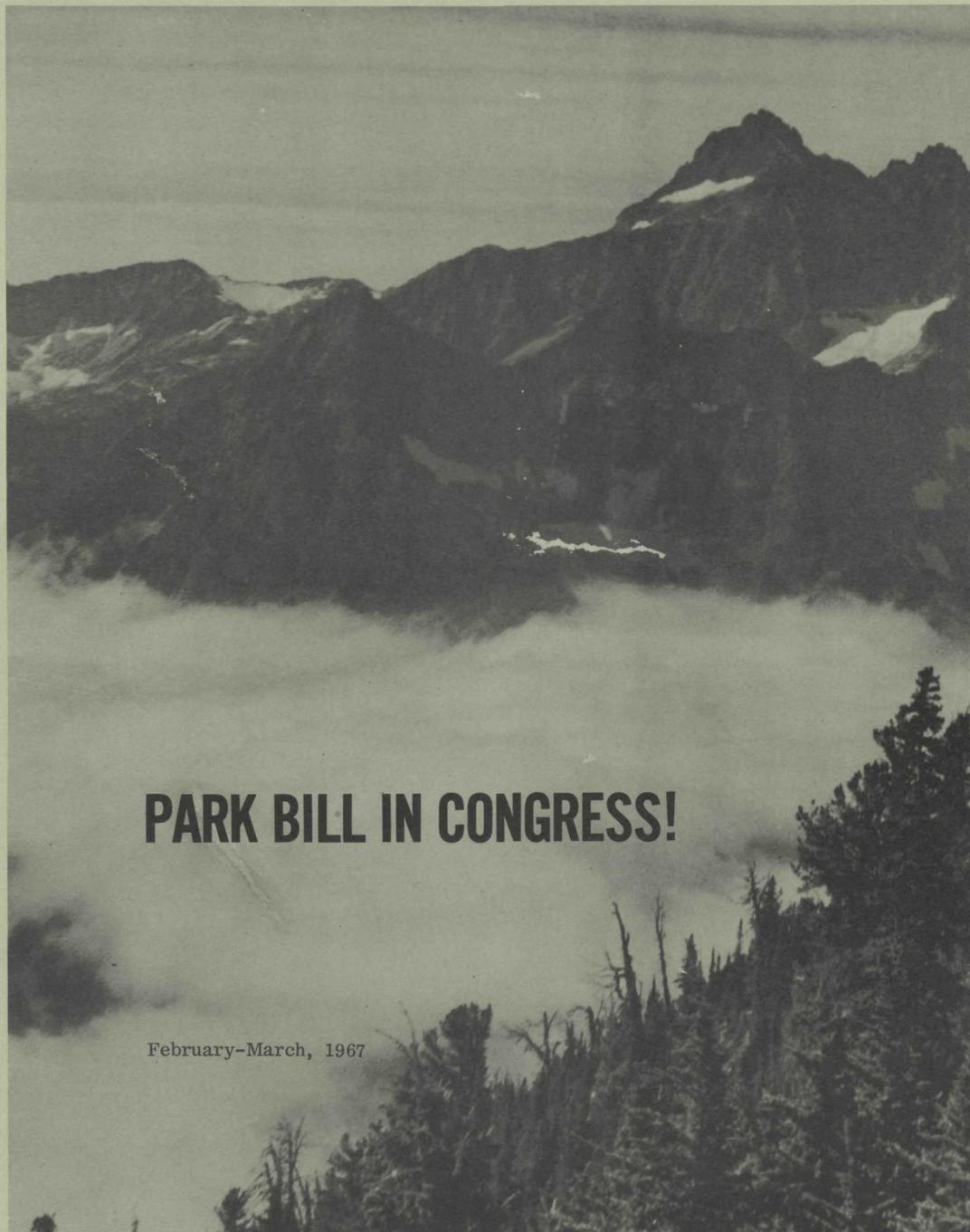


THE WILD CASCADES



PARK BILL IN CONGRESS!

February-March, 1967

Wilderness Park in Cascades Asked

— Seattle Times, March 20, 1967 —

Recreation Plan, Also

By WALT WOODWARD
A wilderness-oriented national park divided by a recreation-oriented area along the North Cross-State Highway and Ross Lake was proposed for the North Cascade Mountains by the Johnsson administration today.

The plan, endorsed by both Secretary of the Interior Udall and Secretary of Agriculture Freeman, was filed as an administration bill by Senators Henry M. Jackson and Warren G. Magnuson, Washington Democrats.

Jackson is chairman of the Senate Interior Committee, which will begin hearings on the bill in May.

The announcement ended more than a year of speculation on the White House

position. It set the stage for what is expected to be a lengthy congressional battle over the nation's last remaining unspoiled mountain area.

DETAILS OF the administration proposal:

1. A North Cascades National Park of 570,000 acres, the northern portion including Mount Shuksan and the Picket Range, and the southern part including the Eldorado Peaks and the Stehekin Valley, including the town of Stehekin at the northern end of Lake Chelan.

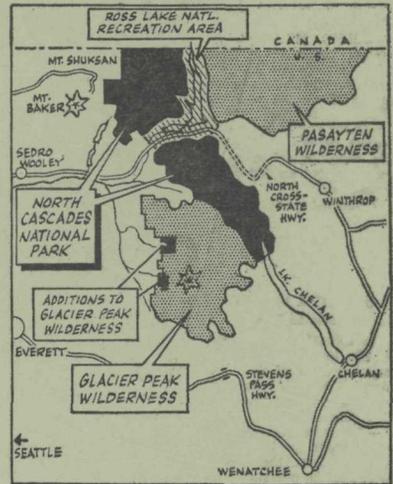
2. A 100,000-acre Ross Lake National Recreation Area occupying the Skagit River canyon from about five miles southwest of New-

halem and including mountain-slope areas along Diablo and Ross Lakes to the Canadian border.

3. A 500,000-acre Pasayten Wilderness Area, incorporating much of the present North Cascades Primitive Area. It would run eastward from Ross Lake and north of Ruby Creek and the Methow River to the Chewack River in Okanogan County.

4. Westward extensions of the present Glacier Peak Wilderness Area in both the Suiattle and White Chuck river corridors totaling 10,000 acres.

Headquarters of the park would be near Newhalem. (For other details, see Page 5.)



THE BASES ARE LOADED!

The bases are loaded! We've got a proposed National Park on third, plans to stop the Glacier Peak Wilderness open-pit copper mine on second, and proposals for additional Wilderness Areas on first. The conservationists are at bat. Can we bring these plans across the home plate? The answer is yes, if our members and cooperators play a hard, fast game.

At last, after a decade of diligent work, we have succeeded in getting a bill for a NORTH CASCADES NATIONAL PARK into Congress! It is a modification of the North Cascades Study Team-Crafts proposal. It has the major plus feature of placing statutory wilderness protection over much area not now so protected or recommended for such protection by the Forest Service. The bill also proposes the PASAYTEN WILDERNESS, essentially for that portion of the North Cascades Primitive Area east of Ross Lake. The approach valleys to the Glacier Peak Wilderness, however, would not be protected. A special issue of The Wild Cascades, now in press, will describe the bill in detail and give our analysis of it. While we believe this is an excellent step forward, it is still a compromise from our 1963 proposal which we believe to be the best. Hearings on the bill will be held in Washington, D. C. April 24 and 25 and in the state of Washington late in May. Begin organizing your thoughts now.

The KENNECOTT MINING CORPORATION has not yet applied to the U.S. Forest Service for access to its claims on Miners Ridge in the Glacier Peak Wilderness Area. The latest development is the discovery that this mine can not be excavated unless Kennecott obtains a variance to the Snohomish County Zoning Regulations. This will require a public hearing which would give wide publicity to the issue and could possibly cause extensive delays in court.

The wilderness proposals for the ALPINE LAKES and COUGAR LAKES regions of the North Cascades were not included in the above legislation. This is understandable because there would be the temptation to equate these two areas with the northern region being considered for a park. Hence, these two southern wildernesses would be certain to suffer by such a comparison. They are certain to be the subject of later legislation.

OLYMPIC NATIONAL PARK is not included in the bill. Changes, if any are to be made in this park, will not be the subject of legislation during 1967.

Cover: Black Mountain -- Dick Brooks

P. D. G.

A New Northwest Conservation Representative

13729 22nd Ave. NE
Seattle, Wash. 98125
March 20, 1967

Fellow Conservationists:

As many of you have no doubt heard by now, I have resigned as Northwest Conservation Representative for the Sierra Club and the Federation of Western Outdoor Clubs, effective March 1, 1967, in order to enter the private practice of law in Edmonds, Washington.

The editors have allowed me this space to express my appreciation for your support, financial and otherwise, for the past two years and for your constant consideration and cooperation.

The last two years have witnessed a continued, rapid increase in public concern for the quality of the environment and the preservation of our unique scenic and wilderness resources. By any standard of measure, the vast majority of the American public supports our efforts. However, the same conditions which have evoked this support -- irreparable losses of scenic and wilderness resources, an ever expanding population and economy, and a steady urbanization and loss of quality -- also constitute a steadily growing threat to the success of our efforts.

Kennecott would ruin the Suiattle Valley-Miners Ridge area in the Glacier Peak Wilderness in order to exploit a mere two days' supply of copper. The Corps of Engineers would dam the Snoqualmie for no apparent gain and for insufferable losses in green space and free-flowing stream. Southwesterners seek to divert the Columbia, irreparably damaging its qualities and recreational values, flooding innumerable scenic valleys and gorges between Washington and Arizona, in order to dump water wastefully on Southwest fields to grow surplus crops.

Much work lies ahead. Fortunately, we have been able to secure the services of Brock Evans, a young Seattle lawyer, as our new Northwest Representative. Brock has established himself as an outstanding conservation leader in the Northwest in a few short years. He will do an outstanding job for all of us, and I am sure we will all extend to him our every support and our constant consideration and cooperation.

Sincerely,
Rod Pegues



In the Cougar Lake Limited Area

4534 University Way NE
Seattle, Washington 98105
March 10, 1967

Dear Friends in Conservation:

As a former "flatland furriner" from Ohio, I feel that sometimes I have a different perspective about the West in general, and the Northwest in particular, than perhaps do those persons who have lived here a long time. Ever since I stepped off the train at Glacier Park five years ago, there seems to have been some lost chord which was struck deep inside me, and it has been humming ever since. I knew then, as I marveled for a whole summer among the pines and the high mountain trails, that I could never go back and practice law in Ohio, as had been my plan. I still marvel and feel full of wonder nearly every day now that I live here, that there could be such a beautiful place as the Northwest.

It was this love of the beauty of the Northwest, especially when contrasted with the sprawl and congestion from which I had come, that caused me to become interested in and involved in conservation matters out here. Perhaps like many others who move here from elsewhere, I had despaired at the destruction of the environment which I saw going on around me, but had felt that nothing could be done about it. It was almost by accident that I discovered that there were others who cared too, and that they were organized.

I view the position of Northwest Conservation representative as a unique opportunity to make a contribution towards the preservation and enhancement of the quality of the Northwest environment, and indeed, to the quality of life we will lead here in the future. This is what it is all about, in my opinion; we believe that man must live with nature, not against it; we must use nature, but not destroy it; and very often, the highest use of nature is for man's spirit, not his pocketbook.

I will work towards these goals, using every means provided by the organizations which support this position. If political action is needed, it will be done; if information is needed, it will be supplied; if agency consultations are wanted, they will be had; and if legal action is required, it will be taken. One of the most exciting aspects of the position is the flexibility of means available to help us work towards our ends. I feel that there are many creative opportunities here for different approaches, especially in the legal field. There is not much "conservation law" as such; and it may be that eventually, the way to protect the places we love will be through a series of court decisions which weave a strong philosophical framework around the whole idea of wilderness. For example, it may be that Kennecott Copper Company has the right to mine its patents near Image Lake; but why should they not be required to compensate the public for its losses, in terms of lost opportunities for wilderness enjoyment, over the 30-year period that they will be there?

Of course, I intend to continue the traditional conservation techniques used by organized conservationists with such success in recent years. This position offers remarkable opportunities for coordinating these efforts and helping to make them even more effective. We conservationists are riding a rising tide, as more and more people see what has been lost and are aware of what must be saved; our voices are being heard; and our demand that we must love the land will be met, as long as we work together. For we have a good cause, and what we are able to accomplish will work to the good of the whole nation.

Very truly yours,

Brock Evans

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GUIDEBOOKS

Books and Maps for a North Cascades Summer

100 Hikes in Washington

Text by Louise Marshall, photos by Bob and Ira Spring

For each of 100 hikes there is a full-page photo by the Springs and a facing page with a sketch map and text telling how to get there and what to look for. The trips extend from ocean beaches to valley forests to high meadows to summit rocks, from Mt. Adams to the Canadian border, the Olympics to the Methow. Some make good walks for winter afternoons, others will fill a rich summer week. Since publication in August 1966, some 15,000 copies have been sold. 200 pages, soft cover. The Mountaineers. \$4.95.

Routes and Rocks: Hikers Guide to the North Cascades from Glacier Peak to Lake Chelan

By Dwight Crowder and Rowland Tabor

Full descriptions of all the trails and all the off-trail high routes good for hiking in the Glacier Peak, Holden, and Lucerne USGS quadrangles, with information on places to camp, viewpoints, and other things to see. Frequent notes explaining the geologic features and history. Nearly 100 line drawings, 9 photos. A back-cover pocket holds the three quadrangle maps, which have special overprints. 240 pages, hardbound. The Mountaineers, 1965. \$5.

Climbers Guide to the Cascades and Olympics

By Fred Beckey

Since first publication in 1949 has become known as "Beckey's Bible." Climbers can't do without it; others find it useful for roads, trails, approaches, viewpoints, and general information. American Alpine Club, Second Edition, 1961. \$5.

PICTURE BOOKS

The North Cascades

Photos by Tom Miller, text by Harvey Manning, maps by Dee Molenaar

On 10-by-12-inch pages are 68 classic photos of cold ice and stark cliffs from Dome Peak to the Pickets to Shuksan. Peak-top panoramas and also basecamp meadows. The Mountaineers, 1964. \$10.

The Wild Cascades

By Harvey Manning, with foreword by Justice William O. Douglas, lines from the poems of Theodore Roethke, 80 photos (21 in color) by Ansel Adams, Philip Hyde, David Simons, Bob and Ira Spring, Clyde Thomas, John Warth, and others. Edited by David Brower. Number 11 in the Exhibit Format series. Sierra Club, 1965. \$20.

MAPS

The North Central Cascades

A pictorial relief map by George W. Martin and Richard A. Pargeter

This 25-by-30-inch four-color map covers, roughly, the area from Snoqualmie Pass north to Glacier Peak. Roads and trails shown -- giving lots of ideas on places to go. Published by the authors. 1964. \$2.25.

Mount Rainier National Park

A pictorial map by Dee Molenaar

A 24-by-36-inch four-color essential for any person visiting The Mountain or thinking about it. Published by the author. 1965. \$1.95.

Attention: Book Buying Members



In addition to books specifically about the North Cascades which are publicized in these pages, you may also obtain from the N3C Bookshop any and all books published by the Sierra Club or The Mountaineers. N3C members deduct 10% from the list price. Buying from the Bookshop amounts to a cash contribution furthering the purposes of the organization.



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The Bumping Lake Enlargement: A Cascadian Reaction

by

Charles D. Hessey, Jr.
Chairman, Conservation Committee
The Cascadians

While the man from the Bureau of Reclamation justified his desire for an enlarged Bumping Lake reservoir with charts and statistics, we listened with a stirring of memory and a strong sense of futility. The memory was of numerous Wilderness Bill hearings where we listened at length, while awaiting our turn to testify, to just such carefully prepared statements listing firm economic benefits to proposals that would surely be nullified by a wilderness law. The sense of futility did not derive from a conviction that this battle was lost. We were thinking, rather, that Economics, crushed to earth, would rise again -- and again, and again. While recognizing its legitimate claims, we found ourselves tired of shooting the same old bodies in the war for a wholesome environment.

The briefest statement of our objection to the Bumping Lake enlargement plan is simply that we prefer natural streams to artificial lakes, and the sinister part of the Bureau's plan, in our view, is the expectation of building a dam at some future date on the Little Naches and the Rattlesnake rivers. It is our conviction that dam builders will build dams just as long as there are tempting damsites and a public purse that can be pried open with charts and statistics. We tend to succumb easily to arguments laced with arithmetic (which is an important discipline and we don't want to condemn dam builders and statisticians for using it). But we do not excuse them for an excessive devotion to it. There is a world of other values that only a higher kind of mathematics can express, and all ye who live by charts and statistics, try not to forget it.

If we were given the task of justifying an enlarged Bumping Lake, something like the following might emerge: It would sustain a higher average flow in the rivers below, diluting pollution and improving fish habitat. It would keep water running in a section of the Yakima River now dry in late summer due to power withdrawals. It is an artificial lake imposed on an artificial lake which was imposed on a natural one, so a management mutation has already been accomplished here. It would "firm up" what amounts to Bureau overcommitments of water on the Roza project. (The Bureau's original Roza plan must have guessed wrong, or there would not now be farmers in danger of a low runoff year. This fear is being emphasized in defending the necessity for this dam.)

It is a lake whose watershed will be protected by wilderness and whose storage capacity will therefore suffer little from siltation. The project will dump a lot of government money into local hands. (Most of it taken from other hands elsewhere, of course.) Other possible benefits are a larger body of water to hold more game fish, and a greater lake surface to support more boats. Some logging will be required to clean up the basin, and this will be of temporary benefit to that industry.

Many are attesting that these are genuine multiple-purpose benefits and fully justify the expenditure. About the only arithmetical response it is possible to make is that \$30 million is too much to pay when that sum is added to the cost (which can be calculated, if at all, only by a higher mathematics) of the loss of expanses of trout streams, of pleasant forest and meadowland which is now elk herd habitat, and of a variety of accustomed uses.

At least some of the benefits attributed to a larger lake are susceptible to honest skepticism and questioning. For instance -- where pollution is acknowledged to exist, is dilution the way to attack it? Or, if ranchers on the Roza have never yet suffered from lack of water, isn't \$30 million boondoggling pretty hard to buy their insurance? We find it impossible to forget that the Bureau is not asking merely for more water to bail out its overcommitment, but that it wants us to surrender miles of beautiful streams, forest, and meadowland. This we are supposed to do lightly, for the promised benefits.

Is there a crisis impending that demands this project? The Bureau states that if negotiations with the Indians fail the project will be dropped. From this we can fairly assume that no crisis exists. We find it hard to resign ourselves to giving up miles of the aforementioned streams, forest, and meadowland if the need is not imperative. But the mechanism for wooing public acceptance of such monumental works demands a crisis environment for success, and the formula for self-perpetuation of any bureau contains equations for providing the crises. If you encourage the development and occupation of more land than the available water will adequately serve, you have created the demand for another dam.

If dam values did not call for the surrender of other values we could not logically quarrel with these demands. But the prospect of an endless succession of patchwork repairs to the Bureau's errors in judgment with the consequent eroding of our superior environment (its superiority derives from its natural features) is a prospect with chilling implications. The Bureau laments that lack of funds has prevented a comprehensive look at the entire watershed by that department. Is this what we want?

Not quite. What we need is total planning for a whole society and not a single bureau's evaluation of a watershed for its -- the bureau's -- single purpose. Wisdom has been in short supply in the development and use of our total resource. We once complained to a Forest Service officer that it was downright silly to dam a valley for water storage and then to cut the forests in the valley's watershed. "Of course it is!" he agreed instantly, which left us somewhat perplexed, because that is what has been going on. A Forest Service man in the field can see the obvious error in that kind of management, but that kind of management has momentum and there doesn't seem to be anything he can do to change it. The Forest Service man's wisdom was matched by that of a water expert who recently declared that in spite of all the concern over pollution from pesticides and weed-destroying agents, the greatest source of stream pollution is siltation. Let the lumber industry have its contribution. Many resource-management procedures are merely bad habits evolved from a century of scattered single-purpose reactions to what we can now clearly recognize as multiple-purpose problems. Logging by bulldozer is an example of this.

The case for total planning (include population planning, please) is obvious enough to people concerned about the quality of their environment. We have built more dams to store more water to irrigate more land, while paying farmers not to raise crops. Starvation walks large parts of the earth, and shortages of customary foods loom ahead even for us, yet we continue to sacrifice our finest cropland to housing developments and highways. These are things that happen with piecemeal planning.

We were admonished by a spokesman for the dam to get behind this project and to help put it over, because one of these years the farmers on the Roza might run short of water. We cannot do it. Until total planning -- utilizing all the wisdom now available in and out of concerned departments -- is the accepted method of dealing with problems which affect the quality of our environment, the conservationist who surrenders his principles to permit a patchwork repair of bureaucratic error is betraying his heirs.

February 6, 1967,

U.S. Department of Interior
Bureau of Reclamation
Regional Office, Region 1, Box 8008
Boise, Idaho, 83707

Subject: Bumping Lake Enlargement,
Yakima Project, Washington

Position of THE CASCADIANS
A supplement to the initial views submitted October 12, 1966.

After having the opportunity to listen to numerous presentations and studying all available data the Cascadians believe the Bureau of Reclamation's Bumping Lake Enlargement Proposal is not feasible and does not serve the best in long range interests of the Yakima Valley. It appears that the economic effects of the actual dam construction rather than the part it plays in the future of the valley's development is the dominating factor for its acceptance by various groups located in the area.

Several basic points either have not been considered or have been inadequately dealt with which makes the project unsound or an impossibility as it is set forth.

Some of the points are:

1. The Bureau of Reclamation and the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service have only specific limited interests in the Yakima system. Their recommendations should only be a part of a complete long range plan concerning the various parts of the Yakima system-not its future. The plan to rebuild the Bumping Lake Dam, then a subsequent dam on the Little Naches and possibly a dam sometime in the distant future on the Lower Naches seems to offer the worst in planning the future of the Valley.

When specific questions were directed to those conducting the meetings concerning the potential agriculture development in the Valley answers indicating a lack of any such serious studies were returned. However on January 30, 1967, the Regional Director of the Bureau of Reclamation made a public statement that another 350,000 acres of irrigable land was available if water was provided. He suggested that water to serve these new acres could come from the west side of the Cascade Mountains or could be pumped from the Columbia River.

This is the worst in a 'hodge podge' approach to the water and other developments of the future.

2. Unless a sound agreement is made with the various Indian tribes of the region the fish development referred to in the proposal is an absurdity. Migrating salmon would be harvested long before they reached the Naches River.

3. Pollution control has to be positive or fish will not survive. Plans to dilute the existing and increasing pollution gives only a temporary reprieve from this growing problem.

4. If any part of the Columbia River or its tributaries are to be diverted to the southwest all present and future plans for agriculture, fishing and general development of the Yakima Valley will have to be re-evaluated.

Dallas Hake, President
THE CASCADIANS
Yakima, Washington

More About National Parks

A Book Review by I. B.

The National Parks of America

By Stewart L. Udall and the editors of Country Beautiful. 224 pages, 9 by 12 inches. 200 photographs, most in color or duotone. G. P. Putnam's and Sons, New York, in association with Country Beautiful Foundation, Inc., Waukesha, Wisconsin. 1966. \$15.95

Though the present book invites comparison with National Parks of the West, published a year ago by Lane Magazine and Book Company (for review, see April-May 1966 Wild Cascades), the invitation will not be accepted by this reviewer except for the obvious remark that the coverage of the books is different (all the parks versus the Western parks) so that one has more area, the other more detail. Any park fan should own both, since they are complementary, and we're fortunate that the 50th anniversary of the National Park Act was distinguished by both.

A major value of this book is the inclusion of the Eastern parks, thus placing those of the West (where the park idea began, and which still contains most of the system) in a continental perspective. Many readers will note how desperately under-parked the East is, and the Midwest as well; maybe they will be stimulated to help do something about it.

The introduction by Mr. Udall is, of course, an historical document, since he is Secretary of the Interior at a time when the National Park Idea is bubbling as it has not since the 1930s. (Given a Roosevelt, would he try to be an Ickes?) As he did in The Quiet Crisis, the Secretary gives some good history and says wise things about the present and future. His epilogue is urgent, though very general. Buried in the fine print at the back of the book is an inoffensive little section on "Seven Proposed National Parks." Among those noted is the North Cascades Park, which is also mentioned in the introduction. A more honest statement could easily have been presented, but at least it's on the list.

The 31 chapters cover all the existing parks (excluding other units administered by the National Park Service, such as historical sites). The obvious mistakes (Platt, Hot Springs, Wind Cave) get short shrift -- though no comment that they are not proper expressions of the National Park Idea. The others receive more attention -- 10 pages each for Rainier and Olympic. (But only 4 for McKinley.) History and central attractions are described in brief essays, with a minimum of factual error; the slant is toward "beautiful" prose for beautiful country.

One could wish that the threats currently faced by each park (highway in the Great Smokies, drought-by-drainage in the Everglades, logging in the Olympics, etc. and etc.) had been noted, but evidently that remains for still another book about national parks, a job for (who else?) the Sierra Club. Nor could one expect, here, an objective appraisal of how well the 1966 Park Service is expressing the spirit of the 1916 Park Act.

The photographs -- and this is mostly a picture book -- are up to the quality of the country they express. Buy it for them alone.

In conclusion, the volume is recommended for the library of any and every agitator for more -- and better -- national parks, and a stronger -- and wiser -- National Park Service.

Order from your bookshop, or:

Country Beautiful
24198 West Bluemound Road
Waukesha, Wisconsin 53186

Irate at Large: 1966

Editor's Foreword

We are pleased to report Irate Birdwatcher had no major scrapes with the law this past year -- which may mean he's slowing down, or perhaps that he's becoming a more craftsman-like criminal. He wasn't cornered inside any watersheds closed to people (open only to loggers), or caught in the act of sabotaging scooter roads (erstwhile trails). There was a murmur about a libel action, but the aggrieved personage took the advice of counsel, "Never sue for libel, because they might prove it on you."

How long Irate can keep out of serious trouble, we don't know. At our last editorial conference (we sometimes invite him; it keeps him off the streets) he expressed admiration for the Red Guards, and wondered whether such a group might not be a lot more effective than legislation. He wanted to organize a committee

to figure out how many philosophical anarchists, and how many sticks of dynamite, would be required to convert the entire Cascade Range (not excluding the Snoqualmie Pass and other highways) into a de facto wilderness area.

Naturally we told him to leave the meeting immediately; we can't put up with crazy talk like that. We confess ourselves nervous, though, because periodically since then we've received messages in his ragged, childish scrawl, giving structural details on various key bridges, and estimates of the plastique needed to take them out.

Let the record show that Irate acts and speaks strictly for himself, and not for this organization. We publish his work purely in the interests of documenting certain sociological and psychiatric phenomena of our times.

February

Having obtained a new camera with which to better record the beauties of nature and the infamies of mankind, went to Carkeek Park in Seattle to figure out the machinery. Was struck by the throngs of people hiking the beaches and railroad tracks north and south, though it is technically illegal, I'm told. What the Government (city, county, state, and federal) must do is get off the dime and create a system of lowland trails and walking routes. Lots of people in the metropolitan area would enjoy winter afternoon or summer evening walks close to home -- but where the heck can they go? The beaches and railroad right-of-ways offer Government many good chances to do the right thing.

March

Joined the masses in an ascent of Mount Si, and reflected upon the fact this is virtually the only trail hike available in that portion of the Cascade front range. Where can the ordinary hiker go walking in the spring, when the high country is still messed up with white stuff? Contrarily, gave thanks that nobody has any money to spend "improving" the trail, which thus is impassable to scooters. We need more trails, but bad ones. Noted that smog covered the lowlands deep and thick. The Olympics visible above the pall, but could scarcely make out North Bend, at the foot of Si.

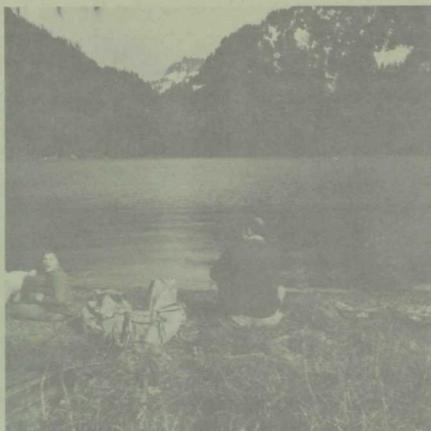


Drove up the Middle Fork Snoqualmie as far as Taylor River to see what was going on. No new picnic spots and campgrounds under construction to serve the teeming metropolis a short hour away. Probably because the flooders plan to inundate the lower valley. And if they can get away with it, no doubt put up cyclone fences and mark it out-of-bounds to people, as they have the Cedar River, the Tolt River, the Green River -- which closed watersheds constitute some 25% of the total area of King County.

April

On a rainy afternoon conquered Mt. Pete, monarch of the Enumclaw plains. A splendid little winter-and-spring walk, typifying the sort of hiking opportunity of which there ought to be hundreds in the Puget Sound area. But nobody is doing anything about it, and what few opportunities exist are being destroyed by roads. Why doesn't the State Parks Department spend a little effort on a Washington State Trail System, instead of devoting all its energy to building more parking lots for trailers? And if Bert Cole is so hot to set up his Department of Natural Resources in competition to State Parks, why doesn't he do it?

Hiked from Snoqualmie River to Lake Hancock. At the start saw vestiges of the old valley trail, once a superb forest hike but long since wiped out by logging. Continued upward through a vast clearcut, on a road -- and is there any Boy Scout of my generation who does not recall when the Lake Hancock hike, on a trail through big trees all the way from the river, was an annual trip for many troops? The clearcut now extends to the outlet. A very pretty lake it is, with a sandy beach and forested ridges above (still). But hiking isn't as much fun on a road, watching out for cars -- and scooters, including giant three-wheelers that carry several passengers and vast amounts of baggage. And there's a dam plan afoot to drown both Lake Hancock and nearby Lake Calligan -- for flood control, or water, or power, or maybe just for the hell of it. All this area was once prime hiking country of the close-to-Seattle, possible-in-winter-and-spring variety, but most of the old trails have been obliterated (and those remaining are unmarked) and no new ones are being built. Back at the car, found our gas tank had been siphoned nearly dry -- an increasingly common event in scooter-land.



Lake Hancock

— Harvey Manning

To Lake 22 through the magnificent ancient cedar grove and other aged trees of the Lake 22 Natural Area. But noted the trail is being relocated, with the suspicion arising that the old Natural Area is going to be harvested. Such decadent forests depress the FS.

May

To McClellan's Butte, by a complex route made somewhat simpler and easier by the efforts of a Boy Scout troop, with small thanks to anybody else, including the FS. The lower portion of the trail lies through logging patches dating from various periods -- the most recent within the past several years, and as usual, no attempt to reconstruct the trail (except by the Scouts). Alice Creek Basin remains largely intact, and also the slopes of the Butte, but for how long?

Walked from Suiattle road-end into Glacier Peak Wilderness Area -- along the forested route Kenecott Copper will ruin with a road and power line if it is allowed to get away with the Miner's Ridge crime against humanity. Investigated the South Side Suiattle road, which links one logging patch with another. So far as camping is concerned at the lovely creeks crossed by the road, you're on your own. Which is okay by me personally, but doesn't speak too well for the supposed multiple-use nature of the development. Recreation, what's that? Where are the trails? Well, you can shoot deer from your car.

Went off with a 6-year-old friend to explore potential springtime hiking opportunities from the middle reaches of the South Fork Snoqualmie. Noted a logging road near the Puget Glacier moraine that might give access (though through fresh logging all the way) to the summit of Washington. Tried to find other places to get off the ground on the south side of the valley between there and Humpback Creek, but except for Mac's Butte struck out. Looked for some way to get from the highway up onto the West Peak and East Peak of Defiance, but failed to solve that puzzle. Finally, after trying every logging road (none marked as to destination) found one that climbed high above the valley to a scene of devastation on Bandera Mountain. Struggled up through the mess and after much painful effort crawling over blackened logs, my discouraged companion informed me, "Daddy, you don't get no place 'sploring." However, shortly we reached the top of the logging -- precisely at timberline -- and strolled on to the crest of Bandera. On descent found a fire trail that simplified things enormously, and can recommend this as a good hike, with broad view. The only easy one between Granite Mountain and Mount Si. Yet who's to know of it? The FS sure hasn't done a thing to exploit the recreation potential of this "multiple-use" road. At road-end we met a dozen people in family-type groups looking for someplace to walk, but dismayed by the difficulties of the logging mess. If the FS was on the ball, and really gave a darn about multiple-use, they'd scratch simple, cheap, non-scooter trails up Bandera -- and also the several summits of Defiance, and also Washington, and some others, too, and turn the South Fork Snoqualmie into a wonderland of close-to-town hiking.

Made the Annual Great Family Expedition to a Foreejan Nation, through Vancouver, Squamish, and north to Pemberton. Stayed the first night in a Washington State Park, or rather parking lot, which we do once in awhile to see if things are as squalid as we remember. They always are. Mechanized slums. Most of the people closed themselves off from the Great Outdoors at sunset, and played pinochle and listened to radios in their trailers. The better type roughed it with circus tents and Coleman lanterns. A few wanted to build campfires, but the Presto-Log machine was out of order. By contrast, spent another night

on this trip at Alice Lake campground, which is up to the usual level of B. C. provincial campgrounds, and that's very high, the best. Campsites designed for privacy, with buffers of trees and brush. Slab wood plentiful, and fireplaces built for old-fashioned sitting-around-type campfires. Mass-recreation beaches have been developed on the lake, and a round-the-lake trail built, but most of the shoreline has been left completely wild, the way nature made it. So, it's an A+ for B. C. on car-camps, compared to Washington's C-. For the rest, B. C. is the classic example of everything wrong. The valleys and peaks are being methodically stripped in clearcut operations that make the vandalizing of Washington State by private timber companies look like the work of tender-loving birdwatchers. And where are the trails? Except for two in Garibaldi Park (one of which is really a jeep road, along which you can walk for free, or be hauled for a fee to the meadows), the stranger can find none. And further, except for Alice Lake there is no place to camp unless you are willing to trespass or otherwise violate the law. And it's getting worse, not better. When the people of the world become aware of the monstrosity of the crime now being committed, the citizenry of British Columbia will stand condemned in the court of humanity. With all due respect for the devoted conservationists in Canada (I believe, at last count, there were approximately 27 -- not including, to its everlasting shame, a certain Alpine group which gained fame as an exponent of wilderness mountaineering, yet now has expressly declared itself above the battle, standing grandly on the ice and rock while the green world is vandalized), in my opinion the nation ought to be stripped of its sovereignty and turned over to the Sierra Club as a United Nations Mandate. (I do not endorse the alternate proposal, that the United States annex Canada, because it already has; the plundering is being done by the United States through its agents of international goodwill, the timber-eaters who are "Inc." in the U.S., and "Ltd." in Canada, but are the same people, the same stockholders.)

June

Peace lay upon Granite Mountain, in the green forest and white snow, the scooterless trail and wide view, and all less than an hour

from home. With only 20 or so other hikers encountered (because of steep snow up high), it seemed almost wilderness. Yet take warning -- much of this trail is privately owned, including the summit. And for those who can't get excited about possible future evils, the mangling of the Snoqualmie South Fork by highway engineers, powerline builders, loggers, should be sufficient present evil -- much of it completely avoidable, if anybody in the Government (federal or state) gave a darn.

We've had a lot of flack from the FS about their gorgeous plans for the Cooper River, a showcase for multiple-use, and that's why they cut Cooper Lake and surrounding country from the hoped-for Alpine Lakes Wilderness Area. Go see the reality. First off, try to find your recreational way through the maze of unmarked logging roads. Lotsaluck. Enjoy the "landscape management" around Cooper Lake, where the logging is so artfully done you can't hardly see it, unless you open your eyes. Then, if you're a dead-game sport, attempt to find the trail. Take a chance -- the odds are only 2-1 against you. You try this and that and finally the end of a multiple-use road with a superb vista of Lemah over a foreground of stumps, and what you do here is slip and slide down through the slash, and if fortunate find the way out of the logging into the forest, and then down more, losing in all about 400 feet of elevation, finally intersecting the old valley trail. (You really look forward to the return climb as the conclusion of the trip.) And you don't feel any sense of security about the forest and stream to Pete Lake and above, because there are lots of big trees.

Drove high, high above the Skagit, to a place on Sauk Mountain where logging (on mining-claim private land) has been done at an altitude higher than meadows, in ancient, gnarled alpine trees. New road construction underway over the bleak stumps of Jackman Ridge down into the valley beyond. Camped by the road at about 4500 feet, a full 4000 feet above the Skagit River. In the night saw to the south the vast skyglow of the megalopolis -- a fearsome sight, so near, so large. Yet sufficient answer to hick Chambers of Commerce and County Commissioners who ask, "What business is it of Seattle what happens in the North Cascades?" This is a multiple-use road, with recreation a major use. Okay, so where is the trail? After extensive scouting

found a sign, a half-mile from the road, way off up in the logging smear. Later, after completing the ascent, drove to the present end of the North Cross-State Highway (North Cascades Parkway, it should be) on Thunder Arm of Diablo Lake, and the magnificent facilities the FS has provided for boat-trailers and house-trailers and other impedimenta of "outdoorsmen." One thing you have to say about the FS, they know where the votes are. "Among those who enjoy outdoor recreation, it's slobism ten to one!" Naturally the FS goes along with the slobs, and thus encourages slobism, rather than helping train people up to a better life. --Now, none of us should be hypercritical, because we were all born slobs, and remained so during our cradle and kindergarten days, and perhaps much longer, in many cases into adulthood. But some of us are no longer slobs, or at least not such big slobs, because we have been educated out of it. Why doesn't the FS take a stand against slobism, and thus perform the major role it could in education? I'll tell you why. Because slob-type recreationists fit in beautifully with "multiple-use." So the policy is to spend any recreational dough there is for slobs, and the hell with birdwatchers. That's FS-style democracy in action.



Lemah Mt. from end of road, multiple use in use
—Harvey Manning

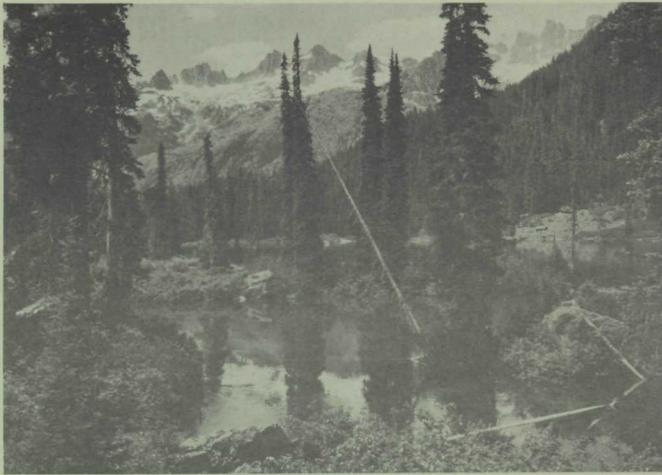
July

Toured around Harts Pass on the long Fourth weekend. For the sake of a soft bough bed, some slob campers had cut down a large live tree in the campground. Others used the "Water" signs for firewood. These latter slobs we caught in the act and gave some on-the-spot education. Walked the new FS recreational road south from Harts Pass to a new campground area. Could agree this latter was needed, but why did they extend the road still another mile south, to nowhere? Surely not for the convenience of the dirty miners busy crumbing up the meadows? Also, about this road, presumably purely for the purpose of recreation, it was constructed to logging road standards, with trees needlessly cut down and others scraped by machinery, with bulldozer gouges out into the meadows. Instead of a road that blends into the landscape, this one overpowers it, doing about three or four times more destruction than necessary. The FS has a lot to learn about managing recreational land. With so much to learn, how can they teach?

Decided to take a last look at Source Creek before mangled by the yo-yo development. Discovered it had been savaged already, with logging far up the valley under Denny. But no matter, since Denny is now to be draped with wires and towers and huts and condominiums and other garbage. And also the facing slopes of Guye, and all in between. And then onward up to the Guye-Snoqualmie saddle, and if the brother of the murderer of Namu the Whale can get away with it, tramways to the summits of both Guye and Snoqualmie, and if nobody has yet said no, Commonwealth Basin comes next. On this afternoon stroll met nearly a hundred hikers. Who's looking after their interests as another of the most popular trails in the Cascades goes down the drain? And the off-trail scramblers, for when several nice little climbs are now to become half-hour walks from the top of the chair? If, indeed, trams do not go to the very peaks?

The entire gang including two big girls and one little girl and a 2 1/2-year-old boy, backpacked north along the Chelan Range from Navarre Camp to Prince Creek, into the country proposed by N3C for inclusion in a Chelan National Recreation Area, to save its superb

scenery while allowing hunting, but completely overlooked by the North Cascades Study Team, the Governor's Study Team, and all the other study teams. The complete high traverse north to Stehekin, which can be done by average hikers (good trails all the way, and vast meadows, and easy peaks, and all manner of good wild things) in a leisurely week, will one day be recognized as a classic high-country walk of the nation, not merely the Cascades. The Chelan Crest Trail is a shorter version of the Cascade Crest Trail, with the difference that because of its easterly location the high country (peaks over 8000, the trail often over 6000) opens for easy travel in early July, a full month earlier than comparable high trails in the main Cascade range, west across the Lake Chelan trench. And the weather is a lot better. While fretting about other crises, the N3C must not forget the Chelan Range. Sheep have heavily damaged these delicate dry-land meadows, and the FS continues to allow them in -- and we have even received backdoor requests from lower-echelon FS employees begging us to do something about the hoofed locusts, since the higher-echelon FS officials won't. Also the scooters are running free -- gouging soft greenery, digging ruts around the shores of Boiling Lake, romping over gentle slopes and razzing along trails. While on the summit of Old Maid Mountain one otherwise glorious day, our bliss was repeatedly shattered by the echoing racket of a scooter below in the Middle Fork Prince Creek; we later met the parents of the scooterboy, backpackers themselves, and the mother said with a mixture of emotions we couldn't analyze, "Our boy just loves to ride that machine of his up and down the trails. But you know, there are lots of places they won't let him go -- national parks, wilderness areas." You bet, lady, and one reason aside from the noise and erosion is all the oil cans we found along the trail -- usually, one oil can plus two or three beer cans. Upon arriving back at our Microbus at Navarre Camp, after a week's absence, found that our gas tank had been jimmed open, enough gas siphoned out to fill several scooter tanks, the gas cap dropped on the ground, allowing evaporation and contamination; the thieves had enjoyed their plundering, we deduce from the beer cans at the scene of the crime. (Note to brewing firms: no slur is intended on your product, only upon scooters.) Fortunately we had enough gas to get back to Chelan, but what



Pete Lake

—John Warth

the heck did they care. On a more cheerful note, observed that the entire first couple of miles of trail north from Navarre Camp had been newly improved by scooter-stops placed at intervals of 25-50 feet -- large boulders pried from the uphill slope down into the tread, easy to walk around or step over, but no cinch for wheels. The work, no doubt, of some anonymous philanthropist, and may his tribe increase.

Weekended in Klapatche Park, St. Andrews Park, and the ridge above to Tokaloo Rock. The Park Service is going to have to bar heavy-camping from Klapatche before long. The pressure on these meadows is so great that horses must soon leave forever, or at least be required to pass quickly through, with no overnight stop. Also, hikers come expecting to build wood fires, and since they are permitted, do so. But there is practically no easy wood left, and consequently much chopping is being done. The PS must consider posting signs saying, "No wood fires allowed at Klapatche and St. Andrews Parks. Carry a backpacker stove or have a cold supper." The same applies to certain other Rainier meadows, and eventually all.

August

On our annual 9-day Glacier Peak trip traversed Fire Mountain, Fire Two Mountain, Fire Creek Pass, Pumice Creek Cirque and Peak, Glacier Ridge and Kennedy Peak, looping back down to the Whitechuck River where we started, and into whose broad greenery we had gazed all week. The road-end logging

patches were all too close. And as for the boundary of the Glacier Peak Wilderness, it ran far out along the ridges -- but crept up high on the timbered slopes. But we've all griped about this before (not that we'll stop until the situation is corrected). From several summits enjoyed also the broad Suiattle valley -- and especially noted Miner's Ridge across the way, particularly the site of Kennecott's proposed open-pit mine. Found hardly anything new to complain about. But saw many things that are subject to quick change, and at what a loss! Intolerable! A horse party came to road-end in early morning and proceeded to unload horses and saddle up with loud yells and laughter, right next to sleeping campers, some of whom got up and left. The reason many walkers complain about horses is not the animals themselves, but the fact too many horse people behave like beasts.

Found the FS is improving the trail to Lake Anne, making it suitable for scooters. They claim the trail is closed to same, but no sign saying so was in evidence, and the new trail was being used by wheels. The old trail was plenty good enough. Let's stop all this infernal trail-improving! The last time I was here the view from Lake Anne down Shuksan Creek was purely primeval forest. Now one sees the new "Baker Lake", the Puget Power obscenity which drowned the genuine lake. And nearer at hand, barely several miles away, the heavy logging in Shuksan Creek, on the very slopes of the mountain. From Shuksan Arm looked down to more raw logging along White Salmon Creek, on the opposite side of the mountain.

While hiking to Squaw Lake, noted that the Cascade Crest Trail is being relocated and soon will bring heavy traffic to Peggy's Pond. This may or may not be a good thing, but the other plans the FS has for the Cle Elum -- logging all the tributaries, putting a logging (multiple-use) road from here over to the Icicle, splitting in two the Alpine Lakes Wilderness, are contemptible. Such a grand valley, now the baseline for innumerable wild-land walks, and if they have their way it will become picnic tables amid stumps.

September

With the prejudices of an old climber, have long considered Mount Adams not worth it after early July, but was enchanted by several days exploring the margins of the Adams Glacier, and the moraines and meadows and creeks and ponds below, a genuine Grade-A glory country. So now I'm bitterly angry about the crummy way the FS is treating Adams. For one thing, the Divide Meadow trail passes through nice forests, currently a fine preparation for the high country ahead -- but these are temporary trees, because not until we were safely into subalpine scrub and meadows did we find the sign, "Mt. Adams Wild Area." More wilderness on the rocks. The boundary ought to be pushed out to the road. For another thing, much of the meadow-walking was stunk up by sheep; in one area, not until far up next to the ice was the water clean and uncontaminated (we were darn thirsty by then). We met the hired hand tending the sheep, and he said the feed is very poor and plants poisonous to sheep very common; he'd been hired by some ignorants who had a chance for a FS grazing permit and expected to get rich quick. So, the sheep don't get fat and many die, the owners don't get rich, the FS gets a few hundred lousy bucks, and hikers on the Round-The-Mountain Trail (a short version of Rainier's Wonderland Trail) find the flowers mangled, the meadows stinking, and the water unsafe. Some bargain! Some shining example of multiple-use!

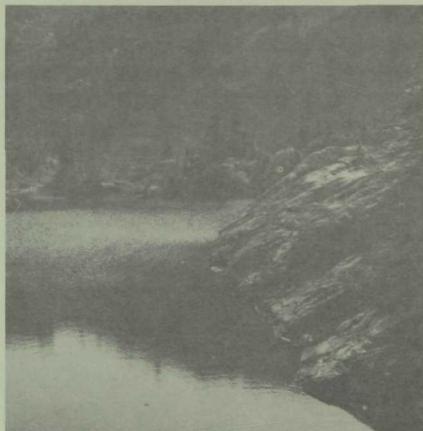
Harts Pass again, intending to make a dash for the border before hostilities commenced (opening weekend of high-country hunt). But bad weather kept us barricaded in camp listening to World War III, and then we

learned there were at least 50 horseman hunters on the trail north, including many based at the Newlite Mine -- so much firepower and firewater power it's incredible there were any survivors. We were unarmed and defenseless and also didn't have waders and gas masks. Therefore hiked south instead, on the new Cascade Crest Trail, to Grasshopper Pass, Glacier Pass, then down Bruch Creek, up West Fork Methow to Methow Pass, and explored around Snowy Lakes Pass and Mt. Hardy. Found unspeakably filthy camps left by the contractor. And the pity of it is that before now no trail of any kind ever existed in the upper valley -- pristine wilderness made into instant slum. Later complained to FS and they promised to do something about it, but said it's a problem trying to get contractors to clean up their garbage. We stayed at one abandoned camp below Methow Pass where a minimum of 10 helicopter trips would be required to haul out all the contractor junk. Visited the currently occupied camp under Tower Mountain -- a charming but small bench of meadow between valley and peak, the flowers and heather virtually obliterated. Oil drums in the creek, and pits dug in the grass to get fill material. They had staked out their horses above, around the Snowy Lakes, a supremely lovely spot, and so virginal we found no evidence anyone had ever camped here, no sign of previous humans (unless you count fresh horse crop) except paint sprayed on rocks by the original locating team, which eventually decided not to run the trail through Snowy Lakes Pass, but did paint "PASS" on a boulder, in case the visitor shouldn't notice. The new Cascade Crest Trail is being constructed like a road -- a maximum elevation gain of about 500 feet to the mile, all trees cut that a horse might brush against if it got the blind staggers. Also, "preventive maintenance" is apparently in order, with all decadent trees cut that might someday fall across the tread -- next year, 50 years from now, 100 years from now. (Exactly the same kind of "maintenance" was observed by Joe Miller on the Twisp River trail this summer.) The effect in some places resembles a clearcut logging operation, daylight in the swamp. FS says the cutting was in excess of requirements, and -- again -- that it's hard to get contractors to abide by the spirit of contracts. If trustworthy contractors are so rare, why doesn't the FS seek authority to build all trails

itself? The heck with free enterprise if it means turning gangs of chainsaw-happy gypo delinquents loose in the wilderness.

By courtesy of the FS, you need no longer start hiking on the old Green Mountain trail, beginning at the Suiattle road, but can drive far above the valley, through one logging patch after another, to 3500 feet, and pick up the trail there. Green Mountain is now far less wild than it used to be -- an easy day rather than a sweaty weekend. No adequate sign marks the trail, but don't worry -- that's because they haven't logged as high as they're going to, and the forests you walk through now are just temporary. Ultimately there'll be a beautiful trail sign where the stumps meet the grass, plus a billboard praising multiple-use. So what is Green Mountain to get excited about? Nothing but one portal of the Downey Creek entrance to the Glacier Peak Wilderness, with lush meadows running all over the ridges; "Green" admittedly is banal, but if it were decided only one mountain in the nation were to be allowed the name, this would be a finalist -- from miles away on Glacier Peak one sees it and thinks "What a green mountain!" It's multiple-use country, though, and that means scooters, which have taken this over as a playground -- deep ruts in soft marshes

around ponds, gashes dug in grassy slopes during hill-climbing contests. The wheels roam free, and in exactly the sort of terrain they are well-designed to destroy. When looking for a classic example of FS incompetence to manage land of National Park caliber, include Green Mountain. Idiot deerslayers were zinging bullets around (idiots because nobody with good sense would expect to find deer in the open so late in the season.) Sturdy goathead hunters backpacked north through steep meadows to terrorize the Buckindy area.



Rampart Lakes

—Harvey Manning



October

If Rampart Lakes is not part of Heaven, I won't go (assuming I'm invited). Take a look while there's a chance to keep it from becoming a suburb of Hell. Fine vistas of logging on this hike. Largely because of the recent publication of 100 Hikes in Western Washington, dozens of cars were parked at trailhead, a hundred or more people hiking. Because the FS plans to log higher, it has devoted no attention to the trail, which is therefore unmarked by scooters (they all give up after the first mile or so). Unless the N3C plan for an Alpine Lakes Wilderness is adopted, much of Box Canyon Creek will be logged, wiping out a charming creek and forest. Alternately, the FS will be impressed by the large number of voter-hikers and improve the trail -- opening it to scooters. Slobism forever. From summit of Rampart Ridge looked down into glorious

Gold Creek, which has even less trail than Box Canyon Creek, because by FS plans it's going to be even more thoroughly logged. (Don't encourage the hikers -- they might fall in love with the trees.") Another ugly thought about Gold Creek, and the surrounding meadow ridges, is that Phelps-Dodge -- at least as big a dirt-mover as Kennecott -- owns the mineral claims; in future we may very well face here a crisis exactly like that on Miner's Ridge.

Walked up Commonwealth Basin to Red Pass and a little blueberry-covered knoll above. Since my last visit, logging and roads have been extended to the very lip of the basin. Thus one now gets a splendid view down onto Highway 10, and what the FS partly and Washington State mostly have allowed to happen to Snoqualmie Pass. Tows and "groomed" slopes. Highway Department sheds. Standard Service Station. The phoney Teutonic skihaus. Yakima Fruit Stand. Totem poles and curios. Bright-colored shanty-cabins. Merry-go-round and helicopter rides in season. Basketball court. Powerlines. If there is any bad thing that hasn't been done yet, rest assured somebody has it on the drawing board. --And whatever is left of wildness around, the FS is planning to hand over to the honkytonk crowd. They envision more yo-yoing in Commonwealth Basin itself. What of the scores of people I met along the trail this fine autumn day, many dressed for city streets, not knowing the ways of the outdoors, but still enjoying a woods walk, and many so young they could barely walk at all, but having fun with their parents? Commonwealth Basin has the only remaining close-to-road wild woods near Snoqualmie Pass, on the "Main Street of the Northwest", as they call Highway 10. If it is not saved in its present entirety, as proposed by the N3C, a most virulent curse will be solemnly laid upon the FS. Even so, Snoqualmie Pass will descend to greater depths of unavoidable degradation -- recall that quiet subalpine meadow-marsh right next to the parking lot? You realize, of course, that this is where the new limited-access freeway will go? Courtesy of the Washington State Department of Highways.

Every time I go hiking from the Carbon River, passing on the way stark evidence of FS insensitivity to the concept of a "total mountain", I declare for all to hear that Mount Rainier National Park must be enlarged. I say it again.

November

Ever heard of Bare Mountain? Lennox Creek? The North Fork of the Snoqualmie? Here is some of the best close-in forest-and-alpine hiking remaining for citizens of the megalopolis -- if they knew about it, which they don't. To reach the North Fork you drive through the bleakest clear-cutting this side of Canada, courtesy of a Weyerhaeuser Tree Farm, the heir of the Northern Pacific Land Grant. Once into FS land, things improve -- but only because they haven't got the area "fully roaded." Where, here, is there any evidence that the FS has a big interest in recreation? You tell me. We couldn't see it. Yet all this country is on the front range of the Cascades that forms the eastern horizon of Seattle, with the trails (the one, or two, or three -- where there should be dozens) only an hour or so from downtown. How about campgrounds? There is one (1 only), but we couldn't get to it because a gypo logging operation had blocked the "multiple-use" road. A heart-warming true story must be told about hunters and scooters and cats. High on the side of Bare Mountain, in new snow, we were attacked by a creature which we thought must be a dwarf cougar, but turned out to be a pussycat. How did this little kitty get here? We could only deduce, from the fact deer-hunting had ended the day before, and from fresh scooter tracks observed on the trail, that some motorized deerslayer had combined his sport with the abandonment of an unwanted kitten. (Kill, kill, kill.) This wild animal, Pussycat by name, saved from a miserable death by our miraculous intervention, now lives on Cougar Mountain, and is being trained for revenge. She hiked out from Bare Mountain with us, and someday will hike back in.



What's all this nonsense about "opening up" the wilderness ocean strip of Olympic National Park "so the people can enjoy it"? We arrived at Sand Point, 3 miles by trail from Ozette Lake, on Thanksgiving Day (steamed clams are a great change of pace from turkey) thinking (like the current Park Service) hardly anybody else would be our kind of idiot. Well, during the 4-day weekend we counted some 60 people camped in the 5 miles between Cape Alava and Yellowbanks, the early-comers in shelters, the late arrivals in tents and tarps. (And one snowy owl on a piece of driftwood.) Other groups of unknown numbers were en route to Rialto Beach, several day's walk south. In addition, many people were staying in cabins at Ozette and hiking to the beach each day. About 100 hikers, ranging in age from 4 to 70, were enjoying the wilderness quality of this section of the ocean -- and in the winter, if you can believe it. A similar number were doubtless hiking north from Rialto Beach, and south from Third Beach, also along wild ocean. Olympic National Park has many miles of surf easily accessible from automobiles -- and I'm all for that. But it would be hideous to turn a unique wilderness beach into just another beach. One can only hope that the National Park Service may ultimately, before it is too late, come to sympathize fully with the National Park concept.

December

Ended one year, and began another, in the southern, non-wilderness, ocean strip of Olympic National Park. Once more let us say, God bless Harry Truman. Miles of beaches are here preserved free from the amusement parks and miserable subdivisions now afflicting those stretches of the shore embezzled from the public domain or bamboozled from the Indians. All this beach mileage is close to the automobile, and that's great by me -- but it's enough. These excellent beaches, easy to get to, are all the more reason for maintaining the wilderness coastline to the north.

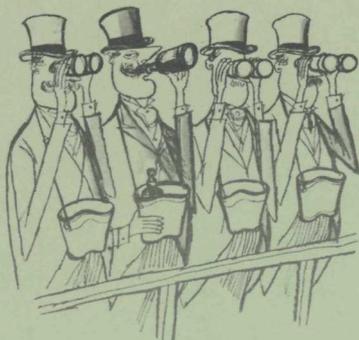


Whale rib and children, Cape Alava

— Harvey Manning



Irate and His Friends



Dear Irate:

The term "birdwatcher" is flung down like a gauntlet these days everytime an individual or a conservation-minded group speaks up to suggest that perhaps there might be other ends to devote our natural resources to other than turning a quick buck or the earning of an unearned increment.

Somehow, pinning a label on a person seems to stand answer for all questions raised. If I'm pouring sewage into a freshwater stream and you object, you're a birdwatcher. So there! That answers that.

If I advocate a National Park and you want to cut the trees down instead, I'm a birdwatcher. Apparently then, I am to slink off defeated and dejected.

If I want to build a big dam on the river and you don't want me to, you're a birdwatcher, ad infinitum, ad nauseum.

To protect society, there really should be a birdwatcher sanctuary set up in some remote, uninhabited part of the country. There our grandchildren could take their grandchildren on long trips to see the rare birds. "Yes Virginia, there is a birdwatcher. He is almost an extinct breed now, thank God. Just a few more years and we can have this wonderful global desert all to ourselves without any more threats from those birds. Fortunately and due to the courage and foresight of our forefathers they were long ago isolated so they could harm no one but themselves. Very cantankerous, that species."

Birdwatchers are as a breed very contentious. Really worse than the starlings. They're in to everything. If you want to put up a few 25-by-100-foot signs along a scenic highway, there is a covey of birdwatchers raising a fuss.

Does your progressive highway department want to level half of the city to build a new freeway? There's a flock of birdwatchers demanding you consider the aesthetics of the matter. Imagine!

Those birdwatchers lurk along our river banks and on the ocean beaches raising a terrible outcry everytime a promising new subdivision is started.

Those birdwatchers should be ashamed of themselves. Imagine wanting to husband our water, our soil, our trees so that our posterity may have an equal right to enjoy them. What right have they got to be worrying about posterity? What did posterity ever do for us? When did posterity ever meet a payroll?

Call me anything, late for dinner even, but please, please don't call me a birdwatcher. You would pay me a compliment I don't deserve.

Paul Holmes



Les Braynes
Garbage Heights, Wash.

Dear Irate,

I been anxious to write and give you the low-down on a brand new organization which was formed by some of us sportsmen to carry on the grim battle against that North Cascades Park deal. First, I was going to send you some application blanks for membership, but then I got to thinking that it might be better if you kept right on under cover, doing your satire which is so good that a lot of smart sportsmen has fell for it hook line and sinker.

This organization is called Outdoors Unlimited, and I want to tell you Irate this is a group that it gives one sportsman Les Braynes a real feeling of pride to belong. Its main purpose is noble, which I have stated, but it is the high caliber of the leaders that strikes home to yours truly. It was formed in Yakima early in the fall, and there was a pretty good crowd. Ollus Dripps was there. In fact, he came with me as you remember he's my hunting pard and buddy. There was sportsmen from all over, and there was the Reverend O'Riley who is donating his time and services out of sheer good will and principles. But this is the caliber of the men, Irate, this is what I mean. The Rev. O'Riley said he was not personally interested in outdoors recreation, and you might wonder then how is this North Cascades thing a concern of his, but it is just principles and doing unto others. Honesty and principles is the keynote of the whole thing, Irate, like when they were organizing the Board and the Rev. O'Riley introduced some man from the West Side, saying, "And representing the loggers is Mr. So-and-so." And this man stands up four-square and not willing to hide behind the reverend's little goof, and says, "But I am here, not as a logger but as a sportsman." And the reverend begs his pardon and says, "Will you serve on the Board then as a sportsman?" And the man says he will.

Well, this is what I mean, Irate, about the big gun caliber of these men who at great sacrifice to themselves have took up the cudgels for sportsmen's sake to defeat the nefarious plans of the bureaucratic oligarchy whose ultimate aim may be the subversion of all our liberties. (That last came from a speech I heard once. When you join a group like Outdoors Unlimited, I don't want to travel under false colors, Irate.)

So keep your eye on Outdoors Unlimited. You can take it from Ollus Dripps, Les Braynes and their Bike Riders of the Wilderness buddies that it will, like the stripper, bare watching. (As a paid up member of Outdoors Unlimited I don't know if the Rev. O'Riley would like that one or not, Irate, but I'll bet a salty old character like you would and I didn't steal it from anybody, either.)

Yours,

Les

Cycles Disturb Primitive Area

Boise Statesman

Editor, The Statesman:

In these days, when everyone seems to be worrying about someone's rights, it seems appropriate that some thought be given to the rights of individuals who go to the back country looking for peace and quiet. I am referring to trail cycles. One can't seem to get away from the obnoxious devices anymore. The primitive area is usually too far for a weekend and their restriction isn't being enforced there either.

I think there are a good many people who feel as I do, because I have heard the matter discussed many times. Some suggestions that seem to have merit are: the stretching of a tight steel wire at a 45-degree angle across the trails where they border the river or a cliff; the providing of rest stations, a pit 30 inches wide, by seven feet along the

trail by 18 feet deep covered with a taut canvas sprinkled with dirt to make sure they are used.

Around a hunting campfire one night last fall a lively discussion got going about forming a new type of trophy club. Trophies would be items such as a chain from a Honda, plug from a Yamaha, etc. In line with Boone and Crockett Club rules, points would be granted in proportion to the number of miles the trophy was found from the nearest road, steepness of the trail and weight of the machine. Special bonus points would be given for photographic evidence of rider pushing machine.

Since some of these ideas that have been advanced might have anesthetic as well as the desired aesthetic results it is probably too much to hope for but it seems that

there should be areas provided where we can get away from the fellow who seems to get a sense of power from gunning his cycle, packing a pistol on his belt to shoot it out with a friendly chipmunk and perhaps stalking a wild canary.—
LEE SCHULTSMEIER, Meridian.

"Does it seem to you that every day the forest has grown a little smaller?"

The New Yorker



JUST ONE DAMN THING
AFTER ANOTHER

REET JOU

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FEBRUARY 1, 1967

Snowmobiles Create Newest Sports Craze Among Winter Fans

Noisy Little Vehicles Scoot
Over Ice or Snow; All Night
Parties and Mercy Missions

By RICHARD D. JAMES

Staff Reporter of THE WALL STREET JOURNAL

The hottest thing in winter sports this year may be snowmobiling.

Ted Kaufman drives his snowmobile over the golf course pulling tobogganers behind. Five-year-old Sanford Hoff drives one around the backyard. Jerry Reese raced his 490 miles last week to win \$1,000. Eskimo George Hapanar rides his to work and calls it his "iron dog."

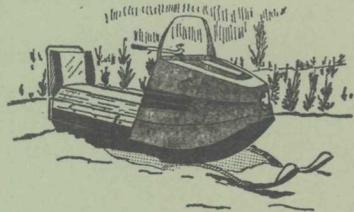
Snowmobiling is a lot like riding a motor scooter, except the wide, sled-bottomed snowmobiles don't tip over as easily. They are steered with handlebars that turn two skis in front. A one or two-cylinder engine drives a steel-cleated rubber track (similar to an Army tank tread) underneath the snowmobile, propelling it through soft, drifted snow at about 20-miles-an-hour and over ice or packed snow at speeds up to about 45-miles-an-hour. Snowmobilers say they can ride all day on a five-gallon tank of gasoline.

Snowmobiles usually carry two persons. They are about eight feet long, three feet wide and weigh from 250 to 450 pounds. They retail for between \$700 to \$1,100. The industry expects to sell 100,000 of the machines in the U.S. and Canada this winter, up from 60,000 last winter and only 15,000 three years ago. Some makers predict snowmobile sales soon will surpass boat sales in snowbelt states.

About 40 companies make snowmobiles, including American Machine & Foundry Co., New York, Outboard Marine Corp., Waukegan, Ill., Polaris Industries Inc., Roseau, Minn., and Bombardier Snowmobile Ltd., Valcourt, Quebec.

Utility company crews are using snowmobiles to get to power lines in snowbound areas of Northern states. Wisconsin game wardens ride them to patrol the wilderness. George Hapanar, a trapper, replaced his team of nine sled-dogs with his new "iron dog" this winter. Mr. Hapanar rides about 50 miles a day trapping silver foxes near Hudson Bay's Rankin Inlet in Canada.

Snowmobiles were the only private vehicles moving for a while in some Midwest



communities after last weekend's record snowstorms. In Flint, Mich., volunteer snowmobilers rushed 20 expectant mothers to hospitals over the weekend. Winnetka, Ill., police used three machines to haul doctors and medicine to snowbound patients and to rescue stranded motorists.

But mostly snowmobiles are used for fun. Some New Hampshire ski resorts rent snowmobiles to nonskiers. Golf courses in Minneapolis, St. Paul and other cities are crisscrossed by snowmobile tracks. Ted Kaufman, who lives in Chaska, a Minneapolis suburb, says riding over the 1,400 acres of Hazeltine National Golf Club "helps break up winter weekends that get kind of tedious."

Young Sanford Hoff in Duluth, Minn., was piloting snowmobiles before he was four years old. His parents own four black and yellow snowmobiles. Mrs. Hoff says, "When we have a blizzard, we call a bunch of friends and we all go snowmobiling until two or three in the morning." The youngsters aren't included in the late outings, but Mr. Hoff pulls them around on sleds and skis during the day.

Hardy drivers load their machines in pickup trucks or put them on small trailers and haul them to snowmobile derbies. More than 50 races are scheduled this winter in 14 states.

Resorts and civic groups sponsor most of the races. A \$7,500, 43-mile marathon sponsored by the Lions Club International in Rhinelander, Wis., last month drew 300 drivers and nearly 20,000 tourists from as far away as California and Connecticut. Visitors spent \$500,000 in Rhinelander during the five days of parades, races and pancake breakfasts, claims Clarence Hartman, executive secretary of the local Chamber of Commerce.

Last week's rugged cross-country race to St. Paul from Winnipeg, Manitoba, drew 108 entrants in near-zero weather. Only 28 finished the 490-mile race. Winner Jerry Reese got \$1,000 for his 13 hours, 29 minutes and 25 seconds of driving time.

Not all outdoorsfolk are joining the coterie of snowmobile fans. Thomas Pinder, a 28-year-old biochemist, complains that the noisy machines are shattering the peace of the Vermont woods where he spends part of each winter. "They sound like chain saws," he gripes. "I wish they'd all be on ponds when the ice breaks."

Cascade Crest Trail: Past, Present and Future

While walking around the Cascades the last several years many of us have noticed that something big was up with the Cascade Crest Trail -- wherever we walked it, seemingly, we found reconstruction, new construction, and surveyor's stakes leading out along mountain slopes that have never known trail before. Realizing we were seeing only fragments of an ambitious master plan, last fall we asked Mr. J. Herbert Stone, Regional Forester, for a full report on the project. At no small expenditure of time and effort, he and his staff were kind enough to prepare a complete set of route maps; these have been redrawn for publication here by our staff cartographer, PDG.

To quote from Mr. Stone's letter of transmittal:

"An analysis of trail needs, together with a condition survey of that which exists, has been the basis for a management decision to undertake improvement of this major travel route. The 'Trail' and its landscape management area will be administered to provide a continuous primitive travel route in a natural setting, for foot and pack and saddle stock travelers, through the Pacific Northwest Region... Since 1964, special emphasis has been placed on construction and reconstruction projects of this Trail... The broad objective is to complete the location and construction by 1975."

A PHILOSOPHY OF TRAILS

Our purpose in this article is to describe the Forest Service plans for the Cascade Crest Trail -- not to present an official North Cascades Conservation Council evaluation, which must await careful examination and discussion.

Your reaction is urgently requested. Based on your personal knowledge of the terrain crossed by the present and projected Cascade Crest Trail, please let us know what you think. Our members, among them, know at least as much or more about the area than any other group. Though we were not consulted in the survey which led to the present manage-

ment decision, our expert group opinion should be of considerable interest to the decision-makers.

Regarding trails in general, our organization -- and Northwest conservationists in total -- have said relatively little until quite recently. We have gone on record strenuously requesting -- demanding -- that existing trails be preserved in multiple-use public lands, rather than being destroyed by logging without a thought, as is the current common practice. The shockingly sudden and arrogant preemption of foot-and-horse trails by two-wheel motorists has stimulated us to cries of outrage that the Forest Service should so complacently accept this new use, which either excludes the traditional use by pedestrians and equestrians or drastically diminishes their pleasure -- in many places to the vanishing point.

What we have not done is devote our organized attention to a philosophy of trails, and to constructing a systematic proposal for trail zoning -- that is, a plan for the North Cascades that would stipulate various classes of trails, built to various standards and with various uses allowed and others prohibited.

As a consequence we find ourselves with too few detailed and specific recommendations to make to the land-managers, federal and state, who are currently attempting to cope with the on-going population explosion in the trail country. We have to get at the job -- right now.

The broad principles of a trails philosophy can be stated without much disagreement. There should be (I) "arterial" trails built to high standards for foot and horse; and (II) "secondary" trails mostly for foot though not impossible for experienced horses and horsemen; and (III) "way" trails strictly for foot; and (IV) "scratch" trails strictly for the scrambler; and (V) "routes" strictly for the experienced alpine navigator. (There is no room in our philosophy for motorized vehicles, which belong on roads -- to which category we may, however, be forced to add (-I) former trails now degraded to that status. But we shouldn't give up an inch of genuine good trail without a fight.)

The problem is deciding where to place which kind of trail. What lines should the Class I arterials follow through the hills? What country should have only the Class V "routes"? Implementing a philosophy, making the individual decisions, will require deep thinking. Some officials of the Forest Service are already doing exactly this kind of thinking. We must start doing the same.

PHILOSOPHY IN ACTION: THE NEW CREST TRAIL

The following maps tell all that any long-time traveler of the Cascades needs to know about the master plan in order to make up his mind to vote yes or no on the specific details.

Pending your comments, a few interpretive remarks may be in order. We will, however, restrict ourselves here to the section from the Canada border to Snoqualmie Pass, where most of the big-scale action is.

Monument 78 to Hart's Pass

Formerly the trail came south from Monument 83, far east of the crest, in valleys much of the way. The new trail allows Class I travel through high country of the North Cascades Primitive Area that until recently was Class III-V. Not as wild now as it was. Much new Class V travel now easier to reach.

Hart's Pass to Rainy Pass

Was a road-walk down to Chancellor, then along deep valley the rest of the way. New construction through country never before walked by any human now connects old Indian routes and shepherd tracks. The wildness goes down several degrees. The amount of easy walking without brushfighting is multiplied by a large factor.

Rainy Pass to Stehekin River

The great swing around the Black Peak-Mt. Logan complex to Park Creek Pass is one of the most adventurous portions of the relocation proposal. A vast amount of very rugged de facto wilderness enters a new stage in its history.

Stehekin River to Image Lake

Should the Glacier Peak Wilderness have an inner core of super-wild purely Class V country? If so, should this segment of the new trail be built, bringing horses to the legendary Ptarmigan Traverse?

The trail would go up Flat Creek to the crest north of Le Conte Mountain -- until now reached by hardly anyone except climbers. Down through more virgin land into the South Cascade River to skirt the South Cascade Glacier, then over the ridge and down into Downey Creek and an existing trail. Up the Batchelor Creek scratch trail into Sulphur Creek drainage, then through virgin land to Ross Pass and south along the crest to Canyon Lake. From there along a recently improved trail to Image Lake, whose fragile meadows are in serious danger even without being on an arterial.

Many questions have been raised about this section -- which is mostly under reconnaissance.

Image Lake to White Pass

New construction here fits into an ultimate Around-Glacier Peak Trail that when complete will compare favorably with Rainier's Wonderland Trail. Routes and Rocks (see N3C Bookshop ad) tells how to make this trip at present.

White Pass to Deception Pass

Mostly reconstruction in this section, with some minor relocations.

Deception Pass to Snoqualmie Pass

How wild should our proposed Alpine Lakes Wilderness be?

Cross-country hikers will be melancholy to hear that Peggy's Pond now can be reached by horse.

Trail hikers who have taken the Snoqualmie Pass-Stevens Pass "crest" trip and been disappointed by the small proportion of high country mixed with the low-valley miles will be excited.

Most of the questions now being asked concern the stretch under reconnaissance from the Waptus River south via the east slopes of Chimney Rock and Lemah, Spectacle Lake-Park Lakes, and the headwaters of Gold Creek into Commonwealth Basin. All this superb country is now walked by relatively large numbers of off-trail navigators. No ice ax or rope required. Just compass, map, experience, and good sense. What is the highest use? Enormous numbers of Class I travelers? Or smaller but still relatively huge numbers of Class V rambles? Is a compromise route possible that would split the difference?

WHAT DO YOU THINK?

The Forest Service has a plan. The following maps show the details. Many or most are excellent beyond doubt -- as is the motivation of the plan. Some aspects have been questioned by philosophers.

Before the North Cascades Conservation Council frames an official opinion, it must have the benefit of your personal experience, your individual opinions. Send them along soonest, please.

H. M.

CASCADE CREST TRAIL

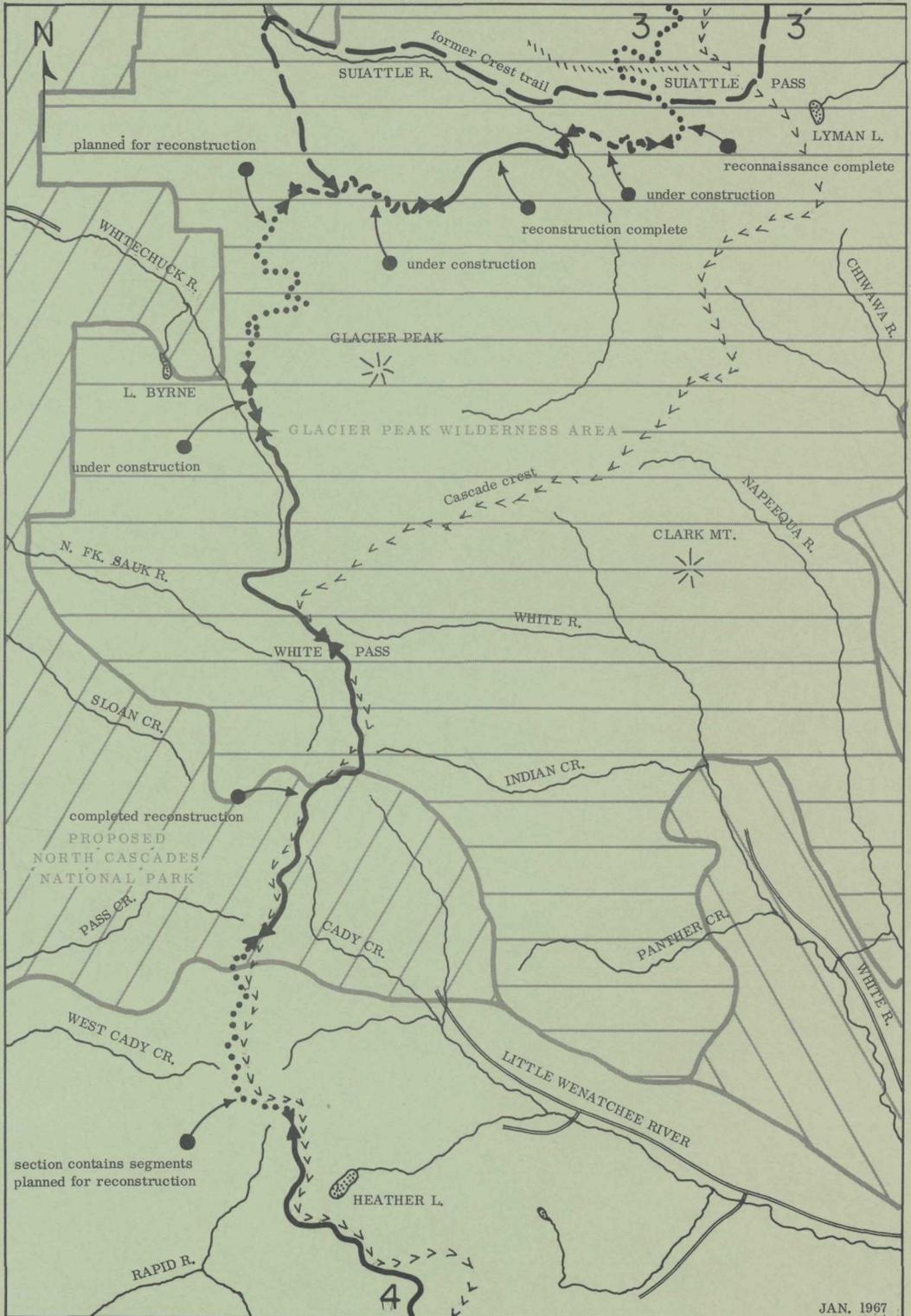
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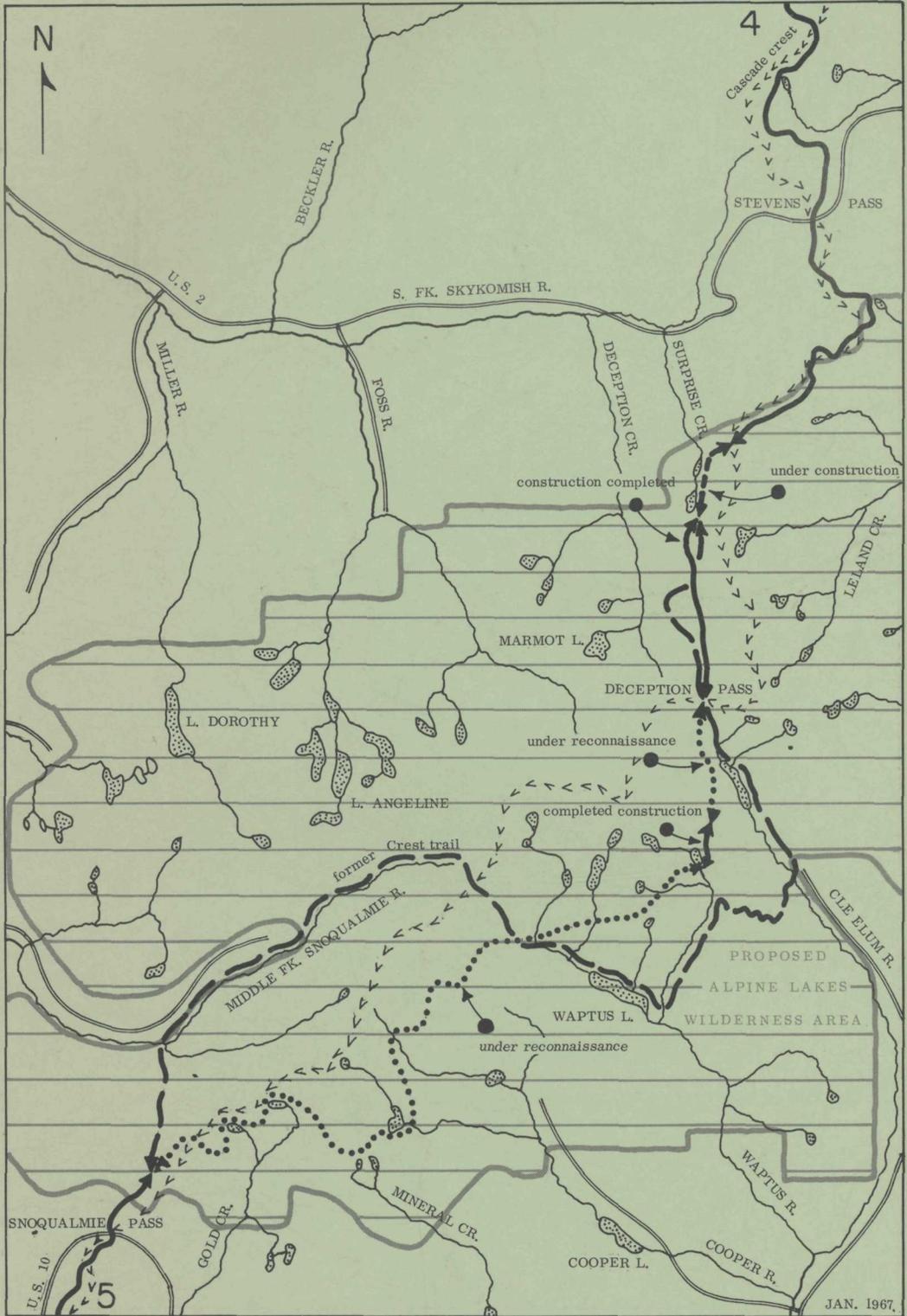
PACIFIC CREST TRAIL SYSTEM

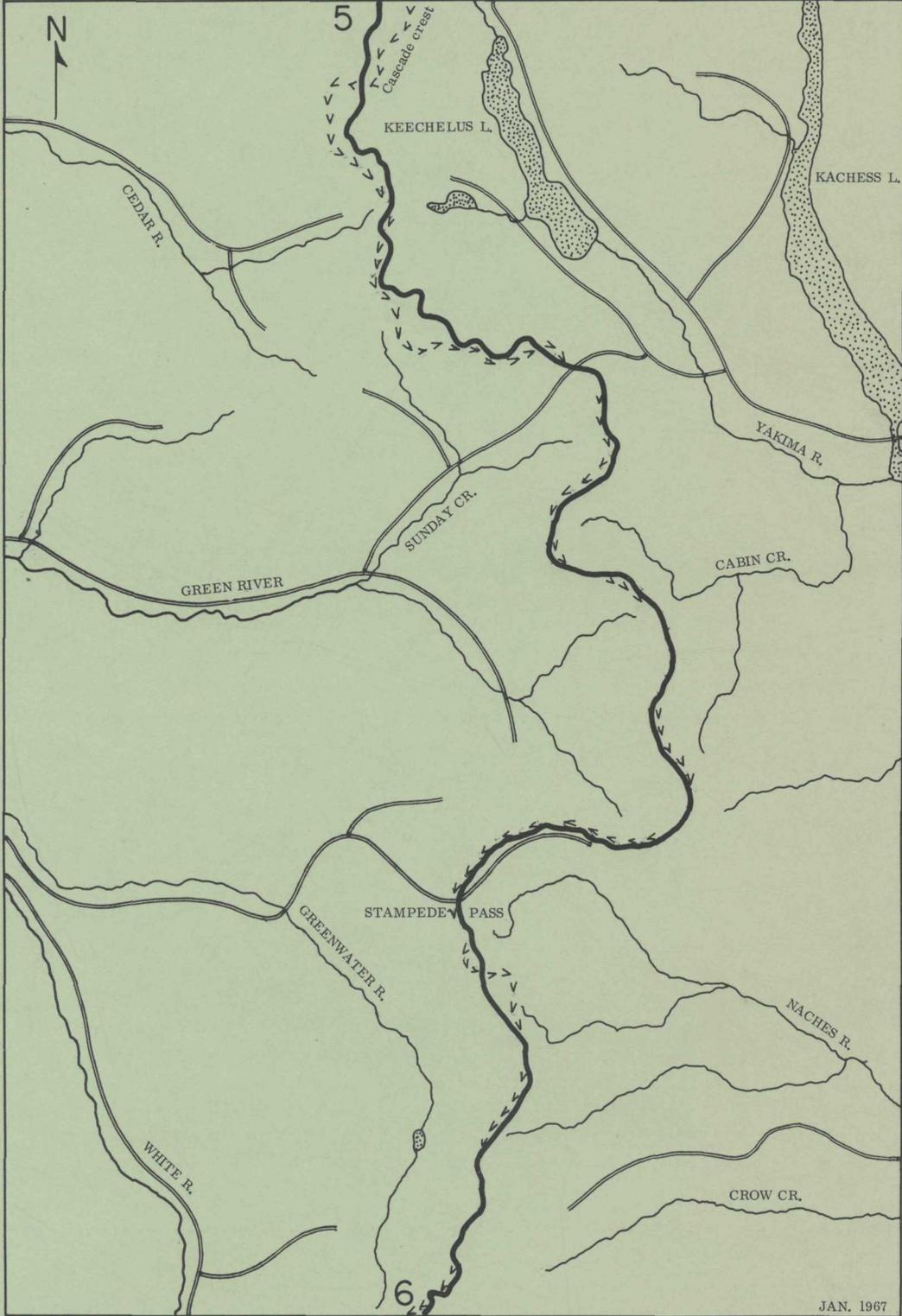




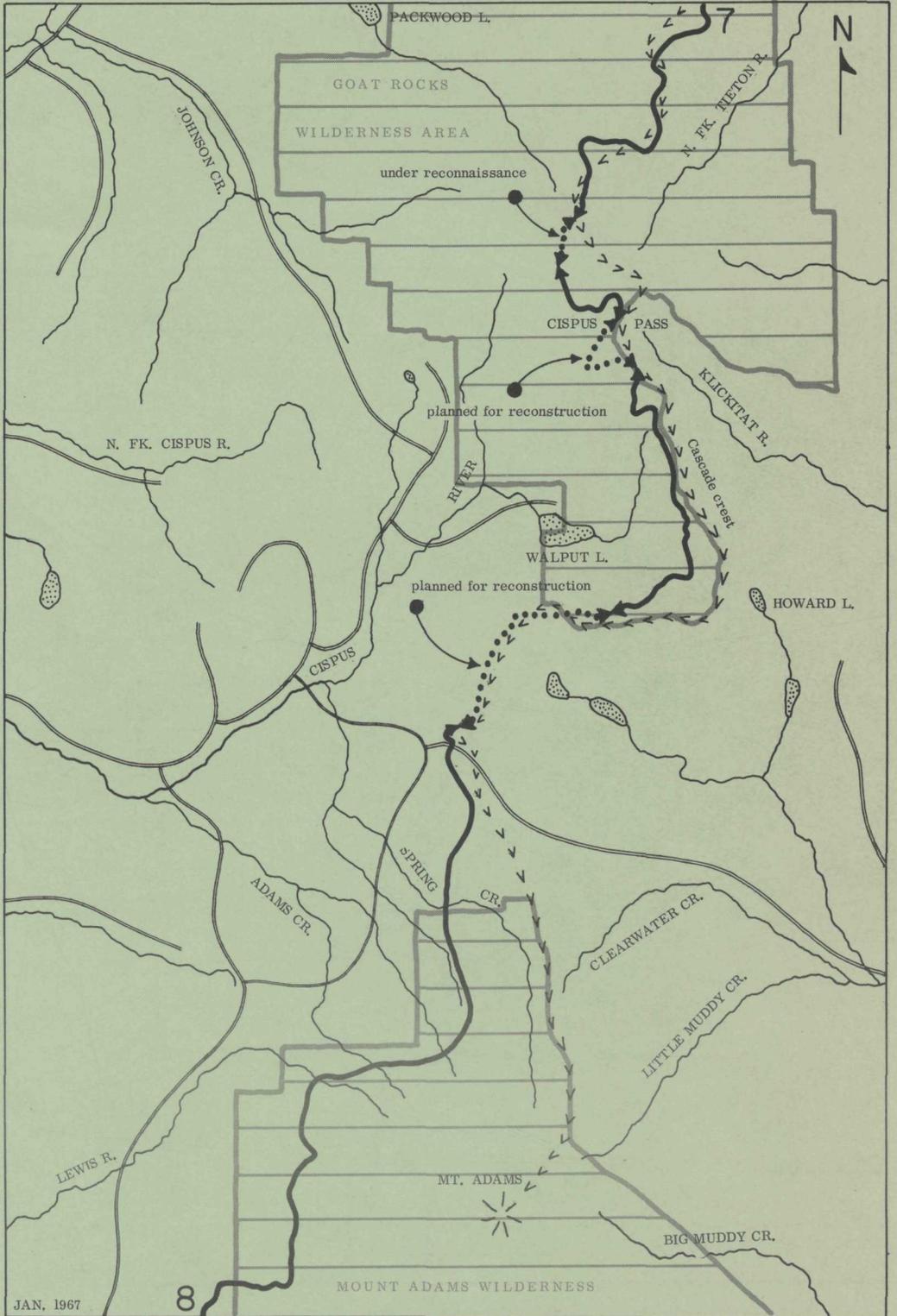


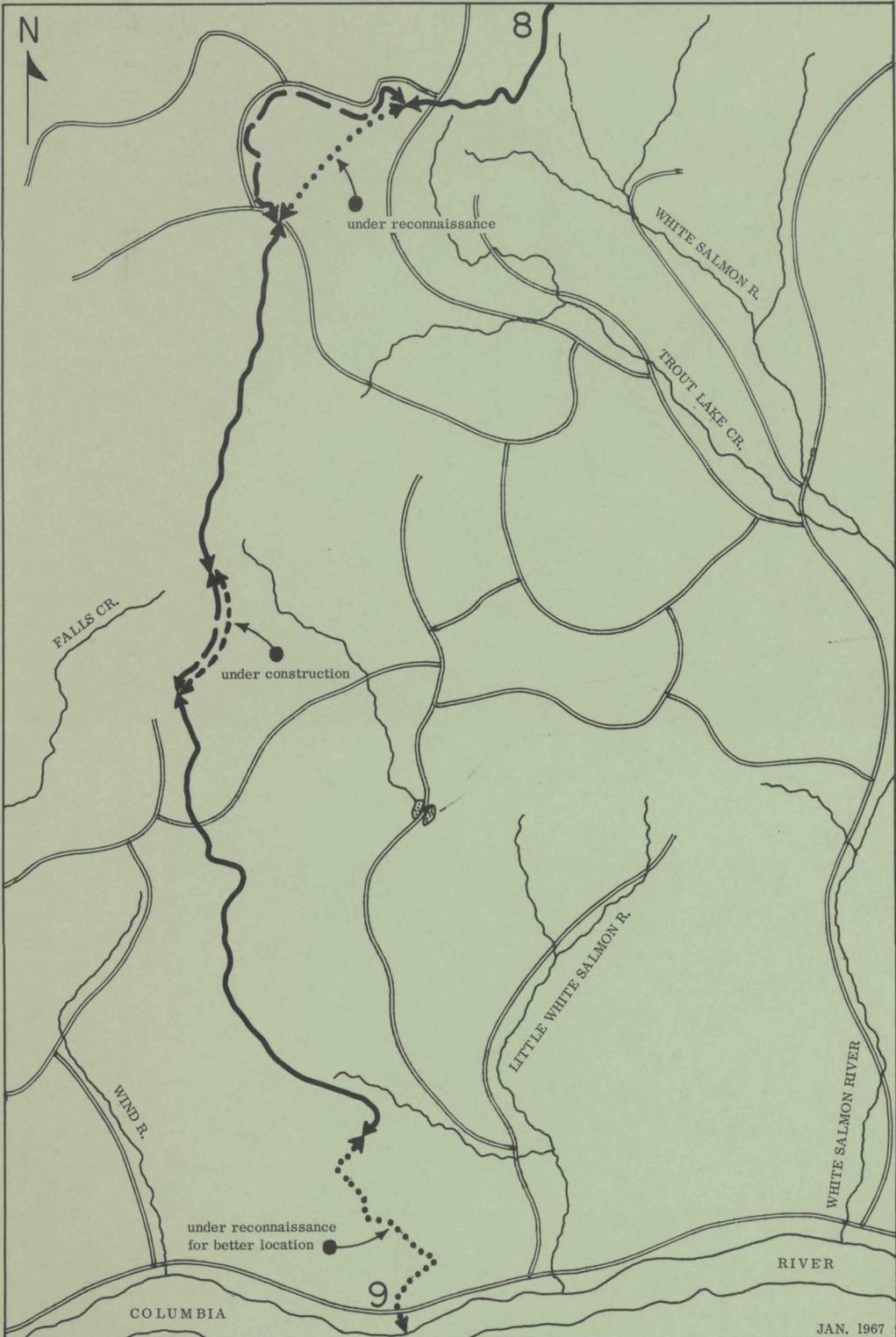


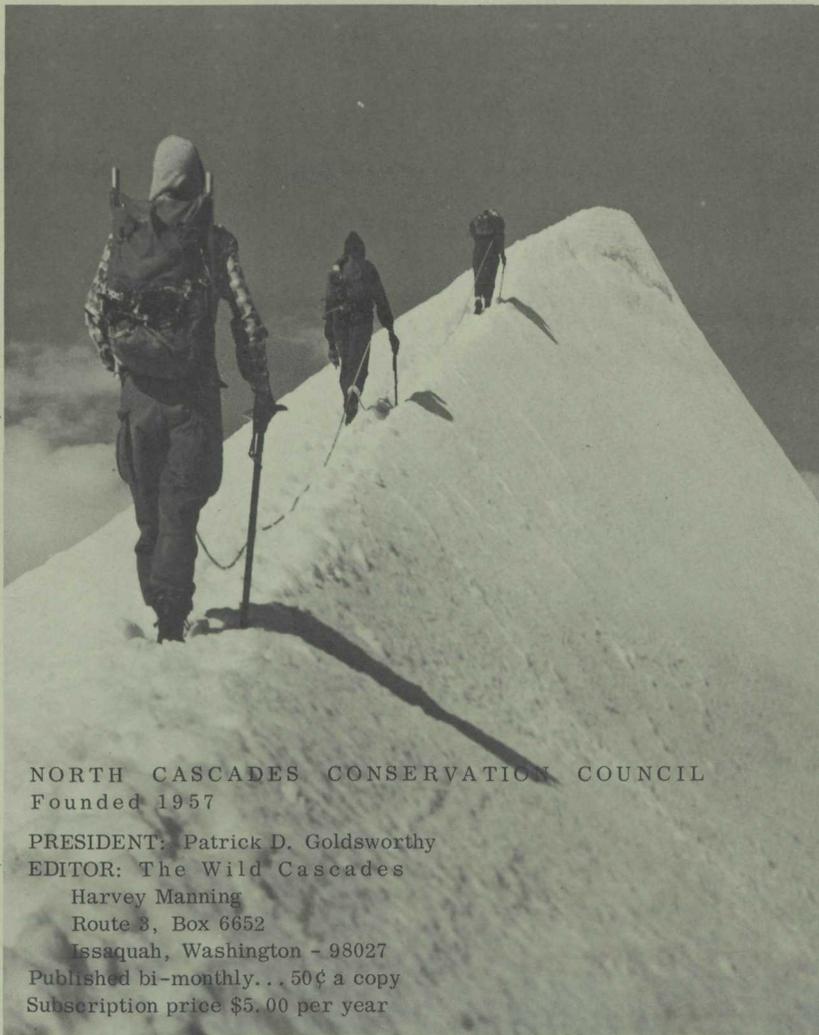












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