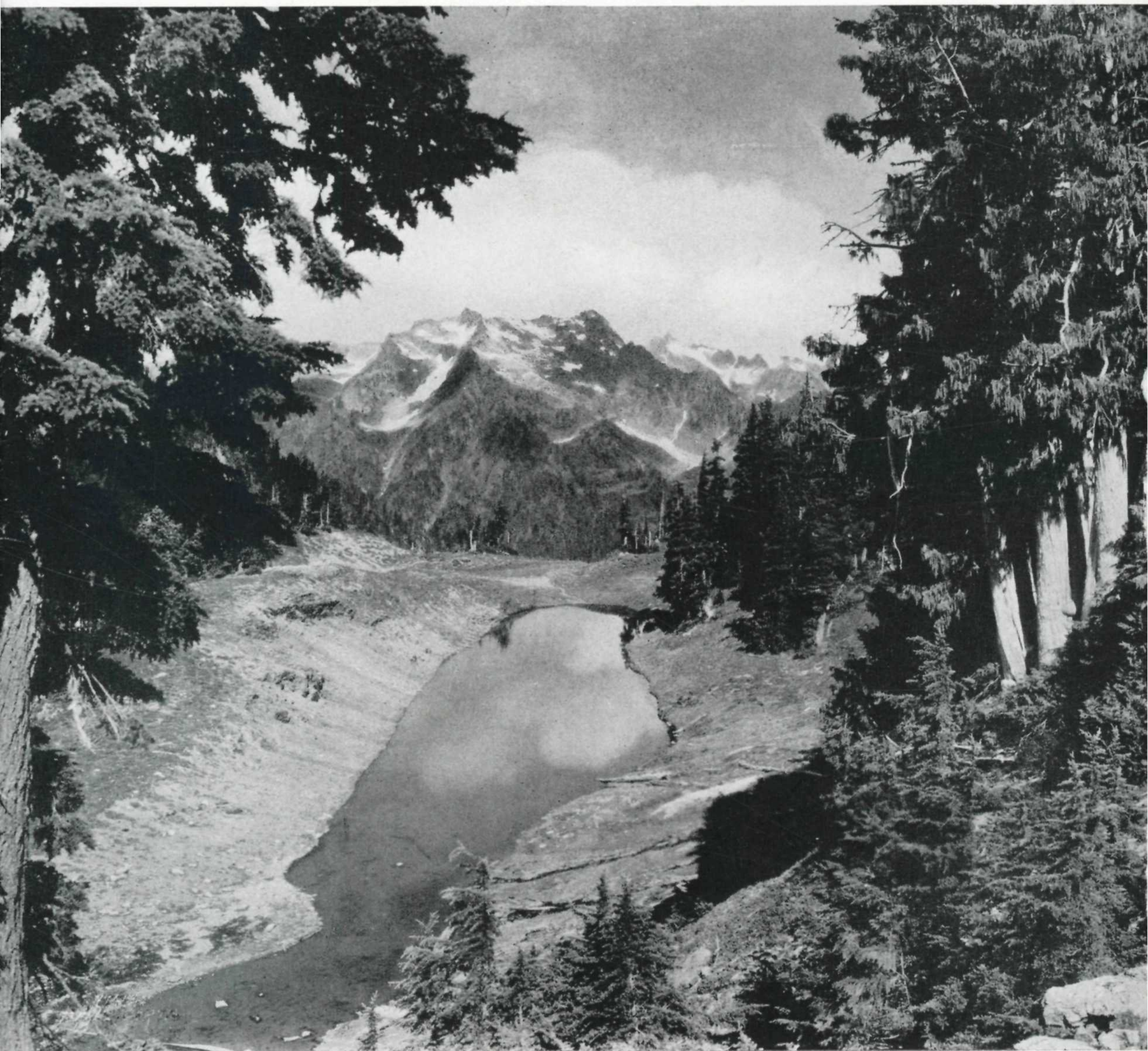
NATIONAL PARKS MAGAZINE

PUBLISHED BY THE NATIONAL PARKS ASSOCIATION



WE NEED WILDERNESS — Page Eighteen

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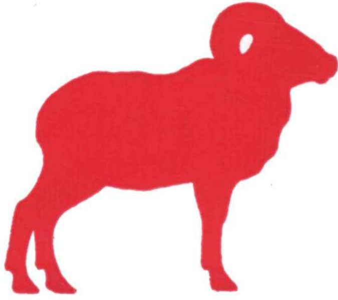

"More wild knowledge, less arithmetic and grammar, keeps alive the heart, nourishes youth's enthusiasms which in society die untimely. . . . Go to Nature's school—the one true university."—JOHN MUIR.

NATIONAL PARKS MAGAZINE

Published by

The National Parks Association

An independent, non-profit organization with nation-wide membership guarding America's heritage of scenic wilderness

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NATIONAL PARKS MAGAZINE, formerly National Parks Bulletin, has been published since 1919 by the National Parks Association. It presents articles of importance and of general interest relating to the national parks and monuments, and is issued quarterly for members of the Association and for others who are interested in the preservation of our national parks and monuments as well as in maintaining national park standards, and in helping to preserve wilderness. (See inside back cover.)

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National Parks Association

The canyon of the south fork of the Kings River, California. When Kings Canyon National Primeval Park was created, neither this nor Tehipite Valley were included. Park boundaries should be redrawn as soon as possible to bring these valleys in.

THE CONTINENTAL JOB

By WALLACE G. SCHWASS

WHAT must we do in order that natural beauty shall not be desecrated in the few spots where it still remains, and that extinction of rare or vanishing species of flora and fauna shall be prevented? Any thorough answer to that question is not possible in this limited space; but let us review briefly a few of the more important problems with which we are confronted.

We have dug deeply, and rightfully so, into our natural resources to win the war. It is time now to make plans for conservation. Some things must be accomplished at once, for if there is delay, it will be too late.

When Kings Canyon National Park in California's wild Sierra was created, Congress did not include Tehipite Valley and the canyon of the south fork of the Kings River in this grand national primeval park. These two valleys are surpassed in beauty only by Yosemite Valley in Yosemite National Primeval Park. Congress should, at its earliest opportunity, add these deep canyons to the park.

The proposed Great Plains National Monument should be established. The plan for this monument would withdraw approximately one and a half million acres of contiguous submarginal farm and range lands of the plains from exploitation that has been more fruitless than successful. Species preservation is the chief reason for this proposal. An attempt should be made to bring back native grasses, wild flowers, water holes, and native fauna such as the antelope, bison, elk, prairie dog and prairie chicken, the last named being now practically vanished. It is thought that such a monument would help to reduce recurrent dust storms, raise the water table on farm and range lands along its borders, save misguided farmers from spending their money and breaking their lives on this submarginal land, and possibly develop a dude ranch industry outside the area. Hotels should be excluded from the monument, and only a few roads should be allowed to cross it.

The little-known Escalante country in southeastern Utah is another area worthy of inclusion in the system of national monuments. With its highly colored canyons, peaks and strange eroded formations, it is scenically outstanding. (See *The Country Beyond* in NATIONAL PARKS MAGAZINE for October-December 1942, January-March and October-December 1943.)

One of the problems relating to the national parks and monuments needing the earliest attention is that of acquiring privately owned lands within these reservations. The general public is unaware that there are many tracts of non-federal lands within the boundaries of the parks and monuments. In all, there are more than 600,000 acres of such lands scattered throughout the parks and monuments, and they seriously hamper administration. There is nothing to prevent owners from logging their properties or from developing mines or establishing tourist camps, beer halls and any other form of commercialism that is entirely inconsistent with national park purposes. This is primarily a matter for Congress to deal with. Acquisition will have to be brought about either through legislation or through annual appropriations to the National Park Service. Through the passing of the years the prices for these lands have been rising, and they are going ever higher as delay in acquisition continues.

In Ontario, Canada, north of Lake Superior, there is an area known as the Steel River country. Economically worthless for farming, and having almost no other commercial value, it is, nevertheless, a paradise for canoeists and fishermen. A few woodland caribou are found here, as well as on

the Slate Islands in Lake Superior. These islands are also the home of the moose. Both the Steel River country and the Slate Islands should be made a roadless wilderness reservation with the canoe as the sole means of travel therein.

Establishment of national parks in Mexico and in all of the Latin American republics should be encouraged by our government as part of our good neighbor policy. With the Pan American Highway pushing its way through Mexico into Central America, such national parks would act as lodestones to tourists. Many people have suggested that Mexico set aside a large area adjoining our Big Bend National Primeval Park in Texas to make an international peace park as a symbol of good neighborliness. Plans for this are being considered, but apparently no great amount of progress has been made yet.

A number of wildlife refuges should be established to save certain birds and animals threatened with extinction. For example, the Attwater prairie chicken, found only in Texas, decreased from an estimated population of 8000 birds in 1937 to 4000 in 1941. Twelve sanctuaries in Refugio, Brazoria, Colorado and Austin counties in Texas will save this outstanding native bird. If we wait much longer to give it the needed protection, it will follow the heath hen to extinction. Other upland bird species seriously in need of better protection include sage grouse, blue or dusky grouse, sharptailed grouse and ruffed grouse in many sections, as well as the bobwhite and mourning dove in much of the south. This last species has been classed as a "game" bird only since the decline of more legitimate "game" species. The ivory-billed woodpecker is on the vanishing list now, if it is not already extinct. It has lately been found only on a tract of land in northern Louisiana on the Tensas River near Tallulah, although it once inhabited a wide range. (See *Act Now, Louisiana* in the July-September 1942 issue of NATIONAL PARKS MAGAZINE.)

National Parks Association

Privately owned lands within the primeval parks hinder administration, and they are developed as their owners wish.

The Big Cypress Swamp in Florida should be turned into a vast federal wildlife sanctuary not only to save the Florida crane, but also the eastern puma, found here only, and many other birds and mammals. Sanctuaries in Texas and southern California for the white-tailed kite or white hawk are needed to save this species from its greatest enemies, the ignorant gunner and the skin and egg collector.

A series of federal wildlife refuges should be established, including a string that would save the southeastern swamps—the Dismal Swamp and Lake Drummond in Virginia and North Carolina; the Great Swamp, Whiteoak Swamp, Angola Swamp, Holly Shelter Swamp and Green Swamp in North Carolina; the remainder of Okefenokee Swamp in Georgia and Florida of which one half is now a federal refuge; the Okaloacoochee Slough and that portion of the Everglades not included in the pro-

posed Everglades National Primeval Park in Florida. It is fortunate that much of the proposed park area lately has been made a federal refuge. (See *Everglades Protection* in the January-March 1945 issue of NATIONAL PARKS MAGAZINE.) These swamps could harbor large numbers of migratory waterfowl, song birds, rare birds and animals and plants. If the craze to drain these swamps, particularly in Florida, is stopped, the water table of the land about them would be restored or kept at normal level; forest and swamp fires would be reduced, and salt water would be kept out.

The breeding and feeding grounds of the roseate spoonbill in Texas must be made into permanent sanctuaries, and small federal sanctuaries throughout the United States should be established to save shore birds including godwits, western willets, and Eskimo curlews. Many marshes to save our waterfowl must be placed on the agenda for sanctuary establishment.

In Alaska, three areas on the mainland for musk oxen, once found there, ought to be stocked with excess animals from Nunivak Island and from Greenland.

Conservationists in both Canada and the United States are gravely concerned over the future of the woodland caribou, symbol of the once vast northern forest. This fine animal is now trotting down a fading trail to extinction. An attempt should be made to halt this march. Canada, the home of the woodland caribou, must pay a heavy price if it wishes to bring this species back. Caribou roam widely, and any refuge for them should be large. In the famous caribou grounds of Cape Breton, Nova Scotia, and in New Brunswick, they are now extinct. A large dominion refuge should be established in each of these provinces and restocked. This would be costly, but it is the price to be paid as a result of too much shooting in the past. In the northern part of Quebec a few herds are still present. Dominion refuges established now would go a long way toward building up this remnant. A few caribou are also found in Gaspesian Provincial Park on the Gaspe Peninsula. They inhabit the pastures in the Shickshock Mountains around the park. Quebec should extend the boundaries of the park to include all of the ranges of the Shickshock Mountains. A herd of twelve hundred is found also in Canada's Prince Albert National Park in Saskatchewan, but this herd periodically moves into areas outside the park where the animals are shot. The Dominion government should make a survey to determine the exact areas and then incorporate them into the national park. In this way two herds of this rare animal may be saved.

Whether or not we are about to embark upon an age of wood, as some contend, it is true that we do consume more wood now than any other country in the world. The war has taken a large part of what we had left. We must seriously try now to improve our national supply of timber. This will mean purchasing land to consolidate present national forests, and purchases to establish new national forests, particularly in New England, the southeastern states, the Great Lakes states, Oregon and Washington. Every month our newspapers report floods whose yearly damage mounts to millions. Forests should be planted in headwater areas either to stop the floods completely or reduce them. An intensive reforestation program should be launched because we are far behind in this. Funds should be appropriated to fight and eradicate insect pests and tree diseases. Forest protectors should be provided with more and modern equipment, and these men ought to be engaged in steady rather than seasonal employment.

Most of our forest land is privately owned and probably always will be, yet comparatively little of this is under good management. National forests are selectively logged to preserve them for all time while providing for some of our needs; but most private land is still cut without any regard to the future. Fire sweeps the cutover areas, ruining the land as the microflora, upon which forests depend, is destroyed for centuries. Only about six con-

servative lumber companies prudently husband their land by practicing selective logging and reforestation. To help correct this national evil of destroying forests, some changes should be made with regard to taxation. The ability of timberland owners to practice forestry is dependent to a considerable degree upon the method of taxation of the property. One way to aid present difficulties may be through a severance tax. This will have to be done by each state legislature, and it should be done at once. Progress along this line has been made in only about thirteen states. By some it is considered that there should be also an overall federal production control policy relating to timber, both public and private, to take care of demand peaks reached in wartime and demand slumps in peace.

Canada, behind the United States in forestry, has no national forests (Canada has provincial forests corresponding to our state forests), and like the United States, has no overall production control policy, yet the lumber industry is comparatively more important to Canada than to the United States. Facilities to spot and extinguish forest fires, to control or eradicate tree diseases and insect pests are inadequate in Canada.

With a new highway piercing Alaska's heart, many settlers will seek its environs for permanent homes. Parts of Alaska are heavily forested, particularly along the south coast. This region is suited to lumbering and recreation rather than to farming. Much of this region is already in federal ownership. Here, as well as elsewhere in Alaska, areas that are outstanding in recreational possibilities should be placed in federal ownership. Wildlife refuges should be established in suitable locations to insure a permanent wildlife population. Alaska is destined to become America's great center of outdoor recreational activity—that is, if we act prudently and conservatively now, and do not waste its resources.

Other conservation measures needing early attention are:

1. The best bogs in the United States, Canada and Alaska containing native orchids should be saved by turning them into state or federal preserves. Orchids are disappearing so rapidly that only the earliest possible establishment of preserves can save them. 2. Isle Royale National Park and the Quetico-Superior wilderness should be restocked with woodland caribou. 3. Excess moose should be periodically removed from Isle Royale and released in the Quetico-Superior region. 4. The Allagash River country in Maine should be restocked with woodland caribou. The nine million acres of wilderness here should be made into a reservation and kept thus for all time. Less than two percent of the United States land area is preserved today as wilderness. 5. Research on mountain lion ecology should be sponsored by federal and state governments, by universities and interested scientists. 6. Poaching of mountain sheep and mountain goats should be stamped out by sportsmen and conservationists. Laws protecting both should be passed in every state where they are found. These species may soon disappear from our crags if a remedy for their decrease is not found. 7. The green turtle should be protected by federal law, and the importation of its meat forbidden. 8. All conservation agencies should urge enactment of laws providing for nation-wide anti-pollution of streams, rivers and coastal waters.* The United States Chamber of Commerce and the National Association of Manufacturers have vigorously fought federal anti-pollution measures. As much as we may agree with these organizations on other matters, we believe they are morally and economically wrong in this case. 9. Much western range land has been overgrazed and continues to be overgrazed. All such lands should be

* In November, hearings were held by the House Rivers and Harbors Committee on three anti-pollution bills. Many conservation organizations testified, among them the National Parks Association, urging passage of H. R. 519 (Mundt).

barred to grazing and rehabilitated. Public grazing should be strictly regulated to prevent overgrazing and the destruction of public interests by private exploiters. 10. All members of 4-H clubs, Izaak Walton League chapters, waterfowl shooting clubs and farmers' granges between the Mississippi River and the Rocky Mountains should be urged to protect the vanishing whooping crane, as well as several species of geese, to prevent their extermination. 11. Complete and absolute protection should be provided for both northern and southern varieties of sea otter for at least twenty years. Then, perhaps, cropping could be allowed. 12. The few remaining states in which martens, fishers and wolverines are found should pass laws protecting these species from both shooting and trapping. In the United States these species are facing extinction. Political pressure to open trapping seasons on these animals should be resisted. 13. Gunners in Florida, Louisiana, Mississippi and Alabama should learn to identify and refrain from killing the swallow-tailed and Everglades kites. 14. The federal government should sponsor much needed study on shore bird management. 15. Every breeding place of the California condor should be made a state or federal refuge. Education is needed in California to save this bird. 16. Trapping in the various states and provinces should be modeled on the system used in British Columbia where trapping is regulated so that the basic stock is never lost. 17. Remove billboards from highways both as a safety measure and to restore natural beauty. Filling stations and hotdog stands should be limited to zones where they are necessary. Roadside vegetation should be restored. Beauty and utility can and must be combined. 18. Predators, such as mountain lions and wolves, should be brought back wherever feasible in areas overstocked by deer and elk to keep these in check and thus insure healthier stock by elimination of the sick and weak. Our predator control policy has not usually been based upon scientific investigation and study. Anyone wishing to get a glimpse of the dire effects upon wildlife populations that result from unscientific killing of predator species would do well to read Chapter I of "Ecology of the Coyote in the Yellowstone," Fauna Series No. 4, National Park Service. Equally enlightening is the classic example of the Kaibab Forest deer, which was largely the result of the extermination of mountain lions in the area.

In the international field we can move forward on these fronts: a. Canada and the United States should conclude a treaty to save the ten million acre Quetico-Superior area as an international peace wilderness. b. A central control agency should secure uniform regulation and uniform enforcement of same to save the Great Lakes fisheries, almost gone now. c. An agreement should be made with Greenland to save the musk oxen there. d. Treaties with the West Indies and Central American countries should be secured to save the green turtle. e. Treaties should be negotiated with countries directly affecting the fur seal, harp seal, hooded seal and walrus to save these species.

It is up to the people to do the bulk of conservation work. To do this, we must, above all, keep our local, state and federal officials informed on our wishes in the many matters relating to resource conservation and nature preservation. To bring this about, we must first keep ourselves informed, and the only way to do that is to join forces with an organization whose duty is to keep us abreast of conservation affairs.

Only by example can we teach conservation successfully to coming generations. It is also important to take every available opportunity to encourage young people to enjoy wildlife for its own sake. Because this whole problem affects every one of us, we should become alert and active in these matters as an intelligent people. We must practice rather than preach conservation now.

Fenced Wildlife for Jackson Hole

By OLAUS J. MURIE

UNDER date of November 1, 1945, the Governor of Wyoming announced in the *Jackson's Hole Courier* a plan for a "wildlife display" in Jackson Hole, on 1280 acres of land owned by John D. Rockefeller, Jr. In grandiose terms the announcement described a plan that "will mean the attraction to Wyoming of hundreds of thousands of tourists, the perpetuation of the state as a gathering point for naturalists and wild-life enthusiasts, and an area for scientific study in wild-life conservation, propagation, and management on a scale unparalleled in the nation." It is proposed to provide "natural habitats and environs for representative numbers of moose, elk, deer, antelope, buffalo, grizzly and black bear, beaver, mountain sheep, and other animals in an area which will be bordered by state highways leading through Jackson Hole. . . . Also included in the plan is a comprehensive native fish propagation and water-fowl display."

The October-December 1943 issue of NATIONAL PARKS MAGAZINE carried an article of mine, later reprinted under the title "The Spirit of Jackson Hole." In that article I gave whole-hearted support to the creation of the Jackson Hole National Monument, with the thought that the area would give

One fleeting glimpse of a wild animal in its natural habitat gives more satisfaction and pleasure—

Nature Magazine

William L. Finley

than watching for hours a semi-domesticated herd under fence.

protection to the intangible values that are so important in this valley. I want to make it clear that I did not advocate a road-side zoo in the midst of the grandeur of Jackson Hole. On the contrary, it is this kind of intrusion which must be kept out of the valley.

In August 1944 other scientists and I appeared in court at Sheridan, Wyoming, to testify for the federal government in *State of Wyoming versus Paul Franke* (the latter representing the National Park Service). In our testimony we sincerely presented the geological and biological values of Jackson Hole, and some of us meticulously stressed the ecological features, innocently believing that these natural values would be specially featured in the national monument. It is all the more disconcerting, then, to learn what we were actually defending—a roadside zoo, however cleverly and pleasingly presented. Imagine naturalists, particularly ecologists, thrilling at the opportunities presented by a group of fenced animals, as implied in the Governor's announcement.

Since the trial at Sheridan, the plan for a zoo had been mentioned occasionally, and some of us had expressed our objections in conversation with Mr. Rockefeller's representatives. We had hoped that it would not be insisted upon. We had also learned that it was planned to maintain a model cattle ranch, and this has been mentioned on occasion by residents of Jackson Hole. This has not been publicly announced, however, and plans may have been changed.

It might be objected that these are trivial things upon which to disagree, in view of the great good accomplished by Mr. Rockefeller in helping to keep in public ownership such an outstanding bit of country. But I believe the implications are tremendously important. It is true, the proposed developments, the zoo and the cattle

ranch, are on private land. But when these lands are given to the national government, as we presume they will be, along with the gift will go a superimposed policy of public land use. Into the National Park System may go cattle raising. Let us recall that recently there was general public opposition to a proposal to graze cattle in national parks. (See *Watch the Stockmen* in the October-December 1944 issue of NATIONAL PARKS MAGAZINE.) Into the park policy also will go the principle of the roadside zoo. This is not at present national park policy, but there have been indications of an effort on the part of some people to change this present policy in order to "jazz up" national park experience for the general public.

Why do we go to national parks? For entertainment? For thrills? For windshield stickers? To be going somewhere? For rest and recreation? For beauty?

If I remember correctly, national parks were created for preservation in their primitive conditions certain typical portions of America for the enjoyment of the people. (See *National Primeval Park Standards* in the October-December 1945 issue of NATIONAL PARKS MAGAZINE.) At least that was the underlying thought, and it represents a noble human impulse. It represents a yearning for beauty and that indefinable something that we experience when we go back to the simple environment from which our race has sprung; an honest environment of trees and waterfalls, of mountain peaks and clear streams, widespread sage lands or northern tundra; an environment in which we can enjoy association with wild deer and grouse and antelope, and all the other wild creatures that are still living close to the good earth. There is a special value for us in all this. We are refreshed. We feel uplifted. Our viewpoint becomes more generous. By it we are made more fit to live with our fellow man.

All honor to those men of vision who sensed this; those in Congress who passed the bills; the citizens who supported them; those who strove to keep and protect a bit of the primitive in national or state parks, or in wilderness areas of national forests. It has not been easy. For commercial gain, many exotic developments have crept in. These are all too familiar, and we need not enumerate them. But there is a greater danger still. This is the apathy of many people, and an unobtrusive, innocent-appearing trend in modern life that may be our undoing in the end—a national laziness. Commercialized recreation has tended more and more to make us crave extra service, easy entertainment, pleasure with the least possible exertion.

On the other hand, we still have within us the spark of adventure that leads many of us to seek the wilder places, a wholesome yearning for beauty, the spirit of doing. Each year people go to the Tetons in great numbers. They clamber up the mountains, and they relax in the simplicity and primitiveness of upper Jackson Hole. As planners and supervisors, which shall we try most to serve? In an effort to give the traveling public something super, shall we hand out recreation on a platter, to be gobbled hastily, and thereby inject a jarring note for those who sincerely prefer to find their own experience? There is no particular enjoyment in hiking through woods that parallel a road a few yards away. Your efforts seem pointless. Similarly, discovering a bull moose by yourself has lost some of its value when you know that, without any effort, you can drive out in the valley and see one under fence.

Were this only an isolated instance, perhaps all the anxiety over innovations in Jackson Hole would be unjustified. But we are dealing with subtle influences today, influences which quietly steal away our power to reason and evaluate. Where shall we definitely say stop? Shall we call a halt only after every park has been equipped with a movie house, television, a circus, all the gadgets of civilization, while the primitiveness for which parks were established lies unused and unappreciated at

the outskirts of the parking lots? And will there be any outskirts? The valley of Jackson Hole is not a primitive area in the strict sense of the term. There are roads and other intrusions. But what remains of the primitive picture is all the more precious, and some of it can be restored.

Mr. Rockefeller has established many humanitarian projects, among which is The Rockefeller Foundation, and it is appropriate here to quote from the *Review* of its work for 1943, written by its able leader, Raymond B. Fosdick. In one section of the report, Mr. Fosdick discusses the "Frankenstein," symbolizing the machine that man has devised, and how we can keep it from destroying us. He says: "All that we know is that it will take knowledge and wisdom almost beyond what seems available at the moment. We must draw on all the resources to which access can be had—spiritual resources, educational resources, the contributions of the humanities and the social sciences, the fellowship of scholars, the common hopes of people in all countries, the ties that bind the human race together across boundary lines."

Likewise, it will take all the wisdom we possess to keep from draining out the significance of our special recreational lands, leaving only the bare shell that can be pictured by any casual kodak. I am convinced that our remaining primitive areas are important enough to our culture not to be taken lightly. For wisdom and deep concern for high standards, we must look to those of our leaders who have to do with such lands. We are concerned over any step, however unimportant it may seem at the time, that would attempt to draw the essence from a landscape for presentation to the tourist by the roadside. Such a move cheapens the reservation and puts it in the category of the souvenir that can be purchased over the counter.

Jackson Hole has been sought by thousands; and these people have profited by it. They have enjoyed its wildlife, its mountains, its fishing, its fields of wildflowers. They would be happy only to go back again. From the practical standpoint it is, of course, necessary to provide moderate accommodations for the increasing number of people who are coming to this valley. Simple facilities must be made. We should not try to improve the natural beauties. This section of Wyoming was enhanced ages ago when the earth's crust was upheaved to form the Tetons; when the glaciers did their work and left their carvings in the present topography; and when the suitable flora and fauna flowed in to occupy and adjust themselves to the altered land. There is a story here, a real message, for those who enjoy the forests and mountain peaks and the birds and mammals encountered in their wanderings. There is an interest and significance in it all that enhances the vacation experience, and here lies our opportunity: To encourage this kind of use of the primitive aspect of the land. The experiences that stay in the memory are those enjoyed through one's own efforts, the seeking through the woods, the exploring of trails, even the thought of something beyond the ranges. Take the imagination out of life, and treasures become commonplace.

MOUNT MONADNOCK SAVED

ON October 10, the Mount Monadnock Radio Foundation, in a letter to the selectmen of the town of Jaffrey, New Hampshire, cancelled its lease on Mount Monadnock. (See *Let's Save Mount Monadnock* in the July-September 1945 issue of NATIONAL PARKS MAGAZINE.)

Written by Mr. David Carpenter, Vice President of the Foundation, the letter states, "On Friday, August 24, the Federal Communications Commission issued its report and decision with respect to the ten suggested rules and regulations concerning frequency modulation broadcasting which

were set forth in the Communication's order of June 27, 1945." The letter continues: "In view of the above mentioned rules and regulations, and the interpretation of them by Engineering Council with respect to Mount Monadnock, it therefore becomes conclusive that it will not be possible to use the mountain as set out in the lease with you."

By that we may assume that the threatened desecration of one of New Hampshire's beauty spots has been definitely eliminated.

As stated in the July-September 1945 issue, The Society for the Protection of New Hampshire Forests owns 2,983 acres of the wild lands on the mountain, and this area is being preserved permanently. The town of Jaffrey owns 356 acres on the mountain also, and of this area, 200 acres were involved in the lease to the Radio Foundation. The thought occurs that perhaps the town of Jaffrey would want to negotiate a transfer of its lands to the Society. Certainly the idea seems logical. Of course, such a plan must meet with the approval of the people of Jaffrey.

ASSOCIATION ISSUES RELEASE NO. 53

ON November 21, the following release was issued to the Association's New York State members:

ADIRONDACK WILDERNESS AND WILDLIFE THREATENED

Two dams designed for stream-flow regulation for hydroelectric power and to a lesser degree for flood control are planned to be built on the South Branch of the Moose River within the boundaries of the Adirondack State Park, New York.

The Panther Mountain dam and reservoir, proposed by the U. S. Corps of Army Engineers, would be located about eight miles east of the town of McKeever. Farther up stream, about fourteen miles east of the same town, would be located the Higley Mountain dam and reservoir proposed by the Black River Regulating District which has its headquarters at Watertown.

The South Branch of the Moose River flows through thirty miles of the most primitive part of the Adirondack wilds. It is a stretch of foothill country heavily forested, dotted with lakes and traversed by numerous streams. In parts of the lowlands are situated the Moose River Plains, open expanses that are the wintering grounds for the largest deer herd in the Adirondacks. Here, each winter, several thousand deer find food and shelter. It is stated by a competent scientific authority that this herd would be exterminated by the flooding.

The Construction of the dams will be costly, the Panther Mountain dam alone being estimated at $3,800,000. If built, the Moose River Plains would be submerged beneath more than forty feet of water; many miles of priceless forest lands and wild lakes and ponds that are of inestimable value for recreation would be obliterated, and the wilderness invaded by the artificial structures and artificial lakes with fluctuating water levels.

Regarding the Panther Mountain dam, you are urged to express your opinions in writing to your representatives in the U. S. House of Representatives at Washington, D. C.

Regarding the Higley Mountain dam, you should write to Governor Thomas E. Dewey and Conservation Commissioner Perry Duryea at Albany. Act immediately!

Also on November 21, a release, differently worded, but bearing the same message, was issued to fifty-eight New York State newspapers.

A hard fight may be necessary to prevent both of these dams from being built. Nevertheless, it is encouraging to know that, among the cooperating organizations, there are more than thirty local groups including the Adirondack Mountain Club, the New York State section of the Izaak Walton League, the Forest Preserve Association of New York, the Association for the Protection of the Adirondacks, the New York Hotel Association, the Wildlife League, the Taconic Hiking Club; and in the national field, the Wilderness Society, the National Izaak Walton League and your Association.

The First Ascent of Mount Rainier

By HOWARD R. STAGNER

THE course of events had not gone quite as he, Sluiskin the Yakima, had planned. Had he erred? Was there another course that he could have taken? The problem seemed a simple one six days before when James Longmire, finding him at his camp on the Cowlitz, asked him to guide three other white men toward the summit of Tahoma, the mountain named Rainier.

Sluiskin knew these mountains. Had he not hunted the ptarmigan and the mountain goat here for many years? But, to climb The Mountain! That, certainly, was not possible. No one could climb to its summit and live, and only the foolish would try. Besides, it was not well that white men should explore more of this wilderness that might yet remain a hunting ground for the Indian. Even now they had come too far, these white men from the frontier town of Olympia. How they had reached Bear Prairie on the Nisqually at the very base of the Tatoosh, the pinnacles, he could not understand. Yet there they were, three men besides Longmire. It must have taken many days fighting underbrush, forcing a pathway through the dense forests, fording glacial rivers, before they reached this place so near the base of The Mountain. This was his country. No, it was not well that they should go farther.

Perhaps they were already tired and hungry; perhaps one as skillful as he, the Yakima, could lead them away from The Mountain, or at least lead them over mountains so rugged that they would soon tire, become discouraged, and turn back. The task would be easier when Longmire, a skilled man of the mountains and forests whom it would be difficult to mislead, returned to his harvests on the morrow. Yes, it seemed best that he, Sluiskin, be the guide for these white men. The strangers would be completely in his hands.

How confidently he had appraised the worth of the three. One was a King George man, obviously strange to these black-forested mountains. The many objects—ropes, spikes, nails, torches, a rubber sheet—gathered about this one for the climb, only increased his contempt for the man. He would soon tire; and so would the one called Van Trump, a secretary—one who sat in the office of the governor in Olympia and wrote words upon paper. The last, Stevens, might hold out longer. Here was a man who was once a soldier, strong and resourceful. But, certainly, when the other two gave up, he too would turn back.

At first the audacious self-confidence of the three amused him. Around the campfire the King George man spoke of great mountains he had climbed in other lands. But did he not know that there were no other mountains like Rainier? Others were as mere mounds of sand. Stevens spoke of Kautz the soldier, of Tolmie the doctor, and of Vancouver the sailor, as if in speaking of the great he could himself acquire strength and courage for the journey ahead. Who were they—this sightseer, this scribe, this one-time soldier—that spoke of themselves in one breath with the great? Vancouver, sailor of great ships, had given the name Rainier to The Mountain. Tolmie the doctor had first found the base of The Mountain while collecting herbs for healing; and Kautz, of all men, had reached near the summit and had returned to tell of the hardships. What had these men around the campfire done to compare with the great exploits of which they spoke? His contempt for the white men, his confidence in his own plan, increased with every moment.

Matters had gone well at the start. How easy was the party led out of the canyon of the Nisqually that reached most directly to The Mountain, and away, and upward

Asahel Curtis

Mount Rainier from the Tatoosh Range opposite Mazama Ridge.—"For the Indian, this mountain was the very epitome of superstition and terror."

over the steep slopes of the Tatoosh. But the King George man was slow. Soon he lagged behind, turned back, and was lost to sight. The others would not stay long, for the most difficult climbing was yet ahead.

He had plunged onward, climbing one sharp peak of the Tatoosh, descending into the steep-walled canyon beyond, climbing the next ragged ridge, until he had crossed the entire succession of peaks that form the western skyline of the Tatoosh. Strangely Stevens and Van Trump stayed close behind, even through the second day after a dry bivouac on the barren upper slopes. More strangely, there were no complaints, no protests of the difficulty of the route, nor of the pace. Perhaps he had misjudged the strength and character of these two. The way grew more difficult, the pace more

exhausting. Even his own steps were slowed by weariness. It was then that his contempt vanished, and in its place grew an increasing respect and admiration for these brave and resourceful men. They were worthy to be friends and companions of the Indian. Concern for their safety and welfare filled his heart.

There was no possibility of continuing the detour beyond the mid point of the Tatoosh Range. Even if he had wished to mislead these new friends farther, the way toward The Mountain was too well revealed. Here, at this point, the long, rounded, meadow-topped ridge where he had often stalked mountain goats, abutted against the Tatoosh and reached rib-like far up The Mountain. There was no alternative but to descend across the loose talus and through the tangled mountain ash and huckleberry to the base of the Tatoosh, and follow the ridge of the *mazamas,* the mountain goats, toward The Mountain.

The eagerness of the two increased steadily in the easy, invigorating climb to timberline on Mazama Ridge. It was obvious that they were in no way deterred in their determination to push onward toward the summit. There remained but one last resort. These men must now be told the truth about the inevitable death that awaited them on The Mountain. Surely, being of good judgment, they would abandon this wild venture when they knew of the perils with which The Mountain would threaten and overcome them.

At long length, and with all the eloquence at his command, he had spoken. The climbers would never return, he had said. They would slip on the smooth ice and fall into deep crevasses. Crumbling rock falling from high cliffs would bury them. They would die of cold, or be blown from the mountain like dried leaves before the icy gale that beat upon the upper slopes. Avalanches would sweep them downward onto the glaciers. If they escaped these hazards, an even more terrifying fate awaited them. The demon that lived on the summit would hurl them into a lake of fire and they would never return!

But, in spite of his words, preparations for the ascent continued. Ropes were tested, alpine stocks selected, clothing and food assembled and tied in bundles to be slung from the shoulders. The men were going on. Well, he had done all he could. He would regret the deaths of these two. But if he should return without them—what then? Would not their friends hold him responsible? He must obtain a writing—this scribe, Van Trump, could provide it—that would tell Longmire and the rest that it was not he, Sluiskin, who was responsible for the tragedy. He would wait until the third day, then carry the letter to Olympia.

For several hours after their departure, the two climbers were visible as they toiled upward over smooth snowfields. Sometimes they dropped from sight behind rolling snowdrifts, or were lost for a while against the drab background of some projecting rock ridge. The two figures were mere dots when his keen eyes last discovered them against the snow just below the massive square rock that surmounted the southeast flank of The Mountain. From where he stood, this huge formation, with its perpendicular sides and face, appeared to bar further progress toward the summit. Perhaps they would be turned back. Perhaps they might still return unharmed.

Sluiskin stood alone on a high ridge above the headwall of Paradise Valley. His face turned searchingly toward the ice-clad volcanic peak that towered abruptly eight thousand feet above him. Two days he had waited. The sound of distant avalanches, and the visions of snow streamers wisped from the mountain by icy gales, and of drifting clouds that at times obscured the mountain, heightened his superstitious fear and filled him with an increasing premonition of disaster. Tonight he must wait. Then, tomorrow he would leave and carry to Olympia the letter that would announce that the two white men had perished, and that would at the same time absolve him of any responsibility for the tragedy.

It was now the end of the second day.

When the sun set behind Tumtum, the mountain shaped like a heart, he would know that his vigil was ended, that his friends would never return. Then, through the thinning clouds he caught a glimpse of a strange object against the distant snow. Drifting mist closed before he could distinguish whether it was a rock or a living being. The next break revealed the object again, this time nearer. It was too misshapen to be a man—unless—yes, he could see it better now, there were two figures, one supporting the bowed, stumbling figure of the other. They approached slowly toward the camp. One spoke and called him by name; but Sluiskin approached cautiously, and felt the firm, live flesh of their hands before he knew that Stevens and Van Trump, not merely their spirits, were returning to him from The Mountain. His heart filled with gladness. His friends, Skookum Tillicum, Skookum Tumtum—strong men, brave hearts—were returned to him.

Later, around several campfires, Stevens and Van Trump related the story of how The Mountain had been conquered, of how they overcame all of the obstacles The Mountain placed in their path. Above the first smooth snowfields, they had found a narrow ledge leading to the left around the massive rock at the base of which Sluiskin had lost them from sight two days before. Inching along this narrow shelf, a constant barrage of boulders and loose rock from the cliffs overhead had threatened to plunge them a thousand feet downward onto the broken ice of glaciers. Beyond this, steps had to be cut up the steep face of the edge of the summit ice fields, but the way became less and less hazardous until the summit area was reached late in the day. Flags were unfurled on what had appeared to be the highest point. This they named Point Success. The hour was too late for a descent, for darkness would fall, and a fast gathering storm would break before they could cross the steep ice and pass the dangerous, massive rock. A second summit was explored in the search for a sheltered spot in which to spend the night. Here, on what proved to be the highest point, a broad, circular crater, nearly filled with snow, was found. The faint odor of sulphur tainted the thin cold air, and almost at once many small steam vents were seen within the crater rim. In a cave beneath the ice, melted out by these steam vents, the pair passed the night, sheltered from the wind, freezing and broiling by halves as they turned before the steam. The descent the following day was made without mishap until the two were but a short distance from camp. Here Van Trump had fallen on a steep ice field, slid downward onto the rocks, and in pain was aided back to camp by Stevens.

Truly, Sluiskin reflected, these were great men. Men with the courage to face the evil forces of The Mountain and the strength to overcome them. Men whom, once tested, the mountain demon had taken onto himself, offering them shelter and warmth against the wind and cold. These were men favored by The Mountain.

Tomorrow he, the Yakima, would return to his lodge on the Cowlitz to resume his obscure and uneventful life. But these others—for them there soon would be rejoicings and feasts and celebrations in Olympia. The fame of these two, and even more, the fame of The Mountain, would be sung in every land. Many others would come now. Pathways and roads would be cut, the lodges of many people would be built. Sluiskin would linger but a short time in these mountains to hunt the mountain goat, and The Mountain would then belong to the white man. This was as it must be. For the Indian, this mountain, from time beginning, was the very epitome of supersitition and terror. Now, for the white man alone it would remain a great symbol of strength and of courage and of faith in the destiny of the white nation. This day in August, 1870, was the beginning of a new era.

REFINING THE OUTBOARD

TWO outboard motor manufacturers, Johnson and Evinrude, have written to us in response to the article *Refine the Outboard* published in the July-September 1945 issue.

Association members will recall how, in that article, we deplored the disturbance of the nation's wild lakelands due to the excessive noise of outboard motors. We believe our members will be interested in the two letters, and we publish them in part as follows:

DEAR SIR:

It seems fitting and proper to me that the editor of National Parks Magazine should consider it his duty to keep those parks as much as possible a source of pleasure to the country's citizens. For this reason I cannot help but approve of your fine little article *Refine the Outboard* in the July-September issue of National Parks Magazine.

Actually, we here at Evinrude Motors and our other divisions accepted a challenge, such as you offer in your article, quite a number of years ago. In evidence I offer the enclosed photostatic copy of a letter I wrote to Mr. C. F. Chapman, editor of *Motor Boating Magazine,* on October 7, 1935, and which he reprinted in his November 1935 issue.

Since the time of that letter, the work of our engineering department has gone forward and progress has been made toward greater silencing. Actually, the work has been carried forward to such an extent that I feel safe in predicting that within a year or two following the end of the war, additional evidence will be found in the market of outboard motors having been made to operate far more silently than heretofore.

Meanwhile, old model motors, many dating back fifteen years or more, with old type, noisy above-water silencers, or with silencers *that are worn out or have been tampered with,* are still in operation. These faulty motors greatly distort the true picture of the degree to which we have already accomplished quiet outboard operation. We are anxious that all such motors be repaired or withdrawn from the market, and are open to any suggestions which will hasten their departure.

I feel that the important consideration is that we outboard manufacturers are thoroughly sold on the necessity of quieter operation and that our money and effort will continue to be directed toward the accomplishment of this goal.

Yours very truly,
H. Biersach,
Vice President,
Evinrude Motors

DEAR SIR:

Your remarks relative to outboard motor noise are mostly, if not altogether, justified. We, as manufacturers, admit that outboard motors make more noise than they ought to make even though they are more quiet now than they were a few years back.

It is not uncommon to see older motors, or later ones, for that matter, that have had holes drilled in the exhaust muffler or from which part of the muffler is missing, making the motor several times more noisy than it would be if returned to original condition. Some people like to hear the roar of an open exhaust and please themselves without thinking of the annoyance to others. Education in the basic courtesies of life might help this somewhat.

Nevertheless, there are some things that can be done and I happen to know that some of these things are being done as it is fully realized by outboard motor manufacturers that their product will have a wider appeal to owners and users if this silencing can be accomplished without too much additional weight and cost, both of which you will certainly appreciate are of greatest importance.

I think your article is very fair-minded and that it is justified. We hope to make good progress in the direction you have stated.

Very truly yours,
P. A. Tanner,
Vice President,
Johnson Motors

Judging from these letters, it appears that the time has arrived for applying to outboards regulations for silence similar to those for automobiles.

WE NEED WILDERNESS

By SIGURD OLSON

A FLEET of rocky, pine-crested islands floats between us and the western horizon. It is dusk in the wilderness, a time of quiet and sunset-colored waters. The white tents are pale against the dark forest. Canoes are overturned on the shore, beds made, all equipment under cover, everything snug for the night. In the calm air the smoke from our dying supper fire rises straight into the sky. A loon calls and is answered from a lake over the hills. For a moment the timbered ridges echo and re-echo with their wild notes.

A week ago we had left the steel. One of my party was the head of a great corporation in Chicago, another a well-known surgeon from New York, and the third a judge from Washington, D. C. They had come north to get the feeling of wilderness, to renew companionships and associations almost forgotten during the mad rush of the war years. Like many others I have guided on wilderness expeditions, these were men in their prime, highly successful in their professions, suave and cultured; but they were fatigued and worn by responsibilities in the great cities. Now they wanted to have fun. They wanted to forget for a while the enmeshing tentacles of civilization and industry, and for a few weeks to feel that old freedom they used to know. In camp each night they sat near the water's edge and talked until dark.

"Queer," said the judge, "to think that a thousand miles south of us, people are rushing around just as busily as the day we left. Somehow up here it doesn't make sense."

"Yes," said the corporation head, "I can see the Chicago Loop this very moment with people pouring madly out of their burrows and heading for some place else just as we'll be doing again in a week or two. From here, Chicago and New York and Washington and the other cities seem like gigantic anthills. But every person in them has a purpose in life, or thinks he has; yet, to me, as we sit here amid this beauty, their endless rushing, or at least the speed with which they move, appears foolish."

"What gets me," replied the surgeon, "is the peace and quiet up here. In the big hospitals a man is apt to forget that there is anything but tension in the world. You come back here, and the tension is gone. The world is quiet and peaceful again, and there is no pressure."

"You're right," agreed the judge. "It's good just to know that a place like this exists. When I get all tied up in a knot over some legal problem, I'll shut my eyes and remember."

"And when I sit in at my next board of directors meeting," said the man of affairs, "and try to explain what's happened to a block of stock or a contract that hasn't been going too well, I'll recall how we sat on this rock, and I'll remember how little difference it all makes in the long run."

THE COVER—This picture, taken in Olympic National Primeval Park, Washington, shows a little alpine lake with Mount Seattle rising in the distance. The park is an area to satisfy the most intense longing for wilderness. It is a land of glacier-sculptured peaks, alpine meadows and, on the lower slopes, a magnificent rain forest. Overlooking the Pacific Ocean, these mountains and dark, dripping forests cover an area of 845,759 acres. This is the home of the rare Roosevelt elk. Part of the Olympic wilderness is threatened today by mining interests. A bill has been introduced in Congress "to grant for an indefinite period the right to locate and patent mining claims within certain areas" of the park. It may require the combined force of wilderness enthusiasts throughout the nation to prevent such desecration of this superb remnant of primitive country.

"Two weeks from now when the operating rooms have been working overtime," mused the doctor, "and I've been flying from Chicago to New York, and my brain is whirling with speed, I'm going to think of those loons. They'll still be calling, no matter where I am. Yes, just the memory of them will be good medicine for me."

I watched these men for a week. Now freed of mental strain, taking vigorous, pleasurable exercise, and breathing pure air twenty-four hours a day, they became normal human beings with much of the spirit of the carefree boy about them. These, my companions on a wilderness cruise, had again discovered how a man can find release; where he can recapture his perspective and the calm of untroubled years; where he can shed responsibilities and know the meaning of freedom and the joys of simple living. They, like others I have known on wilderness expeditions of the past, have found it here. The untouched rivers and forests and lakes were the answer. Now they could return to the cities with peace in their hearts.

With the coming of twilight, hermit thrushes were singing in the hills behind us. From a near-by cove came the disturbed quacking of a mallard hen, then a splash, and a pair of mallards whistled overhead. A moose was the cause of their disturbance. We saw him wade into the shallows to feed on water lily plants there.

Soon the evening star came out and hung like a lantern in the sky. The hermits were silent now, but a few white-throats sounded their clear notes back in the hills. The turbulent world of civilization was far away. Noisy, dirty, bustling cities, like nightmares, seemed no part of reality.

According to Webster, wilderness is a trackless waste uninhabited by man. To the people of America, as typified by the men who were with me on this particular trip, it is far more than that. It is something so closely tied up with their traditions, so tightly woven into their cultural backgrounds, their emotions and philosophies of life, that it cannot be ignored or neglected.

Wilderness to the people of America is a spiritual necessity, an antidote to the high pressure of modern life, a means of regaining serenity and equilibrium.

I have found that people go to the wilderness for many things, but the most important of these is perspective. They may think they go for the fishing or the scenery or companionship, but in reality it is something far deeper. They go to the wilderness for the good of their souls. I sometimes feel as though they had actually gone to another planet from which they can watch with cool detachment the fierce and sometimes meaningless scurryings of their kind. Then when the old philosophy of earth-oneness begins to return to them, they slowly realize that once again they are in tune with sun and stars and all natural things, and with that knowledge comes happiness and contentment.

I believe this need of wilderness is inherent in most of us, even those seemingly farthest removed from it by civilized living. The cities may cover it up, make us forget temporarily; but deep underneath is an inherent urge for naturalness and simplicity and a way of life different from the one we know.

Henry Thoreau sensed this need of mankind when he said, "We can never have enough of nature. We must be refreshed by the sight of vast and titanic features—the wilderness with its living and decaying trees. We need to witness our own limits transgressed and some life pasturing freely where we never wander."

There is a school of thought that considers wilderness solely as an opportunity for nature study and scientific research and sees no spiritual value in the effect of wild country on those who come in contact with it. These people lack vision, for if they understood the primary purpose of the accumulation of knowledge generally, they would know that unless such effort results in furthering man's sense of companionship and understanding of the earth,

Allan M. Rinehart

Camping in Rocky Mountain National Primeval Park.—Some people find their wilderness in the mountains where the very bigness of the landscape gives a sense of personal contact with immensity and space.

and thereby contributes to his spiritual contentment and happiness, it has not achieved its purpose.

There is another group made up of practical minded individuals who see no sense in setting aside an area for esthetic or recreational purposes. This group considers wilderness devotees as irresponsible wildlifers who have gone off the deep end in their enthusiasm for the out-of-doors. They look at the last remaining bits of primitive America as a final opportunity to "get rich quick" in the best pioneer tradition. They are the ones who would dam Yellowstone Lake, cut the last sequoias, and convert the canoe country of the Quetico-Superior into a huge storage reservoir. To them the wilderness has no other value than the practical, and they think it criminal for resources to stand commercially unused. They also need the wilderness, but their need is blinded by greed.

There is a third group larger than all the rest. That is the great mass of recreation-minded Americans who see in the wilderness not an opportunity for exploitation or for the furtherance of knowledge, but rather as an opportunity to satisfy a vital spiritual deficiency within themselves. They are the ones who head into the wilderness regions because they must. Wilderness to them is a tonic, a panacea for nervousness and monotony. They go to it once a month or once a year as a sick man might go to

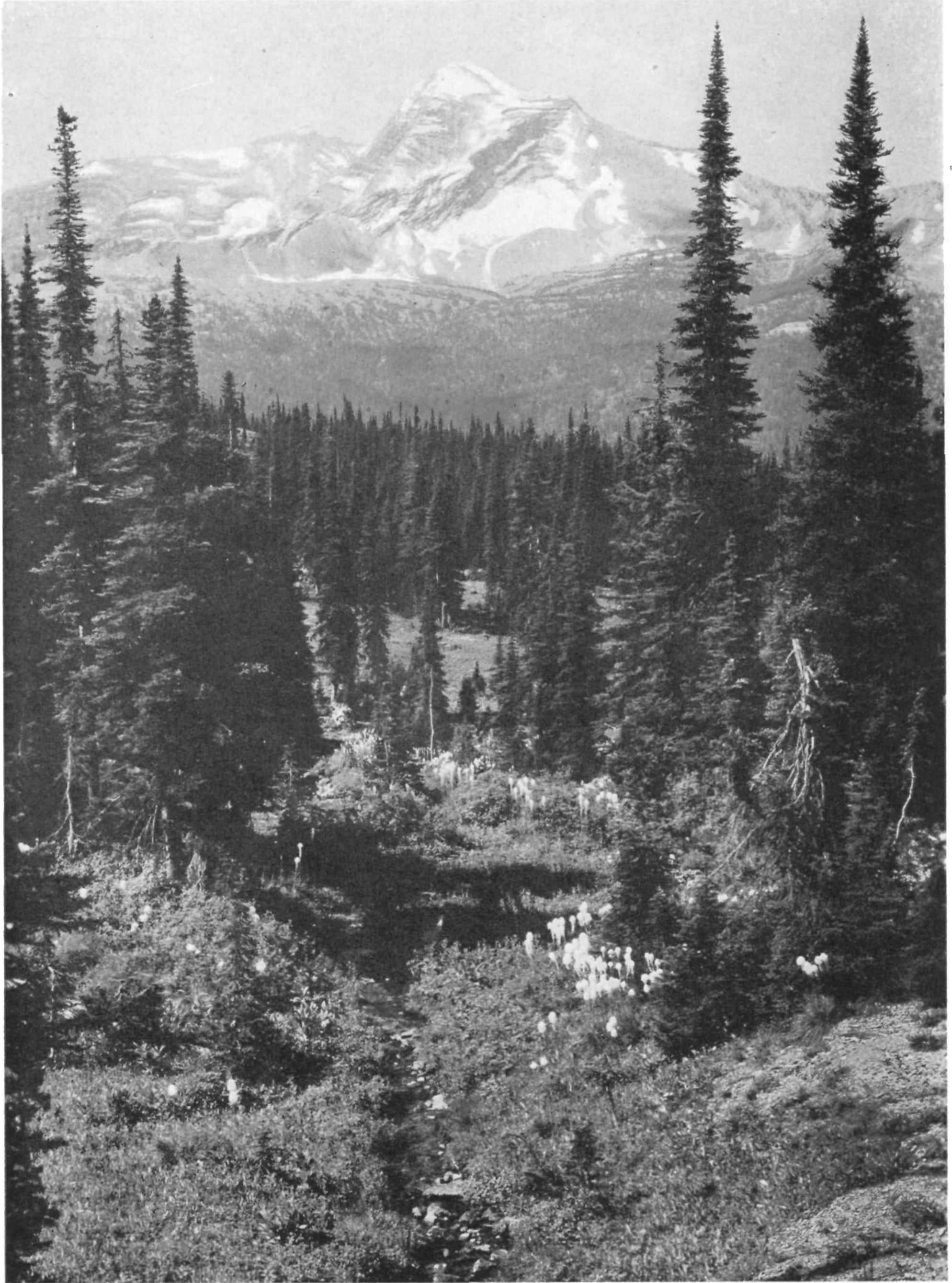
his physician. These people know that wilderness to them is a necessity if they are to keep their balance.

To place a value on wilderness is as difficult as to speak of the value of a landmark or an heirloom in terms of money. There are certain things that cannot be evaluated because of their emotional appeal. Wilderness is in this category. While a certain area might have worth as a museum piece, or because of certain economic factors, its real worth will always depend upon how people feel about it and what it does for them. If it contributes to spiritual welfare, if it gives them perspective and a sense of oneness with mountains, forests, or waters, or in any way at all enriches their lives, then the area is beyond price. It is as hard to place a true value on wilderness as it is to decide what type of wild country is the best. What one man needs and finds satisfying, might not be at all what another requires. In the final analysis each man knows within himself what it is he wants, and in each case his choice is tempered by his own past, his dreams and memories, his hopes for the future, and his ability to enjoy.

Some can find their wildernesses in tiny hidden corners where, through accident rather than design, man has saved just a breath of the primeval America. I know

On the French River, Ontario.—There are men who crave action and distance. These men must know hunger and thirst and privation and the companionship men know only on the out trails of the world.

Canadian Pacific Railroad



Hileman

Alpine firs and Heaven's Peak in the wilderness of Glacier National Primeval Park.—To give people an opportunity to renew their old associations as a race, to find themselves and their true qualities, to rejuvenate their spirits through simple living outdoors, is the real purpose of preserving wilderness.

of a glen in the heart of a great city park system, a tiny roaring canyon where many seeking solitude and beauty can find release. It is dark in there, and damp, and in the heat of the summer it is cool. Ferns and lichens and liverworts cling to the rocks, and there grow flowers that thrive only in the shadows where the air is charged with mist. The water swirls through this canyon as it has for thousands of years, and the sounds are the sounds of a land far removed from civilization. A highway runs within a hundred yards and cars pass almost overhead, but the rocks and trees screen it from view and the only evidence of traffic is a vague hum that blends with the whisper of the wind and the music of rushing water. There, if a man wishes, he can regain in a swift moment the feeling of the wild, and steal, for a brief instant, respite from the noise and confusion of a big city. There, if he has perspective, he may recharge his soul.

There are men, however, who crave action and distance and far horizons beyond the steel. No little sanctuaries for them along the fringes of civilization. They must know wild country and all that goes with it, must feel the bite of a tumpline on the portages, the desperate battling against waves on stormy lakes. They must know hunger and thirst and privation and the companionship men know only on the out trails of the world. When, after days of paddling and packing, they find themselves on some bare glaciated point a hundred miles from town and stand there gazing down a great wilderness waterway, listening to the loons and seeing the wild rocky islands floating in the sunset, they, too, know the meaning of communion with nature.

Another finds his wilderness in the mountains of the West. There, camped in some high alpine meadow, with the horses grazing quietly along an ice-fed glacial stream, jagged peaks towering above him into the snow-capped summits of some mighty range, and all about him the beauty and grandeur of the high country, he finds his particular ultimate. To him such a setting is the primitive on a noble scale—there a timelessness that can never be approached elsewhere. The very bigness of the landscape gives him a sense of personal contact with immensity and space. He comes down from his mountains, as all men have since the beginning of time, refreshed spiritually and ready again for the complexities of life among his kind.

There are those who say that only in the great swamps and flowages of the deep South, in the flooded cypress stands and mangroves, or along the deltas and savannas of the rivers, can one understand what wilderness really is. And in a sense they are right, for it was in such places that life supposedly evolved. Some men may sense instinctively that there conditions more closely approximate the primeval phases of the earth's history than anywhere else. If it is purely the atmosphere of the wild that counts, then surely there a man might get a closer feeling with the past and the future than in any other wilderness.

Stephen Leacock, when asked why he persisted in living in Toronto instead of returning to his beloved England, replied that he liked living in Toronto because it was so close to the wilderness of Hudson Bay, that the very thought of the thousands of miles of barren country to the north, gave him a sense of spaciousness and adventure that did him good. In that statement he voiced the feeling of thousands of people who, like him, though they may never penetrate the back country, nevertheless enjoy the feeling of living close to it. For these the wilderness is just as much an inspiration as for those who travel through it by horse, canoe, dogteam or other primitive means. The very awareness of it gives to them that feeling of the frontier characteristic of all jumping-off places. In such regions the air itself seems rarified and charged with something different that Thoreau might have called, "the early morning fragrance of the wild."

Whatever their type and wherever they

(Continued on page 28)

THE EVERGLADES PROJECT

TALKS were made by federal officials on the proposed Everglades National Primeval Park during one of the afternoon sessions of the National Audubon Society's annual meeting, held in New York last October. Your executive secretary was able to break away long enough from desk work to go to New York and attend that session.

The proposed park area is now a federal wildlife refuge in the care of the U. S. Fish and Wildlife Service. (See *Everglades Protection* in the January-March 1945 issue of NATIONAL PARKS MAGAZINE.) Dr. Ira N. Gabrielson, Chief, reporting on latest developments, said that efforts are being made toward more adequate patrolling. He expressed the opinion that because the Everglades is largely a labyrinth of waterways, an airplane would provide the most satisfactory means for patrolling, and that he is now trying to obtain one.

Dr. Gabrielson gave out the long-awaited good news that the Service had been successful in getting Daniel B. Beard, who has been with the armed forces, and appointing him refuge manager. Before the war, Mr. Beard had been with the National Park Service. Readers of NATIONAL PARKS MAGAZINE will recall his article *A Visit to Dinosaur Quarry* in the April-June 1945 issue.

Mr. C. Raymond Vinton of the National Park Service, who is custodian of the Florida national monuments, made a brief talk, and then read a statement by Director Newton B. Drury expressing the attitude of the National Park Service with regard to the proposed park. The statement follows:

We feel that we have reason to rejoice that a start has been made toward the establishment of the Everglades National Park, in the transfer to the federal government of a million acres of land and water, and in the setting up of a competent protection organization by the Fish and Wildlife Service. We know that in a wildlife refuge, protection will be given by that Service to the irreplaceable bird life, and all animal and plant life upon the lands and waters that are the core of the prospective national park authorized by Congress. Dr. Gabrielson is intensely interested in the project, which assures its success. I know that he feels, as I do, that a debt of gratitude is due the National Audubon Society for having "held the fort" in the Everglades through its protective work there.

The boundaries of the proposed Everglades National Park, as we hope it is ultimately to be, have been determined and agreed upon for some years. The National Park Service has not "lowered its sights" with respect to the final desirable goal. What we hope for is a national park sufficiently extensive to preserve, and permit the restoration of, a great area of the only tropics to be found in the United States, in which adequate protection can be provided to the fauna and flora which give it distinction and to the conditions which must be maintained if they are to thrive.

What we understand the Florida authorities to be aiming at is a more immediately realizable goal,—the establishment, in national park status, of an area of lesser extent than that authorized by Congress. Toward this they are willing to support the raising of funds and the transfer of state lands. This will advance us far toward what we hope to accomplish in the end, and for the attainment of which we shall continue to press. The values to be safeguarded in the Everglades are too precious and too destructible for us to take the attitude that we cannot participate in or encourage effort that is directed at something less than the maximum. We look to the friendly co-operation of the Florida authorities, the Fish and Wildlife Service, the Everglades National Park Association, the Audubon Society and all who are in a position to exert helpful influence or effort to assist in this important cause.

Opinions expressed in signed articles are not necessarily those of the Association.

In Memory of Dr. John C. Merriam

Dr. John C. Merriam

DR. JOHN C. MERRIAM, eminent scientist and leader in conservation, died in Oakland, California, on Tuesday morning, October 30th. Dr. Merriam was President Emeritus of the Carnegie Institution of Washington, and for twenty-four years (until 1944) served as President of the Save-the-Redwoods League, of which he was a founder and a councillor. For twenty years he had been a member of the Board of Trustees of the National Parks Association. On October 20th he was 76.

Dr. Merriam was known not only for his writings on paleontology, historic geology and the problems of scientific research, but also on the interpretation of nature, as in his books, *The Living Past* and *The Garment of God*. For a review of the latter, see *The Editor's Bookshelf*, NATIONAL PARKS MAGAZINE for April-June 1943. His articles have emphasized the inspirational and educational value of state parks and national parks. Readers of NATIONAL PARKS MAGAZINE will remember his article *The National Tribute Grove* which appeared in the October-December 1945 issue.

He was for many years Professor of Paleontology at the University of California, where he was Dean of Faculties in 1920.

In his latter years, Dr. Merriam was at work on a philosophical treatment of the John Day Basin in Oregon and its influence on human thought.

He directed the early excavation and research at the La Brea Pits, Los Angeles, where fossil remains of beasts and birds which roamed California ages ago were exhumed, including the saber-toothed tigers, giant vultures and other ancient animals.

His three sons, who survive him, are Charles Warren Merriam, Malcolm Landers Merriam and Lawrence C. Merriam, who is now Regional Director, Region Two, National Park Service, at Omaha, Nebraska.

In Memory of Dr. Henry Baldwin Ward

DR. HENRY BALDWIN WARD died on November 30th. He had represented the Izaak Walton League of America on the Board of Trustees of the National Parks Association for many years, and was Vice-President of the Association. Serving on the Executive Committee, he took active interest in Association activities. His ready advice on important matters will be seriously missed in the future.

Dr. Ward was born in Troy, New York, eighty years ago, and he pursued an interesting life. Professor of zoology, emeritus, University of Illinois, since 1933, he began his college education at Williams College, where he received an A.B. degree. He took post graduate work at the University of Gottingen, Freiburg and Leipsig; and took his A.M. and Ph.D. degrees from Harvard. He was professor and head of the zoology department and later, Dean of the College of Medicine at the University of Nebraska. Coming to the University of Illinois in 1909, he served as head of the zoology department until his retirement.

A lover of nature, Doctor Ward had been active in the work of the Izaak Walton League for many years and served as national president in 1928-30. He was the author of many articles for scientific publications, and was founder and editor of the *Journal of Parasitology*.

News from the Conservation Battlefronts

SIERRA CLUB, 220 Bush Street, San Francisco 4, California.—A conservation committee of seven members has recently been organized for the purpose of coordinating the conservation activities of the club's nearly 4000 members. It will collect and disseminate conservation information of interest to the club and act in an advisory capacity to the president and board of directors.

Although the Sierra Club is keenly aware of the importance of all conservation activities aiming toward preservation of our natural resources, its particular interest will continue to be the preservation, protection and appreciation of western scenic resources in their natural state. Our remaining wilderness is threatened as never before by a deluge of postwar projects. The Sierra Club for fifty years has believed that wilderness values are a valuable natural asset and it hopes that the conservation committee will implement the club in the coming struggle to preserve the best of what remains.—Weldon F. Heald, *Chairman*, Conservation Committee.

AMERICAN NATURE ASSOCIATION, 1214 16th Street, N. W., Washington 6, D. C.—A recent issue of *Conservation News*, leaflet of the National Wildlife Federation, avers that the "sportsmen of America are a pretty modest group," and that, "dollar for dollar put into their hunting and fishing, they get less publicity than any other sport." Gunners and fishermen, it is pointed out, spend $60,207,318 for guns, ammunition, fishing tackle and related equipment. In contrast, all other sports, from baseball to croquet, use $61,647,986 for equipment. Most of these other activities, the article protests, receive vast publicity in newspapers and magazines, while many hours of radio time are given to baseball, football and prize fights, "yet only occasionally is there brief mention of hunting and fishing." The Item adds: "If we could reduce to public interest these projects for wildlife perpetuation, if we could catch the public eye with the vast importance of wildlife management, our sport, too, could get the attention in the press and over the air that it richly deserves."

Modesty has never been an attribute of the gunner, or the fisherman, and certainly they are not modest in claiming more than their share of the country's wildlife. So far as publicity is concerned, there are several hunting and fishing magazines, with large circulation, and loaded with advertising of guns, ammunition, fishing tackle and liquor. No other sport supports any such comparably successful magazines. The gunner uses the public land, or some individual's land, for his sport, and the fisherman the streams, paying mighty modest license fees to the states for the privilege.

Comparing hunting and fishing with other sporting activities—even listing them together with golf, baseball, football and croquet—is questionable. Gunners must have a live target to kill; fishermen an active fish to catch. There may be some modified mayhem in football and ice hockey, but killing is not the main object. This difference sets hunting and fishing apart; places upon their practitioners a responsibility of restraint too often not recognized. They are using a natural resource in their sport, supposedly harvesting the surplus, but in many cases and many places, reducing the numbers of wild creatures that are of interest to the non-shooters, who constitute the majority of the people.—From an editorial, *Nature Magazine*, January 1946.

ASSOCIATION FOR PROTECTION OF FUR-BEARING ANIMALS, 302 Wilkinson Street, Frankfort, Kentucky.—Besides the suffering and economic loss involved in trapping, there is another cost possibly greater,—its effect upon the character of the boys and men who engage in it. Hundreds of thousands of farm boys everywhere make spending money in this way, and after a few years, become hardened to the sight of suffering and the agonies and struggles of their victims. Men trappers are notoriously unfeeling. Callousness to animal suffering is but a short step from callousness to human suffering.

The mass suffering of billions of innocent animals to feed a fashion and to pile up money for the fur trade, calls not only for strong indignation, but for strong effort on the part of women of conscience.—Lucy B. Furman, *Secretary*.

THE EDITOR'S BOOKSHELF

Son of the Wilderness, the Life of John Muir, by Linnie Marsh Wolfe. Published by Alfred A. Knopf, New York. Illustrated. 364 pages. Price $3.50.

Through John Muir's own writings the world has come to know Muir primarily as a naturalist. *Son of the Wilderness* is the story of Muir the man. The author says, "The mass of Muiriana was turned over to me . . . Delving into thousands of letters and notes, I gained knowledge of the John Muir whom the world did not know." The story begins with Muir at his boyhood home in Dunbar, Scotland. It continues through the Wisconsin pioneering days, and on to explorations in California's Sierra, parts of which Muir was determined to see preserved. The story involves many well-known men, certain U. S. presidents included. With the desecration of the Hetch Hetchy Valley in Yosemite National Primeval Park, the climax is reached, for it was Muir who spearheaded the years of struggle to prevent that desecration. Its tragic outcome hastened the end of his life. No outdoor enthusiast should miss this absorbing story on the beginning of the nature preservation movement in the United States.

The Facts About Jackson Hole, published by the Izaak Walton League of America, 31 North State Street, Chicago 2, Illinois. Obtainable free, from the National Parks Association or the League.

Endorsed by six other national organizations including the National Parks Association, this pamphlet untangles truth from the maze of statements that have been made during the past three years in regard to Jackson Hole National Monument. It presents in brief form the facts about the monument, and it answers such questions as, Where and what is Jackson Hole National Monument? By what authority were these lands given monument status? What are the qualifications of Jackson Hole National Monument for that status? Is there any basis for the assertion that the President went to a half-forgotten law for authority for establishing the monument? Was there any political flavor in the establishment of the monument? Is it true that the people of Jackson Hole are "100 percent opposed to the monument"?

That Vanishing Eden, a Naturalist's Florida, by Thomas Barbour. Published by Little, Brown and Company, Boston. Illustrated. 250 pages. Price $3.00.

The author, a naturalist, gives in this book the story of the nature of Florida, and presents to the reader a picture of the state as he first saw it. Dr. Barbour has known Florida since he was a boy, and as for Miami, he remembers that city when it was a settlement of a few inhabitants. In studying the flora and fauna, he has explored the state from end to end. When he came to the state many years ago, the bird life had been seriously depleted due to the killing of several species for their feathers. Since that time, the threatened species have returned in great numbers, and that, at least, is one improvement that he has observed being brought about. However, in his introduction to the story, the Doctor sums up his attitude toward the vanishing Eden this way: "A large part of Florida is now so devastated that many of her friends are disinclined to believe that she ever could have been the Paradise which I know once existed. If you are interested in land-promotion schemes, horse racing, dog racing, night clubs, or other activities pandering to the purely carnal interests of man, do not read on." If you want a glimpse of the Florida of the past, and want to realize the urgent need for establishing the proposed Everglades National Park in order to save a remnant of the Eden, then you should read this book.

WE NEED WILDERNESS

(Continued from page 23)

are found, be these wilderness places large or small, mountains, lakes, deserts, swamps or forests, they do fill a vital need. Gradually wilderness has become a cultural necessity to us, the people of America, and while it does play an important recreational role, its real function will always be as a spiritual backlog in the high speed mechanical world in which we live. We have discovered that the presence of wilderness in itself is a balance wheel and an aid to equilibrium.

City life is artificial. Because artificiality leads to a sense of unreality and frustration, unhappiness often results. That is the price a people pays for high technological success, and that is the reason an intelligent, thinking people knows that unless it can break away and renew its contact with a slow-moving natural philosophy, it will lose its perspective and forget simplicity and wholesomeness.

Most Americans are not far removed from their pioneer ancestry, are still close enough to the covered wagon days and the era of backwoods settlements and farms, so that they remember, more than sense, what they have lost. And being so close, it is not at all surprising that when production lines and speed and synthetic living seem more than they can bear, they instinctively head back to the wilderness where they know everything will be all right. Once returned to the old ways of living, their serenity comes back and they find that their capacity for enjoyment has not changed. That is what the wilderness means to America.

In recognition of this now almost general need of our people, the National Park Service, the U. S. Forest Service, and the various states have wisely set aside many areas that may be classed as wilderness—areas dedicated to the spiritual welfare of all. They vary in size from the three million acre Salmon River Wilderness Area of Idaho, a region large enough for a man to travel for days without crossing his own tracks, to areas only a few square miles in extent—museum bits of the once vast primeval wilderness of North America.

Far-sighted conservationists have fought hasty developmental programs that had as their goal the exploitation of the few remaining sections of wilderness. Sometimes they have won, but more often they have lost, due to the fact that, as a people, Americans still do not realize the importance of wilderness preservation as an investment in future happiness.

The idea that America is a land of freedom and limitless opportunity is perhaps responsible for our lethargy in saving more of the wild than we have. A few short decades ago wilderness was something that had to be fought and overcome, the one great hindrance to the opening and development of the continent. We remember the pioneer days when the great plantations of pine were stripped and burned, when huge reclamation projects drained swamps and lowered the water tables to the danger point, when power projects were thought the only legitimate uses of streams. The old destructive "cut out and get out" philosophy of those days is still very much alive in our thinking, so that it is not surprising to find many who even now view the few wilderness regions we have set aside as a challenge to move in and make a fortune in spite of the outraged sentiment of those who do see their value.

We see these interests constantly at work backed by powerful lobbies, interests which call for the cutting of the last stands of virgin timber, the exploitation of the last untouched reserves of the continent. They make the preservation of any section of wild country a constant battle, and place the comparatively small reservations we have set aside, in constant jeopardy. The existence of this element in our population makes necessary the utmost vigilance on the part of governmental agencies in charge of the administration of our parks and forests, as well as on the part of those organi-

zations scattered throughout the land that understand what is at stake. The reservations already created are woefully inadequate to meet the need and give to the people of all parts of the United States the opportunity of wilderness recreation. This is especially true in the large centers of population; yet it is here that the need is greatest and opposition strongest.

One highly encouraging aspect of the wilderness problem is the realization that as a nation we are approaching cultural maturity. No young nation ever worries overmuch about the intangible assets of wilderness as long as its great battle is to subdue wilderness and carve out cities and roads and farms from the wild. Now, for the first time, we are able to look back and see where our mistakes and short-sighted policies have brought us; and at long last we are slowly emerging from the old pioneer concept that governed our thinking for the past three centuries. We can see that we have squandered a national heritage of beauty and wealth and have only a few places left to remind us of the continent's past primeval glory.

We know now just how valuable these fragments of the old America have become to us as a people. We see them now in a new light and realize that in addition to being museum pieces of the past, they are vital to our happiness and investments in national character. We also know that if we are to retain our contentment and balance, then we must never lose our contact with the earth, never forget the pioneer traditions of independence and resourcefulness under primitive conditions, never for a moment exchange the philosophy of the backwoods settler and Indian fighter for the comparative ease of the modern city. To give the people of this country an opportunity to renew their old associations as a race, to find themselves and their real qualities, to rejuvenate their spirits through simple living in the out-of-doors, is the real purpose of the preservation of wilderness.

HOUSE APPROPRIATIONS COMMITTEE

LAST summer, five of the seven members of the House of Representatives Subcommittee on Interior Department Appropriations made a trip to Alaska and the Pacific Coast states. The purpose of the trip was to inspect operations of the Department.

On September 28, this subcommittee issued a report of its findings. In that part of the report on Alaska, there is little that deals with national parks. In the Pacific Coast states, two members of the subcommittee, Jed Johnson of Oklahoma and John J. Rooney of New York, visited Yosemite National Primeval Park, and they have reported on it as follows:

During the visit to Yosemite National Park, inquiry was made as to the revenue accruing to the government from the operation of concessions in the park. Members were advised that the government received about $6000 during the past year from the operation of business concessions, whereas the park operators did a gross annual business of nearly $2,000,000. In view of the size of the business carried on in this park, the amount paid to the government for the privilege of operation appears to be ridiculously small. The committee was astounded to learn that the concessionaires have a twenty-year contract, which is not customary, and that it does not expire until 1952. It is the intention of members of the committee to inquire not only as to this park concession the length, terms and other phases of the contract in question, but it gives notice that it will inquire into all park concessions in connection with the 1947 hearings.

The question of admission fees to park areas is another which should receive careful consideration. The committee is strongly of the opinion that the charge in some park areas is exorbitant and unjustified. This question, also, is one which members will inquire into during hearings on the next annual appropriation bill.

CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE

Wallace G. Schwass

Wallace G. Schwass *(The Continental Job)* was born in Chicago. He received his B.S. and LL.B. degrees at Northwestern University. After being admitted to the Illinois Bar, he became an associate member of a law firm. He has canoed into the Steel River country of Ontario and the Quetico-Superior wilderness, and has camped anywhere from the Great Smoky Mountains to the Grand Tetons. An ardent conservationist, he is a member of the Wilderness Society, the Save-the-Redwoods League, The American Forestry Association, the Wildflower Preservation Society and the National Parks Association. He believes that North Americans must prepare the blueprint for a postwar conservation program, and he gives in this article an outline for that program. Mr. Schwass is an Army sergeant, and has been in the Army nearly four years now.

Howard R. Stagner

Howard R. Stagner *(The First Ascent of Mount Rainier)* is a native of Missouri, but at the age of three, in 1910, was moved away to live in Colorado, where he remained until 1935. From 1927 to 1935 he attended the University of Colorado, taking an A.M. degree in geology. Between 1930 and 1935 he was assistant and instructor in geology there. During the summers of 1933-35 he was a ranger naturalist at Yellowstone National Primeval Park, and from then until 1938 he was junior park naturalist at Grand Teton National Primeval Park. Next, he was appointed to similar positions at Petrified Forest National Monument and at Mount Rainier National Primeval Park, remaining at the latter to the present time. Mr. Stagner has visited most of the western national parks. In 1933 he married Sylvia Skram of Seattle, and is the father of two children, Marilyn and Robert.

Olaus J. Murie

Olaus J. Murie *(Fenced Wildlife for Jackson Hole)* has lived in Jackson Hole since 1927, and he therefore writes with authority on this subject. He has been with the Fish and Wildlife Service since 1920, but is now director of the Wilderness Society. Mr. Murie's chief interest is biology, but he is attracted to writing and to the painting and photographing of wildlife. His activities as museum collector and field naturalist have taken him, in both summer and winter, to Hudson Bay and Labrador, the Aleutian Islands, to central and northern Alaska, and on shorter trips through Canada and the United States. His scientific interests have led him to join most of the ornithological and mammalogical organizations.

Sigurd Olson *(We Need Wilderness)* has been a wilderness guide for twenty-two years. For that many years he has been observing the effect of wilderness upon city-tired humans who have gone to the wilderness for relaxation and recreation. It is this experience that makes Mr. Olson an authority on his topic.

In an article entitled *Why Wilderness* that appeared in *American Forests* for September 1938, Mr. Olson says, "As the years went by I began to marvel at the infallibility of the wilderness formula. I came to see that here was a way of life as necessary and

as deeply rooted in some men as the love of home and family."

Mr. Olson is head of a wilderness expedition outfitting company at Winton, Minnesota, on the edge of the Quetico-Superior wilderness. A zoologist by profession, he occupies the position of Dean of Ely Junior College. At the present time he is overseas.

WANTED—copies of the October-December 1944 (No. 79) issue of NATIONAL PARKS MAGAZINE. Your Association's reserve supply of that issue has been exhausted. If you are not collecting and binding your copies of the magazine, and if you still have your No. 79 copy, your Association will be very grateful to receive it. Please wrap it securely to prevent its being damaged in transit.

REPRINTS AVAILABLE—National Primeval Park Standards published in the October-December 1945 issue is now available in attractive reprint form. This is the most important document ever published relating to national park protection. All organizations concerned with the preservation of our national parks are urged to obtain copies for distribution to their members. Single copies .10 each; 10 copies .80; 25 copies $1.50; 50 copies $2.50; 100 copies $3.50. The supply is limited. Order now.

THE PARKS AND CONGRESS

79th Congress to January 1, 1946

H. R. 3865 (Peterson of Florida) To provide for the acquisition by exchange of non-federal property within areas administered by the National Park Service. Introduced July 20, 1945. Referred to the Committee on the Public Lands.—Privately owned lands within the national parks and monuments hinder effective administration and protection of the areas, and such lands should be acquired at the earliest time.

H. R. 1292 (Peterson of Florida) Providing for payments to the State of Wyoming and for rights-of-way, including stock driveways, over and across federal lands within the exterior boundary of the Jackson Hole National Monument. Introduced January 9, 1945. Referred to the Committee on the Public Lands. Favorably reported upon by the Interior Department.

H. R. 2109 (Barrett) To abolish the Jackson Hole National Monument as created by Presidential Proclamation Numbered 2578, dated March 15, 1943, and to restore the lands belonging to the United States within the exterior boundaries of said monument to the same status held immediately prior to issuance of said proclamation. Introduced February 12, 1945. Referred to the Committee on the Public Lands. Unfavorably reported upon by the Interior Department.

S. 555 (Murray) To establish a Missouri Valley Authority. . . . Introduced February 15, 1945. Referred to the Committee on Commerce. Rejected by the Committee on Commerce May 8, 1945. Referred to the Committee on Irrigation and Reclamation, and disapproved by that committee 12 to 2. The bill is planned to be considered by the Committee on Forestry and Agriculture.—A companion bill, **H. R. 2203** (Cochran), has not yet been before the House Committee on Rivers and Harbors. (See *Missouri Valley Authority* in the July-September 1945 issue of NATIONAL PARKS MAGAZINE.)

S. 1470 (Magnuson) To amend an Act entitled "An Act to establish the Olympic National Park, in the State of Washington, and for other purposes," approved June 29, 1938, so as to grant for an indefinite period the right to locate and patent mining claims within areas of the Olympic National Park.—This bill is contrary to the national policy governing the national parks.

H. R. 2851, S. 830 (Myers) To provide for investigating the matter of the establishment of a national park in the old part of the city of Philadelphia, for the purpose of conserving the historical objects and buildings therein. Introduced September 19, 1945. Referred to the Committee on Public Lands and Surveys. Passed House September 18, 1945. Passed Senate November 19, 1945. Submitted to the President for signature.—The National Parks Association favors this bill, but has suggested placing the proposed area in an existing Park Service category such as National Historic Site, rather than establishing a new category by naming it "Philadelphia National Shrines Park" as called for in the bill.

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Why the National Parks Association

ORIGIN OF THE NATIONAL PARK SYSTEM AND SERVICE

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

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

COMMERCIAL ENCROACHMENT AND OTHER DANGERS

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

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

THE NATIONAL PARKS ASSOCIATION

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

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

THE NATIONAL PARKS AND YOU

To insure the preservation of our heritage of scenic wilderness, the combined force of thinking Americans is needed. Membership in the National Parks Association offers a means through which you may do your part in guarding the national parks and other wilderness country. Join now. Annual membership is $3 a year; supporting membership $5 a year; sustaining membership $10 a year; contributing membership $25 a year; life membership $100, and patron membership $1,000 with no further dues. All memberships include subscription to NATIONAL PARKS MAGAZINE.

WHETHER YOUNG MINDS SHALL BE INFLAMED
BY LURID ADVERTISEMENTS AND STORIES ON HUNTING
TO KILL THE WILD CREATURES, EITHER FEATHERED OR FURRED,
OR WHETHER THEY SHALL BE TAUGHT
TO ADMIRE AND LOVE THOSE CREATURES
IS A MATTER TO BE DETERMINED BY PARENTS AND EDUCATORS