

SIERRA CLUB BULLETIN

June 1962



You are all eye, sifted through and through with light and beauty.

Sauntering along the brook that meanders silently through the meadow . . .

Special flowers call you back to discriminating consciousness.

—JOHN MUIR

Sustaining Redwoods

The Coast Redwood (*Sequoia sempervirens*) is one of the greatest natural phenomena ever created. We in the United States, especially in California, are fortunate to possess it. For the timber industry its virgin growth has provided the most desirable of lumber, superlative for houses, furniture, and fenceposts alike. Scenically there is no sight more magnificent anywhere than the groves of these columnar giants, soaring from cool, quiet shadows.

But the Coast Redwood is a vanishing resource. Its narrow belt, limited chiefly to Northern California, has been cut with abandon for a century. Today there is but a fraction of the virgin stands. Vast cutover hillsides and the great empty sawmills are monuments to a century of shortsightedness. The experts themselves are uncertain about how much area the redwoods covered before logging began. Recent inventories are not satisfactory; the latest data are ten years old and fairly sketchy at that. The lack of good inventories testifies to an appalling disregard.

As long ago as 1895, Professor William R. Dudley, one of the first members of the Sierra Club, urged the "immediate establishment of several redwood parks, under the control of the United States Government." But in the 67 years since then, the government of the richest nation has reserved only one coastal grove—given to it by a public-spirited citizen. Few of the millions of people who have enjoyed Muir Woods National Monument realize how comparatively insignificant this reservation is.

The State of California has been more prudent. Through the vision of the dedicated people of the Save-the-Redwoods League, who carefully selected some of the finest groves of trees and contributed matching funds, the several state redwood parks were set aside. Even here, however, the protection was not enough. The importance of preserving entire watersheds was not realized. Following thoughtless logging of upstream hillsides, hundreds of state park redwoods have fallen victim to subsequent floods.

The rest of this once tremendous resource, largely in private ownership, is disappearing quietly and rapidly. The U.S. Forest Service estimated in 1953 that the "live sawtimber volume" of redwood, including some second-growth, was 35 billion board feet and that the annual cut was about one billion board feet, mostly from old growth. Since then the annual cut has increased. As things stand today, we can expect the unreserved virgin redwoods to be gone in less than 30 years.

For a long time it was hoped that redwood could be cut on an everlasting basis, and perhaps it can be; but no one yet knows the optimum cutting cycle (e.g., if it takes 1,000 years to replace a redwood forest, we can cut only 10 per cent per century). We only know that second-growth trees in areas first logged 75 and 100 years ago are markedly inferior, lacking the fine qualities of the virgin stands. Despite this, most lumbermen continue to advocate selective logging and sustained yield. However, because of the poor quality of young second-growth redwood—and because Douglas fir can furnish more lumber faster—others have turned to clear cutting the redwood, bulldozing the land, and reseeded with Douglas fir.

At the other end of the spectrum, there are many citizens who feel that any further logging of virgin redwood is simply immoral. They would rather stop using redwood commercially and look for substitutes to help end the haphazard destruction of this incomparable resource.

COVER: Tuolumne Meadows, Yosemite. This summer, club outings near Tuolumne include Cathedral Crest and Matterhorn Country (both knapsack trips); Sunrise Lakes and Young Lakes (both Wilderness Threshold trips)—see page 7 this issue for trips still open and the February 1962 SCB for outing information. Photograph by Cedric Wright from the Sierra Club book François Matthes and the Marks of Time: Yosemite and the High Sierra, edited by Fritiof Fryxell, copyright 1962.



Prairie Creek Redwoods State Park
Save-the-Redwoods League photo

Deliberate destruction of redwoods is reprehensible. To stop all logging on private land is clearly impossible and should not be expected. Our nation has two choices if we wish to keep any of the presently unreserved virgin redwoods. We can establish more public reserves, or we can make legal requirement for sustained yield a fact and not a slogan.—EDGAR WAYBURN

"I can think of no more suitable effort for an administration which is concerned with progress than to be identified in a sense with past efforts and future efforts to preserve this land and maintain its beauty. And I hope that what we are able to do here can be exported abroad, not our failures in conservation but our emphasis on it, the wise management of its uses and the inspiration which it can give to our people."

"Back many years ago a distinguished French marshal, Marshal Lyautey, asked his gardener to plant a tree, and the gardener said, 'Well, this won't flower for a hundred years.' And he said, 'In that case, plant it this afternoon.'"

"That's the way we all feel about conservation—it won't come this afternoon, but we ought to get started this afternoon, if it's ever going to come."—President John F. Kennedy, at the White House Conference on Conservation, May 25, 1962.



Sierra Club Bulletin

JUNE, 1962
Vol. 47 — No. 5

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

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.

DIRECTORS

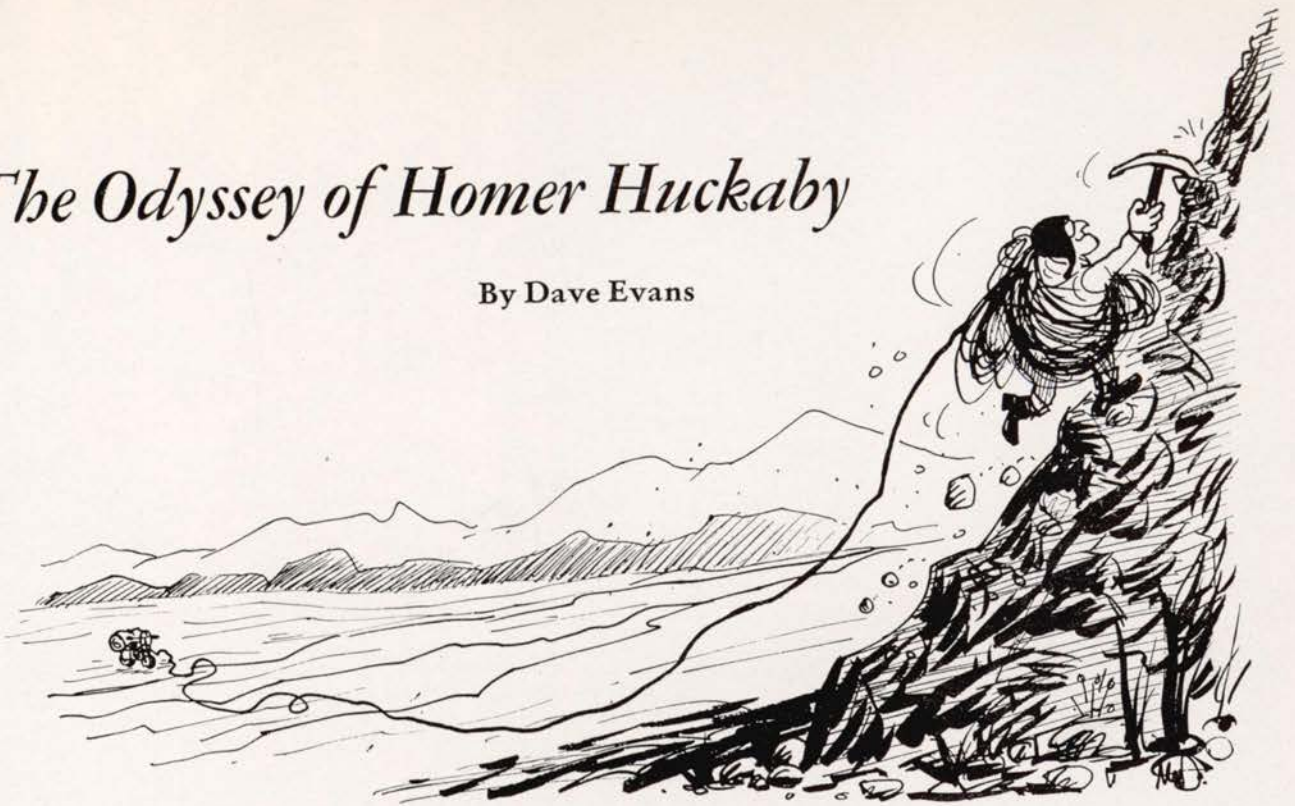
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Published monthly except April, July and August by Sierra Club, 2061 Center Street, Berkeley 4, California. Annual dues are \$9 (first year \$14), of which \$1 (non-members \$3) is for subscription to the *Bulletin*. Second-class postage paid at Berkeley, California. Copyright 1962 by the Sierra Club. All communications and contributions should be addressed to Sierra Club, 1050 Mills Tower, San Francisco 4. * Reg. U.S. Pat. off.

The Odyssey of Homer Huckaby

By Dave Evans



IT WAS EXTRAORDINARILY quiet on the trail. The kind of quiet I try to mentally project myself into when I am sitting behind a paper-littered desk beset on every hand by brain-numbing questions and grumbling telephones. The kind of solitude that most apartment dwellers are continually searching for, but never quite seem to achieve. The kind of sanctuarial tranquility that can only be referred to in all honesty as wildersilence.

There was a noise of sorts, but it was the minimal sound of living wilderness. The minute, necessary, almost unnoticeable sounds of cragborn gusts speeding in jetlike bursts toward the desert thousands of feet below; the distant ringing of bell-like rockfalls clanging and clattering down some massive granite cathedral announcing another of the many changes in the surface of wilderness; the faint melodic yodel of a rockbound cragsman as he purges his inhibitions and gives vent to that inner feeling of being a whole man again—alone, free, unencumbered for the moment by the seeming trivialities of a busy, humdrum urban existence. Who could possibly ask for more?

But wait! There is more; there is another noise; something strange, alien; a sound that doesn't quite fit into this peaceful alpine setting. A persistent, droning monotonous noise. Mechanical . . . yes, that's it . . . but why here? The timber is of extremely low yield, and mining has long since ceased to be of any consequence. What then? Some flexible flunky with a chain saw really roughing it for the campfire wood? Hardly! Not this far into the back country. Then finally

it hit me. The awesome fear that had gnawed at my vitals for so long. The fantastic horror that had awakened me in a cold sweat on many a winter's night was about to become a tragic reality.

The sound drew nearer and as the minutes passed I found myself hoping against hope that I was wrong, that possibly it was indeed a strange visitor from another planet, a flying saucer, perhaps. Men from Mars I could take, but what was about to come around the bend in the trail I most certainly could not. I waited with a mounting dread emanating from deep down inside as the whirring, whining cacophony of catastrophe chewed its way toward me like a dreadnaught of old, steaming with purposeful intent toward its moment with destiny.

Finally my nemesis appeared, preceded by the noxious fumes of its propellant, turning the clear pure air into what seemed like the nether reaches of gasoline alley. Belching flame from a rock-torn muffler, it scabbled and scrambled toward me and eventually slithered to a gasping halt about two feet from the rock I was sitting on, while from behind a bug-spattered windshield there appeared a gnome-like creature who promptly introduced himself as Homer Huckaby—Climber!

"Climber! What do you mean by representing yourself to me as a climber?" I heard myself ask with my voice reaching a maniacal pitch. "Totogoter, Mechanical muler, Trailplower, one of these, maybe. But Climber, NEVER!"

He seemed shaken by my fiery blast and

looked around sheepishly for a place to hide. I glanced quickly at his rig which was painted a bold crimson and noticed a silver notation on the gas tank which read "Mount Whitney or bust," and under this in equally startling script his name "HOMER." Strapped to the back of the goate was a huge sleeping bag with a Scotch plaid cover, the kind one usually sees when leafing through old and tattered catalogs hung in mountain outhouses. Slung conspicuously from the saddle was a brimful desert bag dripping profusely onto the dry dust of the trail, while suspended from the handle bars I perceived a huge musket of ancient vintage.

"What do you use that for?" I asked, half dreading the answer.

"Whatever you, some kind of nut or something?" he answered. "Bears, acourse. Haven't ya ever bin up here before? Why theys jest as dangerous as they was a hunt-ert years ago!"

I couldn't possibly top this remark, so without even trying I proceeded with the next item of equipment which looked to be a gigantic steel cable the likes of which one sees on suspension bridges across our great waterways throughout the land.

"How, may I ask, is that wire cable utilized?" I ventured crisply, expecting the worst.

"Climbin', that's what! Wherever I go, ol' Tote goes with me. Up mountains, down canyons, cross streams—everwhar."

"Well, have you done this kind of thing before?" I asked. "I mean, you know, climb-

(Continued on page 17)



Timber Production on Recreation Areas

(or "The Big Brotherization" of Forest Recreation)

"The first and probably most important fact which must be faced is that trees and lesser vegetation are organisms; thus temporary. Each has an optimum life for utilization and if not utilized dies. . . .

"Study of the cyclic pattern of the managed forest cover will lead to abandonment of any ideas of attempting to maintain the status quo, such as indefinite retention of overage trees.

"In many places the first attempt to correlate the timber and both intensive and extensive recreational uses has been to prescribe improvement or risk cutting. These are accepted and useful cutting practices. More often than not improvement cutting is appropriate as a first entry in young stands and in previously unmanaged stands below rotation age. The same is true of risk cutting in overage stands where objectives include a speed-up of coverage to reduce mortality losses and chances of pest damage and to remove danger trees. . . .

"Because of the danger of setting up conditions conducive to the propagation and spread of insects and diseases, retention of trees beyond pathological age should usually not be planned. . . .

"For species-sight combinations where trees remain healthy to great ages, a compromise rotation age might well be selected to avoid unrealistically high investments in growing stock. . . .

"Accurate public understanding of the total forest land-management job would include some understanding of the proficient production and use of timber products. Some of the operations involved cannot be camouflaged and others can be hidden at only exorbitant costs. It is evident that additional advertising is in order. If our product is, in fact, well planned and executed forest management, we need to place it where people can see it and explain what it is and why we all need it. This is the so-called show-window approach. Maximum advertising and educational values of good demonstrations will not be attained by timidly tucking them in out-of-the-

way places. They need to be well done, prominently displayed, and often repeated."—DONALD J. MORRIS, Chief, Branch of Timber Management Mensuration and Planning, U.S. Forest Service, in a talk before the Third Annual Meeting, Washington Section, Society of American Foresters, February 16, 1961, Washington, D.C.

In young stands partial cutting is usually called "thinning"; in older stands it is referred to as "mortality salvage," "sanitation cutting," and "prelogging." All these methods of stand management produce greater timber yields per acre than single stage clear cutting, the traditional method of harvest in the Douglas Fir region. In addition, partial harvest releases timber capital of lowest productivity for more profitable public or private investment elsewhere. . . .

The big timber management task of the future lies in accelerating the advanced roading program in the currently undeveloped forest areas. This is as much an enormous problem in public and private finance as it is an enormous engineering task. Its proportions are equally great with both public and private lands. Advance roading ought not wait on market development. Properly conceived and planned, public and private investment not only must anticipate market development; it must also recognize that advance roading is the first step in market development. This is particularly true for public forests. . . ."—JOHN FEDKIW, Forest Economist, Pacific Northwest Forest and Range Experiment Station, U.S. Forest Service; 51st Western Forestry and Conservation Association Conference, December 7-9, 1960, Victoria, B.C.

Editor's note: If any of the above seems obscure in any way, check the handy Boosters' Dictionary found below.

Boosters' Dictionary—Family Edition, Expurgated

(Courtesy North Cascades Conservation Council News)

Birdwatcher. One afflicted with *Birdwatching*.

2. One who does not own a gun, either through miserliness, lack of patriotism, or cowardice; usually attired in puttees and pith helmet. 3. One who hinders economic opportunity of a motel owner, logger, miner, retailer of hamburgers, polished agates, and carved myrtlewood curios, or opposes the public policy of any group of these joined together in a Chamber to promote Commerce, Junior or otherwise, and who cannot satisfactorily demonstrate he himself stands to gain economically by such hindrance and opposition. 4. Supreme Court Justice William O. Douglas. Ant. See *Booster*.

Birdwatching. Disease best alluded to obscurely in a family dictionary, symptomized by a

morbid curiosity about birds and other objects lacking economic value. See *Mountain-climbing*.

Booster. 1. One who promotes economic welfare of deserving members of society by joining Chambers of Commerce, Junior or otherwise, and Veterans' Groups, except those restricting themselves to Veterans' Affairs. 2. A deserving member of society.

Dank Forest. See *Overripe Forest*.

Healthy Forest. 1. Stand of young, vigorous trees, advance-roaded. 2. Bright, cheerful, inspiring place. Syn. See *Tree Farm*.

Mature-Forest. Stand of trees suitable for peeler logs.

Mountainclimber. One afflicted with *Mountain-climbing*.

Mountainclimbing. Disease endemic to Northwest, believed to be caused by congenital

deformity which gives abnormal sensitivity to neon, hydrocarbon vapors, and the crash of bowling balls. In extreme form leads to *Birdwatching*.

Overmature Forest. Any stand of publicly owned trees. Syn. See *Overripe Forest*.

Overripe Forest. 1. Dank, clammy, dark place full of decaying vegetation and slimy things that crawl. 2. Standing tree cadavers affronting decency and oppressively reminding humans of their own mortality. 3. Olympic National Park, Glacier Peak Wilderness Area. 4. Any stand of publicly owned trees economically feasible to log. 5. Breeding ground for insects. 6. Fire hazard. Ant. See *Healthy Forest*.

Tree Farm. Any stand of privately owned trees, stumps, or fireweed. Syn. See *Healthy Forest*.

Wilderness Area. *Dank Forest* full of *Birdwatchers* and *Mountainclimbers*.

Sauk River Forest, Glacier Peak Wilderness Area, Washington.
By Philip Hyde



An Outing Among Volcanoes, Orchids and Kipukas

By Mimi Doe

TRADITIONAL Sierra Club camping, primitive mainland style, developed some exotic touches, Hawaiian style, on the first official club outing to the Big Island this spring. Several we recommend should become permanent: every first dawn breakfast call should be given with an Aloha kiss, soft music, and orchids; fresh papaya with limes ought to be a daily ration; and hot and cold showers, as at Hapuna Beach, would be an improvement over baths in snow-fed mountain streams—and less distracting to the trout fisherman.

About ninety eager campers were shuttled to Hawaii and back by chartered clipper for a nine-day Easter visit. As the Outing Committee promised, we thoroughly enjoyed camping and hiking through the unspoiled forest reserves and the national and county parks. Special Park Service programs given for us and the museum displays at Hawaii

Volcanoes National Park were invaluable.

Vivid in contrast at Kilauea were the tree fern forests, the brittle, black crust cooling on the deep lake of molten lava in Kilauea Iki crater, wild orchids growing in the rim of the summit caldera of Kilauea volcano itself, and the ancient trees in the kipukas (primeval forests isolated by lava flows).

Overnight backpackers earned their memories of the primitive ruins of Halape on the Hilina Pali Trail, by hiking 3,000 feet and eight miles down to the beach—a small price for a barbecue beside the lagoon, a mattress of morning-glories to sleep on and coconut palms to roof out the stars.

The hardy dozen climbers who conquered Mauna Kea's 13,784-foot summit will never forget that mountain! The rest of us can recall memories as varied as the Island: sugar cane golden against the blue ocean; croton flame red above black lava; and the white feather of the waterfall dropping across the Kohala Ditch Trail into the fern-covered gorge below.

But warmest of all was the friendliness we found everywhere. The pretty shop owner couldn't sell me limes, but she could pick them from the tree in her garden and add some fresh coconuts, several papaya and a dozen pastel-colored anthurium to the gift. "Just Hawaiian hospitality," she insisted. Sam, home on vacation from Honolulu, wove exquisite pandanus hats for the girls—gifts, of course. Sol and his gentle-voiced wife, welcomed us to their home where they en-

chanted us with the old time rhythms of ukulele and guitar and their voices blended in traditional Hawaiian song.

Easter is long past, our sunburns are faded and the scarlet anthurium we carried home from Hilo are gone, but our primitive style camping trip will be bright forever. We have only one regret—after Pan American's champagne flights and Slim Holt's U-Drive cars, some of us will never feel the same about mules.

The white feather of a waterfall drops arrow-straight for thousands of feet across the Kohala Ditch Trail on the North Coast of Hawaii.



Sierra Club members (above) inspect the crater of Kilauea Iki, in Hawaii Volcanoes National Park, where in late 1959 and early 1960 fountains of lava shot thousands of feet in the air. Trip leader Kimball (left) barbecues beefsteaks at Halape Beach during the special nine-day Easter trip to the Big Island of Hawaii.



Glen Canyon:

The Year of the Last Look

SOMETIMES A TREE will put forth an extraordinary array of blossoms just before it dies, and Glen Canyon seemed to be doing just that this June. The river was riding high for the two hundred who took the club's four Glen Canyon trips. Our youngest son John and I went on the third trip to get some fill-in shots for a club film in the making.

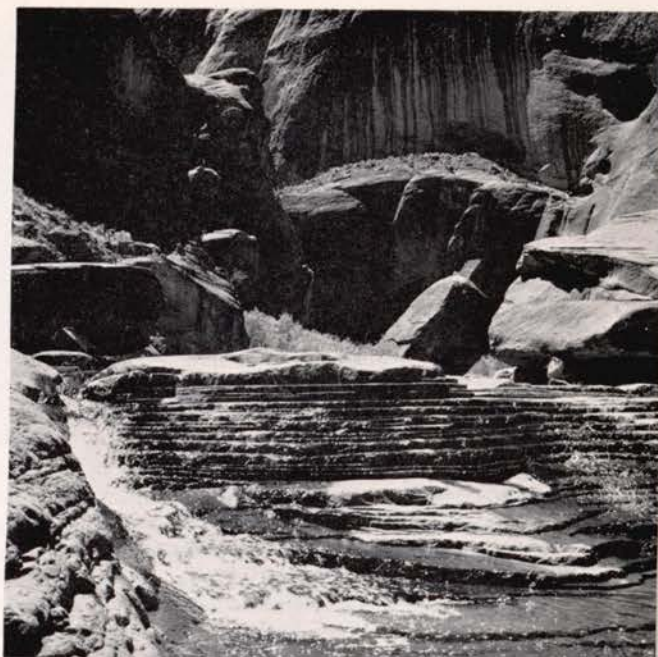
On our trip, high water brought a special freshness to the canyon, and special problems at the beginnings of many of the side-canyon side trips—such as neck-deep wading to get started up Moki Creek to its spectacular amphitheatres and the old Moki steps.

High water did something else, too. The river flowed too fast for the diversion tunnels at Glen Canyon dam to handle the flow, and the precursor of Lake Powell rose behind the cofferdam quite rapidly. On April 20 the river elevation at Kane Creek was 3,199 feet. It rose steadily to an elevation of 3,224 feet on May 16. Then it subsided, and was back where it started on May 24—and up a little on June 17.

On that day we came out and could see what a mere week's inundation had done. There was a fifteen-foot band along the cliffs in which the tapestried marks of the ages had been washed out, leaving a uniform bleached effect. The textured talus slopes, grass and shrub-covered, had sloughed away. Monotonous reservoir terraces had started in the streamside silt deposits. Mud shores were drying and cracking like Lake Mead's at drawdown. Only tamarisk survived.

This was our preview of Lake Powell. Next day we learned from the project engineer that the closing of the gates at Glen

*Aztec Canyon below Rainbow Bridge and about four miles up canyon from the Colorado River.
By Philip Hyde*



Canyon dam is now set for January; so less than a half year's flow is all that is needed to inundate the living Colorado River all the way upstream to twenty miles above Hite, Utah, where we put in. A year from now, therefore (if the Secretary of the Interior is not required to adhere to the provisions of the Colorado River Storage Project Act about protecting Rainbow Bridge and the National Park System), Lake Powell will be about 250 feet deep between Hidden Passage and Music Temple.

A new recreational resource will replace an old one, but it will be power boats on one more fluctuating reservoir instead of one of the most exquisitely beautiful wild canyon experiences in all the world. By no means should it ever destroy Rainbow Bridge and the delicate beauty of the canyon leading to it. Places like that are created only once.

It is not comfortable for anyone to con-

template what is about to happen to one of the most superb exhibits in all the Plateau Province of John Wesley Powell. But before the lake that is to bear his name drowns the great places he discovered, you owe it to yourself and to the future to know and to remember these things lost.—D.B.

ANNOUNCING . . .

RIVER TRIPS for early Fall

Many club members will want to take advantage of these late summer trips.

Glen Canyon of the Colorado (probably your last opportunity to explore, photograph and enjoy these magnificent canyons). Six days starting Mon., Sept. 10—\$100.00

Canoe River, British Columbia—travel effortlessly through the "Switzerland of Canada"—magnificent snow-capped mountains—delightful campsites—true wilderness. Seven days starting Thurs., Aug. 9—\$165.00

Adventure River Tours is an organization owned and operated by conservation-minded outdoorsmen dedicated to the idea of wilderness river travel in its many forms.

Send in your \$25.00 reservation fee now

Adventure River Tours, Inc.

"Don't Settle for an Ordinary Vacation"

2855 Telegraph Ave.
Berkeley, California

You can still join a Sierra Club outing This summer!

There are openings on the following trips:

Trip	Starting	Duration
High Trip 1	July 22	2 wks.
High Trip 2	Aug. 5	2 wks.
Base Camp 2	July 21	13 days
Base Camp 3	Aug. 4	13 days
Back Country Base Camp	July 8	2 wks.
Main Salmon River	July 19	7 days
Canoe River	Aug. 9	7 days
*High Sierra Highlight 3	Sept. 8	1 wk.
Glacier Highlight	Aug. 20	11 days
North Cascades Highlight	Aug. 20	11 days
Olympic Special	Aug. 6	11 days
Mt. Robson Special	July 24	11 days

Knapsacks:

Cathedral Crest	July 21	9 days
Wind River Range	Aug. 12	13 days
*Matterhorn Country	Sept. 1	14 days

Wilderness Thresholds:

2a	July 14	1 wk.
2b	July 21	1 wk.
3a	July 21	1 wk.
3b	July 28	1 wk.
6a	Aug. 11	1 wk.
6b	Aug. 18	1 wk.
Burro 2	July 22	2 wks.

For further information on these trips, see February 1962 SCB. You may obtain a free copy from the Sierra Club. Supplemental information is also available at the club office.

* Note these two Autumn trips.

Preserving the Prairie

By E. Raymond Hall



REACHING FROM the eastern deciduous forests to the Great Plains was once a vast rich grassland—the North American Prairie. It was a beautiful and seemingly endless land, supporting an abundance of plant and animal life.

Today little of the prairie remains, and changes are constantly being made on what is left. Some of that remainder is in the Flint Hills cattle range, extending from north to south across eastern Kansas, because the flint in those hills discouraged white settlers bent on plowing up the land. A part of this segment of tall-grass prairie is now being considered for preservation as the Prairie National Park.

Tall-grass prairie consists of more than a hundred species of plants. Conspicuous grasses are Indian grass, switch grass, and big bluestem—the last so tall on aerated well-drained lowlands as to conceal a horse and all but the head of its rider. On the upland are little bluestem and dropseed, and sideoats gramma clothes many slopes.

Prairie flowers are varied in color and unexcelled in beauty. Downy prairie phlox and windflower appear in early spring. Verbenas and wild indigo bloom later, and tall gay-feather, coneflowers, sunflowers, and compass-plant carry beauty on into autumn.

Fruits, seeds, and roots of prairie plants and insects that live on those plants, nourish a variety of animals. Franklin's ground squirrel is one. The 13-lined ground squirrel that eats grasshoppers in preference to seeds

is another. Greater prairie chickens that boom in the dawn like rhythmical thunder, and upland plover that raise and almost touch their wings above the back with each heart-stirring whistle are as characteristic of tall-grass prairie as the bison that ate the grass, the prong-horned antelope, elk, and white-tailed deer. All four of these mammals were extirpated, but the deer has now come back. Part of the National Park Service plan would call for re-establishment also of the bison, antelope, and elk. Prairie wildlife in its natural abundance would be a significant feature of the park.

Although this prairie has a remarkably stable and tough ecology and withstands prolonged droughts and recurrent prairie fires, it does yield to prolonged overgrazing. Last summer I saw evidence of overgrazing; on one quarter-section never cut by a plow, exotic weeds, bare ground, and thickets of osage orange have replaced the prairie grass that I helped my father cut for hay 50 years ago. The wild strawberries (distinctly sweeter than garden varieties), compass plants, prairie chicken, upland plover, and spermatophiles all were gone. The three permanent springs where we could quench our thirst at the south edge of the cap-rock were dry. Rains now run off on the surface instead of sinking into the fibrous cushion of the prairie sod.

A visit last month to another tract where only sixteen years ago I saw men cutting prairie hay was instructive. The area since then was never mowed, grazed or burned during the intervening years, and now it is woodland. Some boxelders and American elms are forty feet tall. Prairie fires of old, started by lightning, and by Indians in order to dislodge deer, cut short the life of woody plants and preserved the tall-grass prairie. Those fires were in late summer, autumn, and winter and did not burn over every area every year. Fires now are set by ranchers

to burn all of their prairie each spring so that cattle can reach the new green grass a few days earlier than otherwise. These fires are less effective in killing the woody plants but do extirpate the prairie chicken and other species requiring nesting cover. In the proposed national park, prairie fire in proper season, staggered by areas and by years, will be essential to preserve the prairie.

The best reason for preserving a sample of tall-grass prairie is to make its beauty available to all persons. Furthermore, a natural sample will provide a yardstick for scientists to use in measuring effects on our land of cultivation of crops and our grazing of domestic livestock, and will point out for mankind the road to a better life.

Seven by thirteen miles, amounting to 57,000 acres, the proposed park embraces flint hills rising abruptly from the Blue River Valley on the west. The hills become more gently rolling to the north and east. Roads and trails lead to areas where visitors will see prairie extending unbroken to the skyline in any direction and will feel the vastness so frequently mentioned by early travelers. That feeling of vastness and the satisfaction it brings to the visitor are closely akin to what a mountaineer feels and enjoys when pausing to rest on a clear day after reaching the top of a high peak in the Rockies or the Sierra Nevada.

A major problem in the way of safeguarding the opportunity to enjoy this feeling of vastness and beauty through a prairie park in Pottawatomie County is that all the land is privately owned. The Kansas Legislature in the spring of 1962 recommended establishment of the Prairie National Park and it appropriated \$100,000 towards its cost, contingent on the availability of federal funds to meet the remainder. Housing developments threaten the area. Contracts for construction of roads across the area are temporarily held up so that Congress can have the chance during this session to hold site-hearings and act on H. R. 4885 and S. 73 which would authorize the establishment of the park. Delay now in authorizing the park could lose it forever.

The proposed Prairie National Park in Kansas is grass, small wooded valleys with clear running streams, then more grass to the horizon. Photo by J. F. Carithers



The Battle of Bodega Bay

By David E. Pesonen

BODEGA'S headland is a bold arm of granite curving into the Pacific Ocean about fifty miles north of San Francisco. It curls around Bodega Harbor and protects the fishing village of Bodega Bay and the fleet in the harbor from the heavy wind and surf that beat against California's northern coast. Since the main north-south highways run far inland at this point, the Bodega area was, until recently, relatively little known among scenic attractions of the Pacific shoreline. But never again will it be a sleepy, remote, wildly beautiful place off in a far corner.

On March 7, the state Public Utilities Commission opened hearings on an application by the Pacific Gas and Electric Company for a "certificate of public convenience and necessity" to construct a \$64 million nuclear fueled electric generator at Bodega Head.

The hearings took eight days, spread over a four-month period, during which the utility argued that Bodega Head is an attractive site for a nuclear reactor for a number of reasons—some ostensibly technical, but at the root mostly economic. The headland's close proximity to the growing San Francisco Bay Area would assure low power transmission costs. Harbor facilities for transporting fission products are ideal. And since present reactors gulp great volumes of cooling water, Bodega Head, the Company asserted, is about the only site in the region where cheap intake and outlet structures are feasible. If built, the Bodega Bay plant would be a "breakthrough" for private capital. It would, according to Mr. N. R. Sutherland, the Company's president, "produce electricity . . . as economically and as reliably as available conventional fuels."

Opposition to the plant was vigorous, widespread, and at times acrimonious. Bodega Head is a seismic stepchild of the San Andreas Fault. It is a block of granite separated from the mainland by this greatest of the Earth's rifts, and it appears to have arrived where it is through movement along this fault. Understandably, residents of the town of Bodega Bay are uncomfortable at the thought of a nuclear reactor virtually in their front yard, on the skirts of the same fault which heaved in the 1906 San Francisco earthquake. Further, the excavated granite would be used as fill for a heavy duty road to the plant along the Harbor's tideland, obliterating the rich clamming grounds and endangering the fishing fleet during heavy weather. Powerlines from the plant are mapped to stream across the harbor mouth, down the length of the county's Doran Park, a sandspit which defines the southern border of the harbor.

The University of California, which is

now in litigation to condemn a strip of property next to the P.G.&E. holdings for a marine research station, took a neutral stand at the hearings. Despite a parade of marine biologists who testified that the temperature and radiological effects of the plant would certainly affect local marine life (to an unknown degree), the Chancellor's representative at the hearings told the Commission that the University "neither supports nor opposes" the power installation. He added that the plant would not "render the [marine] site unusable." But he declined to state whether the marine station would be a better research facility without the reactor next door.

Although the State Division of Beaches and Parks had planned in 1955 to acquire all of Bodega Head for addition to the state park system, all interest was withdrawn in 1958 for lack of county enthusiasm and because the area had been "spoken for." The Division's representative at the P.U.C. hearings took a position similar to the University's. Although he testified that the State's interest was lukewarm because enough of the Bodega-type shoreline was already in state ownership, under cross-examination he could cite no comparable area.

The Sierra Club's opposition to the plant was based on two principles: (1) The alternative uses of Bodega Head are of higher value than the proposed plant and would by their nature preclude its construction, and (2) The cost of power is an inadequate measure for determining "public convenience and necessity" at Bodega Head. The Company already runs three plants along the coast; the Bodega plant would be the fourth. "The future demands for energy are going to be too great for the public to wish a series of precedents that would result in the systematic picking off of irreplaceable scenic and recreational sites for power genera-

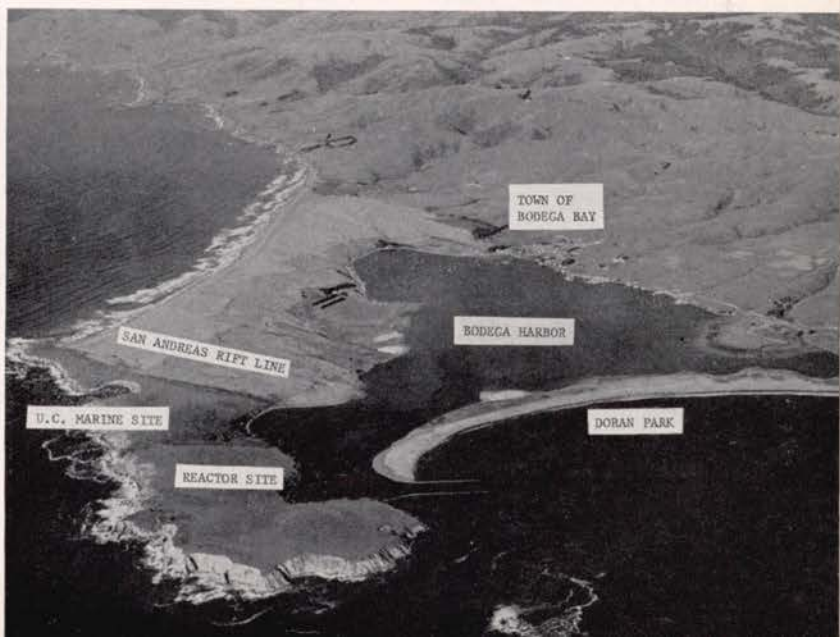
tion," the club's statement said. "One kilowatt hour looks just like every other kilowatt hour, and this energy should come from the transformation of common resources, not from the transformation of unique sites."

The statement of the Sierra Club argued that "it is not really a 'breakthrough' at Bodega Head if no other site is competitive. This would merely demonstrate the peninsula's uniqueness. It is of questionable economic value, in the advancing technology of nuclear electric generation, to demonstrate that only with the most fortuitous proximity of bay, ocean, and peninsula can the nuclear process be competitive. A comparable situation would be to have the utility allege that only by using Yosemite Falls could it build a competitive hydroelectric plant, and then claim a 'breakthrough' by building a plant that would require using up this unique resource. Engineers can surely do better than this. They must."

Unless startling new evidence is uncovered, no further hearings will be held by the Public Utilities Commission. The final decision is not expected until late in the summer, after the Company provides some additional seismic data requested by the Commission's staff, and after the Commission members convene formally to assess the eight-volume record of testimony at the hearings. A great many complex technical questions remain to be answered before a final decision is rendered.

The club's statement concluded: "The public is entitled to know how much more an individual's monthly electric bill will be increased—or decreased—by using alternatives. . . . If there were [no alternatives], the public might very well be willing to buy a little less electricity each month in preference to destroying a scenic resource that is the last of its kind on a coast that belongs to the world."

*Bodega Bay
looking north.
John LeBaron
photograph*





Leaflets at the start of the Minaret Vista Nature Trail provide self-guiding service to visitors when Forest Service rangers are not available for personally guided walks. U. S. Forest Service photo

Nature Interpretation

BIG NEWS is often hidden between the lines or tucked at the tail end of a column, like this short item in last August's Inyo County (California) *Register*:

"The Forest Service's new summer tourist program has finally got off the ground, under the direction of Art Sellin, imported from the Lee Vining Ranger Station, with guided tours to Panorama Dome."

Such was one announcement of a historic pilot project that could have as vital an educational impact on the United States Forest Service itself, as on the public which the project will serve.

One afternoon last August, at Panorama Dome near Twin Lakes Bridge, Mammoth Lakes, a party of fifteen—mostly parents and their young children—met Ranger Sellin at the start of the circle trail. After introductions, Sellin explained that for the first time in national forest history, special funds had been appropriated to experiment with a nature program patterned on the National Park Service's ranger naturalist interpretive program.

During the following two-hour tour through the life zones on the slopes of Panorama Dome, the party—enjoying every moment—learned to identify Lodgepole and Jeffrey pines, fir, a few of the native flowers and bushes, and some of the geological features of the region. When he saw the handiwork of one participant who had decorated her hat with a vivid bouquet of Indian paint brush, Ranger Sellin tactfully reminded the lady that disturbing the plants upsets the ecological qualities of the landscape and would soon deprive other visitors of flowers to observe. What happens to the image of the saw-log forester who does not see the flowers for the trees and the trees for the timber, when a youthful representative of the fraternity talks with such disarming sensitivity!

Believing that informed citizens who appreciate the values of nature would best protect the country's recreation land, the National Park Service, forty years ago, opened its first "school in the wilderness"—a program which has become one of the largest systems of public education to be found anywhere in the nation. Nearly ten million visitors in 1959 heard dedicated, well-trained ranger naturalists interpret the wonders and the worth of the federal park lands at popular museum talks, evening campfire lectures, and daily hikes. While this effort has flourished, the Forest Service, during almost thirty years of

protecting extensive wilderness area reserves, has until now overlooked the opportunities for nature instruction within its domain.

In his famous 1957 study of forest practices, Dean Samuel Dana recommended that the national forests inaugurate a campground education project that "could add much to the pleasures and knowledge of visitors by showing them how to adjust themselves to forest conditions." Vitally aware of the recreational crisis that rapidly approaches a climax as more people with more leisure and larger incomes seek a vacation in what is left of nature's solitude, the Forest Service and other federal agencies have been increasingly tempted to develop and "improve" wildlands for mass recreation purposes.

Ranger Arne Snyder, an authority on camper use patterns in his own High Sierra District, recently deplored the severe vandalism and littering he witnessed during a trip to the San Jacinto and San Geronio wild areas of Southern California. The Fresno *Bee* reports that Snyder said: "It seemed to me the best way to handle the situation (of damaging human impact) is to forget the wild designation and start managing both (San Jacinto and Geronio) as other type recreation areas." Snyder also "recognized the great need for education of those who use these lands."

Caught between equally destructive cause and "cure"—between the extremes of improper public use on one side and excessive management controls at the other—wilderness cannot survive unless each camper is taught reverence and restraint in his treatment of the land. The brief notice in the Inyo County newspaper, last August, was indeed big news, if the pilot naturalist project at Panorama Dome is an accurate measure of a new trend in national forest policy.

NO OTHER PLACE in all the national forests would seem to be more ideally suited to pioneer the new Visitor Information Service than the Mammoth District, a major campground center and a ski area where main lateral paths reach up to the John Muir Trail, an unbroken 175-mile path down the backbone of the Sierra Nevada. In this superb setting, a large audience—recorded as a million and a half man-days of use in 1960—is ready to learn the natural history and the worth of the landscape and the wilderness. A large colored map of this

the National Forests

By Fred Eissler

region's Primitive Area, issued jointly by the Sierra and Inyo national forests, extols the whole forest system and this portion of the Sierra in particular as "America's Playground," where "the lover of the out-of-doors finds the answer to his needs for solitude, free of the noises and frustrations of civilization. This is truly the area," the map pamphlet expands, "for those in search of the most primitive forms of recreation. Here is the opportunity for re-creation of mind, of body, of spirit."

But a closer look at this same map raises some disquieting questions. This region has been the center of controversy. In what ways, sceptics have asked, will the Forest Service's multiple-use concepts be presented in this program? So far the Mammoth project is almost strictly devoted to the interpretation of nature and local California history. A large rustic sign at Minaret Vista, which overlooks the areas of dispute, explains the district's philosophy:

From this vista you can see the principle resources of the Inyo National Forest which is managed for multiple use to yield the greatest good for the greatest number of people in the long run. The San Joaquin watershed provides water and electric power for thousands of Californians. Recreation use includes skiing on Mammoth Mountain, camping, fishing, hunting and riding throughout the area, and a wilderness outing can be experienced in the Dana-Minarets Wild Area. Grazing lands you see provide for pack and riding stock and a large deer herd. Timber management is confined to salvage of diseased trees to maintain a healthy forest. Mining has been carried on in Shadow Creek. In addition the scenic values are being preserved by the Forest Service for all to enjoy.

Conservationists, like Horace M. Albright, have long maintained that the Dana-Minarets territory should be returned to Yosemite National Park. Albright recently stated that a national forest should not attempt to duplicate a park recreation program in those areas where the national parks are in a position to handle this public service. Referring to another Inyo Forest region that can be seen in the distance from Minaret Vista, Albright said: Why should the Forest Service set up a park-type development and interpretive program for

A National Park Service ranger-naturalist presents a talk on geology for visitors to Yosemite National Park. The Park Service interpretive program began forty years ago and reaches more than ten million visitors each year.

the Bristlecone Pine area in the White Mountains when these trees, like the giant sequoias, belong to the national park system which was established and equipped to care for this kind of natural wonder? The Forest Service should not block the transfer of premium ecological and recreation lands to the Park Service, Albright insisted. Others have questioned whether the Mammoth nature guides will endeavor to build up public resistance to such legitimate land transfers.

The Mammoth Lakes region adjoins the Inyo's Deadman Summit timber operation in a forest which conservationists heatedly claimed was of light growth unsuited for lumbering and of prime value in its natural state for recreation. This experience and the following announcement (March 29, 1962) from the Secretary of Agriculture are extremely disturbing to many who object to certain forest practices:

"In those areas classified for recreation, timber cutting will be limited to that needed for recreational purposes, or to maintain a thrifty healthy forest cover that is aesthetically pleasing."

The prose glitters with a false glow to the seasoned battlers for wilderness. They ask: Is this the kind of propaganda the nature instruction program is to disseminate? Are such good words as "thrifty," "healthy," and "aesthetically pleasing" to be applied to cut-over forest criss-crossed by innumerable access roads? Will timbering be extended from Deadman down through the whole Mammoth Basin to "improve" the recreation potential there while the ranger naturalists on their daily walks and at campfire tell the visitors that this thrifty-nifty management is for the aesthetic benefit of the audience?

THE NATIONAL PARK SERVICE last year celebrated the 40th anniversary of its own impressive ranger naturalist project (see *Revealing Parks to People* in the November 1960 *SCB*). Looking to the future of this program, the Chief of the Service's Division of Interpretation reminded an audience at commemoration festivities that the national park philosophy is still challenged by those who advocate the use of park lands for commercial purposes, and these threats will grow as our multiplying population presses ever harder. To preserve the parks, he stressed, requires ever deepening understanding and appreciation of their irreplaceable values, and toward this end a vital program of park interpretation is a great contribution.

Taking this direction and emphasis, the forest nature pro-



gram could be a vital contribution, too. A leading Park Service official writes:

In regard to the Forest Service move into the field of nature interpretation, we have done our best to help out on this project. . . . The visiting public will gain, and a bit of competition will do us some good, also. . . . As presently envisioned, the Forest Service is planning a careful inauguration of the program, and will likely take four to five years to get it rolling. Just what their program will cover is not yet determined, but naturally they will expect to tell the Forest Service story and philosophy as well as the natural history of their areas.

California's Eldorado National Forest in the vicinity of Lake Tahoe has been experimenting with the Information Service, recognizing, as the ranger there has stated, that "for many individuals the recreational visit becomes more meaningful when the natural environment is interpreted for him." Certainly Mammoth's Ranger Art Sellin would say that the environment is becoming more meaningful for him, too, as he busily studies historic documents at the Inyo and Los Angeles county libraries and talks with old-time residents to gain further background material for sharing on his tours next summer at the site of Old Mammoth, where relics of the gold mining village can still be found.

As the information project expands in California and in

other forests, how shall qualified men be recruited and trained? Forestry schools may need to stress broader ecological studies. For as a Forest Service official writes: "Most of the men doing this work will have had training in the natural science and public information fields. We understand that some universities such as Michigan State and Indiana are offering courses in interpretive work." High school teachers and college graduate students in the natural sciences could also be competent Information Service Rangers for seasonal employment.

This summer, Ranger Sellin looks forward to the programming of several more self-guided nature tours and conducted outings. The film series will be moved to a new and larger outdoor theater at Mammoth Lakes, and probably next year the forest will construct a large visitor center. The Forest Service's own film collection was not adequate this past summer to meet the interests of the varied audiences, Ranger Sellin remarked, and motion pictures in the libraries of citizen conservation groups would be used if they are available.

Now that recreation has become a paramount multiple use—with the number of visitors to the national forests exceeding 100 million in 1961—the Forest Service has embarked upon an instructional effort that offers significant educational promise. Citizens have the opportunity to influence the direction of this project and will be following the experiment with considerable interest.

A Little Beaver with a Big Story

Forest Service News Release

—Washington, D.C.—An animated beaver, complete with an electronically activated sound track and a log to chew on when he isn't talking, now welcomes visitors to the "smallest national forest," dedicated last fall by former Forest Service Chief Richard E. McArdle. The pint-sized (1¼-acre) Beaver National Forest, actually an exhibit in itself, is located at Ghost Ranch Museum on the old Piedra Lubre Spanish Land Grant in New Mexico, 65 miles northwest of Santa Fe.

The forest has live fir, spruce, juniper, and pine trees and range grasses characteristic of southwestern vegetation. In addition to the "talking beaver" there are seventeen life-like replicas of people, domestic animals, and wildlife enjoying and using its resources.

From a central location the beaver will direct the visitors' attention to the forest and explain how the forests are truly "lands of many uses" (multiple-use). As official multiple-use tour guide, the beaver points out the grazing sheep in an aspen meadow and cattle on the range, a wild turkey hen in the protective shadow of a pine, and the doe and her fawn who are browsing close by a 14-foot fire tower manned by a forest guard. Across from a running stream, loggers are about to harvest a mature tree ready for market.

The sound of running water born from the rain and snow of seasons past reminds the viewer that water from the national for-

ests is used for irrigation, power for factories, and refreshment from drinking faucets in the valley homes below the mountain watersheds.

The forest sounds and appropriate music increase the rapport between the visitor and the miniature forest. The figures of campers, picnickers and a fisherman come alive for those who have ever walked along a wilderness trail or enjoyed the many other forms of recreation found in national forest playgrounds.

To the strains of "America the Beautiful" the prudent beaver completes his narration by reminding visitors that America surely is beautiful—but that it takes never-ending research and careful management to find better ways to maintain and develop our forest resources as well as an around-the-clock task of vigilance to protect these public resources from wildfire and attacks of forest insects and diseases.

After museum visitors have listened to "Mr. Beaver" talk about some of the multiple-use benefits of forest lands, they can enjoy the "real thing" on the nearby Carson and Santa Fe national forests.

U.S. Forest Service photo



From Point Reyes to Walden

ONE FOR the knapsack, one for the school desk, and four worth building a waiting room to display them in (or a bigger coffee table and giving up coffee)—that's what we can expect before summer ends if the club staff and five printers in New York, San Francisco, and Berkeley hold up.

Sierra Club books continue to grow in number and scope and to add prestige to the club's name all over. Our publishing effectively answers the allegation that we're always talking to ourselves. In his *New York Times* review of *Wilderness: America's Living Heritage*, for example, J. Donald Adams called the club "the most effective national organization working in the interests of conservation."

The impact of *American Earth* and *Words of the Earth*, both as art and as conservation made vivid, has brought new and notable projects our way. Most spectacular of these is *In Wildness* . . . , which Eliot Porter brought us. But more of that in a moment. For we were speaking of Point Reyes.

* * *

We had just driven over the top from Inverness and down one of the fine ridges dropping to the sea from the forest, a ridge all decked out for spring, with bright blossoms interspersing the salt-pruned shrubs. The children wanted to get down to where the salt came from, to find their own gifts from the sea, to get some Pacific to cool their feet. Their parents wanted to watch what must always have been one of the most exquisite of sights—that of one's children challenging the wave edges, chasing and being chased, with a new child reflection in a new frame each time another wave makes the wet sand glisten again. Children belong there almost as much as the shorebirds.

But the man with the hammer at his side shouted over to us, "You can't park there. That's private property." How could we get to the beach or up Limantour Spit? "This is all private property, down to the tide line. If you want to get to this beach, go down to Bolinas and walk up offshore."

We let the man go back to work on his new house, a long way north of Bolinas. If we had not known before, we knew now why there had to be a Point Reyes book. Having heard and read Harold Gilliam's words, and knowing well Philip Hyde's way with a lens, we all knew we had the team for that book. Secretary Udall gives it a fitting send-off in his Foreword.

Island in Time interprets what we inherit on the Point Reyes Peninsula, a shore that must serve uncountable millions in the more crowded time to come. The text implies, without saying it outright, that we need to have what it takes to act boldly in behalf of those millions—to save enough in the first

place, and to remember, ever after, that the important things are not those we put on that shore, but those we find have always belonged there.

* * *

We still hark to our heritage. Ansel Adams has a new book (much of it new) entitled *These We Inherit: The Parklands of America* which appears at a time when the park idea is being eroded and the nation needs a fresh look at the beauty parks were created to save.

It is Ansel Adams's gift to help us see. It is part of his genius also, because he is impatient with specious things, to help us comprehend. Such a combination is always useful and we welcome the opportunity to put it in print, drawing heavily on his earlier book, *My Camera in the National Parks*.

One of the pleasures of redoing this book was the frequent chance to go out to Ansel's house in San Francisco, there to work closely with him and with Gerry Sharpe as new prints were selected, new arrangements made, new design evolved, new text written, new plates made, and schedules and prices battled over. When Ansel moved from the studio in May we thought a whole era had died. It had. But when we went down to the new place in Carmel to check out a sequence, and lifted our eyes from the image of a breaking wave to see the real thing, we knew the new era had begun. Watch!

* * *

We inherit great wilderness parks and little wild green islands too, the *Nature Next Door* that still survives and could stand a little tenderness from more hearts. Professor Robert C. Stebbins made us a film by this title that has been welcomed all over by real teachers and other truly educated educators who understand the importance of lessons learned outdoors. Now we have a booklet interpreting the film and explaining how to use nature areas for education. Every school should have a copy of the film and several copies of the booklet, letting classes see the film, study the interpretation of it—the sketches and names of the cast of characters and explanation of their habits and sounds—then have another look, this time a fully understood look, at the film.

Thereafter you'll have a whole new cadre of people—that lucky class—ready to look about and seize upon a wild island where nature is next door, a respected neighbor.

Missionary work is needed here. Who will volunteer to get this idea going in each school? Hurry! The islands are going under fast.

* * *

The Peninsula that was not allowed to go under is the scene for a book that will make you glow just because it is so beautiful.

Many years ago the club wanted a book on the wilderness forest of the Olympic Peninsula of Washington. We found one manuscript, took it to Paul Brooks of Houghton-Mifflin for advice, and learned that what we needed was an I-was-there book by someone with the sensitivity of Rachel Carson.

We asked Wallace Stegner to do it, but that was the year he demurred. Then one day four years ago, he called us to say maybe he had what we wanted—an illustrated manuscript by a student of his who had spent a summer as a ranger in Olympic National Park. We fell in love with it at first sight. There was great clarity of image in what Moser wrote, and a message of great sensitivity in what he photographed. In the intervening years, we have sought a way to make the project economically feasible, yet maintaining the highest in graphic-arts quality. We think we have it now—and that it will be a lasting marriage of word and photograph.

* * *

But before we go to Walden—that book for the knapsack (or the glove compartment) is our new guidebook to America's *Deepest Valley*. With this book, companion to our Mammoth Lakes guide, we cover from Bishop south to Little Lake—Owens Valley and its adjacent eastern Sierra and the Inyo and White mountains. Genny Schumacher skillfully edited both. With all our guidebooks we now rival *Michelin*, but we say little about hotels or motels, rarely speak French, and say nothing worth while about meals.

Deepest Valley does say a great deal (really too much for the money) about lakes, roadsides, trails, flowers, mammals, fish, birds, geology, and history. Almost everyone has driven through Owens Valley and almost no one at less than seventy. With this book at hand you'll slow down, see much more, and live much longer.

* * *

One hundred years ago Henry David Thoreau died. It hardly seems possible that words he wrote so long ago could seem fresher with each reading, but who would claim otherwise? We cannot, for we are deep in the final stages of a book that makes us wish we had saved our superlatives all year.

Over a period of two decades Eliot Porter read the writings of Henry David Thoreau and roved the places he wrote about. Sometimes the writings would suggest something to look for and photograph and sometimes it went the other way. Either way, the combinations of color photographs and text are exquisite, and we think the most beautiful thing the Sierra Club has done.

The magnificence of the book brought \$50,000 in outside financing to the club to make publication possible. We'll reveal who helped later on. Some people who saw the

(Continued on page 15)

Editors Are Saying



"... With purple mountain majesty, from sea to shining sea—America, America, we shed our trash on thee...!"

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NW Buys Indiana Dunes Sand

Conservation Council Bulletin, Chicago, April 19, 1962

"Bethlehem Steel has sold a great quantity of sand to the Northwestern University for land fill for university expansion. The sand that Bethlehem proposes to use would come from the most precious area, the area that must be saved. Contacts were made with Vice President Kerr, of the University who said they did not know where the sand was to come from nor did they care, even though there was a great protest from all over the land; the contract had been made and it would be too costly to break."

Canyonlands and Hunting

The New York Times, June 5, 1962

"The 'Canyonlands' of southeastern Utah offer the prospect of adding fantastic scenery and geologic curiosities to the national park system...."

"Controversy over the park bill introduced by Senator Moss of Utah has centered upon the degree (if any) to which commercial or exploitative development should be permitted...."

"The established principle of no hunting in national parks surely should be retained."

State Game Director Pushes for Hunting in Olympic

(From the *Port Angeles* (Washington) *Evening News*, 2/7/62)

Another state official has come out in favor of opening the huge Olympic National Park for so-called multiple use purposes.

John A. Biggs, state game director, said in an interview he will continue to press for controlled big game hunting in the 888,558-acre Olympic Peninsular preserve.

Hunting and such commercial activities as logging are not now allowed inside the park boundaries.

Recently State Land Commissioner Bert Cole also advocated the multiple use theory for the Olympic National Park. He said about a quarter million acres of forest land should be removed to multiple use so it could be logged on a controlled basis.

Biggs said he believed "on a matter of principle there should be hunting in national parks."

As president of the Western Association of Game and Fish Commissioners, Biggs has long urged a controlled hunting policy for the parks.

However, he said he does not believe the entire Olympic Park should be opened to hunters.

"I strongly advocate controlled hunting in areas of the national park system where wildlife is rarely seen by the public and has little public value except for hunting," Biggs said.

Last December the game director presented the controlled hunting proposal to Secretary of the Interior Stewart Udall, whose agency runs the national park system.

Biggs said Udall told him the recommendation would be studied.

Elk hunting possibilities would especially be increased if the Olympic park were opened, Biggs said.

"One of the state's major elk herds is virtually being wasted," he asserted. "Only a fragment of those elk are ever seen by any portion of the public."

Biggs proposed hunting be controlled in national parks on the same basis Washington's game commission controls it through the state—under a system of regulated seasons and areas, designed to "harvest" only a specific number of game.

"The states—I don't care where they are—are the best managers of wildlife," Biggs said.

He said he does not feel the smaller Mt. Rainier National Park should be opened to hunting at this time because "it doesn't have the peculiar wildlife values that the Olympic park has."

Biggs also came out against formation of any new national parks in Washington.

"We have more than made our contribution to national parks in this state as far as wildlife is concerned," Biggs said.

Parks for the Future

U.S. News and World Report, Jan. 22, 1962

"When Congress in 1961 added Cape Cod National Seashore to the U.S. system of national parks, it started something."

"Today, plans are being made which would create as many as a score of new national parks. In addition, other recreation areas would be opened up...."

"Stewart L. Udall, Secretary of the Interior, is convinced by the rapid expansion of population that there is little time to waste if the U.S. is to preserve more of its natural wonders for future generations."

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The Glen Canyon Mystery

Bakersfield Californian, April 9, 1962

"There have been many strange mysteries in the land of the Southwest, some attributed to Indian magic and others to the vagaries of the desert, but one of the greatest mysteries... is that involving the Bureau of Reclamation's apparent unwillingness to comply with the law in taking steps to protect the beautiful and unique Rainbow Bridge National Monument from the waters that will rise next year behind the giant Glen Canyon Dam on the Colorado River."

"The element of mystery arises in the contradiction that is manifest in the statements of the official spokesmen of the Department of the Interior... and members of Congress... Interior Department spokesmen claim that Congress has denied funds for the protective measures... and members of Congress assert that they could not have denied funds because the Interior Department has never asked for them."

Cascades Park Boost

Seattle (Wash.) *Times*, April 15, 1962

"Proposals for creation of a national park in the Northern Cascades in this state were given a boost yesterday by David R. Brower."

"The San Francisco man was keynote speaker at a two-day biennial Conference on Northwest Wilderness."

The Money Tree

American Forests, December 1961

I think that I shall never see
A bank pay interest like a tree.
A tree whose lovely limbs are dressed
In green, as if with money blessed.
A slave who asks no paid vacation,
No benefits or workmen's compensation.
Whose value changes hills and "hollers"
Into a sea of greenback dollars.
Growing on through wind and rain,
Making quiet, capital gain.

By J. McMAHON, Crestview, Florida

Best insect repellent money can buy!
And it's a suntan lotion, too!

TANFASTIC
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536 MISSION STREET SAN FRANCISCO 5

The Collapse of State Park Bonds

AS SOON AS it became clear that the State Park and Recreation Bond proposal on the June 5 primary election ballot was defeated, President Edgar Wayburn wired Governor Edmund G. Brown: "In view of the close outcome of the vote on State Proposition 5, the Sierra Club urges that all possible steps be taken to insure placing of Park and Recreation Bond issue on the November 1962 ballot. We hope that you will call a special session of the California Legislature for this purpose. We offer our support in every possible way. This additional time would permit an adequate presentation of this opportunity to the public and the proposal should succeed."

On June 26, the Governor called a three-day special session of the Legislature to consider resubmission in November of Proposition 3, the \$270 million state construction bond issue.

Conservationists were told that the park-bond proposal would not be resubmitted unless funds could be assured for an adequate campaign of public education to preclude recurrence of the 175,000-vote loss Proposition 5 sustained in June. An impossibly low amount had been available for this purpose in the six-week campaign preceding the June vote. Before the session opened, funds were assured. Many club members had made or guaranteed contributions and it was generally known in Sacramento that a prominent conservationist, troubled by the California failure in a nation-wide park movement, would come to the rescue.

Opening the session, the Governor commended the legislators for bipartisan support of Proposition 3 and urged them to join in asking that the park and recreation bonds

again be offered to the voters in November. He added that "there has been little indication of the kind of bipartisan support that has been offered the construction bond issue"; but if such support were forthcoming, he would "consider reopening the session."

Hope for the park bonds remained alive until the last minutes of the session. A \$100 million version of the original \$150 million bill was placed before the Senate Rules Committee and then held up in the Finance Committee while sympathetic legislators tried to round up the support requested in the Governor's opening address. But in an atmosphere thick with "fiscal responsibility," this attempt fizzled. The Governor charged the GOP with "a completely negative attitude," while Assemblyman John A. Busterud of San Francisco, Chairman of the Republican caucus in the Assembly and candidate for State Treasurer, charged the Governor with lack of leadership.

Almost everyone agreed that the June defeat of Proposition 5 was a tragedy and that if the proposal were resubmitted, it would certainly succeed. Then on both sides there seemed to be a wringing of hands: it's too bad we can't do anything about it now. Six Republican votes were needed to offset some reluctant Democrats. Richard Nixon had come out for resubmission of Proposition 3 but was now silent on Proposition 5, which he had strongly favored in a statement in the May *SCB*. Republicans wouldn't promise the advance support, but some outsiders intimated it would be there if the matter were put before them.

Conservationists conclude that there was greater concern about being charged with big spending of funds than being praised for big

saving of parks. Men holding political office must be elected, and the economy platform has proved a good vote getter. A clear test of a Parks platform has not yet been achieved in the West. Proposition 3's resubmission had construction people and educators behind it. Proposition 5 just had conscience.

Defeat of Proposition 5 was a rude awakening for the conservation movement in California. The San Francisco *Chronicle* editorialized that every conservation program in the state is jeopardized until "Proposition 5's defeat is erased." There was some vigorous pressure for the park bonds in Sacramento during the special session, but back home, some legislators said, there was little support. Apathy had been evident before the June 5 defeat of park bonds—apathy probably derived from too little leadership too late. Conservationists who were too busy doing other things must share responsibility for the late June fizzle.

Some future for state parks can be resurrected through increased appropriations from the General Fund at the next session of the Legislature. This would at least be first-aid until 1964 when, with 1962's painful lesson still fresh, a vigorous new lease on our vanishing heritage can be drawn up. But it won't draw itself up. It will require a small cadre of people who care—in most of the state's voting districts.

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Briefly Noted

League Buys Redwoods

Agreements are nearly concluded for the purchase by the Save-the-Redwoods League of 6,000 acres in the Bull Creek watershed, Humboldt County, California. The transaction will bring about the protection of all stands of redwoods on this acreage, although the harvesting of certain other species will be done on certain parcels.

This purchase arrangement with the Fairhurst Lumber Company will constitute the first step toward the restoration of the Bull Creek watershed and the prevention of further damage to the famous Rockefeller Forest in Humboldt Redwoods State Park. Serious flooding and erosion have resulted from the denuding of parts of the watershed in recent years through improper forestry practices. (See January and April-May 1960 SCBs.)

Darling Park Survey

Dr. F. Fraser Darling, Vice-President and Director of Research of The Conservation Foundation, recently began a two and a half-year survey in cooperation with the National Park Service of the impact of visitors upon wildlife and vegetation of the national parks. It is anticipated that the report, "Man and Nature in the National Parks," will also consider the nature of recreation the parks can continue to provide and yet remain superb and unspoiled.

This summer's field work will include two weeks in the Northern Cascades and two months in Grand Teton National Park, from which trips will be made to Glacier, Yellowstone and Rocky Mountain national parks and Dinosaur and Craters of the Moon national monuments.

Mount McKinley Development

The National Park Service has reported that studies are under way to determine the best means of preparing Mount McKinley National Park for the expected increase in numbers of visitors over the coming years. One possible plan is the construction of overnight facilities at Wonder Lake near the

Watershed damage in redwood country. Panther Creek near its confluence with Bull Creek. Save-the-Redwoods League photo.



western end of the park road, ninety miles from the park's eastern entrance. Another possibility would be the establishment of such facilities at Camp Eielson, sixty-six miles from the entrance and at the road's closest point to Mount McKinley. Still another plan would be the encouragement of private enterprise to provide facilities at the historic mining town of Kantishna just beyond Wonder Lake outside the park.

Conservationist opponents of the Wonder Lake and Camp Eielson development plans have urged that this national park, with its unique "wilderness mood," be kept free of overnight development. They feel that McKinley—unlike many other national parks—offers visitors the experience of driving into the park with the knowledge that there are none of the comforts of modern civilization ahead of them. Suggestions have been made that the area beyond Camp Eielson be permitted to retain its present virtually unaltered character, and that even the road

door recreation facilities. These materials may be in book form, or as bulletins, periodicals, manuscripts, correspondence, newsletters, photographs, films, and paintings. Inquiries concerning suitability of materials should be addressed to Conservation Library Center, 1357 Broadway, Denver, Colorado.

Izaak Walton Award

Laurance S. Rockefeller was given the Izaak Walton League's highest award for public service in the conservation of the nation's natural outdoor recreational resources at the League's 40th annual convention held in Portland, Oregon, June 20-23. The honor is called the "54 Founders Award" in commemoration of the fifty-four men who founded the League in 1922.

Mr. Rockefeller's strong interest in outdoor recreation was expressed in a program submitted to President Kennedy and the Congress in January on "Outdoor Recreation for America." The program results from

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Letters

Poisoning the Green

Dear Mr. Kilgore:

The American Society of Ichthyologists and Herpetologists has taken a strong stand in opposition to the wholesale eradication of aquatic life by fish-management agencies.

[A massive poisoning with emulsifiable rotenone of more than 475 miles of the Green River and its tributaries is to be carried out in September by the fish and game departments of Utah and Wyoming. The purpose is to eradicate the native fishes and carp prior to completion of Flaming Gorge Dam so that these waters may be "reclaimed" for the production of a sport fishery of exotic species.]

Such a project as is planned for the Green River next fall has been likened by the Fish Conservation Committee of the ASIH to the purposeful eradication of all bird life in an area of hundreds of miles in the hope that one or a few species of game birds might prosper enough to provide better hunting.

Many leading fishery biologists decry this and similar programs, but the state and federal fishery agencies have taken the stand (1) that no species will be endangered by the Green River operations, (2) that the poison will not be carried down in lethal concentration to kill the fishes in the torrential waters below the Flaming Gorge Dam (the Gorge area is a major holdout of several extremely interesting endemic fish types) or in the waters flowing through Dinosaur National Monument, and (3) that the fishes are likely doomed anyway by reason of

other uses of the river water. They have stated that if they succeed in bettering fishing in the new reservoirs for as much as five years, the eradication project will be a success.

Conservationists are attempting to salvage something from the Green River operations by removing some of the rare threatened species for placement in a downstream tributary or for replacement in the Green River after the poison has been dissipated.

CARL L. HUBBS
Scripps Institution of Oceanography
University of California, La Jolla
For the Committee on Fish Conservation, ASIH

• Interested members can write Secretary of the Interior Stewart Udall expressing their views on this project and urging him to stop Interior Department expenditure of \$173,000 for the poison.—Ed.

A Paris Friend

Dear Friends:

After two years in the United States as an exchange research fellow I am back now in France. There is no doubt that the best moments of my stay in the Bay Area were those spent with your club. I am infinitely thankful for your permission to participate as a guest to many of your activities: skiing in the Sierra, at the Clair Tappaan Lodge, canoeing on the Russian River, hiking at Yosemite—hundreds of very pleasant memories.

I wonder if I could in a small way return

your kindness? This summer there are sure to be some of your members visiting Europe. If some of them (even one I have not met) would be so kind to drop in to my home for a cup of coffee or a little chat, I would be very happy. Maybe I could show some tourists unknown parts of Paris.

PIERRE D. GROS
26 rue Jacques Baudry
Paris 15, France
(Phone BLO 64-46)

More Annual Comments

Dear Dave:

I have always regarded this publication as the proper place for articles of enduring value, of broad perspective, or of the nature of an annual summation. For this reason, I keep the Annuals, but I have not kept the Monthly. Personally, I like the separation, and would keep it that way.

T. MORLEY
Minneapolis, Minnesota

Dear Mr. Brower:

Legislative articles are necessary, but not my cup of tea. The African Ruwenzori trek, on which I was going until matrimony interfered, was written up so beautifully. To sum it up, I read the Annual word for word. Then it goes to six nieces and nephews.

PEGGY PARR
Northridge, California

• There will be an Annual this year. See back cover note.—Ed.

Homer Huckaby

(Continued from page 3)

ing around, dragging the gote?"

He paused and thought a moment; then smiling confidently he said, "Well, no, I haven't; but I got it all figured out. I've done a lotta readin', and I know it'll work."

With a gleam in my eye, I said, "Well, how would you, say . . . get up that pitch over there?" pointing to a vicious face perched high above the remnants of an ancient glacier.

"No trouble at all; watch!" With this he jumped onto his ridiculous "errordemobile" and in a flash ground it off the trail and attacked the sizable moraine with great gusto.

"Oh well, you only live once," I said to myself as I laid down my pack and settled comfortably against a rock in the fading dusk and prepared to watch the greatest show on earth. Homer gunned his machine time and time again which enabled him somehow to work his way through the tumbled granite and onto the lower end of the glacier where he immediately began to slither, slip and slide around effecting a kind of mechanical version of the twist on ice.

Finally realizing that he wasn't going anywhere, he slowly climbed off and began uncoiling the steel cable. This done, he donned

a pair of Bearpaw snowshoes and began struggling up the glacier, seemingly sliding back two feet for every three he advanced. How he ever made it across the Bergschrund with those monstrous foot flappers I'll never know, but when I next spotted him he was busily engaged in the task of hammering a



giant piton into the face itself. This completed, he ran the cable through the eye and painfully retreated to his gote where he again started the motor and began the strangest prusik I have ever witnessed. With the sound of his motor reverberating loudly off the walls he inched his way slowly up the glacier a foot at a time, struggled across the Bergschrund and started up the face itself.

Midway I heard the motor sputter and cough and from Homer a loud oath; then all was strangely quiet. After a long moment of blessed silence I called up to him and asked what was the matter. There was no immediate answer and peace returned to the mountain. The wind came up a bit and the last rays of the sun were just painting the final colorful touches to the tops of the peaks when I heard Homer's plaintive cry.

"Hey, buddy, go git the Ranger. I'm . . . outta . . . gas. . . ."

Epilogue:

I haven't passed that way in many years, but through the climbers' grapevine I've heard that he's still there, petrified to what is now known as Huckaby's Horror, oblivious to wind and weather, resolute and determined to make the top. A grim reminder of the fallacy of machines and mountains.

Book Reviews

THE FOREST RANGER—A STUDY IN ADMINISTRATIVE BEHAVIOR, by Herbert Kaufman, for Resources for the Future, Johns Hopkins Press, Baltimore, 1960. 259 pp. \$5.00.

Both the author and Resources for the Future have recognized that the Forest Service is not typical among government agencies in general or even among agencies concerned with resource management in particular. Rather, the Forest Service is taken as a manifestly successful organization, the internal machinery of which could profitably be adapted by other agencies—both private and public.

The author did not intend this as a book about the land management policies of the Service; he is concerned with personnel management. Taking national policy as a "given," the author dissects the internal procedures by which policy is made to flow from Washington to the intended, tangible action in the field. The man behind the trigger of a marking-gun or the eyepiece of a transit either is the ranger or gets his orders directly from the ranger. Whether or not a tree is cut and whether a road is built on the ridge or in the creek bottom are decisions made by the district ranger.

How a uniform pattern in the character of these decisions emerges throughout the national forest system is the subject of Mr. Kaufman's book. Instead of viewing the Forest Service from the perspective of an organizational chart,

the author has gone to the lowest operating unit, the ranger district. A complete organizational chart would show nearly 800 district rangers under 124 forest supervisors under 10 regional foresters under the Washington office. At each level above the ranger district is a staff of technical specialists, each looking over the shoulder of the men at the next lower level. From the district ranger's point of view the Forest Service appears as "a vast funnel with the Ranger at the throat of it; all the varied elements and specialties above him pour out materials which, mixed and blended by the Ranger, emerge in a stream of action in the field."

The author assumes the same vantage point for his analysis. He lists first a formidable array of centrifugal forces acting on the district ranger. The first third of the book discusses these "tendencies toward fragmentation," including certain behavioral characteristics induced by a working environment remote from the bureaucratic hierarchy and a social environment with strong local orientations.

Most of the rest of the book illuminates the intra-bureau fabric of administration—from recruitment, promotion and transfer habits to formal channels of communication—classified by the author as "techniques of integration." Some of these arose spontaneously in response to problems now lost in the past, others were carefully worked out. But all have the effect of discouraging, dampening, or even taking advantage of the centrifugal forces described in the first section of the book. Some of these will be recognized as indigenous to bureaucracy, others are peculiar to the Forest Service.

Policies consist of more than promulgations, and it is well known that they can come from other directions than the top. Thus, strung along the principle thread of Mr. Kaufman's analysis are several important insights into the foundations of present policy. Among these are the stimuli which, acting over the lifetimes of men on their way to the top, shape the minds that will eventually shape the policies. (One forest supervisor who used to be a district ranger remarked recently: I didn't know why I did what I did until I read this book.) Equally important is the formal "feedback mechanism" whereby inspections, reports, audits, and the like are used for two-way transmission of ideas. Although district rangers are principally the instruments of national policy they do have some influence on the design of that policy.

Mr. Kaufman credits the Forest Service for much help in the preparation of his study. And though he has an obvious respect for the men of the Service, there is no trace of the sycophant in him. He rigorously draws in the bright and the muddy. He paints with a broader brush than many students of public administration but not so broad as, say, William H. Whyte's in *The Organization Man*. The prose is clear but somewhat pedestrian. The insights make the book stimulating, recommended reading.

D.E.P.

SUNSET TRAVEL BOOKS—With vacation season upon us, many travel books are coming off the presses. Among them are the Sunset Books, from Lane Publishing Co. in Menlo Park:

State Parks of California (\$1.95) is compiled by John Robinson and Alfred Calais. It lists all state beaches, parks, redwood parks, recreation areas and historical monuments, with maps and descriptions.

Western Campsite Directory—1962 (\$1.75) is an indispensable guide for the family touring the West on a shoestring. With fewer photographs, more maps, and a more elaborate tabulation of facilities, there is a more businesslike and less charming purpose here than in the guide to California parks. Covers the Far West, Rocky Mountains, and Western Canada.

Sunset Family Camping (\$1.75) emphasizes the hows of camping rather than the wheres. It contains a wealth of tips on subjects from buying a sleeping bag to making up a menu and translating it into something edible. It tells how to clean a fish and how to select a campsite. Although aimed at the beginner, this little manual has some tips to surprise the sourdough.

RECONNAISSANCE OF THE GEOMORPHOLOGY AND GLACIAL GEOLOGY OF THE SAN JOAQUIN BASIN, SIERRA NEVADA, CALIFORNIA. Geological Survey Professional Paper 329, by François E. Matthes, U.S. Government Printing Office, Washington, D.C. Edited by Fritiof Fryxell III, 1960. 66 pages, 48 illustrations, 2 maps. Available at Sierra Club office. \$1.25.

When François Emile Matthes died in 1947 he took with him a great fund of geomorphological information about the Sierra Nevada. Fortunately much of this was left behind in unpublished manuscripts, and field notes. Editor Fritiof Fryxell has brought together these previously unpublished materials in a geomorphologic treatment of the San Joaquin basin which is an extremely worthwhile publication.

Matthes has reconstructed Miocene and Pliocene profiles of the San Joaquin River extrapolating from the present hanging valleys which are abundant in the mountainous portion of this river. From these data Matthes concludes that the inner gorge of the San Joaquin is wholly of pleistocene origin and correlates with the "canyon stage" of the Yosemite region. Immediately above the main San Joaquin gorge are a series of benches interpreted to be the remains of a mature erosional valley believed to be several times older than the pleistocene gorge. Matthes deduces that this period of maturity correlates with the "mountain valley" stage of the Yosemite and took place during the Pliocene. Still higher are the undulating uplands which Matthes refers to as late Miocene, correlating with similar features in the Yosemite region.

The tops of the uppermost peaks in the watershed such as Mount Darwin and Mount Wallace are preferable to the most ancient erosion surface recognizable in the Sierra Nevada, thought to be Eocene in age. An important feature of the publication is the map of pleistocene glacier system of the region based upon Matthes' examination of morainal materials. The map itself is worth the price of the publication and can add hours of enjoyment to both professional and amateur geologic explorations of this region.—R.V.G.



Mount Robson, North Face

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Mountain Talk

ALTHOUGH a fellow likes to put his best foot forward, the time comes when he must swing up the other foot. I have presented my better side: how I appreciate scenery and cherish wildlife, how I prefer knapsacking and eat my own cooking, and how I endure children and burros, virtuously, lovingly, and for reasons of sheer altruism.

Now I am going to reveal something on the darker side: how I got lost.

I have been lost in the mountains under the most embarrassing, even excruciating, circumstances. I have been lost alone, with my wife, with my wife and child, with my wife, child and dog, and with persons not related to me by blood, marriage or trust. In fact there are persons who do not trust me at all in the mountains.

"Lost," of course, is not the right word. Often I have only mislaid the trail, or become momentarily confused. This generally happens because I have been trying to read the map. One precaution I have solemnly observed since Boy Scout and ROTC years: I do not carry a compass. Trying to read the map and use a compass could be fatal. This is the kind of wisdom a man acquires as he grows older.

It was Daniel Boone, I believe, who when asked if he had even been lost replied that he had not. But, he recalled, he had once been bewildered for several days. I am pleased to discover that Daniel Boone and I have something in common.

Perhaps there is nothing wrong with being bewildered, if one undergoes the experience in a wilderness. We talk of the moral value to youth of being pathfinders, in the tradition of the pioneers. Wilderness has other things to offer, including a wholesome taste of bewilderment in naturally bewildering surroundings.

But then the thing can be overdone. I know, for I have overdone it.

My earliest memory of being lost in the woods is at about age ten. While my father

and a companion were fishing, on the creek below Donner Lake, I volunteered to bring a cup of water to the car for my mother. I set off for the stream, no more than a hundred yards away, had a drink, watched the chipmunks, wandered a few steps, and became profoundly lost. In the next hour or two I described the classic circle, became aware of it when I crossed a bridge for the second time, put down the paper cup of water I had been carrying, and distressfully



followed an unpaved road out to the highway.

My swift passage to the general store at Truckee, where my parents had gone to alert the rangers, and a consolatory ice cream soda, remain deeply etched in my memory. I have been lost longer, in wilder country, but amateur psychologists among *Bulletin* readers will share my view that this early, dreamlike episode must have been traumatic.

When I compare the ice cream soda with the ghostly reflections of the Donner party, once bewildered in the identical place, I glimpse my true relationship to the tradition of the pioneers. But I wonder whether my later thirst for cold beer, on emerging from the wilds, is not conditioned by the need for a symbol of self-congratulation at having survived once again.

My most painful bewilderments have been in the coastal mountains, in the chaparral. When I know just where I am, and undertake a short cut, I am likely to find myself in a thicket of manzanita. No other slings and arrows of outrageous fortune puncture the ego as do the wiry twigs and inflexible branches of that vicious shrub.

My ego has been punctured more than once on my own backyard mountain, Tamalpais. Among the witnesses, from time to time, has been my small dog. If I had a larger dog, I tell myself, I might be less misguided in the tall brush.

In the Sierra, at least, my companions are usually my own size. Whether they lead, I may be expected to squeeze through. The trouble is that sometimes I lead.

A couple of summers ago I conducted two unsuspecting friends on an excursion to the headwaters of Yosemite Creek. One was from the flatlands of the Middle West and the other had known mountains only in the Northwest and the desert. Starting from

the recently relocated Tioga Road, and trying to find the Ten Lakes trail by reading the map, we simply went wrong. I shudder to imagine our plight if we had brought a compass.

That night, camping almost under Mount Hoffman, beside a delightful stream a whole canyon away from where we should have been, it dawned on my Northwestern friend that he had better not follow blindly the footsteps of a bewildered Californian. The flatlander shut his eyes, more or less, followed—and ever since has declined my company in the Sierra.

We got out of there, of course. It took an extra day, but we saw summits, passes and chutes where the hand of man had seldom set foot. The Ten Lakes trail was pretty tame when we found it, on the wrong side of the lake basin.

Our car was parked a hundred yards from the new trailhead, we learned on our return. It was the Donner story all over again. I forget where we had the beer.

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IN WASHINGTON

★ **The Wilderness Bill:** Passed by the Senate nearly a year ago, this vitally important piece of protective legislation has not yet been moved out of the committee on Interior and Insular Affairs of the House of Representatives (Wayne Aspinall, Colorado, Chairman). Unless action is taken before the close of the current session, conservationists can look forward to another two-year battle to have this bill enacted. Meanwhile, pressures mount for economic exploitation of our remaining classified and unclassified wilderness resources (see item below).

★ **Point Reyes National Seashore** legislation is stalled in the Rules Committee of the House (Howard Smith, Virginia, Chairman). This important measure, too, was passed by the Senate in the first session of the 87th Congress, but has failed to reach the House floor to date. Meanwhile, more subdivisions are under way in the area to be included in the Seashore, and the Marin County Planning Commission and Board of Supervisors have approved the proposed construction of multiple dwellings near Drake's Beach.

The **Padre Island Seashore** Bill is another piece of conservation legislation currently stymied in the House.

The bill to create a **Great Basin National Park** in Nevada, already passed by the Senate, faces serious alteration in the House. Representative Walter Baring (Nevada) would redraw the boundaries of the proposed park to reduce the area from 125,000 to 53,000 acres. The hearing before the Subcommittee on National Parks of the Interior Committee was called off as a result of Mr. Baring's proposal.

★ **Rainbow Bridge:** No funds have been appropriated so far for protection of Rainbow Bridge National Monument, Utah, from Glen Canyon Reservoir waters. (See March-April 1962 *SCB*.) The club testified before the Public Works Subcommittee of the House Appropriations Committee in early May.

Northern Cascades: On June 19, Congressman Thomas M. Pelly of Washington asked Secretary of Agriculture Freeman to cooperate "in establishing a moratorium on further logging, as well as suspension of any long-term commitments" within each of several areas until the national park potentialities have been adequately assessed

by the Department of the Interior. The list includes the controversial border areas of what could be a Northern Cascades National Park.

Mining-claim Threat: Representative Harold T. Johnson of California has introduced legislation (H. R. 10773) which would allow occupants of unpatented mining claims the right to purchase up to five acres of Federal land simply because they had occupied it. This bill has already been given a favorable report by the Public Lands Subcommittee of the House Committee on Interior and Insular Affairs. If passed, H. R. 10773 would largely nullify the 1955 laws which allow the U.S. Forest Service to correct abuses of the mining laws originally passed in 1872. The Sierra Club directors voted to oppose such legislation as contrary to the national interest, believing that any real hardship cases should be handled by private bills.

Outdoor Recreation Program, S. 3117. (Anderson and twenty other Senators.) To promote coordination and development of Federal and State programs relating to outdoor recreation, and to provide financial assistance to the states for outdoor recreation planning. It would give congressional backing to the new Bureau of Outdoor Recreation within the Interior Department. The bill has been referred to the Interior and Insular Affairs Committee which heard testimony on May 10-11. David Brower

Annual Will Continue

Members and *SCB* subscribers can be assured there *will be* an Annual issue this year—in December. The Publications Committee in March indicated its belief that the Annual should be retained and improved. The Editorial Advisory Board in May urged continuation of the Annual and offered to work with the Editor in seeking out worthy contributions of the following types: historical, literary, outing, mountaineering, scientific, club history, natural history, long-range conservation, and personality articles and biographical sketches.

Suggestions of specific subjects or authors and manuscripts and photographs should be sent to the Editor, *Sierra Club Bulletin*, Mills Tower, San Francisco. The *SCB* can now offer honorarium payment for articles and photographs used. For details, contact the Editor.

presented a statement in favor of the bill for the Sierra Club.

The **White House Conservation Conference** on May 24-25 was the first such meeting since Theodore Roosevelt's Governors' Conference on Conservation in 1908. The club's President, Vice-President, and Executive Director attended. Speakers emphasized the role of recreation and of preservation in natural resources planning. Four governors illustrated differences in local outlook and members of Congress made it clear that many legislative battles lie ahead.

President Kennedy summarized the conference by outlining his administration's aims in conservation; he wanted the Wilderness Bill, an enlarged National Park System, greater use of natural resources, and emphasis on the role of science in using resources more effectively.

Everglades National Park, Florida. faces one of the most serious dangers in its history. Aerojet-General Corporation has chosen several sites adjacent to the park boundary for the testing of rocket engines. Serious questions are being raised as to the effect of noise, odors, and pollutants on plant and animal life in the park.

IN CALIFORNIA

Park and Recreation Bond issue: California's \$150,000,000 Park and Recreation Bond issue failed to pass (by a narrow margin) on the June 5 primary ballot, causing interested citizens all over the State to urge Governor Brown to put the issue before a special session of the Legislature so that it could be considered again on the November ballot. This effort failed. (See page 15.)

Bodega Power Plant: Widespread public concern about the atomic power plant planned by Pacific Gas and Electric Company on Bodega Head has brought about repeat hearings before the California Public Utilities Commission. The construction of this plant would destroy the natural beauty of one of the most scenic spots on California's northern coastline. So many witnesses wished to give testimony opposing the installation that the new hearings lasted for four full days. Sierra Club opposition was presented by David Pesonen, with Phillip Berry as counsel. The club has opposed location of this power plant on Bodega Head since first learning of the proposal in 1957. (See page 9.)

EDGAR and PEGGY WAYBURN