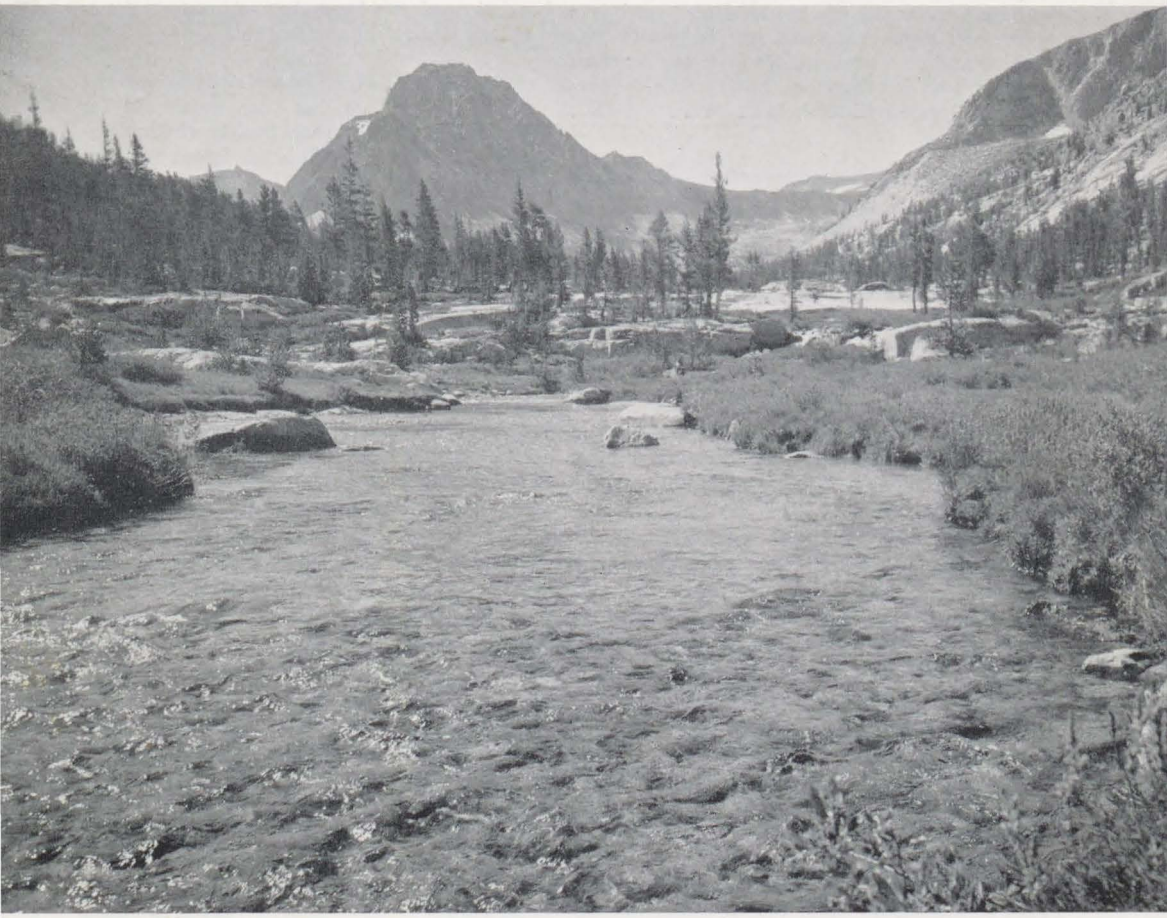
SIERRA CLUB BULLETIN

June 1952



BUBBS CREEK BELOW CENTER BASIN — *Cedric Wright*

Can We Keep the Mountains Clean?

In story and pictures, the answer is Yes.

SEE PAGES 5–12

Miscellany

Nearly Everybody Reads It. If not in the *Bulletin* itself, nearly everybody has had a chance to read about the California Himalaya Committee's Expedition planned to Dhaulagiri. The *Oakland Tribune* picked up the story from the *SCB,* amplified it considerably, and the AP picked up Bill Stokes' article for wider distribution. Now all the mountaineers need is a friendly screen and radio star or two to pick it up and do a telethon. We hope our members won't wait for that time, however, before giving the project all the help they can.

We have been reminded more than once in these discussions on dams, of John Barton Payne's remark before a Senate committee on irrigation and reclamation, when after he had expressed himself powerfully about dam projects in Yellowstone National Park, he was accused of endangering the nation's food supply. "Well," said he in answer, "there's a heap more in this world than three meals a day."

Personalities: "Writer of the Chiricahuas" in the June *Desert* magazine, is about an unusual character who lives on a mountain in the southwest. The character is Weldon Heald, who among other distinctions, comprises the one-man Arizona "chapter" of the Sierra Club, and also knows about snow.

For a picture of the great English climber and writer, Geoffrey Winthrop Young, read the account given by Harry James in the May *Western Outdoor Quarterly.* This firsthand description of the "legendary character" shows all legend about him to be true.

Walter L. Huber, an honorary Vice President of the Sierra Club, has been nominated for President of the American Society of Civil Engineers. His election will be confirmed by letter ballot of the membership in September.

Glad to Be Back (from May 13 Modesto *Bee*): "The general [Ridgway] opened his press conference with an expression of great joy in being back in California. He said he had liked nothing better than to get out in the High Sierra with a book of John Muir's poems in one pocket and a Sierra Club booklet in the other."

The annual magazine number of the *SCB* is not forgotten, but is scheduled for September, at which time, we rationalize, people will be back from vacations and ready to read again.

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*THE SIERRA CLUB,** founded in 1892, has devoted itself to the study and protection of national scenic resources, particularly those of the mountain regions of the Pacific Coast. Since these resources receive best protection from those who know them well, the club has long conducted educational activities, under the committees listed below, to make them known. Participation is invited in the program to enjoy and to preserve wilderness, wildlife, forests, and streams.

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Sierra Club Bulletin

VOLUME 37 JUNE, 1952 NUMBER 6

...TO EXPLORE, ENJOY, AND PROTECT THE NATURAL MOUNTAIN SCENE...

For the June Record

The Darker Side of Snow

Ranger patrols and surveys by airplane have shown that the High Country of Sequoia and Kings Canyon National Parks is still buried under a deep layer of snow. At present trails are blocked generally at 8,000 feet, and above the 9,500-foot elevation the snow cover is virtually unbroken.

On a flight over the parks on June 14, Superintendent E. T. Scoyen noted that all of the parks' important passes, such as Granite, Glen, Kearsarge, Foresters, Franklin, and Kaweah Gap still are snowed under completely. It is reasonably certain that none of the high passes can be crossed by stock until the middle of July, but even a later date should be expected. Some may be blocked all summer.

By the end of June, pack outfits should be able to operate out of Mineral King, over Farewell Gap and Coyote Passes into the Kern and up the South Fork above Cedar Grove to Paradise Valley, and perhaps even as far as the lower Rae Lakes. Bubbs Creek should be clear as far as Junction Meadow. Out of Giant Forest trips should be possible to Bearpaw Meadow, and perhaps to Hamilton Lake.

Another flight will be made about June 28 to check on snow conditions in the High Country. The Sierra Club office hopes to have this new information available by the time this *SCB* reaches its readers.

The Lighter Side

Word reached us today (June 24) that a ranger just returning from Glen Pass (but not on horseback) confidently predicts its opening by June 20. "Those who say it won't open that soon," he says, "weren't there."

Rescue Operations

If you get lost or injured in the mountains of the Northwest, the Mountain Rescue and Safety Council will be called upon to get you out as quickly as possible. This group was formed a few years ago and has trained its members, both men and women, to a high degree of efficiency. Present chairman of the Council is Wolf Bauer, who originated the climbing classes of the Seattle Mountaineers, and who has always been an active climber and interested in proper climbing techniques and safety methods.

The efficiency and practicability of the rescue techniques used by the Council was displayed by the maneuvers on May 25 when the fourth annual Field Day was held in the Snoqualmie Pass area. More than 100 persons attended the maneuvers and the luncheon conference, at which problems were analyzed and suggestions made for increasing the efficiency of the rescue operations.

The field operations included both rock and snow work. Stokes ski litters and wheeled litters were used on steep and difficult slopes by rescue patrol members working out specific problems. How to get injured people down cliffs by rappelling was also demonstrated, and special equipment was tested in various problems.

The vital factor of speed in the rescue work was stressed, and the importance of notifying the Council of accidents immediately, so that the trained members can swing into action at once. In a demonstration homing pigeons were released at the Bandera

Airport, carried messages to their home loft in Seattle, and the messages were relayed to the State Patrol, which radioed them back to Bandera. Planes flew to spot a party of climbers whose location was unknown, and radio their location so it could be marked with fair accuracy on a map. The planes dropped messages which the "lost" persons answered by ground signals, which were then radioed to the airfield from the plane.

It was an effective and heartening display, even though the pigeons aren't sure what they accomplished.

Snoqualmie Convention

It's a long way off for most of us Californians, but if you plan to be anywhere near the Cascades of Washington over the Labor Day week end there is no pleasanter place to stay than at the Mountaineers' Snoqualmie Lodge. Don't go up expecting plenty of room unless you let them know, for it is the 1952 site and date of the annual convention of the Federation of Western Outdoor Clubs. If you have ever attended a Federation meeting you know how worthwhile it is, not only because you learn so many interesting things about the conservation front and the outdoor problems (which are as big as all outdoors) but you see and hear so many interesting people.

Aside from the convention, the Snoqualmie Pass region is a lovely one to visit, surrounded by peaks both easy and interesting, many beautiful lakes, and fine trails. The new lodge too, is attractive, comfortable, and easy to reach.

The Tacoma branch of the Mountaineers, assisted by the Washington Alpine Club, will be the hosts for the three days, August 30 to September 1. Leo Gallagher, P. O. Box 1505, Tacoma, Washington, is the chairman, and you may write him for information, although complete details will appear in the July issue of the *Western Outdoor Quarterly*. Save the date and be there if you can.

Letters

Washington, D.C., May 14

To Correspondents on the Dinosaur National Monument and Echo Park Dam bill:

Subject: S. 3013—To authorize the Secretary of the Interior to construct, operate, and maintain the Colorado River storage project and participating projects, and for other purposes.

The above-mentioned bill was introduced on April 16, 1952, and was promptly referred to the Department of the Interior and the Bureau of the Budget for comment. Until reports are received, the Committee will schedule no hearing nor other action.

Your communication has been filed for reference at such time as the Committee considers the matter.

An effort will be made to give all interested persons advance notification of any formal hearing.

—MILLS ASTIN, *Chief Clerk, Committee on Interior and Insular Affairs, United States Senate.*

Berkeley, June 19

EDITOR—The May *SCB* says, "To Dhaulagiri—World's Fifth Highest."

In *Himalaya* (Berlin, 1931) Dyhrenfurth gives the following table:

1. Mount Everest	29,142
2. Kangchendzönga	28,226
3. K–2 (discrepancy due to uncertainty)	28,250
4. Makalu	27,790
5. Broad Peak	27,132
6. Dhaulagiri	26,810

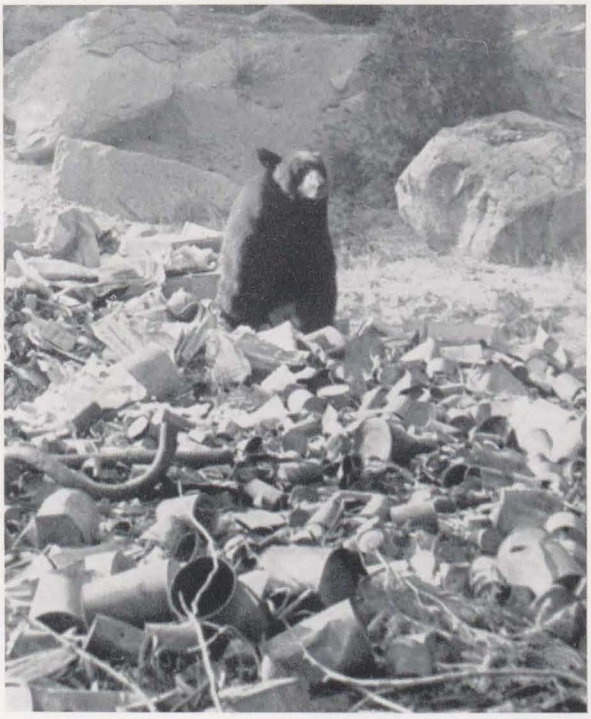
The table gives Dhaulagiri sixth place. Even allowing for errors in triangulation and for later measurements, I think it very unlikely that a revision would account for the 307-foot difference between Dyhrenfurth's height for Broad Peak and the *Bulletin's* height for Dhaulagiri, 26,825.

KARL MARHENKE

• We won't let our face grow red until we've done our own research on this critical point. By the time we publish the results we'll be fresh back from the Sierra, and if we are wrong, who will know that the red isn't from sunburn?

Smokey

(who has done a great job in combatting forest fires)
reluctantly introduces his overprivileged,
sometimes shy,
and generally disreputable cousin,
Hector, The Garbage Collector



—Portrait by Harold C. Bradley

Hector eats too much of the wrong things, has developed several annoying habits, and needs help.

The following pages of this section, which is being distributed by the Sierra Club, members of the High Sierra Packers' Association, some sporting-goods stores, and coöperating groups and agencies, suggest ways in which Hector may be helped. We'd like you to heed these suggestions yourself, and to pass them on or to post them where they'll do the most good — and thus put Hector and his kind back on a wholesome diet of grubs, rodents, roots, berries, and honey.

About Hector — and the Problem

Why does Hector have a problem? We see it this way.

At home people have accustomed themselves to paying the garbage man to keep their property and their city sanitary.

But for too many people, a change to new scenes — such as when they go camping or otherwise travel where the scenery is best — brings about a drastic and incomprehensible change in character. Suddenly they become, shall we say, scrap-happy. They are perfectly willing to scatter their garbage in their neighbors' gardens.

They get in practice on the city streets. Instead of collecting their debris in such a disposable container as any enterprising oil company should be happy to provide — and to dispose of when the customer gases up — these people merrily toss it out the window, and strew it in the gutters, the picnic grounds, the highways and byways, the parkways and the viewpoints, in city parks, national parks, and national forests.

Then they come home and pay taxes (very unhappily), thousands of dollars of which go to pay people and machines that try to go about unstrewing what need not have been strewn. The men and machines never catch up, and the result is that roadsides of this country, for all its pavement and plumbing, are just about the world's messiest — a fact any world traveler will speedily attest if he kept his eyes open in his travels. This is probably true because no one else can afford to throw away as much as we throw away. Whatever the reason, however, it is true.

Yes, they get their practice as soon as they leave their own homes and gardens. And because of all that practice, the finest gardens of all — the natural gardens of the nation's parks and forests — are bound to suffer wherever the strewballs go.

The result is a fool's paradise for Hector. He does his best to gorge himself and help out. But it does his metabolism no good — there's not much vitamin C in the ration cans, and even his versatile digestive system is no match for broken glass. Moreover, he always was an outgoing type, and not much at covering up. Quite the contrary. The Sierra Club has had its own bitter experience with this characteristic of Hector's. Hundreds of man-hours of pit-digging, can-collecting, can-smashing, and pit-covering and landscaping have been undone by a single camp-following Hector.

So, What's the Answer?

We wish we had an oracle to run to for a perfect solution to a dirty problem. We haven't. The problem has been around a long time; a lot of people have thought hard about it. But whatever answers they came up with were short of perfect, and for that matter were not even able to keep up with the steadily increasing travels of the strewers. But some simple suggestions have occurred to those who are wrestling with the menace, and Professor Harold Bradley lists them in the accompanying article. If you have better suggestions, send them in and make them known. Meanwhile, if enough people can be persuaded to accept these suggestions and act accordingly, we won't have to miss seeing the forest for debris. And we don't think Hector will protest too much.

D.R.B.

GOD'S COUNTRY

from the Fresno Bee

The Chairman of the Sierra Club's Conservation Committee has for the past year been devoting much effort and talent, with laudable success, to a search for a cure for the epidemic he describes here.

Needed: A Clean-Camps Campaign

By Harold C. Bradley

Up and down the Sierra the reports of badly littered camps multiply and confirm the belief that the foul-camp situation is of epidemic proportions. It is, at this time, the most insidious and the gravest internal threat there is to the integrity of our high wilderness country.

In the Sierra national parks vigorous efforts to check this blight are being made and some success already is apparent. In wilderness of the national forests, it is found in its most shocking proportions, and with no evidence that we have been able to discover that it is being resisted. It will continue to grow and spread there until the Forest Service is provided with enough man power to protect its recreational wilderness areas. Meanwhile these great areas — some of them fully equalling in beauty the best in the national parks — will continue to suffer damage to those very qualities which led to their being set aside as reserves. They will, that is, unless we are able to reach those who now inflict the damage unwittingly, and to enlist their understanding and coöperation.

The foul-camp blight is not due to the phenomenal increase of campers in the mountains which has occurred in the last decade. It is not the amount of use, but the kind of use that has caused the damage — the careless disregard of the value of the scene itself; the use which ignores the fact that others will come after and wish to enjoy and use the campsite too; the stupid abuse which can only stem from lack of respect for wilderness values.

Littered camps are nothing new. Nor are they confined to the Sierra or the far West. However, it is in these semiarid regions that the blight is at its worst and the greatest damage is being done. The very factors which make camping in the high Sierra so delightful contribute to the cumulative damage which is now so evident. The cool days and frosty nights, the lack of rains in summer, the almost desert dryness of the air, all combine to slow the process of disintegration and the rapid growth of covering vegetation.

Thus the scars of occupancy remain for years. The tin cans left this summer will still be in fair shape a decade hence. The discarded clothing and worn-out shoes — even the cartons and scattered paper — may take several years to disappear into the soil. The result is that at any favorable campsite, especially along a major trail, the debris of civilization accumulates faster than it is absorbed. Eventually the pile of refuse grows to the dimensions of a miniature city dump, too formidable for the average camping party to attempt to clean up. Instead the party adapts itself to the conditions it meets; its own litter is left where it falls. "Oh, well, what's the use?" probably becomes the rationalized camp slogan. Only now and then does a party come along that is public-spirited enough to take on the formidable task of restoring the campsite to something like its original beauty. And as the miniature city-dump piles grow, the number of those who will take on such a challenge decreases. The damage by this time is both to the wilderness and to the self-respect of the wilderness user. His will to help gives place to resignation. This is about where we are today in some very fine regions of the Sierra wilderness. This is the disease in epidemic form.

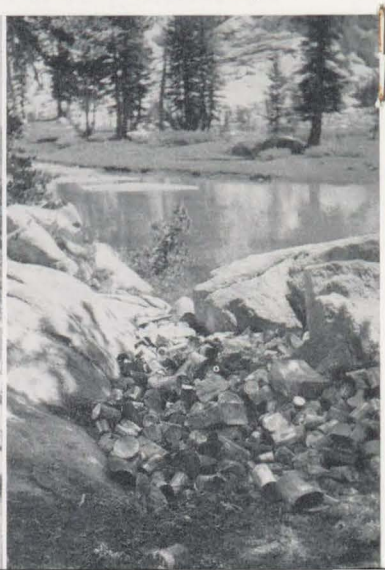
A year ago my companion and I left Clover Meadow for a leisurely trip through the basin of Granite Creek. I had not visited the upper San Joaquin for fifteen years and

[*continued on page 10*]

THIS THEY FIND. Scene in Fourth Recess. *Cedric Wright*

FOURTH RECESS, high on Mono Creek in Sierra National Forest, is a place with a wilderness mood. There are hundreds of other camp spots in the High Sierra — and in other mountain regions too — with a quality that is at once as beautiful and as fragile. These places are wild mountain gardens, yours and your neighbors. And day after day they are desecrated more and more by careless strewing of debris. Trailside, hemlock clump, lakeshore— all are befouled by a strewball-spread and contagious epidemic, chief symptom of which is the discarded tin can. Americans use up *thirty-three billion* tin cans a year. None of these should end up in sight in the wilderness.

AND THIS THEY LEAVE. Scenes in Emigrant Basin and on Minnow Creek. *Harold C. Bradley*



THE CURE—BURNING, SMASHING, PACKING OUT. Emigrant Basin. *Harold C. Bradley*

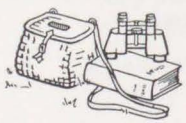
THERE IS a way out. Happily, an empty can weighs less than a full one, and a flattened can takes far less room. The can's best way out is the way it came in—the pack or kyack. In the miner's pan below there are seventeen flattened cans — all that a party of two was able to empty in a week's time. These, plus the collection left by this party's predecessors make convenient ballast for the outgoing stock. There is only one requirement for the proper disposal of any litter — thoughtful application of the alpine golden rule, "I will leave the mountains for others as I would have them left for me." Or, in the Indian's phrase, *"Where I go I leave no sign."*

WE CAN LEAVE A CLEAN SIERRA. Near Twin Lakes. *Cedric Wright*

[*continued from page 7*]

was not prepared for what we found. We were mounted and led a single pack horse. Lillian Lake was our first objective — a typical High Sierra gem, sapphire in a setting of gray granite, fringed with narrow meadows, decorated with a few groves of lodgepole pine and mountain hemlock. There are two good camp spots on its shores. One was already occupied, so we pushed on to the other. The trail wound through the park-like forest, where we had glimpses of the blue lake flashing between the brown tree trunks, where spotlight sunshine stabbed through the shady aisles and turned to gold the carpet of needles.

Then suddenly the campsite. It was littered beyond description with cans and bottles, cast-off clothing, worn-out shoes, rotting food, and scattered paper. A kapok pillow had been abandoned and already the mice and squirrels had ripped it open so that its fluffy stuffing blew about in a flurry of dirty snow. Newspapers, magazines, cartons were everywhere; toilet paper festooned the near-by bushes. Flies buzzed about the spoiled food left on the crude table. We tied up our stock and followed a path beaten to the lake shore, where we might drink and eat



lunch. Here our predecessors had scraped and washed their dishes. The sands were foul with old macaroni, fish entrails and heads, potato peelings, a dirty dish rag and a swollen cake of soap. We ate our lunch dry.

Back at the camp there was a definite refuse dump. Though refuse was broadcast, it was piled deepest in a little circle of picturesque old hemlocks. Probably a medium sized truckload of cans and glass occupied this shady nook — an accumulation of a dozen years no doubt, with the bottom cans beginning to crumble. But even if no new cans are added to this pile, it will take another dozen years to melt it into soil and cover it with needles.

We decided to push on to Rainbow Lake, where we had planned to spend the second night. There is only one good camp spot at Rainbow, and we found it in even worse shape. We made the best of it, clearing away enough space for bed rolls and cooking, and moved on early the next morning. Instead of a week, we found ourselves satisfied with three days in Granite Creek. It was a cowardly decision, I admit. We were not quite up to the point where we felt like putting up a fight. We ran away, expecting to find good camping country somewhere else.

LAST SUMMER, my companion and I were packed into Emigrant Basin and camped on Emigrant Lake for a week. We were interested in the check dams which Chamber-of-Commerce publicity has made so famous. We saw the dams, which were obviously dams as far as they could be seen. We saw the improved lakes, with their fluctuating water levels, mud flats, and the fringe of ghostly trees drowned out twenty years ago and bleached white now, but still standing as an indication of the high price of fish.

What interested us quite as much were the camps. We were unloaded at a pleasant campsite by our packer, who was also calling for a party just leaving this spot. It was dirty enough, but hardly so repulsive as the camps in Granite Creek had been. We cleaned up the scattered debris from what we might call our living room, and heaped it in the refuse dump, which was very handy. We tried to forget the penumbra of cans and papers that surrounded our living room.

In exploring the basin for a week, we saw a good many camps, some occupied, some empty. Not a single camp was decently clean. All were supplied with a refuse pile of some sort toward which most of the debris was tossed. We met a good many of the campers, all fishermen, all well adjusted to the proximity of the refuse pile. Some of them had cleaned up the middle of their camps by kicking the cans in the direction of the refuse dump. Littered camps are about as standard for the fishing party in the Sierra, as are the lakes, streams, granite peaks, and the ample supply of the good life that comes in cans and bottles. Another

generation may come to identify wilderness as a high-mountain area which provides fish and is well supplied with refuse dumps in which one camps — a quotesque picture, but all too probable unless a change can be effected soon.

The substantial citizens who come to the mountains to fish and hunt would not tolerate the vandalisms at home which they condone and contribute to in the choicest part of the public domain. They may be good church members at home, but the record shows that they are not aware that they are in a temple as beautiful and as sacred as any built by human hands. Members of the local lodge, the service clubs, the Chamber of Commerce dedicated to community betterment, they would not dream of allowing the city dump to be situated in plain sight in the middle of town.

The mood which these sights produce is contagious. We felt it at Emigrant Lake, plastered with its rather pathetic excreta of our urban culture. We accepted it, with just a minor clean-up. For several days we resisted impulse and conscience as being impractical and unrealistic. Then we took an afternoon off and really cleaned camp. The accumulation in the refuse pile yielded more than three hundred cans before we lost count, as well as an appropriate number of jars and bottles — some broken, some intact. The old-clothes inventory was just average, except for one pair of leaky rubber hip boots. Everything but the glassware went into the campfire. Everything combustible was converted to clean gray ash. The cans lost their protective tin and lacquer and labels, and came out the color of rusty iron. They might rust into the soil in two or three years. But we proposed a better fate for them. They were mashed flat, to occupy little space. They finally filled two kyacks and weighed about eighty pounds — a convenient load for one pack animal.

For the glassware we dug a deep narrow grave, into which the bottles and jars could be smashed, to occupy little space. The earth was returned and tamped down firmly, smoothed and covered with duff and pine needles. We challenge anyone to find that grave today, and erosion will not lay it open in the spring run-off — we hope.

The whole operation took us six man-hours. It more than paid for itself in the satisfaction we felt for having restored this one little spot to something very like its natural state.

A suggestion about disposal procedure may not be out of place here, pending further studies which the Sierra Club is making.

Removal or permanent concealment is the objective sought. Everything combustible— including food scraps, clothing, paper —

should be burned in the campfire along with the cans. The cans should then be mashed flat so as to occupy the least space and to be free from food traces which lead roving bears to uproot and scatter raw cans, buried or not.

The can-disposal method of first choice is to pack out the burned and flat cans to the roadhead. They are so much lighter and less bulky than the original cans of food, that this procedure should be no problem for the packer. When our packer came back, we pointed to the sack and box of burned and flattened cans, and explained what we proposed to do with them, and why. At first he looked completely stunned. He figured we had gone suddenly crazy. But after a long moment of silence, his face cleared. "By God, I believe you fellows have got something there!"

The second best method, in the opinion of many mountain-wise campers, is to conceal the burned and flattened cans in the crevices between large talus blocks — away from the trail, of course, and out of sight. Talus slopes are almost always close at hand, especially in the high country. Now and then this method may require carrying the cans and bottles along the trail a mile or so to the next talus slope. The small effort required is surely not too great to pay for a clean wilderness.

The third method of disposal is burial in a pit. It is not a method to be recommended

any longer for the average-sized camping party. It has been in use long enough for its disadvantages to be well understood. Just the digging of a pit disturbs soil. If the spot is reached by sheet run-off of spring, selective erosion often uncovers the pit. We camped recently in a charming camp spot in Paradise Valley, where three such old pits had been thus uncovered. In many good camping spots the soil is shallow or full of boulders, and the number of burial pits possible is strictly limited. We have seen camps where all the potential burial spots have been used — and the buried cans are still in excellent conditions. It is discouraging to dig down and find oneself shoveling out old cans. If the pit is dug in a meadow, where there is plenty of soil, there is danger that the sod, even when carefully lifted out and returned and watered, will die and leave an unsightly bald spot. Again if a pit is left open for the use of future campers, the temptation may be great to by-pass the more demanding forms of disposal and simply toss the raw cans into it. Eventually a roving bear smells the traces of food and empties the pit in all directions. A pit left open remains open until someone decides to cover it as he breaks camp. He may never come along.

There follows a summary of what can be done in the battle for a wilderness regained. None of it is new. It was discussed in both the Wilderness Conferences organized by the Sierra Club. But repetition is valuable in driving home ideas.

1. We must use every means open to us to strengthen the ranger forces of the park and Forest Services for back-country patrol.

2. We must continue to carry on educational projects to reach those who use the wilderness — ourselves; the sportsmen who fish and hunt in wilderness; youth organizations, where the attitudes of future sportsmen and campers are now being formed; and the general public, whose understanding must ultimately decide whether wilderness is to be perpetuated or not. All these users must integrate their efforts with those of the Park Service and Forest Service.

WILDERNESS values lie in the mood that is produced. The mood may easily be destroyed by the sight of elements foreign and incongruous. The piles of refuse do not destroy the wilderness. The blue of the lakes and the sky are still the same. The gray granite backdrop, the handsome forests, the meadows gay with alpine flowers — all are uninjured. Only the mood of peace and exaltation that unspoiled wilderness can give is shattered by the obvious debris of human occupancy. But it is in mood that intangible wilderness values lie. To sustain it we need to fight for clean camps, to restore the cluttered wilderness to its original beauty, and to help those who use it to a full appreciation of this beauty so that we may regain and keep something very precious in the life pattern of California that has now been injured or lost. It is a big job, but not too big if many of us combine with the Park and Forest Services to achieve it. But it will demand of us a measure of devotion and a willingness to pay, in time and effort, in some small degree for the inspiration which the wild places have given us.

Forest Service Chief Retires

Appointment of Richard E. McArdle as Chief of the Forest Service, U. S. Department of Agriculture, was announced June 5 by Secretary Brannan. He will succeed Lyle F. Watts, Chief Forester for the past nine years, who has announced his decision to retire from active duty June 30.

Paying tribute to Mr. Watts, Secretary Brannan said: "He has been one of the most effective and courageous leaders of the Forest Service in the great tradition of its service to the American people. Under his guidance, forestry has taken a much greater part in the agricultural resources conservation program and has become an essential part of American agriculture. His other associates and I will miss Lyle Watts very much, but we are pleased at the prospects of having his advice and counsel readily available during his well-earned retirement."

Mr. Watts' retirement from active duty as Chief of the Forest Service will mark the completion of a public career service of nearly 40 years. He has headed the federal forestry agency since 1943.

A career government forester, Mr. McArdle has been a member of the Forest Service for more than 25 years. Since 1944 he has served as Assistant Chief in charge of Coöperative Forestry Programs. Under his leadership the federal programs carried on in coöperation with the states to encourage and facilitate the protection and sound management of the country's forests have been greatly accelerated. In the federal-state cooperative fire control program the area of state and private forest land under organized protection from fire now totals more than 360 million acres and since 1944 the area that still lacks such protection has been reduced by some 60 million acres. Coöperative production and distribution of trees for woodland and shelterbelt planting, which dropped to a low rate during World War II, last year passed all previous records. The Federal-State program to provide on-the-ground technical advice and assistance to woodland owners was developed largely during the past 8 years.

Mr. McArdle's earlier governmental forestry service included the directorship of two regional forest experiment stations. He conducted important research work on fire control and on timber growth and yield.

A native of Lexington, Kentucky, McArdle was brought up in Norfolk, Virginia. He is a graduate of the University of Michigan, where he received the Bachelor of Science degree in forestry in 1923 and M.S. in 1924, and a Ph.D. degree in 1930. He served as part-time instructor in forestry at the University of Michigan from 1927 to 1930.

McArdle entered the Forest Service as a junior forester in 1924 and was assigned to the Pacific Northwest Forest and Range Experiment Station. One of his early research projects was a study of forest fires, and his research on the subject was interrupted several times by calls to help fight fires as a crew leader during emergency periods in the National Forests. Following a three-year leave of absence for graduate study he returned to the Service to continue his research work in 1930. In 1934 he accepted appointment by the University of Idaho to head its school of forestry. He returned to the Forest Service in 1935 to become Director of the Rocky Mountain Forest and Range Experiment Station at Fort Collins, Colorado, and three years later he moved east to assume the directorship of the Appalachian Forest Experiment Station with headquarters at Asheville, North Carolina. In 1944 he was brought to Washington, D.C., as Assistant Chief of the Forest Service, in charge of state and private forestry coöperation, the position he has held to date.

Andeans Train for Everest

The Andean Association has selected 15 young Argentine mountaineers to train for an attempt next year to scale Mt. Everest, the world's highest mountain.

The team includes Lt. Francisco Ibanez, five-time conqueror of Mt. Aconcagua, highest mountain in the Western Hemisphere.

Everest towers 29,002 feet above sea level in the Himalaya Mountains, north of India. Aconcagua, in the Andes Mountains between Argentina and Chile, is 23,081 feet high. —*Los Angeles Times*

Clair Tappaan Lodge Announces Summer Program

Mountain Retreat

Once again the Clair Tappaan Lodge Committee invites all members of the club and their friends to come and participate in the summer program at their own mountain retreat.

For those who were there last year, little need be said about all the things to do. But for the uninitiated let's mention the fishing, hiking, swimming, touring, water-skiing, folk dancing, superb meals, horseback riding — all this in that wonderful mountain weather, with warm clear days and invigorating evenings.

There will be an outdoor barbecue every Saturday evening during July and August, and Rudy Talso has promised to try to work in a few others midweek, too.

A baby sitter will be at the lodge all summer for the convenience of families with youngsters and a play area will be provided.

* * *

Vital Statistics

Location: The Lodge is near the Donner Summit on U. S. 40 at 7,000 feet elevation, just around the bend of the highway past the Norden Store and Station. It is forty miles from Reno, seventeen from Tahoe, ten from Truckee, and 190 miles from the Bay Area.

Facilities: There are accommodations in dormitories and cubicles for 148 guests—two dormitories for the men with 60 bunks, and two dormitories for women with 56 bunks, and 16 cubicles with two bunks each for family groups. There is a large lodge room with a comforting fireplace, a spacious dining room, and an adequate clean, white kitchen. Cars may be parked in front of the lodge in summer time, well away from the highway.

Other units: Peter Grubb Hut, five miles north of the lodge and below Castle Peak, can accommodate groups of 20. Benson Hut, five miles south of the lodge and on the Sierra crest near Anderson Peak, can accommodate groups of 10. Flora and Azalea lakes are in a scenic area of 425 acres owned by the Sierra Club and within easy picnic distance of the lodge.

Transportation is by bus, train, or private auto. Greyhound buses have been very accommodating about stopping directly in front of the lodge when requested. The nearest bus station is at Norden Store. Not all trains stop at the Norden Station.

What to bring: Sleeping bag or bed roll, personal effects, and plenty of sun-tan lotion.

Rates: Members — $3.50 per day (4 consecutive units; breakfast, lunch, dinner, lodging), $21 per week (28 consecutive units), $1 per unit (except lunch—75¢).

Guests—50¢ more per day.

Children—7–12, one-third off; 0–6, $1 per day.

Special Holiday Rates for the 4th of July and Labor Day, $10 (3 days).

Duties: The lodge has been built and maintained by the coöperative effort of Sierra Club members. Those using the lodge are expected to spend a few minutes each day assisting in the necessary housekeeping duties (how better to become acquainted than to help with the dishes?).

The Living Room
Clair Tappaan Lodge

Reservations are not required in summer months, but it is advisable to drop a note to Manager, Clair Tappaan Lodge, Norden, so that proper provision can be made for commissary and bunks.

Work Parties

Although projects at the lodge to be undertaken by work parties will not interfere with the guests, workers are urgently needed to assist in this year's building program. Early construction work at the lodge will be confined to the basement and rear area, and other projects will be at Peter Grubb Hut, the ski tow, and the dam.

Groups of 10 to 15 volunteers are to be recruited each week end this summer and fall, including both men and women. However, since the bulk of the work will be manual labor, the real need is for more men volunteers.

This year will be a real test of the membership's devotion to the lodge, for it will be impossible to pay for work-party transportation. In the past the lodge has reimbursed the drivers, through credits, for the transportation they have provided. Now, with the necessity of the lodge's carrying Workmen's Compensation Insurance on this activity at a high rate, each volunteer is requested to provide his own payment for transportation.

Otherwise, work-party benefits remain the same — free board and lodging while working, and priorities for the next winter season. One work party gains one priority, two work parties, two, and so on.

If you would like to join in this work drop a card to Work Party Chairman, Sierra Club, 1050 Mills Tower, San Francisco 4. Please give dates you can work, your telephone number, and state whether you need or can provide transportation.

JIM MULHOLLAND

Lake Azalea
a scenic mile from the lodge

Near-by Paradise Lake

All photographs by Keith Lummis

Warren Lake
from Paradise Lake

Frank A. Kittredge Retires

The retirement on May 31 of Chief Engineer Frank A. Kittredge of the National Park Service, has been announced by Secretary of the Interior Oscar L. Chapman, who stated that both he and Director of the National Park Service Conrad L. Wirth had approved the retirement application with deep regret.

Mr. Kittredge's government career, the Secretary said, has been a distinguished one, with experience in engineering, administrative work, and public relations that goes far beyond that of the average successful technical man. "His professional activities," the Secretary said, "have been characterized by technical knowledge of the highest type, enabling him to meet challenging engineering problems with both brilliance and practicality; with unimpeachable integrity; with a driving ability to work long hours far beyond those of the usual hard worker; and with an idealism and an enthusiasm for his work and for that of his bureau that are an outstanding example to others. Despite this unusual record as an engineer, Mr. Kittredge's value to the government has not been confined to the technical phases of his work. He has studied every phase of National Park Service activity, acquiring knowledge that has served the Service well both in administrative and engineering capacities."

Mr. Kittredge, before entering National Park Service work, had served with the Bureau of Public Roads of the Department of Agriculture for ten years, with time out for service with the Army Engineers for 13 months in France During World War I.

While with the Bureau of Public Roads, he, in 1924, surveyed, designed, and got ready for contract the famous Going-to-the-Sun Highway project in Glacier National Park. The following year the National Park Service requested the Bureau of Public Roads to assign Mr. Kittredge to the preparation of an over-all program for the construction of main line roads in the national park system. When in 1927 the National Park Service decided to set up an engineering division, the choice of a chief logically fell upon Mr. Kittredge. As Chief Engineer of the Service, he worked up the first comprehensive road program for national parks. He not only set up the broad program, but worked out the details, building a staff from the ground up, personally surveying the location of several major roads, designing and building trails and sanitation systems. His solution of the problem of oiling the roads in Yellowstone National Park served as a model for low-cost road-oiling jobs throughout the national parks. He was also responsible for setting up and operating the San Francisco office of the National Park Service.

In 1937, when permanent regionalization of the National Park Service became effective, Mr. Kittredge was appointed regional director of Region Four, with headquarters in San Francisco. During that period he was largely responsible, through his excellent public relations work in California, for the successful culmination of the years-long effort to establish Kings Canyon National Park. He personally engineered the purchase of the superbly scenic Redwood Mountain and Redwood Canyon, two areas vital to that park. Later he served successively as superintendent of Grand Canyon and Yosemite national parks.

In 1947, Mr. Kittredge returned to the position of chief engineer of the National Park Service, with headquarters in Washington, D.C. Since then his unusually broad experience has been available to all areas of the National Park Service.