NATIONAL PARKS MAGAZINE

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OUR RICH AND LANDED ESTATE—Page Three

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"It is disorder in the mind of man that produces chaos of the kind that brings about such a war as we are today overwhelmed with. It is the failure to see the various phases of life in their ultimate relation that brings about militarism, slavery, and the longing of one nation to conquer another, the willingness to destroy for selfish purposes. Any right understanding of the proper relation of man to man, and man to the universe would make war impossible."—ROBERT HENRI.

NATIONAL PARKS MAGAZINE

formerly

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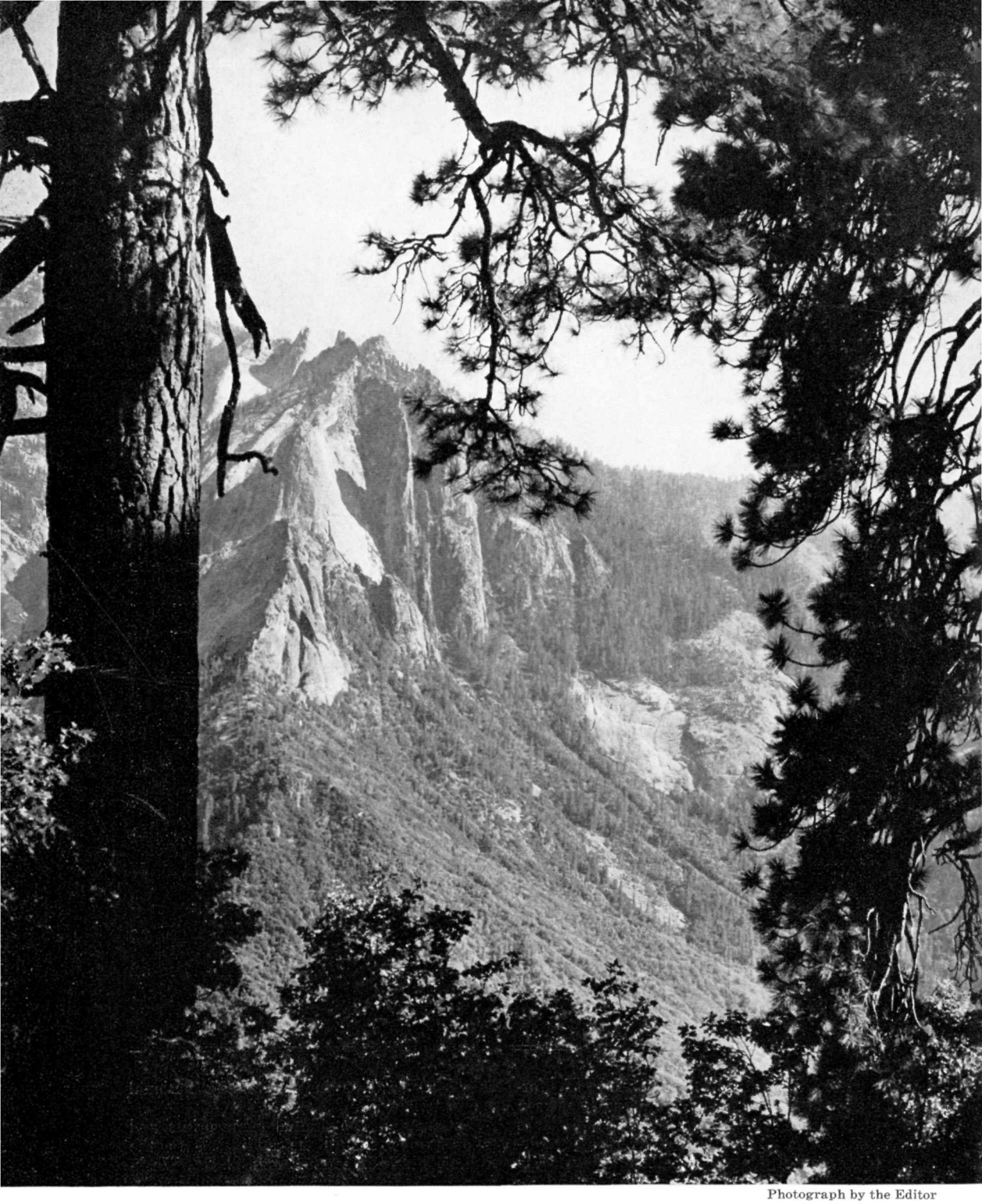


Photograph by the Editor

Castle Rocks from the High Sierra Trail, Sequoia National Park—"Let us cherish the domain we have received from nature's own hands, and care for it as a most precious possession."

OUR RICH AND LANDED ESTATE

FROM A BROADCAST

By Edwin C. Hill

THESE are stern times in which we live, times that try men's souls indeed. For we look across the Atlantic and behold a broken and terrified Europe, prone at the feet of a conqueror who, for all his modern machines, resembles a creature from another world—a world not human. We behold the inevitable effects of war and conquest in the suffering and hunger that lie in the wreckage left by the rolling wheels of the conqueror's chariot. We see a way of life that had been developing, broadening, humanizing, and sweetening for a thousand years suddenly and violently frozen into the stern and rigid mold of totalitarian existence. We see the rights of the human being restricted or chained. He is no longer free even to change his humble residence, much less to travel about as he pleases. That, it seems to me, is one of the miserable effects of a form of government which dares not let the people travel from place to place and mingle as they will. And conversely, that is one of the very most precious rights we Americans enjoy —that we can move about as we will, on our proper occasions, for business or pleasure, without kowtowing to an officer of the secret police and be pestered by a cloud of spies. It seems to me, looking over the whole world today, that the right to travel has become uniquely American. Americans who can find the time and means to travel in their own wonderful land have access to nearly 21,000,000 acres of park lands that have been set aside, for the benefit and enjoyment of the people for all time. Over there in Europe, the parks that once existed have been plowed up and sowed in grain to meet the sharp demands of hunger; or else they have been ribbed with rifle pits to hold an invader at bay. Over here our national parks, though constituting only a little more than one percent of the area of the country, have paid rich dividends to the individual in the shape of improved health, a broadening horizon, increased education and good will.

Our national parks are not only scenically magnificent, but are a perfect paradise for lovers of animals, birds, and flowers, and, too, the happy hunting ground for those sportsmen who prefer to shoot with a camera rather than with a gun. There are many of these national parks that Congress, in its wisdom, has set aside for a free people. In the East is Acadia National Park, Maine, twenty-six square miles in all; a group of granite mountains on Mount Desert Island, and also Schoodic Peninsula on the mainland across Frenchmans Bay. There is the Great Smoky Mountains National Park, straddling the boundary line between North Carolina and Tennessee, a region that produced many sturdy men and women who settled the Northwest Territory.

Then we come to Shenandoah National Park in northwestern Virginia and in the heart of the Blue Ridge Mountains. From the Skyline Drive, which runs all along the crest of the range, the traveler is thrilled with the panorama of some of Virginia's finest scenery. Elsewhere in America the traveler will find immense satisfaction in Crater Lake Park in southwestern Oregon. For there in the crater of a long-dead volcano, gleams a lake of extraordinary blue, with walls from 500 to 2,000 feet high. In north central Arizona is the world-famous Grand Canyon of the Colorado, through which the wildest and most tumultuous river in America dashes with savage

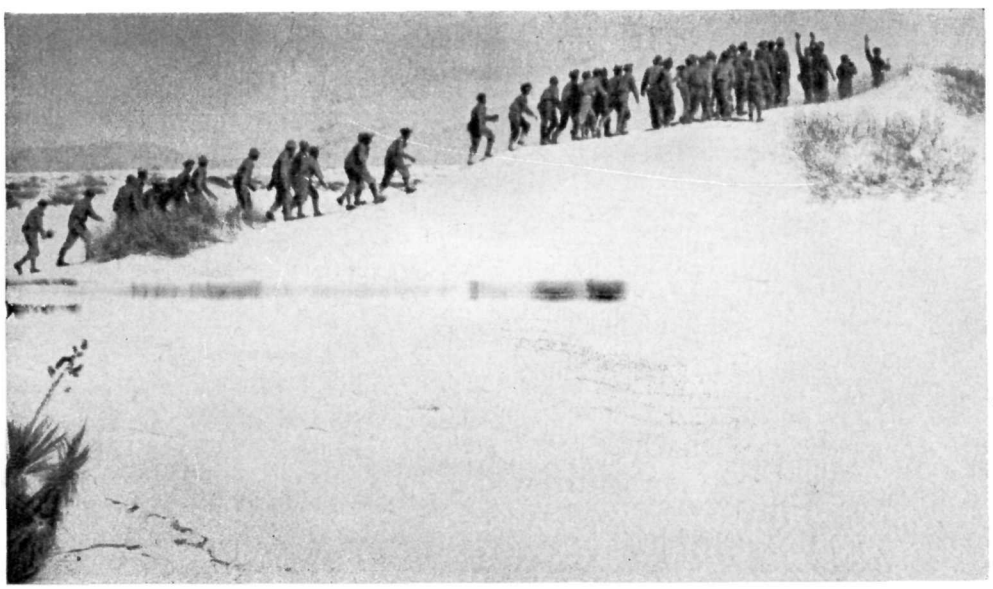
violence. In the west central part of the State of Washington, Mount Rainier towers so majestically, so aloof to the world of living things, that you would never suspect that its grim and forbidding slopes are wild-flower gardens of incomparable beauty, glowing with color. Sequoia National Park, in middle-eastern California, is famous for its giant sequoia trees, some of which were tall when the Savior of mankind lay cradled in a manger.

Most famous of all our national parks, perhaps, is the great Yellowstone, nearly 3,500 square miles of breathless beauty; geysers spurting with clocklike regularity from some mysterious boiler room; springs of ice-cold water and boiling-hot water welling up side by side; a vast unspoiled wilderness; one of the greatest wild-animal and bird preserves in all the world. And there is the Yosemite, in central California, with nearly 1,200 square miles contained in a beautiful valley and lofty cliffs, above which the eagle wheels in solitary majesty, and with it three groves of those awe-inspiring big trees. When the National Park and Monument System is completed, as it will be during the next few years, the United States of America will own a rich, landed estate in which may be preserved those tangible and intangible values that can never be completely enjoyed when combined with the economic exploitation of our land and water resources.

Perhaps in the soul-satisfying beauties of our national parks, we shall find that poise of outlook and courage in action which unspoiled nature confers on human creatures. Let us cherish the domain we have received from nature's own hands, manage it wisely, and care for it as a most precious possession. Let its romance pervade our souls. Let its silent benediction strengthen our faith in all things great and good, and in Him who created them.

New Mexico's White Sands National Monument is a paradise for the soldiers in training at nearby Army camps.

National Park Service



ARMY PARADISE

By DAVID C. WINSLOW

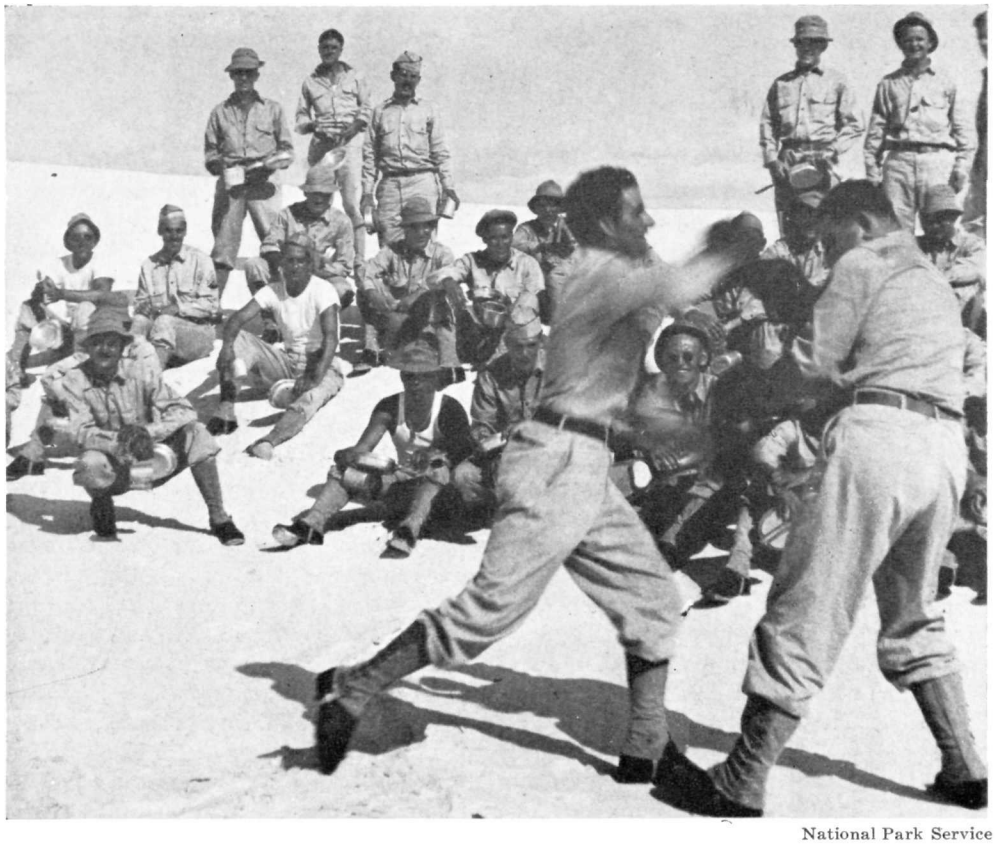
"WHY George, it's immense . . . I never dreamed . . . !" young sister enthuses as she gazes, entranced, out over the great, white expanse of billowing dunes which form the famous White Sands stretching away and away to the rugged San Andreas Mountains. Sergeant George Jenkins, rear-gunner, has a big-brother smile on his tanned face as he agrees, "Yes, I know; but you should see it from the air!"

Every day similar family scenes are common as friends and relatives who have come long distances to visit a son, brother, or pal in one of the several training camps in southern New Mexico are brought by the men in uniform to see the inspiring white majesty of the gleaming gypsum dunes of White Sands National Monument near Alamogordo. Here is truly a soldiers' paradise, a land with plenty of elbow room for wartime activity. A land of spectacular scenery, beautiful coloring, unusual sights, Many of the men regularly spend their hours of leave playing big-muscle games on the smooth sand, basking in the brilliant sunshine, lolling in the refreshing shade of desert shrubs, laughing at the entertaining antics of peculiar sand lizards and other desert creatures, photographing the creamy yucca blossoms, marveling at the colorful sunsets, watching the shadows shift on distant mountain peaks, dreaming under the bright stars, or romancing beneath a golden moon. The more adventurous sleep out on a breezy gypsum hilltop to enjoy the rare sight of a pulsing sunrise over rose-tinted dunes.

A GMC van squeals to a protesting stop before the monument's checking-in gate. "Hello fellows," greets the ranger "your name. Sergeant? What outfit? How many men?" The pass is handed upward and grabbed by the non-com as the van lurches ahead. "Watch your heads, you guys," he bellows as he notes the low-hanging cross beam. All heads duck except one, its owner peering off toward the edge of the dune-land, half a mile away. "Hey, you!" yells the sergeant, and the head disappears.

Under the entrance beam another ungainly monster lumbers, gears groan loudly, and away she rolls straining her speed to wade out in the sea of sand. Other cars come rolling up to the checking gate, stop for passes, and rumble on; giant canvas-covered two and a half tonners with gay, singing soldiers; one and a half tonners, open sided and carrying electric light units and greasy, grinning mechanics; mess trucks with packaged foodstuffs and ice-covered tubs of beverages guarded by waving, bare-armed cooks; little jeeps with straight-sitting, smiling officers; and civilian cars with a man in uniform at each wheel, his cheerful wife and eager children beside him. Caravans of canvas-topped army cars string out along the nine miles of winding scenic road. As they enter the area of sand dune, many stop and the men race to the top of the dunes to slide down the steep slopes. Sooner or later, most of them frolic barefoot in the cool, soft sand. Games are organized, **and** the K. P. detail gets busy unloading food for the picnic supper. As evening falls, powerful lights are turned on, the glow reflected skyward from the glistening sand. Music and laughter echo from the steep dune surfaces. A soldier jerks a bottle of soda pop from the hand of another and races away, half a dozen others joining in the pursuit. The scene resembles a harvest-time carnival in full swing.

After the eats have been stowed and the froth of exuberance has been worn off, the commanding officers request a short talk by the park ranger who obligingly



National Park Service

A ring and arena provided by nature, but the footing is a trifle shifting.

climbs onto the rear of the patrol pickup. He describes the National Park System, tells about the development of visitor facilities at the White Sands, and explains in non-technical language the various processes of nature and time which have resulted in the immense deposit of gypsum sand. He brightens the story with occasional jokes and humorous anecdotes which help to illustrate the explanation. "Men in uniform," he concludes, "are admitted free to this national monument and to every other National Park Service area because the Service feels that its system is one of the institutions of our 'American Way of Life' which you men are now called upon to defend." The gathering is then thrown open to questions, the most frequent one being, "Say, Ranger, how do you pitch a tent so that it will stay up in this sand?"

The picnic area furnishes convenient tables, fireplaces, and sun shelters for daytime parties. Ample room provides privacy for each party. Officers with their families make use of these facilities, the dunes surrounding the picnic area make an ideal playground for the children while the oldsters sit and visit.

"It doesn't feel like sand at all; more like dry snow," a young lieutenant points out with a puzzled frown as he allows a handful of the gypsum grains to sift through his fingers.

"That is due to the rather large size of the individual gypsum grains," explains the major. "You will be surprised to find

that it neither clings to clothing nor sticks to the skin like ordinary silicon sand due to this consistency." The major's son has sneaked up behind him and now tugs violently at his sleeve, piping up, "You can't tunnel in this stuff, Dad!" His father jumps up, grabs him, and shoves the shouting youngster over the steep lee bank of the sixty-foot dune. Down he goes, stumbling, tumbling, and sliding, squealing with glee.

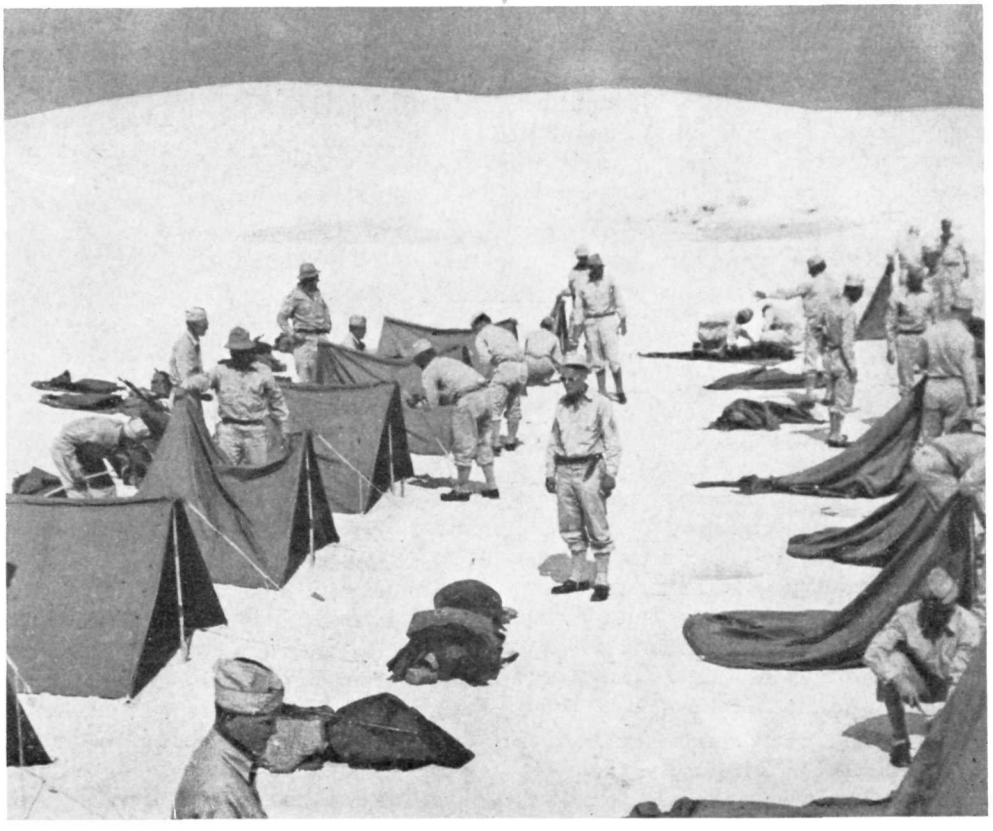
Nearly all of the soldier groups take time to stop at the museum when entering the monument or as they leave. Two modern museum rooms with professionally made displays occupy a wing of the administration building. There is a shaded patio and a commodious lobby where some may lounge while others are studying the exhibits. Let's eavesdrop with our friend the custodian on three soldiers in the lobby.

A private first class, his insignia shows us, leans over to read the label on the remains of a wind-bleached, ancient, wooden-wheeled Spanish cart, and mumbles through a mouthful of caramel candy, "This *carreta* didn't have any springs; bet it rode like a jeep."

"Aw, be serious," his history-minded sergeant pal chides. "Now look at these white mice in this display. It says here that their light-colored coats protect them from their enemies by making them inconspicuous against the background of white sand."

In this dry, windswept desert of drifting sand, it is no wonder the boys ask, "how in the world do you make the tent pegs hold?"

National Park Service



Ignoring his comment, the private mutters, "Anyway, this stuffed wild duck would make a swell dinner. I'd like to go hunting in this country."

"Listen, guy; you can't hunt on a national monument. Don't you remember the ranger told us that all national monuments are game preserves and explained why that policy resulted in the number and tameness of the animals we saw out in the sands. Guys like you don't. . ."

"Aw, quit arguing," breaks in the third member of the trio, a handsome corporal who has been watching some pretty girls who are questioning the tall seasonal ranger. "Let's get some of that free literature the ranger is passing out."

They follow his suggestion precipitately, and are soon engaged in a lively conversation with the girls. We watch the magnetic effect of the uniforms, and return the knowing wink of the custodian.

Cases of cold soda pop and stacks of gaudily labeled candy are consumed by the hungry soldiers after their activity among the sand dunes. Unusual souvenirs, many made from the gypsum sands converted into plaster of Paris by heating, are purchased and packed to be sent home to loved ones and buddies. Around the headquarters buildings and in the sales room of the concession, the men form an animate picture against a background of lively remarks, "That sand is really cool! My shoes are full! This is my third time here, and I'm coming again whenever I get a chance. I sure wish I'd had some sun glasses; that glare off the sand was terrific. Couldn't we spot the Japs out there from the air. This is sure different from Iowa." Finally the inevitable order from the bulky sergeant, "Come on, fellows; let's get going!"

Throughout the clear nights, huge war planes roar continuously over the monument headquarters, their beam lights reminding one of shooting stars. Why are they here? The sands, in part, account for their presence because this 176,000 acres of treeless duneland provides ample space for a bombing range to the north of the monument boundaries. It is said that no aviator coming to the field for the first time could overlook such a landmark, and no rookie bombardier could miss such a target.

NATIONAL PARKS MAGAZINE GOES TO ARMY

It will interest Association members to learn that nearly 500 copies of each of the last two issues of National Parks Magazine were sent to all nine of the Army Service Commands in the United States and to the Army Service Commands in Puerto Rico and the Canal Zone for distribution to camp libraries.

This was a contribution made by the Association, of which the Executive Staff feels sure members will heartily approve and will wish continued with subsequent issues.

The Executive Staff is obliged to point out to the membership that, owing to limited funds, this cannot be done without your personal financial aid. Contributions of any amount will be welcome for this, or an even wider distribution, and should be sent in at the earliest moment so that this issue can go to the Service Command Headquarters for immediate distribution.

TROPIC WILDERNESS

By ALEXANDER SPRUNT, Jr.
Southern Representative
National Audubon Society

HAVE you ever heard anyone who has crossed the Tamiami Trail from Miami to Naples say that it is the "most God-forsaken, desolate country" they ever saw? The writer has, often, and it invariably reminds him of that Biblical observation which states that "eyes have they but they see not". Truly, one sees what one looks for and a place which appears desolate to one person may be a paradise to another. Probably of no other region is this so true as of the Everglades of Florida. To the traveler intent only upon speed and distance, the territory adjacent to the Trail is apparently forsaken and forlorn. It flits by under the urge of 80 or 90 miles per hour, nothing but a straight ribbon of road ahead, a vast expanse of sky above and sawgrass to right and left.

To one intent upon the possibilities of the area, hurry has no appeal; and life, swarming and seething amid the reeds and water, is a marvelous attraction. It is not God-forsaken and it is not desolate. It is a never ceasing reservoir of strange, exotic and familiar forms of fur, feather and scale; it is replete with botanical wonders, geological fascination and unfathomable mystery.

One can cross it in a couple of hours and see . . . nothing; others can, and do take a day, or days and see . . . much! From Miami west to Everglades City, that tiny model town of the Collier interests on the west coast, is seventy-five miles. These can be a virtual blank or one of the most fascinating trips in these United States; all depends on what the traveller is looking for.

The Everglades, unlike many peoples' idea of a vast, gloomy forest with boa constrictors hanging from high, mossy limbs and crocodiles lying in antediluvian ooze amid shade through which the sun never strikes, are actually a great fresh-water marsh. Westward from Miami for forty miles (at the Y of the Tamiami Trail) it is a huge expanse of grasses, dotted here and there with circular clumps of dense bushes and small trees, appearing as small islands in a sea of reeds. At the Y, small cypresses begin to appear and attain larger size as one goes west. Intervening pinelands occur as well, and finally one reaches the "strands" of the Big Cypress which stands at the western border of the 'glades.

Along the sawgrass area east of the Y and in the canal which parallels the Trail on the northern side, the deliberate traveller has much to see. Fish and turtles, with many snakes and an occasional alligator frequent the waters and on either side of the Trail amid the grasses, near and far, great flocks of herons, egrets and ibises feed. Many people have wondered at the reason for so many birds being seen on some Trail trips and so few at others. This is because everything depends on the water conditions at the time. When these are "right" for feeding, one will see birds by the thousand, but if the water is too high, or too low, one will see few birds. The writer has seen literally tens of thousands of birds on some trips, and less than a dozen on others. By "birds" in such cases he means the larger wading birds of the heron-ibis group.

There are practically always ducks, coots, gallinules, kingfishers in the canal, and grackles, blackbirds, hawks and vultures

on and above the Trail. Rails cross the road frequently, while snake-birds (anhingas) and cormorants sit or dive into the canal from the overhanging bushes.

Raccoons, opossums, an occasional otter and bay lynx (wildcat) represent the common mammals, while numerous turtles and various and sundry snakes compose the reptilian population. On the Loop, which runs south of the main Trail at the Y, and then curves back into it some twenty miles to the west, one can actually see tarpon in the ditches, and because of its comparative seclusion, wildlife is more evident along this stretch at times, than along the main Trail. It is, however, rough and rocky and does not induce speeding.

In the Big Cypress and the many "hammocks" of the Pinecrest area (lying about the Y and along the Loop road) one may see almost anything in the realm of Everglades wildlife. In the uncharted 'glades hammocks, those densely wooded areas in otherwise scattered cypress growth, are the exquisite aboreal snails of the Liguus group, (See *Living Gems of the Everglades* in the October-December issue of National Parks Magazine), which have captured the too assiduous attention of collectors in recent years. Here too, live many deer and even wandering panthers which maintain a precarious existence in this day and time. It is a region known only to hunters, "Lig" collectors and the Seminoles, but it has a fascination and appeal that, despite the topographical and entomological handicaps involved, draws one back time and again to delve into its mysteries.

Southward to the Cape Sable wilderness and the heads of the many rivers that drain into the Gulf of Mexico through the Ten Thousand Islands, are the great "rookeries" or breeding colonies of herons and ibises, guarded the year round by National Audubon Society wardens, maintaining a constant, unremitting patrol not only in the nesting season, but in fall and winter when enormous "roosts" take the place of the busy rookeries.

All of this vast area with its animate and inanimate life; its strange creatures of fur and feather; its tropical trees, vines and orchids; exotic snails and insects, is part of that much hoped for project, the Everglades National Park. This endeavor, which has experienced many obstacles and complications, will mean the ultimate salvation of North America's tropic wilderness and its teeming life. By its creation alone can the region be made really inviolate and saved to posterity. That this should be done is staringly obvious for a multiplicity of reasons. It is the only part of the United States touched by the Tropic Zone; it is unique, fascinating and valuable; far too much so to be commercialized, exploited and eventually ruined by civilization's heavy heel. Every nature student and conservationist should throw his and her whole effort into the establishment of this park, and work and hope for its speedy realization.

The Everglades at sunset—"It has a fascination and appeal that draws one back time and again to delve into its mysteries".

Publishers Photo Service

Louisiana's Vanishing Forest Primeval

READERS of NATIONAL PARKS MAGAZINE will remember the article called "Act Now, Louisiana" which appeared in the July-September issue. That article was written as an appeal to save part of the last sizeable remnant of the original southern bottomland forest which existed in the Singer Sewing Machine Company's tract near Tallulah, Louisiana. The following article reviews briefly; and then, with information supplied by Mr. John H. Baker, Executive Director of the National Audubon Society, brings the situation up to date.

In northeastern Louisiana the Singer Manufacturing Company has for some years owned a magnificent tract of some 80,000 acres of primeval hardwood forest. Here live the surviving remnants of North America's rarest bird, the ivory-billed woodpecker. Here, too, is an abundant wildlife, deer, turkeys, bear, wolves, panthers and all the lesser forms indigenous to that country. Since 1926 the forest has been a state wildlife refuge, but under the conditions of the lease there is nothing to prevent simultaneous commercial exploitation of the resources of the tract.

For some five years, the Chicago Mill and Lumber Company has been logging this primeval timber under a contract with the Singer Manufacturing Company, whereby the former acquires title to the land when and if it cuts the timber and pays for it in accordance with contract terms per acre.

Throughout this period, many earnest attempts have been made to bring about the setting aside of at least a substantial portion of this area. The Department of Interior has been particularly interested. The National Park Service has sent representatives to investigate it and has, together with Senators and Representatives from the State of Louisiana, endeavored to obtain national legislation establishing a national park. The bill, in two sessions of Congress, never got out of committee. The U. S. Fish and Wildlife Service has made a number of unsuccessful efforts to establish a federal wildlife refuge. The net result is that there is today neither a national park nor a federal wildlife refuge there, and that the logging is proceeding apace; in fact, at a greatly enhanced rate due to the pressure for war production of lumber of that character, especially gum veneer.

The National Audubon Society has repeatedly attempted to promote the establishment of a national park, national monument or federal wildlife refuge in the Singer Tract. For over a year now, conversations and correspondence have been carried on with the successive Presidents and the Chairman of the Board of the Chicago Mill and Lumber Company. Statement had been made to the National Audubon Society, as now admitted, that there would not appear to be reason why the company might not waive potential profits on a portion of the tract in order that such portion might be taken over by the federal government, whether by the National Park Service or the Fish and Wildlife Service, or in fact by the State or by a private organization, as a wildlife refuge. Mr. Baker, in recent months, has taken the matter up anew with officials of the Singer Manufacturing Company, with the Lumber Section of the War Production Board, with the Secretary of the Interior, with the Director of the National Park Service, with the Chief of the U. S. Fish and Wildlife Service, and with the Chairman of the Board of the Chicago Mill and Lumber Company. In this effort, our Association, as well as The American Forestry Association, has given Mr. Baker all possible cooperation. Mr. Baker has conferred with representatives of

the Louisiana State Conservation Department and with citizens of Louisiana who are anxious to see suitable action taken before it is too late.

Except for the Chicago Mill and Lumber Company, the way seems to have been cleared for establishment of a wildlife refuge. The Chairman of the Board of that company now states unequivocally that he will have to reverse himself and that the company cannot agree to give up any of its logging rights under its contract with the Singer Manufacturing Company.

At the rate at which logging is now proceeding in the tract, there is not likely to be any appreciable amount of standing primeval timber left unless very prompt action be taken. The Secretary of the Interior has the matter of further action under consideration.

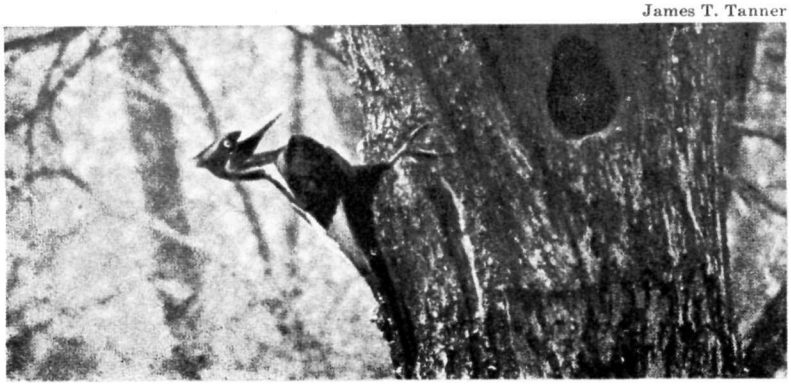
Here is an illustration of conflict between a legal commercial interest, flavored at the moment by the aspect of war production, and national conservation policy. The lumber company contends that it is not only interested in profits—seriously limited now by various federal controls—but in the continued employment of people now on its payroll. Inclined as we may be to criticize that viewpoint as selfish and narrow, and not in the best interests of the nation as a whole, is it not, after all, the federal government that is primarily at fault in not having adopted a national lumbering or logging policy related to all kinds of standing timber? Should there not be a policy that would provide for properly controlled production that would permit the perpetuation of an adequate future supply of lumber, and at the same time not necessitate the destruction of the remnants of primeval timber now in private hands? Does this not also bring up a fundamental fault in our taxing system which tends to force early cutting rather than encourage conservation?

With its great interest in preventing the extinction of the large and spectacular ivory-billed woodpecker, the National Audubon Society assures us that it will continue to put forth its utmost efforts to attain a satisfactory solution of this problem as related to the remaining uncut primeval timber in the Singer Tract. The National Parks Association will continue to back up those efforts, and will render every possible aid.

The area deserves preservation not only for its quality as an outstanding example of the once vast primeval forest of the southern bottomlands, and as a refuge for abundant and varied wildlife, but also as comprising probably the last of the once wide range of the ivory-billed woodpecker. If this species is not to join the passenger pigeon and others, in vanishing forever from the North American scene, then this remnant of its habitat must be saved.

This ivory-billed woodpecker at his nest in the Singer tract in Louisiana is one of the last few of his kind in the world.

James T. Tanner



New England, Guard Your Wilderness

Mr. Victor M. Cutter, Chairman of the New England region of the National Resources Planning Board, says in his publication No. 68 that a parkway should traverse the "high backbone" of New England in continuation of the Sky-line Drive through Virginia and Shenandoah National Park. He says it should pass through the Berkshires, Green Mountains, White Mountains, the mountains of the Rangeley region and the gorge of the Kennebec through Mt. Katahdin to the lake country of southeastern Maine. Although he calls the roads a "Sky-line parkway," Mr. Cutter states that such a road will skirt the sides of mountains and ridges. He says that a branch of this sky-line parkway is planned northward in the Green Mountains, but that this will not be built until several general-traffic roads in Vermont have been improved for ordinary travel.

A study of the plans show little of New England that Mr. Cutter does not propose to change and develop with roads, but we shall have done our part if we can save those few primeval remnants of New England's mountains.

The first of the following letters, written to Mr. Cutter in defense of the mountains, is followed by one which Mr. Cutter asked his planning technician, Mr. Roland B. Greeley, to write us in reply.

NATIONAL PARKS ASSOCIATION
1214 Sixteenth Street N. W.
Washington, D. C.
November 20, 1942

Mr. Victor M. Cutter, Chairman
National Resources Planning Board
2100 Federal Building
Boston, Massachusetts

Dear Mr. Cutter:

Publication No. 68, "Integration of the New England Regional Plan", has reached me. I thank you for sending it to me, for I am always interested in the publications of the National Resources Planning Board.

There is much here that is good, and I offer my congratulations to those who took part in compiling it. I do find, however, a few statements that are worthy of considerable thought and I present herewith my comments upon the publication in its present form in accordance with your request.

On page 14 in the section "Regional Plan" there is mention as follows, of the need to preserve the New England landscape: "Most of New England's countryside, has a definite scenic appeal and should be safeguarded against intrusions of every sort that will mar it."

That is indeed a fine statement, and it seems to me that it should be strictly adhered to; but certain other statements in the publication clash with it. For instance, it must be admitted that a sky-line drive which is here proposed to be extended along "the high backbone of New England" is one of the most disturbing features that can be introduced

in a landscape. The great soaring highways that eliminate curves and gouge through hills and mountainsides tend to destroy the very values which draw people into the mountains. In the Green Mountains would not such a road be needless owing to the existence of valley roads running along either side of the range and affording views of the most beautiful scenery imaginable? Likewise in the White Mountains which are completely encircled by roads? And for those who seek extensive views from mountain tops, both Mt. Mansfield and Mt. Washington have roads to their summits. Furthermore, would not a sky-line drive be destructive of the remaining primitive crests—last outposts in New England of the original wilderness? Vermont turned down such a road once in the Legislature and once at the polls. I think Vermont will do so again if necessary. It is my belief that all who are genuinely interested in preserving New England's scenic beauty for the enjoyment of future generations will heartily approve of any needed improvement of existing valley roads, but will request that highway developments be stopped there.

Though I find no mention of it in Publication No. 68, I assume that the Board has made plans for preventing desecration of the kind that follows in the wake of new through highways—billboards, gas stations, hotdog stands, roadside slums. Otherwise the purpose for which any new scenic routes might be constructed would eventually be defeated.

The second paragraph on page 15 says, "For those able and desiring to hike . . ., reservations should protect a few of the most used trails. These strips may be actually narrow parks reserved by declaration . . ., for foot travel and preservation of the natural cover for, say, 150 feet on either side." It is not clear just what is meant by the word "declaration" but I feel that from many quarters the writer of this paragraph will meet with opposition. When there remain but 150 feet of protected forest along the trails, then will not the spirit of the wilderness, the mystery of the forest and the joy and uplift that people derive from it be lost? I question whether the well-meaning planners could bring about a greater tragedy than by carrying out such a plan. I fear that the planners, in putting forth a suggestion of this kind, will shake the faith of those for whom the planning is being done.

I am glad to see forestry and stream pollution so often mentioned in the publication. Should not soil erosion control be included, and in that connection would not the Desert of Maine make a worthy project? Stopping the pouring of industrial wastes and sewage into New England's coastal waters, rivers and streams; providing adequate forest fire protection and wise forest management, flood control, and so forth, seem to me to deserve first consideration in post war planning; and work of this kind will provide jobs for thousands who will become idle at the end of the war.

These, then are my comments on Publication No. 68, and I pass them on to you, hoping they may prove of value.

Sincerely yours,
Devereux Butcher
Executive Secretary

NATIONAL RESOURCES PLANNING BOARD
Field Office
Federal Building
Boston, Massachusetts
December 2, 1942

Mr. Devereux Butcher, Executive Secretary
National Parks Association
1214 Sixteenth Street, N. W.
Washington, D. C.
Dear Mr. Butcher:

Mr. Cutter has asked me to reply to your letter of November 20 in which you comment on our publication "Integration of the New England Regional Plan."

You raise several questions in regard to preservation of New England scenic values, and I wish to assure you that we are very anxious that these values be preserved and appreciated in the future much more than they have in the past.

We recommend a parkway "traversing the high backbone of New England in continuation of the Skyline Drive," but we indicate in the next paragraph that "it will be located for the most part along the sides of mountains and ridges affording views of the highest peaks." We do not recommend a sky-line drive such as the one which was, fortunately, turned down by Vermonters some time ago.

As you doubtless know, virtually all of the improved roads in the mountainous sections of New England are valley-bottom roads, affording ample opportunity to enjoy roadside scenery and occasionally views of distant mountains. However, there is relatively little opportunity to enjoy the scenic landscape of mountains and valleys at the same time to anywhere nearly the extent that would be possible from roads along the sides of mountains. We feel strongly that construction of a parkway along the sides of mountains and ridges, but not over the tops of peaks, would contribute far more to the recreational development of New England than the relatively insignificant resulting "scars" would detract from it.

As we visualize such a parkway, it would cut through some of what are now considered primitive, or wilderness, areas in New England, particularly in the Zealand Notch area of the White Mountains and in the Dead River section of Maine. Although it is argued by many that any encroachment on areas not now cut up by roads is unwise, we feel that in these instances the benefits to be gained far exceed the loss of the small areas that are being removed from the New England wilderness.

So far as parkways are concerned, we strongly recommend acquisition of sufficient land to insure against any encroachment on the part of billboards and wayside business developments except in predetermined places where such businesses are needed to serve the public. On pleasure-ways we feel that wherever possible strict zoning controls, or even purchase of easements as is being done in the case of Vermont Route 100, are definitely desirable. In the case of new regional highways we feel that control of access is necessary fully as much because of safety implications as because of aesthetic considerations.

It is not entirely clear to me why you take exception to our paragraph in regard to reservations along through hiking trails. We visualize these trails, particularly the Long Trail and the Appalachian Trail, to which we refer specifically, as passing through private land, public forest land, and some stretches of public park. Where the trail passes through the last, we would expect automatic protection of the natural environment. Where the trail passes through public forests, particularly the Green Mountain and White Mountain national forests, the people who walk along these trails will, we feel, be able to obtain "the spirit of the wilderness, the mystery of the forest, and the joy and uplift that people derive from it" even if most of the forest area is utilized for commercial forestry on a sustained-yield basis, just so long as the area immediately contiguous to the trail is protected "by declaration" against encroachment.

Where it is not feasible or economically desirable for the public to obtain large areas of park or forest land on both sides of these foot trails (for example, where the trails follow or cross settled river valleys) we feel that the trails should have a protected right-of-way at least 300 feet in width, and we feel that from most practical points of view such protection can be obtained through acquisition of easements rather than through outright purchase. I do not agree that every foot of a through hiking trail should be expected to pass through untouched wilderness.

We are at present at work on expressing our post-war plan for New England in terms of projects, and in doing this we are including not only the material which appears on the plan itself and which was summarized very sketchily in our publication No. 68, but also much information in regard to such matters as pollution control, flood control, erosion control, and forest fire protection.

I hope that these comments may in some measure answer the questions which you raise in your letter. Thank you for giving so much attention to our publication. We shall be pleased to hear from you further, particularly in regard to your reactions to a parkway along the sides of mountains and ridges in New England.

Sincerely yours,
Roland B. Greeley
Planning Technician

One of the chief duties of the National Resources Planning Board, whose headquarters are at Washington, D. C., is "to collect, prepare, and make available to the President of the United States such plans, data, and information as may be helpful to a planned development and use of natural resources, and related subjects referred to it by the President, and to recommend to the President and the Congress long-time plans and programs for the wise use and fullest development of such resources."

Though many constructive plans for the betterment of the nation have been presented in the numerous publications of the Board, the proposal to build highways through New England's last bits of primitive land will call for action on the part of all New Englanders who recognize the greater value of these areas in their undisturbed and natural condition.

Mr. Greeley acknowledges that considerable scars would result, but argues that the damage done would be far more than compensated by the boost in recreational development. Mr. Greeley overlooks the fact that a road, whether on the "sky-line" or on the mountain-side, destroys the wild character of the country through which it passes, and tends to reduce the scale and impressiveness of the mountains.

Is it not disquieting, also, to learn of a proposal to build a parkway through the Zealand Notch section of the White Mountains and the Dead River area of Maine?

Post-war planning is today in the blueprint stage. Now is the time to eliminate the undesirable—not after the war when plans will materialize. New Englanders, you have little wilderness left, but what you have is of superb quality, and it is a great asset. You will need to guard it with vigilance.

STAND GUARD

In a California city not far from Yosemite National Park, a body of citizens heard a resolution proposing to secure permission to log off the magnificent sugar pine timber within the park. The aim was simple and clear, but the resolution was very long, filled with patriotic sounding phrases designed to delude the unwary. It was killed by friends of conservation but such things have more lives than a cat. It will be heard again.—*Arizona Wildlife Federation.*

REDUCTION OF YELLOWSTONE ELK

The range in northern Yellowstone National Park, besides supporting its quota of antelope, bison, and bighorn sheep, is capable of feeding a herd of 6000 elk. During recent years the latter have increased to about 13,000, thus endangering the range as well as subjecting the entire herd to winter starvation and death. To avoid this the National Park Service is obliged, over a period of months, to reduce the herd to the carrying capacity of its range. Action was started on December 12th.

THE COUNTRY BEYOND

PART II

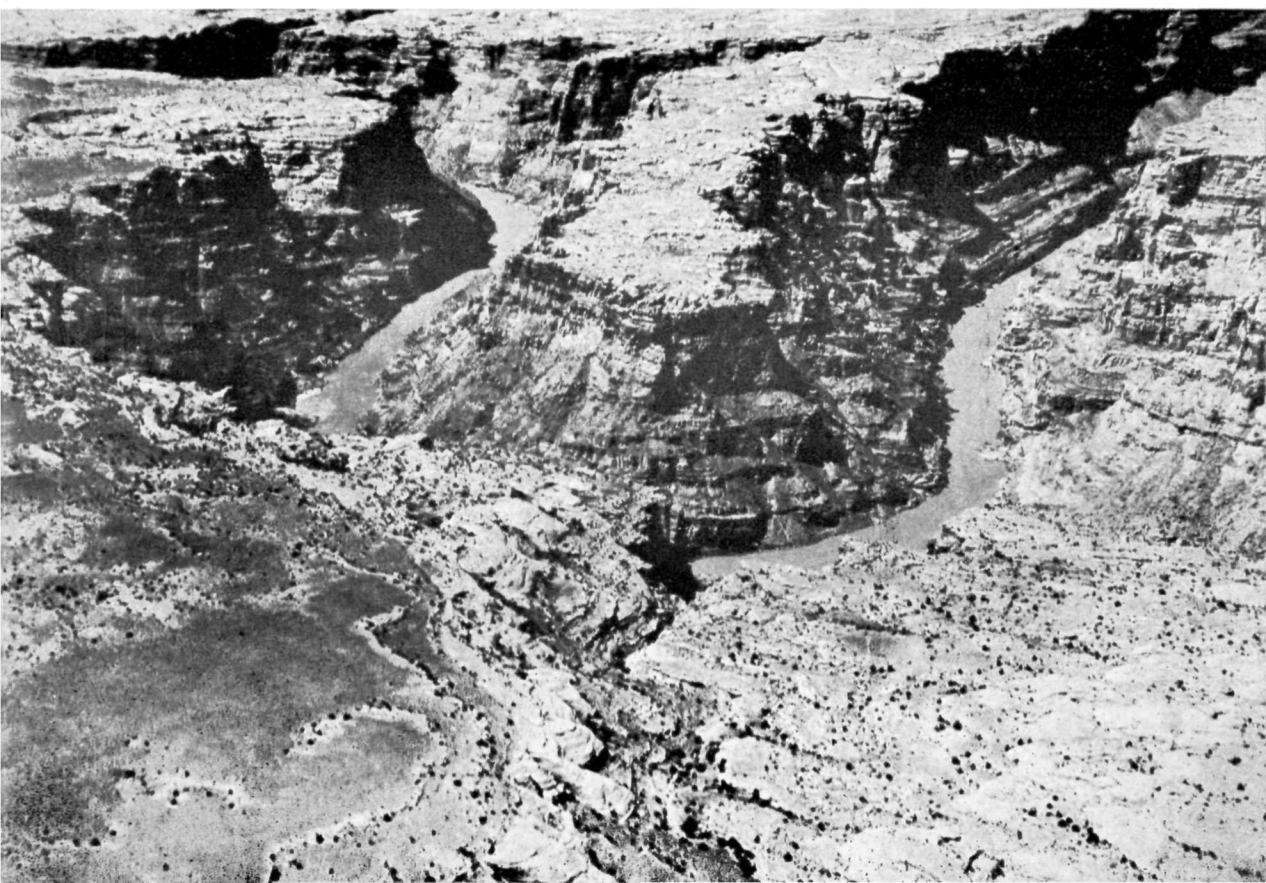
Photographs by George A. Grant for the Department of the Interior

THIS unbelievably weird land of colored canyons and towering rock formations of southeastern Utah was inhabited in prehistoric times; but most of the archeological remains have been looted by early explorers, and little is known about the inhabitants. There are to be seen today, however, numerous pictographs in the cave-like openings along canyons, one of which is said to resemble the prehistoric mammoth. It is possible that in some of the less accessible canyons, untouched remains may yet be discovered.

It is supposed that the first white men to see the region were Father Escalante and Father Dominguez who set out from Santa Fe in July 1776 to find a route between Monterey and the Rio Grande Missions. Going by way of the Green River, they proceeded only as far as Utah Lake where plans were abandoned and it was decided to return to Santa Fe by way of the Hopi country in northeastern Arizona. This route took them directly across the "Country Beyond". The explorers passed through without difficulty except that at the Colorado it took them twelve days to find a crossing—the location now known as The Crossing of the Fathers.

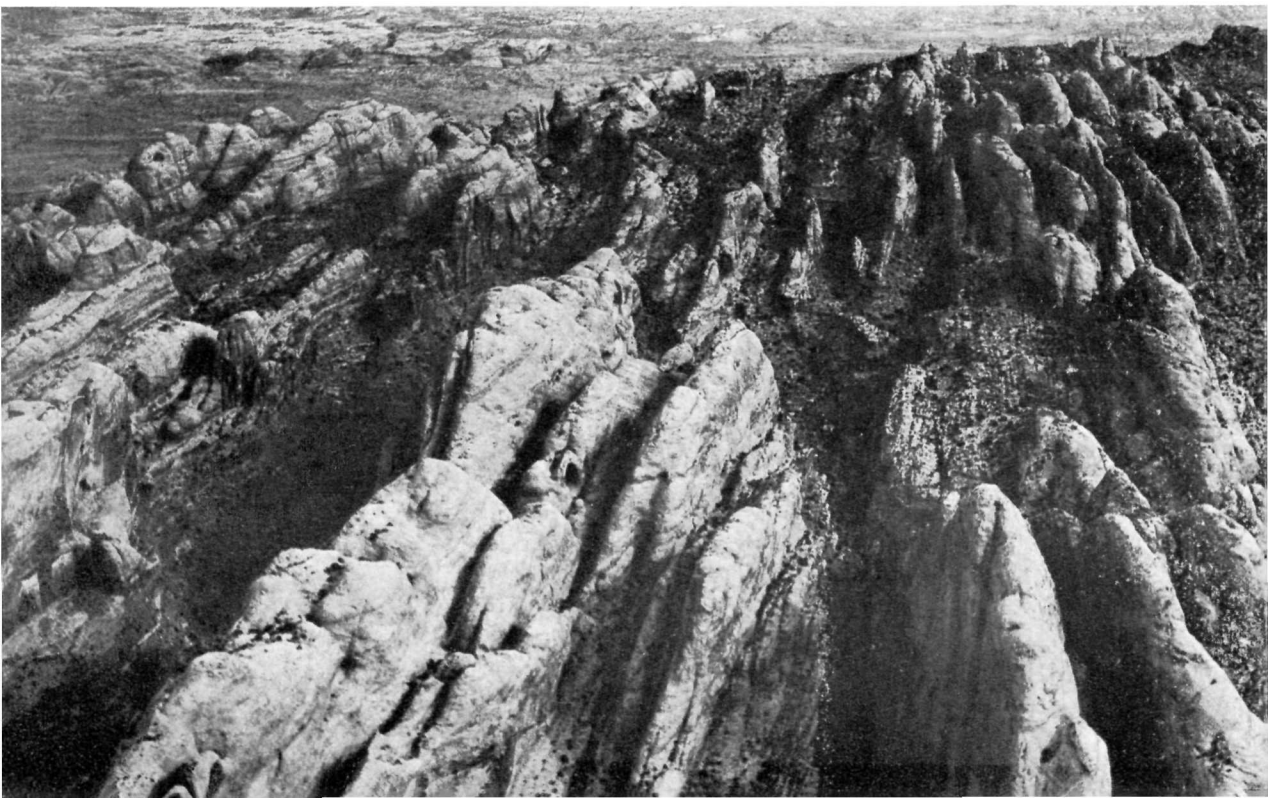
These airplane views of the central part of that wilderness continue the series that appeared in the October-December issue of this magazine. Scenes in the northern section will be presented in a future issue.

The windings of the Colorado are apparent, but the tremendous height of the colorful walls of Cataract Canyon is hardly realized from the air.



These odd vertical formations located between the juncture of the Green and Colorado rivers in the Orange Cliffs region are called the Stone Hats.

A huge sandstone formation, like strata tipped up on edge, may be seen on the reef west of Spanish Valley near the town of Moab.

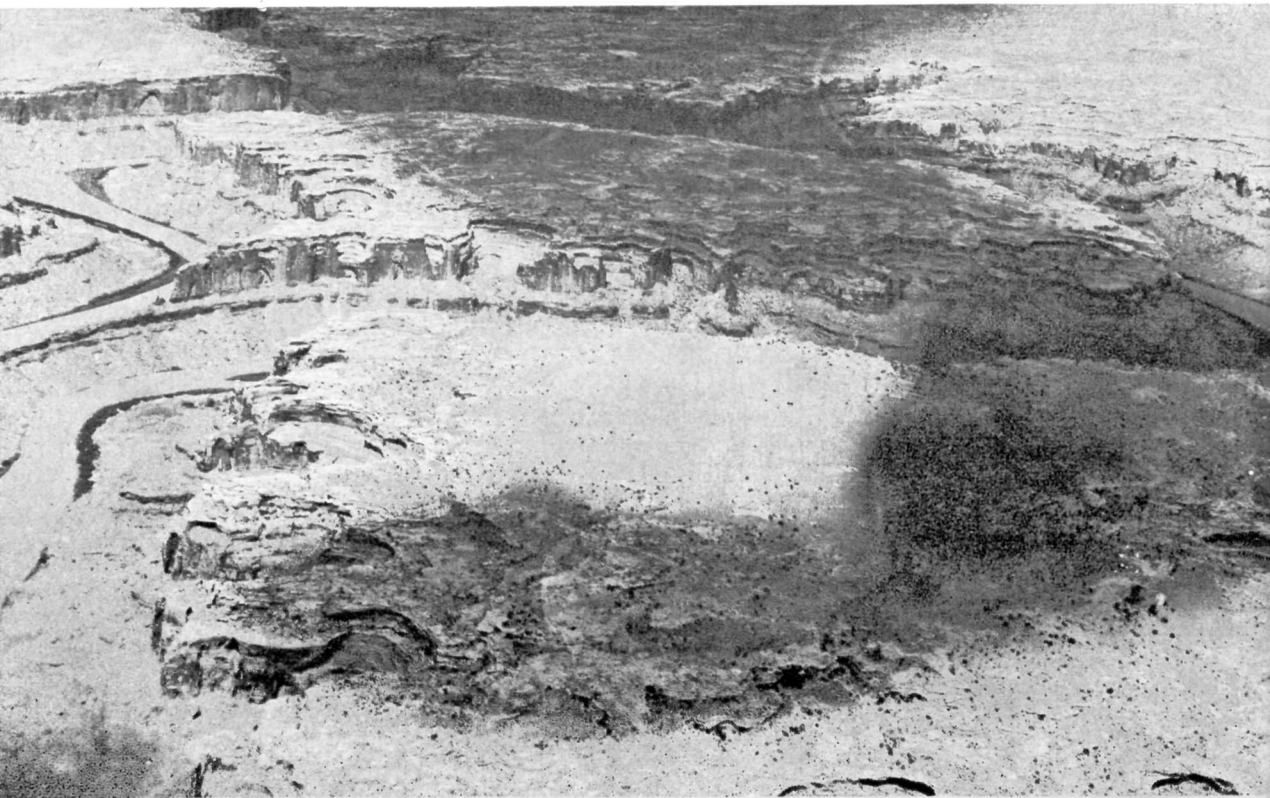


To journey on foot from one of these little tree-filled valleys to the next a few hundred feet away might involve a hike of several miles.

Between Moab and Dark Canyons the Colorado River goes into a series of "bow-knots" that would indeed break the proverbial snake's back.

How clearly shown are the several stages of soil and rock erosion in this country of the "Buttes of the Cross".

A cloud-shadow falls across the muddy Green River where it twists in a "bow-knot" between high sculptured cliffs.



RIDING THE YAMPA

By FRANK M. SETZLER

THE YAMPA RIVER, fed by melting snow in the Rabbit Ears section of the Rocky Mountains, is located in the northwest corner of Colorado. A fast flowing stream with bends and ox-bows, has cut an awe-inspiring canyon, in places over 1,600 feet deep. For the most part, mystery enshrouds this isolated and sparsely inhabited region, although there are a few printed stories and numerous cowboy campfire tales about the escapades of its former Indians and cattle thieves.

My contact with this interesting section of northwestern Colorado began in May 1942, when I was detailed by the Smithsonian Institution to direct an archeological reconnaissance for the National Park Service within the Dinosaur National Monument along the Yampa and Green Rivers. The National Park Service wished to determine the number of prehistoric caves, shelters, and open village sites which might be inundated within the Dinosaur National Monument if any power dams were to be built in the canyon.

The prospect of the trip was particularly alluring since such a reconnaissance would involve not only the examination of prehistoric Indian sites in an area where few archeologists had set foot, but also the thrilling experience of a boat trip from Lily Park, Colorado, to the Dinosaur National Monument headquarters near Jensen, Utah.

Members of the party were Mr. David H. Canfield, Coordinating Superintendent of Rocky Mountain National Park; Mr. Gordon Baldwin, Junior Archeologist at Boulder Dam National Recreational Area; Mr. Charles R. Scoggin, associated with the University of Colorado Museum, whose previous knowledge of a large portion of the canyon saved much time and effort; Mr. Harold Ratcliff, then Custodian of Dinosaur National Monument and now Ecologist at Region III Headquarters, Santa Fe; Mr. Daniel B. Beard who was scheduled to become Custodian for the monument, and who contributed much from the early training by his famous father; and oarsmen Bus Hatch and Tony Despain.

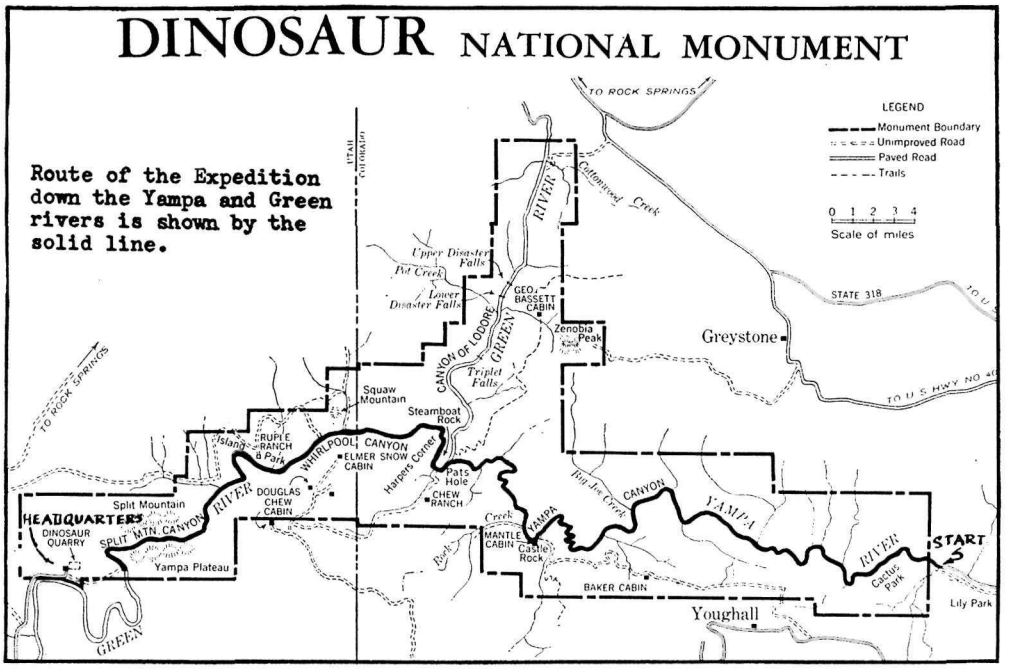
Shortly after we reached Lily Park, the two fourteen foot rowboats came by trailer, and I shall always remember how small and light they appeared that first evening; yet how well built they proved to be. To save space and needless weight, all nonessentials were eliminated, even our shaving outfits. We retained our bed rolls, towels, tooth brushes, cameras, films, and notebooks, and nothing larger than a trowel to dig with.

It was late afternoon by the time the boats had been launched and packed. Climbing aboard, we moved down the river. Below Disappointment Creek, at the head of the Yampa Canyon, we found an ideal camp site in a grass-carpeted, willow canopied glen with the canyon walls towering 800 ft. above us. That night the moon came over the mountains filling the canyon with its mellow light.

Early the next morning the boats were again packed with equal loads of 1000 lbs. in each and four men assigned to a boat.

Entering the perpendicular walled canyon in the sunlight of early morning we felt that we had definitely locked the door on the warring world. Wild geese with their goslings swam ahead of us, and on the steep talus slopes at the base of the cliffs deer and fawns were seen. Sometimes they would jump into the boiling current swimming ahead of us to another talus slope where they would clamber up to the cliff and hide in thick groves of boxelder.

The canyon walls rising from 800 to 1,000 feet above the river, served as a gi-



gantic funnel for the yellow, turbulent Yampa. Bus, in all of his trips, had never seen the river so high. The customary rocks were completely covered, forming new rapids, and to my own amazement, the very narrowing of the canyon caused the yellow water to turn white by the fast churning action. The minor rapids were quite an experience, and for most of the morning we were being acclimated to the rocking of the boat and the shipping of water. Bus and Tony knew how to calculate the swift rapids. The boats were sluggish with their heavy loads, but one soon understood the technique of spotting the calm appearing whirlpools and the art of hitting the larger waves at a forty-five degree angle.

About noon we were approaching the rapids of Tepee Draw. Before entering a rapids it is necessary to determine a course, for once a boat begins its downward plunge there is little that even an experienced boatman can do except dodge the smaller rocks. Therefore to give Bus a chance "to size it up" we pulled over to the base of a steep slope where it was decided that he and Tony should take the boats through the foaming rapids, and that the rest of us should proceed by land. Both boats landed safely about a mile below the rapids near the old Mat Rash cabin where many a trapper and outlaw had spent a winter. Here we had lunch.

During the afternoon we rowed and drifted through a wonderland of constantly changing geological strata, never knowing what might be in store for us around each subsequent bend. Reaching the Weber limestone, we realized that this particular formation eroded in a manner to permit the formation of caves. Here, then, was the archeologist's happy hunting ground.

Our calm perusal of nature's handiwork ended when Bus rose to scan the river ahead. Our boat preceded Tony's by about 300 yards. The surface of the water seemed to slant downward and before we knew it we were caught in the main current. These were tense moments, but Bus working hard succeeded in keeping away from the right bank where the river had cut deeply into

the base of the cliff and where there would be no escape from the swirling current. Needless to say, all of us wore life preservers. Here luck was with us, for the waves broke after we hit their crests, and the prow stayed on top. On occasions like this we were usually too busy bailing to pay much attention, and drifting at such a great speed, we were either swamped, or through the rapids before we knew it.

Late in the day we landed on a tiny sand beach at Harding Hole. Presently Scoggin pointed out high up on the canyon wall our first prehistoric shelter.

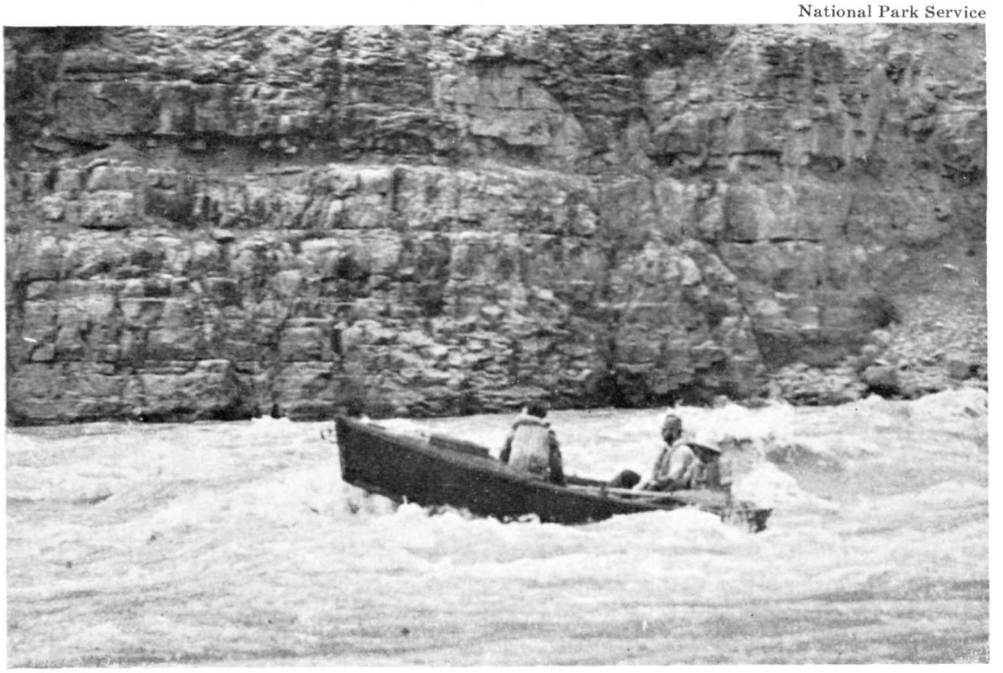
Night would soon be upon us, however, so that examination would have to wait until the following day. We pitched camp in a grove of boxelders.

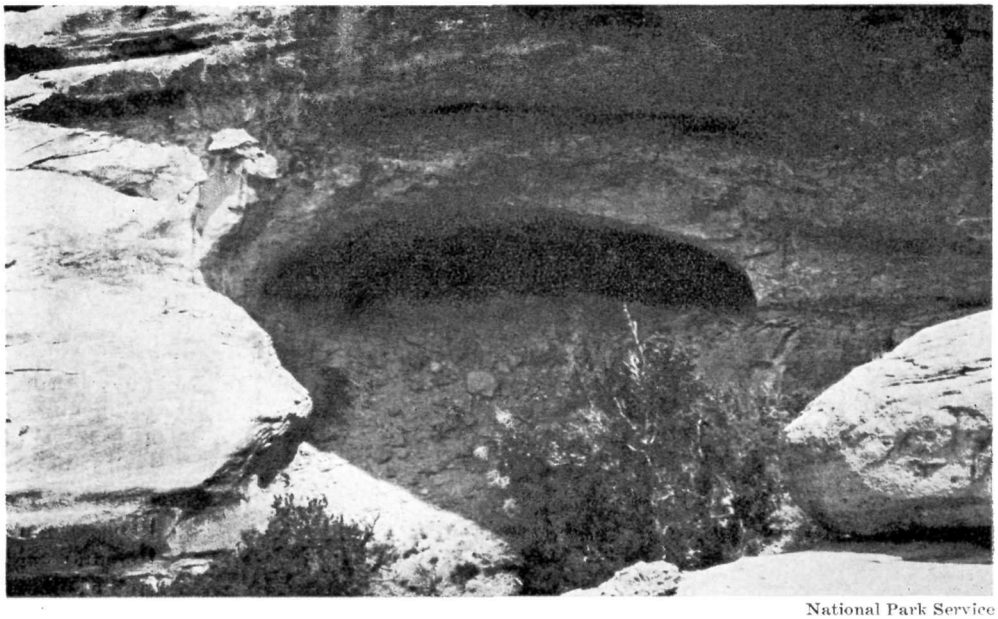
Next morning, after a filling breakfast of Tony's good corn fritters, preparations were made to climb the cliff and explore the shelter, which we later named "Moss Shelter". Though the easiest trail was chosen, it was such that one wondered if even a mountain goat would risk it. The first one hundred feet consisted of boosting and pulling each other over the high angular boulders. From there on it required squeezing through narrow crevices until we reached a moss-covered rocky slope rising at an angle of eighty degrees Here we pushed our feet into the age-old moss and grasped whatever was handy. We finally climbed over a ridge of rocks and rested on the relatively level floor of a huge amphitheater.

Scattered over its rock-strewn surface were bundles of fifteen to twenty boxelder poles, four or five inches in diameter. Several circles made up of sagebrush and uniform sized stones were also present. There was little doubt but that these represented tepee rings and tepee poles. Within the tepee circles was evidence of camp fires. One almost looked around to see if the Indians had really departed. Under the shallow deposit of wind-blown sand we found fragments of arrowheads, corncobs,

With three members of the expedition aboard, one of the sturdy little boats winds its way through a turbulent rapid of the Yampa.

National Park Service





National Park Service

The largest cave found on the trip they named "Signature Cave" because of the hundreds of signatures scratched and painted on its walls.

split cane tubes, arrow foreshafts, and so forth. One is amazed by the effort that must have been required to haul these hundreds of long poles up the steep slope we had ascended. There was no other way to reach the shelter whose overhang extended another 500 feet to the canyon rim. If the tepees had been made of skin, that would indicate a tribe of Indians from the Great Plains. Such evidence might prove that a group of Shoshone Indians used this shelter for headquarters during annual hunting trips, or that a lost band was forced to seek this well protected abode to escape the Ute Indians on whose hunting domain they had encroached.

In this vicinity we explored three side canyons, and examined numerous small shelters, but little human evidence was discovered. Several Indian camp sites were located on a promotory above the rapids.

Directly across the Yampa from Moss Shelter was the largest cave found on our entire trip. We called it "Signature Cave" because of the hundreds of signatures scratched, burned, and painted on the walls. These signatures dated from the present time back to the days of Pat Lynch, with his "trademark", a sailing vessel dated 1887. Here we made the necessary pictures, measurements, and small test pits.

As we drifted along during the succeeding days, there was constantly changing coloration of the canyon walls with the blue sky and fleecy white clouds moving overhead. At one point we passed beneath an overhanging section of canyon wall that towered 1,380 feet above the river. One of our camps was located at Castle Park where Mr. and Mrs. Charles Mantle extended their hospitality to us and provided us with ice cream made from snow brought down on horseback from the north side of Blue Mountain. Here, over the Mantle radio, we received our first news from the outside world—Dutch Harbor bombed by Japs.

After viewing pictographs in Hell Canyon we proceeded down stream to Marigold Shelter. This one contained an upper ledge which we could reach only by climbing a

rope which we lassoed to a small shrub.

Towering Steamboat Rock marks the junction of the Yampa with the Green, and at this point we camped at Pats Hole. Here were more shelters, and in these we found storage bins and an unusual type of pictograph. One cave which had been used by Pat Lynch still contained a handmade bed and some of his clothes.

After leaving Pats Hole we continued down the Green River, no different from the Yampa, except for the name given to it by Major John W. Powell. What courage and stamina this man had to accomplish the first geological survey in this section of the West.

Our first hair-raising episode after leaving Pats Hole was at Whirlpool Canyon. The rocks of this canyon change from the tan limestone to a dark red igneous layer which forms needle-like steeples along the entire rim. The canyon narrowed, and this no doubt accounts for its boiling and twisting pools.

We stayed as nearly as possible along the outer periphery of the swirling funnel-shaped whirlpools. Sometimes our oarsmen tried to buck them, but to no avail. Round and round we would go, all hands trying to balance the boat and keep it level. Then Bus would wait for a chance to get out of the pool, and as we neared another pool going in the opposite direction, we'd tip to the other side and he'd bring the boat between the two opposing currents, making us revolve in the opposite direction. These whirlpools, due to rocks beneath the surface, would suddenly cease, then we'd head for the main current and go speeding down the stream to the next series, where the gyrations were repeated. Even with a life preserver, a person would have difficulty keeping on the surface with such powerful forces dragging against him.

After a sufficient stretch of relatively calm, fast moving water, we had bailed the boats and had come to within a mile of Jones Hole. Rounding one of the numerous bends, we saw the white foam and tilting stream. The middle of the river seemed less turbulent, but high waves towered above our boats on either side of the central current. Bus aimed slightly to the left of this water trough in order to hit the wave at an angle. We went over the top in the midst of spray which partially filled the boat. Tony, behind us, was lost to sight beyond the waves. Just as we passed the last large wave, we were being pulled toward the high cliff wall by the ever lurking whirlpool. Bus rowed as he never had rowed before, and finally pulled out of the encircling current. Scoggin and I should have been bailing, but we sat hypnotized watching the wall creep closer, balancing the boat as best we could.

Then we looked for Tony. He hit the current directly in the center of the two funnel-like waves and instead of going over the top, the two waves washed over his boat from both sides. A large oil drum tied on the back floated out and Beard, Baldwin and Canfield, who had been riding majestically in the rear seat, were swamped. Canfield seemed to ooze out of the boat. He grabbed hold of the rear handle, while Beard and Baldwin bailed for all they were worth. They missed the whirlpool by staying in midstream. When the danger passed, we laughed hilariously as Canfield served as an outboard motor. About 300 yards farther down we pulled to a boulder-strewn talus slope to rest. Canfield unfortunately carried his camera and notebook in his shirt pockets. Both were drenched, and the pages of his notebook were covered with a bluish smudge of ink.

Major Powell passed through this canyon in 1869. It is interesting to read his comment on it: "The walls are high and vertical; the canyon is narrow; and the river fills the whole space below. All this volume of water, confined, as it is, in a narrow channel, and rushing with great velocity, is set eddying and spinning in whirlpools by projecting rocks and short curves, and the waters waltz their way

through the canyon. With difficulty we manage our boats. They spin about from side to side, and we know not where we are going, and find it impossible to keep them headed down the stream."

After our boats were bailed we calmly drifted to where Jones Creek poured into the Green. To see this clear mountain stream force itself into the thick yellow current of the Green River was truly a sight for sore eyes. Here we landed and unpacked the boats; hung our clothes and bed rolls to dry; and then went native, enjoying our first clean bath of the trip in this stream.

This was the finest camp site along the entire route, for Jones Creek supplied us with cool, clean drinking water and fish for our meals. Two small shelters, here, contained evidence of aboriginal man's existence. These shelters were near a beautiful falls 800 feet above the canyon floor. It looked as though the water tumbling over the cliff evaporated in thin air, for only a small trickle could be seen where it entered Jones Creek.

From here to Island Park we were in and out of rapids almost continuously. At several places only one passenger accompanied each oarsmen, while the others walked along the steep boulder-strewn bank.

About five in the afternoon the canyon walls fell away abruptly and the narrowly confined yellow ribbon spread out to a relatively slow river. Green islands dotted the yellow stream; and beyond the horizon could be seen the towering snow-capped peaks of the Uintah Mountains in Utah. We were nearing the end of our journey, but we still had to pass through the narrow gap of Split Mountain.

During part of the next day we examined a large series of petroglyphs (carvings on rock) in one of the small side canyons.

After breakfast on June 9th, we packed the boats for the last time. Level water continued for two miles when the perpendicular walls of Split Mountain loomed up before us. We took the small rapids in our stride, but these only hastened our arrival to the worst and most treacherous series of rapids encountered. The first set proved difficult because of two large rocks spaced near the middle of the current and the fact that the canyon walls make an abrupt turn, limiting the vision of the oarsmen. Fortunately we could climb over a high erosional escarpment and meet the boats down stream. Bus and Tony waited long enough before entering the swift current for us to reach the lower end of the rapids where we could be in a position to recover the flotsam in case the boats were forced against the protruding rocks.

Framed in splashing spray the boats rounded the bend, but except for some slight scraping and the shipping of the usual amount of water they were intact.

From here on the canyon closed in and the perpendicular walls came down to the water's edge, so that there was no way to walk around the remaining rapids. Scoggin and I bailed most of the way, and Ratcliff sat on the floor behind Bus in order to give him a clear view. There is one place I shall never forget. While our oarsman was keeping the boat close to one side of the canyon wall, the boat leapt in the air and in the next second the bottom of the boat scraped over the top of a partially submerged rock. The huge wave that always lurks behind such obstacles enveloped us. The boat was practically full of water, as Bus kept the bow pointed downstream. Another such wave would swamp us. Fortunately we had bailed half the water by the time we hit the next bad stretch. Bus seemed tired, but encouraged us by saying that we had passed through the worst of it.

Rounding a bend we came into bright daylight and saw Tony's red racing car welcoming us to a safe landing. Proud of our dripping clothes, we pulled the boats up the rocky shore. The journey had been completed without a mishap; the archeological evidence had proven extremely interesting; and eight men, now bearded and unkempt, had lived together through a most thrilling ten day experience.

CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE

Edwin C. Hill (*Our Rich and Landed Estate*) is a well-known radio news commentator. This talk, originally presented under the title "Our National Parks", has been slightly condensed for National Parks Magazine. It was given over the Columbia Broadcasting System in November 1940, and a month later, at the request of Representative J. W. Robinson of Utah, was printed in the Congressional Record.

David C. Winslow

David C. Winslow (*Army Paradise*) holds the position of Ranger at White Sands National Monument, New Mexico. He was born at Creston, Iowa, twenty-eight years ago. At Oklahoma University, Dr. E. E. Dale, historical writer; Stanley Vestal, detective fiction writer; and Professor C. J. Bollinger, head of the geography department, encouraged his writing. Weekly he read and debated in Thalian and Congress Literary Societies, and broadcast from the University station as International Relations Club Reporter.

Granted a Graduate-Assistantship at the University of Nebraska, he received a Master's Degree in geography and plant ecology, and is doing doctorate work at Michigan University. While instructing at Seminole Junior College, Oklahoma, Mr. Winslow published a high school workbook, wrote six scientific papers, and contributed numerous articles to newspapers. Through a Junior Professional Assistant examination in 1941, he joined the National Park Service at Carlsbad Caverns, and has since been transferred to White Sands where he has written about the activities and wonders of the monument.

Alexander Sprunt, Jr.

Alexander Sprunt, Jr. (*Tropic Wilderness*) has been interested in natural history, particularly birds, since childhood. From 1924 to 1930 he held the position of Curator of Ornithology at the Charleston Museum. In the summer of 1933 he was appointed Ranger Naturalist at Grand Teton National Park, and since that time he has become widely known for his nature articles published in such magazines as Ladies Home Journal, American Magazine, Good Housekeeping, Nature Magazine, American Forests and American Boy. Besides being a full member of the American Ornithologists Union, Mr. Sprunt has lately been connected with the National Audubon Society, serving first as Supervisor of the Society's southern bird sanctuaries, and now as the Society's Southern Representative. His field work during these years includes sixty-two trips to Florida and 10,000 miles of flying over the Everglades and keys.

Frank M. Setzler

Frank M. Setzler (*Riding the Yampa*) was born in Fremont, Ohio. He is Head Curator of the Department of Anthropology at the U. S. National Museum and Secretary of the Advisory Board of the National Park Service. While attending Ohio State University, Dr. Setzler served as Assistant Field Director for the Ohio State Museum, during which time he learned the technique of scientifically excavating prehistoric Indian mounds in

Southern Ohio. From 1928 to 1930 he served as State Archeologist of Indiana while continuing his post-graduate studies in anthropology at the University of Chicago. Dr. Setzler has directed numerous archeological expeditions for the Institution in Louisiana, Illinois, New Mexico, Colorado, in the Big Bend region of Texas, and elsewhere. Through these explorations Dr. Setzler has acquired an appreciation of the wild and little-known regions of the West.

Besides being associated with numerous scientific societies, Dr. Setzler has written many publications on archeology.

THE EDITOR'S BOOKSHELF

EARTH'S ADVENTURES, by Carroll Lane Fenton. Published by The John Day Company, New York. Illustrated. 207 pages. Price $3.00.

Here is the thrilling story of the adventures of our planet from the time it was hurled from the sun 3,000,000,000 years ago. Lavishly illustrated with photographs and drawings by the author, the book not only gives us the past history of the formation of the earth, but points out how we, today, can observe the continuing changes going on around us. To learn about these things will make one's travels and hikes through the country far more interesting, for nearly everywhere there is some geologic feature which has a tale to tell if only we can read it. Dr. Fenton has written the book for just this purpose, and in so doing, has made certain that it will appeal to boys and girls.

CONSERVATION FOR TOMORROW'S AMERICA, by Ollie E. Fink. Issued by The Ohio Division of Conservation and Natural Resources in cooperation with The State Department of Education. Illustrated. 144 pages. Price fifty cents.

This book contains practical information and suggestions for teaching conservation in junior and senior high schools. The volume marks another step ahead for Ohio. In the words of Governor John W. Bricker printed on page two. "Conservation means a better citizenship. It is probably the highest patriotism. It is a patriotic duty to stop wasting our resources and to find the best means of restoring those which are renewable, especially those so vital to life as soil and water."

The young people of today will manage the nation's resources tomorrow. If they can gain the proper knowledge for wise use of those resources, the future health and welfare of America will be assured. With chapters on nutrition and human health, the study of water, soil conservation and related subjects, this book provides a means for promoting understanding of the necessity of conservation.

THE IVORY-BILLED WOODPECKER Research Report No. 1, by James T. Tanner. Published by the National Audubon Society, 1006 Fifth Avenue, New York. Illustrated. 111 pages. Price $2.50.

Here is the first in a series of reports to be published by the National Audubon Society on rare or vanishing species of birds. This one is the result of twenty-one months spent in the field by the author, who was aided and advised by Professor Arthur A. Allen of Cornell University. The project was undertaken to discover the necessary facts for planning a conservation program for the ivory-billed woodpecker. The report includes an investigation of present distribution and numbers of the species, as

well as a study of its ecology and life history. Other important topics pertaining to the life of the bird are discussed. These include territory and courtship, nest building and the nest, eggs and incubation, care of the young, food and feeding habits, behavior, and so forth. One of the many outstanding facts revealed by the report is that the disappearance of the woodpecker from its once wide range coincides in nearly every locality with the removal of virgin timber. Not only is this report a thorough and valuable account of America's rarest bird, but the work is a model of what such a report should be.

WILD ANIMALS OF THE ROCKIES, by William Marshall Rush. Published by Harper Brothers, New York. Illustrated. 296 pages. Price $3.00.

Besides being an eye-witness account of the habits of the animals which live in the Rockies, this book offers good entertainment. Actually there is not a dull moment in it, for the author has a wealth of experience to relate, and he knows how to tell about it in a way that keeps the reader's interest constantly at a high pitch.

Mr. Rush has been in both the U. S. Forest Service and in the National Park Service. He has observed widlife under all kinds of conditions of weather and at all seasons and through great patience, he has witnessed events in the lives of animals which few men have been fortunate enough to see. Here is reading-fun for young and old alike.

AMERICA'S NATURAL WEALTH, by Richard Lieber. Published by Harper Brothers, New York. Illustrated. 245 pages. Price $2.50.

The author, for many years an ardent conservationist, has held important positions, both state and national, in various agencies of conservation. He has given much of his life to the great task of saving for his fellow citizens "America as God made her". In this book he is carrying on that task, for in it the author describes the use and waste of the nation's natural wealth —soil, forests, water, and so on—which have accompanied the spread of civilization throughout the land. The book, being simply written, bears an important message for the layman. The great struggle to conserve our resources can only be victorious through a constant spread of knowledge of the importance to conserve, an understanding of what constitutes waste and what must be done to prevent it. For that reason this book should be widely read, and particularly by those of college and school age.

TREES OF THE EASTERN UNITED STATES AND CANADA, by William M. Harlow. Published by McGraw-Hill Book Company, Inc., New York. Illustrated. 288 pages. Price $2.75.

The author believes that many people are finding the study of trees and their identification a fascinating hobby, but that many others who otherwise might become interested, are not inclined to do so owing to the necessity of learning the scientific language in which most tree books are written. In this book, therefore, all scientific terms are omitted. The text gives countless interesting facts about the trees aside from their mere descriptions.

Because he is Assistant Professor of Wood Technology at New York State College of Forestry and has served as a ranger and forester, Mr. Harlow is well equipped to write such a book. Furthermore, the author is a well-known nature photographer and has used hundreds of his own excellent photographs as illustrations. In many instances he shows the bark, leaves, flowers, fruit, twigs and the full tree of a given species. Among the illustrations there are five pages of color reproductions. Pocket-size and handy to carry afield, this book is perfect for anyone interested in the study of trees as a hobby.

NEWS FROM THE CONSERVATION BATTLEFRONTS

THE PENNSYLVANIA FORESTRY ASSOCIATION, 1007 Commercial Trust Building, Philadelphia.—The Association has been successful in its fight to prevent construction of a dam on the Clarion River recommended by the Army Engineers for flood control and power purposes. Not only would the dam have flooded a thousand acres of Cook Forest, but it would have destroyed all vegetation below 1350 feet elevation including some virgin white pine and hemlock.

By employing an engineer, we proved that a thirty million dollar dam so located would decrease the flood crest at Pittsburgh only one foot, whereas the expenditure of one half this sum on the Conemaugh River would lower the flood three feet.—H. Gleason Mattoon, *Secretary.*

PAN-AMERICAN COMMITTEE FOR BIRD PRESERVATION, 1006 Fifth Avenue, New York.—So desirable is it to have the importance of bird banding understood, that we are distributing free, upon request, a pamphlet entitled, "Bird Migration in the Western Hemisphere". Written in Spanish and English, it is being distributed throughout all countries of the Western Hemisphere. The object of the pamphlet is to encourage, especially people in Latin America, to watch for birds bearing U. S. Government bands, and to encourage taking part in banding operations.

Various scientific societies in South America are now circulating hundreds of copies of this pamphlet among members. From the Pan American Society of Tropical Research in Quito, a call has come for information on how bird-banding operations can be inaugurated and carried on in Ecuador. The publication has met with such high approval that another edition is being printed.—T. Gilbert Pearson, *Chairman.*

GENERAL FEDERATION OF WOMEN'S CLUBS, Conservation Committee, 227 Poinciana Drive, Birmingham, Alabama.—Our educational program in the Wartime Forest-Fire Prevention Campaign, included a radio drama. A record transcription of this drama was sent to each state conservation and radio chairman to be used in the campaign against forest fires. Clubwomen call the record "The Whitehurst Radio Message". Mrs. Whitehurst, General Federation President, tells the public that the clubwomen are working for forest conservation, so that America can have the wood that is needed now and forever, and in her closing appeal, says: "The need to conserve our timber resources far outstrips that of 1917 and 1918. Today, *wood flies and floats and shoots.* Let's plan and work now, so that a hundred years hence there will be plenty of wood, if necessary, to fly and float and shoot to keep America free".—Mrs. T. M. Francis, *Chairman.*

SOUTHERN PULPWOOD CONSERVATION ASSOCIATION, 1501 First National Bank Bldg., Atlanta.—What has been termed the most important forestry legislation in Congress since the original Clarke-McNary Law in 1924 is the McNary Amendment, S 2629. This bill would authorize an increase in the annual appropriation for cooperative fire protection from the present two and a half million dollars to nine million. This amount is equal to half the estimated cost of nation-wide fire protection and would be used for matching state funds appropriated for this purpose.

The bill was introduced by Senator McNary upon request by the Association of State Foresters. The American Forestry Association and all state forestry associations, in addition to other diversified forestry groups throughout the nation, are vigorously supporting the bill.

Interested individuals are urged to write or wire their senators in the bill's behalf and to take the same action with their Congressmen when the bill reaches the House. —Frank Heyward, Jr., *Forester.*

IZAAK WALTON LEAGUE OF AMERICA, LaSalle Hotel, Chicago.—In the last Minnesota Legislature a bill slipped through requiring the Governor's approval on all land purchases. Then on recommendation of the Commissioner of Conservation, purchases in the Kabetogama and Pigeon River purchase units of the Quetico-Superior were blocked. When things got too hot the Commissioner sought an agreement with the Regional Forester as a face-saving device, "limiting" the Forest Service to 5,000,000 acres. As that was 258,000 acres more than the Federal program, the first phase of the controversy ended, clearly revealing the real issue—the Tamarac Refuge of the Fish and Wildlife Service.

There the State blocked completion by withholding consent on all lands south of an east and west line. Below this line is a private duck club strategically located at the mouth of the refuge flyway, whose members are financially and politically influential. We can understand the duck club's

desire to retain exclusive privileges, but not the Commissioner in championing the gun club cause against all the people of Minnesota and against completion of the Federal Refuge. The Commissioner will have difficulty in finding as convenient an out on the real issue as he did on the smoke screen.—Kenneth A. Reid, *Executive Secretary.*

THE AMERICAN FORESTRY ASSOCIATION, 919 17th Street, N. W., Washington. —A wartime program of the American Forestry Association is: 1. Intensification of educational and legislative activities to assure protection of forests from fire, adoption of improved methods of forest practice, and avoidance of unnecessary waste, including: Cooperation with the Association of State Foresters to obtain authorization under the Clarke-McNary Act of $10,000,000 for federal aid in the control of fire, insects and disease; promotion of constructive state legislation to control cutting on privately owned forest lands. The Association believes that incentive should be given to progressive forest management through private initiative, and that any forms of public regulation should be related to the experience and responsibility of forest owners in each locality. 2. Promotion of research in forest products by the federal government, industry and educational institutions. 3. Appraisal of the forest situation, with reference to its changing status under war and post-war conditions. Under these conditions many questions are pressing for an answer. These will become increasingly urgent in the later stages of the war, and after. The Association can render service by undertaking a study of such problems, with a view to making available the facts on which sound forest policy must be based.—Erle Kauffman, *Associate Editor, American Forests.*

AUDUBON SOCIETY OF THE DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA, Childrens' Museum, 4215 Massachusetts Avenue, N. W., Washington. —This, one of the oldest Audubon Societies in the Nation, numbering among its early members founders of the national conservation movement, is concerned with the furtherance of the best interests of the nation's wildlife. Among the stated objectives of the Society are to actively support nature education and conservation projects in the District of Columbia and to act as a source of leaders for these projects. Specific activities in progress are cooperation with the naturalists of the National Capitol Parks in their outdoor education projects and the developing of a bird sanctuary called Audubon Park, on the grounds of the Childrens' Museum. Another objective particularly important at this time, with the influx of war workers into the District of Columbia, is to afford an opportunity for persons interested in birds, to get together and share their experiences.—John W. Aldrich, *President.*

CONNECTICUT FOREST AND PARK ASSOCIATION, 215 Church Street, New Haven.—In the fuel crisis, the research on fuelwood carried on by the Marketing Committee of the Connecticut Forest and Park Association has become of national interest. The Association recently issued the fifth revised edition of its pamphlet on "How to Burn Wood", and a new bulletin on "How to Cut Wood with Less Labor". The most significant achievement is the development of an auxiliary wood-burning unit for oil heaters. In the new unit, which can be built out of fire-brick by any good mechanic, wood is distilled into gas, which is burned in the furnace at a high temperature. Green wood can be used. The fuel magazine only needs to be filled once every eight to twenty-four hours, depending on the temperature and the size of the house. It is adapted to any convertible furnace where there is an assured wood supply.—Edgar L. Heermance, *Secretary.*

NATIONAL ROADSIDE COUNCIL, 119 East 19th Street, New York.—In 1939 and 1940 the National Roadside Council made Florida its major project, hoping to bring about a billboard control law. A camera survey of the state was made and published in Nature Magazine, "Florida Behind the Billboards". It was widely noticed in the Florida press and papers throughout the country and was reproduced in full by the official publication of the Florida Highway Department. Illustrated talks, sponsored by the State Planning Board, were given by the National Council chairman before men's service clubs and garden clubs. This frank and unfavorable publicity opened the eyes of Floridians who were quick to respond, and a legislative campaign ably conducted by the Garden Club Federation resulted in a billboard law in 1941.

Each sign must have a state permit with fee of two cents per square foot. Minimum fifty cents. Able enforcement has banished thousands of tree signs and small signboards and even some of the large billboards. Florida's highways are noticeably cleaner.

Under war conditions more signs will go. The Florida State Highway Department, enforcing the law, has written each sign owner to consider which, if any, of his signs are worth cost of renewed permits under present economic conditions.

Further, the Department offers to remove and salvage for national defense, any signs not worth maintaining. Many contain valuable metal needed for war.—Mrs. W. L. Lawton, *Chairman.*

NATIONAL PARKS ASSOCIATION

1214 SIXTEENTH STREET, N. W., WASHINGTON, D. C.

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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 1872. 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. After the party made its report to Congress, 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 which still remains the only commercialized water of consequence in the System; 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, as parts of the National Park System, 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 these are officially entitled **national primeval parks** to distinguish them from the others, they will remain subject to political assaults.

National Parks Association

The Association was established in 1919 to serve the high standards adopted at the creation of the National Park Service. It gives the nation a voice in maintaining primeval standards in the parks. Its membership is composed of men and women who know the value of preserving for all time these few small remnants of the original wilderness of North America. Non-political and non-partisan, it stands ready to oppose violations to the sanctity of the National Park System. When threats occur, the Association appeals to its members and allied organizations through its news service or through the pages of this magazine to take action by expressing their wishes to their Congressmen or to others in authority. Among the achievements of the Association and its many allies are the prevention of the damming of Yellowstone Lake, participation in the establishment of twelve of the thirteen latest national parks and of many national monuments.

The National Parks and You

To insure the preservation of this heritage, 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. Join now. Annual membership is $3.00 a year; supporting membership $5.00 a year; sustaining membership $10.00 a year; contributing membership $25.00 a year; life membership $100.00, and patron membership $1,000.00 with no further dues. All memberships include subscription to NATIONAL PARKS MAGAZINE.

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