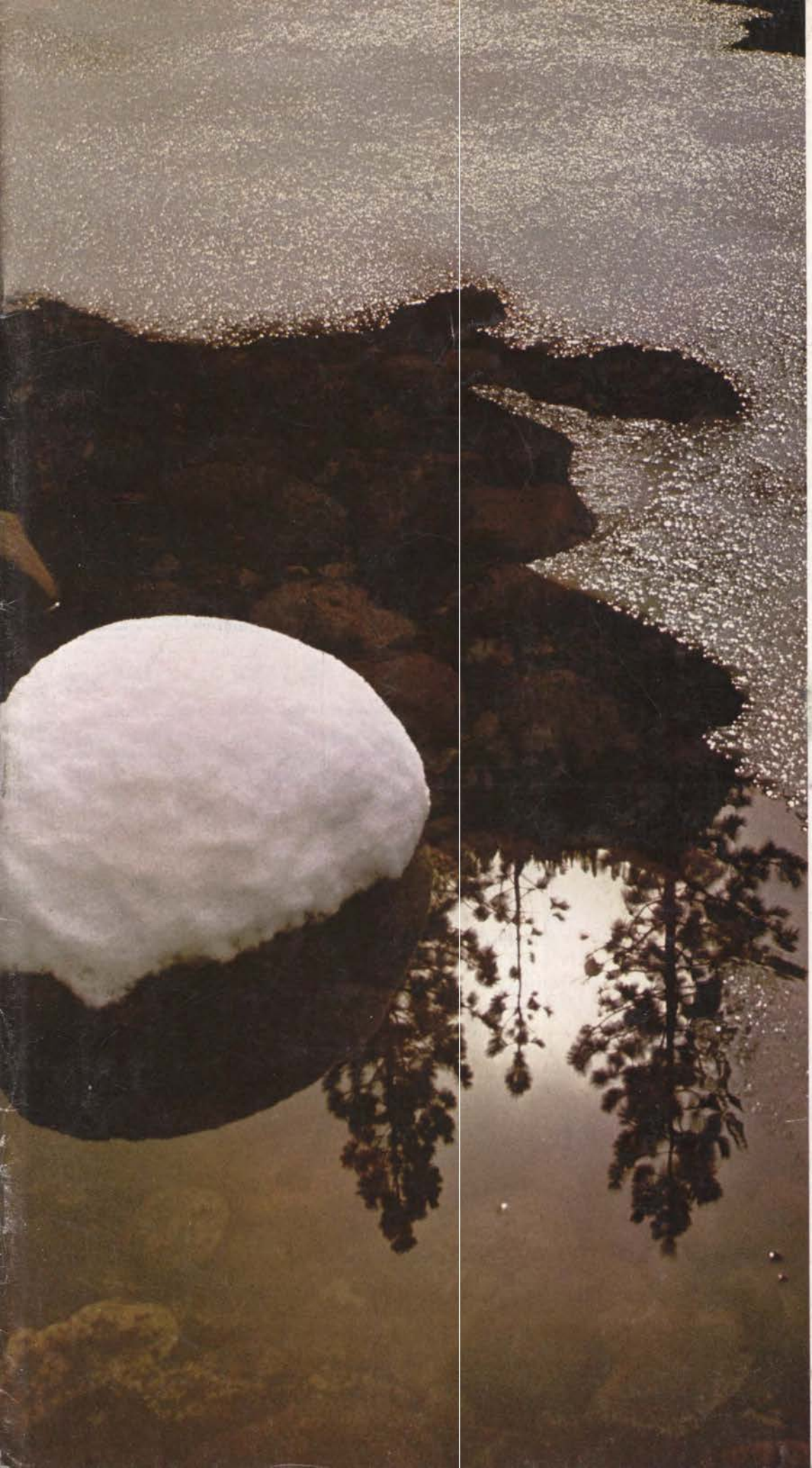

Sierra Club Bulletin

FEBRUARY 1970

EDITORIAL

AN ORGY OF INTEREST

Without going back as far as Herodotus, George Perkins Marsh, Theodore Roosevelt, or even John Muir, it is fascinating to trace the development of the current surge of general, political, and student interest in ecology and the environment.

The modern ecological point of view, embracing man, was launched *effectively,* I think, in 1935 with the publication of *Deserts on the March* by Paul Sears, the first of his many superior contributions that extend to this day. In 1948 there appeared two landmark publications, *Road to Survival* by William Vogt whose thoughts had been incubating for many years in the National Audubon Society and the Pan American Union; and *Our Plundered Planet* by Fairfield Osborn who was then founding The Conservation Foundation. These were followed one year later by Aldo Leopold's *A Sand County Almanac,* which remains our finest conception of The Land Ethic.

Sears, Osborn, Vogt, and Leopold set the stage and acquired a devoted following – a small band who helped prepare the movement. However, the media, and therefore the public and their many splendid and dreadful politicians, did not get involved until the appearance of Rachel Carson's *Silent Spring* in 1962. This proved to be a significant turning point. The perceptive writings of Stanley Cain, Lamont Cole, Barry Commoner, René Dubos, Fraser Darling, Garrett Hardin, Ian McHarg, Eugene Odum and others, have since escaped from the seminar rooms and are presently moving into general circulation among our students and other citizens. And Paul Ehrlich has virtually launched a national crusade for zero population growth.

1969 was the *significant* year, for it was the year that the newspapers and the newsmagazines and the television stations – the general media – embraced the environmental issues, and as a result, produced an enormous response across the entire political spectrum. So here we are in 1970 in what Garrett Hardin calls the "Year of the Jawbone."

What priority programs should the Sierra Club expand during the year ahead? In addition to increasing our national membership, maintaining a strong posture in Washington and in the state capitols, and more effectively using legal mechanisms and the courts, one great opportunity may well be on the campuses of this nation.

Since mid-September of last year, the Sierra Club has been operating an experimental campus program from the San Francisco headquarters. This provisional program employs one full-time younger staff member, on the following major projects, in order of priority: (1) encouraging and assisting existing college and university conservation and environmental clubs, associations, study groups, and classes; special emphasis has been placed on helping new groups get started; (2) assisting high school pilot projects in a similar way; (3) cooperating with Sierra Club chapters in helping them organize more effective contact with youth and school groups and teachers; (4) servicing the increasing incoming volume of mail from students and young people from all over the nation for information about population, pollution, environmental esthetics, and other environmental problems.

One person, the Campus Representative, operating on a very limited budget has made a good beginning, but the requests for information and assistance are now growing at an accelerating rate. The expansion of this program on a national basis with an enlarged staff unit should be one of our major priorities in 1970. It represents a great opportunity for the Club to assist in guiding one of the most positive and significant recent movements in these United States.

Georg Treichel
Chairman, Conservation Research Committee

Sierra Club Bulletin

VOLUME 55 • NUMBER 2

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

CONTENTS

Credits: Cover, Philip Hyde • 4, 5, Francis Walcott • 4, 5, 6, John Harbuck • 12, John Wehrheim • 17, Sandra Keith • 24, Joe Mish.

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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*Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

NEWS

TIMBER SUPPLY BILL

From January 30 to February 5, letters poured into Congress from all over the country expressing opposition to H.R. 12025, the National Timber Supply bill. During that same week a Conservation Coalition, formed by 10 of the major national conservation organizations, made Capitol Hill its headquarters and worked intensively to stop the bill. As a result, on the afternoon of February 5, the day the bill was to come to a vote on the floor of the House, its supporters pulled it from the agenda. Representatives John Dingell of Michigan and John Saylor of Pennsylvania, leaders of the conservation forces, said, "You have won a battle, but not the war. Those who seek to raid the national forests will continue efforts to pass this bill."

On February 26 conservationists won the war. By a vote of 228 to 150 the House of Representatives rejected the rule under which H.R. 12025 was to be considered. The practical effect of the vote was to kill the bill since it was not recommitted to the House Agriculture Committee.

H.R. 12025 would have made high yield forestry mandatory on the 97 million acres of the national forests capable of commercial production. All revenues from timber sale receipts, which formerly went into the general treasury, would have been earmarked for the establishment of accelerated cutting programs.

An unwelcome irony during the month-long drive to stop the bill was the position of the Nixon Administration. Prior to the second time the bill came before the House and less than 24 hours after President Nixon delivered his environmental message urging all levels of government and every citizen to work for "a cause as fundamental as life itself," Secretary of Agriculture Hardin endorsed the bill. The Secretary also said that the Bureau of the Budget, "advises that there be no objection to the presentation of this report from the standpoint of the Administration's program," thus extending the Nixon Administration's tacit endorsement to this bill.

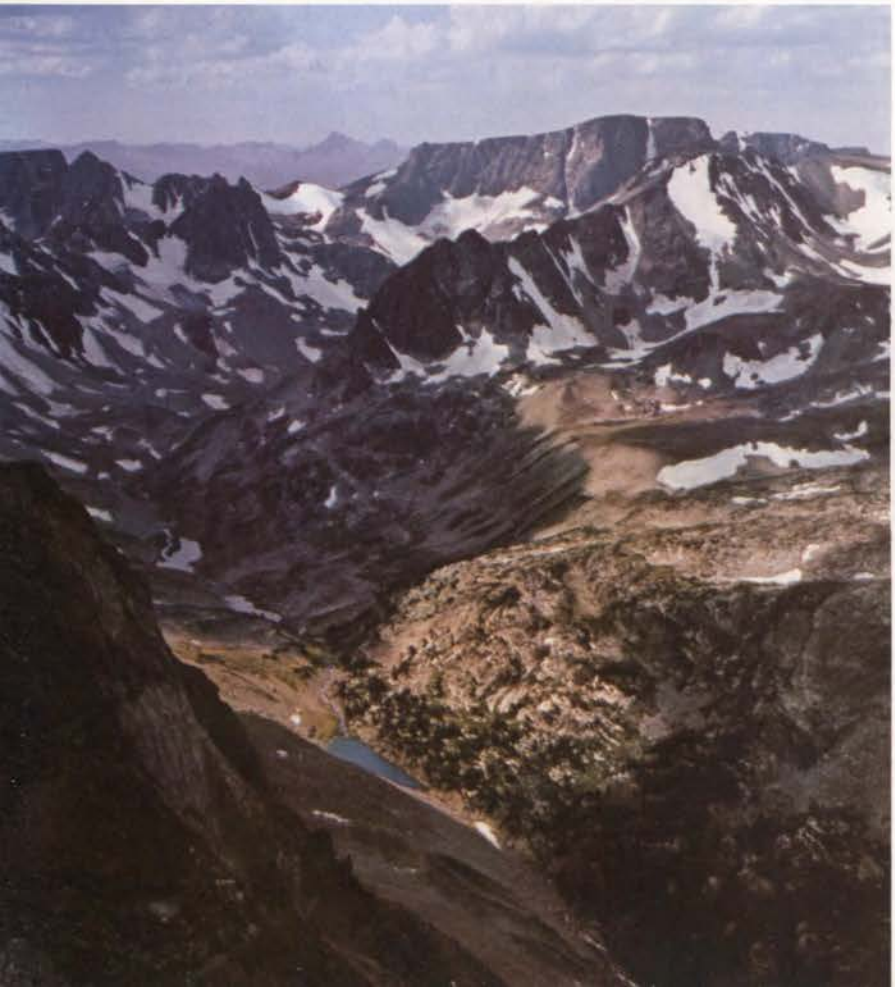
ALASKA TIMBER SALE SUIT

Fearing overcommitment of southeast Alaska's virgin timber resources, the Sierra Club in cooperation with the Sitka Conservation Society of Alaska brought suit in Federal District Court in Anchorage on February 10 to prevent construction of a third major pulp mill in Alaska. At a press conference in San Francisco on February 11,

CONTINUED ON PAGE 22

Unnamed Lake below Wolf Mountain

Sundance Lake



Wall Lake

Wolf Mountain

Wilderness Study Trip

By Karen Harvey

Each summer Wilderness Study parties hike in different parts of the country, studying land and how it is used, to determine whether or not it should be reclassified as "wilderness", under the Wilderness Act of 1964. Field workers note jeep or logging roads cutting through the area, mines, over-use of land from livestock grazing or too many campers, and then make recommendations to the club's Conservation Department about the area's wilderness potential. Only areas substantially free of evidence of man's activities can be included in the Wilderness System and in many instances these study trips provide the only club-gathered research about an area's wilderness potential. Supervising the areas explored is the Wilderness Classification Study Committee, led by Francis Walcott. Trips are usually two weeks long, and are open to interested members. The following story is about one such study trip in the Beartooth Mountains, Montana, in the summer of 1969.

Last year at about this time, I noticed an article in the Bulletin asking for volunteers for the Sierra Club Council Wilderness Classification Study Committee's wilderness-studying trips to Montana. I didn't think I was particularly qualified to go galavanting around the mountains of Montana judging what was wilderness and what wasn't, but the trips were quite inexpensive (even from the point of view of a poor college student) and it seemed a good opportunity to do something concrete for conservation – and I had never been to Montana – so I decided to go. Supplied with topographic maps, plenty of good food, good company, and instructions to take a lot of pictures and a lot of notes, I found myself part of one of several groups heading out to inspect sections of the Beartooth Primitive Area.

A bumpy ride up a jeep road between Cooke City and the Colter Campground brought us to Lady of the Lake Trail. The trail ran through what came to be familiar Beartooth timber: a great deal of lodgepole interspersed with Engleman spruce, limber and/or white bark pine (our amateur botanist was unable to distinguish reliably between the two) with an occasional Douglas or alpine fir. Despite the fact that the ranger in Cooke City had told us that the flower season had reached its peak and was rapidly declining, the flowers here, as everywhere in the following week, were profuse and varied. I was especially impressed by the Indian paintbrush; it ranged from a very pale pink to deep red and maroon.

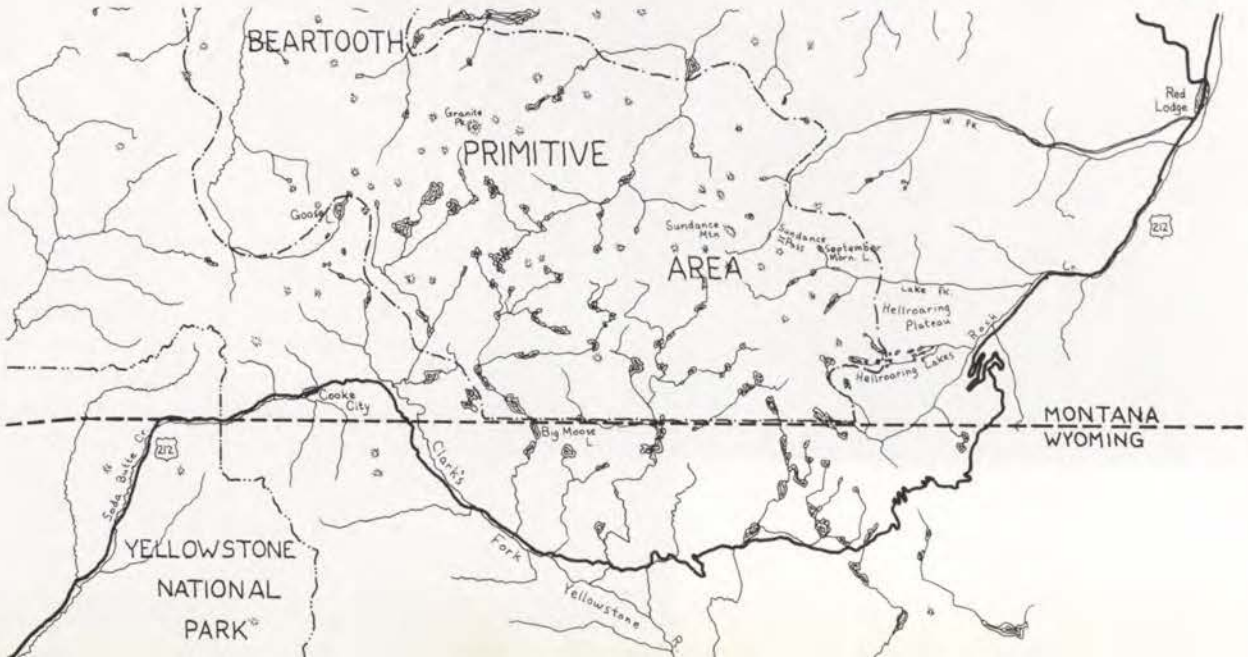
The trail rose gently to the lake, a short, easy hike from the end of the road. There were several people fishing at the lake and a number of campsites nearby.

We proceeded through forest and flowers until the rock and tundra terrain which characterizes the higher elevations of the Beartooth began. We headed up the deep, narrow trail which led to Wall Lake – beautifully wild and beautifully secluded – huddled up against the face of a huge granite cliff in the midst of the low-growing compact tundra vegetation. The stream which flowed from it was almost hidden by the dense growth of brilliant pink monkey-flowers which grew along its banks. Apparently the lake was barren of fish: premium fish food leisurely did the backstroke along the edges, and several of the little shrimp came out from a swim with me in my underwear.

Nearby Goose Lake had lost the aura of unspoiled beauty. A noisy truck ran over the jeep road near one side of the lake, and on the other side sat a ramshackle hut complete with a good-sized pile of rusty tin cans and other extraneous rusty equipment. Farther up the lake was an abandoned, equally rusty pile of metal trying to look like a trailer. And past it stood what was supposed to be Copper King Mine, the King (if there ever was one) having long since abdicated and fled the kingdom, leaving no successor. Old diggings and an occasional claim stake could be seen here and there on the lakeshore.

At Little Goose Lake, the jeep trail, after a desparate attempt to get as far past the wilderness boundary as it could, reluctantly gave up in a fan of muddy dead-end ruts, several yards into the wilderness area. And from there the trail took over again and climbed steeply up a boulder-covered slope to the ridge overlooking the snowfield to the west of the Grasshopper Glacier.

After a wind-blown lunch we walked gingerly across the snowfield until we could see where it met the glacier and dropped off in a sheer wall of rock-infested ice. The glacier, though apparently having shrunk considerably over the years, was still awesome in appearance. With the dark wavy horizontal lines of recession which ran across its surface, it resembled a semi-steep slope on a topographic map. At its midsection it was covered with pinkish snow, but toward the bottom the ice was exposed – a pale blue-grey in color with dark rocks jutting from its surface. We walked out onto the glacier and across it on the snow, then down to



the powdery blue ice-filled ponds at its foot. Although a large amount of water was running off the glacier in tiny streams in and under the ice, it was relatively easy to walk on the steepish crust. Here and there we found parts of the famous Grasshopper Glacier grasshoppers, most of which were exposed and decaying. We were a little disappointed to find that grasshoppers haven't changed much over the past 200 years.

On another day we started out through a different type of terrain: sand and sagebrush and cows. After following several cow paths and going in several wrong directions, we finally found the trail which led to Little Moose Lake. A pair of motorcycles roared by, but no moose. Past Little Moose Lake was Elk Park, a fairly large, beautifully golden and completely wild meadow, where, at the time, no elk were parked, but where I would like to spend my summer vacation were I an elk. We did see a marsh hawk, and he kindly dropped a feather for me.

On the map the trail seemed to go right across one end of Big Moose Lake and we were curious about what it was going to do in person. It ran right across one end of Big Moose Lake. We took off our boots, rolled up our pants, and followed it. Surely there would be moose at Big Moose Lake. We would have settled for a small one. No moose. There was a lady, though, sitting all alone on the shore – waiting for a canoe to pick her up, she claimed. Several minutes later, an elderly gentleman paddled by, swooped her up (well, maybe not quite), and they paddled off toward the horizon together.

September Morn Lake and the area around it was one of the most beautiful parts of the Beartooth Primitive Area. Except for a few old fire pits, it looked untouched. The forest ended right at the lake, and steeply rising rock cliffs took over. The woods to the west of the lake were as I imagine a kind of fairy-tale enchanted forest. Old twisted stumps and logs and sticks of bleached white limber pine lay on the ground beneath low overhanging branches of the still living trees. The woods were shady, but not dense, and the ground was covered with pine needles.

The trail from September Morn Lake to the beginning of the switchbacks which led over Sundance Pass was quite steep. It climbed through the tundra, crossing several streams which ran off the snowfield near the top of the pass. The trail up to the pass was almost completely level – apparently for the benefit of horses – and the switchbacks seemed to gain altitude only as they turned. We must have walked for miles up that slope. An older, better hiking trail was slightly visible among the rocks, but it was not maintained. From the pass we could look back on September Morn Lake and out to Sundance Mountain, to remnants of glaciers, snowfields, and lakes. The drop down the other side of the pass was almost vertical, if not more so, and very long. A blue-green stream meandered along the valley until it flowed into Sundance Lake. Shaped somewhat like an arrowhead, brilliant blue, Sundance was virtually suspended several hundred feet above a drop in the valley floor. I stayed at the pass (during the uneventful hike up the Lake Fork I had jumped into the creek onto a rock and tore a fir-sized hole in the bottom of my foot) while the others scrambled up to Silver Run Plateau. There I made friends with a chipmunk and covered up the packs with tarps when we got our first bad weather of the trip. Four packs, a signpost, and I sat under two ponchos until the clouds had passed and the hail had stopped. When the others got back we ate a hurried lunch and ran down the other side of the pass in the rain. And we thought we were frustrated from the switchbacks coming up!

The trail crossed the stream on a little bridge and wound past Sundance Lake. This trail was the most overmaintained trail I have ever been on. Rock was blasted and trees cut down far from its sides. The scene looked somewhat like a familiar bulldozed logging road through the California redwoods – deep and dark, branches and whole trees torn, roots exposed.

Near the tundra-covered, wind-blown Hellroaring Plateau it looked like the rain might come again, so we decided to choose a sheltered spot at the nearest lake, which afterwards came to be known as "our" lake. Our lake was one of Hellroaring Lakes' deeper ones and one of the most frequently used. We were sickened and saddened to find that the lakeshore was can and firepit infested; it looked like each party that had come along had built a new firepit and set up substantial foundations for its own dump. Most of the other Hellroaring Lakes were similarly plagued. Right next door to our campsite we had our own private set of marmots and rock rabbits, which we watched silently and closely for hours.

From the last lake in the chain Hellroaring Creek dropped through a rugged granite and gneiss gorge. There were several small lakes in the area, which weren't quite the scenic attraction that the others were, but were fascinating in their own way. In our exploration of the area we could find no evidence that there had been any vehicles at all near the lakes. The cliffs around the lakes were probably too steep and rocky to allow any vehicles to enter.

The wilderness study trip was good. I found myself more inspired to help see to it that these areas are preserved, happy to have been in such beautiful country, hoping to return and find the unspoiled parts still unspoiled and the spoiled parts recovered, and wanting to encourage anyone who is able to take part in these studies.

Karen Harvey is a member of the Wilderness Classification Study Committee.

An American Land Ethic

By N. Scott Momaday

I

One night a strange thing happened. I had written the greater part of *The Way To Rainy Mountain* – all of it, in fact, except the epilogue. I had set down the last of the old Kiowa tales, and I had composed both the historical and the autobiographical commentaries for it. I had the sense of being out of breath, of having said what it was in me to say on that subject. The manuscript lay before me in the bright light, small, to be sure, but complete; or nearly so. I had written the second of the two poems in which that book is framed. I had uttered the last word, as it were. And yet a whole, penultimate piece was missing. I began once again to write.

> *During the first hours after midnight on the morning of November 13, 1833, it seemed that the world was coming to an end. Suddenly the stillness of the night was broken; there were brilliant flashes of light in the sky, light of such intensity that people were awakened by it. With the speed and density of a driving rain, stars were falling in the universe. Some were brighter than Venus; one was said to be as large as the moon.*

I went on to say that that event, the falling of the stars on North America, that explosion of Leonid meteors which occurred 137 years ago, is among the earliest entries in the Kiowa calendars. So deeply impressed upon the imagination of the Kiowas is that old phenomenon that it is remembered still; it has become a part of the racial memory.

"The living memory," I wrote, "and the verbal tradition which transcends it, were brought together for me once and for all in the person of Ko-sahn." It seemed eminently right for me to deal, after all, with that old woman. Ko-sahn is among the most venerable people I have ever known. She spoke and sang to me one summer afternoon in Oklahoma. It was like a dream. When I was born she was already old; she was a grown woman when my grandparents come into the world. She sat perfectly still, folded over on herself. It did not seem possible that so many years – a century of years – could be so compacted and distilled. Her voice shuddered, but it did not fail. Her songs were sad. An old whimsy, a delight in language and in remembrance, shone in her one good eye. She conjured up the past, imagining perfectly the long continuity of her being. She imagined the lovely young girl, wild and vital, she had been. She imagined the Sun Dance:

> *There was an old, old woman. She had something on her back. The boys went out to see. The old woman had a bag full of earth on her back. It was a certain kind of sandy earth. That is what they must have in the lodge. The dancers must dance upon the sandy earth. The old woman held a digging tool in her hand. She turned towards the south and pointed with her lips. It was like a*

kiss, and she began to sing:

We have brought the earth.
Now it is time to play;
As old as I am, I still have the feeling of play.
That was the beginning of the Sun Dance.

By this time I was back into the book, caught up completely in the act of writing. I had projected myself – imagined myself – out of the room and out of time. I was there with Ko-sahn in the Oklahoma July. We laughed easily together; I felt that I had known her all of my life – all of hers. I did not want to let her go. But I had come to the end. I set down, almost grudgingly, the last sentences:

> *It was – all of this and more – a quest, a going forth upon the way to Rainy Mountain. Probably Ko-sahn too is dead now. At times, in the quiet of evening, I think she must have wondered, dreaming, who she was. Was she become in her sleep that old purveyor of the sacred earth, perhaps, that ancient one who, old as she was, still had the feeling of play? And in her mind, at times, did she see the falling stars?*

For some time I sat looking down at these words on the page, trying to deal with the emptiness that had come about inside of me. The words did not seem real. The longer I looked at them, the more unfamiliar they became. At last I could scarcely believe that they made sense, that they had anything whatsoever to do with meaning. In desperation almost, I went back over the final paragraphs, backwards and forwards, hurriedly. My eyes fell upon the name Ko-sahn. And all at once everything seemed suddenly to refer to that name. The name seemed to humanize the whole complexity of language. All at once, absolutely, I had the sense of the magic of words and of names. Ko-sahn, I said. And I said again KO-SAHN.

Then it was that that ancient, one-eyed woman Ko-sahn stepped out of the language and stood before me on the page. I was amazed, of course, and yet it seemed to me entirely appropriate that this should happen.

"Yes, grandson," she said. "What is it? What do you want?"

"I was just now writing about you," I replied, stammering. "I thought – forgive me – I thought that perhaps you were . . . that you had . . ."

"No," she said. And she cackled, I thought. And she went on. "You have imagined me well, and so I am. You have imagined that I dream, and so I do. I have seen the falling stars."

"But all of this, this *imagining,*" I protested, "this has taken place – is taking place in my mind. You are not actually here, not here in this room." It occurred to me that I was being extremely rude, but I could not help myself. She seemed to understand.

"Be careful of your pronouncements, grandson," she answered. "You imagine that I am here in this room, do you not? That is worth something. You see, I have existence, whole being, in your imagination. It is but one kind of being, to be sure, but it is perhaps the best of all kinds. If I am not here in this room, grandson, then surely neither are you."

"I think I see what you mean," I said meekly. I felt justly rebuked. "Tell me, grandmother, how old are you?"

"I do not know," she replied. "There are times when I think that I am the oldest woman on earth. You know, the Kiowas came into the world through a hollow log. In my mind's eye I have seen them emerge, one by one, from the mouth of the log. I have seen them so clearly, how they were dressed, how delighted they were to see the world around them. I *must* have been there. And I must have taken part in that old migration of the Kiowas from the Yellowstone to the Southern Plains, for I have seen antelope bounding in the tall grass near the Big Horn River, and I have seen the ghost forests in the Black Hills. Once I saw the red cliffs of Palo Duro Canyon. I was with those who were camped in the Wichita Mountains when the stars fell."

"You are indeed very old," I said, "and you have seen many things."

"Yes, I imagine that I have," she replied. Then she turned slowly around, nodding once, and receded into the language I had made. And then I imagined I was alone in the room.

II

Once in his life a man ought to concentrate his mind upon the remembered earth, I believe. He ought to give himself up to a particular landscape in his experience, to look at it from as many angles as he can, to wonder about it, to dwell upon it. He ought to imagine that he touches it with his hands at every season and listens to the sounds that are made upon it. He ought to imagine the creatures there and all the faintest motions of the wind. He ought to recollect the glare of noon and all the colors of the dawn and dusk.

The Wichita Mountains rise out of the Southern Plains in a long crooked line that runs from east to west. The mountains are made of red earth, and of rock that is neither red nor blue but some very rare admixture of the two like the feathers of certain birds. The yellow, grassy knoll that is called Rainy Mountain lies a short distance to the north and west. There, on the west side, is the ruin of an old school where my grandmother went as a wild young girl in blanket and braids to learn of numbers and of names in English. And there she is buried.

III

I am interested in the way that a man looks at a given landscape and takes possession of it in his blood and brain. For this happens, I am certain, in the ordinary motion of life. None of us lives apart from the land entirely; such an isolation is unimaginable. We have sooner or later to come to terms with the world around us – and I mean especially the physical world, not only as it is revealed to us immediately through our senses, but also as it is perceived more truly in the long turn of seasons and of years. And we must come to moral terms. There is no alternative, I believe, if we are to realize and maintain our humanity, for our humanity must consist in part in the ethical as well as the practical ideal of preservation. And particularly here and now is that true. We Americans need now more than ever before – and indeed more than we know – to imagine who and what we are with respect to the earth and sky. I am talking about an act of the imagination essentially, and the concept of an American land ethic.

It is no doubt more difficult to imagine in 1970 the landscape of America than it was in, say, 1900. Our whole experience as a nation in this century has been a repudiation of the pastoral ideal which informs so much of the art and literature of the nineteenth century. One effect of the Technological Revolution has been to uproot us from the soil. We have become disoriented, I believe; we have suffered a kind of psychic

dislocation of ourselves in time and space. We may be perfectly sure of where we are in relation to the supermarket and the next coffee break, but I doubt that any of us knows where he is in relation to the stars and to the solstices. Our sense of the natural order has become dull and unreliable. Like the wilderness itself, our sphere of instinct has diminished in proportion as we have failed to imagine truly what it is. And yet I believe that it is possible to formulate an ethical idea of the land – a notion of what it is and must be in our daily lives – and I believe moreover that it is absolutely necessary to do so.

It would seem on the surface of things that a land ethic is something that is alien to, or at least dormant in, most Americans. Most of us in general have developed an attitude of indifference toward the land. In terms of my own experience, it is difficult to see how such an attitude could ever have come about.

IV

Ko-sahn could remember where my grandmother was born. "It was just there," she said, pointing to a tree, and the tree was like a hundred others that grew up in the broad depression of the Washita River. I could see nothing to indicate that anyone had ever been there, spoken so much as a word, or touched the tips of his fingers to the tree. But in her memory Ko-sahn could see the child. I think she must have remembered my grandmother's voice, for she seemed for a long moment to listen and to hear. There was a still, heavy heat upon that place; I had the sense that ghosts were gathering there.

And in the racial memory, Ko-sahn had seen the falling stars. For her there was no distinction between the individual and the racial experience, even as there was none between the mythical and the historical. Both were realized for her in the one memory, and that was of the land. This landscape, in which she had lived for a hundred years, was the common denominator of everything that she knew and would ever know – and her knowledge was profound. Her roots ran deep into the earth, and from those depths she drew strength enough to hold still against all the forces of chance and disorder. And she drew therefrom the sustenance of meaning and of mystery as well. The falling stars were not for Ko-sahn an isolated or accidental phenomenon. She had a great personal investment in that awful commotion of light in the night sky. For it remained to be imagined. She must at last deal with it in words; she must appropriate it to her understanding of the whole universe. And, again, when she spoke of the Sun Dance, it was an essential expression of her relationship to the life of the earth and to the sun and moon.

In Ko-sahn and in her people we have always had the example of a deep, ethical regard for the land. We had better learn from it. Surely that ethic is merely latent in ourselves. It must now be activated, I believe. We Americans must come again to a moral comprehension of the earth and air. We must live according to the principle of a land ethic. The alternative is that we shall not live at all.

N. Scott Momaday is the author of The Way to Rainy Mountain, *and the award-winning* House Made of Dawn; *he is presently teaching English at the University of California at Berkeley. "An American Land Ethic" is taken from the Sierra Club/ Pocket Books edition of* ECOTACTICS: The Sierra Club Handbook for Environment Activists, *to be published in early Spring.*

PARADISE LOST?

By John Wehrheim

It has been claimed that the pilot of a Honolulu-bound jetliner doesn't need to check his instruments or consult with his navigator to know when his plane is nearing its destination – he can spot the murky gray-brown pall that hangs over the city when still miles out to sea. And looking down into the ocean he can see its natural blues and greens discolored with erosion, industrial waste, and raw sewage.

Honolulu and the rest of Hawaii has a serious pollution problem and there doesn't appear to be much hope that the situation will get any better before it gets much worse. "The loveliest fleet of islands ever to lie anchor in any ocean," as Mark Twain described them, are in trouble.

Ironically it is widely claimed that I am one of the primary reasons for Hawaii's growing pollution problem. At least I and the more than one million other tourists who visit the Islands yearly. This point was first brought to my attention by author-photographer Robert Wenkam, former chairman of the Honolulu Chapter of the Sierra Club. In discussing the Island's pollution problem with Mr. Wenkam, Honolulu's best known and most outspoken conservationist, he suggested that the best thing I could do for the effort of conservation in Hawaii was to go back to the Mainland.

The rate of increase in Hawaii's resident population since the turn of the century is staggering – over 500 per cent. But what is even more responsible for the pollution problem is the concentration of this population, which on the island of Oahu where both Honolulu and Pearl Harbor are located is 1300 people per square mile, with the bulk of this concentration coming after World War II. Compare that figure with the national average of 61 per square mile, take into account that a large portion of the island's area is uninhabitable, add to that the swarming number of tourists and you have an idea of how crowded it actually is.

The resident population is still growing steadily at a rate of 1000 per week. The tourist count is increasing more drastically. Births are responsible for 20 per cent of this growth and immigration gets credit for the remainder.

Quite a few local people are up in arms over this trend. Suggestions have been made at Zero Population Growth meetings at the University of Hawaii ranging from levying a heavy tax on tourism to seceding from the Union and issuing visas in order to regulate the flow of people from the Mainland. A proposal has been made to place a moratorium on the construction of tourist accomodations until the State has built a system of public works that can cleanly and efficiently handle the people they now have.

Fifty-four million gallons of raw, untreated sewage is pumped into the ocean daily by the city of Honolulu. The outfall of the sewage is located 3000 feet off Sand Island, about a mile from the beaches of Waikiki. According to a report made by Mr. Carey Fletcher, who is doing environmental research on a National Science Foundation grant at the University of Hawaii, in 1938 the research team of Metcalf and Eddy was hired to study the sanitation requirements of Honolulu prior to the construction of the city's present sewer system; and even then, based on the 1938 population, they recommended that a sewage treatment plant be built on Sand Island. Now, 31 years later with a population increase of over 300 per cent and growing at an alarming rate, the city still has not built a treatment plant, although it has announced that it will soon.

The sea cannot hold out much longer. The volume of raw sewage could increase in the next few years to the point where Honolulu may be forced to close its beaches. The city's Offshore Pollution Study ten years ago disclosed that in 1959 about ten percent of the time the coliform figures for the water between the famed Outrigger and Royal Hawaiian Hotels were above maximum limits for swimming. And now, much to the shock of tourists, incidents are being reported of toilet paper and human feces washing up on Waikiki Beach.

Robert Wenkam pointed out an increased danger of the additional millions of gallons of raw sewage that empties daily into Honolulu's offshore waters from a second sewage outfall from Fort Shafter and Tripler Hospital. Exotic tropical diseases from Vietnam could bypass hospital quarantine facilities and reach surfers at Waikiki or water skiers in the Keehi Lagoon.

Studies have also shown that there is an increase of conjunctivitis or "pink eye" among surfers at Waikiki during onshore wind conditions which may be a direct result of the sewage polluting the area.

This continual bombardment of sewage into the Islands' waters has also caused the growth of algae to skyrocket and, in turn, poses a serious threat to Hawaii's precious

coral reef. Divers have already reported that vast expanses of coral off the Honolulu shore have been taken over and killed by algae.

But sewage isn't the only cause of pollution in Hawaiian waters. For instance, according to Carey Fletcher's report, "Honolulu Harbor is further polluted by the effluent from three pineapple canneries containing substantial quantities of oxygen-consuming materials; high temperature discharges from the Hawaiian Electrical Company's generating plant, the Honolulu Gas Company plant, and the three canneries; sewage from ships; and storm drain and storm water runoff."

Fishermen have reported huge rafts of sugar cane pulp which is still discharged from plantations at many coastal points, killing fish and making fishing impossible, clogging up propellers, and producing a white, foul-smelling film on the ocean's surface. The natural blue-green color of the ocean has been stained reddish-brown in many areas and the mud that is brought in with the sugar cane, washed off at the mill and then wasted into the sea is partly responsible.

But erosion accounts for most of this unsightly discoloration even though most plantations follow recommended contour planting. Most farmland has been so completely stripped of natural vegetation to make room for sugar cane or pineapples that a serious erosion problem occurs immediately after harvest when the bare ground is left exposed and unprotected from the torrential rains. The rich red topsoil is washed into streams and flushed out to sea.

Fish are beginning to die in Hawaiian streams. The situation has reached an alarming stage in the Palolo Stream in the Palolo Valley on Oahu. Large quantities of detergents and insecticides have been measured in the stream and its headwater has been described by local inhabitants as "just like a garbage dump."

Air pollution in Hawaii is also reaching alarming proportions and, as is the case with water pollution, little or nothing is being done about it. The last State Legislature failed to pass a meaningful air pollution bill and, until recently, there has been little public concern.

Robert S. Nekomoto, chief of the air sanitation branch of Honolulu's Health Department, claims that many Hawaiians have a naive misconception about the smog situation here. "It's the myth of the prevailing winds or trade winds," he explained. "For years people have believed that these winds blow the air pollutants out to sea as fast as they were emitted into the atmosphere. But actually they blow in a clockwise direction most of the time and bring some of the pollution back with them."

Like almost everywhere else, Hawaii's number one source of air pollution is the automobile. Yet there are no state laws to reinforce federal auto pollution regulations. The Health Department's statistics show that there were 273,559 cars on Oahu alone in 1966, probably closer to 300,000, not including buses, trucks, motorcycles, farm and construction machinery. Much of this is a by-product of tourism in the form of thriving auto rental agencies and endless bus tours. And transportation in Hawaii, most of which is heavily concentrated in the Honolulu area (and that can be verified by anyone who has inched his way through one of the rush hour jams), spews 758.7 tons of waste into the air daily.

Even the big jetliners which bring the tourists to the Islands are major offenders, producing as much pollution with each of their approximately 250 take-offs and land-

ings a day as 10,000 automobiles.

But fortunately for the people of Hawaii, and especially those citizens yet to be born, not everyone in Hawaiian government is apathetic toward the problem. Lt. Gov. Thomas P. Gill, a friend of the conservationist and a likely candidate for next year's gubernatorial race, is fighting for strict control of jet plane and auto exhaust. He is urging the state to follow the lead of New Jersey, which recently filed suit against the airlines using Newark Airport and is now forcing them to improve the engines on their jets.

"If we aren't careful," explained Gill, "Mainland jurisdictions will begin to bar dirty aircraft engines from their skies and we will find this type of equipment being shifted to places like Hawaii which seems to be content to sit on its butt and take the pollution."

Air pollution in many parts of Honolulu has already reached a danger level comparable to major cities on the Mainland. Yet the Islands are rated 41st on a nationwide priority list to receive funds from the Federal Government for air quality control.

A recent study done by two University of Hawaii students discovered a high concentration of tetraethyl lead, an element added to gasoline to prevent knocking, in several areas of Honolulu. They found that the lower level of Ala Moana shopping center and also Beretania Street near Punchbowl have the dubious distinction of closely approximating the count on the L.A.-Hollywood freeway during peak rush hour traffic. Scientists are particularly worried about these findings since tetraethyl lead is one of the most toxic elements in auto exhaust and does not break down in the atmosphere. It is an accumulative poison.

While the auto is the major source of pollution on the Islands, industry is a close second. A typical 350 megawatt power plant like those used in Honolulu emits 75 tons of sulfur dioxide, 36 tons of nitrogen oxides, and five tons of particulates (smoke, dust, etc.), per day. Sulfur dioxide is a mild respiratory irritant, however, combined with particulates and Hawaii's high humidity it forms sulfuric acid which is four times more toxic and causes chronic respiratory diseases. Which could in part account for the fact that Hawaii has the highest rate of respiratory illness in the nation.

While not nearly so critical to health, the open burning of garbage is certainly a visual if not olifactory pollutant. On just about any clear day a tourist can walk out onto Waikiki Beach and see the dense billowing smoke of refuse burning at the Waipahu dump on the water's edge near Pearl Harbor. Each day the City refuse trucks and private garbage collectors cart some 300 tons of rubbish out to the dump. About 11 a.m. daily it is set afire and the black smoke can be seen from Diamond Head to Barbers Point.

The military is another major donator to Hawaiian pollution and though its contribution is easily visible in the air and water around Pearl Harbor, they like to think the whole thing is a military secret. The State Department of Health attempted to investigate the situation but received no cooperation from the local military. Not only is information on nerve gas, defoliants, germs, and the rest of the chemical warfare arsenal withheld as "classified information" but even the amount of gasoline sold at the PX is strictly TOP SECRET.

Herbicides and pesticides are another dangerous pollutant in Hawaii. The Health Department's Robert Nekomoto explained that the problem is much more critical here than on the Mainland. Because of the continual growing season they also have bugs and weeds year round to control. As a result Hawaii uses 25 per cent of the entire world production of one particular pesticide.

Mammoth construction projects to provide housing for the influx of people have changed Honolulu drastically. New high rises change its once breathtakingly beautiful horizon of verdant and bronze mountains, lush green palms, and sparkling blue ocean to just another predominantly vertical skyline. Diamond Head, a landmark visible from almost everywhere five years ago, is now hidden by the maze.

The whole ecology of Hawaii is endangered by this thoughtless technological rape. When Captain Cook landed on Hawaii there were 70 species of birds and 2 of mammals native to the Islands. Today 24 of those species are extinct, 27 on the verge of extinction, and the mammals, the hoary bat and the monk seal, are considered in the endangered category. Hawaii has lost more of its native bird life than any other area of the world and 20% of the national list of jeopardized wildlife are Hawaiian species. Destruction of environment is chiefly responsible for this slaughter, yet filling, draining, cutting, covering and other drastic alterations of marshes, ponds, and forests are allowed to continue to take their toll.

Even though many species of wildlife are lost forever, the environment of Hawaii is "not yet at the point of no return", as one biologist put it. It can be saved if action is taken now.

Unfortunately, too many Hawaiians seem content if not anxious to sell what remains of this primordial paradise for a piece of that technological pie, the one that Madison Avenue has always been so good at creating such a hunger for and then making seem so deliciously easy to swallow. The same one that we on the Mainland are choking on.

John Wehrheim is a freelance writer, living temporarily in Hawaii.

TORREY PINES

By Virginia Gilloon

The coastline from Los Angeles to San Diego is not yet solid urban and suburban development but the open spaces are diminishing with horrifying rapidity. An oasis in this increasingly congested area is the Torrey Pines State Reserve, 877 acres of pine-covered mesas and canyons and cliffs on the edge of the ocean at the northern limits of the city of San Diego. The only areas where the Torrey Pines (pinus torreyana) exist today are the Reserve, neighboring hills to the north, and Santa Rosa Island off the coast from Santa Barbara.

These rare and beautiful trees are botanical relics. Just why they survived at these spots and at no others is an intriguing mystery of plant distribution. Certainly it has not been because there were no natural enemies here. Poor soil, wind, fire, drought, and insect pests exist today and presumably have long existed. Today, in addition to other natural environmental hazards, there is the possibly fatal hazard of encroaching humans. The Torrey Pines in the Reserve are, of course, protected from the bulldozers of developers, but the same is not true for the Torreys to the north. These trees are on privately owned land where, in the last decade, homes have already been built. Local citizens and organizations have organized to extend the boundaries of the Reserve to include the remaining pines.

The proposed Extension which contains approximately 1500 Torrey Pines is a delightful and picturesque place at all seasons. It is covered with fine stands of coastal chaparral and the usual California coastal wildflowers in exceptional variety and abundance. Animals have found refuge here too. In addition to the more expected ones, fox families live in the less visited canyons and on rare occasions one may still glimpse a deer. Land birds find congenial homes in the chaparral and trees; shore birds ride the current rising from the cliffs and canyons. The Extension is an excellent example of a complete ecological unit.

Without the dedication and enthusiasm and ceaseless efforts of the late Guy Fleming who became the park's first director, it is doubtful if there would be any Torrey Pines today. Mr. Fleming, a Sierra Club member, realized that the chances of preservation of the pines and associated flora would be greater if the area became part of the California State Park System. In 1956, through the efforts of Mr. Fleming and other conservation minded people, San Diego citizens voted to turn over their city park to the State of California.

It would be reassuring to believe that now the Torrey Pines are safe. But neither those in the Reserve nor those outside are safe. Many of the pines in the Reserve are unhealthy and weakened by years of low rainfall so that they have become victims of bark beetle. There are very few young trees. But the Torreys north of the Reserve, the last unprotected mainland stand, are more vigorous and include many young trees. Their protection is needed as insurance for the continued existence of the species on the mainland.

The story of how the movement to protect the Torrey outside the Reserve began and how it has progressed to date is a remarkable one of cooperative citizen action. It all started in November, 1964 when Robert Bates, a Sierran living near the north grove, saw Torreys being bulldozed. He alerted the Superintendent of Torrey Pines Reserve and by the following day contacts had been made with the San Diego Chapter of the Sierra Club; with the Torrey Pines Association, an organization of admirers and protectors of the Reserve; and with Citizens Coordinate, a San Diego based organization concerned with environmental matters. Out of that meeting a Council for the Extension of the Torrey Pines Reserve was formed. This group soon evolved into a Citizens' Committee which could act on its own without having to go through the time consuming process of referring all matters back for approval of the cooperating organizations.

The Committee published a booklet which outlined the need for the Extension, proposed boundaries, and estimated costs. Resolutions of support were included in this first publication from many organizations. Support was also obtained from all local state legislators and early in 1965 Assemblyman Hale Ashcraft introduced a resolution requesting that the State Resources Agency determine acquisition costs. This resolution, which had been endorsed by the San Diego County Board of Supervisors, passed without opposition. Support for the idea kept rising and by November, 1965, city officials in seven county municipalities had passed resolutions backing the Extension. These endorsements did not just happen; they were the result of well prepared plans and persistent effort on the part of Committee members.

By December of 1965, both local officials and the State Park Commission had recommended that San Diego's share of the 1964 park bond issue be used for a new state park in Old Town and an extension of Torrey Pines State Reserve. But by the time the budget bill passed the legislature, there was nothing at all in it for Torrey Pines. This defeat caused some changes in the personnel of the Committee but the proposal was again brought before the new legislature and in 1967 $900,000 was appropriated with the proviso that the balance be raised from other sources by June, 1970.

Now the efforts of the Committee had to shift from convincing park commissioners and legislators to the entirely different and more awesome effort of raising approximately $900,000. As the Citizens Committee did not have the organization to hold funds, the Torrey Pines Association, already tax exempt, was designated the fund holding agency. The Sierra Club Chapter insisted that a special land fund be set up so that monies collected could be used only for land acquisition.

Fund raising has been a two pronged effort. The early effort centered on working with the landowners in the Extension and urging them to contribute land or to sell it. Another facet of the early financial campaign was the search for substantial gifts of money or securities from a relatively small number of people and foundations. Professional campaign managers were hired temporarily in 1967 and 1969. Pledges and contributions from the above sources as of January, 1970 amount to approximately $500,000.

The second prong of the fund raising was directed toward the general public. Awareness of the beauty and uniqueness of the Torrey Pines area had been growing through the efforts of the Committee. From the beginning, the Committee had developed bi-partisan support from local and state officials. Two Torrey Pines Weeks have been proclaimed by the mayor of San Diego, one in February, 1967 and another in February, 1969. Endorsements have been received from a widely disparate group of public officials, agencies and local and national organizations.

Local TV and radio stations have been extremely cooperative in giving news of the campaign, holding televised interviews with leaders, television fund-raising activities, and giving free spot announcements. Newspapers, particularly suburban ones, have given generous coverage. Extension efforts also received national magazine coverage. Mr. Edward Butler, a former San Diego City Attorney, agreed in 1969 to act as publicity director for the campaign. Due to his efforts, stories were carried on United Press wires and were printed not only throughout the United States but also in English language newspapers on other continents. These stories have sparked contributions.

Many people became acquainted with the area as a result of walks through the Reserve and the outskirts of the proposed Extension sponsored by the local Sierra Club Chapter, the San Diego Museum of Natural History, and *Sunset* magazine.

An excellent slide program with taped commentary was prepared by the Committee and has been widely used. This program shows the beauties of the Reserve and the Extension, the scientific and aesthetic uniqueness of the area, and explains the need for preservation. Schools at all levels, civic, social, and church groups have enjoyed trips to Torrey Pines through this program. Folders telling of the Extension and soliciting financial support have been widely distributed during the showing of the slide programs. Approximately 8000 have been mailed to civic and service groups and to members of organizations such as the California Native Plant Society and the American Botanical Society who would have special interest in the protection of a rare botanical species.

One of the unique aspects of the general public fund raising has been the enthusiastic response from young people. Elementary students who have seen the slide program and been taken to the Reserve as part of their school work, often respond by sponsoring fund raising activities such as bake sales. A group of junior high school students in Lakeside raised $700 from all sorts of school events including slave days and chariot races. At Southwest Junior College Christmas cards were printed and sold for one dollar each. The card has a sketch of a pine branch with a statement to the effect that the donor's gift was for the Extension. A group from the University of California at San Diego conducted the only licensed door to door soliciting.

The campaign for the Extension is coming to a climax. We have now reached over 70% of our goal. Well over 3,000 persons have contributed. We have sometimes been asked how we have convinced people that it is worth investing in trees. The answer is that we have not tried to do that. What we have tried to do is to convince people that it is worth saving a beautiful, rare, and threatened ecological system from an encroaching metropolitan area. To the extent that we have been successful, our success has been due to an informal, flexible organization which has changed as needed, and even more important, to imaginative, intelligent, and indefatigable workers. They, like Guy Fleming, " . . . had the advantage of not knowing 'it couldn't be done'."

Virginia Gilloon is a club member and has been active in the Torrey Pines campaign. The address is: Torrey Pines Association Land Fund, Torrey Pines Association, P.O. Box 104, La Jolla, California 92037.

A FEW NOTES ON 1969 — By Ray Sherwin, Secretary

A glance at the records of the Sierra Club, beginning May 3, 1969, points up two prominent features. A lot has been done, a lot more remains to be done.

The drama of the 1968-69 election faded into history as the new Board of Directors went on to tackle the ways and means of making the Sierra Club an even more vital instrument of conservation.

The first order of business was to appraise our resources. We knew we needed money, but were confident of almost unlimited talent available in our members if we learned how to enable them to participate. The money problem was not so much the question of net worth, though the excess of assets over liabilities had diminished to the point of prejudice to the permanent funds. Rather, the critical aspect was cash flow. Translated, this means having enough to pay salaries and bills when due. It was obvious that economies had to be made.

The burden fell on Mike McCloskey. He had to see that Club operations kept within the budget without losing their effectiveness. This meant staff changes as well as protean economies. At one point the checking account was down to less than $20, but this crisis was survived and now, overall, our net worth has been improved by more than $30,000, and the accounts payable has been reduced from $796,000 to $350,000. The staff has operated within the budget while conducting more press conferences, attending more legislative committee hearings, and providing more useful information to members (and friendly legislators) than ever before.

Meanwhile, we involved chapter leaders with the staff in taking a fresh look at our conservation program, as well as intra-Club operations. From the June 20-21 Board Meeting there emerged a near consensus on such things as the need for rapid dissemination of conservation and internal affairs news, for a more attractive Sierra Club Bulletin, for publications more closely tied to conservation programs and for an expanded film and exhibit effort. It became apparent that strong new regional conservation committees were supplanting the national conservation committee insofar as its screening functions were concerned, but that there was continuing need for better research and planning.

The results of the unique June Board Meeting were soon conspicuous. Almost instantaneous news is now available in the National News Report, distilled by Julie Cannon and Lloyd Tupling. Jim McCracken inserts items of domestic interest when warranted.

Re-scheduling and capitalizing the book and film programs will take more time. At the beginning of 1969 there were no books sufficiently far along in preparation to permit publication during the remainder of the year. With no new book to stimulate last quarter sales the crunching weight of $1 million tied up in inventory and receivables looked ominous. Still, economies and some extra help from contributors have pulled us through, and we are getting excited about several new books in the offing.

We have learned that it is futile to attempt to devise a scheme of conservation priorities based entirely on logic. What we do also reflects personalities, external events, unexpected opportunities and many other chance factors or ideas, many of which may suddenly converge to produce a consensus that later seems long overdue. So it was with the concept of survival; and its elements of population, pollution and pesticide controls. In retrospect, the addition of this to our top priorities seems to have come none too soon.

To take advantage of favorable public opinion we are developing new and promising tools. Of these latter, our lawyer members have been forging a formidable phalanx of weapons in the courts and administrative forums. Their examples have had such impact that several of the most prominent law schools have associations of students working on environmental law.

Another service we are now providing creates ripples far beyond immediate expectations. Connie Flateboe, our liaison with student conservationists on college and high school campuses, has earned their trust by avoiding "suggestions." She knows them well enough to trust their decisions, but can provide facilities for coordination and communication.

The sudden immense popularity of our conservation philosophy is expected to produce a welter of proposals for legislation. Although our running dispute with the Internal Revenue Service circumscribes our direct participation in the legislative forum, nothing need deter us from discovering and publicizing the facts. Herein is the strength of our reputation.

It has become evident that the conversion of the latent powers of our members to active, effective performance is still a crude process in several particulars. Many want to participate actively, do not know how, and cannot seem to get answers to their questions. We cannot afford the bureaucracy of a staff large enough to respond, either from the viewpoint of money or the cost of what it would do to a member-oriented organization. Hence, we have turned to the Council and to a membership committee. This committee is composed of those whose experience fits them to answer any questions that could arise – almost. Tentative steps have been taken to improve the mechanics of Board meetings, so as to give committees and members a better chance to convey their ideas and information, and the members of the Board more time to hear, study and debate them. Much, much more must be done.

By and large it has been a good year. If the future struggles loom larger and more desparate than ever, we are better equipped to meet them, and daily we gain allies.

SIERRA CLUB TREASURER'S REPORT – FINANCIAL STATEMENTS AND AUDITOR'S REPORT FOR THE NINE MONTHS ENDING SEPTEMBER 30, 1969

To the Members of the Sierra Club:

The Sierra Club's financial statements, examined by our independent accounting firm of Price Waterhouse & Co., are presented below.

This report, as of September 30, 1969, covers a nine month period of the Club's operations. Under our new policy the Club's fiscal year now runs from October 1st through September 30th.

The abbreviated 1969 fiscal year excludes the peak period of Publications sales which traditionally takes place in the last calendar quarter. As a result, Publications reports a substantial deficit amounting to $252,157 for the nine months period. All other major categories of Club activity operated at an annual rate within the 1969 Budget approved by the Board of Directors.

The Unrestricted Funds are operating amounts that include conservation, publications, member services and outings. Restricted Funds are designated by the Board of Directors for specific purposes and include reserves for outings and lodges. Also included are contributions specifically designated for special projects.

The Permanent Fund is the Club's principal reserve and under Bylaw XVIII, cannot be expanded and must be "separately and securely invested." A substantial part of this fund is pledged as security for short-term notes.

Unaudited financial statements for the first quarter of the new fiscal year (the last calendar quarter of 1969) indicate a $76,000 increase in fund balances from $234,000 to $310,000. Publication Sales during that quarter, however, fell far below budget and expectations and it was not possible to retire any of the Club's $300,000 Bank loans. The lack of a new Exhibit Format book in 1969 was a major factor, we believe, in this failure to meet our book sales objectives during October, November and December. Substantial progress was made in reducing Accounts Payable (from $531,000 to $397,000) and our investment in Inventory was reduced from $606,000 to $480,000.

The budget for fiscal 1970 (10/1/69–9/30/70) anticipates a small increase of $6,000 in fund balances. The exact budget by activity within that net fund increase will depend on General Overhead allocations, the formula for which is being restudied now.

The 1970 budget also anticipates a $25,000 reduction in Bank borrowings. Success in achieving the budget is largely dependent on the publication of new books including one Exhibit Format book, during the spring and summer months.

Charles B. Huestis, *Treasurer*

STATEMENT OF FINANCIAL CONDITION

	September 30 1969	December 31 1968
Assets:		
Cash	$ 31,471	$ 114,441
Accounts receivable, less allowances for returns and doubtful accounts: 1969 – $30,000; 1968 – $20,000	346,588	645,338
Inventories, at the lower of cost (first-in, first-out) or market:		
Books on hand	477,341	540,878
Books in process	49,606	54,736
Other	78,662	92,221
Marketable securities, at cost; market value: 1969 – $523,217; 1968 – $578,000 ($335,647 cost pledged as security for notes payable to bank in 1969)	398,742	378,282
Advance royalties, travel deposits and other deferred charges	140,655	50,455
	1,523,065	1,876,351
Liabilities:		
9% notes payable to bank, secured by marketable securities	300,000	300,000
Noninterest bearing loans	12,047	12,047
Accounts payable	531,153	796,037
Accrued royalties and other expenses	158,304	204,485
Advance travel reservations, royalties, publication sales and other deferred revenue	287,160	212,226
	1,238,664	1,524,795
Net assets	$ 234,401	$ 351,556
Fund balances:		
Unrestricted funds	($ 392,153)	($ 237,275)
Restricted funds	160,722	160,867
Permanent fund	465,832	427,964
	$ 234,401	$ 351,556

STATEMENT OF REVENUE AND EXPENDITURES

	Nine months ended September 30 1969	Year ended December 31 1968
Revenue:		
Sale of publications, etc.	$ 446,110	$1,266,308
Royalties	46,246	307,011
Dues and admissions (Note 3)	600,586	582,803
Trip reservations and fees	720,629	641,074
Contributions (Note 3)	162,444	237,636
Life memberships	37,795	40,038
Miscellaneous revenue	34,941	37,065
	2,048,751	3,111,935
Expenditures:		
Cost of publications, etc.	257,936	643,701
Salaries and related costs	388,303	463,858
Charter transportation and other outings costs	525,913	462,278
Printing	91,143	277,580
Royalties	65,482	196,011
Advertising	50,085	166,653
Chapter allocations	75,334	60,702
Outside services	211,792	337,110
Shipping and mail listing	32,528	64,067
Travel	85,659	113,128
Office supplies and postage	82,526	109,105
Commissions	15,872	39,938
Rent	57,140	63,600
Interest	19,487	20,476
Other	208,831	252,633
	2,168,031	3,270,840
Excess of expenditures over revenue	($119,280)	($158,905)

SUMMARY OF CHANGES IN FUND BALANCES

	Nine months ended September 30, 1969			
	Unrestricted	Restricted	Permanent	Total
Balance at beginning of period	($237,275)	$160,867	$427,964	$351,556
Excess of revenue over expenditures (expenditures over revenue)	(157,003)	(145)	37,868	(119,280)
Appropriations, transfers and other changes	2,125			2,125
Balance at end of period	($392,153)	$160,722	$465,832	$234,401

NOTE 1: By resolution of the Board of Directors on September 21, 1969 the fiscal year of the Club was changed to end on September 30, instead of December 31. The results of publishing operations for the nine months ended September 30, 1969 are not indicative of a full year of such revenues and expenditures because of the absence from that period of Christmas sales which have historically represented a substantial part of a full year's publishing operations.

NOTE 2: The balance sheet and operating accounts of the Club's Clair Tappaan Lodge and the various Club Chapter organizations are accounted for separately and are not included in the accompanying financial statements. The combined net assets of the Lodge and the Chapters amounted to approximately $173,615 at September 30, 1969 and their combined revenues and expenses for the nine months then ended were approximately $210,720 and $196,636, respectively.

NOTE 3: The accounts of the Club are maintained generally on the accrual basis except that:

(a) Members' dues, which are billed in advance, are recorded as revenue on a cash basis when received;

(b) Land, buildings and equipment owned by the Club and held or operated for use by its members, guests or the public are not recorded on the books but are charged against revenues when acquired.

NOTE 4: The Club currently qualifies for tax exempt status under Section 501 (c) (4) of the Internal Revenue Code as a civic organization operated exclusively for the promotion of social welfare. Under this section of the Code contributions to the Club are not deductible for tax purposes by the donors. Previously the Club qualified for tax exempt status as an educational and scientific organization under which contributions were deductible. The Internal Revenue Service revoked this exemption in mid-year 1968. The Club is presently contesting the decision.

NOTE 5: Employees of the Club who have been employed for more than one year and are 30 years of age are eligible to participate in an insured pension plan which provides monthly benefits to the participants at the time of retirement. Participating employees contribute a portion of their monthly salary to the plan in addition to contributions by the Club.

During the period, a number of employees for whom the Club had made contributions in previous years terminated their employment. As a result, approximately $7,000 of previous Club contributions became available to cover the pension liability of existing participants of the Plan. The Club's actuary has reported that such previous contributions substantially offset the recommended normal and past service cost relating to the nine-month period ended September 30, 1969. Based upon the actuary's report, the Club has made no provision for pension cost for the period.

Opinion of Independent Accountants

To the Board of Directors of the Sierra Club:

In our opinion, the accompanying statements of financial condition, revenue and expenditures and summary of changes in fund balances present fairly the financial position of the Sierra Club (excluding the Clair Tappaan Lodge and the various Chapters of the Club – see Note 2) at September 30, 1969 and the results of its operations for the nine months then ended, in conformity with generally accepted accounting principles applied on a basis consistent with that of the preceding period. Our examination of these statements was made in accordance with generally accepted auditing standards and accordingly included such tests of the accounting records and such other auditing procedures as we considered necessary in the circumstances.

PRICE WATERHOUSE & CO.

San Francisco, December 29, 1969

the Sierra Club announced the filing of the suit and the Club's concern that the Forest Service is earmarking 98 per cent of the commercial timber in Southeast Alaska for sale, with no timber reserved in wilderness or scenic areas. The Club charges that the Forest Service has violated a number of statutes in selling timber on over one million acres in Southeast Alaska. A large part of this timber has been sold in the past 15 years in three huge long-term sales. The third and latest sale of 8,750,000,000 board-feet was made in 1968 and extends to the year 2022. The suit against Agriculture Secretary Clifford Hardin, Forest Service Chief Edward Cliff, and Regional Forester Howard Johnson seeks a preliminary and a permanent injunction against any further action on the contract or on U.S. Plywood-Champion's plans for a huge new pulp plant near Juneau.

SIERRA CLUB ELECTION

The annual election for directors of the Club will take place, as prescribed in the By-laws, on the second Saturday in April. All persons (of whatever age) who are listed in the Club records as members as of February 1, 1970 are deemed to be qualified to vote in this election. Ballots and accompanying information are scheduled to be mailed out about March 5th; to members with addresses in the 48 contiguous states by first class mail, to members with addresses in other parts of the world by air mail. This year the vote will be only for five directors out of a list of ten nominees (nine nominated by the Nominating Committee, one nominated by petition). If you do not receive a ballot by the middle of March, or you mess up your ballot, or the dog chews it, here's what to do: Write a note of explanation to the following, and enclose the mutilated ballot if you have it: CHAIRMAN, JUDGES OF ELECTION, Sierra Club, *Department E,* 1050 Mills Tower, San Francisco, California 94104. If you address it any other way it will get delayed attention. After appropriate checking an attempt will be made to send you a replacement ballot in time for it to be returned by the date of election.

Lewis F. Clark
Chairman, Judges of Election

LAND USE POLICY

Senate Interior Committee Chairman Henry Jackson recently introduced S. 3354, the National Land Use Policy Act of 1970. In a Senate speech, Jackson said, "Establishment of a national land use policy is the next logical step in our national effort to provide a quality life in a quality environment. Land use planning and management provides the single most important institutional device for preserving and enhancing the environment, for ecologically sound development." The bill would establish a grant-in-aid program to assist state and local governments in hiring and training personnel and calls for development of "statewide environmental, recreational and industrial land use plans." Such plans would regulate the siting of industrial and utility plants and would hopefully protect areas of ecological and recreational value. Failure to adopt acceptable land use plans would result in an annual 20 per cent reduction in a state's portion of federal assistance programs.

CALIFORNIA WATER PLAN

At its February meeting in Los Angeles, the Sierra Club Board of Directors called for a complete re-examination of the entire California Water Plan and its implementation, particularly with regard to its underlying assumptions and value judgments. The resolution of the Board stated, "This re-examination must emphasize studies of environmental effects throughout the state including the effects of the construction of storage and transport facilities, of water withdrawals from source and downstream areas, and of the stimulation of growth in the areas supplied."

"During the period of this re-examination, there must be a halt to further design or construction of any major local, state, or federal division or project of the Water Plan. With regard to California's State Water Project, there should be no further construction contracts awarded until this re-examination is complete. Authorization for new projects or divisions of the Central Valley Project should be deferred until this re-examination is complete," the resolution stated.

"Furthermore, during the re-examination period, the sale of water by the Department of Water Resources through the State Water Project and the United States Bureau of Reclamation through the Central Valley Project should be limited to those minimum amounts actually contracted for. The sale of 'excess' water should be halted, and pumping from the Delta should be limited to the winter months as far as practicable," the resolution concluded.

COASTAL PROTECTION

In the belief that the coastal zone is one of the nation's richest biotic resources, the Sierra Club Board of Directors asked the federal government to move toward halting the decline of coastal resources by developing a comprehensive program to restore and protect the tidelands, estuaries, coastlines, and offshore waters and seabed. "Such a program should include: (1) a general plan to protect estuaries from pollution, fill, and dredging, with the best of them put in public ownership; (2) a plan to guarantee right of public access to beach and tidal areas; (3) a federal grant-in-aid program to encourage state-wide coastal zoning to protect scenic and natural values in the tidal and coastal upland zones; and (4) a coordinated program of state and federal zoning to govern the use of the seabed and offshore waters, with marine sanctuaries established in areas where natural and scenic values predominate," the resolution stated.

SANTA BARBARA

On January 28, the anniversary of the oil blowout in the Santa Barbara Channel, the Santa Barbara Declaration of Environmental Rights was attached to a buoy and set to float above the exact spot where one year ago thousands of barrels of oil erupted. "All men have the right to an environment capable of sustaining life and promoting happiness. If the accumulated actions of the past become destructive of this right, men now living have the further right to repudiate the past for the benefit of the future. And it is manifest that centuries of careless neglect of the environment have brought mankind to a final crossroads. The quality of our lives is eroded and our very existence threatened by our abuse of the natural world," the preamble states. After charging mankind with a series of offenses against the environment, the declaration calls for an ecological consciousness; the extension of ethics beyond social relations to include man's contact with all life forms; and a redefinition of progress toward an emphasis on long-term quality rather than immediate quantity.

The day before the anniversary of the blowout, the Sierra Club publicly demanded that the U.S. Geological Survey stand by its pledge to release all of the data on which Secretary of the Interior Hickel made and maintains the decision to continue operations on Union Oil Company's Platform A in the Santa Barbara Channel. During much of last year, the club and other conservation organizations attempted to obtain the release of this information. Finally, in a meeting with Secretary Hickel and various Interior Department officials on January 20, Sierra Club President Phillip Berry and representatives from Get Oil Out won a promise from Dr. W.T. Pecora, chief of the U.S. Geological Survey, that the information sought would be released. However, a few days later, the conservationists learned that the data to be released would

cover only the period up to June 1969, the date Hickel accepted the U.S.G.S. recommendation to "pump dry" the Dos Cuadros structure underlying Platform A.

HONORS AND AWARDS

At its February 14-15 meeting the Board of Directors presented the Walter A. Starr Award to Phil S. Bernays and Harold E. Crowe. This marked the first presentation of the Starr Award which honors former Directors who have been retired from the Board for some time and who have continued to actively support the Club. Named by the Board as Honorary Vice President was former Director Lewis F. Clark, elected to the Board in 1933. The Honors and Awards Committee announced that nominations for annual awards to volunteers for outstanding service to the Club are open. Suggestions for citations to be given in May must be made three months in advance, with substantiating statements, to either a chapter executive committee or to Committee Chairman Ruth Bradley, 2639 Durant Avenue, Berkeley, Ca. 94704.

ALASKA

Feeling that the entire 24-million acre region of the North Slope of the Brooks Range in Alaska, now being studied for classification by the Bureau of Land Management, is worthy of reserved status, the Sierra Club Board of Directors resolved that, "pending complete study and final decision by the United States Congress, the Sierra Club recommends that the entire area be kept closed to entry by private interests for homesteads, mining claims, or commercial sites of any kind, and to state selection." In other action concerning Alaska, the Board of Directors went on record as opposing the continuation of oil exploration within the Arctic Wildlife Range.

LIFE MEMBERSHIPS

Honorary Life Memberships were presented by the Board of Directors to Ferde Grofe; Ferde Grofe, Jr.; and Don Siegel at the February Board Meeting. Ferde Grofe was honored for his musical composition "Sequoia," dedicated to the Club, which was played for the first time at the Los Angeles Chapter Banquet in November, 1969. Ferde Grofe, Jr., wrote a poem "Sequoia" which inspired his father's musical composition. Don Siegel of Ketchum, Idaho, was honored by the Board for giving the Club a lodge and five log cabins in northern British Columbia within Tweedsmuir Provincial Park, Canada.

WASHINGTON REPORT

President Nixon has set the stage for a 1970 election-year battle with his special message to Congress on the Nation's environment.

Setting the theme with a declaration that "we in this century have too casually and too long abused our natural environment," the President described in the 7000-word message his proposals for going "beyond conservation to embrace restoration." He called for a sweeping set of proposals "to clean up the nation's air and water and to make our land more livable."

The President's statement was a forthright effort to make "the environment" – a rapidly expanding public interest and concern – a political possession of his administration.

It described in detail his program for achieving the decade of "environmental quality" which he first enunciated in his State of the Union message. He listed 37 specific proposals – 23 of which require approval of a Democratically controlled Congress. And the Democratic Congress has about seven months to process the proposals, many of them with controversial aspects, such as the Environmental Financing Authority included in his water pollution control program. If not enacted by November, who will get the political blame?

Mr. Nixon's program to seize the "environment vote" started on January 1 when he signed into law the National Environmental Policy Act. His State of the Union message advanced the effort another step, and his budget message a few days later laid stress on funding for natural resources and conservation programs. Indeed, he proposed full appropriation of money in the Land and Water Conservation Fund, including unexpended balances from previous years – a total of $351 million. This was a far cry from the $124 million he asked for last year, resulting in a standstill for park and recreation land programs.

The Nixon message was a clear warning to Democrats in Congress. They will have to re-double efforts if they expect in November to tell the voters, as they have in the past, that they are "first and doing most" for solution of environmental problems.

In the months ahead, this could lead to a race among politicians for the environmental quality laurels. It was apparent, even a few days after the President's message, that key House and Senate Committee Chairmen were preparing to raise the ante on Nixon's bet. One Senator spoke of boosting the Land and Water Fund to $6 billion over the next ten years.

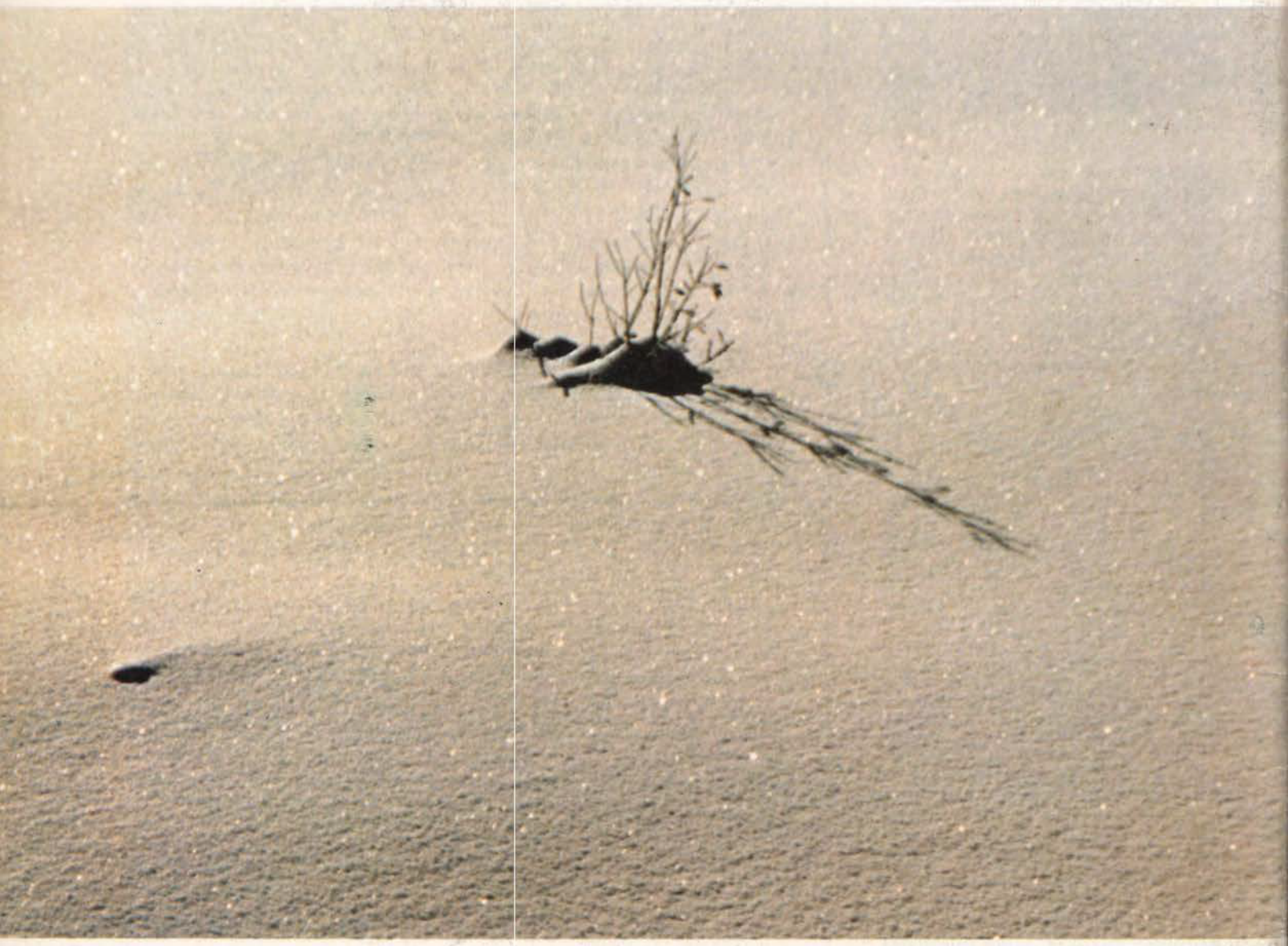
Such a race – if it produced solid results – would be a bonanza for Americans and their beleaguered natural resources. But it will take more than rhetoric in Congress and the White House to turn aside the avalanche of environmental deterioration Americans face.

For this reason it would be well for conservationists to view with skepticism much of the political "brouhaha" about environmental proposals. It is well to remember that less than 24 hours after President Nixon told Congress we have "too casually and too long abused our natural environment," his Secretary of Agriculture Hardin stated that a bill before Congress to raid the national forests "has the complete approval of this Department and we recommend that it be enacted."

Action frequently makes a mockery of words. – W. Lloyd Tupling

TIME VALUE – PLEASE EXPEDITE

[redacted]



Sleep lay upon the wilderness . . .

– Thomas Wolfe