

DECEMBER 1969

Sierra Club Bulletin



EDITORIAL

A Moratorium on Alaska Oil Exploration

Bigger questions for Alaska lie beyond the oil exploration and extraction activities at Prudhoe Bay and Cook Inlet. Can petroleum be shipped out of Alaska by pipeline, tanker, or any other means without chronic and catastrophic oil spills? Will the Arctic oilfield, now confined to the central Arctic north of the Brooks Range, expand west into the huge Naval Petroleum Reserve No. 4 and east to the lovely Arctic National Wildlife Range? Will the semi-secret explorations in Bristol Bay and on the Alaska Peninsula turn that fabulous big-game, waterfowl, and salmon paradise into another Prudhoe? Can offshore drilling in the savage Gulf of Alaska or the Beaufort Sea be done without a series of Santa Barbaras?

In view of these and other managerial complexities that neither industry, state nor federal governments have been able to solve, there should be a complete shutdown for at least three years of all further oil and gas exploration in Alaska and adjacent waters, outside of present lease areas in Cook Inlet and the central Arctic.

The immediate and permanent benefits from this action would far outweigh any temporary reduction in revenues to geophysical contractors or to the State of Alaska. First, this action would let the oil and gas industry turn its full attention to getting known petroleum reserves into production and to market safely and with minimum losses to the environment. Second, the moratorium would give government time to establish a full range of regulations for oilfield conservation and for the protection of the landscape and wildlife. Third, universities and others could begin basic, full-scale studies of tundra and taiga disturbances, so that better evaluations of the regulations would be possible. Fourth, and very importantly, oil companies and the government could steadily improve exploration techniques so that any future exploration could be done with minor and tolerable damage to the land. Fifth, the State of Alaska could study its new role as rich man, learning how to make the most social mileage out of its financial windfall. Finally, the moratorium would allow resource agencies and private groups to develop sound proposals for lands to be reserved permanently from oil and gas exploitation, based on their importance to science or exceptional wildlife, scenic, or recreational values.

Eventually more of the potential oil lands may be explored. If this is to occur, it should come on the initiative of the government, not industry. It should only be done when the national and global situation clearly calls for development of new reserves, and it should be done on lands selected by the government. And, as oil and gas are public resources under public land, the public, through government, should dictate the conditions and techniques of exploration. A separate industry-government corporation could be established to explore each parcel as it is opened up, with companies and individual entrepreneurs bidding for a share in the venture. The corporation would then conduct all exploration work with the best technology available, sharing geophysical data within the corporation. This would eliminate the haste and secrecy that have caused such wasteful and destructive duplication of seismic lines, shot holes, camps, roads, airstrips, test wells, and gravel pits in the Arctic. Petroleum discoveries would be developed by the private members of the exploration group, under a unitization plan, dividing proceeds in the ratio of original bids for exploration. Whether or not government shares in the costs and returns of oil exploitation (or, indeed, takes over completely, as some have suggested) is of less concern to me than that nature be given a fair shake.

ROBERT B. WEEDEN
Sierra Club Alaskan Representative



Sierra Club Bulletin

DECEMBER 1969
VOL. 54—No. 11

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

COVER: Cloud formations over Utah's Escalante Canyon Country, a threatened wilderness (see page 4).

NEWS NOTES	3
DEATH OF THE ESCALANTE <i>Jack McLellan</i>	4
PROTEST!	10
SIERRA CLUB BEGINNINGS <i>Ethel Olney Easton</i>	12
MYSTERY MOUNTAIN <i>Daniel Eaton</i>	16
BOOK REVIEWS	21
WASHINGTON REPORT	23
CLAIR TAPPAAN LODGE	24

Credits: Cover, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, Philip Hyde • 4, Joanna McComb • 10, 11, Roy Peers, courtesy of KOED • 12, John Muir photo by Francis M. Fultz on 1907 hike through Millard Canyon. Copy negative by Clifford Youngquist • 14, 15, courtesy of California Historical Society • 16, 18, 19, Daniel K. Eaton.

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

Phillip Berry		President
Edgar Wayburn		Vice President
Raymond Sherwin		Secretary
Richard Sill		Fourth Officer
August Fruge		Fifth Officer
Charles Huestis		Treasurer
Ansel Adams	Richard Leonard	Maynard Munger
Paul Brooks	Luna Leopold	Eliot Porter
Patrick Goldsworthy	Martin Litton	William Siri
	Larry Moss	
Aubrey Wendling		Chairman, Sierra Club Council
Michael McCloskey		Executive Director
James Ramsey		Editor
Julie Cannon		News Editor
Elizabeth Rogers		Editorial Assistant

Published monthly by the Sierra Club, 1050 Mills Tower, San Francisco, California 94104. Annual dues are \$12 (first year \$17), of which \$3 is for subscription to the *Bulletin* (Non-members: one year \$5; three years \$12.00; single monthly copies, 50c; single *Annals*, \$2.75.) Second-class postage paid at San Francisco, California. Copyright 1969 by the Sierra Club. All communications and contributions should be addressed to Sierra Club, 1050 Mills Tower, San Francisco 94104. * Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

NEWS NOTES

Timber supply bill passed by House Committee

Early in November H.R. 12025, the bill that would speed up timber cutting in the national forests, was reported favorably out of the House Agriculture Committee. Before voting approval, the Committee changed the title of the measure from the National Timber Supply Act (see May SCB) to the National Forest Timber Conservation and Management Act of 1969, apparently to camouflage its purpose which is to classify 97 million acres of national forest land for "high yield" harvesting. H.R. 12025, opposed by conservationists because it undermines multiple-use and sustained yield principles, now goes to the House Rules Committee where decisions will be made on whether it will be soon sent to the House floor for a vote. Letters and telegrams should be sent to members of the House and Senate urging them to reject the bill because it will grossly over-balance national forest management in favor of logging, and overshadow such other uses as grazing, wildlife, recreation, and watershed management.

Club wins suit on pollution of Lake Superior

It made front page headlines in Minnesota when the state finally gave in to the Sierra Club and moved against the mining firm that has been dumping 60,000-long tons of taconite tailings wastes daily into Lake Superior. As reported in last month's *Bulletin*, the Sierra Club and the Minnesota Committee for Environmental Information had filed a joint lawsuit in September to compel the state to hold public hearings on revoking Reserve Mining's permit to discharge taconite tailings into Lake Superior. The state had subsequently made an unsuccessful move to quash the suit. On November 10 an agreement was reached by the attorneys for the state and for the two conservation groups. According to that agreement the state is to hold a public hearing prior to May 30, 1970 "upon charges specifying alleged violations by Reserve Mining Company on the conditions of the said permits by discharging its tailings so as to: (1) result in material clouding or discoloration of the waters of Lake Superior at the surface, outside of the zone of discharge specified in said permits, contrary to the conditions of said permits; (2) materially and adversely affect fishlife; and (3) otherwise materially and unlawfully pollute the waters of Lake Superior." The victory won by the conservationists' attorney, Robert Share of Friedell, Share & Solomon, is comfortably insured by a court order requiring the state to hold the hearings specified in the Nov. 10th agreement.

Conservation wins 5 to 1 in New York

On November 4 the voters of New York State voted approximately 5 to 1 to amend their state constitution to include a "Conservation Bill of Rights." This makes New York the first state to incorporate in its state charter a basic conservation policy. The ballot contained four constitutional amendments—all of which passed. Other amendments dealt with government loans for hospitals, state-guaranteed loans to create jobs, and legislative reapportionment. But the conservation amendment, supported by both major parties, passed by the widest margin.

Justice Dept. to test club's standing to sue

The Department of Justice has prepared an appeal of the Hudson River Expressway case in which the Sierra Club won a permanent injunction in a New York Federal District Court against construction of the expressway on the grounds that dikes in navigable waterways of the United States require the approval of Congress. The club's victory represents the first time since 1929 that the permit program of the Corps of Engineers under the Rivers and Harbors Act of 1899 has come under such sharp attack. Curiously though the U.S. brief spends only the last seven pages on the dikes and causeways issue. Pages one through 27 are concerned with standing and jurisdictional issues. It appears that the U.S. appeal has a broader perspective than the fate of the Hudson River Expressway. The Justice Department intends to test the growing tendency of federal courts to grant standing to conservation groups. (Recent suits in which the Sierra Club has won standing to sue include in addition to the Hudson River Expressway case the Mineral King case in California and the Colorado Wilderness suit.) The Justice Department is expected to carry this issue to the Supreme Court if its appeal is not sustained in the Court of Appeals.

Senate votes \$1 billion for water pollution

The conservation coalition which won a major victory when the House tripled the Administration's "clean water" budget proposal, won a total victory in the Senate when that body voted the full \$1 billion sought by the coalition. The Administration's budget proposal had earmarked only \$214 million to supply matching fund grants to the states for the construction of water treatment facilities. The House, as reported in last month's *Bulletin*, hiked the sum to \$665 million, and in mid-November the Senate voted 86 to 2 to include the \$1 billion so intensively campaigned for by a coalition of conservation, labor, and civic groups. The measures passed by the Senate and House now go to a conference committee to work out a compromise figure.

Continued on page 22



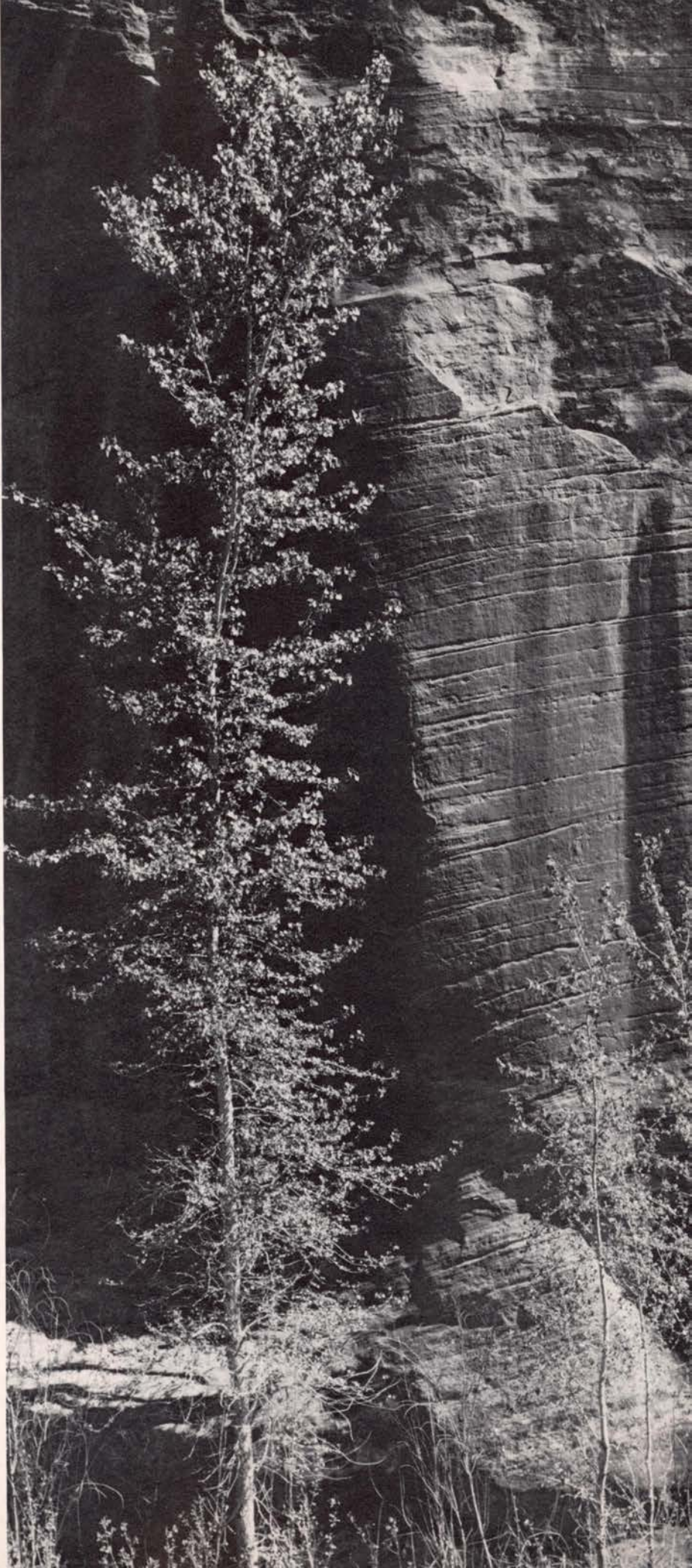
DEATH OF THE ESCALANTE

By Jack E. McLellan

The Escalante River was the last major river to be discovered in the United States, during a survey by John Wesley Powell in 1872. The Escalante Canyon country of southeast Utah remains one of the least spoiled wild areas in the nation, having been protected by inaccessibility and general lack of knowledge of its features.

The Escalante wild country is a combination of deep, narrow canyons, river-cut cliffs, secret alcoves, natural bridges and arches, hanging gardens, seeps, and waterfalls—a blend of bold and delicate features, a regular symphony of rock and water and time. The Escalante contains some of the last examples of what Glen Canyon used to be.

The Utah Highway Commission plans to build a road from Bullfrog Basin on Lake Powell across the very heart of the Escalante to the Hole-in-the-Rock road, southeast of the town of Escalante. Conservationists have proposed that 600,000 acres of the lower Escalante River drainage be classified as wilderness. The fight is on to preserve the Escalante from industrial tourism and developments that would accompany this road, and from other roads that would surely follow. The possible fate of the Escalante Canyons is not unique — that is the real tragedy.



THE PAST

An unknown desert canyon was once alive and vibrant. In the canyon bottom a sometimes murmuring, sometimes thundering, but always carefree stream wound its way around bend after bend, over waterfalls and rocks, bouncing from one canyon wall to the other. The river and its canyons were a vital, spirited part of a complex desert environment. An unknown canyon, but not for long. Anasazi Indians—the Ancient Ones—found the canyon, farmed its rich bottom land, hunted the mesas, and built dwellings and storage rooms in the cliffs. They recorded many events in pictographs and petroglyphs on the walls, but otherwise left the canyons in peace. About 800 years ago the Anasazi moved from the canyon for reasons theorized upon but not really understood.

For several hundred years the canyon and its tributaries flourished in the absence of man—until the Mormons built an outpost at the edge of the wild country. “Potato Hollow” they called the small community, later renaming it Escalante, after the Escalante River, at the suggestion of Major John Wesley Powell.

These were lean years for the Escalante Canyon Country as its beauty and vitality were threatened by the onslaught of cattle and sheep. The battle was lost in some of the upper mesas, attested to by the scraggly sagebrush and blowing sand where rugged grass once grew.

For years the canyons were used exclusively by the local ranchers. They considered the Escalante “their” land, as many do even today, though in fact it is all public domain.

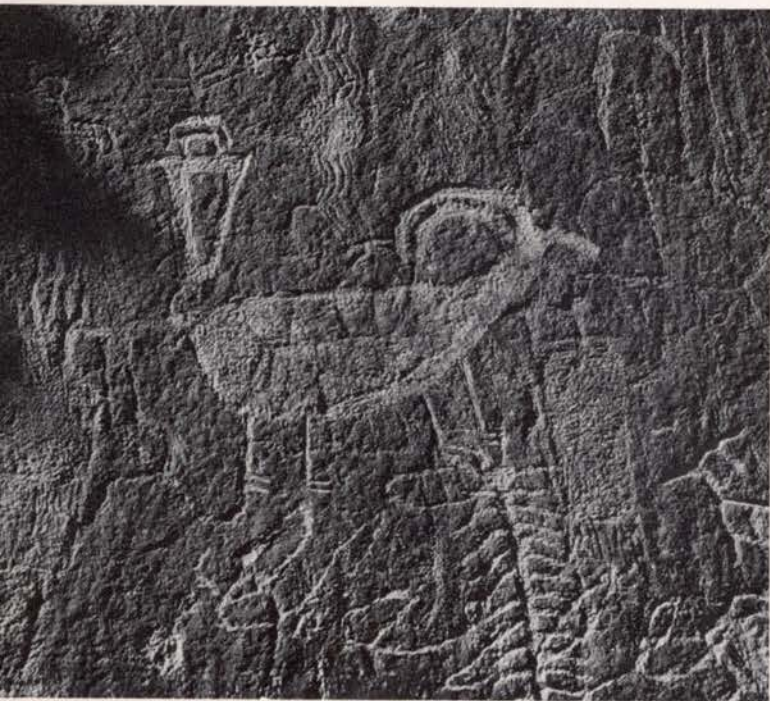
The area was not entirely unknown to the outside world, and once Glen Canyon and the Escalante Canyons were even proposed as a national park, back in the 1930’s. Apathy, lack of information, and the Second World War put an end to that idea. But few “outsiders” really knew of the Escalante Canyons until the uranium rush of the 1950’s. Prospectors came in jeeps and bulldozers. Quiet places of beauty and natural balance near the Escalante Canyons were bulldozed open, blasted, scarred, and left. Some 11,000 claims were filed in the area. No great finds were made. No mines operate there today, but the scars remain. Most of them have been excluded from the proposed wilderness.

Finally the modern backpacker and canyon explorer—including the conservationist, preservationist, environmentalist—discovered the Escalante Canyons. They gloried in the beauties of the canyons, the streaked walls, pools, ferns, the silence. These wilderness seekers were more like the Indians who loved and worshipped natural things—naturalists: yet not entirely. Who can stand within the perfection of the Escalante and not in some way experience a hint of the supernatural? We all have our personal religions. To some of us wilderness is *the* place of worship; of what, depends upon the individual. One man sees desert canyons as a hell of a place to lose a cow. Another stands alone on the rim of the Escalante Canyon and whispers to the rocks and the wind, “Perhaps when God was driven from Glen Canyon, He came to live in the Escalante.”

The canyons themselves remained relatively inaccessible, and lack of knowledge of their features seemed to keep out all but the true desert canyon enthusiast. The explorers slowly discovered the sheer walls covered with desert varnish; pools reflecting cottonwoods, monkey flowers, sky and clouds; and towering domes, amphitheaters, and arches. They became aware of the almost painful beauty of small pebbles in a sheltered niche, surrounded by fine, clean sand—arranged in patterns undisturbed for thousands of years, yet so delicate that one misguided footprint could wipe out, in an instant, the accumulated effort of ten thousand years of raindrops, wind, and fragile lichen. Small, fierce-looking brachiopods swam in hidden waterpockets, a microcosm of a prehistoric world, and presented them with a glimpse into the past—and perhaps into the future.

The Escalante is a contrast of the huge and the minute, of openness and hidden glens—an endless expanse of Forty-Mile Bench complemented by walls eighteen inches apart, hundreds of feet high in Davis Gulch. It displays the beginning in its massive sandstone walls, the end in its fragile ferns. The Escalante is a little of the Grand Canyon, some of Bryce and Zion, a reminder of Mesa Verde, and the last great remnant of Glen Canyon—but it possesses a unique spirit of its own.

The Escalante could remain like this forever—except for



the restless spirit of men in a culture more concerned with quantity than quality—a culture concerned not with harmony, but with dominance.

As the gates of Glen Canyon Dam closed and the water of Powell Reservoir rose, water crept over the mouth of Escalante Canyon, spilled into Cathedral in the Desert, covered Gregory Bridge, closed off the mouths of side canyons. Driftwood and slime were pushed back by the water, choking the side canyons. Walls of sand and rock slumped with a sickening gurgle as water crept over beaches and undercut the walls. Grass, shrubs, and trees were covered. The canyon wrens nervously sang their descending scale, then flew away. Deer, coyotes, foxes ran for higher ground. Some were drowned with the mice and snakes, some were trapped in box canyons to live awhile then starve to death. A flood? Yes. A devastating, planned, unnecessary flood, one that killed not only animals but murdered a living river, buried a living canyon, and destroyed just a little of every person's heritage—Glen Canyon—and the lower Escalante Canyon.

THE PRESENT . . .

Those who loved the Escalante became uncertain when more people learned of the canyons, coming by boat and jeep. Should they keep quiet, and hope that little damage would be done, or speak up about its beauties, the need for protection, and risk drawing even more people? At last their minds were made up for them. The Utah Highway Commission announced its intent to build a road through the heart of the Escalante from Bullfrog Basin on Lake Powell to the Hole-in-the-Rock road southeast of the town of Escalante.

The Highway Department invited conservationists on desert safaris to try to convince them that the road would not hurt the wild canyons, that blasting 37 miles of road up the face of the Waterpocket Fold, across bedrock and sand, tunneling and half-tunneling down a 500 foot vertical cliff, bridging the Escalante River near Coyote Creek, carving switchbacks up the other side, and then bulldozing more sand and bedrock—tried to convince them that all of this would not hurt the Escalante. They were not convinced, to say the least. Conservationists united, organized, and retaliated. The Sierra Club, Escalante Wilderness Committee of the Wasatch Mountain Club, Federation of Western Outdoor Clubs, and hundreds of individuals resolved to fight this ridiculous, unnecessary road through the heart of the Escalante, and to press for wilderness classification.

A brochure was prepared, presentations were given, photos and maps were exhibited. Meetings were held. Hearings were attended. Political leaders were contacted. Conservationists proposed an Escalante Wilderness, and also proposed a Canyon Country Parkway System, using existing



roads, as an alternate to Senator Moss' Lake Powell Parkway (Senate Bill S. 306), which includes the trans-Escalante highway.

Then the conservation lid came off with a bang. After the Escalante Wilderness and Canyon Country Parkway proposals, the boundaries of Capitol Reef and Arches National Monuments were extended. These two monuments were later proposed as national parks with extended boundaries. Soon after that grazing fees on public lands were increased. Local Escalante people blamed the conservationists for all their troubles. We sympathize with these people. We envy them because they live in a wilderness setting. We pity them because they do not understand wilderness, or why it should be preserved. They can't understand that many other people would go out of their minds if no wilderness existed for them, like Anteaous, to contact the earth, to recuperate and regenerate—or at least to dream of doing so. (Welcome to the Escalante; please ride your trail bikes clockwise, in ever-diminishing circles—)



... THE FUTURE?

The highway from Bullfrog Basin to Hole-in-the-Rock was begun. Bulldozers scraped at the sandstone, piled dirt in the gullies and uprooted trees. Dynamite fumes filled the air. Air drills pushed into the futilely resisting rock. Tunnels and half-tunnels were fashioned in the vertical cliff. Supports were formed, and a gleaming, lifeless bridge was built—an engineering marvel but completely out of place in this sensitive natural area—just like a giant tin can. The asphalt crept up the hillside of sand in ugly switchbacks. Wind blew the sand trying to cover and hide the scar; men scraped away the sand, and cursed.

The dark blue ribbon crossed Forty-Mile Bench, and finally reached the Hole-in-the-Rock road. A priceless diamond was smashed; the Escalante was now in two pieces. Total degradation had begun and the canyons were dying.

Side roads to overlooks were built. Sun shelters, picnic tables, garbage cans, vending machines, paved trails—the abominations of industrial mass tourism—were at every stopping point. A campground was constructed at the Forty-Mile Bench waterpockets. Soon the water was polluted, the sand covered with bottles, paper, and pop-top can openers. Waste blew over the sand hills and lodged in the canyons. Fragile plant life was disrupted and animals left, or died.

The trans-Escalante highway was extended south to Arizona and north around Canyonlands National Park into Colorado, forming a “scenic parkway” planned years ago by the Utah Highway Commission and as presented to the United States Senate by Senator Moss as Bill S.306.

The tourists drove along this road and asked questions about the country. “Where is the ‘john’?”, “Where can I get a drink?”, “What is there to see here?”

And we ask, “Did you enjoy your trip from Bullfrog Basin?”

“Oh, yes—beautiful drive. Made it in half an hour.”

“Did you see the cactus blooms, the Sacred Datura, and the chukar partridge or collared lizards?”

“Hell, no—how can you see something like that at 60 mph?”

“Did you see Stevens Arch?”

“You bet! Great sight! Couldn’t get a good picture of it, though—got either that road or the bridge in every shot.”

“Where are you going now?”

“Oh, we’ll buzz on down to the dam and go take a look at the Grand Canyon, and then on over to L.A.”

The canyon is dead.

Industrial tourism in the Escalante has come of age.

Scenic loop roads reach the rim in a dozen places. A cable car takes tourists into Coyote Gulch over the Moki Footsteps trail to Jacob Hamblin Arch. There they stay in cabins and rent trail bikes, or take the morning air-conditioned jeep tour up Stevens Canyon to the new tower restaurants overlooking the Waterpocket Fold.

Davis Gulch? Jeeps run every twenty minutes from the mouth of the narrows up and down the canyon, and back to the Forty-Mile Bench Village. (Keep to the right, 30 mph; watch for kids. Let's all have fun safely. Enjoy the Escalante. WARNING: Carbon monoxide fumes may collect in canyon bottoms.)

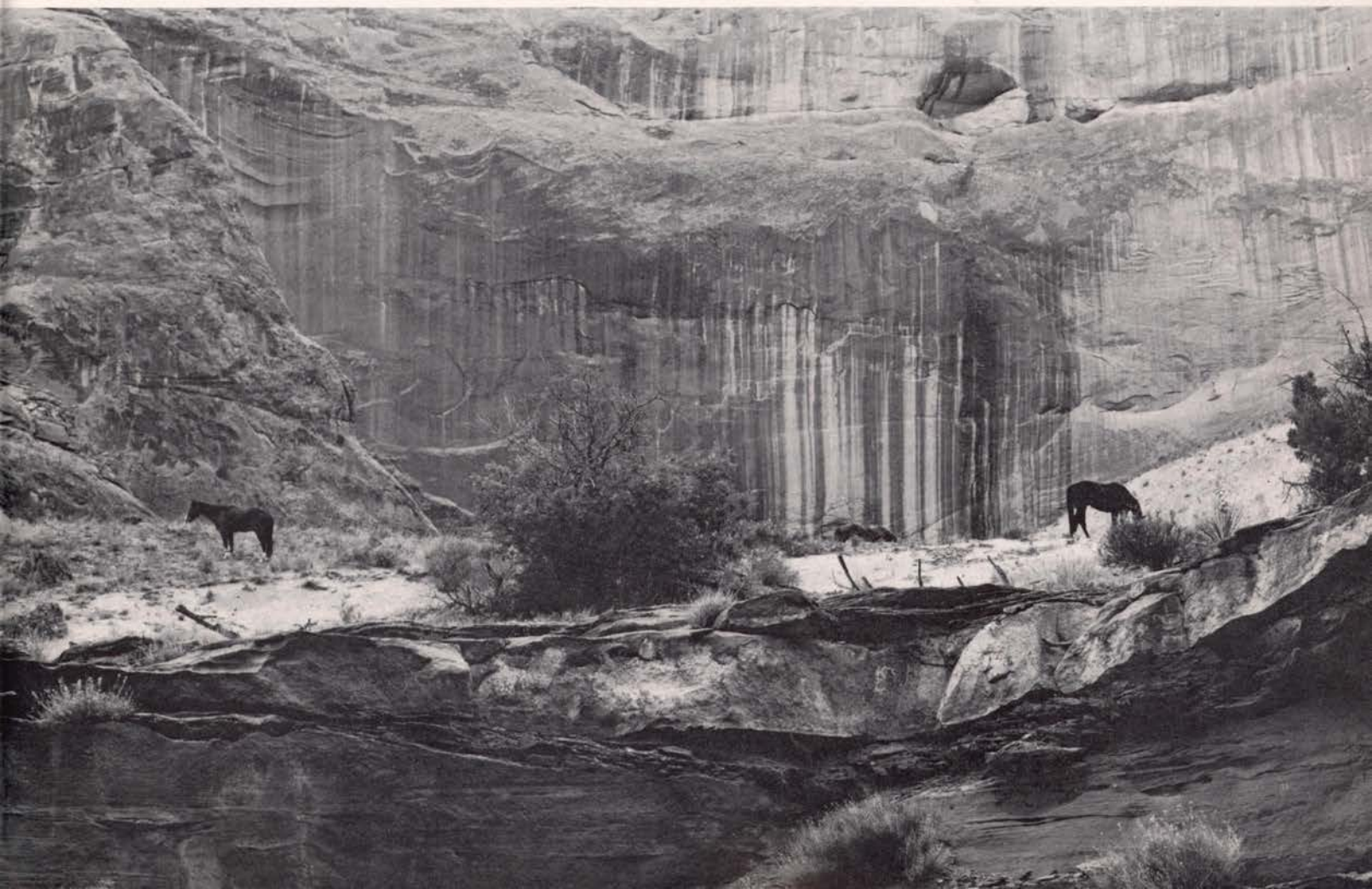
Exhibits? Oh, yes—over there between the trail bike rental shop and the pizza house. Nice exhibit, made out of plastic. Glass top, metal stand. Big sign near it, full of bullet holes and carved initials now, tells of the wonderful wild area the Escalante used to be. Says something about the Escalante Canyons being an exhibit—but one made by God, not man. No plastic, steel, glass, asphalt. No cans, bottles, bridges, trail bikes, picnic tables, garbage. Just silence. Globemallow. Cottonwood. Reflecting pools. A wild land at peace with itself, at peace with those who understood its needs. A living wilderness, a natural cathedral—now dead and desecrated.

The Escalante is not dead yet, but it will be unless we obtain protection. The first step is to stop the trans-Escalante highway. The next step is to have the area legislatively classified as wilderness.

Please sharpen your minds and pencils, and write one or all of the following, urging that the trans-Escalante highway (Bullfrog Basin to Hole-in-the-Rock road) not be built; that the routing of the Canyon Country Parkway System be substituted for the routing in S.306; and that the Escalante Canyons be classified as wilderness:

1. Senator Frank E. Moss, Senate Office Building, Washington, D.C. 20510
2. Governor Calvin L. Rampton, State Capitol Building, Salt Lake City, Utah 84114
3. Utah Highway Department, State Capitol Building, Salt Lake City, Utah 84114
4. Lowell Bridwell, Federal Highway Administrator, Department of Transportation, Washington, D.C. 20590
5. Four-Corners Regional Commission, Shell Oil Building, Farmington, New Mexico 87401

Mr. McLellan is Chairman of the Escalante Wilderness Committee, and a member of the Conservation Committee of the Uinta Chapter of the Sierra Club.



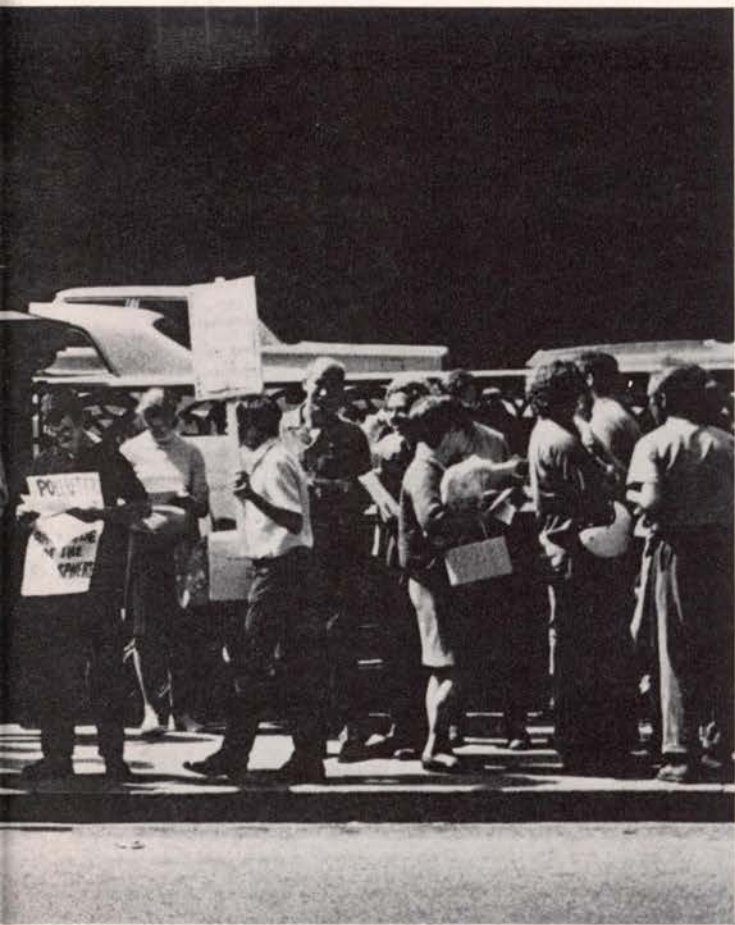


PROTEST!

In September a San Francisco convention of 750 of the nation's leading industrialists was picketed by a group known as Ecology Action. "Industry Assaults the Backside of the Biosphere," was brightly painted on placards. Letters sent to the convention's policy committee said Ecology Action was withdrawing its "cultural consent from the industrialists of the world who have maximized their profits at the expense of all life on earth." When conference spokesman David Rockefeller explained that the aims of student protest and those of the convention were the same in that both wanted to narrow the income gap between rich and poor, he received an open letter from Cliff Humphrey,

Ecology Action leader. "While the planet wilts you talk of narrowing the income gap. . . . The income gap is no longer the issue. . . . The issue is survival, the survival of the pelicans, the survival of your family, of my family, the survival of all life."

Ecology Action protests "progress" as defined by much of society. "Progress" has come to mean development—development at the expense of ecological balance. "More and more people are beginning to realize the total cost of our 'progress'" says Humphrey, "but the situation won't improve until each one of us changes the way we live. Forests will be threatened by our economy as long as we indi-



vidually prefer paper containers . . . and . . . our skies will be smoggy for as long as each of us burns large amounts of gasoline to move from place to place."

To put their message across, Ecology Action sponsors demonstrations, workshops and environment classes, makes exhibits, supplies speakers, and prepares ecology course outlines for interested classroom teachers. The group depends on donations, and has no formal membership. There is, in fact, little formal organization: "We are organized around projects rather than parliamentary procedures. What gets done depends upon the resources presently available." So, one person organizes a DAMN DDT rally, while another

works out ideas for an anti-water pollution demonstration. For such a loosely structured group, its idea has spread quickly. There are now over 45 Ecology Action groups across the country.

A number of newly formed groups that reiterate Ecology Action's philosophy are springing up around the country. The goals of these new groups are often ill defined, their organizations loosely structured. Because many have no formal membership, and depend on donations to stay in existence, they are ill equipped to pursue conservation goals through the courts or to conduct a protracted battle to stop pollution. Nor do they have the political muscle of a national organization with thousands of members. What they do have in abundance is enthusiasm and dedication aimed, however sporadically, at keeping this planet alive—men, plants, animals, all living creatures. One of their most effective tools is the demonstration—presenting an environmental problem before the general public and getting them to at least think about it. In an anti-pollution demonstration, for example, all that is needed are a few placards and marchers.

Critics of these new groups complain that they present problems without presenting solutions. The ecological revolutionaries reply that public ignorance and apathy must be overcome first. They are mostly young, and mostly impatient.

Perhaps it is because they have more at stake than their parents, who won't be here fifty years from now to strangle from air pollution. Young people are tired of hearing about "progress" when all it means to them is industrial smokestacks spitting foul fumes into the air. Most of the environment groups recently started are led by people from late teens through late twenties.

The root of the earth's ecological problem is overpopulation, and one of the goals of the ecological movement is worldwide population control. Several months ago the Portola Institute, a West Coast group that organizes innovative education projects, helped sponsor a demonstration known as "Liferaft Earth." Fred Nelson, writer for a small California magazine, *The Free You*, writes, "The premise of the demonstration was that experience, not knowledge, is the ultimate key to behavior change." For a week 89 men and women went without food and lived crowded together, surrounded by a huge, polyethylene, air-filled pillow, and experienced the effects of overpopulation. More than that, they publicized the crisis. Halfway through the week the demonstrators were forced to move to a small, two-room shelter because of rain, but the fast continued undaunted. "Liferaft Earth" certainly didn't spark any solutions to the overpopulation problem. It did serve as a warning, though. Nelson sums it up as, "If you've got more than two kids of your own, you're part of the problem. Two children or less, you're part of the solution."

Continued on page 20



John Muir

SIERRA CLUB BEGINNINGS

By Ethel Olney Easton

In 1889 or '90 my father, Warren Olney, began meeting John Muir at William Keith's studio which was located above the California Market in downtown San Francisco.

Keith was a well-known landscape and portrait painter and an active lover of the outdoors. He was an intimate friend of Muir and had accompanied him on outings in the Sierra and elsewhere. My father had come to California from Iowa in 1868 because of the climate and the mountains, as well as to practice law. He had tramped and camped over hundreds of miles in the California back country and had known Keith for many years but had never met Muir, who was not then by any means as widely known to the general public as he later became.

Coming to San Francisco from Martinez (not far north of Oakland, where he had a fruit ranch) Muir would often visit Keith's studio. On receiving word from Keith, my father would walk over from his office in the nearby First National Bank Building, 101 Sansome Street, and the three would talk about the outdoors.

The creation of Yosemite National Park in 1890 and of the Federal Forest Reserve System in the following year must have given impetus to these conversations. There was increasing concern over the future of "the Sierras," as we usually called them, and over encroachment of "civilization" and of private interests on wild places.

After their talks the three would often go downstairs for lunch in the California Market restaurant, the market then extending from Pine to California streets at the site of the new fifty-three story Bank of America Building.

Others soon joined the conversations and lunches. I remember my father saying that the meetings were growing too large for Keith's rather small and cluttered studio and were being held in my father's law office. Among those included in the group were probably Professors Joseph LeConte, J. H. Senger, William Dallam Armes, Cornelius Beach Bradley, and John C. Branner of the University of California and Stanford faculties, and David Starr Jordan, President of Stanford, all then or later friends of my father. At about this time I recall both Muir and Jordan coming to our house on 29th Street in Oakland.

Muir certainly played a leading role in the meetings. I remember my father's speaking of this.

Keith evidently provided a sympathetic context and

atmosphere. He was a genial man of great personal charm and wide acquaintance. He had painted his favorite view (perhaps it was Muir's too) of Mt. Tamalpais from the west. It was a watercolor which my father had purchased and which is now in my home. Keith had painted as a gift the portrait of my father that is now at Mills College.

My father's particular contribution to the conservation meetings was his practical, legal, business and political knowledge. He had been a Bay Area resident for nearly twenty-five years. He would soon consent to run for mayor of Oakland but only on condition he receive both Democratic and Republican nominations, which he did. In addition to law, business, and politics, he was in touch with administration and faculties at California, Stanford, and Mills and could thus help create a broad and practical base for an effective organization.

All those working for what became the Sierra Club shared a common love and concern for California's natural beauty. My father and Muir had a small additional bond in that they had arrived in California the same year.

The articles of incorporation of the Sierra Club were drawn up by my father and signed in his office on June 4, 1892. Muir was named president and my father first vice-president. Keith was a charter member, as was my brother Warren Olney, Jr.

Unfortunately the Olney law office records were almost completely destroyed in the earthquake and fire of 1906, including most of those that pertained to the Sierra Club. From such as remain it is clear that the new organization faced immediate problems.

On November 13, 1893, my father was writing Muir: *Bailey [Charles A. Bailey] and Robinson [Charles D. Robinson] have been in to talk about the depredations in Yosemite Valley. Robinson as usual is very much excited. It looks very much as if the Sierra Club would be drawn into the contest one way or the other. That is to say, inaction on our part may be taken as evidence that there is no substantial foundation for the complaint made against the Commissioners. If the Commissioners are a one-tenth part as bad as their accusers say, the Club ought to take action against them. The travel to the Yosemite Valley is no doubt closed for the season, therefore it would be a good time to go up there to examine and report what foundation*

there is for the statements that the Valley is being barbarously treated as far as its flora is concerned. Suppose you and Bailey and some one else say McAllister [Elliott McAllister] from the Club go. What should be done is to make a careful examination and make out a statement as to the result of that examination. The action of the Club based upon such an examination by its President and Directors would carry great weight with the people.

Yours truly,

Warren Olney

The letter refers to a controversy arising over the management of Yosemite Valley by a board of commissioners appointed by the state of California. The Valley, as distinguished from the area immediately surrounding, was then a state-controlled enclave within Yosemite National Park.

Here is a letter from my father to Muir, referring specifically to the region bordering Lake Tahoe on the west. My father had a particular affection for this region. In it he had had an experience which constituted a basic commitment to conservation and the mountains. In 1876, the year I was born, he was returning by train from business in Reno and stopped off to see Lake Tahoe. He took the steamer, then the only means of traveling around the lake, and got off at Tallac. Making his way alone up the gorge of Glen Alpine, he came to a spot where he could scale the steep walls and climb on toward the top of Mt. Tallac. From the summit he saw the whole vast panorama of the Sierras north and south, and the lake spread out around him. From such experiences as this came his commitment to the Sierra Club and the cause of conservation.

"Your favor received," he writes Muir. "The only trouble about our forest reservation is the delimitation of it. I have a letter from Senator Perkins saying that there is no money with which to make proper surveys. When President Jordan was in Washington he did what he could in the way of establishing boundaries. He found the Secretary of the Interior and the Commissioner of the Land Office in hearty accord with our scheme. By the way, guess I will send you a copy of his letter.

Senator White has interested himself very much in the matter and I wrote him a letter the other day, of which I send you a copy, so you may understand what is being done in the premises. He has acknowledged the receipt of this letter, but has not said anything about his views in regard to turning the care of forests over to the War Department. Think that when the reservation is made it will be of the whole country from Yosemite Park to the R.R.

Last Saturday with one of my daughters went to top of Diablo and from there over to the Northwest to Moses' Rock. The trip was not less than sixteen miles. The girl stood it better than I. Unless you visit with me at the ranch soon there will not be good cooking accommodations as I am contemplating making a change.



William Keith

What can we do to help fix the boundaries of the proposed reservation?

Twelve days later, Muir was writing my father, this time apparently about the state of California ceding control of Yosemite Valley to the federal government, or so Holway R. Jones identifies the letter in his excellent book, *John Muir and the Sierra Club, The Battle for Yosemite*. My copy of the letter is typewritten and is labeled "Rough draft." It is dated at Martinez, January 18, 1897.

My dear Olney:

I think with you that a resolution like the one you offered the other day should be thoroughly studied and discussed before final action is taken and a close approximation made to unanimity, if possible. Still I don't see that one or two objectors should have the right to kill all the action of the Club in this or any other matter rightly belonging to it. Prof. Davidson's objection is also held by Prof. LeConte, or was, but how they can consistently sing praise to the Federal government in the management of the National parks, and at the same time regard the same management of Yosemite as degrading to the State, I can't see. For my part, I'm proud of California and prouder of



Warren Olney, Sr.

have never heard you speak. I believe it is Stony Creek, heading in Snow Mountain that is the hiding place of the trout we are to catch. Come! We leave here on Saturday morning the 30th. By rail to Colusa Junction, then by narrow gauge to Sites, then by Stage to the Springs.

Truly yours,

Warren Olney

Am under the impression that these mountains of the Coast Range, St. Johns, Snow, Sanhedrin, etc., are never entirely free from snow. How is that?

This is not the time to retrace the entire history of the Club during these years, even were I prepared to do so.

I should like to add, however, that in the unfortunate Hetch Hetchy controversy my father played a leading, and I believe a mistaken, role in dividing the Sierra Club, a division that led to his resignation and to temporary estrangement from some members of the club he had worked with, including Muir and Will Colby.

My father honestly believed that the Hetch Hetchy project—aimed at damming the Tuolumne River in a magnificent valley adjacent to Yosemite—was necessary to the Bay Area's water supply. As a longtime Bay Area resident he had experienced the years of water rationing which many old-timers still remember. Wells and windmills in back yards were common. As mayor of Oakland he had had to face "the water problem" and be responsible for its solution. He had battled the private interests then controlling the Bay Area's meager water supply. He had become convinced that a public source, and in particular the Hetch Hetchy source, was the best available solution to a problem which he had had long personal and painful experience with. He felt that since Yosemite Valley was assured, a compromise on Hetch Hetchy "in the public interest" was advisable.

He did not foresee the day when the Sierras would be so crowded, and unspoiled natural grandeur in such short supply, that Hetch Hetchy Valley would loom in retrospect as a bit of paradise lost. Besides—he had once fallen while fishing in Hetch Hetchy and cracked three ribs. Perhaps the painful experience marred his appreciation of the Valley's grandeur and beauty.

His resignation from the Club after nearly twenty years of pioneering service and close friendship became such a painful subject to him that the Hetch Hetchy project was never afterward a permissible topic of conversation in our household.

Ethel Olney Easton was born in San Francisco, grew up in Oakland, and was graduated from the University of California in 1897. She accompanied her father, Warren Olney, on numerous trips into the Sierra with John Muir, William Keith, Will Colby, and other leaders of the club's early days. She now lives in Santa Barbara.

Uncle Sam, for the U.S. is all of California and more. And as to our Secretary's objection, it seemed to me merely political, and if the Sierra Club is to be run by politicians, the sooner mountaineers get out of it the better. Fortunately the matter is not of first importance, but now it has been raised I shall insist on getting it squarely before the Club. I had given up the question as a bad job, but so many of our members have urged it lately I now regard its discussion as a duty of the Club.

Ever yours,

John Muir

Meanwhile my father's personal friendship with Muir had ripened. The following letter catches the spirit of their relationship.

My dear Muir:

. . . Please remember me to Mrs. Muir and say to her we expect a visit from her as soon as the health of your daughter will permit. Wilkinson and I have about decided to spend the Fourth of July week at a place called Fouts Springs in Colusa County, under Snow Mountain. Said to be good fishing. Come and go along. There is an interesting mountain country almost in sight from your house that I



On the Bravo ice fall

Mystery Mountain

By Daniel Eaton

JULY 18, 1969

Boarding the plane, clad in shorts, armed with ice axe and guitar, I was deemed a likely villain by the stewardess. Presumably to avoid a side trip to Cuba, she confiscated my ice axe. But I was not dismayed; Mt. Waddington was my destination. San Francisco International Airport found a collection of similarly inclined individuals, identifying one another by clothes, heavy packs, and distant-gazing eyes.

"Are you going to carry that guitar all the way in?"

"Yes."

Each of us boarded the jet bound for Vancouver with a brooding curiosity about the others. We were to share in a joyous and dangerous adventure, about to depend on one another for victory, safety, and comfort. The other passengers nonchalantly waited for the champagne and food, while we looked for the snowy summits of Shasta, Jefferson, Hood, and finally Rainier, Glacier Peak, and Mt. Baker. I wished that the windows were larger or the aircraft and passengers more diaphanous, for my first real mountaineering experiences had been on the slopes of the Cascades.

We arrived in Campbell River on Vancouver Island later that afternoon, and were greeted by Allen Steck, the expedition leader. That evening the entire party of 15 toasted success with foaming mugs of beer.

JULY 19, 1969

Next morning we quickly loaded our equipment and supplies aboard three small float planes at the Trans Mountain Air Service dock. Then we were airborne, heading for Ghost Lake where we would deplane and start hiking to Base Camp. As the plane nosed its way north and east we saw the savage expanse of the Coast Range unfold. Anxiously, we searched for something to recognize as the plane wafted over billowing clouds. The Homathko Icefield came into view; its monarch, Mt. Queen Bess, dominated the skyline briefly. Soon we descended to a small lake occupied by a very large moose which graciously allowed us room to land. This was Tellot Lake; landing here instead of Ghost Lake cut some five miles off our march. Ours was the first plane ever to land on Tellot Lake.

Quickly unloading the plane, we bid our pilot goodbye, shouldered our packs and climbed west up glacial rubble and heather to Nabob Pass, a high saddle between Tellot Lake and the Tiedmann Glacier, our pathway to Mt. Waddington. Loaded down with food and equipment, we reached Nabob Pass late in the afternoon. All around us were fine peaks of every difficulty. To the west, across the valley of the Tiedmann Glacier, loomed the impressive east face of Mt. Marcus Smith. We set up camp and ate dinner, a concatenation of heterogeneous foods "linked together by force." It was however quite delicious and was eagerly inhaled by everyone, as was every meal that followed.

That night the astronauts walked on the moon, which shone brightly overhead. The wildness of this place spoke

softly on the night breeze. Al Steck and I traded songs on my guitar while others gathered around us and the campfire, drinking hot chocolate and partaking of the atavistic fellowship a campfire offers.

JULY 24, 1969

By now we had established our Base Camp at the foot of Mt. Waddington, 7000 feet beneath its summit. Ours was a beautiful spot; to the east were the spires of Dentiform, Stiletto, Sierra Towers, and farther north, massive Mt. Tiedmann. North and directly above was the summit of Waddington, not visible from Base Camp and usually hidden in clouds. To the west rose Mt. Munday, named after the intrepid challengers of Waddington, Don and Phyllis Munday. Avalanches frequently plunged down its face. Southward streamed the Tiedmann Glacier, our avenue of approach.

Evenings were spent in discussions while drinking sugar milk, probably an unpalatable beverage anywhere else, while Al and I swapped songs. I was forced to eat from an empty one pound butter can after my cup slithered into a crevasse, but this proved to be a magnificent substitute, since its size enabled me to get larger portions of food.

JULY 25-28, 1969

A team of three set off from Base Camp to find a suitable route up the Bravo Icefall and prepare it for the others to transport supplies to higher camps.

The next morning we were eager to begin. We hoped that the weather, up to now excellent for the Coast Range, would hold, for a storm could deny us the summit. After carrying loads to a high supply dump, we followed the route previously set, circumventing a steep headwall about 300 feet high. Late that afternoon a fixed rope was placed atop the headwall, to be used for hauling supplies to our Bravo-Spearman Col intermediate camp.

In order to make the camp more suitable for waiting out a long storm, we spent most of the next day taking turns digging a snow cave and hauling loads up the fixed rope. We had a magnificent view down the Tiedmann Glacier, looking over the summits of Grenelle, Merlin, and Marcus Smith. Far to the south stood Mt. Queen Bess, sentinel-like, guarding the approach to our snowy wonderland. Fleece-like clouds floated all around us, constantly modifying the views.

When darkness came, it brought the wind. Dinner was eaten, minor chores done, and snow cave digging continued. Eleven, perhaps twelve, souls huddled together inside the four man tent. Elbows were trimmed, knees drawn up. The gusts of wind became stronger, shaking the tent with a savage joy. The wildly oscillating tent walls rushed together, almost meeting, then snapped back. Cups of hot chocolate and sugar milk warmed our hands and bellies, and fellowship warmed our hearts. Is this the essence of adventure? It is, rather, the result. The sounds of Al's harmonica



East from Base Camp

drifted over the wind, only to be overwhelmed by it. This slender thread of song, the song of wild and lonely places where men gather, wove around us a strong, yet elusive, bond. Never before had I felt so close to mankind. All around us raged the forces of nature. We, the intruders, gave Bravo Col its only warmth.

The next day brought beautiful weather with little wind. High Camp was established just below the rock tower of Waddington. The first two summit parties went up to High Camp in the afternoon. The summit, 1200 feet above, was clearly visible. We located the Southeast Chimney, the route of our ascent.

JULY 29, 1969

The following is taken from my log:

"I was already awake at 3:30 AM when the call to arise came. Because it was very cold, even in the snow cave, it took longer to do the simplest things. One of my boot laces broke. Couldn't find my 'emergency kit', so I borrowed one. I started, as directed, to fill everyone's canteen with water we had melted, but didn't finish for a long time.

"We set off at 5:30 AM. In a few minutes we were at the bergschrund, the beginning of the climb, which was easily passed using the front points of our crampons. Two more pitches and we were at the notch between the 'Fang' and the main rock tower. Up from the notch we encountered two chockstones.

The second was a problem for me. I tried to pass it on the left, the wrong side, and fell. I tried again and was almost up when Paul Starr, the rope leader, convinced me to try the other side. I did this, but the rope had snagged around a rock nubbin underneath, and I had to overcome the downward pull of the rope. This was the supreme physical effort of my life. Nothing I'd done before equalled it. But I made it. After a ten minute rest, during which I dozed twice, we went on.

"The next pitch led around to the left and up a small snowfield. Next pitch was up more rock and snow, and around a tooth-like rock projection. The final pitch was third class to the summit.

"I have mixed feelings at attaining the summit of such a fine peak. This was the longest sustained rock climb I had made. Looking to the north, I saw the Northwest Peak, from which the Mundays had viewed with longing the summit upon which I now stood. We signed the register and crossed out the name 'Waddington', replacing it with the peak's first, and more appropriate name, "Mystery Mountain."

We descended in eight rappels and were off the peak by 9 PM. Far off in the southeast loomed the huge shadow cast by Mystery Mountain on the far distant haze.

At high camp, things were crowded and confusing, with not enough water melted and not enough room for all of



Mist shrouded Mt. Munday

us to sleep. Several of us elected to descend to the Bravo Col camp. That was a fortunate decision, for the trip was in exquisite moonlight. The cold had put a crust on the snow and as we stepped through it, ice shards slid down the slope with a tinkling sound. It was so quiet that even this small sound seemed almost a roar. We were silent as we descended the glacier, struck mute by such beauty.

JULY 30-31, 1969

The following afternoon we carried loads to High Camp. Just before dinner I discovered that my spoon was missing. Ordinarily a paltry incident, this was no small matter at High Camp on Mystery Mountain. I was forced to commit the twin crimes of deceit and theft, and was of course discovered. Hunger obliged me to elongate my proboscis, and I fed from my butter can like an anteater.

On the next day the last two summit parties set off for the top of Mystery Mountain, as another group of us ascended the Northwest Peak. It was a fine, pleasant climb. We waved to those we could see on the true summit, several hundred feet higher than ours. This day was a fitting capstone for the expedition effort. All members of the party, save one who had remained at Base Camp with a troublesome leg, had attained this grand summit.

AUGUST 1-9, 1969

In the morning we broke camp and retreated all the way to Base Camp, cleaning out the Bravo Col camp in record

time. The weather kept us busy playing cards and reading for the next three days. When the weather did break, we needed another day to dry out.

Having grown restless from the inactivity of waiting out the storm, we eagerly climbed east from the Tiedmann Glacier to the Claw Peaks, where several parties enjoyed a day of excellent moderate class 5 rock climbing.

The following morning we broke camp under cloudy skies and headed down the Tiedmann Glacier, bound for Ghost Lake. Our pilots were scheduled to pick us up there and fly us back to civilization, weather permitting. Our arrival back at Nabob Pass was heralded by intermittent rain. By the next morning the clouds had rolled in so that we negotiated part of our route to Ghost Lake by compass headings. The possibility of spending several days waiting out the weather became a strong probability. Fortunately, the planes were able to land and we were soon on our way back to civilization.

1969 Sierra Club Mt. Waddington Expedition

Leader: Allen Steck

Assistants: Gary Colliver, Bill St. Lawrence, Paul Starr

Members: Tom Blackburn

Bob Howell

Arlene Blum

Frank Morgan

Gil Corcos

Jim Richardson

Linda Crabtree

Tim Treacy

Dick Dietz

Phil Trimble

Dan Eaton

Continued from page 11

The protest involves people on a personal level in the fight against environmental destruction, a basic facet of the conservation movement from its inception. Many join more than one environment group, because most groups are working toward the same goal. Some people, in fact, start their own group. Ecology Action suggests, "One or two people can conduct a class . . . you don't need much money to pass out a leaflet or a petition. You need facts but there are plenty floating around. . . . Big plans are great but you can spend all your time looking for money and never get around to doing anything."

Several groups claim to have organized out of others' default. Connecticut's prestigious Thomas School's PYE Club (Protect Your Environment) formed to prevent land fill operations from destroying nearby marshland. Marshland was disappearing; no aid looked likely. No one had the power, no one had the money, everyone was busy. National conservation groups, already engaged in major battles across the country, couldn't help because of limited finances and workers. The all-girls' school went ahead campaigning to pass legislation that would restrict fill operations in the state. They won; legislation passed. Many local politicians attribute its success to PYE's efforts. The girls have now undertaken a program to educate teenagers to ways they can save the environment. Students speak out on pollution problems in nearby towns, and send out leaflets, buttons, and decals to publicize ecological problems.

A lot of groups activating the "revolution" prefer direct action protests or demonstrations. Some, though, have chosen to stick to traditional tactics. The Stanford University Conservation Group takes the political, legislative approach. Members run an environment information center for congressmen, and give them up-to-date information on issues. They recommend legislation to government officials, too, and testify at state and federal hearings. The group is student-run, but accepts non-student memberships. They stress letter-writing to decision makers, and send out to members the names and addresses of public officials who can influence environmental legislation. The group is also trying to establish a department of environmental studies within the University.

Conservation groups on the whole have hesitated to involve themselves in urban planning problems because of time, money, and lack of skilled planning advisors. City planning, however, very much a part of our environment, has begun to be tackled by at least one protest group. The Environment Workshop of San Francisco operates on the principle of applying mass education to city planning. They feel if enough people know what makes their city a lively, exciting, groovy place to live, they will work to keep it that way. These architects and student planners wrote a booklet explaining their idea. In one case they opposed lo-

cation of a high-rise office building in a relatively unindustrialized section of the city; they claimed expansion in that area would split residential neighborhoods. The building could be constructed in an already industrialized section, said the Workshop, and leave neighborhoods untouched. They lost the battle. But they did bring the issue before the people of the city, and publicized the need for "humanization" in city design. Besides battling unwholesome planning, the Workshop operates as a counseling agency to communities facing encroaching development.

Some of the people involved in the "revolution" are active in the anti-Vietnam War movement. The protests at times echo each other — both fight the attitudes and "progress" goals of our industrial complex. Catherine Riegger Harris suggests in a recent article in *The Nation*, "The American movement against the war in Vietnam, against the power of the present military-economic system . . . could become a movement for revolutionary social and economic change . . ." She goes on to suggest, "What especially calls for inclusion in a modern radical perspective is the ecological problem and its relation to . . . an entire series of cultural attitudes associated with industrialization . . ."

One anti-war group has already spoken for ecology. Whether or not the War Resisters League's attitude will snowball into a trend, it is too soon to tell. But the entire August issue of WIN, the League's biweekly "Workshop in Nonviolence," was devoted to ecological problems. One writer, Tony Wagner of Vermont, echoes Cliff Humphrey's letter to David Rockefeller, ". . . the only way we can create a meaningful human future . . . is to concentrate directly on the issue of life and death. . . . And, of course, we should try to bring the issue of environmental problems into local political campaigns, and support only those candidates who are aware of the deterioration of the quality of life."

The ecological revolution right now is a combination of fragmented activities. Some are nonsensical, some are disorganized, but all are responses to environmental decay. There are few tangible battles fought, so definite victories aren't easy to tally. The degree of power of the revolution, of these scattered rumbles of discontent, is indeed hard to measure. Kerry Thornley, a young writer for WIN, hits the crux of the entire movement in an editorial:

"Yesterday ecology was a science. Today it is a social problem. Tomorrow, if we are to keep making this scene, it had better become something like a religion.

"Thou shalt learn to live on thy planet, and keep it whole.

"This requires more than your signature on a referendum. It means not just a rebellion in the streets and on campuses. It takes you all the way down to your own body, your own family, and revolution in your own home. It entails an extraordinary commitment to an entirely new way of life."

— E. R.

BOOK REVIEWS

ENVIRONMENT AND RESOURCES: From Conservation to Ecomanagement. By Jaro Mayda. Puerto Rico: School of Law, University of Puerto Rico, 1968.

Dr. Jaro Mayda is professor of law at the University of Puerto Rico. In this small volume he organizes what an increasing number of people in many walks of life are beginning to realize—that the science of ecology and the concept of conservation need updating into expanded terms, resulting in better coordinated management. In frequent peregrinations in San Juan especially and in Puerto Rico generally, he was impressed with some obvious contradictions in the public management of all resources, including space and air.

A grant from the Ford Foundation enabled Mayda to gather evidence to argue for an expansion of the traditional "conservation" concept into a broader concept of "ecomangement." Ecomangement, according to the author, is an application of ecological theories concerned not with non-human nature alone, but with the management of the total ecology of man himself in the natural world around him.

Perhaps it took a lawyer to be so logically well-organized on the subject. But this is a readable book, and not all lawyers are readable.

In January and February of 1966 Dr. Mayda and a distinguished group of Puerto Rican citizens published a *Conservation Manifesto* in the San Juan press. "What's a lawyer doing here?" asks Dr. Mayda, and he replies to his own question by stating that he is there as counsel representing his client, Public Interest. He proceeds to analyze his position, to question the expert-specialists dialectically and empirically, and to evaluate the evidence he has compiled. Eventually, Dr. Mayda thinks, only policy-oriented lawyers can translate technical ideas into the language of government action.

He finds "traditional conservation" scientifically and idealistically sound, but now too narrow to cope with modern technology and the environmental changes in human society which have resulted from it. He feels that the "traditional concerns of conservation have lost top position to problems of contamination of air, land, and water," and suggests that these are days for the development of "specialists in generalizing."

Dr. Mayda's policy for the new "Ecomangement" is complex and includes three frames of organization: analytical, theoretical-philosophical, and executive. The key to the solution of the problems, however, lies ultimately in education. Not only must the technician's education be broad-

ened, but the base of the informed concern of the citizen layman must be enlarged through informed journalism, the mass media, and in the schools.

ALBERT ANTREI

THE SUBVERSIVE SCIENCE: ESSAYS TOWARD AN ECOLOGY OF MAN. Edited by Paul Shepard and Daniel McKinley. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co., 1969. \$8.95.

The Indian was the first ecologist. The great naturalists of the "old-fashioned" kind—Audubon, John Muir, Norman Clyde, these are of the ecological school. Science, and the average farmer, gardener, and even some hunters and fishermen, are beginning to latch on to the nature wisdom of these forerunners.

If you know the philosophic, poetic terms "web of life," "great chain of being," "holism," then you understand something of what this book is about. But the science and ethics of ecology is to be studied along with the philosophic; it is not easily picked up in this modern age, and ignorance of it will be our death.

Frank Egler suggests, in his essay "Pesticides—In Our Ecosystem," if we put poison into the total environmental system, it will be certain to come out somewhere, often with disastrous results. In California, as the result of the pollutants we breathe, emphysema, always fateful, increased 12 per cent last year. A successful fight to Save San Francisco Bay was just won, but as a correspondent to a city paper wrote, "If we save the shoreline [from encroachment, then] pollute the water, then all we have is a great big cesspool." The ecological lesson here is that alkalis and pesticides showered on the San Joaquin Valley end up in the marine and human animals of the Bay Area.

This book records over and over again our Western European-American need to continually modify and correct the earth, by destroying the vital exchanges between air, land, water, animal and plant life. Egler: "A successful organism without a suitable environment" is impossible, and an organism of any kind "unable to adjust to a changing environment becomes an extinct organism."

Anthropologists, biologists and other scientists have joined together, in their recognition of the inseparable relationships of nature and man in nature, to demonstrate "that the world is a being, a part of our own body."

The editors remind us the battle against pesticides and careless agricultural practices, against overdevelopment and underplanning, are really battles against great profit, poor politics, and old habits. Hence, ecology may be looked upon as a subversive science.

This should be a key reference book for some time to come. Excellent pictures and graphs, extensive bibliography, interesting summary statements for each section, are useful devices serving the text.

FRED E. FERTIG

Continued from page 3

Pt. Reyes— no parks policy set aside?

Preservation of Pt. Reyes National Seashore moved closer to realization as a result of a meeting on November 18 of President Nixon, Senator

George Murphy and Rep. Don Clausen, both of California, and House Interior Chairman Wayne Aspinall. After the White House session, Senator Murphy disclosed that the President agreed, after Congress clears authorizing legislation, to present a supplemental budget request for the current fiscal year and additional amounts in 1971 and 1972 to cover the estimated \$38-million still needed for Pt. Reyes land acquisition. According to Senator Murphy, the President based his decision "on the fact that pressure for the Pt. Reyes area to be developed privately and the subsequent escalation of land values are more severe at this particular site than at any other place, so that fiscal responsibility requires immediate action." The Presidential decision was a breakthrough in efforts to reverse the Administration's budget limitation on allocations from the Land and Water Conservation Fund, set earlier this year by President Nixon at \$124 million. On December 3 the House Interior Committee approved a bill allocating the necessary \$38 million. The bill now goes to the House Rules Committee for a floor vote.

Introducing new staff members

The Sierra Club has hired a Publications Editor and two new field representatives to fill staff vacancies, and the Sierra Club Foundation has

employed a person to fill the newly created position of Financial Secretary. As of January 1 John Mitchell, founder and formerly editor of *Open Space Action*, the magazine of the Open Space Action Institute of New York, will serve as editor of the club's book program. Mr. Mitchell has served as Science Editor of *Newsweek* and has done freelance writing on environmental subjects. He will work out of the club's New York office until June 1970 when he will transfer to the San Francisco office.

The two new field representatives are Peter Borrelli for the Eastern office and John McComb for the Southwest office. Mr. Borrelli comes from *Time Magazine's* Washington office where he served as a general correspondent. He started his work for the club December 1 and is headquartered in the New York office. The new Southwest Representative has been active in the club's conservation projects in the Southwest since 1961. He is the club's expert on Southwestern wilderness and was active in the Grand Canyon campaign. Mr. McComb begins his new job January 5.

The Sierra Club Foundation employed Colburn S. Wilbur in November to serve as Financial Secretary with fund raising a primary responsibility. Mr. Wilbur has experience in international banking, administrative management, and

data processing, and was formerly Administrative Manager for TAB Products in San Francisco. The Sierra Club Foundation, which is fully qualified to receive deductible donations, supports a number of the club's non-legislative conservation projects, publications, and legal expenses.

Administration expected to act on Miami jetport

Ceremonies set for November 19 to mark the inaugural flight from the training runway of the Everglades jetport were postponed by the Dade

County Port Authority when the Federal Aviation Administration did not come through with the expected control and transition zone for jetport flights. Rumor has it that behind the scenes there was a Cabinet-level showdown in the making when Secretary of Interior Hickel learned that Secretary of Transportation Volpe had released a set of rules for operation of the airport without prior consultation with the Department of Interior. The White House, sensing that the jetport was evolving into a conservation controversy of the dimensions of the Grand Canyon and Redwood battles, intervened to order a series of high level decision-making meetings. According to the *Christian Science Monitor*, as a result of these meetings, the Dade County Port Authority will soon be told that the control and transition zone for the training facility will not be granted until an agreement is reached which firmly prevents the proposed international jetport from ever being built at the site.

Guatemala — 1970 Spring Outings Trip

Guatemala is a frontier. It is a land still growing with its roots firmly embedded in a rich, colorful past.

The March 21-April 11 journey into the Highlands begins with an overnight trip to Tikal and a stay in Guatemala City. Antigua, nestled in a gentle green valley against the flank of the volcano which once destroyed it, offers a step into history which is vividly preserved in the extensive ruins. We will climb volcanoes, visit plantations and observe some of the first Indian villages. Lago Atitlan offers excitement as one watches Indians paddle large dugout canoes from their villages across the lake to Panajachel as the first light of day breaks over the three volcanoes ringing the lake. Easily accessible from Lago Atitlan is the largest open air market in the Western hemisphere — Chichicastenango. Near Chichi lies one of the Mayan sacrifice altars which is still in use. The volcanoes of western Guatemala, Geoginas hot springs, and the Sierra de los Cuchumantanes will be visited, as well as the Pacific seashore resort of Puerto San Jose. An intimate insight into the land and people of Guatemala is the central theme of this trip. For additional information, write to the club office for the trip supplement.

Tom Erwin, Trip leader

WASHINGTON REPORT

By W. Lloyd Tupling

Washington's public relations-charged atmosphere makes difficult the task of locating the world of reality. The fanfare and the fact frequently have little similarity; and this is no less true in the area of environmental matters than in the partisan political arena where none are so naive as to expect the counter-punching to be objective.

For instance, headlines in mid-summer proclaimed: "Hickel, Volpe Vow to Bar Florida Jetport." The story went on to say that "two members of President Nixon's cabinet and the Governor of Florida pledged to block construction of any new airport that would endanger Everglades National Park." It would seem from the ensuing story about the press conference that conservationists had won a victory to save the Everglades. But in the following weeks, there were unnerving rumors that work was going ahead on the giant Miami International Jetport—three times the size of any existing U.S. airfield—on the edge of the Everglades.

Then, in November, senators concerned about the Everglades received letters from Transportation Secretary Volpe revealing his decision to let the Jetport begin operations as a training facility on a "provisional basis" for one year because environmental threats to the Everglades could be satisfactorily handled. This reversal of the press conference declaration comes despite the warning in the so-called "Leopold Report," issued by the Interior Department, that "the training airport is intolerable . . . because the collateral effects of its use will lead inexorably to urbanization and drainage which would destroy the ecosystem."

Contrast between shadow and substance of policy has surfaced elsewhere in the past year. The blowout of Union Oil Company's ill-fated well at Platform A in the Santa Barbara Channel occurred soon after Interior Secretary Hickel took office. He announced the closure of drilling operations pending studies by scientists and engineers. Two task force groups were named—one to recommend plans for the Santa Barbara area, the other to study the over-all problem of offshore drilling and oil spillage in the ocean.

In a few weeks, the first group recommended that drilling

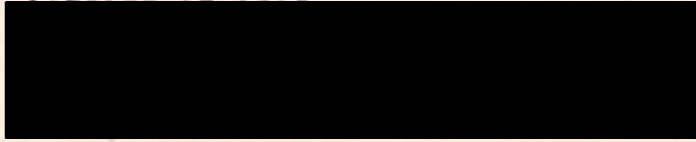
be resumed in the Santa Barbara Channel to relieve underground pressure. It was claimed this would minimize seepage and additional blowouts. Secretary Hickel authorized the resumption of drilling.

In October, however, the second panel, made up mostly of ecologists and environmentalists, issued its report. They warned that if offshore oil development continues to expand at its present rate "we can expect a major pollution incident somewhere every year." The report added: "The United States has neither the technical nor the operational capability to cope satisfactorily with a large-scale petroleum spill in the marine environment . . . the technology does not exist to prevent virtually all of the oil in a massive spill from being deposited on shore."

At the same time, Secretary Hickel announced his plans for three more offshore oil lease sales by the federal government—two on the Gulf Coast, and one in Alaska. Despite the findings of the expert task force, Hickel said in his announcement: "We have made every effort to protect the environment from damage."

On another environmental matter, prior press reports indicated a ban was pending on sale of DDT in the U.S. But details of an inter-agency agreement eventually showed that the restrictions would provide only gradual reduction of legal uses for DDT during the next two years, no clear decision on other persistent pesticides, and no bar to export.

One gets the impression from these cases that agencies of the government know of public concern for environmental problems, but believe that mere gesture and press agency can substitute for decisive action. This attitude is not limited to the executive agencies. Witness the decision of the House Agricultural Committee in its 23-1 approval of the Timber Supply Act which stepped up cutting of National Forest land. Some 6 to 8 million acres of scenic publicly owned timberland, their watersheds, streams and wildlife habitat are endangered by this legislation, a prime example of the erosion of support which conservation constantly faces.



1969-70 Winter Season at Clair Tappaan Lodge

Last month's *Bulletin* contained an informative article on rates and reservation procedures for Clair Tappaan Lodge's winter season. This fall the lodge, on old Highway 40 near Donner Summit, California, celebrated its 35th birthday. It has always operated on a cooperative basis, with each person signing up daily for a housekeeping or maintenance chore.

Built by successive additions over a period of years, Clair Tappaan now houses 150 guests, plus a full-time staff. Kent Williams is manager, Susan Mitchell is in charge of the kitchen, and Bob Melville is assistant manager.

The club has its own ski slope, Signal Hill, and its own ski school run by Roger Wishard and Skip Wheeler. At a reasonable cost one can learn the fundamentals of skiing, or wedeln and slalom (either private or group lessons). From the lodge it is a short walk to Signal Hill and the warming hut.

A chartered bus is now the only direct transportation to Norden, aside from private car. The bus will leave San Francisco every Friday at 6:15 PM, from the United States Mint, Market and Duboce Streets, beginning January 9. It will pick up passengers in Berkeley at the Southern Pacific Station, Third Street and University Avenue, leaving there at 7 PM. Arrival at the lodge is planned for 11 PM. Departure from Norden will be after Sunday dinner, with arrival in Berkeley about 10:30 PM, and San Francisco about 11 PM. There is ample space for skis and luggage. Upon request made at the office, passengers with hand luggage (no skis) will be picked up near the freeway at Vallejo, Davis and Sacramento. The chartered bus will run through April—as long as there is sufficient demand for it. There will be no bus service on Easter weekend.

"Rides wanted" and "Rides available" registers are maintained at the club office in San Francisco for those who may wish to make arrangements to share private cars. Use of these registers should be in person.

Reservations for CTL may be made at the club office in San Francisco during the winter season (December 1 through Easter). They can be made in person, by mail or by telephone if money is on deposit for this purpose. Full payment must be made before a reservation will be accepted. See box on this page for rates.

If it becomes necessary to cancel a reservation telephone the office or lodge as soon as possible; there are graduated cancellation charges. Ask the name of the person receiving your call, and follow up at once with a letter of confirmation enclosing the reservation slips. If cancellation of a weekend reservation is made after 11 A.M. Thursday, it is necessary to telephone the lodge manager at Norden; phone (916) 426-3632. However, even on Fridays, charter bus cancellations must be cleared through the club office.

Any member may be required by the lodge manager to produce his membership card.

Please do not bring pets.

—CLAIR TAPPAAN LODGE COMMITTEE

1969-1970 Winter Rates at Clair Tappaan Lodge

<i>American plan by reservation</i>	<i>For members, applicants, and guests</i>
Weekends—Friday lodging through Sunday dinner.....	\$15.00
7 consecutive days (not to start with Saturday lodging)....	45.00
5 weekdays—Sunday lodging through Friday dinner	34.00
5 weekdays—children under 12 except Christmas weeks	22.50
Single days—weekdays may be reserved at the club office	7.50
Single days—children—weekdays only except at Christmas	5.00

Charter bus transportation

(WEEKENDS ONLY) January 9 through April
except Easter weekend

Round trip	10.00
One way	6.00

(Bus \$12 on 3-day weekends.)

Partial reservations made only at the lodge

Lodging—available only at the lodge	3.50
Breakfast—available only at the lodge.....	2.00
Breakfast and lunch—available only at the lodge.....	3.00
Lunch alone or as first unit of stay.....	not available
Dinner—available only at the lodge.....	2.50

Cancellation charges

Minimum charge for cancellation of	
meals and lodging	\$1.50, Bus \$3.00
Cancellation with more than six days' notice.....	10 per cent
One to six days' notice.....	25% meals and lodging
	\$4.00 bus (\$3.00 one way)
Less than 24 hours' notice—meals and lodging.....	\$2.50 per day
	—chartered bus.....\$5.00 (\$3.00 one way)

Failure to arrive or give notice of cancellation.....100 per cent
Reservation slips must be returned for cancellations and refunds.
Make CTL reservations at the Sierra Club office, 1050 Mills Tower, San Francisco 94104. Send full payment, and give age and sex of each person wishing reservations, to facilitate assignment of bunks.

Hutchinson Lodge — Reservations are made directly with the Manager, Clair Tappaan Lodge, Norden, California 95724. Rates are \$2 per person per night with a minimum charge of \$32 per weekend. Bring your own food. Scheduled groups of the Sierra Club have priority.

Memorial Ski Huts—Scheduled trips have priority. Reservations are made with the manager at CTL, and keys are obtained from him. A suggested donation of \$1 per person may be sent in to the lodge in the envelopes provided at the huts.