



*Sierra
Club
Bulletin*

JANUARY 1970

AFTER WORDS, ACTION?

Just last month at a conference on pollution sponsored by the Department of Interior, administration spokesman Carl Klein said he did "not think an ecological crisis is here now." Mr. Klein is Assistant Secretary of Interior and presumably spoke for both Secretary Hickel and President Nixon. At about the same time the President's science advisor Dr. Lee DuBridge commented that public concern with the quality of life "borders in some cases on hysteria."

Since then the President's State of the Union message has given conservationists some hope: Although he failed to jettison the outmoded concept of measuring progress by increases in the G.N.P. instead of additions to the quality of life, he did acknowledge that our environment is deteriorating rapidly. The big question now is what the President and other politicians will do about it.

The revealed battle plans for the Administration's attack on environmental problems are quite sketchy. We hope to learn more about them soon. We do know that in contrast to the penury of the Administration's requests last fall for funding of conservation projects in this year's budget, there's now talk of spending much larger (though still relatively modest) sums. But according to Administration statements, in some crucial areas 60% of the money is to come from state and local sources. History tells us those sources either can't or won't pay anywhere near so large a share. If that now happens again will the Administration abandon the crusade for the environment to the conservationists who started it?

The rising rhetoric of politicians all over the country shows they have finally become aware of the conservationists' longstanding concern and the growing public concern over environmental issues. It is our job to insure that politicians see the environmental threats themselves as requiring priority treatment equal to the challenges of the space age or the needs of national security, as the Sierra Club Board of Directors recently urged.

John Muir and Aldo Leopold would be justly proud to see the progress of their ideas to date. So take heart, but keep your powder dry. We haven't seen pollution, stupidity and ugliness disappear yet. We've only heard the politicians agree with us that they should disappear.

Conservation achievement is a three step process. First you convince the people, then you cause the politicians to say the right things, and finally you insist they match words with deeds. No president in history had the conservation opportunities Mr. Nixon has — with strong public support waiting for him if he makes the right decisions from here.

Phillip S. Berry,
President



Sierra Club Bulletin

VOLUME 55 • NUMBER 1

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

Cover: El Capitan in winter at Yosemite National Park by Ansel Adams. See page 4 for another photographer's impressions of early winter in the high country around Mt. Rainier.

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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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Published monthly, except in January when a special Outings issue is also published, 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, 50¢; single *Annals*, \$2.75.) Second-class postage paid at San Francisco, California. Copyright 1970 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

LANDMARK LEGISLATION

Though the first session of the 91st Congress didn't see anything like the action taken in the last session of the 90th – Redwoods National Park, North Cascades National Park, and the Wild and Scenic Rivers and National Trails System, to name the highlights – it did provide landmark legislation for the environment, a National Policy on the Environment. The Act declares that "it is the continuing policy of the federal government . . . to create and maintain conditions under which man and nature can exist in productive harmony." Under this new law, signed by the President on January 1, federal agencies are required to give consideration to the environmental impact of proposed actions and list any adverse effects which cannot be avoided should the proposal be implemented. A three man Council of Environmental Quality is responsible for appraising environmental trends and reviewing various government activities in the light of this policy.

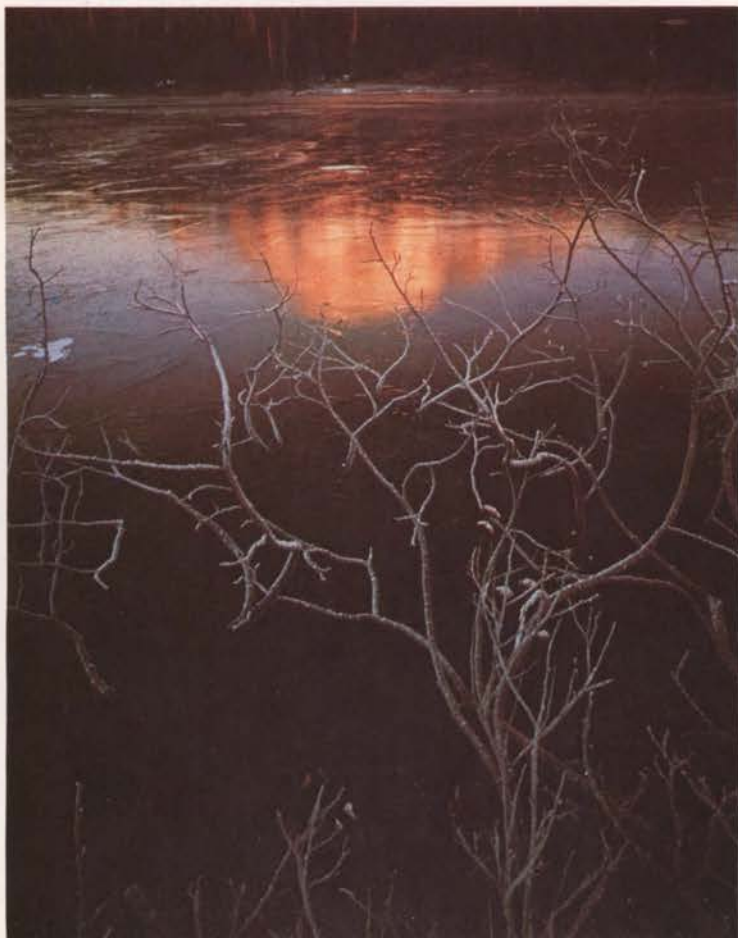
91ST CONGRESS

In addition to the Environmental Policy Act, these are the accomplishments of the 91st Congress in the field of conservation legislation: Public Law 91-144 – including \$800 million in the Public Works Appropriation bill for federal grants to cities for construction of waste treatment plants. Public Law 91-135 – protecting endangered species of fish and wildlife by prohibiting importation and interstate shipment. Public Law 91-58 – adding the Desolation and Ventana wilderness areas in California to the National Wilderness System. Public Law 91-60 – establishing Florissant Fossil Beds National Monument in Colorado. Public Law 91-42 – acquiring land for Padre Island National Seashore. And Public Law 91-88 – purchasing the inholdings within Everglades National Park.

NEW FORMAT

This issue of the *Bulletin* introduces a new format and, for us, a new method of printing. The rapid growth of the Club in the past few years has made it economically feasible to switch from letterpress printing which has served us so well in the past to offset lithography. The use of offset offers shorter production time and more flexibility in design and layout, including the use of color, at no additional cost.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 22



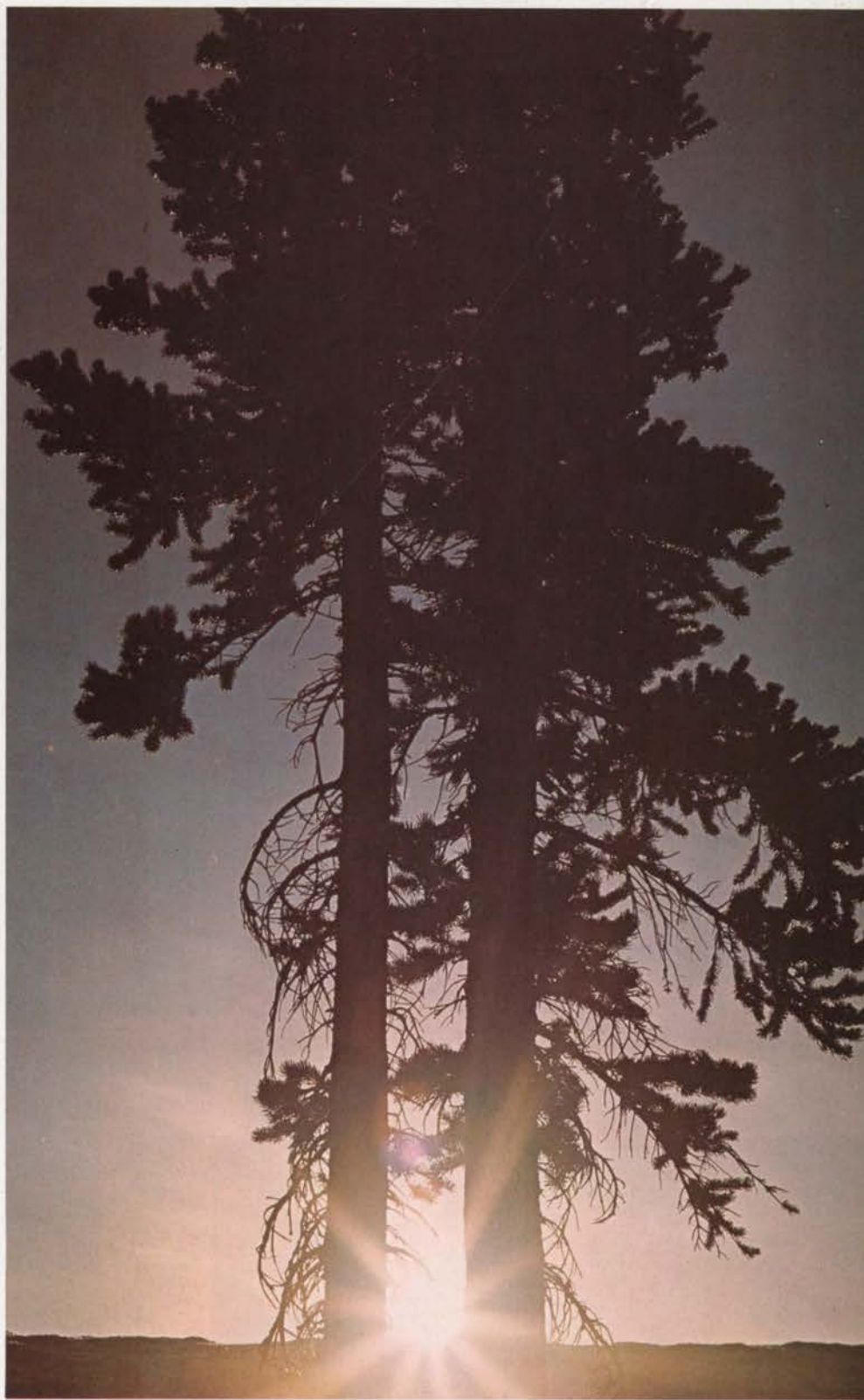
WINTEREVE

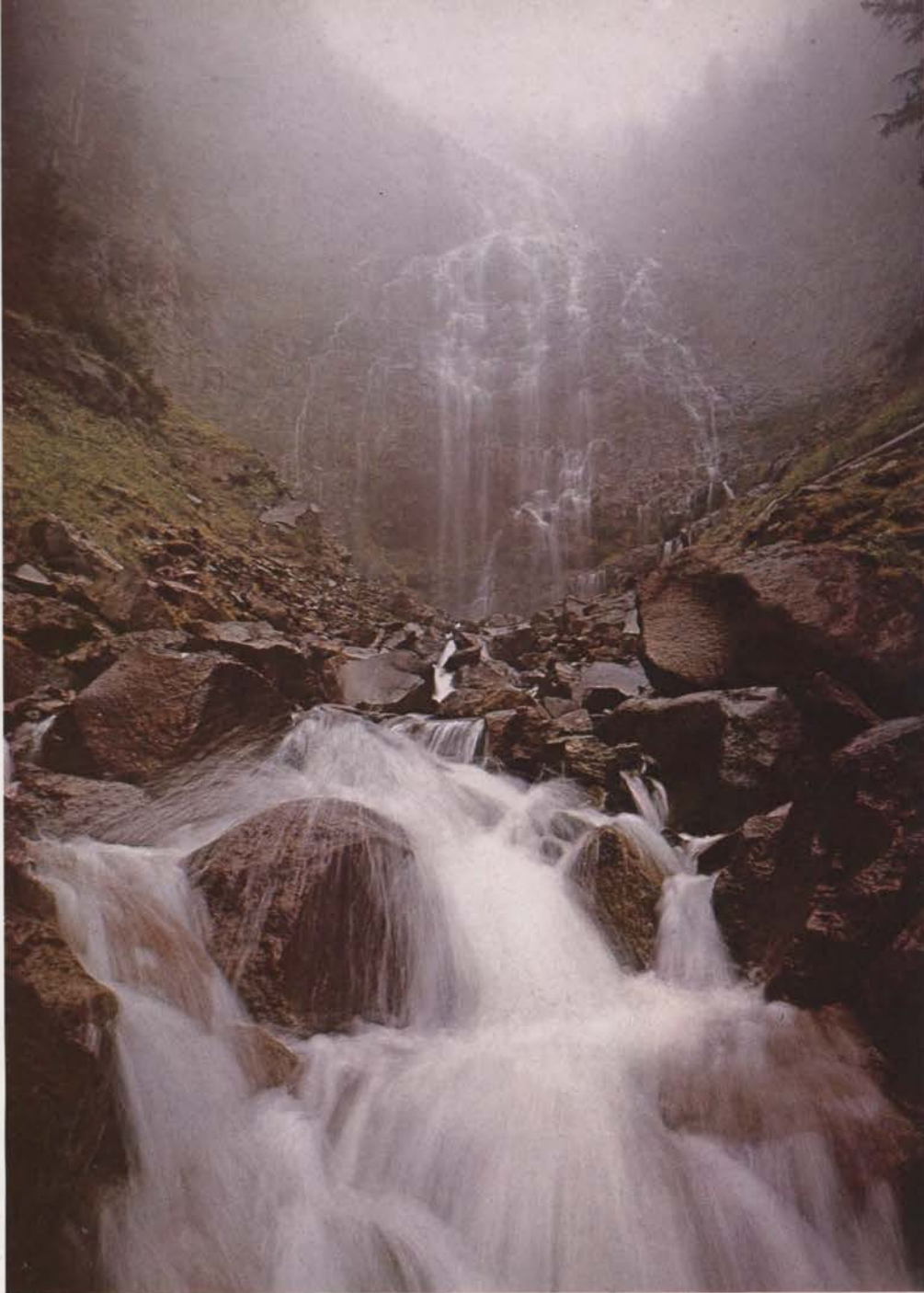
On the edge of Winter

In high country

Sunlight flowing over snow

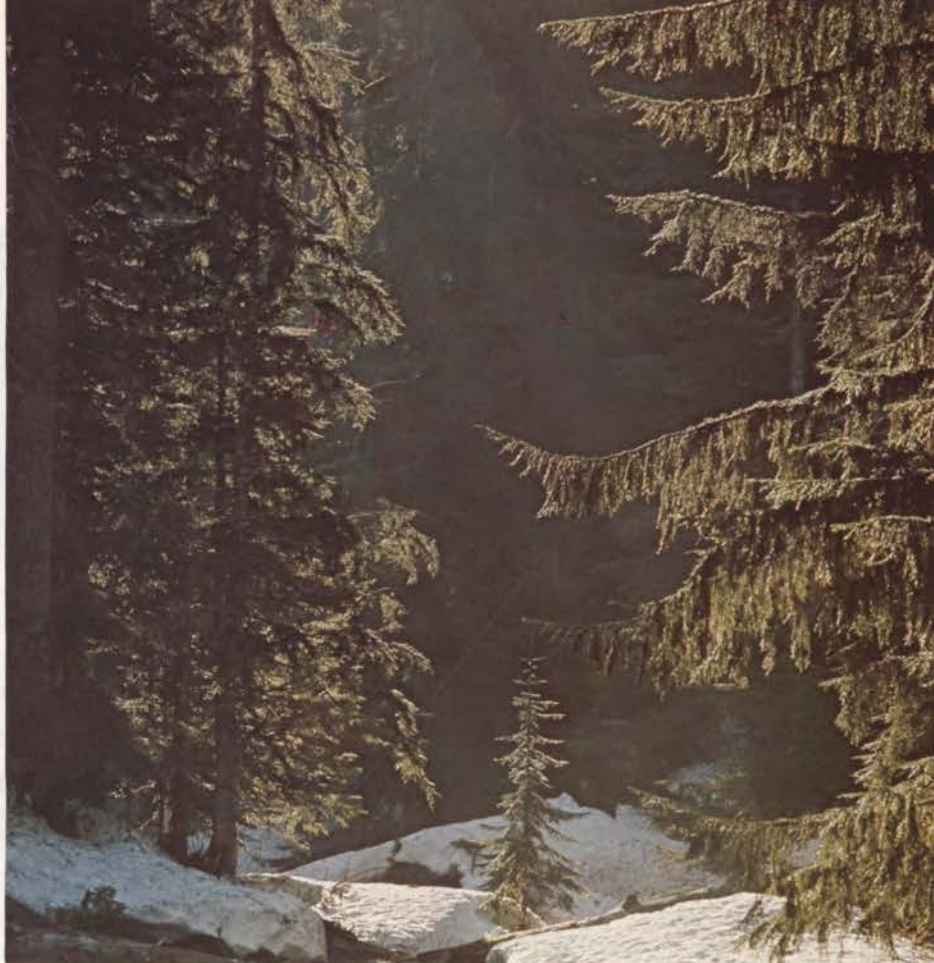
freezes into shadow.





Time slows,
Pulses thicken
in preparation
for the long sleep.

An alien visitor
stands high
and shouts
into the growing cold.
"You cannot improve this.
Do not try.
Please.
Do not try."





..DDT, FRED..

YEAH.. AND THE BOMB.. AND THE WAR.. AND THE RIOTS.. AND THE POVERTY..

..AND YOU'RE A CYNIC, FRED..

I HAVE GREAT FAITH IN MAN'S ABILITY TO EAT HIMSELF.. YES..

THIS IS A FOXHOLE!!

HEY! ANY ATHEISTS DOWN THERE?

JUST ONCE I'D LIKE TO FIND AN ATHEIST IN A FOXHOLE..

I HATE NEGATIVE ABSOLUTES!!

EEEK! SOMEONE IS ASSAULTING MY FRONT DOOR..

HEY! ATHEIST! ARE YOU IN THERE!?

YOU'LL NEVER STOP MEN FROM RUINING THE ECOLOGY..

..NOT WITH YOUR CYNICISM WORKING AGAINST ME..

GAD! AN ATHEIST IN MY FOXHOLE!?

"A Cynic is to be forgiven," says Hugh..
"..having little hope in Life leaves one with but a small chance for enjoyment.."

..BUT YOU WON'T STOP THE NEGATIVE TIDE BY APPLAUDING IT WITH YOUR SILENCE..

..AND REMEMBER.. IT WILL EVEN DESTROY YOU!

I'LL USE THE BACK DOOR!

THAT'S STRANGE.. THERE'S NO ONE HERE..

FRED! THERE IS AN ATHEIST IN THE FOXHOLE!

Moral.. a negative Absolute is absolutely Nothing..

I HOPE..

DDT

— THE BAN THAT ISN'T

By James Moorman

Those who follow environmental matters surely think DDT has been banned. Recent statements by Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare Finch and Secretary of Agriculture Hardin given wide circulation seemed to say as much. In fact, we may yet be years away from an effective ban of DDT. Only a proposal to ban DDT has been announced with an invitation to submit views and comments to Secretary Hardin by February 20, 1970. As a result, the Sierra Club and three other conservation organizations have gone to court to try to force action. The invitation to submit views, however, is very important. In fact, this may be the most critical period in the whole DDT fight. It is, therefore, crucial that Secretary Hardin have the views of concerned citizens at this time. This article is intended to supply background information on the whole DDT affair for those who wish to comment.

Perhaps no more insidious substance exists than DDT. Holding forth the hope of bounty and health to a half-starving, disease ridden world, we have broadcast this chemical on our fields, forests, wetlands, and shade trees. (100 million pounds of DDT is released into the environment each year.) Now, however, there is proof that we have broadcast a substance with alarming characteristics and which has caused incalculable harm to life on this planet.

Many experiments and studies have been documented in recent years that have proved beyond a doubt that DDT is a substance that should not be released into the environment. To quote the petition of the Sierra Club recently filed with Secretary Hardin, which summarized much of the available evidence:

"DDT combines in a single molecule the properties of broad biological activity, chemical stability, mobility, and solu-

bility, characteristics that cause it to be accumulated by living non-target organisms, thus presenting dangers that are unusual among major pollutants. DDT not only enters food chains from the inorganic environment, it is increasingly concentrated toward the top of food chains, thereby posing a particular threat to carnivores.

"The entire biosphere has become contaminated with DDT residues, including such seemingly unlikely places as air, rainwater, birds living hundreds of miles at sea, Arctic and Antarctic animals, cosmetics, and human milk. DDT residues are regular contaminants of human foods, including many foods never treated with the material, and contaminate the tissues of virtually all human beings.

"The relationships between DDT residues and hazards to bird populations, by both direct mortality and reproductive failure, have been particularly well documented. DDT causes carnivorous birds, including birds of prey, sea birds, and many other species, to lay eggs with abnormally thin shells. These eggs break prematurely, resulting in sharply reduced reproductive success. Populations of these species have in many cases undergone catastrophic declines, in some cases approaching extinction.

"DDT causes direct mortality of large numbers of birds. This has been especially true where attempts were made to control Dutch elm disease with DDT, but has also occurred under many other circumstances.

"DDT inhibits reproduction in fish, with abnormal mortality of the fry following the contamination of the adult fish and their eggs. This has occurred in several freshwater situations, with mortalities of 100 percent of the fry in some instances. Controlled experiments confirmed that DDT residues were the causative agents. Many fish from other areas, including commercially important fish from marine waters, show

concentrations of DDT residues in their tissues that approach those that caused this abnormal fry mortality. Important freshwater and marine fisheries are seriously threatened by present and anticipated future concentrations of DDT residues in the tissues of the fish. DDT also causes the direct mortality of large numbers of fish, a phenomenon that has occurred under a variety of circumstances.

"DDT residues do great damage to useful invertebrates of many species. Insect communities are frequently disrupted by the killing of beneficial predatory and parasitic insects, thereby frequently aggravating the insect pest problem DDT was intended to control. It kills pollinating insects. It damages various crustaceans such as crabs and shrimp. Even the base of oceanic food chains, the phytoplankton, can have their photosynthetic activity reduced by a few parts per billion of DDT in the water."

Needless to say, DDT is causing widespread ecological unbalance. For example, in many cases it has eliminated predators which has in turn resulted in the explosion of herbivorous species.

DDT does its evil work by several biological mechanisms. I will touch on only one, carcinogenicity. Turning again to the Club's petition:

"In a definitive study supported by the National Cancer Institute, DDT was added to the diet of mice and compared with both positive and negative control groups of mice. The frequency of tumors of the liver and lymphoid organs was four times greater in mice fed DDT than those in the negative control group. The carcinogenicity was clearly established because DDT caused cancer of the same kind and at approximately the same frequency as did known cancer-causing agents (the positive controls).

"The National Cancer Institute study confirmed earlier evidence indicating the carcinogenicity of DDT. As early as 1947, a study by the Food and Drug Administration showed that when DDT was fed to rats there was an increased incidence of liver tumors. Similar results were obtained using rainbow trout, where DDT in the food of the fish caused the formation of hepatomas. Other experiments with mice carried through five generations showed that the DDT mice had a substantially higher incidence of leukemia and of tumors than the non-DDT mice.

Pesticide Regulation authority is split between the Secretaries of Agriculture and Health, Education and Welfare, with the major authority resting at Agriculture.

Pesticides are registered by the Agriculture Department under the Federal Insecticide, Fungicide and Rodenticide Act (FIFRA). If a pesticide is not registered, it cannot be sold in interstate commerce. In order to become and remain registered the pesticide must comply with certain standards set out in FIFRA. Under these standards a pesti-

cide must not, among other things, cause "injury to living man and other vertebrate animals, vegetation, and useful invertebrate animals."

Under FIFRA, the Secretary of Agriculture has a duty to cancel registrations when it appears that a pesticide is not in compliance with FIFRA standards. Cancellation is effected by issuing a notice of cancellation that becomes effective in 30 days unless the manufacturer requests a public hearing and/or requests that the matter be referred to an advisory committee selected by the National Academy of Science. Following such hearings and references the Secretary makes his final decision. Of great importance is the fact that throughout these proceedings the burden of proof is on the manufacturer. While these procedures are taking place, registration can be suspended if the pesticide is causing an "imminent hazard."

FIFRA is not a perfect law. Administered properly however, substances such as DDT would be deregistered and removed from the market as a matter of course as soon as their harmful properties became known. Unfortunately, the Pesticide Regulation Division (PRD) of Agriculture has not done a job that inspires confidence. In a report as recent as November 13, 1969, the Committee on Government Operations of the House of Representatives has found PRD to have "failed almost completely to carry out its responsibilities to enforce provisions of FIFRA."

Among the multitude of criticisms in the report are the following:

"Although PRD has had specific cancellation authority for more than five years, it has never secured cancellation of a registration in a contested case." (p. 15)

"PRD has no procedures or criteria for determining when a registration should be suspended on the ground that a product constitutes an 'imminent hazard' to the public. Such action has been taken only once; but a product containing an identical amount of the same active ingredient was allowed to remain on the market without even bearing a required warning notice on its label." (p. 16)

Because PRD is an agency that systematically neglects its duties, DDT is still on the market despite (1) its demonstrated harmful qualities and (2) FIFRA standards designed to protect the public from substances with such qualities. Thus the ecological crisis caused by DDT which we face stems in part from a collapse in governmental function.

The Secretary of HEW, as mentioned earlier, also has some authority over pesticides. Under the Food, Drug and Cosmetic Act he can and does establish tolerances for pesticides in raw agricultural commodities to protect the public health. He may, under these provisions, establish zero tolerances. DDT presently has a variety of tolerances, depending on the commodity.

Recently, concerned citizens have protested the continued use of DDT. The two Secretaries, instead of invoking the statutory remedies at their disposal, each responded by appointing a committee to study the matter: the so-called Jensen Committee of Agriculture and the Mrak Commission of HEW.

But simply referring the critical DDT problem to committees was not enough and a decision was made to take the first steps toward legal action through petitions to Agriculture and HEW.

The first step came when the Environmental Defense Fund, Inc. and six Californians (mostly mothers who had, were or planned to nurse) filed a petition with HEW requesting the issuance of a proposed regulation repealing DDT tolerances for raw agricultural commodities. Evidence that DDT is a cancer causing agent and that it occurs in mother's milk at levels far in excess of that allowed in cow's milk was supplied with the petition.

On October 31st, the Sierra Club, in conjunction with the Environmental Defense Fund, the National Audubon Society and the West Michigan Environmental Action Council filed a petition with Agriculture requesting the suspension and cancellation of the registrations of DDT under FIFRA. The petition cited 88 scientific articles on the effects of DDT and was accompanied by a larger bibliography of 268 articles in support of the petition.

The man primarily responsible for assembling this impressive documentation was Dr. Charles Wurster, an environmental scientist at State University of New York at Stony Brook and Chairman of the Scientist Advisory Committee of the Environmental Defense Fund.

These two petitions were met with unsatisfactory responses by the Secretaries. Their responses were, however, public relations triumphs that seem to have left the public believing that DDT has been banned. First, Secretary Finch held a press conference on November 12, in which he announced that DDT would be banned in two years and that he was appointing a committee with the Secretaries of the Interior and Agriculture to see to it. At the same time, however, he said he was denying the petition for zero DDT tolerances because DDT would continue to contaminate most foodstuffs long after people stopped using it and, as a result, zero tolerances could not be achieved or enforced.

His reasoning, it would seem, was that because the problem was out of hand, Finch felt he couldn't act. Unfortunately, he overlooked a suggestion of the Petitioners that he order zero tolerances with an exception for all DDT released into the environment prior to that order. The practical effect of such an order would be to make new releases untenable and to put pressure on Agriculture to cancel registrations and suspend immediately.

In the only action the author is aware it has ever taken,

President Nixon's cabinet level Environmental Quality Council announced several DDT decisions on November 20, 1969. Two are of interest. First, Agriculture issued notices of cancellation under FIFRA for four uses of DDT (shade trees, tobacco, household uses, and, except when "essential for the control of disease vectors as determined by public health officials" in aquatic environments. Because industry is contesting this notice, it has not gone into effect. If put into effect, it would only require a label change and would not ban any DDT from the market.) Second, the intention to seek comments on the cancellation of other uses was announced. The Sierra Club received a letter on December 11, 1969 from Agriculture stating that "we believe these actions are responsive to your petition . . ."

In fact, the action is not responsive to the petition. The request that notices of cancellation for all DDT registrations be issued was substantially denied by this action. The request for immediate suspension of DDT registrations while cancellation proceedings take place was completely denied. Agriculture has chosen, essentially, to receive comments and study the matter some more before deciding to act. Such a course will produce unnecessary delay, expense and burden for those who seek to ban DDT. Far worse, of course is the continued environmental harm that will result because of the delay.

The failure of Agriculture to respond positively to the requests to begin cancellation proceedings at once, and to suspend registrations is deplorable in the light of the 677-page report of the Mrak Commission issued December 23rd. The Mrak Commission is the Secretary of HEW's Commission on Pesticides and Their Relationship to Environmental Health. Almost every factual allegation of the Sierra Club's petition is supported by statements in this report. Under the circumstances it is hard to see why further study is needed.

PRESENT STATUS

In the wake of the Secretaries' actions, the Sierra Club and the other petitioners have decided to do two things. First, an appeal has been taken to the United States Court of Appeals for the District of Columbia Circuit to contest the failure of the two Secretaries to grant the relief sought. Secondly, the Secretary of Agriculture will be supplied with further comments from the scientific community.

In addition, we urge that the readers of this article make their views and comments known to Agriculture. Write to the Director of Pesticides Regulation Division, Agriculture Research Service, U.S. Department of Agriculture, Washington, D.C., not later than February 20, 1970.

Mr. Moorman is an attorney with the Center for Law and Social Policy in Washington, D.C. He has acted as attorney for the Club in recent matters involving DDT.

I started down the Dipsea Trail toward Stinson Beach in the late afternoon, the air light but the sun quite hot with the peculiar directed heat, like a candle flame, it can throw off when it's down toward the horizon, in the fall. I'd never walked it before, and my reasons for doing it when I did were city-reasons, the kind you grow up humoring in a city, where fear of one kind or another can be the substance of every day, and the feel of the buildings and the neighborhoods can grow around a life until you feel antique at twelve years old; a carving of a boy, overgrown with vines with black-insulated tendrils, and leaves like heart-shaped slices of mica. I felt bad, in other words; and in the city, when you feel bad, you can't feel worse from walking. It's too much like taking a walk around the inside of your own head; you can count on it never to worsen a bad mood. The most it ever does is overlay it with self-pity.

Anyway, that's why I started; because I felt bad and apprehensive, and I knew that it would take me a good long time to get home, and when I did I'd be tired and hungry, but home, with a sort of good feeling from the combination.

I would walk across *that* valley, and *that* hill, and when I did I'd feel in charge. Idiotically, I thought I would master the trail through the discomfort and aches it would cause me to walk it, unaccustomed as I am to even mildly long walks over open country. Then there was the added excitement of involving the sun in my fantasy by racing it down to the ocean. City life will make anyone a little masochistic, or punchy.

All in all, it was hopelessly foolish. And I feel foolish now, remembering just how callow the whole thing was. I am naive about open country. I don't know it well, or even passingly well. Mountain-climbers, hikers, bird-watchers, all deal off-handedly with the gentle, accessible terrain I find so new and strange. But I want to write about it anyway, the likenesses and distances and fantasies that leapt off the surface of the land like rabbits across a highway; and I can't unless I make some explanation first; unless my sight is understood for what it is; the vision of a stranger, sadly, the impressions of the countryside filtered through the chronic sadness and naiveté of twenty years of Brooklyn and Manhattan, places where the flash and the terror of adolescence can go on for a lifetime.

From the Panoramic Highway, where the Dipsea crosses it, the country toward the sea is set low down in a dark green valley, with the hills on its sides rolling over in neat curved planes, like bone curves, but softer. It's set lower than the road, and when you look over, it tips back and away in the haze. (The haze was strongly blue, and with the afternoon sun low toward the horizon, flickering through it, the yellow of the hills came across liquid and subtle through the air; still out-lined clearly, but shifting



A WALK ON THE

By Lawrence Kearny

and liquid, the way you might imagine the inside of a slightly flawed mirror.) Though it isn't really, it seems very far away and down; like a false step you take in a dream, falling suddenly down a disproportionate distance, with a stomach like a drum-skin.

The trail itself looks alien. It's difficult to explain: say that right off a highway, sandwiched between three flat houses, a little curve of rutted ground winds into and around a small, tumbled and ordinary, gully, then pulls to the left and curves across the face of a bellyish yellow hill like an illustration of a postulate from an uncharted geometry; a perfect proof, with steps and measurable distances of a postulate involving the curves of the landscape, the colors of it and the way they recede, the sunlight, and the



DIPSEA

shortest distance between anywhere and the ocean.

The homeliness and the strangeness of it undercut the hard-edged picture I had of myself as an angry, disembodied intelligence, scarring my way across a sweet countryside. It caught me off guard, being ridiculous and beautiful, in a different kind of air. There by the highway and the houses all I had to do was put one foot in front of the other and the air I had chafed in and hated all day would be gone; I would end up in the deep trees, in the haze, and it wouldn't matter whether it was dark, or not, or cold, or not, I could still get home if I wanted to, and if I didn't, that was all right, I would be somewhere I had never been before.

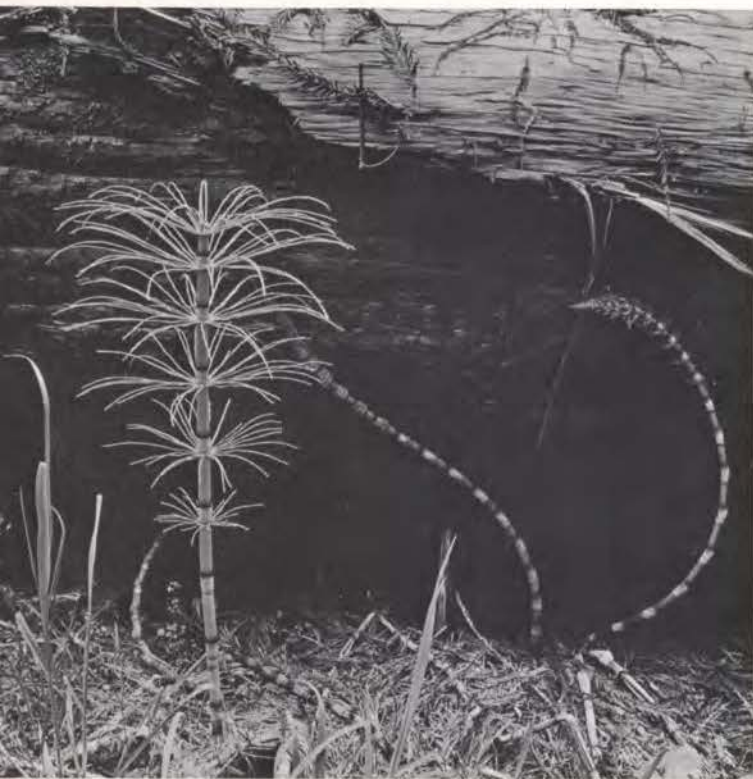
With a heavy tweed jacket, perfectly inappropriate, hung

on my hot back, I went around the side of the first rise, and down its thigh into the first fold; the road dipping and breaking like a snake lifting its head. Here and there, clumps of shrubs and trees leaned over inside turns like signposts indicating that the road was going to thicken up, the trees take their turn, and the shadows and wet-leaved ground replace the dry grass, and the sun on my feet.

In a piece of unusual luck I had good heavy boots on, so I knew I wouldn't end up stumbling up my steps with blisters and three toenails wedged a quarter inch into a single inch of flesh. Without the jacket, everything would have been perfect. But I knew I'd probably need it later, and, anyway, I could see myself in a picture I liked, half-running down toward the ocean with pockets bulging and my breath all around me like steam. When you're outside and alone, it's easy to make yourself up, like a ghost story; you look the way you think you look, and take real pleasure in it. ("Here comes the tweed spirit, down off the mountain. Put out his heart-pie and stout, and get the goats back in their pens.")

I crushed a handful of greaseplant to smell it, one breath enough to get the sage heaviness all the way back in the top of my nose. The poison oak was mostly bare, with a few powerful-looking clumps of red and black leaves hanging in the grey branches. Most of the other shrubs and trees I couldn't recognize, and so felt stupid. Just the ordinary cover of the Marin hills, and I found that most of it I had never taken the trouble to look at closely, or identify. I got over it, that pushy consciousness of professionalism that makes us want to be knowledgeable even if we've never approached the object of the knowledge with any delicacy; after my first flush of annoyance with shrubs brazenly growing without name tags, I found it becoming something else, a steady flush of pleasure as if I were opening a heavy, dark-bound book I so desperately wanted to read that I would stretch the act out slowly, dragging it out night after night. It turned into the kind of pleasure that sees a particular happiness running unbroken through all the future. I didn't know, but I knew I would; first by shape and touch, then by name, and then as separate kinds of air and color, with days and months turning around in them like slow blurs of light.

The trail, as the tops of the trees of Muir Woods show up in front of it, down across the fleshy folds of a hillside, already thicker with growth of a darker green than the sparse grey-greens and yellows of the meadow, finally passes out of sight of the highway. The road to the Woods still shows up straight below it, curving as if in apposition to the curves of the trail, but the cars were few and unobtrusive. Roads are matters of change, like thought; the first change on the Dipsea trail happens in the space between the meadows and the flush sun, and the rippled actual red of the redwoods,



in deep green, and pale blue up on top. The change is like a change in thought; clichés about outside and inside landscapes suddenly resonate in a way they never had.

You ease into the redwoods, as the light gets further away. I took a wrong turn and had to scramble down into them, slipping in the red clay of a dry stream bed. Scattered younger trees splinter the light up into blue panels and blocks, and the glare is suddenly way up, breaking on occasional, giant handfuls of branches and foliage, clusters of them with the textures of torn away sections of airy earth or dark cheese. The air at the bottom is palpable, damp and melancholy. Long blue shadows stretch out like spokes, the wide trail matted with dead leaves, its earth the color of bark. Two people passed me, sauntering a little self-consciously, as if they knew they could build a very potent memory with the wet air and the soundlessness.

My feet were infinitely quiet; the stream noisy but infinitely quiet; the air just sad and translucent and fingerly in its movement through the cleft. The redwoods have the bigness of the abyss. Something is very far down about where they are, far removed from ordinary levels. The shock isn't the shock of their bigness, but the impossible sunkness of their world. They breathe at a different rate, fighting the pressure. The shrubs and mosses cluster like barnacles, the mollusk imagery suddenly appropriate in a way it never could be higher up, outside. Everything elicited a shifted

response from me, much as the light shifted back and forth on its way down. Even my eyes felt more like tracking cameras than eyes, thrown off their timing by the thickness of the trunks going by on either side, the longer time they took to go by making my eyes track with a fine clicking noise, and rail smoothness.

The circles and the blackened arches of the trees, leaning up somehow, sinister in places, black with mollusk faces in the little chambers; the ferns sucking at the musty top-soil, older than the trees, with lanciform traceries hard as stone in the air; places for sitting down in a circle with expectations of other presences, the sun sticking in the ground with broadswords; my feet going down one after another like divers' shoes on sponge beds, stupid, knowing it and wondering at it, as if I had left something behind in the meadow; all the differences are like graceful notes in an argument, leading the way clearly. Things became a matter of being somewhere, becoming less and less outside of what I chose to imagine myself, as the trail went deeper and broke off at a sign saying *You Are Now Leaving Muir Woods*, and turned left, narrow again and straight up into the glare, a sign saying *Ben Jonson Trail to Dipsea Trail*, my feet and thighs starting to hurt when I'd barely come two miles, and little of that uphill.

Farther back I'd jumped involuntarily at a hissing roar off to my right. A ranger with a sizable paunch, all in grey like Thoreau's impossible, made up, irritating, Vermont woodman, came strolling out of a *Men's Room* just behind the trees. I asked directions, and he gave them and a half smile that I thought was the nicest thing I'd seen all week. He said, "It's a good walk," as if he'd been used in the past as a mythic figure in a fake poem, and had no illusions about people who went for long walks in tweed jackets. I actually meant it, when I thanked him.

It's hard to walk uphill at any time; when you're out of shape it can be hell. I started quickly, with high hopes, and found, with real surprise and excitement, I was going to make it.

I tried different ways of walking, and breathing; picking my feet straight up to see if it would rest my calves, leaning forward, leaning back, breathing once in, once out for every two steps, or three steps, making clicking noises in my throat and bobbing my head around on my neck like Jesus Alou in the on-deck circle. Had I been seen, I would have been tied up with my own belt and helicoptered out to Napa. But I wasn't.

The woods thin out as you go up. The thin trees recede and recede for miles, and the air between them looks cotton-blue. Everything on the ground is made of twigs, and they hang by precarious strands from all the lower branches. Off to the right, the yellow and green of the west face of Tamalpais show up in flashes, above the trees. Because the

conformation of the land becomes more clear all the time; the clefts and joinings of the separate hills, and the sheer facing plunges into dark green that indicate a stream bed below; a kind of power-mad exhilaration sets in, and you watch the different crests above you eagerly for the tell-tale look of sheerness you expect of the final crest where the descent begins, and the sea is like a picture.

What seems a long time goes by. The climb, like the curved trip down the first meadow, seems tentative, like insinuating night thoughts. Just the blue air in the trees and the grey hanging twigs, stretch out past every turn and rise. The trail is marked, erratically, by pieces of blue silk tied to trees or shrubs. Here and there, it widens enigmatically, a foot path two feet across running into a wide, flat road a pickup truck could manage, and back into a foot path. The trail goes up and up; rocks become more frequent, stuck in the earth with flat faces showing. My feet hurt; and my calves and my thighs and the small of my back. It's embarrassing. The last little stretch goes up around some low rocks and past a spreading, writhing tree I think to be Live Oak, but I'm probably wrong. When the sky finally opens up, the sun is almost down in a bank of haze. It really is a top to the trail; another deep and moving twist of land.

The water shines like a coin tipped to reflect. The earth curves for miles in every direction, swelling and sinking like praises, shining green, sheering down to the Pacific. The trail goes up another broad, flat road, its brown cut out of the fantasy green. It's dazing, like a sheet of light you can walk on, new grass from the rains, the light glancing off it and turning green like a light rain in the air that somehow clarifies. Everything reflects and re-reflects, and opens up the air with clear green on the blue-green, metallic cast of the sky. Everything sprawls without indistinctness. And the coast seems very high and pure; a word I would never have used; never having seen it.

The trail picks up the edge of a dim wood on its right. To the left, the light, starting to really fade, picks up the outlines of a hawk, standing on a little swelling, with his wings folded. Another sweeps across him, riding an up-draft. It's the best I've felt in years; falling, singing good. So I do start to run, just where I thought I might, pockets bulging, heavy breath, and all, bracing my ankles against the steeper runs, swirling around roots to have a hold on slides, finally spilling face first into a tangle of dead shrubs, when it gets just too steep for me, and too dark.

The rest is easy; the little trail to the Steep Ravine and the fire road, the path crossing back and forth from highway to gully, the long meadow down to the barbed wire at the edge of town, next to the roadway. It's good and dark, and I pick my way through the last few irregular spots, running sometimes, but only where the ground is really clear. Stinson is like a warm spot in the air, so tidily spread in its

crescent on the face of the hills with all its lights on, and steady white plumes rising in front of the store, as if the cars were inhaling and expelling real air and not idling fumes.

I was hungry and tired, but not sullenly; it had become impossible to be sullen. The house was a house in miles of dark, and the black colors of the mountain outside just spread behind my eyes like a healing bruise. Across the Pacific the dark spread out for miles, all the coast was dark, and the air at my windows knocked and tapped with the trees, like sprigs of holly in giant hands. The garden threw out lacy kinds of dark and half-dark, and the air around our inside lights was dark. The trail curled out: something that followed me, and the dark was a wave that had followed it, up from the redwoods, breathing slowly.

I felt better than I had in years, and more expectant.

Lawrence Kearny is a young writer presently living at Stinson Beach in Marin County, California.



NOTES ON THE CONSERVATION REVOLUTION

By Paul Brooks

A "conservation revolution" may sound like a paradox. Today conservation is "in". Everyone does it lip service. With the advent of the population scare, it has even replaced motherhood as the safest of all things to be for. This has its dangers as well as its advantages. It can mislead the concerned citizen to think that the values conservationists are fighting for have at last been generally accepted. It conceals the fact that the conservation movement, though it operates within the law, is in principle revolutionary. The younger generation understands this. They are embracing conservation as a worthwhile cause because, properly understood, it goes to the root of our social philosophy; it is, in the literal sense of the word, radical. "The most hopeful sign for the future," writes René Dubos, "is the attempt by the rebellious young to reject our social values." Certainly it is the most hopeful sign for the future of conservation.

A young conservationist today has important advantages over previous generations. He is working in a different climate of opinion. But more to the point, he is working from a solid scientific base. The science of ecology has quite suddenly emerged from the obscurity of academic studies to become a household word. The interrelationship between man and nature that poets and philosophers have been writing about for centuries, that George Perkins Marsh elucidated in a monumental tome (*Man and Nature*) just over a hundred years ago, is beginning to be generally understood in theory, if not yet in practice. Anyone who can read and use his five senses must be aware by now of what happens when man considers himself apart from, and superior to, his environment: when the rights of the land itself are ignored and the gross national product becomes the measure of the good life. He needs little scientific training to understand, in broad terms, how our present predicament came about; no amount of technical gobbledygook by the apologists for environmental destruction can obscure the basic facts.

Obviously conservation becomes a positive force only insofar as it advocates an entirely different set of values. And it can be effective only as conservationists understand and interpret the pattern of behavior they are revolting against. There is no point in talking about the "good guys" and the "bad guys". Senator Gruening, for example, was not wicked in promoting Rampart Dam on the Yukon River. As with the promoters, so with the technicians: they are acting as they have been trained to act. To the average highway engineer, a landscape is something to be cut through, as directly and efficiently as possible: for him ultimate truth lies in traffic patterns, and the compound cloverleaf is the highest form of art. Similarly, a free-flowing river is to an Army Engineer what an unlicensed dog is to a dog-catcher: his first duty is to impound it, or otherwise prevent it from running wild. Each agency that threatens the environment has its own justification for what it is doing. The highway builders quote statistics on automobile production to justify more and wider throughways. The Corps of Engineers cite a "cost-benefit ratio" to prove that the public will profit from another dam. The Atomic Energy Commission must test bombs in a wildlife refuge to keep ahead of the Russians. The timber industry must be allowed a larger cut in the national forest to meet an alleged shortage of lumber. The stripminers must scalp the mountains because that is the cheapest way to get out the coal. The pesticide manufacturers must help our farmers to feed the world. And so it goes.

When the ordinary citizen questions their activities, big business and government agencies have an automatic response: call in the public relations boys and persuade the public to take it. When *Silent Spring* was published, the National Agricultural Chemicals Association did not attempt to deal with the hazards that the book had exposed. Instead it appropriated a quarter of a million dollars

in an attempt to prove — unsuccessfully — that Rachel Carson was a hysterical fool. When, some years ago, the Atomic Energy Commission wanted to test the earth-moving qualities of atomic bombs, it tried to persuade the people of northwest Alaska that they needed a harbor — even after it knew that a harbor was unfeasible on that site. One then heard serious talk of “conditioning” the public to accept atomic fallout. Now we are to be “conditioned” to accept the supersonic boom.

This Madison Avenue approach to public policy is a logical extension of one of the basic myths of our time. “Leave it to the experts,” we are told, “they are dealing with technical matters that you can’t possibly understand.” As Sheldon Novick writes in *The Careless Atom*, social and political issues that depend on technology “are effectively screened from outside examination by the public’s — and in most cases the Congress’ — lack of facts . . . We have been given not information, but judgments propounded by experts.” Yet it has been proved again and again that the general public is quite capable of understanding scientific facts if they are properly presented. Out of a number of recent examples, two are outstanding if only because they threatened environmental destruction on such a colossal scale: the plan to dam the Yukon River in Alaska, and the attempt to build a super jetport in the Florida Everglades.

Geographically speaking, Rampart Dam and the Everglades jetport could scarcely be further apart. But they have much in common. Both are located in areas where the physical environment is peculiarly fragile, and where the social and economic pressures are almost irresistible: areas that have rightly been chosen for top priority in the Sierra Club’s conservation program. Both projects were halted at the zero hour, when aroused public opinion slowed their headlong course long enough for scientific studies to be made of the ecological consequences. What can we learn from the parallels between the two?

Both Rampart Dam and the Everglades Jetport were promoted as the biggest ever, as if size in itself were a virtue. The former would create the largest artificial lake in the world; the latter, thirty-nine square miles in extent, would be the equivalent of four or five of our largest airports rolled into one. Thus they would obviously be for the greater glory of America. (Huge dams in Siberia were used as an argument for Rampart; the race for the SST and leadership in world transportation for the jetport.) And as one looks into the specific claims of the promoters, the parallels become strikingly obvious. In both cases the

backers of the project made three basic claims: that the land was worthless, that there was no possible alternative site, and that the project would bring economic prosperity. On examination, every one of these claims turned out to be false. The destructive “side effects” on the other hand, proved to be enormous. And the general public appeared quite capable of understanding the ecological issues at stake.

Of course experts throughout the ages have been aware that they jeopardize their power by giving their secrets to the masses — or even worse by confessing that there *are* no secrets. This axiom is recognized today by the military, by many federal agencies, and by all successful witch-doctors. A few centuries ago one risked one’s life by translating the Word of God into the vernacular. Until recently, the word of the expert has carried a similar air of sanctity in our technological society. But the modern priesthood of the technicians begins to lose its hold on the common people as the latter become scientifically literate and able to judge for themselves. The bones and the feathers that spill from the medicine man’s bag turn out to be only bones and feathers after all.

Once the layman understands the technical issues, once he has hacked his way through the groves of gobbledygook, he is prepared to answer the promoters and the technicians on their own terms. He is also prepared to make his own judgment on the values involved. It has hitherto been the great weakness of the conservation movement that it has seemed so often to be on the defensive: trying to stop something from happening. In any dispute, the burden of proof has been automatically assumed to lie with the proponents of conservation. But as conservationists become both more knowledgeable and more numerous, this posture is changing. The average citizen’s right to a decent environment is a positive not a negative concept. It represents the rejection of existing social values and the substitution of a quite different standard: one which is at last being recognized by the courts. Ecology, which has been described as “the subversive science”, has already succeeded in overturning many of the clichés of our society. The conservation movement has in fact become a revolution, the aims of which are only just beginning to be realized. Through long and often tedious experience, we are learning to meet the exploiters on their own grounds. What is even more important, we find that the public — particularly the young — are prepared to accept a whole new set of values, a quite different concept of man’s relation to the earth.

Mr. Brooks is a Director of the Sierra Club.

IF YOU
PUT 687 JET ENGINES
ON THE
EMPIRE STATE BUILDING
IT WILL FLY.

SO WHAT?

"Good morning, this is your captain speaking. Welcome aboard Flight 96, the maiden super sonic transport flight, New York to London.

"You are presently enclosed in the finest airframe ever built, capable of speeds in excess of mach 3, more than 1800 miles per hour at altitudes over 65,000 feet above sea level. Your purchase of tickets for this flight has put you in the technological forefront of air travel.

"uh, because this is a technologically advanced aircraft, there are a few points I would like to cover with you before takeoff that may have escaped your attention during the screening process at our ticket office.

"During takeoff and in-flight you will experience various forms of acceleration loads. This is a perfectly natural phenomena and nothing to be unduly concerned about. America's astronauts have been subjected to it for years. But knowledge is comfort, so let me just say this: Acceleration loads between 3 and 4 g cause visual disturbances and at 5 g loss of consciousness occurs. At cruising altitude turbulent flight conditions could cause linear accelerations of 10 to 12 g which may cause fractures in unrestrained persons. It is highly unlikely that such high g-forces will be encountered, but let's keep those seat belts fastened, just in case. Passengers who do not feel in tip-top physical condition may wish to debark through the front loading ramp at this time.

"At cruising speed the exterior skin temperature of this aircraft will be approximately 260 degrees Centigrade. For that reason we have installed a superb refrigeration system guaranteed to keep you and the dinner wine at room temperature. As some wag has said, should there be a malfunction in this system, instead of freezing to death like on an older jet, we'll fry. Passengers unaccustomed to rapid



changes in temperature may wish to debark through the front loading ramp at this time.

"When we reach the higher altitudes you may begin smelling a sweetish odor in the cabin. This is nothing to be alarmed about. It is simply ozone, a colorless sweet-smelling gas caused by the reaction of oxygen with ultra violet rays from the sun. Ozone is perfectly safe to breathe except that it irritates the mucous lining of the throat, nose and eyes and there are indications that repeated exposure can cause extensive damage to the lungs. Passengers with chronic respiratory ailments and allergies associated with the breathing process may wish to debark through the front loading ramp at this time.

"By doubling the present flight altitude of older jets



there is a reduction of ambient air pressure from one-fifth to one-thirtieth that at sea level. That sounds pretty technical but what it means basically, is that if we should lose air pressure while in-flight, everybody on board will lose consciousness in 15 seconds. However, we are equipped with oxygen masks conveniently located over each seat for just such an emergency. Passengers incapable of holding their breath for extended periods of time or whose reflexes are somewhat slow may wish to debark through the front loading ramp at this time.

"Our high altitude flight also produces another intriguing phenomena. We'll be encountering a bit more radiation than most of us are accustomed to. For that reason each passenger has been given a radiation badge just like they wear at

atomic reactor sites. Should you notice your badge turning color during the flight just notify your stewardess, and she, ha ha, will give you a new one. Passengers who have had diagnostic x-ray or other x-ray treatment during the past year, and pregnant women passengers, especially those in the first trimester, may wish to debark through the front loading ramp at this time.

"We now have clearance for taxiing out to the runway for takeoff, and I would just like to say to those passengers remaining on board, be of good cheer. You are embarking on a new age in air transport, and although you have chosen to personally inaugurate this flight you are not alone. Every person we pass over between here and London will feel that they also are part of this new age."

What the SST will do to, or for, the relatively few passengers who will fly in it is not nearly as significant as the impact the monstrous aircraft will have on the lives of the millions who will not. The SST will be big and fast. Period. These are its *only* two attributes put forward as reasons for building the aircraft that have not been refuted. Every other rationale for pouring millions of taxpayer's dollars into a project that may severely harm the environment and will almost certainly disturb the lives of countless people has either been disproved or seriously questioned. Not just by conservationists, but by scientists, economists and finally, by the President's own SST study committee.

When that committee's report was entered into the Congressional Record on October 31 by Representative S.R. Yates of Illinois he said: "The report of the committee is so unfavorable to the program that I am amazed that President Nixon approved the request for the SST. The committee, which consisted of many of the ablest people in this administration, recommended overwhelmingly in favor of suspending work on the project.

"The report rejects basic arguments used to justify the SST. It disputes that the balance of payments would be favorable; it casts doubt on the economic viability of the plane; it questions whether Americans will ever accept the jarring sonic boom which is an inseparable part of supersonic flight; it raises disturbing questions about the damaging effects the SST would have on the environment . . ."

The controversy over the SST's sonic boom has overshadowed other dangerous aspects of the plane, less personal perhaps, but equally grim. The environmental and sociological panel of the President's committee states one problem dryly, but all too ominously, this way: "The widespread use of supersonic transports will introduce large quantities of water vapor into the stratosphere. The introduction of this additional water vapor can produce two effects which may be important: (1) Persistent contrails might form to such an extent that there would be a significant increase in cirrus clouds; (2) There could be a significant increase in the relative humidity of the stratosphere even if there were no significant increase in the extent of cirrus cloudiness. Both effects would alter the radiation balance and thereby possibly affect the general circulation of atmospheric components."

Under Secretary of the Interior Russell Train added an environmental footnote to this report in a letter sent to the Committee Chairman: ". . . operation (of the SST) at subsonic speeds, including speeds necessary for takeoff and landing, results in inefficient fuel combustion with a resulting heavy discharge of pollutants into the atmosphere. Both atmospheric pollution and ground contamination seem likely to result." He concluded that "justification for proceeding with the program is not now apparent."

The Committee report on sonic boom and aircraft noise was equally forbidding: "All available information indicates



that the effects of sonic boom are such as to be considered intolerable by a very high percentage of the people affected. The Panel is cognizant of statements and reports to the effect that supersonic flight over U.S. continental land areas is not contemplated at this time and that SST design and development is proceeding on this assumption. However, the Panel is very concerned about the economic pressures that will be exerted if it is subsequently found that the economic success of the aircraft depends on overland flights at supersonic speeds." (Secretary of Transportation Volpe has subsequently promised that SSTs will not be permitted to fly over the U.S., but that is a promise that he can keep only as long as he is in office. It is also a promise that carries with it the implication that over-ocean sonic booms are perfectly harmless and acceptable, a myth that was somewhat shaken in September when a sonic boom from a Swedish military plane broke a thick glass window on an ocean-going ship carrying sonic-boom researchers.)

On aircraft and airport noise the panel found that "noise levels associated with SST operations will exceed 100PNdB (Perceived Noise in Decibels) over large areas surrounding SST airports." (The operator of a pavement breaker receives about 109PNdBs.) "It can be expected, therefore, that significant numbers of people will file complaints and resort to legal action, and that a very high percentage of the exposed population will find the noise intolerable and the apparent cause of a wide variety of adverse

effects." (Two months after the Committee's report appeared in the Congressional Record, a panel sponsored by the American Association for the Advancement of Science described some physiological effects that excess noise may cause in humans. Excess noise, said the panel, can drain fluids from the body, change critical hormone levels, cause high blood pressure and heart disease, stimulate epileptic seizures, induce bad dreams, and perhaps cause birth defects. Invited to this conference were: The Federal Aviation Agency, enthusiastic proponents of the SST; Sound Engineers from the Boeing Company, builder of the SST; and the Government's Federal Air Surgeon. None of them came.)

Seven of the eleven members of the President's SST Committee recommended a discontinuance of the federal subsidy for the SST and called for much more preliminary research into its ecological and environmental ramifications. On December 29th, the President signed the Transportation Bill which included \$85 million of SST money for the current fiscal year.

Why?

Why are we going ahead with a project whose positive aspects are far outweighed by negative ones in both monetary and human terms? Why are we spending upwards of \$4 billion of public money on an unneeded, unwanted white elephant at a time when great segments of the public are underfed, underclothed and underhoused? ("Wonderful," said one observer on hearing of the SST plans, "then we will be able to fly from Harlem to Watts in under two hours.")

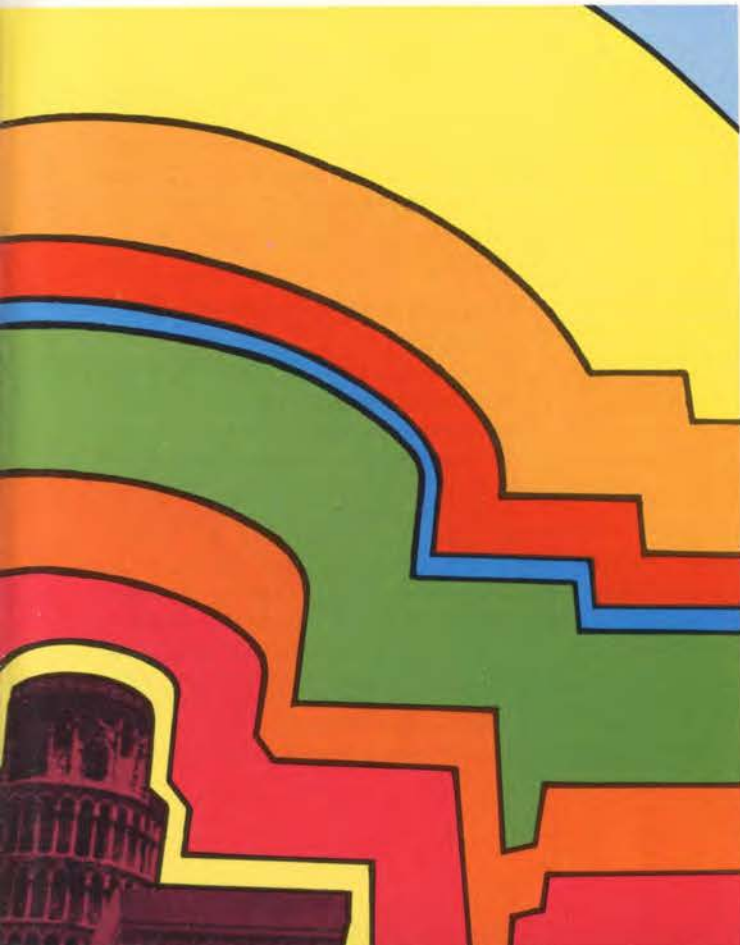
Why is it so important to be able to get from one place to another three times faster than at present, if in order to do so others must suffer the consequences? (On August 7, 1969, a U.S. Navy plane's sonic boom did \$250,000 damage to the small city of Kelowna, B.C., in ten seconds.)

And why do proponents of the SST treat the public as if they were a bunch of ignorant slobs? (In 1965, Gordon Baines, then director of the SST program, was in the process of telling newsmen that many people who claimed their property had been damaged by sonic booms only imagined the damage. "I believe there's a great deal of psychology in this," he was saying at the moment a nearby jet fighter broke through the sound barrier. The shock wave blew out two 7 by 12 foot plate-glass windows near Mr. Baines and dislodged a 10-pound window screen which hit an FAA official on the head.)

Why? Because enough people have not said stop.

It is time that the system of values by which our society measures and guides itself also includes strictures against the not-so-obvious environmental crimes. A working definition of pornography is that it must be obscene and have no socially redeeming value. That fits the SST program perfectly.

— J. R.



PIPELINE FUNDS

The year-end supplemental appropriation bill passed by Congress includes an allocation of \$1 million "for initial cost of permit issuance and first year supervision of the proposed oil pipeline across Alaska." A House appropriations report on the bill said, however, that the committee "strongly feels that any costs incurred by the Department of Interior for inspection and protection of American natural resources in Alaska are properly chargeable to those oil companies constructing the pipeline, and the committee directs that in negotiations for issuance of rights-of-way permits, adequate fees and/or reimbursement be charged for recovery of expenses incurred by the department which are directly attributable to its immediate and continuing supervision of the pipeline."

GRANITE CHIEF

After holding a wilderness hearing in October, Tahoe National Forest Supervisor Henry E. Branagh has decided against recommending establishment of a 35,500-acre Granite Chief Wilderness on the northwestern rim of the Lake Tahoe Basin as proposed by the Sierra Club. Instead his management decision, issued in December, establishes a 21,000-acre "vehicular exclusion zone" which includes Granite Chief itself, Five Lakes Basin, the North and Middle Forks of the American River, Picayune Valley, and Whiskey Creek. According to the decision, Five Lakes Creek, its fascinating side canyons, and Grayhorse Valley will continue to be subject to multiple-use and logging. The decision is unacceptable to conservationists. Charging this decision was made by "an official who had prejudged the issue and had vigorously campaigned for his point of view, contrary to the most elementary concepts of fair play," Christopher Carr, of the club's Mother Lode Chapter, said that a request will be made to Regional Forester Jack W. Deinema asking that Branagh's recommendation be rejected and the issues heard again. Letters in support of this request should be sent to Deinema, 630 Sansome St., San Francisco, Calif. 94111.

INDIAN AFFAIRS

Prospective members of a new Sierra Club conservation group — a subcommittee on Indian affairs of the Northern California Regional Conservation Committee — are invited to send their names and addresses to Tony Look, Chairman, or to Fred Gunsky, who will help to coordinate activities of the subcommittee with representative of American Indian organizations.

Purposes include education concerning the close relationship between Indian and conservation problems, and cooperative efforts with Indian tribes and groups in dealing with issues such as Pyramid Lake water and the high Dos Rios dam.

Sierra Club members interested in working with the subcommittee should write to Tony Look, 411 Los Ninos Way, Los Altos 94022, or to Fred Gunsky, 41 Springbrook Circle, Sacramento 95831.

ENDANGERED SPECIES



On December 29, 1969, New York City's Mayor Lindsay signed a bill prohibiting the sale of products made of American alligator skins. This measure is expected to eliminate one of the country's major markets for alligator hides and make poaching in the Florida Everglades much less profitable. Two weeks earlier the Atlantic Chapter's Endangered Species Committee picketed shops in New York City's fur district, protesting against the use and sale of furs of spotted cats threatened with extinction. Press coverage was extensive, and as a result of this demonstration, New York furriers, under the leadership of internationally known furrier Georges Kaplan, are shortly expected to meet with Sierrans and other conservationists to determine which species U.S. furriers will refrain from selling in the future.

WILDERNESS

Shortly before adjournment the Senate passed the omnibus wilderness bill which would add 12 new areas to the National Wilderness System. These areas — all created within wildlife refuges — are: Bering Sea, Bogoslof, Tuxedni, St. Lazaria, Hazy Islands, and Forrester Island in Alaska; Three Arch Rocks and Oregon Islands in Oregon;

Copalis, Flattery Rocks, Quillayute Needles in Washington; and Bitter Lake in New Mexico. The bill now goes to the House Interior and Insular Affairs Committee.

CLUB BUMPER STICKERS

"SIERRA CLUB" bumper stickers are now available for a contribution of 25¢. Members are urged to support this activity, initiated by a club member. The club will receive all proceeds of the sale, less cost of production. For stickers, write: Sierra Club Stickers, Box 3145, Fremont, CA 94538.

1970 WILDERNESS TRIPS

The Wilderness Classification Study Committee of the Sierra Club Council has announced plans to continue its on-the-ground studies of potential wilderness areas during the summer of 1970. Trips will be in critical areas in the northern Rocky Mountain states and possibly other portions of the country. Parties will report on the geology, botany, wildlife, water and timber resources of the area as well as its wilderness character and potential. For information write Francis J. Walcott, 3500 Fulton Street, Apt. 14, San Francisco, California 94118.

GALAPAGOS CRUISES

The Outings Department has announced an additional cruise to the Galapagos Islands, departing March 6 and returning April 4. Members of all three cruises (January 10 and February 6 included) will enjoy 15 days of camping, knapsack excursions, and volcano climbs on these enchanted islands. For more details, see the October-November *Bulletin*, and request the Galapagos Trip Supplement from the club Outings office.

CHARTER FLIGHTS FOR MEMBERS

The Sierra Club recently joined the United International Social Foundation, Inc., a non-profit organization, enabling all club members, who have been members for six months prior to flight departure, to join the program's charter flights. Flights will be via Caledonian Airways, or the Scottish International Airline, and will leave Los Angeles or Oakland for London or Tokyo. See the October-November *Bulletin* for a list of spring flights. A special five-week club flight from Oakland to London will leave July 31. For applications and further information write Flight Chairman, P.O. Box 6089, San Jose, California 95150.

WASHINGTON REPORT

The long-simmering dispute between state and federal agencies over primary jurisdiction to control and manage fish and wildlife on lands owned by the United States reached a new plateau in December as the result of Senate and Supreme Court actions.

The actions of the two governmental bodies — contradictory in their basic premise — occurred on the same day, December 8. The Senate by voice vote passed S. 1232, a bill assigning to the states primary authority over fish and wildlife within their boundaries. The High Court affirmed a 10th Circuit Court of Appeals judgment that the Secretary of the Interior had broad discretionary and statutory authority to regulate and manage the taking of fish and wildlife in National Parks.

Both the legislation and the court case grew out of a situation at Carlsbad National Park in New Mexico. Deer were killed, without state permits, as part of an ecology study to determine deer range conditions within the Park. The New Mexico State Game Commission held that the Secretary of the Interior and National Park employees did not have authority to kill deer without permits required by New Mexico statutes.

The case became a cause celebre for State Game and Fish Commissioners and the International Association of Game, Fish and Conservation Commissioners. They prevailed upon a group of western senators to introduce legislation in the 90th Congress to deal with the conflict. Hearings were held on the bill in 1968, and again last year on new legislation introduced in the 91st Congress.

Spokesmen for the Sierra Club, the Audubon Society, Defenders of Wildlife and the National Parks Association opposed the bills, on the basis that the issue could be settled by a policy declaration by the Secretary of Interior. They contended that the legislation is not necessary. Similar views were expressed to the Senate Commerce Committee by five executive departments — Interior, Agriculture, State, Defense and Justice.

“This department opposes enactment of these bills on the ground that they are conceptually unsound,” wrote Deputy Attorney General Richard G. Kleindienst. “There can be no doubt that Congress, under the Constitution, possesses the legislative power to control, and if necessary to kill, wildlife in order to protect federal lands and property, the game laws or any other statute of a state to the contrary notwithstanding. The instant bills are clearly intended to deprive the federal government of any further power to legislate with respect to wildlife (save in the limited situations specifically named), regardless of how necessary such legislation may be to implement or effectuate

a power vested by the constitution in the federal government.

The bill does not open National Parks to hunting, but it clearly would require state approval of federal Fish and Game management activities in those areas. S. 1232 and similar House bills are now pending before the House Subcommittee on Fisheries and Wildlife Conservation of which Rep. John Dingell of Michigan is Chairman. He has expressed opposition to the measure, in line with the view of Interior Under Secretary Russell Train. Negotiations are proceeding with the Fish and Game Commissioners, Train said, and “it is our feeling that if an acceptable arrangement can be worked out between the parties such a solution would be preferable to legislation.”

That is the position with which we agree. Enactment of S. 1232 would open a whole new can of worms in state-federal relations governing federal lands.

Status Report on Wilderness Preservation

The Wilderness Act requires the Secretaries of Interior and Agriculture, by September 3, 1974, to review all primitive areas of the National Forests, all roadless units of the National Park and Wildlife Refuge systems for possible inclusion within the Wilderness Preservation System. These eligible areas total 140. Here is a brief rundown on the performance record of the last five years:

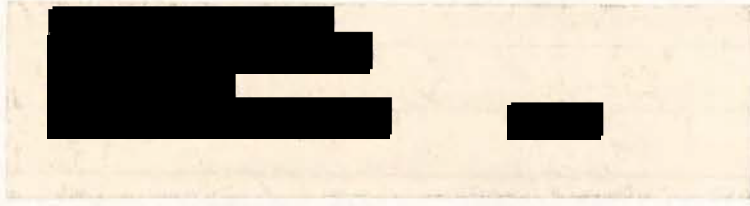
At the halfway mark, the Forest Service has held hearings on 15 of the 34 Primitive areas. Ten of these have been introduced into Congress. Five have been added to the System. The National Park Service has held hearings on only 17 of the 50 areas which qualify for consideration. Of these proposals, only five have emerged as bills before Congress, and no hearings have been held on them by committees of either body.

The Bureau of Sports, Fisheries and Wildlife has held public hearings on 30 of 56 areas. Twenty-two of these have been introduced to Congress. However, only 12 have had congressional hearings, and only one bill has been enacted into law. This added the Great Swamp Refuge in New Jersey — less than 5,000 acres — to the Wilderness System.

Thus, in the last five years Congress has added only 7 areas to the System, including Pasayten as part of North Cascades National Park. At this rate, it will take a century if the entire 140 units are added — assuming, of course, any wilderness would survive man's uninhibited exploitation during such a period.

Apathy may be the worst enemy of wilderness. Sierra Club members should press for agency and legislative action on the new wilderness units.

— W. Lloyd Tupling



Santa Barbara



The future is purchased by the present

— Samuel Johnson