



## *The Fifth Essence*

T H E  
N A T I O N A L P A R K T R U S T F U N D  
B O A R D

The Secretary of the Treasury

The Secretary of the Interior

The Director, National Park Service

Mr. Kenneth Chorley  
NEW YORK

Mr. Charles G. Woodbury  
DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA



Kearsarge Country, Kings Canyon National Park, California. With its granite pinnacles, mountain lakes, and colorful flowers, the Kearsarge country of Kings Canyon National Park is typical of much of the Sierra Nevada included in Kings Canyon, Sequoia, and Yosemite National Parks. Some 10,000 persons, traveling afoot with packs on their backs, or leading burdened burros, or in pack-and-saddle parties, travel the trails of this high country each year.

PHOTOGRAPH BY JOSEF MUENCH.





THE  
FIFTH ESSENCE

*An Invitation  
to Share in Our Eternal Heritage*

By  
FREEMAN TILDEN



THE NATIONAL PARK TRUST FUND BOARD

WASHINGTON, D.C.

## FOREWORD

WITH FUNDS contributed by a friend of the National Park Service, we are able to present a message that, with its warmth and understanding, we hope will kindle the interest of others. In accordance with the donor's wish, we have tried to make this statement, both in form and substance, reflect some of the beauty of the national parks.

To those who believe in safeguarding America's heritage of natural beauty and in preserving those places that are significant in our history, and who share the sense of our common trusteeship for the future in saving these treasures—to all such we commend this book.

NATIONAL PARK TRUST FUND BOARD

## *The Fifth Essence*



i

THE EARLY Greek philosophers looked at the world about them and decided that there were four elements: fire, air, water, and earth. But as they grew a little wiser, they perceived that there must be something else. These tangible elements did not comprise a principle; they merely revealed that somewhere else, if they could find it, there *was* a soul of things—a Fifth Essence, pure, eternal, and inclusive.

It is not important what they called this Fifth Essence. To modern science, weighing and measuring the galaxies with delicate instruments, the guesses of the ancient thinkers seem crude. Yet these men began a search that still goes on. Behind the thing seen must lie the greater thing unseen.

“Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard are sweeter.”

IT IS TRUE that any thoughtful person may find and meditate upon this Fifth Essence in his own backyard. Not a woodland brook, not a mountain, not a field of grass rippling in the breeze does not proclaim the existence of it. But here, in this little book which we hope you will enjoy, you will find reference to a consummate expression of this ultimate wealth of the human spirit which lies behind that which may be seen and touched. It is to be found in the National Park System.

When we speak of "the National Parks" of the United States, our first thought, naturally, is of the twenty-eight areas strictly so designated by Congress, most of them places of transcendent beauty and of natural marvels; such Parks as Grand Canyon, Yellowstone, Crater Lake, and Yosemite. Actually in the National Park System there are one hundred and seventy-five areas, and every one of them may justly be called a National Park, even though some are classified as Monuments, others as Historic Sites, some as Military Parks, and others even as Parkways. The naming is several, but the purpose and effect is that of a full representation of the American Story—of the earth we live upon, of the races who lived here before the white man came, of the

great struggle for possession of the continent, of the winning of the Republic, and finally of our own political and social life. Each one of the Parks speaks its part in this American Story. Each has been set aside for preservation, to minister both to the physical and to the spiritual needs of all Americans living and yet unborn.

There has never in the history of nations been a cultural achievement like this one. We shall not boast. Perhaps no nation has ever enjoyed the peculiar benefits that would make it possible. But, at any rate, we have preserved a part of our precious heritage before it became too little and too late.

The heroic efforts of the English National Trust belatedly to save for that people some of the remaining spots of loveliness and some of the man-made monuments recording England's historic past should make us feel, certainly not smugly superior, but deeply conscious of the fact that the pressure of material needs constantly thrusts nearer and nearer to the wilderness and to the places of great action that must be preserved soon, or not at all. And it has been truly said that a people who have no zeal for knowing their past are unlikely to have a future worth anybody's admiration.

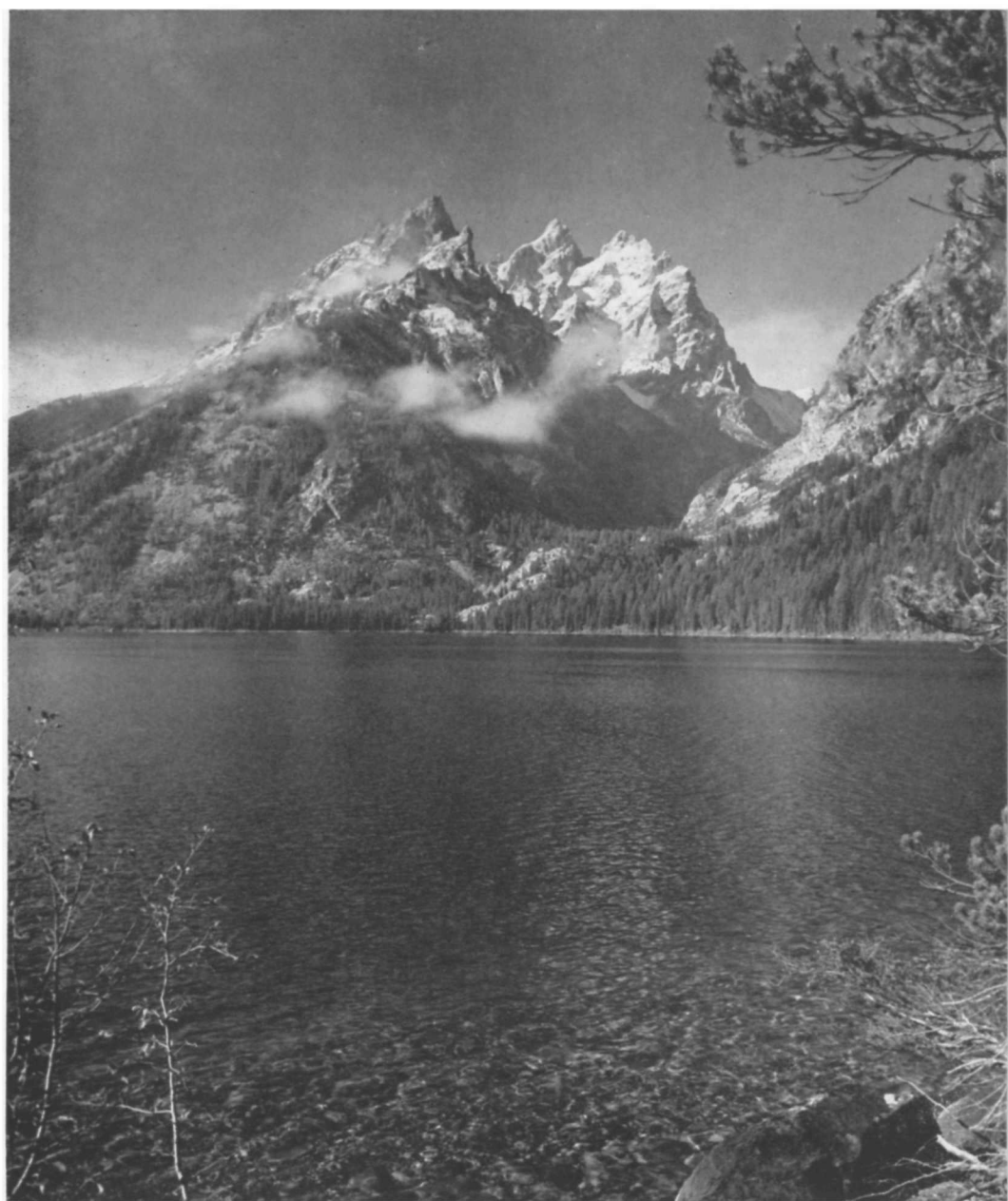
But let us return for a moment to this supreme essence

Adams National Historic Site, Massachusetts. The oldest portion of the "Old House," on Adams Street, in Quincy, dates back more than two centuries, to 1731. John Adams bought it in 1787 while he was Minister to Great Britain. It is not a "period piece" but a house that, from 1788 to 1927, grew and changed with the style and taste of its occupants—four generations of one of America's truly great families. Its furnishings represent all four generations. Perhaps no house in America has so extensive a collection of authentic furnishings rich in personal associations.

PHOTOGRAPH BY ABBIE ROWE, NATIONAL PARK SERVICE.







Grand Teton National Park, Wyoming. Abruptly from the lakes and rolling lands of Jackson Hole rise the Teton Mountains, carved into rugged peaks and spires by the rivers of ice that flowed down from the heights thousands of years ago and then melted away, leaving vast morainal deposits on the floor below. More than one ninth of the approximately 300,000 acres in Federal ownership in the Park was given to the people of the United States by John D. Rockefeller, Jr.

PHOTOGRAPH BY JOSEF MUENCH.

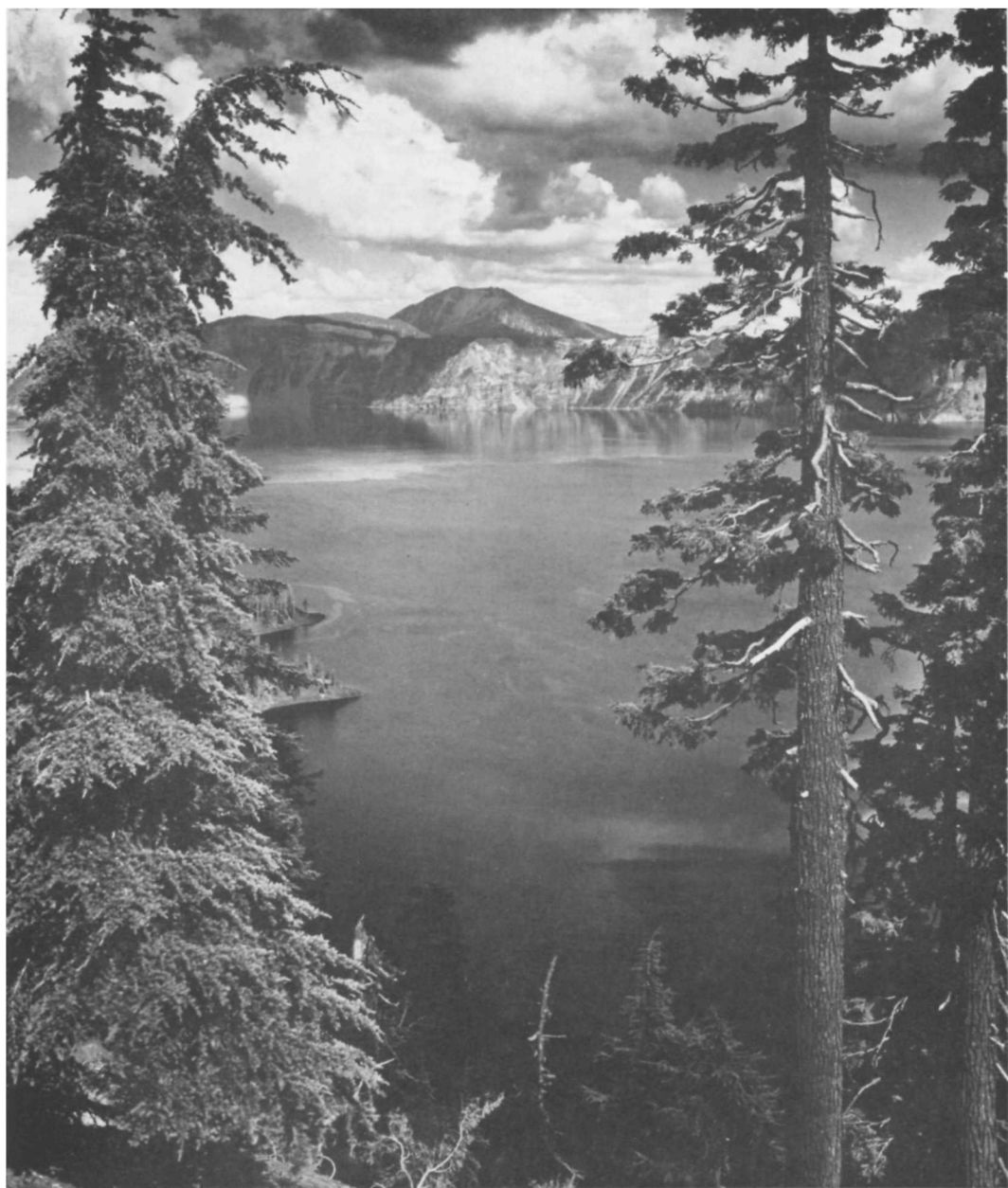
that is to be found in our National Parks. The pictures in this little book, however much they reveal the astonishing skill of the photographer, can at their very best but shadow the qualities of the Thing Itself. And just as this is so, there is something similarly true which the visitor to our Parks discovers. If you stand upon the rim of Crater Lake in Oregon and look down that strange volcanic bowl into the unforgettable blue of the water; or if you view in awed silence the mad plunge of the Yosemite Falls when the melting snows above have put the sources in flood; or if you wander in the geyser basins of Yellowstone, being present at Old Faithful's classic and regular burst, perhaps against the background of a sky full of scudding snowy clouds; or if you look down that overpowering Ladder of Time which we call the Grand Canyon of the Colorado—in any of these cases you are at first stunned into a reverent silence at the sheer beauty and immensity of Nature's work. But as you come to know these places better, though the sense of immediate beauty does not lessen, you attain a certainty that the loveliness and the physical majesty are but the setting for something that lies behind it all—the mysterious perfection of the natural forces—and your own place in this bewildering scheme of things. Fire, air, water, and earth. Yes; but much more a *something else* upon which these elements are posed.

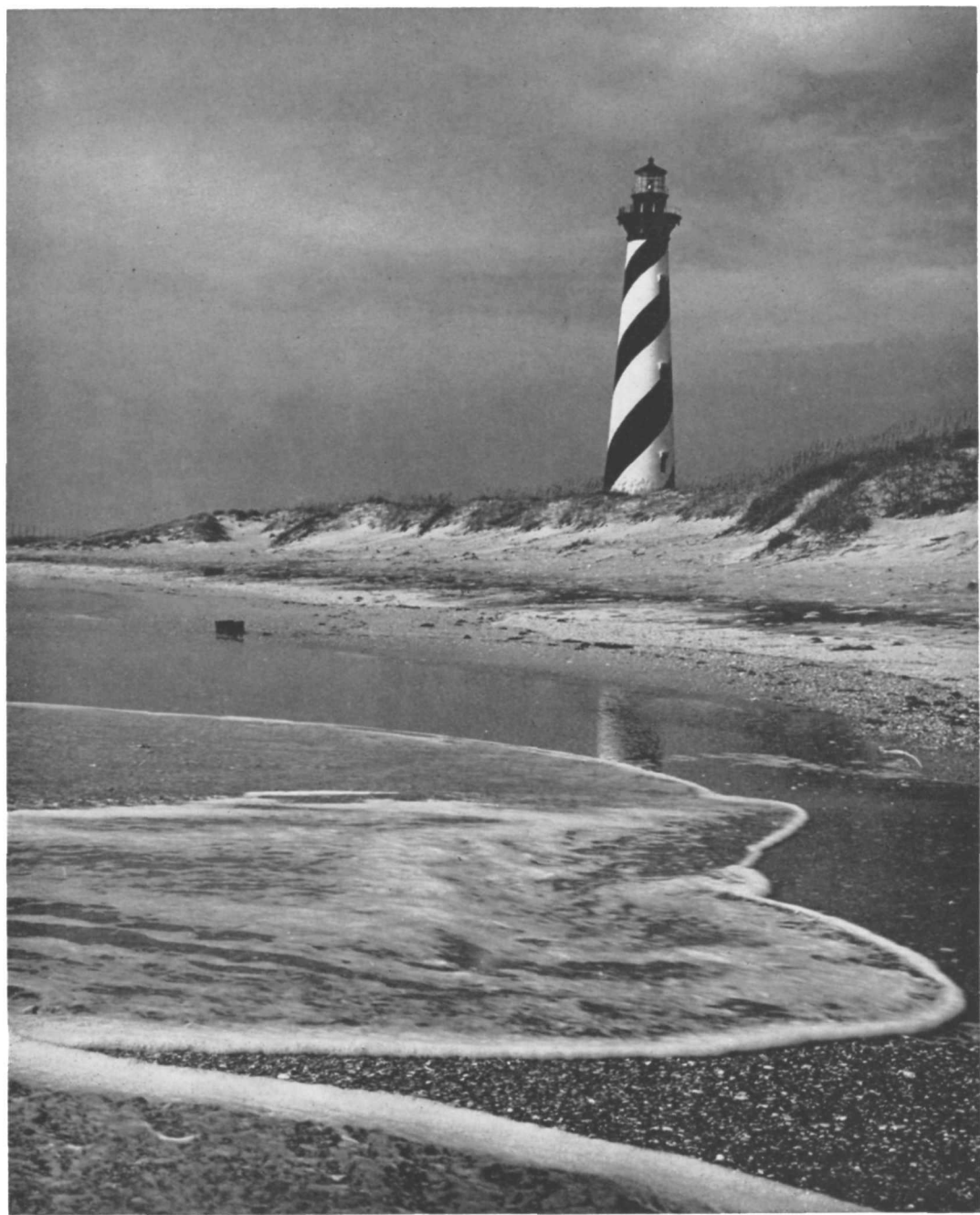
The Fifth Essence. That which makes these wilderness places no mere areas for physical recreation—though you can have as much of that in every one of them as is good for you and others! Surely you can come to any one of them with no idea but to loaf, to lie in the shade under a tree, simply and solely to retreat from the noise and abrasion of the hectic marketplace—and the nature-parks were amply worth preserving for that alone. But you will get infinitely more. Many a man has come to find merely serenity or scenic pictures—and has unexpectedly found a renewal and affirmation of himself.

It is not different in spirit, but only in kind, when you visit the historical monuments of the National Park System. Shiloh Battlefield in Tennessee is as lovely in April of this year, lushly green and wooded, flowered with dogwood and redbud and peach blooms, as it was on those days when our warring Americans struggled over it. Morristown Park, and the Mansion where Washington had his headquarters in those dreary winters of the Revolution, are beautifully preserved. The furnishings of the historic house are a joy to look upon; the red deer browse in Jockey Hollow. On the windswept Wyoming plain you stand upon the parade ground of Fort Laramie, which saw the eager pioneers moving westward toward Oregon and California and supplied a haven for

Crater Lake, Crater Lake National Park, Oregon. Only yesterday in geologic time Mount Mazama reared its summit some 12,000 feet above the sea. Then, it is believed, after violent eruptions and vast lava flows the cone collapsed, its support weakened by drainage of great quantities of molten rock through subterranean cracks. Crater Lake, of deepest blue, lies in the vast pit left by Mazama's collapse. Its surface is approximately 6,164 feet above sea level. With a depth of 1,983 feet, it is the deepest lake on the North American continent.

PHOTOGRAPH BY JOSEF MUENCH.







Old Hatteras Light, Cape Hatteras National Seashore Project. The massive Cape Hatteras Lighthouse, rising 193 feet above the sands of the famous cape, has provided a beacon for ships plying past the "Graveyard of the Atlantic" most of the time since it was erected in 1798.

Extending to the north and to the southwest of the old light are more than 60 miles of North Carolina's Outer Banks that are being acquired for inclusion in the Cape Hatteras National Seashore Recreational Area Project. Of the \$1,236,000 made available for land purchases, one half has been provided by the State of North Carolina and one half by the Avalon and Old Dominion Foundations.

PHOTOGRAPH BY RALPH ANDERSON, NATIONAL PARK SERVICE.

them when they were beset by hunger or by Indians. Or, going back to before the white man's coming upon the continent, you see in Chaco Canyon, in the desert north of New Mexico's Satan Pass, the ruins of Pueblo Bonito, an apartment house that sheltered more than a thousand people at a time when the Normans had not yet dreamed of invading England, though the Mariposa Big Trees of Yosemite were already ancient giants.

All such preserved areas of the National Park System are of interest in themselves and for themselves—but the story that lies behind them is far more revealing. For at Morristown you see not just the physical beauty of house and grounds; you see Washington himself and the half-fed, ill-fed patriot army of a people determined upon freedom. Who can visit Shiloh without asking himself how that tragic struggle between North and South came to be? Laramie was a fort: but more than a fort it was a milestone in years upon years of national expansion; in the resistless march of Americans from ocean to ocean. And Pueblo Bonito is truly as much a part of us as Yorktown or the Statue of Liberty. In the wilderness parks, we are preserving the scene that our ancestors first laid eyes upon, and, as nearly as possible, with all the organic life they could have seen. In the Historical Parks the pageant of human activity, before Columbus and after, is to be read as

living, not dead history. Here is America. *This* is my country; *these* are my people!

This is the preserved America to which came, by the last travel statistics at hand, more than *forty-two* millions of people in a single year. Admittedly these figures can never be quite accurate as to the number of individuals, for there are "repeaters." However, the number is tremendous. But the National Park Service does not, and never should, think in terms of quantity. Its duty is to give the maximum experience of pleasure and profit to each visitor.

### iii

IT IS A CURIOUS FACT that the first, and still one of the world's greatest National Parks—Yellowstone—was in a very real sense a gift by individuals to the people of the United States. True, it was public domain in 1870, when the Langford Party, with a soldier escort, journeyed into a wilderness of which strange tales had been told, stories of Nature's prodigies that were commonly scouted as monumental mendacity. They came, they saw, they marveled; and then, being human, the greed came upon them to possess, by filing claims, this potentially profitable region. How, gathered around a campfire one night, in the presence of so much beauty and wonder, they resolutely decided that this wilder-

ness should not belong to any man, but to all men—this story has been told many times. They were not the first men who spoke of “National Parks”—no, much earlier in our history others had boldly proposed such sanctuaries—but these men *did something* about it. They put aside their personal interests and joined in an effort to create a Park. Less than two years later President Grant signed an act establishing Yellowstone National Park as “a public park or pleasuring ground.” A “pleasuring ground”! It has been that, indeed, and in ways that could not have suggested themselves so clearly in the seventies of the last century. Is it, in view of all this, too much to say that Yellowstone came to the people as a donation?

It was to be the first of many such deeds of humane good will.

With the exception of thrilling Yosemite, which passed from state authority into the national cluster, one Park after another was added to Yellowstone, mostly from federal lands. Hot Springs in Arkansas, a federal “reserve” since 1832, became a Park in 1921. Big Bend National Park in Texas was the gift of the people of Texas to the nation. But for the most part the succession of Parks represented a transfer, and a new conception of land management, of the public domain.

In 1906, Congress made it possible for the President—any President—to proclaim National Monuments of areas that are of historic and scientific importance. Do not be misled by this word “Monument.” It does not refer to a shaft of granite commemorating an event. Many of the “nature” Monuments are in every respect similar to National Parks, except as to the statutory designation. While the word puzzles some folks, it is really one that aptly describes all these precious preserves, for a monument is intended to perpetuate the memory of something, and the National Park System aims to do exactly that.

By 1916 it had become obvious that the system of Parks had grown to the point where a special government agency was needed to administer it. As a bureau in the Department of the Interior, the National Park Service was created. None too soon; for the scope of the trusteeship was enormously enlarged in 1933 by the transfer of National Monuments and National Military Parks from the War Department, and of many monuments from the Forest Service of the Department of Agriculture, and later by the creation of Historic Sites in the field of history and archæology.

The words of the act which established the National Park Service should be known to every American. It is not grandiose to say that this Act was a kind of Magna Carta.

It imposed upon an agency of the government the obligation to see that the American people should have preserved for them the precious evidences of the national greatness—not merely of its heroes and actions, but of the very land itself: “. . . to conserve the scenery, the natural and historic objects and the wildlife . . . to provide for enjoyment of the same in such manner and by such means as will leave them unimpaired for the enjoyment of future generations.”

A large order, you say? Yes. We may agree that it is a counsel of perfection, for even the discreet use of a wilderness area cannot help being in some degree an impairment. But why split hairs about it? The intent of Congress was high and good, and the very difficulty of fulfilling the injunction has been one of the fruitful challenges that has reached down through the personnel of the National Park Service to the loneliest laborer in the most remote spot.

From the Director down, the Park Service employees are career men. It must be so. The peculiar nature of the work—a strange combination of policemen-ship, tactful public relations, instruction, entertainment, and self-discipline—necessarily appeals only to a certain type of man. A beginner in this tough school is not long in finding out whether he has chosen his right vocation. If he finds he is fitted, and sticks, the job gets into his blood stream and he is probably sen-

tenced for life to hard but fascinating labor. You will perhaps find him later trying to make bricks without straw out on the edge of civilization, snowed in, with only a faithful wife to help him say, "It's a wonderful life—you *can't* weaken."

Loyalty and devotion to duty are to be found among workers everywhere. It is not pretended that the personnel of the National Park Service are of superior natural stuff. Not at all. What happens to them is that the daily association with beautiful, meaningful, and priceless treasures, and the feeling of custody of such irreplaceable valuables, takes inevitable effect. Nor do they become blasé in the presence of unsurpassed scenic beauty and wonder.

There was a young ranger once whose post of duty kept him in the Mariposa Grove of Giant Sequoias in Yosemite National Park. Years afterward he wrote:

In my present work I am chief executive officer of a large institution with over \$12,000,000,000 of assets, with over \$5,000,000,000 of gold belonging to foreign governments and central banks in its custody. . . . I had something more precious in my care when I was the "lone ranger" stationed in the Mariposa Grove. In my ignorance I did not know it then, but I feel it now when I go back to the grove to worship in the shade of the Giant Sequoias. I thank God they are still there.

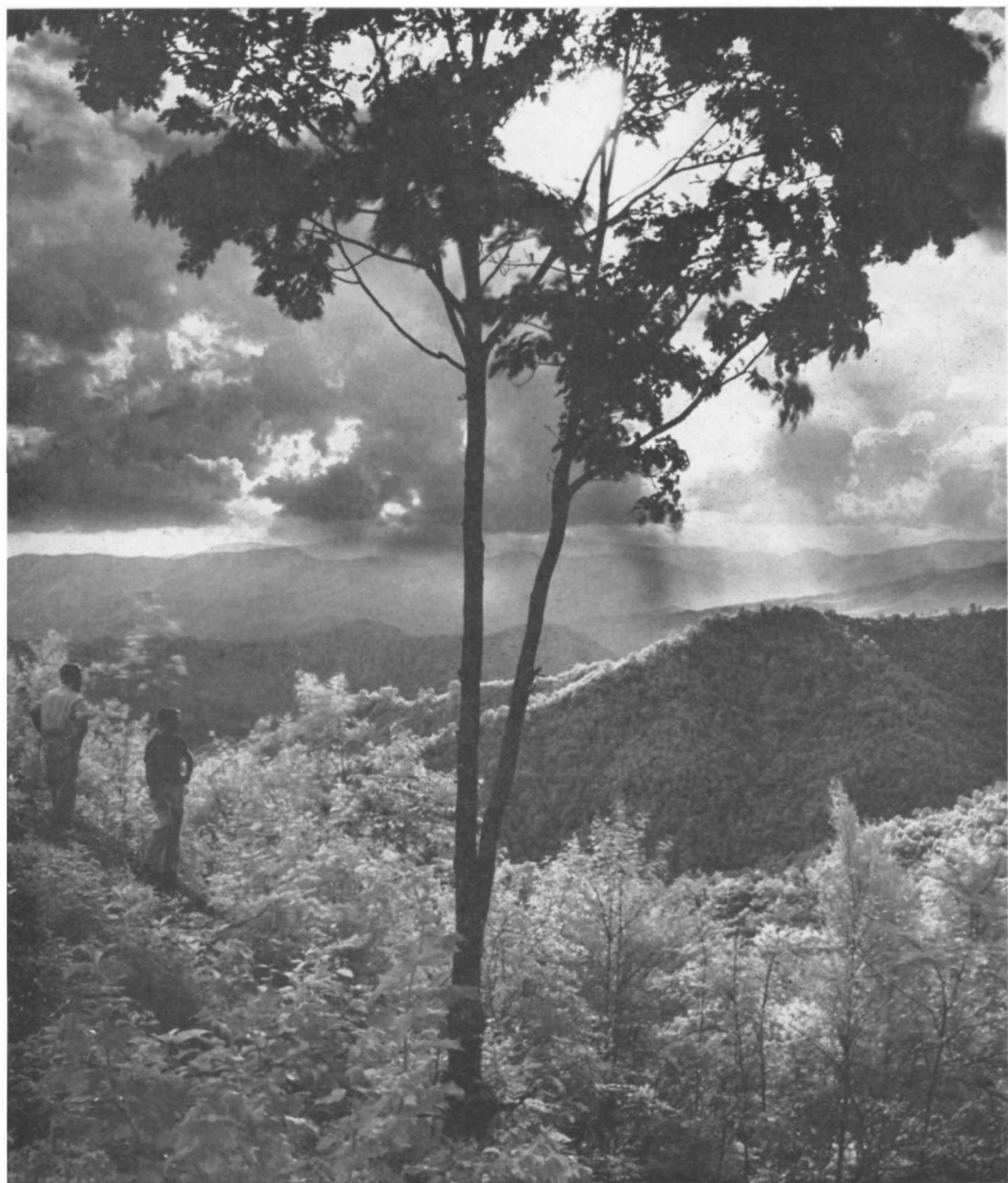
The man who wrote this was Allen Sproul, head of the New York Federal Reserve Bank.

Great Smoky Mountains National Park, North Carolina and Tennessee. Virgin forests of magnificent hardwoods, of red spruce, and of hemlock clothe the slopes and the valleys of much of the Great Smokies. They are nourished by abundant rainfall, which supplies water for hundreds of miles of cool, clear streams. In few places in the world has such variety of plant life been found; botanists have recorded more than 3,600 species within its half-million acres.

White men have lived in the Great Smokies for more than 200 years. Until the 1920's the mountain people lived an isolated life; the conditions of their living developed their ingenuity, their varied skills, their self-reliance, and their independence of spirit. They dwelt amidst natural beauty and they and their land left distinct marks on each other.

PHOTOGRAPH BY JOSEF MUENCH.







In Everglades National Park, Florida. One of the most notable features of this great wilderness of mangrove forests, "hammocks of pine and palm, labyrinths of water and rivers of grass," is its wealth of bird life. Ibis, herons, and egrets of many varieties nest by the thousands in vast island rookeries, while flocks of roseate spoonbills—poetry in color—are found among the keys and shallows of Florida Bay. Once the prey of plume hunters, these birds, like all the wildlife of the National Parks, are now given the fullest possible protection.

In the foreground is an American egret.

PHOTOGRAPH BY ABBIE ROWE, NATIONAL PARK SERVICE.

You go into a National Park—any of the 175—and though you may not see many of these Park Service men, they are protecting you, they are protecting the Park, they are helping you to enjoy it, explaining its qualities to you, making your visit a memorable and profitable one. The money you pay to enter the Park—in many of them admission is free—or as automobile or guide fees, does not go directly to the support of the areas. Such revenue is sent to the General Fund of the United States Treasury. Congress, by appropriation, provides the funds for protection, administration, and maintenance.

The vast increase in the public use of the National Parks has laid a staggering burden upon the National Park Service. Yellowstone last year had more than 1,300,000 visitors, yet fewer man-hours of ranger service were available than in 1946, when there were less than half as many tourists. In six years the visitors to all Parks have risen from twenty-one millions to more than forty-two millions. Congress, bedeviled by the sorry world situation, with the best of will toward the National Preserves but faced with the imperatives of National Defense, has provided only the absolute essentials for keeping the Parks in business. Many activities that contribute to the full usefulness of the areas have of necessity been shorn or neglected. Frankly, it is unlikely, until world

conditions change for the better, that the Parks can realize, through Congressional appropriations alone, their maximum service to the people. It is unfortunate, but this fact must be faced. Is there anything that can be done about it?

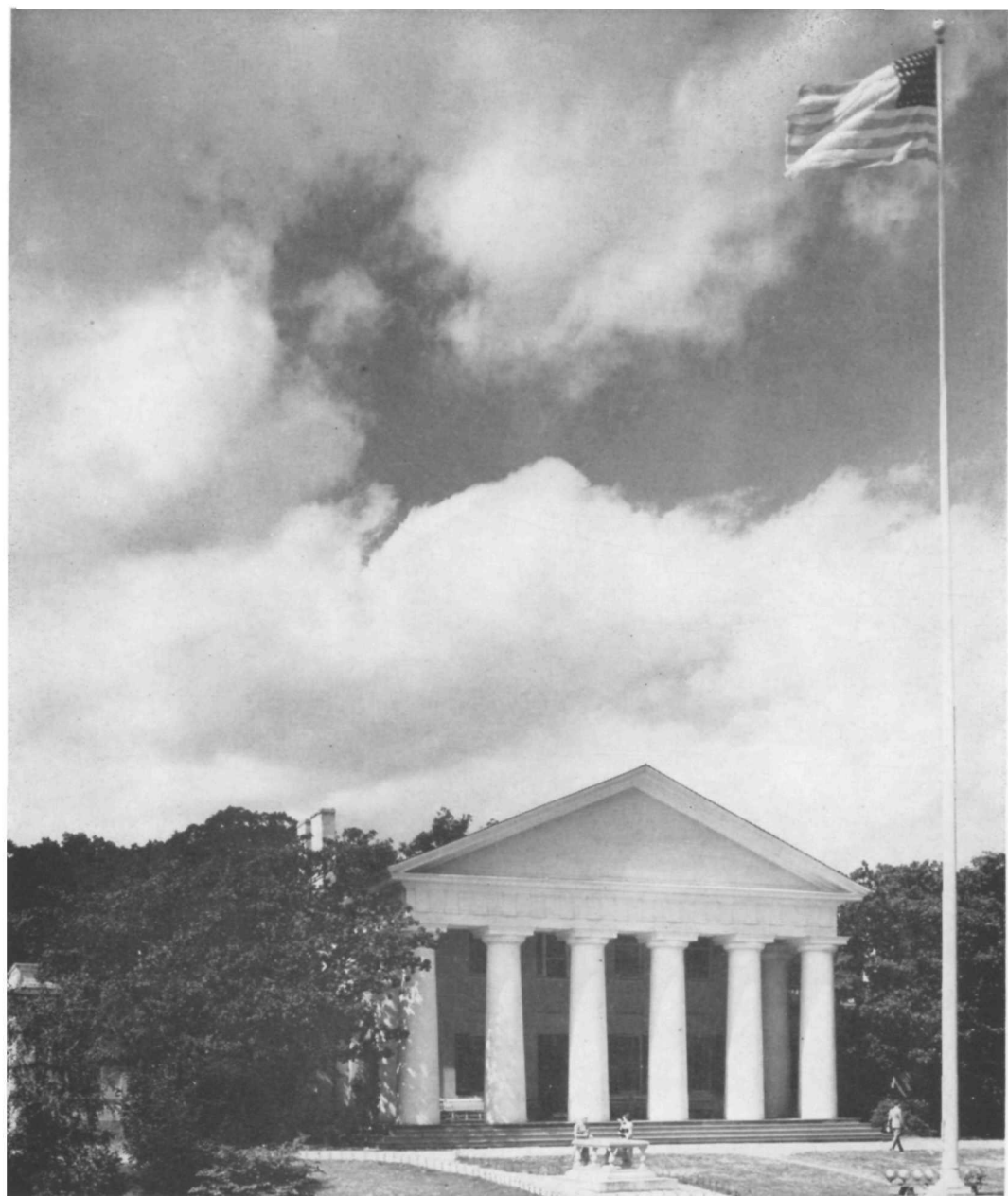
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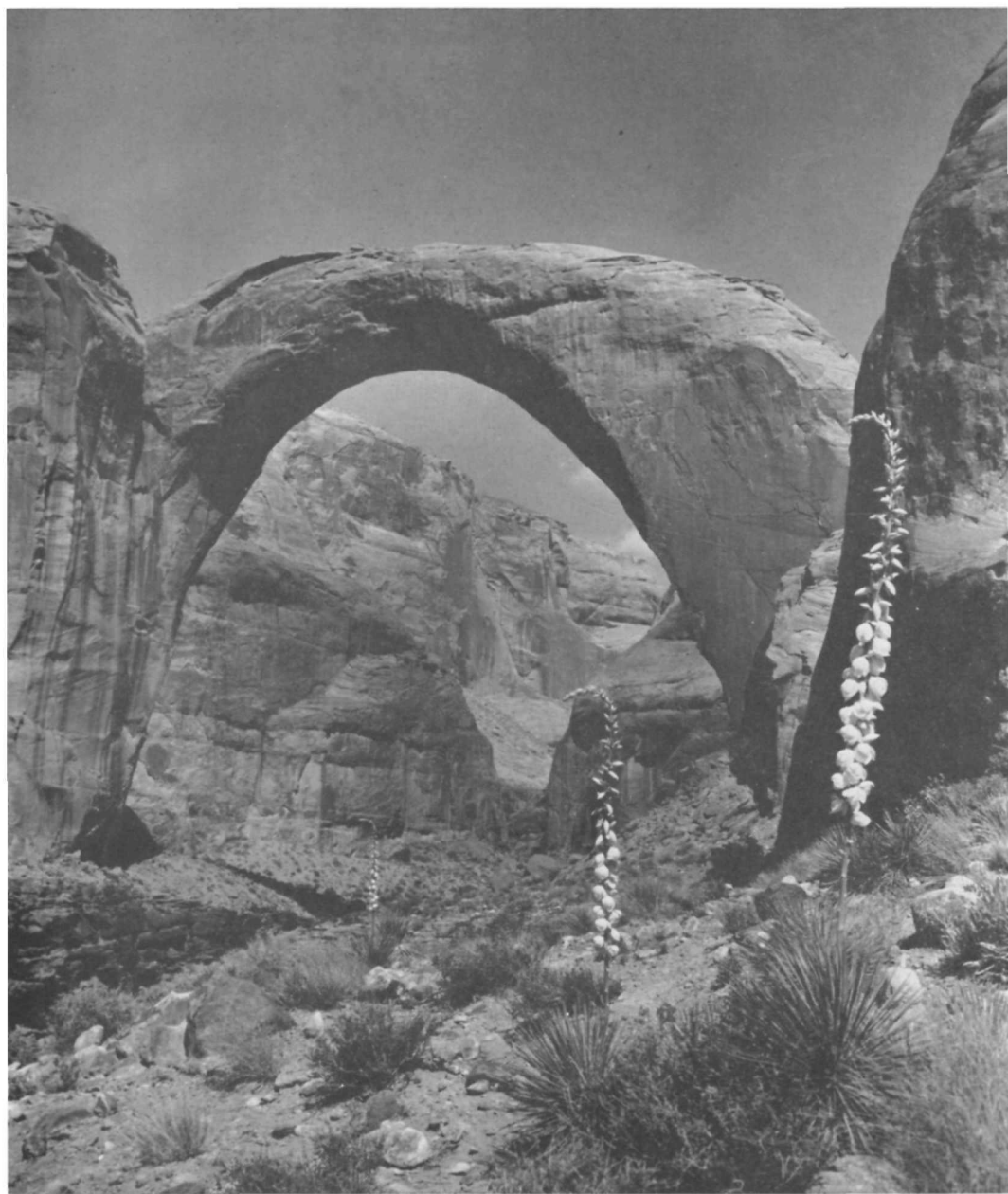
THERE IS A BRIGHT STREAK along the horizon for the National Park Service and the millions of Americans it serves. The hope comes from going back through the past and realizing how much the Parks owe to the generosity and farsightedness of so many men and women. It is really astonishing, in summing up, to discover how great a part private donation, springing from deep interest, has played in the development of the System. In some cases entire areas owe their existence, as public possessions, to the feeling that this kind of benevolence projects itself and the giver into a future that has no foreseeable end.

We think first of all, naturally, of the "Father" of the National Park System, Stephen T. Mather, that Chicago industrialist who made a fortune out of Twenty Mule Team Borax and found expression for his idealism and love of Nature by being the first Director of the Service. He had been scolding his old college mate, Franklin K. Lane, then

Lee Mansion National Memorial, Virginia. George Washington Parke Custis, grandson of Martha Washington, began building Arlington House in 1802, and to it ultimately came many of his grandmother's possessions from Mount Vernon. Here, in 1831, Lt. Robert E. Lee, two years out of West Point, married Mary Ann Randolph Custis, only daughter of the Custis family, and here six of their seven children were born. It was Lee's home until he left it for Richmond in 1861, after resigning his commission in the United States Army. The mansion has been owned by the United States since 1883; its restoration was started in 1925. Many of the original pieces of furniture have been returned to it. Surrounded by Arlington Cemetery, it commands a superb view of the Nation's capital.

PHOTOGRAPH BY ABBIE ROWE, NATIONAL PARK SERVICE.







The Bridge, Rainbow Bridge National Monument, Utah. Lying far from modern highways, and fourteen miles by trail from the nearest point to which even the toughest automobile has any right to venture, Rainbow Bridge is larger than any other known natural arch. Brilliant in color and almost perfect in its symmetry, it is also generally considered the most beautiful. It is a few miles west of Navajo Mountain, the sacred mountain of the Navajo Indians. They call it "Nonnozoshi," which is their word for "great stone arch."

A trip to Rainbow Bridge, afoot or astride mule or horse, is a rewarding adventure into one of the least known and most primitive regions of our country.

PHOTOGRAPH BY RAY ATKESON.

Secretary of the Interior, about the neglect of the Parks and the failure to bring them to the highest use of the people. Lane replied: "If you don't like the way the parks are being run, Steve, come on down to Washington and run them yourself." The challenge was not dodged. Mather "came down," and for fourteen years he devoted his brilliant mind and spirit to the task. He gave himself, and he gave his money. In his case, *himself* was the more important. Yet when the toll road through Tioga Pass across Yosemite Park stood in the way of public use of the Park, he and his friends bought it for the people; when the Giant Forest in Sequoia Park had to be saved, he found the purses, including his own, to do it. He even tapped his own cousins—what could be more dangerous?—and they unfailingly responded. Result: Stephen Mather left an impress upon American cultural life that Time cannot efface.

If you have seen the Redwoods of California, perhaps you have seen the cameo-gem-like stand of them known as Muir Woods. This group is most accessible for visitors, being just across San Francisco's Golden Gate. This lovely spot was given to the people (through the Park Service) by Congressman William Kent and his wife.

The Cone Estate and the Price Estate, comprising together nearly eight thousand acres of beautiful country along

that Appalachian strip, the Blue Ridge Parkway, which will some day connect Shenandoah with Great Smoky Mountains National Park, were bequests that travelers will enjoy into the distant years. The "estates" will be forgotten, but the donors will not. Some giving, for the most worthy ends, serves its purpose and goes into a sea of splendid anonymity. Significant about this giving to the Park System is that, from its very nature, it flows into a "life beyond life," as John Milton said of good books.

It is almost with hesitancy that we speak of John D. Rockefeller, Jr. The magnificent dimension of his philanthropy in the field of Parks might possibly disconcert one whose resources are not so extensive. Seriously, it should not. Certainly John D. Rockefeller himself would be first to say that his own giving was designed to be thoughtfully and prudently *qualitative*. That the amounts were great was secondary. We owe our Great Smoky Mountains National Park, with its virginal, soothing qualities, largely to the purchase of private lands by the Laura Spelman Rockefeller Memorial Fund. We owe to Rockefeller much valuable land that helps toward rounding out delightful Acadia, on Mount Desert Island in Maine. To ensure that Americans of all time could witness the miracle of the Tetons in Wyoming from the best possible vantage, this man acquired many thousands of

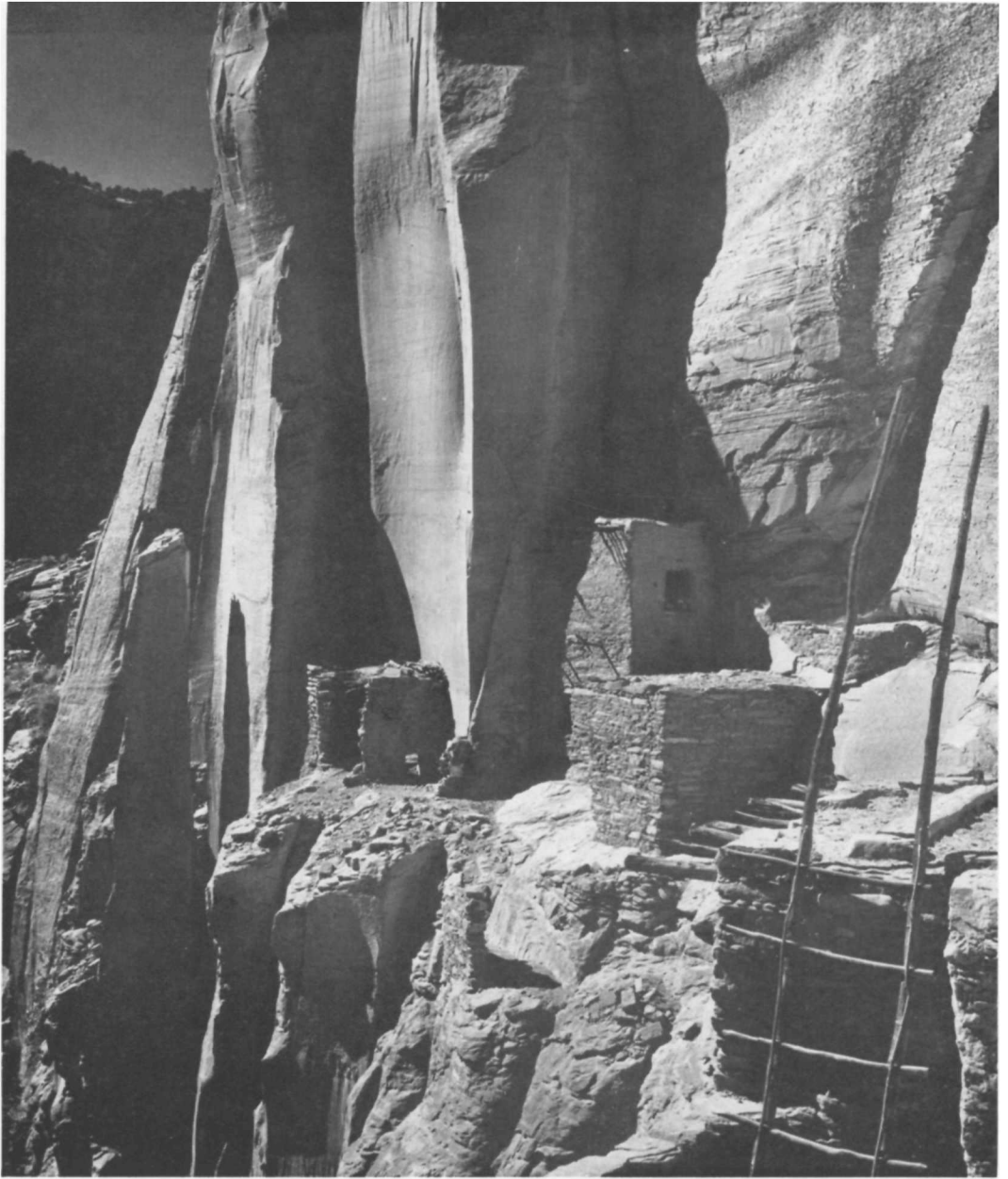
Ford Mansion, Morristown National Historical Park, New Jersey. Colonel Jacob Ford, Jr., owned the handsome home at Morristown, New Jersey, which General Washington used as his headquarters during the worst winter of the American Revolution, that of 1779–80. Near by, in Jockey Hollow, some 10,000 men encamped during that “hard winter.”

The mansion was built just before the Revolution and is typical of the fine homes occupied by wealthy Americans of the time. The house is furnished with authentic pieces of the period of 1780 or earlier—many of which have been donated to the United States—and its general appearance is as it was when Washington occupied it. Included among the furnishings is the tall secretary desk at which the General penned many important letters.

Generous givers have been largely responsible for the collection in the Park’s museum, one of the finest in America relating to the period of the Revolution.

PHOTOGRAPH BY GEORGE GRANT, NATIONAL PARK SERVICE.





Betatakin, Navajo National Monument, Arizona. In the matchless setting of a gigantic arch-roofed cave in the face of a lofty sandstone cliff, Betatakin is one of three cliff-dweller communities in the northern part of the Navajo Reservation which make up Navajo National Monument. Few ruins are more striking in appearance. Tree-ring dating reveals that the Kayenta Anasazi who built it occupied it between A.D. 1242 and 1300. A visit to monument headquarters and trips to Betatakin, Keet Seel, and Inscription House are thrilling experiences for those who like out-of-the-way places, far from paved roads. The ruins themselves may be reached only on foot or horseback.

PHOTOGRAPH BY JOSEF MUENCH.

acres of Jackson Hole and presented them to the nation. He saw lovely Linville Falls in North Carolina and said, "That must be part of the Blue Ridge Parkway"—and it is. The fine central museum at Yosemite and the branch museums at Yellowstone were provided by the Laura Spelman Rockefeller Memorial Fund.

Even while this is being written the National Park Service is acquiring about sixty miles of ocean front on the outer banks of North Carolina. This area will preserve from exploitation an expression of nature which at present is not yet represented in the roster of Park choices—beach and dune, inlet and open sea, with the community plant and animal life of such a region. Half of the \$1,236,000 in hand to finance this land purchase has been supplied by the state of North Carolina; the other half has been given in equal parts by two Foundations—Avalon and Old Dominion. The Avalon Fund was established by Mrs. Ailsa Mellon Bruce; the Old Dominion Fund by Paul Mellon—these humanitarians being daughter and son of one of the greatest of American financiers, Andrew William Mellon. The Avalon Foundation had previously financed the acquisition of Hampton, the fine and historic Georgian mansion in Maryland—now a National Historic Site.



Not all the gifts to the nation through the National Park Service have been of such large proportions, but they have been actuated by the same noble purpose. In Georgia the Fort Frederica Association supplied the funds for the purchase of the lands on which General Oglethorpe built a fortified town to check the Spanish in the Southeast; and later, when additional land was needed, it was forthcoming from local givers. At Chickamauga battlefield is one of the best collections of firearms in America—the gift of Claude E. Fuller. At Hawaii National Park you will see the results of the generosity of the Hui-o-Pele. At Scotts Bluff, the museum wing housing William H. Jackson's Oregon Trail paintings was given by the American Pioneer Trails Association. Lloyd W. Smith bought and gave Jockey Hollow to Morristown National Historical Park; Mrs. Paul Moore's gifts of furnishings to the Ford Mansion and the Wick House there have been many and valuable. The Washington Association of New Jersey has helped make the Morristown museum one of the choicest interpretations of the Revolutionary War. The benefactions of Mrs. Francis Crowninshield to Washington's Birthplace and Salem Maritime National Historic Site, and her eager interest in them, are notable. The Vanderbilt Mansion was a gift to the United

States by Mrs. Louis Bruguier. We could go on and on with this list of gifts and givers—it is a pity to omit even the smallest of them, for they rose, every one, from the same noble inspiration.

V

THE SUCCESSFUL MAN who has created by his skill and management an estate which he has come to believe is in excess of his own or family needs will have no difficulty in finding plenty of people who would be glad to tell him how to dispose of a surplus. Some years ago a wealthy man advertised a substantial reward to anyone who would present a plan for wise donation. We do not remember learning the result of this quest: we can imagine that he received a very heavy mail, and that most of the advisors could think of no more deserving objects than themselves. But this advertisement serves well enough to point up the pithy statement that “it is easier to earn money honestly than to use it wisely.” Certainly a man who has put together a fortune by dint of intelligent application and judgment will shrink from the possibility that it should be dispersed with any less intelligence and shrewd judgment. And this fact has led, in recent years, to the creation of Foundations and Trusts placed in the hands of men schooled in appraising the merits

of possible beneficiaries that come within the intent of the founder, whether a corporation or an individual.

So far as corporations are concerned the "science" of giving has reached the point where it justifies the existence of a manual of more than four hundred pages, published by the National Planning Association. It is so widely known to corporation managers that we need only say here for the record that the federal government matches dollar for dollar—or even better in the case of excess profits—the amount of giving, provided first that the total amount is not more than five per cent of the company's net income before taxes, and second that the funds be used to assist bona fide educational, scientific, and welfare activities that are recognized as tax exempt by the Bureau of Internal Revenue. This has come to be known as "The Five Per Cent." It seems a little strange to use the expression "the business of giving," yet that is precisely what our modern age has produced. As good business shuns the indiscriminate, so does good beneficence.

Corporate giving, in recent years, has come to represent a much enlarged view of corporate responsibility, with the thought that "not only the financial health of the corporation itself but also the soundness of the economic and social environment upon which that health is so largely dependent" is definitely involved. With this concept not all are yet in

agreement, but the rapid increase of "five per cent" donation sufficiently indicates a trend. Since the National Park Service is a hopefully interested party, it would not be proper for us to discuss this general attitude here; besides, corporation heads are entirely informed concerning it, and will act with their best judgment as to what is good for their stockholders.

There is, however, a multitude of corporate business to which we may properly make a direct appeal from the point of its self-interest. It is impossible that there can be a mobile army of forty-two million people a year going to and from the National Park areas without benefit to many industrial and servicing activities. The ramifications of demands created by the Park System and its tremendous flow of visitors will be found to go far beyond those industries which come most readily to mind. We invite all such businesses to consider whether a good part of their own development is not parallel to the extension of facilities and services given by the National Parks, and whether the donations we are suggesting may not properly be considered, under the closest commercial scrutiny, a legitimate expenditure for them.

For individuals whose income is high the government offers the same opportunity to give wisely and still have the donation only partly an "out-of-pocket" one; and in some cases it may be a small part. This surely provides a certain

incentive; yet the question fairly remains—we expect it to be asked, and we hope to answer it as successfully as frankly—does the aim, the function, the public service, and the care for the cultural future of Americans justify an interest on the part of those who can help? In short, are the aims of the National Park Service, as an agency serving the whole people, worthy?

The National Park Trust Fund was established some years ago by Congress to “accept, receive, hold and administer . . . gifts or bequests of personal property for the benefit of or in connection with the National Park Service, its activities, or its service, as may be approved by the Board.”

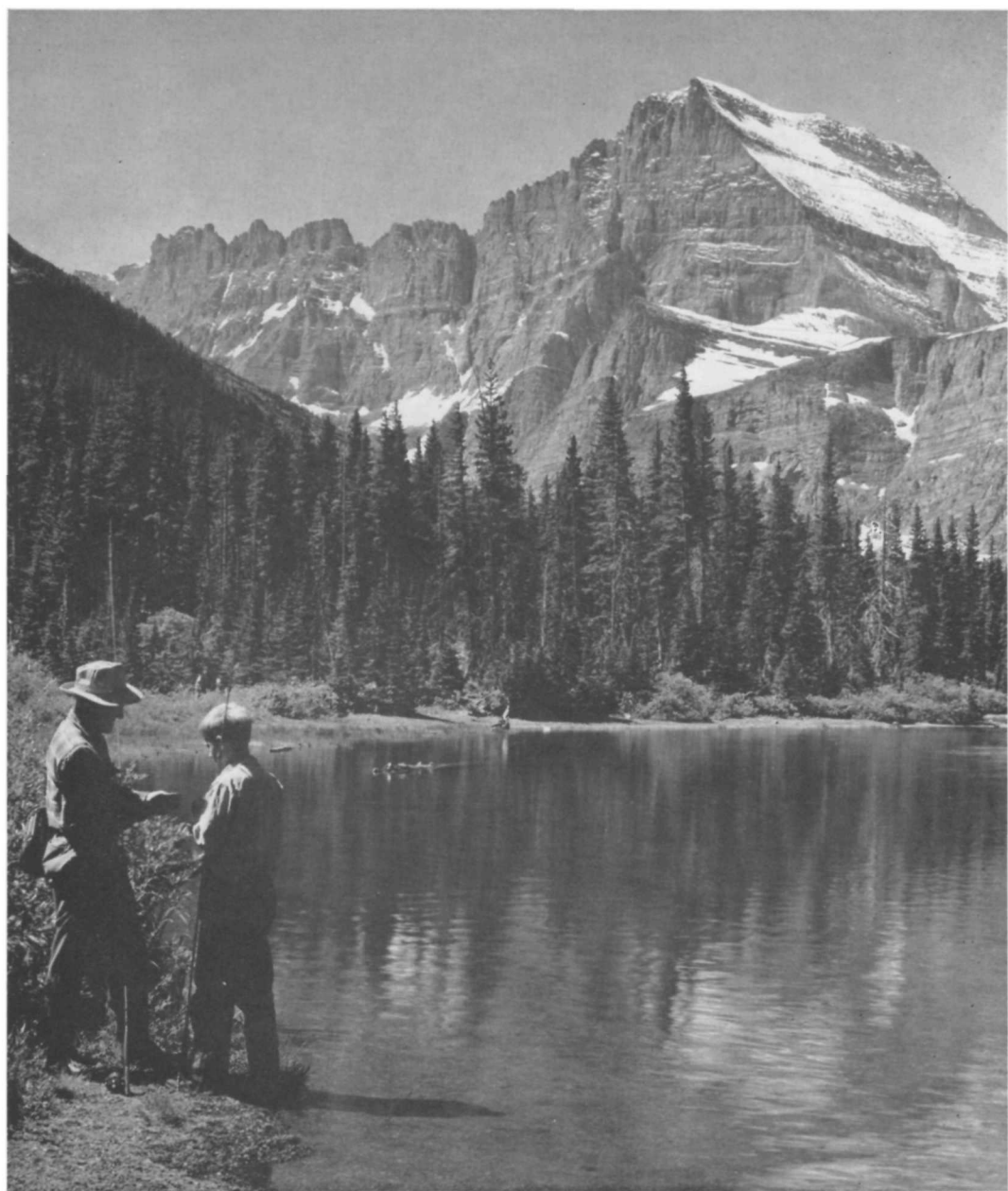
No great amount of money has ever been received into this Fund because, for one reason or another, no concerted effort has been made even to advertise generally its mere existence. It was provided in the terms of the Trust Fund that, except where donors specified how their gifts should be expended, only the income from the investment of such funds could be authorized for expenditure. Since, therefore, the total amount has not been great, the spendable income has been commensurately small. It is hoped that, if this little book succeeds in its presentation, there will be some gifts that will permit the Board of Trustees to spend the principal

The Fishing Lesson, Glacier National Park, Montana.  
Beside the cool, clear waters of Josephine Lake, which lies at the base of massive Mount Gould, Dad passes on some of his fishing know-how to his son. The landscape is typical of this park, which lies astride the northern Rockies.

The glaciers of Glacier National Park are relatively small. Their predecessors of the past, tremendous in extent and depth, gave the park its characteristic sculpture. They carved the deep, U-shaped valleys in which scores of lakes are cupped; they sheared off parts of former valleys, from which the streams now spill hundreds of feet over the rims of sheer cliffs.

Canada's Waterton Lakes National Park adjoins Glacier along the international boundary. Together they form the Waterton-Glacier International Peace Park.

PHOTOGRAPH BY JOSEF MUENCH.







Giant Sequoias, Sequoia National Park, California. The giant sequoias (Big Trees) of the Sierra Nevada are probably the oldest and largest living things on the face of the earth. The life span of trees still living extends back as far as the time when Moses led the Israelites out of Egypt; they were already giants at the beginning of the Christian era. Fortunately for posterity, splendid groves of these trees are preserved in Sequoia, Kings Canyon, and Yosemite National Parks.

"In their majestic shadow," wrote the late Charles G. Thomson, for many years superintendent of Yosemite, "fretting man may well pause to ponder values—to consider the ironic limitations of threescore years and ten. Here, through a compelling humility, man may achieve a finer integrity of soul."

PHOTOGRAPH BY JOSEF MUENCH.

when they are convinced there is justification. The reason for this will become clear in the concluding part of this book, which will point out specific types of needs and activities, not otherwise provided for out of appropriations, that may make the reader say, on consideration:

“Yes, I believe I could be interested in *that*.”

We who are intent upon the welfare of the National Park Service, even though we have no selfish motive, need to be challenged like any other askers of gifts. It is not enough to establish a general noble purpose. Modern giving demands that one prove the need, the definite purpose, the desirability, and the probability that the good end is not likely to be reached in any other way.

vi

[ a ]

WHAT, then, are some of these desirable things that the National Park Service wishes to do for the American people, and for which there seems no possibility except by private gifts—not to the “government,” but to the people directly, through one of their agencies?

When you enter a National Park, your natural assumption is that all the land surface in it belongs to the American people—yourself among the others. Ah, if it were always true!

But the fact is otherwise. There are still nearly 460,000 acres of privately owned lands within our National Parks and Monuments. Had these lands been acquired years ago, the cost would not have been great. Today they have a market value of possibly twenty million dollars. It is the same story expressed in an appeal by G. M. Trevelyan of the English National Trust:

If we had large funds at our disposal we might often obtain at a cheap rate large areas of which fragments will be bought for us at great prices ten years hence, after the exploiter has come on the ground to raise the value of the land. . . .

During the first three decades after the creation of the National Park Service, Congress made special appropriations to buy, or to help buy, lands of critical importance that lay within the Parks. In the past seven years it has appropriated \$1,350,000 for this purpose. Sometimes it is possible to exchange federal lands outside the Parks for private holdings within. Some fine gifts have helped. But even if Congress were to step up appropriations for this end, it would still take half a hundred years to clear the "inholdings." And as it is now, the Park Service is condemned to stand helpless and see valuable scenic and historic resources destroyed inside the Parks because the private owners can do as they please.

Can you believe it?—there are actually real estate subdivisions in half a dozen of our western parks!

And time is so greatly important. In Glacier National Park there was once a tract of wild and unused private land that could have been bought and made a part of the Park for \$3,500. But the cupboard was bare, and there was little time to snap up the chance. So now this part of the wilderness has become an airport and dude ranch. It would cost perhaps fifty times that \$3,500 to acquire the tract today.

The National Park Service maintains splendid records of the critically needed parcels of land now in private ownership within the Park areas; and there are priority lists for their purchase whenever that may be possible. Any donor interested in this type of investment in the future welfare of Americans may learn from the Park Service what the most urgent necessities are. But a gift that could be applied to *any* needed lands would permit prompt action and a consequent great economy, when a bargain came upon the market—and now and then one does.

[ b ]

Vital to any administrative program that envisages the fullest and finest use of the National Parks—whether areas of solacing wilderness or historic shrines—is the work of cre-

ating understanding. It is true that each preserved monument "speaks for itself." But unfortunately it speaks partly in a language that the average visitor cannot comprehend. Beauty and the majesty of natural forces need no interlocutor. They constitute a personal spiritual experience. But when the question is "why?" or "what?" or "how did this come to be?" your Park Service people must have the answers. And this requires both patient research and the development of a program fitted to a great variety of needs.

You stand stunned by the vastness of the Grand Canyon; and from sunrise to sunset the invading light plays upon its inner mountains and naked cliffs with continuing color-flow akin to the movements of a symphony. But, soon or late, you will wish to know something about the forces and processes, operating through millions of years, and still at work, which have built and sculptured it. As you make your way over the hiking trails of Mount Rainier or Acadia, you will see rocks, flowers, animals, and birds that may be strange to you. You will wish to know. Some will want to learn much; others will be content with knowing little. But the naturalist must know, and accurately; the historian at Yorktown battle-field must be able to project a faithful drama. And it is the digging of the archaeologists, at Mesa Verde and the other prehistoric monuments, that has made it possible for the

modern visitor to feel that these ruins are a part of the ever-living American Story—homes of a people not a whit less real than we, and in some respects singularly like ourselves. You may be foot-weary from your day in Yellowstone; but at the campfire program in the cool, resiny air, with the flicker of burning logs lighting up a hundred eager faces, you will wish to hear from an interpreter the meaning of some of the things you have just seen.

Not long ago the writer of these pages had the good fortune to observe how the historians and the archæologists of the Park Service, teaming their skills, were able to produce, from a lovely but obscure historic site, a bit of moving and understandable living history. It was at Fort Frederica, in Georgia. This was General Oglethorpe's fortified town, in the days when England and Spain were at each other's throats for domination of the southern Atlantic seaboard. We knew it had been a populous town in its day; there were maps that showed the street lines and the earth ramparts. But where were they? Time and plough had reduced the place to a vague resting-spot under a live-oak canopy. Only the expert could visualize a thriving town with artisans and public house and soldiery. But the archæologist knew where to dig; some friendly private sources supplied money—and now, though the excavation was not extensive,

Frederica town lives and breathes, and you can see the walls where two citizens—a doctor and an innkeeper—squabbled over their roof-leaks. It was dead history before. Now it seems to breathe and walk again in the Georgia sea-island shades. Many and many are the instances of such revelations—research translated into vivid interpretation.

Yet neither research nor interpretation is a showy thing. You enjoy the results, but do not see what lies behind the scenes. And, really, this is as it should be—*except*. Except that just because it is not boldly apparent, like the building of access roads, or protection for the public, or the provision of camp grounds, it has somehow seemed to lie a bit outside budgeted and appropriated federal money. Maybe these seemed to Congress to be the functions of other agencies—being what you may call “educational work.” But how real the need is!

More and more, as years pass, the Park Service should offer to outside scientific men and graduate students of the colleges and universities an opportunity to pursue studies in its rich and unspoiled fields. These studies in the natural sciences, in modern history and in anthropology, could be vastly enlarged if there were proper facilities, some financial help to men and women of signal ability, and funds for the publication of the best and most important work.

Interpretation is a voyage of discovery in the field of human emotions and intellectual growth, and it is hard to foresee that time when the interpreter can confidently say, "Now we are wholly adequate to our task."

[ c ]

Then there are the museums, both of the nature areas and of the historical. Some people shy away from that word "museum." And no wonder. They are thinking of the old-fashioned bewildering collections of incoherent objects, case upon case, that end in tired feet and mental confusion. The National Park Service, having a specialist who has attained an international reputation in his field, has been working for years toward the ideal in museum exhibits. How far it has gone in this quest of making the on-the-spot museum a simple, easily understood but dynamic factor in area-interpretation will be readily seen in a visit to such a Battlefield Park as Manassas (Bull Run); to such a prehistoric Indian monument as Ocmulgee; or to the Federal Hall Memorial in Wall Street, New York City, where, just as this is being written, the John Peter Zenger exhibit is being opened to the public. Here, on the site where George Washington was first inaugurated, you will see, by means of lifelike dioramas and skillfully selected period material, the story of the colonial printer whose stubborn resistance



helped so greatly to bring freedom of the press, as well as a larger freedom, to America.

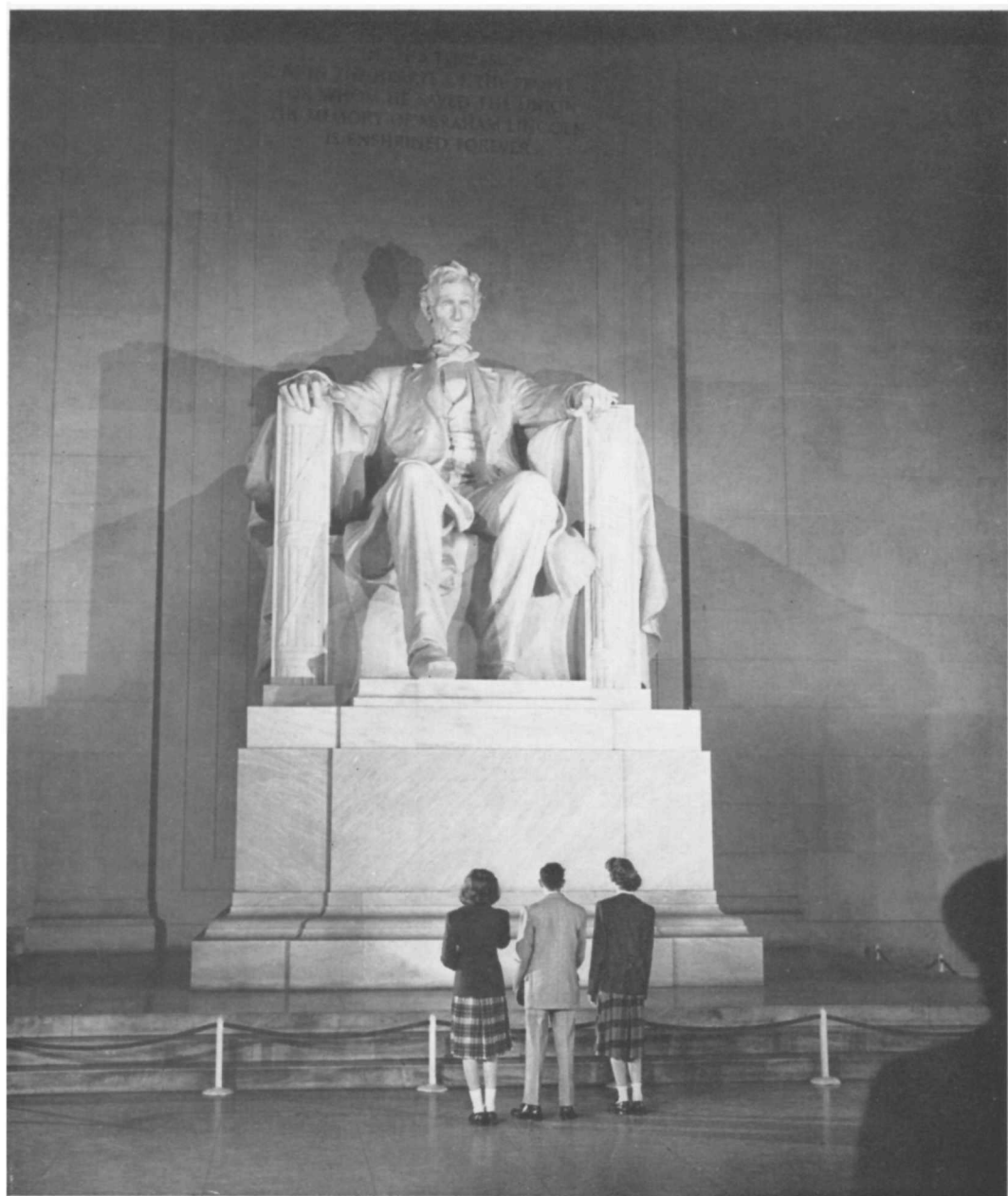
There is no question as to the interest of the visitor in a good Park museum. Visit the one at Tumacacori, in Arizona, where the Spanish padres labored with the Indians in our earliest days, and note the quiet, spellbound group that gathers in front of the affecting diorama which depicts the worshippers in the ancient church and you will no longer question the power of this device of interpretation. And so many museums are needed!—and so much the hope of getting them by appropriated funds is dimmed by the constant threats of armed conflict!

Here is a typical instance of a donation that would be of lasting satisfaction to the giver. In one of the National Parks there is a natural history collection which represents the work of competent scientists over a long period. Many of the objects represent new discoveries; many are unique and irreplaceable; the value of the collection is not to be figured in terms of money. Yet it is not housed so that the public can make use of it. Indeed, it must, for lack of funds, be kept in an old frame schoolhouse, subject to hazards that could wipe it out completely. This is an extreme case of danger; yet in the Southwest archæological monuments there are tons of precious artifacts, recovered from prehistoric ruins, awaiting not only

Federal Hall Memorial National Historic Site, New York. Federal Hall, in which Washington was first inaugurated, the first Congress was convened, and the Bill of Rights was passed, stood on this site. Before its use by the infant Federal Government it was the New York City Hall. In it John Peter Zenger was imprisoned, charged with publishing "seditious libels" in his New-York Weekly Journal, and in it he won acquittal after a trial that is of major significance in the long—and still continuing—battle for freedom of speech and of the press.

The present building, built in 1842, was successively the New York Custom House, the United States Sub-Treasury, and the office of the Federal Reserve Bank of New York. It is an outstanding example of Greek Revival architecture in the United States.





*The Lincoln Statue in the Lincoln Memorial. Every day of the year, Americans from every part of our land and visitors from many other lands visit this superb national memorial above the Potomac in the Nation's capital. They gaze in hushed silence on Daniel Chester French's moving statue of the martyred President and read, their emotions stirred, the Second Inaugural Address and the Gettysburg Address, lettered in bronze on its walls. Each year nearly two million men, women, and children come here.*

PHOTOGRAPH BY ABBIE ROWE, NATIONAL PARK SERVICE.

the study of the expert, but indeed ordinary, decent temporary protection.

Nor may it be forgotten that the National Park Service will not have done its full job when it has provided for the actual visits of so many millions of Americans to the parks themselves. Unfortunately there are other millions who, for one reason or other, cannot visit our parks, or at best can visit only a few of them. What can we do to *bring the parks to them*, and to the millions of schoolchildren of all ages who, in the years to come, are to be the owners and the protectors of our precious heritage? Here is a field of interpretation that has hardly felt the plough. Yet in this day and age it includes, rightly cultivated, some of the most fruitful of means and results. The motion picture, the still projection, and pictorial literature adapted to the age of the receiver are all methods of education and pleasure which the Park Service has never been able to afford.

There have been motion pictures "shot" in the Parks, of course. But Hollywood is primarily and quite logically in the business of simple entertainment, and the National Park Service is exactly not in such a business. The films we speak of are of quite another kind. They could document the glacial carving of the slope of a granite mountain; they could explain plants and animals living in natural adaptation of their en-

vironment and to each other; they could depict the processes of earth-building and earth sculpture as revealed in mile-high canyon walls; and they could record the battle of the sea eternally waged against the land.

Archæologists have literally unearthed the stories of forgotten peoples, and these are yet to be told in the persuasive medium of film. Many storied events in our own history could be re-enacted and registered on film with truth and dramatic power in the Parks, on the ground where they originally took place.

Such motion pictures, directed with understanding, and skillfully employing modern techniques, would have wide usefulness in schools and colleges, and would appeal to intelligent adults as well.

[ d ]

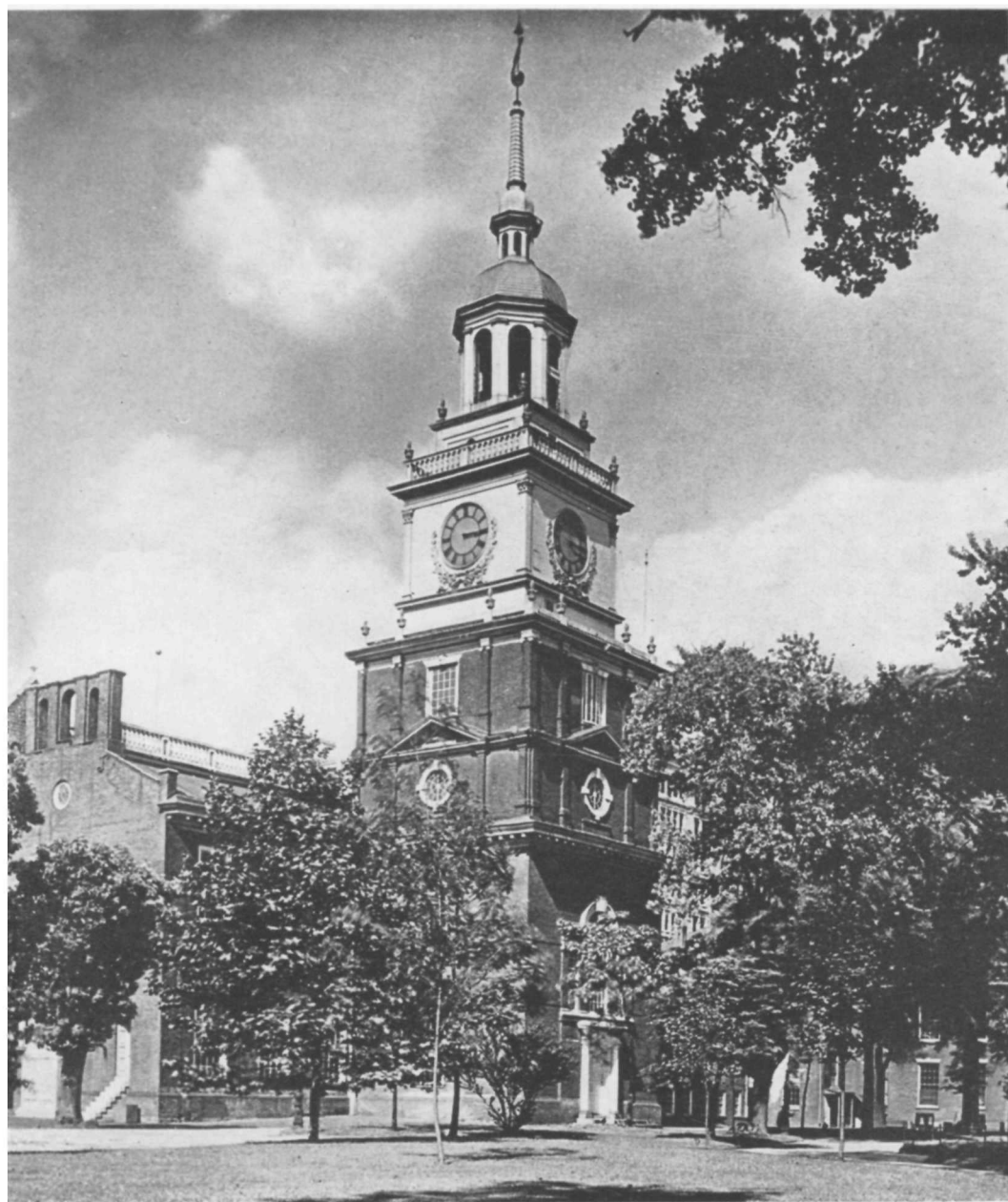
These foregoing suggestions by no means exhaust the possibilities offered to one who wishes to be an active partner in our great American cultural enterprise. The National Park System is large; but not so large as future days will need. There are historic and scientific areas still in private ownership, but of national significance, which ought to be acquired before it proves too late; in the Southwest there are prehistoric ruins that should be protected and held in reserve for the coming years when Americans will cer-

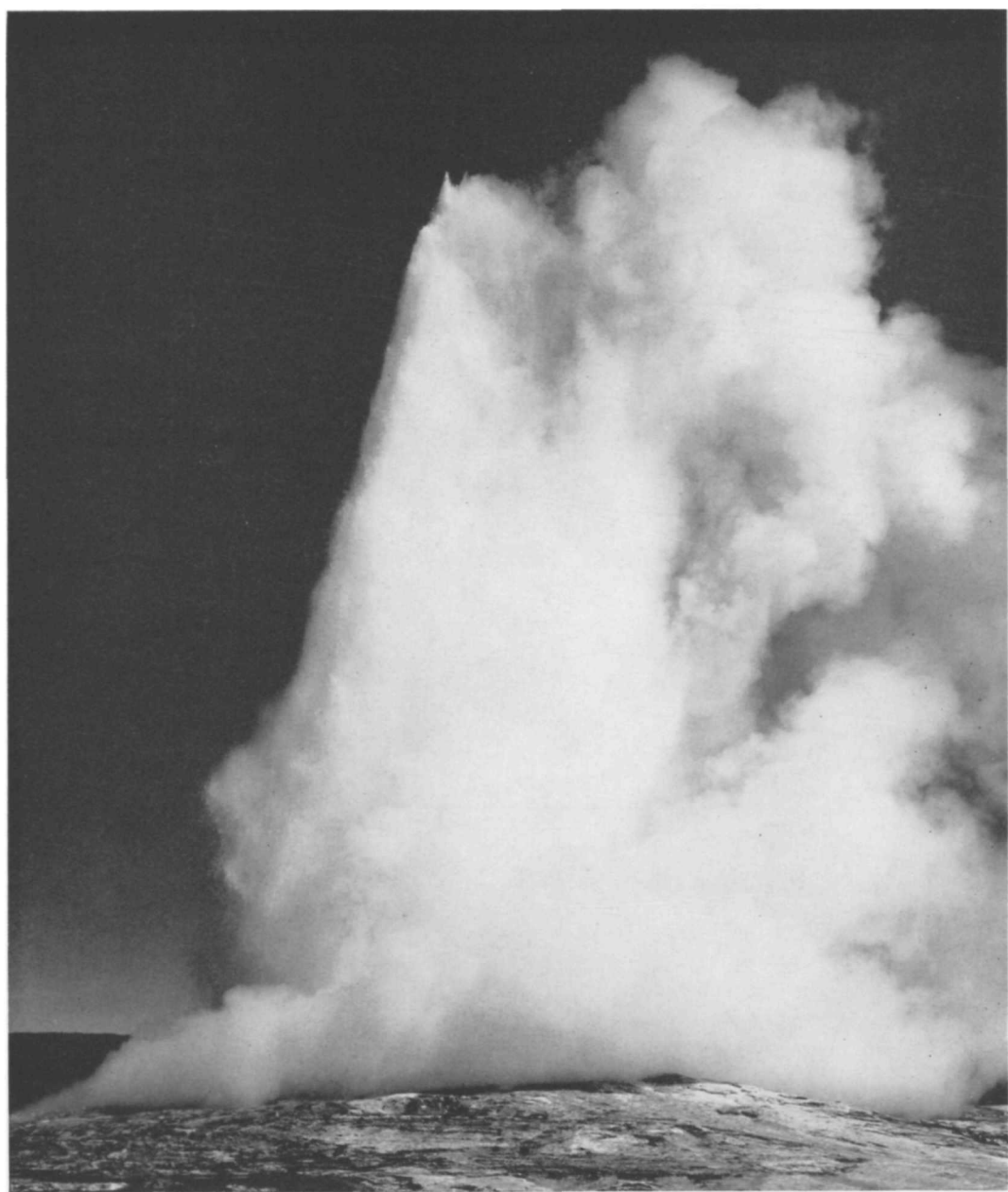
Independence Hall, Philadelphia. This structure, so closely associated with the Declaration of Independence, and with the writing of the Constitution of the United States, is the heart of the Independence National Historical Park project. Although Independence Hall and other buildings in Independence Square are still owned by the City of Philadelphia, they have been placed in the custody of the National Park Service. The Service is exerting maximum effort to protect these structures and to enlarge public understanding both of the historic events that have taken place here and of their significance to all Americans.

In the base of the tower stands the Liberty Bell. It is viewed—and reverently touched—by almost a million visitors a year.

To the north of Independence Square the State of Pennsylvania is developing a broad mall, three blocks long, which will extend to the Delaware River Bridge.







Old Faithful Geyser, Yellowstone National Park. If any natural feature may be considered a symbol of the National Parks of the United States, it is Old Faithful, which puts on a good show about every 63 minutes, day and night, summer and winter. It is but one of about 10,000 thermal features in Yellowstone National Park. Nowhere else in the world are there geysers to compare in size, power, variety, and number with those of the world's first National Park. Competing with them for public interest are such natural features as mountain-bordered Yellowstone Lake, the Upper and Lower Falls and Grand Canyon of the Yellowstone River, and an abundance of wildlife.

PHOTOGRAPH BY ANSEL ADAMS.

tainly want to study them and visit them; there are present areas where restoration of structures is desirable or stabilization is imperative. It is a tremendous field in which to find an interest; some will find one phase to their liking, some another; and it is most desirable that those who have such a humanitarian gift in view should try to go out into the National Parks and find that opportunity which will delight them most.

vii

“THE EFFECT of natural beauty on the mental and moral life of the individual,” says Trevelyan, “is in the strict sense of the word ‘incalculable,’ but it is certainly immense. There are many who regard it as the best thing in life, and millions who passionately crave it. . . . One of the motives for preserving places of historic interest and natural beauty is to cultivate in our people the historic sense, the vivid realization of the life of our ancestors and all the former inhabitants . . . as a reality lovingly pictured in the mind, not merely an abstraction read of in history books.”

Exactly. And this, then, is the Fifth Essence with which we began. To preserve the significant places of beauty and majesty of the very land in which we have our roots; to keep

living, accessible, and dynamic the steps of our history; so that a self-understanding patriotism of the highest order will continue to have throughout the future an effortless and natural flow—this is the covenant by which the National Park Service is bound.

And is it too much to say that all who give of themselves and of their means to such an end are projecting their personalities into a future more real and more meaningful than any transitory achievement can insure?

IF, after reading this book, you wish further information about the NATIONAL PARK SERVICE, you may obtain it by addressing the *Director of the National Park Service, Washington 25, D.C.*

By law, membership on the National Park Trust Fund Board consists of the Secretary of the Treasury, the Secretary of the Interior, the Director of the National Park Service, and two additional persons appointed by the President of the United States.

