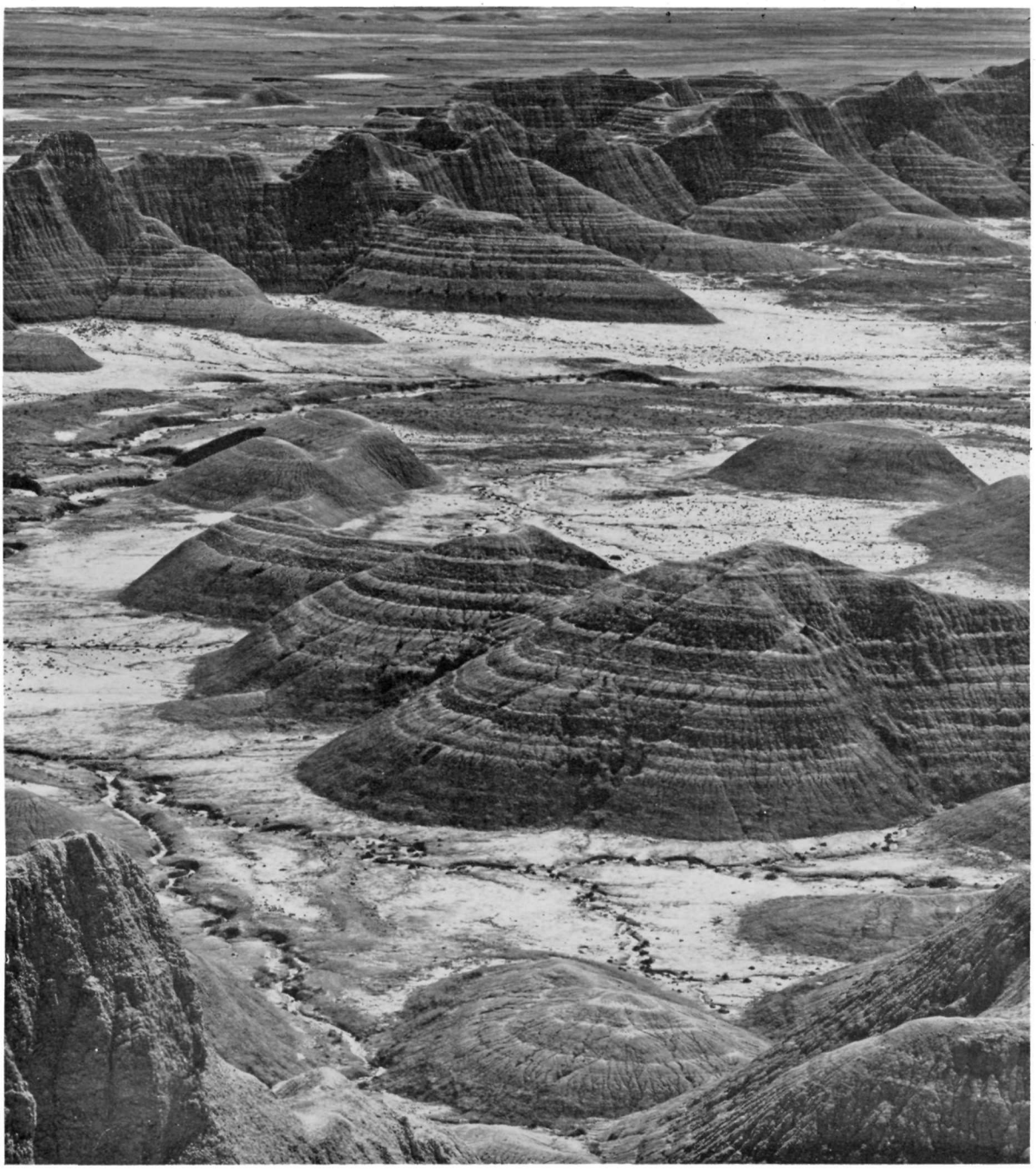
NATIONAL PARKS *Magazine*



The Swift Hand of Erosion: a Scene in Badlands National Monument, South Dakota

February 1963

The Editorial Page

Let's Get Going in the Canyonlands

THE MAGNIFICENCE OF THE COUNTRY contemplated for inclusion in a Canyonlands National Park in Utah was well portrayed to our readers last month in the article by Weldon F. Heald and the accompanying photographs. This Association some time ago declared its position publicly that the region is of a caliber meriting inclusion in the national park system on the basis of full national park or monument status.

We also have given it as our considered judgment that the area which qualifies for protection in this manner is much larger than the 330,000 acres on which the National Park Service seems to have settled, and that the original study tract comprising an area in the neighborhood of 800,000 acres would be a more appropriate territory if the unique scenic and recreational resources which characterize this land are to be preserved for the enjoyment of the American people. The inclusion of the Canyonlands within the national park system is a great and big idea; the territory comprised should be a great and big territory in keeping with the grand idea.

We have noted the various counter-proposals whereby this grand idea would be nibbled down to a picayune proposition, and we are not persuaded. The boundary of the original study area, the 800,000 acres in question, is the natural boundary, following roughly the highland surrounding the Canyonlands basin and giving it a natural unity and identity. A close student of the problem—one who loves this beautiful region deeply—has called it God's boundary for the park; perhaps man's obligation here is to fix the lines accordingly.

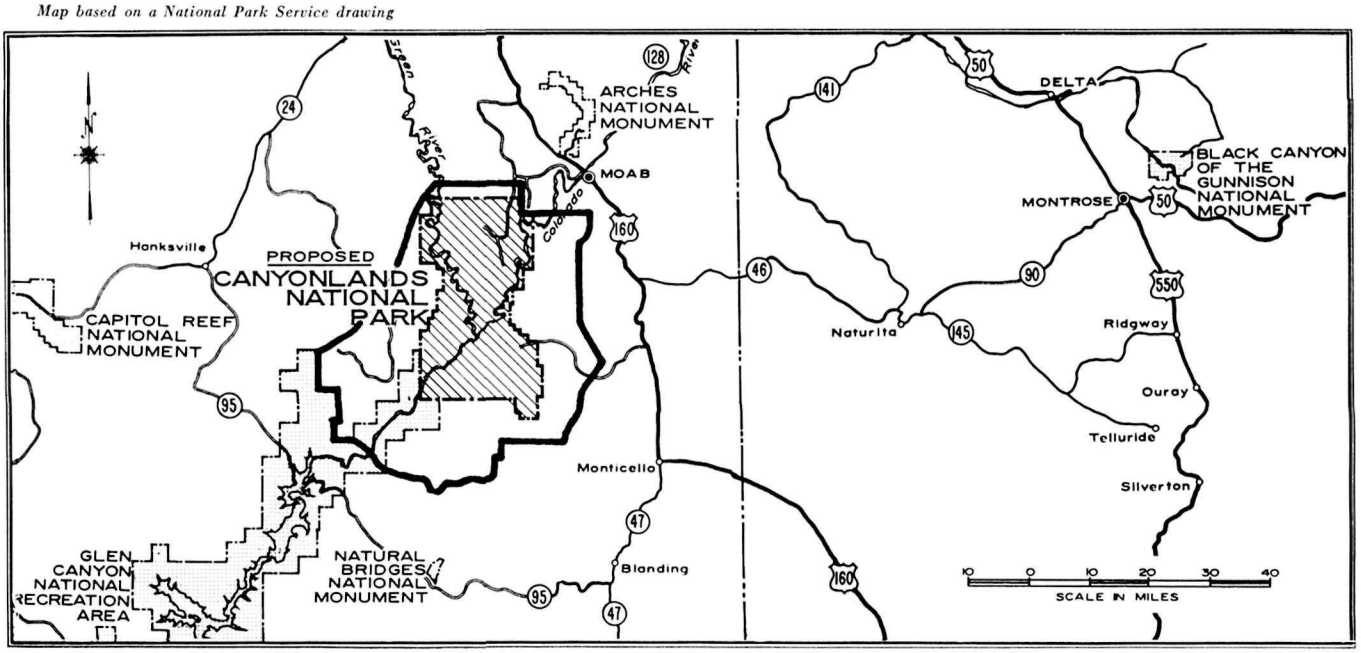
The regrettable nibbling away at a big idea has had another ugly effect: that of delay. This is a project worth going ahead with promptly. There is a way to get the job done promptly: for the President to declare the entire large region a national monument by executive order. All this land lies within the national land reserve, and can be set aside permanently for protection as part of the national park system by a stroke of the Presidential pen.

Also by reason of the high scenic quality of this land, full national monument status should be accorded to it in terms of complete protection against hunting, logging, mining, motorboating, and other adverse and commercial uses. Reliance should not be placed exclusively on the National Parks Act for this protective purpose, but the executive order should spell out the strongest safeguards which can be accorded by that method.

We strongly urge upon Interior Secretary Udall that he recommend such action to President Kennedy, and that the establishment of this magnificent new unit of the national park system be completed by Presidential order without further delay or bickering over boundaries. —*A.W.S.*

In the map below the heavy solid line indicates the portion of the Utah Canyonlands which was originally studied by the National Park Service as a possible preservation. The land area enclosed is in the neighborhood of 800,000 acres. The National Parks Association recommends that the entire original study area be designated by Presidential proclamation as a national monument, excluding only that portion of land which would be affected by the upper reaches of future Lake Powell (stippled portion in southwestern corner of study area). The diagonally shaded area of the map outlines the Canyonlands National Park as proposed by the National Park Service; it represents an area of approximately 330,000 acres.

Map based on a National Park Service drawing



NATIONAL PARKS *Magazine*

OFFICIAL PUBLICATION OF THE NATIONAL PARKS ASSOCIATION

FEBRUARY 1963 Vol. 37, No. 185

Paul M. Tilden, Editor

CONTENTS

Front Cover Photograph by H. S. Becker

THE NATIONAL PARKS AND YOU

Few people realize that ever since the first national parks and monuments were established, various commercial interests have been trying to invade them for personal gain. The national parks and monuments were not intended for such purposes. They are established as inviolate nature sanctuaries to permanently preserve outstanding examples of the once primeval continent, with no marring of landscapes except for reasonable access by road and trail, and facilities for visitor comfort. The Association, since its founding in 1919, has worked to create an ever-growing informed public on this matter in defense of the parks.

The Board of Trustees urges you to help protect this magnificent national heritage by joining forces with the Association now. As a member you will be kept informed, through *National Parks Magazine*, on current threats and other park matters.

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

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Photograph courtesy Lockwood, Kessler & Bartlett, Inc.

Fire Island belongs to the system of barrier beaches which stretches—although not continuously—along the Atlantic Coast from Massachusetts to Florida. Much of the material which constitutes the northerly barrier beaches, such as Fire Island, has been derived by the attack of the sea upon morainal material left by the Pleistocene ice sheet. The aerial photograph above, taken from a point just west of the settlement of Fire Island Pines (foreground) shows the island trending northeasterly into the far distance. Picture was taken just after the storm of March, 1962.

A gift of the restless Atlantic is

Fire Island: A Possible National Seashore

By Virginia Bennett Moore

When a hurricane comes, nothing shields the flat, southern shore of New York's populous Long Island from the awesome whims of the Atlantic but a long, narrow, natural sandbar lying several miles offshore, broken in several places by inlets. The makings of this eighty-three-mile sliver of land were dropped between Great South Bay and the ocean some ten thousand years ago by the Pleistocene ice, which also dumped above it Long Island proper.

Of this thin, sandy Long Island barrier beach, the center segment, a thirty-one mile splinter trending a little to the northeast, is known on the maps and charts as Great South Beach. Otherwise it is Fire Island, fabled as a summer playground, but precious beyond that.

Fire-Island's beach is a two-hundred-foot strip of flat, white sand, fine as table salt, sloping gently out to sea and stretching as far, unbroken, as the eye can see. Beachgrass waves on the twenty-foot dunetops. You are alone on the landscape except for those two suntanned children and their puppy dancing off in the distance. They have walked five miles from the next village, combing for flotsam treasure on what has been called one of five most beautiful beaches on earth.

Inside the dunes is a valley of little desert gardens: of beachgrass, beachpea, beachplum and beach rose; of bearberry, bayberry, ground pine and reindeer moss; sassafras, shadblow and cedar; blueberry, marsh mallow, catbrier and creeper. Tiny wildflowers, mounds of goldenrod; wild cherry, pitch pine and American holly. Everything is low, scrubby, wind-bitten, sun-bleached, salt-silvered—and beautiful.

Halfway down the strip is a quarter-mile tract of virgin forest seated a little below sea level—the Sunken Forest. Some of its holly trees are several hundred years old. Pine needles slipper your feet aromatically as you wander, and there are red maples, red oak, birch and black gum; sarsaparilla, ferns and azalea. Only a weathered sign tells you it is a sanctuary, botanically remarkable, preserved by public-spirited inhabitants from Fire Island's eighteen communities "until . . . the most protective form of ownership can be worked out." Birds abound over the island—songbirds, seabirds, shore birds, and a few beachcombing crows. Spring and fall, it is a migratory way-station.

Fire Island's thirty-one miles of beautiful beach connect long chunks of terrain that, sprawling between single houses or clustered cottage communities, is yet largely untouched.

The island is a gift of its geographic isolation and a tribute to the grit of the 35,000 people (with a year-round nucleus of 300) who live there, go there, use it, love it, know it intimately, and preserve it tenderly. Sometimes they represent the fourth or fifth generation of their blood to do so.

For this salty little sandbar is one of the few unpaved splinters of seaside terrain on a road map of the northeast United States. It is easily reached by way of a twenty- to forty-minute boat trip. Its pleasures are open to anyone who will go to Bay Shore, Sayville, or Patchogue, on Long Island, and take the ferry. But there are as yet no provisions for automobiles.

Threat of a Road

On that fact alone now rides a controversy as to whether the little island will or will not survive as itself; for that which a hundred centuries of rains, tides, bitter northeasters and costly hurricanes have chewed at, but failed to subdue, could fall under the paving machine overnight.

For it has been proposed that a four-lane "ocean boulevard" be run down the spine of Fire Island—a road needing "the strip of dunes approximately 300 feet wide" as a right of way, although over long stretches the entire

island is no more than 500 to 700 feet wide.

On a South Seas island, such obliteration by asphalt and artifice might represent progress—of a kind. But this island's unspoiled heritage becomes infinitely precious when one remembers that it is a slice of wild beauty but fifty to eighty miles from Manhattan; that within a radius of perhaps a hundred miles lives a hard-pressed *one-tenth of our total population*, which needs every inch of unspoiled land that can be saved.

The cast of characters in this unfolding drama is divided into two factions. Oddly enough, both want to "preserve" Fire Island.

The first group is spearheaded by a fifteen-man Temporary State Commission on Protection and Preservation of the Atlantic Shorefront—a name which many conservationists consider ironic. The plan for Fire Island is part of a 135-mile oceanfront plan stretching from Staten Island, in New York City, to Montauk, on the end of Long Island. Whatever the merit of the remainder of the plan, the Fire Island portion has come under severe criticism.

Although the Fire Island highway plan is presented as erosion control, the whole problem of Fire Island erosion was already being handled through an Army Corps of Engineers' plan, under preparation since 1954, to dredge sand from the bay, carry it hydraulically by pipe and spout it out on the ocean side of the island to raise beach and dune levels. The plan also called for planting the dunes with beachgrass and for construction of stone jetties to keep the damaging northeast currents from scouring the fill away. This plan is calculated to protect the island against harder storms than any recorded there to date.

Congress has provided funds to begin this work, at least, and the State pledged its share. Came the three-day March, 1962, northeaster, one of the most damaging storms ever to visit the East Coast. On the heels of public consternation, New York's Governor Rockefeller appointed the Temporary Commission to study ocean shorefront erosion. While Fire Island citizens raised small sums among themselves and sandbagged their own crumbling dunes, and the Army Engineers began emergency filling, the Commission, studying Fire Island's case, saw the Army plan as a launching pad for a proposal to put a highway on top of the rebuilt dunes.

Why does the Shore Commission want the Fire Island boulevard? Here in capsule form are the reasons given in its *Final Report*, with supplement, approved in July, 1962.

1. Safety: the road is needed to

Behind the Fire Island beach dunes there is a wealth of plant life, among which is found dune grass, beach pea, the seaside goldenrod, low masses of bayberry, saltwort, and other species. On the leeward slopes of the dunes (distant background) and in pockets and flats directly behind them are masses of shrubby oaks of several species, pines, and red cedar; some are banked by thick masses of cat brier and grape vine.

Photograph by John Wolbarst

Photograph by John Wolbarst

On the inner dunes of Fire Island plant growth tends to be less shrubby in character than on the outer dunes; pines assume a normal habit, and are accompanied by thickets of lesser growth like the beach plum, sumac, and high-bush blueberry.

preserve Fire Island by helping to hold the dunes in place.

2. Accessibility: the road will make Fire Island accessible to the public.

3. Economy of purpose: the only excuse for spending large public sums on the island is to make it accessible.

The Commission's logic, examined, seems to some people to be as unstable as the sands it is meant to pin down. Take the issue of safety and "preservation."

On Hatteras Island, in the Outer Banks of North Carolina—in a situation similar to that of Fire Island—such a road was built well inside protective dunes. In March's northeaster, ten miles of it were washed away, much of the rest flooded. Such a road could hardly be considered safe for mass evacuation, although its merit for that purpose has been cited by the Commission.

Would such a road hold the dunes in place? For bathers to get to the beach without having to cross the road, the Commission would build underpasses with ascending ramps and *high dunes seaward*. This information, from their supplementary report, seems to correct an earlier impression that, in a storm, the underpasses might act as so many holes in the dike. It also corrects the impression that the highway is needed to hold down the dunes; for the road must be far enough inland to have "high dunes seaward." Ocean dunes are not occasional sandhills; they are vital seawalls. Thus the road would seemingly not protect the dunes, but the dunes the road.

Greater Accessibility Seen

The Commission's second point is that the roadway would make Fire Island accessible to the public. Right now, all of Fire Island—except for two or three small places within walking distance of other settlements—is already as accessible as Long Island bus, rail, auto, boat or seaplane facilities can make it. Further, any day visitor or family from city or county may stroll in from the ferry dock, visit almost any beach, swim, picnic, sightsee, fish, clam or explore. Visitors who will take the trouble to find out about accommodations may stay as long as they please. Unlike most places, there are no PRIVATE BEACH: KEEP OFF signs to be seen. The beach is already accessible.

But the oddest point is that the proposed "limited access four-lane ocean boulevard" would have "access to the ocean limited to the people of the (beach-owning Islip and Brookhaven) Towns and (Suffolk) County at their own public park facilities, together with frequent underpass access . . . for (Fire Island) owners of private lands. . . . Access to the ocean for transients (Nassau Countians, other New Yorkers, New Jerseyans, and everybody else) would of course be available in the State park facilities at Fire Island State Park." (Parentheses are the author's, the rest the Commission's wording.) When people went to visit what was left of the island by then, they could get to the beach—unless they were Fire Island landholders or their guests—in only one or two of five places. So if the island were more reachable, it would actually be far less accessible than it is right now.

And for twenty miles of expressway connecting nothing more than two public parks—Fire Island State Park and Smith Point Park—the Commission would have to spend eight times

what the Army Engineers' plan would cost. The Commission's base cost estimate of $21 million omits so many charges that it is useless. The Fire Island Voters Association, working with the Fire Island Erosion Control Committee, had an independent engineering analysis made of the highway cross-section shown in the Commission's report, with total costs coming not to $21 million but to more than $80 million. This is against $11 million for the Army plan covering all of Fire Island's thirty-one miles.

The island highway plan is opposed by a growing force, however—one which has another idea. It is composed not only of Fire Islanders, whose protests against the highway have been treated as the local reaction of a group jealous of its "privacy." It is also composed of conservationists, naturalists, city and regional planners, sportsmen's groups and business organizations.

The group also numbers Long Island residents in its ranks, and countless thousands of New York metropolitan families who are tired of being smoked, stunk, shoved, shouted, smogged and squeezed. Defenders also include just about all the other people from coast to coast who have ever visited the little beach and know what it is like; few of these have ever objected to the ferry trip that put them ashore on such a remote and beautiful landscape.

Different Treatment Needed

Those advocating an expressway point to neighboring Jones Beach, a handsome and highly useful piece of planning, as a parallel to Fire Island; but it is not a parallel. For one thing, Jones Beach—which has toll stations, bathhouses, refreshment stands, cafeterias, restaurants, public dining rooms, softball parks, dance pavilions, boardwalk promenades, an outdoor marine theatre seating hundreds, acres of planned landscaping, and at least ten parking fields, some the size of an entire Fire Island village—is about three times as wide as Fire Island. For another, the solution used at Jones Beach in 1934 has been outdated by our population pressures. We need to save a few places where a child can roam freely among nature's beauties and where a man can find his soul again.

Opponents of the road, while not slow to applaud Jones Beach and other "user-oriented" facilities, recognize instantly that this kind of asphalt urbanity has no place on Fire Island. It is one of our last natural or "resource-based" recreation areas in the Northeast, where forty percent of the nation's population lives on a mere seven percent of the nation's land. The area itself offers its own wild pleasures and resources, left to the present much as nature made them, with a minimum of man-made intervention. Many feel that it should remain that way.

Secretary of the Interior Stewart L. Udall, flatly stating that Fire Island "needs a different kind of planning" than that which went into Jones Beach, has said: "My recommendations would be . . . to keep as much of Fire Island as is still possible in its natural state, while at the same time preserving and protecting the area for public recreation."

This is also the viewpoint of those who hope to keep the island unpaved. They hope to see the beaches and unsettled parts of Fire Island made into a national seashore. Said Charles Collingwood, as spokesman for Fire Island to the Commission in July, 1962:

"We propose that all major undeveloped areas and the entire area from the dunes south—in other words, the beachfront—be acquired either as a national seashore or as a joint Federal-State shoreline protection area . . ."

"We propose that the areas between Smith Point Park and Fire Island State Park (the theoretical path of the road) be preserved as much as possible in their natural state, with ferry service, camp sites, sanitary facilities, etc., provided as needed in the best traditions of the National Park Service.

"We propose that the development of Smith Point Park and Fire Island State Park (where there is already provision for roads) be carried on with roads and parking lots located well back of the dunes so that the dunes and beachfront can be maintained in as nearly natural a state as possible." (Parentheses are the author's).

Comments on Proposal

This kind of proposal has found support in a large section of the press. Said a recent editorial on the subject in *The New York Times:* "New York and Long Island residents have no shortage now of four-lane roads for such sight-seeing as can be done at fifty miles an hour or in bumper-to-bumper traffic."

Sports Illustrated for July 23, 1962, quotes Dr. Robert Cushman Murphy, curator emeritus of the American Museum of Natural History: "Why must we supply traffic arteries to shunt everywhere people who want to sit on their bottoms? Is there no virtue in cherishing something that has to be won by purposeful desire and a little effort?" And again: "It is high time that our society began to recognize the bench marks (or the waterline) at which the greatest number utterly wipes out the greatest good, once and forever." Added *Life* editorially: "It is all too easy to equate the public interest with that version of the 'mass interest' which turns out to mean more automobiles and hot dog stands."

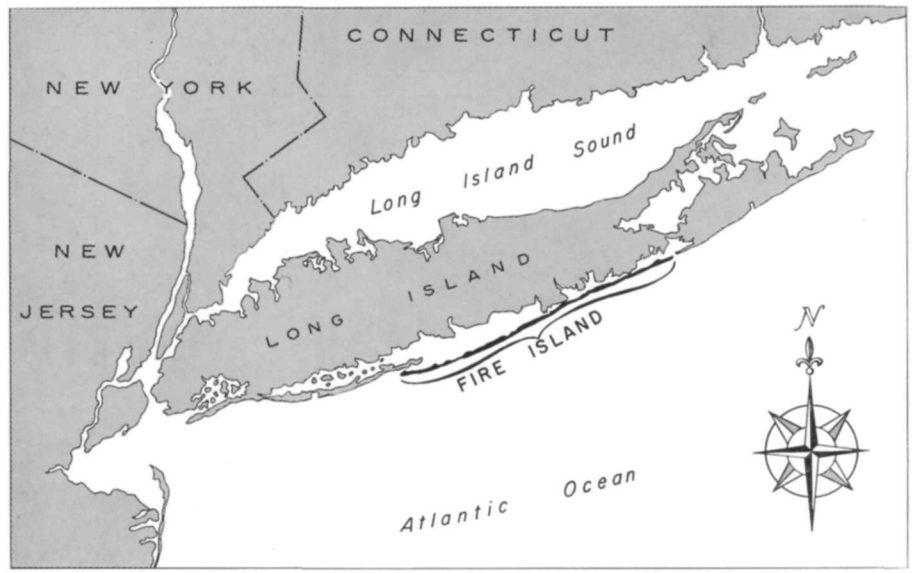
The Park Service Study

Eight years ago the National Park Service first formally recommended taking Fire Island into the national park system after its survey of 3700 miles of Atlantic and Gulf shoreline. A full eight years ago the Service described the situation in *Our Vanishing Shoreline* as "foreboding."

"Almost every attractive seashore area from Maine to Mexico that is accessible by road has been developed. . . . Inaccessible beach sites, including offshore islands, are almost the only hope for preservation today," the Park Service wrote; and it singled out Fire Island, along with Cape Cod, as exceptionally well-suited for preservation.

This form of preservation is not that of the road builders. The argument that land is too costly for parks—although the proposed road would take half of the usable island—has been advanced. It has been argued by those favoring an expressway that enough beach—nine miles—is already public in one way or another; so that, besides acquisition of the Sunken Forest, no more State and no Federal parks are needed. The road faction does, however, recommend that seven more miles of park be acquired by town, county and State, the last four to be shared with the Federal Government as "a natural wildlife area"—complete with expressway. This done, they say, there

The map at the right shows Fire Island in relation to the great system of cities in New York, New Jersey and Connecticut which is centered about New York City, and which takes in the eastern portion of Long Island itself. Still relatively unspoiled, Fire Island offers the big-city dweller, as well as all Americans, a chance to enjoy a quiet and scenic seashore environment.



is not enough of Fire Island left to bother with making a national seashore.

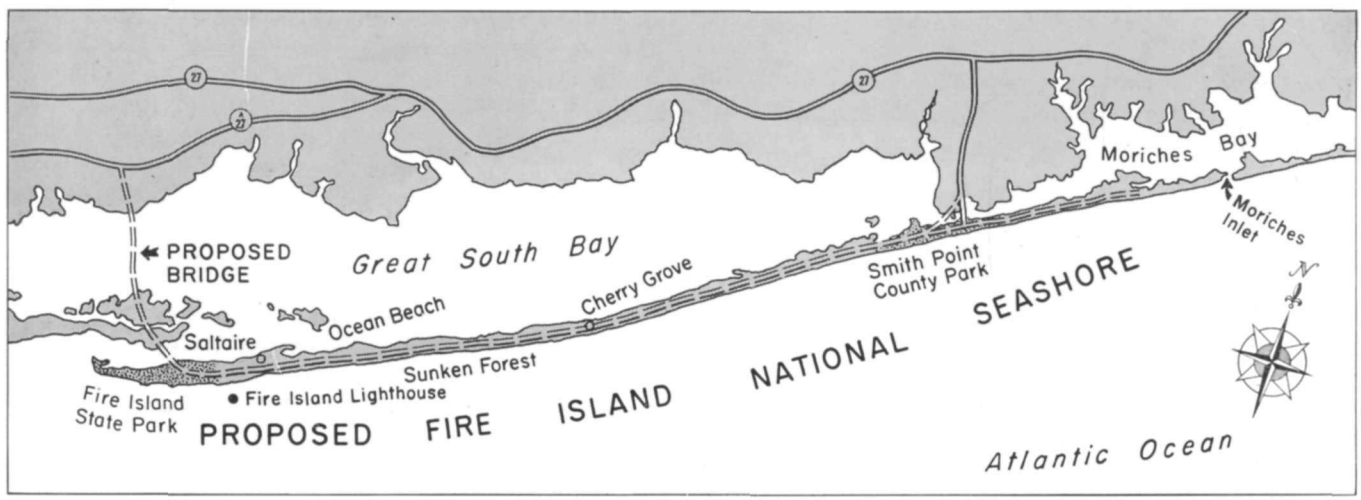
Actually, twelve miles of the island presently in private ownership is available, not counting the nine miles of local and State parks. Secretary Udall has recommended that these twelve unsettled miles be made into a national seashore park. But the Secretary can only recommend; he cannot create. Two bills were introduced into the 87th Congress by Representatives Lindsay and Ryan, both of New York; but no action was taken upon either of them.

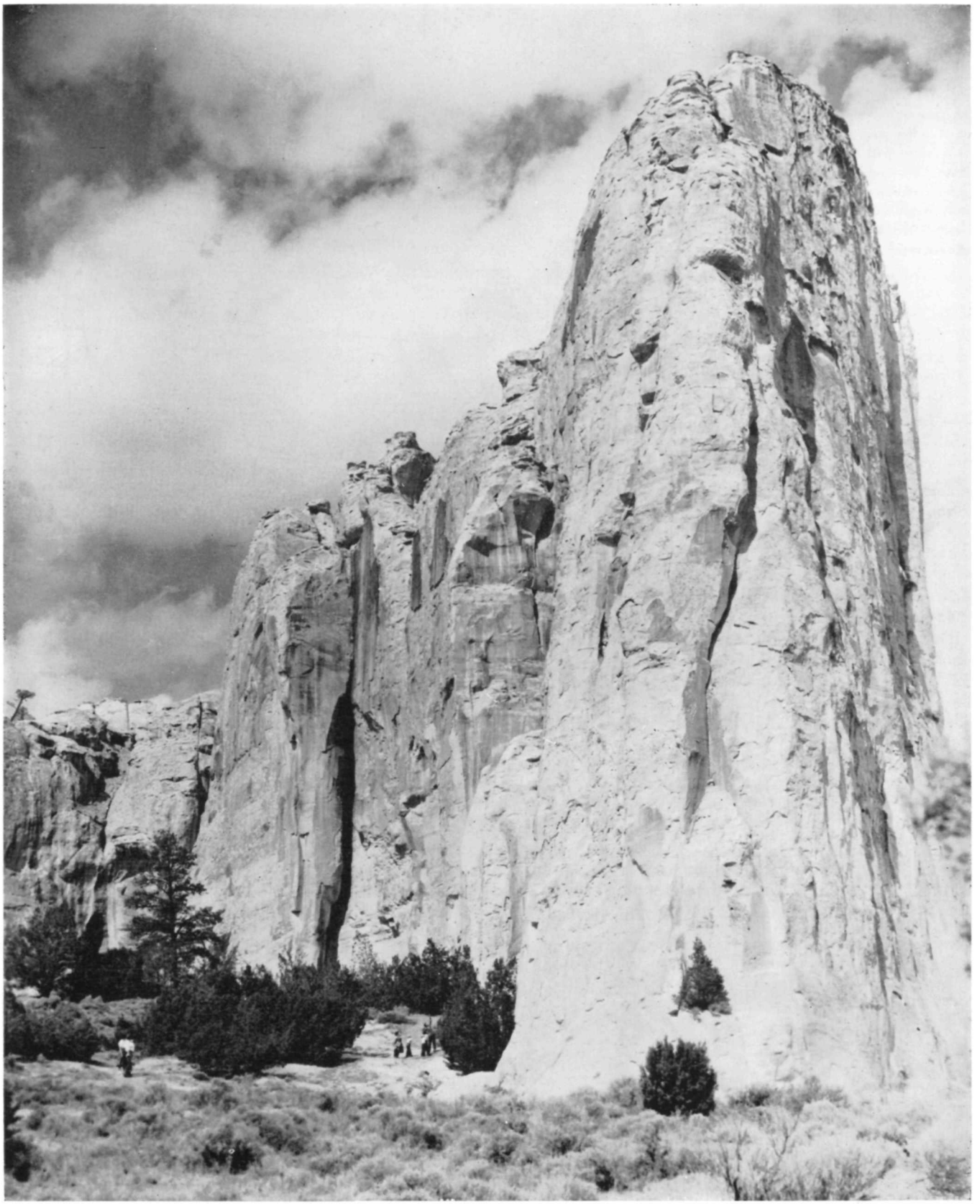
It is urgent that the issues at stake be understood. The best-informed critics of the island-paving plan point out that it is not a mere "optional extra" on the seashore plan; it is a dangerous alternative because it would make the seashore plan meaningless. It would take up more than half the island to connect two public parks by twenty miles of roadway, right-of-way, parking areas, accesses, egresses, underpasses and extensive landscaping.

"The freedom of wild lands and their grandeur are interwoven in our history . . . and have strongly influenced the shaping of our national character," a Chief of the United States Forest Service has said. "Wilderness is irreplaceable and must not all be lost."

The Fire Islanders have been fighting not for their "privacy," but for their simplicity: many people on the island still happily use cold-water hand pumps and kerosene. They have been defending their way of life; they have been guarding a priceless heritage for the rest of us. But if that heritage is to be forged into a national seashore park, it must be done soon, or the gallant little sandbar's paving stones will have become its gravestones, its cause merely a causeway; its parks, largely parking areas. ■

The detailed map of Fire Island below shows the route of the proposed highway which would connect Fire Island State Park on the western end of the island with Smith Point County Park, and continue on nearly to the eastern end of the island at Moriches Inlet. Access from the east would be via the proposed bridge from Long Island proper to Fire Island State Park. Fire Island National Seashore, as seen in a bill introduced into the 87th Congress in 1962, would encompass the strip of island lying between Fire Island Lighthouse and Moriches Inlet.





Like the prow of a giant ship, Inscription Rock towers some two hundred feet above the valley floor in western New Mexico's El Morro National Monument. Into the soft sandstone of the rock's base have been carved various inscriptions and notations which, in sum total, form a record of the events of more than three centuries of colorful Southwestern history.

New Mexico's Stone Autograph Album

By Weldon F. Heald

Photographs courtesy National Park Service

FOLLOWING UNPUBLICIZED BYWAYS to little known places can add a zestful dash of exploration to a Southwestern trip.

Take El Morro National Monument, for example. Tucked away in the highlands of western New Mexico, it is a reserve of 881 acres, created in 1906 to protect historic Inscription Rock. Most people pass it by, but the area is now easily accessible by an excellent black-top road, and is well worth a side trip of a few hours.

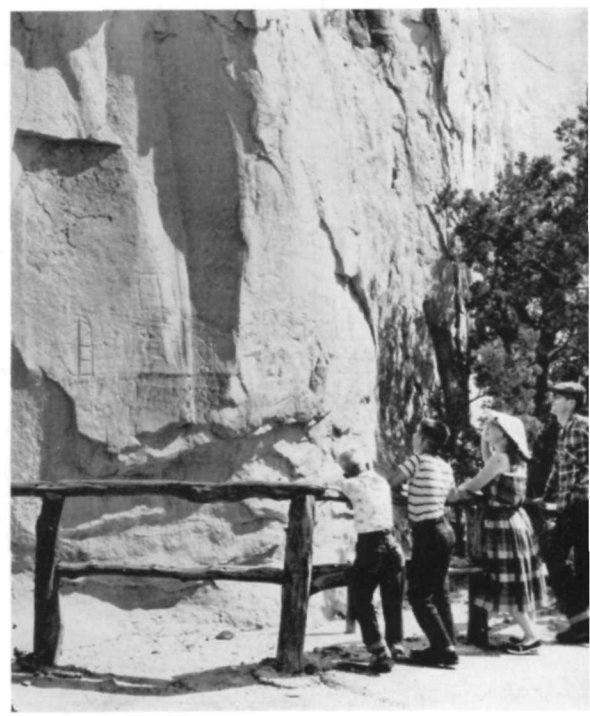
Inscribed with the names of passers-by for the past 350 years, this great sandstone rock in the wilderness is literally a chiseled autograph album. On it are the signatures of Spanish conquistadors, American trappers, explorers, and early day army officers, as well as the prehistoric art of ancient Indians who lived perhaps a thousand years ago. Added to this is the fact that the surroundings are delightful and the whole region is highly scenic.

The monument is fifty-five miles southeast of Gallup, on U. S. Highway 66, and is reached by a road which crosses the Zuni Indian Reservation to the little mountain settlement of Ramah. It is high country, all more than 7000 feet in elevation, and consists of winding, open sage-brush valleys enclosed by uplands covered with pinyon-juniper woodlands, and irregular stands of tall pines. Here and there intricately eroded pink and white cliffs stand out against the green slopes.

Some ten miles beyond Ramah, Inscription Rock comes into view ahead. A fortress-like promontory at the north end of a long mesa, it juts out boldly above a broad, open valley. Around the base is a green fringe of pinyons, oaks and pines, and across the valley rise the long, forested slopes of the Zuni Mountains. The road passes close to the north face of the Rock, and just beyond is the entrance to El Morro National Monument. Administered by the National Park Service, the area has been carefully developed for the enjoyment of visitors. The attractive little stone headquarters building is situated at the east foot of the mesa, and there you pay an entrance fee of twenty-five cents; for fifteen cents more you can purchase a booklet called *El Morro Trails*. This takes you on a self-guided walk to the inscriptions and back, and a loop trip over the mesa, if you care to go that far. The first requires from forty to sixty minutes, and the longer walk an additional one and a half to two hours; there are thirty-one signed stations along the way which the booklet describes and explains.

El Morro in Spanish means "bluff" or "headland," and that is just what it is. Here the mesa rises in a sheer sandstone cliff, 200 feet high, like the prow of a great ship. In an angle under the perpendicular rock face is a catchment basin where rain water collects in a permanent pool. When full it holds 200,000 gallons and is twelve feet deep. This is the only water in the vicinity and is the reason why the Rock was a stopping place on the long, dry trek from the Rio Grande Pueblos to Zuni. First the Indians used it in prehistoric times; then the Spaniards, and finally the Yankee pioneers.

Probably Coronado and his armor-clad warriors passed this way in 1540



Visitors to El Morro inspect the "stone autograph album" which contains the signatures of Indian, Spanish, and other early wayfarers.

on their famed quest for the fabulous Seven Cities of Cibola. But the first mention of the place was made in the diary of a member of Espejo's Expedition in 1583. He described the spot as *El Estanque del Peñol*—the Pool by the Great Rock. Except for the Indian petroglyphs, the oldest inscription—and certainly the most famous—is that of Don Juan de Oñate, first Governor of New Mexico. In 1604 he rode southwest with thirty men to the Gulf of California, sixteen years before the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth Rock. Upon his return the following year, he carved in Spanish: "Passed by here the governor don Juan de Oñate, from the discovery of the Sea of the South on the 16th of April, 1605." His claim to have discovered the Pacific, however, was a bit of bravura on his part.

It is fascinating to try to decipher the autographs, and to read their translations and interpretations in the booklet. You feel that you are reliving Southwestern history. For, besides their names, these bygone travelers carved travel records, comments, and even poems. There are dozens of Spanish inscriptions, ending in 1776, and many more made by American pioneers from 1849 to 1900. They extend around the corner of the rock for some distance on the north side, to a point where the sandstone becomes rough and broken.

From this point you can return to headquarters over a more direct shortcut, or you may continue on the loop trail over the mesa. The latter follows under the north side of the Rock through sunny, cinnamon-boled ponderosa pines, then switchbacks easily to the summit of the mesa. Then it traverses the rocky top past occasional dwarfed and twisted pinyons growing from cracks in the naked stone surface. The views extend in all directions across wide valleys to buttes, mesas and long lines of blue mountains on the horizon.

Relics of Ancient People

On top are the ruins of two prehistoric Zuni pueblos, abandoned long before the coming of the Spaniards. The first is unexcavated, and is covered with the growth of centuries; but a bit of wall still standing here and there recalls the ancient culture that once flourished here. Atsinna, the larger of the two, measures 200 by 300 feet and has been partially excavated, revealing many clustered rooms and two underground kivas, or ceremonial chambers. From shattered beams, pottery and other artifacts, archeologists estimate that the pueblo was inhabited during the 12th and 13th centuries, and some of the houses were probably two and three stories high. No one knows today why Southwestern Indian villages and cliff dwellings were abandoned between 1275 and 1400 A.D., nor where the people went. But undoubtedly the Inscription Rock Indians were ancestors of the present Zunis, who moved westward to re-establish these pueblos in the more fertile valley of the Zuni River.

From the Atsinna Ruins, the trail returns to headquarters, descending the steepest pitch of the mesa's east face by a long flight of concrete steps. Thus ends a delightful, easy-going stroll into the past, which provides a leisurely kind of pleasure seldom indulged in by the fast-paced modern.

There are no overnight accommodations or campgrounds in the monument. But pleasant picnic grounds are scattered among pinyons and junipers on a sightly knoll within view of the Great Rock. They are equipped with tables, benches and grills, but have no water. A good idea is to bring a lunch and have it there after your walk. It will probably make you appreciate the secluded charms of El Morro even more—if that were possible. ■

Atsinna, one the two prehistoric Indian ruins within El Morro National Monument, was inhabited during the 12th and 13th centuries by ancestors of the present-day Zuni Indians.

CHIEF JOSEPH

(Hinmaton Yalatkit: *Thunder coming from the water up over the land.*) 1832-1904.

From a photograph by W. H. Jackson, 1878, by courtesy of the Bureau of American Ethnology, The Smithsonian Institution.

Memorial to an Indian "Moses"

By Philip R. Smith, Jr.

JUST A LITTLE MORE THAN THREE-quarters of a century ago a pitched battle was fought at Big Hole, Montana, between United States troops under Colonel John Gibbon and Nez Perce Indians under Chief Joseph, who was called by some contemporary newspapers an Indian "Moses."

The Big Hole Battlefield National Monument was established to commemorate this famous action, and the area has changed but little in nearly a century. Today, in the battlefield area, there are still remains of trenches and battle-scarred trees. A foot-trail leads to the soldiers' monument and the Chief Joseph Memorial.

Several hundred graves are sprinkled along a route that begins at the Oregon-Idaho boundary and ends many hundreds of miles farther on, at a point in Montana near the Canadian border. This was the route of the epic retreat of Chief Joseph and his Nez Perce braves, with their families, before pursuing United States Army troops. Chief Joseph was the leader of a Nez Perce faction which had refused to accept a reduction in the size of their reservation in northwestern Oregon and which had been ordered by the Government to settle on a reservation in Idaho. Hostilities broke out, however, and in eleven weeks Chief Joseph moved his tribe 1600 miles, engaged ten separate Army commands in thirteen battles and skirmishes, and in nearly every instance won in what was one of the costliest Indian wars of the northwestern United States.

The battle at Big Hole began at dawn of August 9, 1877, when a Nez Perce checking the Indian horse herd was shot by Gibbon's troopers, who had moved in on the encampment under cover of darkness. This was the signal for the attack. Women and children were indistinguishable in the

morning light, and of the eighty-nine Indians slain, thirty were women and children. The Indians quickly recovered from the surprise attack and scattered into the wooded hills. Their return fire killed twenty-nine troopers and wounded forty before the engagement was broken off by the retreating Indians.

The Indians won even the grudging respect of their enemies through the military skill and humanity they displayed during the campaign. With the exception of some atrocities committed by young hot-bloods they, for the most part, acted more creditably than their "civilized" white opponents. Although the Indian allies and some of the soldiers scalped and committed other barbarous acts, the Nez Perce acted in such a way as to reflect credit on Chief Joseph, a long-time friend of the white people.

The Nez Perce braves displayed a knowledge of military tactics in their fighting that enabled them to defeat their pursuers—even when outnumbered—in several bloody skirmishes. Rarely fighting on horseback, they fought from riflepits or from behind breastworks or other cover.

A correspondent traveling with the Army troops described the Nez Perce manner of fighting from trenches: "These entrenchments consisted mainly of a series of rifle pits dug deep into the earth, and they were arranged in some respects with a skill which would have done credit to an educated military engineer. Some of the pits were five and a half feet deep."

In the skirmish at Camas Meadow the Indians relied on the element of surprise, and caught exhausted United States troops completely unaware. A correspondent with the column reported on August 20, 1877, that: "At four o'clock this morning about seventy hostiles surprised our camp, driving off nearly one hundred pack mules and horses. Three companies of our cavalry succeeded in recapturing forty head. They skirmished with the Indians, 150 strong, several hours and retired in good order."

The attacking Indians deceived the few guards who had been posted by riding boldly into the camp in columns of fours in cavalry formation. The sentries did not fire until the Nez Perce were almost in the camp.

The sleeping soldiers, while caught napping, were soon in pursuit of the Indians. The Indians again displayed a surprising knowledge of military tactics. In his report to the Secretary of War, General O. O. Howard wrote: "The Indians had prepared defenses behind some rocks so as to envelop our head of column at least eight miles from our camp. As Captain Carr, in the advance, charged upon the Indians who were driving the mules, his company received the sudden fire from this position. This checked our onward movement. . . ."

In this skirmish, as in others, the Indians concentrated their fire upon

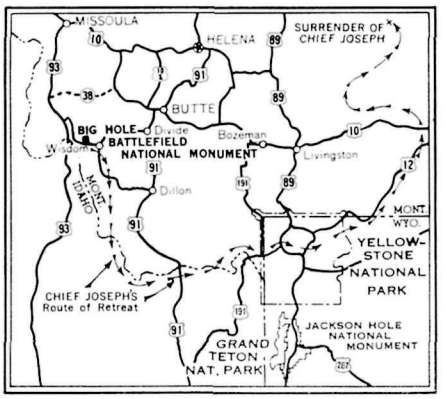
Big Hole Battlefield National Monument, in western Montana, marks the site of a pitched battle between U. S. Army troops and the forces of Nez Perce Chief Joseph. Within the area is a museum with relics of the period; trails lead to a soldiers' memorial monument and to the Chief Joseph Memorial.

Photograph courtesy National Park Service

officers and buglers. With the loss of his bugler, the commanding officer had no way of quickly conveying orders to the men of his command. This accounts, in part, for the heavy casualties suffered by Colonel John Gibbon at the Battle of Big Hole, Montana, one of the worst defeats that had been suffered by the cavalry since the Custer disaster on the Little Bighorn River.

Nez Perce Tactics

At Camas Meadow, as at Big Hole, the Indians sometimes fought together as a unit and at other times separately, but in all instances they outmaneuvered the Federal troops. The reluctance of Chief Joseph to shed unnecessary blood was demonstrated at the Battle of Camas Meadow. His warriors without doubt could have inflicted heavy casualties on the sleeping Federal column, as Colonel Gibbon did at Big Hole when he attacked the sleeping Nez Perce camp, killing men, women and children. The Nez Perce warriors, however, concentrated on running off horses and mules. In doing so they slowed the cavalry and were able to increase their lead over their pursuers. This particular action also may have discouraged a number of Montana volunteers, who seemed after the encounter to have lost some of their zeal for the pursuit. The cavalry could never count upon Indians or volunteers. The former appeared more interested in



scalps and Nez Perce horses than in fighting, while volunteers seemed rather easily discouraged after a little action.

After this battle the Indians pushed on to Henry Lake and across the Targhee Pass, to gain the Madison Basin, in Yellowstone Park, unhindered. Luckily for the white soldiers, they bypassed a small detachment of cavalry under a Lieutenant Bacon, who would have been no match for the aroused Nez Perce. The pursuing soldiers, now almost at the point of complete exhaustion, camped at Henry Lake to rest.

Although the Indians had stolen a march on the troops, the end was only a matter of time. If the killing pace of the pursuit had exhausted the soldiers, it was worse for the women and children of the Nez Perce band. They, too, finally had to rest, and it was on the Snake River in Montana, near the Canadian border, that the cavalry caught up with them. The Nez Perce resisted a six-day Army siege; and then, exhausted, cold and starving, surrendered in a snow storm against overwhelming odds. Chief Joseph, in surrendering, said:

"Tell General Howard I know his heart. What he told me before, I have in my heart. I am tired of fighting. *Our chiefs are killed. Looking Glass is* dead. Toolhoolhoolzoote is dead. The old men are all dead. It is the young men who say yea and no. He who led on the young men is dead. It is cold and we have no blankets, no food; no one knows where they are . . . perhaps freezing to death. I want to have time to look for my children and see how many I can find. Maybe I shall find them among the dead. Hear me my chiefs. I am tired; my heart is sick and sad. From where the sun now stands I will fight no more forever."

* * *

A century has elapsed since the Nez Perce war, and the flight of Chief Joseph and his band has become a legend for both white men and Indians.

The monument is in western Montana, twelve miles west of Wisdom and twenty-one miles southeast of U. S. Highway 93; the area is administered by the superintendent of Yellowstone National Park, in Wyoming. ■

TO A MOUNTAIN CREEK

You leap at the canyon wall, hew out the chasm,
Chisel the rock away, writhe in your spasm.
Why are you lashing the shadows that creep in,
Spitting at sunshine that playfully seeps in,
Rushing so madly in thundering fury?
The ocean will wait; there is no need to hurry.

What do you shout as you race to the sea?
This gorge is your prison? You want to be free?
I, too, have harbored a star-spangled notion;
I, too, have struggled to get to the ocean.
So flout with your spray-tongues the rainbow's caressing;
Spend all your fury! I give you my blessing!

—Gladys B. Cutler

News Briefs from the Conservation World

Two New Sanctuaries

Two new wildlife sanctuaries have been recently added to the National Audubon Society's holdings, that organization has announced. These are the 4000-acre Wakulla Springs area southeast of Tallahassee, in northern Florida, and Ten Pound Island, off the coast of Maine. The first is heavily used by many species of shore and wading birds, and other wildlife, while the latter is a nesting ground for gulls, arctic and common terns, the eider duck and the rare raven. The ten-acre island was donated to the Society by Mr. Clifford Young, of nearby Mattinicus Island on the Maine coast.

Air Age Moves in On Grand Canyon Park

The Department of the Interior and the Federal Aviation Agency will jointly finance the construction of an airport near Grand Canyon National Park, Arizona, under an agreement signed by Secretary of the Interior Stewart L. Udall and FAA Administrator N. E. Halaby. FAA has allocated $875,572 in Federal Aid-Airport funds and the Department of the Interior's National Park Service has programmed $880,000 for the project.

The Arizona Department of Aeronautics will be responsible for supervising construction of the airport and for its operation and maintenance when completed. It is designed for use by general aviation aircraft and by local service airlines to provide transportation for visitors to the South Rim of the Grand Canyon. It will also serve, it is said, as an added facility for the administration and protection of the park.

The new airport will be located about 70 miles northwest of Flagstaff, Arizona, on a 1093-acre tract in the Kaibab National Forest, near Tusayan, Coconino County. The site is two miles south of the south entrance to Grand Canyon National Park and about a half mile west of Highway 64. The airport will have a single paved, lighted runway, 6,800 feet long and 150 feet wide, with taxiways and an apron. The project also includes installation of utilities, a terminal building, fencing, and an entrance road from Highway 64. The project is tentatively scheduled for completion in 1963.

(Comment on this airport proposal by National Parks Association Executive Secretary Anthony Wayne Smith will be found on page 19 of this issue of the magazine.)

Haven Is Established For the Wild Horse

A 435,000-acre haven in the northeast corner of Nellis Air Force Base, northwest of Las Vegas, Nevada, has been set aside for a colorful, if controversial, reminder of the Old West—the wild horse. It will be the first publicly owned refuge for the management of wild horses and burros in this country, and it will be supervised by the Bureau of Land Management.

"Preserving a typical herd of feral horses in one of the Nation's most isolated areas may prove difficult," Secretary of the Interior Stewart L. Udall recently has said, "but we will make the effort to assure those of us who admire the wild horse that there will always be some of these animals."

Thought to be remote descendents of the early Spanish mustangs, wild horses were often tamed by the American Indian in the past. Originally numbering in the hundreds of thousands, epidemics, starvation, and roundups to which the horses have been subjected have so drastically reduced their numbers that the Bureau of Land Management estimates that less than 15,000 animals remain, scattered in small herds. Competition with domestic herds for forage on the arid lands of the West contributed to the decline of many wild horse herds; and hunts conducted by airplane or motor vehicle to capture the animals for pet food has further depleted their numbers. In 1959 a Federal law was passed in an attempt to halt such practices on lands within the public domain.

Oregon Area Withdrawn For Archeological Investigation

A recent discovery of an employee of the Oregon State Highway Commission—who also happens to be a member of the Society for American Archaeology—has caused Secretary of the Interior Stewart L. Udall to propose withdrawal of 200 acres of public lands in Crook County, Oregon, on evidence which seems "sufficient to warrant protection of the site until qualified archeologists examine it."

During the course of road construction, several scrapers, knives and points, or projectile tips, were uncovered; one of these latter exhibited fluting similar to prehistoric Clovis-type points, indicating that the find may be of considerable antiquity, perhaps dating back to mammoth-hunting days of the Late Pleistocene period.

The land affected by the proposed withdrawal is under the jurisdiction of the Bureau of Land Management, whose technicians have sent samples of the artifacts to the Department of Anthropology, Washington State University, and to other institutions for further study.

Columbia River Gorge Area Reserved for Public

Through an exchange with an Oregon timber company, the Bureau of Land Management has recently acquired 160 acres within the Columbia River Gorge adjacent to U. S. Highway 30 in northern Multnomah County, Oregon, to be administered as a public recreation area. Department of the Interior officials believe that acquisition of this notably scenic parcel of land, located some twenty miles east of Portland, will help relieve the present strain on existing recreational facilities in the Cascade Mountains of Oregon.

The Bureau of Land Management has proposed that the lands be withdrawn from any appropriations under the public land laws, including general mining and mineral leasing laws.

Drifting Weed Control Chemicals Damage Vineyards

During the past growing season there was extensive damage to vineyards in Iowa because of drifting chemical vapors from roadside weed-control spraying programs and weed-control programs in cornfields, according to Iowa extension horticulturalist A. E. Cott. The chemical used in roadside and cornfield weed control was 2,4-D. Apparently the 2,4-D vapors from the sprayings can be picked up and carried by winds for from twenty-four to forty-eight hours after application, it was noted, and can drift from five to ten miles in quantity sufficient to damage plants sensitive to the chemical.

Virginia Artist Produces Winning Stamp Design

The winning entry for the 14th annual Federal "duck stamp" design depicts a pair of brant descending to the water in view of a lighthouse. Designer of the stamp, which is required for all migratory waterfowl hunters sixteen years of age or over, was Edward J. Bierly, of Lorton, Virginia; his design was chosen from a total of 161 entries submitted by eighty-seven artists. Cost of the stamp is $3, and it will be available from U. S. postoffices from July 1, 1963, to June 30, 1964.

All revenue derived from sale of the waterfowl stamps (aside from that needed to reimburse the Post Office Department for actual cost of printing and distribution) is used in selection and acquisition of migratory bird areas under provisions of the Migratory Bird Conservation Act. Aside from hunters, other purchasers include philatelists to some extent, and also some conservationists who have no particular interest in hunting but who feel that the money is used to good purpose.

Audubon Society Reports On Status of Bald Eagle

The second nationwide bald eagle survey, recently conducted by the National Audubon Society of New York City, has confirmed that organization's 1961 estimate that fewer than 5000 bald eagles survive in the United States, outside of Alaska.

At the Society's recent annual convention in Corpus Christi, Texas, Alexander Sprunt IV, research director, said that a total of 3807 wintering eagles were counted during January, 1962, with the assistance of field personnel of Federal and State wildlife agencies. This compared with a figure of 3642 in January, 1961; the larger number reflects improved techniques in counting and not an actual increase in eagles, according to Mr. Sprunt.

The Society's research director also revealed that nesting studies continue to show an alarming failure in bald eagle reproduction. For example, it was pointed out that only a single eaglet was produced from six known active nests kept under observation by the New Jersey Audubon Society in 1962; from thirty-two active nests in the Chesapeake Bay region there came but two eaglets; and reproduction was poor also in Wisconsin, Michigan and Minnesota. In Florida, however, there was a near-normal reproduction success rate of 57 percent; 93 of 163 nesting pairs of eagles reared 125 young birds.

No estimate has yet been made of resident bald eagles in Canada and in Alaska, where the Society will commence studies this year. It is believed that Alaska has more bald eagles than any other State.

Lake Tahoe Tract May Be Interstate Park

Should present plans materialize, the States of California and Nevada may in the future jointly administer a 35,000-acre interstate park along the shores of Lake Tahoe on the eastern front of the Sierra Nevada. Prime purpose of the park would be to save for the people of both States some measure of recreational land around a beautiful mountain lake which is rapidly undergoing development of a private nature; Mr. Charles A. DeTurk, director of the California Division of Beaches and Parks has recently indicated that the proposed interstate park could accommodate 180 public campsites, 450 picnic sites, 800 automobile parking spaces, and beach facilities for 3500 people at a time.

The Park Commissions of both States are said to be enthusiastic about the possible park, and a visit by a group of legislators from both States has been tentatively scheduled for the summer of 1963. The area under consideration includes some ten miles of lake frontage along the twenty-mile lake.

Mr. DeTurk indicated that The Nature Conservancy, national conservation organization with headquarters in Washington, D.C., has been asked to undertake a fund-raising operation to secure the desired area, valuation of which has been placed roughly at between 15 and 20 millions of dollars. It has been reported that, barring acquisition for park purposes, the area may eventually be developed as a site for luxury restaurants, motels, and gambling casinos.

OUR SYNTHETIC ENVIRONMENT. By Lewis Herber. Alfred A. Knopf, Inc., 501 Madison Avenue, New York City 22. 1962. 245 pages, bibliography, appendices and index. Bound in cloth. $4.95.

This has been a sour season for the manufacturers of insecticides and other chemical poisons calculated to curb population increases, possibly not excluding that of human beings. The industrial public relations experts had a hard time of it, because nobody is passionately fond of toxicants even when promoted with color illustration or with apologies for some unpremeditated homicides. Rachel Carson's *Silent Spring* received some scolding on the ground that it was too emotional and partial. Still, nobody quite dared to challenge the lady to real combat. She not only has style; she presented a spate of incontrovertible facts.

Lewis Herber's book goes much farther into the story of prospective suicide through the sum total of this search for comfort through synthesis; most of it rash, half-baked, and regardless of long-term effect. If Miss Carson was startling, Herber is positively frightening. If only one-tenth of his assertions and testimony were true, it is indeed time for us to take account of stock. Worse than that, we may fear that nine-tenths may be only too accurate.

The uses of chemicals in agriculture occupy only a small part of this sweeping indictment of synthetic means. Herber deals with the destruction of ecological pattern; with the ills of over-urbanization; with chemical additives in food processing; with the rapid spread of heart diseases and cancer; with a national "sickness" hard to diagnose, which springs from all this desire to flee from nature. Just as the military threat of fission and fusion bombs seems hopefully in recession because of its realized unprofitableness, we find from Herber that we are subject to far subtler and even highly recommended menaces to existence that will make nuclear devastation quite superfluous.

Who is the culprit in all this? If you could find him, you could stop his nefarious work. But the answer is only too obvious. It narrows down to the bitter truth that human beings, and Americans especially, are seeking short cuts to felicity at any cost; whereas the mother-sense and experience of an aborigine tell him that there is no such easement in the natural world.

It will naturally be said by Herber's critics (and he will have plenty of them) that he, too, presents partial evidence, and that he chooses those supporting authorities who agree with his thesis. But his authorities seem to be excellent ones, and free from the urge of self-interest. Besides, it would be absurd to put up a street barrier with a sign KEEP OFF! THIS ROAD IS LIABLE TO CAVE IN, and then place another sign under it saying, SOME OF OUR ENGINEERS DON'T THINK THERE IS ANY DANGER.

TWO IN THE FAR NORTH. By Margaret E. Murie. Alfred A. Knopf, 501 Madison Avenue, New York City 22, New York. 1962. 438 pages 6″ x 8″, with drawings by the author's biologist-husband, Olaus J. Murie, director of The Wilderness Society. $5.95.

Mrs. Murie writes about the "great Land" of Alaska, its people, its richness of other life, and their relationships. Her lilting narrative is filled with human interest—experiences with pioneers, Eskimos and Indians on the frontier, her honeymoon by riverboat and dog team in the wilds of the Upper Koyukuk, expeditions up the Porcupine and Old Crow rivers and into the Sheenjek Valley which became part of the Arctic Wildlife Range established in 1960. The book glows with love for the forests, tundra, wildlife, rivers and mountains, and the people who live and explore where the earth and its weather are dominant.

Part I begins with "Mardy's" journey to Fairbanks by sternwheel steamer at the age of nine. She describes from deep experience many aspects and events of the rough-refined life of the frontier community. In winter, she writes, "the whole town revolved around one day in the week—mail day. . . . If we were lucky we'd be in time to 'see the stage come in'. It usually reached town about three-thirty. We stood carefully at the sides of the snowy street, every head turned out down the 'trail.' It was nearly pitch dark at this hour, but on the snow we could still see a lot. We were used to it. Presently a voice would pipe up: 'I hear the bells!' . . ." Mardy was the last passenger on the sleigh from Fairbanks to Valdez before the coming of the railroad, and her account of the final trip in the spring of 1918 is vivid—and thrillingly dramatic when she tells of crossing great rivers on ice already dangerously soft.

Parts II, III and IV spring from wild country and are rich in riverboating, dogsledding, wild animals, birds, and the forces of nature, with many lovable human characters as well. Mardy and Olaus took their ten-month-old baby on a goose-banding trip up Old Crow River in 1926, continuing by pole boat when their motor failed. In 1959 Olaus led into Sheenjek Valley a study group concerned with permanent protection of a vast area as a wildlife reserve, and Mardy was a full participant. The "feel" of the Sheenjek wilderness will sing in those who read such words as these:

"As I went down along the lake shore . . . I suddenly heard that strange lonesome cry from way over east. I called the others, and we all stood on the brow of the hill in the midst of the rhododendrons and listened for several moments to that infinitely wild call. To human ears, it seems a cry of measureless loneliness, like a soul alone since time was, condemned to loneliness for all time to come—the cry of the red-throated loon.

"The total effect of sound, movement, the sight of those thousands of animals, the clear golden western sky, the last sunlight on the mountain slope, gave one a feeling of being a privileged onlooker at a rare performance—a performance in Nature's own way, in the setting of countless ages, ages before man. How fortunate we were, to be camped at one of the great crossroads of the caribou!"

The wildness of vast reaches of the "Great Land" lives in this book—in a way that Mrs. Murie's readers almost certainly will feel it should live forever.

—*Darwin Lambert*

MEET FLORA MEXICANA. By M. Walter Pesman. Dale Stuart King, Publisher, Six Shooter Canyon, Globe, Arizona. 1962. 288 pages, with index and bibliography. Illustrated. In paper cover $4.00. in cloth, $6.00.

A four-color foldout map of the distribution of Mexico's plant zones reminds us of the variety of climates found in the nation to the south, each of which possesses its own suite of plant species. Profusely illustrated, this would indeed be a valuable volume for the botanist on vacation in our great national neighbor "south of the border."

Your National Parks Association at Work

Association Requests Udall To Keep Tunnels Open

Pointing out that Interior Secretary Stewart L. Udall has a legal obligation in accordance with the recent decision of the United States District Court for the District of Columbia to protect Rainbow Bridge Monument against impairment by the reservoir which will form when Glen Canyon Dam on the Colorado River is closed, the National Parks Association and other conservation organizations have called upon the Secretary to order the diversion tunnels in the dam be kept open until protective barriers can be constructed to safeguard the world-famous bridge.

After a hearing on the complaint asking a mandatory injunction to require the Secretary to keep the tunnels open ["Rainbow Bridge Complaint Filed by Association and Others," *National Parks Magazine*, January, 1963, page 16] the Court ruled that the Association and the other plaintiffs were without technical standing to sue, but concluded as a matter of law that certain language of recent appropriations bills did not repeal provisions of the Colorado River Storage Act requiring the Secretary to provide protection. Thus, while the Court declined to direct the Secretary as to the method of protection, it concluded that he definitely had an obligation to protect the monument one way or another.

In a letter to Secretary Udall of January 4, 1963, asking that the closure be deferred, the Association—for itself and the Sierra Club, the Federation of Western Outdoor Clubs, the Wilderness Society, and Mr. Richard C. Bradley, of Colorado Springs, Colorado—pointed out that in fact the Secretary has no alternative course, pending provision of construction funds by Congress for protective barriers, than to keep the diversion tunnels open.

Powerboating Is Barred On Mt. McKinley Waters

The National Parks Association, as an organization which has strongly and continuously opposed powerboating on lakes and streams within national parks and monuments—except where boats are necessary for visitor access—was recently gratified by an order of Mr. Jerrol G. Coates, acting superintendent of Mt. McKinley National Park, prohibiting the use of motorboats on all ponds, lakes and streams in that great Alaskan wilderness preservation.

In a December, 1962, letter to Mr. Coates, Paul M. Tilden, editor and assistant to NPA's executive secretary, told the superintendent the National Parks Association "feels that you are to be congratulated in your recent decision to proscribe the use of powerboats . . . on the waters of McKinley Park."

A Grand Canyon Airport

During December of 1962 it was announced by the National Park Service that that agency and the Federal Aviation Agency will jointly finance the construction of an airport two miles south of the south entrance to Grand Canyon National Park in Arizona, about half a mile west of Highway 64. The proposed airport will occupy a 1093-acre tract in the Kaibab National Forest; will have a lighted runway 6800 feet long and 150 feet wide; a terminal building, fencing, utilities, and entrance road from Highway 64. The National Park Service's share of the airport's cost will be $880,000, it was stated.

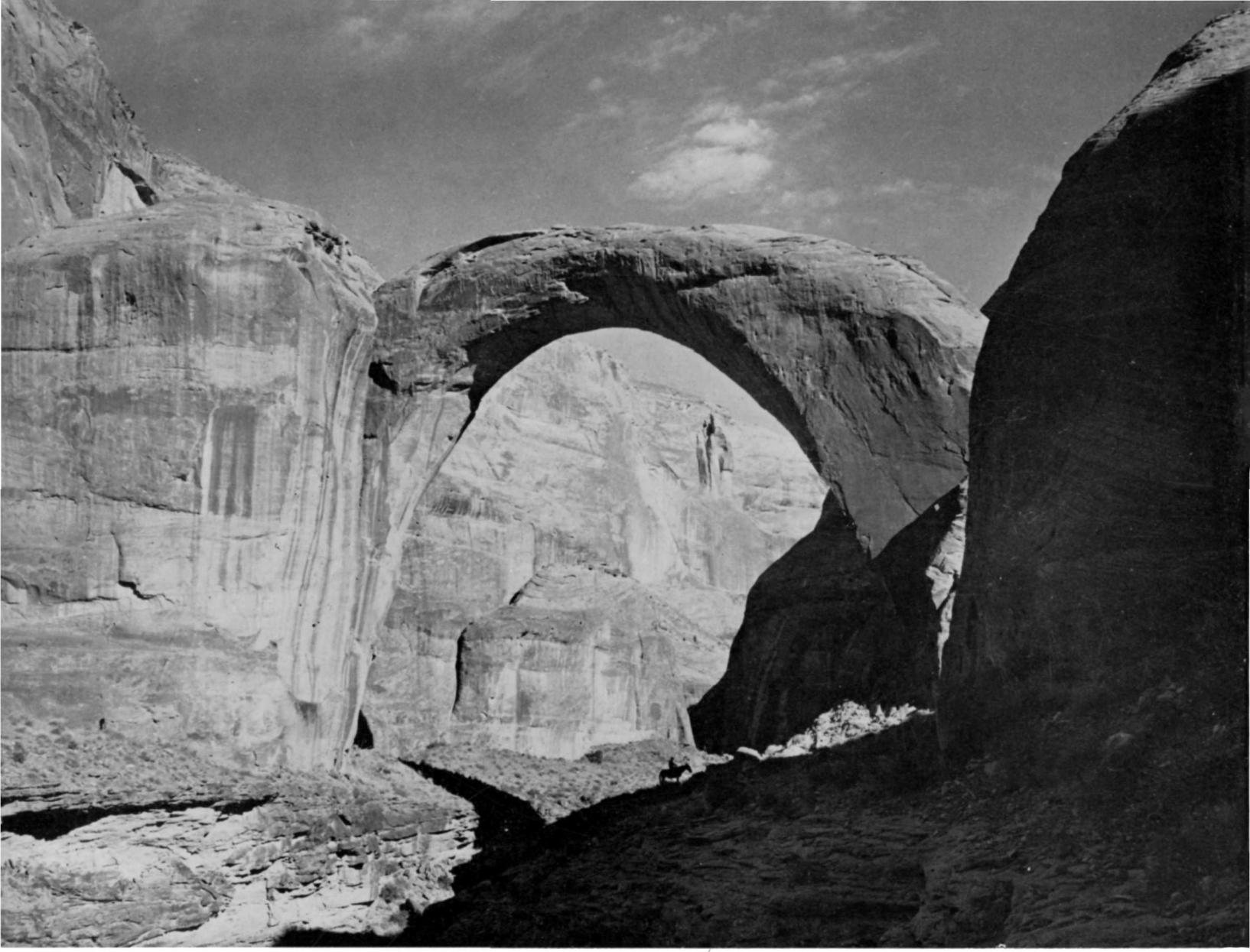
Executive Secretary Anthony Wayne Smith of NPA has lodged a vigorous protest with Interior Secretary Stewart L. Udall in regard to construction of the proposed airport. Noting that a new airport only two miles from the park's south entrance can only result in further overcrowding of park facilities, Mr. Smith told Secretary Udall that in the Association's judgment the sum might better be spent on national park research, interpretation and protection.

The Cataloochee Road

In the January, 1963, issue of this magazine it was reported that the Association had protested to Park Service Director Conrad L. Wirth about a proposed new access road from Interstate Highway 40 in North Carolina to the eastern boundary of Great Smoky Mountains Park in the vicinity of the Cataloochee camping area. The Association questioned the need for such a wide blacktopped access road and told the Director that many people feel the road system in Great Smokies is already over-developed.

In reply to the Association's letter, the Park Service has indicated that there is need for more camping space in the park, with a subsequent need for more ample facilities; Cataloochee, it was stated, appears to be the most suitable area with which to alleviate the need. The Park Service pointed out that "the new access road is to be of modest standards with sufficient right-of-way width to enable us to make it a parkway type road well protected from encroachments."

In a further exchange on the subject, Executive Secretary Anthony Wayne Smith has told the Service that, after a study of the proposed access-road plans, the Association cannot agree that the road is planned to "modest standards," and that as planned it will merely invite additional heavy use. "Some brake should be placed on heavy usage by retaining park-type, winding, relatively narrow roads, and limiting the extent of accommodations to which access is given," declared Secretary Smith.



The great arch of Rainbow Bridge spans Bridge Canyon in Rainbow Bridge National Monument, southern Utah. Photograph by courtesy of the Santa Fe Railway.

THIS IS RAINBOW BRIDGE as it appears today. It is by no means a unique geological phenomenon, although perhaps it may be the grandest of its kind in point of size; but there are many other natural bridges in the American Southwest, and elsewhere. It is, however, presently the most important natural bridge in the nation. If the man-impounded waters of Lake Powell are allowed to muddy the bright cliffs of Rainbow Bridge Monument and strew their silt and rubble over its canyon floors, the ensuing damage will be of two kinds: that to the Monument itself, and that to the policy which has over the years kept our great national parks and monuments free from such artificial intrusions.

THE NATIONAL PARKS ASSOCIATION has led the fight to insure protection for Rainbow Bridge Monument against the future waters of man-made Lake Powell. It has been a long and expensive struggle; and you can help strengthen the Association's hand by securing a new member this month; by presenting a friend with a gift membership; or by contribution to the general funds of the Association over and above your regular membership. You will find a coupon on page 16.