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#### *About the Institute*

The Hunt Institute for Botanical Documentation, a research division of Carnegie Mellon University, specializes in the history of botany and all aspects of plant science and serves the international scientific community through research and documentation. To this end, the Institute acquires and maintains authoritative collections of books, plant images, manuscripts, portraits and data files, and provides publications and other modes of information service. The Institute meets the reference needs of botanists, biologists, historians, conservationists, librarians, bibliographers and the public at large, especially those concerned with any aspect of the North American flora.

Hunt Institute was dedicated in 1961 as the Rachel McMasters Miller Hunt Botanical Library, an international center for bibliographical research and service in the interests of botany and horticulture, as well as a center for the study of all aspects of the history of the plant sciences. By 1971 the Library's activities had so diversified that the name was changed to Hunt Institute for Botanical Documentation. Growth in collections and research projects led to the establishment of four programmatic departments: Archives, Art, Bibliography and the Library.

TRAVEL

Most of United States and Southern Canada. Ghana and Ethiopia in Africa.

PUBLICATIONS

(Major publications underlines)

- ✓ Goodbye to the Osage. The Land 7:83-84, 1948
  - Crabgrass in your Alfalfa. Successful Farming 46:#8:64, 1948
  - Alfalfa Failed on Hog Pasture. Successful Farming 46:#9:64-65, 1948
  - ✓ A Day with Aldo Leopold. The Land 7:337-340, 1948  
(Reprinted, Forever The Land, Harper Bros. 1950)
  - Seeds That Ride Livestock. Mo. Bot. Garden Bull. 36:170-172, 1948
  - Memoirs of Misuse. Mo. Bot. Garden Bull. 37:34-40, 1949
  - Wildness, A Succession of Events. Mo. Bot. Garden Bull. 37:137-143, 1949  
(Reprinted, The Land 8:319-321, 1949)
  - The Danger of Weed-Killers. The Land 8:177-182, 1949
  - ✓ Dying in the Smog. The Land 9:185-191, 1950
  - Fish and Wildlife. (Chap. 17 in "A Water Policy for the American People" Washington, D. C., 1950)
  - Pike County Observations. The Land 9:548-551, 1951
  - End of Winter. The Land 10:63-64, 1951
  - How Kentucky Bluegrass Grows. Annals of the Mo. Bot. Garden. 38:293-375, 1951
  - Bluegrass Pasture Almanac. Annals of the Mo. Bot. Garden. 40:1-30, 1953
  - Watching Animals Eat. The Land 11:280-288, 1953  
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(Reprinted in part, Mother Earth 8:#2:73-78, 1954)
  - ✓ Wildwood, A study in Historical Ecology. Annals of the Mo. Bot. Garden 40:227-258, 1953
  - Cry the Beloved City. Recreation 47:208-210, 1954
  - Leopold's Round River. The Land 12:463-465, 1954 (Review)
  - Bitter Sanctuary. Audubon Magazine 57:250-251, 1955
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  - ✓ How To Use a River. Mo. Bot. Garden Bull. 44:81-87, 1956 (with K. Poos)  
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  - Better the Pelasgian Ground Left Waste. Atlantic Naturalist 12:108-110, 1957
  - The Importance of Natural Places. Mo. Conservationist 20:1, 1959  
(Reprinted, Wyoming Wildlife 24:12-13, 1960)
  - ✓ A Protest Against Aerial Spraying. Audubon Magazine 61:153-181, 1959  
(Reprinted, 6 periodicals)
  - o-Keeping the Child in Touch with the Earth. Trans. 25th N. Am. Wild. Conf. 465-472, 1960 (Reprinted in whole or part in several publications.)
  - The March Wind and the Red-Tailed Hawk. Audubon Magazine 62:57, 1960
  - ✓ The Fox and His Predatory Way of Life. Audubon Magazine 64:8-9, 1962  
(Reprinted in 4 publications)
  - ✓ When a State Spray Kills The State Bird. Audubon Magazine - April-May 65:134-137, 1963
  - Ecology, Mathematics, and a Piece of Land. Landscape 12:28-31, 1963.
- Publication since 1963 attached*  
DIGEST OF MAJOR PUBLICATIONS
- Fish and Wildlife. Chapter 17, pages 259-266, in "A Water Policy for the American People". Report of the President's Water Resources Policy Commission, Washington, D. C. December, 1950.

Federal responsibilities for wildlife in relation to plans for water use. Interrelationships between wildlife and water rights, pollution, impoundment, diversions, drainage, flood control, and land management programs. Recommendations for future are suggested.

Writings of Dr. Alfred G. Etter in Defenders of Wildlife Bulletin  
or Defenders of Wildlife News:

Bulletin *file, 1962. Think not of man alone.*

- Winter, 1963: The Inestimable Values of Wildlife p. 1-3  
July, 1963: A World for Foxes, p. 1-2  
April, 1964: A Statement for Wilderness (Testimony on Wilderness  
Bill, Jan. 10-11, 1964 at Glenwood Springs, Colo.) p.10  
April, 1964: My Dog p. 16

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- Aug.-Oct. 64 (Vol. 39 #4) What to Do in the Wilderness, p. 31  
Jan. 1965: (Vol. 40 #1) Hearing Places, p. 9-11  
Jan. 1965: (Vol. 40 #1) Don't Kill a Coyote Near Toponas, p. 18-19  
Jan. 1965: (Vol. 40 #1) The Preservation of Delight, p. 55-56  
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May. 1965: (Vol. 40 #2) Animal Slums, p. 28-30  
May, 1965: (Vol. 40 #2) Somber Condor or Topatopa Dam, p. 34-35  
May, 1965: (Vol. 40 #2) Grand Canyon: Reservoir of the Unknown, p. 49-54  
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Beauty, p. 6  
May, 1965: (Vol. 40 #2) Where Eagles Sleep, p. 7-9  
July, 1965: (Vol. 40 #3) Testimony of an Ex-Federal Trapper, p. 14-19  
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July, 1965: (Vol. 40 #4) Wilderness Without Freedom p. 6-7 (Helen Etter)  
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p. 34-35 (Reprinted, Ill. Aspen News, Jan 5, 66)  
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with Reflections by Alfred Etter) p. 39-41  
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Ap. 1966: (Vol. 41 #2) Horses in Transition, p. 98-99  
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a Bait) p. 215-219  
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H. of Rep. March 22-23, p. 247-250  
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- Oct. 1966:(Vol. 41 #4) Ethics Code for Hunters (Letter from Daily Sentinel, Sept. 12, 1966) p. 304
- Oct. 1966:(Vol. 41 #4) Doublechalk, p. 313-315
- Oct. 1966:(Vol. 41 #4) The Osprey and the Tyrannosaur, p. 325-326
- Oct. 1966:(Vol. 41 #4) Behind Purple Mountains, p. 348
- Jan. 1967:(Vol. 42 #1) An Impossible Job, p. 11-13
- Jan. 1967:(Vol. 42 #1) What it is Worth to See a Coyote, p. 13
- Jan. 1967:(Vol. 42 #1) "Hunting Rare Wildlife" Doesn't Make Sense, p. 17-20
- Jan. 1967:(Vol. 42 #1) What It is Like to Die From DDT, p. 26-27
- Jan. 1967:(Vol. 42 #1) Death by Reclamation, p. 29-30
- Ap. 1967:(Vol. 42 #2) Pagans, p. 128-129
- Ap. 1967:(Vol. 42 #2) Too Much Finesse!, p. 153-155
- Ap. 1967:(Vol. 42 #2) They Call It Wildlife Services. p. 155-158
- Ap. 1967:(Vol. 42 #2) Making a Killing Out West, Inst. 4: The New Look in Control Hasn't Reached Colo. p.161-166
- Ap. 1967:(Vol. 42# 2) Canada Geese (Review of book by A. L. Crosby, p. 219
- July 1967:(Vol. 42 #3) Can The Small Marsh Be Saved?, p. 236
- July 1967:(Vol. 42 #3) In Search of Lost Sheep., p. 240-250
- July 1967:(Vol. 42 #3) Highway Animal Traps, p. 251-261
- July 1967:(Vol. 42 #3) Hold The Rein Free. Review by A..G. Etter and Bobbie Etter, p. 332
- Oct. 1967:(Vol. 42 #4) Ecological Aggression (Reprinted from Jan, 1966 issue) p. 342
- Oct. 1967:(Vol. 42 #4) Smart Beaver on the South Fork. p. 345-346
- Oct. 1967:(Vol. 42 #4) Fewer Sheep and More Control, p. 351-355
- Jan. 1968:(Vol. 43 #1) Dog Deaths at El Rito, p. 32-36
- Jan. 1968:(Vol. 43 #1) Gulls Die of "1080" poison. p. 37-39
- Jan. 1968:(Vol. 43 #1) Reply to letter of Harry Woodward. p. 42-48
- Jan. 1968:(Vol. 43 #1) The Intense Inane, p. 61
- Jan. 1968:(Vol. 43 #1) The Important Porcupine, p. 91-92
- Jan. 1968:(Vol. 43 #1) Death Gulches and Birdless Places, p. 109-110
- Jan. 1968:(Vol. 43 #1) The World of the Porcupine. p. 119
- April1968:(Vol. 43 #2) What I Learned from the Birds in the Land of Oil Shale, p. 131-132
- Ap. 1968:(Vol. 43 #2) Changing Nature on the Platte, p. 137-141
- Ap. 1968:(Vol. 43 #2) Inside the Control Empire, Inst. 1: Shaman is Poisoned. p. 169-178
- July 1968:(Vol. 43 #3) Shot At, p. 273-276
- July 1968:(Vol. 43 #3) Inside the Control Empire, Inst. 2:The Great Chain of Deception, p. 301-309
- July 1968:(Vol. 43 #3) Endangered Species Legislation, Testimony Senate Subcommittee on Merchant Marine and Fisheries, July 24, 1968, p. 329-332
- Oct. 1968:(Vol. 43 #4) Sheep and Poison, p. 400-402
- Oct. 1968:(Vol. 43 #4) Inside the Control Empire, Inst. 3: Poisoned Summer., p. 403-407
- Oct. 1968:(Vol. 43 #4) Ecological Economics:Will It Reach Us In Time? p. 437-438
- Oct. 1968:(Vol. 43 #4) A Congressman Fights For Texas, p. 438-439
- Jan. 1969:(Vol. 44 #1) Sheepmen Use Poison Anyway, p. 31-32
- Jan. 1969:(Vol. 44 #1) Descent Into A Poison Maelstrom, p. 33-39
- Jan. 1969:(Vol. 44 #1) Prolegomena for a Conservation Bill of Rights, p. 84-86
- Jan. 1969:(Vol. 44 #1) Testimony, Senate Comm. on Commerce on S 2951 etc. re. authority of states to manage fish and wildlife. p. 89-92

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- Ap. 1969:(Vol. 44 #2) Adventures on the Trail of the Hooved Locust, " p. 156-166  
Ap. 1969:(Vol. 44 #2) Endangered Species of Wildlife, Testimony on Senate Bills S.335 etc. May 14, 1969. p. 186-187  
July 1969:(Vol. 44 #3) Putting the Coyote's Territorial Imperative to Work. p. 288-289  
July 1969:(Vol. 44 #3) Grazing Fees on Public Lands, Testimony before Pub. Lands Subcommittee, Senate Committee on Interior and Insular Affairs, Feb. 27-28, 1969 p. 344-346  
Oct. 1969:(Vol. 44 #4) Wild Predatory Mammal Control: Criticism of the Undersecretary's Statement on Animal Control p. 397-403

Manuscripts submitted, but unpublished:

Ecology Written in a Country Churchyard  
The Ambivalence of Development  
State Game Dept. Promotes Predator Slaughter

The following were not included in the above chronological listing through error:

- Ap. 1967:(Vol. 42 #2) Estuarine Areas Bill, Testimony, House Subcommittee on Merchant Marine and Fisheries March 3, 1967; p. 188-189  
Aug. 1964:(Vol. 39 #4) Ecology or Mother Goose, a Review of Pesticides and the Living Landscape by Robert Rudd. p48-51  
Fall, 1962 Bulletin Think Not of Man Alone (Reprinted from Sat. Rev. of Literature)p. 1-2

Alfred Etter is not easily tagged by a single word or phrase, but 'naturalist' is perhaps the best choice. This word suggests comparing his basic quality with that of such well-known men as John Muir, Henry Thoreau, Donald Peattie, and Aldo Leopold, all of whom were keen and sympathetic observers of natural phenomena, particularly of plants and animals, and were extraordinarily responsive to them. In various ways all of them had unusual ability to express their reactions to nature in writings so appealing to people of many kinds as still to be read these twenty-five to over one hundred years after they were written. < Etter, to date certainly not as widely known as any of these men, has, however, for a score of years now been an important naturalist in their tradition--in his perceptiveness, in his reflective response, and in his power to convey his experiences in his writings.

Why should a man of this kind be considered desirable as a staff member at the Morton Arboretum; what contribution might he be expected to make in furthering the Arboretum's basic purpose as outlined by its founder; what increment to the Arboretum's public service could be looked for from him; and what specific duties, if any, would he have? Nowhere in his founding statement was Joy Morton explicit in taking notice of the role of the general economy of nature (i.e. ecology) in the success of his plan, other than to refer to the 'climate of Illinois' as a factor limiting the scope of what might be attempted. Forty years ago this view of ecology seemed broad enough to him; it can scarcely be doubted that if he were establishing this institution today he would be intensely concerned with the new ecology--environment, as it has recently grown to include all factors of climate, soil, air, water,

plants, animals, and people. Nor can it be doubted that he would make some explicit statement that the institution's operations should include the study, and interpretation to the public, of the ecology of an arboretum, and of the whole<sup>e</sup> ecological relation of trees, at least, to the environment. Most members of the Arboretum staff would, I believe, agree to this statement, and all of them are currently contributing to facets of such study and of such interpretation. But none<sup>n</sup> of them has either the duty to devote his whole effort to this, nor the time, nor the experience of many years of ecological observation, quiet reflection, and extensive writing about it.

Alfred Etter has been engaged in exactly this type of study and interpretation during his whole life.

Specifically Etter's appointment would be as 'Naturalist', with the duty of carrying on his lifelong interests, here, within the Arboretum, and in the surrounding area served by it. The fruits of his study would be many; for example:

- 1) individual and group meetings with other staff members;
- 2) reports to the Arboretum's director and to the Board on ecological aspects of the Arboretum: is the decline of our conifer collection to be considered a pollution result, or a climatic effect, or a soil problem, or what; just what are the ecological results of our mowing practices in the Arboretum--on facets of this latter several of the staff have ideas, but no one has the time to study the overall picture, nor to make the timely analyses and the eventual synthesis;--etc.;
- 3) writings to appear in our Quarterly
  
- 4) the editing, perhaps, of a monthly newsletter for free distribution at the Center desk, calling attention to ecological matters recently observed and studied, likely events in the landscape during the next few weeks meriting ecological notice on the part of the public, plus a reflective editorial, timely as to content and its importance;
- 5)

In addition Etter would be available to represent the Arboretum as general ecological counsellor at some of what must become many meetings of many groups in this area which will be established to try to bring about environmental improvement. This last cannot be emphasized too much; during the last three years the Arboretum, under its new director, has greatly increased its importance as a source of information, support, and leadership, in local efforts to stem the tide of environmental deterioration. This activity is pretty certainly the most important/in which the Arboretum is now engaged, and equally so one which the founder would approve. There are many signs that, such assistance in environmental study will sharply increase during the next few years, and the Arboretum must make additional provision for availability of staff members as ecologically concerned and knowledgeable as Etter, and as communicative as he has been in his writings--his scientific background is sound and broad, his involvement is deep, but his writings are still simple in statement, accessible to the public reader, and movingly persuasive.

Testimony at Chicago Noise Hearings, sponsored by Environmental Protection Agency, Office of Noise Abatement and Control, July 28-29, 1971, presented by Dr. Alfred Etter, Naturalist, The Morton Arboretum

Thy long blue solemn hours serenely flowing,  
Whence earth, we feel, gets steady help and good.--

Robert Browning (Pippa Passes)

### NOISE---THE ULTIMATE INSULT

I speak for a little black girl who recently visited the Morton Arboretum where I am the Naturalist. On the floor of a woods she discovered a small piece of a tree. Unable to recognize wood that had never been sawed or nailed she asked what it was. When she learned that it was a piece of a genuine tree, just the way God made it, she was so delighted that she embraced it like a doll and carried it home to the ghetto with her on the bus. That is how ignorant of nature our people, especially our children, have become. For many of them, the unnatural has become the usual--so it has been with noise.

I think I speak not only for this little girl, but for people of every age who, because of rising levels of noise everywhere, are searching for something they feel they have lost. Without knowing it, they need to walk and sit together in a quiet place and look at the earth, listen to how the birds sing, and perhaps to puzzle about how much growing, and developing, plants can accomplish without ever making a sound.

When I requested permission to testify at this hearing, I was asked whether I wanted to testify as an expert. How does one qualify as an expert in these matters? Must he have a PhD to

Speak out against the inhumanity of man's noise? Isn't just being alive enough? Aren't ears sophisticated enough to tell the difference between what is strident and what is soothing? Aren't irritation and anger as good a measure as decibels?

If it helps impress someone, then yes--I have a PhD. I have spent eight years in college and the rest of my life in studying the earth, and the life on it. I have made it my responsibility to understand how the world is put together--and not a little of this understanding has come from listening to the sounds of nature--the silent sounds of stars, the timeless flowing of rivers, the enthusiasm of wrens, the gnawing of squirrels as they husk walnuts in the fall.

In the past fifteen years of my life, I have travelled among the largest cities in the nation, and so I have become somewhat expert not only on sounds but on noise. I have heard most of the sounds of nature obliterated from the lives of people---worse than that, the sound of the people has been obliterated too.

Now that I am living at the Morton Arboretum in Lisle, I am receiving an involuntary post-doctorate in suburban noise. Though people have a vision of the Arboretum as a nice quiet green island somehow immune to progress, that vision is false. Hemmed in by ever-mounting traffic of every sort, it is already a victim of the noise that people and industry bring with them when they are fleeing the inhumane conditions they themselves had created in the deeper city.

A short time ago we had a ceremony on the grounds of the Arboretum at which Senator Adlai Stevenson spoke. Many of those in the audience were disappointed that they were unable to hear him because of the traffic on Highway 53 where trucks, attempting to satisfy the insatiable demand of people for a new environment, pace back and forth like caged tigers.

I live on the Arboretum and my bedroom window faces south overlooking the East-West Tollway about 1000 feet away. The Burlington Railroad is nearly a mile further south. Jets often fly by only a few thousand feet overhead. I have no choice in summer but to leave the window open, and all night I toss and turn and have my own violent thoughts about how I can outwit the vibrations that shake not only the sky but the earth even from those distances.

I wonder how many others toss and turn, and grow angry along with me. Yet I am far more fortunate than most. What tortures of noise are inflicted upon those who are trapped in the breathless city forced to open their windows to the excretions of industry, the hot exhaust of vehicles, and the exhalations of countless office and apartment air conditioners that heat rather than cool the environment? Is it any wonder these people revolt, burn, vandalize, seek refuge on Government property by the lake, as Mike Chosa and his Indian followers tried to do? The Indians still have enough instinct left to recognize the kind of environment a human being needs, what kills and what lifts the spirit.

At the Arboretum on field trips I often try to tell children's groups how we should take care of the earth. What hypocrisy! My words and their questions are drowned out by banging vehicles and rasping tires. The sounds of frogs or birds or squirrels might as well not even be. Not long ago there was national concern about a silent spring. We have solved that threat with a greater one. Who knows whether the spring is silent or not amid the pandemonium of modern vehicles?

Not long ago I spent a morning at the Ogden Avenue School in La Grange with a group of young people, trying to show them what there was of nature left on their own school yard. Amid the acceleration and deceleration of trucks and jet noise overhead, I could hardly make myself heard when I tried to communicate some of my excitement at finding a honey bee nest in an old maple tree.

For the sake of economy, several school buildings in the Chicago area are now being used 12 months of the year. Have you ever tried to teach, or learn, in a hot school with all the windows open and the noise of the traffic and road repairs boiling up from the streets? What is gained by wasting pupil's and teacher's time trying to fight the domination of today's traffic? How many of the other so-called fruits of civilization, the art museums, the peaceful parks, the opportunities for visits and strolls in the neighborhood have succumbed to the omnipresence of noise?

On a farm where I lived and did research, it was an everyday observation that vibrations of every frequency were constantly being exchanged between animals, men, and the earth--but this communication was only possible when everything was quiet.

Life is absolutely dependent on quietness. Animals and birds depend upon it to make their living, to find their mates, to protect themselves from attack. Embryos still in the egg communicate with their siblings in adjacent eggs and so synchronize their hatching. Have you ever watched a robin lean down to listen for a worm? What happens to the radar of the bats, the trilling of toads, the prolonged symphonies of the thrushes when their home ranges are invaded by raucous man-made racket? For the most part, they give up.

Last fall I watched a string of sandhill cranes wending their way southward over their ancestral route, suburban Chicago, once a land of marshes and lakes and clean streams, now become a checkerboard of streets blanketed with polluted haze threaded with the webs of jets, helicopters and small planes. How much longer will the wild cries of the adults keep the young of the flock on course until they find a sanctuary?

When animals are made to listen to noise, they grow sullen, unresponsive, erratic, or violent. Is it any wonder we have violent, despondent, indifferent people when they cannot hear, in their neighborhood, the once familiar events by which they timed their day, conjured up visions of friends passing by, of tradesmen plying their routes, of church services or children at recess? People need sounds to stimulate the joys of expectation, to reassure them that they are part of a system, a pattern, or to challenge them to be alert and observant--and to hear sounds, they need quiet.

It was James Russell Lowell who said "...heaven tries earth if it be in tune..." Who can tell, amid the cacaphony of today, whether the earth be in tune or not? I suspect that dissonant worlds have a way of producing dissident people. Three years ago I was in Washington, D. C. and participated in the so-called "Poverty March" on "Solidarity Day". It was a memorable experience. I found a lot of people sharing a lot of unhappiness, peacefully. We were not complaining just of poverty, hunger, discrimination, or bossism. Among us was a down-deep resentment for the kind of world that was being forced upon us. Few could epitomize their feelings--there was only a kind of vague malevolence threatening us, bringing us together.

As we stood there, several hundred thousand of us, hoping to hear some wise speaker who might diagnose the problem, the malevolence suddenly revealed itself as it broke out upon us from every direction as the careful, soulful, often beautiful, even crying words of the speakers received lash after lash of violent noise from descending jets, hovering helicopters, and flatulent busses. Reverend Abernathy's cries of "soul power" were impotent in the face of noise power, in the swish and boom and scream of propellers and exhausts and sirens. Prayers, hymns, anthems, and even the courageous voice of Coretta King were cut down with impunity.

Little wonder, I wrote in my notes, that the people of America are becoming violent, sullen, plotting and addicted--for they are being dominated by the technological impudence of machines.

Noise is the ultimate insult. It belittles us. It gives us nothing at which to strike back. It kills what is left of many things that we have loved--music, beauty, friendship, hope and excitement--and the reassurance of nature. Traditionally noise is used to ridicule, embarrass, denigrate, and curse--while silence is used for worship, respect, anticipation, and love. Do we hate each other as much as our noise level indicates?

Collapsing Rome didn't give a damn how much noise it made any more than we do. Read Juvenal--and weep with him:

"Insomnia causes more deaths amongst Roman invalids than any other factor....How much sleep, I ask you, can one get in lodgings here? Unbroken nights--and this is the root of the trouble, are a rich man's privilege. The wagons thundering past through those narrow twisting streets, the oaths of draymen caught in a traffic jam--these alone would suffice to jolt the doziest sea-cow of an Emperor into permanent wakefulness."

Will the noise of modern man jolt the doziest sea-cow of all, the American city where the sounds of Ancient Rome have been magnified a hundred fold? Unless it does, I see no future for man.

Whom do I blame? I blame no one. I blame everyone. I blame all the people, including myself, who have come to Chicago to find a place to live, a job to do, and in the process have destroyed nature and created a tumult of noise borne of their demands for every convenience and every novelty and every protection from exercise, from chance, from weather. We each demand too much.

It is our demands that destroy us, that keep the trucks roaring and the jets rocketing and giantism proliferating.

Like the little ghetto girl who had seen nothing but boards all her life, we have become so used to living in this noise-torn world that we accept the dissonant and the sonorous as part of our environment. We no longer recognize quietness, nor know how to use it. But while I am aware that some can adapt to noise, as to other irritants, no adaptation is achieved without sacrifice. I think that if people ever rediscover quietness again, they will embrace it, like the little girl embraced her piece of tree, and treasure it as something that is not sawed and nailed and misshapen by man, but which contains within it some of the secrets of life and some of the explanation of why we are here.

Appendix: NOISE ABOUT NOISE

A brief collection of articles and comments about noise, arranged chronologically, showing that the subject is not new, that the threat is increasing, and that people object.

NOISY ST. LOUIS, St. Louis Post Dispatch, July 20, 1947  
(Complaint - What is wrong with the engines and gears in St. Louis buses? Why does the street car motorman constantly clank his bell?)

NOISE STRESS IN LABORATORY RODENTS, Paper No. 2379 in the Journal Series of the Pennsylvania Agricultural Experiment Station, late 1950's  
(Intense noise stimulation at relatively low frequencies - 140 db, 150-4800 cps - causes the appearance of a typical manifestation of increased emotionality or "anxiety-like" behavior in rats, mice and guinea pigs. The most dramatic behavioral responses to noise were: intensive huddling of animals, freezing of rats and mice into a rigid, motionless stance, increased respiratory rate and increased washing and grooming by mice and rats...The second major finding was that intense low frequency noise results in increased adrenocortical activity. The major evidence came from the finding that mouse adrenals underwent hypertrophy [enlargement] following noise exposure....Is noise a physiologic stress?....The answer...is an unequivocal yes.)

SUPT. GARRISON SEEKS SOLUTION TO YELLOWSTONE BOATS, National Wildland News, April 1960  
(Toward the end of the 1959 travel season, the superintendent of Yellowstone National Park...made public...the problem of power boats on Yellowstone Lake. "They create a commotion and a racket that destroys any shred of belief that this is the forest primeval or that it is other than a boating racetrack.")

SONIC BOOM, Scientific American, January 1962  
(Can the booms be eliminated? The answer is a categorical negative; they are an inherent part of supersonic flight.)

SILENCE, PLEASE, Michigan State News, January 26, 1962  
(Science has done wonders for the modern world, but it would be nice if it could work a little more quietly.)

JET PLANE NOISE DRIVING FT. WORTH SCHOOL UNDERGROUND, The Denver Post, December 19, 1963.

NEW YORK TOWN TO FINE JETS FOR NOISE, Item from Hempstead, N.Y. November 1964  
(Complaint...make so much noise they disrupt church service, disturb students in schools, prevent residents from relaxing and make many so nervous they cannot work, eat or sleep.)

SILENCE IS DEAFENING AS SONIC BOOMS STOP, Rocky Mountain News, August 1, 1964  
(Complaints by the thousands poured in on the FAA and the Air Force, which flew the test planes. Broken windows, cracks in walls and psychotic pets were blamed on sonic boom, and the FHA paid off close to \$10,000 in damage claims.)

LET'S REVOLT AGAINST THE TYRANNY OF NOISE! The Rotarian, Oct. 1964  
(Someone seems to have turned up the cosmic knob that controls the earth's volume. In cities all over the world, noise is hitting a new decibelic and diabolic high. Once-peaceful communities now are suffering a crescendo of noise...)

NOISE INCREASINGLY IMPORTANT PROBLEM WITH MORE PEOPLE, VEHICLES, AND PLANES, The Daily Sentinel, Grand Junction, Colo., July 3, 1966  
(Item from Alexandria, Va. - This is a nice backyard...in what used to be known as a quiet neighborhood....Shrubs or fences can insure visual privacy, but there's no way to shut out the unceasing noise from heaven and earth, an inescapable fact in these summer months of outdoor living and open windows.)

DONATED NOISE IN PARK, New York Times, October 22, 1966  
(Concerning the gift of a carillon -- a gift to the people which takes away a piece of publicly owned green space and replaces it with an expression of the donor's vanity...Not only is our scant bit of green being blotted out by these philanthropists, but those of us who go to the park to get away from the blare of horns are assailed by sounds for which we are a captive audience. Bells ring on the hour and half hour, amplifiers blare out music, and we go from one sound and find ourselves walking into another.)

QUIET PLEASE!! Rocky Mountain News, December 25, 1966  
(Item from Paris - The French government launched an all-out nationwide war against unnecessary noise. Fines will be assessed to curb those Frenchmen disturbing the peace and quiet of others.)

KUPFERMAN INTRODUCES BILL TO CURB "NOISE POLLUTION," News Release from office of Rep. Ted Kupferman, 17th Congressional District, N.Y., October 18, 1966  
(...Physicians, psychiatrists, engineers, and researchers have written to agree with Congressman Kupferman that noise is a factor in many physiological and psychological disorders and have added their research to his already voluminous study of noise and its effects upon the well-being of the individual.)

CARACAS NOISE CALLED CAUSE OF GROUCHINESS, N.Y. Times, Dec. 11, 1966  
(Item from Venezuela -- "It's the terrible noise that has turned citizens from happy friendly people into grouchy people...")

JETS BLAMED FOR DAMAGE TO CLIFF DWELLINGS, Denver Post, Jan. 1967  
(Military aircraft flying faster than the speed of sound have done damage to cliff dwellings in Canyon de Chelly National Monument in northeastern Arizona, geological formations in Bryce Canyon National Park and possibly to the remarkable cliff dwellings in Mesa Verde...)

TRAUMA OF NOISE SHATTERS HOME TRANQUILLITY, World Book Encyclopedia Science Service, 1967

(Sonic booms, jackhammers, and garbage trucks may needle your nerves like a hypodermic. But it is the dishwasher, vacuum cleaner and hi-fi that endanger disposition and health over the long run,-- so warns Dr. Lee E. Farr, professor of environmental medicine at the University of Texas...)

NOISE POLLUTION - MORE THAN JUST A NUISANCE, Audubon Guide, Feb. 1, 1968 from a report on environmental issues by the Conservation Foundation (Almost 30 years ago the American Medical Association warned that "the multiple and insidious ill effects of noise constitute an inadequately recognized, baneful influence on the lives of millions throughout the country.")

NOISE--A SYNDROME OF MODERN SOCIETY, Scientist and Citizen, March 1968 (Today's emphasis on visual perception has tended to diminish our awareness of the auditory character of our environment, and our auditory sense has tended to atrophy. We do not seem to realize that noise is not an inherent condition of existence, and have become permissive toward noise.)

FREEDOM FROM "SOUND", Resources for the Future, January 1969 (Noise used to be pretty much a localized phenomenon, a neighborhood nuisance perhaps, but not a city-wide or national affliction. Now we seem to be crossing over a threshold; generalized noise such as that coming from the interstate truck route or the flight path of jet planes commands increasing public attention.)

CITY'S NOISE POLLUTION NEARING DANGER POINT, Detroit Free Press July 6, 1970 (Detroit is noisy, and it's getting noisier each year. The people most bothered by noise are factory workers, many of whom become gradually deaf from constant workday din.)

TOWARD A QUIETER CITY, Lansing State Journal, January 23, 1970 (Item a 55-page report from Mayor John V. Lindsay's Task Force on Noise Control says,...noise in New York City has reached a level intense, continuous and persistent enough to threaten basic community life.")

OFF-ROAD VEHICLES STIR STORM, Chicago Sun-Times, July 25, 1971 (From an article by David S. Robinson about dune buggies, mini-bikes, snowmobiles -- What has brought these popular recreation vehicles into such disrepute with nonusers? Probably the chief complaint is the noise. Although the noise excites some bike and snowmobile owners -- apparently because of the power it signifies-- it infuriates many others seeking quiet in the outdoors. "People who go to parks and forests go there for peace and quiet and relaxation. These vehicles just are not compatible with that and they never will be,"-- says David Click, deputy director of Indiana Department of Natural Resources.)

MAQ 7(1+9) 1971

"... the earth herself and nature, artificer of the world, bring forth abundantly all things for all."

Lucretius  
Of the Nature of Things (58 B.C.)<sup>1</sup>

## Development—A Human Failing

By Alfred G. Etter

### INTRODUCTION: DISCOVERING THE DILEMMA

When I was a boy in a small Missouri town during the depression, I often sat beneath the big soft-maple trees on summer evenings with my family and listened to the entertainment of the toads, the crickets, and the katydids. We heard the screech owl wail and watched bats cast giant shadows across the yard as they flitted about a lone street lamp. Sometimes we could watch flying squirrels as they sailed across the blue-green evening sky. In those days we all lived together—we and the plants and the animals.

As each year passed, my growing curiosity about nature led me to explore farther from home, through oak woods, across fields and farms, in search of knowledge about the world I had been born into. One of my favorite paths followed a spring-fed stream bordered by giant sycamores. In May, when wild sweet-william covered the fragrant loam, gypsies camped among the trees, their canvas wagons patterned with the shade of new leaves and the shadows of dancing butterflies. On a hill above the campground was an old cemetery where I could lie in the tall grass and listen to the songs of insects and mourning doves, and sometimes the singing of the gypsies.

Then, in the late thirties, came economic "recovery". A public works program brought a concrete highway through the gypsy campground, leaving the cemetery high on a cutbank. A lumber company made barrel staves out of the oak wood. A construction firm scraped away goldenrod and sumac to make room for "Meadowwood, A Modern Development". Soon the development's sewage turned my creek a slimy green.

Until that time I had always thought of development as a perfectly natural process—a caterpillar developing into a butterfly; a plant growing and developing seed; an old field sprouting vegetation and developing into a home for meadowlarks and garter snakes. But then I learned that development could mean bulldozing, damming, contaminating, draining, and killing. It could mean the appropriation of soil and sun and rain for the exclusive use of one species—the exploitation of earth *by man, for man*.

In my innocence, of course, I was only witnessing for the first time something that had been going on ever since that mythical day when, according to an old tale, God wiped His hands on His apron,

## MATHEMATICS, ECOLOGY & A PIECE OF LAND

*The Illusion of Predictability*

*By Alfred G. Etter*

Several years ago I read an article called "Mathematical Systematization of Environment, Organism, and Habitat," by Edward Haskell. It was one of the first of many pleas for greater precision of terms in the study of ecology. The author claimed the predictability of the science was nil, and would remain so until it could be developed in a manner comparable to the physico-chemical sciences. The first prerequisite was a series of mathematical definitions. He then defined environment, habitat, and organism — three essential concepts — in mathematical terms.

This seemed reasonable, for obviously the very foundation of all life is multiplication from a single cell, or even from a single substance; and the individual bird, corn plant, or tree is the product. Within this product are contained all the millions of individual multiplications that produce growth. Animal and plant populations are only an extension of this same process. Environment is full of variables that can be measured, plotted, and columned and so lend themselves to the methods of the punched card and the electronic brain. We are often told that there is nothing mathematics cannot do. Is there any reason why earth processes and living things could not be resolved into systems of data that could be fed to computers to produce a more predictable world?

I took this question with me for a walk one warm March day. I entered a woods where gaunt fallen trunks with tangled roots lay gathering leaves. It was a peaceful place; where could I put the question to a better test than here?

### THE NONCONFORMIST TREE

Before me was a blackjack oak with wide-spreading limbs. At best a blackjack is a sort of home-made tree, patched together with crooked branches and leathery duck-foot-shaped leaves. Scrubby specimens cover the rocky hills of southern Missouri, but here on the wind-blown soil near the Mississippi this one had had the time and food to become a giant. I tried to reach around it, but could reach only halfway. A blackjack twelve feet around might be two and a half centuries old. I took a cold mathematical look at it. Formulate as I might, it presented problems. It was too old, too eccentric. It had the jack-oak leaf, but there its conformity ended. It was neither integer nor fraction, even nor odd. It was an individual acorn

*"Mathematics, Ecology, and a Piece of Land" first appeared in Landscape in Spring, 1963. It is reprinted here with permission.*

SHELTERED GARDEN

H. D.

I have had enough.  
I gasp for breath.

Every way ends, every road,  
every foot-path leads at last  
to the hill-crest—  
then you retrace your steps,  
or find the same slope on the other side,  
precipitate.

I have had enough—  
border-pinks, clove-pinks, wax-lilies,  
herbs, sweet-cress.

O for some sharp swish of a branch—  
there is no scent of resin  
in this place,  
no taste of bark, of coarse weeds,  
aromatic, astringent—  
only border on border of scented pinks.

Have you seen fruit under cover  
that wanted light—  
pears wadded in cloth,  
protected from the frost,  
melons, almost ripe,  
smothered in straw?

# Think Not of Man Alone

The Mirror  
of  
Public Opinion

All life, and not man alone, is threatened by his inventions such as the H-bomb, writer says; man should remember he is younger than the turtle; he defies himself when he assumes command of entire earth, but what right has he to such dominion?

Alfred G. Etter, Director, Clifton Experimental Farm, Washington University, Clarksville, Mo., in a Letter to The Saturday Review

In regard to Editor Norman Cousins's "Think of a Man" I am not much concerned that atomic and hydrogen bombs may destroy mankind. I owe my allegiance to the whole world of life. The disappearance of a single species is of small importance when two billion years of creation hang in the balance.

We must realize that unbridled use of atomic energy for peace and war threatens the future not only of Man, but of every living thing on this planet.

Destruction will not wait for exposure of each organism to a bomb or its dust. Devious natural methods are even now distributing the by-product of radiation to every hidden island and unascended depth. The wind and rain and rivers are not the only forces to be feared. There is the circulation of atoms from living thing to living thing, and from dead thing to living thing.

There is a food chain that builds a coon from a frog that fed on a butterfly that sucked juice from a flower and ate leaves as a worm. The chain does not cease with the coon. It may be complicated by a coyote or it may be simplified by a worm. A coon may die in many ways and his atoms may circulate in 1000 directions and become a part of a million organisms within a few days.

His destiny is not to be buried in a vault, but to be reborn in leaf and flower and butterfly and frog and coon and coyote and millions of minute plants and animals that defy description. With radioactive atoms circulating in this system what has been a cycle of perpetual life is already becoming an inexorable race to extinction.

Ever since the Jews sought solace in words and the Greeks began to reason, man has granted himself dominion over the earth. Aristotle preaches that nature "has made all animals for the sake of man." Genesis proffers "dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over every living thing that moveth upon the earth."

What authority is there for such a concept other than our own self-interest and conceit? We are not the owners of life. We are part of it.

As I watch the eagles search the Mississippi I ponder their meaning—their bold harpooning of the shad, their bullying of the ducks, their uprushed head and thrilling cry. These have nothing to do with me. The eagle thrills to life as I do. Life is his possession. These great birds were seeking shad long before our race stepped out of the darkness of time.

With the eagles are gatherings of gulls, scattered grebes and crows, canvasbacks, cormorants, mergansers and scaup, searching the river for their livelihoods, facing as individuals the responsibilities of living and perpetuation each in his characteristic manner, each with relish for his existence. What fiat empowers us to dictate their destiny?

We can destroy all this—the complex social balance that exists among animals and plants, the system that provides for inheritance and change of instinct and emotion and sensation and form—but could we invent a tree all over again, a

vine, a rose, a hummingbird with a trumpet flower to fit?

Can one of us design a tumblebug and teach him what to do or grow carpeting as soft as the green moss or fill an empty sky with geese and teach them Vs and honking and where to fly?

Men cannot build life, for life is made with eons of time, the one missing ingredient in Man's repertoire. To him that commands time all things are possible. To him that does not, let him stand in awe of it.

History is so small. All we talk of as being history and important is one event. Its importance shrinks when we consider the millions of dim geological events that preceded us—the emergence



St. Louis Post-Dispatch, Oct. 16, 1936.

of continents, the building of rivers and soils, the radiation, isolation and fusion of life.

When we interpret our own story we must remember that compared to the cockroach we have barely been born. Turtles have been solving the problems of life 200,000,000 years longer than we have.

Dams, trains, revetments, cranes, towers, towns, highways of cars, smoke in the sky, and motors on the river—these things are Man, and yet they are like chalk on a board. His books, his thoughts, his discoveries that seem so characteristic, so majestic, are no more majestic than the methods of the bee that exploits the flower. Animals and plants are creations as important as ourselves, though they are at our mercy, unfair as that may seem.

But man and his machines are in charge of our destiny and that of the planet. It is ourselves that we have been worshiping under the guise of God. Let us admit this deception and turn our admiration to time and life and chance, and find in them the proper inspiration for piety and awe. Worship and preach now lest Man, in desperation, resort to catastrophe, condemning the crazy elements to drift in abandon again.

# These Strange Americans

From the Philadelphia Bulletin

Four officials of the Soviet Red Cross and Red Crescent societies are in this country as guests of the Red Cross, and their first day in New York City brought them a puzzling experience.

In the blood donor division of the New York Red Cross chapter they found some 40 men and women, including white and Negro soldiers. They asked what these donors were being paid, and found it hard to believe that they were all volunteers, here on their own free will, giving their blood with no payment at all.

In Russia, the visitors said, the donors are handsomely paid, get the day

off, a good meal and an extra day on their vacations. Even so, it was hard to recruit them. Why should Americans come voluntarily, to give blood for nothing? Their hosts explained that the donors came for "purely humanitarian" reasons, to give blood for people they would never know. The Russians, after long discussions, accepted this explanation, but plainly did not understand it.

## RUSSIAN POLICY.

From The Sacramento Bee.

A middle-in-the-road policy seems still to be a consistent mark of Soviet action.

# The Crystal Lens

Anne Morrow Lindbergh, who lives in Darien, Conn., is the wife of the first trans-Atlantic flyer, Charles A. Lindbergh. The author of six books, including *Gift From the Sea*, she has received two Smith College literary prizes and recognition for aviatorial achievements. The following poems were taken from *The Unicorn and Other Poems*. (Pantheon, 86 pgs., \$2.75.)

## Winter Tree

Again the oak, bare, stripped and barren, brings  
More confirmation to the heart than Spring's  
Returning green; more courage to re-  
find

The winter-bones of spirit unobscured  
By summer-flesh of leaves. The troubled  
mind

After the Fall's deception, reassured—  
After the wind, after the winter storm—  
By deep return to discipline of form.

What power hidden in the winter tree  
Can set the captive spirit running free,  
Following vault of trunk and leap of  
limb,  
Singing through fountain of the branch  
a hymn,

Spilling through laughter of the twigs  
in flight  
Out to the limitless expanse of light?

Does mortal eye, so trained by mortal  
frame,

Find in the tree's uplifted boughs the  
same  
Gesture of application or of praise

We mortals use, when mortal arms we  
raise?  
Or does the adult mind, remembering  
The child's conception of the sky, still  
cling

To images of God who sits on high?  
(We too might reach Him, could we  
touch the sky!)

Or does the startled spirit recognize  
A deeper kinship that the mind denies,  
Within the skeletal form of tree con-  
cealed,

Symbol of its own struggle find re-  
vealed:  
A form so contrapuntal and yet pure;  
The chosen path, fortuitous, yet sure;

The thrust, the spread, the lift, appar-  
ently  
So free, and yet tap-rooted in the  
ground;

The shape, an individual, yet bound  
By its generic law; it is a tree.

And does the pattern here not clarify,  
Perceived at last in its entirety,  
A confirmation of essential trend;

Assurance that the tree does in the end,  
In its slow pilgrimage from root to  
flower,  
Pulsing with all of sap's blind, patient  
power—

Power of faith, of prayer, of prophecy—  
Reach in the polar buds the open sky?

## Presence

I lift my head  
To find on high  
A wheeling hawk  
Upon the sky—  
So far above,  
There too, my love?

Down at my feet  
A weed has pressed  
Its scarlet knife  
Against my breast—  
O miracle,  
Are you here too?

## Within the Wave

Within the hollow wave there lies a  
world,  
Gleaming glass-perfect, rising to be  
hurled

Into a thousand fragments on the sand,  
Driven by tide's inexorable hand.  
Now in the instant while disaster towers,  
I glimpse a land more beautiful than  
ours;

Another sky, more lapis-lazuli  
Lit by unsetting suns; another sea  
By no horizon bound; another shore,  
Glistening with shells I never saw  
before.

Smooth mirror of the present, poised  
between

The crest's "becoming" and the foam's  
"has been"—

How luminous the landscape seen across  
The crystal lens of an impending loss!

## IF THE EARTH'S UNIQUITIES BE DESTROYED

I think we have to face the fact that man is a beast. When you turn stock into a woods, they eat up the woods. Our country is overgrazed by man, and it is time we fenced him out of some of it. That is our purpose -- to find out how and where we can get busy on some exclosures in Missouri. It will be a hard task, because self-deprivation is beyond ninety-nine percent of our population, and that is what we are attempting to teach.

It happens that we are not the sole possessors of the earth. We share the globe with an infinity of life. Noah set the precedent for concern over the survival of our coinhabitants on this earth, but we know now that ultimate survival of animals or plants goes deeper than just keeping them from the flood, unless we reckon as flood the flood of men. It goes deeper than two-by-twos. To survive animals and plants must live in communities which satisfy their wants and to which through time they have become accustomed. It is man's obligation to preserve from destruction not only living things, but the communities where they live and the unique conditions under which they subsist.

If the earth's unquities be destroyed who among us has the imagination to dream such dreams again? Who has the power and the time to make them come true? Imagine how remote the chances are that a single natural area, once destroyed, would ever come to exist again complete with all its retinue of life.

I wish that men were like boys. My boy once said he wished he had wings so he could fly--then he wouldn't have to walk on all the beautiful things of the soil. Man is least ignorant when he is a child, and is then most perceptive. As he ages, his drab duties and responsibilities wound his joy and kill his sensibilities. Then it is his own destiny to which he devotes all his energy and thought. He forgets the sober reflection of John Donne, who said that, "All the glory of man is as the flower of the grass, neither no very beautiful flower to the eye, no very fragrant flower to the smell." Our own lives are really so brief and the majesty of the world so great that dedicating ourselves to preserving part of it would seem to be one of our highest goals. I hope that all of us have some of that feeling as we undertake that task.

On the occasion of having begun the organization of a chapter of the Nature Conservancy in Missouri.

by

ALFRED G. ETTER

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## DYING IN THE SMOG

By ALFRED G. ETTER

MAN'S failure to live within the bounds of ecologic law is nowhere more strikingly illustrated than in the desolate mill towns of West Virginia and Pennsylvania. Donora is one of the most famous of these.

At the 1949 Conference on Conservation, Nutrition, and Health held by Friends of the Land at Athens, Ohio, motion pictures of the Donoran landscape were shown by Dr. Clarence A. Mills of the University of Cincinnati. I was so impressed with the devastation shown by these pictures that I made a special trip to see the truth for

myself. My observations are presented in Part II.

The unbelievable wasteland that man has allowed to develop in this town is ample evidence, for those who shape our destiny, that all is not right with our way of life, our method of exploitation of natural (including human) resources. The smog of Donora, though taking a toll in one evening of some seventeen martyrs, may have been a blessing in disguise. It may have been a severe enough shock to arouse interest in discovering how far men can go on their technological way

There must be some increase in State highway income in order to provide the necessary matching funds to support a continuing program of the magnitude contemplated.

The highway officials are recommending a modest extension of the interstate program to provide for increasing the safety and capacity of those interstate routes which prove to be overloaded and for some limited extension of the system as dictated by population shifts and ex-

traordinary growth in some areas of the country.

The State highway officials recommended the establishment of an urban system covering improvements on arterial roads and streets in the urban areas and the urban areas involved.

A tabulation and summary of the program recommended by the State highway officials is shown in the accompanying table:

Tabulation and summary

System category	Appropriable percent of total needs	Matching Federal-State	Funds (in billions) 1975-85		
			Available Federal	Required State	Available State
Interstate.....	10	95-10	\$7.04	\$0.70	\$6.33
Urban.....	30	95-5	15.05	7.83	7.22
Rural primary.....	40	95-5	20.87	10.43	10.44
Rural secondary.....	20	95-5	10.44	5.22	5.22
Total.....			54.00	24.18	29.82
Total 10-year program (in billions of dollars).....				78	

Comparison of present funds (1968 fiscal year) and an average year in the proposed 10-year program

Category	Dollar amounts in billions					
	1968 fiscal year Federal-aid program			Average year for 1975-85		
	Federal	State	Total	Federal	State	Total
Interstate.....	\$3.40	\$0.34	\$3.74	\$0.70	\$0.07	\$0.77
Urban.....	.45	.45	.90	2.09	1.50	3.59
Rural primary.....	.30	.30	.60	1.04	.52	1.56
Rural secondary.....						

This division of funds was determined by the State highway officials on the basis of an inventory of our total road and street improvement needs. The total estimated cost to meet all road and street needs is \$209.59 billion on the basis of 1966 prices. Assuming that costs will increase at the rate of two and one-half percent per year the cost would be about \$283 billion in the 1975-84 period.

Therefore, the State highway officials are proposing a Federal-aid highway program which would meet only about 25 percent of the total need and which would leave many of the inadequacies of our road and street system to be handled by the State and local governments without Federal assistance.

The State highway officials believe that highway development programs should be based on documented highway needs and upon the desires of the public.

In addition to undertaking extensive highway needs studies, the highway officials have embarked on a \$285,000 research project to determine the public's transportation preferences and the factors that influence or determine these preferences. The research is being administered for AASHO by the Highway Research Board of the National Academy of Sciences. It is expected that some of the findings of this research study will be available for the use of Congress early next year.

It is interesting to note that some of the State highway departments have evolved into transportation departments somewhat along the lines of the Federal

Department of Transportation. It would be reasonable to expect that these State transportation agencies would work in close cooperation with the Federal Department of Transportation in the same way that the State highway departments have worked with the Bureau of Public Roads.

Nevertheless, some State highway officials have expressed concern that State highway departments will not be invited to work with Federal officials in the planning of future Federal-aid highway programs. I am hopeful that, as time goes on, the Department of Transportation will fully avail itself of the expert knowledge of the State highway administrations.

The State highway officials are certainly to be congratulated for bringing this far-sighted report to the attention of the Congress.

COLORADO WATER LOBBY

The SPEAKER pro tempore. Under previous order of the House, the gentleman from Pennsylvania [Mr. SAYLOR] is recognized for 10 minutes.

Mr. SAYLOR. Mr. Speaker, from the time that the Internal Revenue Service first indicated that contributions to the Sierra Club might no longer be considered tax deductible, America was on notice that a supposedly sacrosanct Federal office was far from being above reproach and would henceforth bear careful watching.

The IRS attitude toward the Sierra

Club was a depressing blow to those who assumed that agency was immune to political machination. It leaves a stench that increases in intensity as the general public comes to realize the impropriety and inequity involved in making an outstanding patriotic organization the target of an absurd and malicious attack.

If anyone doubts that the Sierra Club was singled out for reprisal without justification, then he has not read "Colorado Water Lobby," by Dr. Alfred G. Etter. The article immediately raises the question of why one organization among many in conflict over a public issue should be penalized for its philosophical difference. More than that, it demonstrates how Federal bureaucracy may employ one of its most devious devices to attack a group seeking to promote the national interest as a sacrifice to local organizations motivated by obviously selfish reasons.

Dr. Etter's analysis quotes me as asking during a congressional hearing why information demanded of conservation groups is not also requested of opposite associations. I repeat the question, but I do not expect IRS or anyone else to even attempt to defend its position by providing an answer.

I include "Colorado Water Lobby," from *Defenders of Wildlife News*, in the Record:

COLORADO WATER LOBBY  
(By Dr. Alfred G. Etter)

In early June of 1966, one day after the Sierra Club published pleas in the *New York Times* and the *Washington Post* for help in the preservation of the Grand Canyon, the Internal Revenue Service informed the Club that because of its efforts to influence legislation the IRS could no longer guarantee that membership dues contributed to the Club's general fund would be exempt from Federal income tax.

Shortly thereafter, Representative Wayne Aspinall of Colorado, Chairman of the House Committee on Interior and Insular Affairs and a strong promoter of Reclamation activities, defended this action. In the *Grand Junction Daily Sentinel*, Aspinall's hometown newspaper, he was quoted as saying that the Club had exceeded the bounds of propriety in its lobbying efforts and had made a "nauseating, indecent, and ignorant attack . . . on the (proposed Grand Canyon) dams and on reclamation generally."

The Sierra Club was attacked again in May, 1967, by another Coloradoan, Senator Gordon Allott. Irritated by the Club's continued opposition to Colorado River legislation that would put a dam in Grand Canyon and build five Colorado projects, Allott said he hoped the Senate Interior Committee would hold a hearing "one of these days on the Sierra Club and its lobbying activities."

In calling for investigation of the lobbying activities of conservation groups, pro-reclamation forces invite similar investigations of their own efforts to guide water legislation. The following preliminary study of reclamation promotion and lobbying in Colorado has therefore been made. The results are enlightening and shocking. They have significant portent for democracy and conservation in the United States.

In July, 1966, in Glenwood Springs, Colorado, the Colorado River Water Conservation District was holding a board meeting. Mr. Robert Jennings, District Manager for the

\*Aspinall Hits Sierra Club Lobby Tactics", *Grand Junction Daily Sentinel*, July 6, 1966.

\*\*"Angry Solon Asks Sierra Club Probe", *Grand Junction Daily Sentinel*, May 6, 1967.

# THE RECLAMATION MACHINE

BY DR. ALFRED G. ETTER

IN EARLY JUNE<sup>of 1966,</sup> one day after the Sierra Club published pleas in the New York Times and the Washington Post asking for help in the preservation of the Grand Canyon, the Internal Revenue Service informed the Club that because of its efforts to influence legislation the IRS could no longer guarantee that membership dues and gifts to the Club would be exempt from federal income tax. Shortly thereafter, Representative Wayne Aspinall from Colorado, Chairman of the "CIA" (Committee on Interior Affairs) defended this action. He said the Club had exceeded the bounds of propriety in its lobbying efforts and had made a "nasty, indecent, and ignorant attack . . . on the (proposed Grand Canyon) dams and on reclamation generally." Mr. Aspinall was perhaps more upset by the excellent testimony the Club had presented before his Committee at hearings in May than by the advertisements in June.

*Simultaneously, Defenders of Wildlife was notified that its tax exempt status was being investigated, but Defenders had not advertised at all. It had merely presented significant testimony at the Colorado River Basin Project hearings (DOW News, October, 1965 and April, 1966), some of which was not very favorable to Mr. Aspinall and certain reclamation projects in which he was interested.*

In view of all the investigations being conducted, we decided to conduct one of our own—of reclamation promotion and lobbying in Mr. Aspinall's back yard. The results are enlightening—and shocking. They have significant portent for democracy and conservation in the United States.

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## Liquor and Lunch

It was a warm July day in Glenwood Springs, Colorado. A jackhammer was pounding just outside the window of the conference room where the Colorado River Water Conservation District was holding a Board meeting. The noise didn't seem to bother anyone, even though it made hearing somewhat difficult. Mr. Robert Jennings, District Manager for the Bureau of Reclamation, was telling the Board members about plans for an annual Reclamation "Work Session" to be held at Grand Junction. There would be about 80 people altogether, including all the important Bureau of Reclamation people, some representatives of the Bureau of the Budget, and some members of the House and Senate Appropriations Committees.

"This is your chance," he said, "to bend the ear, so to speak, of the Washington people. Now Monday night the Grand Junction Chamber of Commerce is playing host at a barbecue at the Colorado National Monument. Tuesday is taken also, and Thursday has been spoken for by the Southwestern Colorado Water Conservation District. But on Wednesday, there would be an opportunity for this Board to host something, if it so desires."

Mr. Jennings sat by while a motion to spend \$500 to provide a happy hour and dinner for the Bureau of Reclamation was introduced and passed unanimously. There was little discussion of the motion. One member suggested that some of the sub-districts might want to contribute part of the donation, but another member commented that it made little difference where the money came from—it was all tax money anyway.

It takes some nerve to offer oneself as a guest, but the Bureau of Reclamation is not shy. Alternately, with kid gloves and subtle coercion, the Bureau keeps its handmaidens, the Water Districts of the West, available and cooperative in the cause of empire.

I appeared at this Bureau "work-session" and asked if I might attend this evening of "entertainment" for which my ad-valorem taxes had helped pay, but was told that the get-together was private. If any ears were bent, it would be done by the Board Members who theoretically represented me—but here lies the great anomaly of water resources development in the west: *all water development is assumed to be good.* It would be impossible for anyone opposing a project to be represented by the Board.

I am reconciled that in a democracy one has to pay taxes to support causes with which he disagrees. It is indeed a bitter pill to have to pay the Bureau of Reclamation to destroy such places as Glen Canyon, to plan dams for Bridge Canyon and Marble Gorge Canyons, to build roads up the only wild valley remaining in the vicinity of Aspen, and to cut the flow of western white-water rivers like the Crystal, the Roaring Fork, the Yampa, and others. I lie awake at night tormented by the proclamations of Public Servant Floyd Dominy, Commissioner of the Bureau that: "There isn't a single river in the United States that wouldn't be benefited by some form of control." But when I discover that I must pay taxes to buy this servant and his cohorts liquor and lunch while he subverts the leaders of the local Water District, it is more than I can stand.