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AN ANALYSIS OF
LAFAYETTE
NATIONAL PARK

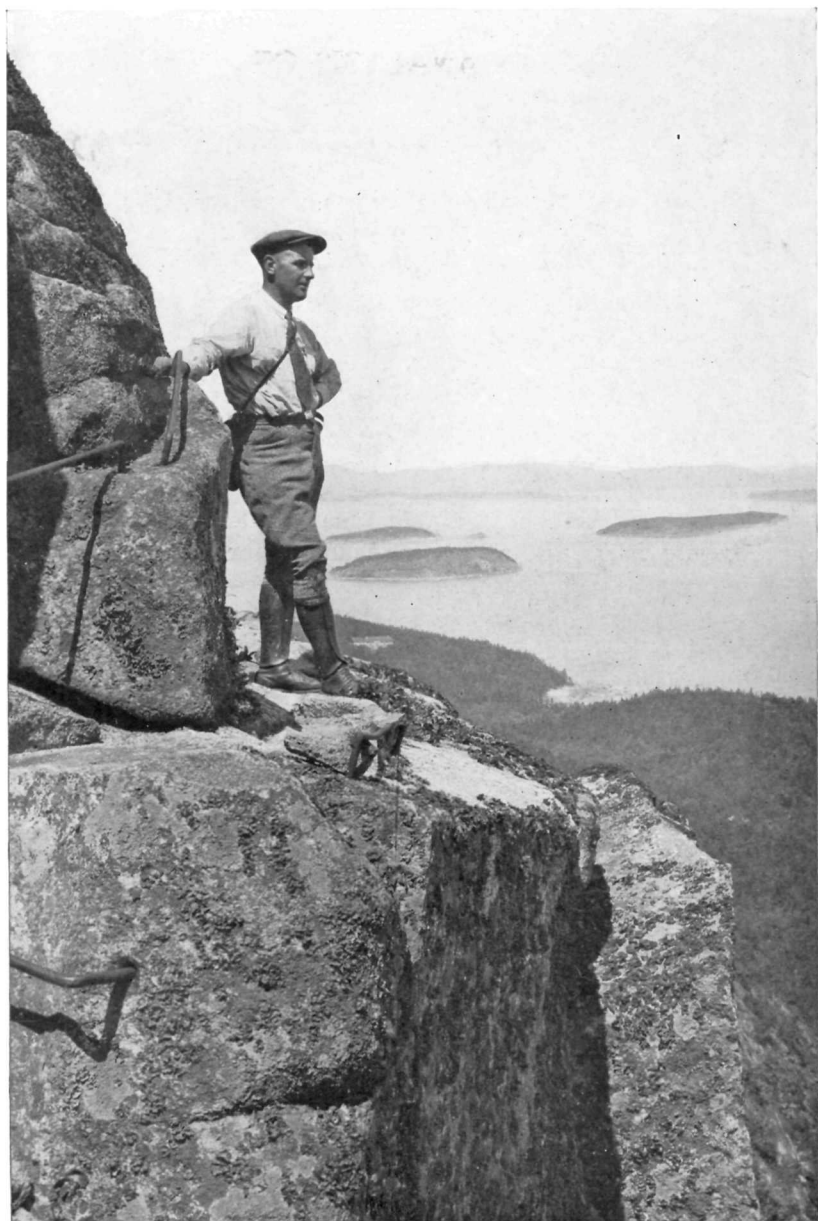
A REPORT BY
ROBERT STERLING YARD
Executive Secretary



Photograph by Herbert W. Gleason

1924

THE NATIONAL PARKS ASSOCIATION
1512 H STREET N.W., WASHINGTON, D. C.



Photograph by Herbert W. Gleason

ON THE PRECIPICE TRAIL

AN ANALYSIS OF LAFAYETTE NATIONAL PARK

FOREWORD

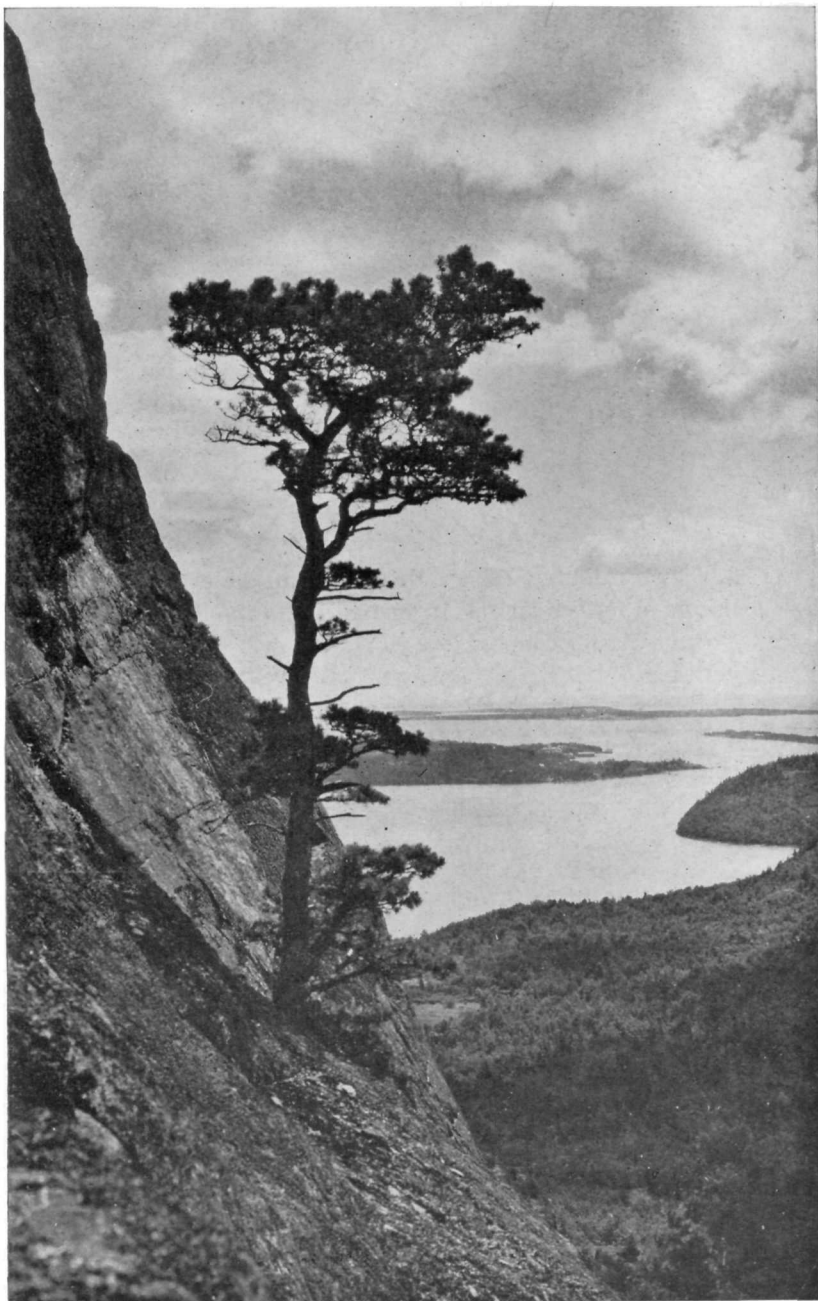
LAFAYETTE'S PLACE AND MISSION

EXCEPT for Lafayette National Park in Maine, the United States east of the Mississippi is still unrepresented in our National Parks System. The reason is that Congress does not purchase land for National Parks, and all eastern lands are privately owned except certain Appalachian forests recently acquired under the Weeks Act for the protection of stream sources and the conservation of growing timber. All other public lands are in the far West. Lafayette National Park was the gift of the people to the United States. It required years of labor and personal sacrifice to acquire it.

If our national system of scenic masterpieces is to be completed, it must represent eastern scenery and wild life by National Parks of quality as distinguished, relatively, as those of the west. The System must remain consistently magnificent, which does not mean that it must contain only gigantic elements; a collection of great masters of painting will include both Michelangelo and Whistler.

The following study of Lafayette National Park shows that we have begun well in the east. The one eastern representative of the National Parks System upholds to the full, under the different conditions of landscape and flora, the best standards set by the rugged West. Let Lafayette, therefore, serve as the standard bearer for the other eastern National Parks which it is the people's business to procure.

And let the remarkable story of the acquisition of its lands for the nation serve as the model for our endeavors.



Photograph by Herbert W. Gleason

ENTRANCE TO SOMES SOUND, SEEN FROM ACADIA MOUNTAIN, NORTH
EAST HARBOR IN CENTER, FLYING MOUNTAIN ON RIGHT



Photograph by Charles A. Townsend, Belfast

Jordan Pond and the Bubbles

LAFAYETTE NATIONAL PARK

LA FAYETTE NATIONAL PARK on Mount Desert Island, Maine, is unique in these respects: it combines mountain, lake, sea and estuary; it brings eastern landscape and forest into the National Parks System; it contains plant examples from the Arctic to Florida; its human history is highly romantic, involving incidents in the warring of two great nations preceding the birth of our own; its creation was a distinguished achievement of conservation.

One of our smallest, including so far only twenty-seven square miles, Lafayette contains nevertheless the well-balanced essentials of the perfect national park. It proves to those who associate sublimity only with towering summits that altitude is not in the least essential to national park quality. In fact, no small part of Lafayette's contribution to the national park conception is its illustration of the fact that scenery of fullest national importance may result from the extraordinary association of elements which are not individually commanding. Just as genius fashions a masterpiece from a few pigments, so nature has wrought here a work of altogether extraordinary beauty.

Geography

Mount Desert Island is the most celebrated beauty spot on the famous coast of Maine. It is the largest of a group of many islands east of Penobscot Bay. Its general shape is round, cut deeply into nearly east and west halves by Somes Sound, the only fiord, or glacial estuary, east of the northern Pacific and south of Newfoundland.

The island is indented on all sides by bays and inlets of many sizes and shapes. Its ocean front is picturesquely rocky, abounding in

masses of wave-swept rocks and high cliffs into which the ocean has bored caves which boom like cannon when high tides are storm driven. East and West across it for twelve miles stretches a range of more than twenty mountain summits, usually side by side. North, west and south of these lie broad, forested levels, rolling hills, lakes, meadows, marshes and bogs.

Bar Harbor, on the north side of the island on Frenchmans Bay, Seal Harbor on the south shore, and Northeast and Southwest Harbors on either side of the entrance of Somes Sound on the south, are the principal resort centers.

Mount Desert Island contains a hundred and five square miles. Close by on all sides are smaller islands, forested and wonderfully beautiful, some very small, others of considerable size and supporting summer colonies of their own. All are parts of an extensive archipelago which includes the broad waters of Penobscot Bay.

The National Park consists of all but one of the mountains, their enclosed lakes, and certain low lands and outlying properties, including one area of rock-bound shore. Lafayette is growing rapidly by gift of patriotic land owners. In time its boundaries may include half the island.

These are the only mountains fronting the Atlantic coast of the United States.

Remote Origins

The Maine coast is famous for its deeply indented waters. The subsidence of the eastern edge of the continent has admitted the sea to enormous valleys cut during the prehistoric ages by stream and glacial erosion, and these inland waters are thickly strewn with islands which then were mountain tops. Lafayette's mountains are remnants of what was once a mighty granite range reaching southward through Maine to a point now deeply submerged perhaps many miles at sea. The erosion which wiped away their many thousand vertical feet of sedimentary rock and shaped these mountains, hills and valleys out of the underlying granite once operated probably fifteen thousand feet or more above the sea.

The surface granite in the New England states and eastern Canada is extremely ancient. Erosion was already wearing it down before the first Rockies and the first Sierra showed above the southwestern sea. The region's present period of subsidence is not its first. Under tremendous pressures within the earth, it rose and subsided several times during ages too far back for human comprehension.

Besides its granite, Mount Desert Island has sedimentary and vol-



Photograph by Herbert W. Gleason

ONE OF CHAMPLAIN'S FIRST CLOSE VIEWS OF LAFAYETTE

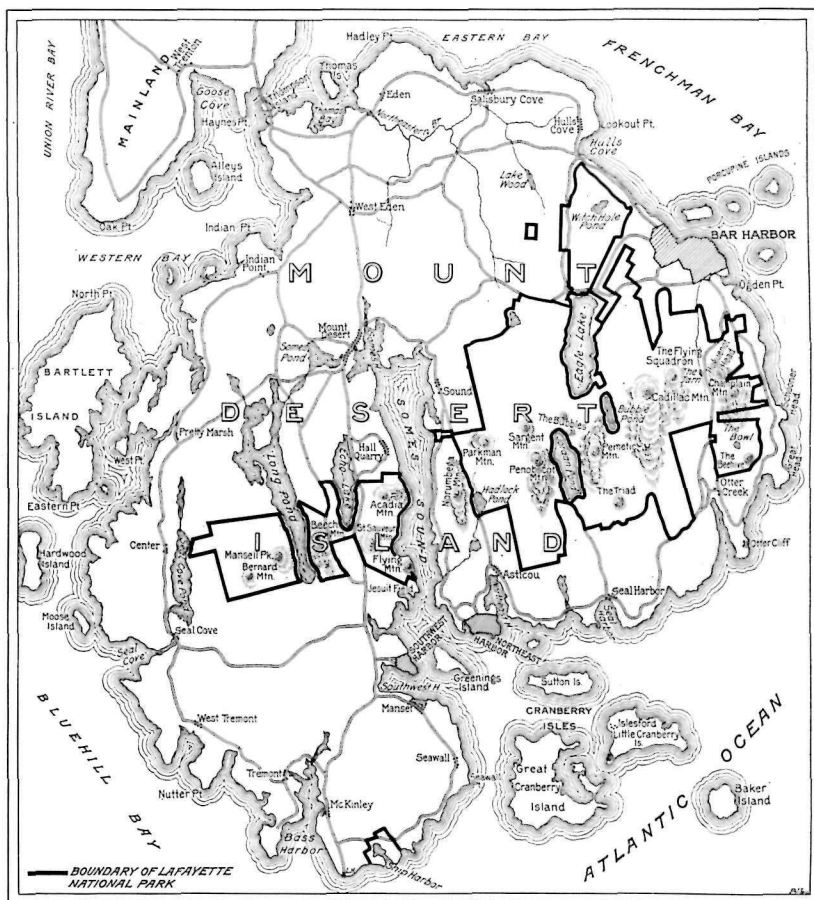
Showing Champlain Mountain flanked by the Bee Hive on the left and
Huguenot Head on the right

canic rocks, also, which disclose other and at times heroic adventures in its far distant past. Ocean-front cliffs between Schooner Head and Bar Harbor, for example, are of slate which escaped the glacier and the stream. South of Schooner Head the cliffs are granite. Cranberry Island and the Porcupine Islands off Bar Harbor are products of volcanic eruption. So are portions of the main island, the country, for example, around Salisbury Cove.

Lafayette from the Sea

The exquisite beauty of these mountains rising from the sea was known in France before the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers, and was famed in America before Lewis and Clarke brought home the news of the scenic glory of our west. An excellent guide book of Mount Desert Island was published as long ago as 1867. A number of families summer there in homes built by their forebears forty years or more ago.

From the sea, these mountains, changing their grouping with the changing point of view and their coloring with changing conditions



MAP OF LAFAYETTE NATIONAL PARK

Showing boundaries, principal mountains and lakes, principal towns, harbors and connecting roads

of sun and atmosphere, are beautiful beyond description. Now they are faintly blue, merging in the horizon. Again they are dark and positive. With the passing sun they pass from silhouette to marvelously modeled relief.

Watching them from the east, one instinctively imagines the emotions of Champlain, the French navigator, who discovered them and named the island for them. Seen from Baker Island or the Duck Islands on the south, the entire National Park range stands at dress parade. Here, when the long shadows of declining day pick out their contours, one can identify seventeen of the twenty-one summits named on the United States Geological Survey map. Against the sunset they are Fairyland. It was then that Champlain first saw them.



Photograph by Herbert W. Gleason

THE ATLANTIC FROM THE BEE HIVE

From the shore roads the mountains are less prominent except as one emerging from some forest stretch glances up at passing summits or catches happy groupings at the turn of the road.

Lafayette from the Shore

The drives around the boundaries of the park are unique. Passing in turn the homes of the farmer and the fisherman and the more elaborate places of summer residents, gliding through thick colorful forests, skirting wave-washed cliffs, rolling over broad moors past spruce-bordered fresh-water lakes and inlets of the sea, one is always conscious both of mountain and of ocean. The breath of the mountain flavors the air of the sea; the salty tang of the sea pervades the mountains.

Entering the National Park

But let us explore the park itself.

The one formal entrance is two miles south of Bar Harbor. A grassy clearing is bordered by a forest of many greens brightened by the gleaming trunks of white and yellow birches. In the foreground a domed and pillared structure encloses the Sieur de Monts Spring, from which a brook sings its way down a forest valley and across a meadow. There are two other buildings, one of which houses

the national park register and wall maps of Acadia and the park. A broad trail invites the visitor into the mountains. That is all. It is simple, appropriate and unique.

Elsewhere, the park may be entered anywhere afoot from the roads surrounding it, and by motor over roads built or building through it. Lafayette has more than two hundred miles of completed trail and an extensive program.

The Mountain Groups

The most easterly of the mountain groupings consist of Champlain Mountain, whose steep sides lead to a summit 1060 feet in altitude, and two connected elevations. The fine point on the west is Huguenot Head. That on the south is appropriately called the Beehive.

Like all the larger mountains, Champlain has been renamed in perpetuation of Mount Desert's early history. Henry IV of France had sent the Sieur de Monts to develop the Province of Acadia, which included the coast between the fortieth and forty-sixth parallels of latitude. Founding a colony which he called Port Royal near the present site of Fort Anne, Nova Scotia (now a Canadian National Park), de Monts sent his pilot Champlain, in an open boat with lateen sails to explore the coast westward. Twelve white men and two Indians manned the boat, which, after a day of swift sailing, arrived on September 5, 1604, at an island which, he wrote in his log, "is very high and notched in places so that there is the appearance to one at sea of seven or eight mountains extending along near each other."

"The summit of them," Champlain continues, "is destitute of trees, as there are only rocks upon them." So he named it "Isle des Monts Deserts." Thus was Mount Desert Island discovered.

De Monts was a Huguenot gentleman, a soldier and the governor of a Huguenot city in southern France. Hence the new name Huguenot Head for the summit west of Champlain Mountain.

The Beehive was named, from its shape, by artists in the sixties.

Cadillac

Separated from the Champlain group by a deep and narrow pass enclosing a spring lakelet called the Tarn, the next group westward consists of Cadillac Mountain, 1532 feet in altitude, the Flying Squadron, 1268 feet high, the White Cap and Great Pond Hill. This is the highest and most conspicuous group in the Lafayette National Park.

Eighty-four years after Champlain's discovery, Louis XIV gave



Photograph by Herbert W. Gleason

CHAMPLAIN MOUNTAIN FROM THE BUILDING OF ARTS, BAR HARBOR

On the right is Cadillac Mountain with a glimpse of the golf course below

Mount Desert Island to the Sieur de la Mothe Cadillac, who then lived with his family there, or near there, and later on became Governor of Louisiana. It is for him that the highest mountain in Lafayette was renamed after the creation of the national reservation. Previous to that it was known for many years as Green Mountain.

Cadillac Mountain has a finely rounded summit, bare in places, elsewhere thinly grown with stunted trees and shrubs. It can be seen from many directions above the heads of its neighbors. The hotel upon its summit burned down many years ago, and the forest has reclaimed the carriage road and the cog railroad which then ascended to it. The Flying Squadron, which parallels it on the east, was known for many years as Dry Mountain, no one now knows why. Its new name commemorates the great war when France, England and America joined against a common foe.

Separated from the Cadillac group by a beautiful mountain lake known as Bubble Pond, rises Pemetic Mountain, 1262 feet in altitude, and, south of it, a triple-peaked elevation known as the Triad. Pemetic (accented strongly on the first syllable) was the original Indian name of Mount Desert Island, but was not applied to this mountain until after E. H. Dodge's map was published in Boston in 1872. It is unnamed on that map. The word means "sloping land." The mountain was originally called by the Indians a name

which meant clam; possibly they likened it to a heap of clam shells.

Between the Pemetic group and the next westerly group, which consists of Sargent and Penobscot Mountains, is Jordan Pond, one of the gems of Lafayette. North of Jordan Pond, lying end to end with it and separated from it by the twin summits known as the Bubbles, is Eagle Lake. Jordan Pond empties south; Eagle Lake empties north. Mile-long trails connect them, one on either side of the Bubbles.

A Mountain Wilderness

These three mountain-girdled forest-bordered lakes, Jordan Pond, Bubble Pond and Eagle Lake, transport the visitor a thousand miles from the sea. Including their wild mountain surroundings, they might be in the Adirondacks; or in any part of the west, except for the exquisite, graceful, eastern forests which enclose them to the water's edge. One may fish for haddock in the sea and within the hour for trout in the heart of this mountain wilderness.

Both of these lakes are accessible by road from the highways encircling the island. Both are encircled by trails. These trails are not visible from the water, nor will the road be visible which now is building to connect them. Nothing will be done to mar the impression of remote, uninvaded nature which characterizes both these lakes. Eagle Lake was named by the artists' colony before 1860, Jordan Pond acquired its name from George H. and J. S. Jordan, lumbermen. The great fire of 1864 destroyed immense stands of primitive forest on the south side of several of these mountains, and, incidentally, the business of the Jordans at this point.

An excellent inn topping the long grassy hill at the foot of Jordan Pond is the resort of summer visitors from all parts of the island. There is a similar house at the foot of Eagle Lake. Both lakes have trout and land-locked salmon.

Penobscot Mountain, which rises 1180 feet from Jordan Pond's western shore, is named after the Indian tribe for which Penobscot River and Bay were also named. Sargent Mountain, north of it, 1344 feet in altitude, is unnamed on the Dodge map of 1872. The fishermen knew it as Brassy Mountain because of its color as seen in some lights from the sea. It is named after Stephen Sargent of Gloucester, who once owned it.

West of this fine grouping of wild lakes and mountains, Penobscot Mountain descends to the valley of the Haddock Ponds, and west and north of these Norumbega and Parkman Mountains, respectively 880 and 940 feet in altitude, rise abruptly to form the eastern wall



Photograph by Herbert W. Gleason

SPRUCES AND ASTERS

of famous Somes Sound. Norumbega perpetuates the Indian name for a large indefinitely bounded region which includes Mount Desert Island. Parkman Mountain was named, at the suggestion of Dr. Charles W. Eliot, for the famous historian who gathered with such painstaking care the early history of the country.

Somes Sound

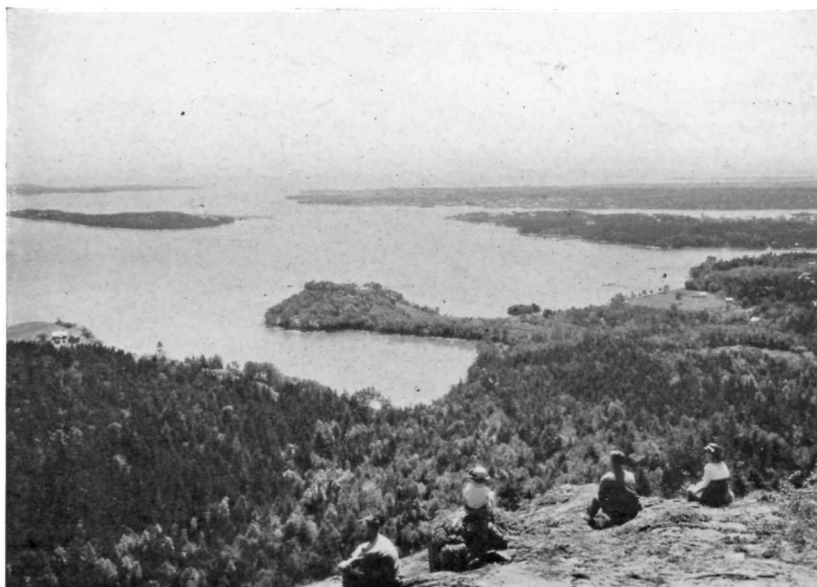
Thus we come to the remarkable fiord which divides Lafayette National Park. Once a glacial channel, Somes Sound stretches due north seven miles. The villages of Northeast Harbor and Southwest Harbor flank the approach from the sea. Entrance is through a deep channel called the Narrows. Norumbega and Parkman Mountains slope backward on the east and Saint Sauveur and Acadia Mountains rise abruptly on the west. Low elevations enclose the broad northern end of the Sound.

Somes Sound is not only remarkable for its geological formation but for its extraordinary beauty. Seen from the water looking north, from the road across its upper end looking south, from little Flying Mountain on its southwestern lip, from the mountains on either side or more distant highlands, its striking outlines and extraordinary charm class it among the country's unusual scenic features.

The Story of Saint Sauveur

Somes Sound figured in the very early history of the northwestern coast. With the assassination of tolerant Henry IV in 1610, the Jesuit party in France came into power, and Father Biard was sent at once to Acadia to choose a site for a mission. In 1613 a Jesuit expedition was financed by Madame de Guerehville to establish this mission at Kadesquit, the present site of Bangor. Picking up Father Biard at Port Royal early in June, the ship *Jonas*, with forty-eight colonists and sufficient horses, goats and supplies, took refuge from fog in a large and beautiful harbor which is supposed to have been Hull's Cove, northwest of Bar Harbor. The priests named the spot Saint Sauveur.

Here they were visited by Indians, who begged them to establish their mission on Somes Sound opposite the Indian village on the east shore promontory now known as Manchester Point. The priests, instructed to settle at Kadesquit, refused, whereupon the Indians asked them to give absolution to Asticou, their Chief, whom they reported dying. No priest could refuse this request, but they found Asticou in no danger. The Indians had tricked them with their tale in order



Photograph by Herbert W. Gleason

SOUTH FROM SAINT SAUVEUR MOUNTAIN

On the left Jesuit Field seen across Flying Mountain; on the right Southwest Harbor

to bring them within lure of the beautiful location. The trick succeeded. The priests saw the hand of God pointing to so admirable a site. Upon the meadows now known as Jesuit Field on Fernalds Point at the foot of Flying Mountain, they established their mission and transferred here the name of Saint Sauveur. But the mission of Saint Sauveur was destined to rapid and tragic disaster.

A year before this the English had heard of the purpose of the French Jesuits to settle in Acadia, and Captain Samuel Argall had been appointed Admiral of Virginia and instructed to drive foreign settlers from the country granted to Englishmen by James I. About the middle of July, 1613, on the same expedition in which he destroyed the French colony at Port Royal, now Fort Anne, Nova Scotia, Argall happened off Mount Desert Island in the ship *Treasurer*, fourteen guns and sixty-four men strong. Here an Indian, not distinguishing between the two nationalities of white men, paddled out to Argall's ship with the news of the Somes Sound settlement, then about two months old. Argall instantly cleared for action and sailed for Fernalds Point.

Meantime all had not been well at the mission. La Saussaye, the Commandant, had defied the authority of the priests, withdrawn the

sailors from the *Jonas*, and gone to farming. Argall found the *Jonas* unprepared for defense. Opening with all his guns, he soon possessed the mission. Three French were killed in the fight, some were set adrift in a provisioned open boat, which was picked up afterward by French fishermen, and the others, including Fathers Biard and Quentin, were taken prisoners to Virginia in the captured *Jonas*.

The Western Mountains

Driven into the summit rock of Flying Mountain may be seen the iron rivets which supported a large wooden cross raised by summer residents several years ago in honor of the mission of Saint Sauveur. The cross toppled over in a storm and was not replaced, but the United States Government had meantime created a permanent memorial by naming the fine mountain north of the spot Saint Sauveur Mountain. The former name, Dog Mountain, still persists among the residents and older summer visitors, but it is not the original name, as many suppose. It was called Defile Mountain previous to 1872, when it so appeared on the Dodge map.

Saint Sauveur Mountain rises precipitously from the waters of the sound. North of it, precipitous Acadia Mountain continues the wall of rock and forest. Acadia's former name was Robinson's Mountain, after an early settler who sunk shafts in the mountain's side, remains of which may still be seen, in search of Captain Kidd's treasure. Toward the end of his life Robinson believed he had found



Photograph by Herbert W. Gleason

JESUIT FIELD, SHOWING NORTHEAST HARBOR ACROSS THE NARROWS



Photograph by Herbert W. Gleason

EAGLE LAKE, LOOKING SOUTH

The highest elevation is Sargent Mountain. Showing an Appalachian Club group. George B. Dorr is in white.

the pirate chest and frequently bought powder to blow it open.

Acadia Mountain was the gift of Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln Cromwell of New York, in memory of Mrs. Cromwell's father, the Rev. Cornelius Smith, who was the first summer resident to build a home on Somes Sound, whence he looked upon this mountain.

The northern half of the Sound lies in a lower, open and charmingly hilly country, affording striking views from the northern cross-roads, including its mountain Narrows. A road named Sargent Drive for Samuel Duncan Sargent skirts its eastern side under Norumbega.

West of Saint Sauveur and Acadia Mountains is beautiful Echo Lake, from whose western edge Beech Cliff rises abruptly, separated from Beech Mountain by a gorge; beyond, Beech Mountain drops precipitously on its western side to Long Pond, the largest body of fresh water on Mount Desert Island. The Appalachian Mountain Club maintains a summer camp on Echo Lake. The original name of this lake was Denning's Pond, after Dr. Harvey Denning, one of the earliest physicians on the Island.

The National Park's western boundary encloses the splendid double mountain known from very old times as Western Mountain. Its easterly lobe has recently been named Mansell Peak, after Sir Robert Mansell, once Vice-Admiral of the British fleet and a member of the Council for New England.

This is the fifth attempt to associate Mansell's name permanently with Mount Desert Island. In 1630 the title, Mount Mansell, was given by Winthrop in his *Journal* to the entire island, but before



Photograph by Herbert W. Gleason

JORDAN POND FROM ROCKFALL AT FOOT OF JORDAN CLIFFS

the century closed the anglicized French name, Mount Desert, became established. In 1848, a township named Mansell in the warrant was set off from Mount Desert, but the Legislature changed it to Tremont. In 1869 Rev. Benjamin F. De Costa of New York called Norumbega Mountain Mount Mansell, in a book on the island, but the name failed to establish itself. The village of Manset on the south side of Southwest Harbor was originally named Mansel, but when the post office was started there a clerk in Washington ignorantly crossed the l in the original order, and again Sir Robert's memory failed of its due. The National Geographic Board at last chose his name to designate the eastern peak of Western Mountain, and it will need more than an earthquake to change that.

The western lobe of Western Mountain is called Bernard Mountain after Sir Francis Bernard, "Captain General and Governor-in-Chief of our Province of Massachusetts Bay in America," to whom the Province of Massachusetts granted Mount Desert Island, confirmed by George III in 1771, and who, more intelligently and suc-

cessfully than any other, labored for its settlement and sound development.

A Perfect National Park

These are the mountains and lakes of Lafayette National Park, but not all of them. Lesser elevations and lakelets contribute their part to the exquisite beauty of the whole. Besides the mountains, there are broad acres of hill and plain, broad forests and opens leading down to the sea. It is scenically extraordinary, it is the completest representation of regional kind that the northeast can produce, it is scientifically unique, it is complete in itself, and it possesses sufficient area for the ample accommodation of visitors.

Lafayette is not in the least dependent upon Mount Desert Island outside its own boundaries for its fullest justification as a unit with Glacier, Yellowstone, Zion and their stalwart companions of the National Parks System. Of its own kind and in its own way it is an American masterpiece.

We reach this conclusion after a consideration of form only, meaning the planning and grouping of topographic elements. Its composition, to use the artist's phrase, is nothing short of masterly. When, to this, we add color of richest quality and variety under nature's inspired handling we possess a work which is more than nature and more than art. The sea and sky changing color with the hour, the forest and meadow varying their hues with the season, the witchery of sunshine and shadow, invisible mist, low-lying fog and angry cloud, the glory of pale sunrise and painted sunset—these, in kaleidoscopic sequence, give this National Park a peculiar charm which it shares with none.

This brings us to the forest.

Lafayette's Remarkable Forest

Whatever these exquisite mountains seemed to Champlain from his open boat three hundred years ago, to us today they appear very far indeed from desert. It is true that the tops of several mountains appear bald, but none are so bald today as to justify the popular translation of Champlain's adjective, and the slopes of these and the summits of all the others are wooded.

The Lafayette forest is varied, highly colored and luxuriant beyond the conception of those familiar only with the magnificent monotones of the stately forests which dot here and there the vast opens of the far west. To the very brink of her sea-lashed bluffs, her surface is



Photograph by Herbert W. Gleason

ECHO LAKE FROM SITE OF THE APPALACHIAN CLUB CAMP.

densely crowded with rich forest, shrubby thicket, wild-flowered meadow, grassy marsh and orchid-studded bog. Bushes lean over her lake borders. Even her emerging ledges and summit rock walls are elaborately papered with many-hued lichen. The tropics show little greater energy of vegetation.

Besides its glory of color and luxuriance, the Lafayette forest is enriched by the park's position at the meeting point of zones of vegetation. Here mingle the species of the far north and the south. Two hundred and thirty species of plants common to the arctic grow here in close association with coastal examples from as far south as Georgia and Florida, and with inland species of the middle west and beyond.

Within a few thousand feet of some dense grove which might have grown in Labrador may be found a luxuriant forest practically identical with those of southern New Jersey. Or these stranger trees may appear together in the same stretch of woodland.

Lafayette is a paradise for naturalists, who work here in large numbers.

The most abundant tree is the Red Spruce, *Picea rubra*, tall, slender, symmetrical, yellowish green. This is the "spar spruce" of the ship builder. In dense forests which it loves, its lower limbs tend to drop off, leaving cool, gloomy, odorous temples roofed by massively interwoven foliage. The White Spruce, *Picea canadensis*, lives with it, but prefers the forest edges and the opens, often the cool ocean brink, where it builds great blue-green pyramids of remarkable luxuriance of plumage. It is a tree of the far north. It is easy to tell the spruces apart. Red spruce needles are brighter colored, shorter, thinner, and lie closer to their stems.

The Majestic White Pine

Lafayette's most majestic tree is the White Pine, *Pinus strobus*, after which Maine was named the Pine Tree State. It was once the principal lumber tree of the country, but large examples are now exceedingly scarce. A few fine old trees here have escaped the axe. All over Mount Desert Island the White Pine shows a remarkable vigor of reproduction. Young trees spring up on every hand. They are abundant here of every age. A century or two from now, Lafayette's exhibit of White Pine forest will be one of the spectacles of the nation.

The White Pine has a powerful trunk and limbs, and rich, fine, massed foliage. It can be distinguished instantly from the only other pine here of large size, the Red or Norway Pine, *Pinus resinosa*, by its smaller needles of bluer green. The White Pine's needles occur in bundles of five, the Red Pine's in bundles of two. The Red Pine is often branched to the ground. Its coarser foliage is darker green.

Two lesser pines meet here and in this latitude alone. The Gray or Jack Pine, *Pinus Banksiana*, found only near the summit of Cadillac Mountain, descends no farther south than Lafayette from the far frozen north. The Pitch Pine of the southern Atlantic coast, *Pinus rigida*, here approaches its northern limit. Small, gnarled, often twisted, massing its foliage in Japanese-like horizontals, it affects open ledges on rocky shores and mountain heights. The Gray Pine carries its needles in bundles of two, the Pitch Pine in bundles of three.

There is only one fir, the familiar Balsam of our northeastern States and Canada. Sprightly and precise in habit, it parts its needles in the middle and carries its cones upright, like Christmas candles.



Photograph by Duncan S. Johnson

DWARF FOREST ON SUMMIT OF CHAMPLAIN MOUNTAIN

Species represented: *Pinus rigida*; *Picea rubra*; *Alnus crispa*; *Pyrus arbutifolia*; *Betula alba*; *Juniperus communis*; *Potentilla tridentata*; *Kalmia angustifolia*; and *Vaccinium pennsylvanicum*.

In Lafayette, the famous eastern Hemlock, *Tsuga canadensis*, attains large size and beauty. The most graceful of conifers, it is found here and there in small stands, some pre-dating the first settlement of the Island, and springing up abundantly of younger age on the rich-soiled lower mountain slopes and in the forest depths.

The Larch, *Larix Americana*, the Cedar, *Thuja occidentalis*, two prostrate Junipers, *communis* and *horizontalis*, and the American Yew, *Taxus canadensis*, complete Lafayette's conifers. The Larch is locally known as Hackmatack; farther south, it is called Tamarac. Its bright plummy foliage and sprightly independence add much to the beauty of these coniferous forests, chiefly in the southwest of the Island, around which it weaves feathery borders. The White Cedar, or *Arbor vitae*, *Thuja occidentalis*, occurs in various characteristic swampy stands, but also scatters freely through the park.

The Glory of the Deciduous Forest

While conifers predominate here as in our western national parks, the altogether exceptional beauty of the Lafayette forest is imparted by its remarkably rich and varied exhibit of deciduous trees, which here attain a size in comparison with the neighboring conifers which

is unknown in other national parks. In the profusion, wide range of species, strong contrasts, luxuriance and coloring of the hardwoods lies the superior charm of the eastern forest.

The Red Oak, *Quercus rubra*, large-bodied, round-domed, stout of branch, broad of leaf and slender of twig, is Lafayette's most stalwart deciduous tree. Its bark of unusual gray, often deeply furrowed, is a thing of beauty. Its lively summer green becomes in autumn a deep glowing red.

The only other oak, the Bear Oak, *Quercus ilicifolia*, offers one of those anomalies for which Lafayette is famous. The familiar "Scrub Oak" of New Jersey and Eastern Pennsylvania is found here in considerable quantity, but only in one place, the high, rocky southern slope of Acadia Mountain.

Contrasts in Color and Form

One of the trees which adds greatly to the rich variety of the Lafayette forest is the beautiful Beech, *Fagus Americana*, whose smooth, mottled, dark grayish trunk beautifies many a forest vista.

The stately White Ash, *Fraxinus Americana*, brown-barked, stout-



Photograph by Charles A. Townsend, Belfast

SOMES SOUND FROM THE EAST

Saint Sauveur Mountain on the left and Acadia Mountain on the right



Photograph by Herbert W. Gleason

SILHOUETTE OF LAFAYETTE NATIONAL PARK FROM BAKER'S ISLAND. MOUNTAINS VISIBLE, LEFT TO RIGHT: BERNARD AND MANSELL TOGETHER, BEECH, SAINT SAUVEUR, ACADIA, NORUMBEGA, PARKMAN, PENOBSCOT, AND SARGENT, ONE OF THE BUBBLES, PEMETIC, CADILLAC, FLYING SQUADRON, HUGUENOT HEAD, CHAMPLAIN AND BEE HIVE

limbed and round-headed, hides in the deeper woods. The slender Black Ash, *Fraxinus nigra*, helps border streams and lakes; and here and there is found the exquisite Mountain Ash, *Sorbus Americana*, which farther south we dig in our mountains to plant on our lawns.

Nowhere do the birches impart charm and grace in greater measure than in this diversified forest. The Yellow Birch, *Betula lutea*, abundant only in deep-soiled wooded valleys and by banks of streams, is a potent element in the forest charm. Its coppery trunks, frayed and curled, add witchery to woods of gloomier habit. Its negligent poses, drooping branches and pale-backed leaves offset the dark precision of the ranked spruces and the majesty of the pines and oaks.

The Paper Birch, *Betula papyrifera*, whose bark yielded the northern Indians the material for their renowned canoes, abounds here, as westward in this latitude, growing at its finest. Its pure white trunk and handsome foliage make many splendid contrasts and are a feature of beauty along the forest verge. And the lesser Gray Birch, *Betula populifolia*, the White Birch of the south and west, its slender, dart-shaped, aspen-stemmed leaves quivering in every breeze, its gleaming, black-streaked trunks canted at all angles, brighten forest edges and burnt-over barrens where their shade nurses the seedlings of spruce and pine which in time will replace the lost forest.

Some of the finest of the maples add their glory to the Lafayette forest spectacle. The Red Maple, *Acer rubrum*, is the common maple of the park. Its spreading and drooping branches and exquisite foliage add grace to most of the hardwood stands, and contrast to the conifers. The Sugar Maple, *Acer saccharum*, is less plentiful, but present. The Moosewood Maple, *Acer Pennsylvanicum*, of delicately furrowed, white-striped trunk, and huge, three-lobed leaf, loves the shade of the forested mountain slopes, where it mixes with the little Mountain Maple, *Acer spicatum*, of the Appalachian Mountains.

Poplars, or popples, as Maine folk call them, also vary the Lafayette forest. The Large-toothed Poplar, *Populus grandidentata*, brightens the edges of many a dense forest. Tacamahac, or the Balm of Gilead, a stout-trunked tree of goodly height, angular branches and rust-backed leaves, was planted freely in the southwestern part of the island many years ago, but enough have been found far from the settlements to warrant some of the botanists to class it as indigenous. The Aspen, *Populus tremuloides*, is also common, its greenish trunk and shiny, quivering leaves adding agreeably to the forest spectacle. The traveler accustomed to find aspen only above 6,000 feet of altitude in our western National Parks, is surprised to see an old friend here a few feet above sea level.

Ironwood, *Ostrya Virginiana*, of shaggy elm-like trunk and leaf, is among the smaller trees of the denser forest. There are no less than sixteen species of little Willows.

A Garden of Beauty

In this impressive and suggestive catalogue will be seen another and most distinguished differentiation of Lafayette from all her sister National Parks. The beauty of these woodlands is beyond description. While Red Spruce occurs in large stands, much of the forest is made up of many kinds of trees, deciduous and conifer, in picturesque association. Everywhere, spruce and birch, pine and oak, maple, ash, beech, hemlock, cedar, and all the rest group together in delightful unexpectedness.

Because of the long period of this country's human occupation, much of the forest is of recent growth, but in places there are fine examples of the uncut forest of the prehistoric Indian. There are few places in our east where any primitive forest remains, and all of these should be guarded with jealous care.

But we shall give a poor idea of the Lafayette forest if we fail to proclaim the beauty of its floor. Within the denser stands of spruce nothing lesser grows for lack of light; the traveler walks on springy rugs of brown needles. Everywhere else, within and without the forest, lies a brilliant carpet. Bunchberry, Partridge Berry and Wintergreen, the Trailing Arbutus, the Wood Lily and the Linnea, the Clintonia, Pyrolas, the Twisted Stalk, mosses and ferns of many kinds are its warp and woof, within; in the open and among the ledges, sheets of Blueberries, Huckleberries, Bearberries, Mountain Cranberries, and their kin; by the wayside, Wild Roses, Blackberries and Raspberries, Golden Rod and Wild Asters; in the marshlands, Rhodora, Labrador Tea, the Meadow Sweet and Meadow Rue, the Kalmia and the Wild Lily. The pattern varies with the sunlight, the moisture and the soil. Rocks ashore are profusely painted with lichens of many hues, and rocks awash by seaweed.

The undergrowth is similarly brilliant. Black Alder with its bright autumnal berries, Viburnums in four splendid species, Hazel Nut, Witch Hazel, the Red-berried and Purple-berried Elders, the Shad Bush, earliest in the spring to bloom, Sweet Fern and Bayberry, and a score of others choose each its own special habitat and favorite company. The northern dogwood abounds. Fireweed paints broadly the fire-made barrens.

Lafayette's entire surface is a garden of beauty.



Photograph by Herbert W. Gleason

ANCIENT HEMLOCKS

This national park of extraordinary beauty is above all things a national park for use. Small as it is compared with the great parks of the west, so many and so diversified are its exhibits and so striking its contrasts that it cannot be adequately seen and appreciated in less time than can Yosemite and Glacier.

Here, as in all our national parks, each visitor gets what he goes for. He may drive his motor car around the mountains, glancing at them as he passes, dine at Jordan Pond, and leave the park knowing as little as the average motorist who drives in and out of the Yosemite Valley. If he wants to appreciate and enjoy either park, he must spend weeks, a month, or a summer. Even to comprehend Lafayette, he must walk many trails.

On the Trail

Just as Glacier is the national park of the trail rider, so Lafayette is the national park of the trail walker. A network of trails discloses its beauties, and the park is small enough for the unaccustomed to enjoy it all in successive efforts of no great length or exertion. A motor boat or automobile to the foot of the trail will make it easier.

For example, let us climb Champlain Mountain from Bar Harbor. Two miles bring us to the trail, which ascends through a young forest of spruce, pine and many hardwoods. This might well be named the Paved Trail, for much of it ascends long granite inclines. Half way up, a commanding point on an east-facing cliff discloses a remarkable view of ocean and island. Eight miles away Schoodic Point projects, foam-fingered, far seaward of a fine wooded and cliffed elevation. Frenchmans Bay, between, is dotted with many wooded islands among which steamers, launches, yachts and coasters weave foamy patterns. Wind slants draw broad lines across the shining waters.

The forest lessens rapidly as we approach the bald summit. Huckleberry, blueberry, and dwarf juniper are the most conspicuous of the lesser growths. The tumbled summit rocks, emerging from settings of these and many fine mosses, are themselves well-clothed in lichen.

From here, the beauty of Schoodic Point becomes even more impressive. Northward, Bar Harbor lies picturesquely at our feet, and beyond it in broad Frenchmans Bay are many splendid wooded islands, leading the eye to the mainland beyond, and above that to the blue horizon of Maine's inland mountains. Westward we peer into, but cannot fathom, a precipitous forested defile beyond which rise the fine profiles of Flying Squadron and Cadillac. Southward, we glimpse a promise which speeds us along the mountain comb.



Photograph by George R. King

IN THE WILDERNESS

From the third summit of our mountain, a dramatic, south-shore panorama is suddenly disclosed: Great Head, heavily wooded; Sand Beach, with foaming breakers; Gorham Mountain, pushing seaward; a wireless lookout, like a lighthouse; Otter Creek, boring deeply back into the forest; all these against a background of dark shimmering sea. Nearer by, in the deep foreground at our feet, lies a lakelet called the Bowl, circular, shining, lily-padded, jewel-like in a setting of maple, spruce and gleaming birch.

A Wilderness Jewel

We drop to the Bowl's edge through an ancient forest, passing heavy spruce and thick towering ash. Across the lakelet, cedars mass bright cones in a border swamp, on either side of which a vivid sunlit fringe of alder, little willow, birch, shivering aspen and their

lesser kin divides the water edges from a fine forest topped with spires of spruce and crowns of ash and maple. No wider, lovelier tiny lake-side in America than this!

Again we scramble, this time sharply up an old dark beechy slope to the rock top of the Beehive, there to emerge through thickets upon an outstanding precipice from which, after long looking down upon the forest's gorgeous roof, the nestling of herons in a great pine, and the Atlantic beyond, we alternately ladder and slide down a perpendicular trail to the Ocean Drive, and telephone for a car home.

No easier climb in America than this, nor any more crowded with novelty, variety, surprise, contrast and sheer beauty. But one may make it more difficult if he prefer by ascending the steep eastern side. The Orange and Black trail, so called because originally planned by a Princeton professor, carries two-thirds the way up. We know no other trail so nobly built as this. Many flights of huge granite steps make possible, to all, ascents which none but the daring otherwise would take, and yet the impression of undisturbed nature remains. At its apex, the summit seeker changes to the Precipice Trail, which is little more than a succession of ladders of stout iron bars sunk into the perpendicular granite, with iron footholds and handholds for the intermediate ledges. Signs warn off all but experienced climbers, but it is not experience so much as a sound head and a confident heart that is required. Unless possessed of these, the ambitious may not risk with impunity the dizzy ledges and sheer drops of this extraordinary trail.

There are scores of notable walks and climbs in Lafayette. Skirt Eagle Lake, the Bubbles, Bubble Pond and Jordan Pond for wilderness. Climb Acadia for the varied beauty of mountain, sound and inland waters. Ascend Cadillac for a complete horizon panorama, Sargent for remarkable water and island combinations, the Western Mountains for broad sweeps of land and lake and sea and distant highlands. The climbs are many, the variety inexhaustible; yet none will unduly tax the powers of the unaccustomed. But the hiker who needs many miles a day to satisfy his energy can lay out journeys which will try his powers to their utmost.

The Frame of the Picture

The frame for such a picture matters little; the canvas itself suffices. It is the proof of Lafayette's completeness that she holds her own securely in competition with her surroundings. Outside National Park boundaries, Mount Desert Island is exceedingly lovely.



Photograph by Herbert W. Gleason

ON THE PRECIPICE TRAIL



Photograph by Barrington Moore

EVIDENCE OF A TEMPESTUOUS PAST

A dike of diabase thrusting up through masses of volcanic tuff

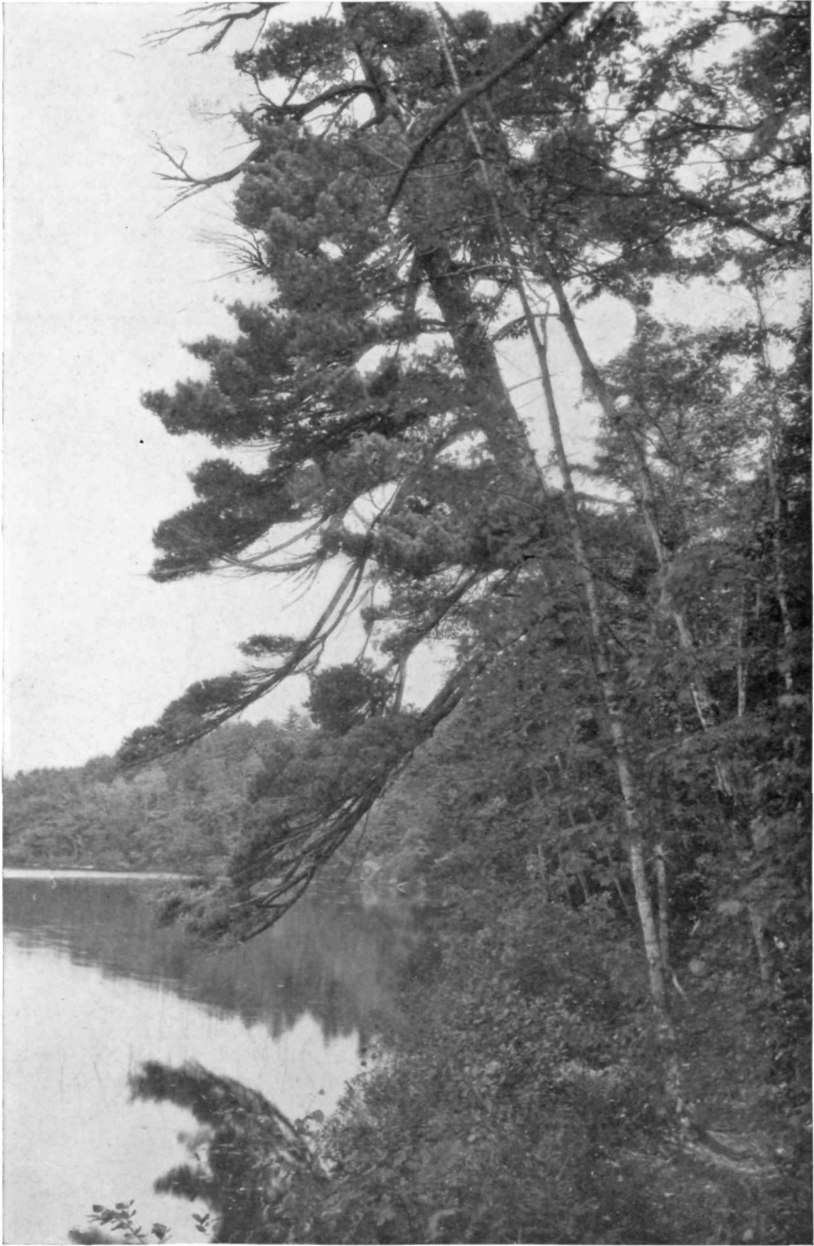
Frenchmans Bay on the north broadens eastward into a great estuary, island spotted. The slate and granite sea-fronts on the east and south are superbly surf-sculptured, abounding in bold headlands, majestic cliffs, spouting rocks and wave-hollowed caves. Southward, near at hand, rise broad habited islands, and east and south of these are islands habitable only by sea birds and lighthouse keepers, where, nevertheless, wonderful chowders are constructed by merry fishing parties; for in these waters haddock and cod are always ready to contribute to a holiday.

Sailing, fishing and motor boating have many devotees.

The narrow sea border northeast and south of the park is occupied by three resorts, Bar Harbor, Seal Harbor and Northeast Harbor, and by extensive summer places intervening.

Bar Harbor

Bar Harbor is a little city of beautiful homes. For miles north and south of the steamer landing the shore is lined by summer places whose owners' names are widely known in financial, diplomatic, scholarly and artistic circles. The great majority of this population is seasonally permanent. Many, including George B. Dorr, the founder, promoter, builder and superintendent of Lafayette National Park, represent the second generation of residents. Some of these older families maintain Bar Harbor as their legal homes, their city houses becoming winter residences.



Photograph by Herbert W. Gleason

LAKE-SIDE FOREST



Photograph by Herbert W. Gleason

There are also hotels with a wide variety of rates, garages and excellent shops. Bar Harbor is the business center not only of Mount Desert but of a large area of mainland.

For the rest, the golf course, started in 1895 and steadily developed, is one of the sportiest and most scientific in the country and the scene of many tournaments. There is a Building of Arts, architecturally exquisite and marvelously located, in which world-famous singers and musicians appear weekly during the season, and behind which is a hillside amphitheatre for pageants. There is an Athletic Field with local-league baseball and amateur sports. There is a Village Green with open-air concerts. And there is a Shore Path between the private places and the sea which has been famous for more than forty years.

Bar Harbor has been a yachting center for many years. A fleet of steam and sail, constantly changing as boats come and go, is anchored off shore, and there are races through the summer. Cruising yacht squadrons make it their northern port, and United States and foreign battle squadrons occasionally drop anchor. Sometimes the town is decorated for these occasions, and there are balls, dinners and international tennis.

Seal Harbor and Northeast Harbor are identical in kind and spirit but much smaller. Fronted by the sea and backed by the mountains, they are remarkably beautiful. Each has its fine estates, its fleet of yachts, its hotels and village centers. Each also has its individuality.

The Sea Wall

North, west and southwest, the Park's frame is varied, interesting, and always beautiful. Forests and opens, hills and shrubby flats, lakes, streams and deep inlets from the surrounding waters delightfully diversify it. The northwestern part has been farmed more extensively than now, and large areas once cultivated are returning graciously to nature.

The Sea Wall of the Island's southwestern limb, piled high with surf-worn rocks by the breaking waves, is remarkable for its picturesque beauty. Near it the Government maintains a lonely outpost of its Radio Service.

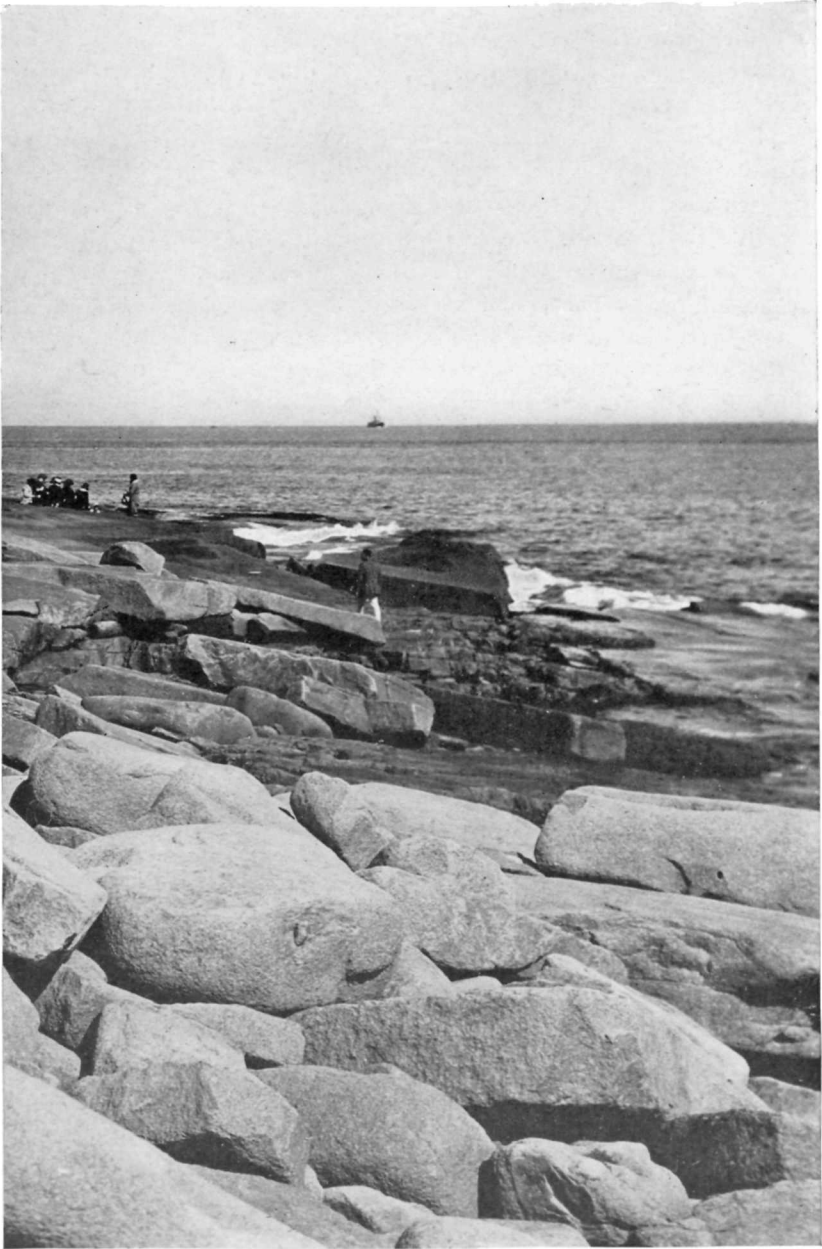
There are a number of villages north and southwest of the Park which long antedate the widely-known resorts. Chief of these is Southwest Harbor, itself a resort of importance. It occupies a promontory west of Somes Sound. The harbor is the best on the island, and the village is directly descended from Bernard's first settlement in 1762. Southwest Harbor has its beautiful ocean-front homes, its hotels and its pride of antiquity.

Other villages are Manset, Bass Harbor, Pretty Marsh, Somesville, and Salisbury Cove. A biological laboratory supported by voluntary contributions has been established at Salisbury Cove, where many investigations, particularly in marine life, are being conducted.

Historical Sequence

If we count the ill-fated attempt of Father Biard's Jesuits, actual settlement of Mount Desert Island began in 1613. But for many decades thereafter no white man is known to have visited it except Thomas Cobbett, who was carried there perforce while a captive of roving Indians. From a single historical allusion, it appears that Cadillac was living there, on "Winskeague Bay on the east side," when Louis XIV granted him the Island in 1689. It is not recorded that Cadillac made any attempt at colonization, though it is on record that he granted fishing privileges once in 1707.

In 1713, Louis XIV ceded Acadia to England following a defeat in Europe; then France, retaining Cape Breton, strove through various warfare to win it back again. The struggle for possession did not end until Wolfe's victory on the Plains of Abraham in 1759, when imme-



Photograph by Herbert W. Gleason

SEA WALL

diately hundreds of English colonists started for Maine. In 1762, when Sir Francis Bernard took possession, he found four families living on Cranberry Island, and two families on Mount Desert Island "at the head of the river," meaning Somes Sound. These were the families of Abraham Somes, who had come from Gloucester the year before, and James Richardson, also of Gloucester.

Bernard laid out the town of Southwest Harbor, located grist mills and started colonization. Hull's Cove was the second settlement.

In 1740, the English ship *Grand Design* was wrecked near Ship Harbor, and the few who escaped death from the sea and from hardships ashore were guided south by Indians. This incident is doubtless the origin of the various traditions concerning Ship Harbor.

Coming of the Summer Folk

The first recorded coming of summer visitors to Mount Desert Island is contained in a delightful journal kept by Charles Tracy of New York, who came in 1855, which is now lodged in the New York library of John Pierpont Morgan, 2d, whose grandfather he was. Mr. Tracy, who came with his family, and a party numbering twenty-six in all, was led to come by the account of it given him by Frederick Church, the artist, who came with him and had come before. Theodore Winthrop, the writer, killed afterward in the Civil War, was another of the party, which stayed at the Tavern at Somesville for the whole month of August, "enjoying themselves hugely."

With the railroad fifty miles away, the development of Mount Desert Island as a resort came with that of steamboat service east from Boston and Portland. The earliest steamship development was that of the Boston and Bangor line with change at Rockland, as now, to a local steamer east to Southwest Harbor. That was the way Mr. Tracy's party came.

In the sixties, and thence on till the railroad was built in the eighties from Bangor to Mount Desert Ferry, the principal way of coming was by rail to Portland and steamer thence to the Island, the line running to Eastport and calling at various ports upon the way.

These boats till 1868 stopped at Southwest Harbor only, coming twice a week. In 1868, for the first time, they came to Bar Harbor on one trip a week; people coming by the other staged from Southwest Harbor over. Hotel life at Bar Harbor grew rapidly until the nineties, when cottage life replaced it, the better-built hotels alone remaining.

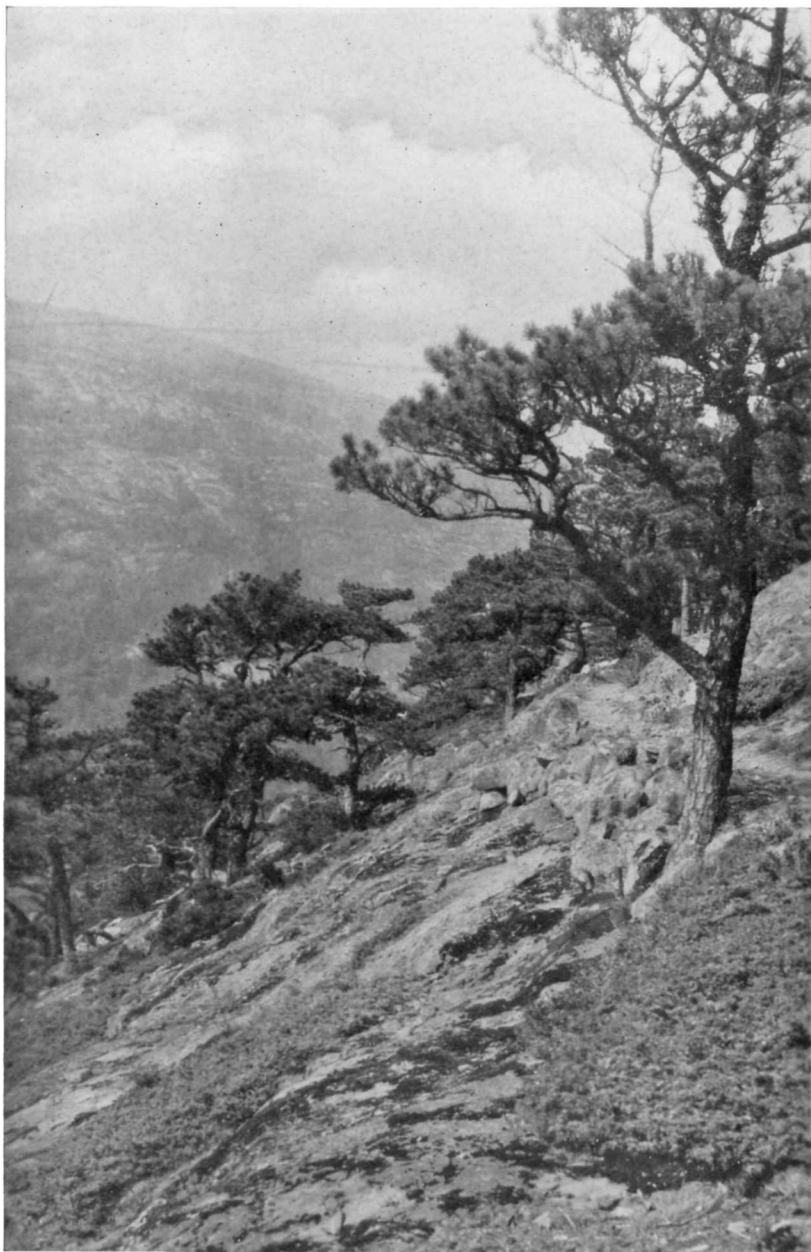


Photograph by Herbert W. Gleason

THE BEE HIVE, FIRST GIFT TO THE PARK

It was in the early eighties that Northeast Harbor began to develop, taking its origin from a summer camp of Harvard students headed by Charles Eliot, the future landscape architect and elder son of President Eliot of Harvard, who first built upon that shore. Seal Harbor made its start still later, in the nineties.

“In 1865 Bar Harbor hotel life was already in full swing,” writes George B. Dorr in a letter. “At that time an older friend of mine—a lady—came with her family and stayed for some weeks at Southwest Harbor. During their stay they drove over to Bar Harbor and stopped for a few nights. Such hotels as there were—simple and rough—were full to overflowing, so that they and a number more slept out in tents on what is still called The Field between Main Street and the shore. Bar Harbor then was already becoming widely known. My father planned to come in 1866 by rail and stage, from what friends had told him of the Island’s beauty, but later changed and went instead to the White Mountains. In 1868, the first year of the steamer to Bar Harbor, he and my mother came.”



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BETWEEN CHAMPLAIN AND THE FLYING SQUADRON



Photograph by Herbert W. Gleason

SURF-SWEPT LEDGES

A region so rich in history has been well studied. An admirable comprehensive book, entitled "Mount Desert," by the late George E. Street, for many years a resident minister, is the popular authority.

At Islesford, on Little Cranberry Island opposite Seal Harbor, William Otis Sawtelle maintains an invaluable museum of Mount Desert records and relics which is open to public inspection. He is exhaustively studying the region and its families. His "Sir Francis Bernard and His Grant of Mount Desert," published by the Colonial Society of Massachusetts, is the forerunner, we hope, of many valuable monographs touching the history of Lafayette National Park.

Charles W. Eliot and others have written interesting fragments. The historian of the summer colonies has not yet appeared.

Conserving Beauty

Lafayette did not originate in a desire to have a National Park on Mount Desert Island, but in the need to preserve an area of beauty and distinction "open and free to all," as Mr. Dorr puts it in a letter, "that all in the future might find in it the pleasure, health and inspiration we have found; to save it from the encroachments of commercialism; and to conserve the wild life, both plant and animal, whose native habitat it was." The project was born of the purest spirit of conservation.

In 1900, Mr. Dorr took steps toward the establishment of a forestry association as a means to conservation, to acquire and hold lands of public interest upon the Island, and an examination and report were

secured from Washington, but nothing definite was accomplished at that time. The following year Dr. Charles W. Eliot, President of Harvard University, called a meeting at Seal Harbor to form a corporation for the purpose of holding gifts of lands. This was the origin of the Hancock County Trustees of Public Reservations, which fifteen years afterward presented the park to the nation. Dr. Eliot was chosen president and Mr. Dorr vice-president and executive.

For seven years nothing further happened. The Corporation existed and the State Legislature gave it powers and privileges, but it possessed no lands. Then a gift came, unsought, in the summer of 1908 from Mrs. Charles D. Homans of Boston, who offered President Eliot the beautiful elevation known as the Beehive with the forest north of it enclosing the Bowl.

Beginning the Great Work

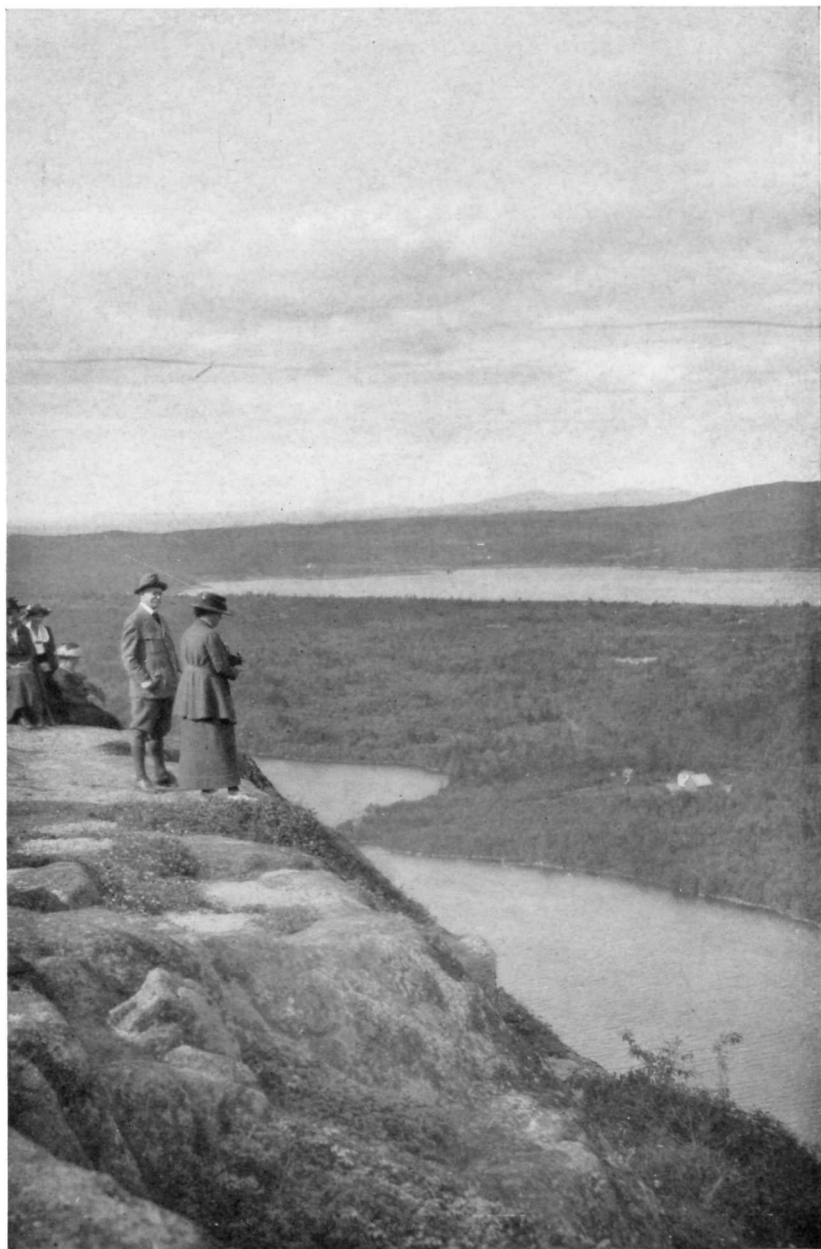
Inspired by this gift, and recognizing how great the opportunity might be if interest could be aroused, Mr. Dorr actively took up the work, not waiting for gifts to come but going out to get them, after studying the possibilities.

His first success was securing the gift of a hundred acres on the



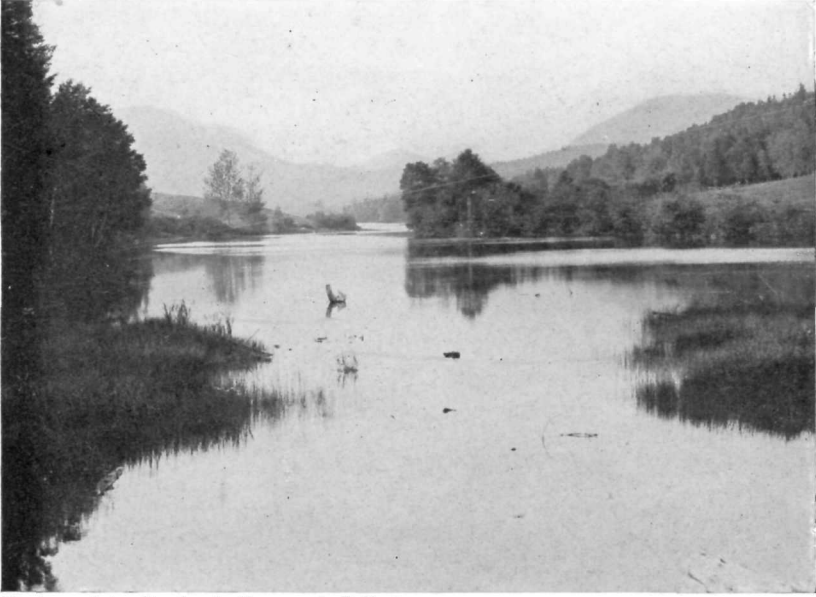
Photograph by Herbert W. Gleason

A CLIFF-SIDE TRAIL



Photograph by George R. King

ON BEECH CLIFF; SOMES SOUND AND ECHO LAKE



Photograph by Charles A. Townsend, Belfast

BEAUTIFUL LONG POND

summit of Cadillac Mountain, then called Green Mountain, but Newport Mountain earlier, at the time of Mr. Tracy's visit in the eighteen-fifties.

On this summit, the broadest and the highest on the Island, with a magnificent view, Daniel Brewer, of an old Island family, had built a house of entertainment, a "mountain house," which, reached by a steep, rough road, was a favorite point of excursion in the early days by buckboard or on foot. This, destroyed by fire, was replaced during the period of the great hotels by another, which, ceasing to be profitable and allowed to fall into decay, was finally acquired and burned by the Bar Harbor Village Improvement Society. That no other might replace it to the injury of the noble sky-line of the mountain from land and ocean was Mr. Dorr's purpose in securing as his first objective this one road-accessible summit of the Island range.

Champlain Mountain, dominating the entrance to Frenchmans Bay, Huguenot Head and the Flying Squadron, followed, forming, with Cadillac and the deep gorge between, the eastern section of the present park. Next came, in two splendid tracts, the deep basin of Jordan Pond with the mountains enclosing it, Pemetic, the Bubbles, Sargent and Penobscot, a superb landscape unit and natural park center. That of Eagle Lake, far greater in extent, was acquired

more slowly with the aid of the Bar Harbor Water Company, who needed the protection of the drainage area for their magnificent water supply; but finally this also was accomplished and the work spread westward across the dividing basin of Somes Sound.

Little of this land belonged to summer residents; far the greater part of it had to be acquired by purchase, in woodland lots often extending to timber-line upon the mountain summits.

Where owned by summer residents, it was, for the most part, generously given; where owned locally, it was necessary to obtain gifts of money for its purchase, money contributed by individual givers knowing the tracts they gave, so that each portion of the Park is now linked with the generous and public-spirited interest of one or more among the widely-drawn summer residents and visitors upon the Island who have enjoyed its beauty and sought through this means to share it with the undying public of the future.

Commencing with the Bowl and Beehive gift in the summer of 1908 and the purchase of the Island summit upon Cadillac Mountain in the course of the succeeding winter, the public reservations grew till four years later a tract of land had been secured whose generous proportions and splendid landscape character suggested to Mr. Dorr the idea of offering it to the federal government as of striking national importance.

President Eliot, his one active associate in the work, approving,



Photograph by Herbert W. Gleason

CAMPING OUT

Mr. Dorr went on to Washington in the spring of 1913 and talked the matter over with Franklin K. Lane, recently become Secretary of the Interior in the first Wilson administration. Secretary Lane received the idea warmly, and Mr. Dorr returned to extend and consolidate the tract and to labor over its title deeds to bring them to the high standard exacted by the Government. It was the spring of 1916 before this finally was accomplished. When he then returned to Washington, bringing the deeds and formal authority from the Hancock County Trustees of Public Reservations to make the gift, he was advised by the Biological Survey, interested in his project through the wild life sanctuary it would establish on our eastern coast, that the wisest course to take to obtain its prompt acceptance was to offer it as a National Monument under the Antiquities Act of 1906, passed under President Roosevelt, a precedent for such acceptance from a private source having been established by the creation of the Muir Woods National Monument given by William Kent of San Francisco.

Both from the historical and the natural history point of view the Mount Desert tract measured nobly up to the requirements for a National Monument. Congress then could give it national park status later if it approved, and the area would be safe in the meantime in the hands of the Government as a historical monument and a wild life sanctuary.

This was done. The titles to the land with the papers accompanying them, filling three bound volumes of typed material, were submitted to the Public Lands Committee and approved, and Mr. Dorr, bearing a letter from Secretary Lane, went, with Senator Charles F. Johnson and Congressman John A. Peters of Maine, to see the President. Finally, a proclamation drawn up by Secretary Lane establishing the Sieur de Monts National Monument, named in honor of the founder of Acadia who had brought out Champlain, was signed by President Wilson on July 8th, 1916. Mr. Dorr took charge as custodian, at a nominal salary.

Creation of the National Park

It was two years more before the first appropriation for its maintenance was secured from the Appropriations Committee of Congress, when it was accompanied by the statement that though Monument in title it was Park in character and should be so created.

A bill changing its status to that of a National Park was entered accordingly the following winter. Introduced in the Senate in the

early days of 1918, when our troops were on their way to France and the historic Drive along the Western Front was just commencing, and approved for passage by the Public Lands Committee of the House the following October when the tide had turned, the Act gave the new National Park the name of Lafayette in commemoration of the period and of the old ties of friendship and alliance that had so long existed between this country and France.

On February 27th, 1919, during the brief period of his first return from France, President Wilson signed the bill, and Lafayette National Park took its place as the first eastern representative of the National Park System.

Practical Conservation

The story of the making of Lafayette National Park has been told in detail not only to preserve for history a valuable record, but also to point the example for other achievements in practical conservation.

What Mr. Dorr has done, with a good cause to aid him and the help of friends, others may do in other sections of the country, if they will give to it the necessary time and energy. The period is critical in conservation. Great opportunities are passing.

Until Congress broadens its policy to include the acquisition by purchase of lands of scenic magnificence and scientific value, we shall have no other National Parks than Lafayette in our splendid East without the persistent public-spirited labor, the devotion and the self-sacrifice of men like Mr. Dorr.

Meantime, the great places in our Eastern mountains are passing rapidly into commercial use, forever out of the field of opportunity.

There is no other Lafayette in the East or elsewhere. Like our other National Parks, this is alone of its kind. But there still remain a few areas of great scenic distinction, of national significance, and of sufficient size and quality, to represent worthily the Eastern landscape and flora in the American National Parks System.



Photograph by Herbert W. Gleason

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University of Illinois

SECRETARY WORK DEFINES NATIONAL PARKS POLICY

*Confirming the Practice of Fifty-two Years of Government, He
Declares for Highest Scenic Standards and
Complete Conservation*

On January 14, 1924, Secretary of the Interior Hubert Work, of Colorado, addressed the following letter to Senator Duncan U. Fletcher of Florida:

MY DEAR SENATOR:

I have before me your letter of January 4 asking for a statement of policy that governs the creation of National Parks.

Under the theory and practice of the United States Government since 1872 when Yellowstone National Park was created, our National Park System is made up of areas enclosing scenery of quality so unusual and impressive, or natural features so extraordinary, as to possess national interest and importance as contradistinguished from local interest. Such outstanding examples of typical world architecture as the Grand Canyon, exemplifying in unequalled grandeur the highest accomplishment of stream erosion, or the rugged portions of Mount Desert Island in Maine which are incorporated in the Lafayette National Park, exemplifying unique rock forms in association with quite extraordinary eastern forests, compel immediate recognition of National Park values.

The National Parks, therefore, must not be lowered in standard, dignity, and prestige by the inclusion of areas which express in less than the highest terms the particular class or type of exhibit which they represent.

Size is not important so long as the proposed park includes within its boundaries those scenic elements that meet established standards, but the area must be susceptible of effective development to make it accessible to the people, and of convenient administration and control. Duplication of exhibits already in the National Park System must be carefully avoided in order that the individuality of the members of the System may be maintained.

And, when once established by the Congress along well-studied boundary lines, they must be conserved in their natural state, untouched by the inroads of modern civilization, so that coming generations, as well as the people of our own time, may be assured their use for the purposes of recreation, education, and scientific research.

Very truly yours,

(Signed) HUBERT WORK,
Secretary of the Interior.