ational facilities can be built, and since it recognizes the need for private enterprise to make a profit it must accept the practice of charging fees to those who would enjoy the private life on public lands.

As early as 1914, private recreational homes were allowed to be built on public forestlands. Such arrangements, though not kept secret, were not publicly announced. With the recognition of the need for stricter environmental control, permits issued by the U.S. Forest Service have been put through a land use–planning process. When a proposal for the private development of public forestland is submitted to the U.S. Forest Service, an environmental-impact statement is issued and publicly aired. The procedure, as Washington says, "is very open." The public has 60 days in which to criticize or object to the proposal. When that period has expired, a decision is made by the Forest Service. The public then has the right to appeal the decision, but it is the government that delivers the ultimate ruling.

Although no new homesites on government forestlands are even considered, thousands of permits for private use of public lands are issued. They include the right to install power lines, water pipes (such as the one at Tamarron), reservoirs, and a variety of recreational facilities, among them ski areas including lifts, resorts, and climbing huts.

Some of the nation's best-known and most popular recreational centers occupy lands that fall within the federal borders of the U.S. Forest Service. Diamond Lake Resort, on the slopes of the Cascade Mountains, in Oregon, has a marina, restaurant facilities, and 400 beds on Forest Service land. Similarly, so does the well-known, government-owned rustic lodge at Mount Hood, in Washington. Crystal Mountain Ski Area, in Oregon, which includes two hotels and privately owned condominiums (open to the public for rental), is also within the perimeters of Forest Service land. So is the Saguaro Marina, in the Coronado National Forest in Arizona, and, on the opposite side of the country, the Appalachia Mountain Club, at Pinkham Notch, in New Hampshire's White Mountain National Forest.

AT PURGATORY, a few miles away from Tamarron, the ski lifts and the slopes occupy federal forestland, but the base facilities, condominiums included, are on private land. The same situation prevails at Vail, the famed resort in Colorado favored for winter vacations by President Ford. In his letter to *SR*, John Holden, the self-described "hardened old prospector," states, "It was bad enough when Vail Associates and Snowmass [at Aspen] got ahold of some private land at the foot of the beautiful Colorado mountains and then persuaded the Forest Service to let them build ski lifts and trails. . . . The real assets that the promoters of these ski areas are cashing in on are the climate and the slopes of those mountains."

It certainly can be successfully argued that the issuance of ski facilities on mountains within the limits of the U.S. Forest Service may well attract a rash of commercial enterprises to adjacent privately owned lands that might otherwise have remained in some sort of bucolic form—farm or ranchlands, for instance. There is no doubt that commercial enterprises, particularly recreationally oriented enterprises, change the land use. The Forest Service is eager to indicate that approximately 8 percent of all the land area of the U.S. is national forest, much of it wilderness area.

The broad umbrella of "conservation" can cover many meanings. In its purest form, pristine areas, wild animals within them included, are protected in perpetuity, unviolated by man's transgressions. But that is conservation without appreciation, and there are those who cast reasonable doubt on that concept. Secondly, there is conservation *with* appreciation, which was the basic idea of the national parks, first established when President Grant signed legislation, in 1872, creating Yellowstone National Park, the first in a string that now numbers more than 30.

But, as has been said, there exists a curious anomaly, for while the national parks are created in the public interest, and it is the tourists themselves who create a public interest in the maintenance of wildlife preservation, the animals, if they are to exist in a native state, should not be bothered by public attention. A prime example of the violation of this basic code is the bears that line the roads in Yellowstone, stopping traffic so often during the summer months that the tie-ups are called, by the rangers themselves, bear jams.

Providing public roads, parking lots, hotels, and campsites within protected national lands has also induced excesses, notably dance halls, rubber rafting down streams, even such unnatural spectaculars as the fire fall, since discontinued, which called for dumping a large bonfire over a cliffside within Yosemite National Park, all for the public delectation.

While an effort has been made to ensure a broad spread of prices for lodgings within national parks, all too often the rates rise into the stratosphere. Or the range leaps abruptly from low-cost camping to high-cost hotel-resort com-

Booking a Tour With the Bard—No. 1

These jottings, all from the pen of William Shakespeare, have been plucked from his works by the celebrated Shakespearean actor Arnold Moss. If you are unable to place the travel phrase in the proper play, turn to page 59 for the answers.

(1) Be merry, here's the map!
(2) Confirm her flight.
(3) Call it a travel that thou takest for pleasure.
(4) The undiscover'd country.
(5) Go travel for a while.
(6) In the morning early will we both fly.
(7) As I travell'd hither through the land, I find the people strangely fantasied.
(8) Is this a holiday?
(9) I have a journey, sir, shortly to go.
(10) Let's to the seaside, ho!

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Saturday Review's

Twenty-first Annual Travel Photo Contest

Honoring the American Bicentennial

Contest Rules

1. *The Bicentennial Travel Photography Contest is for amateur photographers only.* Professional photographers (individuals who earn income from taking or selling photographs) are not eligible; nor are employees of SATURDAY REVIEW or their families and relatives.
2. Contest entries must have been taken *on a trip made this year* and in a locale within the 50 states or in any commonwealth, possession, or trust territory of the U.S.
3. Black-and-white prints, color transparencies, and color prints are acceptable; prizes will be awarded in two categories: black-and-white and color.
4. Each entrant is limited to two entries in each category, i.e., two black-and-white prints and two color prints or two color transparencies or one color transparency and one color print.
5. Black-and-white Category:
   (a) Prints must be *unmounted* glossies no larger than 11"x14".
   (b) On the back of the print must appear: entrant's name and address; make of camera and film used; date and place entry was taken.
   (c) Developing and printing may be by the entrant or by a commercial photofinisher. No artwork or retouching of print or negative is permitted.
   (d) No black-and-white entries will be returned.
6. Color Category:
   (a) Color transparencies must be *originals* and in cardboard slide-mounts. Duplicates and glass mounts are not acceptable.
   (b) Color prints must be *unmounted* and no larger than 11"x14".
   (c) On the back of each print and on the mount of each transparency must appear the same data specified above for black-and-white entries.
   (d) Color prints will not be returned. Transparencies will be returned only if accompanied by a self-addressed, stamped envelope and protective cardboard.
7. Entries will be judged on photographic quality, originality of subject treatment, and the sense of place (locale, local color, etc.) they convey. The judges will be a panel of *SR* editors, and their decision will be final.
8. Winners will not be notified before December 1, but a list of winners will appear in the January issue of 1976.
9. *SR* will not be responsible for condition of entries upon receipt or upon return. The sender assumes all risks.
10. *SR* will not enter into correspondence with entrants about their entries; no letters accompanying entries will be acknowledged.
11. Before receiving a prize, the entrant is obliged to sign a statement that the entry is the work of an amateur photographer; that the entry, or any closely similar picture of the subject, has not been and will not be entered in any photography contest other than the *SR* Bicentennial Travel Photography Contest, and has not been and will not be offered for publication in any manner prior to January 3, 1976. *SR retains first publication rights to prize-winning photographs* as well as those that receive honorable mention. *SR* reserves the right to use such photographs for promotional purposes (including exhibition in a traveling show during the Bicentennial Year).
    Original black-and-white and color negatives (as well as model releases) for prize-winning entries must be made available upon request.
12. Awards for winning photographs which are travel prizes (see page 1 of this issue for list of prizes) are neither transferable nor convertible to cash.

Entries must be postmarked no later than September 22, 1975. Mail entries to: Saturday Review Travel Photo Contest, 488 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. 10022

plexes, along the lines that the developer would himself like to occupy. As one avowed conservationist, who is also a resort developer, once told me, the leaders of the nation have a need, too, to work off the ardors of their labors and responsibilities. That is undoubtedly true, but captains of industry also have access to country clubs and similar watering holes not always available to blue-collar (and many white-collar) laborers. The very remoteness of national preserves often denies, by their geographical location, their use and enjoyment by those with limited incomes.

Much has been made of exploitation of national parks, notably the game reserves, in East Africa. It is true that in some game parks in Kenya, especially at Amboseli, a ring of tourist vehicles often surrounds a pride of lions (*SR*, March 8). Tsavo National Park is so vast that the scattered lodges and tourist vehicles don't obtrude upon the game. The environmental outrages are committed by poachers seeking skins, heads, and especially ivory tusks. But there are some conservationists who protest the wholesale trampling of forests by the elephants themselves and call for "cropping the herds," a polite euphemism for shooting animals when their number exceeds the limit that the land can sustain.

The establishment of national preserves has become a worldwide conservation effort. Tiger, leopard, bear, and barking deer inhabit Hazaribagh National Park in India, established in 1954. Indonesia, under the Dutch, set aside a preserve in south Sumatra, which remains the protected home of gibbons, tapir, elephants, and the Sumatran rhinoceros.

Establishing preserves in which rare animals can survive in wild and native habitat is of inestimable value to scientists, to those who have the opportunity to view them for pleasure and wonder, and for what is collectively called "posterity." Man must walk a narrow ledge between his need to cleanse himself of the pressures of a high-speed and exacting life on one hand and the basic necessity of preserving a corner of his land in a relatively pristine state. Maintaining a balance is the problem, and it is the overbalance that excites sensitivities of partisans of all camps. What can be argued, successfully perhaps, is the basic tenet that conservation or preservation without the opportunity for public appreciation offers limited rewards to mankind. □

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Curmudgeon-at-Large

by Cleveland Amory

The other day we sat on a plane with a horseplayer. Not an average horseplayer, mind you, but a confirmed one. One who imbibes *The Racing Form* as if it were mother's milk. And, of course, he studies breeding. Not just the sire of the horse but also the dam. You know, by Malaprop out of Damsel in Distress—that sort of thing. And then the grandsire and the granddam. He knows, for example, whether a horse has "good breeding" or "great breeding" or even the sad "no breeding." "Breeding," he told us, "is *everything*. But remember! When you breed to a horse like Secretariat, it's not the first get you want, it's the *second*. It's the second get that's important."

We got to wondering why, if breeding is so important for race horses, well, why confine it to them? At least we ought to consider it for other athletes—we mean the two-legged ones. After all, we bet on them, too. Take this on-again, off-again romance of Chris Evert and Jimmy Connors. Stop it. It's time they got down to business and thought about the really important thing—America's 1994 Davis Cup team.

But don't knock Jimmy and Chris—they are actually pioneers. Baseball and football are way behind. It's time they shaped up. Why should baseball teams, for example, have farm teams? That's nonsense—what they really need is stud farms. You let a Nolan Ryan or a Tom Seaver go out and choose his own wife, for heaven's sake, and where does it get you? I'll tell you where it gets you—damn few second-generation ball players even on the second get. Or take football. You want a 300-pound tackle who can run the mile in nine seconds, right? Right. Well, women are coming on like crazy in sports. Take one of those women track stars. Then you get your gorilla . . . What are we saying? But there's an idea there, too. We just don't think we will go into it.

Of course, this thing is bigger than sports. Take your boss. Why let him marry just anybody and have a no-good, second-generation nothing for a son who will let the business go to pot? Women's lib has pioneered a whole new crop of lady executives. Choose one! With first-class ability. Get her together with your boss. And again, get the second get.

Finally, what on earth are we doing in the most important office of all? We're just letting our Presidents come along at random. It's got to stop. Plan 20 years ahead. First, you find an old Boston Adams (they're still around) and a young Roosevelt girl. It doesn't matter—either Oyster Bay or Hyde Park. Just get them together.

DÉJÀ VU DEPT.—as found by Irving Bernstein of Surfside, Fla., in the *Miami Herald*:

Air Force bomber crews have been ordered to begin training for fighting a limited, unclear war. . . .

We say, let's make the next war *perfectly* clear.

BUREAUCRATIC SHUFFLE—as sent on by Mrs. B. A. Bowditch of Weston, Mass., who received it from the Office of the Assistant Secretary of Defense:

Dear Mrs. Bowditch:

This is in response to your request concerning aerial photography of Baffin Island, Canada.

Any photography of a foreign area which may be available from the resources of the Department of Defense has been obtained by agreement with the nation concerned. The address you should contact for authorization is:

Embassy of Haiti
4400 17th Street, N.W.
Washington, D.C.

Maybe they *launder* requests there.

SIGN OF THE TIMES—as discovered by Mary Alpanalp of Chula Vista, Calif., who received it from the fine jewelry department of the Broadway Department Store:

Dear Preferred Customer:

You are invited to share with us the excitement of the Loose Diamond and Mounting event.

We don't care *what* they do, as long as they don't do it in front of the horses.

CHANGE OF PACER—as come upon by Paula Deats of Sacramento, Calif., who found it in the *Los Angeles Times*:

Paris (AP) Existentialist author Jean-Paul Sartre told reporters today that he is nearly blind and that his career as a writer is over, but that he plans in the future to direct a number of television programs.

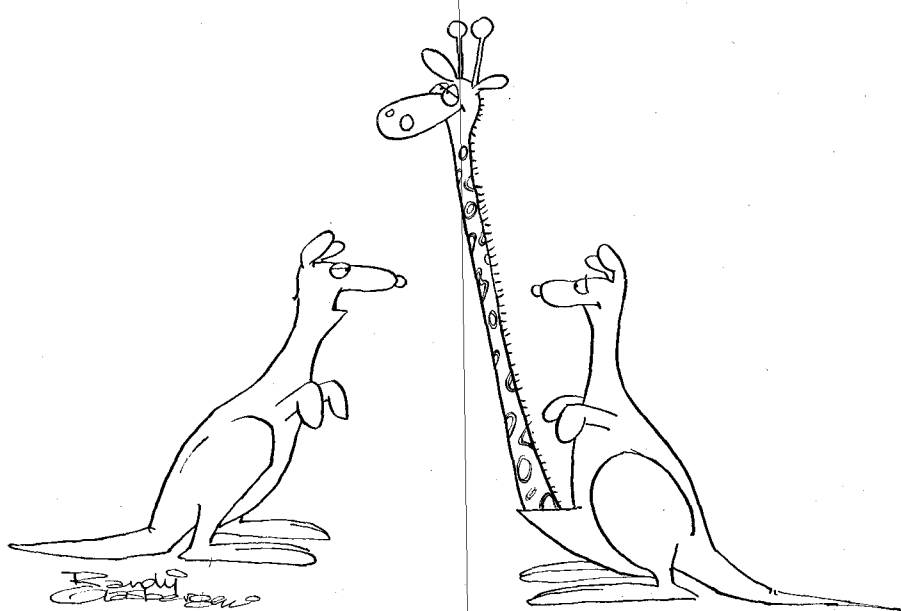
No comment.

THEATRICAL NOTE—as spotted by Henry Staub of Buffalo, from a review of *Two Gentlemen of Verona* in the Buffalo *Courier-Express*:

The play has been updated in costuming to recent time. The place is the seaside. This shift works well on a few levels and is not preposterous, for the characters are young, footloose and lazy. They lie about catching the sun and pruning their bodies.

Don't knock it. It may mean long hair is out. □

Answers to *Booking a Tour With the Bard* (see page 57): (1) *King Henry IV (Part I)*; (2) *Two Gentlemen of Verona*; (3) *King Richard II*; (4) *Hamlet*; (5) *Pericles*; (6) *The Merchant of Venice*; (7) *King John*; (8) *Julius Caesar*; (9) *King Lear*; (10) *Othello*.



"One of these days we ought to tell him he was adopted."

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