

CONSERVATION NEWS

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In a way the New York World's Fair is a bit old fashioned.

But first let me assert that you are swept up into a kind of patriotism for man. It's like the emotion that sometimes comes over you at a parade — you are suddenly feeling proud to be an American. At gatherings and important events you may suddenly be buoyed by this kind of emotion for a profession, organization or even a hobby (bird watching included) or anything of which you belong.

As a spectator at the World's Fair panorama of what man has and promises to do, you can be overwhelmed with the creativity and potential of this species of which we are a part. It's a funny kind of feeling to find yourself experiencing this pride of also being of man. But you can't help it in the presence of a quietly dramatic sculpture or of atoms being fused with thunderous bursts.

While walking through the Fair grounds you are stunned to see a huge building begin to rotate. In another, moving chairs whirl you around in such a way as to give you a reasonable facsimile of an astronaut's view of our global home. Then in Futurama you are looking at everyday life as it may be only 60 years from now — men manning stations on the moon, a desert turned into a fruitful greenery, and a weekend resort underwater with guests propelling little submarine cycles (maybe the operators were fish watchers). Futurama in itself is a technical marvel as you are taken through a realistically wet-green tropical rain forest. The voice in your earphones says that this thick, lush kind of forest had been impenetrable "until" — at the instant your synchronized earphones vibrate with "until" you are swung around a corner where you are confronted with a futuristic highway stabbing through the virgin growth.

Any "futurama" of man should include the untouched wilderness — nature shown as the primevally intricate and marvelous mechanism that it is. What planner can know how greatly the futuramic world may have to depend for its resources on nature's ecology. Who can assuredly fathom how terribly dependent the well regulated and serviced man of the future might become on nature for rest and spiritual health?

To dramatize something that man had not put his hands on would be a challenge to a World's Fair. Perhaps in another 25 years our appreciation of this will have caught up with our technical progress. A World's Fair might then include a Pavilion of Conservation with shows and displays revealing the dynamics of nature's ecology and our dependence on it.

In this important respect the current World's Fair does not differ from those World's Fairs that saw the rising of the Eiffel Tower, George Westinghouse's electric light generator, Sally Rand's fan dance and television. Like the others, the 1964-65 World's Fair perpetuates man's triumph-over-nature self conceit that has been engendered by generations of "successful" conquests over nature. This is an attitude that goes back to those days when only persons with the greatest foresight could have seen the possible annihilation of so much vast woods, waters and innumerable creatures by exciting brand new inventions like the sputtering of a fragile nuts and bolts motor

when a gasoline substance was spoon-fed into its rickety esophagus. This attitude dates back to the early days when trees were adversaries against a pioneer's stubborn muscles and axe.

It is this old attitude that today accounts for so much use of the bulldozer and the dredge. What these don't obliterate, some of the other modern and clever versions of the gasoline engine threaten to tear up. Wilderness areas, like the Forest Preserve, which in other respects might be unmolested are now being smashed into by four-wheel driven vehicles, specially geared two-wheel scooters, endless-tracked sleds, and others. This is all proof that we can lick those big, thick woods.

This also sounds like something from minds that still believe in Santa Claus. But this is the age of the intricately knowledgeable mind. Its miracles and promises are being celebrated by the World's Fair. Yet here there is also something of that initial whoop-de-la and head-on use as though these marvels were toys under the Christmas tree. There seems to be little concern that thoughtless use of some of these could ruin the natural living room. Some of the toys are like none of the old Gilbert chemistry sets we got as kids. We've been getting poisons — DDT, aldrin, dieldrin, etc. Granted they looked very good for arresting some diseases and permitting worm-free apples. But since these were poisons you would have thought that this scientific age of men would have taken more precautions — even against the unforeseen possibilities. But no. We started throwing that stuff all over the land from airplanes. In this respect Miss Rachel Carson was sort of like the mother who at least tried to restrain the impetuous youngsters from ruining any more of their house.

Since "Silent Spring" and since such things as fish kills in the Mississippi and our own Lake George restraining measures are being advanced. New York State's legislature this year passed a bill to establish a state pesticides control bill. This was a tip-toe in the right direction.

In April Senator Abraham A. Ribicoff of Connecticut introduced a bill to permit Federal inspection of pesticide manufacturing plants. Representative John D. Dingell of Michigan has introduced a "pesticides coordination" bill which would require that any government agency planning a large-scale spraying program would have to first consult the Fish and Wildlife Service. This is bill H. R. 2857. Meanwhile H. R. 4487 would allow the Fish and Wildlife Service to screen new pesticides to determine effect on wildlife.

This scientific age should certainly cause people to question many accepted practices of the past — particularly that of predator control. In this regard an important report has been made to the Department of the Interior by its own advisory committee on wildlife management. This so called "Leopold Committee" has questioned the practices of the Department's Branch of Predator and Rodent Control. It has also criticized that of the states. The report reflects a concern for the diminishing numbers of many predator creatures.

The fact that we have had a Rachel Carson and a "Leopold Report" raises hope that by the next World's Fair there will be more general accept-

ance of conservation. Yet, I cannot help but think of an interesting exhibit at this Fair. It is a quite realistic dinosaur exhibit. The models of these prehistoric creatures looked real enough amid a swampy vegetation. Fortunately, we cannot blame man for what happened to these creatures.

Maybe there is a possibility that a future World's Fair might have to have a realistic (as though they were alive) exhibit of the extinct Bald Eagle, Osprey, Black-Crowned Night Heron, Cougar, Coyote, and perhaps even the American Robin. Sounds a little inconceivable. But in man's future anything can happen.

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SUMMARY OF FRUIT CROP FALL AND WINTER 1963-1964

Regions	Ontario Plain 2	Western Allegh. Plateau 1	Eastern Allegh. Plateau 4, 8	Lower Hudson 9
Red Pine			F, -	
White Pine		P	F, P	
Pitch Pine			F, -	
Hemlock		F	G, P	
Red Cedar	F			G
Bayberry				G
Ironwood (<i>Ostrya</i>)		P	G-F, F	
Blue Beech (<i>Carpinus</i>)		P	G-F, F	
Yellow Birch		P	G-F, F	
White Birch			G, F	
Amer. Beech	P	P	P, P	
White Oak	P	P	P, G	G
Red Oak	G	P	F-P, G	
Cucumber Tree		F		
Thornapple	G	F	G, F	
Wild Black Cherry		P	G-P, P	
Box Elder	G	F	G-F, P	G
Sugar Maple		P	F, F	
Grey Dogwood	G	G	G, -	
Red Osier Dogwood	F		G, -	
White Ash		P	G-P, P	
Black-berried Elder	G	F	G, -	
Sour Gum				G
Pin Oak				G

On the western Allegheny Plateau there was a general crop failure due possibly to severe frosts in May. There only the Hemlock, Box Elder and Cucumber Trees produced fair crops of fruits. The situation on the Eastern Allegheny Plateau appeared to be generally better and along the Lower Hudson and Delaware the crop was reported as good.

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