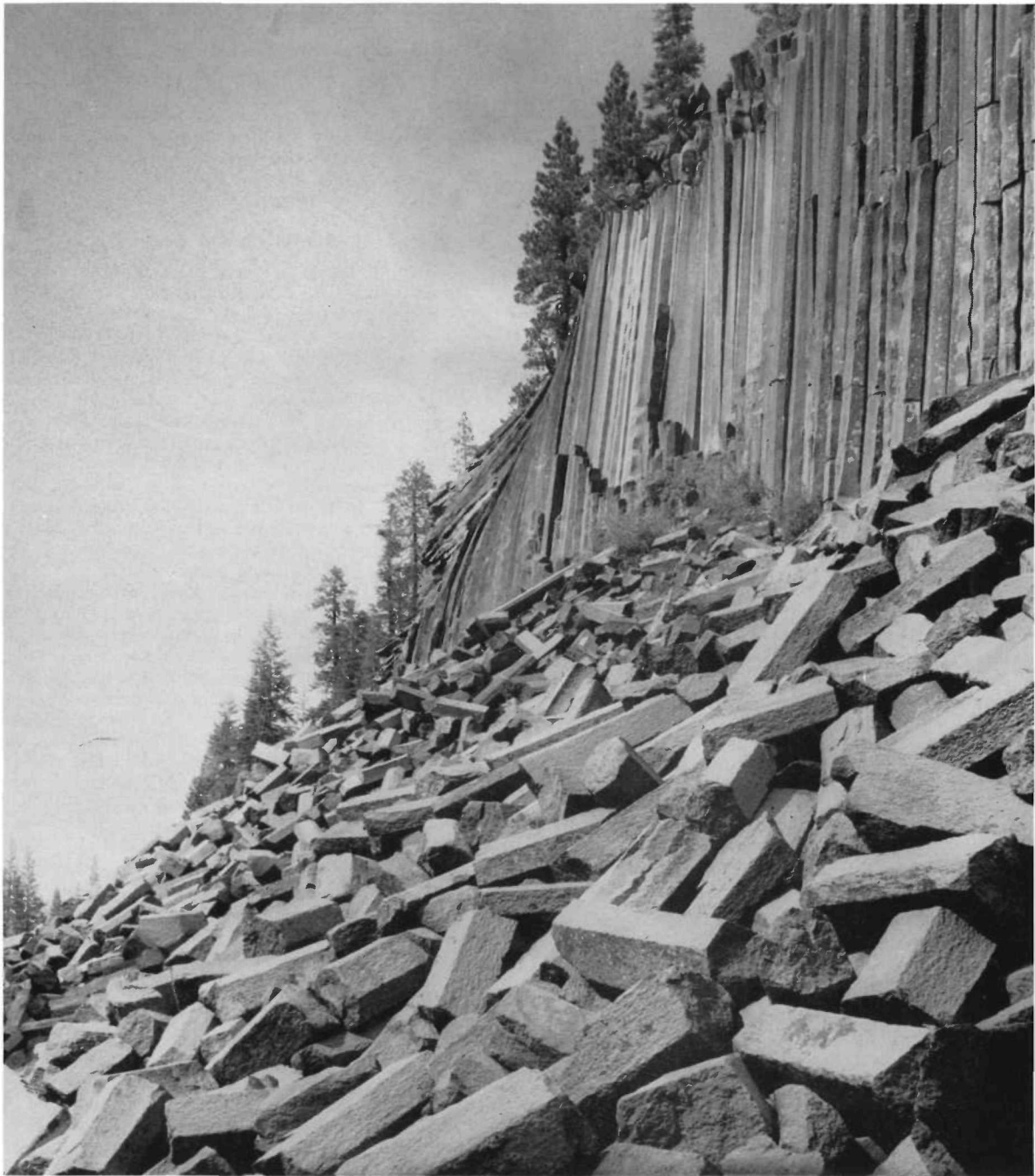


NATIONAL PARKS *Magazine*



The Devil's Postpile
Devil's Postpile National Monument

September 1962

August 21, 1962

Mr. HAYDEN W. OLDS, PRESIDENT
International Association of Game,
Fish and Conservation Commissioners

Dear Mr. Olds:

It gives me great pleasure to extend the most cordial greetings of the National Parks Association to the International Association of Game, Fish and Conservation Commissioners on the occasion of its Sixtieth Annual Convention in Jackson Hole, Wyoming, on September 12-14.

This is a period of tremendous significance in the history of conservation, with new opportunities and new dangers confronting us from day to day. It seems to us to be of the utmost importance that the various segments of the conservation movement work together as closely as possible in spite of differences among us on some matters.

The American land is a vast land, with great spaciousness in it for many kinds of people. There is room in America, plenty of room, for people who like to go hunting for sport and recreation—in the tremendous reaches of our national forests, grazing lands, and the public land reserve, not to speak of the enormous private holdings of farm and timber lands.

There is also room in America, we think, for the people who have a different kind of concern with our wildlife, those who prefer to observe, study, and photograph it, often at close range, enjoying it partly for the ease with which it can be approached when undisturbed, and when it becomes relatively tame. These are legitimate interests, and require special kinds of habitat management, such as are provided in our great national parks and monuments.

The problems confronting conservationists throughout America during the next generation or so will be so difficult to solve that it seems vitally important for the groups who are interested in wildlife in these different ways to work as closely as possible together despite these differences. Take the question of wetland drainage in Minnesota, the Dakotas, and Wisconsin, for example: there can be no differences among us about the importance of protecting this habitat for waterfowl breeding and feeding purposes. Park protection people and hunters should be cooperating as closely as they can to save America's waterfowl from destruction by poor habitat management. We must, in consequence, endeavor to avoid any useless conflict among us which may weaken our common efforts.

An Attack by the Few

And yet such pointless conflict seems to have been developing in recent months, taking its origins from a mere handful of State Game Commissioners who have launched an attack on the century-old policy whereby sports and recreational hunting is excluded from the national parks and monuments. The efforts of these men have been reflected in statements by the International Association of Game, Fish and Conservation Commissioners which we in the park protection field and many others have deeply deplored. Our purpose in writing you at this time is to urge upon you that you reconsider these policy statements at your forthcoming conference before it is too late; that is, before the men pressing for these policies plunge the conservation movement into an exhausting internal struggle which will distract it from its major business, the protection of America's wildlife, soil, timber, and scenery from destructive developmental pressures.

We have been doing very well, so most of us have supposed, with the parallel systems of wildlife management represented by the no-hunting system in the national parks on the one hand and public hunting on, say, national forest and private lands on the other. For our part, we intend to defend the no-hunting policy in the national parks, and can assure you that there will be very strong organizational support from other groups toward that end. We see no reason at all why a small group of Game Commissioners should undertake to impose the sports hunting pattern on wildlife management everywhere in America.

We are well acquainted with the problem of habitat preservation in the national parks. We have stated publicly that the wildlife populations must be kept within the carrying capacity of the parks. The National Parks Act, however, contains ample authority for the Park Service to reduce wildlife populations by the use of its own personnel where such reduction becomes necessary. It is also well known that

the Park Service has in fact, in most cases, kept these populations within the carrying capacity by such use of its own personnel.

The recent experience at Yellowstone with the northern Yellowstone herd has proved, in our judgment, that the Park Service is completely capable of carrying out very large herd reductions by the highly efficient action of a very small staff; further, that such methods result in minimum disturbance to wildlife populations, and in maximum protection of conditions such as are sought by most park visitors.

The experience at Grand Teton, on the contrary, over the past decade, has proved that wildlife population control by outside hunters is not a satisfactory method within the national parks. Again, we raise no question about wildlife management by sports hunters outside the national park system; there may be differences of opinion as to its value there, but we are not undertaking to call the use of these methods there into question at this time. But the disturbance to park terrain at Grand Teton, the destruction of other species than the controlled species, the disturbance to the southern Yellowstone elk herd and all other species in the Park, the difficulty in assembling an adequate force, the great difficulty in policing and managing this force, and its inefficiency in doing the job, prove beyond question that this is not the proper management tool in the national parks.

Effort to Extend Grand Teton System

And yet, efforts are now being made by some of the Game Commissioners to extend the Grand Teton system into the proposed Canyonlands National Park, and to extend it to other species than elk. These efforts will be met by park protectionists and those who sympathize with the park protection point of view by the most adamant opposition, possibly with the result that fine scenic areas which would have value in the national park system will never be added to that system; this conflict and frustration will be the direct result of an inordinate greed on the part of a very few people in the hunting segment of the conservation movement; protectionists will have no choice but to resist.

Many of us have taken the position that where any Federal areas are involved which are not of full primeval national park or monument caliber, such as Cape Cod, Padre Island, or Point Reyes, we could safely assent to hunting under the full control of the Secretary of the Interior, without endangering the established no-hunting tradition in the system as a whole; frankly, this position was taken, not because we are happy about it, but because we wished to go halfway to meet the devotees of hunting for purposes of cooperation in the conservation movement. We have not felt that we could yield this ground in the same way in regard to new national parks of full primeval national park caliber; to do so would be to erase essential distinctions and invite further inroads.

We have been somewhat dismayed to find that the concessions made in respect to the national seashores have not produced reciprocal generosity and good will on the part of hunters; pressures have been mounted, for example, to restrict the areas of the national seashores to leave more land completely outside Federal control; and there have been constant threats that unless the park system is opened to public hunting, or at least to wildlife population control by private hunters, all new parks will be opposed.

This Association has never gone so far as to say that private hunters should not be used in game management within the parks. It has said, however, that such management should be carried on by Park Service personnel in all situations where the number of such personnel is adequate for the purpose, and that thereafter any supplemental personnel should be under the complete control and policy direction of the Park Service, should be selected entirely by the Service, and should be deputized by the Service for purposes of administrative control. Frankly, we would say that such supplemental assistance should be sought first of all from other Federal agencies, such as the Forest Service; thereafter from among the employees of State agencies, such as the Game Commissions; and only thereafter, where all official means fail, from among private hunters. We have the impression, I might add, that public personnel, if the matter is approached in this manner, will prove entirely adequate for the job.

(Continued on page 20)

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Paul M. Tilden, Editor

CONTENTS

Letter to Commissioners		2
The Eyewitnesses	<i>Al Ball</i>	4
State Parks and Smogger	<i>Freeman Tilden</i>	8
Alpine Storm (A Poem)	<i>Richard Fleck</i>	10
Gateway to Yesterday	<i>Elizabeth G. Benton</i>	13
First Crater Lake Photograph	<i>Ruth Teiser and Catherine Harroun</i>	14
The Editor's Bookshelf		17
Your NPA at Work		18
News Briefs from the Conservation World		20

*Front cover photograph by Ralph Anderson,
courtesy National Park Service*

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 Eyewitnesses

By Al Ball

CRA-A-ACK!

No one will ever again hear that thunderbolt sound as it came to me on my last run of the Colorado River, lazily watching the beautiful canyon walls go past. For they are damming Glen Canyon.

It will be gone.

The towering, rosy, thousand-foot walls streaked by rare water, the willow-bars where courageous "river

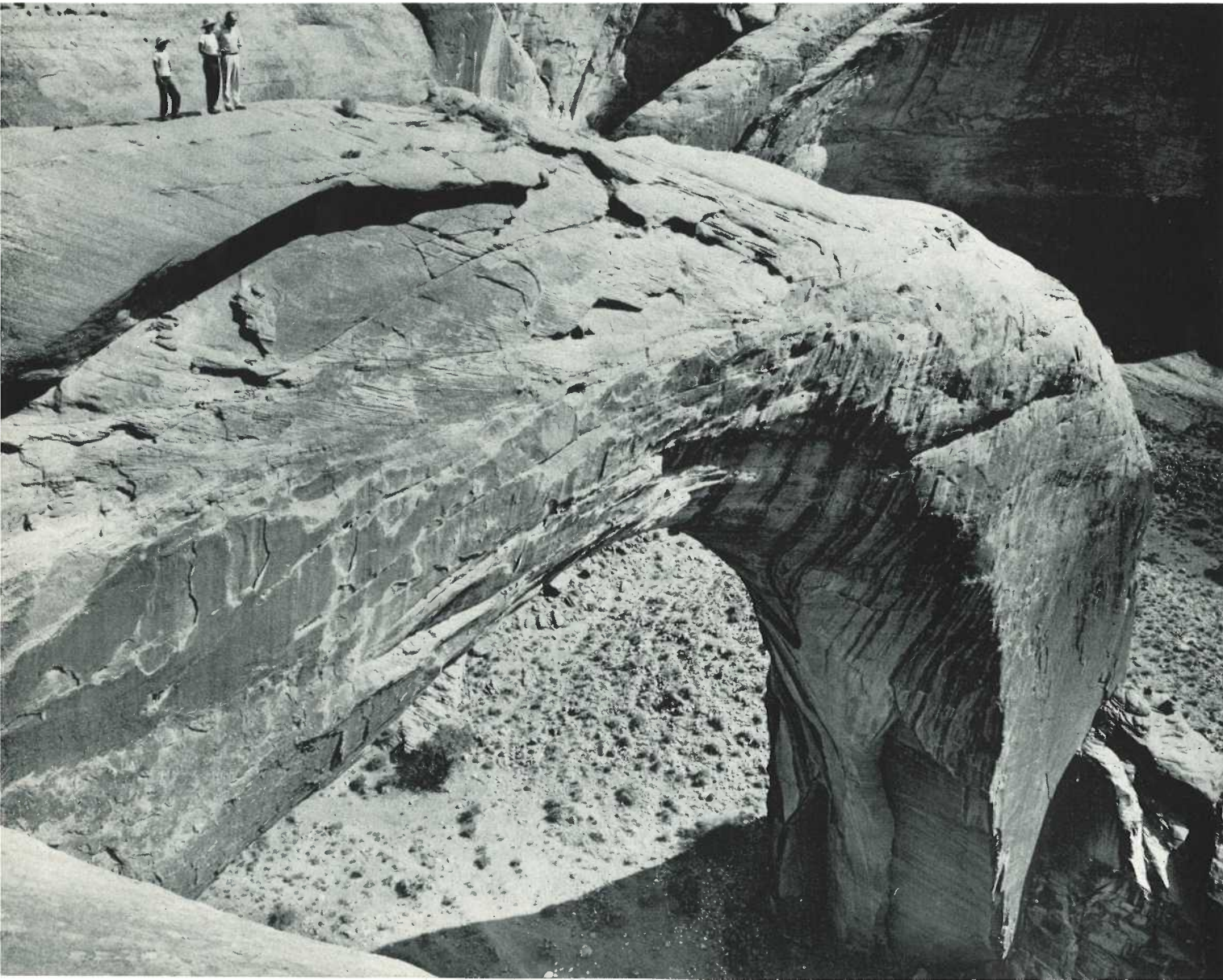
rats" have camped, the little pueblo of a long-dead Indian at the foot of a stained red cliff, the secret side-canyons with their grasses and still pools . . . all will be gone.

The whispering, muddy Colorado will be gone, along with the sensuous tug of the currents as the roaring boat makes its try for an upstream landing. A great lake with still blue waters will be there, and Art Greene's "Cliff-

dweller's Lodge" will be on an arm of the shallowed shoreline instead of twenty miles uproad from Lee's Ferry.

But there will be a select crew of river rats who have had the splendid experience of sharing Art Greene's battle with the mud-thick river, who have shared the magic of the still canyon and the brilliant memory of that peerless wonder of nature — Rainbow Bridge. We are the Eyewitnesses. And

Photograph by Gene Ahrens



our memories are of a way of the West that has no duplicate, and which will soon be gone forever.

My friend Art Greene is without parallel in his years of taming the Colorado. His boats run upstream. He has run the gusty river down, *and up*, literally hundreds of times, in unusual craft of his own design which have proved consistently practical. Ex-cowboy, campmate of Zane Grey, the seventh son of nearby Navajos—whose respect is obvious—his original commercial craft built for travel up the vigorous, muddy river was powered by an airplane engine, propeller and all. A deep, upward "V" in the hull construction gave a sled effect. In the words of his son-in-law, Earl Johnson, "When we hit a sandbar, we skidded right over it!"

The present upriver craft is a sleek affair of more conventional design, twin screws with 135-horsepower engines pushing seventy miles of uphill canyon, and back. Her name—"Tseh-Na-ni-ah-go Atin," which is a compromise. The Navajo have no word for "bridge," so the translation is "the way to the rock that goes over." In speaking of the trip or of Rainbow itself, this phrase is a gross understatement.

Our group, on this memorable trip,

included two expert photographers; a young and hardy lady adventurer; Art Greene and Earl Johnson, who skippered the powerful craft, and myself. Three engineers who wished to review the Glen Canyon damsite came along, with the dubious pleasure of a return to civilization by struggling up the mighty wall of rock via a tiny canyon a few miles upstream. Stout purpose, a few sandwiches, a small raft to ford any deep pools in the canyon, and they were left behind—with some misgiving—to reach the top and a waiting jeep.

Heads back, eyes searching every passing instant, we gave ourselves over to enjoyment and photography. The ever-changing canyon walls lured picture-taking—even the professionals went "shutter-happy!" Each new turn of the river brought a stunning panorama before our eyes, to change swiftly as the noisy engines furled out twin thrusts from the deep-set stern. Commodore Earl Johnson maneuvered the boat through water opaque as a dust cloud—water which hid rock, thirty-foot depths or wide sandbars barely under-surface with equal ease. In a tapestry of sheer canyon walls we passed Outlaw Cave, the Indian Chief, the Utah-Arizona line, and the Crossing of the Fathers, where early Mormons managed a crossing far south of

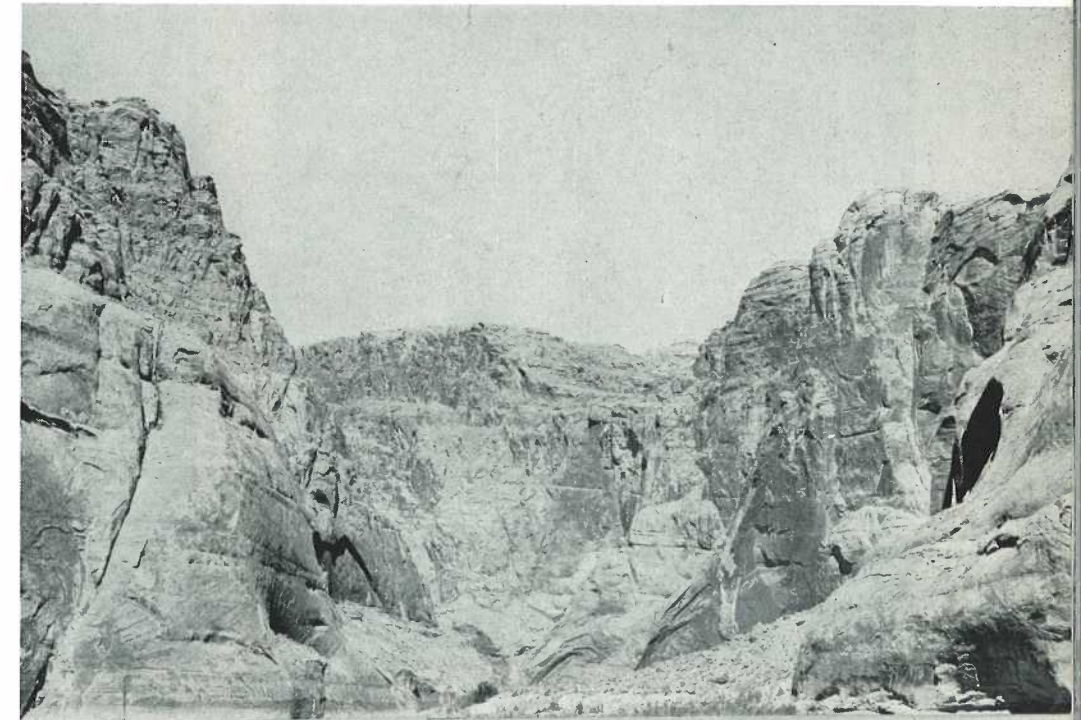
their original trek. The thousand-foot walls reared in beauty on both sides, footed by sandbars whose vivid greens appeared as jewels under the red and brownish-stained cliffs. The throb of the engines was a comfort in the wide quiet.

The contradictory flood of the Colorado swept the channel now against this sheer wall, now to the opposite side; then laid down bars which Johnson uncannily felt out, threading the stream (a thousand feet wide at times) at slow speed while Art Greene tapped and found bottom a little more than two feet down! A child could stand safely here in the mild current—but wait! A few feet farther, and the bottom was lost; the engines roared and we were on our way again.

Camp was made at the entrance to Aztec Canyon—or Forbidden Canyon, in the most beautiful natural amphitheatre imaginable, ten feet above the water's edge. And what a camp! Thick, juicy steaks, iced drinks, cooking to make the mouth water! Air-filled mattresses under down sleeping bags, and a million stars to wink you carefully into dreamless sleep.

The following morning, after a sizzling breakfast, we started our hike up Aztec Canyon, camera-conscious under towering red walls and monumental

Photograph by the Author



Object of a boating trip up the Glen Canyon of the Colorado River was the mighty Rainbow Bridge, whose great bulk dwarfs a streamlet in the "slickrock" country of southern Utah.

«

»
The closing of the gates of Glen Canyon Dam, now scheduled for January, 1963, will signal the end for another bit of primitive America as Lake Powell commences to take shape in the Colorado River's wild, colorful Glen Canyon.

scenery. Wild flowers—lupin, cactus, yucca, scarlet bugler, wild aster and many I did not know—flooded the nooks and byways of the dim trail that wound back and forth across the shallow stream. The sweet calls of wild birds cheered the majestic quiet of the land. A fine spring offered a good spot for a mid-morning sandwich—and just beyond lay the narrow entrance of Rainbow Bridge Canyon!

As we hiked on, the drone of a light plane was an incongruous sound in the stillness that had only been broken by our voices mingling with the bird-calls. We wondered at it—the plane was off beaten trails—but so were we! The canyon demanded our thought and feeling, for a great, rosy, rock leg showed round a turn in the primitive trail—Rainbow Bridge!

The Rainbow is a glorious, mighty thing. Firmly butted to one side of the canyon, it arches in ever-changing, ever-beautiful symmetry, a graceful span that would readily frame the Capitol Building in Washington. At its narrowest the arc is a mere forty-two feet thick, of a deep sunset hue that equally complements the white of cloud or the blue of sky. We all stood and looked,

wondering, and looked, and looked, a long time.

After much picture-shooting, lunch was served with the subtle awareness of the great stone bridge arcing over the canyon, where—at its very feet—we found priceless water dripping from a spring into the jelly glasses of long-gone travelers, the whole framed in fern, columbine and wild orchid in bloom. Navajo Mountain, one of the seven sacred spots of the Navajo, loomed upstream under a giant arch. Cameras were checked, angle shots dreamed of—each meaning hundreds of feet of movement this way or that, to get the giant Rainbow in focus.

As we worked to capture on film that which was before our eyes, we were aware of how few people had traveled this way. All the exploring of the years since August of 1909 had placed somewhat more than twelve thousand names on the register under the great bridge—and many are repeats. Earl Johnson has been there more than forty times, and others in the river-rat following have possibly come even oftener. Art Greene? Who knows, with his forty years of running the Colorado?

The hike back to camp was replete with the memories of the stark beauty we had seen, and weariness fell away as we arrived to marvel again at the complete goodness and thoughtfulness of our host. Art had caught a mess of catfish for a fry, to be placed beside fresh chicken from the ice chest. A strange combination? Not at all, when you are in camp at Aztec Canyon with the river pulling at the bank! We ate both dishes, and it was delicious!

A bright orange 'chute heralded the light plane we had seen, and an air-drop—ice cream for dessert! We all knew of the caches of food, gasoline, and life-rafts that Art had placed along the river against emergencies. One must face the fact—you cannot walk out. But, ice cream for dessert! This man Art Greene looks after his own!

Refreshed, perceptibly bigger than we had been on our arrival in this rock wonderland, we headed downstream next day. It was agreed—nature is an awesome, a beautiful thing.

The giant upthrusts that gave us our mountains; the water and singing winds that sculptured our lands of solid rock into canyons, monuments,

and graceful arches; all the forces making themselves so evident in the far, fine reaches of the West have set a picture that glows redly in memory despite the changes wrought by man's audacity. Drifting and motoring downstream under low power, under a threatening sky soggy with rain, an acute awareness of this grim majesty of the canyon touched us all. Cameras were stowed in slickers, protected from spattering rain. Talk was desultory, then nonexistent as the ambling boat neared the end of our trip.

Disaster Looms

Cra-a-ack! An ear-splitting bolt of sound shook the canyon, bringing us to our feet, eyes staring upward. A thousand feet above, almost at the brink of the sheer canyon wall, tons of rock had split away in an increasing thunder that drowned out all other sound. Frantic thoughts flashed—would the spinning boulders shower the boat with rock?—would a tidal wave sweep out to swamp us?—would the slide clutter the river against navigation? Knowing no answer, we grabbed futilely for cameras, snapping haphazardly as Earl spun the boat upstream, motors leaping to life! In the din he yelled: "Art—shall I try to go through?"

Art swept our faces with his keen eye, gauging his people and their reactions, swiftly facing the slide again where boulders were bursting like bombs, exploding from sheer impact. He pointed toward the dust-cloud billowing out, atom-bomb fashion, yellow and evil. Already it had crossed and filled the canyon of the 600-foot river, ever deepening as it rushed outwards.

"You can't breathe that stuff!" he yelled back, one arm sweeping the entire canyon downstream. "Too thick! Head upstream—stay ahead of it!"

For now we could see the dustcloud swelling heavily outward, filling the canyon solidly for five hundred, perhaps six hundred feet. As the rumble of shattering rock ceased, a lost, troubled feeling touched us all. Silently, inexorably, the dust wall was sliding toward us, gliding *upstream* before the evening updraft. We were pushing against the heavy current, low on gasoline, with nowhere else to go!

Minute after minute passed, the undiminished dustcloud oozing silently and steadily after us. Picture taking was all but impossible as the poor evening light was eclipsed by creeping yellow fog. The group felt thankful for Earl's skill with the boat and instant reactions, for Art's wise head in turning upstream.

The boat growled doggedly upstream, a barely-safe distance from the dust. We had come a mile and a half. We sensed that Earl was worrying over the gasoline supply, but his tight lips made no sound.

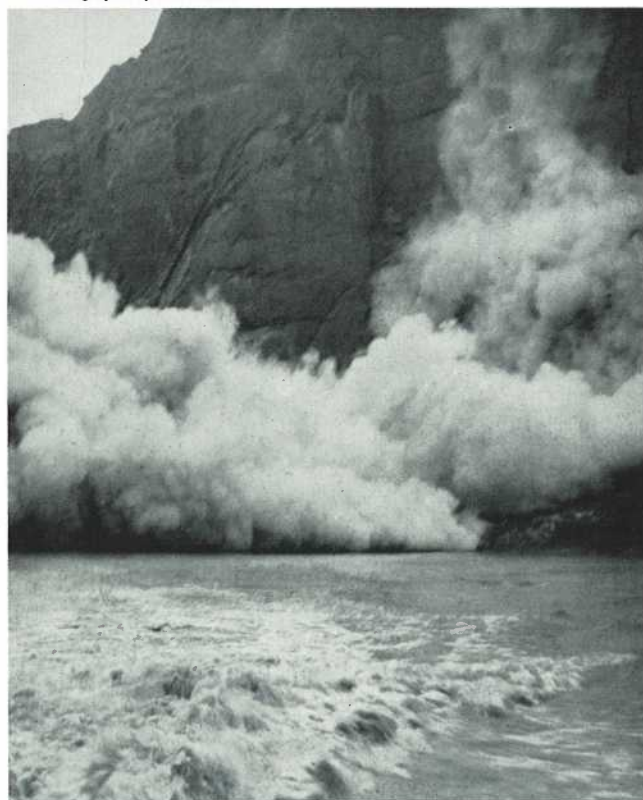
Then vagrant winds whipped at the top of the dust walling the canyon; it grew lighter and lighter against the evening sky. The boat slowed, drifted, again heading homeward. A scant ten miles to go. A brackish taste was in the air, a dustpile lay inches deep on the far side of the canyon from the slide, and a great scar stretched up the cliff to the gentle new arc near its top.

"In forty years, I've never seen a slide on the river..." Art murmured, staring up the changed face of the rock wall. He added, "We were lucky!"

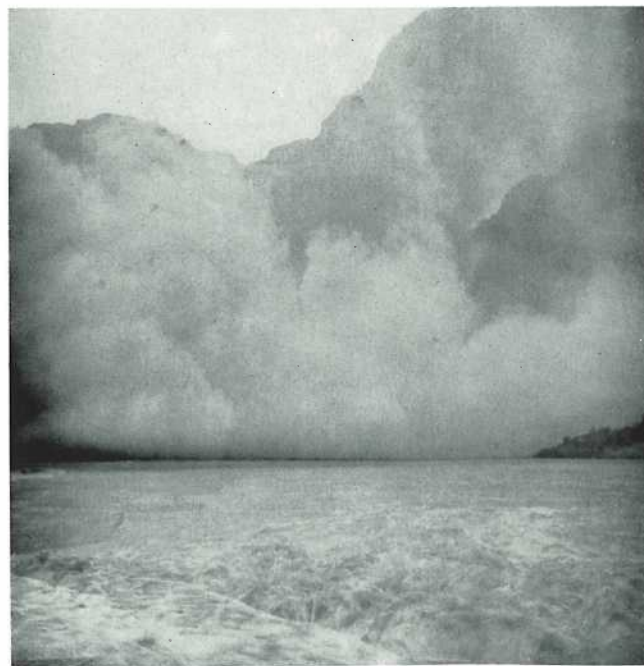
And lucky we were indeed; lucky to have such splendid fellows with us. Lucky to have seen an arch newborn, springing into being from a rockslide. Lucky to have been to the Rainbow—the Stone That Goes Over—before the future shatters the magic quiet there. Lucky to have shared the beauty of Glen Canyon and Aztec Canyon before they become part of a great lake that will drown all from sight. Yes, we were lucky.

For we were the Eyewitnesses! ■

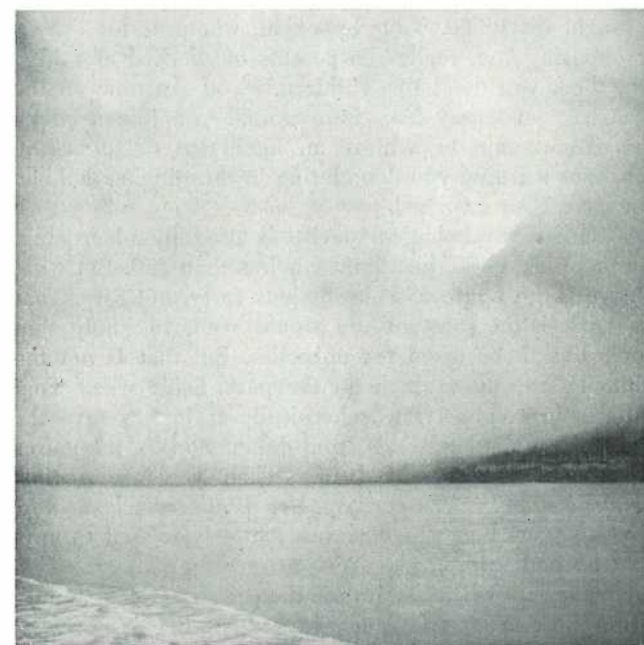
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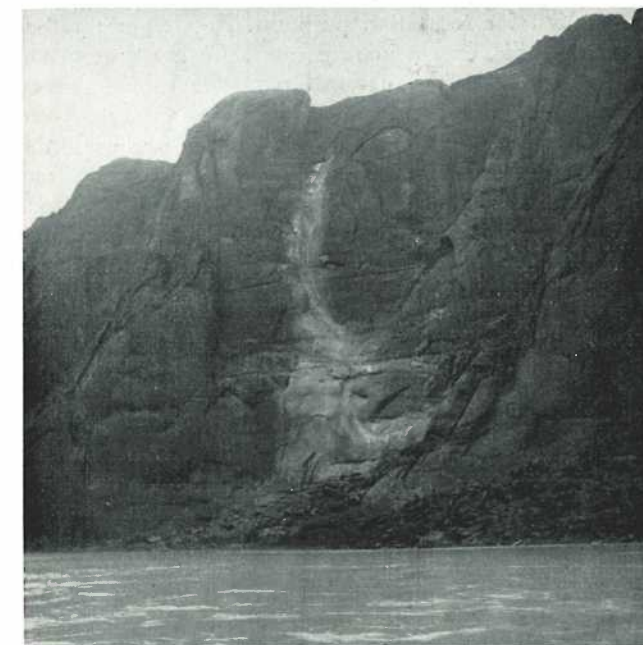
In the sequence of photographs on this page and that following, the author, travelling Glen Canyon by boat, records a dramatic rockfall. At left, tons of rock hurtle down the canyon wall to burst bomb-like at its base; below, a pall of rock-dust follows the fleeing boaters.



The boiling cloud of pulverized rock slows and commences to settle



... revealing a livid scar on the rosy sandstone of the canyon wall.



State Parks and Smoggery

By Freeman Tilden

This article is excerpted from a chapter of the book entitled THE STATE PARKS: Their Meaning in American Life, scheduled for November publication by Alfred A. Knopf, Incorporated, of New York City. It appears here by permission of the publisher and the National Park Service, Department of the Interior.

Photograph courtesy Department of the Interior

THE STATE PARKS, like the national parks, are never free from threats of adverse uses that would destroy, or at least impair, the very qualities which led to their preservation for recreation purposes. Not less so; rather, the State parks, except in rare cases, are much more vulnerable to attack. The national parks have behind them a great body of ardent conservationists, coast to coast, who on many occasions have set off an explosion that reverberated in the national capitol. There is no such solidarity in the defense of State areas. Resistance must come almost wholly from protectors within the commonwealth itself. Outside its borders, friendly forces shake their heads and commiserate, but they add: "After all, it's the affair of the folks over there."

When commercial interests—or even apparently benevolent promoters—want to make their way into a preserve setup the one best use of which had been determined to be human recreation, they employ some interesting devices. The hardest to combat is smoggery.

Smoggery is the artful ruse of diverting attention from the point at issue to an entirely unrelated proposition by means of an inky cloud. The squid and cuttlefish adopt somewhat the same plan of defense. But their purpose is to escape. The aim of the smogger is to remain, and to

retain control of the argument. Let us see how this verbal trick is worked.

We start with a simple instance. You say children should be taught discipline. Your opponent, whatever his reason for opposing you, replies, in accents of shocked morality: "Ah, then, you don't like children." You are now on the defensive; smoggery has risen around you like a sticky haze. To attempt to achieve an intelligent debate along such lines will find you floundering in meaningless babble. You have been smogged.

A similar psychological device is used in advertising. The price is \$49.95, just five cents less than \$50. But what you see is the figure 4. This suggests forty, not fifty. That this trick is in constant use would seem to imply that people like to be taken for imbeciles. But that is not the point. To use an example in the park field: when Tom Wallace, in Kentucky, was heroically trying to save the beautiful Cumberland Falls from destruction by the power interests, smoggery moved in. "Then you are *against having Kentucky prosperous, Mr. Wallace.*" Tom now faced an issue that was not even remotely related to anything he had said.

A university wishes to invade the priceless Cook County Forest Preserve. "Cap" Sauers says: "No, that is not what

this preserve is intended for." "Ah, then, Mr. Sauers, you don't believe in college education."

In World War II an attempt was made to raid the virgin forests of Olympic National Park for Sitka spruce, to be used, I believe, in airplane construction. Certain lumbering interests on the West Coast thought this a very good idea, since any invasion of the park would set a precedent for further exploitation. The director of the National Park Service demurred in strong terms. If the survival of the nation depended on this, very well. But this fact must be proved. And it was not proven; suitable wood was found elsewhere. But when the director first objected to the proposal, he was smogged: "Ah, Mr. Drury, so you are *not in favor of winning the war!*" It happened that the director had been in the advertising business and knew the trick well. He just ignored the verbal shift and reiterated his original statement till the cloud blew away.

Assault From Another Quarter

Not all the adverse threats come from commercial interests, however. After Director Drury left Washington and returned to his native State to become park director there, smoggery on one occasion emerged from an unexpected source. It was proposed that a school building be erected in one of the choicest State park areas. Mr. Drury in this painful situation—because some of his good conservationist friends were among the promoters of the plan*—may have recalled what Frederick Law Olmstead said, back in 1895, at a hearing on a proposal to erect a cultural building in New York City's Central Park.

"Mr. Olmstead, are not fine buildings, statues, monuments, great additions to a park?"

"Nay, they are deductions from it."

"Do they not add greatly to the value of Central Park?"

"Nay, they take much from its value as a park. They would be worth more to the city if they were elsewhere."

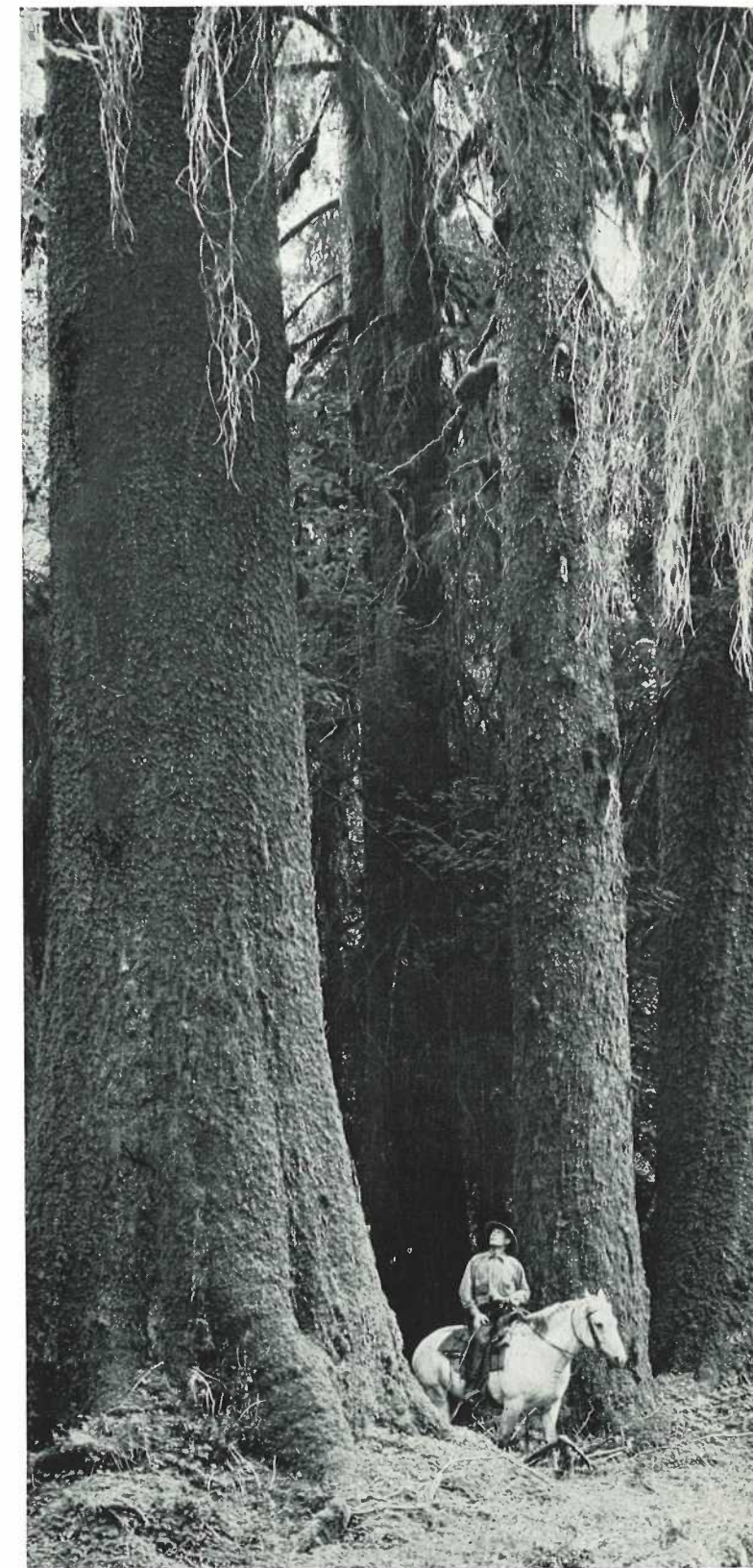
The school building was not erected in the California park. The courts backed the director. "But, Mr. Drury, we never thought you would be *against education,*" lamented a smogger.

The unimaginative highway engineer makes plans for a fine new road. Unfortunately, the route he designs goes through a park or other sanctuary. He regrets this, but of course you want highways, don't you? Or are you *against* fine highways?

Or, you state your opinion that, except under the most exceptional conditions, which must be determined by expert nonpartisans, there should be no hunting in State parks. See how quickly smogger's adeptness shifts the point at issue. "So you don't wish people to get out in the open air and indulge in the sport of their pioneer ancestors, eh?"

It is awkward, in a time of "cold war," to say anything that might seem to reflect on the wisdom of any measures taken by the nation's armed forces. Congressmen oc-

* "My friends are legion," said the wise Aly ben Hassan, "and my heart is overflowing with affection for them; but what a pity it is that so few of them ever understood what I was trying to do."



Times of national emergency are times of danger for both State and national parks, since commercial interests with an eye to future exploitation can clothe proposed invasions with patriotic motives. Thus during World War II it was asserted that the great Sitka spruces of Olympic Park (above) were critical to the war effort; they were saved only by a vigorous Park Service stand.

asionally make comments that imply less than complete belief in military omniscience, but they have a degree of immunity from the smogistical retort: "Then you want to see the Communists take over the country, do you?" If the existence of the free world depends upon locating an airstrip where it will render almost useless a State park that has given recreation to millions of people, then this fact, proved, cannot be gainsaid. Too bad for the park. If stark national necessity demands the sacrifice of the Wichita Mountains National Wildlife Refuge, set aside by President Theodore Roosevelt in 1905 and said by qualified judges to be not only precious historic ground but also a remarkably fine recreation resort—if this land is required as an artillery range or else the country will be defenseless against enemies, then so be it. But it is only fair to ask whether this is indeed so.†

On the credit side may be listed the honest and intelligent efforts of the Navy to deal with the problem of the

† Great Britain has her invaders of preserves, too. In the early days of World War I the British Airboard tried to requisition the British Museum for headquarters and had actually begun to clean out the treasured collections of that hallowed institution. Sir Arthur Evans and others raised such a tempest of speeches and letters to the press about "this monstrous proposal" that the Airboard quickly discovered that "it did not need the building after all."

Laysan albatrosses of Midway Island. They are a danger to aircraft, and aircraft are often fatal to them. Yet the birds have refused to accept any other home. The Navy will have made an effort, however, and apparently has not resorted to smogery.

No form of invasion could be more prejudicial to a State park set aside to afford tranquillity in association with wilderness than the exploitation of its mineral wealth, actual or fancied. Evidences of prehistoric or pioneer workings within the area may be of great interest to the visitor and offer the chance of valuable interpretation. But an operating mining venture—with the necessary rough buildings, the defacement of landscape, the inevitable dust and smoke and tailing dumps, to say nothing of the proximity of a smelter with fumes fatal to vegetation—is a thrust at the very heart of a primary purpose. "Then you are against providing pay-envelopes for workmen?" In a later chapter we shall see how that question was answered in the case of Michigan's superb Porcupine Mountains State Park.

A final word to preservationists who may be enveloped in the murk of smogery. Stick to the original statement. Insist: "This scheme has no place in the park." When the gloom lifts, the smoggist will be seen rounding the bend, muttering: "Damn the fellow! He has sales-resistance." ■

ALPINE STORM

*Purple paintbrush swaying in scented field
Sleet and rain swirling in stinging white sheet
Dull grey clouds thrashing out bright, yellow heat
Tundra-top willows in howling wind yield.
Hoary marmots with quivering nose,
Squeaking conies scurrying atop rock,
Red-tailed hawk swooping to hill of snow rose,
Alpine life stirred as gulls on sea-town dock.
Deep thunder echo from cairn to valley
while chasm still rings to sound of yellow flash.
Raven flapping wings like oars of galley
Flying from tree perch now with fiery slash.
Pine marten peers out of timberline stand
Watches grey clouds disperse to azure skies.
White ptarmigan flutters up as storm dies.
Fresh frost with deep silence of desert sand.*

—Richard Fleck

Gateway to Yesterday

By Elizabeth G. Benton



Photograph by the Author

Preserved within a small park near New Smyrna Beach, Florida, is the ruin of a sugar mill built during the earlier part of the nineteenth century. The historic site was presented to the Florida Park Board in 1951.

ONLY A STONE'S THROW FROM Florida's East Coast and the small town of New Smyrna Beach is one of those unexpected and out-of-the-way places of natural beauty and historic interest with which that State is so well endowed. Here stand the ruins of a large sugar mill which flourished in the early part of the nineteenth century.

The walls, with beautifully-proportioned arches, are of coquina, native limestone rock composed of broken sea shells and sand. One of the kettles used in the mill is still in place, and visitors may also examine the "walking beam" of the engine and the four kettle foundations, as well as the fire pit and the base of the chimney.

As cane was cut in the fields, it was loaded on wagons and brought to the mill, where it was unloaded and passed between heavy iron rollers. A large cog-wheel driven by a steam engine supplied power to the rollers. The mill processed both syrup and sugar.

Built around 1830, the mill belonged to William Depeyster and Eliza and Henry Cruger, of New York. Mr. Cruger managed the estate of which the mill was a part.

One Christmas Eve some Seminole Indians were reported as lurking around the mill, and the next day a band of Indians and Negroes, numbering more than eighty, plundered the Cruger-Depeyster plantation and the houses of two neighboring families. The Crugers and their neighbors fled to Bulowville in a small boat on the Halifax River. Looking back, these Florida pioneers saw their homes in flames.

The marauding Seminoles, identified as members of the band of the parting stage of the war fought by the white chief, Philip, next burned all the houses in New Smyrna, then a small new village. This was the open United States against the Seminole Indians; one which ended the plantation economy of all Florida south of St.

Augustine, the historic one-time outpost of the Spanish Empire.

In 1893, Mr. and Mrs. Washington B. Connor bought the site of the Cruger-Depeyster ruins, and in 1938 they deeded it to the Florida State Historical Society. As a plaque at the entrance to the ruins indicates, the Connors believed the ruins to be an ancient Spanish mission which had been converted into a sugar mill. This notion has since been disproved, although the graceful arches might easily belong to a church or mission.

To reach the Old Sugar Mill, the visitor should proceed west for one mile on Florida Highway 40 from the center of New Smyrna Beach, then turn south and continue for three-quarters of a mile.

The area, presented to the Florida Board of Parks and Historic Memorials in 1951, is a well-tended little park where Spanish-moss flags flutter gently from huge live oaks and tall pines stand as sentinels. ■



Peter Britt, who took the first known photograph of Crater Lake in 1874, stands beside his camera in his studio at Jacksonville, Oregon. Both the camera and its turned wood tripod are to be seen today in the old Jacksonville courthouse-museum.

First Crater Lake Photograph

By Ruth Teiser and Catherine Harroun

Photographs by courtesy Jacksonville Museum, Jacksonville, Oregon

“DURING THE PAST SUMMER I ENJOYED A trip to Crater Lake and since my return have started a movement to have the surrounding country withdrawn from the market and made a national park,” wrote William Gladstone Steel, “father of Crater Lake,” to photographer Peter Britt in the autumn of 1885. “With that end in view I am having a petition to the President signed,” Steel continued, giving some details of the Oregon sponsorship he had gained for the project.

“When talking with Governor Thompson I expressed a desire to obtain photographs in duplicate of the

lake and surroundings and stated that I could find none,” the letter continued. “He gave me your name and address and advised me to write to you at once. . . . I have a map which I had copied to send with the petition and now only need reliable pictures.”

The Governor had referred Mr. Steel to the right person, for Peter Britt was the first man known to have photographed Crater Lake. He made the first picture on August 13, 1874. Between that date and his death in 1905 he photographed this now perennially popular photographic subject many times, always with artistry and sensitivity. Just which of his pictures

went to Washington to start the long campaign that in 1902 resulted in the creation of Crater Lake National Park is not known. But the story of that first photograph can be reconstructed from material preserved, by good fortune, in the local museum in Peter Britt’s adopted town of Jacksonville, Oregon.

Britt was born in Switzerland, and this perhaps made him particularly perceptive of the pleasures of alpine scenery. In 1845, as a young man in his middle twenties, he emigrated to the United States with his family, settling at Highland, Illinois. Trained as a portrait painter, he turned to photog-



This is the first known photograph of Crater Lake, made on August 13, 1874, by pioneer Southern Oregon photographer Peter Britt. The photographic print from which this printing plate was made is from the original Britt negative.

raphy (as had many another painter, including America’s first daguerreotypist, Samuel F. B. Morse) and some time after 1847 he journeyed to the nearby city of St. Louis to study with famed frontier photographer J. H. Fitzgibbon. From Fitzgibbon he bought his first camera, the small wooden daguerreotype box which he transported across the plains in 1852 to Oregon with several hundred pounds of photographic equipment. Some time later in his studio at the Southern Oregon gold-mining town of Jackson-

ville he stood for his portrait with the camera, lens-cap in hand. The box, with its Voigtlander lens No. 2115, and the same lens-cap—an important accessory in those days before the camera shutter—is on view in the Jacksonville museum today.

Britt Turns Photographer

After trying unsuccessfully to be a miner, and then more successfully operating a pack train into Northern California, Britt turned his full atten-

tion to photography. Some time after the end of the Civil War, according to his later recollection, he bought the large wet plate camera which, in 1874, he packed up in his wagon and took to Crater Lake. He apparently took a stereoscope camera, too. With these went two large boxes, each weighing more than a hundred pounds, carrying 8” x 10” and stereograph glass plates, plateholders, chemicals, trays, and other equipment. For the wet plate process, most advanced of the time, required that the plates be coated



Peter Britt's darkroom tent, with photographic equipment scattered around it, at Crater Lake. This is from a stereoscope view. The boy sitting on the box is undoubtedly Britt's son Emil, who was twelve at the time of the 1874 trip.

on the spot, exposed wet, and immediately developed.

Crater Lake, known from time immemorial to the Klamath Indians as "the dwelling place of the gods," had been first "discovered" in 1853 by a group of adventuresome prospectors searching for the will-o'-the-wisp Lost Cabin Mine, and "rediscovered" several times in the 1860's. In 1869 a group of Jacksonville citizens had made the trip of some eighty miles to the volcanic lake and given it its present name. It was perhaps their description of the wondrous deep blue lake that impelled Britt to gather together the wagonful of equipment for field pho-

tography that was later a familiar sight along Southern Oregon roads.

Peter Britt's diary, containing brief notations written in an often-puzzling mixture of German, English and private abbreviation, outlines the 1874 trip on which he first photographed Crater Lake. The main part of the journey must have been made on the Jacksonville and Fort Klamath wagon road, which followed the Rogue River northeastward, then turned southeast and ran within some three miles of the south lake rim.

On Sunday, August 9th, according to the diary, the members of the Britt party reached Rogue River Falls, and

Britt photographed it. The next day camp was made at Silver Springs. Then on August 11, Britt noted, they reached Crater Lake. Apparently they left the wagon at or not far from the roadside and packed their equipment and supplies up to the lake's edge. Many years later Peter Britt's son Emil, who accompanied his father on this and later trips to Crater Lake, recalled that when they arrived at the lake on that first occasion the sky was overcast and it was raining intermittently. The diary indicated that there was some snow on the ground. For two days the party shivered in the chilly weather, examining a lake bereft of its famous blue. To the Westerners in the party this was not unusual and thus endurable, but a "prominent Easterner" (Emil could not recall his name) was miserable. By morning of the third day Britt was ready to give up and leave without a photograph when suddenly, according to Emil's recollection, the clouds parted, the sun shone and the first photograph was made.

Brief Notations in Diary

Britt's entry in his diary for that dramatic August 13th was undramatic: "Photographed the Lake. Very cold and windy. Emil had a cough." Although the weather continued cold, there must have been clear spells, and the Easterner must have braced up, for the party stayed on for two days longer. Britt took more pictures, hiked and explored, then left on Sunday, August 16th, to go to Fort Klamath.

In Jacksonville the historic event was apparently taken coolly, for the only mention of it in the local paper reads: "P. Britt and Samuel Hall have returned from a visit to Rogue River Falls and vicinity." Perhaps Hall was the prominent Eastern tenderfoot, and perhaps P. Britt made little of that first picture at the time. Its fame endured, however, and remarkably enough the glass plate itself endured, too. The print of that first photograph, reproduced with this article, was made from the original negative preserved, together with all of the equipment and work of the studio of "P. Britt, Photographer," in the handsome old Jacksonville courthouse which today houses the fascinating collection of local memorabilia gathered by the Southern Oregon Historical Society. ■



THE WORLD OF ICE. By James L. Dyson. Alfred A. Knopf, Inc., 501 Madison Avenue, New York City 22, New York. 1962. 292 pages with a glossary + index and notes. Illustrated in black and white with 83 photographs, 2 charts and 3 maps. \$6.95.

The past few years have seen the publication of a number of outstanding books in the natural history interpretation field—Rachel Carson's *The Sea Around Us* and John Shimer's *This Sculptured Earth*, for two examples which come easily to mind. To the growing list of such interpretive works must be added James Dyson's recent volume *The World of Ice*.

One does not progress far into this book before he realizes that the author, who happens to be head of the Department of Geology and Geography at Lafayette College, is on the best of terms with his chilly subject. Dr. Dyson likes ice; and what qualifications could serve better, granted a professional background and an easy and pleasant manner of expression, to excite a corresponding interest in the thoughtful lay reader?

In brief, Dr. Dyson's *The World of Ice* introduces us to the realm of a mineral present on and in the earth's surface in immense quantity—ice, the crystalline form of water, which has shaped the physiography and scenery of a vast portion of the earth, which has preserved some of its past, and which looms large in its future. He looks at the great glaciers of the world, examines their lives and works, and digs out some of the secrets sealed within them. He invades the Arctic and the Antarctic to tell us what has been learned of these yet little-known regions and their great mantles of ice. He acquaints us with the strange kingdom of the permafrost, that substantial part of the earth's crust in which the soil mantle and even the underlying bedrock is cemented by ice crystals.

The author devotes several chapters to the Pleistocene glacial sheet and its relics, including the strange biological "islands" it left in its wake. Further chapters deal with the ice of the seas, animal life of the ice and snow, the role of ice in the change of climates, and, importantly, the meaning of ice to man.

In closing his work Dr. Dyson has in-

cluded a chapter—speculative, perforce—concerning the possibility of another advance of continental ice into North America, and its effect on the people of the time. This latter chapter is not, of course, entirely a flight into fancy—many glaciologists feel that our present condition, climatically, is an interglacial one. The chapter does, at the very least, lead the reader through a rich field for conjecture.

An additional word: Readers of this book will feel that, although Dr. Dyson is a geologist and geographer by profession, his larger interests must also include the fields of conservation and preservation; for time and again it is the conservationist, rather than the geologist, who asks that some measure of his wonderful world of ice might be preserved unspoiled for those yet to come.

—P.M.T.

ON DESERT TRAILS: TODAY AND YESTERDAY. By Randall Henderson. Westernlore Press, Los Angeles 41, California. 1961. 357 pages with index. Illustrated in black and white; with maps. \$5.00.

These most entertaining and informative human interest stories tell the reader of the things men have found of value, esthetically and practically, in the arid magnificence of the American desert. The author, a journalist and editor of *Desert Magazine* for many years, has chosen a series of human encounters with the desert—none of which are commonplace and some of which are truly

bizarre—to lend point to his theme.

The mystery surrounding the occupation of southern Utah by the Moquis between 900 and 1200 A.D.; the fruitless search by Coronado the Conquistador for Indian treasure; a philosophical approach to getting stuck in the sand; the wanderings of a University of California mobile science laboratory—these are but a few of the vehicles for Henderson's vivid sketches. Journalistic observation blends most effectively with the author's personal affection for the arid land and its folk, subjects which he knows well.

—N.L.M.

CAMPGROUND ATLAS OF THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA. (Revised for 1962-1963.) The Alpine Geographical Press, Box 685, Station A, Champaign, Illinois. 182 pages 8½"x11", with 59 two-color maps. \$3.00 postpaid.

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Your National Parks Association at Work

During the month of August, the full Committee on Appropriations of the House of Representatives reported out a Public Works Appropriations bill which contained no funds for protection of Rainbow Bridge National Monument from the waters of future Lake Powell. The present schedule for the closing of the right diversion tunnel gate of the Glen Canyon dam—first step in the creation of Lake Powell—is scheduled, according to the Bureau of Reclamation, for January 1, 1963. Time is now running out for those both in and out of the field of conservation who have worked to prevent a precedent-setting invasion of a national park system unit by reservoir waters created by man; and on August 20, National Parks Association Executive Secretary Anthony Wayne Smith sent the following letter to Secretary of the Interior Stewart L. Udall.—Editor's note.

A Letter to Interior Secretary Stewart L. Udall on the Protection of Rainbow Bridge Monument

THE HONORABLE STEWART L. UDALL
Secretary of the Interior
Washington 25, D.C.

August 20, 1962

Dear Mr. Secretary:

In common with most conservationists, we of the National Parks Association have tremendous admiration for the magnificent leadership you have been providing in the protection of America's natural resources, including its scenic resources, and particularly our great national parks and monuments.

We wish to underscore this point at this time in order to make it completely clear to everyone that no steps which we may presently find ourselves obligated to take should be considered as reflecting in any way whatsoever on that admirable leadership and your excellent record in public office as a conservationist.

The fact of the matter is, however, that although the Colorado River Storage Act of 1956 provides specifically for the protection of Rainbow Bridge National Monument against invasion by the waters of the reservoir which will eventually rise behind Glen Canyon dam, such protection has not been provided; as a consequence, in our judgment, certain obligations and disabilities devolve upon you at this time in respect to Rainbow Bridge, and we write to call upon you to discharge and observe them.

Protective Provisions of the Act

You are well acquainted with the provision in the Colorado River Storage Act, sometimes known as the Mandate to the Secretary, which reads as follows:

"... as part of the Glen Canyon Unit the Secretary of the Interior shall take adequate protective measures to preclude impairment of the Rainbow Bridge National Monument."

You are also well acquainted with the provision, sometimes known as the Declaration of Intention, likewise contained in that Act, which reads as follows:

"It is the intention of Congress that no dam or reservoir constructed under the authorization of this Act shall be within any national park or monument."

It is quite clear, in our opinion, from the letter of these provisions, that the Secretary of the Interior is required, as part of his responsibilities in connection with the Glen Canyon project, to prevent the invasion of the Monument by the waters of the reservoir which will rise behind Glen Canyon dam on the Colorado River, and that he is without authority to proceed with the Glen Canyon project in such manner as to bring about such invasion.

You are also thoroughly familiar, we know, with the history of the inclusion of these provisions in the Act. It is hardly necessary to recount to you that a short time before the passage of the Act there seemed little likelihood of its approval by Congress. Polls of the House of Representatives indicated a very large majority against the bill. This situation was the result in substantial measure of the opposition of conservationists all over America to the construction of the proposed Echo Park dam in Dinosaur National Monument and the prospective invasion of Rainbow Bridge National Monument by

the Glen Canyon dam reservoir.

In spite of this favorable and strong position, however, the conservation organizations, not wishing to obstruct the development of the River if essential scenic resources could be protected, announced publicly that if protective clauses of the kind quoted above were to be incorporated in the bill, they would withdraw their opposition. These clauses were in fact incorporated and the opposition was in fact withdrawn, resulting in the enactment of the Colorado River Storage Act in 1956; shortly thereafter, planning and construction of the Glen Canyon project began.

We need not remind you that if Rainbow Bridge National Monument is to be protected against invasion by the reservoir, either the maximum elevation of the reservoir must be kept below the elevation of the Monument boundary, or a downstream barrier dam must be constructed below the Monument boundary to prevent the reservoir from rising into the Monument, with suitable facilities to carry off the flow. It is the Secretary of the Interior of the United States who has the responsibility for taking one or the other of these alternative courses; moreover, the Secretary is completely without authority to take any steps in furtherance of the Glen Canyon project, such as might lead to the invasion of the Monument by the reservoir, until protection has been provided by one or another of the possible methods.

It is known that the President of the United States recommended to Congress, in connection with his budget message in 1960 and again in 1961, that Congress provide funds for the construction of a downstream barrier dam below Rainbow Bridge National Monument to protect it against the reservoir, with drainage facilities, and that the Secretary of the Interior recommended and supported his position in this respect; we are not unaware of these efforts to obtain the funds which would be required for the construction in question.

Incidentally, it was the Bureau of Reclamation which first represented to the conservationists opposing the Act and to Congress that the Monument could be protected by the construction of a barrier dam and facilities, and further, that the cost would be in the neighborhood of \$3,500,000. If the Bureau now contends that the cost will be much greater, the defenders of the Monument can not fairly be held responsible; nor can the discrepancy be relied on to justify any failure to provide protection.

No Appropriations for Protection

We note that as of the date of this communication the responsible agencies of the Congress have not seen fit to provide the specific appropriations for the protection of the Monument, and have indeed placed inhibitions on your authority to employ other funds of the Glen Canyon project for that purpose; under these circumstances, there appears to be no course for you to take but to suspend any and all activities directed toward the closure of either or both of the diversion tunnels at the Glen Canyon project, or their constriction in such manner as to make possible the invasion of the Monument by the reservoir, pending the appropriation or release of funds for protective works by the Congress, and this we hereby call upon you to do.

As you know, the spillway crests of Glen Canyon dam will be

higher than the Monument boundary; the capacity of the spillways can not be relied upon to protect the Monument. When filled to capacity the reservoir will be 50 feet deep beneath the great stone arch and will extend a long distance above it through the Monument.

One of the sites which has been considered and widely approved for the construction of a barrier dam on Aztec Creek is frequently known as Site C; the minimum power pool, the penstock inlets, and the outlet intakes of Glen Canyon dam are all of a higher elevation than Site C, and hence reliance must be placed exclusively on the diversion tunnels in the dam to prevent the reservoir from rising above the location of the protective barrier, if Site C is to be used.

Another site for protection, which has had official endorsement, is a site on Bridge Creek, frequently known as Site B. The elevation of this site is a little above the minimum power pool elevation and above the penstock inlets and the outlet intakes. However, the combined capacity of the penstock inlets and the outlet intakes will be inadequate to discharge the entire flow of the river in times of heavy flow, and once the diversion tunnels are narrowed or closed, the waters of the reservoir can be expected to rise above Site B, and presumptively toward the spillways, which is to say above the Monument boundary, and into the Monument itself.

The combined capacity of the diversion tunnels at Glen Canyon dam, while adequate to pass the entire flow of the river while fully open, is not so great as to permit substantial constriction or closure of these tunnels without a possible rise in reservoir elevation, at least in case of flood, to a point higher than the protective sites mentioned above; if either of the gates planned for these tunnels were actually to be closed, the danger of a rapid rise of the reservoir above the protective sites would be serious; if both were to be closed, it would be inevitable.

Closure of Gates Is Imminent

According to information reaching us from the Bureau of Reclamation, the dates for closure of one or both of the diversion tunnels, with consequent initiation of the filling of the reservoir, is imminent. These events now impose upon you, in our opinion, the obligation to suspend all further steps looking toward the constriction or closure of the diversion tunnels until Congress has provided the funds for the construction of the barrier dams and until construction has proceeded to the point where the danger of any flooding of any portion of the Monument has been eliminated.

We are not unaware of the fact that agencies of the Congress have expressed the view that Rainbow Bridge itself will not be endangered structurally by having the reservoir rise between the buttresses of the arch and some distance farther into the Monument; it is well known, however, that there are serious differences of opinion on this question. We submit that such a finding is irrelevant to the issues arising under the law; the law, considered in the light of the clauses quoted above, precludes any action looking toward the mere presence of the reservoir or any portion thereof within the Monument, or any portion thereof.

We are also aware that it has been contended that the presence of the reservoir in the Monument will not impair the Monument or the Bridge; indeed, that the reservoir will improve the Monument and the appearance of the Bridge; but again we submit that such contentions are irrelevant to the requirement that no reservoir shall be within the Monument and that the Secretary of the Interior shall take adequate protective measures to prevent such an outcome.

In our judgment, and that of many other informed conservationists and students of the Rainbow Bridge problem, invasion of the Monument by the reservoir would seriously injure the Monument and would in all probability impair the Bridge structurally. Quite certainly there would be an area of drawdown within which debris would accumulate and normal vegetation would be destroyed. Tangled mats of tamarisk, dangerous quicksand, and at other times, broad stretches of dry mud flats would replace the present beautiful canyons with which you are so familiar personally. Such, in the opinion of many of the objective students of this question, would be the factual result of Monument invasion by the reservoir; however, these considerations are essentially irrelevant to the responsibilities which devolve on you at this time, which turn around your obligation to prevent such invasion and your want of authority to further or permit it, regardless of possible differences of opinion about impairment.

We believe that, in the light of the history of the relevant clauses of the Colorado River Storage Act, the Congress definitely intended in good faith to provide for protection against the invasion of Rainbow Bridge National Monument by any part of the reservoir which is to rise behind Glen Canyon dam.

Great numbers of Americans, including numerous prominent members of the Congress, are of the opinion that a failure on the part of the Congress to provide the funds necessary for protection would be a gross betrayal of good faith by the Congress, such as would weaken its great prestige and authority quite seriously and for a very long time; they are of the opinion that the responsible leadership of Congress and its membership will never permit such betrayal to occur. If such be true, then the failure to provide appropriations for protection thus far can not be regarded as definitive and it must be expected that the necessary appropriations will be provided, if not this year, then soon thereafter. Further action toward the narrowing or closing of the diversion tunnels should and must be deferred pending such appropriations.

Behind all these considerations, as we are sure you realize, is the long established national policy for the protection of the great national parks and monuments of America. During the course of the last 90 years, since establishment of Yellowstone National Park by Congress, a long series of Congressional enactments has reaffirmed the proposition that our national parks and monuments are to be preserved unimpaired for the benefit of future generations, as against invasion by dams and reservoirs and otherwise. We hardly need to cite the authorities to you, because we know that you are thoroughly conversant with them. They include the National Parks Act of 1916, certain clauses of the Federal Power Act, numerous enactments establishing or protecting specific parks or monuments, and other legislation. Perhaps all these authorities are best summarized in the following language of the National Parks Act:

"... the fundamental purpose of the said parks, monuments, and reservations, ... is to conserve the scenery and the natural and historic objects and the wild life therein and to provide for the enjoyment of the same in such manner and by such means as will leave them unimpaired for the enjoyment of future generations."

On the basis of this and many other declarations by the Congress, a long tradition has been accumulated, for nearly a century, pursuant to which the parks and monuments have been resolutely protected against reservoirs and other incompatible invasion. If this tradition were to be breached in connection with Rainbow Bridge, a disastrous precedent would be established which might lead quite rapidly, considering present day developmental pressures, to the serious injury of the entire national park system. We are deeply concerned about this potential breakdown in our national tradition of park preservation; Rainbow Bridge must not become the starting point for park destruction.

Others Also Interested in Matter

We would greatly hope, under all the circumstances, that we might have assurances from you in the very near future that you have caused all further steps looking toward the constriction or closure of either or both of the diversion tunnels at Glen Canyon to be suspended pending provision of protection for the Monument, so that we shall not be obliged to bring suit against you to preclude such further steps from being taken pending such provision.

A number of citizens, including persons who have visited or plan to visit Rainbow Bridge National Monument, and others who are otherwise concerned with the proper enforcement of the law, together with various organizations having specific responsibilities in these matters, have indicated to us that they wish to join us in calling upon you to comply with these requests, and that they are also prepared to join with us as parties in any litigation which may become necessary as a result of a failure on your part to do so.

Again let us assure you of the high esteem in which we hold you as a public official and conservationist, and to assure you that you will have our continued support in your efforts to preserve the great scenic and other natural resources of this nation.

Cordially yours,
ANTHONY WAYNE SMITH
Executive Secretary and General Counsel

News Briefs from the Conservation World

Two Historic Sites Newly Established

A bill establishing the Theodore Roosevelt Birthplace and Sagamore Hill National Historic Sites was recently signed by President Kennedy. Teddy Roosevelt's birthplace is located at 28 East 20th Street, New York City, and was originally purchased, along with the adjoining house, and established as a memorial by the Woman's Roosevelt Memorial Association.

Sagamore Hill was Roosevelt's home from 1887 until his death in 1919. The Victorian-style home on Long Island stands on a hill overlooking Oyster Bay and Long Island Sound.

Both properties will be administered by the National Park Service, while the Executive Committee of the Theodore Roosevelt Association will advise the Secretary of Interior in matters pertaining to the preservation of the properties.

Geological Survey Film Takes a First Prize

A documentary motion picture of the 1959-1960 eruption of Kilauea Volcano, on the Island of Hawaii, was recently awarded a first prize in the category of geographical, ethnographical and folklore films at the XIII International Exhibition of Cinematographic Art at Venice, Italy. The film, shot by personnel of the U. S. Geological Survey with the cooperation of rangers and naturalists at Hawaii Volcanoes National Park, covers the sequence of the Kilauea eruption

from the summit outbreak of November, 1959, to the end of the flank eruption in February, 1960.

The scenes from which the film was made were photographed for the scientific record as part of the Geological Survey's continuing study of active volcanism. This study program is centered at the Survey's Hawaiian Volcano Observatory on the edge of Kilauea Crater. Script was written by staff members of the Observatory and by Dr. Edwin Roeder of the Branch of Experimental Geochemistry and Mineralogy.

Copies of this spectacular and educational film are available from the Motion Picture Service, Department of Agriculture, Washington 25, D. C., at the purchase price of \$111.35, including mailing, while a limited number of loan prints are available to education and earth-science organizations at the Map Information Office of the U. S. Geological Survey, Washington 25, D. C.

African Wildlife Management School To Open In '63

An announcement of the African Wildlife Leadership Foundation, of Washington, D.C., indicates that \$25,000 in grants from the Old Dominion Foundation and the World Wildlife Fund have recently been made available for the establishment of Africa's first wildlife management school.

The school, to be located at Moshi, Tanganyika, is scheduled to open in January, 1963, with thirty students from

Tanganyika, Kenya and Uganda in attendance.

It is expected that the school will ultimately provide classroom and practical field training for about 100 students from all over Africa for a period of from eighteen months to two years.

The school, according to Judge Russell E. Train, of Washington, D.C., president of the African Wildlife Leadership Foundation, is designed to "help equip Africans to assume responsible positions in the game and park departments of their respective countries." Judge Train noted that "the need for such training is urgent."

NPS Regional Numbers Replaced By Names

For twenty-five years the several areal administrative units of the National Park Service have been identified by number; however, effective during the past July, they were redesignated by geographic location.

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Fourteen Additional Sites Recommended For Registry

Secretary of the Interior Stewart L. Udall has announced that fourteen more historic American sites are eligible for the official Registry of National Historic Landmarks. The fourteen are evenly divided between Alaska and the remainder of the nation.

The sites—which are first recommended by the Advisory Board on National Parks, Historic Sites, Buildings and Monuments—include the Saint-Gaudens Memorial in Cornish, New Hampshire, where the noted sculptor Augustus Saint-Gaudens lived and worked; University Hall at Brown University, in Rhode Island, closely associated with Horace Mann; "Old West," designed by the architect Benjamin Latrobe for Dickinson College, Pennsylvania; the Presidio, in San Francisco; the archeological site in Louisiana known as "Poverty Point"; the Abo and Quari Pueblos in New Mexico, scenes of early Spanish Franciscan missions; and seven Alaskan historic sites.

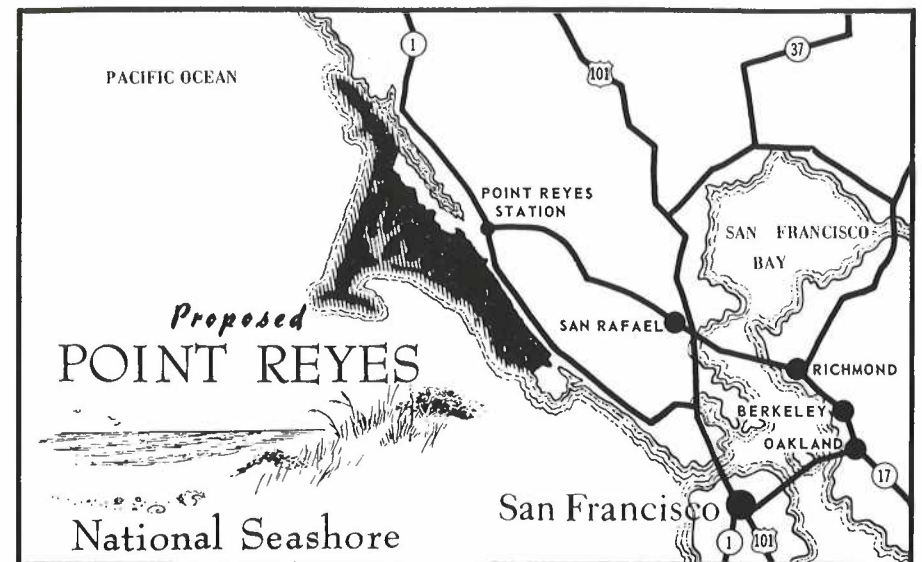
Administration of the eligible sites will continue unchanged, Interior has indicated; but it is the Department's hope that recognition of the private properties involved will encourage their owners to maintain them in the public interest.

Air Pollution Conference Scheduled For Mid-September

Of special interest to the conservation world is a conference to be held in Washington, D.C., from December 10th to 12th this year. Called by the Surgeon General of the U. S. Public Health Service, the National Conference on Air Pollution—which will be keyed to the general theme *Let's Clear the Air*—has, according to a preliminary announcement, been designed to appeal not only to scientists and others with technical interest in air pollution, but to the general public as well. (Interested persons may secure a preliminary conference program by writing to the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare, Washington 25, D.C.)

According to the Public Health Service's announcement, "the program of the proposed conference will emphasize discussion, understanding, and resolution of major issues of national interest and concern, in order that prevention and abatement programs can proceed at a rate commensurate with present and future air pollution problems and with the status of technical knowledge."

Subjects scheduled for panel discussion are "Problem Areas the Public Asks About," and "Applying Present Knowledge to Air Pollution Control."



Courtesy National Park Service

The recently authorized Point Reyes National Seashore is outlined in map above. Solid color shows higher elevations; shaded areas are shorelines and lowlands.

Point Reyes Seashore Moves Toward Reality

ON JULY 23 the House of Representatives passed, with a few minor amendments, S. 476, the bill of Senators Engle and Kuchel authorizing establishment of a Point Reyes National Seashore in Marin County, California, some thirty-five miles north of San Francisco. This bill was passed by the Senate during the closing days of the 87th Congress' first session—on September 5, 1961—and, barring a possible House-Senate conference on the House amendments, lacks only the signature of President Kennedy to make it a formal Act of Congress.

Point Reyes Seashore would consist of some 53,000 acres, of which approximately 26,000 acres would constitute a so-called pastoral zone in which the present pattern of ranching and dairying would be permitted to continue; ranch and dairy land in the pastoral zone could not be acquired by the Government without the consent of the owner "so long as it remains in its natural state or is used exclusively for ranching and dairying purposes."

The Engle-Kuchel bill, as passed by both House and Senate, sets a limit of \$14 millions in appropriations for the acquisition of lands and waters, and for other costs connected with establishment of the Seashore; it would allow hunting and fishing within the Federally-owned lands of the Seashore at the discretion of the Secretary of the Interior, and under regulations prescribed by him after consultation with State and local officials. Under terms of the bill the Secretary will formally establish a Point Reyes National Seashore—second such unit in the park system—after sufficient acreage has been acquired by the Government to constitute a workable administrative unit. (The third national shoreline area of the park system is Cape Hatteras, formally titled a National Seashore Recreational Area).

A general article on the then proposed, and now authorized, Point Reyes Seashore will be found in *National Parks Magazine* for June, 1961. This article detailed the scenic, botanic, geologic and historic aspects of the Point Reyes Peninsula, its unique position in respect to one of the nation's great population centers, and the threat of subdivision that has been hanging over the Peninsula for several years. It also outlined the National Park Service's plans for development of the area.

Letter to Commissioners continued from page 2

Those of us who think there is a place for a relationship between men and animals which is not based on hunting as sport or recreation have been governed by a rather generous spirit of tolerance in these matters; we have not thus far questioned the propriety of hunting in the national forests, range lands, and land reserves. It is no news to you, however, that certain other groups in America harbor somewhat adverse attitudes toward the hunters; your relations with the farmers have not been good, nor with most of the women's organizations. We would not be without allies if this conflict were to deepen into a serious struggle; in the interest of the entire conservation movement, we hope that it will not do so; but the choice seems to lie at the moment with the Game Commissioners.

This Association finds it difficult to believe that the International Association of Game, Fish and Conservation Commissioners after thorough debate and careful reflection, will assume responsibility for the deepening of this needless conflict among the people and organizations concerned with the protection of America's outdoor resources. We would appreciate it deeply if you would bring the full text of this communication to the attention of the delegates at your forthcoming conference and make arrangements for the full and free discussion of the whole topic at a general session of your conference. I shall be happy to arrange for the presence of spokesmen of this Association and other protection-minded conservation organizations for purposes of an ample exposition of our views and conferences with spokesmen of the International Association if you so desire. Would you be kind enough to let me hear from you at your convenience?

Cordially yours,
ANTHONY WAYNE SMITH
Executive Secretary and General Counsel



Elk in Yellowstone Park

A photograph by Roger J. Contor

ONE OF THE GREAT conservationists of our time has referred to the national parks and monuments as the crown jewels among the lands of the nation. Within them the visitor may capture—either in memory or on film—pictures of American wildlife like that above; animal life in its natural habitat and unafraid of man. A few State game commissioners, however, are pressing for the opening of the national parks to public hunting under pretext that game management in the parks calls for “outside help.”

IF YOU FEEL THAT these game commissioners are perhaps more interested in extending their jurisdictions into the national parks than in sound wildlife management programs for the few parks where control measures are necessary, you are at liberty to write the Governor of your State and ask that he urge your State game commissioner to support a policy of no public hunting in the national parks. You can further help by securing one new member this month for the National Parks Association, the leading independent organization concerned with the protection of the parks; through special contribution to the Association; or by presentation of one or more gift memberships. This issue of the magazine is provided with a card for your convenience.

National Parks Association

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