

SIERRA CLUB BULLETIN

January 1962



We need the sea.
We need a place
to stand, watch,
and listen—
to feel the pulse-beat
of the world
as the surf rolls in.

—from the film
*An Island in Time:
The Point Reyes Peninsula*

Conservation in 1961—A Rising Tide

The Conservation Challenge for 1962

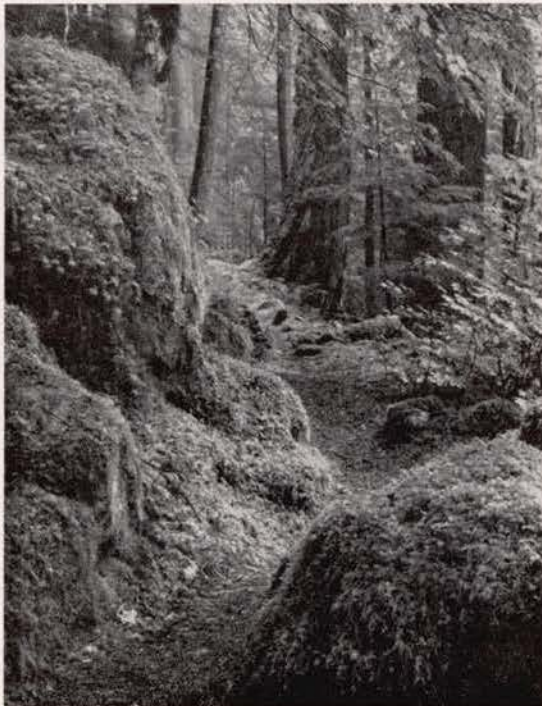
As we read the roundup of the conservation successes and failures for 1961 (page 12), one thing stands out clearly: conservationists feel an urgent need to cover an extremely broad and complex range of activities. They are (1) fighting to preserve and dedicate new parks and Wilderness Areas from the Northern Cascades of Washington to the Allagash of Maine and Padre Island, Texas; (2) struggling to defend existing national parks and monuments against efforts to inundate parts of them for power (Rainbow Bridge) and to overdevelop others with high-speed highways and motorboat marinas (Yosemite, Mount McKinley, and Yellowstone national parks); (3) attempting to persuade the U.S. Forest Service that the public should have an opportunity to comment on changes being made in nearly two million acres of the Northwest's de facto wilderness before it is laced with logging roads; and (4) working on a state, county, and local level to accomplish similar objectives through state parks, greenbelts, and open spaces.

While all these are eminently worthwhile efforts—all carried on in the public interest with no financial gain to the participants—the very number of projects can dilute the results on each individual project unless all Sierra Club members and conservationists generally keep an over-all perspective and are able to judge which battles are most important—which most urgent at any one time.

As we enter 1962, the *Sierra Club Bulletin* would be remiss if it did not try to point out what the editors feel are five of the top priority projects—areas of wilderness and areas of activity which demand the attention of everyone if we are to save the undedicated and protect the already dedicated units.

Here are five top-priority national issues:

- 1) *The Northern Cascades, Washington*—needs greatly increased protection as wilderness and/or as a national park.
- 2) *Rainbow Bridge National Monument, Utah*—needs a protective dam at Site C (June 1961 SCB) to prevent flooding by Glen Canyon Dam waters.



Buck Creek Trail in the Northern Cascades, Washington.
By John Warth



Rainbow Bridge and Navajo Mountain, Utah.
Photograph by Al Schmitz

- 3) *The National Wilderness Preservation System*—requires passage by the House of the Wilderness Bill and signature by the President.
- 4) *The proposed Point Reyes National Seashore*—needs approval by the House Subcommittee on National Parks and the House itself plus Presidential signature.
- 5) *Eight million acres of unprotected de facto wilderness in the continental U.S.*—needs a stay of execution until public hearings provide a chance for noneconomic interests to comment on its disposition and for disinterested review of the testimony.

This list omits many important efforts; and perhaps people who want higher priority for saving other places can organize well enough to save them too. But if 1962 brings too much diffusion of effort, a great many losses are likely. Perhaps we need to consider the ways of the wasp: a point driven home well leaves a lasting, even pervasive, impression.—B.M.K.

COVER: Yellow Lupin at Point Reyes, California. Photo by Philip Hyde, taken in preparation for the Sierra Club's forthcoming book, Island in Time: The Point Reyes Peninsula by Harold Gilliam. Cover quotation from the film, An Island in Time by Laurel Reynolds and Mindy Willis, available from the Sierra Club.

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

The Sierra Club's Role in 1962

RECENTLY I had occasion to look through some of the early *Bulletins* of the Sierra Club. As I read the words that some of our founding fathers wrote over 60 years ago, I had a renewed surge of admiration for these men, and a sudden sense of envy. My admiration was for their great perception—they saw and clearly recognized the basic problems of conservation, essentially the same basic problems with which we must deal today—and they had great vision in urging protection for the irreplaceable values which even then were being ruthlessly exploited.

My envy was in part for the world in which these men lived—for the first ascents awaiting them, the spaciousness of an unspoiled countryside surrounding them, the almost limitless opportunities for silence and for solitude. But, most of all, my envy was for the precious commodity they had, largely without recognizing it: they had time.

Today, our conservation problems have intensified a thousandfold, and our time has almost run out. There is desperately little of it left for us to do the job our Sierra Club founders so ably started for us. And, as president of the Sierra Club, I am more and more acutely aware of this.

The final determination of our land-use pattern is accelerating at a fantastic rate. The crises in conservation of our scenic resources are climaxing. Scarcely a day goes by without word coming in of a new area facing irrevocable change. Even as I write, countless acres of land are being committed to concrete; among the few virgin redwoods left us, the chainsaw is busy; and mountain fastness is being breached by new roads. The sense of urgency is everywhere: there is a mad rush to grab from our shrinking resource of undeveloped land.

The reasons for this crucial situation are many and complex. We have run through our land resources until "the bottom of the barrel" is becoming ever more visible to a people who have long considered these re-

sources infinite. We have developed the kind of mechanized equipment that makes possible a far cheaper, more feasible and profitable exploitation of our land. And perhaps most important of all, there are a lot more of us around to live off the land. The supply is diminishing unchecked while the demand is sky-rocketing unchecked.

The role of the conservationist—particularly of the Sierra Club—in this time of crisis is also complex, but it is increasingly clear. Ours is the job of pleading for the defenseless and invaluable scenic and wildlife resources—for nature, if you will—now

threatened with near extinction. Ours is the job of awakening the American people out of a kind of mass oblivion as to what is going on, as to what is being needlessly lost to us and our children. Ours is the job of leading others in a concerted effort to plan and utilize wisely the land resource still left us.

It is a great and formidable task. It calls for our best thought, energy and resourcefulness. But if we are to save any part of our heritage of a beautiful American earth, indeed if we are to save any of the earth as God made it, now is the time we must do it. Tomorrow, almost certainly, will be too late.

—EDGAR WAYBURN

How can we keep nature next door in 1962? San Franciscans have Muir Woods and Mount Tamalpais just across the Golden Gate—green, open, wild country for week-end walks and for pictures, such as that of one man's family—Dr. Edgar Wayburn's (clockwise, Laurie, Diana, Burry, Cynthia, Peggy and Edgar). Halftone made from print stolen from his desk.

Photo by William Owen





Union Pacific Railroad Photo

A Little Girl in a Large Canyon

By Rainer F. Meyerowitz

IN JUNE I had walked alone across the Grand Canyon of Arizona from the South to the North Rim, a distance of 24½ miles by trail or 214 miles by road. My wife Sandra had taken a day's hike halfway down the South Rim Trail. Later we both worked on the North Rim, and when the season ended we decided to try the crossing with our three-year-old daughter Andrea.

On the 9th of October snow began to fall and I drove the pickup to the safety of the South Rim where I managed to find a ride back two days later. Next morning we took the North Kaibab Trail shortly before 9 A.M. We were, it turned out, the last cross-canyon hikers of the year, for by October 18 three feet of snow closed the North Rim for the duration of the winter.

A canyon hike is the reverse of a mountain climb—downhill comes first, and the uphill grind last, when you are tired. But canyon hiking has one distinct advantage: you carry your supplies for a camping trip downhill, which is a whale of a lot easier than uphill. By the time you have to climb out your pack is considerably lightened.

The North Kaibab Trail between the Rim and Roaring Springs winds and switchbacks down Roaring Springs Canyon with spectacular but limited vistas. In many places the trail is literally hewn from sheer rock walls. We were in no hurry and took care to point out interesting things to Andrea, including Uncle Jim's Point, looming high up to our left. This spot is named after a trapper who, like many others, knew and cared nothing about the value of predatory animals. Before the area acquired park status, he is said to have killed some

1200 mountain lions. In the preceding weeks Andrea had twice hiked the five-mile round trip to the point. Both times she heard the eerie howls of coyotes, frightening her just a little and probably imprinting that hike on her memory for the rest of her life.

The trail was quite rough from the recent rains. The weight of the pack didn't allow me to walk as slowly as Andrea, so I went ahead and periodically waited for the girls to catch up. With some snow already on the ground on the North Rim we had started out with long underwear and jackets. The temperature rose as we hiked down into the canyon, and after a mile or so we stopped to shed a few layers and to eat a bar of chocolate.

Refreshed, we continued, Andrea alternately walking between us, beside her mother, or trailing behind. Except for really rough places, she was strictly under her own steam. This didn't always meet with her unqualified approval; but when we emerged on the South Rim six days later she had walked every step of the way, barring a couple of places where I carried her across a stream.

We met only two people on the way to Phantom Ranch. The first was a man returning with three mules from Roaring Springs Power Station, five miles down the trail. These springs supply the North Rim with water since Kaibab National Forest north of the canyon is devoid of running stream or springs. The second was the maintenance man at the power station, who very kindly took us into the house and treated us to some ice cream. He also enriched our larder with a pound of bacon.

At the power station the trail runs into Bright Angel Creek,

whose waters refreshed the famous Powell expedition of 1869, the first to navigate the Colorado and Green rivers through all their canyons. From here to the Colorado the Kaibab Trail drops no faster than the creek, making it easy walking in either direction. Just before Cottonwood Camp (a government building and a small campground), Andrea spotted our first deer which with the advent of snow had started to move into the canyon. Sandra suggested that we stay, since it was already 4 P.M., but I objected, saying there was no shelter in case of rain. A minute elapsed, then Andrea announced in a firm voice: "It isn't going to rain!"

It was another 1½ miles to Ribbon Falls, our first overnight objective, and Andrea was beginning to drag her heels. These 8 miles on the first day were a little too long, but it was the nearest logical stop. From there on the stops were closer together, and we had planned only some sightseeing around Ribbon Falls on the second day. To overcome our daughter's reluctance to complete the 8-mile course, I hit upon the lucky idea of converting her sweatshirt into an imaginary horse. She clutched one sleeve while I held the other. According to her, I was the horse, and she the mule—this inspired by the man we had met above Roaring Springs, leading two pack mules behind the one he rode.

At 5:30 P.M. we unloaded our packs on the picnic table below Ribbon Falls. The little box canyon into which they plunge lies off to one side of the main trail. We had just enough daylight left to cook supper and blow up our air mattresses. Eating our soup and rice in full view of the cascading waters of Ribbon Creek added a special flavor and enjoyment to the meal. Darkness swept into the canyon, the stars came out, and the music of the nearby falls sang our little girl to sleep.

Next morning, with the makings of a lunch in our small rucksack, we backtracked along the main trail for a short distance to where it crosses Bright Angel Creek. Here an old side trail, now falling into disrepair, leads off to the west up the steep slope. Picking our way through the rockfalls we arrived at the top of the cliff overlooking lower Ribbon Fall and ate an orange in the shade of a large boulder. Then we followed the trail some 1¼ miles till we stood below upper Ribbon Fall, a lush and charming spot probably seen by no more than two or three people a year, now that the trail is no longer maintained. Here there is no flume; the waters fall straight down, coming to rest in a lovely miniature swimming pool, whose lip spills the crystal clear liquid another eight feet. Andrea and I both relished a chilly but delightful dip before lunch, afterward drying off on the sun-warmed rocks.

That night I woke up a number of times, thinking I could hear some animal prowling around and over our bed. My wife was sure of it. Finally the beam of the flashlight caught a ring-tailed cat as he inspected the dishes and cans. Two or three hours went by, and I awoke to find the top of the food bag flipping up and down. This annoyed me and "pow!" I scored a direct hit with the palm of my hand. We had no further disturbance from that source.

But at 4 A.M. another problem arose. The stars disappeared and rain, after earlier half-hearted attempts, started in earnest. We groggily retreated up the steep slope to the cave at one side of the falls. I took the sleeping child and the flashlight while Sandra staggered under the hastily gathered bedding.

The rain continued with hardly a letup and the day was quite

cool. We kept the fire going in a narrow, efficient fireplace all day, bringing up the rest of our belongings and smoking everything dry. With two beautiful days behind us, we were spoiled into thinking that this would be the first and last wet day. Little did we know that we had used up most of our good weather.

In the evening, while Sandra and I sat around the fire watching the shadows of the flames play over our sleeping offspring, an extremely friendly mouse came out of hiding to inspect our equipment. It seemed neither confused nor put out by the strong flashlight beam, but used every piece of our gear as a bridge or tunnel, till we decided to waken Andrea so that she might watch the creature's antics too. Try as we might, however, we could not get the sleep out of her eyes. Her head flopped from one side to the other and we had to put her down again. She stretched out, oblivious of any attempted interruption of her sleep.

The following morning the sky was more rain-laden than ever, but our food supply demanded that we move on. After I had constructed a bridge over Ribbon Creek just below the box canyon and had taken a picture of the huge boulder slide which was new to the mouth of the canyon since my June visit (one boulder measured twenty feet square by eight feet deep), we left the cave. Swathed in raincoats, we headed down the trail for the Colorado.

Sandra volunteered to carry the big pack after a mile-long tryout on our descent to Ribbon Falls. By now the pack was a number of pounds lighter for, according to plan, we had eaten heartily on the first two days. This day, as I escorted Andrea while Sandra forged ahead, the Kaibab Trail began to arouse certain questions in Andrea's mind as to where it would lead—and when! I tried to cheer her suspicious, if not flagging spirits by praising her as a "big hiker." Alas, children have a nose for scheming, parental hypocrisy that makes a bloodhound look like a bungling amateur.

"I'm *not* a big hiker, I'm a *little* hiker!" came the prompt, outraged retort.

I had to try another tack. Nature helped me, for we soon traversed that part of the canyon abounding with innumer-



Three-year-old Andrea gets encouragement from her mother, Sandra, during the first half of the cross-canyon hike. Photo by the author



*Andrea inspects
cottonwoods along
the trail.
Photo by
the author*

able colored rocks. The gorge into which the Bright Angel gradually flows as it nears the Colorado is a geologist's paradise. Walking on all fours would be the logical way to move here, for one is constantly bending over to examine yet another red, yellow, or multi-colored slice of ancient canyon history. A little girl knows nothing of such things, but she can most certainly appreciate the similarity of a rock to a ham sandwich, to a sliced egg with pepper on it, or to a little gingerbread man.

There are signs along the trail every mile or so giving the distance to points left behind or coming up. When we reached the 12-mile mark I told Andrea that we were now halfway across to the South Rim. She understood immediately. "Oh!" she exclaimed, "am I going to hug my amelins!" "Amelins" is Andrea's word for animals. We nearly always correct her speech, but some words are too much fun to change. Another word in this category is "instirring" for interesting. To a three-year-old all amelins are instirring, and national parks are full of them.

We arrived at Phantom Ranch just as the only hikers we met anywhere on the trail trooped in. It was still raining. We were able to buy a couple of pounds of rice to enlarge our menu, and then we marched the last half mile to the campground near the river. A screened-in shelter gave us a dry spot to unload our gear.

The Bright Angel had changed from crystal clearness to a reddish hue, and the drinking water in the campground was turned off for some reason; but we obtained fresh water from the Geological Survey Station a few hundred feet downstream.

While Sandra put a complete change of dry clothes on Andrea, I rigged up an indoor cooking and drying stove with the help of a two-gallon can which happened to be in the shelter and a length of wire which I had picked up outside. In no time we were able to attack bowls of hot rice and soup. Steaming socks and boots hung from the rafters.

The sun was valiantly trying to fight through dark clouds as I shaved next morning in honor of Andrea's historic crossing of the Colorado. After we had crossed the Kaibab Suspension Bridge (quite an engineering feat, but no prize-winner on beauty), Andrea was duly impressed by the sight of Bright

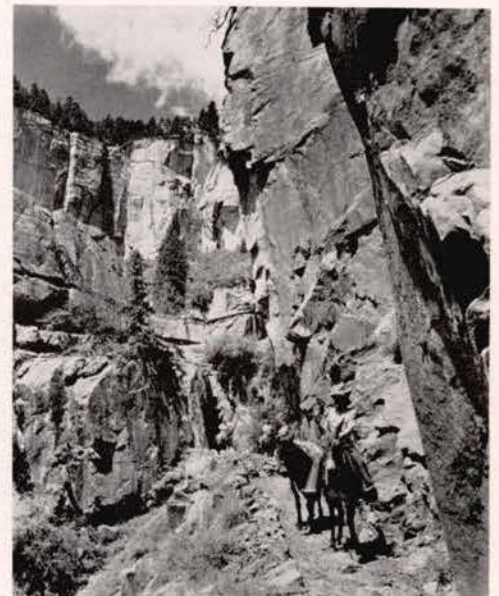
Angel Creek being swallowed up by the muddy Colorado. Such interesting statistics as half a million tons of silt, supplemented by an equal weight of rocks tumbling along the river bottom, being carried past any given point every twenty-four hours won't interest her for a few years, however.

Two and a half hours later we made the trailside shelter two miles downriver. The Colorado is flanked here by a beautiful sandy beach. Andrea was soon building mud castles while her parents busied themselves with lunch preparations.

Before we began the last eight miles to the South Rim, uphill from here on, I took Andrea down to the water's edge so that she could scoop up a handful of that continent-shaping river. Then we shouldered our packs, bound for Indian Gardens 3½ miles away. The going is easy at first, but soon you come to the Devil's Staircase, a series of switchbacks which raises your elevation (and your blood pressure!) in a hurry but doesn't get you much closer to your goal.

The views as we slowly climbed were breathtaking. The "bad" weather, past and coming, had worked and was working with masterly perfection, spreading a canvas of colors around us that was saturated with lush reds and greens and delicate hues of pink, yellow and buff ordinarily obliterated by the haze of the scorching sun. The sky was filled with majestic blues and grays, and great snow clouds, interspersed with drifting white wisps, were riding in huge herds over the North Rim.

By the time we reached the twisting gorge below Indian Gardens two items were nearly exhausted: my color film, and my tricks to get my daughter to cooperate in the field of photography. This gorge is one of the many places in Grand Canyon National Park which carries the thoughtful observer swiftly and easily back several centuries, to the time when Indians populated the Grand Canyon in relatively large numbers. There are remains of a number of cliff dwellings, visible on rock ledges above the trail on both sides of the cottonwood-studded stream bed. One is a "room" which some freak of nature left in a sheer wall of rock, inaccessible now but still showing a balustrade of flat stones which are typical of cliff dwellings in the American Southwest. It is a sight to make a child's heart beat faster.



*Some prefer to
use mule-power
to negotiate the
Kaibab Trail.
Union Pacific
Railroad photo*

I lost no time in getting a fire started. The first raindrops fell as I carried our supper to the little vine-covered shelter. Later we arranged our air mattresses on the only dry spot on the stone floor; the overhang of the roof wasn't sufficient to shed the rain, with the result that a good part of it ran into the shelter. The rain, however, ceased after a couple of hours and the lights of the South Rim stood out clearly against the sky. Andrea had an idea she'd like to "stay all up" for the rest of the night, but was firmly vetoed.

By 9 A.M. next morning we were ready for the final assault. Waving good-bye to the maintenance man and his wife who run the pumps supplying the South Rim with water, we left Indian Gardens behind us. A precooked lunch was stowed in my pack. At the first of the two shelters along the trail between the rim and the Gardens we paused for a break and a drink. The morning's mule train passed us by, the riders expressing surprise when they saw our daughter and even more surprise when they heard where we'd started from. "Rough going ahead!" the wrangler warned us.

We had to don raincoats as we left the shelter. Half a mile farther on we ran into a crew working on the trail, and one man suddenly called out: "Hi, Andrea!" It was Bob White,

who had worked for the Park Service on the North Rim.

"What are you guys doing—turning this trail into a super highway?" I asked him. He laughed; he'd seen the trail above.

Long before the second shelter, the trail reached the famous Red Wall, or Supai formation, and disintegrated into something best described as a plowed field, freshly irrigated.

The clouds which had earlier swallowed up the South Rim now came drifting down Bright Angel Fault, enveloping us before they continued their descent into the canyon. As we came to the Coconino sandstone strata the plowed field resumed the semblance of a trail.

One hour later we stopped before the sign, 100 feet from the top, which gives the mileage to the various points below, and looked back once more to relive the past six days. Our "big hiker" got a suitably-sized hug and a kiss, and then we were on the South Rim. There were no press photographers to record this historic occasion, only a lady who grinned at us wordlessly, as though little girls emerging from mile-deep chasms were everyday occurrences. But we felt like conquerors, and ten minutes later, Andrea, the youngest child ever to hike across the Grand Canyon, was reaping her conqueror's reward: an oversized chocolate ice cream cone.

Northwest Clubs Propose Mount Jefferson Wilderness Boundaries

LATE in December, 1961, six northwest outdoor clubs asked the Forest Service to establish a Wilderness Area around Mount Jefferson in the central Oregon Cascades. Much of the area involved is presently within a Primitive Area.

The Forest Service is reclassifying all Primitive Areas. The outdoor clubs submitted their proposal for a Wilderness Area in response to an invitation extended to the public by the Forest Service for ideas on how the reclassification of the Mount Jefferson Primitive Area might be accomplished. Ideas were to be submitted during December, 1961.

The six outdoor clubs recommending the Wilderness Area are the Obsidians of Eugene, the Chemeketans of Salem, the Oregon Cascades Conservation Council, the Oregon Wildlife Federation, The Mountaineers, and the Pacific Northwest Chapter of the Sierra Club.

The outdoor clubs proposed that a 117, 276-acre Wilderness Area be established between the Breitenbush road on the north and Santiam Pass on the south. The clubs pointed out in a 40-page report that enlargement of the Primitive Area is necessary to protect the scenic setting of Mount Jefferson and the Three Fingered Jack. If the area is not enlarged, the report observed, much of the scenic foreground of the mountains will be marred by scarring clear cuts.

The clubs complained particularly about the large clear cuts presently being sawed out of the Whitewater Creek valley on the west at the base of Mount Jefferson. The clubs feel that the scenery in this valley

should have been protected for recreational use. They propose in their report that this area and others around the proposed Wilderness Area be saved from further cutting and be developed for roadside recreation. The clubs suggested that a chalet-style alpine resort might be located near the Wilderness Area boundary at the headwaters of Whitewater Creek if cutting is stopped there.

The clubs' report found that much of the acreage proposed for addition to the Primitive Area is scheduled for logging. However, the report also found that the forest cover of the acreage is of low commercial value, much of it Mountain Hemlock and True Fir. Almost half of the 30,576 acres that would be added to the Primitive Area under the proposal is forested with such species or is open and rocky. The additions generally are above the 4500-foot level.

The principal additions proposed are the Marion and Pamela lake areas on the west, the ridge to Triangulation Peak north of Whitewater Creek, the valley of the North Fork of the Breitenbush River to the Breitenbush road on the north, the lava flow between Cabot Creek and Jefferson Creek on the east, and the area around Square Lake, Long Lake, and Craig Lake on the south to the Santiam Highway.

The report determined that parts of the existing Mount Jefferson Primitive Area are being overused, particularly the Jefferson Park area. "Additional acreage is needed to take the pressure off such overused areas

to protect their fragile alpine meadows," the report said. "Additional acreage can absorb the rising tide of visitors." Between 1947 and 1959, use of the Mount Jefferson Primitive Area increased 914 per cent. In 1959 alone, use increased 33 per cent to total 32,000 man-days. The report predicted that use between now and the year 2000 would increase 2042 per cent. Already, the report pointed out, the ratio of use to acreage is approaching the point where there will no longer be the minimum acreage per person necessary to afford the expansive solitude which characterizes wilderness recreation.

"By the additions proposed," the report concluded, "renewed opportunity for such recreation will be secured and an important part of the scenic resource base for Oregon's thriving recreation industry will be protected."—J. MICHAEL McCLOSKEY

The Whitewater Creek approach to Mount Jefferson. Photo by Edwin J. Dolan





Big Glen Lake from Morainal bluffs along northeast side. Fisher Lake in foreground.

National Park Service photo

The Proposed Sleeping Bear National Seashore

ONE OF THE most striking sections of shoreline in America lies along the shore of Lake Michigan in the northwest corner of the Lower Peninsula of Michigan. Sweeping white beaches, high abruptly sloping bluffs, massive sand dunes, gently rolling ridges and hills covered with rich deciduous forests, and more than two dozen inland lakes and many streams—all combine to form a region of great scenic beauty and scientific interest.

This area, known as the Sleeping Bear Dunes, offers fascinating evidence of the last of the great thrusts of Continental Ice, of subsequent levels of Lake Michigan as the ice mass withdrew, and of the action of wave and wind upon the land. Sand-gravel ridges (glacial moraines) were deposited at the edges of the leading lobes of the ice. Potholes and lowlands, in which the ice concentrated in its southward advances, are today filled with inland lakes or are bays of Lake Michigan. The eroded headlands indicate either a higher lake level or lower land level than now. And it was from this erosion that the present large sand dunes were formed,

for as the bluffs were constantly eroded the prevailing west winds picked up the eroded sand and spread it out—as it still does—as dunes on top of the high ridges behind the bluffs. These are the “perched” dunes which are among the chief scenic attractions of the Sleeping Bear area.

Also extending back from the present Lake Michigan shore in some places is a series of beaches and swales. These old beaches are further evidence of a higher lake level or lower land level—the lake at one time higher because of the melting of the huge glacial mass, the land lower because of the great weight of the ice upon it. Geologists have discovered that the process of rebounding of the land is still continuing today, even some 11,000 years after the withdrawal of the Continental Ice.

Sleeping Bear has two main forest types: The beech-maple deciduous on the ridges and uplands and the pine-oak-aspens in the sandy low areas. Other plant communities include the black spruce-tamarack bogs, the white cedar swamps, the jack pine woodlands, and the beachgrasses. The National Park Service, in its brochure *Sleeping Bear National Seashore: A Proposal*, states, “Two features of the region’s vegetation are of special interest in the field of plant ecology; one is the large number of environmental niches available to plants and the other is the clearly displayed story of plant succession as found from the barren sandy beaches through a gradual series of stages to the climax beech-maple forests of the moraines.”

Because of this unique and as yet unspoiled combination of natural features, the Park Service has selected some 77,000 acres for a proposed national seashore “to protect and preserve the natural features, . . . to bring to the visiting public an understand-

ing of these phenomena through a program of interpretation, . . . and to provide to the public an opportunity to engage in those forms of recreation for which the area is ideally suited.”

On June 27, 1961, Senator Philip A. Hart of Michigan introduced a bill (S. 2153) to establish the area as a national seashore (“Recreation Area”). This bill, which was not acted upon in the last session of Congress but which may well receive attention in the present session, specifies procedures for land acquisition. It is this plan that has caused vigorous opposition from certain local citizens.

The bill provides that if the two counties affected draw up zoning regulations to the standard required by the Interior Department, the present owners of improved properties complying with those regulations may continue their ownership indefinitely. If, however, the affected counties do not draw up adequate zoning regulations, the improved properties may be acquired by the federal government, with the owners retaining use and occupancy rights for twenty-five years, if they desire. It appears to be primarily the latter provision which has caused the local property owners to oppose the legislation in its present form.

The Citizens’ Council of Glen Arbor, Michigan (Glen Arbor is situated between Lake Michigan and Glen Lake and would be surrounded by the proposed seashore area), is so concerned about the possibility of loss of the properties through a forced sale to the government that it has stated its case in these terms: “. . . S. 2153 is aimed at ultimate government ownership or control of nearly 1,600 homes, farms, and businesses. . . . Nearly everyone loves parks and natural beauty. But in our scramble to



preserve shorelines, we must not trample constitutional rights. . . ."

Although the bill does provide the means for private owners of improved land to retain full property rights indefinitely, it may yet be possible to avoid the chance of forced sale by amending the bill so as to protect the landowners in the event the counties cannot be prevailed upon to pass adequate zoning regulations. As Acadia National Park in Maine demonstrates, improved properties and a national park can exist side by side, without serious detriment to either interest.

The language of the present Sleeping Bear legislation is trying to prevent the type of land use and development mentioned editorially by *The Detroit News* on November 20, 1961: the establishment of the seashore area by S. 2153 "would throw the weight of the federal government across the path of the onrushing tide of honky-tonks, taverns, tourist traps, neon light salesmen, and land speculators which has made garish nightmares of the state's beauty spots."

This, then, is the objective: the preservation of the magnificent natural shoreline of scenic-scientific-recreational values before the taverns and tourist traps take over. Along with this objective comes the task of minimizing the disruption of present land uses. It is in this conflict of public versus private interest that the promoters and opposers of the Sleeping Bear National Seashore now find themselves. The fate of this unique region depends upon the outcome.

RUSSELL D. BUTCHER

Sleeping Bear Dunes, Michigan. Courtesy Senator Philip A. Hart



SIERRA CLUB BULLETIN, JANUARY, 1962

Electronics Finds Lost Skiers

A UNIQUE new method of locating skiers buried in snow avalanches—a method employing a tiny magnet and a lightweight electronic instrument—has been announced by Varian Associates.

The instrument is a Varian M-49 portable magnetometer, designed to detect minute variations in magnetic fields. The instrument is so sensitive it will detect a cigarette-size magnet through ten feet of snow.

A skier carrying one of these small magnets could be located quickly by a search party equipped with one of Varian's portable magnetometers. Cost of the tiny magnet is minor, and one can easily be embedded in the heel of a ski boot or secured to a skier's belt.

Varian scientists and officials of the Swiss Army have conducted extensive tests of the new location method in the deep snows of the Jungfrauoch in the Swiss Alps. In each test, the magnet-magnetometer method located the buried person in a matter of minutes. Conventional methods, such as trained dogs or aluminum rods thrust into the snow, often require hours or even days.

Herr Unteroffizier Franz Shaerer, avalanche and rescue expert from the Swiss Army, visited Varian's Palo Alto plant recently to discuss full-scale implementation of the new rescue technique.

Herr Shaerer said anywhere from 30 to 300 persons are buried each year in Swiss snow avalanches. In recent years, 14 school children were buried; only three were found. The most accurate search method, aluminum rods thrust into the snow in a close grid pattern, is painstakingly slow. A victim trapped beneath the snow may suffocate before he is found and dug out.

Officials of the U.S. Forest Service have expressed interest in the new detection method, although avalanche danger to humans is less common in the United States than it is on the ski slopes of Europe. Demonstrations were conducted recently at the Arapahoe Basin, Colorado, ski area to introduce the new method to members of the National Ski Patrol.

To be successful, the Varian detection method requires that each skier be equipped with a magnet. Bally, a leading Swiss shoe manufacturer, has equipped Bally ski boots with heel magnets for use in the initial experiments. Owners of non-magnetized ski boots could purchase the inexpensive magnet and carry it on their person while skiing. Snow rescue teams at each ski area could be equipped with a portable magnetometer for the search operation.

The magnetic method of finding lost skiers occurred to two Varian scientists on a ski holiday in Switzerland. Drs. Harry Weaver and Attilio Melera heard of a skier



Research scientists took just a few minutes to locate a ski boot buried under several feet of snow, using a Varian portable magnetometer.

buried in an avalanche; he was not found until 30 days later. The two began wondering if a better search method could be devised, and their background in physics and geomagnetics led them to the discovery of an entirely new application for a magnetometer. The same idea occurred independently and almost simultaneously to Herr Shaerer, who had searched for 30 years for a fast, accurate method of finding and rescuing persons buried by avalanches.

The M-49 portable magnetometer, developed by the late Russell Varian, is based on unique principles of measuring magnetic fields by using atomic nuclei. The instrument has been used extensively for exploration by the mining and petroleum industry since its introduction in 1958. Other magnetometers based on these principles and more recent developments have been produced by Varian Associates for use in deep space exploration, oceanographic surveying and as observatory standards.

Natural Resources Conference

Laurence S. Rockefeller, chairman of ORRRC, will present the first formal public explanation of the findings and recommendations of the Outdoor Recreation Resources Review Commission during the March 12-14 North American Wildlife and Natural Resources Conference at the Hilton Hotel in Denver, Colorado. A wide range of conservation topics will be discussed during the three-day session. The public is welcome.



A Controversy is Brewing over

Back Country Trail Scooters

By Fred Eissler

"At 5:45 A.M. we were awakened, not by bird songs, but by the noise of two Tote Gotes leaving camp. We could hear them for quite some time as they went up the trail to Weaver Lake." [This testimonial of two disgruntled backpackers in Sequoia National Forest was accompanied by a photograph of a deeply rutted path where these same vehicles had swerved and slobbered through the wet terrain.]

"We saw six motorized trail scooters damaging a Big Sur trail," a hiker reports. "Coming down a steep narrow part, the riders kicked out their feet to maintain balance and rolled rocks into the path, trampled the plants as the back wheels jack-knifed and spun out causing deep grooves . . . the black oil from the motor housing splattered the foliage and rubbed off on our sleeping bags and pack sacks."

A local Los Padres National Forest sportsman writes: "There is not a trail in our forest today, forbidden area or not, that does not have a tire track on it."

DURING the last few months the loud discordant noise of the first motor scooters in history designed for travel on steep winding trails has been heard echoing across the canyons of the national forest back country with ever increasing volume. In production for only three years, these light-weight

trail eaters that can pull a 45 per cent grade with a 400-pound load and are small enough to fit into the trunk space of a car have taken over the fastness and solitude of certain wildland areas so rapidly that many conservationists are only now recognizing the magnitude of this motorized threat to the high country.

The growing controversy over these trail scooters has not hurt their sales, writes the *Wall Street Journal*. Some national forests in California report that mechanized mule travel this last summer is 200 per cent above the previous season. The supervisor of Sequoia National Forest states: "I have seen estimates of up to 100 having been in the Kern drainage over Memorial Day." This ominous trend has been underscored in an article, "The Great Wilderness Battle," of *The Saturday Evening Post* (July 8, 1961):

The next fight, some observers believe, will be between various breeds of outdoor addicts. On one side will be the rising swarm of vacationists and sportsmen who want to penetrate the back country, not on foot, but by jeep, mountain-climbing scooter, light plane or helicopter, and who want to take along a chain saw to cut their wood, and outboard motors to push their canoes. On the other side will be the strict preservationists who want to enjoy our beautiful wilderness sanctuaries in nature's own quiet. At this point it's hard to say which side will win.

The fifty U.S. companies and one Japanese firm manufacturing these gasoline-

driven two-seated beasts of burden feel they have a winning product. The Honda Company in a full-page *Life* ad tells the consumers they will buy a million of its brand within the year. The billboard below Lone Pine on Highway 395 shows a happy hunter chugging merrily up the hill on his iron pony, behind him his cheerful daughter, her pigtailed flowing in the breeze, with this slogan underneath: "Where the road ends, adventure begins." The exhaust is even thicker in a magazine that pictures a fisherman casting into a trout stream as he sits on the seat of his scooter: "This year travel with ease to remote fishing areas, far away from crowds, out where the big ones jump." The race is on. Which fishermen will ride herd on the "big ones" first as the motor destroys remoteness in this new self-defeating form of trail travel?

Conservationists are now beginning to mobilize their strength to head off this encroachment upon trails that traditionally have been the range and sanctuary for hikers and horseback riders seeking vacation relief from the pace of mechanized urban living. Several counties are perfecting ordinances to regulate the new scooters in their own and forest lands, with the Santa Barbara Board of Supervisors the latest to push for effective controls. The newly-formed Santa Barbara Trails Advisory Committee, composed of leading members of county hiking and riding, conservation and rancher groups, believes that the scooters should have the same rights and privileges on public lands as any other motor conveyance. Hundreds of miles of unlocked roads in the national forests that are specifically designed for, and can be safely used by these machines, are presently available, and provide cyclists the same access to the wildlands that is enjoyed by the general motoring public.

In a barrage of letters to the local newspaper and in testimony at a Santa Barbara County hearing, opponents of the new-bred motor mule's taste for trails documented their belief that these bikes are a fire hazard, endanger hikers, riders, horses and livestock, damage the trails and impair the wilderness quality of the back country. Although no fire of record (as of September, 1961) has been started by the scooters, the fire risks created by an internal combustion engine with its motor and exhaust system close to the dry grass and brush along back country trails is great. The costs of a major fire should not be considered the price of adequate proof for what seems a self-evident fact. Man on foot, of course, has caused many forest fires, but the careless individual riding a gasoline engine becomes a greatly increased fire threat. On an inspection trip of the San Rafael Primitive Area (May 14, 1961), for example, a party of Forest Service officials, Sierra Club members, and other local citizens

saw a trail vehicle with a split gas tank spewing fuel in a highly inflammable area. An accident or a defective machine could easily ignite a fiercely blazing conflagration in remote territory. Every summer fires are started on ranches from even the stationary and mobile motorized equipment that has been periodically checked by Forest Service and County fire officials. But the cross-country type scooter is beyond control, comes out of the cities by the hundreds in pickups and station wagons to penetrate the most vulnerable fire areas.

Trail bike fans stress the fact that spark arrestors are required on their machines. The Supervisor of the Stanislaus National Forest writes (July 17, 1961): "As you know they [trail scooters] must be equipped with approved spark arrestors. Our people have turned a number of Tote Gotes around and sent them out of the forest on this basis." How many others with these arrestor attachments in poor condition or with none at all have not been apprehended? A cycle with a faulty arrestor might throw sparks at random; by the time a spark smoulders and bursts into flame, the rider would be miles away.

Ned Graves, columnist for the *Carmel Pine Cone*, wrote in April, 1961:

Motor bikes are exceedingly dangerous to hikers and horseback riders. Coming suddenly around a turn in a narrow trail, they can cause a horse to throw his rider, and if the trail is on a steep hillside, they might both plunge to their deaths. It is reported that a Forest Service employee in Montana was killed in this way not long ago.

All vehicles are considered incompatible with trail recreation and are therefore prohibited from using trails in national parks, California state parks, national forest primitive, wild and wilderness areas. What hikers and horseback riders object to most vigorously is being deprived of unspoiled wilder-

ness pleasures on much of the already small segment of public lands which have hitherto been in fact, if not by legal dedication, the last remaining zone where recreationists can get away from the contrivances, sounds and smells of machine civilization.

Approximately 8 per cent of Forest Service land is dedicated wilderness where roads and vehicle traffic are unlawful. On the vast remainder of its territory, the national forests have only begun to formulate their trail policies which at the moment seem to recommend patch-work, contradictory control procedures. A statement from Chief Forester Richard McArdle's office (June, 1961) in part defines the Forest Service position:

Most of our trails were constructed primarily for horse and foot travel and are not for scooters; consequently the use of scooters during certain seasons of the year can cause damage to the trails and drainage structures that could result in increased erosion and water pollution. . . . It would be undesirable and dangerous to permit scooter travel on certain trails used heavily by horses. This does not mean that we arbitrarily accord horse travelers a priority over scooter travelers. We think there are places for each kind of travel, and we will endeavor to permit both kinds of use, each in its proper place.

The letter explains the importance of the local situation as a factor in any decision to regulate vehicles and states that regional foresters are authorized to make final rulings on trail restrictions.

In the Monterey District of the Los Padres National Forest, two main trails and several spur routes crossing the width of the forest are being proposed for use by the scooters. The *Carmel Pine Cone*, expressing the sentiments of many conservationists, has said that this "half ban on Tote Gotes is not enough." Other proponents of a county restrictive ordinance have stressed that the fire risks and safety hazards which these trail scooters create are just as great on the



On hard-packed, dry trails the immediate physical damage may be negligible. But the full width of a soft meadow can be gouged with a rut six inches or so wide and that deep or deeper. Such ruts on slopes invite major erosion.

trails designated for vehicles as on any other portions of the trail system. Similarly, these vehicles cause a maintenance and erosion problem on *all* trails. Since the paths within "vehicle-assigned" territory connect directly with trails outside these areas, how can these zone regulations be enforced? It would be necessary to patrol the national forest by helicopter to keep the motor mules off the rest of the trails, and the ranger would need a scooter to catch the scooters.

There are innumerable cases on record of scooters trespassing upon trails in Wilderness Areas. Once these motor bikes are granted a right on some paths, the precedent has been established for letting them also use the remaining trails designed for foot and horse travel. Many miles of open roads already exist for machines in the national forests, and these scooters should not appropriate the last refuge for horseback riders and hikers.

In response to this extraordinary threat to the trails, conservationists should be asking themselves, "What can I do?" The programs for scooter restriction are being formulated at the local Forest Service district level. Have the forest supervisors, district rangers, and regional foresters heard *your* views? Are county conservation groups creating a public opinion climate in support of a county ordinance restricting these vehicles to roads open to public automobile traffic? Are *you* helping in the national campaigns to acquire new wild and wilderness areas, state and national parks—the land classifications that provide the best safeguards against motor vehicle travel on trails?

Before the scooter exhaust becomes overwhelmingly thick, conservationists should insist that trail standards and restrictions be enacted and enforced.



The stream and Rainbow Bridge photographs are from promotional brochures available at retail stores in San Francisco in January 1962.

CONSERVATION IN 1961

A Rising Tide

LOOKING BACK . . . Henry David Thoreau and John Muir were among the first men to have the vision and the talent for spreading the gospel of conservation. But it remained for Theodore Roosevelt, with Gifford Pinchot's help, to incorporate the idea into a popular political movement and to make the word *conservation* familiar to the man in the street.

From the beginning, there were two views about what the word conservation meant. The Pinchot followers were concerned largely with making the most of the material resources of the land. The Muir followers cared about the land itself, and about its intangible benefits to present and future generations.

These two approaches were, and often are, in harmony. (Indeed, in the course of Muir's presidency of the Sierra Club from 1892-1914, Pinchot served seven years as an Honorary Vice-President.) But there can be a dramatic clash between them, as in the classic battle for Hetch-Hetchy.

Each position has its merits. Each has resulted in the formation of important government bureaus that administer our land resources. The one—the “wise-use” school—is exemplified in the bureaus specializing in resource management such as the Bureau of Reclamation, the Corps of Engineers, the Bureau of Commercial Fisheries, the Soil Conservation Service, and the timber and forage management function of the Forest Service. The other—the “use-but-preserve” school—works through the National Park Service, the Bureau of Sport Fisheries and Wildlife, and the wilderness-area function of the Forest Service.

While political power gravitated to the “wise-users” early in the century (development promised rapid economic gain, and there was so much to develop!), the post-Roosevelt decades brought important recognition to the idea of preservation. The National Park Act was passed in 1916. The Coolidge Administration sponsored a National Conference on Outdoor Recreation which spurred a drive for more parks. Sequoia was enlarged. The Save-the-Redwoods program began, and a state park system came into being in California.

Then in the early 'thirties, the tragedy of the Dust Bowl showed dramatically what happens when too much is heedlessly developed. Under a new Roosevelt, there was a reevaluation of the potential of conservation. There was renewed activity in soil conservation, reforestation, and a strengthening of Forest Service wilderness regulations. And there was the setting aside of two of our most magnificent wilderness national parks—Olympic and Kings Canyon.

With the Second World War came un-dreamed of pressures on our resources: never before had they been used up so fast. And in the postwar years, people began to travel as they never had before, people had more and more leisure time . . . and there were more and more people with demands for the pleasures as well as the profits of our lands. Major land-use decisions were made at an ever increasing pace . . . too often without the thoughtful weighing of all the values involved. When the values *were* weighed, as in the case of Echo Park Dam, there was increasing evidence that the people as a whole cared about the intangible values of the land just as much as the tangible. There was also increasing evidence of a desperate need for conservation in all its aspects—the land was being wrung dry of all values incredibly fast.

During the past few years, we have been chronicling in the *Bulletin* the progress of peoples' awakening to this desperate need. At each year's end, we have noted their growing awareness all over

the United States of the need for action in preserving vital scenic resources . . . our particular concern. We have noted the stepped-up pace in legislative action on conservation matters. But, not until 1961 could we talk in terms of a definitely rising tide in the conservation movement . . . both as a popular idea and once again as a political force, this time of the “use-but-preserve” school.

While the year 1961 brought major set-backs, and comparatively little clear-cut action, it saw a remarkable up-swell in acceptance of basic conservation ideas of all kinds, but especially of ideas relating to conservation of the intangible land resources. Of greatest import and interest to the Sierra Club was the increased and marked acceptance of the *wilderness idea*, the *park idea*, and the *open space idea*. (Advances in the conservation of material land resources gained also, but in far less spectacular fashion.)

In 1961 the most dramatic example of the gain in the **WILDERNESS IDEA** was the Senate's 78-8 passage of the Wilderness Bill . . . once this measure was moved out of committee. The culmination of many years of effort by those believing that wilderness merits congressional definition and protection, this was a clear-cut victory, but only a partial one. House hearings held in the Fall called forth great numbers of opponents as well as proponents in the far western states . . . in itself a further example of the growing strength of the conservation movement. (One can be for or against the wilderness idea, but one must admit it is important.) The Wilderness Bill faces a tough battle in 1962 if it is to become public law. (See **LOOKING AHEAD**.)

There were other major indications of the increasing acceptance of the Wilderness Idea:

ITEMS: More than 1,000 people turned out for the 7th Biennial Wilderness Conference sponsored by the Sierra Club in San Francisco in April . . . the United States Forest Service, in the face of strong pressures, maintained the integrity of the boundary lines of the High Sierra Primitive Area in California's Sierra Nevada against a proposed commercial ski development . . . the Forest Service also issued a handsome film and handbook, asserting their recognition of wilderness values, their wilderness ideals and ideas . . . the very word “wilderness” appeared more and more often in popular publications; newspapers front-paged it; magazines editorialized it; *Life Magazine* devoted a whole issue to it; more and more “Letters to the Editor” considered the pros and cons of wilderness, often violently; the *Alaskan Sportsman*, in the midst of pioneer development of a new state, ran an editorial in strong support of it . . . wilderness lovers found they could exchange ideas on this, their favorite subject, with people who, just a few years ago, would not have known what they were talking about.

THE PARK IDEA gained equally in momentum. With a strong, well-defined push for enlargement of our National Park System, the administration set into motion desperately needed action toward acquisition of scenic resources for all the people. The National Seashore concept grew in public acceptance and popularity. Passed by both Houses of Congress and signed into law by the President, Cape Cod National Seashore in Massachusetts became a reality . . . a bill to create Point Reyes National Seashore in California, endorsed by the President, passed the Senate and favorable House action was antici-

pated early in 1962 . . . further action on the creation of National Seashores in other parts of the country was high on the list of both House and Senate Interior Committees.

OTHER ITEMS: the state of New Jersey, previously thought backward in park matters, passed a bond issue of \$60 million for acquisition of recreation lands . . . growing public support for a park bond issue was voiced in California, the amount mentioned varying between \$100 and \$150 million . . . the city of San Francisco gave a handy 2/3 majority to a bond issue of \$1.1 million for acquisition

Americans have come to love air-conditioning better than trees or gardens, bulldozers better than hillsides, and have missed the lesson that man's great mission is not to conquer nature by main force, but to cooperate lovingly with her for his own purposes.

—LEWIS MUMFORD

of the Fort Funston military reservation for a city park . . . "last chance" park possibilities were advocated for grasslands, for areas of geologic wonders, and for a large primeval park in the Northern Cascades of Washington.

THE OPEN SPACE IDEA became the concern of increasing numbers of citizens' groups. All over the country, more and more people turned out for local conferences on local planning. In Congress, the "Housing Act of 1961" was passed, containing authorization of \$50 million in federal funds to help regional and community efforts to save open space for recreational use. . . . The Federal Aid Highway Act also was passed, with an extension of federal support of billboard control along federal highways for another two years. In California, the counties of Monterey and Marin grappled with the problem of preserving the scenic integrity of their magnificent coastlands, with Monterey County pioneering a project of major importance to achieve this end. . . . In San Francisco, a "Save the Bay Association" was formed to stop the uncoordinated practice of filling the Bay, and to help save the Bay scenery so characteristic of the area.

MORE GENERALLY, Congress enacted a variety of legislation tightening up withdrawal of public lands for military use, strengthening water pollution control, implementing preservation of migratory waterfowl. It also extended work on saline water conservation and appropriated increased funds for this purpose.

In almost every state, and in every bureau concerned with public lands, there was recognition of the growing problem of wildlife control in an ecological environment being ever more basically altered.

As population pressure increased, so did emphasis on mass recreation. The Outdoor Recreation Resources Review Commission put the finishing touches on a report that is anticipated eagerly in 1962.

While conservation emerged ever more clearly in 1961 as a rising tide, the **EXPLOITIVE FORCES CHECKING IT** continued on a massive scale. The heedless desecration of the land in the name of "progress" continued over vast areas of the country . . . bulldozers continued to gnaw away at the earth . . . the pouring of concrete into the earth's raw wounds continued to be a major national occupation. Cutting of our pitifully small reserve of unprotected virgin forests went on unabated, although in many areas, the market for timber was slow.

In certain national forests, notably in Oregon and Washington, logging took place on the immediate boundaries of dedicated areas . . . and extended deep into Limited Areas which had been quietly declassified. Declassification of more Limited Areas—representing some of our finest uncommitted wilderness—was conducted without public hearing.

A MAJOR DEFEAT FOR CONSERVATION was suffered when Congress refused to appropriate funds for protection of Rainbow Bridge National Monument in Utah. Unless the second session of Congress acts quickly, a precedent will be established for invasion of scenic areas supposedly protected under the National Park Act. Waters will soon be backed up by Glen Canyon Dam, now under construction on the Colorado River, and will invade Rainbow Bridge.

Another defeat, though on a totally different score, was the reimplementation of the destructive Fire Ant Control program with the authorization of \$2.5 million to inflict unmeasured damage on wildlife in general in the uncertain attempt to control a non-native insect.

And there was growing **EMPHASIS ON MECHANIZATION IN 1961** . . . more boats snarled the waters of every accessible lake . . . more planes shattered the quiet of wilderness skies . . . and, most disturbing of all, more mechanized scooters whined and snorted along wilderness trails. (Several forward-looking California counties, including Riverside and Santa Barbara, met the problem head-on and set up regulations limiting the use of motor scooters.)

LOOKING AHEAD

The year 1962 may be expected to bring an intensification of all the trends affecting the conservation scene. There will be more people traveling more places, on more roads, in more cars. There will be more noise, more demand for the tangible treasures of the land, as well as the intangible. The growing emphasis on recreation—especially on mass recreation—will certainly gain in strength. So will the opposition to wilderness intensify, as resource managers see the end of easy exploitation.

Without question, the year also holds the greatest opportunity in many decades for positive accomplishments in conservation. If we continue to marshal our strength, to broaden our vision, to spread the gospel ourselves, even as John Muir did, we stand the chance of saving for future generations the scenic wonders we enjoy today. If we falter, if we fail, we shall have forfeited a priceless heritage meant not only for ourselves, but for all those who come after us.

PEGGY AND EDGAR WAYBURN

Amid assurances to the Congress . . . that the [Multiple Use] bill was not really new, and that the principles enunciated in the legislation had been adhered to for all the years there has been a U.S. Forest Service . . . and without giving the least hint that it would cease to follow such principles if the bill should fail of enactment, still the foresters were able to communicate a spirit of vital urgency and secure passage of legislation it promptly hailed as the most significant in a generation.

Political forestry? This feat was and is the envy of most of the whole profession of land managers. If you don't think so, I invite you to consult almost any official of the Bureau of Land Management in my own Department. They recognize a tour de force when they see one, and they want in.

We've been practicing multiple use all the years, too, they say—but we need this bill. . . .

I might throw in . . . as a subordinate example of what I mean by political forestry, my observation that of the articles and editorials I've seen about maintaining the "integrity" of the park idea, and protecting park "standards," and of the various other learned discussions about the national parks . . . the best examples seem to show up in forestry publications.

—JOHN A. CARVER, JR., Assistant Secretary of the Interior
Before the Society of American Foresters, Nov. 30, 1961.

Briefly Noted

Evil Spirit "Dooms" Glen Dam

PAGE, ARIZ.—At the start of construction on Glen Canyon Dam, workers cut off a portion of a sandstone mound which resembled a huge beehive standing on the west rim of the canyon.

Johnny Lane, a Navajo on the drilling crew, says, "Something came out that looked like blood to me."

"Round Rock," the Navajo name for the beehive, had long been a sacred landmark to "The People" living in the area.

The generally held Navajo belief is that an evil spirit was released with the partial destruction of the mound and that Glen Canyon, even if completed, will be unsuccessful. They predict that it will leak.

All the difficulties encountered in the dam's construction, including the six-month strike, are attributed to this same evil spirit.—Jean Duffy, *Salt Lake Tribune*.

Monterey's "Can of Worms"

The Monterey Peninsula in California is a place of spectacular scenic beauty and historical associations. Its citizens are struggling to save this beauty from destruction, but the fight is a hard one. The State Division of Highways is proceeding with plans to construct a full freeway through the heart of the Monterey Peninsula.

The proposed freeway is not part of any through freeway system, but would end abruptly at the Carmel River. In its five-mile length from the entrance to Monterey to the Carmel River it would have no less than six massive interchanges. The Highway Division's design for one of these, locally dubbed the "Can of Worms," is shown below. Another, just outside Carmel, would be even bigger and more oppressive.

According to the Monterey Peninsula Parkway Committee, "Officials and people of the Monterey Peninsula were not consulted on these interchanges. There was agreement only as to the route of an arterial highway. . . . The designs of the interchanges were brought out later by the division, which now seeks to impose them on Monterey Peninsula without regard for local wishes."

Canyonlands National Park

Acting with full support of the Kennedy Administration, Secretary of the Interior Stewart L. Udall has reported to the Senate Interior and Insular Affairs Committee detailed recommendations for a Canyonlands National Park in "the most remote and inaccessible land in the West."

The new park would contain about 332,000 acres around the confluence of the Green and Colorado rivers near Moab in southeastern

Utah. This is the area explored by boat, jeep, helicopter and on foot last summer by Secretary Udall, Secretary of Agriculture Freeman, several Congressmen, State and Federal officials, conservation leaders and newsmen. (See September and November 1961 *SCB's*.)

The Secretary of the Interior's report suggested a substitute bill for S. 2387, introduced by Senator Frank K. Moss of Utah last year. The new bill draws clearer boundaries in the light of more refined surveys than were available for S. 2387.

The new proposal also provides for protection of valid existing mining rights and for continued grazing privileges for 25 years or for the grazing permittee's lifetime.

The *Salt Lake Tribune* reports opposition to the proposal. Aldin O. Hayward, director of the Utah Park and Recreation Commission said that State rather than Federal administration of the area would be "the most feasible and logical" of the plans now being studied by a special state committee formulating policy on the proposed national park. A national park would rule out "multiple use" and, Mr. Hayward added, "the park as proposed to Congress would be much too large."

Minarets Reclassification

The 82,000-acre Mount-Dana-Minarets Primitive Area may soon be reclassified as the Minarets Wilderness Area under Regulation U-1, the Forest Service has announced. The Wilderness Area, like the existing Primitive Area, would be adjacent to the eastern boundary of Yosemite National Park. Some portions of the old area would be eliminated, principally because of prior existing Federal power withdrawals, but a greater area of previously unclassified national forest land

would be added. If the new proposal is not modified before approval by the Secretary of Agriculture, the Wilderness Area would cover approximately 108,000 acres.

Already, some opposition to the plan has been expressed by local interests concerned about inclusion of part of Iron Mountain (just west of Devil's Postpile) because of theoretically high commercial mineral values. The Forest Service has issued public notice of the proposed reclassification and will schedule a hearing if there is demand.

Additional information is available from the Regional Forester, 630 Sansome Street, San Francisco 11.

A "Jeep Trail" for Katmai

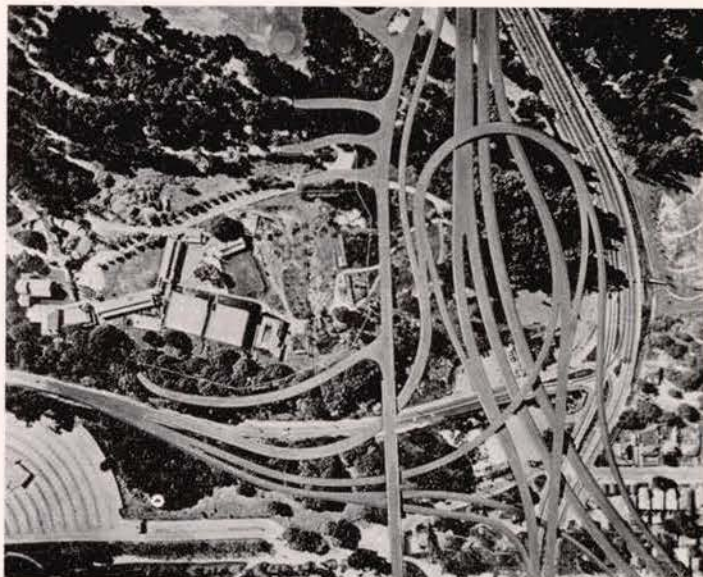
The National Park Service has announced its plan to construct in the rugged roadless wilderness of Katmai National Monument a road or "trail" for use by jeeps. The route of access, according to plans, will start at Brooks River camp and run southeast for 21 miles, along the shore of Iliuk Arm of Naknek Lake, ending at a viewpoint overlooking the famed Valley of Ten Thousand Smokes. The Service has stated that pressures in Alaska to either make the monument more accessible or abolish the area or reduce its size have been among the reasons for the planning of the jeep access route.

Conservation critics of the Service's plan emphasize that this area, unlike any other in the park system, offers wilderness experiences free from mechanized means of transportation, and that this jeep trail would eventually be developed into a road and then into a network of roads.

Victor H. Cahalane said in the January-March 1958 *National Parks Magazine*:

The trip at present [to the Valley of Ten

A scale model of the Fremont Street-Salinas Highway Interchange, proposed by the California Division of Highways for construction near Monterey.



Thousand Smokes] is rather strenuous. Without a trail, the hiker struggles through alders and tall grass and flounders across spongy, rough ground and streams. Yet a good [foot] trail with gentle grades could be constructed without much expense, making the hike easy. . . .

Transportation within the monument by motorized boats, on the extensive and beautiful chain of lakes, will provide easy access without marring the landscape with roads and with least disturbance to the wilderness atmosphere.

ORRRC Speaks

The long-awaited report of the Outdoor Recreation Resources Review Commission arrived too late for a careful analysis to appear in this month's *Bulletin*. But the following is a brief résumé. Further comments will be ready soon.

Titled "Outdoor Recreation for America," the report is structured on a framework of traditional methods of economic analysis: demand and supply vs. needs. Not surprisingly the report concludes that the demand is great, the needs are greater, and the supply is dwindling. And it will be hardly news to anyone that the commission concludes that money—lots of it—will mitigate the problem.

The recommendations of the commission fall into five general categories: (1) A National Outdoor Recreation Policy; (2) Guidelines for the Management of Outdoor Recreation Resources; (3) Expansion, Modification, and Intensification of Present Programs to Meet Increasing Needs; (4) Establishment of a Bureau of Outdoor Recreation in the Federal Government; and (5) A Federal Grants-in-Aid Program to states.

Thirty-three specifics are included in these categories. They range from a recommendation that "local governments should give greater emphasis to the needs of their citizens for outdoor recreation by considering it in all land-use planning . . ." to a proposed classification of outdoor recreation resources into six categories based partly on the nature of areas and partly on location relative to metropolitan centers. The commission recommends that "Congress should enact legislation to provide for the establishment and preservation of certain primitive areas as 'wilderness areas.'"

The *New York Times* editorialized:

A number of the commission's recommendations are sure to arouse controversy, such as its proposal to create a new bureau within the Department of the Interior and a Cabinet-level council to coordinate the now often overlapping, often conflicting, programs of a score of Federal agencies. Here we think the commission erred on the side of caution; for what is really needed is an entirely new and independent Department of Natural Resources.

The report is 245 pages long. But it is essentially a summary of the commission's findings from 27 contract studies conducted by various individuals and research centers

throughout the country. Inevitably, besides the interest stimulated by the controversy predicted by the *New York Times*, many people will be interested in the more detailed findings of the individual reports.

Recognizing that parks are a necessity, not a luxury, the *Washington Post* said:

This report, unfortunately, is a disappointment. Its main recommendations are the creation of another Federal bureau and Federal grants-in-aid, for purposes not altogether clearly defined.

The financial sections are inexcusably vague. What kinds of parks will the teeming nation of 2000 A.D. require, and where? The answers are the broadest possible generalizations. How

much ought we expect to spend? No answer at all. Where does the Federal responsibility end, and the States' begin? The matter is not discussed. Where should the money come from? The Federal money is proposed to come from general Treasury funds (unlikely), and the State money from user charges (unspecified). . . .

The Commission's greatest service has been to suggest the necessity of prompt action, particularly near the cities, and to secure the agreement of a highly varied membership to the need for Federal action. . . . Secretary of the Interior Udall is now preparing the administration's program for the development of the Federal park and recreation system. Where the Commission was general, it is now up to Mr. Udall to be specific.

Point Reyes: Another Chip Off the Old Park

In recent weeks predicting the fate of Point Reyes National Seashore has been like spotting the pea in a shell game. On January 17 a major obstacle to passage of enabling legislation was lifted when Marin County Supervisor William A. Gness, who has been a steadfast opponent of the 53,000-acre National Park Service plan (in favor of a 20,000-acre crazy-quilt park), reversed his vote and the Board's 3-2 opposition.

The bill for establishment of Point Reyes was approved by the Senate last September and has been in the House National Parks Subcommittee so far this Session. The subcommittee completed hearings on the proposal late in January and was to vote on it February 5. But Congressman J. T. Rutherford (Dem.-Tex.), who is chairman of the subcommittee, declared that because a quorum failed to show for the deliberation, he had tabled the motion indefinitely. The *San Francisco Chronicle* reports that at least two members of the subcommittee arrived a few minutes late and were surprised to find the meeting already adjourned.

This delay, according to Congressman Clem Miller, author of the legislation, "is by no means fatal to our hopes of winning the long battle to save Point Reyes." He said in Washington that he will urge a special meeting of the subcommittee as soon as practicable. In a telephone interview over radio station KGO in San Francisco, Congressman Rutherford declared that he was concerned about the bulldozers roaming around out there but that he had no idea when the subcommittee might take the matter up again.

In the meantime the vanguard of the subdividers won another skirmish. "Wildlife Acres," a 428-acre subdivision on the wild peninsula was approved by the Marin County Planning Commission on February 5. A tentative map and plans will be forwarded to the County Board of Supervisors for approval February 12.

This is the sixth subdivision approved by the planning commission for Point Reyes since the national seashore bill was drafted. The question remains how long Point Reyes will be "an island in time."—D.E.P.

*Some of the finest
Bishop Pine habitat
in the world is
found on
Inverness Ridge
in the proposed
Point Reyes
National Seashore.
Photograph by
Verna R. Johnston*



Editors Are Saying



Republican Statesman

December-January, 1962:

"And now the government plans the greatest land grab of all!!

"There's a Wilderness Bill coming up before the House early in 1962 (it's already passed the Senate) that would remove from all productive use almost 60 million acres of public [land].

"If this bill passes, then the opportunities for expansion, growth and development by individual Americans will surely be lost in the wildernesses.

"It will mean loss of jobs, of homes, of schools, of entire communities.

"What's behind this bill, anyway?

"Its stated purpose is to maintain huge areas of present wilderness as a wilderness forever. The bill specifies it is an 'act to establish a national wilderness preservation system for the permanent good of the whole people, and for other purposes.'

"That's where the Federal-sponsored bill loses us. What other purposes could there possibly be?

"We already have magnificent national parks, monuments and recreation areas, totalling 22 million acres. And we have more than 24 million acres in game ranges and refuges. We're happy about that vast land of wilderness. We go along with the majority of American people who favor setting aside places of awesome beauty as wilderness areas.

"But which means more to all of us: Additional wilderness for a few of us to visit—or jobs for many?

"The facts of forest life are these:

"The American economy depends on products from public lands. Forests provide products necessary for paper, chemicals and clothing. And these areas are potential sources of petroleum, uranium and other valuable mineral resources.

"The forest industries now provide 10% of all jobs in manufacturing in the nation.

"Our timber companies have spent many millions—and many years—developing forest preservation methods. They plan, scientifically, to keep a balance between old and new trees to assure continuing harvests, generation after generation.

"We suggest strongly that you protest this land grab to your Representatives before it's too late."

Hungry Horse News, Columbia Falls, Montana

January 19, 1962:

"It is unfortunate that a major conservation issue, the Wilderness Bill, finds itself a political issue." . . . [The News then prints the editorial which appeared in *The Republican Statesman*.]

"The *Hungry Horse News* has been and continues to be well aware that lumber is the basic industry of this country.

"What job here in the Flathead is in jeopardy if the wilderness bill becomes law? We don't know of any contemplated economic status change of a single acre in this area, if the wilderness bill becomes law."

Denver Post

December 10, 1961:

"This newspaper, after an examination of the over-all picture, believes the wilderness legislation should be passed. . . .

"There is positive value in wilderness—to science, to people and to the future.

. . . "There is much merit in preserving less than 2 per cent of our national area as a place where nature still reigns.

. . . "If we find out we were wrong, not much has been lost. We can always plow the areas up later. But once lost, they are lost forever."

Wall Street Journal

September 8, 1961:

"Once upon a time the whole of our continent was a wilderness, inaccessible to all save the hardy and venturesome, its timbers untouched by the lumberman's axe, its plains unfurrowed by the farmer's plow and its hillsides unsullied by the miner's shovel. In Senator Morse's phrase, it was a place of grandeur.

"So now the Senate has just passed a bill to preserve up to 15 million acres of what's left of this wilderness. The idea is bound to have its appeal to those, like ourselves, who sometimes regret that our lives take us far from nature. The idea can even move men to rhetoric, as it did Mr. Morse, who proclaims that no one can walk in the wilderness without being "a better man for having come that close to the spirit of the Creator."

"The idea seems to have also moved the Senators to forget that if we had left this continent in all its grandeur it would still be a wasteland. This bill doesn't stop at merely preserving natural beauties from unwise "exploitation." These 15 million acres could be put to no use whatsoever. Every inch of its land would lie fallow; all its minerals remain untouched; its trees grow old and die not only unused but unseen. These millions of acres would be serving nothing. For even roads would be prohibited, and only a handful of the hardy and venturesome would be able even to see its beauties.

"And we can't help wondering, now that the bill moves over to the House, if it will occur to anyone to ask what sense it is, in the name of preserving a wilderness, to create a wasteland."

Life

December 22, 1961:

"No change in man's condition is more dramatic than his relationship to his sister Nature. . . .

"The American experience with nature is a 450-year capsule of . . . [the] human story. On the beautiful howling wilderness in which our aborigines found their gods, our settlers, to survive, at once declared war. By 1900 the continent and its wealth were at our mercy. We then declared a truce called Conservation, a gesture of penance, prudence and piety. Now we face a different problem: finding a way to live in stabler harmony with nature. It is a problem of baffling complexity; for the competing claims for the use of our conquered and finite land—for houses, highways, industry, recreation, wildlife, a whole variety of public and private uses—have never seemed so urgent.

" . . . From now on the changes man works on the face of the earth should conform to nature's principles of order and balance as well as to his own desires."

—from the Editorial page, *Life*, Dec. 22, 1961. Copr. 1961 Time Inc.

Alaska Sportsman

June 1961:

"We have recently had occasion to represent the State of Alaska in exposition showings in major United States cities and had the opportunity to talk to thousands of people. We heard the same phrase from so many, like that expressed by thousands who have written us in our offices—"We want to come to see Alaska before it is too late."

"That so many should use the same expression should be warning enough. They are collectively afraid the wilderness will soon pass into the limbo and the only 'Alaska' in which they have any interest will be gone."

Letters

New, Low Wire Rates

Dear Editor:

It might be important to mention in the *Bulletin* that Western Union has made it possible to send a message to the President, your Senator, or your Congressman, of 15 words, for only 75 cents. This is more than a dollar off the regular rate. Conservationists can use this plenty.

MRS. CLARENCE E. RUST
Lafayette, California

Knock Down—Drag Out!

Dear Mr. Kilgore:

Here are more clippings on Padre and Texas State Park issues. . . I don't feel we in conservation have taken enough advantage of readily available, free publicity through our news media. I believe this avenue to the public can be available if we will pick out good stories, hopefully sensational ones (perish the thought), and get these to writers, news services, etc.

We in conservation should play the game the only way it can be effectively played, knocked down and dragged out, no holds barred! Could we get a hearing some way on the "Today" show or perhaps Brinkley's show, or maybe even some full length special show?

RIGDON CURRIE
Houston, Texas

Urges Chapter Library Project

Dear Dave:

I wonder whether the Sierra Club Chapters could not work to keep *SCB* subscriptions in college and public libraries. They might first try to persuade the librarians to subscribe—as well as to buy at least the major Sierra Club books—and then arrange for the financing of subscriptions and purchases themselves if this does not seem possible. The same might be done by individual members in areas where we have no active chapter.

GEORGE MARSHALL
Los Angeles, California

P.S.: I guess I had best practice what I preach and check the UCLA library.

Mount Cedric Wright

Dear Dave:

The following communication is a part of a letter I received today from Mr. J. O. Kilmartin, Executive Secretary of the Domestic Names Committee:

"The decision will be published in Decision List 6103 and the entry for the name will read as follows:

"*Mount Cedric Wright*: mountain with an elevation of about 12,372 feet, in Kings Canyon National Park about 3.3 miles south-southeast of Mount Pinchot; named for George Cedric Wright (1889-1959), internationally known photographer whose photography has made a significant contribution to the appreciation of the natural scene; Fresno County, California; 36° 54' 15" N., 118° 23' 15" W. Not: Mount McDoogle."

I know that government processes can move

in a mysterious way, but nonetheless I assume that in due time some edition of the Mount Pinchot Quadrangle will have Wright's mountain properly labeled with a most dignified and worthy name.

JIM DODDS
Berkeley, California

W:ALH Is Working for Wilderness

Gentlemen:

I greatly appreciate receiving a copy of *Wilderness: America's Living Heritage*. It is a beautifully illustrated book and I look forward to reading it from cover to cover.

I note in the frontispiece the statement that this book "will prove indispensable to those who not only like wilderness, but wish to do something about saving it while there is yet time." Since I qualify on both counts, I know this book will be of interest and help to me.

EDMUND G. BROWN
Governor of California

Free Wilderness Literature Needed

Dear Sirs:

I am ten years old and I think I can get started on doing something in conservation. Can you send me some literature, and let me know how I can become a member? I have been

working for two years on conservation projects, and as I am getting bigger, to Boy Scout age, I can do a lot more.

MARK ENRIGHT
San Jose, California

• We are sending a sample *Sierra Club Bulletin* and membership information, so that you may join when you are twelve. We wish we had more wilderness conservation "literature" available to send you, and we hope your request and this reply may stimulate volunteer help in getting this much-needed job done.—*Editor*.

Dues Increase Approved

Two recently proposed measures were voted on favorably by the membership. The first amended the By-Laws to allow the Board of Directors to set the dues subject to a two-thirds vote of the membership. This measure won 1,975 to 270.

In the second measure, the Board of Directors proposed the dues be increased (from \$7 to \$9 for regular annual dues, \$3.50 to \$4.50 for spouse dues), and the members approved this 1,813 to 446. The new dues are now in effect. (Junior dues remain \$3.50.)

Wilderness Children Deserve

(Continued from back cover)

Let's restate the question:

How little wilderness do the wilderness exploiters want America to have? Into how small an unspoiled area would they crowd all the people, in our surely more populous future, who want to see some of the world as God made it? Into how small a zoo would they jam the endangered species of wilderness wildlife—"our only companions in what would otherwise be a lonely voyage among dead atoms and dying stars"? How many acres would they leave for the evolutionary force, for the organic diversity that is essential to the very chain of life, vital to our survival? Into what small look-alike cages would they put man himself, how tight would they close his circuit, with only feedback to sustain him and an ever-rising howl to drive him mad.

We dare not kill any more wilderness. The Wilderness Bill is the first step to keep alive what has already been set aside. We hope that in due course the Outdoor Recreation Resources Review Commission will report its awareness of the meaning of wilderness to the quality of America and that it will advocate, support, and assure the setting aside of more wilderness. As we watch the selfish rapacious march on Point Reyes, we wonder if there are even two years left in which to save enough of anything, anywhere.

The important thing today is to stop the

compromise, shilly-shally, and hesitation that selfish interests press upon us and to get on with the job. Every week of delay brings another short-term profit to a few and forecloses forever on something irreplaceable in the national estate.

We urge this committee to act with the speed the occasion demands. There is much more critical conservation work to be done. Let us have this tremendously important first step behind us.

Justice William O. Douglas told a San Francisco audience last April:

"We need to expand our conception of man's liberty, enlarge his individual rights, and give them priority over Science.

"Those Human Rights include the right to put one's face in clear, pure water, to discover the wonders of sphagnum moss, and to hear the song of whippoorwills at dawn in a forest where the wilderness bowl is unbroken."

If we don't act, if the political pressure is made so unbearable that our representatives dare not act now, at long last, and if we the public do not counteract that pressure in spite of all the busy little things that fill our days, then wilderness will go and we will deserve the loss. But our children don't.

—From a statement before the hearing on the Wilderness Bill held by the Public Lands Subcommittee of the House Committee on Interior and Insular Affairs in Sacramento, California, November 6, 1961.

Book Reviews

THE CONTINENT WE LIVE ON, by Ivan T. Sanderson. Random House, Inc., New York, 1961. 299 pages. \$20.00.

Many of us, as we work long and hard on local conservation problems, often forget to put what we are doing into perspective and to remember the other equally valuable sections of our country which also are worthy of preservation. To come across a book which graphically gives this perspective for the North American continent, in prose and in picture, is an unusual event, but *The Continent We Live On* does exactly that.

Mr. Sanderson, primarily an ecologist, takes us by means of a lucidly written text, interspersed with carefully selected photographs, many in color, over the 21 natural provinces of the continent. It is possible only briefly to sketch each province, but this is done in such a way as to leave one with a composite impression, a general feel of the area and a realization of special attributes of that province. The book was written with a sense of mission, for, as the author describes it, "... something ... had been disturbing me increasingly. This was the fact that this continent is rapidly being covered by a man-made blight but that no one had as yet made a simple, non-technical record of its appearance as it was before the coming of the white man, or as it is today apart from his influence." Later he discovered "... that no one seemed ever to have made an 'expedition' specifically to inspect North America as a whole and in its purely natural and non-human aspects."

The author was well equipped to undertake such an expedition, with degrees in botany, zoology and geology, and travels in Southeast Asia, Africa and the Caribbean as well as North America as a background, and he did just that, taking a year to gain an additional impression of the continent as a whole. He describes what he sees with a dispassionate scientist's eye. Yet, by careful selection and vivid description, he paints the unusual aspects of the plants, animals, environment and their ecological relationships characterizing each region.

Since the bulk of Sierra Club members live in his region of "the Central Pacific Coast

Ranges and Parklands, the Sierra Nevada, and the Cascades," this chapter may be chosen as an example of the author's coverage of a particular province, which he reports as, "... by no means the largest on the continent, (but) ... apart from Mexico, by far the most varied." Unusual features of this area include the rain forests, devil's club, mima mounds, sea lions and guillemots, the "incredible" sand dunes, "the land of living fossils" (mountain beaver, shrew mole and sequoia), and "the sleeping giants" (volcanoes). He says that the Siskiyou-Klamath-Trinity complex is "... perhaps the most fascinating region in the United States, as yet incompletely mapped and surveyed and to a large extent unexplored." Interesting points are left out, but this is inevitable with only eight large pages of writing plus six of descriptive photographs by outstanding artists.

In this manner the whole of our continent is carefully surveyed. It is difficult to find a type of area not covered which the Sierra Club and others of the larger conservation organizations are not fighting to protect. However, several of the areas which appear to have great importance and unusual qualities, and which are not presently being considered, might well bear more attention.

For the most part, Mr. Sanderson gives a realistically descriptive picture. Occasionally he makes a very graphic point by expounding on a controversial theory, unfortunately almost as if it were fact. The reading of the book, together with perusal of the pictures, can make for such a vivid and stimulating experience that one finds oneself wishing to set out on a similar trip immediately—and immediately before it is too late!

Before it is too late! Mr. Sanderson has real fears for this continent, and, particularly for the natural United States. It is chiefly in the brief but effective introduction that we see the underlying thoughts on preservation which are the theme for the book:

"However few actual farmers there may be, agriculture has engulfed much of the country, and a great part of it, classed as range, is today a sort of monstrous wire entanglement. Deserts there are and of vast extent; and mountain

ranges that look untouched; but both, as often as not, prove to be dotted with oil wells, mines, and hamlets, while enormous stretches are cropped for timber. Roads also have now usurped an appreciable area of the land surface. But the worst feature of all—and it is an appalling blight in the United States compared to Europe or even to Canada and Mexico—is the litter. Not only are there throughout the length and breadth of the country countless rubbish dumps, junk yards, abandoned industrial plants, and acres of littered lots and waste land, but there is also a veritable blanket of empty cans, bottles, cartons, and that almost indestructible material, paper tissue. We stumbled upon heaps

Outing Reservations—NOW

Summer Outing Reservations are now being accepted. The new registration fee is \$15 per family. Additional information available after February *SCB* is published (see tentative program in December 1961 *SCB*).

Corrected date for Glen Canyon River Trip—The six-day spring outing during Easter vacation starts April 16—not April 20. (See description in Dec. 1961 *SCB*.)

of beer cans on the tops of mountains that look unexplored; tripped over old car bodies in the depths of swamps; and drove between almost continuous lines of empty bottles all across the deserts; while the beaches of the entire coast are strewn with these same items and a lot else besides.

"There is, in fact, but one haven of hope in this country, and that is the magnificent system of national parks and sanctuaries. By the grace of a few far-sighted persons, ... many of the finest, most significant, and most typical areas of this country have been saved (though only just in time) by the creation of these parks. There are still many more areas that should be enclosed before it is too late."

We agree whole-heartedly, and are glad for the opportunity not only to glimpse what little is left of our great country as it originally was, but to be made aware of additional areas of wilderness worth. We wonder if Mr. Sanderson is in touch with conservation organizations that could best put his valuable talents to use.

This is a book which should be read by every conservationist. It is unfortunate that the price is prohibitive to more general ownership. The message it carries is one the Sierra Club has worked on for many years, but expressed in a somewhat different way such that it may well stimulate awareness of wilderness need in additional people. There is much to be said for owning a beautiful volume, imaginatively written, with the 109 colored and many black and white photographs engraved and printed Conzett and Huber of Zurich, Switzerland. However, to really spread the message it so graphically displays, we can only hope that a less expensive edition, within the reach of many more people, will be forthcoming.

WINNETTE A. NOYES

Fourth Biennial Information-Education Conference

Joseph C. Houghteling, Chairman of the California State Park Commission, will be the banquet speaker at the Sierra Club's Fourth Biennial Information and Education Conference. The two-day meeting on the subject "The Sierra Club: The Trail Ahead" will take place April 7 and 8, 1962, at the Santa Barbara Museum of Natural History.

The Sierra Club has tripled its membership in the last decade and the Saturday morning session of the Conference will consider the problems created by this growth. Seminar groups will discuss Chapter functions and responsibilities.

The afternoon session will consider the outing and educational programs of the Club

and methods of improving the Club's public impact. Included will be an address by Executive Director David Brower on "How Can We Be More Effective?"

On Sunday, President Edgar Wayburn will discuss conservation goals of the Sierra Club; other speakers will discuss practical aspects of achieving these goals from various points of view.

Arrangements are being handled by the Los Padres Chapter. Checks for the registration fee of \$1.50, the necessary reservations for luncheon and banquet on Saturday, and inquiries concerning hospitality should be sent to Mrs. Dorothy Otto, 136 Cedar Lane, Santa Barbara.

Mountain Talk

THERE IS POWERFUL medicine in the names of rivers. Something as old as history stirs in the shape and sound of the words Nile, Tigris, Rhine, Tiber, Ganges, Yangtze, even Mississippi.

The connotations of our Sierra river names are relatively meager. They suffer from the discontinuity with the Indian past and their history is brief. For all that engineers and statesmen are about to do, our California streams will long lack the associations that countless human generations have bequeathed to other waters, crystal or muddy, great or small.

"The rivers of the Sierra Nevada are very young," John Muir wrote. "They are only children, leaping and chafing down channels in which as yet they scarcely feel at home."

Muir was thinking as a geologist and poet. Where he knew them, the rivers were young indeed. He saw them being born, trickling from crusted snowbanks, gushing as if by miracle from piles or stones far above timberline. He traced them as they fed down a net of glacier tracks and V-shaped canyons into their main courses in the forests, the foothills and the Great Valley.

The names were fixed before he came. Within a century Spanish-speaking priests and soldiers, rough mountain men, Yankee emigrants and gold seekers had set their feet on the land, explored it and abruptly made it theirs with a lexicon of strange, often clumsy or misplaced, half-Spanish lingo.

Have you camped on the Yatchicomnes, the Aux-um-ne, the Henneet or the Ya-loo? Indian tongues shaped those names, not so very long ago but before European culture broke the Neolithic spell. We know the streams as the Calaveras, the Merced, the Yuba, the Feather.

Before 1800 not a single name we know was attached to the Sierra rivers, although our serviceable source, Dr. Erwin Gudde, reminds us that the Nacimiento and Pajaro of the coast were named in 1769, as were the presidio of San Francisco and the pueblo of Los Angeles. The Sierra Nevada was titled from afar in 1776.

The Merced, the Tuolumne, the Kings, whose headwaters fascinated Muir and continue to fascinate us—all were named by men who knew only the lower reaches. They were Spanish explorers of valleys and foothills, in 1805 and 1806, and the significance of two of the names was routinely religious. The river of the three Magi or Kings (los Santos Reyes) was reached by a party on January 6, 1805, and Moraga honored Nuestra Señora de la Merced five days after her feast day. The name of an Indian group, Taulamne, was used to designate the river which now pours through the faucets of San

Francisco; the modern spelling came later.

Some of the present names are not the original ones. The San Joaquin was the San Francisco, to Crespi in 1772, and after Moraga renamed it, for a time it was spelled San Joaquin. The Feather was first called Sacramento, and the Sacramento was known to early trappers as the Buenaventura. The Kaweah, before it was named for a Yokuts Indian group, was the San Gabriel. The Kern was first the San Felipe, then the Porciuncula.

Melodious and devout as many Spanish names are, those with associations in gringo history seem to be more relevant. Sutter called it the American River (Rio de los Americanos) because the Hudson's Bay trappers forded it a few miles above his stockade. Fremont and his mapmakers originated or standardized a number of names. Among them are the Walker, for Joseph R. Walker, the pathfinder from Tennessee who was one of Fremont's guides; the Owens, for Richard Owens of Ohio, also a member of his third

expedition; and the Kern, for his topographer and artist, Edward B. Kern, who nearly drowned in the river that bears his surname.

The most appealing river-name story is that of the Stanislaus. It was the Rio de Nuestra Señora de Guadalupe from Moraga's visit in 1806 until an Indian neophyte, Estanislao (probably named for a Polish saint), ran away from Mission San Jose in 1827 or 1828. Estanislao became the leader of a band of Indians in the San Joaquin Valley who apparently were troublesome to the Mexican settlers. The second of two expeditions sent against Estanislao in 1829 was led by Mariano Vallejo, who defeated him in battle at the river.

Professor Gudde tells us that the fight was bloody and the band was broken up, but he omits the fate of Estanislao. Let us respect the memory of a native Robin Hood. His borrowed name dignifies a river, one of a youthful company born in the highlands which flow into the stream of a history it is still up to us to make.

—FRED GUNSKY



Wilderness: America's Living Heritage

Edited by David Brower

Contributors: Ansel Adams, Edmund G. Brown, Everett Carter, John Walton Caughey, Charles Connaughton, William O. Douglas, Fred Farr, David R. Forbes, Harold Gilliam, Edward Higbee, Hans Huth, Joseph Wood Krutch, Grant McConnell, Sigurd Olson, Joseph W. Penfold, Gerard Piel, John P. Saylor, Eivind Scoyen, Robert C. Stebbins, Wallace Stegner, Stewart L. Udall, Catherine Bauer Wurster, Howard Zahniser.

Sunday Olympian: "... the finest collection of arguments for preservation of our wilderness yet to appear ..."

San Francisco Chronicle: "... sensible, realistic talk on conservation ... a stirring and revealing document for the average citizen to ponder."

Bakersfield Californian: "... one of the strongest expositions of the wilderness theory and value that has appeared in many years."

Salt Lake Tribune: "... lively, often thrilling, essays, most of them by national figures, on the need for clean air, pure water, open space and solitude. ... Opponents of wilderness ought to read this little book if for no other reason than to better understand their literate, earnest and influential opponents."

224 pages, 28 pages of illustrations, \$5.75

Sierra Club books • 1050 Mills Tower • San Francisco 4



The Wilderness Our Children Deserve

By David Brower

THESE IS SOMETHING APPALLING about the scramble for the last five per cent of the original American wilderness by those too accustomed to living off federal subsidy to stop coveting wilderness.

The scramblers talk of creating wealth. When you sink a ship, yes, you create wealth—in the pockets of the men who salvage some of the wreckage and those who build a new ship. But that's all the creating you've done. You have *spent* wealth. We must not fool ourselves into thinking we are doing anything but spending wealth when we develop and use up natural resources.

I hope the American people will note well and remember long who the groups are who think so much of themselves, and so little of everyone's future, that they fight and stall this [wilderness] bill—the dammers, the sawlog foresters, the graziers, the miners, and strangely, the oil men, who above all should know the importance of keeping America full of beautiful places to drive to or to drive near.

Collectively, these people have been gnawing at the Wilderness Bill, inflicting compromises in it here and there, then attacking the compromised result anyway. They attack a public-interest bill and then collect from the public to finance their attack—where else do they get their funds except by adding the extra cost to our power, lumber, meat, and fuel bills?

There is nothing that they are haggling over in wilderness that cannot come from

alternate sources—sometimes cheaper. Since these resources must be paid for anyway by the taxpayer and the consumer—in other words, the public—it is high time for the public to blow the whistle on rapacity in this last vestige of the American wilderness.

If this point of view is wrong, the public's wilderness can always be turned over to the

Hearings Delayed On Wilderness Bill

Mrs. Gracie Pfost, chairman of the House Public Lands Subcommittee, said recently that Washington, D.C. hearings on the Wilderness Bill probably will not begin until after April 1. The delay was necessary, she indicated, because the subcommittee wants to see the detailed ORRRC report on wilderness—a report whose publication has thus far also been delayed by various pressures.

private few whenever they can prove that they must have it. The wilderness we fail to save, however, is gone forever, and neither piety nor wit can cancel half a line of its death sentence, nor tears restore its wholeness.

We know the "Rough Riders" that Wallace Stegner talked about are still with us. They are a little rounder and smoother now than they were in what Bernard DeVoto called "Congressman Barrett's Wild West Show." They seem nevertheless to be quite

as ready to bite the hand that does not feed them at the same old rate. Perhaps there is nothing to do but to pay them off. Rather than donate any further wilderness to them, retrain and relocate them at public expense. There is still plenty of work for them to do in improving man's lot instead of ripping up man's environment.

Un-American Activities Against America's Beauty

If our technology is so poor that we cannot survive on the 95 per cent of our land that we have already put to economic use, then we had better turn in our suits. The last five per cent won't save us. To concentrate on wrecking that last five is subversive of human rights and is un-American activity against the nation's beauty.

In all the hearings on the Wilderness Bill—and people sometimes ask which will end first, the hearings or the wilderness—in all the Wilderness Conferences, in all the various debates, I have never heard an intelligent man argue that he is against wilderness. The importance of wilderness can be presumed. The width of public support for it has grown and there is no longer any question of the public temper. Almost everyone knows that we must save wilderness.

But those few whose personal profit is at stake identify themselves and reveal a lip-service love for wilderness by asking, "How much wilderness do the wilderness lovers want?" *(Continued on page 17)*

Wilderness Cards from the Sierra Club



Many visitors find the proposed Northern Cascades Natural Park of Washington most spectacular when its green world changes to white, as in this April photograph of new snow on Sinister Peak (right) and Blue Mountain (left) at the head of Chickamin Glacier. Wilderness Card No. 41. *Photo by Richard S. Stemler.*

Cards to help the Cascades and wilderness
Complete set of 49 different cards—\$2.95

Subjects now being covered are: North Cascades, Washington; Volcanic Cascades, Oregon; Wind River Mountains, Wyoming; Sawtooth country, Idaho; and Point Reyes, California. Prices: giant, 15¢; jumbo (like our front cover), 10¢; regular (left), 5¢; less 30% on order of \$5 or more (at list price), 40% on \$25 or more, 50% on \$50 or more. Minimum order \$1. Write your chapter or Mills Tower.