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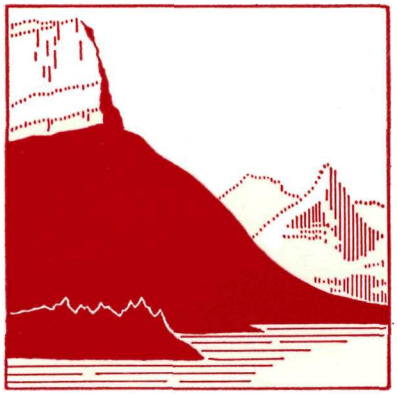
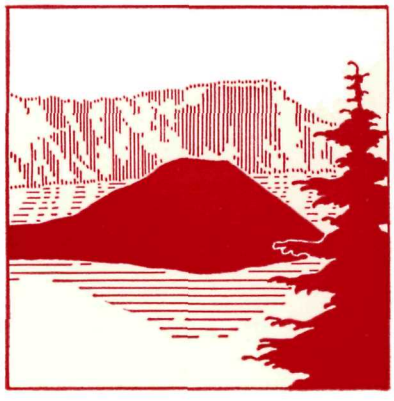


The great primary principle that the national parks must be forever maintained in absolutely unimpaired form for present generations and posterity has been established by Congress, and until Congress, having the ultimate decision, by legislative mandate annuls or changes this principle, it must be faithfully, unequivocally and unalterably adhered to.—STEPHEN T. MATHER.



NATIONAL PARKS MAGAZINE

Published quarterly by

The National Parks Association

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

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DEVEREUX BUTCHER, Editor

July-September 1951 **CONTENTS** **Vol. 25, No. 106**

NATIONAL PARKS MAGAZINE, formerly National Parks Bulletin, has been published since 1919 by the National Parks Association. It presents articles of importance and of general interest relating to the national parks and monuments, and is issued quarterly for members of the Association and for others who are interested in the preservation of our national parks and monuments as well as in maintaining national park standards, and in helping to preserve wilderness. (See inside back cover.) School or library subscription $2 a year.

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Lake Tenaya in Yosemite's high country. The park's wilderness is the classroom of the Yosemite Field School.

YOSEMITE FIELD SCHOOL

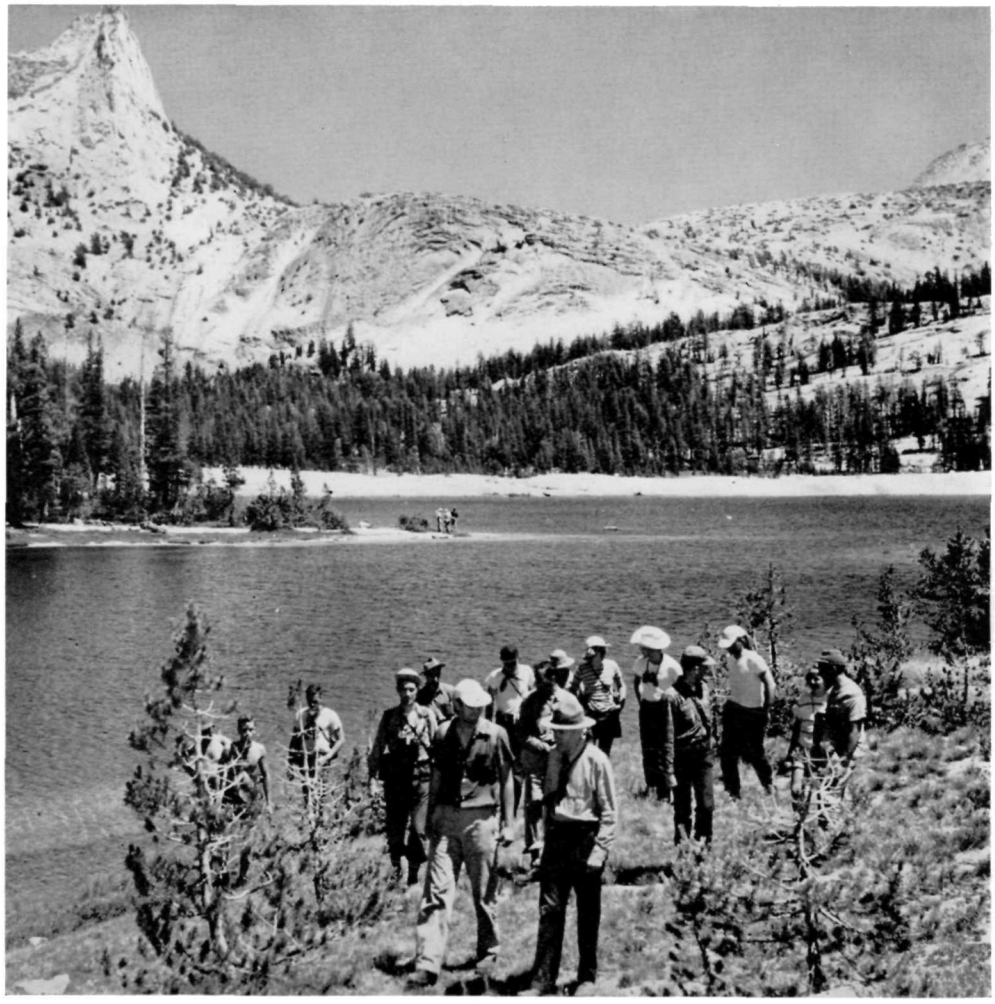
By PHYLLIS LYTLE

EVERYONE has a vague conception of what an ideal world would be like. Each of us has a personal hope and dream that we may in some part help the world attain that ideal; yet it is rare that such a dream finds a real niche in our ordinary lives. This past summer I discovered what my bit is to be. From June to August, I was in Yosemite National Park, with eighteen other young people, taking part in the 1950 Yosemite Field School. At the summer's end, each of us came away with the knowledge that national parks have a place in the foundation of a nation and a world, and that the backbone of a national park is the people who work for it. Each of us felt the conviction that it is for us—the teachers, parents, nature lovers, park naturalists and rangers—to introduce the public to nature in the manner that it is done in national parks. In doing this, we will have our part in building the ideal world.

National parks have been established to preserve areas of natural beauty as museums and recreation spots for the American people. The National Park Service was founded not only to protect the parks, but also to fit them for the use of the public. National park people are not policemen. They are not in the Service because they have a selfish love of the outdoors and nature untrammeled. They have taken their jobs because they have a deep feeling for the need of all people to thrill to the inspiration, beauty, and fascination of nature; the need of all people to feel an urge to serve God's earth and God's people. To preserve, to instill appreciation and inspiration, these are the offerings of national parks.

We of the Field School were not told these things. We learned them by living and working with people who have devoted much of their lives to the National Park Service. We discovered that the Service is not just a place to enjoy a pleasant, forty-hour-a-week job. A park staff is small; the funds appropriated for expenses and salaries are inadequate. But the work must be done. Many hours beyond the mere limit of salaries are spent each month by every member of the Service. And many parks have an association, e.g. The Yosemite Natural History Association, which is supported by donations from Park Service people and friends of the parks. These associations supply much of the equipment and money for publications, which would otherwise be unavailable for visitors. Much time is devoted to careful planning of programs, museum displays, park management, and to carrying out these plans. Every museum exhibit, every nature walk, every word and action is aimed at arousing interest, curiosity, and pleasure in the visitor. The Field School itself is kept going mainly by the volunteer work of the Yosemite staff. The enthusiasm for this was especially infectious to us. All of the directors of the school did their utmost to encourage us. Over and over, we Field Schoolers witnessed how National Park Service people are imbued by a love for their work.

We were changed in many ways by our experiences. We all acquired a beautiful tan. We learned to walk sixteen miles in a day without unusual aches or pains. We could give talks on a variety of topics such as Yosemite geology and Indians and birds. We learned a new repertoire of camp songs. There was a change in the way we thought, too. For each of us, life had taken on this new goal of bringing nature to other people as it was brought to us. Perhaps if I begin at the beginning and relate some of the events of the summer you will understand something of what I am trying to say.



Ralph H. Anderson

A field school group, under guidance of a ranger, learns to interpret nature for others.

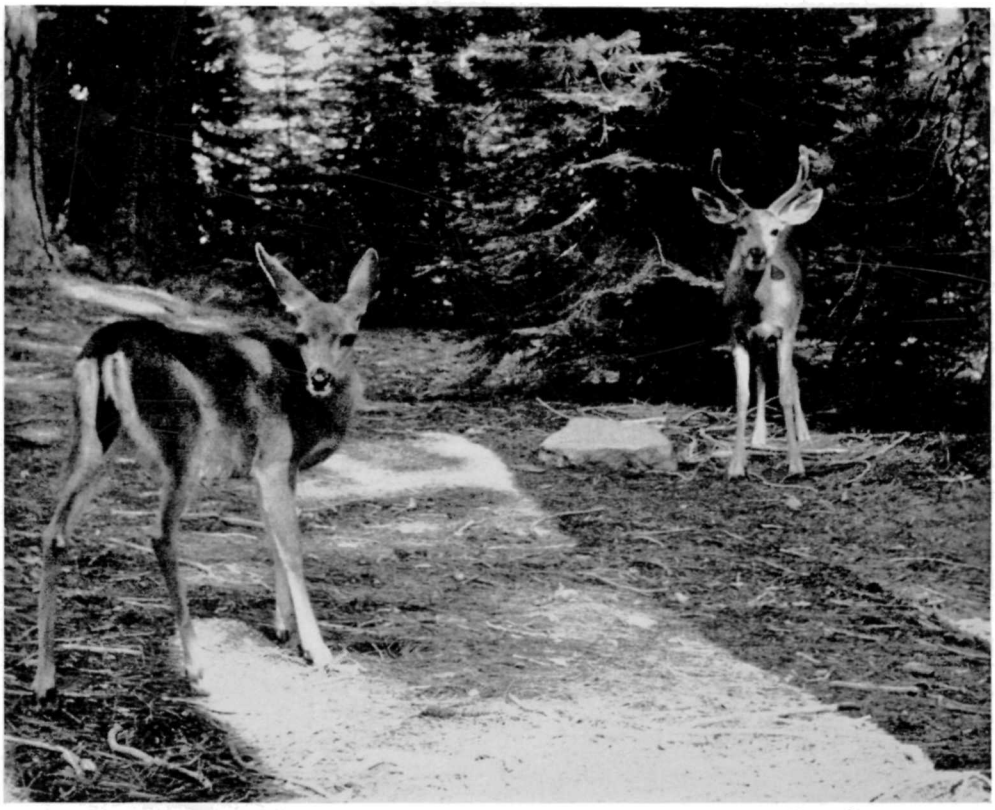
On the evening of June 25, the members of the 1950 Yosemite Field School met together for the first time, around the camp fire at Camp 19, in Yosemite Valley. We were there for a variety of reasons, I think: some to learn about nature and how to teach it, some to prepare themselves for permanent Park Service work, some to have an interesting summer with the hope that in the future it might help to obtain a summer job as a park naturalist. We were greeted by many of the officials in the valley, both of the Park Service and of the Yosemite Park and Curry Co., concessioners in the valley. Only two of the things that were said to us that night remain with me. First, the Field School is intended not to teach the natural history of Yosemite to its students, but to train them to interpret nature to the public, whether in schools or parks or museums. In other words it is an "interpretive workshop" constructed for the purpose of turning out teachers of natural history, conservation

and nature protection in any position that the teachers may hold. And, second, we were told that a field school becomes a close-bound unit from which it is difficult to part at the end of the summer. So it was, but it was more.

In our first two weeks we were given a whirlwind review of all a public servant should know, from the names of Yosemite snakes and flowers to fiscal management, from first aid for hikers to wildlife survey and census. Much of our information was gained from the lectures of the ever-present members of the Park Service staff, permanent employees as well as temporary summer naturalists. But we absorbed more simply by watching them at work in the museum and around the park. We learned by reading the excellent collection of books in the museum library, by studying the animal skins, the herbarium, the insect collection. There were other things we learned, too. There was the sharing of our daily cooking tasks, chasing bears away from our bacon and sugar, waiting our turn to wash our dirty clothes in the camp washing machine. And there were free hours in the evenings and weekends for each to spend in his own way, or to share activities with others. Sometimes we spent pleasant evenings of music and slide talks, at the public camp fire in Camp 14. We held riotous music fests in our own camp, with harmonicas, mandolin, flute, recorders, spoons, washboard, voices. There was one evening of folk dancing with the Santa Barbara Nature School group. Some of us took an afternoon walk to Ostrander Lake; another group spent a day exploring May Lake and Mt. Hoffman. Two of the men took a moonlight walk up Little Yosemite Valley, slept there under the stars, awoke to cast

To all of us, the weeks in the high country were the most unforgettable of the summer.

Ralph H. Anderson



National Parks Association

Yosemite mule deer. Taking a wildlife census of the valley is the activity of that first two-week period that remains clearest in my memory.

their fish lines, and soon had fresh trout from the Merced River sputtering in their frying pan for breakfast. We remember things like getting ice cream cones from the Lost Arrow soda fountain and basking in the sun to recover from the icy shock of the Merced. On our first Saturday as an organized field school, we exercised our ingenuity (and got experience in working together) by serving our staff and faculty a dinner of rice, beef strogonoff, tossed salad, and watermelon, and a beautiful plaster-of-paris birthday cake for Don McHenry, our school director. Then we entertained them! Among other things, we conferred several degrees upon members of our staff, notably Doctor of Backpacking and Doctor of Scatology. The traditional, academic hood for the degree of Doctor of Backpacking was "built" of a Trapper Nelson backpack loaded with a frying pan, dangling socks (hung out to dry), mosquito netting and the like. The hood for the degree of Doctor of Scatology consisted of dangling pasteboard milk cartons (for collecting). The mortarboards were large squares of cardboard with a hole in the center for the head and a tassel of pine needles.

Taking a wildlife census of the valley is the activity of that first two-week period that remains clearest in my memory. We were divided into four groups. Each group was given an area to cover systematically, counting and recording the animals seen. This involved wading through the water-

soaked meadows, while battling squadrons of mosquitos, climbing around the lower edges of the precipitous valley walls, skirting giant boulders and live oak trees, hopping from island to island in order to cross the numerous, braided streams spreading out below Bridalveil and Yosemite falls, and explaining to the amused public that we really didn't need psychiatric attention, but were out to count all the animals we could find.

Our second two weeks were busier than the first, if that were possible. There was a truck trip to the Mariposa Big Trees, with the park forester as our guide. On our way, we saw first hand the work of the destructive pine beetles and how they are controlled; we visited a blister rust control camp; we saw the functioning of the far-too-small museum at Mariposa; we examined the site of the large new campground at Wawona and handled pestles in a nearby Indian "kitchen," a site apparently unmolested since the last Indian woman ground acorn meal for her family. There was an overnight trip to Glacier Point. On that trip we visited a fire lookout tower, built a fire line, learned some basic techniques about fire fighting crews. The Chinquapin district ranger demonstrated first aid measures for skiers, and discussed the diverse duties of a district ranger. That night we sat around our camp fire to sing and talk, and then climbed into our sleeping bags beneath the talking firs. Early the next morning we set off to the valley floor by way of the old Pohono Trail; gazed over precipitous cliffs; read the trail signs of bears and deer and other wild creatures; learned to call the brilliant scarlet gilia, the demure Labrador tea, the white lupine, by name; listened to a mother grouse hustling her brood, and heard the brood's frantic peeping and scrambling, when our trail separated them from their mother; and finally, arrived hot and dusty at the trail's end to find cold lemonade and letters from home awaiting us.

Then there were four strenuous days of public contact work each week: we served at the museum information desk, gave geology and reptile lectures, led park visitors and, most important, Junior Nature School, on nature walks. The latter was to everyone the bright light of those two weeks. What more could we ask for than a bunch of brown, gay kids to take on walks and to help with handicrafts? They learned the names of trees and where they grow. They learned the names of birds, where to find them, what they eat, and the materials from which they build their nests. We showed them the secrets of pouring plaster in animal tracks on the shores of Mirror Lake; of gathering microscopic forms of life from the river and watching them in the big, wide world of the microscope. We worked with them while they made bookends with leaf prints stenciled on them, and poured plaster to make ash trays from mountain lions' tracks. Along with these museum and Nature School duties, we learned to skin mammals and birds; learned the techniques of museum display, the use of technical library materials and filing methods; learned the principles of public speaking and listened to our voices from the "infernal machine," the wire tape recorder; learned the techniques of giving slide talks, the mounting of film in slides and the splicing of movie film. In the evenings we prepared lecture programs, and practiced on each other around our own camp fire. During one evening, various staff members shared with us their ideas on backpacking and hiking equipment as a preparation for our "high country" trip.

To all of us, the two weeks in the high country were the most unforgettable of the summer. The gleaming granite mountains dotted with snow patches and grown with weather-twisted whitebark pines, the trout-filled meanders of the rivers in the meadows, the swift, rock-impeded dash of the snow-fed streams, the deep blue-green of seemingly endless conifer stands—all these were the background of our stay. But it was the little things that we remember best:

the brilliant yellow, shadowed by apricot, of a cluster of bracket fungus that lighted the forest shadow along the trail from Yosemite Falls to Porcupine Flats, on the north rim of the valley; the contest to spot the first hemlock as we trucked from Porcupine Flats to Tuolumne Meadows; the pouring rain gushing through deep-worn crevices in the *roches moutonneés* and making the granite gleam softly, on our first afternoon in the Meadows; the clear yellow of lodgepole pine, where the porcupine had lunched on the bark; the mad mixture of greens and violets in the rock mass of Mt. Dana, highlighted by orange and yellow crustose lichens; the warning whistles of the picket pin (Belding ground squirrel) far ahead of our trail as we invaded his private meadow; the heat of a roaring fire on our faces and the cold of high country nights at our backs as we sat about the camp fire at Tuolumne Meadows; the warmth and excitement of successful teaching as each of our groups gave a program over that same crackling fire; wind in our faces as we gazed south from the summit of Mt. Lyell to the black splinters of Banner and Ritter peaks, and the blue-green of the lakes far below that make up the headwaters of the Merced; the pull of the bare, windswept granite as we gained elevation, and the regret when we descended; the dust that lightened our hair and tanned our skin and gritted our teeth after a day of exploring the gold-rush towns of Bodie and Aurora, now dilapidated ghosts in the desert hills east of Mono Lake; the comfortable weariness and strong appetite after a day's hike to new places, sights, sounds, and touch, with a knowledge of new strength in our limbs; the sharing of KP duties around the giant, blackened kettles in our outdoor kitchen (under the superior supervision of our two cooks, who also served as our alarm clock); the sense of sadness as we trucked to Tenaya Lake to start our last walk back to the valley, and the feeling of going home as we stood on Cloud's Rest and looked into the hazy valley below; the cleanness of our first hot shower in two weeks, and the fullness after the huge dinner, complete from macaroni and shrimp casserole to homemade cakes, prepared for us by our staff.

During our last week in the valley, we again took over the nature walks and the museum lectures, this time including the Indian demonstration, which involved working with Chief Leemy. Each group prepared a program for a public camp fire at Camp 14. And each Field Schooler wrote an article for the *Yosemite Nature Notes*. On one evening, Ansel Adams, California and Yosemite photographer and writer, talked with us about his work. In the discussion that arose, we came to realize even more the scope of the influence of national parks and the intricacies of expressing them adequately to others. At our final camp fire meeting in Camp 19, there came over us an empty feeling. The summer was over. It could never be relived. But there was a feeling of looking ahead to the time that we, too, would share the experiences of this summer with other people.

By working and learning and living together with the inspiration of Yosemite National Park and the ideals of the Park Service always around us, we became convinced of the value of the parks and the part that they should have in the lives of all American citizens. The spirit of the parks, the peace of mind, the inspiration that can be gained there, these are gifts to all who make the acquaintance of a national park. We of the Field School are fortunate to have had the experience of such close association with the park and its people. And we are fortunate in gaining there a background to help us extend this experience to others. You, as the American public, will find life much richer when you, too, have felt the power of the parks and find your own way to share it with others. To enjoy the wilderness is a heritage—one we must always protect.

FLORIDA'S KEY DEER GET AID

A COOPERATIVE AGREEMENT between the Boone and Crockett Club, the U. S. Fish and Wildlife Service and the State of Florida has recently made possible the full-time employment of a Fish and Wildlife Service warden to guard the key deer. Warden Jack Watson is making his headquarters at Marathon, on the keys, and will work to protect the deer from the guns of poachers during the coming year. We are certain that no person is more able to cope with this difficult problem than Mr. Watson.

The great need is for congressional authorization to purchase the deer habitat. Congressman William C. Lantaff of Florida introduced H. R. 2897, on February 26, but at present, enactment of this legislation appears extremely unlikely. The bill would authorize the Secretary of the Interior to acquire such lands and interests therein, as are suitable for the conservation and management of the key deer. The bill would provide a maximum of $100,000 for land purchase. This sum would help considerably, but it might require as much as $300,000 to do the job properly. (See *The Last Stand of the Key Deer*, NATIONAL PARKS MAGAZINE for July-September 1950.)

Mr. J. Clark Salyer, 2nd, of the Fish and Wildlife Service, visited the Florida keys early in April, to study the problem, and he made a report of his inspection to Service Director Albert M. Day. To show the plight of the deer, we give Mr. Salyer's report almost in its entirety:

I recently made a thorough inspection of our proposed Key Deer Refuge along the Florida keys. I think Mr. Silver and Manager Baker have done an excellent job in outlining the proposed boundaries of the refuge. To their intended area I would add only No Name Key at this time. As Supervisor Miller and I look at it, and as Manager Baker also concurs, No Name Key affords the finest opportunity for the ultimate preservation of the deer. In the first place, it is isolated from the other keys by deep water, so that we could hold several hundred deer here, and they could not stray to other areas, and especially to the main U. S. highway, where the present mortality is tremendous. Next to Big Pine Key, it is the largest area of deer range in the project. It also has the finest food resources and the best possibility for fresh water development. There are a number of good size old fields which could be easily reclaimed for the production of supplemental food, which is so urgent at this time.

I want to state that the key deer are fast approaching their last crisis. Of the estimated number of forty living, made about this time last year, at least eight have been killed along the main road through the key area while they were seeking fresh water in the roadside ditches. With the usual poaching and other tolls, the herd is on its last legs.

More of the landowners are beginning to band together to take protective action against the proposal. On the other hand, the biggest single owner of land on the important Big Pine Key has indicated to Manager Baker that he will sell to us.

I say it is now or never with the key deer. We should keep in mind that in setting up the selected area for the deer, we are also preserving the best and greater percent of the feeding range of the white crown pigeon in our country, and also, adequately providing for the future preservation of the crocodile. Moreover, the Florida keys have a general fauna and flora ecology found nowhere else in the United States. The proposed Key Deer Refuge would preserve an adequate sample of this for all time, which, in an esthetic sense, is distinctly worth while.

Finally, I should emphasize that all Florida, and this area in particular, is undergoing an intensified boom. Much of the key area is being cleared and divided into lots with a network of streets. In fact, one of the largest owners of Big Pine Key is now planning a system of paved streets on his land. Likewise, the Navy is considering Big Pine Key for an air-to-ground gunnery area. All these factors combined require early action

(Continued on page 105)

Ghost-Towns of the Parunuweap

By HARRY C. JAMES, Member
National Parks Association
Photographs by the Author

"IT'S amazin' what mountain-climbin' a cow can do in this canyon country." The speaker was Art DeMille of Rockville, Utah, the little Mormon community down the river a few miles from the entrance to Zion National Park.

We were sprawled around a tiny camp fire in a clump of cottonwoods under the towering red cliffs of Zion Canyon, drinking in colorful tales of Mormon yesterdays told by some of the old-timers of Utah's Dixie: the good and honest Saints' account of the Mountain Meadow Massacre; the discovery of Little Zion, as the Mormon pioneers had first called the Zion Canyon country; and now Art's story of his own boyhood experiences. Art belonged to the region. He had grown up in Little Zion, and he had lived there all his life.

The usually active imaginations of the boy-campers, who were listening, seemed to find it a bit difficult to picture placid Mormon cows climbing over the sheer cliffs of Zion, but Art continued: "Yes, we were livin' over at the entrance of the Parunuweap—it's a box-like canyon about as Zion is. You'd never think that cows could get out of it, but they'd climb up in little side canyons, cross over little ledges here and there, and in just no time at all they would seem to disappear right off the map.

"We kids had to spend a lot o' time huntin' those cows, I can tell you, but we sorta liked doin' it. The country was all new and we had the fun of explorin' it. There were a few Indians livin' around, but they wouldn't tell us much about it, so we had to find out for ourselves.

"I'll never forget the day I found the village of cliff-dwellin's. I came acrost it when I was out lookin' for those old cows of ours. I had followed their tracks up a little side stream. The underbrush was a thick tangle of scrub oak, cedars, and an occasional cottonwood. The stream sort of peters out, but I could hear the water runnin' 'way up above. I forgot the cows, and scrambled up the cliffs and came to a fine little spring drippin' into clear pools surrounded with flowers and ferns—a reg'lar garden it was.

"After crawlin' through some brush I suddenly found myself standin' right in front of human habitations. I forgot everything in my surprise and wonder. The funny-lookin' pictures on the walls and the queer-shaped dwellin's in front of a cave caught my attention at first, but I think what impressed me most was the quiet, strange beauty of the place—the brown-red of the cliffs, with the green of the trees. There is a sort of pride about the village. I guess it's because it sits so high up there in the canyon side, with such a sweep of country spread out before it.

"Then, too, it sort of clutches your heart to find abandoned to the wilds a place where human bein's have lived, and loved, and died.—" His voice trailed out in reminiscent thought.

"Is it still there, Mr. DeMille? Could we see it?" asked the boys.

The author is president of The Trailfinders, Banning, California. The Trailfinders is an outdoor organization for boys, the purpose of which is to teach and to live the outdoor life for its value in bringing about all-around development—physical, mental, social and spiritual; to strive toward attainment of the highest citizenship and deepest loyalty to our country. One of the important activities of The Trailfinders is taking trips of exploration in the wilderness. In this article, Mr. James describes such a trip, with a group of his boys, into the wild and little-known Parunuweap Canyon in the southern part of Zion National Park.—*Editor.*

"Sure, it's still there, boys, but it's sorta hard to get to. There's no auto road there. You'd have to take a wagon several miles over to the mouth of the canyon and then hike up."

"Can't we go over there? Can't we, please?" was written on every face.

"How about it, Art? Could we make it?" I asked.

"An awful lot of rattlesnakes over there," Harold Russell, the ranger, threw in.

"Oh, boy!" the boys chorused in return. Rattlesnakes were right in their stride.

"Well, I guess you could," said Art in answer to my question. "Mebbe my brothers could take you over in their wagons. I gotta stay here on my job in the park, but mebbe they could go if they're not cuttin' their hay yet. It's sure a beautiful place there. You'll like it."

And that was the beginning of our trek to the Parunuweap to explore the cliff-dwellings and the deserted town of Shunesburg.

Although Zion is one of the most popular of the national parks, few visitors ever stay long enough to see anything but the main canyon of the park, the valley of the Mukuntuweap River, for some reason usually called the North Fork of the Virgen River. (The controversy still rages as to how the name of the river should be spelled. Although most modern maps and books speak of it as the Rio Virgin or the Virgin River, the fact remains that it was named for old Tom Virgen who certainly, from all accounts, had more right to the "e" than to the "i"!)

Just as Yosemite National Park is much more than the Yosemite Valley, so Zion is much, much more than the canyon of the Mukuntuweap. Some of the loveliest views are to be had from points outside the relatively small area within the main canyon. It is to be regretted that the trails of Zion are falling more and more into disuse as fewer and fewer visitors expend the energy

On a commanding hill stood a great cut-stone house—a monument to the hard work and broken hopes of those pioneer families.

The trail led past the base of a red cliff eroded into fantastic miniature caverns.

and perspiration needed to climb Zion Mountain, Angel's Landing, East Rim, or any other of the spectacular trails that are to be found radiating from the main canyon.

Still fewer visitors ever go to the great eastern canyon of the park, the canyon of the Parunuweap River. There is no automobile road close to the canyon entrance, and the heavy, moist heat of the lower valley does not make even the contemplation of a packsack trip particularly inviting. Although we ourselves had been camping in Zion for nearly twenty years, we had never explored it until spurred by Art DeMille's account. In previous seasons, we had arrived just at haying time and every team and wagon-owner was too busily employed in getting in the crop to think of taking a drive into the canyon of the Parunuweap. However, this summer we seemed to have timed our visit to better advantage and, as Art had suggested, we were able to arrange with his family for two wagons to carry us from Rockville, as far as the teams could go.

None of the boys had ever sat behind a horse before, so they eagerly scrambled on top of the rough, big-wheeled farm wagons. A little hay had been thrown into the shallow boxes, but it formed poor upholstery for the ride that was ahead of us! Each wagon was drawn by two husky horses, which, strong as they were, amazed us by their skill and endurance. It was indeed a drive that made walking a pleasure, and soon we were all embracing every opportunity to slip to the ground to trot alongside or to heave and push through a bad bit of river or over a particularly rocky bank.

For a half mile or so, we followed the stream of the Parunuweap where it joins the main stream coming down from Zion Canyon. For a few miles we crossed and re-crossed the river, then climbed out on a road over a series of small, rolling hills, the eroded masses of great sandstone temples of long, long ago. Here the vegetation

was sparse—a few scattered junipers—but there was nothing sparse about the view. Behind us were the great bulk of West Temple and the red, blotched peak of the Altar of Sacrifice. Ahead were the unnamed temples and spires of the Parunuweap. Away to the south we could see the great dune-like rocks of South Creek Canyon. Farther to the north, Shune Creek suggested another enticing spot to explore. Looking back toward Rockville, we could observe the half-dozen or more sharp spires of Eagle Crags, where one huge pinnacle fell at the time of the San Francisco earthquake.

The road from Rockville to the entrance of the Parunuweap is a fairly good road—for a wagon—for a few miles, but then it turns sharply to the north and drops into the stream bed to follow the stream most of the way. This caused the teams to wrench and lurch over boulders and fall into holes so deep that water frequently came up into the beds of the wagons. It was amazing to us what frightful punishment those heavy wheels could take. The horses seemed quite used to that sort of work. Once or twice bits of harness gave way, but the ever-present hank of bailing wire soon made roadside repairs possible, and off we went again.

At the entrance to the canyon is the site of an abandoned colony of Mormon pioneers established in 1862 and named Shunesburg, for an old Indian who was friendly to the settlers. An abundance of water and fertile soil made it a perfect site for a settlement. On a commanding hill, stood a great cut-stone house overlooking the settlement. Many houses were built in the level stretches below the cliffs. Here the Mormons confidently expected to live in peace and security and to have an agricultural community that would rival any of the settlements in the Mormon Dixie. But misfortune dealt a heavy blow, when a cloudburst occurred up the canyon a year later, sweeping away the entire settlement except the great stone house on the hilltop. This building stands as a monument to the hard work and broken hopes of those pioneer families. The DeMille family still owns the house and still works a few stretches of farm land that were not swept away by the flood. Most of the fine level fields are gone completely, and only a boulder-strewn, dry stream bed remains to mark the spot.

Our wagons continued past the house and into the canyon. A mile or so farther, we crossed a meadow and passed the ruins of an old sorghum mill, now given over to snakes and lizards. We continued to lurch and strain along the stream for three or four miles, until the going became so bad that the wagons and horses could no longer negotiate it. From the base of a red cliff, eroded into fantastic miniature caverns festooned with tiny stalactites of salt, we continued up the canyon on foot.

This was a "follow the leader" procedure. In places we had to jump across deep pools, into which, occasionally, someone would slip and fall. The carcasses of two deer killed by mountain lions was the only evidence of wildlife that we saw throughout the day. Not even a rattler put in an appearance.

Three miles beyond the wagons, we turned and zigzagged up over a wooded talus slope. The trail led among scrub oak and an occasional Douglas fir to the head of the little canyon where Art DeMille had followed his cows years before. A scramble through tangled underbrush brought us to the spring, sparkling and cold, a refreshing place to relax after the heat and glare of the canyon below. Water gushed out between two seams of rock, and cascaded down the cliff like a shower of diamonds between festoons of scarlet, sticky-monkey flower and maidenhair fern—a lush and shady place alive with bird twitterings and the languid fluttering of great yellow and black swallow-tailed butterflies.

The cliff village lay two hundred steps ahead—steps worn smooth and round by the moccasined feet of Indian women

carrying ollas of water from this spring up to their small village perched like a bird's nest in the shallow recess at the foot of a towering cliff. Even after our siesta, these two hundred steps were steep enough to force a halt. But a look at the view is always a fine and laudable excuse for catching one's breath on a steep trail!

At last we faced the long, high, shallow cave with its ruins of the little cliff village, lost until Art's youthful chance discovery. The climb brought us over a talus slope that may have been made when the cave itself was formed by a huge arched block of sandstone breaking from the cliff. Gnarled and twisted piñon pines grow between the rocks. Here and there, giant daturas spread their arms, their great blue-white bells closed against the sun.

The views in all directions are spectacular. Great sweeps of the plateau country at the head of Shune Creek and South Creek, tributaries of the Parunuweap, and massive highly colored landscapes are visible through the pines. The main stream of the Parunuweap was clear, but had a slight blue cast, a delicate pastel tone that contrasted with the brilliant colors of the surrounding country.

In front of the cave were the remains of several small houses, while in more protected spots there were fire-holes and a few storage bins constructed of rock and of adobe, still well preserved by virtue of their location. These bins resembled a miniature pueblo built by a tribe of pygmies. One large bin was built on a sandstone slab. A curious sun symbol was cut in the rock, in front of the bin. The rooms in the cave contained fire-pits and more storage bins. Many artifacts still remained. We examined tiny corn cobs, grinding stones, and pottery fragments. The museum in Zion has a crude pottery jar filled with shelled corn that was found here, its top so securely fastened that even

At last we faced the shallow cave with its ruins of the little cliff village.

One large bin had a curious sun-symbol cut in the rock in front of it.

the mice and pack-rats had been unable to enter.

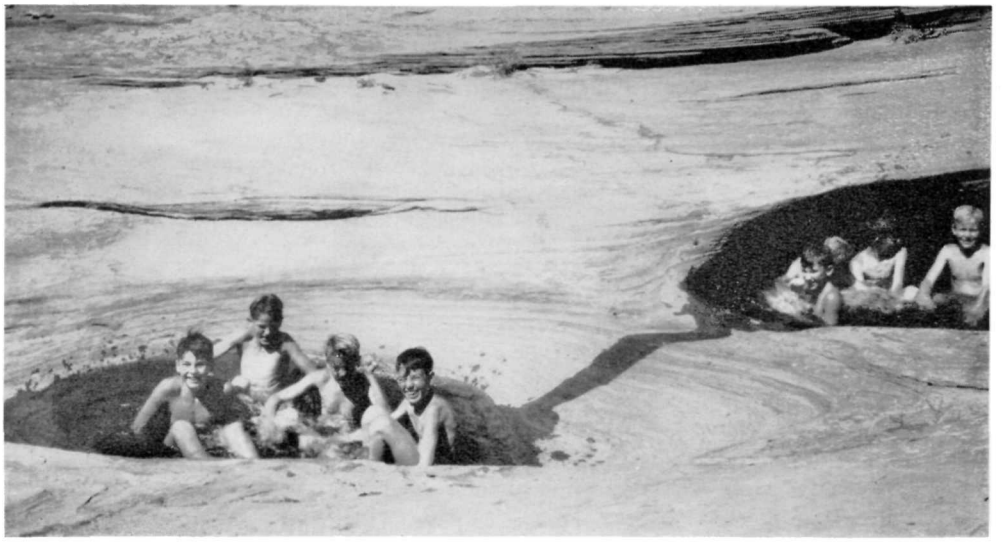
The face of the cliff was decorated with picturesque and quaint pictographs. As we photographed these and the ruins themselves, we tried to reconstruct in our minds the life of the ancient community. One could not help but wonder what caused the inhabitants to give up so secure and delightful a living place. What tragedy befell the villagers? An epidemic? Were they wiped out by some hostile tribe? Surely they did not just move away and leave behind them their many useful things—certainly not that jar filled with corn.

On our return down the canyon, we visited the old DeMille house on the hilltop. Although most of the wood has rotted away, and vandals have marred the inside walls, the beautifully cut stone and the fine, clean proportions of the building are most impressive. It seemed especially so from the foot of the hill, standing high above us, backed by a huge cumulus cloud.

Here and there along the walls of the lower canyon, were Indian signs, geometrical symbols, and animal pictures—evidence that once the Parunuweap must have contained a fairly large Indian settlement.

Before the wagons left the canyon floor to climb over a ridge below Shunesburg, we stopped and had a glorious swim in one of the big pools at the base of some

Potholes in the Navajo Sandstone at the head of the Parunuweap make fine bathtubs after a rainstorm has filled them.



gigantic rocks. The current was swift, and as we floated on our backs, the rushing water carried us from side to side of the narrow channel and into a deep, slowly-revolving whirlpool where we could leisurely gaze up at the painted cliffs and at the blue, cloud-piled sky above us.

Finally we reached Rockville and our cars, excited by our day's experience, sunburned, wagon-sore, but deeply thrilled at having seen, at least, these ghost-towns of the Parunuweap—ghost-towns of widely divergent cultures as evidenced by the Indian cliff ruins and those gaunt relics of Mormon sweat and tears.

That night around the camp fire, when Art DeMille dropped in again, the boys deluged him with accounts of their trip. After they had gone to bed and the fire was dying down, Art turned to me and, in an embarrassed sort of way, asked, "Did you notice how there seemed to be a sort of hush about that place?"

"Yes, Art," I replied, "I did. Even all the chatter of the boys didn't seem to dispel it."

Truly there is something serene and unworldly about that little cliff-dwelling perched high up in the Parunuweap. It is, as Art said, "sort of restful even just to remember it."

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear Mr. Butcher:

Cris and I feel as if we had found a fellow spirit, in finding you. We read your parks book with pleasure. *The Last Days of Beautiful Village* haunted us as if the tragedy were fresh.

The Chamber of Commerce of Port Angeles has started a series of articles in the local paper, of which we have seen one. It is so dignified, so "sincere," so "fair," so misleadingly dignified and righteous, dispelling the confusion in people's minds about the lumbermen's noble purposes toward the Olympic National Park. We are mighty thankful for fearless "fanatics"—like you!—as defenders.

As for your article about gunmen in *Nature Magazine* (March, 1950): Darkening, unnoticed, all delight in nature is the consciousness of most people's absence of delight or reverence for otherness. The consciousness back of every observation of bird or beast or plant, is that these would be destroyed by most people, if possible. It's hard to realize how light and fresh one's feeling about wild things would be, if one's own race honored them.

Sincerely yours,
Herb and Lois Crisler
Port Angeles, Washington

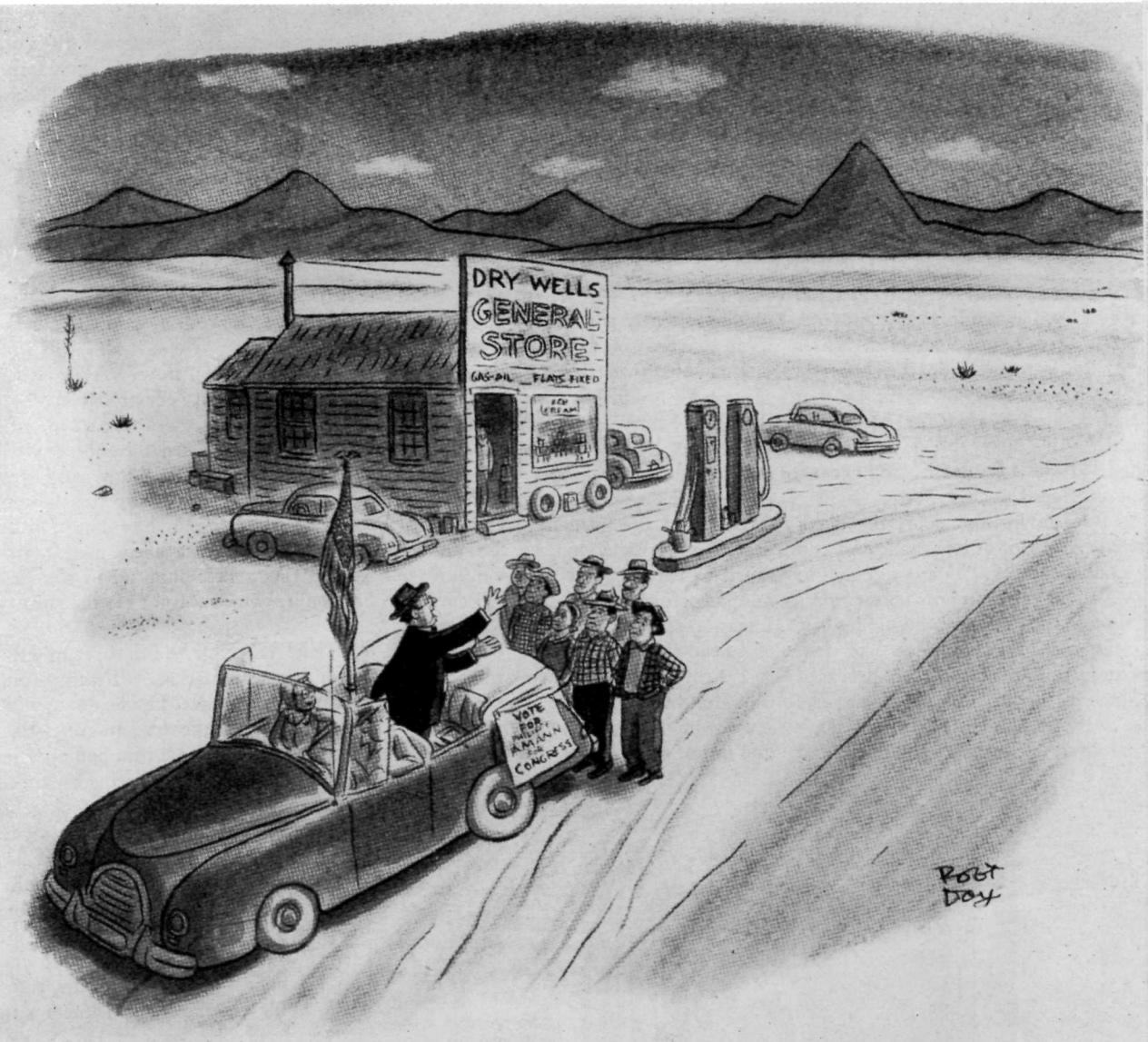
Dear D. B.

I am most appreciative of your review of my book, *My Camera In the National Parks*. While I can say with some shred of modesty that all of the reviews I have seen are favorable, yours was one of the very few which probed into my intentions—which are much more than just making photographs as far as the national parks are concerned. My regret is that I am not in position to devote my time to the national park idea. Over the years I have seen the bitter fruits of "genteelism" in the face of predatory intentions. I discover myself to be an evangelist. You are to be commended for your courage and real fighting contributions.

The article on Newton Drury was excellent; it brought to focus the tragic scarcity of men of high quality in government. Drury conducted his administration as a gentleman (the personnel of the National Park Service as a whole is of high caliber). Perhaps in these times we need the mailed fist in the padded glove.

I think it time for the various conservation organizations to get together and open a dynamic campaign. I am depressed by the number of conferences, discussions, resolutions.

(Continued on page 95)



"My program calls for a mammoth federal dam and a vast irrigation system that will convert this barren dust bowl into a veritable Eden of lush and prosperous farms, after which I shall press upon the Production and Marketing Administration the need for an adequate subsidy to purchase all the surplus farm produce of the entire area."

Courtesy Wildlife Management Institute

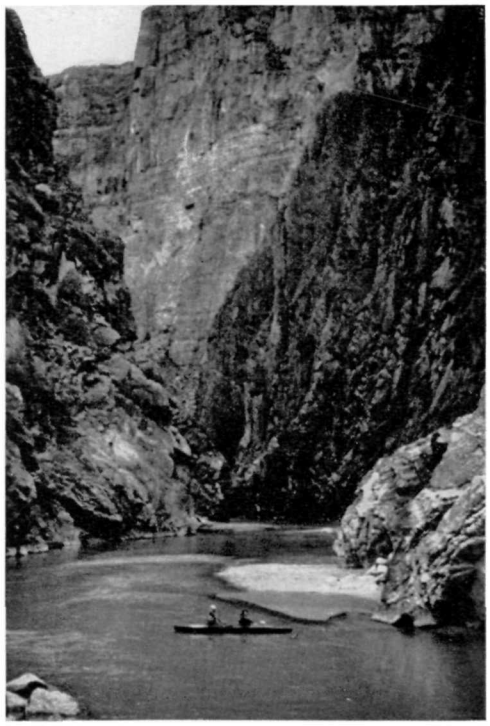
Exploring Big Bend's Canyons

By STANLEY A. SPRECHER, Former Ranger
Big Bend National Park

AT SUNUP, we left our camp at La Jitas, but it was nearly noon before we reached the entrance to beautiful Santa Elena Canyon. On that hot August day, the river was low, and that greatly facilitated our progress through the gorge. Four of us, Ranger Schaafsma and his teenage son, Kurt, Fire Control Aid Robert Brogee and myself, wearing tennis shoes, and hampered by little more than a single inflated inner tube for Kurt, traveled through the canyon's twelve miles in a single day. At the entrance, the canyon is over a hundred feet wide, narrowing considerably at places, especially at the rock slide, more than a half mile inside. Here the river dashes through, over and under giant boulders, some as large as houses. We encountered here the roughest part of the river—rapids, whirlpools, slippery rocks and undertow; but despite these dangers, there was an allure and beauty in this clash between river and rock.

Four of us travelled through Santa Elena in a single day.

Ernest Guild



Across the narrow belt of sky above, soared turkey vultures, whose nightly roosts on the high ledges along the rim were marked by white streaks. The sprightly little canyon wren, the coal black raven, the graceful white-throated swift and the cliff swallow are other dwellers of these shadowy depths; and a single blue heron, with slow and cumbersome flight, kept just ahead of us.

Because of our wish to reach the canyon's mouth by dark, we stopped from time to time only long enough to empty our shoes, which kept filling with gravel as we waded. Yet our infrequent glimpses upward showed us a strange and weird assortment of geologic formations in the cliffs, including caves and natural bridges. As the sun skirted our limited horizon, we raced the lengthening shadows, and, like children tired by too much neck-craning in an art gallery, we now extravagantly ignored the spectacular scenery. At long last, we reached a familiar landmark, Cattle Cave, one of the largest caves in the park, located high above the river on the Mexico side, and less than two miles from the canyon's mouth. Legend has it that rustlers of frontier days used this cave to hide their four-footed booty; but those who climb into it find it hard to believe that sheep, let alone the big and unruly longhorns, could have been herded there. Spurred on by the knowledge that water and food awaited us in the car

Stanley A. Sprecher

Cattle Cave is high in Santa Elena's wall.

at the end of the gorge, we soon completed our first canyon trip, tired and thirsty, but triumphant.

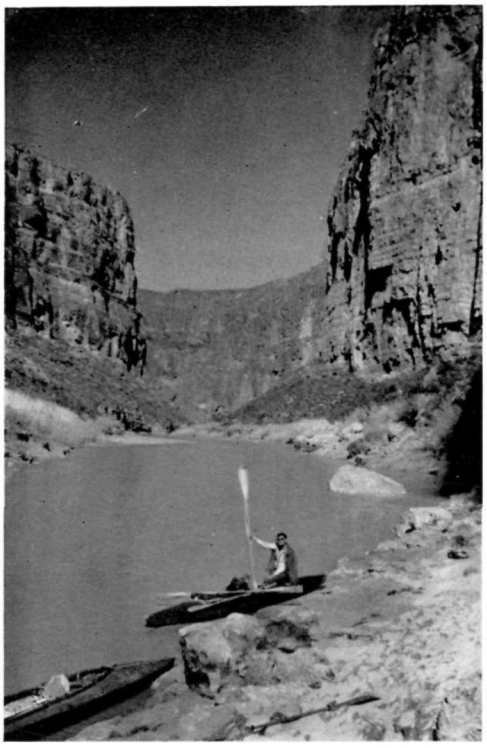
The canyons of the Rio Grande's Big Bend country were first officially explored in the autumn of 1899. In that year, about a hundred years after the exploration of the Missouri by the Lewis and Clark Expedition, Robert T. Hill of the U. S. Geological Survey followed the Rio Grande through all of its treacherous canyons. Hill described the expedition in an article, *Running the Cañons of the Rio Grande*, published in the January, 1901, issue of *Century Magazine*, now *Current History*. There were earlier surveys of the border, but the canyons were usually bypassed because they were considered impassable. Of the one hundred miles of the river's big bend, nearly half the distance is within the four major canyons, the Santa Elena, the Mariscal, the San Vicente and the Boquillas, carved through sandstone mesas that vary in height up to a quarter mile.

Figures as to the depth and length of these four canyons are still controversial; the generally accepted 1500-foot depth and seven-mile length of Santa Elena is less than the depth of Mariscal and the length of Boquillas. The walls of Santa Elena are not as broken and benched as those of Boquillas, which are reported to vary from 400 to over 4000 feet—the latter figure taking into consideration the terraced Sierra del Carmen flanking the Rio Grande.

It was shortly after my arrival at Big Bend National Park that I felt the urge to explore the canyons. I had read Hill's account, and this, together with the many conflicting reports on the character of the gorges, increased my desire. As the months passed, it became almost an obsession with me. A number of people have explored one or another of the canyons, but I was determined, like Hill, to travel through all four.

Park officials have good reason to discourage canyon exploration, for it has its dangers, even to those familiar with the river; but I justified my exploration on the grounds that the park staff should have first-hand knowledge of its river boundary line. My first visit to the canyons of Big Bend National Park was a typical tourist trip to the mouth of Santa Elena, the most visited part of the canyon country, and probably the most photographed spot in the park. The road ends at the canyon's mouth, and a quarter mile trail into the canyon rewards hikers with a fairly good view of the interior. But when the trail stops abruptly at the water's edge, it leaves the curious to wonder what lies beyond the next bend. This question was answered for me, as just described, on that hot day in August, 1948.

By comparison with the story of the Hill expedition, ours was indeed a pleasant experience. Hill's party of eight spent four days passing through Santa Elena. Of the trip, Hill wrote: "The river makes a sudden bend as it enters the canyon and almost in the twinkling of an eye we passed out of the desert glare into the dark and silent depths of its gigantic walls, which rise vertically from the water's edge to a narrow ribbon of sky above . . . With the ends of our oars we could almost touch either wall."



Orrin Bonney

The author and the two Folboats in Boquillas.

At the rock slide, Hill spent three days making a half-mile portage. Small wonder he named the place "Camp Misery." Here his three wooden, flat-bottom boats had to be hauled over the boulders. Hill commented on the absence of animal life in the canyon. He saw only bats and a covey of quail. The quail he considered to be stranded in the canyon. The lack of bird life may have been due to the time of year he was there—October.

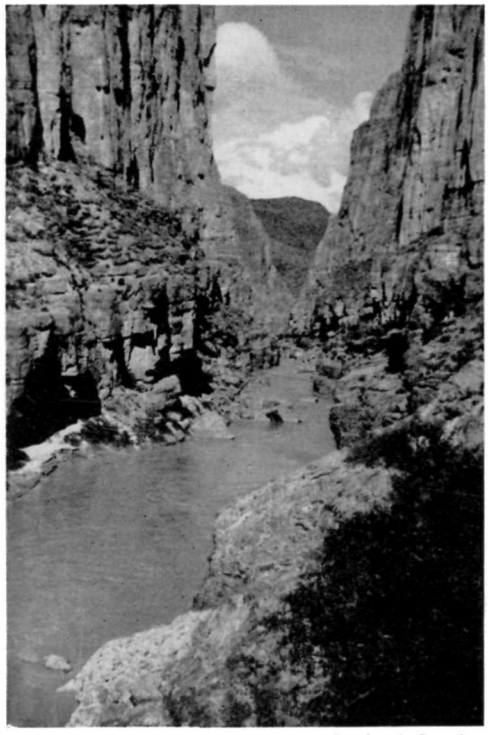
Boquillas Canyon, forming the east boundary of the park, is the longest and most colorful of the four. I had explored both ends of it, but it was not until February, 1949, that I made the trip through its entire length. On this occasion I was accompanied by Orrin Bonney of Houston, Texas, and Ernest Guild of Augusta, Maine, both of whom had already had considerable experience in exploring the Big Bend and its canyons. As is customary for visitors wishing to explore the river, the Park Service required them to agree to assume any rescue costs and to take every possible precaution for safety. On this trip we used two Folboats, which proved very adaptable to river travel. The journey took two days, although an earlier start would have enabled us to do it in one. However, we had the never-to-be-forgotten experience of spending a night in this wild and lonely gorge, and seeing its beauty enhanced by moonlight. The river is usually silty, particularly in flood, but under the moon it truly becomes the "silvery Rio Grande."

Near midnight, from far beyond the canyon walls on some lonely mesa in Mexico, the yip-yap call of a coyote drifted down to awaken me there on the sandbar. In the dark, cavernous depths and stillness of the gorge, that coyote call accentuated the superb sense of solitude we experienced. The call of the coyote, as is true of too many of nature's voices, is rapidly becoming rare even in the relatively remote hinterlands.

Ordinarily Boquillas canyon is benign and easy to negotiate; yet in times of high water it is dangerous. Wind-whipped sand adds to the danger and discomfort of travelers. One difficulty peculiar to Boquillas Canyon is knowing just where to leave the river. It is some distance from the canyon mouth to Stillwell Crossing, the point from which forty miles of rough ranch road link the river with the park highway. The spot where road and river meet is inconspicuous from river level and there is real danger in passing by one's intended point of disembarkation.

The experience we had in almost overshooting this spot was not unique; two years earlier, the same thing happened to Peter Koch, lecturer and photographer, on his Boquillas Canyon trip.

It was Peter Koch with whom I made my Mariscal Canyon trip in September, 1949. For buoyancy, Peter used a single



Stanley A. Sprecher

Another of the park's canyons of the Rio Grande is Mariscal.

maguey stalk—a "petal" of his *Broken Blossom*. The *Broken Blossom* was the name he gave an amphibious craft fashioned from stalks of the century plant; this contraption he had used successfully on his earlier trips through Boquillas and Santa Elena. On our trip that fall, I used a large inflated inner tube. It was well we took the tube and maguey stalk along, for the river was rising that day. An added danger was a small stretch of quicksand encountered near the canyon entrance. Despite these adverse conditions, rather than forego the trip, we decided to see what it would be like to ride a full stream. It was a fast trip—too fast for photography or for exploration of Indian caves as we had planned. In three hours we floated through the eight-mile canyon. In spite of the speed and concentration demanded by the swift current, we saw enough to agree with those who rate Mariscal as "the canyon of the park" for sheer spectacular scenery. This opinion was strengthened the following day when we looked down from Mariscal's rim to the twisting stream hundreds of feet below. From atop, the view was even more breath-taking and well worth the strenuous climb. Actually, some of the best views are to be had from the canyon rims.

Strangely enough, but fifty years earlier, Hill made no mention of any canyon by the name of Mariscal; he did write of big and little San Vicente canyons between Santa Elena and Carmen (Boquillas) canyons. Today San Vicente is the name given to the canyon that begins about five miles below Mariscal. It is probable that what we now call Mariscal Canyon, was one of Hill's two San Vicente canyons. He gave

From the rim, the vew of Mariscal is even more breath-taking.

Stanley A. Sprecher

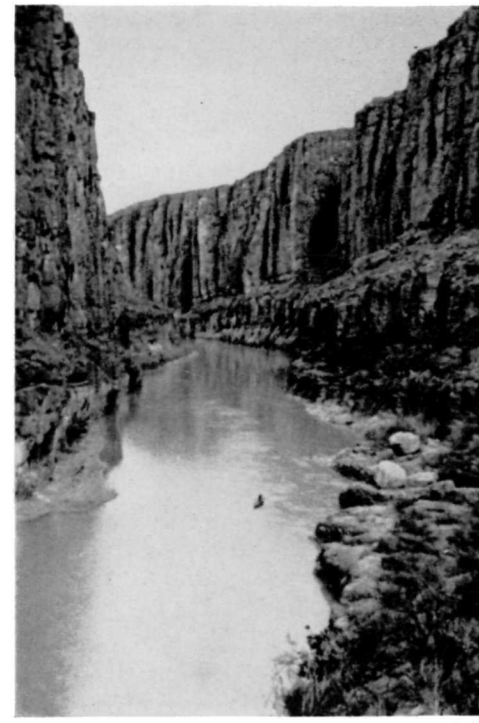
an accurate description of the area, including the river's dramatically sharp turn into the mountain where he said mountain sheep were seen.

When Biologist Vernon Bailey made his survey of the Big Bend mammals, he reported that the mountain sheep, *Ovis canadensis texiana* Bailey, had once frequented Mariscal Mountain. He also was of the opinion, reaffirmed by recent surveys, that mountain sheep could be successfully reintroduced to this area. The last sheep was reported to have been seen here about 1903. Little wonder, when we consider the attitude toward wildlife reflected in these lines by Hill: "In this canyon we saw a Rocky Mountain sheep far above us upon an inaccessible ledge . . . Serafino [his Mexican cook] took one shot at him and he tumbled back in a majestic leap."

Another animal of the Big Bend canyons, once slaughtered, although not extirpated, is the beaver, for whose pelt the frontier trapper wandered along the river. Some trappers, like James MacMahon, whom Hill later chose as guide, had gone into the canyons in search of these animals. Today the beaver is protected and is more abundant than one would believe, if casual observation were the sole basis for census.

Catfish are protected in three of the canyons. Before park establishment, these canyons were a Mecca for fishermen. Many still flock here each spring, and loud and long are the arguments at times as to whether it was a blue, yellow, or channel catfish that was caught. San Vicente is not closed to fishing as are the other three canyons, although certain restrictive regulations apply to all waters bordering the park.

San Vicente is sometimes underrated as a canyon, but it is well worth a visit, and it is easy to explore. It has the coloring of Mariscal, the broken walls characteristic of Boquillas, and a small stretch of rapids comparable to those in Santa Elena. The canyons differ in character, but the river depth normally varies from four inches to over forty feet in each canyon.



Ernest Guild

We drifted through San Vicente's eight miles on inflated inner tubes.

In April, 1950, I made a trip through San Vicente with a fellow federal employee, George Perkins. We covered the eight miles in a short half day, travelling leisurely with inflated inner tubes used more for enjoyment than as a safety factor. As my companion put it, "to float down the river makes one feel like a boy again." Not least of the benefits reaped by man in his contact with nature is the release from those petty pressures of everyday living, which tend to crush and stifle; cares slip away into unreality as one drifts down river, concerned only with what lies around the next bend. On all of my canyon trips, each with different companions, I felt a kind of fellowship that too often is lacking in everyday association.

Both above and below the park are other Rio Grande canyons; yet, judging from his

description of the country between Presidio and Langtry, Texas, I think Hill would approve the location of Big Bend National Park. Likewise, I feel he might well object to the prospect of changing any of these canyons by damming the Rio Grande. Such plans have already been given studied consideration. A slogan flaunted west of the Pecos is "Dam West Texas or West Texas is damned."

It may not be too early to sound a danger signal for the Big Bend canyons lest some day a situation develops like the one now confronting Dinosaur National Monument. The grandeur of these border canyons has changed little from that described by Hill, a half century ago. That it remain unspoiled in its primitive wildness is the desire of all who have responded to the call of the canyons of the "Rio Bravo."

LETTERS

(Continued from page 88)

papers, meetings, advisory committees. They create an inertia, and the net results are all out of proportion to the effort expended. Too many people are afraid of "complications." The Park Service is too complex; concessions are too dominant (but it is the Park Service's fault that they are). Facts overweigh the intangibles; the problems of operation obscure the larger problems of dedication and preservation.

Try to convince the American people that they have a magnificent cake, but that they can't both eat it up and have it. It is a simple philosophic truth that the enjoyment of the wilderness (or of art and music) is a function of appreciation. Rocks, trees, water, birds and bugs are, in themselves, of no human consequence excepting economically; it is what the higher development of man's appreciation gives them as symbols and as paths to spiritual realization. It is this appreciation which is damaged by the misuse of the parks—not so much the parks themselves.

You and your book are doing a magnificent job. Keep up the good work.

Cordially,
Ansel Adams
Yosemite National Park

PARK OF THE PACIFIC MOVES AHEAD

By OTTO JANSSEN
Hawaii Press Bureau

HAWAII NATIONAL PARK, which includes some of the greatest scenic and historical attractions of the Hawaiian Islands, is undergoing a $2,000,000 improvement program designed to make it more accessible to visitors. Funds, to be spent over the next three years, will be used mostly for road construction.

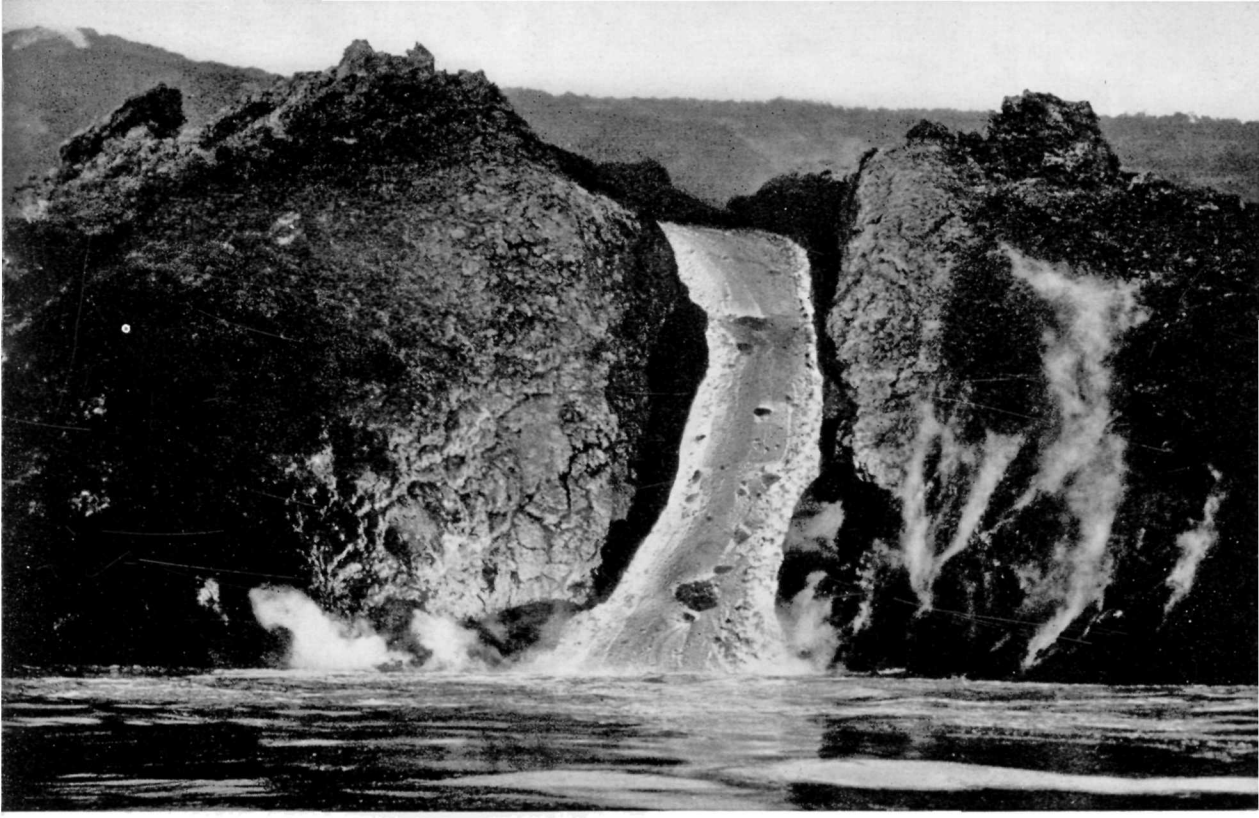
The park, established by Congress in 1916, covers a total of about 270 square miles on the islands Hawaii and Maui. Within its limits are two active volcanoes, the world's largest dormant volcano, lava tubes, a seventy-five square mile desert, sulphur banks and great fern forests.

The larger part of the park is located on Hawaii, known as the "Big Island." Its chief attractions are the active volcanoes, Kilauea and Mauna Loa. Halemaumau, the crater within Kilauea, 750 feet deep and 3000 feet across, is the home of the ancient Hawaiian fire goddess, Pele. It can be reached by automobile or by walking across the hardened lava of the main crater.

Mauna Loa is the larger of the two volcanoes, rising 13,680 feet, more than three times the elevation of Kilauea. This volcano has erupted a number of times in recent history, the latest outbreak occurring in May 1950 (See *Mauna Loa Erupts Again* in NATIONAL PARKS MAGAZINE for October-December 1950). On several occasions the lava flow has threatened Hilo, the Territory's second city.

The crater of Haleakala is 10,000 feet above sea level, and provides a magnificent spectacle for visitors on its rim.

Hawaii Photo Supply



Hawaii Photo Supply

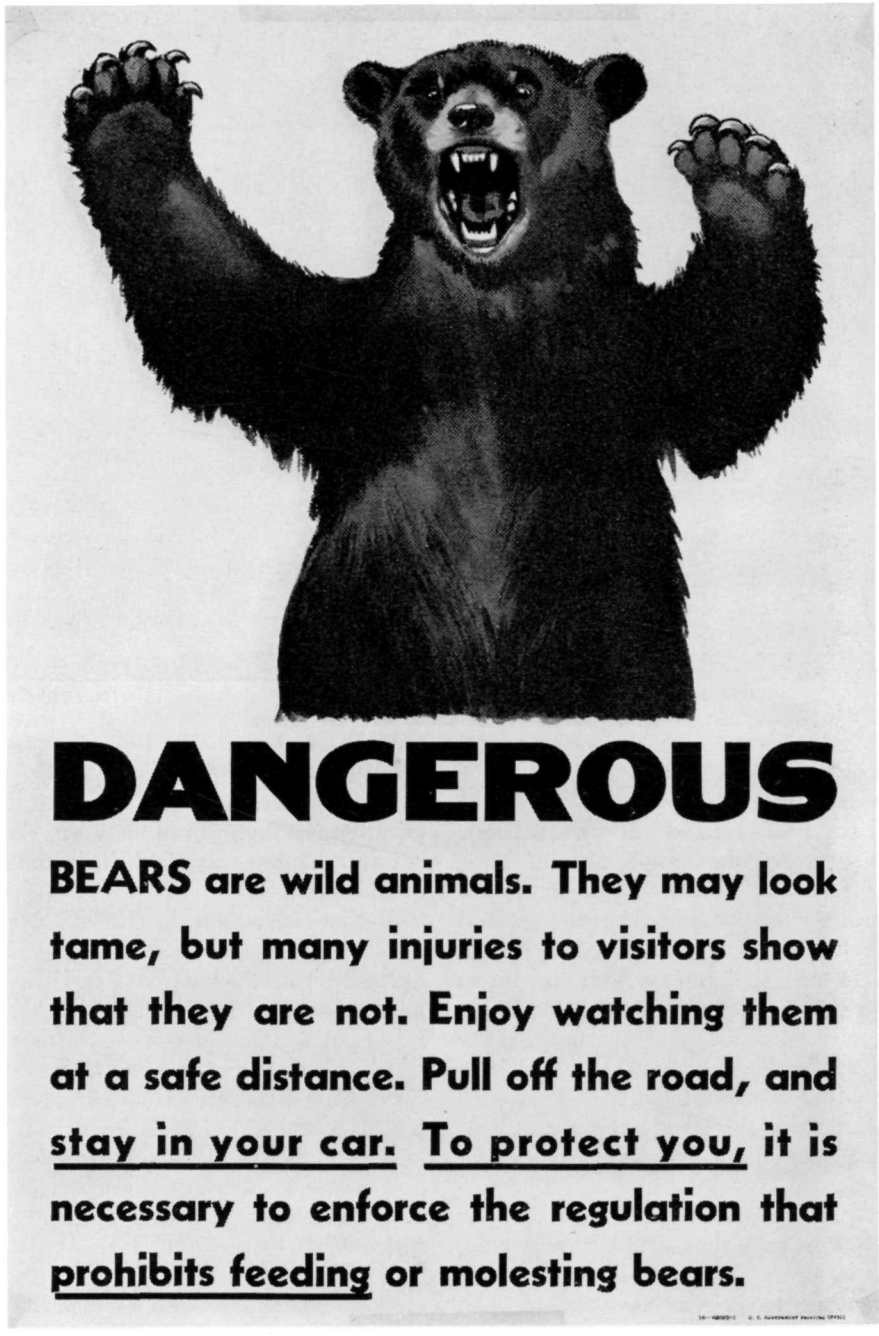
A river of lava pours into the ocean during the 1950 eruption of Mauna Loa.

The lava tubes to be found about the area have been formed through volcanic action. One of the best known of these is the Thurston Tube. Some of the tunnels are said to extend for several miles. All of them have not yet been explored. At some places in the park can be seen the forms of trees that were caught in lava flows. As the wood rotted away, their shapes were left in the hardened rock.

The Maui section of the park has as its chief attraction the great extinct crater of Haleakala. This crater is over 10,000 feet high and twenty-one miles in circumference. A well-paved road leads to the crater rim, from whence the strange phenomenon known as the "Spectre of Brocken" can sometimes be seen. This effect occurs when the crater is filled with clouds, resulting in the projection of a circular rainbow on their surface. With the sun directly behind you, your shadow also can sometimes be seen in the center of the bow. In the crater lives the rare silversword, a beautiful flowering plant that grows only in Hawaii's volcanic lands—only, in fact, in the crater of Haleakala.

A new attraction in Hawaii National Park is the recently added famous City of Refuge, on the Kona coast of Hawaii. The park has been expanded to take in this historical landmark, which consists of a rectangular area inclosed within a wall of closely fitted stones. The city was a sanctuary for those who incurred official wrath in the old days of the tabu. Those who came here were safe from even the mightiest chief. This area is now assured of preservation under park protection.

The road construction program will include a rim road on Kilauea crater, to open new vistas for the visitor. A new approach road will be built from Hilo to the park entrance, while the existing highway will be obliterated, and the land restored to its natural condition.



Because bears often appear docile, visitors too frequently show no fear or caution in approaching them; but the Park Service knows the true nature of bears, and with this poster, is trying to prevent some of the accidents that occur each year.

NATIONAL PARKS OF GREECE

By JACQUES SANTORINÉOS, Fellow
Royal Geographical Society
Member, National Parks Association
Member, Hellenic Alpine Club

THE first who spoke for the establishment of a national park in Greece was Fred Boissonnas, a Swiss philhellene, a literary man and photo-artist of high rank. Having made, in twenty years, more than thirteen trips to Greece, he has had the opportunity to admire the Greek landscape and describe it in many monumental works.

It is not strange at all if the inspiration for the establishment of a national park in Greece came from a citizen of the country which was the first in Europe to establish a national park. Further, it was no mere chance that Boissonnas should have proposed that Mount Olympus be made the first Greek national park, for he was the first who climbed to the summit of this mountain, the highest point in Greece. He did this in 1913, with his friend Daniel Baud-Bovy and a Greek goat hunter. Six years later, the two Swiss alpinists came back to Olympus, and their interest for the mountain of ancient gods did not stop here. In 1927, they organized a group to climb to the highest peaks of Olympus, and, in 1930, Boissonnas published his small book,[1] the aim of which, among others, was to suggest establishment of the national park of Mount Olympus.

At this time, the Hellenic Alpine Club had just been founded. From the beginning, following the example of the older club, Alpin Suisse, and the Club Alpin Français, it gave much attention to the protection of nature. In 1935, an article by the writer[2] gave the signal that opened an active campaign, which was spearheaded by the Hellenic Alpine Club, promoting establishment of national parks. The next year, the matter was widely discussed in the first Panhellenic Alpine Congress, which took place at the foot of Mount Olympus.

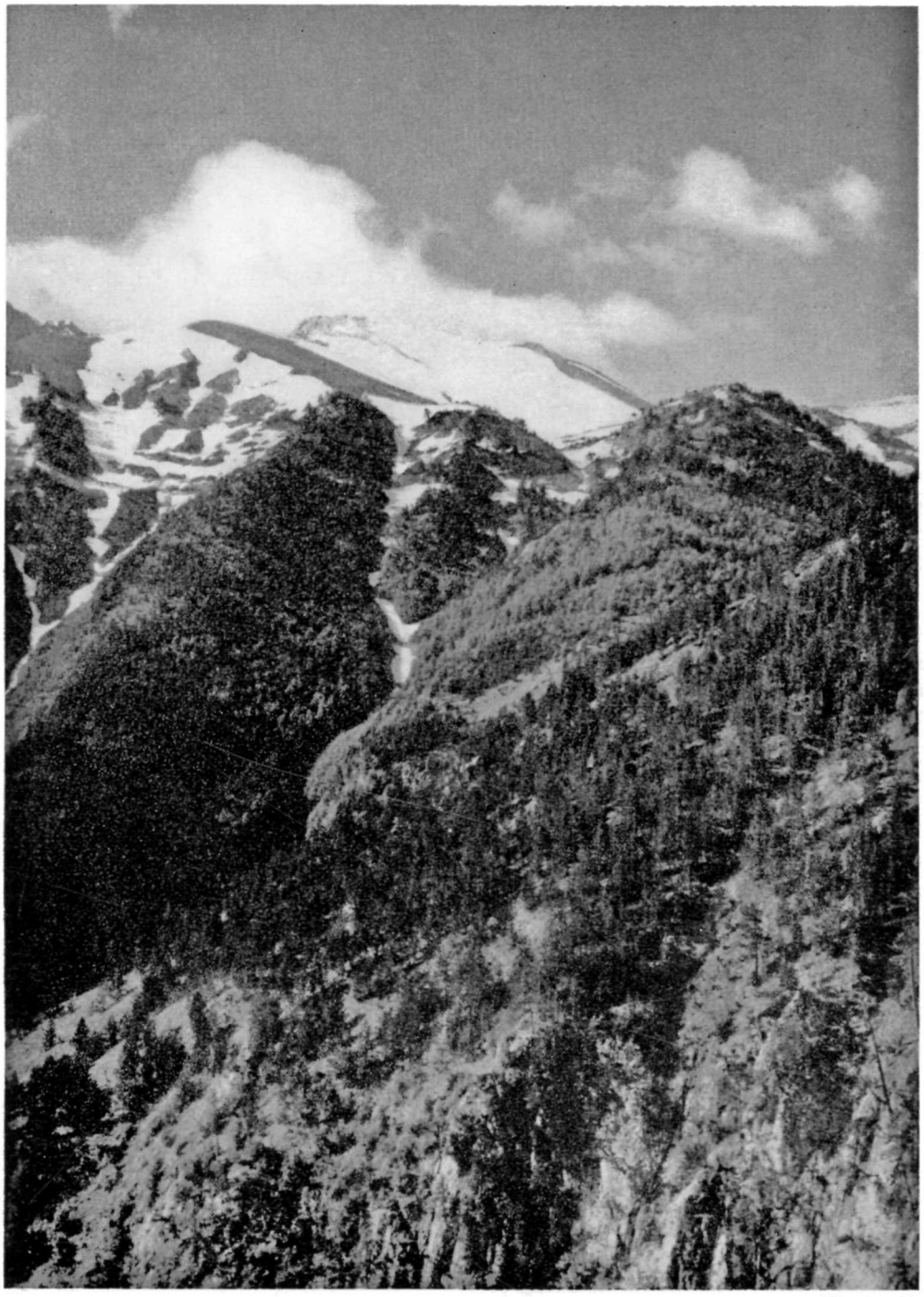
In 1937, through efforts of the Hellenic Alpine Club, a national park law, drafted by the club, was passed by the Ministry of Agriculture. The law was inspired by Italian legislation for establishment of Stelvio National Park. It was a general law looking to the future establishment of five national parks in Greece. It constitutes a sound statement of principle, as it places the protective features of national parks ahead of those relating to travel to them.

In 1938, as a result of legislation, Mount Olympus and Mount Parnassus national parks were established. It was natural that the regions chosen to form the first two parks of the country were wooded mountains—the famous Mountain of Gods and Mountain of Muses.

In determining the boundaries of the parks, the authorities were not liberal enough. Each park was 10,000 acres in extent. Although this was not enough to satisfy the friends of nature, they accepted it with enthusiasm, for it was the first demonstration of national interest in nature preservation. Up to that time, the protection of nature in general had not received any particular attention. The resources of nature were considered almost solely as factors for production of wealth. Therefore, legislation regulated only the economic exploitation of nature. The law for national parks constituted progress and a new policy that was long overdue.

[1] Fred Boissonnas: *Le Tourism en Grèce*. Editions Paul Trembley, Genève, 1930.

[2] Jacques Santorinéos: *The National Park in Olympus*. To Bouno, July, 1935.



Nico Perrakis

Snow fields and primeval forests cover Mount Olympus.

Unfortunately, nature protection, in the two parks, was in effect for only a very short period. During the war, which broke shortly after, the enemy occupation which followed, and the revolutionary period, during the entire decade of 1940 to 1950, the park protection was totally abandoned; and at the present time, the beginning of 1951, not a measure has been taken to re-establish it.

Abandonment of the national parks is not the only misfortune suffered by nature in Greece during this decade. The forests of the country, before the war, represented about fifteen percent of the original, and this figure put Greece at the bottom of the forestal list of the European countries. Today, this is estimated at only about eight percent, or about half of the prewar extent. The wild and beautiful wooded regions of the famous historic mountains of Pentelikon and Hymettus, because of their nearness to the thriving rural center of Athens, were literally razed to furnish fuel. A very rare species of wild mountain goat that lives only on the desert island of Antimilos, *Capra aegagrus picta*, Erh., was so ferociously hunted to serve as food by the inhabitants of the adjacent islands, that only a few animals remain today. Before the war, the species was represented by about a thousand individuals.

It is clear that, at this time, the re-establishment of Mount Olympus and Mount Parnassus national parks constitutes an extensive program of preservation which must be put into effect in order to save whatever still exists of the nature wealth of the country. Many more national parks must be established. Among them, a national park at Parnes Mountain, a splendid wooded mountain which is threatened by a million inhabitants of the Greek capital who visit it. A national park is needed in the great mountainous range of Pindus. This park should cover many hundreds of thousands of acres. Many other national parks and wildlife reserves should be established elsewhere.

Now that Greece is beginning to rebuild, there is hope that, because of the evident danger of final annihilation of what still exists of the natural resources of the country, public opinion will be aroused, and the competent services will decide to take drastic steps to assure the protection of nature.

To the work of the Hellenic Alpine Club has been added that of the National Foundation, an organization presided over by the King. To a large degree, an objective of this organization is cultural advancement, including the promotion of practical steps for the protection of nature. At this time, the friends of nature in Greece are occupied with creating the Hellenic Society for the Protection of Nature, a specialized association, which will unite all the forces and private activities of the country for preservation.

In the field of governmental activity, there is already a growing interest which leads one to believe that soon a vast program of preservation will be put into effect, and that the national parks of Greece will become a reality.

One of the most fantastic American birds is the flamingo, native to the Bahama Islands and certain areas bordering the Caribbean. Nowhere is this bird protected today. It is encouraging to learn that Robert P. Allen of the National Audubon Society has been in Inagua Island, in the Bahamas, studying the flamingo. Reporting in *Audubon Magazine* for May-June, President John H. Baker of the Society says that Allen's program "will include observations on the habits and needs of this species in the Caribbean, especially in the Bahamas, Cuba, Haiti, the Dominican Republic and Yucatan." It seems that what the flamingos need is an inviolate sanctuary. We can hope Mr. Allen's studies will lead to establishment of sanctuaries—and soon.

ANNUAL BOARD MEETING — 1951

EXCERPTS FROM THE MINUTES

TIME: May 10. Place: Cosmos Club, Washington, D. C. Those present: President Wharton presiding, Messrs. Albright, Baker, Bartsch, Clark, Coolidge, Culver, Erwin, Evans, Flickinger, Goodwin, Halle, Lodge, Myers, Olson, Preble, Roberts, Stantz, Thompson and Woodbury. Mr. Ronald Lee, Assistant Director, National Park Service; Mr. Charles A. Richey, Chief of Lands, National Park Service; Mr. Carl D. Shoemaker, National Wildlife Federation; Mr. Howard Zahniser, The Wilderness Society, guests; Executive Secretary Packard, and Editor and Field Representative Butcher.

From Remarks of the President

What the immediate future may hold for the national parks, no one can predict. We know that it is possible that appropriations will be cut, with resulting danger of further deterioration of visitor facilities. Acquisition of inholdings, needed to prevent undesirable developments, has progressed slowly, and is likely to be given scant attention under existing circumstances. Postponement will make the problem harder and more expensive when war expenditures have been reduced. The Association should not only fight all intrusions, as in the past, but should insist that the parks be kept as workable units for the benefit of all. Maintenance of appropriations, at least at the level of the current year, should be our goal. No matter how well our country comes through the present crisis, pressures for economic use and exploitation will continue. What all-out war could do to the parks is appalling to contemplate. Our Association and its splendid allies will, I am sure, never fail to stand for the complete preservation of these priceless and irreplaceable exhibits of nature's handiwork.

The recent resignation of Mr. Newton B. Drury as director of the Service is on all our minds. You have read Dr. Leland's article in our current magazine (NATIONAL PARKS MAGAZINE for April-June 1951) explaining the circumstances. We miss Mr. Drury, and wish he were here today. We must continue to uphold the principles and standards for which he stood, in the face of efforts by the Bureau of Reclamation to break them down.

Mr. Ronald Lee reported that the staff of the National Park Service and the National Parks Advisory Board are jointly studying the desirability of reclassifying the several categories of reservations comprising the national park system. He said that the Service is participating in studies of the river basins on a rim-to-rim basis.

Mr. John H. Baker, speaking about the Everglades National Park, said that, in his opinion, the most urgent remaining action required was to obtain certain lands on the northeastern boundary, since the flow of fresh water over the Everglades crosses these lands. Additional lands north and west of the park will be donated by the private owners, he said; and he urged that, when legislation is drafted to authorize the incorporation of additional lands into the park, the maximum northern boundary be established at the Tamiami Trail.

Report of the Field Representative

Mr. Butcher told the Board about his trip of last summer, and he announced the publication of the third edition of *Exploring Our National Parks and Monuments* and a new publication, *Exploring the National Parks of Canada*. He showed the Board a proof of the jacket for the parks and monuments book and the cover design for the Canadian book, and then mentioned the lectures he had given during the year. He told the Board that there is a possibility

of his undertaking a project—work that would be closely related to that of the Association—and that if this should materialize, it might necessitate his giving up serving as editor of the magazine for a year or possibly two years. He said this would not interfere, however, with his position as field representative.

From Report of the Executive Secretary

During the past year, I have had opportunity to discuss the financial structure of several national conservation organizations with their officials, and have found that few, if any, are operating in the black. Those with limited budgets are usually in the red, while the endowed organizations usually plan for an operating deficit. While our Association needs more funds for its work, it appears to be in a more favorable financial condition than many of the others.

Since I entered the organization, in 1946, the reserve fund has more than doubled in assets, and it now amounts to more than $40,000. Interest from its investments is contributing to our operating expenses. At the same time, the fund has enabled us to undertake important new projects, notably the publication of the second edition of *Exploring Our National Parks and Monuments* and its supplement, *Exploring the National Parks of Canada.*

Board members have followed the negotiations leading to publication, this month, of the third edition of *Exploring Our National Parks and Monuments*, by Houghton Mifflin Company. Houghton Mifflin has undertaken all of the expenses involved, purchased the electrotype plates of the previous editions, and has set up a fund for promotional work in the name of the Association. The Association will receive a royalty higher than the previous one. Mr. Butcher has devoted enormous effort to bringing the book up to the minute, and has succeeded in increasing the beauty of what seemed a year ago to be a perfect book. Houghton Mifflin has ordered 20,000 copies to be printed. This brings the total number of copies published to date to 55,000.

Mr. Henry H. Collins, Jr. has approached the Association with a proposal to publish a series of popular bulletins on the birds, mammals, plants and so forth, of the individual parks and monuments. The project is planned to be financed by an outside source, and the Association has been asked to sponsor it. In return, the Association will have editorial control of the material, and serve as liaison between Mr. Collins and the office of the director of the National Park Service. The Service has approved the project, stating that there is need for such a series for public education. Two of the series have been issued, one on the birds of Bandelier National Monument and the other on the birds of Montezuma and Tuzigoot national monuments.

The Association handled the arrangements for a cocktail party at the Cosmos Club, on March 28, in honor of Mr. Drury, on the occasion of his retirement. A testimonial scroll, signed by representatives of twenty-one national and international organizations, was presented to Mr. Drury as an expression of esteem.

Mr. Coolidge stated that the Association's activities in the international field have been greatly appreciated by the International Union. He added that the distribution of *Exploring Our National Parks and Monuments* to foreign libraries will be an aid in international accord.

From Report of the Nominating Committee

For a term of three years, subject to amendment of the bylaws, the following were elected to the Board of Trustees: Newton B. Drury, Anthony W. Smith and Martin Litton.

It was moved, duly seconded, and unanimously voted to accept an amendment to the bylaws, changing the first sentence of section 1 to read: "The administration of the affairs and funds of the Association shall be by a board of trustees comprised of not

less than *twenty* and not more than *thirty-five* members elected by the board itself." (The bylaws are available from the Association upon request.)

RESOLUTIONS

National Park Service Appropriations

The Board of Trustees of the National Parks Association invites the attention of the Congress to the many valuable services performed by the national parks and monuments, and to the importance of the appropriation of funds for the National Park Service adequate to meet the responsibilities given it by the Congress. The value of the national park system in time of national emergency was demonstrated during World War II, and its contributions to the present defense program may be anticipated to be even greater. The National Parks Association urges that the budget of $28,294,500 for 1952, approved by the House Committee on Appropriations, be supported by the Senate and that certain items of the original budget request be restored.

The continuation of the River Basin Studies to salvage selected examples of valuable material from prehistoric sites in advance of flooding by construction now in progress, is urgent and cannot be deferred, if losses of irreplaceable value are to be prevented.

The completion of sections of the Blue Ridge Parkway, some of which were started more than ten years ago, should be authorized now to protect the government's investment and to prevent deterioration of such incompleted sections.

The need for funds to acquire privately owned lands inside the national parks and monuments is one of the most critical of national park problems, and the amount provided for general land acquisition should be increased, if possible.

Modification of the Mining Laws on National Forest Lands

The present mining laws have been used as a basis for the filing of claims on approximately 1,850,000 acres of national forest lands. Only fourteen percent of these claims have been or are commercially successful, and but two and six tenths percent of them are now producing minerals. The remaining claims are either idle, although the government has no authority to dispose of timber on them, or they have been patented and are being used for other purposes under the right of the locator to exclusive control of the surface, including ownership of all the timber thereon. These claims and patents are frequently detrimental to good national forest management, or are preventing the wisest use of the national forest as a whole.

The Board of Trustees of the National Parks Association strongly recommends that the mining laws be modified to provide that a mining claimant would receive title only to the minerals concerned and have the use of the surface for mining purposes only; and that existing titles that are invalid, or that were obtained under fraudulent representations, should be rescinded. Such action would protect the national forests against the practice of locating claims for improper purposes, save the federal government much expense in protesting invalid claims, and benefit orderly management of the national forests.

Grasslands National Monument

The aboriginal grasslands of the United States, which once covered forty percent of its land area, and which played so vital a role in the growth of the nation, have almost disappeared in their primeval state before the advance of human culture. Unless examples of the several distinctive types of native grasslands are reserved in the near future, it will be impossible for future generations of Americans to visualize from personal experience what the early West was like, to understand the meaning of the "Sea of Grass," or to know the varied wildlife that flourished there in its natural habitat.

The Board of Trustees of the National Parks Association wholeheartedly supports the efforts of the Natural Resources Council of America, which is working in cooperation with officials of the Departments of Agriculture and the Interior, and with private organizations, to secure the inviolate reservation of representative grasslands for scientific, educational and esthetic purposes. It is the hope of the Board that one or more national monuments will be established to protect outstanding exhibits of natural grasslands as a result of this activity.

Preservation of National Parks in Time of National Emergency

The history of national park preservation

demonstrates that, in time of national emergency, there is a marked tendency on the part of interests, that desire to gain access to the national parks and monuments for personal or local profit, to justify such demands on the grounds that such exploitation is necessary to the national welfare. The Board of Trustees calls on the members of the National Parks Association to use all the influence in their power and to make every possible effort to ensure that the requirements of the present national defense program shall not be used as a basis for invasion of these reservations. The Board believes that the national park system must be preserved inviolate for all time, and that the only justification for any relaxation of this position would be the event that such utilization of its lands or resources were proved to be essential to the national security, and then only as a last resort.

Mr. Newton B. Drury

The Trustees of the National Parks Association regret the great loss which the National Park Service has suffered through the termination of Newton B. Drury's service as its Director. The Trustees desire to record their appreciation of the high quality of Mr. Drury's administration of more than ten years, of his courageous and vigorous defense of the nation's heritage of unique works of nature, and of important historic landmarks, and of his policies with respect to their enjoyment and understanding by the American people.

The Trustees hereby express to Mr. Drury their sincere wishes for every success in his new position as Chief of The Division of Beaches and Parks of California.

Mr. Arthur E. Demaray

The Trustees of the National Parks Association assure Mr. Arthur E. Demaray, the new Director, and other officers of the National Park Service, of their desire to cooperate fully and heartily with them in maintaining the standards and ideals which have been upheld by Director Drury and his predecessors, and of their confidence in the continued progress of the best interests of the national parks and monuments under their experienced administration.

Dedication of the Grand Portage Trail National Historic Site

The Board of Trustees of the National Parks Association wholeheartedly endorses the plan of the National Park Service to dedicate the Grand Portage Trail National Historic Site, in Minnesota, during the summer of 1951. This dedication will serve to commemorate the signing of the Washington-Ashburton Treaty of 1842, which gave the citizens of the United States and Canada the free use of this famous trail that played a major role in the history of the Northwest Territory, long before that region was settled by the pioneers. It will also facilitate the completion of the plans to apply sound conservation and wilderness preservation policies to the adjacent Quetico-Superior Country in the Rainey Lake and Pigeon River watersheds, and should increase the friendly cooperation in this project between Canada and the United States.

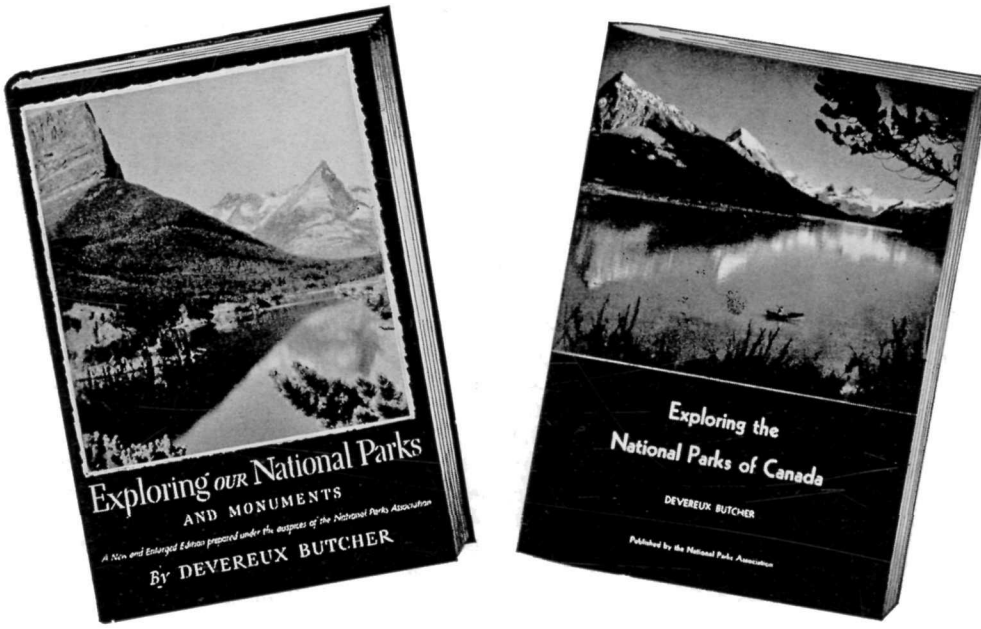
FLORIDA'S KEY DEER

(Continued from page 81)

to secure congressional authorization for the preservation of this disappearing species and the other integrated species of this ecological type. I feel sure that if the American people knew the situation, the response would be overwhelming.

The points of disagreement might be ironed out if Service officials and landowners opposing the refuge would hold a conference.

Obviously, the present warden service in the key deer area has power only to prevent needless killing by poachers. It cannot prevent destruction of the deer habitat. There is nothing so tragic as the needless extermination of a valuable and handsome species. Passage of H. R. 2897 is desperately necessary now. We suggest you write to your representatives and senators at once urging this bill be given immediate consideration.



These Two Beautiful Books Prepared for You by Your Association

EXPLORING OUR NATIONAL PARKS AND MONUMENTS, third edition, describes 26 national parks, 36 nature monuments and 18 archeological * monuments. In 288 pages, it contains 284 magnificent photographs of scenery, animals, birds, wild flowers and prehistoric Indian ruins in the reservations; tells how to reach each area by automobile, bus or train; where to stay, including hotels, lodges and campgrounds; what to see and do; and names important trips in the parks. Three maps show locations of all areas described.

EXPLORING THE NATIONAL PARKS OF CANADA, in 84 pages, describes Canada's eleven big national parks. Prepared in the same handsome format as *Exploring Our National Parks and Monuments*, it is just as lavishly illustrated, with the most thrilling photographs of Canada's glorious wilderness. Here, too, is complete information on how to reach each park, where to stay and what to do. Both books are designed to help you plan your vacation. Order copies for yourself and for your friends by filling in and mailing the coupon with your check today.

* The national archeological monument series, although included in this larger book, is also available in a separate 64-page booklet entitled *Exploring Our Prehistoric Indian Ruins*. Anyone specifically interested in archeology can obtain this booklet by enclosing $1 additional and marking X beside "Archeology" on the coupon.

National Parks Association, 1214 16th Street, N. W., Washington 6, D. C.

Please send me.....cop.....of EXPLORING OUR NATIONAL PARKS AND MONUMENTS

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THE EDITOR'S BOOKSHELF

STEVE MATHER OF THE NATIONAL PARKS, a Biography, by Robert Shankland. Published by Alfred A. Knopf, New York, 1951. With bibliography and index. Illustrated. 326 pages. Price $4.

This is not only a biography of one of the most fabulous Americans that ever lived—a millionaire, an organizer and promoter, a man of sincerity and integrity, having limitless physical strength and endurance, and with phenomenal ability to make friends and inspire them with his own enthusiasm—but it is also a fast-moving, completely absorbing and thrilling story of the growth and development of our national park system and National Park Service.

As the story advances, the reader becomes increasingly impressed with the tremendous amount of research it must have required, for the author is not and has not been a national park man. A remarkably able writer, Mr. Shankland holds his reader's interest all the way.

The story starts with Mather becoming assistant to the Secretary of the Interior in 1915—not director of the National Park Service, for there was no National Park Service at that time. Following a discussion of the western borax mining, from whence came the Mather fortune, there begins the pageant of history-making events over a decade and a half. In rapid succession, the reader accompanies Mather on his mountain trips, watches passage of the National Park Service Act, the Antiquities Act, and establishment of an informed public to support park interests. There is the question of admitting automobiles to Yellowstone, and the need for better roads. Concessioner problems are met, railroads become interested in the parks, and the press makes grand contributions toward public enlightenment. And while new national parks and national monuments are established, predatory interests—then as today—seek to invade and devastate them.

Across the pages of this exciting story marches a parade of men and women to whom present and future generations will owe a debt of gratitude. These people had an appreciation of wilderness and of nature undisturbed, and they knew the importance of pristine wilderness to civilization. They acted accordingly. With the great Steve Mather, were men like Horace M. Albright, Frank R. Oastler, John C. Merriam, Harold C. Bryant, Huston Thompson and Ansel F. Hall. Here were the leaders of organizations seeking to aid the cause of the parks—J. Horace McFarland of the American Civic Association, Francis Farquhar of the Sierra Club and Robert Sterling Yard of the National Parks Association. Here were editors and writers like George Horace Lorimer of the *Saturday Evening Post*, and Emerson Hough, and leaders in the national Congress: Louis C. Crampton of Michigan, Carl Hayden of Arizona, William Kent of California and John F. Lacey of Iowa. There was C. M. Goethe who, with his wife, introduced the idea of the park nature program to this country; Frederick Law Olmsted and his son, landscape architects, and countless others. Along with those who sought park establishment were those whose thinking was somewhat less in harmony with the best interests of the park preservation idea: Albert B. Fall of New Mexico, and, perhaps most notorious of all, Ralph H. Cameron of Grand Canyon fame.

Steve Mather of the National Parks reveals the tremendous effort and selflessness, on the part of the few for the sake of the many, required to establish our national park and monument system, to create the National Park Service and to formulate necessary policies. Through the book is a fearless recounting of the threats to the parks. If the book contains any flaw, it is that there is no presentation of the Na-

tional Park Standards. These were originally drafted by the Camp Fire Club of America, in 1923, and revised in 1945 by the National Parks Association. A declaration of policy, the standards present in clear, concise form the national policy governing the parks and monuments. The more widely they are understood by the general public, the more easily shall our parks be defended.—*D. B.*

A Field Guide to the Butterflies of North America, East of the Great Plains, by Alexander B. Klots. Published by Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston, 1951. Illustrated. Index. 349 + xvi pages. Price $3.75.

This is another of the handy books in the Peterson Field Guide series, and is likely to prove the most convenient book yet published for both the amateur and professional butterfly enthusiast. It is so simply written and attractively prepared, that it is likely to win new converts to the fascinating hobby of butterfly collecting and identification. The first chapters give information *To Teachers and Nature Leaders*, on *Collecting and Preserving Specimens*, on life zones, parasites, habits and behavior, life histories and growth. Illustrations include 247 species in full color from superbly accurate paintings by Marjorie Stratham, and 232 photographs by Florence Longworth.

Flowers of the Southwest Deserts, by Natt N. Dodge. Drawings by Jeanne R. Janish. Edited by Dale S. King. Southwestern Monuments Association Popular Series No. 4. Paper cover. Index. 112 pages. Price $1.00.

The purpose of this book is to introduce the common desert flowers to newcomers to the Southwest, and to give information on the habits of the plants and the uses made of them by wildlife and man. Flowers are grouped according to color as an aid to identification. Drawings of a single species show large scale views of blossoms, leaves, thorns, seeds or seed pods, and in many cases, the form of the full plant. These, together with the descriptive texts, make this a most useful and handy guide to enhance one's enjoyment of the desert.

Flora of Mount Rainier National Park, by C. Frank Brockman. *Government Printing Office*, Washington, D. C. 170 pages + VI. Illustrated. Field key. Glossary. Bibliography. Index. Price 75 cents.

This treats most of the 700 flowering plants of Mount Rainier, as well as trees and ferns. Handsomely prepared, it has numerous photographs of the species described, including tree cones and foliage. Although a number of the descriptions appear to be too brief, the book is, nevertheless, the best guide to the park's flora, which is an outstanding feature of the park, and one that attracts a great deal of visitor interest. Your stay at Mount Rainier will be more complete and enjoyable by having this book with you.

Nature Photography With Miniature Cameras, by Alfred M. Bailey. Published by the Denver Museum of Natural History. Sixty-four pages. Illustrated.

Number 1 in a series of booklets to be printed by the Denver Museum, this booklet fills a pressing need—a thorough résumé of the use of miniature cameras in photographing nature, written by one who has spent years at it. The author describes many of his thrilling experiences in capturing wildlife on film, both in our own country and in the Pacific islands, Alaska and other far-away places. Having used many kinds of cameras of all sizes, he does not limit his discussion to miniature sizes, but points out advantages and disadvantages of several kinds of cameras. Many beautiful full-page photographs make this an attractive and interesting booklet. It should help those eager to photograph nature to decide what camera will best suit their needs.

TRAILSIDE PLANTS OF HAWAII NATIONAL PARK, special issue, Hawaii Nature Notes, by Douglass H. Hubbard and Vernon R. Bender, Jr. Published by the Hawaii Natural History Association, Hawaii National Park. Thirty pages. Illustrated. Index. Price 25 cents.

This booklet describes and pictures approximately two dozen of Hawaii National Park's native plants, not including trees, ferns and mosses. Eight exotic species are also treated. An introduction tells how plants came to the islands, and discusses climate in relation to the vegetation. The Natural History Association plans to publish additional bulletins to cover other forms of Hawaii National Park's flora.

SCENIC GUIDE TO OREGON, by Weldon F. Heald. Published by H. Cyril Johnson, Scenic Guides, Box 288, Susanville, California. Paper cover. 112 pages. Illustrated. Index. Price $1.50.

This is the second of the Johnson Scenic Guides to be written by Weldon F. Heald. It is similar in format to the one on California, published in 1950, reviewed in National Parks Magazine for July-September 1950. Here are described each state park, national forest, the state's one national park—Crater Lake—and one national monument—Oregon Caves—as well as Hart Mountain and Malheur national wildlife refuges. Described, too, are interesting drives like the Skyline Road south of Mount Hood and the Columbia River Highway through the famous gorge; the many beautiful waterfalls like Multnomah, Horsetail and Silver Falls; the big mountains, canyons, lava fields and the other natural wonders of the state. Every city and town in Oregon, both large and small, and its historical or other importance, is described; and eight maps show highways, cities and natural features, helping travelers to reach any and all points of interest.

The author and the publisher deserve congratulations for including, on page 2, a statement for park and forest visitors on how to help protect nature and prevent vandalism and forest fire—a feature that every tourist guide should contain conspicuously.

BIRDS OF THE CANADIAN BORDER LAKES.

BOGS OF THE QUETICO-SUPERIOR COUNTRY TELL ITS FOREST HISTORY.

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TREES OF THE QUETICO-SUPERIOR COUNTRY.

WILDLIFE OF THE QUETICO-SUPERIOR COUNTRY.

WILDLIFE MANAGEMENT IN THE QUETICO-SUPERIOR COUNTRY.

Available on request from the President's Quetico-Superior Committee, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, 11, Illinois.

The long effort to preserve the wonderland of lakes and forests in northern Minnesota and southern Ontario as an International Peace Memorial Forest has been a succession of victories for the preservation of nature. The delimitation of roadless areas in the Superior National Forest, and strict regulation of commercial activity there, and the President's proclamation prohibiting the use of the region by aircraft, have assured that one of the finest recreational assets in America will be safeguarded. Progress is being made toward similar control of the adjoining primeval forest and lake country of the Quetico Provincial Park in Ontario.

The President's Quetico-Superior Committee, which is primarily responsible for these achievements, has published this fascinating series of pamphlets to increase public understanding and appreciation of the values of the region. They are filled with intimate details of the natural development of the forest from the days of the ice age, when the hundreds of lakes were created, to the coming of the present birds and mammals that find shelter there; of

the Indians who dwelt there, and of the travails of the voyageurs who portaged across its trails.

The Quetico-Superior country provides the finest canoeing in the United States, easily reached from centers of population. These bulletins will add to the pleasure and appreciation of those who explore the chains of lakes and camps on the wooded shores within sound of the laughter of loons and the cries of wolves.—*Fred M. Packard*

BUTTERFLIES OF GRAND CANYON NATIONAL PARK, by Dr. John S. Garth, in cooperation with the Allan Hancock Foundation. Published by the Grand Canyon Natural History Association, Grand Canyon, 1950. Illustrated. Index. Fifty-two pages. Price 75 cents.

This is number 11 in the series of natural history bulletins on Grand Canyon National Park. Twenty-six halftone illustrations from black and white photographs of butterflies, and full-color cover photographs of three species, help identification. Species chosen for illustration are those most characteristic of the region. A well-drawn map, prepared by park naturalist Louis Schellbach, shows locations where specimens have been collected. The bulletin is best suited for use by the more advanced lepidopterist. The amateur or beginner may not find most descriptions sufficiently detailed for identification. There is need, too, for a bulletin written in simpler terms, and having more illustrations, to stimulate interest. The important thing today is to build a more widespread public appreciation of nature.

THE PARKS AND CONGRESS

82nd Congress to July 1, 1951

H. R. 1221 (Regan) To authorize the acquisition of the remaining non-federal lands within Big Bend National Park. Passed the House; pending before the Senate Committee on Interior and Insular Affairs.

H. R. 1733 (Farrington) To authorize the establishment of the City of Refuge National Historical Park, in the Territory of Hawaii. Passed the House; pending before the Senate Committee on Interior and Insular Affairs.

H. R. 2897 (Lantaff) To authorize the establishment of a wildlife management area in the Florida keys. Before the House Committee on Merchant Marine and Fisheries.—Congressman Lantaff presided at a meeting held in Florida on which agreement was reached between property owners and other interested parties and Fish and Wildlife officials to introduce new legislation that would settle points at issue. The refuge area was reduced to avoid removing a large area from the county tax roll, but the pivotal northern tip of Big Pine Key was included with other essential lands, which will be leased from the owners. The government agreed to relinquish any control of bay bottom lands and fishing rights, and to reimburse the county for loss of taxes. It is hoped that this compromise will provide adequate protection for the dwarf deer. The Boone and Crockett Club has sponsored special warden service during the interim. Ed Dodd is devoting his daily Mark Trail strip to a dramatic cartoon presentation of the plight of these animals.

S. 109 (McFarland and Hayden) **H. R. 1213** (Patten) To protect scenic values along the Grand Canyon Park South Approach Highway (State 64), within the Kaibab National Forest. Passed the Senate; reported favorably from the House Committee on Interior and Insular Affairs, June 13.

The three-volume report of the President's Water Resources Policy Commission has been issued, presenting its recommendations for a comprehensive program for orderly development of the river basins of the United States. Frankly, it is a disappointment, for the vigor of many commendable statements has been lost through weak qualifying phrases that render them ineffectual. Any group or agency can support its contentions on almost any controversial question by selecting its choice of the compromising phrases used throughout the report, and this may lead to worse conflicts than already exist.

The Commission invited suggestions from dozens of interested organizations which might have led to a strong, courageous appraisal of what should be done to eliminate the chaos and inept planning so prevalent in current activity. Instead, these suggestions have been so diluted as to have been rendered futile. There are many good features of the report, but the basic problem does not appear to have been studied objectively, and there is reason to fear that this study may seriously impede the solution of existing controversies about it.

The Commission started its work with the preconceived belief that national parks and monuments are purely recreational areas, with no evident understanding of their primary role of protection of natural features. The National Parks Association tried to demonstrate to the Commission the deep significance of our national park system to the well-being of the nation and its people (See July-September 1950 issue of NATIONAL PARKS MAGAZINE, pp. 96-99), and analyzed the effects on the parks of such projects as the proposed Bridge Canyon, Echo Park, Split Mountain, Glacier View, and Mining City dams. A chapter of the report is devoted to recreation, and pays glowing tribute to the value of the out of doors; but when it comes down to concrete recommendations to protect these values, it is evident that the Commission considered them of secondary or minor importance. The policy regarding national parks is written as follows: Water and related land resources development should not be permitted to adversely affect any area which has been established by appropriate public authority as having unique or irreplaceable scenic or historic values, *unless the benefits to the Nation outweigh the loss of recreational values.*" A weaker defense of the national park system could hardly have been phrased, or one revealing less comprehension of why the national parks were reserved.

Several pages of the report analyze the Federal Water Power Act and its amendments—but mention of the essential fact that Congress twice stated in that Act that the national parks and monuments were explicitly protected from power developments is assiduously avoided. The point could not have been overlooked, for it is clearly stated in the law, and your Association made direct reference to it in its letter. The Commission simply appears to have considered the national parks of minor importance.

NATIONAL PARKS ASSOCIATION

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I wish to support the work of the National Parks Association through membership. I have indicated the class desired, and enclose check for dues which includes subscription to the quarterly NATIONAL PARKS MAGAZINE.

☐ **Annual $3 a year.** ☐ **Supporting $5 a year.** ☐ **Sustaining $10 a year.**
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☐ **Contribution to reserve fund.** (A donor contributing $100 or more to the reserve fund automatically becomes a life member. Dues, contributions and bequests are deductible from your federal income tax returns.)

Name.....

Address.....

Why the National Parks Association

ORIGIN OF THE NATIONAL PARK SYSTEM AND SERVICE

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

Since 1872 twenty-six 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.

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 forests, 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 reservoir dam authorized in 1913 floods the once beautiful Hetch Hetchy Valley in Yosemite National Park; and that during World War I certain flower-filled alpine meadows in the parks were opened to grazing. The building of needless roads that destroy primeval character, the over-development of amusement facilities, and the inclusion of areas that do not conform to national park standards, and which sometimes contain resources that will be needed for economic use, constitute other threats to the System. The National Parks Association has long urged designating the great parks as *national primeval parks* to distinguish them from other reservations administered by the National Park Service. The Association believes such a designation would help to clarify in the public mind the purpose and function of the parks, and reduce political assaults being made upon them.

THE NATIONAL PARKS ASSOCIATION

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

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

THE NATIONAL PARKS AND YOU

To insure the preservation of our heritage of scenic wilderness, the combined force of thinking Americans is needed. Membership in the National Parks Association offers a means through which you may do your part in guarding the national parks, national monuments and other wilderness country.

WHILE ENJOYING OUR FORESTS THIS SUMMER

LET'S PROTECT THEIR BEAUTY

FOR FUTURE YEARS

BY DROPPING NO BURNING MATCHES OR CIGARETTES

ALONG FOREST TRAILS OR ROADS

AND BY EXTINGUISHING OUR CAMP FIRES

TO THE LAST SPARK.