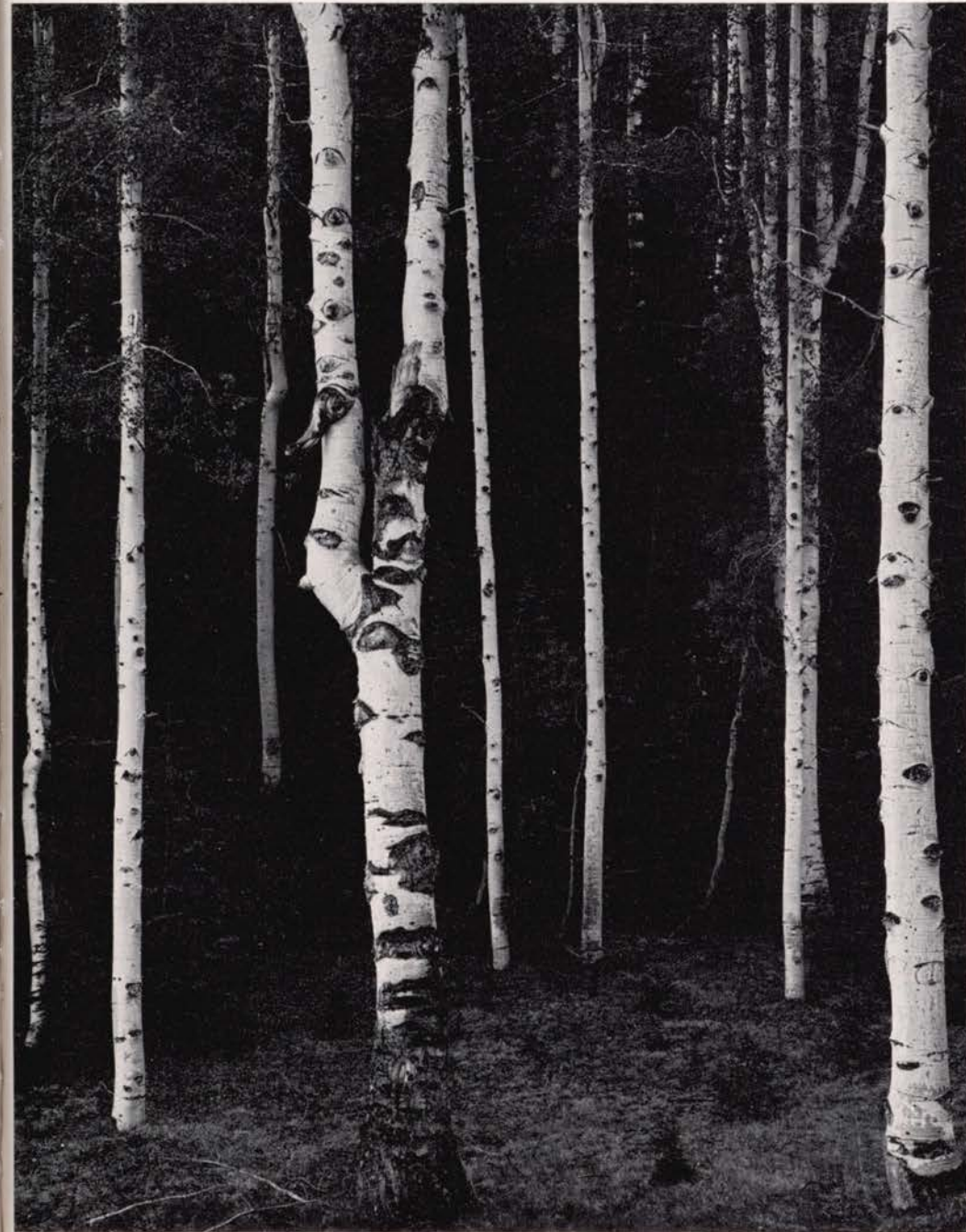


SIERRA CLUB BULLETIN

October 1962



Consider the life
of trees. . . . From their
mute forms there flows
a poise, in silence,
a lovely sound and motion
in response to wind.
What peace comes
to those aware
of the voice and
bearing of trees!

—CEDRIC WRIGHT
in *Words of the Earth*

The Battle for Indiana Dunes Goes On

Blackberries, Nettles and Wilderness

At press time we learn that the 87th Congress has adjourned. Its members have now gone home to campaign for a place in the 88th. And no Wilderness Bill was passed by the House of Representatives. This was a great disappointment to all conservationists.

According to a survey of the Citizens Committee on Natural Resources conducted by the *Outdoor News Bulletin* of the Wildlife Management Institute, "A band of antiwilderness advocates in the House Interior and Insular Affairs Committee are responsible for blocking action on essential bills that would benefit the nation's wildlife, parks, and recreation programs." The Senate had many months earlier passed most of the bills that were being blocked and they were ready for clearance by the House Committee to permit submission to the full House for final approval. But the stalling tactics of a handful of the committee members, the conservation leaders agreed, "stymied all committee action until adjournment."

Because the antiwilderness clique on the House Committee controls the votes in the committee, they were able, the *News Bulletin* reported, "to substitute their mutilated version of a 'Wilderness Bill' for the widely supported proposal sponsored in the Senate by Clinton P. Anderson of New Mexico and others and approved 78 to 8 last year." The committee then instructed that the substitute bill be submitted to a House vote under suspension of the rules procedure—to prevent other members of the House from amending and improving the bill. The House leadership rejected this bid for a suspension of the rules, thus requiring that any consideration of the bill must allow debate and amendment. To prevent this from happening, the *News Bulletin* reports, the antiwilderness group simply stayed away from committee meetings—and prevented any action on the Wilderness Bill and a number of other important measures.

* * * * *

In looking through materials that have come across the editor's desk during this two-year session, we are particularly impressed by two contrasting statements from Congressmen—one an expression of strong support for the wilderness principle by Charles Gubser of California's Tenth District. Mr. Gubser said in a note to his constituents:

"I shall always feel sorry for the kid who never lived in the country! The city boy can get to the ball game when he has the money, he can play in a fancy asphalt covered playground, and go to a movie anytime. But these don't match the thrill of watching life emerge on exactly the twenty-first day after the hen starts to 'set,' or enduring the sting of nettles to get at fresh wild blackberries, ripping one's pants on the barbed wire fence, and learning to tell mushrooms from toadstools. City surroundings are built by mere men and will be replaced by what bigger men will someday build. But the world which surrounds the country boy is made only by God. In it there is more to encourage selflessness and less to prevent the peace of mind which is necessary when problems get bigger than humans.

"Nature is almost a spiritual thing to many of us. We have no desire to inflict our spiritual beliefs upon others who prefer concrete pavement and city parks to the wide open spaces. But we do feel that we are entitled to the preservation of some natural wilderness before the rest of society ruins it for all time. We feel that future generations also have the right to see some of what God created as *He created it* without highways and beer cans, road signs, gas stations, junk yards, and taverns. This is the reason we are strongly supporting S. 174, the "Wilderness Bill," which has passed

COVER: *Aspens, North Rim, Grand Canyon National Park, Arizona.* Photograph by Ansel Adams from *These We Inherit: The Parklands of America.*

"Best Little Old Tool On The Market"



Courtesy Herbert Block, the *Washington Post*

the Senate and is now under heavy attack in the House by commercial interests.

"What we are asking is that a very small fraction of today's primitive and wilderness area be kept that way. We are not asking that future development of the great majority of public lands be stopped nor are we asking that all mining and lumbering be prohibited. We sincerely feel that we have a right to this unspoiled little bit of what God gave to all of us.

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Sierra Club Bulletin

OCTOBER, 1962
VOL. 47 — No. 7

... 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.

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Clem Miller: Conservationist

AS I WRITE this I can look out over the rooftops of Washington and see the flags on the government buildings at half-mast. Up at the far end of Pennsylvania Avenue on Capitol Hill the flags are lowered too, and the lawmakers have paused in the frenetic end-of-session rush to eulogize a colleague who just a few days ago was there with them on the Floor of the House, fighting doggedly and skillfully for the causes he believed in—Clem Miller of California.

One of his House colleagues eulogized him as "an effective idealist—the rarest gem on the political scene." Another remembered his "puckish sense of humor." The dean of Washington National Cathedral spoke of "the love that he bore for the land and for the places where the land comes down to meet the sea." It is fitting that Congressman Miller's death in a plane accident, at 45, is mourned not only in his home District but here in the Nation's capitol, for the people of all the Nation are in his debt.

It has been a strange autumn here in Washington. The yellow and gold leaves are falling and blowing in flurries along the streets of the city, but the air is genial and summery, and the mockingbirds sing as if it were June. Clem had doubtless noticed this phenomenon, for even in the midst of the most official duties he always had an eye for important things like autumn leaves and the songs of birds. His two greatest interests—aside from his family—were people and nature, and the dual interest determined the course of his career. He wanted to help people see the things they had in common with their opponents and he had worked for several years for the National Labor Relations Board. But his propensity for the out-of-doors was strong (he was a member of the Sierra Club and the Audubon Society). When he felt that this interest of his life was being neglected, he quit the Labor Board and went to work in a Marin County nursery—a characteristically decisive act which resulted in a brief career as a landscape consultant.

When home in Marin he spent many weekends with his wife, Katharine, and their five daughters at their cottage at Inverness, and together they strolled the hills and wild beaches of the Point Reyes Peninsula. He could see the omnivorous subdivisions and freeways creeping closer to the peninsula and perhaps during his early walks there glimpsed the possibility of helping to save this superb seacoast and in doing so merging the two chief interests of his life.

He once said he wanted to make a career of conservation. He might have done so in many ways, but his experience and predilections led him to choose a field which too few conservationists enter—politics. As Representative



Photo by Glogau, Washington, D.C.

representative of California's First District—stretching from the Golden Gate to the Oregon border—his twin affinities for people and nature both found expression.

George Collins' National Park Service report recommending preservation of the Point Reyes Peninsula was published in 1958 when Clem Miller was a candidate for Congress. The two men—the young candidate and the older career Park Service employee—met then and it was a fateful meeting. One of Clem's first actions upon going to Congress in 1959 was to secure funds for a detailed feasibility survey of the Point Reyes proposal. Then he wrote and introduced the bill for the establishment of Point Reyes National Seashore and steered it past formidable legislative obstacles. The final victory on the Floor of the House last August has been called the most skillful piece of navigation since Drake piloted the *Golden Hind* into the bay at Point Reyes.

At its meeting in Los Angeles on October 13, 1962, the Board of Directors of the Sierra Club passed the following resolution:

"The Board expresses its deep regret at the death of Clem Miller, who advanced the cause of conservation notably in the course of his two terms in Congress as Representative of the First District of California, and who was indispensable to the establishment of the Point Reyes National Seashore.

"His untimely death has deprived the conservation cause of eminent leadership, as for example in the effort to assure acquisition of private lands in the Point Reyes Seashore and to provide for protection of the wild-land values of the King Range on the northern California coast.

"The good work of Clem Miller will long be witnessed on the American landscape itself, which will be the more beautiful because he worked so earnestly in its behalf."

This bill, which was signed by the President shortly before the fatal plane crash, was perhaps Clem's greatest single legislative achievement, but his influence was felt in many other fields. He helped write into the Housing Act of 1961 the provision offering financial and technical help to local governments to acquire open space while it remains available. He was the author of the first comprehensive action plan to reverse the sad history of the salmon and steelhead-trout decline in California. His on- and off-stage actions enabled the State of California to buy a critical piece of surplus military property just north of the Golden Gate Bridge as the first unit of the proposed Golden Gate State Park. This set the precedent for eventual acquisition of the Gate headlands as a park rather than a subdivision. (One Federal official had said the property was "too valuable for park purposes.")

One of the last acts of the 87th Congress was to enact Miller's bill enabling the Army Corps of Engineers and local governments to set up park and recreation areas as an integral part of all Corps water development projects.

In Congress he drew on his NLRB background to try to find areas of agreement between conflicting interests. For example, he urged groups such as the Sierra Club to join with forest industry groups to work for increased National Forest reforestation funds, both to help meet the Nation's future lumber needs and to relieve pressures on wilderness. He was very pleased when the American Forestry Association endorsed the Point Reyes bill and testified on its behalf.

It was characteristic of the hard-working Congressman that even in his hour of triumph over Point Reyes he refused to rest on his laurels. Immediately after House passage of the bill an associate jokingly asked, "What's left for us to do now?" His response was immediate: "Now we'll finish the job on the King Range."

The King Range is California's "Unknown Coast"—a stretch of federally-owned undeveloped shoreline in Humboldt and Mendocino counties where the State's coast reaches to its westernmost point. Before his death, Clem set in motion forces to conserve its scenic and recreational values, as well as its long-neglected forest and range resources, as a Bureau of Land Management "National Conservation Area"—the first of its type.

The lights often burned late in Clem Miller's office. As Speaker McCormack said, "he came here with no purpose other than to work—he appeared in no way concerned with political pettifogging." His high and realistic concept of his profession is reflected

(Continued on page 13)

OUTSIDE a light rain sifted onto Kauai's plateau, wet but unseen in a night as black as carbon. Inside, snug by the Ohia fire, the lodge owner (a third year California transplant) tried to hide his disdain.

"So it's our vanishing wildlife you came to see," he said. "Have you found any *rare* birds?"

"Hawaiian thrushes on the Big Island," I answered, ignoring his tone. "And Amakihi, Iiwis and Apapanes—beautiful birds, rare to me. We had great luck in seeing your Hawaiian Hawk! On the Mauna Loa Strip Road one landed in a koa fifty feet away and stuck around for a while."

He snorted. "The only good hawk is a dead hawk," he said and spat into the fire.

"Do you have any at Kokee?" I asked.

"No more than I can help. They get our chickens."

"Oh?"

His lip curled. "They're flying around outside and that night a couple of chickens disappear. That's good enough for me."

"Any night-prowlers?" I asked.

"Sure," broke in his mother. "Wild pigs and wild cats a-plenty. They're great for chickens."

"Far as I know," I said, "hawks are daylight birds. They tell me your Hawaiian Hawk is just about the rarest hawk in the world."

"It'll be rarer still if it comes around here," he growled, running a hand through his long hair.

IT WAS a wide green trail we followed up Diamond Head, near Waikiki, behind our ninety-five-year-old leader. He had laughed heartily a few minutes before when he showed us his two walking canes, one shorter for the uphill side. Now, as we turned up a side slope, I saw how effectively he used them for leverage on the steeper inclines.

He stopped by a six-foot young tree with green leaves softly reminiscent of a rounded-off tulip tree's foliage. "Our native Wili-wili," he said. "It's coming back pretty well. You can practically follow my trail of eleven years ago from here. I planted thousands of Wili-wili seeds up this ridge. They have to fight all these weeds—it's a battle."

Around us nine out of every ten plants were imported escapees, working overtime to smother the minority native population. There were the tall Kiawe trees with thin foliage like Texas mesquites, the Haole Koa trees with larger pinnate leaves and seedlings sprouting thick as grass shoots in the black lava soil. Stretching everywhere were the five-parted leaves and bristly stems of the Hairy Marina, an exotic morning glory.

But in the midst of this invading jungle, the young Wili-wilis stood firm, the soft orange flowers of the native Ilima waved lightly above alder-like leaves along the path, the native Hawaiian Pili grass curled and twisted in age-old custom up the slopes. While George Munro's wife and daughter began their weekly task of clearing away the weeds from around the native

Three true stories—three conservation worlds—in our Island State . . .



Ke Kua'aina* of Hawaii

Text and photographs
by Verna R. Johnston

* The "back land."

The tree fern forests of Hawaii are the home of the Hawaiian thrush, the scarlet Iiwis, and Apapanes—rarities of the avian world which are found nowhere else—but live at ease in these misty green jungles of waving fronds and shaggy trunks.

plants which needed breathing space most desperately—today it was *Hibiscus breckenridgi*—George rested on the white stone bench placed here on the slopes of Diamond Head in his honor by the Honolulu Garden Club and told us why he started this Arboretum for Dryland native plants.

The story began in 1890 when he took a job as manager of large cattle ranches on Molokai and Lanai. His most important task was to see that the cattle had fresh feed. This kept him riding constantly on horseback all over the islands searching out green things, and the kinds of plants which grew on these dry soils so caught his eye that he made himself a plant press and for years carried it on his saddlebag. He collected plants wherever he went—and saw, sadly, what happened to them under drought and overgrazing and cultivation. He watched a luxurious wild bean withstand thirty years of sheep and goats only to vanish under five years of cattle. He saw species after species, once common, become quickly extinct until his collections contained the only remaining specimens of more curiously interesting native flowers and shrubs than he cared to remember. The collections became invaluable sources for the written *Flora of Hawaii* (by Degener), and his field observations the basis for his own *Birds of Hawaii*.

But the decline of these unique Island plants haunted him, and at an age when most people are rocking in their chairs (excluding the White House), George Munro decided to try to save for the people of Hawaii samples of what dryland plants still remained. Within the boundaries of state park land on the slopes of Diamond Head, he began to build his Arboretum—Ke Kua'aina—(literally the "back land"). Here, with his own indomitable energy and endurance and with the help of his wife and daughter, the local garden club and interested local botanists, he has brought seeds of native flora and tended them with great care.

Hauling water up the trail in buckets till recently when a park pipeline came through, watching droughts take heavy toll of plants apparently safely established, sighing helplessly at the jungles of exotic weeds which grow rapidly after a rain, smiling at the five-year survival of a rare native *Hibiscus*, looking forward to the first blooming of the Wili-wilis whose masses of curving, twisting yellow branches delighted his heart and eyes long years ago on Lanai, keeping an eye on his living memorial, a specimen of the rare native *Munroidendron* named for him, which stretches its young green branches near his white bench, watching the seasonal changes—these magnetic forces keep George Munro trekking, at ninety-five, up the trail on Diamond Head to the Dryland garden that is his gift to Hawaii.

THE RAIN FELL STEADILY as our Fish and Game pickup pulled its heavy load of lumber doggedly up Mauna Kea's black slopes—three thousand feet, four thousand, five thousand, six thousand feet. Outside the shaggy Ohia and fern forest almost hid the rugged sharp-edged Aa lava, a sixty-year-old flow well-grown-over. But the fog zone a little higher disclosed its rough black clinkers in all their rawness, penetrated only by lone *Sadleria* ferns spreading a cheery light green amid the gloom.

How, I thought, did the Nene ever happen to choose these wet, misty lava fields for its home? What caused this Hawaiian goose to forsake its ancestral yen for water and nest on little *kipukas* (vegetated islands among clinkery lava)—to breed

A Hawaiian Goose, or Nene, on Mauna Kea's slopes on the Island of Hawaii. On the verge of extinction, the Nene's chief hope for survival is the ability of Pohakuloa pen-raised birds to breed successfully when released to the wild.



when its fellow geese over the world are wintering—to fly less than one hundred miles from breeding to resting grounds while other geese migrate vast distances—to lose half the webbing on its feet?

I forgot these things when I stood face to face with the birds inside a pen at Pohakuloa Game Farm a little later. They were such lovely, alive creatures—goose-like mottled brown bodies with a striking neck and head pattern. Sensitive, curious eyes peered from a black face and crown above a beige-colored neck alive with corrugations. These corrugations were vibrant: never had a creamy neck been so dramatized by soft wavy black lines—and such an interested eye, circled faintly by white.

They could not know the role they were playing in the grim struggle for existence, these Nene—that only fifty of their kind still fly wild in all the world—that on whether these pen-raised geese will breed successfully when released into the wild depends the continuance or extinction of those beautiful corrugated necks.

"How soon will you know?" I asked the Fish and Game manager.

"We've released about fifty-five pen-raised birds over the past two years," he answered. "They breed when three years old, so another year will begin to tell the story. But our Congressional grant runs out next year and unless Congress renews it we're out of business just when there's hope of success."

He glanced at the small trim geese walking alertly over the lava. The sun shafted through the mist for an instant. "You know," he said, "the Nene is not just a rare Hawaiian bird. It's as American as the California Condor and the Whooping Crane. I hope the whole country will help us save it."

*Space, sky, water,
and grass flowing
in the wind
at Hilina Pali—
the end of a
narrow, winding
road within
Hawaii Volcanoes
National Park.*





The Story Behind It

*“The most beautiful book
of its kind ever produced”*

THE EXCITEMENT really began Monday morning, August 27, when Eliot Porter and I arrived at 233 Spring Street, below Greenwich Village, to supervise an effort we had not yet learned the fundamentals of. The excitement hasn't ended yet, but it reached an interim climax when this word came to us from Frankfurt, early in October:

“Congratulations on the production and presentation of *‘In Wildness Is the Preservation of the World.’* Not only were we enthusiastic, but also everyone who examined it. This included many American publishers who just could not believe such magnificent color work was done in the States.

“The ultimate compliment was paid by M. Jacques Auger, de la Photogravure de l'Illustration, Paris, who ordered a copy to enable his production staff, if possible, to emulate.”

Passing by the bindery in New York, the representative of the highest-praised of European color printers said, “I'll have to admit that we couldn't have done it better.”

Two bookwise men a continent apart paid us the same compliment the same day—the one we used to title this piece. One of them is a salesman in the 8th Street Bookshop, one of the best in New York City, and the other the retired editor of a major university press.

How did it all happen, we are asked, and we're trying to explain but hardly remember any more.



First, there was that telephone call from Rochester early one evening in November 1960. Nancy Newhall had sought out some Eliot Porter photographs for *American Earth*. Now Dr. Porter was in Rochester with a show of his own for George Eastman House—and a manuscript for the book the show should become. Other publishers had looked, gasped, and fled, frightened by the specter of enormous production costs. But try the Sierra Club, the Newhalls said.

They called me, urged that I see the manuscript, sent it out when I acquiesced. It passed the razor test. The juxtaposition of Thoreau and Porter produced an impact that had great power. Several of the spreads hit me very hard, so often and so tellingly that I knew there must be a book. Since the book was concerned with the very elements of Sierra Club religion, who else should publish it?

All good endeavors must survive resistance, and there was much to be survived. There was also much faith—the kind that had led to publication of *American Earth*. This included a special kind of faith that would augment Sierra Club funds and make publication financially feasible. The club members who work through the Belvedere Scientific Fund, but prefer not to have their names mentioned, had that faith. They deserve a large share of the kudos the book has already received.

Once the Belvedere Scientific Fund had promised its help—a \$20,000 grant and a \$30,000 interest-free loan, repayable from sales—production was under way. We had already scouted out the capabilities of the best European printers (not at club expense), then of several in the United States. We needed dependability, a schedule, a feasible price, and superb quality—in interchangeable order. What finally moved us to 233 Spring Street in Manhattan was an exhibition of the ultimate in control that could come from a first-rate lithographer, using the best paper, willing to respect the artist, and able to put all four

Joseph Wood Krutch and Eliot Porter find a four-color press sheet that pleases them. Presswork on “In Wildness . . .” began August 27 and was complete August 30!

Upper left: Eliot Porter, one of the world's great color photographers and author and illustrator of “In Wildness . . .,” tells David Brower what needs to be corrected on a preliminary press sheet before it will meet the high standard of excellence set for the book. Photos by Simon Nathan and David Brower

"Hugh Barnes came back at about 9 p.m., rolled up his sleeves, and climbed into the press to fix a plate." Eliot Porter (left) and Joe Huszar, pressroom foreman, put a preliminary press sheet under a ten-power glass to check its precision.

colors on in one run, in the right balance and in register, so that we would see on a given day what the final product actually was.

Hugh Barnes, president of Barnes Press, Inc., could do it. If all went well, he promised, the whole book would be off the press in two days—10,000 copies of 72 color plates, plus text. If we had trouble, he would need a week.

Monday morning, August 27, the first form was to have been ready to go—a form of sixteen of the plates, four rows of four—and each of them one of the most beautiful color photographs anyone is likely to come across.

What was to come of all this would lead the floor man at Scribner's, on Fifth Avenue, to say that our book contained the most beautiful color reproductions he had seen in this season—or in any season. What it took to produce that result was simply an enormous serving of skill, devotion, and diligence. And at all hours, too. I remember one night when Hugh Barnes and Eliot Porter left at about 7 for dinner, I stayed behind to watch, Hugh Barnes came back at about 9, rolled up his sleeves and climbed into the press to fix a plate. I left for the hotel and some sleep at 11, and Dr. Porter, after a few-hours' nap, came on duty at 1 in the morning and stayed until dawn.

Another time George Shepherd called us to say not to bother to come down yet because they were having trouble with the makeready and he'd let us know when there was something to look at. Eight hours later they thought they were ready, but Eliot didn't.

Makeready costs money. It means putting on the four big sixteen-plate forms, adjusting the ink—more yellow, less red, more blue, more and less black—row after row, combination after combination, struggling for absolute register, holding to speed—all this in the trial run, with paper spewing out of the press at speeds up to 4800 sheets per hour, at 15 cents per sheet, while everyone sees, once it is up to speed, whether everything is right enough to let the press keep going.

Meanwhile a loader and two pressmen and a foreman and a dot etcher plus two or three from the front office, including the firm's president and two customer's representatives, plus perhaps an author and two or three men from somewhere vitally interested in the excitement around press number 3—all these are watching from all points, ducking under the sheets as they are floated from the business end of the press to the light table and examination under lens.

Right at the start something significant happened. The sheets looked good, but not superb. Hugh Barnes said to me, "How about it, Dave, shall we throw out the first 2500 sheets and will you go 50-50 with me on the cost of the paper?"

"How much are we talking about?" I asked.

"Two hundred dollars for each of us," he said.

That was a lot of money—the dues from 25 members, for example. And it seemed to me that it should be up to the printer



to stand such a loss, not the customer, because the printer was expected after all to turn out first-class work. Still the sheets he was willing to toss were beautiful—the best I had seen and all we could reasonably expect. They just weren't superbly beautiful.

"OK," I said. "Throw them out."

A few minutes later he came back to say: "You did the right thing. Now they really know this is a fussy job."

The excitement built up all through the plant. Somewhere along the line we heard we had a last chance to fly the book to the international book fair at Frankfurt, and the whole shop accepted the challenge. The American graphic-arts capability was on trial. Could the so-called mass-production boys from this side of the Atlantic do as well as the Old World handcraftsmen? Could they do better?

On August 30 the book was off the press, the first lacquered sheets were coming into the Sendor bindery downstairs, a hand-sewn copy was on its way to Frankfurt a few days later, and the decision was about to be handed down.

We won't know right away, but we think they did better.



Art Department foreman Gil Walters, Eliot Porter, and Hugh Barnes, president of Barnes Press, compare a Porter dye-transfer print with the lithographer's facsimile of it—and are satisfied at last.



Bob Bastian, courtesy *San Francisco Chronicle*

Looking for a Dragon?

In a letter to the editor of the *Santa Barbara News-Press* on October 6, Harry S. Ashmore, Editor-in-Chief of Encyclopaedia Britannica, pointed out the continuing need to find some opportunity for the public to control the destructive activities of California's freeway-building highwaymen with "looseleaf budgets." He quoted H. L. Mencken who had been forced to conclude, based on highway blight he had seen from Baltimore to Washington, "that the American people do not simply tolerate ugliness, but have a positive passion for it." Certainly some such impulse, Ashmore believes, "seems to seize those who look at the world through a surveyor's transit."

Ashmore then proposed establishment of a "review board of competent conservationists and historians" to watch over the freeway proposals coming out of California's most powerful agency. He notes:

Perhaps there is a genuine public issue here for a gubernatorial campaign that seems to need one. Will the next Governor of California agree to superimpose upon the Division of Highways a review board made up of competent conservationists and historians? It may be that political expediency will not permit endowing such a body with an absolute veto. Even so it should be helpful to provide a group of concerned persons with automatic access to these plans for legalized vandalism before they leave the drawing boards, and an official platform from which they could holler early and often. As things now stand the evidence is clear that neither the past nor California's scenic beauty has any effective protection against being paved over if it happens to be on the way to anywhere.

* * * * *

Following Ashmore's proposal, the Scenic Roads Association, a citizens' group with headquarters in Sausalito, urged both of California's candidates for Governor to pledge themselves to appoint a watchdog committee of conservationists to protect the State's scenic resources from freeway blight. The Association added, "Both candidates for Governor should support this proposal to prevent repetition of mistakes that have been made in the past by our highway engineers."

* * * * *

The Republican candidate for governor of California, Richard M. Nixon, soon thereafter described his freeway program in a statewide radio broadcast in which he said that greater consideration must be given to the effects a freeway will have on all aspects of local community life, and that careful, impartial groundwork with local authorities must be undertaken prior to approving new freeway sites. Nixon also indicated his belief that freeways alone cannot cure the state's transportation problems, and that construction of rapid-transit systems seems necessary. No specific reference to the watch-

dog committee seemed to be included in Richard Nixon's program.

* * * * *

In a letter to Mrs. Norman Livermore, chairman of the Scenic Roads Association, Governor Edmund G. Brown indicated that he is "wholeheartedly committed to the principle that we must have more than utility in State construction." He said his administration has already established the principle of calling in consultants to help build highways, freeways, and other structures "so that they are both serviceable and beautiful." Governor Brown indicated his belief that, "This principle is working well and I believe that it can and should be expanded to include the use of historians, conservationists, and men and women from other areas of interest in planning and designing public works." However, on the Ashmore suggestion for a statewide board of review, Governor Brown said he is "inclined to think that specific consultation on specific projects would function better and involve more talents and more local advice and participation."

Thus while both candidates for Governor of California favor beauty with their freeways, neither seems willing to accept Ashmore's suggestion for a review board which might taken action to prevent destruction of scenic and historic resources.

* * * * *

The Executive Director of the Scenic Roads Association, Peter Whitney, commented on the statements received from candidates Brown and Nixon in a letter published in the October 17 *San Francisco Chronicle* by saying that, "The Association is not fully satisfied with either reply and will continue to press for more definite guarantees that our scenic resources and historic areas will be adequately protected from the freeway juggernaut."

Noting the Governor's suggestion of local boards of review, Mr. Whitney pointed out that, "All who have taken part in the freeway protests are well aware of how stubborn and immovable are the Division and its District engineers when things have reached the stage of a local hearing. The same reservations apply to the use of landscape consultants mentioned by the Governor. These were brought in for the Embarcadero Freeway and the Carmel Interchange after irrevocable disasters had occurred. We want a body of planners who are in on the takeoffs, not just the crash landings."

On Nixon's statement of general principles, Whitney commented, "These are good suggestions . . . however, these proposals are insufficient by themselves to make the amount of change in the freeway program that the citizens are demanding. We renew our demand for some central independent body to counterbalance the Division of Highways."

"Answerable only to God"

"At least 50 areas in California are now fighting Division of Highway freeway concepts they find unacceptable, according to Elwood J. Wilson, president of the Monterey Peninsula Parkway Committee and head of the California Citizens Freeway Association. Speaking before Berkeley Rotary Club (in late August, 1962), Wilson said that while the public assumes the Division of Highways will not proceed with a freeway design without approval of a city government, there is nothing to prevent the state department from proceeding with a freeway whether the people want it or not.

"What can be done about it? Wilson stated the people have the basic dominant role in government and the power to modify bureaucracy. 'Find out what the law should be and elect the people to change it,' he told the Rotarians.

"Freeways are going into the soul and heart of mankind. They endanger his spiritual and physical comfort. They are going where engineers decide they should go. Recently,' Wilson said, 'an ex-dean of the engineering college of a leading university told me that engineers must arbitrarily decide where freeways should go because people don't know what is good for them. . . .

"Many legislative changes in the Collier-Burns Act have been proposed in the past to curb some of the powers and authority of the California Highway Commission. This is an area which should be considered and studied by the people of California.

"This is one of the few areas in the American government where I have found the practice of checks and balances to be totally ignored. The law gives the final authority to the commission—there is no appeal to the courts. Gov. Edmund Brown told us in Monterey the commission is answerable only to God.'"—*Berkeley Daily Gazette*, August 23, 1962.

Scenic Highway "Workshops"

California Division of Highways District workshop meetings on the proposed State Scenic Highway System were being held in ten locations throughout the state during September and October. According to a release from the California Roadside Council, the discussion was to be on "proposed routes to be included in the Scenic Highway System." Members with specific location or philosophical comments on this subject can write the Division of Highways at 150 Oak Street, San Francisco.

Something New in Asphalt

"Louisville, Kentucky, August 24—They have an exciting new idea in highway engineering out here. It is called the low-speed, two-lane, unlimited access road, and to anyone who dreads the drudgery of expressway driving it looks like the wave of the future.

"For one thing, it is more dangerous than the old-fashioned superhighway. Farmers are forever pulling out of cornfields right across the traveler's bow and hairpin curves are constantly threatening to send him to Kingdom Come . . . this not only appeals to the natural American love of excitement, but also keeps the driver from sinking into the drowsing stupor that makes turnpike driving such a trial.

"The real beauty of the low-speed, two-lane, unlimited access road, however, is that it has character, individuality and style that tell the traveler a little something of the variety of America. This is what the superhighways have lost. Except for minor differences in vegetation, the New Jersey Turnpike looks exactly like Florida's Sunshine State Parkway, which looks like the Maine Turnpike, which looks like Interstate 95 in New Hampshire, Virginia, and North Carolina.

"The superhighway is designed for a nation of bypassers. It bypasses the grandeur of Frenchman's Bay, bypasses the magnificence of New York City, bypasses the sprawl of Philadelphia, bypasses the squalor of Baltimore, bypasses the neon tinsel of the Florida Gold Coast. When the Federal Interstate Highway System is complete, it will be possible to bypass all of America."—Russell Baker in the *New York Times*, August 25, 1962.

Beware the "Scenic Freeway"

Many representatives of the Division of Highways would have the public believe that conservation organizations that object to freeway plans in certain scenic areas want to keep all roads and highways like this—



. . . or that we don't care about problems like this—



They tell their readers in a monthly Highway Commission Magazine that the sylvan beauty which marked this winding section of U.S. 101 in Santa Barbara County, as seen in a mid-1920's photo, "would be a nightmare to drive with today's cars and traffic."



They urge instead that great numbers of our roads—including those along priceless shorelines—be made into four- or six-lane freeways, as in this photo of U.S. 101 through San Luis Obispo . . .



. . . and they then apparently feel they have turned these broad expanses of concrete and asphalt into scenic highways when their plantings of Oleanders have been completed five years later.

(Division of Highways photographs)



The Battle for Indiana Dunes Goes On

THE INDIANA DUNES, scene of a proposed Dunes National Lakeshore, are not faring well. The State of Indiana and individuals described as "its land-grab politicians" have purchased property in the area and stand to benefit financially by the installation of a harbor and a steel mill. Northwestern University has persisted with its contract to take 1½ million cubic feet of sand from the Dunes for its own expansion, thereby demolishing a large part of what remains, notwithstanding the Cook County Sanitary District offer of an equal amount of sand to the university at no cost.

There is evidently determination by the Corps of Engineers to sanction a harbor and jetty and to permit dredging of sand near Burns Ditch in the Dunes, which will cause pollution of water at the existing State Park and also despoil and preempt a significant portion of the Dunes considered by Senator Paul Douglas as necessary for the proposed National Lakeshore. The engineers have made no effort to study other available sites for such a harbor. However, in a recent favorable development, the House of Representatives appropriated funds for a study of alternative harbor sites that would not be inimical to preservation of the Dunes.

The foregoing notes are adapted from Kenneth Anglemire's communication with the club. Mr. Anglemire enclosed further material, from which we quote:

DR. WILLIAM J. BEECHER, Director of the Chicago Academy of Sciences, writing in the June 12, 1962 issue of *The Chicago Tribune*, declared: "It would be barbaric to use the Dunes for anything but a National Monument. . . We have an obligation to preserve such an area in our time; we will live to regret it if we do not. The Indiana Dunes have the unique value of serving both for recreation and education without mutual interference, since it is mostly the beach that is used for the former. The determination of Bethlehem Steel to destroy the area designated as Unit 2 in the Douglas bill for a National Monument is not even supported by many Bethlehem stockholders. Miss Marjorie Barker of Chicago phoned today to tell me that she is turning over her June 1 common dividend on 400 shares (\$240.00) to the Save the Dunes Council. That's news!"

From the June 1962 *Save the Dunes Council News*:

"On January 22, 1960, a secret agreement was signed between Midwest Steel and the State of Indiana which obligated the state to locate a harbor

The Dunes, courtesy Chesterton (Indiana) Tribune



adjacent to Midwest and Bethlehem Steel companies. This was before the port bill was written, the Port Commission formed, and the site theoretically selected. Court proceedings exposed this agreement and revealed the 'public hearings' of the Indiana Port Commission as a sham. By some strange coincidence, the site selected by the Port Commission was the same one specified in the secret deal with Midwest.

"The Save the Dunes Council attorneys introduced the secret agreement into the record of the Senate Interior Committee hearings and charged the state with fraud and duplicity. The revelations rated prominent coverage in Washington, D.C. papers, but not a word in Indiana. (In fact, it has been impossible to get newspapers in Indiana to give both sides of the Dunes National Lakeshore story.)

"Indiana now has four harbors on Lake Michigan, shipping 40% more tonnage than Chicago harbors. Improvements at existing harbors could handle all of the tonnage assumed for Burns Ditch. . . . If we want to save the Dunes, we must defeat the Burns Ditch Harbor proposal first. Key members of Congressional Committees have publicly stated that no action will be taken on the "Save the Dunes" bills until the harbor issue is settled. . . .

"In order to obtain a favorable benefit-cost ratio for Burns Ditch harbor, the Army Engineers in their January 1962 report used erroneous engineering data, fabricated fictitious benefits, and juggled cost figures. An extensive analysis by independent engineers for the Save the Dunes Council, exposes this shocking revelation.

"Even if the Dunes Lakeshore Proposal were not in conflict with the harbor site, Burns Ditch Harbor should be opposed by citizens everywhere. As long as one cent of federal money is to be used, the port is the justifiable business of everyone in the 50 states. The effects of conservation do not stop at man-made boundaries. Eventually, as stated by the National Park Service, the present Indiana Dunes State Park beach would become polluted and the dunes destroyed by overcrowding.

"You have the privilege as citizens to write President Kennedy and your own Senators and Congressmen at once, giving your reasons for opposing Burns Ditch Harbor and for supporting the National Lakeshore."

Hallmark of the Ice Age

AFTER THREE YEARS of study the National Park Service has recommended that some of the outstanding Wisconsin geological features of the Ice Age be preserved in a "Scientific Reserve" which would be owned by the State of Wisconsin, but supported and administered in cooperation with the federal government. The details of the cooperative arrangement have not been worked out.

The booklet, *Ice Age National Scientific Reserve: A Proposal for Cooperative Conservation*, has been published by the United States Department of Interior to present the proposal. Comments and suggestions will be appreciated.

JAMES C. MALLIEN, *President*
Ice Age Park and Trail Foundation, Milwaukee

* * * * *

The National Park Service proposes that acreage at the north unit of the Kettle Moraine area, in the drumlin area near Campbellsport, around Devil's Lake, in Chippewa County near Bloomer and embracing other Ice Age features in Wisconsin found suitable be authorized by Act of Congress for designation as an Ice Age National Scientific Reserve, and that a planning study to select lands and develop plans for public use and interpretation also be authorized.

The Service proposes that this reserve, which might approximate 33,000 acres, be administered by the State of Wisconsin in cooperation with the Secretary of the Interior and with such local governments as may continue to own portions of the reserve. This cooperation could also encourage private efforts to provide a cross-

country trail and otherwise to further interpretation and enjoyment of Wisconsin's scenic glacial features.

The federal cooperation could comprise grants-in-aid amounting perhaps to half the cost of additional land acquisition, half the cost of maintenance of physical facilities, and three-fourths of the cost of providing interpretive facilities and services to tell the Ice Age story.

It is a story for the whole of America, this million-year cataclysm that shaped half our land and in whose temperate summer we now live, and it would be fitting for the federal government to provide funds and skills for the telling.

Such a reserve established in Wisconsin can thus protect and develop opportunity for true outdoor recreation—experience in the natural world which not only can provide the pleasures of healthful activity but can help all Americans better to love their land through understanding.—from the NPS booklet

Today, the legacy of the awesome deluge of ice is a land of varied beauty, changing vistas and interesting details, a land offering not only much to study but many outdoor activities to enjoy.

Not only many of the kettleholes, but also old valleys, reamed and dammed by the glacial debris, now hold lakes. Trails wind among maple forests and groves of young birch, basswood and aspen that glow with color in autumn.

—from the NPS booklet



Editors Are Saying

Highway Commission's Power

San Francisco Chronicle, January 30, 1962

"It now appears that California's Highway Commission can, at its own sweet will, criss-cross Golden Gate Park—or any other park—with a maze of freeways, highways, and assorted thoroughfares; its authority to do so is supreme and unrestricted.

"This extraordinary power, conferred upon the commission by the Legislature, has been newly confirmed by the Court of Appeals, which held: 'The real property which the department may acquire by eminent domain, or otherwise, includes ANY PARK PROPERTY, HOWEVER IT MAY HAVE BEEN DEDICATED (emphasis *Chronicle's*), when the commission determines that such property is necessary for state highway purposes.'

"We deem this an excessive and dangerous concentration of power over public properties. . . ."

"Fact Sheet" of Freeways

Motorland, May-June 1962

"To those individuals now trying to organize support in their campaign to stop the further building of freeways in California, we would recommend a serious and unbiased study of the following facts:

"Highways and freeways are a vital and necessary part of our social and economic life. . . . Highways unite our nation, encourage its growth and insure its prosperity. . . .

"Clear thinking should prevail over emotions, and facts should replace falsehoods in resolving our transportation problems. For example, highways and freeways do *not* cause

congestion, they relieve it; they do *not* strangle cities, they give them new life; they do *not* decrease property values, they enhance them; they are *not* the cause of our problems, they help to relieve them. Our transportation difficulties stem largely from an exploding population in metropolitan areas and the changing patterns of suburban living."

Conservation—Bland or Biting?

Pacific Discovery, July-August, 1962

"Conservation in America was made effective by the efforts of fire-eating enthusiasts typified by Theodore Roosevelt. Aware that they must combat sloth, indifference, and greed, if our natural resources were to be saved, they were not afraid to make enemies and to call a spade by its proper name. They were well-loved people, but they were also hated.

"Today conservation is in the hands of the 'organization man'; group oriented, committee minded, and sensitive to the moods and ideas of his community. He is fitted to keep an agency or bureau functioning with a minimum of friction and with the best of public relations. Regardless of any inward convictions, he hesitates to take any strong position on any issue unless he can detect ready-made support from his peers. . . .

"To make meaningful progress towards (the kind of world we want) in the next few, critical years, conservationists are going to have to cease being so agreeable and pleasant. To shatter the thick layer of complacency which surrounds the American public will take more than soft words. Conservation

needs some obstinate, ornery old table-thumpers who will settle for no worthless compromises, who will demand the best. In the words of a well-known American, 'nice guys finish last.' If conservation finishes last, the human race will be ended."

Wildlife Federation Scholarships

The National Wildlife Federation announces its 1963 program of graduate fellowships (to \$1,000) and undergraduate scholarships (to \$500). For applications (must be postmarked on or before December 1) write: National Wildlife Federation, 1412 16th St. N.W., Wash. 6, D.C.

Winter at CTL

(Continued from page 14)

Wednesday or Thursday before a weekend, additional guests may be accepted if there is space available.

On Friday, call the lodge manager (Code 916, GA 6-3632) to determine whether there are any last-minute vacancies. If you make reservations directly with the lodge manager, you will be asked to show your Club membership card.

Winter Rates. Reservations will be made for *full days only*. A full day, in CTL language, means a night's lodging followed by breakfast, lunch and dinner. A minimum weekend reservation will be for two full days (three days at Washington's Birthday). Weekday reservations may be made for any number of full days.

Cancellations and Refunds. For refund or credit, fill out the cancellation section of the *Request* form and return it to the Club office.

With plenty of snow for good skiing, and your cooperation both in making reservations and at the Lodge, we expect to have the most successful of winter seasons.

THE LODGE COMMITTEE

Letters

"Clean Logging" Redwood

Dear Sirs:

This past summer I made a cross-country bicycle trip from San Francisco to Quebec, and one of the incidents which I most often remember occurred near Arcata, California, and concerned your organization. You may or may not be familiar with the scene which greets the traveler there. The Arcata Redwood company has "clean logged" a large area of redwoods, adjacent to the highway and bordering the Prairie Creek State Park. I was horrified at the sight, and stopped to talk to the agent who was stationed there to "explain" the practice of "clean logging." (I understand pressure from other lumber companies in the area led to the hiring of this agent.)

In the course of a long and heated conversation this agent confessed that although the large majority of people to whom he talked ended up assenting to the company's arguments, still there were a very few who like myself just wouldn't buy it. "But," he said, "most of these were members of the Sierra Club." This last was said in a manner which suggested that the Sierra Club was approximately equivalent to the Communist Party or the KKK. I felt very much alone in the middle of that vast area of destruction, and I haven't forgotten the feeling of hope which came from the knowledge that somewhere, something called the Sierra Club was on my side.

I have since learned more about your organization, and everything I hear increases my interest. Although I am now living in Japan, and don't expect to be in the States for several years, I would very much like to become a member *in absentia*, or do whatever else I can, financially or otherwise, to help your organization.

FRITZ MAYTAG
Tokyo, Japan

"Most Beautiful . . ."

October 13, 1962

Gentlemen:

Please send ten more "In Wildness Is the Preservation of the World" by Porter, and advise if you expect this book to be in good supply for the Christmas season. It is one of the most beautiful books I have ever handled.

JOSEPH FOX BOOKS
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Disagrees on Bodega Head

Gentlemen:

I have been much interested in the stand taken by the Sierra Club and other conservation organizations relative to the proposed nuclear power plant at Bodega Head.

I am usually inclined to go along with (the club's) position. In this case, however, I do not believe that I can.

There can be little argument about the necessity for electrical power in this day and age, nor that the demand for it, particularly in this state, growing at the rate it is, will hugely increase in the future. Nuclear power will, as time passes, and its efficiency develops, become of

very great importance. It may very well grow to become so large a proportion of the total power supply that it will become less and less necessary to block the rivers of the country with power dams, both public and private, or to stick oil derricks all over the landscape. This is a "plus" for the conservationists.

In California, the Federal Government, the state, and other units have set aside truly vast areas as forests, parks, reserves, and the like. These are for the benefit of *all* the people. In the case of Bodega Head, it is perhaps time that the conservation-minded give a little in return—for the benefit of *all* the people.

WILLIAM A. VAWTER, III
Mill Valley, California

• A close inspection of the recent articles on all the events at Bodega Head, in the *Sebastopol Times* of September 27 and October 4, 11 and 18, suggests that all the "give" so far has been by the people, with no perceptible compromise on the part of the power company. And for a better assessment of the "need" for this plant, see the October 23 *New York Times*, indicating that atomic energy will never in this century provide a significant amount of electricity. Should an irreplaceable scenic resource be sacrificed for a hazardous experiment?—Ed.

"No" Urged on State Proposition 6

Dear Mr. Kilgore:

I am taking the privilege of bringing to your attention Proposition 6 on the November ballot, authored by Assemblyman John Busterud. Passage of this amendment will eliminate from the legislative procedure the qualification of a bond issue by a simple majority vote of the two houses of the legislature. Presently, this can be done if the issue is to be placed on the

ballot at the time of the general election. Passage of the Busterud amendment will require a two-thirds vote for all bond issues irrespective of whether they are in the form of a constitutional amendment or statute, or whether they are to appear on primary or general election ballots. I regard this as an unfortunate piece of legislation.

At the time it was before us I gave the measure a reluctant vote, though expressing grave reservations as to its advisability. Since the passage of the amendment, however, we have had an opportunity to witness the power that a minority can exercise in the legislature. Such a minority was able to block passage of the Governor's budget, until all of the bond issues were placed on the primary ballot. I regard this action as significant in that it was helpful in bringing about the defeat of several of the bond issues. I am certain this is true of the Cameron proposal on behalf of the development of our state program of beaches and parks.

An organized minority, with the approval of the Busterud amendment, by controlling one-third of the votes of one of the houses in the legislature will be able to block passage of any future bond issue. Such a minority might block future efforts to present to the voters a bond issue on behalf of beaches and parks.

I thought that this matter ought to be brought to your attention. I am taking a position in opposition to Proposition 6 and doing whatever I can to bring about its defeat in November.

ALBERT S. RODDA
State Senator

• We heartily concur in Senator Rodda's stand and suggest that members make their views known to friends and neighbors—directly and through the press.—Ed.

People You Know

Plans for the 1963 American Mount Everest Expedition are reported to be moving well with a substantial part of the budget in hand. Among club members participating are *William E. Siri* who will serve as deputy leader; *William F. Unsoeld*, climbing leader; and *Richard M. Emerson*, author of "Masherbrum 1960" in the 1960 Annual *SCB*.

Harold Gilliam, author of the club's new book, *Island in Time: The Point Reyes Peninsula*, has been appointed as a consultant to Secretary of the Interior Stewart Udall and he and his family have moved to Washington, D.C. for the three-month tour of duty.

Weldon F. Heald of Tucson, Arizona, was presented with the Angeles chapter's Annual Conservation Award at the 50th Annual Southern Banquet in Los Angeles on October 13.

An exhibit of Point Reyes photographs by *Philip Hyde* is now on display at the Nut Tree on U.S. Highway 40 near Vacaville, California. Many of the photographs were

taken originally for use in *Island in Time*.

Douglas Resigns; Dickey Elected

Supreme Court Justice William O. Douglas resigned from the Board of Directors of the Sierra Club, effective October 1, because of the possible conflict which can arise now that the Sierra Club is joining with the National Parks Association in filing suit against the Secretary of the Interior to prevent his closing the gates at Glen Canyon Dam in Arizona. Justice Douglas has explained that he believes he should not remain on the governing body of a group which may be engaging in litigation in the state or federal courts on conservation matters which at least in its potential might reach the Supreme Court.

On October 13 the Board accepted his resignation with regret and elected Randal F. Dickey, Jr., Chairman of the Conservation Committee and former Chairman of the Bay chapter of the club to fill Justice Douglas's unexpired term.



“and no birds sing . . .”

Silent Spring, by Rachel Carson. Houghton Mifflin Co.; New York, 1962. 355 pp. illustrated. \$5.

The biologist Rachel Carson has written one of the most upsetting horror stories of our age in *Silent Spring*. It parades the results of our attempts to control the natural world around us, and already it is, perhaps, the most controversial—as well as the most talked-about—book of the year.

Miss Carson opens her shocker with a description of a hypothetical American landscape across which a strange and deadly blight has settled. There is a creeping sickness among animals, human adults and children. There are unexplained deaths. Bees disappear from the apple orchards; there are no robins anymore; other birds are moribund and unable to fly. The streams are lifeless, for salmon, brook trout, and other game fish have become victims of the havoc. The vegetation has turned brown as though swept with fire.

“No witchcraft, no enemy action had silenced the rebirth of new life in this stricken world,” she notes. “The people had done it themselves?” How? Indiscriminate use of insecticides, fungicides, herbicides—tons of chemicals sprayed over the land and plowed into it.

No one community has experienced all this terror, Miss Carson admits. Yet she reminds us, every one of these disasters has actually happened somewhere, and many American communities have suffered several of them. *Silent Spring* is one scientist's attempt to explain to the layman the silencing of voices through the use of “pest-killers.” Miss Carson's devastating charge: they also work their way into the bones of people. The cancer-inducing DDT is one example.

Since about a third of this book appeared as a series of articles in *The New Yorker* not long ago, it has become the center of vast controversy. The counter-attack has been launched. I have at hand an elaborate brochure from the National Agricultural Chemicals Association of Washington, D.C., which refutes many of Miss Carson's charges. *The Monsanto Magazine*, a publication of the chemical corporation, also at

hand, carries a lengthy piece denying that the public is being sold a monstrous bill of goods. *Farm Journal*, *Farm Chemicals*, other trade and specialized papers are all vocal in presenting counter-opinions on the lethal power of these chemicals. Often they quote other scientists to make their point.

Yet, Miss Carson, who writes matter-of-factly in the style that made *The Sea Around Us* such an enormous popular success, substantiates her arguments in dramatic style. More than 50 pages of sources are listed at the end of her book (U.S. Government agencies among them). Her view:

“If we are going to live so intimately with these chemicals—eating and drinking them, taking them into the very marrow of our bones—we had better know something about their nature and their power.” She proceeds to let the layman in on her scientific data in chilling fashion.

One particularly dramatic chapter contains an account of how some insects have become immune to chemical attack; how they throw up their own defenses and in some cases strike back by emerging bigger

Clem Miller

(Continued from page 3)

in his periodic letters to his constituents, which have just been published in book form: *Member of the House*.

Clem Miller's advice to conservationists was characteristically blunt and direct. If you want something from your Congressman, he said in effect, do your homework. Talk to him in concrete, practical terms. Give him facts, not poetry. “The conservationist must learn to appeal to the utilitarian aspects of his case, rather than the esthetic.” His speech on this subject to the National Wildlife Federation last year should be required reading for all conservationists.

Out on the Point Reyes Peninsula where Clem's body will rest in a grave overlooking the Pacific and the long curving cliffs of Drakes Bay, this is the season when the great winds and storms begin to lash the coast. Clem would be pleased with that: he was no fair-weather outdoorsman or fair-weather conservationist. He loved the storms, both atmospheric and political.

And he took immense satisfaction in knowing that as a result of the long legislative struggle generations of Americans would find renewal of body and spirit along this wild coastline he had helped save for them.

But what would probably please him most

and more ferocious pests than ever.

Miss Carson contends that the balance of nature is being upset to an insane degree by the indiscriminate use of pesticides. She cites case after case to present a catalogue of havoc. Among her examples: the destruction of wildlife in Tule Lake and on the Lower Klamath, and the famous gnat war at Clear Lake.

Are things really as bad as Miss Carson suggests? She replies, in this remarkable book, with some anger:

“The ‘control of nature’ is a phrase conceived in arrogance, born of the Neanderthal age of biology and philosophy, when it was supposed that nature exists for the convenience of man. The concepts and practices of applied entomology date for the most part from that Stone Age of science. It is our alarming misfortune that so primitive science has armed itself with the most modern and terrible weapons, and that in turning them against the insects it has also turned them against the earth.”

—WILLIAM HOGAN

San Francisco Chronicle

would be the knowledge that his brief career as a legislator-conservationist might help inspire other young men to take up where he left off, making careers of politics and conservation to save the vanishing natural landscape of America.

—HAROLD GILLIAM

Wilderness Teaching Unit Available

A group of teachers in the San Francisco Bay Chapter has prepared a Teaching Unit on Conservation with emphasis on Wilderness. This is available in mimeographed form to Sierra Club teachers who are invited to try its ideas, add to its bibliography and list of student activities, and send in their comments and suggestions. We hope it can eventually be issued in printed form. It has been planned with the 10- to 12-year-old in mind but is adaptable by the teacher to almost any age level. This teaching unit is concise and takes the form of lesson plans for a two-week study, though it can be shortened or lengthened as needed. It begins with the well-known story of John Muir's life and work in Yosemite National Park and broadens into a study of the back country wilderness, leading to appreciation of wilderness in general, its value, ecology, and the need for preservation, ending with ways in which each student can work toward conservation of our wilderness heritage. Copies of this teaching unit can be obtained from Mrs. Woodford F. Harrison, 910 Oxford Street, Berkeley 7, California.

—CICELY M. CHRISTY

Winter at Clair Tappaan

Reservations for the 1962 winter season at Clair Tappaan Lodge will begin November 15 for members, their guests, and applicants for membership. (Applicants will be accepted at the Lodge as full members.) The Lodge Committee and the staff have worked through the summer to bring about improvements in the lodge,* as well as improvements in reservation procedure.

A *Request for Reservations* form will be sent to all known skiers before the season begins. It contains requests for reservations for lodging and meals and bus transportation. Copies will be mailed with each reservation. Please request *only one* weekend on each form! Full payment *must* accompany the request, unless the member has sufficient money on account to cover the reservation. Reservations should be made in person or by mail, since the form *must be* filled out.

Telephone requests will be accepted if the member has money on deposit or needs an application form. For convenience and speed in getting reservations, members are encouraged to keep funds on deposit.

Reservations will be filled promptly and mailed as soon as the *Reservation Request* and payment are received in the office. Waiting lists will be kept and as cancellations occur, names will be taken off the waiting list in the order received.

The rule of ten non-members sponsored and accompanied by members on any weekend will still prevail on a first come, first served basis. On

(Continued on page 11)

* The cubicles are no more—the space is now a women's dormitory.

1962-63 Winter Rates at Clair Tappaan Lodge

American Plan by Reservation	Members or Guests	Children under 12
Rate per weekday.....	\$ 5.00	\$ 3.50
Rate per two-day weekend or Christmas.....	10.00	10.00
Rate per three-day weekend.....	15.00	15.00
Five weekdays (Sunday lodging through Friday dinner).....	22.50	15.00
Week of 7 days.....	30.00	25.00

A week's stay may not commence or end with Saturday night's lodging.

A stay of less than full weekend or weekday must be arranged with the lodge manager.

Partial day rates are:

Lodging	\$2.00	\$2.00
Breakfast	1.00	1.00
Lunch (not available alone or as first meal of a stay).....	1.00	1.00
Dinner	2.00	2.00

Transportation via chartered bus (beginning Friday, January 4, 1963):

For two-day weekend, round trip.....	\$6.00	One way \$3.50
For three-day weekend, round trip.....	6.50	One way 3.75

The bus leaves from Duboce and Market Streets, San Francisco, at 6:15 p.m. and from the Southern Pacific Depot, 3rd and University, Berkeley, at 7:00 p.m.

To make reservations—fill out *Request for Reservation* form (available at club office) and send with full payment to the Sierra Club office, 1050 Mills Tower, San Francisco.

To cancel reservations, notify Club office at once if prior to Friday before the reserved weekend. On Friday, call the lodge manager (Code 916, GA 6-3632). Call the Club office to cancel all bus reservations. Cancellation charges are:

7-day notice (prior to first unit of reservation).....	\$1 or 10% (whichever is larger)
6-day notice or less	25%
No show.....	100%

HUTCHINSON LODGE—Reservations are made directly with the Manager, Clair Tappaan Lodge, Norden, California. Rates are \$2 per person per night with a minimum charge of \$16 per night. Same refund and cancellation rules apply.

OUTLYING HUTS—Scheduled trips have priority. Reservations are made with the Manager at CTL, and keys obtained from him. A suggested donation of \$1 per person per night may be sent to the Lodge in the envelopes provided at the huts.

Blackberries, Nettles and Wilderness

(Continued from page 2)

"The special interests have brought their big guns to Washington to kill this bill. They have even alleged that reserving these far flung areas which together total only one-third the area of Colorado will create a "mineral gap" between Russia and ourselves. They say it will cause unemployment, burden the President with extra duties and detract from the time he must spend in promoting peace, and will even hamper economic growth.

"Beneath all these arguments the pattern of economic self-interest is clear—it is the same ruthless disregard for the preservation of nature which caused Gifford Pinchot and Teddy Roosevelt to move with the decisiveness that made them heroes to every conservationist.

"One Ecologist being quoted by wilderness opponents has said that 'Conservation for pleasure . . . or the assigning of superior rights to animals should never take precedence over human survival.' This materialistic argument overlooks the fact that the spiritual peace of mind and restored perspective which nature gives to many hard driving moderns has a definite effect upon their survival. Most of the ulcers belong to city people!"

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We also took careful note of the statement by Wayne N. Aspinall, Chairman of the House Committee on Interior and Insular Affairs, presented at the White House Conference on Conservation, May 24, 1962 in which Mr. Aspinall said:

"Traditionally conservation and wise use have been synonymous. To me, this is what conservation has meant: accepting all the material resources that nature is capable of providing, taking those natural resources where they are, and as they are, and developing them for the best use of the people as a whole. Conservation means that we do not waste; however, it does not mean that we save merely for the sake of saving. In other words, string savers are not conservationists. . . . I do not know when, where, or how, the purist preservationist group assumed the mantle of the conservationists.

" . . . what I am saying is that Congress will continue to equate conservation with wise use; will not put out of reach resources that may be required for our national continuance; and that all the resources will be managed for the benefit of the many and not the few."

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Congressman Wayne Aspinall won the antiwilderness battle in the 87th Congress. And the Wilderness Bill and the American public lost. For there were not enough Charlie Gubers in the Congress. But Congressmen can change. Their constituents can bring about this change—either in the outlook of a man or in the man himself. Every member of the Sierra Club has a constitutional right—and a moral obligation—to know what his Congressman thinks about wilderness, and in turn to let him know what the constituent thinks. The opponents of wilderness exercise this right forcefully, as the results of the 87th Congress make clear.

You can help make sure the 88th Congress is not so strongly influenced by a one-sided presentation of the public's concern about wilderness.—B.M.K.

Mountain Talk

THE LEDGE TRAIL in Yosemite National Park, I am told, is no longer maintained. Climbers intending to use it must inform the rangers as with any rock climb.

My memory of the Ledge Trail, which was a route nearly straight up from Camp Curry to Glacier Point, is sharp and clear despite the passage of time. I remember the terrain and spectacular views, but especially the circumstances of my one trip on the trail and the man who was on it with me.

It was during a summer in the 1930s when I was working as a laborer for the National Park Service in Yosemite. Although my qualifications as a laborer were doubtful, then as now, I needed the pay—four dollars a day—to return to college, and I sweated out a series of assignments.

First I helped paint white center lines on all the roads in and about the Valley, then I did chores in the sign shop, with the plumber crews, and at the sewage disposal plant. One day I carried tools for the trail crew which was preparing the Ledge Trail for its seasonal opening. The month was late June or early July.

Signs and guidebooks said urgently that the trail was to be used for ascent only. "Descent is prohibited." Total distance from Camp Curry to Glacier Point was 1.75 miles for a gain in elevation of 3,250 feet.

Nevertheless we descended. The trail foreman and I were driven 30 miles around to the rim. Near the Glacier Point hotel we piled out of the green pickup and I shouldered an ax, a pick, and a shovel or two. Two members of the crew returned to the Valley, parked at Camp Curry, and began working up the trail.

Let me call the rough and ready foreman Red. He was as strongly built, seasoned, and assured as I was puny, callow, and lacking in manual dexterity. It took a while for the full extent of my incompetence to sink in, but after an hour or so Red realized what sort of helper he had. Before the day was over he gave me several lessons in ax work, rock moving, and shovel technique. I flunked every test, of course, but I learned to respect an extraordinary man.

As we slowly descended the steep, rocky canyon of Staircase Creek and traversed the diagonal ledge below Glacier Point, I watched with fascination the deliberate, sure movements of a master builder. Caked snow and ice were lodged in places along the trail, while other portions had been washed out or were blocked by displaced boulders and debris.

Red walked gracefully in the morning sun, noticing every detail and fitting it into a pattern in his mind. He lifted a stone with his powerful hands and ordered me to shovel snow or sand; he rebuilt a barrier, chopped a

snag. Steadily, as we moved down, he restored the path that winter and gravity had sought to obliterate.

Opposite a backdrop of tremendous vistas of the upper Valley and its cliffs as we



dropped down our own precipitous cleft, I began to feel that I was in the presence of a natural force, a demigod of the mountains, as potent in his way as the forces of erosion

against which he pitted his strength. For the moment, Red seemed equal to the challenge of relentless nature on the ledge.

Later, when we joined the two other trail men in the brushy lower section, ate our bag lunches, loafed out of sight near Camp Curry, and uncovered the sign that reopened the Ledge Trail to travelers, Red resumed his human character. He was just a capable craftsman, a mountain man who knew his job.

I have never encountered Red since that summer. Perhaps he is no longer in the Sierra, or even walking the earth. But I have not been able to forget him. Like other skilled woodsmen, like some of the packers I meet who work their animals along the trails without an unnecessary motion, Red belongs to the company of my personal heroes.

No doubt there were other, more prosaic reasons for abandoning the Ledge Trail. I'd like to imagine, however, that they couldn't have kept it open without Red's inspired touch.

FRED GUNSKY

Bright holiday gift and greeting card idea:

Wilderness Notes

Sierra Club Wilderness Greeting Notes are rapidly becoming a tradition in the holiday season. This year four new subjects are available, in addition to the previous subjects—a total of eight. The photographs are beautifully printed and varnished, appropriate text within on the left-hand page, and space for your own message on the right-hand page. Matching envelopes are included. New subjects this year are Willet, Drakes Beach; El Capitan, Winter, Yosemite; Fog Near Cascade Pass, Northern Cascades; and Forest at Dawn by Eliot Porter. (See your catalogue for further details.)

Assorted cards are available in boxes of 36 at \$3.95 a box, or in boxes of 108 of a single subject for \$11.50.



Bulletin Board

The 87th Congress was notable for initiating a great deal of heartening conservation legislation—and then failing to pass it. Major advancement in water pollution control, the establishment of three national seashores, and modest progress in the preservation of waterfowl wetlands were features of an otherwise undistinguished conservation record when the Second Session adjourned on October 13, 1962.

★ Wilderness Bill

Antiwilderness advocates succeeded in blocking House action on this important measure. When the House Interior Committee finally ordered reported a substitute and badly deformed "Wilderness Bill," they also instructed that this bill be submitted to a House vote under the suspension of the rules procedure. This would have prevented all other members of the House from having any voice in amending and improving the substitute bill.

"In defending his committee's recommendation in a speech on the House floor," according to the *Outdoor News Bulletin*, "Congressman Wayne N. Aspinall of Colorado said that the purpose of the suspension of rules directive, offered in committee by Congressman Jack Westland of Washington, was to 'avoid having emotions take over and undo the work of the committee.'"

"Congressman John P. Saylor, ranking minority member of the committee, criticized the directive and said it suggests that the committee thinks the 'House is not competent or should be protected from making decisions in which emotions might be involved.'"

In a speech on the floor of the House, Aspinall characterized supporters of the Senate Wilderness Bill as "propagandists," "lobbyists," and "extremists." The House leadership rejected the Aspinall-Westland bid for suspension of the rules, so the antiwilderness segment of the committee simply stayed away from any further meetings of the committee and thus stopped all action.

★ Point Reyes and Padre Island National Seashores

High among accomplishments of the Second Session was the establishment of the Point Reyes National Seashore in California and the Padre Island National Seashore in Texas. Point Reyes will consist of 53,000 acres north of San Francisco and Padre Island is an 80-mile-long, 47,000-acre seashore off the Texas coast. However, the effort

White House photograph by Abbie Rowe



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

to secure \$5 million to start land acquisition at Point Reyes failed to pass, leaving this as a top priority matter for January.

★ Rainbow Bridge

No funds were voted to provide the promised protection for Rainbow Bridge National Monument from Glen Canyon Reservoir waters. The Sierra Club therefore is joining with the National Parks Association and other conservation groups in a suit against the Secretary of the Interior to prevent the closing of the Glen Canyon Dam diversion tunnels (see June 1961 *SCB*) until protection has been provided as required by the Colorado River Project Act.

★ Indiana Dunes

New hopes are being raised that at least a segment of the natural dunes along Lake Michigan—not yet destroyed by steel mills—will be saved. (See "The Battle for Indiana Dunes Goes On" on page 10.)

1963 Wilderness Conference

The Eighth Biennial Wilderness Conference will be held on March 8 and 9 at the Sheraton-Palace Hotel in San Francisco. Theme of the sessions will be *Tomorrow's Wilderness*. Distinguished speakers from a broad range of conservation and related fields will participate. A special field trip to Point Reyes will take place Sunday, March 10. Sierra Club members and friends of conservation are urged to save these dates.

Unpatented Mining Claims

The President signed a bill which permits the Secretary of the Interior to sell up to five acres of public land to anyone holding a mining claim last July 23, providing the claim was at least seven years old. Representative John Saylor indicated his belief that the legislation may encourage the "unlawful use" of the national forests.

Sierra Club Directors Meeting

The Board of Directors of the Sierra Club on October 13 passed resolutions (1) reaffirming its opposition to invasion of the scenic and recreational features of Anza-Borrego Desert State Park; (2) urging strict enforcement of laws and regulations prohibiting unauthorized and detrimental use of the San Miguel Island off the coast of California; (3) recommending that the United States Forest Service establish protection to preserve intact the redwood forest near and lying generally between the Klamath and Smith rivers in the Six Rivers National Forest in northern California; (4) noting that the California State Forest Practice Act needs major strengthening with respect to both scope and enforcement to ensure protection of forest, wildlife, watershed, and other land values; and (5) supporting the Federation of Western Outdoor Clubs' recommendation for a Sky Lakes Wilderness Area in Oregon.

EDGAR AND PEGGY WAYBURN

The President signs the Point Reyes Bill at the White House, September 13, 1962. Left to right: Rep. Wayne Aspinall, Rep. J. T. Rutherford, Secretary of the Interior Stewart Udall (with the especially autographed copy of Island in Time presented to President Kennedy), Rep. John P. Saylor, Senators Alan Bible, Hubert Humphrey, Clair Engle, the late Rep. Clem Miller, Asst. Secretary of the Interior John Carver, Rep. Jeffery Cohelan, Asst. Director of the National Park Service Hillory Tolson, and David Brower.