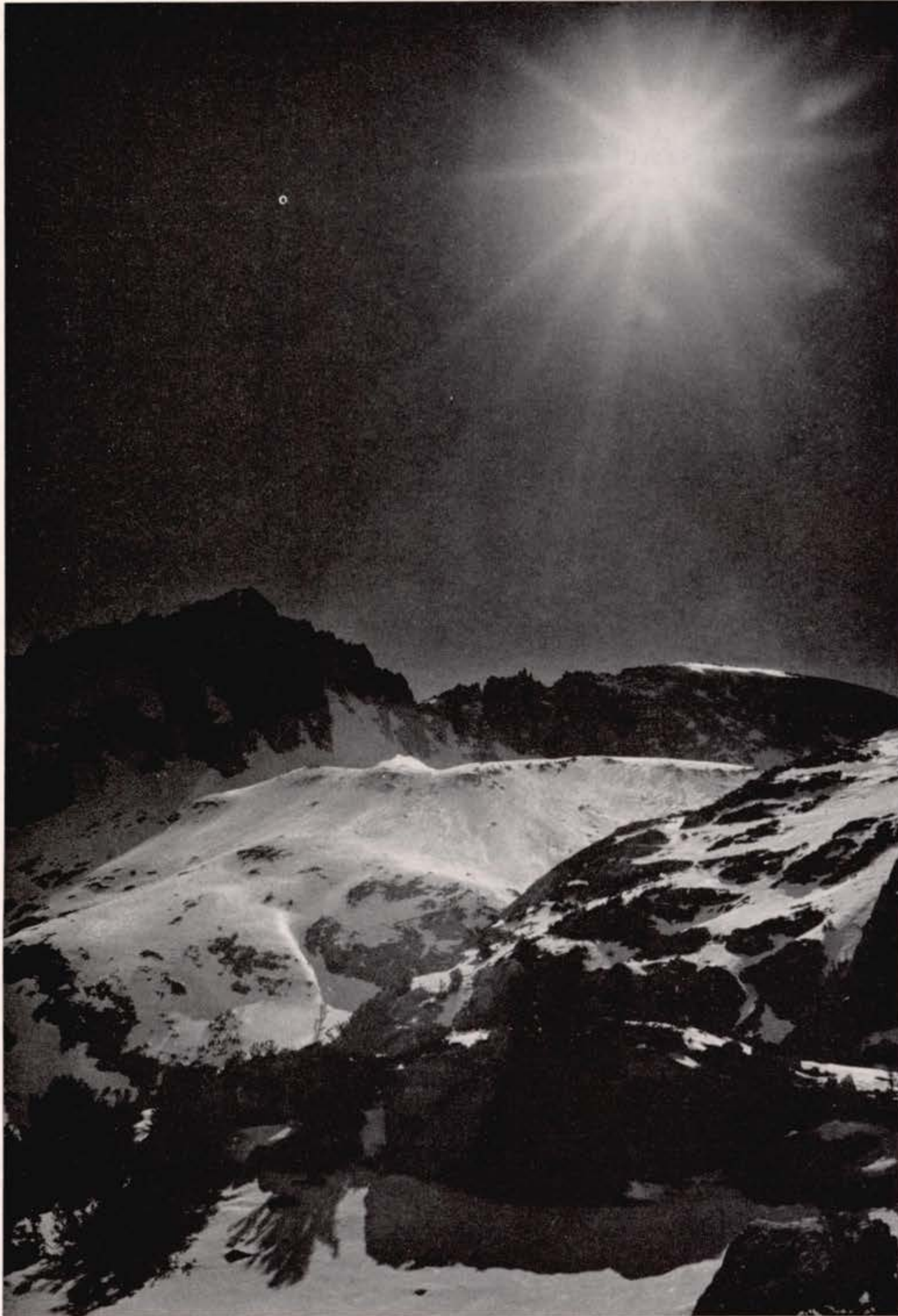
SIERRA CLUB BULLETIN

December 1961



". . . I would have
tried to explain
the long vibrant moments
when we were
letting our skis go,
finding that
every turn worked,
sensing how rapidly
the peaks climbed above us,
those peaks that had
dropped so reluctantly
to our level
in all the slow day's climb."

Justice Douglas on the Wind River Country

PAGES 4–10

Uneasy Chair

The 1961 Annual: The Last?

Should the Annual Magazine number of the *Sierra Club Bulletin* be discontinued? And the frequency, size, and color of the monthly stepped up instead?

When the monthly format was increased two years ago, prediction was made that this presaged the end of the Annual. Traditionalists said oh no, this must never happen.

Why does the question come up now?

Well, long enough ago for the response to have come in, we put out the 1961 Annual (the October 1961 *SCB*), including some handsome pictures of great areas, threatened areas, and personal pictures of ordinary, unthreatened (?) people, plus articles of interest and importance, we thought, on science, adventure, climbing, conservation, and forestry. We sent out some 17,000 of them and spent about $9,000 of your dues to do so.

In years gone by an Annual used to bring a lot of response—by mail and by word of mouth. This has been true even in recent years, when the wilderness world we like to travel in has been threatened so much we sometimes talk more about saving it than enjoying it.

But this year? Hardly a word. Several people have spoken about the pictures of their friends' hats. One man told us he couldn't sleep until he had finished the Deevey piece—so good that it also appeared in the *American Scientist* and even in the *Yale Review*. There were two or three comments about the late Emil Ernst's Yosemite story. Finally, there was a serious conservation threat that can undermine that hard-fought battle over Echo Park and Dinosaur. The Annual carried a fervent editorial, illustrated with beautiful Philip Hyde photographs, seeking your help in staving off the serious threat to the National Park System imminent in the betrayal at Rainbow Bridge. We had a handful of letters. Maybe a dozen.

What is the matter?

Did you *see* your Annual? Do you care?

Or did the *Bulletin* look too thick for reading right away, did you put it aside, and did it then get covered with *Life*, the *New Yorker*, the Sunday *Times*, *Woman's Day*, an American Heritage ad, and John's drawings he brought home from school, and then work its way to the absolute bottom of the pile when you stacked all these neatly just before carrying them out to the garage?

We know we get far more response from the monthly. We can carry more pictures in it to illustrate each piece. News can be news in it—well, *almost* news. We might eventually include a four-page insert consisting of each chapter's newsletter. We could enlarge one or two issues when the occasion demanded (and one monthly page carries about as much as three *Annual* pages). We would not be ambivalent about what should be sought for the monthly and what should be held for the *Annual*. We might get on schedule, even publish every month, including important summer months. We could make better use of color and exploit the color-transparency mine our membership is. We could issue a foil-stamped binder to hold a year's issues. And so on.

We would break a long tradition. That imposing three-foot shelf which holds all those 6 × 9-inch annuals and semiannuals since 1893 would grow no more. Something unique would have ceased.

It's your club, your *Bulletin*. Which way shall we go? How will the message reach you best? Or are you still listening?

We are. And silence is depressing.—*DB*

Stacked Deck: The Dissenting View

While the McCloskey report on the facing page was in press, we heard more from the other side about the October forestry hearings in the Northwest. Edward C. Crafts, Assistant Chief of the Forest Service, enclosed with a December 15, 1961, letter to Patrick Goldsworthy, President of the North Cascades Conservation Council, a six-page letter of December 13, signed by Counsel Heimburger.

Mr. Heimburger strongly defends the activity of the Committee and the Forest Service on every count. He says the *Portland Daily Reporter* carried "a follow-up substantially disavowing the first story."† He denied that Region 6 of the Forest Service had anything "whatever to do with selecting the areas to be visited by the Committee or the groups with which the Committee would meet." He then proceeded to describe a meeting with Mr. Crafts and other Forest Service personnel during which Mr. Heimburger quotes himself as saying to Mr. Crafts, "Here are the places the Committee wants to see. Your job is to help us plan an itinerary . . ."

In his letter, Mr. Heimburger commends the Forest Service on how well they presented "all points of view with respect to the areas inspected by the Committee." The question remains how impartial a view the Forest Service would have when the Committee's own announcement of the hearing stated the basic question to be whether certain key scenic areas were to be continued under the Forest Service or "possibly turned over to some other agency"—i.e., the National Park Service.

Mr. Heimburger defended the Subcommittee's action in not inviting any conservation interests to meet with the Subcommittee:

> This Committee does not invite any individuals or groups to appear at its hearings nor to entertain it while it is conducting a field trip. It announces its hearings as far in advance as possible and it has the proud reputation of never having refused to hear a witness who asked to present his views to the Committee. Its field trips are conducted in the same manner; it announces its itinerary as far in advance as possible and accepts the invitations of those who extend such invitations, to meet with it or entertain it on its trips.
>
> Every invitation to meet with the Committee on its trip in Washington and Oregon or to entertain it at luncheon or dinner was extended directly to this office and was accepted or rejected (only on account of conflicting arrangements) by the Committee. Local groups learned about the Committee trip and requested an opportunity to entertain the Committee. No such invitation was received from the North Cascades Conservation Council nor from any other conservation group. Had such an invitation been received it would certainly have been accepted if it did not conflict with a previous commitment.

It appears to us that these procedures, as outlined, discriminate *against* the volunteer, citizen, public-interest organization and *in favor* of the well-organized, professional, economic-interest groups who can afford the time, effort, expense, and paid staff men to be ready to extend invitations to such Congressional Subcommittees and "to entertain" them at appropriate times. These procedures do not reflect an obligation to seek out both sides of an issue. We hope our interpretation is wrong, but Mr. Heimburger's letter does not easily allow other interpretation.—*BMK*

† However, see *Not a Disavowal* on page 3.

COVER: Winter in Little Lakes Valley by Allen Steck. From the Sierra Club revision of Manual of Ski Mountaineering, *edited by David Brower; cover quotation from the introduction.*

THE SIERRA CLUB,* founded in 1892, has devoted itself to the study and protection of national scenic resources, particularly those of mountain regions. Participation is invited in the program to enjoy and preserve wilderness, wildlife, forests, and streams.

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Sierra Club Bulletin

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...TO EXPLORE, ENJOY, AND PROTECT THE NATION'S SCENIC RESOURCES...

"Stacked Deck" claimed during

Forestry Hearings in the Northwest

By J. MICHAEL MCCLOSKEY

THE SUBCOMMITTEE ON FORESTS of the Committee on Agriculture of the House of Representatives spent the first ten days of October in the Pacific Northwest. Their tour began at the gateway to the Northern Cascades in a conference with representatives of the Chelan Chamber of Commerce and the Chelan Box and Manufacturing Company. It ended in the rain beside Waldo Lake in Oregon with the three out of the eight Congressmen left surrounded by three times as many Forest Service men.

This was the story of the whole tour, ostensibly designed to gain information about problems of recreation on Forest Service lands and specifically to hear both sides of the controversies concerning the Northern Cascades in Washington state and the Dunes and Waldo Lake areas of Oregon. When the committee members were not attending a Chamber of Commerce dinner, they were surrounded by a covey of friendly Forest Service men. On the boat trip up Lake Chelan, Charles Hessey, of the North Cascades Conservation Council, said he couldn't penetrate the ring of Chamber of Commerce and Forest Service officials that encircled each committee member.

The role of the Forest Service in arranging the itinerary of the subcommittee became the subject of a new controversy which made the liveliest news of the whole tour. The subcommittee opened the hearings on Friday morning, October 6, facing screaming headlines in the *Portland Reporter* reading "Committee's Dunes Trip Said 'Stacked.'" The Forest Service was accused by local conservationists in the article of "stacking a dirty deck" in arranging the itinerary and of "pulling another of its political shenanigans." A twenty-one page brochure that the Forest Service put out listing the itinerary and portraying the controversies in a one-sided way precipitated the outcry. The brochure included a specially-prepared four-color map of the wilderness areas of the region. One commentator exclaimed that he considered the publication of the brochure a violation of the order the Secretary of Agriculture had issued to the Forest Service to be neutral in these controversies. He said the violation "will be brought to the Secretary's attention at once."

However, the Counsel for the Committee, John Heimburger, claimed that the Forest Service had not arranged the controversial parts of the itinerary. He claimed that the Forest Service only arranged the means of travel and overnight accommodations. He said the Committee itself accepted the invitations for luncheons and dinners with industry groups and that conservationists were free to extend similar invitations.

Conservationists were amazed at this explanation since they had too little advance notice of the itinerary to plan meetings with the Committee. Apparently, industry groups were informed well in advance. Moreover, conservation groups could hardly afford to match industry on the banquet circuit. Night and day, industry made sure that the Committee members understood its side of the story. On October 2, the Committee dined with the Chelan Chamber of Commerce. On October 3, they ate at the Tennis Club in Seattle with the Chamber of Commerce there. On October 5, the Western Pine Association banqueted them. On October 6 the Industrial Forestry Association followed, and so also did the Western Forest Industries Association on October 7. On October 9, the Committee concluded by lunching with the Siuslaw Port Commission and then dining that night with the Eugene Chamber of Commerce.

The itinerary in touring the Oregon Dunes area was particularly criticized. James Mount, Chairman of the Oregon Dunes Committee, commented in the *Portland Reporter,* "It is certainly unfortunate that the subcommittee's entire tour of the dunes area will provide almost exclusive contact with persons who have something to gain by keeping it out of park status. It is only the people with something to gain who can really take the time and effort to do these things. But who . . . is going to defend the public?"

In the only part of the itinerary in which the public was given equal time with industry, the public did not do so badly. At the hearings on October 6, a majority of the 75 persons testifying spoke for conservation and were critical of existing policies. The Sierra Club was represented by four official witnesses. Witnesses also appeared for the North Cascades Conservation Council, the Mazamas, the Mountaineers, the Waldo Lake Appeal Committee, the Oregon Dunes Committee, and many other outdoor groups.

The testimony may not have added much to existing understanding of the issues, but the way in which the tour was handled may have raised new questions in the minds of many. They may begin wondering just whose interests some of our public agencies are protecting.

Northwest Wilderness Conference

The biennial Conference on Northwest Wilderness will be held on April 14–15, 1962 in Seattle, Washington, at the Olympic Hotel. Preliminary registration begins the night before—April 13. Tentative theme will be, "The De Facto Wilderness: Going, Going . . ."

"This theme relates to the most important wilderness preservation crisis with which we have yet been confronted," said Lewis F. Clark, President of the Federation of Western Outdoor Clubs, sponsor of the conference. This crisis is "the imminent disappearance of nearly 8,000,000 acres of prime wilderness which is not dedicated in any of the usual senses," Clark noted. "A great deal of this undedicated wilderness is in the Pacific Northwest."

Emily Haig, Federation Vice-President, will serve as General Chairman of the conference.

—*Not a Disavowal*—

Robert McBride, Political Editor of the *Portland Daily Reporter* and the man who wrote the October 6 story on the hearings, states in a letter to the *Sierra Club Bulletin*: "I do not consider that by printing the rebuttals of Mr. Heimburger and others that the paper in any way retracted its previous story. Obviously, the paper did not make the allegations it printed. We simply reported the comments and charges of various conservation leaders in this area. This we did in the public interest. It is not a retraction, as we understand the word, to allow persons under fire to reply to that fire."

My Wilderness:

Wind River Mountains

By William O. Douglas

MY FIRST VISIT to the Wind River country was in mid-September. My first camp was at Upper Cook's Lake, which lies at about 11,000 feet. I awoke after my first night to find twelve inches of snow. I have seldom seen a lovelier mountain sight. The peaks of granite which one sees from the prairie north of Rock Springs, Wyoming, were now shriveled. They rise but a few hundred feet above Upper Cook's Lake. They were powdered with snow; and every ledge was in clear relief. The sun came out, and the peaks were not only brilliant against the sky; they were as beautiful when reflected in the cobalt-blue water of the lake. I felt like I was in a basin on top of the world. And so I was, for the low rims above the lake marked the summit of their massive range.

The snow melted fast. Three mule deer—two does and a fawn—crossed the far shore, headed down country. Knee-high willow shook itself free of snow, making splotches of yellow against white. As the snow melted, the thin stands of whitebark pine back of the lake showed thick mats of the little red huckleberry. And heather stood sturdily among the granite rocks on the slopes above Upper Cook's Lake. I circled the lake to find several plants of yellow bush cinquefoil in bloom and even a bed of Scotch bluebells, past their peak.

We had come in to Upper Cook's Lake from Elkhart Park via Pole Creek. There were four of us: Carroll Noble, Olaus J. Murie, John Borzea, and I. It was Carroll's pack string that we used; and these horses that knew the Wind River almost as well as Carroll seemed to enjoy pawing through the soft snow for grass.

In the rolling sagebrush hills that lay below our starting point were huge lakes. Fremont Lake surpasses the rest and is the home of Mackinaw trout running up to twenty-five pounds. The low country was brilliant with streaks of yellow where stands of quaking aspen grew in sheltered spots. Some would turn to reddish-orange when the hoarfrosts came. At Elkhart Park there are Englemann's spruce and lodgepole pine. Yellow aspen against the dark green of those conifers was a feast for the eyes. Every view showed yellow aspen in new dimensions. The entire lower reaches of the mountain range was ablaze. Each combination of pine, spruce, and aspen was a study in composition. The deer were mostly in these aspen groves. Those still high would soon be down.

The flowers at Elkhart Park were mostly gone. A few dandelion and purple asters lingered on. Lupine that would be brilliant blue in June was in pod. So was the green gentian that stands three feet high. This plant was now only a dry yellow stalk. The leaves of the wild buckwheat formed dark red rosettes. And those of the fireweed were rich red.

The trip by horseback to Upper Cook's Lake took perhaps four hours. The trails were sodden from persistent rain; the creeks were in flood; the lakes we passed seemed to be running over. The parade of campers and fishermen that moves through this treasure land in Summer was past. "About ten thousand people come into the Bridger Primitive Area each year," Carroll said as we put diamond hitches on the pack horses. "Ten years ago there were hardly five hundred ever got in here," he added.

This trip we had the whole range to ourselves. A northeast wind was bitter cold, and the rain it brought had a sting to it. Before we made camp a steady rain, turning to snow, had set in. We pitched our small tents, built a large fire, cooked sourdough bread in a heavy Dutch oven, and went to bed early.

THESE SEPTEMBER SNOWSTORMS are tranistory. Before noon the next day the snow had mostly gone, pink-sided juncos and white-crowned sparrows appeared in numbers, and John and I went fishing. First we fished Upper Cook's Lake and the Lower Cook's Lake that lies a bit below it and about a mile distant. The two are connected by a fast-running stream.

There are golden trout in the lakes and eastern brook both in the lakes and in the connecting stream. I had seen my first golden trout years earlier in a lake at the base of the White Mountains in New Hampshire. The first one we caught at Upper Cook's Lake brought back old memories. I had forgotten how brilliant these trout were, how bright and gay their sides when they are first brought to net. The golden trout of Wind River seemed more pretentious than any I had ever known; and they ran to two and two and a half pounds. Upper Cook's Lake is probably their best habitat. Nature supplies it with a

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This article is a chapter from *MY WILDERNESS: EAST TO KATAHDIN*, by William O. Douglas. Copyright© 1961 by William O. Douglas. Reprinted by permission of Doubleday and Company, Inc. Drawing by Francis Lee Jacques. (Books now available through Sierra Club.)

tiny fresh-water shrimp that is red and brown in color and about the size of a pinhead. These small shrimp are apparently the golden trout's secret. For in Upper Cook's Lake they have been known to run to eleven pounds.

The golden trout were more lethargic this September than the eastern brook. They, like most trout in high lakes, were becoming dormant. But not the eastern brook. This was their spawning season; and they were aggressive. I used a woolly worm that had more yellow than black, and fished it wet. The river between the two lakes fairly exploded when I drew the fly gently against the current. I do not think I made a cast without hooking a trout. In less than an hour I had landed twenty-four eastern brook trout and lost perhaps half as many. They were salmon-colored, ruby-red; and they were thick and broad. They ran from ten to fifteen inches. We kept only three of them and one fourteen-inch golden trout, for our needs were small and the trout we released were not injured.

"They'll be a half-pound larger by next year," Johnny beamed. And so they would.

In the week we were out we cut a rather wide circle—going from the two Cook's lakes to Baldy Lake, then high over a pass to the head of Fall Creek, then back to Elkhart Park via Chain Lakes. There are fish in all of those waters, and the rainbow in the Chain Lakes run four and five pounds. We fished most of these waters. But the brightest memories, apart from the two Cook's lakes, was my fishing at Baldy Lake. We had planned to camp there. But the sheep had eaten everything a horse could reach. The smell of sheep pervaded the place; the meadows around the lake had been close-cropped; and the pounding of the turf by these "hoofed locusts," as Muir called them, was evident. We stopped only for lunch; and I fished. I stayed with my woolly worm, fishing from a long tongue of granite that ended in a deep pool. My first ten minutes were fruitless. Then a light wind sent riffles across the water and I felt a light touch, so delicate that I missed the first time. But the second time I hooked my trout and brought to the sloping granite as nice a trout as I ever landed. It was a "native" trout, a cutthroat. The waters I fished were in the Colorado River drainage and tributary of the Green River. These cutthroat are known as Yellowstone cutthroat. The cutthroat in the Columbia River drainage are called Snake River cutthroat. They are a brighter yellow than the one I landed at Baldy Lake. My "native" trout was dark yellow with innumerable tiny brown spots. It was fat but not as broad as an eastern brook; and it weighed one and a half pounds. I released it only to catch another about the same size. I released it, too; and now it seemed impossible to cast without catching a "native."

Carroll—indicating with his hands a mound about three feet high and as many feet wide—said, "I've seen offal that high on this lake's edge from the natives that were caught and cleaned here."

When weather and water temperature are right, these "native" trout seem to march with abandon to man's guillotine. But we kept none, returning to Baldy all the prizes I had so easily won.

We had seen fresh tracks of mountain sheep coming into Baldy and as we climbed to the pass on our way to Fall Creek we saw more. We also saw the makings of tragedy for these wonderful animals of the high country. We camped just beyond the pass and a hundred feet or so below the lake that feeds Fall Creek and a few hundred feet above the creek itself. The pass and the slopes on either side of it were open, wind-blown areas. A few whitebark pine were present, some standing in solitary splendor, a few forming a thinnish clump where we camped. But apart from the few trees, there was nothing but rolling slopes. I had never seen them before. But Carroll, who knows these mountains like the rest of us know our own back yards, told how they once had been rich in grass.

"The grazing by sheep has eliminated the grasses," Carroll said. "Mostly sedges left."

"The best grasses in this high country are a timothy and a nut grass," Carroll explained. "They're about gone," he added.

And he and I walked the many acres on this barren shoulder of the range as he pointed out what had happened by the pounding of the feet of thousands of sheep.

"Too many sheep," he explained. "Just pace off the distance between the clumps of sedges and bunch grass that are left."

I paced them off; and the distance was from three feet to nine feet. In between was dirt, which would soon be blown away, and coarse sand.

"Horses and sheep don't eat much of this kind of bunch grass," Carroll added.

"Why?" I asked.

"Too tough," was the reply.

"You said tragedy was in store for the mountain sheep," I said. "How come?"

Carroll went on to explain that mountain sheep depend on these grasses in wintertime for feed.

"The winter wind here is fierce," he said. "It keeps the passes pretty clear of snow." Pointing with his finger at the solitary clumps of sedges and bunch grass, he added. "This Winter there will be no feed for the mountain sheep on this pass."

There was sadness in his voice, for Carroll's dream of the wilderness includes not only mansions of stately trees but wild life in abundance. Olaus, too, was depressed over the plight of the mountain sheep. When we returned to camp, we dragged deadwood that was the debris of an ancient whitebark pine which had been struck by lightning, built up our fire, and held a seminar on this problem of overgrazing.

On the entire trip we had seen the degradations committed by sheep. The trailways they had followed in getting into and out of the mountains were badly eroded. Too many sheep had been in here too frequently and for visits that were much too long. Broken turf had been evident along every trail. Lake basins, with some exceptions, were beginning to show the wear and tear. Alpine meadows were beginning to look moth-eaten. The pass above Fall Creek was symptomatic of the peril facing the Wind River range.

Most of the country we traveled was in the Bridger National Forest. It was a Primitive Area and since then has been classified as a Wilderness Area. The high meadows and passes under proper range management could be given a respite; in the long turn of a cycle, timothy and nut grass might return.

We discussed the problems of range management.

In a 1911 decision it was said that the grazing fees were fixed to "prevent excessive grazing and thereby protect the young growth, and native grasses, from destruction."

Yet the Forest Service fee for grazing a sheep is only ten cents a month. On Taylor grazing lands outside the forests, the fee is but half of that.

"That amount of rental is cheap—dirt cheap," Carroll stated. "A rancher can keep a sheep up here all Summer for thirty cents. That rental is so low that the owner does not worry about what his sheep are doing."

Olaus broke in to say, "It's practically free room and board."

"Right," said Carroll. "Free room and board at the expense of the people. This is public land. It belongs to everyone. Yet we let a few private interests exploit it."

"Either keep them all out or raise the rental," Carroll added. "If a man must pay only ten cents a month to graze a sheep, he's not going to be too particular about whether the animal has good grazing. If he has to pay a dollar a month, he's going to be sure he's getting his money's worth."

"Trouble is," said Olaus, "that a permittee who has the right to run sheep on public land pretty soon begins to think he owns the range. Take it away from him, or cut down on the number of sheep or cattle he can graze, or increase the rental, and he hollers as if his property has been confiscated."

"What about the cattle?" I asked, turning to Carroll.

"They are grazed lower down in these forests. The meadows like the ones we saw at Elkhart are called parks by our local people. They are grazed by permittees."

"Any problems there?" I inquired.

"Same as the sheep," said Carroll. "You see, the grazing fee for a cow is five times that for a sheep. Fifty cents a month is all the cattlemen have to pay."

"Too low?" I asked.

"Too low?" Carroll retorted. "It's not a fourth or a fifth or perhaps even a sixth of what it should be. Why should Uncle Sam rent me grazing land for fifty cents per cow per month when a private landowner would charge two dollars or three dollars a month? Why shouldn't Uncle Sam be a good businessman too? What right do cattlemen have to get this subsidy?"

"Especially when they help ruin the mountains, making mudholes or dustbins out of our meadows," said Olaus, as he reminded us of the severely pounded grasslands we had seen at Elkhart Park, where cattle still grazed.

"It's all right to let cattle and sheep into the high country," Carroll added. "But let's set the grazing fees high enough so that the public gets a fair return on the value of this public property."

We kept coming back to this theme as we cooked supper. The sun came out briefly before it set and brought two camp robbers and several pink-sided juncos to our camp. Then new black clouds rolled in, bringing spits of snow. By the time we had dinner it was snowing in earnest.

"A big snow in prospect?" I asked.

Carroll did not answer until he had gone over to inspect the horses. "Not a big snow," he said. "The horses always get nervous and sometimes snort when a big snowstorm is on its way. Tonight they are quiet and settling down."

It was a light snow that came during the night. But the temperature dropped fast. In the morning the water in a cup I had left by my bedroll in my small Himalayan tent was frozen solid.

We had seen along the banks both red and black currants. The black ones, though bitter, make excellent jam. The red ones round off a lunch. Blue grouse were in the currants and I heard them go out with a roar. We were to see their tracks over and again in the snow. Wild raspberries were thick in spots, though the fruit had long passed.

The leaves of the low-bush blue huckleberry at Spruce Lake and at Chain Lakes were blood-red. A dwarf birch was even redder. Dwarf willow was yellow and red. The lichens on the granite rocks were richly radiant with yellows, grays, and blacks. Bright Scotch bluebells were reflected in the sapphire waters.

We tried to get all these glories of the Chain Lakes in color pictures. While we waited for the sun, a yellow-bellied marmot gave us his short, clear whistle. But most of them were in hibernation. A golden eagle soared overhead. Ravens called in metallic notes from across the water.

While we waited, Olaus took a wide swing through the woods. We had seen many deer tracks during our week's pack trip. Snowshoe rabbits had been fairly numerous; and the tracks of voles had been conspicuous. Olaus, whose book *Field Guide to Animal Tracks* is *the* authority in that field, returned to announce with excitement that he had found tracks both of marten and of mink. This discovery of his started a new seminar that was continued from campfire to campfire.

Carroll began by saying that twenty years ago or more there were trappers in these mountains who stayed all Winter. We had seen remnants of old cabins which they had used. They trapped for marten, which then were plentiful.

"There are a few marten left," Olaus said, "but not many."

"What happened?" I inquired.

Olaus, usually soft-spoken, raised his voice to say, "Poison."

"Who and why?"

"You see," Olaus replied, "stockmen got the idea that the coyote was a bad predator. So they got the government to put out poisoned bait. They dropped it from planes all through this country."

"I'm a stockman," Carroll said. "I raise both cattle and sheep; and I value my herds as much as anyone. But actually in all my years here there are very few calves and very few sheep the coyote takes."

"John Muir once said," I interposed, "that the coyotes only sin was his love of mutton."

"A coyote will take a few, as Carroll says," Olaus replied, "but he's not the great killer he's made out to be."

"How about deer and antelope?" I asked.

"The coyote takes a few, but my studies show that the ones taken are usually the sick or the weak."

"Would you say that the coyote has ever caused wild-life population to drop greatly?" Carroll inquired.

"Absolutely not," said Olaus. "The great regulator of wildlife population is a food deficiency of one kind or another. Take our mountain sheep as an example. Predators don't eliminate them. Hunters take a few, not many. Real disaster hits those fine herds when sheepmen turn grass meadows into dust bowls."

"What relation does poisoning the coyote have to the decline in marten?" I asked.

"The poisoned bait dropped from planes killed everything that ate meat—coyotes, bears, fox, marten," Olaus answered. "They were mostly cleaned out of the Wind River."

"More than that," said Carroll, "birds that eat carrion died when they ate animals who had eaten the poisoned bait. That blasted poison almost wiped out our camp robbers."

"Any coyotes left?" I asked Olaus.

"None in these mountains. They were all poisoned out."

By the time I left this majestic high country, my heart was heavy. Man was fast ruining it. Overgrazing was despoiling alpine ridges and basins. The policy of the Forest Service, as expressed in Acts of Congress, is to put public lands to "multiple use." In places, grazing of stock and the maintenance of wilderness may not be inconsistent. But the concept, as it is applied in Wyoming, is self-defeating. When overgrazing is permitted, the result in effect is the dedication of the land to one primary use. Recreation and the preservation of wild life then come second or are not served at all. Unless grazing is narrowly constricted and closely supervised, livestock take over and the high ranges are ruined for other uses.

Men running for public office in cattle or sheep country seldom, if ever, campaign against overgrazing. The weight of the federal bureaucracy in cattle or sheep country is, with few exceptions, on the side of the ranchers. The newcomer in the Forest Service or the Bureau of Land Management who sees what overgrazing is doing to the high country in Wyoming and who speaks up may not last long. He is the dangerous nonconformist. Where the word of stockmen is the law, he is likely to be shifted to "Siberia." There have been and still are great conservationists in the Forest Service. And they have written glorious chapters in the cause. But they are not conspicuous in Wyoming. The realization of that fact made my first Wind River journey a sad one.

One of our deepest conflicts is between the preservation of wild life and the profits of a few men. The coyote, with his wise, doglike face and his haunting call, is gone. Fox, marten, and bear have been sacrificed. Mountain sheep are doomed. Is there no place left for any life except man and his greed? Must we see our wild animals only in zoos? Is there no place left for mountain sheep and coyotes? The thought of their eradication was as dismal as the prospect that all trails would be paved, that man will go only where a machine will take him.

The relation of all life in the circle of existence has been of consuming interest to philosophers as well as anthropologists. When I first visited India, I heard of Hindu epics that extol the beneficial effect of music on plant life. The ancient god Krishna was said to have made a garden blossom by playing a flute. I dismissed the idea as fanciful. But T. C. N. Singh, a botanist on the faculty of Annamalai University, in Madras State, India, has shown that music does affect plant growth. Different plants respond to different music. The flute and violin produce the most effective tunes. Seeds, serenaded with their music, sprout faster. Over-all crop yields may possibly be affected. We are perhaps closer constitutionally to the life around us than we have imagined. The life of which we are a part may be unitary in a sense that only poets have divined. If we took that view *only speculatively,* it would have a profound effect on our attitude toward conservation. We would have a new reverence for life. Our drive would be to preserve it; to stand against all forces of destruction. I thought of this as I left the high country of Wyoming.

BUT WHAT I had seen in the alpine regions was minor to what I was to discover in the rolling sagebrush country between 7000 and 9000 feet, where thick willows mark the streams and where in the Fall quaking aspen send streaks of yellow across rolling slopes fringed with the somber green of lodgepole pine.

I had seen the Wyoming sagebrush plateau many times from speeding trains or autos. Though I had cruised Route 30 times without end, I had seen little. I had noticed occasional antelope in the distance, and smelled the sage, especially fragrant after rain. But I, like most of us, had traveled too fast to come on intimate terms with this plateau. Moreover, I had seen the Wind River Mountains from the east, where the slopes are mostly barren and gentle. Now I was seeing the range from the west. There these mountains seem to rise straight from the plains. Granite peaks powdered with snow and the dark green of conifers are backdrops for rolling sagebrush plains that unfold more mysteries every trip I take there.

The sagebrush holds the moisture and nourishes good grass in its shade. Salt sage grows up to 6000 feet.

"Salt sage has the best food value of any forage in Wyoming," Carroll said. "Better than any grass."

It is the mainstay of domestic sheep and of the antelope, especially in the Winter. Sage grouse also love it. It's smaller and more delicate than sagebrush. The "desert" where it grows looks dead in midday. But Carroll, Olaus, and I walked it at sunrise and sunset, when it fairly teemed with life. Antelope appear and sage grouse become active. These antelope are the same as the ones we have in Oregon. They are truly American, having been here perhaps a million years. They are white with tan stripes, but the tan is darker here than in Oregon.

The sage grouse weigh from a pound to six pounds and break the silence of the "desert" as they go out right underfoot. Jack rabbits are here too, and the smaller cottontails. No snakes are in this part of Wyoming. So one can walk these stretches of "desert" relaxed.

A thousand feet more in elevation makes a vast difference in this part of Wyoming. The salt sage has been mostly left behind. Clear-water creeks—fed from the Wind River Mountains—appear. They are clear and cold; and their banks are thickly matted with willows. Birds now appear in abundance—blackbirds, mourning doves, song sparrows, white-crowned sparrows, magpies. The ruffed grouse thrives here. Moose are in the dense willow that follows the meandering streams. Some stay there the year around.

"Willow is the main winter food for moose," Olaus explained. "The distribution of moose in North America follows the willow."

"Kill the willow," Carroll added, "and you put an end to the moose."

The areas fed by these clear, cool creeks is choice farm land. It is here that Carroll runs cattle and sheep. It is to this region that the antelope come in Summer from their salt-sage range. Sagebrush grows thick at this elevation; and good grass flourishes under it. Carroll and I spent many hours both in it and on the land that has been cleared for pasture and planted with grass.

"Used to be lots of field mice here," Carroll said. "Field mice are good for the farmer because they help keep the soil porous. Ground squirrels help too. And mice and ground squirrels keep the badgers alive."

Stopping to emphasize his words, Carroll said, "Know what the federal men did? Poisoned the mice and squirrels."

He stopped to let that sink in and then asked, "Know what happened? The poison killed the blackbirds and the doves. Then what happened? The grasshoppers came in and got to be a real danger because they had no enemies. Know what the federal men did then?"

I shook my head, and Carroll added, "They used more spray to kill the grasshoppers."

Olaus took up the conversation to talk about the balance nature has provided and how dangerous it is to upset it. "Man and his sprays may be the end of us yet," Olaus added.

And then we went to see a monstrous crime against nature which the Forest Service committed on Piñon Ridge in the Bridger National Forest. We went by car through Cora, Wyoming, to Circle S Ranch, run by Bill Isaacs. Then Bill Isaacs took us in his four-wheel-drive jeep over Piñon Ridge and into the country beyond.

Lower streams in this area do not look prepossessing, since they run through open sagebrush country. But they produce fine brook trout if one has mastered the art of delicate fishing. Higher, in the 8000- to 9000-foot zone, beaver thrive. They feed on willow just as the moose do, and build their dams on tiny creeks. Soon the tiny creek has become a lake a half-mile or more long; and this lake produces trout. The lake or pond attracts ducks and other birds. I saw one such pond on Wagon Creek, which has such a small quantity of water that only six-inch trout grow there. The beaver pond, however, produces five-pound brook trout. Beaver have indeed helped this part of Wyoming to become one of the choice recreational areas in the entire nation. Antelope reach these higher elevations in the Summer; the willow in this high country is the mainstay of the moose; the sagebrush is the habitat of sage grouse.

What did the Forest Service do? At a cost of $30,000 they used planes to spray 10,000 acres of this choice upland with a chemical designed to kill sage. I have seen many areas of our wilderness from coast to coast ruined—some by fire, some by excessive cutting that resulted in severe erosion, some by overgrazing. Never have I seen such destruction purposely done.

"Is this the way to improve range?" I inquired.

"The worst possible way, I think," Olaus added. He went on to explain how sagebrush holds moisture and gives shade to grass. "Better grass with sagebrush than without sagebrush."

We walked the sagebrush and saw that the hormone spray had indeed killed it.

"Look," said Carroll, "it has killed some of the grass too." And so it had. "Without sagebrush, how can our antelope and our sage grouse survive?" he asked.

"Sage is very important," Olaus replied. "Antelope eat a great variety of leafy plants and grass too; but sage is their choice food, especially in Winter, when the sage stands above the snow. Sage grouse also must have sage in Winter in order to survive."

Once sagebrush and its associated plants disappear, sage grouse are indeed eliminated, as Patterson has shown in *The Sage Grouse in Wyoming*.

We stood in silence, viewing the destruction our federal men had visited on the land.

"You haven't seen anything yet," Bill Isaacs said as we got back in the jeep. And in half a mile I saw what he meant. We stopped on a height of land and looked across a vast expanse to the massif of the Wind River Range. The quaking aspen now were both orange and yellow; and the lodgepole pine in the distance made a perfect backdrop for the brilliant scene. But at our feet was willow, dead or dying, shriveled and killed by the hormone spray.

"What will our friends the beavers do?" I asked.

"They die," said Bill Isaacs. "And the wonderful ponds they built are soon destroyed."

Square Top,
Green River headwaters,
Wind River Range, Wyoming
By Philip Hyde
From Wilderness:
America's Living Heritage
Sierra Club, 1961

"And the moose?" I asked.

"This is doomsday for the moose too," Olaus added. "Moose must have these willows in Winter. Willow is their mainstay then."

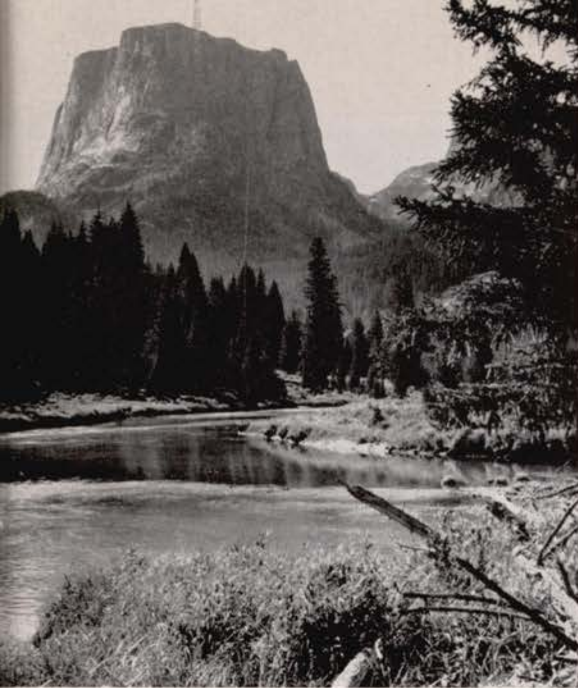
Man is crowding everything but himself out of the universe, I thought. Why must we be so destructive? What of people who want to hear the whir of sage grouse, who thrill at the white, saucy rump of the antelope as it makes its getaway? How about those who, wanting to fish, find the beaver a stout ally? What is to be said for people who love the sight of moose in willow? Must we sacrifice all of these for the almighty Dollar that goes into the pockets of a privileged few?

The official destruction committed in the sacred precincts of this massive range would be called vandalism if others had done it. The damage is vast, incredible, awful. The memory of these sights come back vividly every time I hear or read a speech or paper on "multiple" use. The national forests are designed by Congress for "multiple" use. That is the professed policy. I had long suspected that "multiple" use was semantics for making cattlemen, sheepmen, lumbermen, miners the main beneficiaries. After they gutted and ruined the forests, then the rest of us could use them—to find campsites among stumps, to look for fish in waters heavy with silt from erosion, to search for game on ridges pounded to dust by sheep. On Piñon Ridge, I realized that the pretense of "multiple" use as applied in this area in Wyoming was an awful wrong.

"Perhaps we should go to Pinedale next Friday," I told Carroll, "to hear what the federal men say about these spraying projects."

We went. Forest Service men, officials of the Bureau of Land Management, and the County Agent of the Department of Agriculture were present; and they spoke.

If a doctor had performed an operation for reasons as unfounded as we heard that night, his license would be revoked. If a lawyer had stood before a court, claiming national assets on behalf of a client and resting on such fanciful hypotheses, he would be ridiculed. The federal men we heard were not dishonest; they were merely spokesmen of interests that have Wyoming by the throat. They said the removal of sagebrush would increase grass, increase the water content of the soil, and



decrease erosion. But as they talked it was plain they were not reciting facts. This was mere conjecture. Yes, they had a pilot plant of a few acres that they had sprayed. But what effect it will have over a period as short as five years, no one knew.

"What effect will it have on willows?" someone asked.

"We think the willow will come back."

"When?"

"Perhaps in a year, perhaps in five years."

"What will happen to antelope, to sage grouse, to moose in the meantime?"

No one knew. The only ounce of rational talk that night was supplied by Carroll Noble.

"Maybe willows and other browse will come back in time. But so will sagebrush. Then I suppose there will be another spraying program."

One federal agent reported that an elderly lady had asked him, "What effect will this spray have on wildflowers?" This seemed to me to be as relevant as Carroll's questions and Olaus's concern about the antelope, the beaver, the sage grouse, and the moose. But when the elderly lady's question about the wildflowers was reported, the federal man laughed. And that laughter marked for me a new low in American civilization.

"Our federal bureaucracy seems to exist for a favored few," I said to Carroll as we drove back to his ranch house. "Is there no place in our scheme for people who love the Wind River Mountains for all that God left there?"

The destruction invoked by the white man on the continent has been appalling. Our predecessors learned how to transmute a pound of wild meat, a pound of wild fowl, a pound of trout into gold. The value of beaver hides was calculated in terms of whisky. The man who hunted buffalo also thought in terms of market values. Those standards have not changed. They appear in new forms today. The economic benefits of wild life are commonly touted even by the men whose job is conservation. Elk, deer, moose, beaver, mountain sheep become valuable in terms of the revenues they bring into the treasury. They increase or decline in importance depending on whether sportsmen's figures or stockmen's figures are used. Wild life that cannot be eaten or sold or used to enlarge cold-storage lockers or serve as sales literature for boats or motors is not worth preserving. The consequence is that the years are running short for those who love wild life even when it does not show a profit.

A year passed and the mark of death lay on Piñon Ridge. The beaver had all died or had left. None remained. The biggest dam they had built with engineering skill had gone out. The half-mile pond had shrunk to a small creek and all the five-pound trout were lost. The smaller ones had also died, for this was a dry year and, with the beaver water gone, trout had no place to go. On Piñon Ridge I thought of what the Milnes wrote in *The Balance of Nature*. "By obliterating other kinds of life, man may be destroying himself as well."

I was to see more depredation by government. Gypsum Creek was once a lovely canyon to hike or ride. Today it is a place of desolation, an utter wasteland. Why? The canyon had spindly stands of spruce, and the spruce beetle infected the trees. So the Forest Service decided to cut the trees. They let the job out on contract. There was not enough lumber to make it pay. Loggers did not get their wages. Companies went broke. Caterpillars, dragging logs, tore up Gypsum Creek so there is nothing left—not even grass. Nothing is there but desolation.

"It would have been better—far better," said Olaus, "to let the beetle trees alone. Nature would have restored the balance. The thin topsoil would not have been disturbed. New trees would in time have come along."

Gypsum Creek, Piñon Ridge, and the high ridges and meadows of the Wind River Mountains that have been turned into wastelands by sheep and cattle do not make up a complete inventory of what has been done to damage this choice area.

Down in the sagebrush country where the antelope roam are thousands of acres of public lands under the supervision of the federal government. These lands are leased on permits to sheep and cattlemen. A permittee usually can expect to have his permit renewed from year to year. Naturally, he begins to think of the land as his own. With the passage of time he wants to possess it. Political pressures mount as evidenced by S. 1491, introduced in the Senate in the Eighty-third Congress by the former Senator Barrett of Wyoming to allow these permittees to acquire these lands. The measure was defeated. But the very fact of its introduction shows the power of the men who ride high in Wyoming. Now they are adopting a new approach. The federal men are beginning to fence the land under permits. The federal men say it's good land management. The permittees like it because land with a fence around it is closer to being "theirs" than the unfenced public domain. Fencing is indeed an easy step toward ultimate private ownership. The over-all average cost for fencing is $700 to $750 a mile. But fencing in this Wyoming country costs from $1000 to $1500 a mile; and the federal government pays the bill.

"What do you think of it?" I asked Carroll.

"It's the end of the antelope," he answered.

"Why?"

"These fences are sheep-proof. An antelope will go under a fence. But they are not like deer. They don't have the habit of jumping over a fence," Carroll said.

Olaus drove the point home by adding, "Antelope have to migrate to live. Some go down in the Winter to the salt sage. And they need the moisture of the higher country in the Summer. With sheep-tight fences they cannot migrate. In cattle country, where the two lower wires are left off, the antelope

easily duck under. But in Wyoming we have to do with sheep-tight fences. Sheep-tight fences add one more obstacle for the antelope. Taken with the others, it means their demise."

"Besides," Carroll added, "why should we fence out the public from public land? Am I wrong in thinking that public land belongs to all of us—you people in the East as well as the stockmen in the West?"

MY PLANE LEFT Rock Springs, Wyoming, at night. John Borzea drove me there from Carroll's ranch and we spent most of the time rehashing all the degradations we had seen. I told a newspaperman who looked us up what devastation I had seen, why fencing should be stopped, why spraying of sagebrush should be stopped, why grazing in the high country should be curtailed.

"The Bridger Primitive Area should be guarded and preserved for all the people, not gutted and exploited by a few," I added. The repercussions of this statement of mine were severe. One letter even charged me with being a communist for harboring those "un-American" ideas. What startled me, however, took place on the plane.

I sat next to a stranger who lives in Texas, and we talked about fishing, hunting, hiking, and riding. He mentioned the antelope in Texas.

"Do you hunt them?" I asked.

"Yes."

"Is it difficult hunting?"

"Oh, no. We go by jeep."

"You mean to tell me you chase antelope by jeep and shoot them on the run?"

"Not on the run," he said. "Our country is fenced. Antelope never jump a fence. We herd them by jeep into a fence corner and shoot them at a distance of a few feet."

My heart sank. Now I knew what Carroll, Olaus, and John had been trying to tell me.

Back in Washington, D.C., I talked with the experts. They said there was no cause for worry—the antelope herds were increasing. And so they have been. But the fencing program is still young. In the Cora, Wyoming, area there are already two antelope herds—totaling around three thousand—that are fenced in on federal lands. The first severe Winter will eliminate them. For, no matter what the experts say, an antelope cannot go under a sheep-tight fence and will not go over—unless it can walk over on a snowdrift; and that is true whether the fence is made of woven wire or barbed wire.

As I listened to the experts talk, I kept remembering the paths on each side of these Wyoming fences—paths that run for miles on end, paths pounded by the hoofs of antelope as they race frantically to find an exit to their ancestral grazing grounds. Those beaten paths are more eloquent than all the apologias of the experts.

The only way to have sheep-tight fences and antelope is to fence the antelope out, not in. For in severe Winters the antelope must migrate in order to survive. Yet the federal standards for sheep-tight fences require five strands starting at five inches above the ground. No antelope can crawl through a five-inch space.

Man is the worst predator of all. Those who would destroy our heritage of the plains and mountains have stout allies in government. They will succeed—unless the people make conservation a burning issue.

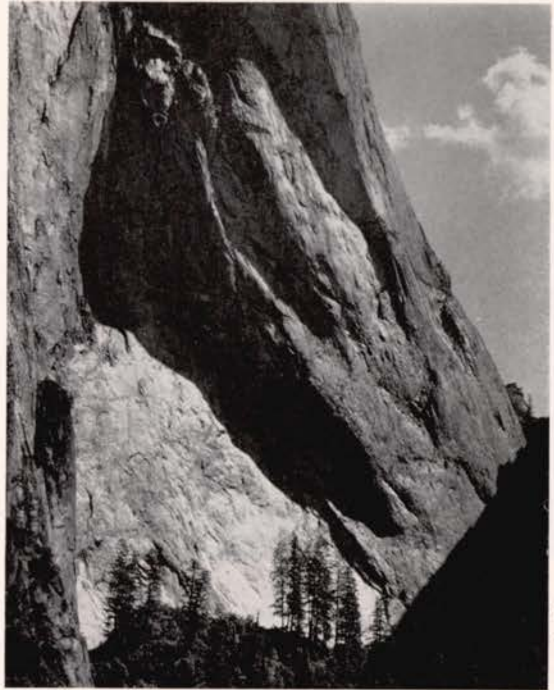


Photo by Ansel Adams

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MANUAL OF SKI MOUNTAINEERING

Edited by David Brower

The long-awaited new revision of *Ski Mountaineering* will be ready February 19. We are hopeful that this book will keep encouraging people at least to *intend* to take off into the winter wilderness occasionally as a change in diet from the frenetically linked turns that are the inevitable part of the daily grind on what we like to think of as practice slopes for something better. The outdoor life that needs the lore this book talks about never ends; the mountaineering chapters know no season. Illus. $3.75.

Sierra Club books • San Francisco

People You Know

How do we hear about "People You Know"? Mainly we read about them—in the various chapter papers. Sometimes we read about them in other publications—but probably we see relatively few of the many items that appear elsewhere from time to time concerning Sierra Club members. The club's clipping service covers conservation matters in which the club itself is interested; what this column needs is a supplementary service covering individuals.

When a fellow Sierra Club member has made some notable accomplishment, received an award, contributed to his community, or otherwise distinguished himself (and not just in the conservation field), we'd like to hear about it and tell our readers. Perhaps he won't tell us; but his friends can, and we ask those friends to send facts or clippings (identified as to name and date of publication) to the *Bulletin* Editor, for "People You Know."

* * * * *

The most notable items in recent chapter papers concern growth—in various directions. Not only is the club's total membership steadily increasing (now more than 18,000), but within some chapters groups are being formed, indicating the ever-widening circles of interest in the Sierra Club.

For instance, Angeles Chapter has long had its Pasadena and Long Beach groups, and has added to them San Fernando Valley, West Los Angeles, and the latest, Orange County. The Sespe Group (Ventura County) of Los Padres Chapter has been active since early in that chapter's history; now, according to membership chairman *Sue Higman,* groups are forming in both the Lompoc area and San Luis Obispo. Total chapter membership is already 436.

Toiyabe Chapter has its Pinyon Group (members living in the vicinity of Bishop, California), with *Raymond F. Gray* as the 1961 chairman. Members in the Las Vegas area have been gathering informally.

There are other forms of expansion, too: San Diego has a youth section, sometimes called the Junior Sierra Club; Tehipite and Kern-Kaweah chapters have had joint meetings in their part of the great Central Valley.

The "baby" chapter, Great Lakes, already has a Wisconsin Section with its own by-laws and officers. *Norm O'Neill* is the chairman, and *Justice William O. Douglas* was the section's guest in June, viewing the area of the proposed Ice Age National Monument.

One of the most active Great Lakes members is "Grandmère" *Frances Mullen.* She received this affectionate title when she climbed with the Swiss Alpine Club. She is also a member of the French, Austrian and Canadian Alpine Clubs and the Chicago Mountaineers, and participates in the rock climbing section activities of the Great Lakes Chapter. Dr. Mullen has now tried spelunking, and is adding carbide lamp and hard hat to her equipment.

Already well along in his climbing career is nine-year-old *Don Cubberley,* son of Riverside Chapter chairman *Dr. David Cubberley.* With his climb of Asbestos Peak, Don qualified for membership in the 100-Peakers; he also belongs to the Desert and Sierra Peaks Sections.

Juniors in the Los Padres Youth Group have been treated to such activities as a picnic plus a treasure hunt on the trail, and a smorgasbord lunch followed by a program on snakes. Chairman *Mary Moore* has other plans for future outings.

Peter Hearst is coordinating information on prospective hosts for participants in the Sierra Club's fourth biennial Information and Education Conference, to be held in Santa Barbara in 1962. Tentative theme title is "The Sierra Club—The Trail Ahead." Los Padres Chapter has some outstanding accomplishments in the line of information and education to its credit: the sponsoring of a special school at the Ventura County Fair (repeated later in Santa Barbara) on hiking and camping, with lively demonstrations of equipment and techniques; and the production of a film on "Conservation at Home," under the direction of *John Taft, Jr.*

Fred Gunsky, instigator and first chairman of the I&E conferences (and one-time *Bulletin* editor) is now Education Officer for the State Fair Employment Practices Commission, after twenty-one years on the San Francisco *Chronicle.*

Dr. Joel H. Hildebrand, professor emeritus of chemistry at the University of California, has been awarded the 1962 Priestley Medal, the highest honor in American chemistry, for his distinguished service during forty years of teaching and research on the Berkeley campus. Dr. Hildebrand was president of the Sierra Club during 1943–45.

Another medalist is *Dr. Walter Taylor* (Riverside Chapter), who received the Aldo Leopold Memorial Award at the annual banquet of the North American Wildlife and Natural Resources Conference. Since his retirement from the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service, Dr. Taylor has been a lecturer in conservation education at Claremont Graduate School.

John S. Hamilton, a club member of long standing, has been appointed special assistant to James K. Carr, Undersecretary of the Interior; he has been a career employee of the Bureau of Reclamation since 1934.

—Vivian Schagen

Letters

More Talk About Population

Dear Bruce:

Dan Luten's recent letter to you, reprinted in the September *SCB* Uneasy Chair was certainly provocative. However, it contained one assumption that is false: that the question of population in relation to wilderness is new to Wilderness Conferences. The Sixth Biennial Wilderness Conference, held in 1959, not only considered this question at some length, but passed a resolution urging further research "on human population problems." This action aroused a great deal of publicity in the local press—much of it a distortion of what actually took place—so I can only assume that Dan was not around at the time to hear about it.

I refer him to the proceedings of the Sixth Conference, the book, *The Meaning of Wilderness to Science,* published by the Sierra Club. The above mentioned resolution is reprinted in full on page 112. The chapter starting on page 79 is entitled, "Population Pressure and Natural Resources" and contains, in essence, the remarks that were delivered by Professor Raymond Cowles at the Conference. I think that Dan—as well as others concerned with wilderness problems—will find this and other chapters of this book very interesting reading.

Peggy Wayburn
Secretary, Seventh Biennial
Wilderness Conference

Gentlemen:

I concur with his views [Dan Luten's] most heartily, that is, a good share of the next Wilderness Conference should be devoted to the review of the population explosion problem. I attended the last Conference in San Francisco, and although I found it very exciting, only a zoölogist spent five minutes discussing the evils of population in the sessions I attended. I noted this with dismay, and remembered reading headlines made at the previous Wilderness Conference by a zoölogist from U.C.L.A. advocating a tax exemption for all couples who did not have children in any one year.

Meta Ellis
Sacramento, California

Dear Mr. Kilgore:

I have long been troubled by the pusilanimous, if not cataleptic, posture assumed by the many conservation organizations of which I am a member on this most crucial of all problems.

Doubtless, the subject is so fraught with feeling that it must be approached crab-fashion and with all possible deference to those religions which have taken moral positions on the control of conception by chemical or physical means. But the hour is late, perhaps even too late. The problem can no longer be ignored.

Alfred H. Frye
Cincinnati, Ohio

Rainbow Bridge with Navajo Mountain in the distance. By Alfred Schmitz.

Plan now for Spring at

Rainbow Bridge Glen Canyon or Hawaii

WINTERTIME NOW, but with the new spring trips just a few months off, it's time to dream again about mountains and rivers and to begin making plans for your next Sierra Club wilderness vacation. The Outing Committee's broadening program has increased the number and variety of trips tentatively offered for 1962, and although this may make your choice more difficult, it adds plenty of stuff for dreaming.

Three outings are offered during the Easter vacation period: A chartered plane trip to Hawaii, a High-Light trip to Rainbow Bridge and Navajo Mountain, and a River trip through Glen Canyon with a special stopover at Rainbow Bridge. A Knapsack trip is also planned to Rainbow Bridge and Navajo Mountain for the first week in June. These trips may offer the last chance for members to see the Rainbow Bridge canyon in its natural (unflooded) state.

Reservations for any of the *spring trips* can be made *now* through the Club office. A reservation fee of $10 per person, non-refundable ($75 for the Hawaiian trip, non-refundable unless your place can be filled), will hold your place on a trip until the dead-line date. The deadline date for full payment on any spring trip is one month before the trip starts.

Reservations for any of the *summer trips* will *not* be made before the final announcement appears in the March Outing *Bulletin.*

Rainbow Bridge-Navajo Mountain

The 1962 Spring High-Light Trip into the Southwest will take us into the Rainbow Bridge-Navajo Mountain area of northern Arizona and southern Utah. The outing is scheduled for the week preceding Easter (Easter Sunday is April 22) and will be in the field five days from Monday, April 16, to Friday, April 20, inclusive. Roadhead is Rainbow Lodge, Utah, just a few feet over the border from Arizona.

The outing will zigzag back and forth across the Arizona-Utah line, beginning in Arizona, looping over into Utah, and, after a circuit of Navajo Mountain, returning to the roadhead in Arizona. From Rainbow Lodge the trip will penetrate a series of gorges which are the most colorful in the canyon region of the Southwestern United States. Impressive sandstone walls rise hundreds of feet overhead, and there is a profusion of native wildflowers and exotic bird-life. The group will walk to Rainbow Bridge from Rainbow Lodge (not the river approach), then walk completely around the base of Navajo Mountain. This may sound like a formidable expedition but the actual walking distance will be about 40 miles (during the five-day outing). Those who desire to do so, may undertake an additional 12-mile roundtrip hike from the Bridge camp to the Colorado River. In the course of our circuit of Navajo Mountain, the more ambitious may wish to ascend the mountain (10,220), a fairly simple climb. The trip cost is $50, plus the $10 reservation fee.

Indian packers will transport food and dunnage; individual members will carry only a knapsack. (Leader, Joe Ferry.)

Glen Canyon in Spring

The Colorado has many moods and the Glen Canyon run from Hite to Kane Creek, planned for Easter week starting April 20, is tranquil indeed and a sharp contrast to Cataract Canyon just above and the Grand Canyon below. The charm of the Glen arises from the unique opportunities it presents for short exploratory trips on foot into the many side canyons, interspersed with leisurely runs down the main river. Of the side canyons, the six-mile walk up Bridge Canyon, the deeply eroded passage that culminates in the wondrous arch of Rainbow Bridge, is easily the highlight of the trip. Still there are many other canyons, each possessing a distinct charm of its own.

Those who can possibly do so are urged to go on one of these trips as this year offers a final opportunity to take a "last look" at this river classic, unspoiled. Cost, $92.

Foldboats and kayaks are welcome (and there are few trips of this caliber so well suited to this use). *Special arrangements must be made in advance with the leader* (Lou Elliott).

Dates of the other Glen Canyon trips are: June 4 to 10; June 12 to 18; June 20 to 28.

Hawaii

The Sierra Club Outing Committee is planning a nine-day trip to Hawaii, during Easter week, April 13–22, 1962. Although the exact itinerary has not been completed, the trip will be on the "Big Island," the Island of Hawaii, which has climatic conditions ranging from heavy rainfall to desert, and changes in terrain that extend from sea level to 13,796 feet (Mauna Kea). This will be no regular tourist trip, but an outing conducted in the traditional Sierra Club manner.

We hope to spend a day or two on a beach at the start of the trip. There will be several days spent around Kilauea to explore the craters, the deserts, the kipukas (primeval forests isolated by lava flows) and the fern forests. There are other possibilities not yet decided upon, such as a visit to the North-east Coast, the Kohala Ditch Trial which traverses a series of luxuriant gorges, or a hiking trip around Mauna Kea with possibly an ascent of this mountain. The final itin-

erary will be decided in February, after I make a three-day scouting trip to the island, but I want to assure everyone that whatever the final plan, it will be a wonderful trip.

The outing starts at the San Francisco Airport where we board a chartered DC7C Clipper of Pan-American World Airways, Friday evening, April 13. We plan to arrive in Hilo about 7:30 a.m., board chartered buses and go directly to our first camp. The trip will probably be a series of base camps supplied by four-wheel drive jeeps. We will end the trip on Sunday, April 22, arriving at the airport in Hilo early enough to return to San Francisco in time for a good night's sleep.

Although logistically a base camp, commissary will be run as on a High Trip, with a small but adequate staff to set up camp and prepare the food. The menu probably will be locally obtained of fresh foodstuffs.

We are glad to be able to offer this nine-day trip for $270, which includes all expenses from San Francisco and return. We must have a firm commitment for the airline soon and have 80 persons signed up. A nonrefundable deposit of $75 per person is required at the time of reservation.

As we go to press, we learn that the chartered plane to Hawaii is full. We are still accepting names for the waiting list, however, to fill possible cancellations. Anyone can still join the trip in Hilo.

For those who desire to join the trip in Hilo, the trip fee is $80, with the usual $10 nonrefundable deposit. Islanders who belong to the Sierra Club or similar type clubs are welcome to join us.—H. S. KIMBALL

Summer Trip Previews

SIERRA HIGH TRIPS—Mount Whitney region in Sequoia National Park including Crabtree Lakes, Upper Kern, Wright Creek, and Milestone Basin via Whitney Portal; two 2-week sessions starting July 22, August 5. (Leaders, Tom Grubb, Larry Williams.)

HIGH-LIGHT TRIPS—(a) Sierra I. A relatively easy trip through the headwaters of the North Fork of the Kings including Blackcap Basin and Crown Creek; 1 week starting from Wishon Reservoir July 8. (Leader, H. S. Kimball.) (b) Sierra II. A little more strenuous trip traveling through one of the most scenic areas of the Sierra: Tehipite Valley, Middle Fork Kings River, Muir Pass, Evolution Valley; 2 weeks starting Wishon Reservoir July 15. (Leader, H. S. Kimball.) (c) Wind River Range, Wyoming. Trip will go into previously unvisited area along the Continental Divide between Lizard Head Peak and Wind River Mountain. Easy moves through high plateau country dotted with lakes, ample opportunity for day or overnight side trips; 11 days starting Big Sandy Opening August 6. (Leader, Gus Benner.) (d) Southern Glacier Park, Montana. Trip will follow the Continental Divide north from Two Medicine Lake to St. Mary Lake; 11 days starting August 20. (Leader, Gus Benner.) (e) Sierra III. Fall trip into Ritter-Banner area along the John Muir Trail and over McGee Creek Pass; 1 week starting September 8. (Leader, Bob Golden.)

Northwest Area (High-Light style)—(a) Wallowa, Oregon; 11 days starting July 9. (Leader, Don Williams.) (b) Olympic National Park, Washington. A 3-day trip going in, including layover day. A 2-day knapsack trip along the Skyline Trail is planned for those who want to do it; 11 days starting August 6. (Leader, Al Baxter.) (c) North Cascades, Washington. Probably in the Harts Pass area of North Cascades Primitive Area; 11 days starting August 20. (Leader, Doug Powell.)

NORTHWEST SPECIAL — Mount Robson, Canada. A standing camp surrounded by many beautiful snow-covered peaks, lakes and flowers; 10 days starting July 24. (Leader, Al Schmitz.)

SIERRA BASE CAMPS—On South Fork of Bishop Creek in Kings Canyon National Park, at 10,600 feet, 1½ miles below Bishop Pass and just above Long Lake, 3 miles in from roadhead. Many tall peaks and beautiful lakes in this wilderness country; three 13-day sessions starting July 7–8, July 21–22, August 4–5. (Leader, Cliff Youngquist.)

BACK-COUNTRY CAMP—Seven Gables region just above Lou Beverly Lake; 2 weeks starting July 8. Upper basins of all Bear Creek forks will be explored; 2-day trip in via Bear Creek, 2-day trip out via Selden Pass and Florence Lake. (Leader, Carl Miller.)

BURRO TRIPS—In the Bear Creek country between Mono Pass and Piute Pass; two 1-week trips starting July 7, July 14, and two 2-week trips starting July 22, August 5. There will be a third 1-week period starting August 18, if there is sufficient demand.

FAMILY BURRO TRIPS—Three 2-week trips limited to 5 families each. (a-b) In northern Yosemite between Summit Pass, Miller Lake and Kerrick Meadow; two 2-week sessions starting Virginia Lakes Pack Station July 29, Buckeye Creek Corral August 12 (Jim Dodds family). (c) In Kings Canyon National Park from South Lake over Bishop Pass, Palisade Creek, Mather Pass, Bench Lake, Taboose Pass; one 2-week session starting August 5 (Russell Snook family).

WILDERNESS THRESHOLD TRIPS—Thirteen 1-week trips limited to 10 families each. (1) Northwest Cascades, Washington; July 12–19 (Larry and Helen Douglas). (2a-b) Return Creek from Virginia Lakes; July 14–21 (John and Betty Yocom); July 21–28 (Bob and Fay Golden). (3a-b) Sky High Lake area in the Marble Mountains; July 21–28, July 28–August 4 (Bill and Joan Busby). (4a-b) Lillian Lake area above Bass Lake; July 28–August 4, August 4–11 (Tony and Mildred Look). (5a-b) Sunrise Lakes from Tuolumne Meadows; July 28–August 4, August 4–11 (Bob and Carol Black). (6a-b) Chain Lakes area above Bass Lake; August 11–18, August 18–25 (Bob and Œloel Braun). (7a-b) Young Lakes from Tuolumne Meadows; August 11–18, August 18–25 (Jack and Ann Santee).

KNAPSACK TRIPS—(a) Rainbow Bridge-Navajo Mountain; 6 days, June 4–9. (Leader, John Ricker.) (b) Ritter Range (introductory); 8 days, June 30–July 7 (Leader, Stuart Gunn). (c) Kings Canyon to Palisades, trans-Sierra trip; 2 weeks, July 7–21. Transportation by chartered bus from Fresno. (Leader, Jim Skillin.) (d) Cathedral Crest from Tenaya Lake to Mount Lyell (introductory); 8 days, July 21–29 (Leader, Anne Coolidge). (e) Big Bird Lake to Deadman Canyon, Sequoia and Kings Can-

yon National Parks (introductory); 7 days, July 28–August 4 (Leader, Wes Bunnelle). (f) Kern-Kaweah trans-Sierra Trip from Mineral King to Shepherd Pass, including the headwaters of the Kern River, with visits to Nine Lakes Basin, the Kaweah Peaks group. Milestone Basin; 7 days, August 4–11 (Leader, Larry Marshall). (g) Canadian Rockies, along the Continental Divide in the Ball and Assiniboine groups of Banff National Park, plus a few days in the Mount Edith Cavell-Tonquin Valley-Portal Creek area of Jasper National Park; 11 days, August 6–17 (Leader, Stuart Gunn). (h) Wind River Range–East Slopes, Wyoming, in the Glacier Wilderness area; 12 days, August 12–24. Group will see some of the largest glaciers in Rocky Mountain states. (Leader, Leonard Walker.) (i) King Spur from Gardiner Basin to Arrow Creek, between Middle and South Forks of Kings River; 9 days, August 25–September 3 (Leader, Jim Watters). (j) Northern Yosemite (introductory); 14 days, September 1–15 (Leader, Walt Oppenheimer).

RIVER TRIPS—(a) Glen Canyon, Arizona; three 6-day trips, starting April 16, June 4, June 12, one 8-day trip starting June 20 (Leaders, Lou Elliott, Glen "Brick" Johnson). (b) Grand Canyon, Arizona; 9 days, June 3–11 (Leader, William Ornduff). (c) Rogue River, Oregon; three 5-day trips starting June 11, June 18, June 25 (Leader, Hermann Horn). (d) Dinosaur National Monument, Utah: Yampa and Green Rivers, 6 days, June 18; Lodore Canyon, 6 days, June 25. (Leader, Al Holland). (e) Selway, Idaho; 6 days, July 4–9 (Leader, Hermann Horn). (f) Middle Fork of Salmon River, Idaho; 6 days, July 12–17 (Leader, Julius Young). (g) Main Salmon, Idaho; 7 days, July 19–25 (package trip fee for f-g). (h) Canoe River, British Columbia; 7 days, August 9–15. (i) Columbia River, British Columbia; 6 days, August 17–22 (package trip fee for h–i).

CLEANUP WORK PARTY—Portions of the John Muir Trail in the heart of Yosemite National Park, including Booth and Bernice Lakes in the Vogelsang area, Babcock, Emeric and Merced Lakes, Little Yosemite, Half Dome; 7 days, August 25–September 1 (20 to 30 participants). (Leaders, Anne and Fred Eissler).

The Watershed Research Debate—Part 2

Because of the close relationship between wilderness and watershed values and because an understanding of how these watershed values can be best protected in the Northwest is of vital importance to all Americans, we are continuing our rather complete discussions of the subject begun in the April 1961 SCB *Uneasy Chair column by John Warth. Other comments were carried in the June, September, and November 1962 issues and additional statements will be carried in early 1962* Bulletins.

May 18, 1961

Dear Bruce:

I wish to submit the following comments on Mr. Warth's article in the April issue.

Warth selects only part of the results of Henry Anderson's analyses of the effects of timber harvesting and other land-use activities on flood and sediment discharges in the Willamette River watershed. On the basis of such abstractions he then asserts that logging as practiced on federal forest lands throughout the Northwest is responsible for appreciable increases in flood and sediment damages, and takes the Forest Service to task for ignoring the studies. He further suggests that application of the same techniques to the North Cascades forests would reveal similar relationships.

Unfortunately, Warth fails to bring out that the type of statistical analysis employed by Anderson is necessarily restricted to *average situations,* both as to conditions appraised and the relationships developed from the data. Anderson, in his 1954 article in the *Transactions of the American Geophysical Union* (Vol. 35, No. 2, pages 268–281), distinctly states that the rates of sediment production from *individual parts of the watersheds he analyzed remain unknown.* In short, his study in the one sub-region does not permit valid predictions of the effects of *all* methods of timber harvesting, cultivation, etc., for *all* conditions of tree growth, soil, slope, aspect, topography, etc. If it did, we would have no call for further research. All our needs for scientific knowledge would beautifully be met merely by extrapolating our findings for one particular set of conditions to all the other sets of conditions occurring in the entire region.

Argues: "Must Have Research for Each Specific Circumstance"

As any scientist knows full well, nature rarely agrees with attempts to generalize in such all-embracive fashion. Hence it becomes necessary to conduct research to fit the specific circumstances we have to deal with, and especially to test out ideas against on-the-ground experimentation—the same kinds that Anderson and others are now conducting in both the Pacific Southwest and Northwest and that he definitely recommends in the Willamette watershed itself in order to develop reliable guides to harvesting practices appropriate to specific conditions.

Timber harvesting per se is not necessarily as damaging or more so than other uses associated with our rapid population growth. Highways and rural roads, industrial plants and operations, building construction, rights-of-way for power, oil and gas, water diversions, mining, cultivation, grazing by livestock or wild animals—yes, even frequent concentrations of hiking or riding parties and their pack stock—are also contributing to watershed instability. Would Warth stop all these other activities because they too are adversely affecting watershed protection? Might it not be as logical to propose that all people and their farms and developments located in the path of floodwaters be moved uphill, thus eliminating damages altogether?

Logging Methods Can Be Improved

Of course, there's ample room for improvement in timber harvesting, as in any other of the numerous land-uses of modern society. On this point Anderson says, "In all, the study on the Willamette indicates that a large part of the present or potential sediment discharge is attributable to land-use and channel bank conditions. To some degree these are subject to control. Obviously a reduction in the area occupied by the several kinds of present land-use or in the length of eroding channel bank could reduce sediment discharge, *but modification of present land-use methods might also lead to significant reductions in sediment discharge,* even though the area subject to use were extended. Discussion of such modifications, and their effectiveness, is beyond the scope of this paper" (page 279).

Similarly, in his article, "How Will You Have Your Water?" in the *Journal of Forestry* (Vol. 50–2, page 135), Anderson says, "Water investigations are not questioning whether forests should be harvested, or land farmed, or roads built. Rather, they ask, 'How can these activities be carried out with the least damage and the most benefits to the land, the water, and the people depending on them? . . .' What logging does and not the amount of logging was found to be more important . . . the effects of logging were at a minimum where logging was followed by the best restocking of the logged area. In three watersheds (of the Willamette Basin) where forest age and stocking improved progressively during the period of the discharge record, the flood peaks correspondingly decreased."

One who reads the entire evidence contained in the above article cannot avoid obtaining a quite different picture from that presented by Warth.

Soils Are Eroding, But Research Hasn't Begun

The available evidence clearly indicates that we conservationists would accomplish more by limiting ourselves to appraisals of situations of which we have tested knowledge rather than by making unwarranted generalizations. As an aid towards helping improve logging practices we might set down a few basic principles: Harvest timber by such methods and on such sites, types of cover, soil and microclimate as to (1) provide reasonable assurances of desirable regeneration and maintenance of the productive capacity of the site, and (2) avoid or minimize impairment of water-quality and increased downstream damages.

We have still to observe or apply these principles in many portions of the Northwest. The essential research in the several phases of ecology, silviculture, soils, hydrology, etc., has not yet been undertaken. As a result many logged public and private lands are regenerating poorly or not at all. And in many cases the sites are deteriorating and the soils eroding.

Knowledge Scarce About Highly Erosive Cascade Soils

Our knowledge is still inadequate as to the ecological characteristics and cutting and skidding requirements for the higher slopes, less stable soils and drier aspects supporting Douglas-fir or mixed conifers. Careful consideration needs to be given to such essentials as road locations and road mileages per operating unit, the size, shape and distribution of felling blocks, and the skidding methods (e.g., tractor vs. high-lead vs. skyline crane) appropriate to local variations in slope, exposure, susceptibility of disturbed surfaces to overland flow, sheet or gully erosion, mass movement, etc. Available evidence indicates that great care will need to be exercised in identifying the more sensitive forest types and highly erosive soils in the North Cascades, and—even from a narrow timber management point of view alone—in deciding when and how to log such tracts, if at all.

As Anderson and other watershed scientists have made quite clear, we are not dealing with static or homogeneous conditions or with any one method of logging. Beneficial changes have been made in equipment and harvesting practices in the past on the basis of experience, available knowledge and public pressures for relief from flooding, damaged salmon streams, etc., and will undoubtedly continue to be made in the future. As an example, the Columbia River Section of the Society of American Foresters has set up a Watershed Management Committee precisely to direct attention to and recommend measures to ameliorate the Region's soil and water problems. Their recently published illustrated booklet, *Watershed Protection: A Manual for Forest Land-owners,* provides a handy guide to judging the actual performance of logging practices in the field.

"Proceed Cautiously" with Harvest

I hope all those who oppose unnecessarily destructive land uses of any kind—on or off the federal forests—and on agricultural and urban lands as well—will join forces in urging adequate funds for the research that must be done to meet these problems.

We do not yet have this vital scientific information. Until we do, it will pay to proceed cautiously in harvesting timber on the more sensitive sites and erosive soils. But this is a far different matter from proposing that timbering cease on all federal lands in the mountains—for reasons based on entirely insufficient evidence.

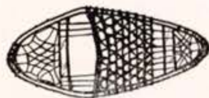
—Bernard Frank
Professor of
Watershed Management
Colorado State University

Mountain Talk

A FEW DEDICATED campers spend these week ends gleaning the crumbs of the mountain year, while winter sportsmen hope for storms. I look back to summer—and forward to the next.

Now is the time for harmless research in those picturesque, exciting encyclopedias, the mail-order catalogues of mountaineering and camping equipment.

Satisfied and broke, I know I will only nibble at their lures. There is no need to



be practical. I surrender to the prose of the cunning admen.

Across the continent march the adjectives of these hard-selling Paul Bunyans: L. L. Bean of Freeport, Maine, whose Village Factory Salesroom is open 24 hours, 365 days a year; George Leonard Herter of Waseca, Minnesota, the original source of supply for the American tackle industry; Eddie Bauer of Seattle, Washington, whose down-insulated products are proof against any blizzard from the Arctic to Everest.

You may look for true romance in screen-star magazines or in the women's pages of the daily press. Give me the glamour of Messrs. Trailwise, Holubar, Gerry, Smilie.

Seeking camaraderie and the flavor of expertise, can you beat Black's (The Good Companions!) with their inside-cover vignettes of faraway adventure? Under the photographs: "They're off. The three women climbers in Kathmandu at the start of the expedition . . ." "The party rest on a glacier after climbing a steep icefall . . ."

Reading the catalogues this time of year is good, clean fun and it doesn't cost a cent. Like other pleasures, however, this one eventually has its price.

Spring will come, and with it the Outing *Bulletin.* A new sleeping bag will seem essential; the air mattress deflates overnight, you remember; certainly you need a better set of nesting pots.

But these items are elementary. As you write your order, the fantasies of autumn will return with a rush.

I dreamed I climbed Mount McKinley in my Norwegian Hair Seal parka (with Timber Wolf ruff on hood, band of Muskrat inside the hood, and natural Wolverine to frame the face). Inside my French Jamet transformable tent, I luxuriated in the finest of all insulated undergarments (100% premium quality Northern goose-down insulation, hand-quilted in finely woven Spider-web Rip-Stop nylon).

For a change or two I had my lightweight all-wool, red Long Johns, my Ledertrager, Lederhosen and Gresvig Zipparallo all-wool, zipper sweater, my down-filled quilted action vest worn in combination with mountain parka, Norwegian net underwear and new, convertible, down-filled pants. And, in case of emergency, my Hooded Rain Shirt (draw-string type with tie tape inserted around waist) and lifesaver vest, Coast Guard approved.

I lit up my camp or picnic ground with a BIG, POWERFUL Floodlight Lantern and enjoyed my outings LONGER! No dirt or bark on the floor, because I used a 22″ x 42″ wood carrier (manufactured from heavy white hose duck with genuine leather handles as shown). I had my folding saw, my handy hoist, my caravan model toilet outfit with scientific ventilation.

As for the cooking chores, they were incredibly easy. When I was not subsisting on Turblokken, the new, extremely compact, tasty Norwegian maintenance food, I broiled steaks or other meat in 15 minutes on my Umbroiler (4-foot parabolic reflector concentrates sun's rays on 10″ grill).

Did the sun disappear behind a cloud? I whipped out Trioxane fuel bars (hot, clean, odorless) to cook my spray-dried whole eggs, chipped beef (keeps indefinitely) and diced carrots (look and taste like fresh).

I travel light and abhor frills, but there are a few conveniences I will tolerate. I dreamed I went Back of Beyond with my Improved Bowie Knife (the knife must be shaped so that it is ideal for cleaning game of all kinds from rabbits to moose). I was equipped with a six-pack, no-ice carrier and an authentic Basque winebag (the liquid contents can either be poured from the filler spout or squirted in a fine jet stream from a small orifice in the filler cap).

For information I carried an altimeter, a pocket transit and an alarm watch, and for comfort an inflator (a compact concertina-type pump that will inflate your mattress in a few minutes), a speedy stitcher and a re-chargeable shaver (self-sharpening rotary blades made of best German steel).

Wandering children never worried me on that trip. Instead of whistle and lanyard, a set of Swiss cow bells (colorfully trimmed leather yoke attached) was slung around each little neck.

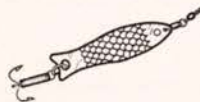
There was a choice of sports. If I had been the winter type I could have dreamed of a folding sled (strong enough to hold 1,000 pounds, yet weighs only 10 pounds) or a pair of bear-paw snowshoes. I was not the winter type.

It narrowed down to this. Either I went caving, with cable ladder, hard hat, knee pads and real miner's electric headlamp, or I bought a trout license and got my feet wet.

In that case I tied flies. This called for tinsel chenille, Dragon wool, spools of pliable wire, Marabout stork quills, black raven skins, natural brown Northern deer hair, Musk ox hair, radiant color large neck hackles, English grouse plumage and wild mink pieces.

About then I awakened.

I wonder . . . the license is five dollars. Could I get by with a Fly Tyer's Grab Bag Assortment (67 cents) and a fish caller for $2.47 (unconditionally guaranteed to call fish or your money back)?



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Bulletin Board

★ You have a constitutional right to express your viewpoint on these matters

Congress in 1961 made many great conservation starts (details next month)—and left much to be done in 1962. It is your constitutional right to let your legislative representatives know your viewpoint about the unfinished business.

Wilderness Act

★ When this highly important, highly controversial measure finally reached the floor of the Senate—after several years' struggle to root it out of committee—the Wilderness Bill passed the Senate handily, by a vote of 78 to 8. It faces an extremely tough battle for survival in the House. Field hearings have been conducted by Mrs. Gracie Pfost, chairman of the House Subcommittee on Public Lands, during the past months in McCall, Idaho; Montrose, Colorado; and Sacramento, California, with the Honorable Gracie Pfost of Idaho as hearing officer. These hearings indicate tremendous strength both against and for S.174. (Mrs. Pfost writes us that the hearings may be published and available by the end of January.) It is expected that the opposition will go all out to prevent the Act's passage in the House, which would then require starting all over again even in the Senate. Proponents must muster all their strength if this critical measure is to be enacted into law.

National Seashores

★ Congress has created the Cape Cod National Seashore—which augurs well for other seashore legislation. The Point Reyes National Seashore bill S.476 (Engle and Kuchel) passed the Senate. Similar action can be expected in the House on H.R. 2775 (Clem Miller), provided enough interested citizens write their Congressmen. Senator Anderson's bill, S.543, and Representative Conte's identical H.R.8258 for preservation of certain shoreline areas also passed the Senate. Senator Alan Bible, chairman of the Public Lands Subcommittee of the Senate has indicated that his committee will also give major consideration to bills to establish national seashores at Indiana Dunes, Padre Island, Texas, and Oregon Dunes—in that order.

Rainbow Bridge

★ The first session of the 87th Congress failed to appropriate funds to protect Rainbow Bridge National Monument in southern Utah from inundation by waters backed up by the Glen Canyon Dam. If interested citizens speak out against this abrogation of the protective wording found in the Upper Colorado Storage Project Act, national park policy can still be upheld.

Great Basin National Park

S.1760 to establish Great Basin National Park in Nevada has been reported favorably by the Senate Interior Committee. Of the several committee amendments, the most important clarifies grazing regulations. The report recommends that hunting be prohibited within the park.

Northwest De Facto Wilderness

In the Pacific Northwest, conservationists hope that the public may be heard before final Forest Service decisions are made on "multiple-use" plans that will preclude the possibility of keeping the de facto wilderness of the nation, such as in the Stehekin watershed in the Northern Cascades and in the Oregon Cascades, from Mount Jefferson south to the vicinity of Waldo Lake. Northwest leaders are seeking clarification of Secretary Orville Freeman's stop orders to the Forest Service. Conservationists are looking forward with great interest to what the Outdoor Recreation Resources Review Commission Report will have to say about this most controversial of national forest regions when it reports to the President late in January.

In California

Governor Brown realigned responsibilities of the administrators of California's national resources. Charles De Turk was appointed to the new post of Director of the Department of Parks and Recreation (he was Chief of the Division of Beaches and Parks) and will administer three divisions—Beaches and Parks, Recreation, and Small Craft Harbors—formerly under the Department of Natural Resources.

Stepped-up enthusiasm is evident for the proposed California State Park Bond Issue—certain to be a prime concern of the 1962 Legislature. Bond proposals vary from 75 to 150 million dollars—the questions: Should this all be for acquisition, or for acquisition *and* development? Should part go for acquisition by counties (on a matching basis)?

Some time in 1962 California becomes the most populous state in the Union. Many people feel that it can well afford a bond issue of at least 100 million dollars.

At December interim committee hearings the club testified in favor of a State Park Bond Issue generous to the future, which will need the space most and pay most of the cost. EDGAR AND PEGGY WAYBURN

A REMINDER: Save April 7–8 for the 1962 I & E Conference in Santa Barbara. Details available in your chapter publications and the January *SCB*.

Sacramento Wilderness Bill Hearing

A total of 75 individual presentations were heard by the Public Lands Subcommittee of the House Committee on Interior and Insular Affairs during the November 6 Wilderness Bill hearing in Sacramento, California. These included 49 supporters of the bill and 29 opponents. Organizations appearing in opposition to the measure were:

1. Madera Co. Board of Supervisors
2. Calif. County Supervisors Assn.
3. U.S. Picnic Supply Co.
4. Wash. State Forest Protective Assn.
5. American Nat'l Cattlemen's Assn.
6. Western Oil and Gas Assn.
7. Lake Co. Examiner, Lakeview, Oregon
8. Calif. Cattlemen's Assn.
9. Bear Creek Mining Co.
10. Sonora Democrat, Sonora, Calif.
11. Ivory Pine Lumber Company
12. Sierra Cascade Logging Conf.
13. Hughes Bros. Lumber, Forest Hills, Calif.
14. Crane Mills, Corning, Calif.
15. Dinuba Forest Industries
16. Mineral Assn. of No. Calif., Auburn
17. Alaska Miners Assn.
18. Calif. Farm Bureau Fed.
19. Calif. State Chamber of Com.
20. Nevada Mining Assn.
21. Nevada Grazers' Assn.
22. Madera Co. Chamber of Com.
23. Bradley Mining Co.

Among the supporting organizations were:

1. Associated Sportsmen of Calif.
2. Calif. Wildlife Federation
3. Sacramento Audubon Society
4. California Garden Club
5. Calif. Women's Club
6. Sierra Club
7. Sacramento Council of Campfire Girls
8. American Inst. Landscape Architects
9. Calif. Roadside Council
10. Sacramento Council Girl Scouts of America
11. Alameda Co. Chamber of Com.
12. Desert Protective Council
13. Calif. Resources Agency
14. Methodist Pastors Assn., Sacramento
15. Western Region, Nature Conservancy
16. Calif. Fed. of Women's Clubs, Anza District