

# STAMP ROMANCES

The Lore and Legend Associated  
with the  
1934 National Parks Series of Stamps

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*by Albert F. Kunze*

## P R E F A C E

These Stamp Romances of The Lore and Legend associated with the 1934 National Parks Series of Postage Stamps, in slightly different form, were broadcast by the author as part of a series of programs sponsored by The Washington Stamp Club of the Air from Radio Station WOL of the Nation's Capital. A voluminous "fan mail" gave rise to the thought that their publication might be accepted in the realm of philatelic literature, hence this first small edition is being offered to put the thought to a practical test.

In reading these stories of legend and lore consideration must be given to the fact that the text is not offered as a recording of authentic history, but rather as a series of legends handed down from one generation to another. It is obvious that the legends, retold in different localities and through succeeding years, frequently developed along varied lines so that they may now be found in somewhat diversified versions. No one of them would appear to be entitled to any greater credence than any other. The particular versions finally chosen were culled from among many found in the archives of the Library of Congress, the National Parks Service of the Department of Interior and the Smithsonian Institute.

The statistics relative to the number of stamps ordered on the original printings were furnished through the courtesy of the Honorable James A. Farley, Postmaster General, and the data relative to the artisans who produced the stamps, as well as the plate numbers used, were furnished through the courtesy of the Honorable Alvin W. Hall, Director of the Bureau of Engraving and Printing, under whose supervision the stamps were manufactured at Washington, D. C. Appreciation is expressed to both for their kind cooperation in this and many other philatelic undertakings.

A. F. K.



### THE ONE CENT STAMP

dedicated to

## Yosemite National Park

Issued July 16, 1934.

The one-cent stamp of the National Parks Series is upright in form, 89/100 by 1 44/100 inches in size and was issued on July 16, 1934, from Yosemite National Park in California and Washington, D. C. The park is a little over one hundred miles west of San Francisco. Exclusive jurisdiction over the park was assumed by the National Parks Service on June 2, 1920. Its scenic beauty constitutes one of the wonders of America. Chief among the unusual phenomena of nature is the great rock, "El Capitan," depicted on the stamp. An interesting bit of legend associates itself with "El Capitan."

In the early days when the western coast was being explored by the Spanish, an expedition under the leadership of Mariposa gave names to all unusual features of nature in that locality and among others the name of El Capitan to the great rock which they found towering 3,600 feet above the floor of the valley. Its walls are the

steepest of any rock in the world, and in size it is thrice that of the famous Gibraltar.

For centuries before the Spaniards came, American Indians lived in the valley and to them the great rock was symbolical of an ancient mythology. The tribe was known as that of the Ah-wah-nee. The story has it that in the dim past a son was born to the Chief. He was fed milk from the mountain goat so that he might become fleet and sure footed. Fish meat was given to him so that he might be a good swimmer. He was wrapped in skins of the great grizzly bear so that he might become a great fighter and so his foods were chosen each for a separate purpose and so apportioned that he might be a man of unusual physical prowess.

In due time he became a man and on the death of his father, he was named chief of the tribe. So wise, just and strong was he that his tribesmen built for him a great throne on the very top of the huge rock which they called Tutokanula, and gave him the same name. From his high throne he watched over his people, and communed with the gods, asking them for rain when it was needed and sunshine when the lands became too wet.

One day as he watched his people, a group of strangers came from the southland, led by an Indian maiden of wondrous beauty. She was tall and graceful, but unlike any other woman he had ever seen, she had blond hair that hung over her shoulders and glistened in the sunlight. As she drew nearer she called aloud to Tutokanula, who stood transfixed in the radiance of his vision. "Hail great chief," she said, "I am Tis-sa-ach, of the country to the south. I come to you with presents of baskets and skins

and fruits. I am your friend and wish you to teach me as you have taught your own people, so that I and mine may be as happy as they."

Tutokanula beckoned to her to come near and at once a deep friendship arose. The Indian chief ordered that she be made comfortable and that a wig-wam be erected for her close to his own. So they lived for many days and as each sun rose he became more infatuated with her. Finally he asked that she go through the Indian marriage ritual with him but she endeavored to dissuade him. His heart and mind, however, were set and when she realized that he would not accept her negative answer, she disappeared.

Tutokanula went in search for her, and though he roamed the hills and mountains, no trace of the beautiful maiden could be found. Day after day he searched, until his wanderings took him far from the land of his people and he forgot them. They in turn, searched for him until finally all who had lived in the valley were gone. During this time it was that Tutokanula returned, and finding the valley uninhabited, went to his former throne and with his hunting knife of stone, carved a likeness of his own form facing westward, to indicate to his people when they might return, that he had gone in that direction seeking his vanished Tis-sa-ach. And at the very tip of the rock he carved the face of a stern warrior to guard the gates of Ah-wah-nee in his absence. Both are still to be seen on the face of El Capitan and hundreds of tourists gaze upon them every year and hear the Indian folk lore repeated by the older guides of the park.



### THE TWO CENT STAMP

dedicated to

## Grand Canyon National Park

Issued July 24, 1934.

The two-cent denomination of the National Parks Series of stamps is horizontal in form, of the same size as the one-cent stamp and is dedicated to the Grand Canyon National Park of Arizona. Orange-red in color, the stamp shows a panoramic view of a portion of that immense tract of one thousand and nine square miles of scenic wonders, set aside in 1919, by act of Congress for the enjoyment and education of those who choose to visit there.

Once, before the memory of man began to record the facts and happenings we now call history, a river of water found its way southward over the mountaneous plateau of the south west. Melting ice and snow swelled its capacity until the volume of water carried was equal to some of the few large rivers of the world. It cast about rock depressions and slopes, seeking a channel through which it might flow, and slowly, eons of years in the language of geology, it made its bed through wearing away and carrying

with its stream small particles of soil, stone and rock. Year after year the process carried on and the bed of the river deepened. As the process of erosion continued down the ages the surface of the river, still carrying the same volume of water, sank below the surface of the land. The soil and comparatively soft rock offered but feeble resistance to the mighty force of the water, until now it has cut a deep canyon into the face of the earth over a stretch of almost 1,000 miles and in places its ceaseless grinding effect has marred the surface of the great western plateau with a gorge, a truly great meandering Grand Canyon to the depth of a full mile below the original surface.

In the early days of native life among the forests of the Great Mountains, Indians feared the Colorado river that thundered over great heights and tunnelled through rock, that shifted its bed and resisted no obstacle. They hesitated to enter its canyons where spirits mockingly called back their war whoops and their supplications to the Great Spirit. They misunderstood the strange things they saw from the brink of the canyon and they dared not, brave as they were before man or beast, enter this sanctum of the Great Spirit. To them it was forbidden land—and unknown.

It is told that in battle an arrow pierced the heart of a brave, dashing from it the life of one who was loved by a charming Indian maid. Mourning his loss, she appealed to the tribal medicine man and to the mysticisms of Indian magic for his return, but all of no avail. The spirit of her buck had gone to the Happy Hunting Grounds, and there was no succor. But she was not content. She wanted his companionship, she pined, grieved

and yearned for him so unceasingly that the Great Spirit yielded to her supplications, and taking her by the hand, said:

“Come, I will take you to him.”

As in a trance she moved forward, following the Great Father. To the canyon they made their way. Slowly and in dignity they moved through the ravine, over jumbled rock, about a bend in the natural path and down—down into the abys where the river endlessly flowed. Along the upper crest her Indian companions paused, they dared not descend, none had ever done so before, to them it was holy ground, forbidden to their feet. Yet they watched the maid proceed, disappear and reappear, as distance seemed to render her lithe, graceful figure smaller. They saw her finally blend with the vagaries of rock and shifting color. Gone was she, and last seen cautiously, carefully yet with determination, moving forward through the Gateway to the Happy Hunting Grounds under the guidance of the Great Spirit. They waited long and patiently. Many suns rose and the moon changed from sphere to crescent and back to sphere. Though their vigil was unceasing they never again saw the girl guided by the Great Spirit return and they knew that the Grand Canyon was God's pathway to the Happy Hunting Grounds from whence mortals never return. For them, therefore, it was sacrilege to enter, and all Indian lore, legend and history records that they respected the sanctity of the Grand Canyon depicted on our two-cent Grand Canyon stamp.



### THE THREE CENT STAMP

dedicated to

## Mt. Rainier National Park

Issued August 7, 1934.

Horizontal of format and conforming in size and perforations with the balance of the set, the three-cent denomination was released on July 7, 1934, from Washington, D. C., and the small town of Longmire at the south western corner of Mt. Rainier National Park in the state of Washington. The same design in the form of an imperforate group of six stamps was released on August 28, 1934, at Atlantic City in compliment to the 1934 Convention of the American Philatelic Society. This small souvenir sheet, while valid for postage, was not originally intended as an integral part of the National Parks series.

Mt. Rainier was formerly known as Mt. Tacoma, the Indian work for "Snow Peak," but since the name "Rainier" is inscribed on the stamp itself, that name is carried in the following legend. It is the tallest mountain in the northwest and towers more than 14,000 feet above its base. At the seven thousand foot line vege-

tation ceases and from there to the summit rock and glacial ice are to be found. There are no sighing breezes among leafy trees, but instead a continuous orchestration of weird sounds as winds rush and eddy their way in and out among rock formations, swirling into caves and whistling through narrow canyons. Growling and hooting, screeching and screaming they make their way among glacial drifts and ice packs above. Horrifying and bloodcurdling, it fascinates the visitor and horrified the Indian of yesteryear. So much so in fact that before White men took the dare, Indians refused to scale the heights of Rainier.

About camp fires the older braves tell the story that many, many years before, a queer old Indian lived a semi-hermit life high up on the mountain side. He was unkept and unclean but in his own way industrious. While the braves of the tribe idled away their time in frivolous play, he fished by day and hunted by night. The meat of his catch he salted, smoked and stored away. When the weather turned and his tribesmen ran short of food his store was full and he offered it to them, but not until they were, and had for days been ravenously hungry. Then the old Indian made overtures to trade his surplus food for wampum—not of the ordinary type—but for hiaqua, a small perforated shell not unlike a very opaque quill tooth pick, tapering at both ends and cut square. It was the most prized of all wampum—hiaqua.

He hoarded and hid it from sight as he toiled to obtain more. In the darkest, moonless nights, alone he would draw forth his elk skin bags and finger the almost unseen hiaqua. Long since it had warped his mind.

As in the story of Faust, so the pe-

culiar Indian communed with the evil spirit—Tamanous. What he offered no version of the story has disclosed, but it is clear that the evil spirit told him the secret of where unlimited beds of hiaqua were to be found. He gathered his primitive tools, a spade made of an elk's horn and a pick of stone, and started to climb. Up the steep banks, over jagged rocks and across slippery slopes of petrified lava he climbed. In the day the sun beat down upon him and at night the moon blazoned his pathless way. Food, drink, and sleep had no place in his program—he was enroute to the summit of Rainier for hiaqua. Tamanous had told him it was there.

At a point high above the beginnings of the ice fields Tamanous suddenly appeared before him.

"Onward, upward and there in the ice is hiaqua, the most valuable of all wampum. Man, do you still dare to clamor up?" he asked.

"I dare," came the faltering answer in bated gasps. He had not heard the words of his own lips, but all the place had unexpectedly become vocal with echoes. "I dare" came back in an echo, "I dare," in a whisper and a shriek, and with it a mocking chuckle from Tamanous as he disappeared.

The groveling miser stumbled forward, upward and onward over the iced slopes of Rainier. The echoes followed and haunted him. When he screamed and cursed for silence, his screams and curses came howling back. Disregarding all he made his way until at length he reched a point stopped, fell on his knees, never pausing to unfasten the elk horn spade affixed to his back, and dug with his fingers into the ice and jumbled rock. His face in the cold night air carried a frenzied expression and as he dug

he tore the skin and flesh from the bones of his fingers. This concerned him but little, for there under the surface was hiaqua, the most desired of wampum.

So there was. The demented Indian fiend got his bleeding hands on it, he scooped up the shells, he dumped them into skins he had brought with him, he loaded himself with hiaqua and chuckling an inhuman snarl, he turned, stumbled and floundered his way over rock and crag to get down from Rainier's peak. As he staggered on under the load of his stolen pelf he glanced behind, and his greedy face became transfixed with ungodly horror. Through the darkness he discerned a huge cylinder of dense black mist careening forward to envelope him. The thief of Mount Rainier was thrown by its first assault. He was deafened by its roar and frightened beyond sense as it hurled rocks and ice against him from the vortexes of its countless eddies.

Afear of his life, the Indian dropped his sacks of hiaqua and ran as he never had before. When the last shell dropped from his clothes, the deafening roar of the hurricane snapped. The wind vanished and all was quiet. Mt. Rainier had retrieved its pilfered loot, but all through Indian legend and lore, the story is ever told that when the winds rage and howl high on the peak some one is trying to steal hiaqua, and the elements are at war against him. Yet serenely, when no intruder is near, Mt. Rainier raises her head to Heaven, as depicted on the three-cent National Park stamp.





### THE FOUR CENT STAMP

dedicated to

## Mesa Verde National Park

Issued August 27, 1934.

The four-cent value of the National Parks series is dedicated to the Mesa Verde National Park, located in the southwestern corner of the State of Colorado, and covering a table land stretch of verdant territory fifteen miles long and eight miles wide. It was incorporated into the National Park Service on June 29, 1906.

In the ages current long before man populated the American Continent rivers and their tributaries flowed across the land, and as was the case in the growth of the Colorado River, they eroded the rock, cutting deep gorges and canyons into the face of the earth. As the rivers swirled onward, their waters often excavated sections of sand stone and softer rock below the surface, and then, striking hard strata, shifted slightly to the right or left and continued the cutting process, leaving subterranean ledges in the precipitous sides of the gorge. As time went on these gougings into the walls took the form of caves, hidden

from the surface and often inaccessible from above or below.

It was no doubt this very inaccessibility that in later years attracted the attention of the resident Indians. They had settled there to cultivate the land. From its vegetation it acquired the name, Mesa Verde, meaning Green Table land. Whether the Indians chose to make their homes in the caves in order to save the surface for farming, or to provide greater security to themselves from beast or human enemy, is one of the questions which will no doubt remain an unanswered mystery.

The reconstructed homes of the Cliff Dwellers of the Mesa Verde, pictured on this stamp, evidence that they lived in communities and were not a migratory people as was the case with most of the native American Indians. Their homes were permanent, built with an elemental knowledge of architecture, but firm nevertheless and durable. In each group there was at least one structure set aside for religious worship, often more than a single room. Sun worshipers, these Cliff Dwellers were and as usual among worshipers of this character, a perpetual fire was kept burning in the temple hall, so that the flames, during the dark hours of the night might symbolize the glory of the sun.

The story is told of an old man who was taking his turn through the night vigil, feeding a branch and a twig to the flames every now and then so that the tiny tongues of flame lapping and licking forth their obeisance to the Great Sun might not die. In the dead of the night, his son, strong of limb and devout in his love of the old man, slipped into the ceremonial chamber quietly, for he knew that his father had been ill of health for some time

and strange spells overcame him.

After stooping through the low door, almost crawling on his knees, his eyes shot to the fire pit, then to his father, but it was with unseeing eyes that he looked at the latter. The sacred fire in the pit was out! In the center of the room there was darkness. His arms shot forward and as his fingers caressed the ashes for a moment his young body turned as cold as the fire dust that slipped between his fingers.

Horrified he gazed, speechless, senseless for a moment he remained on his knees—for no sin was greater than to permit the sacred fire to grow cold. No mercy could be expected, and the vengeance of the Sun God would wreck itself, not on the offender alone but on the whole community.

"Father," he whispered, as he glanced toward the entrance door, visible only as a blurred spot of gray. An awful silence prevailed. "Father," he again called, but there was no answer, and he touched the body. It was as cold as the ash in the sacred pit. His father had died, life had gone, and with it the symbol of the Indian's humility before the sun god. The curse would fall upon his head, for he was the son of his father, and all of his tribesmen would suffer. A tremor of fear shook his frame. He rose to his feet, raised both hands, straight armed he stood—poised on his toes and bowed worshipfully before the chilled embers. Three times he salamed and then backing to the entrance made his way out.

As a coyote in the night he sneaked forth, shifting his glances from side to side, hoping that he might not be seen. He had a plan, for the religion of his clan provided that should a holy fire, by some unavoidable accident die, the curse of the Sun's wrath might be fore-

stalled if the fire were rekindled before dawn, and rekindled from the bed of some other holy fire. He moved forward over rock and crag, up improvised ladders and over ledges with the swiftness of a deer. Across plateau and table land he sped, seemingly flinging himself into space and over a precipice he vanished. Into a cliff cavern he darted, made straight for the kiva—the Holy temple of worship, humble of architecture, made of mud, but possessed of a fire! There in the center of the hovel flickered a blessed fire—an everlasting fire paying homage to the Sun.

Shortly he emerged again, and held on high a flaming torch. If he had been sure and fleet of foot before, he was now doubly so. Over the rocks he sped and back to the kiva of his tribe, guarded by the cold corps of his father. A new fire he lighted, then leaving it he dashed from hut to havel throughout the pueblo and with a branch dashed out every household fire on the ledge, for the sacred law provided that no fire might burn except such as were lighted from the fire then burning in the kiva. And as dawn began to send her first warm gray messengers across the mountain peaks, he concluded his work and made his way back to his father's body. It was cold and stiff in the warmth of the holy blaze, and the young man picked it up tenderly in his arms and marched with dignity and a personal pride to the home of the chief. Standing erect with the body still held closely he told his story. He had placed the welfare of his tribe before the weakness of his personal sorrow, a Cliff Dweller community on the Mesa Verde, such as is shown on the four cent stamp, had been saved and as an altruistic hero he was rewarded.



### THE FIVE CENT STAMP

dedicated to

## Yellowstone National Park

Issued July 30, 1934.

The five-cent denomination of the National Parks Series was released at Washington, D. C., and Yellowstone National Park on July 30, 1934, with Postmaster James A. Farley taking the leading role at the ceremonies incident to the first day sale in the small western Post Office.

The stamp is upright in form, of the same size as the balance of the set and of the conventional blue color. Its design is exceedingly simple, showing Old Faithful Geyser throwing her tower of water high into the sky.

But three localities on the face of the earth boast of natural phenomena similar to Old Faithful, with no water spout as mighty in volume or beauty. New Zealand has a geyser basin and Iceland another. It is from the Icelandic word "geysa," meaning to gush, that we have adopted the name "geyser." At Yellowstone National Park the largest of these water fountains of nature are to be found. There are several hundred in the Upper and

Lower basins, throwing their masses of steam, spray and water into the sky as they have for ages and as they no doubt will in the indefinite future. Their action, so long a mystery, is now considered a simple phenomena. Surface water seeps through the cracks of the rock and finds its way to the hollow core of the geyser, which leads, deep below the surface, to a strata of intense subterranean heat. The pressure from above and the heat below produce the inevitable result of boiling the seeping water and finally the eruptive explosion which in the case of Old Faithful occurs every seventy minutes.

Current records give John Colter credit for having been the first white man to have discovered the Yellowstone regions and the geysers. He was a member of the original Lewis and Clarke Expedition and upon its return to St. Louis in 1806 he obtained his release from service in order that he might go into the unexplored Northwest where, Indians had informed him, beaver trapping was particularly good. Alone he ventured forth, equipped with neither horse nor pack mule but merely with such food, clothing and ammunition as he could carry on his back.

After many weeks he reached his destination and along the river bank he built his traps. His success was gratifying, for beavers abounded and soon fell prey to his crafty skill. One day the solitude of the forest was broken by the sudden appearance from several directions of a large band of Blackfeet. Colter had no chance to escape for they came at him from all sides, with angry shouts. He was fully aware that fight was out of the question and flight was equally impossible. He knew well the merciless hatred these Indians had for all White

men and feared that his end was close at hand. His friendly gestures were spurned, and within a matter of minutes he was bound, hand and foot. A pow-wow was held as Colter, lying on the ground, wondered what fiendish manner of death was being devised. He feared that the worst as he listened to the unfriendly grunts and watched the gesticulations of his captors. In his bosom his heart thumped to the beat of the monotonous tom-toms that resounded in his ears and echoed back across the waters.

Ultimately, in Blackfoot tongue, the chief grunted forth his order, his command. Colter understood the language slightly but knitted his brows evidencing perplexity at the words he heard. The Blackfoot repeated, yet Colter stood transfixed. The chief then resorted to signs and mimicked a demonstration of the order he desired Colter to obey. The captive found it difficult to believe, he had been ordered to run, run over the plateau that stretched westward for five miles to a land despised, almost feared by the Indians, and if in running he could keep ahead of every Blackfoot buck pursuing him, his life was to be spared. This was the strangest order ever given by the Blackfeet. Colter visualized himself running and a shower of arrows overtaking him. Then the true significance of the order flashed to his mind.

Thirty-five years of age and six feet tall, he bent his body, poised on his toes and sped forth as an athlete. Over the ground he raced and a moment or two later heard the shouts of Indians behind him as a group of fleet-footed red men shot forward to overtake him. Super-human strength impelled him forward. He had the lead and for the sake of his life he deter-

mined to keep it. So he did, and for self preservation he moved onward toward a land which had never been seen by the eyes of White men—we now call it Yellowstone National Park. He headed toward the open space where the smooth ground afforded firmer footing. Then before him he heard a hissing, as of escaping steam, and of a sudden a fountain exploded from the earth. Its spray towered to the sky, and its roar thundered through the air. He glanced behind and to the delight of his heart saw the entire group of Blackfeet, but the Indians had reversed their course and were fleeing with even greater rapidity in the opposite direction. They feared the Evil Spirit and his demonstration. Colter, less suspicious, ran on to safety and to one of the greatest discoveries of men. He had found Old Faithful Geyser of Yellowstone, the same Old Faithful shown on the five-cent denomination of the National Parks series of postage stamps.



### THE SIX CENT STAMP

dedicated to

## Crater Lake National Park

Issued September 5, 1934.

The new 6-cent stamp issued on September 5, shows a picture of Crater Lake, one of the most unique bodies of water in the United States, located eight thousand feet above sea level. Crater Lake National Park, however, includes more than the lake itself. It embraces Mt. Mazama, upon which the lake nestles, and an area of some two hundred and fifty square miles, located in the Cascade Mountain Range of southern Oregon.

Before the era of man or beast Mazama belched fire and flaming gas, its heat was so intense that rock was melted to the liquid boiling point and as the entrails of the earth cooled they formed granite, quartz and glassy crystalline minerals piled high above the surface. Years, perhaps centuries later, another explosion from within occurred. The very top of the mountain became unseated, the crest with its lava sealed crater was blasted to the four winds and a great hollow gapped toward heaven where a mountain top

had been. It left a hole, high above the surrounding landscape, six miles across and four thousand feet deep.

Thereafter, when, even scientists refuse to venture a guess, water appeared in the immense bowl, filling it half full.

During the period when the gods and men did mingle, Skell was to the inhabitants of that locality, the Great Spirit of Good and controlled the sun, while Llao was the Spirit of Evil and dwelt deep in the earth, commanding fire and a host of ugly monsters with great crawfish-like claws. So that Llao might watch what was taking place on earth he built for himself a great throne and before it he placed an immense deep pool of water in which his monster guardians crawled and swam endlessly to and fro. And at the same time a wise good chief ruled over the Indians who lived in the locality. He treated his tribesmen well and they were happy in their daily occupations of hunting and fishing, but the Chief harbored a deep sadness. He was growing old and longed for a son to succeed him, but he was childless. In due time, however, a child came to his tepee, but to his great surprise and perplexity the child was a daughter instead of a son. Realizing that the gods, as men themselves might make a mistake, the Chief felt certain the error would be rectified, and commanded that the child should at all times be referred to as a boy. The future chief of the tribe grew tall and beautiful, and was taught the arts of hunting, fishing and warfare.

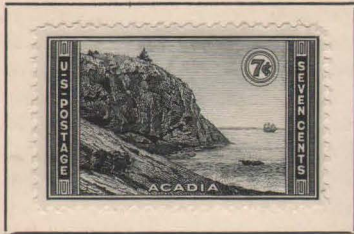
Then as she neared maturity, Llao, the guardian of the Underworld, one day saw her in the forest and knew her to be a woman. He wanted her to grace his home beneath the surface and spoke to her father. The aged

chief was troubled, he became angry, but he feared the wrath of Llao and conferred with the three medicine men of his tribe. They in turn consulted with Skell the god of all that was good. Now when Skell called the girl to his side for consultation and advise, he too fell in love with her and decided that he wanted her at the side of his throne.

Warfare at once broke forth—god pitted against god, and the earth trembled as the heat of the sun withered all and the mountain peaks belched forth anew, throwing rock and fire in all directions Llao created smoke of such intensity that Skell could not see and the earth became dark. Then it was that Llao captured Skell and killed him and cut his heart from his breast. He gave it to his monsters who tossed it to and fro in high glee. But no consideration had been given to Skell's faithful servant, the Eagle, who swooped down from mid air, caught Skell's heart and returned it to his body, renewing life in the god of goodness. The battle waged anew and fate turned against Llao. He was captured and high on the mountain top his ugly body was cut asunder and piece by piece thrown into the great pool before his throne.

Unknowing and greedy Llao's own monsters saw the flesh splash into the azure blue of the lake and assumed it to be the body of Skell whose bleeding heart they had but a short time before tossed from one to another. Their gaunt and misshapen claws snapped as they grabbed at the quartered body of their master. They gloated over their unholy repast and devoured it, but when finally the head of Llao hissed as it struck the water, they recognized their mistake and in terror dove to the bottom of the lake.

Their fear and apprehension grew as they waited in the deep. Hunger came over them as on their bellies they crawled on the rocky bottom, but they dared not rise to the levels where fish still swam or to the surface where Skell shed the rays of sunlight upon the earth. As time went on the breezes played over the lake and tossed up wavelets which reflected sparkling bits of sunshine. At night the stars sent their messengers to peer deep into the lake but at no time, either by day or by night, did Llao or his monsters ever appear again. Skell had been victorious, good had triumphed over evil, and through the ages Indians have pointed to the lake on Mt. Mazama, Crater Lake, as nature's symbol of peace and serenity—a gift guarded by the ever watchful eye of Skell.



### THE SEVEN CENT STAMP

dedicated to

### Acadia National Park

Issued October 2, 1934.

The seven-cent stamp of the National Parks series is grey-green and dedicated to Acadia along the rocky coast of Maine. The stamp was first released at Washington, D. C., and Bar Harbor, Maine.

Acadia National Park is the land Longfellow referred to in his immortal lines:

"This is the forest primieval. The  
murmuring pines and hemlocks,  
Bearded with moss, and in garments  
green, indistinct in the twilight  
Stand like Druids of old, with voices  
sad and prophetic,  
Stand like harpers, hoar with beards  
that rest on their bosoms.  
Loud from its rocky caverns, the deep  
voiced neighboring ocean  
Speaks, and accents disconsolate answers  
the wail of the forest."

Early in history, before the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth Rock, Champlain, the early explorer of New France, discovered the island which he named Mount Desert, the original nucleus of

Acadia National Park. In 1688 Louis XIV of France bestowed the island upon one of his courtiers, the Sieur de la Mothe Cadillac who later founded the city of Detroit and thereafter became the Governor of Louisiana. Some years later the French were defeated in Europe. Mt. Desert of Acadia became the property of England and the island was ultimately given by the British Crown to Sir Francis Bernard in total disregard of the claims of Cadillac. With the passing of time came the American revolution and after it Acadia of Maine became American property.

But through all this long transitional period the spirit of the original French colonists never ebbed, but flowed in the veins of their children with an increased intensity. They were a simple people, unlike the traditional French of the King's Court. They were modest, frugal and lived on the little farms they had cleared for themselves in the forests and were little concerned with what took place beyond their own restricted world. Their King, Louis XIV, was at war with England and while in their hearts and their log cabin churches they prayed for his military success, it was all foreign to them. When defeat came, it altered their humble lives but little.

Then the hand of ambitious Britannia descended. Evidences of Royal British Military Governors, rules of conduct, social and commercial, as well as taxes became evident. There was one vision, sentimental, but real, that concerned them vitally. They were called upon to foreswear allegiance to France and bow before the King of England. This was indeed adding salt to their wounded feelings and they sat by sullenly. They delayed action and refused to break the

ties they had so long cherished.

These God fearing, gentle, industrious Acadians marked time as the British stormed and became furious at the rebuke to their authority. The stubbornness of the Acadians early in the 1750s, the British contended, called for stern measures, for unrepmanded, the rebellious spirit would grow in intensity and spread over the land which the British Court prided itself in calling New England.

An attempt was made to bring about an intensive migration of British Loyalists toward Acadia, so that the newcomers might control matters politically. The scheme failed, for despite the fertility of the soil, the prospective settlers recognized that the winters of Acadia were long and severe. Finally a decision was reached, stern, drastic and held in the strictest of secrecy. The plans were carried forward carefully. Soldiers, military contingents and ships were moved to Acadia. Demands for food and shelter were made, and the Acadians—peaceful of mind—complied, but would not foreswear their allegiance to France. Orders came from the British Commanders, touching first one subject and then another. The Acadians were relieved of their fire arms and munitions, rendered defenseless, but still they defied the one British mandate that struck at their French ancestry.

The tragic occurrences at Grand Pre, as immortalized by Longfellow, were reenacted in every Acadian village. After debate and pleading had failed the ultimate blow fell. All the Acadian men were ordered to report to the church at a given hour. With a rolling of drums and a flaring blast of trumpets, the Royal British Commander accoutered in flaming red and burnished brass, strode pompously

passed the gathered Acadians and mounted the alter platform. With dignity and austerity he read a proclamation from His Majesty, the King of England. By virtue of it all French Acadians were declared prisoners, their lands and stocks were forfeited to the Crown and they themselves were declared subject to deportation. Hardly had the edict been read than it was put into execution. The men were divided into groups without regard to family ties, age or feeling and marched to the waiting ships. Anchors were weighed and over the horizon the ships soon disappeared, bearing their burdens of human misery.

The King of England had acted. If the Acadians refused to obey his wish and will, he was possessed of the power to disburse them so that their colony might not prosper. Some of the unfortunates were taken to Boston, some to Virginia, others were scattered among the many small hamlets that lined the coast. For many years searching parties made their way to and fro among the colonies; mother searching for daughter, father for son, brother for sister and Henry Wadsworth Longfellow's "Evangeline" was among them. So it is that "Loud from its rocky caverns, the deep voiced neighboring ocean Speaks, and in accents disconsolate, answers the wail of the forest.





### THE EIGHT CENT STAMP

dedicated to

### Zion National Park

Issued September 15, 1934.

The eight-cent stamp of the 1934 series is dedicated to Zion National Park, located in southern Utah. The exotic strangeness of this one hundred and forty-eight square mile park has no counterpart on the face of the earth. It is a continuation of the same geologic earth crust to which attention was directed through the two cent stamp of this series depicting the Grand Canyon of Arizona. At Zion, however, nature carried her handiwork further. Rains and erosion, streams and weather have cut and carved the land until now it has the aspect of an artificial fairyland, painted in colors that defy description.

Zion presents a combination of terrain made up of volcanic origin, drift, faulting of the earth's surface, land decay and glacial residue. Huge granite rocks are scattered across soft stone areas. Many strata, each differently colored and identifiable, were laid or heaped up by winds blowing across red and white deserts. Some contain

shells of creatures that crawled upon sea bottoms, others, petrified trees and bones of animals which suggest unfamiliar prehistoric days. Both salt water and fresh water fossils are to be found indicating succeeding geologic changes.

The fantastic forms into which these rocks have been thrown and since weather worn, call for but little imagination in appreciating the names by which they are known, as for example, The Temple of Sina-wa-va, The Three Patriarchs and as pictured on the eight-cent stamp of the National Parks series "The Great White Throne." It consists of a huge rock, hundreds of feet in height, mountainous in size. Its walls rise abruptly from the valley floor and at intervals, stagger inward so that the whole has the appearance of a building of ultra-modern architecture. At its base "The Great White Throne" discloses strata of dark red sandstone above which, laid in horizontal sheets of great thickness, are strata of red rock more brilliant in color. Then the red becomes touched with pink which fades as the heights are attained, into light gray and ultimately into dazzling white. No jagged glacial peak of ice siluetes itself more vividly against the azure blue than "The Great White Throne."

Zion is really a religious word, in its strictest sense meaning "God's domain in Heaven and on earth." If early history is entitled to leave its reflection, this park is appropriately named, for the settlement of all Utah resulted from the birth and growth of a religion—the Mormon religion. The general locality had of course been explored by the Spanish from the south long before the thirteen colonies of the Atlantic Coast flourished, but little had ever been done with a view

to its colonization until after the signing of the Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo in 1848. This marked the end of our war with Mexico and the acquisition by the United States of that vast territory now called by several state names including that of Utah. Then it was that Brigham Young and his followers marched westward and established themselves along the banks of the Great Salt Lake.

All went well at the outset, but as time passed the new church and the Government at Washington disagreed in certain respects, and an American Army went westward to straighten out matters. While no actual engagement took place, many of the Mormons, in fear of their lives fled from the city they had built. They scattered over the vicinity and many never returned to the Salt Lake. Years elapsed before the differences between the Government at Washington and the Mormon Church adjusted themselves. In the meantime, in heated moments and as a result of ill-conceived plans, many unfortunate occurrences took place. In the meantime, also, the Indians of the locality, the Utah tribe, took undue advantage of their contending white brethren.

As late as 1857 the situation was still very tense. A crisis had arisen in the parlying between Brigham Young and the Washington Military authorities. Neither was willing to give, both were unyielding and when Captain Van Vliet of the military forces laid down an ultimatum, Young responded:

"If the Government dares to force the issue, I shall not hold the Indians by the wrist any longer. If the issue comes, you will tell the Government to stop all emigration across our country for the Indians will kill all who attempt to cross it."

Two days later a band of about one hundred and fifty emigrants bound for California, crossed southern Utah, over the section now known as Zion National Park. They passed "The Great White Throne" and marveled at its beauty and its dignity seemed to inspire them with the feeling that they were safe in their wandering across God's wide open spaces. A short distance beyond they stopped for the evening. A verdant open space between two cliffs with a stream close by seemed to offer an ideal spot. Mountain Meadows, the place was and has since been called. Night had hardly settled down when they realized that they were the central point about which a substantial band of Indians was gathering. From the cliffs on both sides their war feathers were to be seen, slipping from thicket to bush, and by dawn their attack had begun. The Whites dug in behind their wagons and snapped back whenever opportunity gave them a chance, but the fight was uneven. The Indians outnumbered them, they controlled both cliffs, they had access to food and water, while the emigrants' supply of both was distressingly low. They were determined, however, not to yield, and as the last vestige of hope seemed to flicker, there appeared from across the open space a white man bearing a white flag. It seemed that help was near. The men were overjoyed and responded with their flag of truce. The White men who came from the north were at peace with the Indians and soon arranged terms to end the uneven struggle which they had interrupted. They called upon the Indians to leave, and finally compromised by inducing the White emigrants to give up their fire arms and ammunition to assure the Indians of

their peaceable intentions. To this the emigrants agreed, but hardly had they done so before they realized their mistake, for both Indians and the misunderstood "White peace-makers" attacked them from all sides. History records that every member of that emigrant party was murdered with the exception of one or two of the children.

Whether this massacre at Mountain Meadow was an overt act based upon the admonition of Brigham Young but two days before, may never definitely be known, but such was at once the assumption on the part of the Anti-Mormons and a long court battle followed. Meanwhile the blood spilled before "The Great White Throne" dried, and the warm summer breeze carried dust to cover the last vestige of that horrible scene, so that "The Great White Throne" still rears her head majestically over the surrounding land, imparting that regal atmosphere so well illustrated by the picture on the eight-cent stamp of the National Park issue.



### THE NINE CENT STAMP

dedicated to

### Glacier National Park

Issued August 27, 1934.

The nine cent denomination of the National Parks series is dedicated to Glacier National Park along the Canadian border in the state of Montana. Hugh Monroe was sent to this region in 1846 by the Hudson Bay Company to learn the habits, manners and language of the Blackfeet Indians in order that the Company might later engage with them in the fur trade. For two full years Monroe lived with and as an Indian. He became known as Rising Wolf and married a Blackfoot girl. When the Hudson Bay Company called for him to return, he refused to leave the locality saying that he could no longer live in the crowded quarters of the White men.

Monroe preferred the open spaces, with a simple people living in daily communion with nature and guided spiritually by what they saw and heard, plus a few tales brought down to them by the old men of the tribe—tales that gave name to their mountains, their valleys and lakes, such as

Gunsight Lake, Almost-a-Dog Mountain and even Two Medicine Lake, shown on the 9 cent stamp.

As is frequently the case, the story associated with Two Medicine Lake is woven about the wonderously beautiful daughter of an Indian Chief. One day, it is said, this copper skinned maid and two of her companions roamed the woods in search of twigs and berries, when a storm broke out. The heavens darkened, the wind howled through the trees and bellowed its echo from the rocky mountain sides. With flashes of lightening, thunder roared through the forest and over the lake. Its unending din terrified the Indian Princess and her companions who vainly sought shelter. So terrifying was the thunderous uproar that to put it to an end, the Chief's daughter piously raised her arms to the leaden sky and imploringly cried:

"Oh, Commander of Thunder, I pledge myself to you, I offer myself to you as yours—if you but halt this roaring of the heavens and earth—"

And lo, almost as she uttered her plea, the storm abated.

A rift in the clouds was pierced with a sun beam so bright that the lightening flashes were dim in comparison. The rain ceased and soft breezes supplanted the bellowing gale, even the echo of thunder died in the distance. So quickly did the transformation of nature adjust itself that unnoticed, something else had taken place. The daughter of the Indian Chief had disappeared. All the searching of her companions and later the Chief and his tribesmen was of no avail, for the Commander of the Thunder, to whom the girl had pledged herself in order to halt the storm, had claimed and taken her to his realm above the earth.

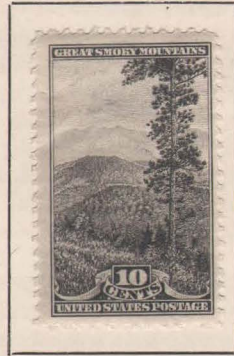
There she lived in happiness. The Thunder Man was kind to her and for a long time she forgot her own people. One day, however, she chanced to look down upon the earth and saw the wigwam village of her Father's tribe. At the sight of it a homesickness warmed her heart with a desire to return to her people, but the Commander of the Medicine that produced Thunder, forbade her to leave his domain. The Maid became sorrowful and moody, so much so that the Thunder Man finally consented and made arrangements for her return to earth.

In wonderment her people received her and sat for days listening to the stories of her life in the World above. Among those who came to listen was a Medicine Man possessed of another wonderous power—his medicine made him Commander of the Cold Winds and the Snow. At first sight he had fallen in love with the girl and wanted her—ere long he asked her to go with him to his home, The Land Behind the Wind of the North. But the girl refused saying, "No, I cannot go, I belong to the Medicine Man who commands the Thunder. He will return for me some day."

Though she waited long, he did not come. The Controller of the Cold Winds stayed by to plead his cause and finally, after many moons had passed, the maid agreed to go with her new ardent suitor. But as they prepared to leave, sudden and unexpected thunder and lightning rent the air. The Thunder Man had returned—in rage he demanded the girl as his own. The Controller of the Cold Winds defended his claim to her saying that she had been neglected. The two men, on the shore of the lake, called forth the full strength of their medicines, each against the other. The

winds roared and bitter cold descended upon the country side. The waters of the lake froze into sheets of ice and thunder lashed from hill to crag and back again with such force that its vibrations rent the ice asunder. Catastrophic horror reigned supreme as the two wielders of the forces of nature hurled their respective medicines at each other until both—fatigued with the expenditure of their own energies, abated their fury. They retired, the battle that day ended as a draw, yet periodically the two return each year and along the shores of the lake, fling their powerful medicines at each other in renewed endeavors to gain the maid of their respective hearts.

But while they are not at war with each other, the lake—Two Medicine Lake—placidly reflects its glory to the brilliant azure above, just as depicted on the nine cent denomination of the National Parks series of postage stamps.



### THE TEN CENT STAMP

dedicated to

## Smoky Mountain National Park

Issued October 8, 1934.

The ten-cent stamp of the 1934 National Parks Series of postage stamps is the high denomination of the usual size and last in chronological sequence to be issued. Its release was scheduled for October 8 from Washington, D. C., and the town of Gatlinburg, Tenn., just south of the park. Despite the fact that the great public playground is of immense size and overlaps two states, it has, in one respect, no place in the National Parks group of stamps.

According to Congressional legislation, the Government of the United States pledged itself to accept donations of land in the Great Smoky Mountain region until a total area of four hundred thousand acres had been accumulated. Then it agreed to take exclusive jurisdiction and maintain the section as a national park. At the time the National Parks series of stamps was authorized, six thousand acres of the requisite total was still lacking, so that technically there was

no National Park, but merely two adjoining State parks, both of which were destined for national joint action in the future. The east, however, was so sparsely represented in the series that it was deemed appropriate to include Great Smoky in the set.

This vicinity, ideally situated, lies just east of Knoxville in Tennessee, and in North Carolina, half way between the Mississippi and the Atlantic and half way between the Great Lakes and the Gulf of Mexico and offers an immense playground for the heavy eastern population. Its floral growth is rivaled by that of no other locale. "More kinds of trees can be found on a trip of thirty miles through the Great Smokies than can be found traveling across Europe," says Professor William Trelleese of the University of Illinois. Flowers abound in such endless profusion that a listing has never been accomplished.

The park is appropriately named "Great Smoky" for a milky-white haze seems to enshroud its vales and dales. It is of a tenuous character, delicate and subtle, fabricated of neither mist nor smoke, but nevertheless apparent in softening the scenes in all directions. It hems the vicinity, shutting out the mysterious world beyond and preserving a secluded atmosphere. Beneath the ethereal canopy and the dense vegetation lies one of the oldest mountain groups known to archeologists. Their readings of the rocks and vegetation establishes an age which runs back more than a million years. Great Smoky Mountain is perhaps the oldest mountain on the North American continent, now in a state of geologic decay.

It was peopled by the Cherokee race long before white men appeared on our side of the Atlantic. They were a

substantial group, advanced in agriculture and great in number. As the White men came they were forced westward and therein lies a tale of interest. Helen Hunt Jackson, in writing "Ramona" and other Indian stories endeavored to illustrate just such wrongs as were perpetrated against the Cherokee Indians of the Great Smokies. The outposts of the coastal communities soon lost their character as outposts of civilization. The eastern population increased, moved inland, and new Indian hunting fields became requisite. Over the mountains they plodded to establish new farms and villages of tepees and huts. At times this movement was voluntary and on many occasions it was forced. Indian villages presented no barrier to the ruthless force of the Whites. They bartered trinkets and trash for patches of the most fertile land, and at times used their military strength to drive the red men from it. There were none to whom the Indians might effectively complain of the wrongs and injustices they were forced to endure.

The Cherokees were outstanding among North American Indians for they seemed to grasp the education offered by the White missionaries and after many years of intermittent and unsuccessful warfare, they used their newly gained knowledge in more effective bargaining with the Whites. Compacts were entered into for a considerable period whereby they gave up their lands for White promises of non-aggression on more western territory.

This continuous moving and drifting thinned out their ranks until the beginning of the 19th century, when, under the leadership of Thomas Jefferson as President of the United States, a great bargain was entered into.

All of the Cherokees, through their

various chiefs, agreed to move to a far distant land beyond the Mississippi river. Each was given a gun, ammunition, a blanket, some food, a few rough farming implements and several other items for a complete release of all rights to the Great Smoky lands and their promise never to return. The greatest concentration of Indians ever known to men began. A steady stream of red skinned men, women and children filed toward the setting sun. Some were afoot, some on horse back and little tots were carried by their elders. They faced a long pathless journey across hundreds of miles of virgin forests and arid plains. Among the Cherokees, however, there were some who refused to join the march. They firmly believed that the Great Smoky region was theirs, that the promises of the Whites were not to be relied upon and that the remuneration offered was not sufficient. So staunch and unyielding were they in their determination not to give up the hunting grounds and homes of their ancestors, that when the march began they refused to participate. Further argument, increased pay and finally even threats failed to stir them. When the evidences of force were brought into play, they fled to the mountains. Many, many years elapsed before they were finally brought to realize that it would be to their best interests to concentrate and live on a designated reservation. By way of compromise they were given an extensive stretch of land just west of this new park, and to this day live there in comparative comfort under the guidance and protection of our Government. These Indians constitute the Eastern Cherokee Nation while their brethren, who moved to Indian Territory, were for a long time designated as the Western Cherokee Na-

tion. They have since, of course, all been admitted to American citizenship.

To the native choice of the most desired, the most ideal, and the most profitable land of the south, we have dedicated the ten-cent value of the National Parks series of postage stamps.

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## PHILATELIC STATISTICS

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**One Cent Stamp.** The stamp was designed by Victor S. McCloskey, Jr. J. C. Benzing executed the picture engraving work and W. B. Wells, the letter engraving. The original printing called for 50,000,000 stamps but before they had been finished an additional 25 million was added and a second increase was ordered before the balance of the set was completed so that it might be said that the original printing consisted of 80,000,000 stamps. Eight different plates were used, numbered 21246 to 21253 inclusive.

**Two Cent Stamp.** The stamp was designed by Victor S. McCloskey, Jr., the picture engraving executed by L. S. Schofield and the lettering by W. B. Wells. 75,000,000 stamps were ordered on the original printing with the probability that more would be added later. Eight different plates were used, numbered 21254 to 21261 inclusive.

**Three Cent Stamp.** The stamp was designed by Victor S. McCloskey, Jr., the picture engraving executed by J. C. Benzing and the lettering by W. B. Wells. 75,000,000 stamps were ordered on the original printing with a further increase before the set was completed, bringing the original printings up to 85,000,000. Eight different plates were used, numbered 21262 to

21265 and 21274 to 21277 inclusive.

Four Cent Stamp. The stamp was designed by Victor S. McCloskey, Jr., the picture engraving by Carl T. Arlt and the lettering by E. H. Helmuth. The original printing order called for 15,000,000 stamps. Four different plates were used, numbered 21328 to 21331 inclusive.

Five Cent Stamp. The stamp was designed by Victor S. McCloskey, Jr., the picture engraving executed by Carl T. Arlt and the lettering by W. B. Wells. 35,000,000 stamps were ordered on the first printing. Four different plates were used, numbered 21278 to 21281 inclusive.

Six Cent Stamp. The stamp was designed by Victor S. McCloskey, Jr., the picture engraving executed by L. S. Schofield and the lettering by D. R. McLeod. Four different plates were used, numbered 21320 to 21323 inclusive.

Seven Cent Stamp. The stamp was designed by Victor S. McCloskey, Jr., the picture engraving executed by J. C. Benzing and the lettering was the combined work of E. H. Helmuth and D. R. McLeod. 15,000,000 stamps were ordered on the first printing. Four different plates were used, numbered 21333 to 21336 inclusive.

Eight Cent Stamp. The stamp was designed by Victor S. McCloskey, Jr., the picture engraving executed by Carl T. Arlt and the lettering by D. R. McLeod. 15,000,000 stamps were ordered on the first printing. Four different plates were used, numbered 21324 to 21327 inclusive.

Nine Cent Stamp. The stamp was designed by Victor S. McCloskey, Jr., the picture engraving by Carl T. Arlt and the lettering by W. B. Wells. 15,000,000 stamps were ordered on the original printing. Four different plates

were used, numbered 21316 to 21319 inclusive.

Ten Cent Stamp. The stamp was designed by Miss Esther A. Richards, the picture engraving executed by L. S. Schofield and the lettering by E. H. Helmuth. 20,000,000 stamps were ordered on the first printing. Four different plates were used, numbered 21337, 21339, 21340 and 21342.

The color of the six cent stamp was originally intended to have been yellow. With a view properly to engrave the plates for reproduction in that color it was necessary for the engraver to produce a deeply recessed plate with rather widely separated lines. At the last moment and without sufficient time to re-engrave new plates, the color was changed to blue with the result that the six cent stamp presents a somewhat anomolous appearance.

The set as a whole, however, offers a very attractive gallery of American scenic views, well executed due to the efficient synchronizing of artistic and mechanical work under the personal supervision of Alvin W. Hall, director of the Bureau of Engraving and Printing.

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