

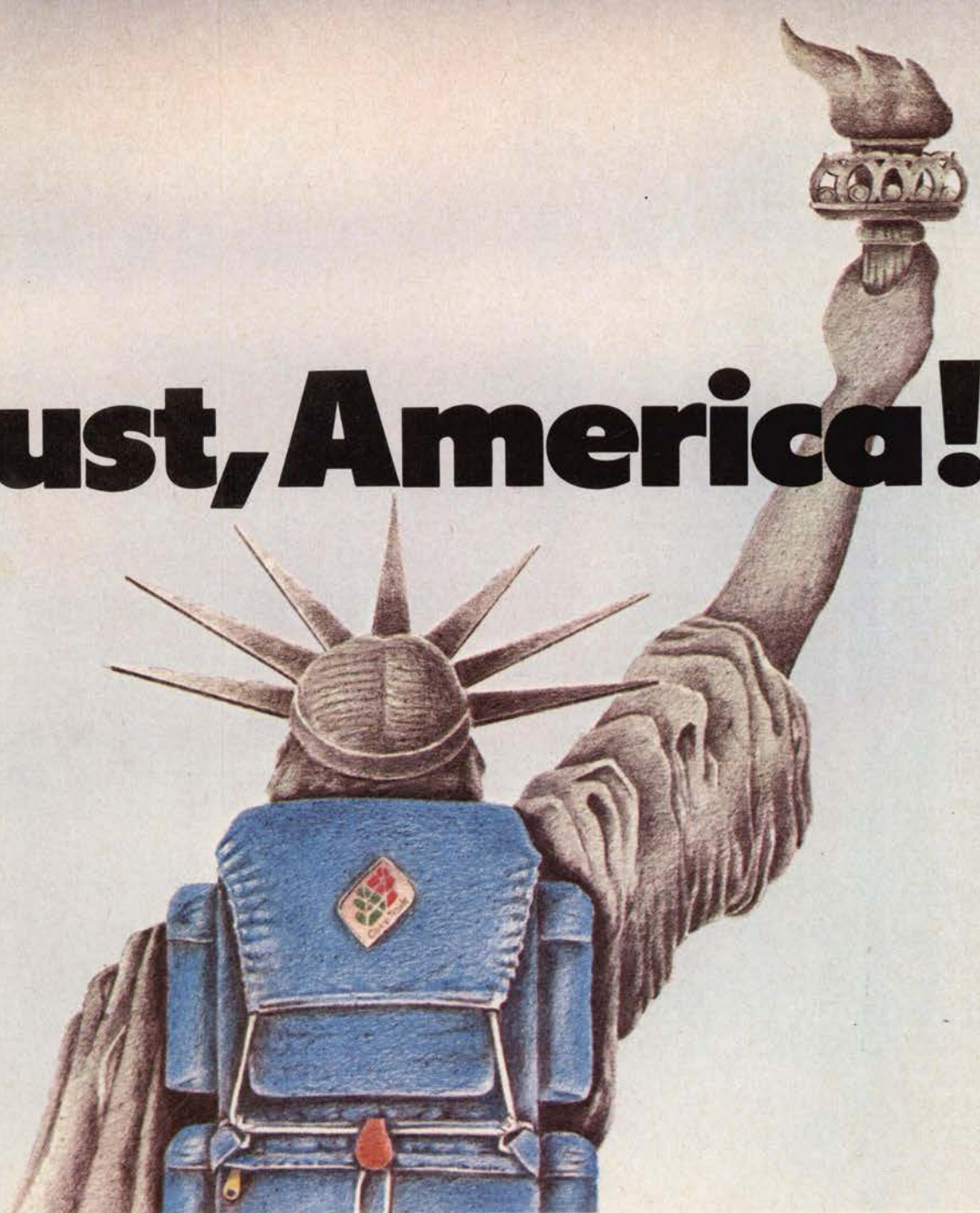
SIERRA

THE SIERRA CLUB BULLETIN

SEPTEMBER/OCTOBER 1979
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Sierra (USPS 495-920) (ISSN 0161-7362), published bimonthly, is the official magazine of the Sierra Club, 530 Bush St., San Francisco, California 94108, (415) 981-8634. Annual Dues are \$25 of which \$3.00 is for subscription to *Sierra* (Nonmember subscription: one year \$8.00; three years \$20; foreign \$12; single copy \$1.50). Second-class postage paid at San Francisco, California, and additional mailing offices. Copyright © 1979 by the Sierra Club. No part of the contents of this magazine may be reproduced without the written consent of *Sierra*. Reprints of selected articles are available from Sierra Club Information Services.

Change of address should be sent to Sierra Club Member Services, 530 Bush St., San Francisco, CA 94108. Along with your old and new addresses, please include an address label from a recent issue, if possible.

Editorial and business offices: 530 Bush Street, San Francisco, CA 94108. Unsolicited manuscripts must be accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

Advertising: *Ecology Sports East:* William H. Fields III, 224 Mile Creek Rd., Old Lyme, CT 06371, (203) 434-8310. *Pacific States:* Cindy Anderson, 97 Clark St., San Rafael, CA 94901, (415) 454-1862. *Mountain States and Midwest:* Kate Lennon, 5256 James Ave. South, Minneapolis, MN 55419, (612) 926-0041; Denver, (303) 623-8630. *General Advertising East and Midwest:* Erwin Baker and Associates, 20 Evergreen Place, East Orange, NJ 07018, (201) 673-3950.

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Cover: Rafting on the Stanislaus River. Photograph by Liz Hymans.

Our Energy Future—



IN AN EFFORT to salvage both his political future and the nation's energy situation, President Carter has proposed a massive new program to reduce the country's dependence on foreign powers. The stakes are high: If his program is adopted by Congress after the August recess, some \$140 billion may be spent

over the next ten years in an attempt to reduce oil imports. But will the plan work?

President Carter may be commended for a bold attempt to confront a desperate situation, but the plan itself is far from adequate. It would result in serious damage to the environment, the economy and the nation as a whole. And it would produce too little energy that is too expensive and too late. There is, however, a positive choice that can be made—a "soft path" Alternative Energy Plan, one based on conservation and renewable sources. If adopted, it could solve our most pressing energy problems faster, cheaper and more cleanly than Carter's plan.

The President is asking Congress and the American people to support a "hard path" energy future based on nuclear power and poorly researched high-technology fossil fuels, bureaucratic decision-making and extensive environmental destruction.

The core of the President's energy plan, which is to be funded by a proposed tax on windfall profits from deregulation of crude oil, is a synthetic fuels production program. Some \$88 billion is to be targeted for a "moon shot" effort aimed at producing 2.5 million barrels a day (b/d) of "synfuel" by 1990—eleven years from now! (The U.S. now uses 20 million barrels of oil a day.)

Most of the synfuel would be produced by extracting liquids and gases from coal, oil shale and tar sands. The extraction processes, all highly complex and still at the infant stages of development, include retorting shale oil, and coal gasification, liquefaction and solvent extraction.

Roughly three quarters of the 2.5 million barrels a day of oil will be derived from coal and the balance from oil shale.

A crash development program, especially if accompanied by the waivers of environmental rules that Carter has proposed, would have devastating environmental consequences:

- Producing 2.5 million b/d by 1990 will require as many as 50 huge synfuel plants, each churning out 50,000 b/d. Some 37 of those plants will be fed with coal—an average of 20,000 tons a day per plant, for a total of 270 million tons a year. This would increase the current coal production rate by 33% and would magnify the already well-documented environmental impacts of coal mining.

- Oil shale production involves a staggering amount of waste rock. For every barrel of oil, about one ton of voluminous waste is produced, containing high levels of salts and toxic hydrocarbons. Reaching the President's goal of 500,000 b/d of synfuel from oil shale will involve the production and disposal of some 200 million tons of this waste a year.

- All the extraction processes are potentially extremely dirty. Solid pollutants include fly ash and furnace slag; flue gases—like those produced by coal-fired power plants—contain large amounts of sulfur oxides; "foul waters," lethal byproducts of the synfuel processes, are heavily contaminated with dissolved organic matter, phenol, ammonia, acid gases and toxic hydrocarbons.

- Synfuel production requires massive amounts of water—2 to 5 barrels of water for every barrel of synfuel derived from oil shale; 4 to 13 barrels of water per barrel of synfuel from coal. Much of the synfuel production activity will occur in the West near the coal and shale sources, where fresh water supplies—especially underground aquifers—are extremely limited and already overdrawn.

Allocating the West's scarce water supply to synfuel production will dramatically reduce agricultural production in Colorado, Arizona, Utah, southern California and other regions. Farmland near the 50 plants will also suffer from the toxic synfuel pollutants, as will wildlife, natural vegetation, forests and even buildings.

Some of these environmental impacts can be minimized by proper safeguards: careful stripmining and reclamation; "scrubbing" sulfur oxide gas-stack emissions; and conservation and recycling to minimize excessive consumption of fresh water.

But these mitigating measures all cost money and take time to develop. They are "extras" that will probably be the first to go when Carter's crash program gets bogged down. That this fear is not just environmentalist paranoia is evidenced by Carter's proposal to create a seven-member commission—the Energy Mobilization Board—with the authority to overrule some state and local procedural requirements, as well as federal environmental regulations.

Members of Congress have also proposed mechanisms to speed approval of energy facilities. The Club recognizes the need for efficient processing of regulatory permits for new energy facilities, but the environmental, land-use and social protection gained over the last decade must not be held hostage by ill-conceived energy development proposals pushed by special interests.

The economic picture for synfuel production is equally bleak. There is a considerable delay involved; the program would produce no oil or gas for at least five years, and then only minimal production until the 1990s. Moreover, plagued with the traditional cost overruns of 300% to 400%, oil de-

A Time to Choose

rived from synfuels will probably cost as much as \$90 a barrel—that translates into \$4 retail for a gallon of gasoline.

The program would provide employment for only high-technology specialists and only in some areas of the country. Finally, it would cause serious economic and sociological disruption as expanded coal production precipitates boom-town economies.

Carter's energy plan slights energy conservation and renewable energy in favor of this hard path; it simply fails to solve the nation's energy-supply problems and will result in continuing dependence on OPEC.

In contrast, the "soft path" energy plan proposed by environmentalists would alleviate both the nation's short-term and long-term supply shortages through extensive energy conservation and reliance on proven technologies for developing renewable energy sources.

Here are the highlights of the Environmental Alternative to Carter's Energy Plan:

- Increase funding for mass transit over the next ten years from the \$10 billion proposed by Carter to \$40 billion. This may seem like a lot of money, but it is tiny compared to the \$120 billion proposed for highways during the same period.
- Invest \$6.5 billion, as Carter proposes, on improving auto mileage; moreover, require greater fuel efficiency—35 mpg by 1990. This would save 750,000 barrels of oil a day.
- Spend \$8 billion—not \$2 billion—over the next ten years on retrofitting residential and commercial buildings with such proven energy-savers as insulation, weather stripping and efficient furnaces. This investment would save 2 million b/d at only one-third the price of each barrel of synfuel.
- Increase to \$20 billion the \$3.5 billion Carter has proposed for solar energy development over the next ten years. Increase Carter's \$650 million for solar research to \$1.2 billion for Fiscal Year 1980. Our goal should be to achieve 25% reliance on solar technologies by the year 2000.
- Through tax credits, encourage "industrial cogeneration"—industrial recycling and reuse of wasted heat and electricity. A prudent program would cost \$2.5 billion a year for the next ten years—but it would conserve 1 million b/d and could eventually result in a 20% reduction in total energy use by industry.
- Invest \$400 million a year for the next ten years in other methods of industrial energy conservation. The return would be a savings of one-half million b/d of oil by 1990—an energy-per-dollar yield 400% higher than from synfuels.

Other facets of this environmentally sound plan include funding a variety of other sources (such as unconventional natural-gas deposits, tertiary oil recovery research, and small hydroelectric installations), passing national legislation re-

quiring deposits on beverage containers, and compensating low-income consumers for increased energy prices. Funding for synfuels should be cut drastically and limited to sound research.

The conservation potential of the Alternative Energy Plan is startling. For the same level of expenditure—without significant sacrifices or changes in life-style—the conservation-oriented plan could save in the next decade four times as much imported oil as the Administration's proposal—17 billion barrels as opposed to 4.5 billion barrels. And after 1990 the Alternative Energy Plan would continue to reduce oil imports at twice the rate of the Carter proposals—9 million b/d, as opposed to 4.5 million b/d. This reduction would cut our annual oil import bill by from 45% to 55%—a saving of \$35 billion to \$45 billion a year. The environmental alternative would have other benefits as well. Oil prices would go down and stay down in real dollars. By 1990, the country would be well on its way to complete reliance upon renewable, environmentally sound, decentralized energy technologies.

Air quality would be significantly improved over its present level, while water quality and quantity would be preserved. Consumers would be spending much less energy to heat their houses, light their offices and drive to work.

The economy would be freed from some of the inflationary and recessionary pressures of ever-escalating energy prices, and the dollar and balance of payments situation would be improved. Local and state control over decision-making would be preserved and enhanced. And jobs, covering the full spectrum of technology levels, would be created in many fields.

The threat posed by President Carter's proposals is so great, and the need for action by every member so urgent that the board of directors has called for the mobilization of the Club's full resources for this Emergency Energy Campaign. Only a massive outpouring of grassroots concern can transform the present political climate, encouraging Congress to drop the damaging proposals and enact more rational energy alternatives. Intensive organizing efforts have already been set in motion, and letter-writing and media contacts have begun. All Sierra Club chapter and group leaders will be receiving regular updates as this campaign speeds along. You can call your local leaders (see chapter and group newsletters) for the latest details and for information on how to get involved. Or call the special energy hotline in Washington, D.C. (202) 547-5551. □

Theodore A. Snyder, Jr.

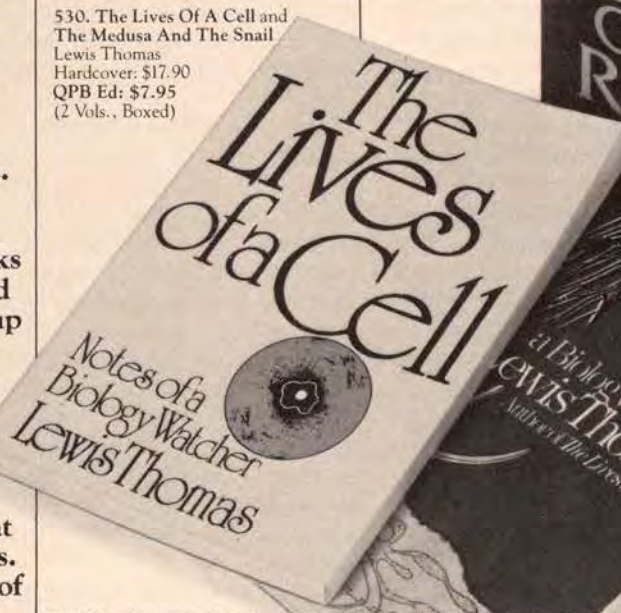
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Urban Tree Planting

The March/April "Observer," by Robert Irwin, incorrectly identified the group involved in urban tree planting as the Loma Prieta Chapter. Actually, the Redwood City/Woodside Sierra Club Group organized the program last year and has planted more than 130 trees in neighborhoods, parks and on highway median strips.

Since the project began, 85% of the funding has come from the Local Peninsula Regional Group. This initial funding has allowed us time to build a track record, and we now expect most of our funds to come from the community at large. The program has no overhead costs, so all funds are spent for the wholesale purchase of trees. Easy to administer and giving quick, tangible results, the urban tree-planting program is made to order for weekend community volunteers.

Rick Thurber
Redwood City, California

The May/June Sierra

"The Fish and the Dam," by Oliver A. Houck, is a classic—so beautifully written, so effective.

K. McCracken
Corpus Christi, Texas

Congratulations to the Sierra Club and to Leslie Corsa on publishing his splendid article, "Population Policy in the United States." . . . I'm photocopying the pages for my congressman.

Ethel E. Bishop
Allentown, Pennsylvania

I was extremely impressed by "A City Changes Its Energy Future," by Katherine Alvord and Michael R. Eaton. . . . Solutions to the future's energy problems must surely involve such sensible approaches.

Glen T. Cheney
Allentown, Pennsylvania

Leslie Corsa on population policy and Robert Cahn on Ansel Adams: excellent!

Ralph Whitaker
Palo Alto, California

Mount Naomi Wilderness

The picture of the proposed Mount Naomi Wilderness published with "The Flaws of RARE II," by Huey D. Johnson (May/June), noted the roadless area is only 49,120 acres. In reality, it is 77,960 acres: 49,120 in Utah and 28,840 in Idaho.

Our files contain two pieces of important information that should be considered in the management of this beautiful, outstanding area:

- A report prepared by John McComb of the Club's Southwest office in February 1973 states: "Well-developed citizen proposals exist for only two areas in Utah. The Mount Naomi area in the Cache National Forest and the Lone Peak area in the Wasatch and Uinta national forests."
- During the RARE II public-comment period, 70% of all the comments received on Utah roadless areas were on Mount Naomi, and 70% of those favored wilderness designation.

Despite this tremendous and long-standing support for a Mount Naomi Wilderness, the Forest Service recommended "further planning" instead of wilderness designation.

Brian Beard
Chairman, Utah Chapter

Remember the CCC

Many of us have wondered what happened to the three million people who served in the Civilian Conservation Corps from 1933 to 1942. So, last summer, some 500 former members of the CCC from 39 states met in West Sacramento and organized the National Association of Civilian Conservation Corps Alumni (NACCCA). Anyone who served in the CCC in any capacity is eligible to join. For details, write me.

Jack Vincent
1709 Michigan
West Sacramento, CA 95691

The Environmental Hustle

Judith Kunofsky's review of Bernard Frieden's *The Environmental Protection Hustle*, in the July/August *Sierra*, is excellent. I write book reviews and read many book reviews and this is one of the best I've seen in a long time. I say that not just because I agree with the ideas expressed, but because of the analytical writing.

Frieden should go back and read Ian McHarg's *Design With Nature* and about Frederick Law Olmsted, Jr. (who was criticized because he had squatters removed in order to build Central Park).

Bill Devall
Arcata, California

Recycling Motor Oil

Sierra readers should know they can recycle used motor oil. Currently, many motorists dump the oil; this causes a severe water-pollution problem. In Maryland various Exxon, Gulf, Mobil, Texaco, Sunoco, Shell and American gas stations will recycle motor oil free of charge. Ask stations near you whether they recycle motor oil and, if they do, spread the good news to friends and neighbors.

Randall Foy
Oxon Hill, Maryland

Getting There by Hook

I have just finished reading Richard B. Spohn's story of his hike ("On the Road to Machu Picchu," January/February), and have wept for joy (and a bit for envy). This is a trek I would have loved to do! I have been to Machu Picchu the easy, tourist's way, on the train from Cuzco to Santa Ana, then up to the ruins by "colectivo," and have yearned to walk it, as Mr. Spohn did. I have always loved nature, but discovered hiking too late in life to undertake more than twenty miles or so. So I sit back and enjoy myself reading. Yet it still makes me feel good!

I congratulate myself on becoming a member of the Club; just reading its magazine is great.

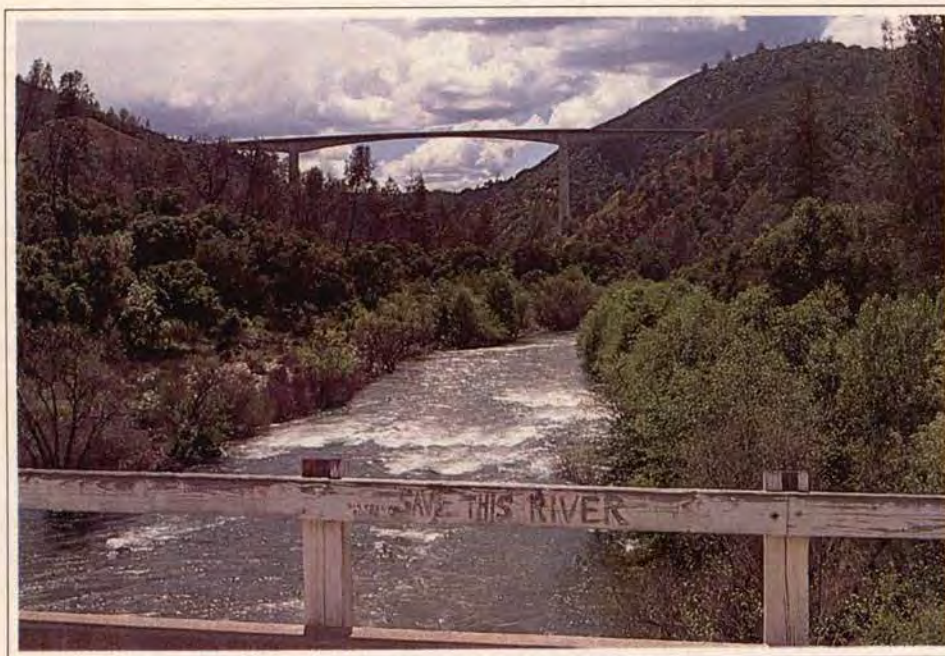
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Washington, D.C.



Saving the Stanislaus

Must We Wear Chains To Keep Rivers Free?

TIM PALMER



Don Briggs

IT MAY HAVE been the first time civil disobedience helped save a river. Through seven days of suspense, Mark Dubois, a leader of Friends of the River, remained hidden and chained at the edge of California's New Melones Reservoir in an effort to prevent the U.S. Army Corps of Engineers from flooding any more of the wild Stanislaus River. Though the action was intended by the tall and serene protector as a personal statement and not as a media event, Dubois' protest and that of eight other people who also chained themselves drew unprecedented attention to this extraordinary Sierra canyon.

Dubois' action is the latest chapter in the long struggle to protect rivers. The Stanislaus has now joined a distinguished list of conservation battles, including John Muir's heartbreaking fight for the Tuolumne's Hetch Hetchy Valley, dammed in 1914; the defense of Hell's Canyon, in the Northwest, where conservationists were successful; and the crusade for an undammed Grand Canyon, which galvanized the Sierra Club.

When the New Melones Dam's gates were closed last April, the reservoir behind it began to expand eastward up the Stanislaus River toward Parrott's Ferry and, farther up the canyon, Camp Nine. The river is rare not only for its spectacular setting and the limestone caves and archeological sites along its banks, but also for its white water and its convenience for day trips; 35,000 people boated on the Stanislaus last year (in comparison, the Colorado River had about 12,000 boaters last year for trips of several days' duration). Both Governor Jerry Brown and Resources Secretary Huey Johnson have asked for federal help to protect the Stanislaus. Although the dam has been constructed, its mere existence needn't keep the upper Stanislaus from remaining wild; filling the reservoir above its current level, however, would bury the Stanis-

Opposite: Photographer John Senser was on hand as the waters of the New Melones Reservoir rose in the Stanislaus River canyon. In a letter, he told us the story behind this photo: "I noticed a bushy tree bringing a downy feather to her nest—very close to being inundated. This nest had five eggs in it; I cut it loose intact and moved it up the tree four or five feet every other day. I wasn't able to keep up with all the nests going under, however, so it was finally drowned."

laus. Yet, like the nearly completed Tellico Dam on the Little Tennessee River, the New Melones Dam will be just as effective for flood control (its original purpose) without further inundation of the canyon.

The struggle for the river goes back many years. New Melones Dam was authorized by Congress under the Flood Control Act of 1944. Later, in 1962, the dam was reauthorized as a larger, multiple-purpose project. The benefits cited included hydroelectric power, irrigation, enhancement of lower-river fish life, municipal and industrial consumption, dilution of pollution, and flatwater recreation. Neither earthquake hazards nor other environmental issues were considered. The Army Corps of Engineers showed a favorable cost/benefit ratio, and the ratio was not then questioned.

Since the late 1960s, however, environmentalists and others have argued that the Corps' and the Bureau of Reclamation's cost/benefit ratios were faulty, exaggerating benefits and minimizing costs. A state referendum was initiated to let Californians vote on the river's fate; Proposition 17 was drafted, and Friends of the River was born. The group began as a handful of people and grew to 30,000 volunteers who collected more than 500,000 signatures to qualify Proposition 17 for the ballot in 1974. The measure called for designating the upper stretch of the Stanislaus, from Camp Nine to Parrott's Ferry, as part of the state's wild and scenic rivers system. A small dam for flood control would also be permitted.

However, big money bought Proposition 17 for the dam builders. In the final days of the campaign, the Melones contractors pumped \$175,000 into an advertising blitz whose objective was confusion: "Stop Pollution, Vote NO on 17" was actually used to exhort a vote for building the dam. So was "Save the River, Vote NO on 17." Confused by the propaganda, only 47% of the voters voted for Proposition 17, and the river lost. But an independent poll showed that 59% had *intended* to vote *against* the dam. Friends of the River then pushed for state legislation to include the Stanislaus in the California Wild and Scenic Rivers System. A bill was introduced but never cleared the political snares of its legisla-



Top: Friends of the River activists Mark Dubois (left) and Alexander Gaguine at a rally for the Stanislaus. Bottom: White-water thrills on the Stanislaus.

tive committee. Thus the dam was built, the sixth-largest earthfill dam in the country, 625 feet high, a behemoth plug.

During the campaign, Mark Dubois rose as a leader through sheer charisma. A Sacramento native, former basketball star, caving enthusiast and an American River Touring Association guide, his only ambition now is to save the river. One of his accomplishments during years of unpaid work for the river has been to found Environmental Traveling Companions (ETC), a nonprofit outfitting group that has worked with inner-city children and now specializes in trips for blind, paraplegic and other handicapped people, offering wilderness experiences to those who might not otherwise have them.

Meanwhile, the California State Water

Resources Control Board (SWRCB) decided to limit the amount of water the Bureau of Reclamation could back up behind the dam, and this decision became the subject of a U.S. Supreme Court case. The Court finally declared that the state can regulate some aspects of a federal project as long as the intent of Congress in authorizing the dam is realized. While this ruling was a boost to pro-river forces, it does not offer long-term protection and, depending on details being worked out by a lower court, the ruling could permit inundation of the canyon to the South Fork, well beyond Parrott's Ferry.

On April 1, 1979, the gates of New Melones were shut and the water began to rise. Soon it covered Old Melones Reservoir and its power plant, the gold-rush town of Melones, incomparable Miwok Indian petroglyphs and archeological sites, and the diverse life of the lower canyon.

Shortly after, Dubois traveled again to Washington to lobby for the river. "The lower canyon is being flooded," he remarked in his even, seemingly-unangered way, "but we won't let it go any higher." Something in his confident manner suggested that there would be more than political effort. Much more. Indeed, Parrott's Ferry was soon to become a rallying cry to river enthusiasts all across the nation.

A bridge marks the site of Parrott's Ferry. Upstream is wild river; downstream, the reservoir. A campground is maintained at Parrott's Ferry by the Bureau of Land Management (which, incidentally, opposes flooding of the nine-mile-long upper canyon), and many rafting and kayak trips end there. The site is popular, too, for sunbathing, swimming, camping, fishing and hiking. Although the Corps said it did not expect to inundate the upper river in 1979, flood conditions in the region would indeed allow the Corps to raise the level of the reservoir. "Parrott's Ferry is the limit" became the slogan of Stanislaus river activists, by now a broad-based group of archeologists, historians, hikers, caving enthusiasts, anglers, kayakers, commercial outfitters and their clients, independent rafters, foothill residents, journalists, state officials and even certain federal bureaucrats. With the state's position



strengthened by the Supreme Court's decision, California Resources Secretary Huey Johnson requested that the federal government stop at Parrott's Ferry. No firm commitment was received.

In despair at the loss of the lower canyon, Dubois took action. He sent a letter to the Corps' Colonel Donald O'Shei. Ten years of his life had been dedicated to the Stanislaus, he wrote, and to flood the life of the canyon, the Corps would have to flood Dubois as well. "My life is no different from the rest of the life here," he was later to explain. He would hide himself near the water level of the rising reservoir, chained to a rock, and he would have no key with which to free himself. *Newsweek* appropriately titled the story, "Risking Death to Save a River."

It was a dramatic statement, and news of the action exploded in the media. Governor Brown sent a telegram to President Carter saying, "I urge you to instruct the U.S. Army Corps of Engineers to halt the filling of the New Melones Reservoir at the Parrott's Ferry Bridge. The beauty of the Stanislaus Canyon and the life of Mark Dubois deserve your personal intervention." The governor's statement was a milestone of support. Friends of the River rallied in Sacramento, San Francisco and the Sierra foothills to draw attention to the issue.

Of Rivers, Dams and Easter Eggs

RODERICK NASH

LONG BEFORE "Stanislaus" became a fighting word, the river sundanced in that part of memory my family and friends reserve for favorite past delights. In springtime the river was magic. We would drive up on a Friday afternoon through the green phase of California's two-season year. Blue lupine lined the roadsides, and there were redbuds in the damp gulleys.

The back road to the place where our rafts put in was a back road indeed. Floating the Stanislaus was not yet popular; we hardly ever saw other people. Whitewater boating for recreation was in its infancy. Only one commercial outfitter ran trips on the river—whenever he could scrape together a boatload of customers.

We always took two nights for the run, camping on Friday not far from the put-in where the rapids were many and river music hung in the evening air. Saturday was lazy, with sidestreams to explore, caves to peer into, old cabins to remind us of the gold-rush days.

The children learned to row on the Stanislaus, as they learned to pitch tents and cook over a fire. It was good, we thought, to have thresholds like the Stanislaus—schooling places for the appreciation of wilder water and wilder country. We were glad Yosemite existed in the mountains behind us, but surely national parks are not the only American landscapes that need and deserve protection.

On Saturday night we invariably pulled out of the river at a large meadow near the end of the run. Enormous pines and oaks ringed the meadow. Flowers were everywhere, and we always picked a small bouquet for the centerpiece of our floorboard/cooking table. While the kids played along the shoreline or looked for antlers in the thickets, we leaned against a pack, sipped beer and admired the view. On the far side of the river the dense riparian growth, light green, gave way up the slopes to oaks and digger pines. Near the top of the canyon rim a shaded draw supported a fine stand of yellow pine. The late afternoon sun washed everything gold. It was a moment to be relished; banked, if only for sanity's sake, against the disturbed places and disturbing intervals in our normal existence. As the shadows moved up the walls, and the coals in our fire neared steak time, we often remarked how fortunate California was to have sanctuaries like this meadow reachable in a few hours and, thanks to the river, not the exclusive province of the backpacker.

The highlight of every spring river season was Easter Sunday morning at the meadow camp. One of the waterproof packs contained small chocolate Easter eggs rolled in colored foil, which we'd hide around the meadow. The big hunt was never a total success. A few eggs always escaped both the children and the memories of those who had hidden them. Sometimes we found the eggs the next Easter, or the next, still colorful in their wrappers.

It has been a while since our last Easter at the meadow along the river. We think about those unaccounted-for Easter eggs. If the nation allows the waters of New Melones Reservoir to drown out Stanislaus Canyon, the hollow eggs will float to the surface of the unnecessary lake that would take so much from so many.

We wonder if anyone will see the little eggs and muse about their source.

We wonder if anyone will care. □

Roderick Nash's most recent book is The Big Drops, Ten Legendary Rapids (Sierra Club, 1978). He teaches history and environmental studies at the University of California, Santa Barbara.

The Tuolumne Needs Help, Too

BOB HACKAMACK

John Muir's battle in the early 1900s to keep California's Tuolumne a free-flowing river by preventing the Hetch Hetchy dam project is being waged again. The city of San Francisco, in conjunction with irrigation districts in Turlock and Modesto, has proposed building two hydroelectric facilities, one on the Tuolumne and the other on its tributary, the Clavey River, in the Sierra Nevada of California.

This time conservationists may have the upper hand because of the National Wild and Scenic Rivers Act of 1968. As a result of a study ordered by legislation in 1975, the dam builders have not yet been able to get a permit to drill holes at the two sites for geologic testing.

In June 1979 the federal wild and scenic river study was released; it listed as a "preferred alternate" the designation of 83 miles of the Tuolumne from Don Pedro Reservoir upstream to the river's sources on Mt. Dana and the glacier on Mt. Lyell in Yosemite National Park. Strong opposition to the designation is coming from the irrigation districts, who see the dams as the way to lower electric rates for their service areas. Costs of the dams would be paid by the county where the portions of the river being studied flow, but benefits to local residents would be few. In fact, Tuolumne County voted against the dam proposal last year by a margin of 2 to 1.

The Tuolumne is qualified for national wild and scenic status; it has outstanding features, and already is working hard for people—five dams and five powerhouses supply irrigation and municipal water. Five are enough.

Only public support for the Tuolumne can overcome the lobbying forces of the dam builders. Comments on the study are requested until September 15 or a little later by the Study Team, U.S. Forest Service, Sonora, CA 95370. Action then will move to Congress. When you write to the Forest Service, please send a copy of your letter to your representative.

Bob Hackamack has led Club efforts since 1969 to preserve the Tuolumne River.

Meanwhile, Alexander Gaguine, an FOR leader since 1973, also chained himself at Parrott's Ferry. David Lynch, a young river guide, joined Gaguine in the Parrott's Ferry Non-Violent Action Coalition. "We had to show that many people are determined to stop the flood—not Mark alone," Gaguine said. Soon the two were joined by six others.

While Dubois remained hidden (only one trusted confidant knew where he was), the Parrott's Ferry group was readily accessible. They remained chained for five days and spoke for the protest. "This river is very important to us," Doris Grimm said. "How far will our culture go in destroying natural places? Nine million years of creation destroyed in three months—for what?"

Dubois was holding out for a firm commitment that the water would not rise above Parrott's Ferry in 1979. Gaguine's group maintained their support for Dubois, while specifically seeking a state and federal agreement to limit filling to the current water level at Parrott's Ferry. Their immediate action was a stopgap measure, but their ultimate goal was something more permanent. As Gaguine stressed, "We want long-term protection

for the upper canyon. With chains, we can stop the filling this year. With legislation, we can stop it in the years ahead."

Meanwhile, in Washington, D.C., FOR activist Patricia Shifferle was lobbying for federal action. Don Edwards (D-California) introduced H.R. 4223 to designate the upper canyon as part of the National Wild and Scenic Rivers System, and the bill was cosponsored by California representatives Edwards, Stark, McCloskey, George Miller, Dellums, Beilenson, Roybal, Van Deerlin, Mineta, Dixon and Dornan, and Oregon's Representative Weaver. New hope grew for the Stanislaus.

Because of Dubois the Corps stopped filling. After a strong statement by the state and assurances that the upper river was safe this year, the FOR director emerged on May 28, appearing at sunrise on the beach where the supporters were chained, the rising water already lapping at their feet.

On June 2, 400 people rallied for the remaining wild stretch of the Stanislaus River. Parrott's Ferry was crowded with sympathizers who came to hear Dubois, John Amodio, then regional coordinator of the Sierra Club, and Knox Mellon,

State Historic Preservation Officer. Gaguine talked of the dam: "An investment has been made, and it can be used," he said. "Low-head turbines can generate electricity, but remember, even full generation would yield only one third of 1% of California's needs, and most of that energy would be spent pumping New Melones water that is allocated by the Bureau of Reclamation for new consumption. Flood control—the original impetus for the dam—can be provided just as well by a reservoir that is not filled."

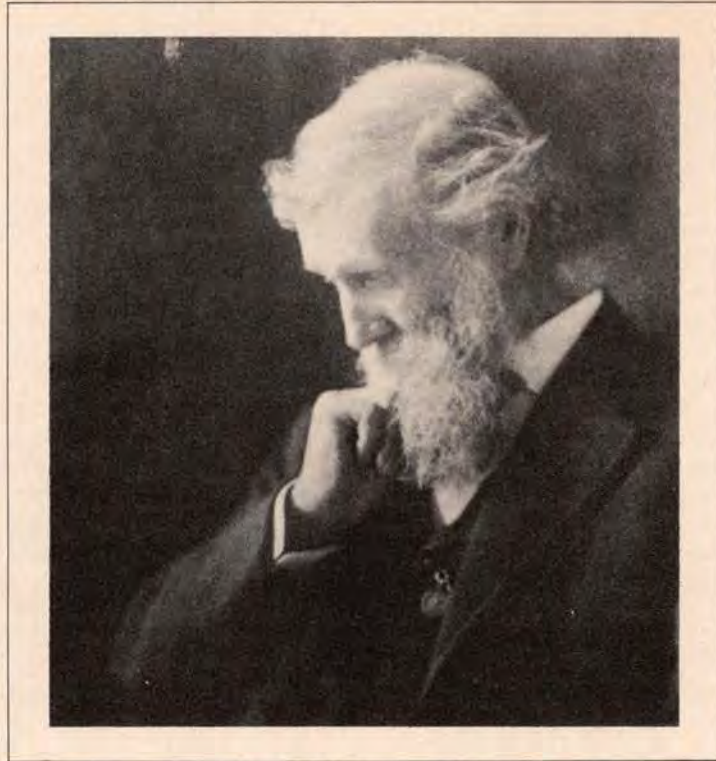
He went on to speak of irrigation needs: A moderate program of conservation would save 3 million acre-feet of water—more than thirteen times the total yield of New Melones. The Federal Water Resources Council cites that a saving of 20% to 30% is feasible through conserving agricultural consumption. Even without conservation, the SWRCB says new water will not be needed for 50 years. This is the crux of the New Melones issue—35 years after authorization there are still no contracts or even documented needs for irrigation water from the reservoir. "As for flatwater recreational benefits," Gaguine continued, "there are 11 lakes within 30 miles. No water skiing above Parrott's Ferry!"

At the end of the rally, Dubois spoke of the power that people can have, that individuals can have, and the crowd became alive with energy for one more effort to support H.R. 4223. Hundreds of men and women organized by congressional district to plan lobbying activity, then they walked to the old Parrott's Ferry Bridge. Hand in hand, in silence and then in song, they made their own dedication of a wild upper canyon for all people.

Letters in support of putting the upper Stanislaus in the federal Wild and Scenic Rivers System should go to congressional representatives and senators. H.R. 4223 could be reported out of the House Subcommittee on National Parks and Inular Affairs of the Interior Committee at any time: Californians should write letters supporting the bill to ranking subcommittee members Don Clausen (R) and Phillip Burton (D), and also to Senator Alan Cranston (D) urging him to introduce similar legislation in the Senate. □

Tim Palmer is an environmental planner as well as a writer and photographer. His book, Rivers of Pennsylvania, will be published later this year by Pennsylvania State University Press.

John Muir



The Celebration of Wilderness

RICHARD F. FLECK

"The Sierra Cathedral, to the south of camp, was overshadowed like Sinai. Never before noticed so fine a union of rock and cloud in one form and color and substance, drawing earth and sky together as one; and so human is it, every feature and tint of color goes to one's heart, and we shout, exulting in wild enthusiasm as if all the divine show were our own. More and more in a place like this, we feel ourselves part of wild Nature, kin to everything."

—John Muir, *My First Summer in the Sierra*

AS BIOGRAPHERS of Muir point out, young John Muir endured a harsh Calvinist upbringing in Scotland and Wisconsin. His father was a zealous fundamentalist who believed in ceaseless hard work, the sinfulness of human nature and an avenging, wrathful God. Herbert Smith states in his book, *John Muir*, that "Daniel Muir was the harsh taskmaster, physical and moral, who believed that sweat and pain were the only means to achieve heaven, that acts of childhood and love of nature were synonymous with evil, and that both represented dangerous tendencies to be whipped out of a boy." The moors of Scotland and later the woodlands of Wisconsin served as young Muir's release from such tyranny. He took delight in bird migrations, fern fronds and croaking frogs. In his autobiography, *The Story of My Boyhood and Youth*, Muir frequently juxtaposes the pure wilderness of the Wisconsin woods with thrashings from his stern father.

Muir left his father's household in 1860 to study at the University of Wisconsin, where he was introduced to the writings of Ralph Waldo Emerson and Henry David Thoreau. As Muir studied botany and other sciences, he naturally kept in mind the Emersonian doctrine of correspondence; like Thoreau, Muir saw transcendental relationships between plant growth and human growth. To him all life forms were sacredly interrelated. Each and every earthly creation was equally manifest with God's principle; and one need only closely observe palms, alligators or rock formations to discern the connectedness and the universal laws that became, as we shall see, clearer in Muir's later writings.

The combination of his Calvinist upbringing, love of nature and reading of Emerson and Thoreau contributed to Muir's sense of mission. In 1867 he walked one thousand miles southward, from Indiana to Florida, to study plant life and explore God's own creation. He kept a journal that became the basis of *A Thousand-Mile Walk To the Gulf*, written during his last decade. William Frederic Badé pinpoints Muir's literary and spiritual purpose in his introduction: "Muir's love of nature was so largely a part of his religion that he naturally chose Biblical phraseology when he sought a vehicle for his feelings. No prophet of God could have taken his call more seriously, or have entered upon his mission more fervently." By the time he reached the mountains of California (via Panama) in 1868, he was irrevocably launched on his wilderness career. Here he would herd sheep, write and eventually fight for a national park

system, becoming America's foremost conservationist.

Turning to Muir's writings themselves, one finds ample evidence of a deep spiritual quest and of its fulfillment in the wilderness of North America. His writings, like those of others of the period, have stylistic flaws—Muir tended to overuse superlatives such as "glorious," "noble," "wondrous" and "marvelous." But at his best as a writer, in *My First Summer in the Sierra* and *The Cruise of the Corwin*, for example, he created descriptive prose that ranks among the finest in nature-writing. Take, for instance, this passage describing the arctic landscape seen from a high summit Muir climbed while on an Alaskan glacial expedition:

"The midnight hour I spent alone on the highest summit—one of the most impressive hours of my life. The deepest silence seemed to press down on the vast, immeasurable, virgin landscape. The sun near the horizon, and the jagged ice-boulders crowded together over the frozen ocean stretching indefinitely northward, while perhaps a hundred miles of that mysterious Wrangell Land was seen blue in the northwest—a wavering line of hill and dale over the white and blue ice-prairie! Pale gray mountains loomed beyond, well calculated to fix the eye of a mountaineer. But it was to the far north that I ever found myself turning, to where the ice met the sky. I would fain have watched here all the strange night, but was compelled to remember the charge given me by the Captain [of the *Corwin*]."

It is not known whether John Muir was familiar with the theories about sublimity propounded by his fellow Scotsmen Lord Kames and Hugh Blair, who revered beauty because it is morally uplifting. But he gave expression to them through the re-creation of this sublime landscape. Certainly he produced the effect of "mysterious awesomeness" in this passage and elsewhere in *The Cruise of the Corwin*.

Herbert Smith contends that "Muir's comprehension of the necessity for physical hardship to produce the sublime has an Oriental cast After exhausting himself physically with a hard climb, he was ready to absorb the beauties of the scenery revealed to him with his body totally passive, only his soul actively engaged." In such a condition he described the descent of Nevada Falls at Yosemite: "The Nevada is white from its first appearance as it leaps out into the freedom of the air. At the head it presents a twisted appearance, by an overfolding of the current from striking on the side of its channel just before the first free outbounding leap is made. About two thirds of the way down, the hurrying throng of comet-shaped masses glance on an inclined part of the face of the precipice and are beaten into yet whiter foam, greatly expanded, and sent bounding outward, making an indescribably glorious show, especially when the afternoon sunshine is pouring into it. In this fall—one of the most wonderful in the world—the water does not seem to be under the dominion of ordinary laws, but rather as if it were a living creature, full of the strength of the mountains and their huge, wild joy."

Muir's descriptions of the natural world are the more valuable because they express the author's evolving philosophy. Throughout his writings one finds in the "landscapes" an ecological philosophy a century ahead of its time. Sounding quite Emersonian, Muir wrote of nature that "whatever journeys be made, over ice or over the land, in summer or in winter, some new facts will surely be gained well worth the pains, for no portion of the world is so barren as not to yield a rich and precious harvest of divine truth." Whether Muir was in Florida or Alaska, he perceived divine principles through close ob-

ervation of the natural world. Palms, Muir notes in *A Thousand-Mile Walk To the Gulf*, make no effort to outgrow each other—and thus create conditions harmonious to the entire plant community. Exposed rocks in Alaska gather delicate feathery crystals of ice to their windward; "Thus the rocks, where the exposure to storms is greatest, and where only ruin seems to be the object, are all the more lavishly clothed upon with beauty—beauty that grows with and depends upon the violence of the gale." Reminiscent of Walden, in which Thoreau describes nature as God's living laboratory, Muir writes, "Never before have I seen clouds so substantial looking in form and texture. Nearly every day toward noon they rise with visible swelling motion as if new worlds were being created."

One lesson Muir culled from his observations of volcanoes, glaciers, forest fires and the like was that creation and destruction are not simple opposites: "Reading these grand mountain manuscripts displayed through every vicissitude of heat and cold, calm and storm, upheaving volcanoes and down-grinding glaciers, we see that everything in Nature called destruction must be creation—a change from beauty to beauty." Perhaps the most profoundly significant principle Muir developed through natural observation (in this case, of domestic sheep whose wool is inferior to that of wild sheep) is found in his poignant, short essay "Wild Wool." "Indeed, every atom in creation may be said to be acquainted with and married to every other, but with universal union there is a division sufficient in degree for the purposes of the most intense individuality; no matter, therefore, what may be the note which any creature forms in the song of existence, it is made first for itself, then more and more remotely for all the world and worlds." This maxim is of great importance today as we begin to realize all the more how much we are but a part of the creation, not its center.

The wilderness became John Muir's Bible, where wisdom and truth could be discovered daily. To Muir, wilderness preserves seemed as essential for humans as formal religion, but wilderness, for its appreciation, requires an openness of spirit he did not see in most Americans of the late 1800s. In *My First Summer in the Sierra* Muir became somewhat caustic: "It seems strange that visitors to Yosemite should be so little influenced by its novel grandeur, as if their eyes were bandaged and their ears stopped. Most of those I saw yesterday were looking down as if wholly unconscious of anything going on about them while the sublime rocks were trembling with the tones of the mighty chanting congregation of waters gathered from all the mountains round about, making music that might draw angels out of heaven. Yet respectable-looking, even wise-looking people were fixing bits of worms on bent pieces of wire to catch trout. Sport they called it. Should church-goers try to pass the time fishing in baptismal fonts while dull sermons were being preached, the so-called sport might not be bad; but to play in the Yosemite temple, seeking pleasure in the pain of fishes struggling for their lives, while God himself is preaching his sublime water and stone sermons!"

John Muir felt that Americans must at long last learn to view waterfalls of the Sierra, or sunrises on Mount Shasta, or damp fern forests in the Cascades as facets of a divine creation. □

Richard F. Fleck is author of The Indians of Thoreau (Hummingbird Press, 1974) and has edited the Thoreau Journal Quarterly. He teaches English at the University of Wyoming.

Jottings From John Muir's Journals

My sheep are long-legged and long-tailed, and come in gallant style from the hillsides when pursued by my two dogs. Today I observed one of the sheep inquisitively smelling and examining a large hare. The hare allowed the sheep to touch him with his nose.

Without question this has been the most enjoyed of all the Januaries of my life.

After an experience of a hundred days, I cannot find the poetry of a shepherd's life apart from Nature. If ancient shepherds were so intelligent and lute-voiced, why are modern ones in the Lord's grandest gardens usually so muddy and degraded? California shepherds become sheepish. They will not commit great crimes, but only for lack of courage, not because of the possession of greater virtue. The whole business, with all of its tendencies, exerts a positively degrading influence. Milton in his darkness bewailed the absence of 'flocks and herds,' but I am sure that if all the flocks and herds, together with all the other mongrel victims of civilization, were hidden from me, I should rejoice beyond the possibility of any note of wail.

Christmas brought us a cordial, gentle, soothing snowstorm—a thing of plain, palpable, innocent beauty that the frailest child would love. The myriad diamonds of the sky came gracefully in great congregational flakes, not falling or floating, but just coming to their appointed places upon rock or leaf in a loving, living way of their own—snow gems, flowers of the mountain clouds in whose folds and fields all rivers take their rise. The floral stars of the fields above are planted upon the fields below. . . .

But now the last sky blossom has fallen, the clouds depart in separate companies, leaving the valley open to other influences and communions. Every tree seems to be possessed with a new kind of life—in sounds and gestures they are new creatures, born again. The whole valley, sparkling in the late sunlight, looks like a trim, polished, perfect existence. The dome Tissiack [Half Dome] looks down the valley like the most living being of all the rocks and mountains; one would fancy that there were brains in that lofty brow. . . .

Today the falls were in terrible power. I gazed upon the mighty torrent of snowy, cometized water, whether in or out of the body I can hardly tell—such overwhelming displays of power and beauty almost bring

the life out of our feeble tabernacle. I shouted until I was exhausted and sore with excitement. Down came the infuriate waters chafed among combative buttresses of unflinching granite until they roared like ten thousand furies, screaming, hissing, surging like the maddened onset of all the wild spirits of the mountain sky—a perfect hell of conflicting demons.

But I speak after the manner of men, for there was no look nor syllable of fury among all the songs and gestures of these living waters. No thought of war, no complaining discord, not the faintest breath of confusion. One stupendous unit of light and song, perfect and harmonious as any in heaven. . . . The fleecy, spiritualized waters take the form of mashed and woven comets, going with a grace that casts poor mortals into an agony of joy.

No sane man in the hands of Nature can doubt the doubleness of his life. Soul and body receive separate nourishment and separate exercise, and speedily reach a stage of development wherein each is easily known apart from the other. Living artificially, we seldom see much of our real selves. Our torpid souls are hopelessly entangled with our torpid bodies, and not only is there a confused mingling of our own souls with our own bodies, but we hardly possess a separate existence from our neighbors.

Some people miss flesh as a drunkard misses his dram. This depraved appetite stands greatly in the way of free days on the mountains, for meat of any kind is hard to carry, and makes a repulsive mess when jammed in a pack. . . . So also the butter-and-milk habit has seized most people; bread without butter or coffee without milk is an awful calamity, as if everything before being put in our mouth must first be held under a cow. I know from long experience that all these things are unnecessary. One may take a little simple clean bread and have nothing to do on these fine excursions but enjoy oneself. Vide Thoreau. It seems ridiculous that a man, especially when in the midst of his pleasures, should have to go beneath a cow like a calf three times a day—never weaned.

Vapor from the sea; rain, snow, and ice on the summits; glaciers and rivers—these form a wheel that grinds the mountains thin and sharp, sculptures deeply the flanks, and furrows them into ridge and canyon, and crushes the rocks into soils on which the forests and meadows and gardens and fruitful vine and tree and grain are growing.

From the book, *John of the Mountains, The Unpublished Journals of John Muir*, edited by Linnie Marsh Wolfe, published by Houghton-Mifflin Company, Boston. Copyright © renewed 1966 by John Muir Hanna and Ralph Eugene Wolfe.

What They're Saying in Alaska

EDGAR WAYBURN



ALASKANS' PERCEPTIONS of recent presidential and congressional actions concerning Alaska's National Interest Lands vary widely. To believe much of Alaska's media—notably the editorial sections of the *Anchorage Times* (the newspaper with by far the largest circulation in the state) and the *Ketchikan News*—the new national monuments are disasters; recent House action on D-2 lands is idiotic if not catastrophic; Alaskans are losing not only all their land to the feds (and Park Avenue elitists) but their God-given freedom to do with it what they want; defiance—if not secession from the United States—is the American way to fight this threat, and so on. Not unexpectedly, this attitude is fostered by Alaska's articulate business establishment, its development-minded people and its congressional delegation.

But listen to many other Alaskans—as I did this summer—and the reactions are very different. Alaska's dedicated conservationists are, as expected, enthusiastic about recent events in Washington and cautiously optimistic about future prospects. Many people outside the conservation community are also enthusiastic: An Anchorage computer expert voiced sentiments I heard several times when he told me he perceived the new national monuments as "the best use" of Alaska's superlative lands. Many Alaskan Natives are equally happy about the way things are going. One Native leader said to me, "We're with you in this all the way"; another stated simply, "We think it's great." And while a number of people are, in the words of a Wasilla schoolteacher I met, "apathetic," a bush pilot I flew with reflected another common reaction: he had opposed the national monuments, but now that they were established he was getting used to them—he found little difference between hauling around hikers and backpackers or hunters and sports fishermen. Perhaps the most interesting opinion I heard was from a prominent Alaskan politician who, when asked how he felt about the D-2 lands and recent events in Washington, replied succinctly: "Relaxed."

Relaxed is not the word, however, for the federal agencies charged with administering the new monuments and other areas withdrawn under the Federal Land Policy and Management Act of 1976. The National Park Service, the Fish and Wildlife Service and the U.S. Forest Service have all published regulations for the monuments under their respective jurisdictions, and each has demonstrated a serious acceptance of its new responsibilities. To date, the National Park Service has borne the brunt of organized opposition to

and defiance of regulations. For example, National Park rangers recently sent to Glenallen to take over management of the Wrangell-St. Elias National Monument were thrown out of their motel and refused service by most of the town's stores. And, trespass by hunting guides and sport hunters took place after the August 10 opening of the hunting season in both Wrangell-St. Elias and Gates of the Arctic national monuments. In other monuments, including the two Forest Service monuments, Admiralty Island and Misty Fjords, there is, happily, less hostility and greater recognition that these monuments can benefit the local economy.

Back in Washington, D.C., although Senate Energy and Natural Resources Committee Chairman Henry M. Jackson had stated repeatedly his determination to report out a bill on Alaska's National Interest Lands before the August recess, the energy crisis has usurped all other priorities. On July 25, it was announced that the new energy bills would occupy all of the committee's time until Congress's August recess. This course of action pleased neither supporters nor opponents of a strong Alaska lands bill. Alaska's Senator Ted Stevens is reported to have prepared almost 40 amendments intended to further weaken the already weak Senate bill 9. But conservationists have prepared strengthening amendments. Both sides would like to get action under way.

The timetable for Senate action now looks this way: S. 9 (introduced by Senator Jackson, D-Washington) is anticipated to be reported out of the Senate Energy and Natural Resources Committee sometime in September. An almost certain filibuster on the Senate floor by Alaska's Senator Mike Gravel will postpone a test in the full Senate until after the SALT debate, which is expected to take up the month of October. November, when the race to adjourn will be on, will bring an outpouring of last-minute bills, and any as controversial as the Alaska National Interest Lands Conservation Act will need exceptionally strong leadership to carry it through. Without this leadership, the crucial action that we have worked for so long and so hard will once more be put off, and it will be February 1980 before the Senate will consider it again.

The Alaska battle is one of our longest and toughest to date. It remains our most important. We must continue our efforts, undiminished and unaffected by delay. We are in this battle for the duration. □

Edgar Wayburn is a member of the National Park System Advisory Board; he also chairs the Club's Alaska Task Force.

A PRESENT OF THE PAST



Wes Walker

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My Summer Hike: (Wherein a Piece of Cake Is Reduced to a Dry Crust)



TED R. HUDSON

IT ALL BEGAN, this High Adventure, when shortness of time limited my choice of a Sierra Club backpacking trip to one described as "moderate to leisure"—a piece of cake to the intrepid mountaineer such as myself, veteran of previous Sierra outings lasting a strenuous week or more mostly above timberline. But all the possible trips that involved hopping from boulder to crag in the High Sierra were sold out; I had to settle for Knapsack Trip #202, Northern Yosemite Scenic Loop. At least I would be able to return to Maryland boasting of having climbed the Matterhorn (a peak on the northern boundary of Yosemite National Park). No need to tell folks I hadn't actually gone to Switzerland.

Let it not be said that I did not take this trip seriously. Four times a week for a month or so before leaving I jogged once around the block at 5 a.m., to build my wind and test a trick knee. I even went to California a few days early to reacquaint myself with mosquitoes and rarefied air,

climbing Pridham Minaret, southeast of Yosemite.

The day of rendezvous arrived. Twenty trekkers assembled for supper in the rustic dining room of the Sportsmens Inn in Bridgeport. The expedition included the lanky, bearded trip leader, Len Lewis, and his wife, Peggy; two dentists from southern California, the college-age son and daughter of one of them, and the son's fiancée (both girls named Jan); an accountant from San Francisco and a librarian from New York; a student from Los Angeles; a marathon-running doctor from the San Francisco Bay Area; an as-

sortment of young and young-at-heart folk from various California cities; a peripatetic boutique saleswoman from Fort Lauderdale in the midst of an extended western trip; and me, a bureaucrat from Washington, D.C. I was surprised that eight of the group were women, more than twice as many as had taken part in two earlier trips. Even more surprising was the announcement that a packer would meet the group at Smedberg Lake with the second half of the food supply, theoretically making the trip even easier than the "moderate" in the trip description.

The morning of reckoning was clear and bright. Packs were weighed to check the 20-pound limit for personal gear; I wore as many layers of clothing as possible in order to leave room in my pack for sneakers and extra cocoa mix. Once the pack was certified acceptable, I stripped off about ten pounds of jeans, shirts and jackets and crammed them in.

The trip began with a pleasant, flower-sniffing eight-mile saunter from Twin Lakes up to a campsite near Peeler

Lake on the Sierra crest. The lakeshore features rocky outcrops and ledges for sunset watching and harmonica playing, which Florida Jan would do only when the rest of the group was out of earshot.

The next day, the first of the Labor Day weekend, we skirted Peeler Lake and entered Yosemite National Park as comparatively few do: on foot and from the north. The going was easy, across damp, broad, alpine meadows, their green faded this late in the year, laced with meandering, braided streams and surrounded by low granite bluffs and peaks. Our goal for the day was Arndt Lake, not as large as Peeler. As the fishermen in the group discovered, the lake was so named because there arndt any fish in it. The wind freshened, blowing brisk and cool from the south and west, carrying innocuous-looking, fluffy white clouds. Since we had made camp by noon, I joined Rosemary and Jim for a little exercise—a climb of the Nubbin, a low promontory on the south edge of the lake—a rehearsal for the climb of the Matterhorn a few days later. The group then survived my turn as cook in stoic fashion, wolfing a freeze-dried Hawaiian-chicken glop, contents uncertain. Sunset was salmon-pink and lovely—sailor's delight.

On Sunday we were joined temporarily by two additions. At the end of a short trail down Rancheria Creek, up over Seavey Pass and down a flower-strewn descent, we met with a solitary hiker from an El Portal hotel. And at Benson Lake, the group was joined by a black bear. About this bear: he was huge. He was later dubbed Big Al, after the title character in a bad joke Jim told at the campfire that night. You know the one—All the cowboys are quaking in the saloon because some galoot named Big Al is coming. When a large, ornery, grizzled hulk slams through the door everyone dives for the floor, and the bartender sets him up a free drink. After he chugs it down, the obliging barman suggests a refill, but the galoot answers, "Naw, man. Can't wait. Big Al's comin'."

The afternoon brought more wind, whitecaps on the lake and a not-unusual thunderstorm. But the sunset reddened the whole clear sky and I watched alone from the broad Benson beach as the waves rolled in. After the food was safely roped to a sturdy high limb over a creek, the group turned in. Of course Big Al climbed the tree, but turned chicken when he came to the limb; he contented

himself with slurping a quart of kerosene on the ground. We suspected, from his boldness and his apparent lack of taste, that he may have been one of the "problem" bears exposed too long to easy garbage pickings and who had been moved from Yosemite Valley to the back country.

Labor Day dawned rosy and clear for the several-thousand-foot climb to Smedberg Lake and a layover day of restful mosquito-bite scratching and other recreations. By 9 a.m. clouds of several shades of gray dominated the southern horizon. By 11 no blue sky remained, and noon brought rain and mist. The general optimism seemed forced: "It never rains in the Sierra at night," was on everyone's lips. Well, it does. But the hikers, irrepressible gourmets all, cheerfully anticipated the arrival of new food and wine on the morrow and settled in for a soggy night.

The layover day began dully. More rain, no fair weather in sight and none indicated on accountant Bob's pocket barometer. Everyone scanned the horizon for signs of clearing. Rather than pine away in tents all morning, George the dentist, UCLA Mike, Florida Jan and I donned ponchos and left for a short hike in the mist and rain to three or four nearby fog-shrouded lakes. Seven soaked miles later we staggered back to the silver drumhead of Smedberg Lake and lunch. Several of the fishermen spent most of the afternoon on the lakeshore, while the rest clung to the campfire ring trying to dry jeans, sleeping bags and jackets, and singing songs: "Stormy Weather," "Sing-in' in the Rain," "Raindrops Keep Fallin' on my Head," "When Sunny Gets Blue," "Don't Rain on my Parade." A high point in the impromptu concert was my own sensitive solo rendition of "Soon It's Gonna Rain," marred only by an inexplicable inability, undiscovered until the critical moment, to remember the last line. But the unofficial anthem of the trip became "Blue Skies." It was sung, whistled or hummed more or less constantly from then on.

One by one the fishermen returned empty-handed. And it soon became apparent that the packer would not arrive with supper on time. The rain continued. The last fisherman to return was Nate from San Francisco, and lo! he had one. A fourteen-inch rainbow, hooked by a fish-surfeited stranger who, not realizing the size of the monster he was giving up, compassionately gave it to fishless Nate to reel in.

Now the food supply consisted of

some margarine, dry milk, a few bacon bits, some lemonade, caramels, hard candy, dried fruit and a little semi-sweet chocolate (most of these the remnants of lunches returned to the central commissary). And one trout. Anne, a resourceful geography teacher, whipped up some trout chowder, while the rest of the group kept ears cocked for hoofbeats. That one fish fed 22 people, a practical approximation of the miracle of the loaves and fishes, on the shore of Smedberg Lake. Thank Heaven Big Al wasn't there, holding out a Sierra cup!

The evening wore on damply with no sign of the packer and food for the multitude. Our planned loop-route back to Twin Lakes would be about 28 miles, including a layover day at the foot of the Matterhorn and a fairly high, steep pass over the Sierra crest. A possible alternative would be to cut short the trip and sprint for Tuolumne Meadows, 27 circuitous miles to the south, with many stream crossings that could be difficult in high water, but with only three moderate ridge crossings. Retracing our inbound route was out of the question because the packer was still expected from the other direction. Our leader resolved that if the packer failed to arrive by dawn, four fast-walking volunteers, Nate, Jim, Mike and I, would start early along the anticipated route of the packer as far as Virginia Canyon, where his inbound route would intersect our escape route to Tuolumne Meadows. If they did not encounter him, they would then hightail it to Tuolumne to buy food and carry it back in. The main body would straggle along as best it could on empty stomachs.

Remembering my chronically tender knee, I withdrew my offer to run for help. The last-minute substitute was Little Al from San Francisco (not to be confused with Big Al, the bear, from Benson Lake). Anyway, the four of them left about 6:30 a.m. with only a few caramels for rations.

On the third morning of rain, our bedraggled troop, leaving dreams of wine behind, departed Smedberg Lake, crossed several flooded streams (some of them brand new—created by the rain) and climbed eastward to Benson Pass, a little over 10,000 feet.

Then began the long descent into Matterhorn Canyon, and several treacherous crossings of swollen Wilson Creek. Once the only possible crossing was at a spot where the fast-moving stream was five feet wide and at least three feet deep,

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with nothing but slippery grass tussocks on the far bank to leap to. A couple of long-legged hikers managed the leap, then braced themselves to catch backpacks tossed across and grasp the hands of shorter-legged leapers. Such cooperation kept everyone from falling in. In this manner we went on, hoping at every bend in the trail for the bray of a mule. But it was not to be.

In the canyon, a Park Service trail crew was enjoying brunch under a tarp shelter. Eyeing their disappearing sandwiches hungrily, we asked if they had any way to communicate with civilization.

"A radio."

"Can we use it?"

"It's only for Park Service business or emergencies."

"Isn't sixteen people with no food this far in the back country in this weather an emergency?"

"No."

I wrung out my socks and pressed on.

At the ford of Matterhorn Creek a decision had to be made. Should we make camp there and hope that food would come and that the weather would clear enough so we could continue toward the Matterhorn on the planned outing? Or should we follow the advance party to Virginia Canyon and Tuolumne Meadows? Several trekkers attempted to build a fire with wet wood and pages from novels people had been reading, in order to warm feet freezing from wading the broad creek. No go. Lunch was served—a piece of dried pear, a bite of chocolate and a lemon-drop.

Then—wonder of wonders!—a patch of blue. Were it not for the need to conserve strength, several hikers would have done a sun dance in hiking boots. As it was, chins tilted up and a chorus of "Blue Skies" filled the air.

We decided to follow the trail over the ridge toward Tuolumne, still more than 20 miles away. Heading north, away from the relief party, was out of the question. A small party passing by, also short-rationed, donated a packet of freeze-dried beef stew, and the hike continued. Farther on, a runner caught up with us and offered hot soup to those willing to retrace their steps back a couple of miles to the trail crew camp. We forgave them their apparent unconcern that morning, but no one turned back. On the far side of the ridge we met a Park Service packer, who was returning with empty crates to the trail crew camp. No, he hadn't heard anything about our packer.

"And your advance party is about two hours ahead of you." We had left Smed-

berg Lake about two hours after they did, so they were going no faster than we were, if the ranger was right. We prayed he was wrong.

Late in the afternoon, in the next canyon, the group found a log over brim-full Spiller Creek and crossed to a campsite in a stand of lodgepole pine. We found enough semi-dry wood, deadfall protected under live pines on a well-drained hillside, for a fire, and that day's cook crew managed to make broth for sixteen out of beef stew for two. Topping that off was a toddy of hot lemonade. Under a canopy of strange white speckles in the sky that some of the more scientific and



knowledgeable of us claimed were called "stars," the still-damp hikers huddled around the fire as Len, the inspirational leader, recited "The Cremation of Sam McGee." But shortly after we turned in, the pitterpatter on the roofs of the judiciously erected tents resumed. I awoke at dawn to find my open-ended tube tent crushed down around me by three or four inches of snow. Jan from Florida burst from her tent with a shout of glee and gamboled in it for a bit. Just so must have cavorted the children of the Donner Party in the fall of 1846, before appetites sharpened. Daunted, I merely scrunched farther into my sleeping bag, watching snow droplets outside and condensation droplets inside racing each other down the translucent sides of the tent. Finally I wriggled out into the open.

The pines were draped in white, and Spiller Creek wound darkly through the white landscape. Winter in the Sierra is really very lovely, if it is supposed to be

winter and observers are equipped for it. But this was early September.

By mid-morning the sky was mostly blue, and we spread our wet things on the bare granite slopes above the woods, creating a multicolored mosaic of tarps, sleeping bags, clothing and tents. Len had decided we should stay put to avoid losing the trail in the snow or being caught en route by another storm. About noon a shout went up: "The packer!" Soon, hungry and breakfastless, we were gorging ourselves on salted nuts, crackers and oranges, and already anticipating the freeze-dried feast we would have that night.



Where had the packer been? Had he suffered an accident? Lost a mule fording a flooded stream? It turned out that the employee who took our order had been fired and left without telling anyone that 20 people in the wilderness expected food to meet them at Smedberg Lake. When our advance party reached a developed camp called Glen Aulin, six or seven miles from Tuolumne, the concessionaire there called the ranger who called the county sheriff who found the packer.

About 1:30 another shout went up. "Another packer!" This one had been sent by the Yosemite Park Curry Company, the park's concessionaire. This packer did not bring us freeze-dried food, however. He brought only fresh steaks, eggs, potatoes, cabbage, tomatoes, pineapple, bacon, even cantaloupes! From famine to feast! And it had become so warm and sunny that I even washed my by-now less than lusterless hair.

Ah, steaks and potatoes roasted delicately on the coals, cole slaw with pineapple, eaten by the light of a fresh moon. Bacon sizzling on a crisp morning. Detracting somewhat from the delight of breakfast was Los Angeles Jan's attempt to improve an omelette by adding cinnamon to the beautiful fresh eggs.

At Glen Aulin the company was reunited, except for Al who had hitchhiked to Bridgeport to begin a car shuttle. I carefully noted the clear sky and spread my sleeping bag under what I hoped would be stars. After supper the clouds rolled in again, and I hastened to set up the tube tent by the faint light of a moribund flashlight. The dreaded rain failed to materialize, however, and we awoke to the final breakfast. A bear had invaded camp again, and thoroughly perforated an empty plastic jug that had held apple cider, courtesy of the Curry Company. George the dentist claimed the bear had invaded his tent, describing it as a twelve-foot albino grizzly. As evidence he proffered a piece of white fluff, which he unfortunately dropped in the hot chocolate of the trip physician, Jerry the marathoner, before anyone could examine it closely. As further proof he offered a bar of soap with fang marks in it, but he sacrificed his credibility later when he admitted under cross-examination that the fangs had not been those of a twelve-foot albino grizzly, but only those of a ten-foot rattlesnake.

Our adventure ended with a six-mile stroll past the beautiful, terraced falls at Glen Aulin, along the Tuolumne River to its namesake meadows and into a hot shower. None too soon—by afternoon the gathering gloom, blustery winds and plummeting temperature foretold another autumn storm that might close the trans-Sierra highways.

Epilogue: Our group was safe, despite the weather and lack of food, because our leadership was well-organized and we were well-equipped: clothing, maps, adequate shelter, expertise, and the security that people knew we were where we were. We learned later that a number of people perished in the Sierra Nevada that week, in accidents or from hypothermia, including a father and son scantily clothed and ill-equipped near Mount Whitney, and a couple at Marc Col, in terrain similar to that of Spiller Creek. □

Ted R. Hudson is conservation chair of the Patuxent Group and secretary of the Potomac Chapter. He has also worked with the Club's Washington office as a lobbyist on water projects.

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A Mining Company (1978 Gross Sales: \$1.75 Billion) Confronts a Small Town (Population: 1200)

AMAX Comes to Crested Butte

DAVID SUMNER

IT MAY HAVE BEEN a purely local issue at one time: a small Colorado town confronting a large mining company that has ambitious plans for a mine. But some local controversies have a way of becoming national—paradigms of the dilemmas facing communities everywhere: jobs versus quality of life, energy versus environment, local autonomy versus state or national planning.

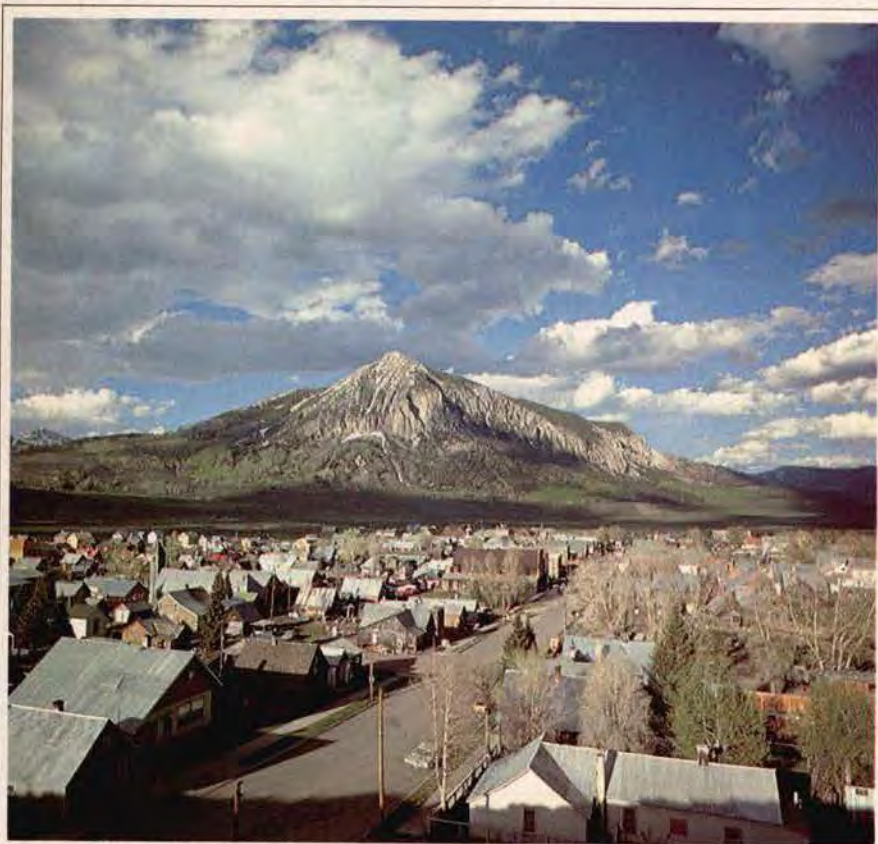
If the town of Crested Butte, in the central Colorado Rockies, did not exist, its setting alone would be remarkable. Lying above a sweeping bend in a broad, subalpine valley, the site is open, mostly level, cut by a creek and ringed by a horseshoe of peaks. The peaks are not looming and blocky in the common Colorado style; instead they have a fine, angular, fragile grace. The elevation at this lovely spot is 8885 feet. During its six-month winter it may receive up to 400 inches of snow. In the summer, wildflowers grow by the meadow rather than by the patch or clump.

The town was built in 1880, first as a supply center for fifteen or so silver-mining camps deeper in the mountains. For a brief time Aspen received its mail and freight through Crested Butte. Then coal was discovered in Gibson Ridge south of town and became its economic base. Crested Butte was a western anomaly: a mountain coal camp. In contrast to the bonanza opulence of gold-and-silver towns such as Leadville, Telluride and Central City, the community grew slowly, along modest, functional lines.

All but a few of the buildings were small—wood frame or log—and close together. When they burned, as they often did, they were replaced with more of the same. Crested Butte was a working town and a company town; the owners, Colorado Fuel & Iron, recruited many miners directly from Tyrol, from Croatia and northern Yugoslavia.

In 1952, when oil was still the fuel of the future, company officials ordered the portals of the last and largest mine—"Big Mine," it was called—blasted shut. Most residents left. Some of the company housing was moved 30 miles south, to Gunnison, to become part of a motel. The paint on the remaining homes, sheds, mule barns and two-holers faded and powdered. Where there was no paint (as often there was not and never had been), the wood just continued to weather and blacken.

It was a critical pause in the town's history. "Crested Butte slept while the rest of America apologized for its past," ex-



Crested Butte, Colorado, and Mount Crested Butte in the background.

Photographs by David Sumner

plains the current mayor, W. Mitchell. Most of the town never got a post-World War II face lift complete with vinyl, aluminum, sameness and paint. Instead it was left in what Mitchell terms "original fabric condition"—poor, creaky, rundown, but largely intact.

In 1962 a low-key alpine ski area opened on the northwest flank of Mount Crested Butte three miles from town, and with it the town's resort era began. About the same time Crested Butte was also discovered by its present partisans—mostly young, bright, urban emigrants from both coasts. Drifting through or drawn by word-of-mouth, many stopped, stayed, mixed with the old-timers who'd hung on, played, worked, made do. Work was scarce. Some settled in, some moved on after a year or two, others arrived; gradually the present community evolved.

Goals were diverse, and making a lot of money was low on the list. Many sought lives closer to basic necessity and natural forces; Crested Butte's winter, especially, offered plenty of both. There were the mountains, the wilderness and the pursuits related to both. Crested Butte's architectural tone, most often called "funky," was a statement in itself. And the town's evolving sense of community became essential. Crested Butte is a town without gaping anonymity; concerns have been shared and resolutions hammered out. Town Council meetings are a kind of community living theatre; they are always open and seldom peaceful.

Through the 1960s and early 1970s, tourism and recreation dominated the economy—skiing in the winter and hiking, sightseeing, fishing and backpacking in the summer and fall. Spring has always meant mud in Crested Butte. Outside town, southward down the East River Valley toward Gunnison, farming and ranching continued to predominate. There was also significant education and research; north of town at the old silver camp of Gothic, the Rocky Mountain Biological Laboratory has been active for decades. In Crested Butte, Challenge/Discovery runs a strong Outward Bound-type program with an environmental edge.

Then, in the early 1970s, came AMAX, Inc. The Connecticut-based, multinational mining and resource development firm—and present producer of 40% to 55% of the world's molybdenum—was interested in Mount Emmons. The peak's base lies at the western edge of the Crested Butte town plat; from there the mountain rises

through tiers of aspen, spruce and fir to a broad alpine bowl, Red Lady Basin, that sits immediately below the peak's squared-off, 12,392-foot summit. Mount Emmons forms Crested Butte's western skyline.

There, in 1974, AMAX began exploratory drilling. In 1976 it bladed a 4300-foot road across Red Lady Basin and continued drilling. In the spring of 1977 AMAX acquired two more large blocks of mining claims on the mountain. In August it announced discovery of "in excess of 90 million tons" of ore-grade molybdenum; in September the figure rose to 130 million tons and, finally, in January 1978, the company announced its intention to build a mine. Since then the estimated size of the deposit has fluctuated, depending on who is talking about what grade of ore. AMAX is now examining a tailings pond site to hold residues from 300 million tons of processed rock. The mine is expected to cost around \$1 billion; the Mount Emmons deposit has a projected value of \$8 billion—and up.

In the 20 months since the AMAX announcement, an increasingly complex battle has raged between the town and the company. Media coverage, both print and broadcast, has been nationwide.

With many of its projects, a key AMAX strategy has been to pursue a kind of environmental planning. Rather than buck anti-pollution laws, NEPA and the like, AMAX has chosen to comply and to focus public attention on how it is complying. The goal of this approach has been to gain approval of AMAX projects without major legal delay, political attention or public scrutiny.

The principal idea is to forestall conservationist opposition by meeting the letter of the law, more or less. In the case of the company's Henderson Project, a Colorado molybdenum mine opened several years ago, the tactic variously swayed, intimidated, awed, outraged and, finally, split state environmentalists. Attention was diverted from such basic questions as, "Do we need this mine—here and now—and, if so, why?" to focus on details of after-the-fact mitigation: "How can we make this mine nice?" The Henderson Project marched into production as an "Experiment in Ecology"; there were no lawsuits; government agencies issued all permits promptly; no troublesome policy issues were raised.

AMAX came to Crested Butte with considerable environmental savvy, but the townspeople began with very little. Crested Butte did, however, have a



“A town is public property not only for its residents, but for the world. In many ways it is at the mercy of forces existing outside its boundaries, and of people whose names it does not know and whose faces its inhabitants will never see.”

—Orville Schell, *The Town That Fought to Save Itself*



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commitment to directing its own destiny. Since the late 1960s, the town had been in a planning mode—addressing an array of concerns typical of a small mountain community bent on preserving its integrity. Growth, zoning, architecture, transportation, parking, water, sewage, snow removal, schools, dogs, real-estate speculation, Aspenization—these and others had been addressed repeatedly. Crested Butte had been designated a National Historic District; most of the town was down-zoned; old buildings were preserved and restored; a track-record was laid down.

Apparently AMAX missed the point. Building the Mount Emmons Project, said Mayor Mitchell, would be like putting “an Aswan High Dam in our backyard. Large-scale mining will totally disrupt the social, economic and environmental fabric of our community.” Crested Butte was not about to settle for AMAX’s environmental rhetoric.

Figures, as always, tell only the bare bones of the story. Crested Butte currently numbers about 1200 people, and all of Gunnison County about 10,000. Peak electrical demand for the county is 17 megawatts. In contrast, as many as 2200 workers will be needed to build the mine, and 1450 workers to operate it. With this influx the county population can be expected to double within seven to ten years. Maximum anticipated electrical demand for the Mount Emmons Project has been set at 70 to 72 megawatts; 350,000 tons of coal will be burned annually for heat. Construction was pegged to start in 1981 and mining in 1987. AMAX was asking Crested Butte to become an industrial boomtown and like it. And all for the sake of molybdenum.

This heavy metal with a high melting point has an odd history. Known since 1778, “moly” was a curiosity of the earth’s crust until the early 1900s, when European scientists found it could be added to steel to harden it. From there the Colorado-based Climax Molybdenum Company (now an AMAX subsidiary) took over.

Climax owns the world’s largest molybdenum deposit, in the Tenmile Range west of Denver. A flurry of military production there late in World War I was followed by a shutdown—no peacetime uses were known. So Climax set about researching and promoting uses for moly. Today this activity proceeds at a modern lab and pilot plant in Ann Arbor, Michigan. The research done there is not proprietary, it is a kind of marketing; the more uses there are for moly, the

more AMAX can sell.

Molybdenum is best known as a “vitamin” for steel, making it stand up better to heat, cold, pressure, abrasion, torque, shock and the like. The more extreme the conditions, the more appropriate a dose of moly. Molybdenum-alloy steel is stronger and lighter; it is used in spacecraft, arctic pipelines, deep-drilling oil rigs, jet engines, auto engines, steam turbines and armor-piercing projectiles. The oil and gas industry is the largest domestic consumer of moly; as the search for new oil fields encounters increasingly harsher conditions (offshore, deep well, arctic, desert) this consumption will rise.

Today AMAX officials in Colorado are fond of citing a 7% annual increase in moly consumption to justify mining Mount Emmons. But AMAX officials at the research lab in Michigan don’t see it that way; they are under constant pressure to devise new uses for molybdenum and to move AMAX’s ample supply. About 60% of America’s molybdenum production is exported, but AMAX officials in Colorado say they don’t know what happens to their moly once it leaves the U.S.

Soon after the Mount Emmons Project was announced, two centers of opposition emerged. One was the Crested Butte town government, which has a strong popular mandate to challenge the mine. Mayor Mitchell has been the front man, fulfilling his political role. Heavily scarred over his face and hands from a motorcycle accident and paralyzed from the waist down from a light-plane crash, Mitchell is an articulate, compelling presence. A man who has lost grievously twice in his life, he is determined now that his town will not lose to the mine.

Mitchell travels extensively, most often to Denver and Washington, to draw attention to the plight of Crested Butte. He has met with officials, including Interior Secretary Andrus and President Carter, and has also helped induce some to visit Crested Butte. Colorado’s Mined-Land Reclamation Board has been there; U.S. Representative John Seiberling’s Public Lands Subcommittee has been there, as has the Sierra Club’s board of directors and a number of state and federal officials.

Mitchell also has an exceptionally dedicated staff. Work involving the mine has been centered in the Crested Butte Planning Office, headed by Myles Rademan and Susan Cottingham; like Mitchell, they are from Pennsylvania, and sometimes there is dry talk of a “Philadelphia

Mafia" in Crested Butte. The planning procedure was already in progress when AMAX came along, so the approach has been to deal with the mine as just another problem to be solved—like turbid tap water or an overtaxed sewage plant.

But of course this problem is the largest the town has ever faced, and the response has matched it. The planning office's work has been precise and well-researched; often it has dovetailed with that of the town attorney. As a result, Crested Butte now is aware of just about every available means by which a community can direct its destiny and protect its surroundings. Efforts under way include upgrading local air and water classifications, establishing minimum stream flows, firming up zoning, protecting the town's watershed and securing wilderness designation for large areas in nearby Gunnison National Forest.

The town's activism has been abetted by a peppery local grassroots public-interest group, the High Country Citizens Alliance (HCCA). Formed in late 1977 in direct response to AMAX, it now numbers 150 members, employs a paid executive director and maintains a well-stocked information office. Early on, HCCA successfully appealed a National Forest timber sale within the town's watershed. It also blew the whistle on what it felt were misleading claims by AMAX that the company was cleaning up a polluted creek. The alliance pointed out that AMAX was, in fact, still flushing mine wastes into the creek. HCCA pressure has forced the Forest Service to stop foot-dragging and start the NEPA process for the Mount Emmons Project. It has also forced the agency to agree to consider the "no mine" alternative fully in the impact statement.

The mine, however, has not been stopped; AMAX's actions now encounter intense scrutiny, but it is pushing ahead; extensive exploration is proceeding on Mount Emmons.

As with the earlier Henderson Project, AMAX officials have talked about "open planning" but decline to discuss the substantive matters involved in whether or not to mine in the first place. Attention, publicity and money have been devoted to making the Mount Emmons Project "a model for future developments . . . a new-generation mine." Environmental consultants have been sent into the field to gather baseline data on everything from elk migrations to air quality to endangered iron-bog flora. Sociologists are investigating probable impacts on schools, wage scales, mental health and

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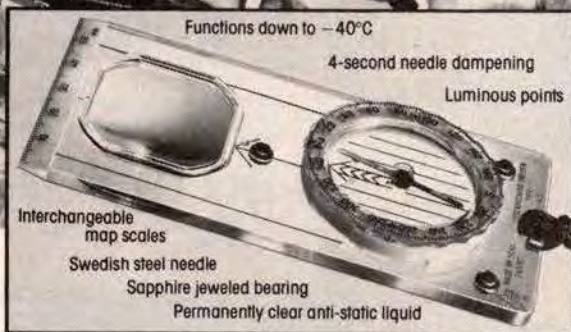
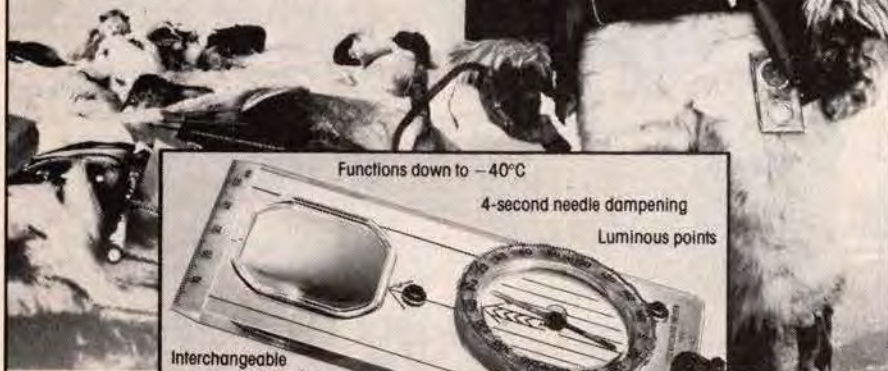
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the like. A sophisticated computerized planning firm is involved, as is a new "Colorado Review Process" designed to coordinate county, state and federal permit-granting processes.

For almost two years it has been a patient, ongoing chess game. In March 1979 the town and HCCA convened a conference to explore legal aspects of mining on public land, with particular attention to the Mining Law of 1872. In April, AMAX announced it would like to shift much of its operation away from Crested Butte. The mill and massive tailings ponds (99.6% of all moly ore ends up as fine, gray, sterile waste) would be moved ten miles and one valley south of town. Employee housing and administrative offices would be located 28 miles away in Gunnison, where opposition to the mine is much lighter, and one access road to the mine would be rerouted to avoid Crested Butte.

AMAX could not, of course, move the mine itself from Mount Emmons, the heart of Crested Butte's municipal watershed. This past spring and summer the town has been investigating ways to insure the future quality of its drinking water. AMAX's response has been to suggest the town consider obtaining its water from a different watershed, away from Mount Emmons, and has offered to foot the bill for a study of such a move. The town declined the offer, saying that its present watershed is adequate.

The national publicity generated by the struggle has underscored the larger conflict of values. On a more specific level, both the town and HCCA have focused on a number of substantive policy and legal issues. Each, in its way, throws light on the primary decision to mine; among these issues are:

- **Mining-Law Reform.** "We're a classic case of the inequalities of the Mining Law of 1872 at work," says HCCA President Chuck Malick. "It doesn't matter what values we have here—tourism, recreation, our livelihoods, historic designation, wilderness, clean water and air, wildlife. The traditional interpretation of that law says AMAX can come in here and preempt all of it." The town and HCCA are looking at the 1872 mining law from two perspectives—one is modern, legal reinterpretation in the light of recently enacted public-lands laws; the other is legislative reform in Congress.

- **National Minerals Policy.** The molybdenum situation in the U.S. (including its multinational corporations) makes it clear that the nation does not have a definitive minerals policy. AMAX cur-

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rently operates two major moly mines in Colorado, and reserves at both are large; in addition, it is studying potential mines in Washington state and British Columbia. AMAX's competitors are also busy. Molycorp is enlarging its plant in New Mexico, and a number of companies are prospecting in Alaska (e.g., Misty Fjords), Utah, Nevada and British Columbia. No public policy exists to guide either development or stewardship of these resources. Molybdenum recycling barely exists.

• *Foreign Trade.* The export of molybdenum also underscores a gap in public policy. Where the moly goes, how it is used and how it affects the balance of payments are all unanswered questions. How much moly goes into foreign steel that is reimported to the U.S. and competes with domestic production? How much moly goes into manufactured goods, especially German and Japanese, that are similarly imported?

• *Colonizing the West.* Inexorably, the industrialized and heavily settled areas of the U.S. are looking to the Rocky Mountains as a resources colony. But this process may damage other national assets. More than 900,000 people visit Gunnison County annually, and many find their way to Crested Butte in search of something different—an alternative to what they have in Oakland or Dallas or Detroit. What will be lost if Crested Butte and its surroundings are industrialized, no matter how nicely? "It's no longer a matter of losing a little piece of a great big space," says Mayor Mitchell. "We're running out of next valleys."

Other environmental episodes of the past fifteen years—dams proposed for the Grand Canyon, clearcuts in Montana, film crews painting rocks in Yosemite, Three Mile Island—have focused attention on broader issues, and AMAX at Crested Butte is having the same result.

Reduced to essentials, AMAX's intention to develop moly symbolizes a commitment to high-speed, high-tech, large-scale material progress and consumption. Although it is booming as a recreational center and resort, the spirit of Crested Butte remains that of moving slowly, treading lightly, using what's available and, here and there, scrounging. "This Ford has run without moly for 43 years," read a sign on a 1936 Ford coupe in this year's Fourth of July town parade. Crested Butte as a whole would prefer to do likewise. □

David Sumner is a free-lance photographer and writer in Crested Butte. His latest book is Colorado/Wild (Country Beautiful, 1979).



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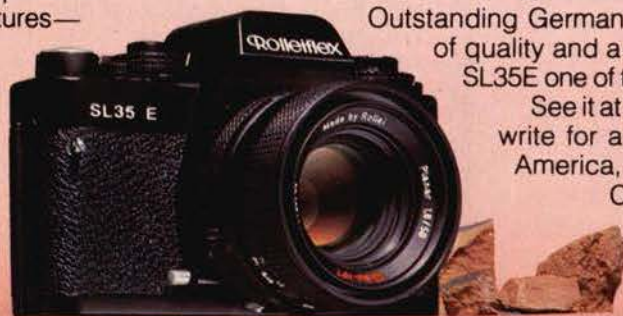
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Report

Winter Navigation On the Great Lakes

LINDA HAVERFIELD

THE GREAT LAKES have long served as a transportation route, first for explorers and more recently for shippers in the nation's industrial crescent. But the Great Lakes may well become a year-round aquatic superhighway, dredged and widened to accommodate 1000-foot ships, if lake shippers and the U.S. Army Corps of Engineers realize one of their fondest dreams.

Shipping on the Great Lakes has traditionally been seasonal, limited to the period from April 1 through December 15 of each year. The U.S. Army Corps of Engineers, however, has sought to extend the navigation season through the winter months—by using icebreakers, navigational aids and devices to prevent ice formation. Since 1971 the corps has conducted a demonstration program on the Great Lakes and the St. Lawrence Seaway. The program ended in 1979, and now the corps is seeking further congressional authorization.

There is growing pressure for year-round navigation. New port facilities are springing up for the transshipment of western coal; there's one at Superior, Wisconsin, and another one planned for Buffalo, New York. New steel mills are on the drawing boards—including the world's largest, for Conneaut, Ohio.

Congress is considering two proposals that would allow the corps to continue winter shipping. The Omnibus Water Projects Authorization Bill, S. 703, extends the demonstration program and inaugurates an annual six-week extension of the navigation season—until January 31. The extension is the first phase of a plan to implement year-round navigation on the Great Lakes and an eleven-month season on the St. Lawrence Seaway—all in all, a \$1-billion-plus program.

Keeping navigation channels open may seem to be relatively innocuous—but in reality the project could cause severe environmental damage. Little construction and no dredging are associated with the six-week extension, but the plans for year-round navigation include blasting and dredging three million cubic yards of bedrock and bottom sediment

from the Middle Neebish Channel, near Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan. The project would also involve installing hinged underwater gates on the Detroit and St. Clair rivers and providing ice-booms and bubbler systems intended to inhibit ice formation in harbors.

The extension of the shipping season will involve other disturbances; ships moving through the ice will cause wave surges, increased propeller wash and scouring of channel bottoms. The effect on lake herring and whitefish populations could be extreme; their spawning areas could be buried during fall months, when the fish lay their eggs. Damage to vegetation and wildlife habitat in wetlands could also result from increased ice movement. Year-round shipping increases the risk of oil and chemical spills becoming trapped beneath the ice, and the dredging associated with increased navigation will cause settled organic and heavy-metal pollutants to become resuspended.

Working with state environmental organizations from New York and Michigan, the Sierra Club is attempting to block congressional authorization for increased shipping. The State of New York is adamantly opposed to winter navigation and did not allow the demonstration program to continue last winter on the St. Lawrence Seaway. Both Michigan senators, Donald Riegler, Jr. (D), and Carl Levin (D), have also voiced opposition to winter shipping.

Perhaps part of the reason winter shipping is widely opposed is that the expensive program would benefit relatively few people. The principal beneficiary of the six-week extension is U.S. Steel. Representative David E. Bonior (D-Michigan) has said that U.S. Steel "gets 42% to 60% of the benefits, depending on the year studied." The corps' cost/benefit ratio projections have been questioned by environmentalists; 74% of the projected benefits are based on a questionable comparison of winter waterborne shipping rates and alternative overland rates. The benefits that would accrue to shippers would divert traffic from railroads. □

Linda Haverfield is the Club's assistant representative in the Midwest.



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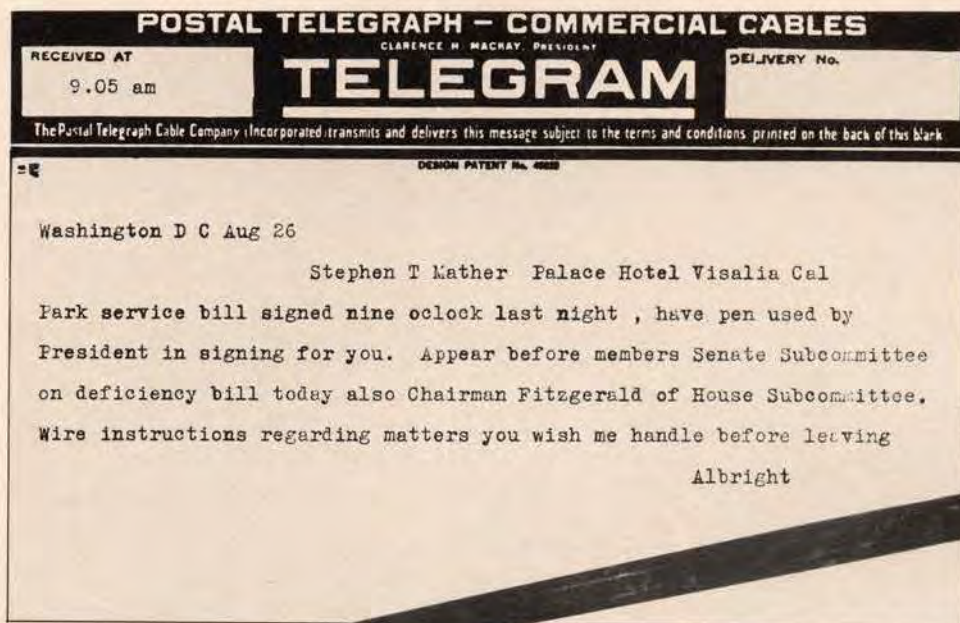
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A Talk With Horace Albright

FRANCES GENDLIN



FG: *I've been told that on August 25, 1916, you hand-carried the bill establishing the National Park Service to President Wilson for signing. Is that true?*

HMA: No, I didn't carry it personally. I induced the enrolling clerk at the Capitol to send it to the White House along with the Army appropriation bill, for that was the bill they had asked for. I had arranged with the legislative clerk at the White House to accept it and to try and get the President to sign it that day. So the clerk asked where I'd be and said that if I gave him my phone number, I would be called if the bill was signed. I said I hoped the President would sign it with a special pen that Stephen Mather could have and he said that could be arranged.

Well, about nine o'clock that evening

the phone rang, and I learned that the President had signed the bill and that the pen would be sent over to my office the next morning. So first thing, I took a streetcar down to the Western Union and sent Stephen Mather a wire.

And Mr. Mather had his Park Service that he had worked so hard to get. He hadn't expected the bill to go through because although it had passed both houses, the Congress was adjourning three days at a time. That is, they'd meet for three days and adjourn for three days. They weren't really doing anything. It was an election year. President Wilson was running against Justice Hughes, a pretty tight election, so the congressmen were all out campaigning. Mr. Mather thought he could never get the conferees together

because there was a difference in the bills. So he decided to take a party of people from Yosemite to Sequoia by the John Muir Trail. He left me in Washington to see what I could do about getting the legislators together. Each day I'd go to the Capitol and see whether they were in their offices. Well, one day it worked out. The senators and congressmen were both there. I got them together and they reached an agreement. Then it had to be ratified, which wasn't a difficulty. And so we had the National Park Service.

FG: *That was under President Wilson. Was he interested in conservation?*

HMA: Not that I ever heard of, no. I never actually knew him except to meet him at a reception or to see him in church.

FG: I'm told that Teddy Roosevelt was the greatest conservation president ever—except today, for Jimmy Carter. But just what did Roosevelt do?

HMA: Just recently I came across a newspaper clipping, the story of the employment of hunters to go to Yellowstone to clear out the mountain lions. The Park Service has been accused from time to time of being against predators. For a while we did kill coyotes but, generally speaking, the killing of predators in the parks happened before there was a Park Service. You know that Teddy Roosevelt visited Yellowstone in 1903 with John Burroughs to see the migration of the animals from the winter range to the summer range. Afterward he visited Yosemite with John Muir. But Theodore Roosevelt was a hunter, and he didn't exhibit the kind of conservation interest we think about today. He was interested in the wildlife from a hunter's standpoint. Of course, Gifford Pinchot came along as the first chief forester, running an experimental station in the Department of Agriculture, and President Roosevelt got interested in that. But he never had the feeling for conservation that Muir, Mather or Colby had. And, after all, he defected to the city of San Francisco on the Hetch Hetchy issue, as did Pinchot. The utilitarian side got into it.

FG: Then who do you think was the greatest conservation president?

HMA: I'd have to say probably Franklin Roosevelt. He established the CCC and the Shelter Belt, and he supported parks wherever support was needed, including the creation of Everglades National Park and the expansion of Grand Teton. He was the man who consolidated all park activities into the Park Service and created the Fish & Wildlife Service. He also appointed Secretary Ickes. Now, you don't hear very many people cheering Harold Ickes, but he was undoubtedly the greatest Secretary of the Interior we ever had. Conservation was his chief interest.

If you look in the diary of Ickes, you'll see that he claims President Roosevelt promised to create a new agency, calling it either the Department of Natural Resources or the Department of Conservation. That meant moving the Forest Service back to the Interior Department, and it also meant consolidating the water-resource activities, the Army Corps of Engineers and the Reclamation Service, into the agency. But they never could get it through.

FG: So 35 years later they're trying to do it again.

HMA: Yes, but I doubt they'll get it

through this time, either. Of course, people wonder why President Theodore Roosevelt put the Forest Service into the Department of Agriculture in the first place.

FG: Didn't it start first in Interior and then get switched to Agriculture?

HMA: Sure. In 1890, President Harrison—well, first I want to say something about Harrison as a conservationist,



Horace M. Albright at the beginning of his career.

because it was he, after all, who got us Yosemite, Sequoia and General Grant, and it was also he who established the first Forest Service. He established the great Sierra Forest that surrounded Yosemite. Before he left office he had established thirteen million acres as national forests. Then, during Cleveland's second term, through McKinley's and on into Teddy Roosevelt's administration, more and more forests were created. Pinchot, meantime, was in the Department of Agriculture with his forest experimental station, but the forests were in Interior. Roosevelt had the choice of bringing Pinchot over to Interior or taking all the forests out of Interior and transferring them to Agriculture. So, why did he do it? Well, the main reason, as everybody knew at the time, was that in those days appropriations for the Agriculture Department were not made by the Appropriations Committee.

FG: Who made them?

HMA: The Committee on Agriculture. Several departments got their money that way; that's why they got disproportionate amounts. The War Department, for instance, got its money from the War Committee, and the Post Office got its money from the Post Office Committee. The Appropriations Committee made

appropriations for all the rest of the departments, and Interior was one of them. It took its chances with all the rest of them.

FG: So the forests got more money by being in Agriculture. And Teddy Roosevelt thought he was doing something for conservation by putting the forests there.

HMA: Sure, that way he could get money for them that he didn't think Congress would otherwise give. But I don't believe he was thinking in terms of conservation. He was cooperating with Pinchot in developing a forest system, and that was when they created the Forest Service, in 1905. They established more and more forests, but not with all the ideas we have now about forests. There was no wilderness thought of. There was a utilitarian angle to it. They wanted the forests to be preserved, to be cut on a selective basis, to be protected from fire, and they wanted to study and increase them, but mainly for use as a resource. So Roosevelt had his conference, which has often been called the White House Conference on Conservation, but it wasn't conservation as we know it today.

FG: What was the conference about?

HMA: Utilization of resources. Save them, protect them, develop them—but for use.

FG: So, Roosevelt was very much influenced by Pinchot.

HMA: Oh yes, he sure was, and they both gave in to San Francisco, and we lost Hetch Hetchy. You see, they didn't differentiate in their own minds between national parks and national forests. As a matter of fact, Pinchot had a mind to take over the parks; there was no one else looking after them, there was no bureau. And he might have, if Mather hadn't come along. Mather was a conservationist as we think of them today. He wanted to protect these areas for all time. He wasn't trying to get everything, though—only the parks of the best quality. That was one of the reasons the Forest Service opposed the Park Service so much in the early days; they were fearful that Mather was out to get everything he could from the forests. Well, all through the years when FDR was President and Ickes was Secretary, they couldn't create their Natural Resources Department because Gifford Pinchot was still in the way. After he left the Forest Service he was twice elected Governor of Pennsylvania; he was a very powerful man. And FDR wasn't able to overcome Pinchot's opposition. That was terribly hard on

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President Theodore Roosevelt glowers at the camera on a trip to the West; the gentleman with the white beard is John Burroughs, the naturalist.

Ickes because that agency was the one thing he really wanted.

FG: *What about you, though, where do you fit in? I know you come from Bishop, California, in the mountains. You were at the University of California when you met William Colby, then Secretary of the Sierra Club, and he had a great influence on your life.*

HMA: Yes, he did and we were friends until the day he died. He was nearly 90 years old when he died, you know, just about the same age I am now.

FG: *How did he influence you?*

HMA: Well, my grandfather and my parents were pioneer mining people. I was born in Bishop, the same year Yosemite became a National Park, in 1890. We lived in Candelaria, in the mountains. My mother didn't want me to be a mining engineer, although my father did. So I went down to the University of California, class of 1912, still uncertain as to what I wanted to do. I went into their Department of Commerce. Somewhere along my sophomore year I met Will Colby. I sought an appointment with him because he was Lecturer of Mines. Colby encouraged me to study mining law. He took particular interest in me, I think, because of my mining background and because I came from the Sierra. And that was the beginning of our great friendship. When I entered law school I took his course, and he became sort of an advisor to me.

FG: *What was Colby like?*

HMA: Well, I'm poor at describing people, but he was a magnificent specimen of manhood. Tall, with a strong face. He was kind, terribly interested in the outdoors and in the Sierra Club. He was secretary of the Club, even in those days. And he always wanted to help anyone who was interested in mines.

FG: *Didn't Colby ask if you wanted to meet John Muir?*

HMA: Yes, he said there was going to be a little meeting, and asked if I would like to meet John Muir. Well, of course I was already reading John Muir's articles, I knew all about him and talked a lot with Colby about him. I said yes, I would. So I went to the meeting. I had just a few minutes with Muir. Later, Colby told me that Muir had been particularly glad to meet someone from the High Sierra, from the Owens Valley. He didn't make any suggestions as to what I should do; I suppose he assumed I was going to be a mining lawyer because I was studying with Colby.

Well, after a while I had an opportunity to go to Washington to work with Interior Secretary Franklin Lane. One of the people who advised me to go was Colby. His point was that the Interior Department was the public lands department, and that's where the mining claims were going to be passed on—water and homesteading, too—everything related to public lands. So I went.

They were right in the middle of the Hetch Hetchy controversy then. I found myself on the secretary's staff watching

Hetch Hetchy go down the drain because Secretary Lane was the man who put Hetch Hetchy through. There again, Teddy Roosevelt comes in because he had appointed Lane as an Interstate Commerce Commissioner. The ICC is bipartisan, and Lane was a Democrat. He was a personable fellow, a fine lawyer and an excellent commissioner. But he was right there where he could propagandize for Hetch Hetchy, which he did. And so, when the Democrats won in 1912 it was natural that he was pushed for Secretary of the Interior. I don't think there was any other reason he was made Secretary, except to get Hetch Hetchy for San Fran-

with paintings by Moran and others from all over the country. He had a program of speakers, and he devoted an enormous amount of time late in 1916 and in 1917 to getting that together. Well, it all resulted in his breakdown. Before that conference was over he was showing signs of exhaustion, and after it was over he was so very exhausted he had to be taken to a sanitarium near Philadelphia; he was there many months. That left me to organize the Service. Now, this is a subject I've been very touchy about; I don't want in any way to have myself substituted for Mr. Mather in the founding of the Service.



Horace Albright with Stephen Mather, the Park Service's first director, and an impressive Packard.

cisco. He became Secretary in March 1913, and San Francisco had Hetch Hetchy by that December. I was right there all the time and saw the volume of protest letters come in. Practically nobody was for it, except San Francisco people. There were thousands of letters against it, but the Secretary was adamant; it had to go through.

FG: And in 1916 the Park Service bill was signed, and you and Mr. Mather had to develop the Service.

HMA: The act of August 25, 1916, creating the National Park Service didn't establish the Service; it authorized it. You had to have money to establish it, and there was no money available during the rest of 1916 or the early part of 1917. So Mr. Mather continued as Assistant to the Secretary, and at that time I was Assistant Attorney for the Interior Department.

To celebrate the creation of the NPS, Mr. Mather called a conference in Washington in 1917. He had a big art exhibit

FG: But these facts are all well-documented.

HMA: Yes, but you have to differentiate between the founder of the Service and its organizer. And it fell to me to organize the Service. I was handling all park affairs in his stead, and we were headed for war. President Wilson was inaugurated for his second term in March of 1917 and on April 6 we went into the war. The Park Service was still without any money, but a deficiency bill provided money to fill out the fiscal year, and that enabled us to start the Service. I was appointed Assistant Director and Mr. Mather was appointed Director, but he couldn't take the oath of office until sometime in May.

FG: You were acting as Director while Mr. Mather was ill. That happened several times during the course of his directorship, didn't it?

HMA: Yes, in the summer of 1918 he had a relapse, and he had to go away for a month or two. He was also away most

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of 1922, but Mr. Cammerer was Acting Director at that time because I was at Yellowstone.

FG: *You were Assistant Director and Superintendent of Yellowstone at the same time. When did you go out there?*

HMA: At the end of the war. I was kept out of the war by my job, and that was hard on me because I had a very great interest in the military. I was born and reared in the mountains where I never saw a soldier or a sailor. Once, when I was thirteen, my mother had to go to San Francisco, and I went along. It was the first time I was out of the mountains, and I just *had* to see a soldier or a sailor. So, we went down to the docks and watched them load the transport Sherman, but the men were mostly dressed in dungarees, and we didn't see any uniforms. It didn't look military. Just before the boat was to sail, two young men walked past us, magnificent looking fellows in beautiful blue uniforms with maroon stripes and shoulder straps. I was just thrilled to death. The next morning there was a front page story about who those men were.

FG: *Who were they?*

HMA: Douglas MacArthur and Ulysses S. Grant III, just graduated from West Point and on their first assignment. When I went to the university, I took an interest in the military, and when the war came along there was no doubt in my mind I'd get a commission. But the Secretary said I had to wait until Mr. Mather came back. And I never got into the war. It was hard on me because I felt outside, like I wasn't doing my duty. But I was Director all during the war.

And with the war wanting all the money, Congress wasn't in any mood to give us much. My first experience with the Appropriations Committee was pretty rough, but we managed to get through. In the meantime, we had Yellowstone. We had taken out the soldiers who ran it previously, and we'd let the automobiles in. We reorganized all the concessions, and with the influx of people we knew what was going to happen. So Mr. Mather told me to take over Yellowstone.

FG: *You were Superintendent of Yellowstone and lived in that area for many years. You once told me that you've had a love affair with Yosemite all your life, but from what I really understand of you, I think it's really been with the Tetons.*

HMA: Well, I certainly did. Of course that Grand Teton situation was in a class by itself. In July 1916 Mr. Mather had me organize a little group to go to Yel-



In 1928, Superintendent Albright (in uniform) showed a group of distinguished visitors around Yellowstone National Park. From left: President Harding, Interior Secretary Herbert Work and Park Service Director Stephen Mather.

lowstone. This was just before he made his August trip to Yosemite. One night we went down and saw the Tetons, and we were just flabbergasted by the beauty and the majesty and the glory of those mountains. I was detailed to run down the situation: Why weren't the Tetons in the park? Why were they just standing out there to regret, so to speak? Well, people had tried back in the 1890s and again in 1902, but nothing more had been done. And it was a wild, beautiful country and nobody lived down there except for a few ranchers and a couple of tourist dude-ranchers.

When we got back to Washington, one of the things we put on the schedule was to see if we couldn't make a national park of it, and so we worked out a program and then a bill. Congressman Mondell from Wyoming wanted it, and he pushed it through the House. But when it got to the Senate, the senator from Idaho held it up because he thought we were taking in the west side of the Tetons down to the state line—which we weren't at all. Apparently he couldn't understand maps, or didn't want to. Anyway, that first Congress after the war fell into a filibuster, and it ended with all legislation gone. It went down the drain, and with it our Tetons bill.

The next year I became Superintendent of Yellowstone. My job was to get that park. I worked all the time I was there and didn't get it. For ten years. Of course we had tremendous opposition. We just couldn't convince the ranchers that the only way we could save that country was make a national park of it. They were afraid we would build roads and encourage tourists. Well, we were in a fight all the time, every place.

FG: *But then, eventually, the right man came along, and you met John D. Rockefeller II.*

HMA: That was a long time later. In 1924 he came out to Yellowstone with his three older boys. Of course, I was under strict orders not to make a proposal to him, either to get his influence or to seek any grants. I was just to see that he and his sons had a good chance to enjoy Yellowstone, and I couldn't mention the Tetons and the park to them. On the other hand, I wanted him to see them. So while working up the itinerary, I fixed it so they traveled down from Old Faithful. He would get a glimpse of the Tetons from the lower part of Jackson Lake at some distance, but still he could see them, turn around and come back and not meet anybody. I thought if I couldn't have my friends talk to him about the need for sav-

ing the area, I didn't want my enemies to do it. So in 1924 he saw the Tetons, but he didn't hear anything from me about a park.

Two years later he came back with his wife and his younger sons. At that time I wasn't under any restrictions. I arranged a trip for them through Teton country and took them pretty much all over. Before I could tell him about our project, Mr. and Mrs. Rockefeller both were horrified at what was going on—by that time there were dams, fences and telephone lines. Before we had gone very far, he asked me to find out what the area around there could be acquired for and to give him a report. Later on, we were on a hill where we could look over the valley, and I said we had a dream that we'd make a national park out of all that, but he didn't say anything, and neither did Mrs. Rockefeller, nor their boys. That disappointed me. After they had gone, I felt I had better concentrate on just the small area he had mentioned when we first talked about it. So I had a study made with maps, and in the fall, when I went back to Washington, I went on up to New York and made an appointment with Mr. Rockefeller and showed him the study. Only about \$200,000 was involved. He took a look at it, and said "Mr. Albright, this isn't what I asked you for." And then he told me he was interested in what I showed him from that hill. I said "Mr. Rockefeller, you didn't tell me that. Let's get the chronology of this straight." So I tried to explain to him in detail just what was said, where and when. But no, he said, "You know, I'm only interested in ideals. You called it a dream. That's what I'm interested in." Well, I was flabbergasted. "Mr. Rockefeller," I said, "that might cost you a million and a half or two million dollars. There's an awful lot of land involved that has to be purchased." He said, "Well, leave it to me." So I went back and got the data for him, and he agreed to go ahead, and it cost him about a million and a half for 35,000 acres.

But still we didn't get that park, not until February 1929, a little over a month after I became Director. It was 150 square miles and took in the Tetons and the smaller lakes. We didn't get Jackson Lake, the river, or the country on the other side, or the Sagebrush Flats. We didn't get the whole thing, including Mr. Rockefeller's lands, until 1950.

FG: *What took so long?*

HMA: Politicians. Fighting them at every turn. Everyone. Governors, senators, everybody. But we stayed right with it. And what a lucky thing it was we got

that park, because land Mr. Rockefeller bought at around \$50 an acre is now selling for \$5000 an acre.

FG: *A lot of people would love to develop in that area.*

HMA: On my goodness, yes. But the Park Service won't let them do it. You know—I don't know just how to put this—I have the feeling that those parks are being loved to death. There are more and more people in Yellowstone, but fortunately a lot of them just go through and take a look.

FG: *This a major problem. Many of the parks are being loved to death. Yet you and Mr. Mather had to entice people to go to the parks. The fancy resort hotels like the Ahwanee, the El Tovar and the Old Faithful Inn were built. You wouldn't do that today, would you?*

HMA: No, no. We'd build inns, but not to attract tourists. We'd do it because they were needed. You must remember that we didn't get appropriations for the parks unless we could show they were being used. Beginning in 1915, no more than \$10,000 could be appropriated for a park without a special act of Congress. So we couldn't put in an estimate for more than that until we had put through another bill repealing that \$10,000 provision. It soon became very clear that unless we could show a lot of people were using the parks, we couldn't get that stipulation removed.

FG: *You had to show that there was great interest.*

HMA: Yes. It didn't reach the point where many people thought we had too many visitors until after World War II.


FG: *You were in on the beginnings of other parks, too. Can you give us another story?*

HMA: A lot of things have been written about the Everglades, but not how it got started in the first place.

FG: *When was that?*

HMA: The Park Service came into it in 1930. The Audubon Society began acquiring pieces of land down there to try and save the birds. There was no thought of a national park until a landscape architect began to agitate for one, and he kept it up for several years. People thought of the Everglades as a big useless swamp. But he kept at it, gathering more friends. Then when Ruth Bryan Owen became Representative from Miami—she was William Jennings Bryan's daughter—she introduced a bill directing the Secretary of the Interior to study the Everglades as a possible national park.

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So in early 1930 I organized a group to go down and study it. There were six or eight in all, including Mrs. Owen and a lady by the name of Marjorie Stoneman Douglas. The first thing we did was fly over the area, and we realized you couldn't see anything at all from a plane. Everything looked exactly alike. So Mrs. Douglas and Ruth Owen commandeered a Goodyear blimp, and that blimp was just the thing. We could fly low or high, fast or slow. We could count the birds in the rookeries, and we could see where the Seminole Indians lived. Then we hired a houseboat, and we took a big motorboat, a canoe or two and went up the various rivers. We'd anchor the houseboat, take the motorboat up the branch streams, and sometimes go a little further in the canoes. We saw the plants and the trees and the birds and noted the general topography of the land. We were very much impressed with the possibilities of the area, so we made a favorable report. Ruth Owen took that report and introduced a bill to make the Everglades a national park. We had hearings, and there hangs a tale.

Mrs. Owen had a full meeting with the Public Lands Committee, which is now the Interior Committee, and she had all the members there. She brought on all the witnesses and selected one man she knew very well, a doctor from Johns Hopkins. He'd been going to Florida for years and knew the Everglades. Well, he took up quite a bit of time with his collections of shells and plants, his photos; he even brought along a small herbarium. Just as he was finishing his talk, he said something like "Oh, I forgot something," and he reached down under the table and out of his sack he took a king snake!

Well, everything broke loose. A couple of congressmen went over backwards in their chairs. Others ran out into the hall. One woman fainted. There were several screams. And the stenotype operator looked up, saw the snake coming toward him, and he went over backwards with his machine still in his hands. Ruth Owen went right up and picked up that snake and wrapped it around her neck. She said she had never touched a snake before. But that brought order to the thing and the park bill—which became "the Snake Bill"—was reported out favorably.

Shortly after that came a day you don't hear much about anymore. It was called Calendar Wednesday. It was reserved for specific departments, starting with A and going down the line. In the course of time the Interior Department's day came. So I

went up to the Capitol and sat down in the gallery. Representative La Guardia of New York was talking about the Park Service, and he mentioned my name. I thought, "There's something doing here; I better find out what it is." So I rushed downstairs, got the doorkeeper to bring Ruth Owen off the floor, and I asked whether they were debating our Everglades bill. "I should say they are," she said. "They're killing it. It's a filibuster." She said, "La Guardia doesn't know anything about it; he's just standing up there talking about the Park Service." I said, "For heavens sake, withdraw it, if it's going to be defeated anyway. We have plenty of other bills that ought to go through, but if he ties it up all day, we'll lose Calendar Wednesday." So she went in and withdrew the bill.

FG: *La Guardia was against it?*

HMA: I knew him quite well. He was a very good park man and was for us. He wasn't against the National Park Service. But he had joined the group to filibuster against the Snake Bill.

FG: *When did you finally get Everglades?*

HMA: Several years after that. They didn't have any luck with it for two or three years after I left the Service, but they finally got it through. Now, that's quite an interesting beginning, isn't it?

FG: *It certainly is. Tell me now, please, about that famous love affair of yours with Yosemite. When did you first go there?*

HMA: About 1904. I was in the old Yosemite, before some areas were withdrawn.

FG: *You mean Yosemite was larger and parts of it were taken out of the park? Why was that?*

HMA: Mining interests. The Minaret country and much timberland was eliminated from the park on demand of mineral and other local interests. More than 400 square miles were taken out of Yosemite.

FG: *How did they withdraw it?*

HMA: Congress passed an act in 1905 establishing new boundaries. But I was in Yosemite before then, in the high country—in the Minaret country, at the headwaters of the Tuolumne River and in Mono Pass. Well, I just loved Yosemite, and Mr. Mather did, too. It was his favorite park. With the help of friends, but mostly with his own funds, he acquired all private rights—mainly toll rights—to the old Tioga Road, and he presented it to the government. In setting out to ad-

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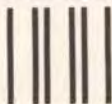
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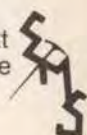
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minister the parks he wanted a model park. Since Yosemite was his favorite, he devoted himself to it the entire time he was Director. He went there several times a year, and he got committees to visit the park. In fact, he hadn't been in office very long when he got the subcommittee of the Appropriations Committee to go in there. Until then, the most they had for Yosemite was \$30,000, and Will Colby claimed the Sierra Club had a good deal to do with getting even the first \$30,000.

FG: *What do you think about what's happening now in Yosemite and about the current master plan?*

HMA: I'm not sure anybody likes the master plan. One side feels it doesn't do enough to eliminate development from the valley, and another feels it does too much. I'm very much for the status quo. I think the park has never been in better condition, never more beautiful, never better administered and concession services never better. All that is needed is a plan for reservations for admission to the valley during peak periods of travel. A reservation system can control that; it's being done in many places. In fact, it's being done now with the Tower of London and at the Parthenon. They're up against this problem of loving a place to death, too.

I wouldn't want to see the headquarters of the park moved out of the valley to El Portal. People aren't going to go 25 miles out of their way to find the superintendent of the park.

The park is in better shape today than it ever has been. Have you read a book called *Innkeepers of Yosemite*? We had hotels all over the place, one between Vernal and Nevada Falls. They cut timber there, and they grazed the meadows. The roads were terrible, and Mr. Mather had them paved, new bridges built and the old buildings removed. Today I think we should have restored the hotel, the way we're saving much of the Old West. The Sentinel Hotel, it was called.

FG: *One of your main areas of interest has been the preservation of historic areas under the national park system.*

HMA: Yes, I think I was born with it. I tried to save the historic as well as the scenic and natural features. We were drawn into it when Mr. Rockefeller undertook the restoration of the old Williamsburg. For our part, we bought Yorktown and Jamestown; the Colonial National Historical Park now includes all three of them. Williamsburg is an inholding in the park. We've connected them all

with a parkway, which is very beautiful. Then we went on to Morristown. Valley Forge has just been turned over to the Park Service, and they're studying it. I predict they're going to find that the winters at Morristown were just as hard to bear as those at Valley Forge. Washington himself had a good place to live, you know—he wasn't in a tent during those long hard winters.

FG: *Do you think the historic monuments are being given enough attention in the current park system?*

HMA: So far as I know, they are. I know they've done a great deal to round out some of them. For instance, the Army parks such as Gettysburg and Antietam commemorate only the highpoints of the battles. Antietam was just a series of roads along which the troops traveled; most of the fighting of the Civil War was done along roads. Well, they're planning to put it together so you can't put developments in between them. Chattanooga and Chickamauga are already pretty well developed. There are very few of the old battlefields you can do anything with. President Eisenhower, of course, made Gettysburg outstanding because he bought a farm right next to the battlefield, but while he enjoyed taking people out over the battlefield, he didn't go ahead with any plans to fill out the park. Not an acre of the first day's battle at Gettysburg is in the park. Also, Eisenhower's coming there and building a home induced other people to come; the land rose rapidly in value, and much more land was taken up and used that should have gone into the park.

FG: *Do you have a favorite park?*

HMA: I was afraid you'd ask that question. Well, it's got to be between Yosemite and Yellowstone. Yellowstone because I was there for so long and know every particle of it. After each season was over, I'd go into the back country to see the park. It took me ten years to see all of it. Yellowstone, you know, is as big as Delaware plus Rhode Island. And unless you devoted a couple of summers to do it, you couldn't get anywhere, and I could only do it in the fall. It's cold and stormy then, and we put up with an awful lot of trouble to do it, but we did. As for Yosemite, it has just been sort of with me all my life, and it's near where I was reared. I also lived in Yosemite for many months in 1927 and 1928 to monitor affairs following the opening of the all-year road and the new hotel. Which park do I love best? I'm glad this is a question I don't really have to decide. □

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*In This Second Interview, the Current Director
Talks About the National Park Service Today*

A Talk With William Whalen

FRANCES GENDLIN

FG: *Recently I talked with Horace Albright about the early days of the Park Service. With only a handful of employees, the Service's main thrust then was to interest people in the national parks. But now you have so many people coming to the parks that it's getting to be a problem, and you have an enormous staff. Just how many employees are there in the National Park Service?*

WW: We have 9000 permanent employees, and about 22,000 at the peak of the summer season; so it's grown immensely since the early days.

FG: *With so much administrative responsibility, are you able to act as the nation's foremost national parks advocate?*

WW: I see myself as having three roles. First, I certainly am an administrator. With 323 operating units of parks, monuments and recreation areas covering 31 million acres throughout the country, there is no doubt that I have to be an administrator. The other two roles are those of teacher and steward. As a teacher, I believe it's our responsibility to teach the public about natural and cultural history, and possibly to do some innovative things, using parks as exemplars. My third role is steward of the land; this is probably the most important. As director of the National Park Service, I am a passing steward. I recognize that the day will come when I will no longer be director. But I hope to pass on to the next director a system as good as I found it and, I hope, a lot better. That's going to mean a lot of work, reclaiming some of the park lands for the people rather than allowing some old practices to continue.

FG: *Such as?*

WW: Developments that have occurred right in the prime resource. Yosemite Valley's a good example. If we had just discovered Yosemite Valley today, we wouldn't build Yosemite Lodge and all the other buildings there today. The steward's role is to look ahead to cutting



Current Park Service Director William Whalen talks with Horace Albright.

back some of that non-essential development in Yosemite. I would say the day is coming when the automobile will no longer be essential in the Valley. And many other things. You mentioned the word "advocate." I feel I have to be the spokesman and advocate for preservation of open space in America. The national park system must play an advocacy role in protecting the best of what's left in America, especially if other people are unable or unwilling.

FG: *Can you give me an example?*

WW: The Santa Monica Mountains is a good example of local people being unwilling to assure future generations of a clear viewshed and airshed along that coast. I became the advocate in that case. I guess it could be reasonably argued that the Santa Monicas aren't of prime national recreational significance, but in our advocacy role I felt we should get involved. Fortunately, the legislation allows us, after a period of time, to transfer the park back to the state or to some regional jurisdiction. The point is that we

were advocates for the protection of the Santa Monicas. This is happening in other places, and we're going to continue the role as long as I'm director. You win some and you lose some in the executive branch, but I feel that it's also my role to be an advocate to Secretary Andrus. He has to make economic and political decisions—or the President does—but I think Mr. Andrus deserves a professional's recommendation from me on what should be preserved in America.

FG: *There are always problems, though, when there are opposing interests. Will you always be fighting piecemeal development of the parks, such as the effort to put a road into Canyonlands National Park? How do you see yourself as mediator between opposing interests?*

WW: There's a lot of beauty in opposing interests. The enabling legislation that established the Park Service in 1916 requires us to preserve the parks for future generations. But the same legislation also, in effect, says they are for use and enjoyment. So we have a conflict right

there. As long as that legislation is the way it is, we're always going to have tugs from both sides. As the administrator and the steward of the national park system I'm going to err on the side of preservation. We have come through the development era of the system, and now we have plenty of visitors. In fact we're getting to the point, with the emergence of a much more recreation-hungry, mobile society, that some limits are going to have to be placed on how many people can get into certain parks.

FG: *Again, can you give me an example?*

WW: Before I'd impose a limit on Yosemite Valley or on the south rim of the Grand Canyon, I'd want to make certain that we've done every technological thing that we can to reduce the human impact, whether fostering alternative transportation systems or stopping traffic and having people walk into an area. We don't want to start keeping people out until we've exhausted all the management tools at our discretion, but eventually we're going to have to face the problem. I would say we're going to see it happen in the 1980s, simply because of the visitor growth rates of one or two percent more each year to the national parks. We can't accommodate that kind of growth in the Yosemite Valley or on the south rim of the Grand Canyon.

On the south rim, for example, if we can work out a deal to provide water from the Colorado River to the little village of Tusayan in return for placing proper controls on development, then we can start pulling development away from the south rim, having people park their cars at Tusayan; and then we could move them to the canyon by some form of mass transportation. That's the kind of future I'm looking at in relation to the south rim.

FG: *Just what's happening to the Colorado River Management Plan now? It's been years, and a plan for managing boat trips on the river still hasn't been released.*

WW: The Colorado River Management Plan is currently being massaged to death by my staff.

FG: *Can't you speed it up?*

WW: As far as the plan is concerned, I think your readers are going to feel pretty good about our final decision. I'm a little upset that our people haven't given more priority to getting it to me so I can make the decision on it. I sure would like to get that one behind me.

FG: *The rumor is that Arizona politicians such as Representatives Stumps*

and Rudd and Senator DeConcini are so upset by it that the plan will die.

WW: That's absolutely untrue.

FG: *Or that it will go back again "for more study."*

WW: There's no need for more study. We're in the decision-making time. I spent a week on the Colorado River, floating it from Phantom Ranch to Diamond Creek. I talked with people on oar-powered trips and on motor-powered trips. I met with concessioners. I've talked with congressional leaders, and I'm at the point of making a decision. The only thing keeping me from making the announcement right now is that if I did so without having the environmental assessment in my hand, I would, in effect, be violating the law. But I'm ready to go ahead with the decision because I know all of the material that's going to be in the assessment.

[Editor's note: This interview was conducted on April 12. On August 3, Mr. Whalen announced the Park Service's decision to ban motorized travel on the Colorado River within Grand Canyon National Park by 1985.]

FG: *Back to opposing interests: Such people as Senator Stevens on the side of development in Alaska oppose your efforts at preservation. How do you handle that? Where do you see the Park Service's greatest constituency and strength?*

WW: With regard to Alaska, I think our greatest constituency lies in the American public here in the lower 48. I don't have a lot of fears that Alaska is ever going to be overdeveloped. It's the intention of the Fish and Wildlife Service and the rest of us to go very slowly in Alaska; any developments in the next four to ten years are going to be ones that lie lightly on the land.

FG: *Are you starting the implementation of your responsibilities on the national monuments in Alaska?*

WW: We are, on a limited basis, getting ready to accept some visitors in the area. As you know, the real situation is taking place up on the Hill. Congress is going to decide just what we're going to have. We're probably going to have a bill by Labor Day, and the following year we'll really be in a position to start shaping the future for the next visitor year. This year we'll be more or less evaluating and monitoring what happens in Alaska, and we'll have some people working there. We're going after a different kind of ranger this time.

FG: *Different in what way?*

WW: I want a ranger up there who's a person for all seasons, someone who doesn't mind getting his hands dirty, one who not only can clean his own restroom but who can do his own public-relations work. We're not going to have a lot of people there, but we want people who are flexible, who can do a lot of things, meet people, make friends with the villagers they're going to have to work with. The ranger is going to have to be skilled in diplomacy and sensitivity to deal with sport hunters, someone who has the ability to deal with ambiguity, because the rules, regulations and guidelines haven't been written yet. And we certainly aren't going to try to write them all in Washington. The people who go up there the first couple of seasons are the ones who are going to have to shape the guidelines and the way the Alaskan parks will be operated.

FG: *For Alaska, do you think you might have a citizen's overview board as you do for the Santa Monicas and the Golden Gate National Recreation Area, the GGNRA?*

WW: There's nothing in any of the Alaska legislation that mentions an advisory commission. I've been concerned about that point; in fact, I talked with Phil Burton about this when the Redwoods bill was passed. I felt some kind of citizen's advisory commission should have been established for the park. Now that you've brought up Alaska and jogged my memory about how concerned I was last time, we may look at it a little more closely and see if we can make some recommendations on that. It's a very good point. I've seen it work extremely effectively at the GGNRA.

FG: *All that's going to take money, and I want to ask you about finances. What are the Park Service's priorities for expenditures, and how are appropriations keeping up with your new responsibilities? What's the money situation for the national parks?*

WW: The money situation for fiscal 1980 is just barely adequate. We bureau directors have to understand that the President's decision to hold the budget line is a good one, and I believe it is. Inflation has to be curbed in America, and everybody must participate in curbing inflation by holding budgets down. I've gone through our budget request extensively, and I can honestly report that I feel we are definitely going to be able to take care of the parks with our 1980 budget, even though it's a cut of \$17 million from what we had in 1979.

FG: How can you administer the new units of the system or provide full interpretive programs when you will have \$17 million less?

WW: In no way are we going to provide full programs in those new units. We've been able to begin developing a presence in those new units, but most of them are going to require two things: extensive land acquisition, which we'll be able to cover, and the beginnings of a master plan or a general management plan. Those are the two priorities. Then we'll move toward a very basic visitor-services program. We're just getting started.

FG: What are your financial priorities?

WW: When you look at the 1980 budget, our priorities are very clear. We put the new construction dollars we received into resource management. For example, clean water projects such as sewage systems, new water systems and so on. Then we'll be able to assure visitors that we're meeting EPA water-quality standards.

FG: Yes, but there are a number of different necessities. You have Alaska's wild lands that won't get very many visitors but will still require a lot of money. On the other hand, you have the GGNRA with 10 million to 15 million visitor-days a year. How do you decide where the money should go?

WW: In the 1980 budget, we've pretty well held the line on the GGNRAs of the system. They will have to get along with just about the same dollars they got in 1979. We have made conscious cuts in dollars for what we call cyclic maintenance—that is, maintenance not in the base budget that might go to repair a roof, for instance—and we've deferred some maintenance dollars in order to get money to get started in Alaska and other new areas.

We can't get by for long on a funding level like the one in the 1980 budget, but we can get by for now with the hope that if everyone is working together we may be able to withstand this inflationary time and be in a position to ask for more dollars later. But my priorities are pretty clear. Protection of the resources is first, and visitor services come second. So when it comes down to that call between the GGNRAs of the system and Alaska, the money is going to go to protect the natural area if it's threatened. Alaska will be threatened only if the legislation doesn't pass, not by the influx of hordes of people. And it won't be threatened by development if the legislation passes.

FG: Is your funding adequate for the historic parks?



WW: We've been doing quite well with funding for the historic areas. We no longer have the Historic Preservation Program, you know. That's been moved over to the Heritage Conservation and Recreation Service, and they haven't been able to keep their funding as high as they'd like, but I think they're back up to \$45 million again in 1980. I recently met with our own historic area people in Harper's Ferry. Their concern was not dollars, but interest from this office. They were right. I haven't placed a lot of emphasis there, but I hope to in the future.

FG: Is there anything environmentalists can do to support you in your funding problems?

WW: The environmental community has been very good about this in the last few years. Environmentalists testify each year before the Appropriations Committee, and they'll review our budget. In fact, they question us quite a bit on where our budget deficiencies might be, then they pick it up from there and testify. This relationship has been very helpful over the last few years. I know I've chided some of the conservation community on this in the past, saying that you are always around helping to get new areas, but how about a little help in getting some funding for those areas? I think you've picked up on this in the last few years, and you've done a mighty good job, so I'm pleased. I feel my relationships with the conservation community are positive. I can look back on what the Sierra Club has done for the National

Park System, sometimes doing things for us in spite of ourselves. We in the system have to be incredibly thankful for the work you all have done in helping to acquire new areas and expanding existing ones, at times even blowing the whistle. That's a very responsible position for you to take, and I don't mind it a bit. In fact, I would hope you'd do it even sooner, if you spot a crisis in a park before I do. Tell me about it; I'll be happy to hear about it because I think our goals are about the same.

The only difference I can see I have with the conservation community is with those who want to throw all concessioners out of the parks; I can't agree with that. We have to provide for the American public, and private enterprise can do a better job than the government. We need good, strict guidelines and rules to deal with concessioners, requiring them to perform in an adequate way, to charge reasonable prices and so on. In the two years I've been here, we have come to a point where we are getting a good handle on the concessions. Not many weeks go by that I don't have a concessioner in here that I've got to give some bad news, perhaps that he's not performing satisfactorily, or that he has a marginal operation, and is going to lose his right of preference if he doesn't get it cleaned up—possibly even be closed down. In fact, we're closing the Yellowstone concession down for that reason; the concessioner failed to live up to the terms of the contract. This has been going on for the past five years. I personally went through all of the concession facilities in Yellowstone last summer; they were abominable. That's the premier park in the world, and it had the worst concession imaginable. So General Host Corporation was told flat-out in a letter that it was through and that we're buying them out, we're throwing them out of the park. We intend to do that beginning October 1 of next year.

FG: What will happen with the concessions in Yellowstone then?

WW: We'll own the concession. You know, people will ask, "Why buy it out?" We have to; it's the law of the land. When we own it ourselves, we'll get a contractual concession commitment. The new concessioner will have no possessory interest and will operate that concession for us.

FG: Wouldn't that be the ideal way to run all the concessions?

WW: It might be an ideal way, but it's not very practical. In Yellowstone, it will

cost a minimum of \$17 million just to buy out General Host's possessory interest. Once that's done, we may have to spend upwards of \$50 million to bring the facilities up to a standard where you'd feel comfortable sitting down in a restaurant or staying in one of their hotels. If you multiply that kind of rehabilitation cost throughout the parks—Yosemite, Grand Canyon or Rocky Mountain—the taxpayers would just not put up with it. So that's why I sometimes say to conservationists, "Look, I'm all for regulation of the concessions, but I'm not going to advocate throwing private enterprise out of the parks." In the other areas, I would say you're all supporting me. I just wish you'd help me a little bit with threats to the parks.

FG: *In what way?*

WW: We need more support as far as the Clean Air Act is concerned, to see that the scrubber requirements on the coal-fired power plants are the strongest possible, or it's going to cause us—and you—to go to the trenches to fight every power-plant development anywhere near the parks. We need proper scrubbing devices so there will be clean air in Grand Canyon and Bryce and Zion, even in Acadia, where a coal-fired plant is now being built in Brockport. It's going to spew fumes right out over the Acadia Archipelago. It's that kind of thing we have to get ahead of. If I were to rank threats to the parks, air pollution and visibility deterioration would be number one. It's similar with water. The Everglades Park provides a good example of a park being influenced by development of the waterfront that involves draining land outside it. We're also having problems internationally, in the Waterton area and in Glacier, for instance. Some clearcutting practices in the Canadian province of British Columbia affect the Flathead River as it comes through Glacier National Park. These are areas where I think we've got to work together to put some real pressure on the people who are doing these things. I have told our Superintendents that their performance will be judged in large part on how they deal with the community outside park boundaries and with proposals for developments that could impact the parks.

We have the perfect tool now in an amendment to the Redwood National Park legislation. The Interior Secretary and I have been given a trust responsibility to the American public to protect the parks. It says, in effect, that if someone is doing something outside the park to hurt the park, then we can enjoin them



to stop. In fact, had we had that trust responsibility earlier—if it had been clearly defined—we might not have had to buy those redwood lands for \$500 million; we could have stopped loggers from doing things that affected the park's watershed. But we didn't have the authority at the time.

FG: *What is your commitment to parks in and around urban areas? How do you propose to ensure that lands around cities are set aside for urban parks for public use? How do you get a city person to use a park?*

WW: Our involvement with urban parks is a result of our successes with natural areas and recreation areas. The public realizes that operation of an area by the National Park Service generally means it will be done with some style and quality. And so with land that still needs to be protected—the public would like to see us involved. Our involvement in Cuyahoga, in Golden Gate, in Gateway and in Indiana Dunes has had very positive results. We're providing a quality recreation experience for people in those areas. We're also developing a new constituency, if you will, for the national park system, one that includes not only the people, but also members of Congress from those areas. The urban parks have broadened our political base quite a bit.

How to get people to use the urban parks? I think one opportunity we now have is through improved transportation. We have the authority to spend up to \$1 million this year, \$2 million next year and then \$3 million the following fiscal year

to develop experimental transportation systems. Another way is through outreach programs in which interpreters are made available to go into schools and the community, to talk about what people can see in the parks. In San Francisco I saw people from Chinatown and the Hunter's Point area who had never traveled across the Golden Gate Bridge to the Marin headlands—many had never been to the other side of town. When we expanded transportation on San Francisco's municipal bus system to cross the bridge so senior citizens could ride for a nickel each way, we found people getting off the bus at the other end. What a marvelous way to awaken them to some of the great natural beauty that's around! It's such things, I feel, that are going to enhance the overall quality of people's lives by getting them out into the parks.

FG: *You talked about a new kind of ranger for Alaska. But won't these urban parks also require a new kind of ranger? They're going to be dealing with people who won't say "Oh nature, I love it!" but who might ask instead, "Where's Playland?" Won't that take a new kind of interpretation?*

WW: Absolutely not. It takes a new kind of interpretation in a sense, but it doesn't take a new kind of ranger. A person who works in parks, whether it's with us, with a city park system, or whatever, has first of all to be able to communicate with people whether in Yellowstone or at the GGNRA. If you have communication skills and above-average intelligence, then you can work in either area. Obviously, some people prefer to work in Yellowstone and others in Gateway, and we try to match those things up. But it doesn't take a different kind of person.

One area that needs to be improved is the screening of our temporary employees who meet and greet visitors every year. For example, we were going to hire ten seasonals in one of the Pacific Northwest parks (I think it was the Cascades), and we had more than 2000 applicants for those ten jobs. Now, we shouldn't be hiring anybody but superb people—when we have the pick of 2000. So many people apply for these jobs that we can choose only above-average or superior people. Then we can monitor the work they do, and if they're not doing it well, we can get rid of them because there are a heck of a lot of people who want those jobs.

FG: *Isn't it true that a veteran gets a ten-point preference on the employment tests?*

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WW: That applies to permanent employees, not the seasonal hiring program. On permanent employees that's true. Veterans do get a preference; I think it's ten points if they're disabled and five if they're simply veterans. Many veterans are very, very highly qualified. If you have to allow the veteran a five-point preference, you can still hire only the best. That person has to take a test and maybe he may score only 84 and then with the preference points, winds up with 89. A lot of young people who apply have never been in the armed services and score 97 or 98 on those tests.

FG: I know there are a lot of people trying to get into the Park Service who can't do it because there are so many applications and so few jobs. I imagine that's a real problem.

WW: It's a problem for them, but not for us. For us it's a great opportunity to take only the best applicants. That may not sound good to young people trying to get into the Park Service, but unless they are the very best, they shouldn't apply.

FG: Back to urban parks: What do you think is the best way to acquire these lands? Does all land have to be bought outright through fee title? That's so costly, yet other methods such as greenline or easement don't assure use by the public.

WW: To start with, you have to come up with a good land-use plan for the parks. You start with a boundary, work up a land-use plan, and then you overlay a land-acquisition plan on it. If you have a core area that has high resource value or high recreation value, you're probably going to need a fee to buy that land. In some places, say in a buffer area, having an easement will be all you need because you're just trying to protect a viewshed; a home located there won't have a real effect on it. Near boundaries, if good, proper zoning is in effect, you may not even have to acquire an easement. But we always have that regulatory stand-by authority if a person wants to change the character of the use of important land. Then we can move in and buy an easement or buy the fee. I think we've possibly been a little too anxious in some areas to move ahead and always buy fee. We're going to have to look at something less than fee, such as proper zoning—what I'd call compatible use within the boundary—if we're going to protect broad patches of land throughout America. The dollars just aren't there to buy everything in fee that needs to have some umbrella protection. I know there's

one side that thinks you should own every damn thing in fee, but I just don't believe it.

FG: Are there areas around particular cities that you're interested in now?

WW: There's an area down in Atlanta around the birthplace of Martin Luther King, Jr. We're certainly interested in seeing that become a unit of the national park system. I think King is a person who should be memorialized in the national park system. We're also looking now at the Columbia River Gorge, which is close to cities in both Washington and Oregon. And although Pinelands in New Jersey is already protected as a National Reserve, we're studying it to see if there might be a need for a Fish and Wildlife area there or a national park unit. Pinelands is supposed to be a model for new ways to protect lands, based on great cooperation between the federal and state governments and without making it a regular park—all land bought by fee title.

FG: How can you make a unit like Pinelands work?

WW: That's what the planning process is all about. Rather than approaching it from a strictly fee-title, "draw a boundary and we'll buy everything in it" idea, Congress tried a creative way to save it. You've got to remember that a law exists only as long as the people want it to, and Congress can amend or change it. I'm sure that if Congress finds the strategy to protect the Pine Barrens isn't working and protection isn't being granted, it will add more protection through other legislation. Let's wait and see what happens.

FG: About some other areas: Do you think there will be agreement on a site for a Tallgrass Prairie National Park? How committed are you to that?

WW: We're committed to Tallgrass Prairie as our number-one legislative priority for this session of Congress. The expansion of California's Channel Islands National Monument is our number-two priority. We have been discussing various options with the Oklahoma and the Kansas congressional delegations, and we're trying to reach a point where we can all agree on a course of action that will have some chance of passing through Congress. Now, as you know, if you have absolute opposition to it from both U.S. senators in both states, the chances of getting Tallgrass Prairie National Park established are pretty slim. So we're trying to negotiate with all the interests to come up with a bill that people can support. We all agree that it

should be done. The question is how, and that's where we enter the practical arena of what's politically viable or acceptable.

FG: *What do you see happening with the idea of a Great Basin National Park in Nevada?*

WW: Great Basin is going to need a lot more study before we can come forward with firm recommendations. I think there are some means of protection there already. Whether or not they're going to prove to be enough, only time will tell. That's one of the areas that we have on our study list.

FG: *To backtrack a minute. You say Tallgrass Prairie is the number-one priority and the Channel Islands, number two. Do you see anything like another omnibus bill coming up?*

WW: It's hard to bet on what committee chairmen are going to do, but my guess is that next October or so, we'll probably see another omnibus bill. I don't think it will be as large as the bill we had last session, but I don't know.

FG: *Do you think we'll get Mt. Shasta in California into a new omnibus bill? It has such a rare ecosystem.*

WW: It's one of the places we've discussed.

FG: *Why isn't Mt. Shasta already a national park?*

WW: It's been protected by the Forest Service.

FG: *What's happened with the Mt. Mitchell, North Carolina, study area?*

WW: Mt. Mitchell was one we were required to study by the Omnibus Bill. We sent the Mt. Mitchell study to Congress with the recommendation that we not get involved with making it a unit of the national park system because it's already protected by the state and the Forest Service.

FG: *About Yosemite, some people are saying we've drafted and revised the master plan so often that the public is beginning to lose interest. Do you agree?*

WW: Absolutely not. Probably the national public doesn't have much interest in Yosemite, but in California there's intense interest. You can't do anything in Yosemite that isn't controversial in the eyes of some Californians, but I don't think there's any waning of interest whatsoever. And I feel that interest is going to continue because Yosemite is California's park, and there are so many second-, third- and fourth-generation users of Yosemite who have had a love affair with that place for a long time.

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FG: *Do you have any views on the creation of a national park in the Mohave Desert?*

WW: That's another area in the study arena. I haven't gone out there to look it over, but our staff is considering that one.

FG: *We've been concerned about the proposed new regulations that would permit more snowmobiling in the parks. Isn't that contrary to the philosophy of parks? Isn't it also contrary to the executive order on ORV use in the parks?*

WW: Before I get into the details, I want to say something. Some of my friends in the conservation movement have been a little upset that we have public meetings on snowmobile policy. Everybody was telling me to come out with a new national snowmobile policy, so we brought together an in-house task force, and it drafted what it thought might be a reasonable policy. A group of superintendents who took part, in fact, were pretty knowledgeable about the subject. We took the proposed policy to public meetings in six or eight cities around the country. Some people accused us of stirring up the issue, but you can't come out with a national policy without holding public meetings. Just because a lot of people came out in support of opening up parks to snowmobiles doesn't mean we don't hold public meetings. I failed to hold public meetings on the land-acquisition policy, and I damn near lost the land-acquisition program. We're now getting the information together, and we're going to come out with a decision on what our national policy will be. My guess is that the people of the Sierra Club will support what I've come up with. I think there's a lot of false information going out about where Bill Whalen stands on this. I'm just waiting for the staff to give me the results of those hearings, and we'll get a policy out. I can assure you and your readers right now that there will probably be a stronger policy.

FG: *A stronger policy? That means fewer areas open to snowmobiles?*

WW: That's what I'm saying—there will be less snowmobiling in the parks as a result of the public meetings.

FG: *We're always in favor of public hearings. These gave us the chance to say that we didn't like the proposed new regs.*

WW: Some other conservation groups weren't in favor of the hearings.

FG: *What's happening with the "park of the month" system?*

WW: It's getting better by the day. We had a hard time meeting the deadline the

first year. The second year we met the deadline internally, but it was tied up in the Office of Management and Budget during the review cycle. This year we're way ahead of schedule on planning for the units we have set aside for submission by October 1. We should have all our work completed by July 15, then we'll begin the internal review process.

FG: *What do you think can be done to speed up the pace of designation for the wild and scenic rivers system?*

WW: I've been assured that we are way ahead of schedule on the rivers to be studied under the Omnibus Bill. We didn't move very far in 1979, but we hope to finish well ahead of the deadline. Many of those rivers will go right into the study in the Fiscal 1980 cycle. I don't see any problem with that. We are getting to our planners not only with the wild and scenic river studies, but also with others. I think the planners of this world have overdone things; where we need only a chapter, we've been getting two books or two volumes. We're trying to streamline the process so we can get things done a lot more quickly.

FG: *Do you think, given these omnibus bills, that the park system is nearing completion?*

WW: Absolutely not. I don't think I could ever say that once we get to a certain point we won't need any more parklands. I think we have to be ever searching for lands that need to be preserved and protected, even if we have to put them into some kind of land-bank category for 20, 30 or 40 years. I've never seen any bad parkland, and it's good to know that land is protected by some public entity. I could never sit here and say that I think the day will come when our park system will be complete. Take our cultural parks: There will always be a need to commemorate people by establishing historic sites. So no, I don't think the park system is anywhere near complete.

FG: *At the beginning you said you want to maintain what was here when you came in and to leave the system in better shape when you go. What kind of new trends and directions are you interested in?*

WW: First, I want to upgrade our capability to monitor external threats to park boundaries; that means developing a much better science and technology program than we have.

Second is the quality of our personnel. We have 323 units in the park system; that means we have 323 park superintendents.

We should employ only the best resource managers and cultural managers as our superintendents. We don't need merely average park superintendents. With 9000 employees we have plenty of good people to choose from. If someone's performance is mediocre we're going to move him into another position so that only our best people are taking care of the parks. The stewardship concept applies to those people, and that role has to be constantly improving if they're doing their jobs. Third would be to upgrade some of our antiquated business finance and accounting procedures. We've grown from a system whose budget was \$5 million in 1946 to one with \$750 million today, but in many cases our internal auditing and accounting processes haven't kept up with this immense growth. So we have to come of age in the administrative area. Taxpayers will get a better break for the dollars they spend on their parks if our overhead is handled correctly.

FG: *Is there anything you'd like to say to our readers about how we can be of help to you?*

WW: The first thing I'd like to say to the Sierra Club membership is thanks for the job you've been doing. It's important. There may be times when some of our managers and staff people are short with you, but I know I can speak for all of us in saying thanks to the Sierra Club for a job well done over the years. I hope our relationship will continue to grow and to be as fruitful as it has been in the past.

As far as what you can do for me, yes, you can be my eyes and ears. You can point out to our people in the field the areas that you feel are being threatened, or those within the system that maybe we aren't managing as correctly as you think we should. I think that's very important. On the local as well as the regional and national levels, there has to be better dialogue between the citizen conservationist and the professional conservationist. We may differ sometimes, but I believe that most of our objectives are the same.

FG: *What is your reaction when we are critical of you—when we feel you're not weighing the different interests properly, or that you're not moving quickly or strongly enough?*

WW: I think you have all become quite politically sophisticated. You seem to know what buttons to push and when to push them. We're happy to have our cages rattled a little bit if you feel we're not carrying out the mandate that we were set up to do. □

Parks For the People

The National Debate

JOHN HART



Photographs courtesy GGNRA

N



o question about it—the Golden Gate National Recreation Area started something. Or maybe it would be better to say that a movement already stirring had its first confirming victory. It was not entirely new, this idea that there could be, near cities, parkland expanses large enough to measure in square miles. There were even a few precedents. In several areas, state or regional park authorities had put together splendid parcels. The federal government has been involved since 1962, when Cape Cod National Seashore and Point Reyes National Seashore got on the map. And with Indiana Dunes National Lakeshore, created in 1966, we had our first unmistakably city-linked national park.

But not until 1970 did the idea of a whole *system* of such parks emerge. It was Secretary of the Interior Walter J. Hickel who focused it. "Parks to the people!" he said and soon proposed no fewer than fourteen of them: a pair, first, at New York and at San Francisco; then others at Hartford, Boston, Detroit, Chicago, Minneapolis-St. Paul, Atlanta, Memphis, Houston, St. Louis, Denver, Los Angeles and two separate areas at Washington, D.C. Not all of these were, in themselves, impressive projects; but together they made an impressive list.

The proposal introduced the thought that major metropolitan areas, wherever they were, should (almost as a matter of *right*) have federal parks near them and linked to them. This thought was new. It was heady. It had power.

President Nixon's budget advisors sensed that power and were dismayed by it. They had no intention of spending on recreation the billions of dollars the program would have required. The President himself, up for reelection in 1972, gave

Above: Tennessee Valley, in the Golden Gate National Recreation Area.

enthusiastic backing to the first two national recreation areas, Golden Gate and Gateway; but soon after the election it was clear that the administration had no further interest in the matter.

It was too late, however, to stop the idea. Golden Gate, in particular, was a stunning precedent. Never before had so much money been spent to purchase so many privately owned acres so near a major city. The GGNRA became a prototype, a national example. The citizens of a hundred cities, distressed about the losses overtaking them, could look to this. According to one such conservation leader: "We have tended to identify with the GGNRA in San Francisco, with the hope that we might emulate its success."

The movement for urban national parks has no secretariat, no central direction. It begins in the cities themselves. Local conservationists devise their own park plans and publicize them. The national strategy consists of little more than a feeling that a given area is ripe for the push.

The first area to be ripe, after the initial pair, was not even on Hickel's original list—the Cuyahoga Valley in Ohio. The Cuyahoga, a short, gentle river, rises near the Pennsylvania line and flows to Lake Erie through Akron and Cleveland. It has a national reputation as a stream that did the impossible: In the summer of 1969, so thick was its coating of oil and pollutants, the Cuyahoga River in Cleveland *caught fire*.

But somewhat upstream, in the open land between Cleveland and Akron, the river is cleaner and runs in a broad green valley. This interurban lowland was threatened by the spreading suburbs of both cities. Regional park districts had done good work in acquiring parks in the valley but could do no more. The state had looked at the valley, considered the price of buying it and backed away. In other words, the Cuyahoga was an utterly typical piece of privately owned metropolitan open space. It was pleasant; it was valued; it was needed; and it was in desperate trouble.

In Cleveland and Akron they'd heard the slogan, "Parks to the people." So had local Representative John F. Seiberling. Eastern legislators, he pointed out, had been voting millions of dollars for western parks for years. Now it was time for a little flow in the other direction. Late in 1974 Seiberling's bill for a Cuyahoga Valley National Recreation Area of 30,000 acres passed both houses

without one dissenting vote. A reluctant Gerald Ford put his signature on the bill.

Then came a hiatus. But in 1978 four additional national urban parks were created: the Chattahoochee River National Recreation Area north of Atlanta, Georgia; the Santa Monica Mountains National Recreation Area at Los Angeles; the Jean Lafitte National Historical Park in the swamps and bayous south of New Orleans; and, vaster than all the others combined, the million-acre Pine-lands National Reserve in New Jersey.

Now that these projects, long in the planning, are cleared, we can expect to see new candidates. The backers of urban-area national parks have a list that includes most of the areas Hickel proposed and quite a few more as well. Next targets: a Columbia Gorge NRA east of Portland, Oregon; and a Potomac River Shoreline Area upstream from the national capital.

Thus the movement for urban parks accelerates. But even as it does so, its strategy is shifting. During the four blank years between 1974 and 1978, park advocates were confronting powerful critics; their approaches have changed as a result. Of the last four parks created, only one is comparable to Golden Gate or Cuyahoga.

The problem, not surprisingly, is money. The big close-in parks are magnificent; they are also exceedingly costly. Some people have been asking bluntly: "Are they worth it?"

The critics have charged that the national recreation areas, Golden Gate style, do not serve the people who face the most desperate shortage of recreational land—the urban poor and other people without cars.

They also argue that the big parks are not efficient preservers of land. They cost too much and save too little. Only a handful of valuable and threatened landscapes can be saved by public purchase—the money simply isn't there.

And so an alternative program has been offered. To meet recreational needs, it would send more federal money directly to the inner cities for strictly local projects. To preserve natural or rural landscapes, it would put faith in a more modest but highly intriguing concept: that of the "greenline park" or "area of national concern." The notion, essentially, is to create "parks"—and that is not quite the right term—built partly of public land, and partly of private land under unusually protective land-use controls.

In the face of this challenge, the

backers of major parks have not abandoned their ambitions, but they seem to have modified them. They acknowledge (as indeed they always have) the need for large investment in inner-city recreation. And though they still hope to see a lot of land put into public ownership, they are also convinced that the greenline park, or something very like it, will have to do much of the job of protecting close-in open land.

Let's look at the pressures that brought about this change, and at the national policy, still only half defined, that seems to be emerging from them.

Sixty-one million dollars to acquire the Golden Gate NRA; \$40.5 million for the Cuyahoga Valley; a projected \$155 million for the Santa Monica Mountains. Compared to the amounts spent on water projects, for example, these are not huge sums; but they add up. It was estimated several years ago that the cost of 23 new national recreation areas near cities would be \$5 billion. Today, no doubt, it would be much more. Land prices are rising so quickly that even modest purchases look forbiddingly expensive. And voters (thus also members of Congress) are no longer in a spending mood.

Yet the cost of acquisition is not the principal strain. (Looking back over the history of American parks, it is hard to find a purchase that was not regarded as extravagant when it was made—and impossible to find a case where the purchase was later regretted.)

The more troubling cost is the expense of developing and managing the property. Rangers by the dozen to meet the public and protect the land. Park police—a job recently invented—to protect the public from some of its own members. Planning staffs to spend long months in meetings and hearings. Transit systems—absolutely essential and, if done in earnest, terribly costly. Historic structures—numerous in parks near cities—to restore and save. The Golden Gate NRA and Point Reyes National Seashore together have a long-term development budget of more than \$100 million; Gateway NRA in New York is allotted \$300 million. Annual costs are approximately \$7 million for Gateway, a little less for the San Francisco parks.

Nobody says this is money ill-spent. But if the list of urban-area national parks grew to 20 or 30, the cost would indeed be daunting.

Some argue that we should be happy to pay the price, that a civilized nation

A Shopping List of National Parks Near Cities

At present the Golden Gate greenbelt is a unique specimen. It may remain so: a sweep of public open space of such size, such beauty and such integrity as to be beyond replication by another major metropolis. Yet it is not alone. It is a member, however outstanding, of a growing class.

At present there are eight federal greenbelt parks—major expanses, government owned or in the “greenline” style, that actually border on great cities. Soon there may be more.

Indiana Dunes National Lakeshore, Indiana. The oldest of the urban-area national parks. Twelve thousand acres of sand dunes and fascinating forest (wrapped around pockets of heavy industry); fourteen miles of shoreline on Lake Michigan. Twelve million people live within easy travel.

Gateway National Recreation Area, New York and New Jersey. A cluster of separate parcels around the mouth of the Hudson River estuary, 27,000 acres in all. Gateway's greatest assets are its splendid sandspit beaches and its vast wetland, Jamaica Bay on Long Island—the only wildlife refuge on a subway line.

The Golden Gate National Recreation Area, California. With adjacent parklands, it creates a unit of some 120,000 acres, almost all contiguous—nearly 200 square miles.

The Cuyahoga Valley National Recreation Area, Ohio. Thirty-one thousand acres near Cleveland. A gentle river valley with bordering steep escarpments; rocky gorges; diverse forests. On the Ohio Turnpike. Five million people live with 50 miles.

Chattahoochee River NRA, Georgia. The Chattahoochee, “river of the flowered stones,” flows from the southern Appalachians through the center of Atlanta. In 1978 it became the first great greenline park with federal involvement. About 7500 acres, in scattered tracts, are to be publicly owned; a much larger area has land-use controls imposed by the Atlanta Regional Commission.

Santa Monica Mountains NRA, California. Alplike in profile, if not in height or vegetation, the Santa Monica Mountains rise almost at the center of Los Angeles and run west along the coast for 50 miles. Megalopolis surrounds their inland side. This new national recreation area contains some 70,000 acres of state and federal parkland.

Jean Lafitte National Historical Park, Louisiana. On the southern fringe of New Orleans, around brackish Lake Salvador. Twenty-three thousand acres of Delta forest, swamp and marshland; headwaters of one of the most productive fish nurseries in North America.

Pinelands National Reserve, New Jersey. Between New York City and Philadelphia: almost a million acres of pine, oak, sand dunes and intricate waterways. This will be the principal testing ground for the “greenline” concept; a quasi-park preserved by regulation.

Many areas have been suggested as possible future urban parks; as you read this, some may already have been so des-

ignated. Here are some candidates and the cities they would be associated with:

New York. A “western metropolitan greenbelt” in northern New Jersey; also a “Suffolk County farmbelt” on Long Island—both “greenline” areas.

Boston, Massachusetts. A “greenline” park along the Charles River. Also a Boston Harbor Islands National Recreation Area.

Washington, D.C. A Potomac River Shoreline Area. Beginning near the Capitol, such a park could be 200 miles long and would absorb the existing Cumberland and Ohio National Historic Park. The Anacostia River has also been suggested as a major urban park for the district.

Miami, Florida. Water and land around Biscayne Bay, incorporating an existing national monument.

Detroit, Michigan. A possible shoreline park between Detroit and Toledo, Ohio.

Chicago, Illinois. Twenty miles of shoreline on Lake Michigan between Chicago and Milwaukee.

Minneapolis-St. Paul, Minnesota. An Upper Mississippi NRA threading between the two cities.

St. Louis, Missouri. A sizable area on the banks of the Meramec River.

Memphis, Tennessee. A Huck Finn NRA along the Mississippi.

New Orleans, Louisiana. The Pearl River, on the Louisiana-Mississippi line, could be the city's second close-in superpark.

Dallas-Fort Worth, Texas. The east and west forks of the Trinity River have both been mentioned: the East Fork for its magnificent mixed forests, the West Fork for its location in the urban corridor.

Houston, Texas. Buffalo Bayou; also, a little further out, the valley of the Brazos River.

Denver, Colorado. A Four Seasons NRA in foothill country between the city and the Front Range of the Rocky Mountains.

San Diego, California. Camp Pendleton, the vast Marine Corps base north of the city, is all that now separates expanding San Diego from the greater Los Angeles metropolis. Should Pendleton pass out of military use, it should certainly become a park.

Orange County, California. A possible park on open remnants of the Irvine Ranch coastline south of Los Angeles.

Oakland, California. Open ridgelines between Oakland, California, and suburban valleys to the east, a possible greenline area.

Portland, Oregon. A Columbia Gorge NRA where the great river splits the Cascade Range. The 80-mile park would run from rainforest on the outskirts of Portland to sagebrush desert east of the mountain chain. A lively campaign for the NRA is under way.

Seattle, Washington. A Puget Sound National Seashore has been discussed; so have parks along Hood Canal and the Nisqually River.

should give its parks a big share of the budget. Maybe so. But such a transformation of priorities does not seem likely.

One thing is certain: If the Park Service acquires a "new tier of parks," as one advocate has called them, it could quite conceivably double its need for staff and money. To avoid neglecting the old-line natural parks (and they cannot stand much neglect), the service would need a vastly enlarged budget. So far this has not happened. In fact the budget—measured either per visitor or per acre—has been steadily declining. And whatever happens in the field of urban parks, this trend toward degradation must be stopped.

From the beginning the big urban parks have been promoted, in part, as needed social services. Park supporters love to cite figures showing the amount of open space their cities have per capita (it is usually quite tiny). And they claim that their projects will bring special benefits to those who are most deprived. "Only a national park," said a proponent of the Santa Monica Mountains NRA, "can provide for real public access on a scale necessary to begin to meet the needs of the eight to ten million people in the Los Angeles metropolitan region. This huge new city is perceived differently by those who have automobiles, and those who are poor, young, old, and transit-dependent. It is the latter group who need the park."

But *is* it?

In 1977 Congress asked the Park Service and the Bureau of Outdoor Recreation to make a joint study of recreational needs in major cities. Results came back in 1978. In most of the seventeen metropolitan areas considered, the situation was labeled intolerable. Typically there are shortages of recreation land for everyone; the closer you get to the center of the city, the greater the shortage.

Did the agencies see in this an argument for urban-area national parks? They did not. Quite the opposite: They believed that large parks on the urban fringe are all but useless to the inner city, that only parks in the center itself can serve the center. Big greenbelts may be gorgeous; they may restrain urban sprawl; but considered as recreation land, they serve the same suburban folk who are already best provided with parks.

Adequate transit systems, one hopes, can help change this picture; but it is troubling. Instead of major new land purchases, the study suggested a massive program of grants to cities to help them rebuild and restore old and run-down rec-

Money for Local Parks and Recreation

The 1978 Omnibus Parks Act, among its other achievements, established "Title X"—the Urban Park and Recreation Recovery Program. Strongly supported by the Sierra Club, it provides money to cities for planning, for rehabilitating park systems and for such innovative projects as recycling underused buildings. Cities must apply for funds, and only the best projects will get them. To qualify, projects must involve: adequate citizen participation in planning and development phases, state and city commitment to improving parks, and a demonstrated record of past success.

Congress authorized \$150 million a year until 1982 and \$125 million for 1983 for the Urban Park and Recreation Recovery program. When the time came to fund the program this year, only \$20 million of the \$150 million authorized for 1979 was appropriated.

Early in September, the Senate Appropriations Committee is scheduled to consider the funding level for the program for fiscal year 1980. The House Appropriations Committee has recommended appropriating only \$125 million; the Club believes the program deserves and needs the full funding.

Letters of support for full funding should be sent to all senators and to the Senate Appropriations Committee chairman, Senator Warren Magnuson. The address is: Senate Office Building, Washington, D.C. 20510.

reational areas. President Jimmy Carter endorsed this "Urban Park and Recreation Recovery Program," and Congress enacted it quickly, authorizing \$725 million over a 5-year period.

Such rehabilitation grants do nothing to preserve open space and natural areas near cities. Now enters the thought of a land reserve of a new and relatively inexpensive kind: the so-called greenline park.

The term comes from the Adirondack Mountains of New York. In 1892 the voters of that state, distressed at the logging of the upper Hudson watershed, amended their constitution to set up the six-million-acre New York State Forest Reserve. Within that vast zone the state would try to acquire private land. The land it acquired could never again be logged: it must remain "forever wild." The boundary of that privileged forest was known, not as the green line, but as the blue line.

The thought was that, sooner or later, the state would own most of that six million acres. It never came close. Today, New York owns only about 40% of the land inside the line. The rest is private.

By the 1960s the Adirondacks had a bad case of what might be called "rural sprawl"—the clutter of second homes, motels, shops, resorts and gas stations spreading along miles of highway that increasingly marks and mars even remote regions. One expert labeled it "buckshot urbanization," a little of nothing much—everywhere. Local governments did nothing to slow this down; most had no zoning, no planning whatsoever.

What should be done? There was initial talk of consolidating the state lands

into a new national park—thus essentially giving up on the other 3.7 million acres within the blue line. But this solution pleased no one. Instead, in 1971, the legislature created a special regional agency, the Adirondack Park Commission. Its job: to regulate the use of all land within the line.

Suddenly a lot of planning was going on where there had been none before; it was a shock. There was unhappiness. There were charges of socialism, arbitrariness, confiscation, harassment. There was bitterness. But (as has been the case elsewhere) the bad time passed. The courts, as they do routinely, upheld the planning power. Landowners realized that their basic rights had not been stripped away. And today the agency seems to be doing a reasonable job of keeping the mountains rural.

Meanwhile, back in Congress, the high cost of massive urban parks had begun to trouble the legislators. It especially bothered Senator J. Bennett Johnston of Louisiana, chairman of the Subcommittee on Parks and Recreation, and his colleagues Harrison Williams and Clifford Case, of New Jersey. They turned for advice to the Congressional Research Service of the Library of Congress. In that office was a knowledgeable fellow, a specialist in environmental policy named Charles E. Little.

Little had been impressed by the example of the Adirondacks, still more by the national parks of the United Kingdom, which contain very little government-owned land. He pointed to these as a model for future preservation projects near American cities. Regions such as the Santa Monica Mountains and

the Pine Barrens of New Jersey should be protected, he argued, by buying just a fraction of the land and regulating the use of the rest. Around such a complex, one would draw not a blue line, but a green line. In comparison to traditional government-owned parks, Little saw several strong advantages in such preservation areas.

First, greenline parks are much less expensive per acre. The park agency—whatever its nature—can spend its acquisition money on special sites: lands of special natural interest, wildlife habitats, trail corridors, camping and picnic spots. It can also make its regulatory job easier by buying parcels where the pressure to develop is extreme. In other cases, it can buy partial rights to land. The bulk of the countryside—the setting—remains in private hands.

Second, such parks are less costly to manage. The landowners themselves are managers. Only certain portions are open to the public and subject to the costs that this entails. (The Adirondack Park Agency, responsible for six million public and private acres, spends less than \$1 million a year.)

Third, greenline parks disturb local patterns of life much less than traditional parks do. A town like Bolinas in the Golden Gate greenbelt—anxious above all to be left alone—might be happier in a greenline area than as an enclave within an expanse of public ownership.

Fourth, these parks can cover much larger areas than we could ever hope to buy outright—and can protect whole regions and ecosystems. The concept has been warmly endorsed by President Jimmy Carter and Secretary of the Interior Cecil Andrus.

The concept of greenline parks is like an optical illusion—like one of those drawings by M.C. Escher that contain two interlocking figures, black-on-white and white-on-black. Quite suddenly its meaning changes for you.

You can see a greenline area as a sort of weakened and extended park. It has figured thus in the present debate. Or you can see it as a zone of strengthened land-use planning and control. This, I think, is its real and greater meaning.

A greenline park such as the Adirondacks is nothing more and nothing less than an enclave of common sense. It is a line within which we agree to do, by special effort, what in fact we should be doing everywhere. And there is an assumption behind it—an observation, really—that is galling: *Americans will ruin their countryside unless there is a*

unique and compelling reason not to.

But there is also hope—in more and more places we are finding reasons not to ruin. Many states, in fact, already have regions that resemble greenline parks though they do not call them by that name. The entire coastline of California, strictly regulated by a special state commission, is such an area. San Francisco Bay can be considered a greenline park under the Bay Conservation and Development Commission. Florida's "areas of critical state concern," in which unusual protective standards apply, are similar. Some of these areas are more loosely regulated than the prototype Adirondack Park, and some more tightly; but the essence is the same.

Aware of this, perhaps, the Carter Administration has coined a new term: Little's "greenline parks" are now known as "areas of national concern."

Seen thus, the greenlines can have double value. If successful, they will protect some valuable, vulnerable landscapes. But they can serve also as demonstration areas for the kind of land-use management we can expect to come to nationwide, sooner or later, by necessity. Not incidentally, they may help to convince landowners that planning controls do not require major sacrifice—that, indeed, they can be to an owner's advantage.

Meanwhile, the debate over short-term federal policy goes on. A balance is being sought among the three lines of action.

The first, clearly, is to rebuild, clean up and expand the recreational areas found within cities themselves—corner parks, vacant lots, playgrounds—and to build up recreational programs that are just as necessary as the land.

The second action is to establish greenline areas. That many will be created seems certain. There is good hope in them.

The third line, still being pursued, is the purchase, for full public use, of major areas near major cities.

It is important that this idea is not abandoned. The greenline alternative should not become an excuse for turning down major traditional opportunities. Even in greenline parks there can be large areas of government-owned land; and even the largest traditional park could be strengthened by a greenline protective zone. There is no conflict between the two approaches. They are complements.

Better land-use controls (in whatever form they are packaged) could spare us the desperate, impractical compulsion to

buy land wholesale simply to keep it open. But in many cases public acquisition is still wise. Though regulation and partial purchase can save many values, the fullest public use and the most total protection can be achieved only by public ownership. Where there is a magnificent landscape within easy reach of the city, it should be added, if possible, to our permanent treasury of magnificent public places.

True, close-in public parks can't be considered the only answer to general open-space problems; nor can they be counted on to meet urban recreational needs. They must be valued for what they contain, for what they are. Because they are near cities, such parks can provide something that neither playgrounds, greenline areas nor distant areas usually can. That is contact, access, connection to what is wild.

To say that a scenic expanse a few miles from town is not much use to the inner city is to make an observation and also an assumption. The observation, easily made, is that users of rural parks tend to have considerable income and education, and that they are mostly white. The assumption is that this pattern is somehow unchangeable.

Most conservationists would advance an opposite assumption: that the love of uncivilized and grandly scenic places is not merely cultural but is an intrinsic human attribute. Cultural differences or mere unfamiliarity may obscure this urge, or even kill it. But the predisposition is there.

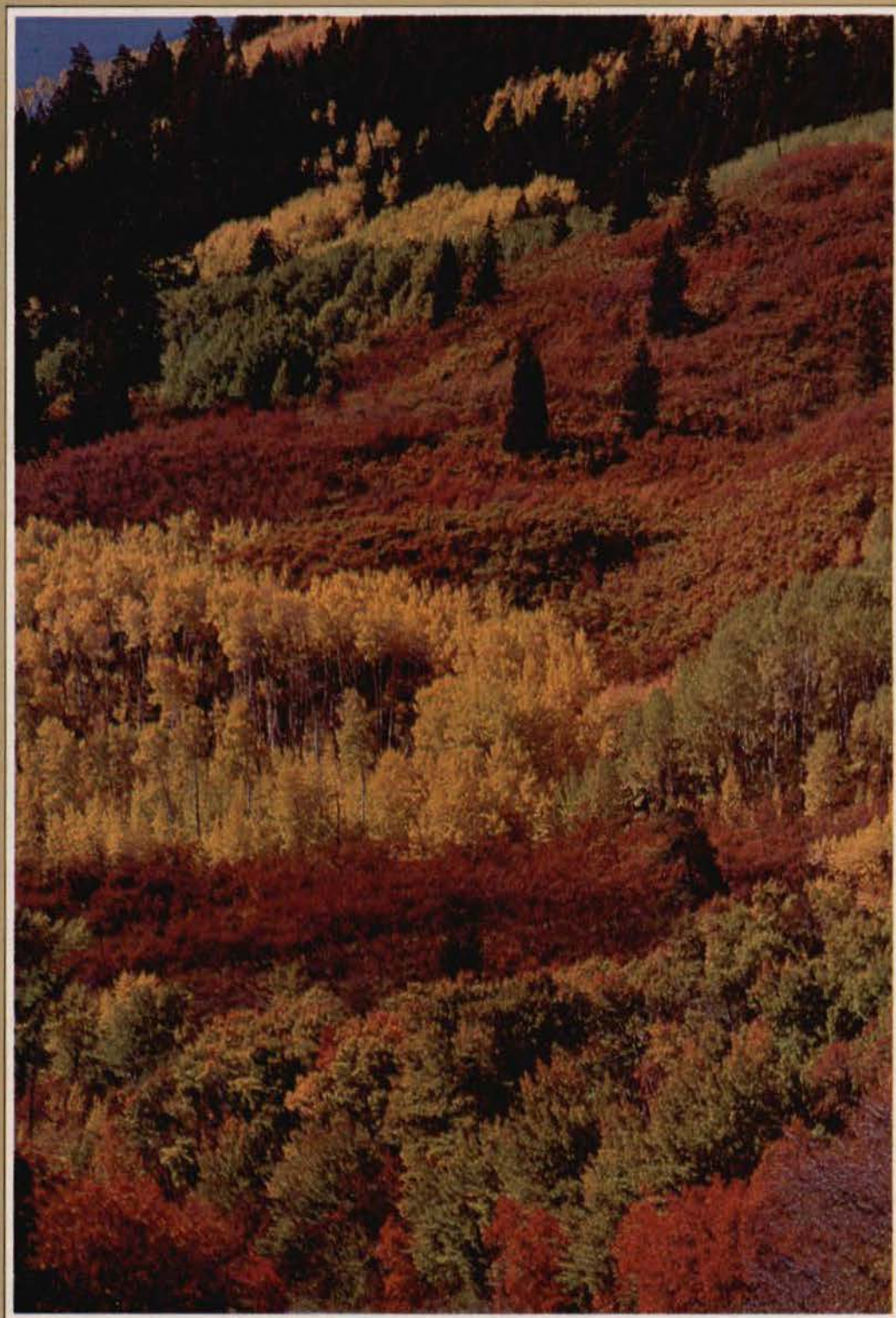
I doubt that we can save these places—the wild, the odd, the remote or the simply untroubled lands—unless the number of people who place high value on them grows vastly. These are fragile territories and fragile ideas. In an age of scarcity and short-term thinking, they risk being considered mere luxuries. They are too vulnerable, politically, to depend for their survival on an elite—even a very large elite.

In a place like the Golden Gate greenbelt, the door between the city and the wilderness is open. The whole range is there, from the landscaped city lawn to the forested arroyos of Point Reyes. With transit systems, with educational programs, with every means at hand, the promise of the greenbelt, its ability to captivate and teach, must be fulfilled. □

John Hart is the author of Walking Softly in the Wilderness, The Sierra Club Guide to Backpacking (Sierra Club, 1977). This excerpt is from San Francisco's Wilderness Next Door (Presidio Press, 1979).

SOME PHOTOS OF FALL

LLOYD ENGLERT





Lloyd Englert is a free-lance photographer in the San Francisco Bay Area.

Making the Polluters Pay

A. BLAKEMAN EARLY

IN THE SUMMER of 1978 citizens were shocked to learn that thousands of gallons of oil laced with PCBs—polychlorinated biphenyls, chemicals that have been linked to kidney and liver damage in humans—had been dumped along 211 miles of state roads in fifteen counties of North Carolina. This crisis came soon after the Love Canal debacle, in which residents of a neighborhood in Niagara Falls, New York, discovered that they and their houses had been seriously contaminated by various chemical compounds, dumped decades earlier, that had percolated into their basements. These and other incidents have served to focus public attention on the problem of hazardous waste disposal.

The North Carolina incident was ultimately traced to Robert Burns and his two sons from Jamestown, New York, who ran an illegal dumping operation. Nine months later the three men pleaded guilty to reduced charges of felonious damage to public property, in exchange for testifying against Buck Ward and his son as accessories to the illegal PCB dumping. Two weeks later a jury found the Wards innocent. Jurors said the state had not convinced them the Wards knew that the PCB-contaminated oil would be dumped illegally. North Carolinians were justifiably frustrated; the perpetrators of the incident managed to avoid major punishment for their acts, but someone still has to deal with the estimated 50,000 tons of PCB-contaminated soil that resulted from the incident. Alternatives include: treating the soil where it rests along the roadside at a cost of up to \$2.3 million; or hauling 10,000 truckloads of soil to an approved secure landfill in Alabama, at an estimated cost of \$12 million. Residents of rural Warren County, North Carolina, have protested a third proposal, that of building a new chemical dump in the county for the contaminated soil.

One of the most troubling aspects of the chemical-waste problem is the difficulty of ensuring that those responsible

for environmental and health damages bear the full costs of cleanup and compensation. Love Canal is the most blatant recent example; New York State has already spent an estimated \$27 million, of which the federal government will reimburse \$4 million. But 1000 more families still need to evacuate their homes. The state already has agreed to purchase up to 239 homes, but it does not have enough money to help everyone. And no one knows the outcome of the pending lawsuits totaling \$3 billion that have been brought to compensate those who suffered spontaneous abortions, birth defects, respiratory problems and cancer following exposure to the chemicals.

Concerned citizens and officials from the Department of Justice and New York state have been examining various legal strategies to involve Hooker Chemical Company in liability for the Love Canal tragedy. This will not be easy, since Hooker had the foresight to sell the Love Canal site to the local school district for \$1, and to insert language in the sales contract exempting the company from future liability. Hooker's claim to be a "good citizen" was discredited when company officials admitted to a congressional committee that the firm had known as much as fifteen years ago that hazardous chemicals were escaping from the site. The company failed to speak up, claiming it feared the school district might be sued by injured citizens. Hooker's reputation as a good citizen has been further eroded by litigation against it in California, Louisiana, Florida and Michigan for problems at the company's other chemical-waste dump sites.

In an incident at Hopewell, Virginia, involving contamination of the James River by Kepone, Allied Chemical paid the largest pollution-connected fine in U.S. history: \$13.5 million. But the cost of dredging part or all of the contaminated 70-mile portion of the river could run as high as \$1 billion to \$3 billion. In the second-largest pollution-related fine, General Electric paid \$3.5 million for

PCB contamination of the Hudson River. The state of New York is still waiting for a \$25-million EPA grant to pay for dredging the "hot spots" in the river, where the highest concentrations occur. The cost of removing all the PCB contamination has been estimated at \$220 million. Forcing disposers of hazardous chemical-wastes to pay for damages will be difficult.

Public confidence in the chemical waste-disposal industry received another jolt this spring. Browning-Ferris Industries, the nation's largest handler of solid and chemical wastes and a long-time advocate of strong hazardous-waste regulations, may face criminal charges in Houston, Texas. The firm mixed toxic wastes with used motor oil and then gave it to contractors to use as surfacing material for dirt roads. Shortly after the contaminated oil was applied, residents of Corrigan, Texas, reported headaches, respiratory problems and livestock deaths. The incident clearly raised the question: Who can you trust?

The problem developed slowly; U.S. industry historically has been allowed to use cheap disposal practices that only recently have been widely recognized as threats to health and the environment. Eliminating existing threats and preventing new ones will be very expensive. Moreover, the chemical-waste dilemma involves some of the most difficult issues faced by those addressing industrial pollution: First, the wastes contain cancer-causing chemicals, whose effects may not become clear for many years. Second, chemical wastes often take many decades to degrade and become innocuous. Our legal system has difficulty responding to even the short-term problems of chemical-waste disposal; the long-term problems are an even greater challenge. Those who create truly staggering environmental and health problems are often able to escape liability through such legal manipulations as setting up multiple corporations with limited assets, and the use of bankruptcy laws.

The longer these problems remain undetected, the easier such escapes become.

Congress is now examining novel approaches to the problems created by improper chemical waste disposal. The "superfund" bill would create a comprehensive fund to cover costs of emergency cleanups of oil and chemical spills and abandoned waste dumps. Everyone agrees that a system is needed to enable a rapid response to pollution emergencies. Beyond such a provision, the following principles should also be adopted to preserve the basic strategy that polluters pay.

- First, manufacturers who generate chemical wastes should be held strictly liable for the disposition of their wastes even if the companies are not guilty of negligence in the manner in which they dispose of them.
- Authority must be provided to "pierce the corporate veil," where necessary. Polluters who create underfunded "dummy" corporations to conduct their chemical-waste dirty work should not be allowed to evade financial responsibility.
- If polluters simply cannot be identified, or if the resources of all liable persons have been exhausted, the costs of cleanup and victim compensation should be borne by other industrial-waste generators. The "superfund" should be created based on fees obtained from industrial generators of chemical wastes to pay for damage by wastes from abandoned, existing and future waste sites.
- Third, victims of exposure to chemical wastes, particularly of long-term effects such as cancer, should not have to prove that specific exposure to specific wastes caused physical ailments or disability. As long as scientific evidence demonstrates that such exposure is reasonably likely to have caused the injury for which compensation is sought, an injured party should be considered to have met the "burden of proof." Today's legal requirements make this almost impossible.

Only a solution that includes these provisions will be enough to restore public confidence in the ability of government to respond to the serious challenges posed by industrial and technological growth. The policy that the polluter pays must embody two assumptions: First, that clean-up and compensation *will* take place. Second, that polluters must be strongly motivated to avoid polluting in the future. Victims have already paid; they must not be forced to subsidize polluters. □

A. Blakeman Early is a Sierra Club Washington representative.

INTERNATIONAL ECOLOGY WORKSHOPS 1979 - 1980

AUSTRALIA: Rainforests and Outback, New Zealand optional. October.
 PATAGONIA: Whales, birdlife, penguins, glaciers, Iguazu Falls. November.
 GALAPAGOS & MACHU PICCHU: The best of South America. December.
 COSTA RICA: Birding expedition and tropical ecology. January.
 PANAMA: Jungle, coastal, marsh and mountain birding safari. January.
 COLOMBIA: Unique birding expedition to remote lake area. January.
 GALAPAGOS: Full week on private yacht, with Machu Picchu. January.
 TANZANIA & KENYA: Great game parks at time of Solar Eclipse. February.
 GALAPAGOS: Two full weeks including Volcan Alcedo climb. March-April.
 CHINA: Natural history trip to People's Republic, also Malaysian parks. May.
 GALAPAGOS: Full week on private yacht, with Machu Picchu. June.
 INCA TRAIL: Hike to Machu Picchu, Inti Raymi Festival, Nazca. June.
 KOMODO ISLANDS: With Malaysia, Borneo, extraordinary wildlife. July.
 ALASKA: Naturalist and birding expedition, limited to small group. July.
 COSTA RICA: Birding expedition and tropical ecology. July.
 HIMALYA TREK: Unique experience, small group. July.
 SRI LANKA: Wildlife parks, botanical gardens, Kandy festival. August.
 EAST AFRICA: Great game parks of Kenya and Tanzania, with remote Selous. Also KILIMANJARO CLIMB. Several itineraries, all exciting. August.
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An Endangered Disease Keeps This Bird Alive

The Red-Cockaded Woodpecker

DOREEN BUSCEMI

ON THE LONG list of endangered birds, one species is frequently overlooked—the red-cockaded woodpecker (*Dendrocopos borealis*). With its black cap and nape, white cheeks and ladder-striped back, the red-cockaded is not as flashy as that other rare woodpecker, the ivory-bill, nor is its present status quite as precarious as that of the California condor or the whooping crane.

Nevertheless, the red-cockaded woodpecker is still dangerously near the threshold of extinction. At most, there are no more than 10,000 of these birds left and possibly as few as 3000.

The red-cockaded woodpecker is in danger of extinction because of human activities that interfere with its own highly specialized needs: The bird nests only in mature pines infected with red-heart disease. This nesting requirement is a classic

example of an adaptation that at one time enabled the species to flourish, but now, owing to human manipulation of the environment, threatens its very existence.

The red-cockaded woodpecker is, in a sense, fire-adapted; it evolved in the Southeast during a time when fire swept through the pine barrens at regular intervals. It was to the advantage of the bird to nest in live trees since living pines could withstand the frequent fires while dead pines quickly went up in smoke. But drilling a nest hole in a live tree can be a difficult task for a seven-inch woodpecker. This is where red-heart disease enters the picture. The disease, a decaying of the heartwood caused by a wood-rotting fungus (*Fomes pini*), weakens the tree enough to allow the woodpecker to excavate its nesting hole.

Unfortunately, only very old pines, usually at least 80 years old, become infected with red-heart disease. The main factor affecting the continued survival of the woodpecker in the South is current forestry practices. Even-age, short rotation and cutting of pines practiced by today's foresters removes trees before they become old enough to contract red-heart disease. This may be good for the forester, but it is deadly for the red-cockaded woodpecker.

The now-rare woodpeckers were once common birds. John James Audubon wrote in 1839 that they were "found abundantly from Texas to New Jersey

and as far inland as Tennessee." Today, the red-cockaded is found in less than half of its original range and is listed as an endangered species by the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service.

As a result of its endangered status, the

red-cockaded woodpecker has been intensively studied, and some interesting details of its life history have been uncovered. The nest cavity, found from 10 to 100 feet above the forest floor, almost always faces south or west. The birds



Wilderness Graphics

continually drill into the tree around their nest cavity to keep the pine resin flowing. Many biologists believe this protects the young birds from tree-climbing snakes.

Red-cockaded woodpeckers pair for long periods of time, probably for life. A family group, called a clan, usually consists of a mated pair, several subadults and several young. The subadults are "helpers" who assist the parents with the care and feeding of the young of the current year.

Today, most red-cockaded woodpeckers (about 75% of the total population) are found in the national forests. In most areas now, the U.S. Forest Service cuts longleaf pine on an 80-year rotation and loblolly and slash pine on a 70-year rotation. This does not permit much development of red-heart, but whenever a nest tree is located, that tree and a minimum stand of one acre are left undisturbed.

In the future, the U.S. Forest Service reports, "Most management of red-cockaded woodpeckers on federal lands . . . will be done in areas classified as 'Red-Cockaded Woodpecker Management Areas.' In these areas the bird will be the top-priority management item and all activities will be geared for the betterment of the species."

There is also a possibility that if enough mature red-heart diseased trees cannot be provided for the bird, younger pines might be inoculated with red-heart disease to provide nesting sites.

There have been encouraging signs recently of an increase in the number of red-cockaded woodpeckers. Dr. Jerome Jackson, head of the U.S. Department of the Interior's red-cockaded woodpecker recovery team, recently reported that 35 of 44 woodpecker colonies he studied in Mississippi were directly adjacent to highways. It seems that the pines that border interstate highways are never cut and have time to mature and develop red-heart disease.


At a symposium on the red-cockaded woodpecker, Dr. Jackson said: "In spite of the often-repeated statements that it always nests in living pines, there are occasional records of the species nesting in dead pines and in other living and dead trees. . . . (and it) may yet be labile enough to adapt to changes in its environment. . . . If the species can be protected for a time, there is hope that it will adapt to man's alteration of the environment." □

Doreen Buscemi is a free-lance writer specializing in wildlife conservation.

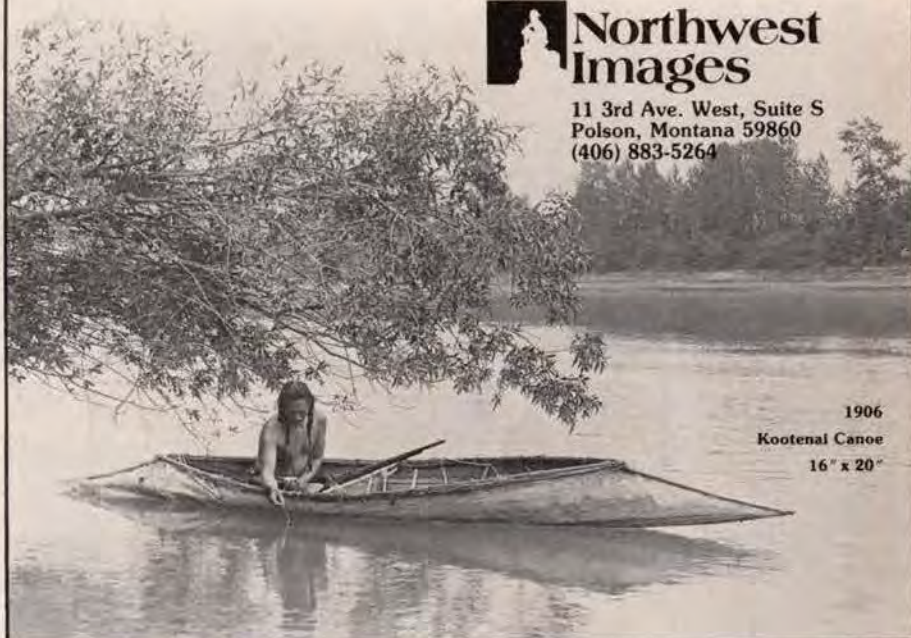
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The Ebbing Tide at Mono Lake

GRAY BRECHIN and DAVID PHILLIPS

ON CURRENT maps of California, Owens Lake appears as a dotted line encircling a void at the eastern base of Mount Whitney, with the subscript "Dry." An additional note might explain: "Gone to Los Angeles."

At the turn of the century, Owens Lake was more than 100 square miles of living water reflecting the two-mile escarpment of the eastern Sierra. But by the 1920s, residents of the lakeshore town of Keeler were futilely sealing their windows and doors against clouds of alkali dust, the infamous "Keeler fog," as the water retreated. Uncounted flocks of ducks, geese, ibises and other waterfowl vanished. Today, severe dust storms loft thousands of tons of alkali from the dry lakebed, killing pine trees in the Inyo Mountains and putting people in the hospital 50 miles from the ghost lake. Visibility is seriously impaired as far away as Death Valley and the San Gabriel Mountains. It is one of the many tragedies of the Owens Valley, and 100 miles to the north it is being repeated at Mono Lake. It doesn't have to happen.

Mono Lake is one of the largest natural lakes in California, improbably cupped in a high desert basin at the foot of Tioga Pass just east of Yosemite. Though its shores are largely devoid of trees, travelers have marveled for more than a century at the stark grandeur of the lake, with its two large islands, its chain of cinder cones rearing from the south shore and the spectacular backdrop of the Sierra crest extending south to the Minarets and beyond. Hikers have always been impressed by the panorama from the Yosemite summits, as was John Muir, who wrote that "the eye wanders down the shadowy canyon, and out on the warm plain of Mono, where the lake is seen gleaming like a burnished metal disk, with clusters of lofty volcanic cones to the south of it." The strange tufa towers are formed by the interaction of freshwater springs with the chemically dense lake water. But more alluring than the outstanding scenery, geology and biol-

ogy of the area has been the water flowing into the lake from the Sierra snowpack. Muir, following Rush Creek from its mountain source to the sageland below, remarked, "yet this beauty of maturity, though less striking, is of a still higher order, enticing us lovingly on through gentian meadows and groves of rustling aspen to Lake Mono, where, spirit-like, our happy stream vanishes in vapor, and floats free again in the sky."

Since 1940 this stream has had a less happy ending. Instead of reaching Mono Lake, Rush Creek has been diverted 340 miles south, along with most of the lake's other tributaries, eventually to vanish down the sewers of Los Angeles. In 1940 Los Angeles connected the Mono Basin to an existing Owens Valley aqueduct via a twelve-mile tunnel through the Mono craters, and Mono Lake began to share the fate of its southern counterpart, Owens Lake. In 1970 the aqueduct's capacity was doubled, and Mono Lake began dropping about two feet a year with dramatic effects on the surrounding region.

Despite its size, Mono Lake has for many years been little known. Its beauty is unconventional, often harsh and dreamlike. Its water is too alkaline for fish, and it lies off most beaten paths. Its lack of value to fishermen and its lunar appearance earned it the nickname of "The Dead Sea of California." Ironically, Lake Tahoe to the north is a biological desert compared to Mono, and while Tahoe has attracted a sleazy alpine metropolis, Mono's shores have remained virtually pristine.

A 1976 study by students from the University of California at Davis and Stanford University revealed that not only is Mono a remarkably productive ecosystem, it is of critical importance to millions of migratory waterfowl. Blooms of brine shrimp uniquely adapted to Mono's water and mats of harmless brine flies clustered on the lakeshore provide a virtually limitless source of food for birds crossing the Great Basin deserts and nest-

ing at the lake. Approximately one third of the entire population of Wilson's phalaropes rest on the lake, and as many as a million eared grebes thickly congregate on its surface during late summer. In addition, the lake is visited by large numbers of ducks, avocets, northern phalaropes and other shorebirds so that throughout the summer it is rich with bird calls more reminiscent of the distant sea.

Until as recently as 1978, the most notable of Mono's birds was the California gull; as many as 50,000 adults from the coast visited the Negit Island rookery to raise their chicks. This is where most of the state's California gulls are hatched, and it is the largest known rookery of this species in the world. Elegant, graceful and gregarious, the gulls have become the first known casualties of what promises to be a major ecological disaster. So far, the level of the lake has dropped enough to expose a two-mile landbridge from the shore to Negit Island. Unprotected by its former moat, the rookery is now vulnerable to predators. Two attempts by the National Guard to blast a channel through the new peninsula were unavailing, and coyotes have easily invaded the colony. An estimated 28,000 to 31,000 gulls have abandoned the island, and a recent census by the National Audubon Society revealed that the gull population has fallen to 10,800. Ignoring optimistic predictions by officials of the Los Angeles Department of Water and Power (LADWP), the gulls did not colonize adjacent but inhospitable Paoha Island. As of this writing, they are swarming through the western Great Basin in search of an equivalent nesting site. There is no such site, and it now appears that the entire Mono gull population is in imminent danger of decimation. No longer able to deny that the birds are leaving the lake, one spokesperson for the LADWP recently rationalized that "It's pretty hard to count birds. You can come up with any number you want."

The ecological consequences of the lake's lowering will not be confined to

the loss of California gulls and the impoverishment of the California coast. It is unlikely that the millions of other waterfowl at Mono Lake can long tolerate the increasing salinity as the water shrinks in volume. It is probable that the lake will become toxic to all birdlife within the next decade. The increasing salinity will also eventually cause the brine shrimp population to collapse as the lake heads for sterility. The finely-tuned ecosystem developed over the lake's million years of existence will be destroyed within fifty. The dust storms now rising off huge areas of exposed lakebed will worsen yearly, endangering all life, including the ancient bristlecone pines in the nearby White Mountains, and on windy days causing severe air pollution in the eastern Sierra.

The Los Angeles Department of Water and Power cites an impressive array of statistics to prove that the destruction of Mono Lake is ecologically the least damaging way to supply Los Angeles with water and power. Approximately 17% of its water supply comes from the Mono Basin, generating about 1% of its supply of electricity as the water descends into the Owens Valley. This is equivalent to 500,000 barrels of fuel oil that, the LADWP contends, would otherwise add to the critical air pollution in the Los Angeles Basin.

But it should be noted that the LADWP is a colossal and powerful bureaucracy whose freedom from outside interference is virtually guaranteed by the city charter (which it more than helped to write). The department enjoys the same exclusive control over statistics regarding its complex operations as it does over the very lifeblood of Los Angeles. The state, for example, does not monitor the amount of water LADWP takes out of the Mono Lake area, making it very difficult to obtain accurate information. While the LADWP recently stated that water conservation of more than 15% would be unreasonable, a state water-resources study claims that even modest measures could effect a 24% savings by the year 2000. Furthermore, according to the state report, each acre-foot conserved could save as much as twice the energy it would have generated flowing down the aqueduct because of reduced demand within the Los Angeles distribution system.

William Mulholland, the remarkable architect of the Los Angeles aqueduct and a man of few but significant words,

once said of Owens Valley water, "If we don't get it, we won't need it." The same self-fulfilling prophecy applies today. Testimony at recent hearings on the Owens Valley operations strongly suggests that Owens-Mono water and power are not as important for Los Angeles present needs as for ensuring the future growth of the water-hungry megalopolis.

Martin Litton



The highly mineralized waters of Mono Lake created these tufa pinnacles over the years.

The sprawl along the coast and the artificial lakes and proliferating golf courses in the Mohave Desert are indirectly subsidized by a shell game that the LADWP plays with the Metropolitan Water District, which supplies water to the rest of Southern California. Such continued growth virtually assures the future "need" to build the Peripheral Canal and dam the Tuolumne and the North Coast rivers.

For many years it seemed that Mono Lake would be an inevitable victim of Los Angeles' political and economic might; one watched its recession helplessly or simply avoided as too painful its dry creeks, dying trees and spreading shoals. Several of the biologists who conducted the 1976 study of the lake, however, were not so fatalistic. In February 1978 they formed the Mono Lake Committee of the Santa Monica Bay Audubon Society. Because of their tireless publicity and educational activities—including free summer field trips to the lake—Mono's plight has suddenly become one of the foremost environmental issues in California. In fact, LADWP's historic monopoly over Owens Valley water finally has been successfully challenged. In a lawsuit that has dragged on for years, Inyo County, which includes the Owens Valley, has tried to force LADWP to stop pumping Owens Valley groundwater. If both parties agree to a recently proposed compromise, however, Inyo County will drop the suit in

return for reduced mining of groundwater by LADWP.

But the Mono Lake problem must not be neglected. The scenic and biological consequences of Mono's destruction are simply too immense. The departing gulls contradict LADWP President Sara Stivelman's assertion that "Mono Lake research programs can be conducted simultaneously with continued diversions without significant irreversible ecological damage." Owens Lake is a damning warning of what is to come, obviating the need for the Environmental Impact Report (EIR) that Los Angeles has not provided and the "investigations" it will not release.

Earlier, a deluge of protest spurred formation of an Interagency Task Force charged with funding a long-term solution to the problem. Its report, due to be released in late August, outlines four possible scenarios and recommends one: that 85% of the water now diverted by Los Angeles be allowed to enter Mono Lake, restoring its level and protecting crucial breeding areas for the various birds that depend on the lake. The city of Los Angeles is expected to oppose vehemently the task force's recommendations. The 85,000 acre-feet of water at stake represent about 17% of Los Angeles' total annual consumption; this water would have to be replaced with water purchased from the state and by conservation.

Faced with the department's refusal to curtail diversions, state Assemblyman Norman Waters has introduced a bill to halt exports until the lake has regained its 1970 level. The Sierra Club and the Natural Resources Defense Council jointly have petitioned the Secretary of the Interior to fulfill his duty to protect Mono Lake and the Negit Island rookery, now under BLM jurisdiction. Friends of the Earth, the Audubon Society and the Mono Lake Committee also have filed suit against the LADWP for violating the public trust by destroying a navigable body of water and for seizing state property without compensation.

Having earlier lost the spectacular valley of Hetch Hetchy to San Francisco's water demands, the Sierra Club has an opportunity to prevent an ecological disaster only 30 miles from the drowned valley. □

Gray Brechin was formerly director of the Mono Lake Committee and is architectural historian for the San Francisco Heritage Foundation. David Phillips works for Friends of the Earth on conservation and wildlife issues. This article is adapted from the Yodeler.



Saving the Planet—And Ourselves

ELLEN WINCHESTER and FRANCES GENDLIN

Person/Planet, The Creative Disintegration of Industrial Society, by Theodore Roszak, Anchor Press/Doubleday, Garden City/New York, 1978. Cloth, \$10.95; paper (October 1979), \$5.95.

IN WHAT may be one of this decade's most important environmental books, Theodore Roszak says that "the needs of the planet and the needs of the person have become one, and together they have begun to act upon the central institutions of our society with a force that is profoundly subversive, but which carries within it the promise of cultural renewal." Roszak is the author of two previous books that look sharply at the nature of our changing society, *Where the Wasteland Ends* and *The Making of a Counter Culture*. In this latest effort he forges a strong connection between the alienation of many people by the encroaching, depersonalizing bigness of our society and the problems facing the planet. Both are caused by the corporate and political activity called "progress." Roszak suggests that "the environmental anguish of the Earth has entered our lives as a radical transformation of human identity;" analyzing this connection, he elaborates on his theme that "the needs of the planet are the needs of the person" and "the rights of the person are the rights of the planet."

Though flawed in some respects, Roszak's book nonetheless bears a message that should appeal to many environmentalists. Like them, the author sees the world threatened by the bigness and complexity of human society, by the technology of competitive, resource-wasting, urban industrial states in which people are sealed away from their health-giving connection with the earth. This is reminiscent of Wendell Berry's theme of our alienation from the land, as he describes it in *The Unsettling of America* (Sierra Club Books, 1977). Yet Roszak's tack is different. His thesis is that the very size of the political/technological complex tends to depersonalize people, forcing them to conform to destinies prespecified by the complex itself, and that dehumanizing bigness is also killing the planet through the same profit-minded, mechanized, prespecified systems. Initially, Roszak's solution to this dangerous situation is different from that of environmentalists, many of whom find at



least some relief from their anxiety by working through organized structures for legislative change. Roszak discusses instead what he calls "creative disintegration," the breaking down of overgrown political systems through a kind of passive resistance by people who refuse to be "folded, spindled or mutilated." Rather than organizing reform, these people—no doubt moved in this direction by being part of the "alienation" of the Vietnam generation—are now devoting themselves to recovering their lost selves, their lost "personness." "We are born into other people's intentions," says Roszak, and he describes the quest of people to find the full persons inside themselves as a fundamental contemporary need.

Many writers nowadays comment that this current trend of withdrawal into self often seems like excessive self-absorption. In fact it is fashionable in today's literature to speak of it as sheer narcissism, as Christopher Lasch has done in *The Culture of Narcissism*, and Tom Wolfe has called the 1970s "The Me Decade." Yet other writers see it differently. Herbert Marcuse, for instance, has called it the "great refusal" of people to will their own alienation by serving the tyranny of the economic performance principle. And Ernest Schumacher, in *Small Is Beautiful*, contended that bigness inevitably breeds problems of alienation and oppression.

Rozzak goes much further. He sees the quest for personal development and fulfillment not as narcissism, but as the one activity that, by reassuring a small, human scale of living, will necessarily redirect human values into activism for the environment, thus ultimately saving the planet. "At bottom, scale is a matter of quality," Roszak writes, "the quality of life and of human relations that results from our collective action in the world. Whatever dwarfs us into unbecoming dependence or diminishes our personal dignity is *too big* (author's emphasis)." He continues: "In seeking to save our personhood, we assert the human scale. In asserting the human scale, we subvert the regime of bigness. In subverting bigness, we save the planet."

Rozzak makes a clear distinction here between a person and an individual, and this concept will ultimately connect again

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with the environmentalist ethic. "Self-discovery makes the person," he says, "but competition makes the individual." Our world has always been divided into leaders and followers, and in neither role is the ideal of personhood asserted. "We also assume prefabricated identities." Thus individualism keeps people harnessed to the demands of industrial progress, chained to an "exterior, competitive standard." Personhood, on the other hand, entailing self-discovery of our private needs and yearnings, elicits internally directed values and calls "into question every standard by which bourgeois society has guided itself for the last three centuries."

Early on, the author hints at the need for a new kind of politics, and in the end, admitting the paradox of finding oneself through losing oneself, he urges social engagement as well as contemplative exploration. Facing our responsibilities for rescuing the earth, "perhaps even before our personal quest is complete," includes the "naming of evil, resisting and expunging it."

Occasionally, the style of *Person/Planet* reminds one of a sermon. Its aim is to inspire self-awareness through variations on a unifying theme, not to supply a literal guide for social action. The reiterated emphasis on the interdependence of personal values and a healthy ecosystem is almost an exhortation to "believe, that ye may be saved." An important element in the quasi-religious nature of the book is the suggestion that the participants in the proliferating, specialized therapies and in communal life-styles are evidence of the earth's own effort to save itself through a heightened consciousness of self-worth on the part of its most sentient children.

With a full sense of their own value, the author argues, people will insist on establishing their own social organizations on a more human scale than now exists, one that relies on a sensitive, intelligent perception of ecological balance. Then the Frankenstein's monster of a "planet-wide system everywhere devoted to maximum productivity and the unbridled assertion of human dominance" will break down into smaller systems better adjusted to the needs of life.

It is interesting that Roszak never includes environmental organizations in his many tolerant explorations of the mosaic of fumbling efforts currently

undertaken to establish harmony between person and planet. Perhaps he believes them to be already too much in the mold of their adversary, too cursed by bigness to be vehicles of self-awareness. Yet regard for the people lost in the system is one of the major concerns of environmentalists. The role of social purpose in such groups is often obscured for non-members by the environmental focus. Activist members of the Sierra Club consciously enlist all the social tools they can find to satisfy their needs for camaraderie, personal growth and emotional support. Working together on a project is activity on a human scale, even if it is no more than collating a group newsletter, sharing cooking and cleaning up chores, or getting both exhausted and exhilarated together on outings. Such activities benefit the person while clearly making the connection between human and planetary health. Reading Roszak's book should encourage environmentalists who have felt a little embarrassed by the social dimension of their work to feel free to give human needs at least equal time. Some of the strain and vexation that are also common to community (or communal or group) efforts would thereby be greatly relieved.

Roszak urges the replacement of existing political structures, but he recognizes that in the process of losing orthodoxies, frightened people may follow any kind of demagoguery. He deplores authoritarianism and hierarchies of all kinds, whether at the capitalist or collectivist pole, calling them ways of mystifying people into surrendering their autonomy. Yet he admits that the only existing new departures in social organization that work have an authoritarian structure. The only model he suggests for centers of order and balance in the midst of present chaos is an adaptation of the medieval monastic community, one of the most clearly hierarchical, authoritarian structures in history. Thus, we are left by ourselves to pioneer more ecologically sane ways of governance, while walking the author's fine line between a breakdown of all order and the establishment of more rigid authoritarianisms—as can be seen in some South American countries where torture and terror seem now as systematically institutionalized as they were in Russia under Stalin.

A common feature of sermons is the use of thesis and antithesis. *Person/*

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Planet swings between opposing views, sometimes achieving resolution, sometimes not. In Roszak's discussion of the helping professions, which he says are "there as an open confession of advanced industrial breakdown," he sympathetically acknowledges both their support for a diseased society that might otherwise fall of its own weakness and their contribution toward developing a "personalist" ethic. Ultimately, he sees them as merciful palliatives, serving a need, while their clients wait for "compassion and a measure of justice that amounts to social revolution."

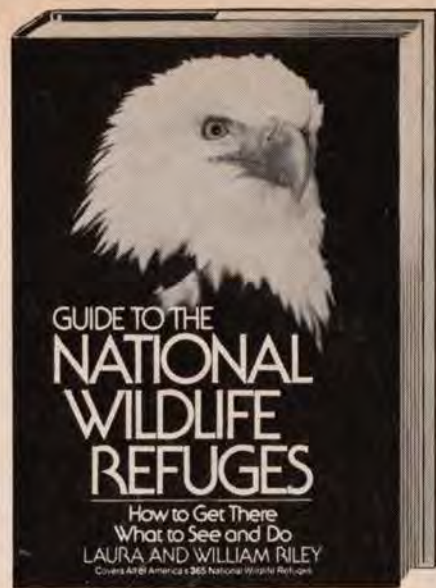
One existing institution that Roszak and other writers believe suffers from being too small rather than too big is the family with real kinship ties. This is a theme emphasized in current sociological writing, and Roszak, like the others, sees the increasingly prevalent *ad hoc* groupings as attempts to substitute for the real thing. He would like to see the family structure resume more of its old, extended form, but carry with it an awareness of the humane values needing assertion. He sees the family whole, with all its warts; yet for loyal, steady nurturing of the person through all the stages of life, he sees nothing finer, and he fears that the collapse of the family gives the menacing bureaucracy more opportunities to stamp out personal values. "What we need in order to become what we are," he says, "is not liberation from the family, but a family that lets its young weave their knots into an original fabric." This line of thought is important in his person/planet connection because it is axiomatic to his thesis that "the bigger the industrial apparatus, the weaker the family."

In the latter half of the book, the author makes some gestures in the direction of practical suggestions for change; he gives land reform a primary role. The worldwide growth of cities has not occurred because rural people have voluntarily chosen urban amenities, Roszak contends. Instead, farmers have been exiled by agribusiness and, in the United States, land purchased for investment or tax write-offs. Given a real choice, he says, most people will vote with their feet against cities, as the rural pretense of suburbia shows. Therefore, deurbanizing the world must begin with land reform, not least in the United States, where more than 60% of all privately

owned land is held by only 5% of the population, and where "70% of our population lives on 2% of the land." Roszak does not completely define his hopes for deurbanization, but they appear to depend on the premise that enough arable land exists to provide most of the jobless urban migrants as well as unhappily employed factory workers with enough land to support families. Roszak says that "at the highest level of historical endeavor, defending the rights of the person and the planet demands that we repeal the urban-industrial dominance. And that means scaling back our cities, liberating the land from their imperial grip, recreating a vital rural life and autonomous wilderness."

One can heartily agree with Roszak about the acute need for deurbanization, but at the same time doubt the likelihood of a voluntary mass return to the land. Roszak admits cities have excitement, intellectual stimulation, variety, community, and educational and cultural opportunities, and he wants to retain these qualities in urban environments much reduced in size. It may be, however, that rural society must provide parallel opportunities or it will not hold people—unless the cities go down totally in sinks of crime and misery. Perhaps, as the Sierra Club is now doing with its ventures into urban activism, it is time to bring the qualities of life we value back to life in the city.

Throughout this book Roszak nods appreciatively in the direction of Tolstoy, Gandhi, Thoreau, Emerson, Socrates and many other prophets and thinkers, modern and ancient, who have contributed to his thinking. In his previous works he has drawn in more detail concepts only alluded to here. It is unfortunate that in this work he omits consideration of the complex thought in Ernest Becker's 1973 Pulitzer Prize-winning *The Denial of Death*. Becker's premise is that "the crisis of modern society is precisely that the youth no longer feel heroic in the plan for action that their culture has set up." According to Becker, one strives to regain the personal heroism of one's life, in the face of ultimate mortality, by involvement in soul-creating, life-affirming projects. (A concept, by the way, that heightens the paradox between immortal souls and mortal bodies.) For environmentalists, protecting wilderness and promoting solar energy, for example,



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are projects that may also have the effect of actually helping further both the survival of the planet and the human species. Rather than making this connection, Roszak seems to reinvent the wheel concerning societal motivation. Here Becker could have made a real contribution to a sometimes stumbling thought.

Permeating *Person/Planet* is the author's conviction that the goal of self-realization is revolutionary, even a subversive concept, almost explosively powerful in energizing human action. So it has always been when attached to the ideas of liberty, equality and fraternity. Roszak clearly prizes this triad and implicitly counts on their presence in the deurbanized future, although he does not explicitly refer to them. One can only as-

sume that he feels they have been misused to advance the aims of the urban-industrial state, just as the concept of individualism has been employed in aid of advancing the competitive, hierarchical structure of our technological society.

In his final chapter, Roszak lists the barricades to be stormed by the "politics of the person": the middle-class religion of mercantilism; destructive military establishments; continued urban expansion; capitalistic socialism; overbearing public or private bureaucracies; technocratic policies. To these it is easy to add other targets, but not so easy to share the author's hope that they can be overcome "through friendly persuasion and gentle strength." Environmentalists, in their own work, have already found out that

these virtues are not always enough. Nonetheless, one must agree with and act in support of his premise that "we are going to have to rethink some of our most firmly held assumptions about property and privacy, security and success, recognizing that there is simply no livable future for the competitive, self-regarding, high-consumption, middle-class way of life which we have been taught to regard as the culmination of industrial progress."

Rozzak's conclusion asserts strong faith that a balance can be "struck between the privacy of the personal quest and the clamor of political action" in order to follow "the adventure of self-discovery through to its planet-saving purpose." □

The Adirondack Park Forever Wild, Forever Controversial

DENNIS DRABELLE

The Adirondack Park: A Political History, by Frank Graham, Jr.; Alfred A. Knopf, New York, 1978. \$12.95.

NEW YORK STATE'S glossy brochure for the Adirondack Park characterizes it as a "harmonious blend of public and private interests." This is pious nonsense. All parks generate controversy and, as Frank Graham shows in his rambling but fascinating new book, the Adirondack Park has been a target of lawsuits and rancor.

A region of barren summits and mixed forests, sumptuous retreats and sleazy resorts and a multitude of lakes and streams, the Adirondacks attained pre-eminence as a political trouble spot in the 1880s; by then, logging and settlement had already decimated forests, altered stream flows and chased out the last moose. New York City merchants valued the region as a possible source of drinking water and because its water helped to fill the Erie Canal, the city's artery for western commerce. In 1885 they prevailed upon the state legislature to create a state forest preserve, comprising nearly 700,000 acres in the Adirondacks and 34,000 in the Catskills. The act provided that lands in the preserve "shall be forever kept as wild forest lands."

In 1892 the legislature gave the region further protection. It drew the famous, if legally questionable, "Blue Line" around some 3 million acres and designated all lands inside the line as the Adirondack Park. Two years later, again motivated by concern for water supply downstate, the legislature enshrined the "forever-wild" clause in the state constitution. There was opposition to these maneuvers from local citizens and the forest industry; that there was not stronger resistance is attributable to their naiveté. To them, the forever-wild clause put the Adirondack forests in storage until "refined forestry techniques might once again make the preserves available for commercial exploitation."

Graham justifiably puts great stock in the promotion of the forever-wild clause to the constitution. "Although most Americans like to think of the *wild* areas of their national parks as being locked up in perpetuity," he writes, "none remains so securely protected as the Adirondack Park's public land . . ." [emphasis added]. This security stems from the mazy process for amending the New York Constitution. Any constitutional change must be passed by two successive legislatures, then approved by a state-wide referendum.

Even so, a few weakening amendments to the forever-wild clause made it

through the constitutional gauntlet during the next 70 years. More devious, though mostly unsuccessful, were the efforts of various developers—including the archfiend of construction projects, Robert Moses himself—to interpret their way around the clause.

Graham argues persuasively that Adirondack preservationist groups have managed to stave off the area's ruin in large part because of the forever-wild clause: "That its present vagueness left the Conservation Department and other agencies unclear about certain of their responsibilities no one could logically deny. But, for the preservationists, this was not a disadvantage. The very vagueness was almost a prohibition in itself. Forever Wild, in an imperfect world, survived best when its edges were blurred; it tended to crumble when subjected to the flinty points of precise legalistic definitions and qualifications. As it stands now, the clause is defined chiefly by the sensibilities of the preservationists. Bureaucrats may maneuver within the confines of those sensibilities, which are flexible and may be reasoned with, but once they get carried away with their own schemes the preservationists can drag them into court."

Finally, in 1971, the legislature created the Adirondack Park Agency; it prepared the state's master plan for public and pri-

vate lands within the Blue Line, which was extended to encompass 6 million acres, the largest land-use district in the country. The agency reviews and has the power to disapprove major land-use changes within the park. Thus, it functions as a zoning body; its policies can bar a private landowner from taking certain actions. The power of the agency has engendered a quantum leap in controversy, but so far the land-use authority has withstood every political and legal challenge.

Readers should be forewarned that Graham assumes they are already environmentalists imbued with preserving grace. This is not the book to foist on that benighted friend you've been trying to set up for a conversion experience. At the same time, Graham is uneasy over the charge that Adirondack preservationists are elitists. "If wilderness and land-use policies have been set in the Adirondacks by the few," he writes, "no tyranny is implied. Public notions evolve or fluctuate, and ours is not an era for eternal verities."

Maybe not, but the elitist label has always bemused this reviewer. The primary difference between environmentalists and those who denounce them is simply that the environmentalists pay close heed to their senses and the messages they transmit about food and exercise and beauty.

Though he once directed publicity for the Brooklyn Dodgers, Graham is not a major-league stylist. He continues to use the adjectives "meaningful" and "viable," both so overused that they are now buzz-words. And some of his sentences yield their significance slowly: "It is ironic, then, that almost at the last minute the amendment was altered in such a way that it went to the people bearing the seeds of the water users' defeat in the years ahead." After a few readings, one is relieved to conclude that Graham has not created a new species of seed-bearing people.

Graham is exceptional at anecdotes. The book is a treasure-trove of outdoor stories, many of them only tenuously related to the Adirondacks. Here are three quickies. John Apperson, one of the area's staunchest defenders, named his boat *Article VII, Section 7*, after the forever-wild clause in the constitution (the constitution has since been renumbered). To foment opposition to the park

agency, someone started the rumor that it would regulate the number of children Adirondack women could bear. And, best of all if far afield, "Mozart is said to have crossed the Alps in a carriage without looking up from his musical scores."

In fact, the book hikes so far off course—recounting the Hetch Hetchy controversy for the nth time; depicting the last meeting of John Muir and Gifford Pinchot (in Seattle, mind you) and explaining how Aldo Leopold cajoled the Forest Service into setting aside the Gila Wilderness—that it might be entitled, in the style of the eighteenth century, *A Short History of the Conservation Movement in America With Special Emphasis on the Adirondack Park*.

Graham's digressions are usually so absorbing that one is reluctant to complain. It is stirring to attend as Muir administers a clear-cut to the pseudo-environmentalist Pinchot. The latter has been quoted as saying that sheep might safely graze in the national forest preserves, which he then oversaw for the Secretary of the Interior (these were pre-Forest Service days). Muir considered sheep to be little better than vermin, at least when they munched in the wilderness. Encountering Pinchot in a Seattle hotel lobby, Muir first ascertained that the quotation was accurate, then said, "I want nothing more to do with you" and stalked out. (Pinchot later recanted his ovine heresy, but the friendship was beyond repair.)

Though the Leopold saga may be only tangential in this book, it is good to be set straight on one related point. It was not Teddy Roosevelt who founded the national forest system, but Benjamin Harrison, a president otherwise so obscure that he is remembered chiefly as a glitch between Grover Cleveland's.

There may be no causal connection, but after all the entertaining digressions, Graham skimps on recent events. The chapter on the enactment of the park agency legislation seems rushed, and he devotes only ten superficial pages to the litigation the agency has attracted.

Graham has done a good enough job in *The Adirondack Park* that there is no need for anyone to rush out and duplicate his efforts. But he might have reined his high spirits just a bit to deliver a fully rounded history. □

Dennis Drabelle is an attorney and free-lance writer in Washington, D.C.

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ast summer, while hiking on a little-used path in the Catskills, I came across a deep cave formed out of bluestone (a blue-gray sandstone whose quarrying was one of the major nineteenth-century industries of the Catskills). The cave was filled with an enormous boulder.

Even while I was thinking "boulder," I knew it was an illogical thought. Boulders don't squeeze into caves. Nor do caves contour themselves tightly around boulders. I looked again. The path and the cave were in shadow so it was difficult to make out the form, but after a while I realized it was an animal, curled up, its head resting on its haunches. A deer, I decided. Again, I knew as I decided, that "deer" was a thought as illogical as "boulder." Deer do not bend down and crawl into caves. A cloud shifted, a ray of sunlight suddenly appeared—and as quickly went. In that instant I saw the bear. I remained staring into the cave, insistent that the sun come back so that I could see the bear again to make sure. If it was a bear, why wasn't it moving? Why didn't it sense me? I was sure but still felt I had to make sure. Then, before more sun could come, it occurred to me: If it was a bear, why wasn't *I* moving? I turned then, walked, rather more quickly than usual, down the path the remaining mile to the road, and left the forest.

Now I believe the bear was dead.

That was caving of a sort.

One brilliantly sunny, hot Kentucky morning, four of us climbed onto a rock platform, then crawled, one by one, through the entranceway of a cave, and stood up inside the earth. But for the crack of light from the entrance and the beams from our flashlights, we were in utter darkness. By the time all four of us were inside we had light enough from the flashlights to get some idea of the vastness we had felt on entering. The high-ceilinged room receding beyond the shadow of our lights was hung with hollow tubes of minerals that were slowly becoming the same solid rock as the stalactites that had already formed. Stalagmites made their way up from the floor and, where the forms joined, our lights showed us solid columns of white and yellow, gray, black, red. The constant dripping from the ceiling was the only sound



Illustration by Mark Jacobsen

in the awesome silence. Surely we had entered some great primeval temple where obeisance to the eternal was marked by falling drops of water. Depositing their minerals, drop by drop, layer upon layer, they made their way into and through subterranean time.

An opening at the far end of the room led us into a smaller room where a broad ledge enclosed a black pool of water. Very cautiously we made our way, often crawling when the ceiling came down too low for us to stand, toward another doorway. Above our heads, and somewhat to the left of where we entered, a sliver of light slipped into this third room. It surprised us. Adjusted now to a world of no light but the circles from our flashlights, we had forgotten the light of day.

We played our lights around the walls. They were fully lined with bats. It seemed to me that in some places there were many layers of bats, but maybe that was an emotional reaction to seeing such an immense covering of them. They simply hung there, a wild tapestry. We remained long enough to assure our-

I · N · G



Becky Thatcher got lost. But other kinds of caves—formed by volcanoes and by ice, by waves and streams and tumbling boulders—are just as much caves.

In external caves, or the thresholds of subterranean caves, you may see bats, skunks, raccoons, porcupines, rats, moths, mosquitoes and other insects, snakes, and, of course, bears—all of whom have gone there for protection from predators or from the weather. Other animals—some salamanders, spiders, millipedes, crustaceans, various insects, etc.—live in the dark zone of caves but could, if they chose, live outside. Then there is that special realm of the blind: animals without eyes at all, or with tiny eyes; some of the animals dead white, without any pigmentation. Here are the blind cave fish and white salamanders, insects with extra-long antennae, all those who are born, live and die in darkness.

Caves have been explored and lived in ever since the first person discovered the first cave. But exploration always requires a certain amount of care, however simple the cave. Each kind of cave presents its own dangers. Common to most caves are the possibilities of flash floods after a heavy rainfall and the presence of a rattlesnake asleep at the entrance.

The world of caves, formed over millions of years, is delicate beyond all others. Even the fragile, high mountains are healed by weather and time; the most desecrated forests grow back in time. But inside a cave there is neither rain nor wind to help erase the litter and markings of vandals. It is the one place where time has nothing to do with seasons. It is no wonder that cavers are highly protective of this special world, rarely disclosing cave locations. The best, and easiest, way to learn where they are and how to explore them safely is through a caving club.

You might also experience a cave in any of the commercial caves that exist all over the country. Here are caves of every type, and many avid cavers got their start that way.

Of course, when you are always looking, you are bound to come across your own caves. They are entirely yours to explore—once you've checked them out for bears . . . □

*Ruth Rudner has written guides to skiing the Alps, walking Europe's mountain trails and hiking in America. This selection is a chapter from her book *Forgotten Pleasures* (copyright © 1978 by Ruth Rudner), reprinted by arrangement with *The Viking Press and Penguin Books*.*

selves that the bats did, indeed, cover all the walls. Then, cautiously staying away from the walls, we made our way to the light. The bats thinned out as we neared the light. At a rock shelf leading to the light and the exit there were no bats. We had to reach high with our arms and stretch long with our legs, but managed to haul ourselves up onto the cold, damp shelf and then squeeze through the opening onto more rock.

The sun seemed blinding now that we had lived so intensely without it. The outside rock was still hot. The heat felt good. We hadn't realized how cold we had become. Like reptiles eager to warm their sluggish blood in the first spring heat, we crawled out on the rocks. We lay a long time on those hot rocks.

That was also caving.

Bears in the Catskills and bats in Kentucky—between the two there is a vast world of caves and cave life. The Kentucky cave, a proper limestone cavern, is probably what most people think of when they think of caves. It's the kind in which Tom Sawyer and



Board of Directors Nominations

The Sierra Club Nominating Committee is now soliciting suggestions for board of director candidates. Members interested in being considered or in recommending others for next year's ballot should contact Bob Rutemoeller, P.O. Box 7472, Stockton, CA 95207. Please send information to the committee by October 15.

The members of the nominating committee are Judy Anderson, Abigail Avery, Charles Fryling, Carl Holcomb, Ellen Knox, Walt Mintkeski and Bob Rutemoeller.

Unreeling the 'Mystery' of Sierra Club Films

A few days after I saw the Sierra Club's latest film, *A Closer Look*, I had just begun to tell a fellow Sierran about it when I was startled to hear him exclaim,

ROBERT A. IRWIN

"Why, I didn't know the Club produced films! How long has it been doing that?" I assured him it did and had been doing so for almost a quarter-century. Then I went on to tell him how beautifully and clearly *A Closer Look* depicts the seasonal and long-term processes of the succession of plant life on an abandoned nineteenth-century hayfield in the piedmont region of North Carolina. *A Closer Look* is based on the recent Sierra Club book of the same title by Michael Godfrey, who also wrote the script.

To get back to the member who had never heard of the Sierra Club's film program—why hadn't he? He was one of

the most active members of his chapter (Redwood) and had joined the Club at least three years before. He didn't recall seeing this column's summary of the program in April 1977 listing the sixteen Club films then available plus fourteen other non-Club environmental films that could also be ordered. Since that time the Club's library of films has added three more titles: *A Closer Look*, *The Wild and Fragile Isles of the Santa Barbara Channel* and *Admiralty Island, Fortress of the Bears*. But for some unknown reason thousands remain unaware that their Club has been in the film business since 1955, when David Brower's eloquent cameo film, *Two Yosemite*, came out.

Although the fate of the "other" Yosemite—Hetch Hetchy—had been sealed long before (in 1914 when the valley was dammed), the film was still pertinent in 1955 and has remained so. It contrasts the once nearly identical valleys whose spectacular waterfalls plunged over sheer cliffs. Yosemite's waterfalls

Sierra Club Films

A Closer Look—the Club's newest release, a sensitive ecological study of the gradual succession of a long-abandoned hayfield to a climax hardwood forest;

The Wild and Fragile Isles of the Santa Barbara Channel—a lyrical camera survey of these still-unspoiled islands just offshore from urban Southern California;

Admiralty Island, Fortress of the Bears—The latest of the Club's Alaska films focuses on this logging-threatened wilderness island of southeastern Alaska, home to the largest population of great brown bears (1000) in the state;

Alaska, Land in the Balance—the most comprehensive of the Club's films on Alaska, an eloquent statement of the choices ahead for the "Great Land";

Off-Road Controversy—an objective study of ORVs and the clash of rights;

Oil! Spoil! Patterns in Pollution—strong images tell this energy story;

West Chichagof!—deals with the threats to Alaska's Tongass National Forest;

No Room for Wilderness—an African-based, population-ecology teaching film;

An Island in Time—explores the Point Reyes National Seashore;

Glen Canyon—A "museum on film," this breathtaking work records for all time the glory of this wild river canyon now obliterated forever by the damming of the Colorado;

The Grand Canyon—a Sierra Club classic whose superb photography unveils the unique universe of this grandest canyon on earth;

The Redwoods—This 1968 "Oscar" winner has been called poetry on film. It was a potent force for the final 1978 Redwood National Park victory;

Follow the Wind to Cousin—a visit to the unique Cousin Island bird

sanctuary in the Indian Ocean;

Miner's Ridge—a stunningly beautiful film on a North Cascades area threatened by mining;

Nipomo, the Living Dunes—a sea-and-wind-sculpted stretch of Pacific Coast coveted by developers and industry;

Nature Next Door—a child's view of the natural world;

Two Yosemite—a story of the "Lost Yosemite," the Hetch Hetchy Reservoir;

Wasted Woods—an educated look at forest practices and their impacts.

Non-Club Films

Bulldozed America—a CBS special on environmental pollution narrated by Charles Kuralt;

The Coming of the Roads—Produced by KABC in Los Angeles, it is an eloquent plea for preserving the Santa Monica Mountains and against "terracing";

The Day Love Died—an artful jux-

still cascade into clear, rushing streams that course through lush meadows and magnificent woodlands, but Hetch Hetchy's falls pour into the man-made wasteland of a mud-rimmed reservoir. Subsequent Sierra Club films share the timeless timeliness of *Two Yosemite's*.

Many of the nineteen titles on the current list have won national or international awards for excellence. Late last spring *A Closer Look* won the CINE Golden Eagle, second only to an "Oscar" in prestige. (CINE, the Council on International Non-Theatrical Events, is a quasi-governmental agency that selects U.S. entries for foreign film festivals.) Another Club film, *The Redwoods*, won not only the Golden Eagle but also an Oscar, as the best short documentary of 1968. That film's highest achievement, however, was its impact on the public and Congress; it was part of an organized campaign that resulted in the expansion of Redwood National Park.

Functions of the Club's Films

The Redwoods is a classic example of a Sierra Club film. Like most of the others, it was born of an urgent need to preserve a fragile wild place under an immediate

threat. Similarly, others (such as *Oil! Spoil! Patterns in Pollution*, (also a Golden Eagle winner) focus on actual or impending environmental dangers. Typically, according to Larry Dawson, director of the Club's film program, the natural features of an area are depicted, then the threat or threats are dramatically shown, and finally a solution and course of action are offered. Some of the films, such as *A Closer Look*, take a more philosophical tack. They simply show the viewer with art and sensitivity the intricate interrelationships among plants, creatures, earth, air and water. The films, old and new, all speak to the present, Dawson observes, because past conservation crises and issues have a way of resurfacing in new forms. Thus, these "old" films can show us how to meet similar but new environmental challenges today. None of these nineteen Sierra Club films, however, nor any of the fifteen other conservation and environmental documentaries available, will be of any use to anyone as long as they remain coiled snugly in their cans.

Once a film is sprung from its can and threaded into a projector, however, it can accomplish a number of good things:

taposition of a ruined Mayan temple and the shambles of a U.S. city, suggesting both civilizations have sacrificed human life;

The Endangered Shore—a Delaware Wild Lands documentary on developmental impact on coastal and estuarine lands;

Everglades—a short based on photographs from the Exhibit Format book;

Mineral King—an exposition of the potential for environmental disaster if the proposed Walt Disney ski resort had been developed in Sequoia National Forest;

Myths and Parallels—a consideration of the prospect that mankind may be heading toward the fate of the dinosaur unless it sheds its burden of useless myths;

Nyala—the lure and fascination of mountaineering captured on film in one man's ascent and descent of a lofty peak;

On the Threshold—Refuges—Alaska—the U.S. Fish and Wildlife

Service's proposals for parks, refuges and scenic rivers in Alaska, a well-prepared documentary;

The Pond and the City—a Conservation Foundation film by Willard Van Dyke on urban conservation;

Population and the American Future—a two-part, hour-long, wide-ranging exposition of the problems of growth;

Reflections in Oil—an award-winning report on the Santa Barbara oil spill, a good starter for meetings on coastal pollution;

Warning, Warning—Harvey Richards' hard-hitting documentary on the gamut of environmental threats to San Francisco Bay;

Watermarks—a half-hour documentary on the ecosystems of Florida's Apalachicola River and on the people living along its banks;

Wild Rivers—an oldie produced by Humble Oil (now Exxon) that, despite its origin, stresses the importance of free-flowing rivers from a largely conservationist viewpoint.

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Each Sierra Club film stands by itself. No interpreter is needed. However, to augment it as an educational tool, a background sheet/study guide is provided with each film. Furthermore, of course, any film program can be enriched if someone knowledgeable about the subject or area is on hand to field questions and stimulate discussion. Program chairpersons can usually find such a person in their group or chapter. For instance, at a showing of any one (or all!) of the Alaska films, a member of the Club's Alaska Task Force would be an ideal choice. If no one were available locally, the chapter's delegate to the Regional Conservation Committee most likely could recruit a nearby member.

Films produced by the Sierra Club are available to the general public for either purchase or rental. The fifteen films produced by others but available through the Sierra Club are restricted to rental use, and then only by Club chapters and groups.

Potential users of the nineteen Club films—besides chapters and groups—include other environmental organizations, civic groups, schools, colleges, natural history museums, libraries, park and recreation departments, TV stations and perhaps professional and business associations. Rental for each film is \$9 plus a modest shipping charge. All films must be ordered from Association Films, Inc., the Club's distributor; for complete ordering instructions and further details on all Club films, write to Sierra Club, Information Services Department, 530 Bush Street, San Francisco, CA 94108.

For non-Club films, order from Association Films' office at 6644 Sierra Lane, Dublin, CA 94566. Canadian members should write to Association Films, 866 Third Avenue, New York, NY 10022, for the addresses of its three offices in

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Canada and the list of titles available there.

Although by commercial standards Sierra Club films are low-budget productions, they do require money, lots of it. The film program is not financed by dues income; it has to be self-supporting. And to do its job of addressing the important environmental issues of the day it must maintain a steady production of quality films. Revenues from the rentals and sales of the present nineteen films are plowed back into the program to fund new films. Sales, of course, can generate funds much faster than rentals; prices range from \$125 for a 10-minute film to \$350 for one running 30 minutes.

Who are the potential purchasers? While individuals are unlikely to want Sierra Club films for their own use, they might well purchase them as gifts to libraries, school systems, park districts, museums, or even to their own Club chapters. Such gifts, of course, would be tax-deductible. Or some of those prospective recipients might themselves be purchasers. A large and lively chapter could develop programs with admission charges, as the Audubon Society does. Chapter groups or activity sections could use the films; the chapters could loan or rent the films to other organizations.

Honors

Secretary of the Interior Cecil Andrus has appointed Edgar Wayburn to the National Park System Advisory Board, in recognition of his long-term leadership in the conservation community. He has played key roles in the establishment (and subsequent expansion) of Redwood National Park and in the founding of the Golden Gate National Recreation Area. Dr. Wayburn, a past president of the Sierra Club and the Sierra Club Foundation and currently chairman of the Club's Alaska Task Force, is the first conservation activist ever appointed to this prestigious advisory board. Currently headed by Carl Burke of Boise, Idaho, the board's past and present members include Lady Bird Johnson, Mrs. Rogers C.B. Morton, Horace Albright, Bill Lane and Nat Owings. The board advises the Interior Secretary on park system matters; in addition, individual members may be asked to study special areas of concern. □

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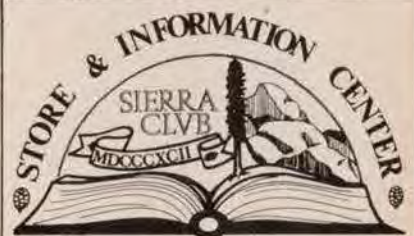
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■ Alaska Chapter Opposes Arctic Oil-Lease Sale

The proposed Beaufort Sea oil- and gas-lease sale is "totally unacceptable," according to the Club's Alaska Chapter. In comments filed with the Bureau of Land Management, the chapter pointed out the many unanswered biological and cultural questions about the impact of leasing Alaska's Arctic coast. The Alaska Chapter also focused on the dangers drilling poses to anadromous fish and bowhead whales, and the difficulties that would be encountered in dealing with undersea permafrost, storm-caused erosion and ice movement.

■ Victory in Philadelphia Water Pollution

After nine months of litigation, the city of Philadelphia has agreed to clean up its water. The settlement between the city and the Environmental Protection Agency is one of the biggest water-quality enforcement efforts in the country. It requires the city to build new sewage-treatment facilities and to pay a penalty for past shortcomings. The Club and other environmental groups joined the suit.

■ Honeycreeper Wins Habitat Suit

The palila, a native Hawaiian bird living on the slopes of Kauna Kea, has won its suit against the Hawaii Department of Land & Natural Resources. A federal district judge ruled that the agency violated the Endangered Species Act by failing to protect the critical habitat of the bird. The Sierra Club and the National Audubon Society were co-plaintiffs in the suit.

A member of the Hawaiian honeycreeper family, the palila is an endangered species whose known remaining population exists between the 7000- and 10,000-foot levels on Mauna Kea. The land is state-owned and administered by the Department of Land and Natural Resources. The suit charged that the state was keeping populations of non-native goats and sheep in the area for sport hunters and that these animals were destroying the bird's habitat. The judge agreed.

■ MX Missile Threatens Southwestern Wilderness

President Carter has given the go-ahead to planning for deployment of the controversial MX missile system. As now conceived, the MX system would cover 5000 square miles of southwestern

wilderness with a network of roads, underground tunnels, launchers and support facilities. The sites that the Air Force is considering include areas under study as potential wilderness areas and national parks. The Sierra Club Board of Directors has adopted a resolution that "no roadless and undeveloped areas of federal land should be developed for the emplacement of the MX missile system without a prior showing of manifest and overriding military necessity."

■ The New Jersey Pine Barrens—Progress At the State Level

An important step has been taken to establish an environmentally sound land-use plan for New Jersey's Pine Barrens. Governor Brendan Byrne has signed state legislation to complement that adopted last year by Congress. The state bill establishes a Pinelands Commission to conduct area-wide planning. The plans are to be completed by August 1980, when permit restrictions expire.

■ Club Pushes for Marine Sanctuaries

The Sierra Club has been working to see that three areas are designated as marine sanctuaries by the National Oceanic and Atmospheric Administration (NOAA) and are protected by that designation.

Three federal agencies are maneuvering to decide the fate of the Flower Garden Banks, a unique coral reef in the Gulf of Mexico. The Bureau of Land Management has leased nearby areas for offshore oil exploration, but NOAA and the Environmental Protection Agency are recommending sanctuary status and stringent pollution-control standards for the reef. Environmentalists favor the designation and have pointed to improvements needed in the regulations and standards that apply.

The Club's New England Chapter and the fishing industry are recommending sanctuary status for Georges Bank off New England. Meanwhile, the Interior Department is proceeding with plans to lease the bank for oil exploration.

In Southern California, the Club and other environmental groups are supporting a proposal that NOAA designate much of the Santa Barbara Channel area as a marine sanctuary. While sanctuary status will not prevent the Outer Continental Shelf leasing, it may guarantee that other marine-resource values are given greater consideration. □

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