

## NORTH CASCAD'ES CONSERVATION COUNCIL

Volume V

July 1961

Number 7

"To secure the support of the people and the government in the protection and preservation of scenic, scientific, wildlife, wilderness, and outdoor recreational resources values in the North Cascades. . . ."

### PARK BILL, PARK Bill - Who's Got The PARK Bill?

(Captain of Walker Cup Team Demonstrates the Hidden Bill Trick)

Whatever became of the North Cascades Park Study Bill introduced by Thomas M. Pelly, Congressman from the First District of Washington State? Ask Jack Westland, Congressman from the Second District of Washington State. He knows.

The House Interior Committee, to which the Pelly Bill was referred, can take one of several actions: discuss the bill and report it out to the floor of the House with a "do pass" recommendation; report it out with a "do not pass"; after hearings, vote not to send it on. The committee has one other alternative: take no action whatsoever. Jack Westland, a member of the Interior Committee, has obviously cajoled his colleagues into politely averting their eyes while he sits heavy-heavy on the Park Study Bill, smothering it.

The North Cascades Conservation Council, The Mountaineers, and the Trustees for Conservation, hereby reaffirm that we will not allow the Park Study Bill to be smothered by neglect, nor silently stillettoed in secrecy. Westland, who thinks we will grow discouraged and go away, is wrong. His committee associates, jollied by the amiable Jack into thinking us a momentary zephyr among the loud prevailing winds of politics, must be convinced he is wrong; they will rectify their error when their own political fences begin quivering under our steady blast.

Congressman Pelly, in the Congressional Record for June 7, expressed his amazed pleasure at the grassroots support for his bill, as indicated by 21,669 Americans who have petitioned for a Park Study. He also pointed out that unlike many parks, which have been undervalued and opposed by near neighbors, the North Cascades petitions have been signed by 15,018 citizens of the State of Washington. Of these, 3472 are residents of the Second District.

Why does Congressman Westland choose to ignore so menacing an undercurrent to his future tenure as a Representative of the People?

There are two solid reasons. (Continued - p. 11)

# Our Man in the Cabinet

Eileen Ryan, Roving N3C Reporter

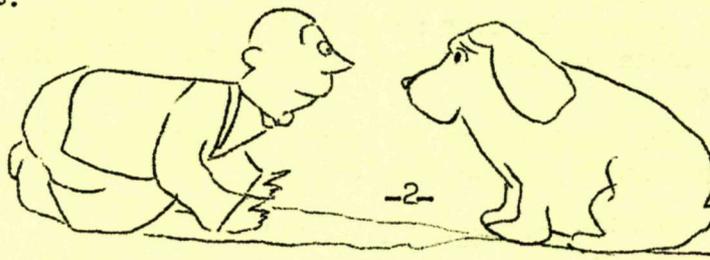
As all of us know from the papers, Secretary of the Interior Stewart L. Udall's Northwest visit was occasioned by—and dominated by—other matters than conservation. His Tacoma address on June 9 to the Pierce County Jefferson-Jackson Day Dinner, which I attended, was concerned mostly with power. Of the forest industry, he said "an era of forest culture is necessary," and pledged full support of forest research and development. Mount Rainier gained a share of attention, inasmuch as Governor Rosellini was, the next day, conducting the Secretary to Paradise Valley to make the pitch for a big, new tourist trap. Udall said "This is the most popular and the most magnificent of all the parks in the West, yet the problem of accommodations is the most serious of any." It should be noted he did not in any way commit himself, saying only he would listen carefully to the Governor, and that "I think I'm thoroughly briefed on the situation. . . My only regret is I can't spend a whole day to see how high I can climb."

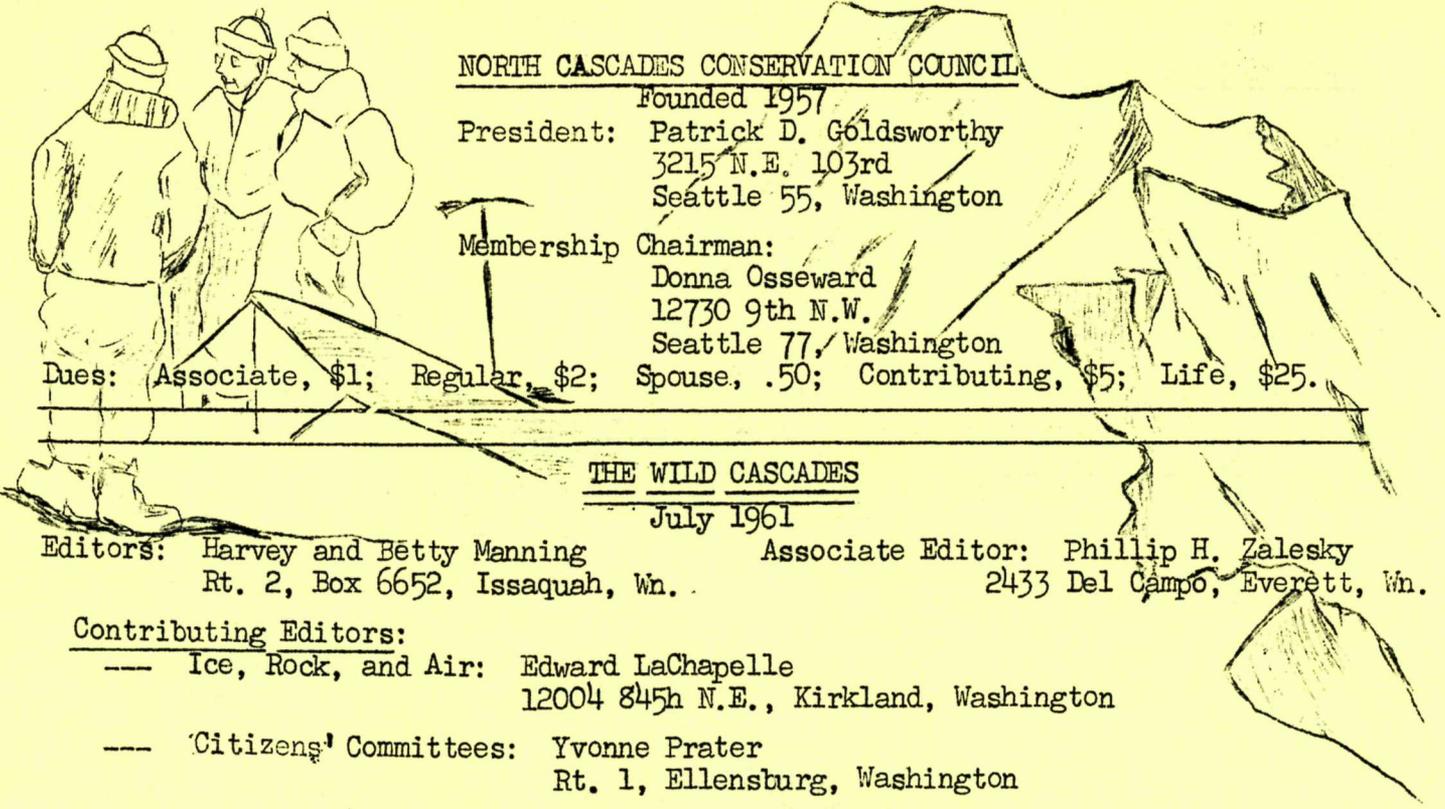
Regarding recreational needs, he said that with the tremendous population growth anticipated in the Pacific Northwest "retreats and beauty spots need protection. There is an increasing recognition of the need of recreational resources. . . There is need in man for open space." He said, further, "This is the greatest asset you have. This is an area of great outdoor recreational resources, which will make it a most desirable area where industry will locate and people will want to live. Recreation knows no political party. . . The full development of our natural resources cannot be done by the federal government alone. Only by cooperation of federal, state and local government and private industry can it be done wisely."

I managed a few minutes' private talk with Secretary Udall during the reception after the press conference. In response to my query about the prospects of getting the Wilderness Bill out of Committee to a vote in the Senate, he replied that a great deal of pressure was needed in the places where it counted, namely, letters, wires, calls to Congressmen and Senators. It seems the fight is very far indeed from being won.

In addition, I introduced him, briefly albiet, to the proposal for a Cougar Lakes Wilderness Area, in which he expressed interest. (It is, of course, a favorite mountain retreat of the Secretary's fellow trumper-along-the -Potomac, William O. Douglas--the two of whom, along with the Senator from Illinois, were recently booted out of a Maryland inn for "looking like bums.") All too soon a platoon descended upon us and Udall apologized for breaking off so abruptly as he was carried off with an "I'm trapped" look. I stuffed a copy of the Cougar Lakes proposal and a large map of the area in his coat pocket for later study.

I hoped for an opportunity after dinner to discuss the North Cascades, but the Indians cornered him. When he at last escaped, in an obvious state of exhaustion, I hadn't the heart to pursue him further. From other information, however, we know Secretary Udall is aware of the North Cascades National Park Study Bill, and only delicate questions of interdepartmental protocol prevent him from publicly expressing his sentiments at the moment. With proper work on our part, the time will come, and perhaps soon, I was left with the distinct impression we most certainly do have "our man in the Cabinet."





NORTH CASCADES CONSERVATION COUNCIL

Founded 1957

President: Patrick D. Goldsworthy  
3215 N.E. 103rd  
Seattle 55, Washington

Membership Chairman:  
Donna Osseward  
12730 9th N.W.  
Seattle 77, Washington

Dues: Associate, \$1; Regular, \$2; Spouse, .50; Contributing, \$5; Life, \$25.

THE WILD CASCADES

July 1961

Editors: Harvey and Betty Manning  
Rt. 2, Box 6652, Issaquah, Wn.

Associate Editor: Phillip H. Zalesky  
2433 Del Campo, Everett, Wn.

Contributing Editors:

--- Ice, Rock, and Air: Edward LaChapelle  
12004 845th N.E., Kirkland, Washington

--- Citizens' Committees: Yvonne Prater  
Rt. 1, Ellenburg, Washington

A PROPOSAL TO ESTABLISH A COUGAR LAKES WILDERNESS AREA

Key Kershaw and Isabelle Lynne

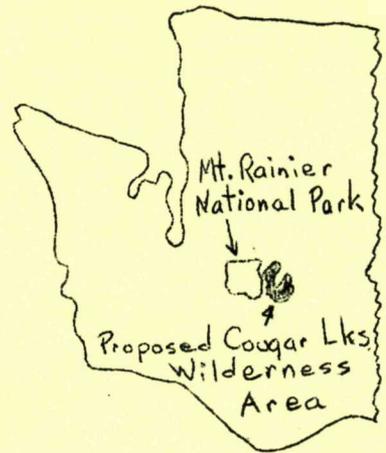
(This proposal is co-sponsored by the North Cascades Conservation Council)

Just east of Mount Rainier National Park lies country of outstanding beauty which faces commercial exploitation unless given highly merited protection. Although relatively small, the proposed Cougar Lakes Wilderness Area incorporates the finest features of a mountain wilderness. It is a land of lush meadows carpeted with wildflowers, and of rocky crags and boulders; of gemlike alpine lakes and of rushing, cold mountain streams. And of course it is a land of evergreen forests, containing, in fact, the greatest variety of conifers in the nation. Deer and elk wander the meadows, mountain goats the crags, and bears roam in search of succulent huckleberries. Coyotes and even cougars are sometimes seen. Numerous smaller animals inhabit forests and meadows: bright-eyed deer mice, snowshoe rabbits, Douglas and golden-mantled squirrels, ivy-league-striped chipmunks, the delightful whistling marmot and many others. The bird population, as varied as it is colorful, ranges from the Canadian geese for which Goose Prairie was named to the rufous hummingbird, including flickers, sapsuckers, finches, tanagers, owls, grouse, ptarmigan and the cheerful water ouzel. The climate is particularly fortunate: tremendous snowfall, from 8-10 feet at Bumping Lake to 25-30 feet at the higher elevations, provides the bulk of the moisture. There is little rain in summer.

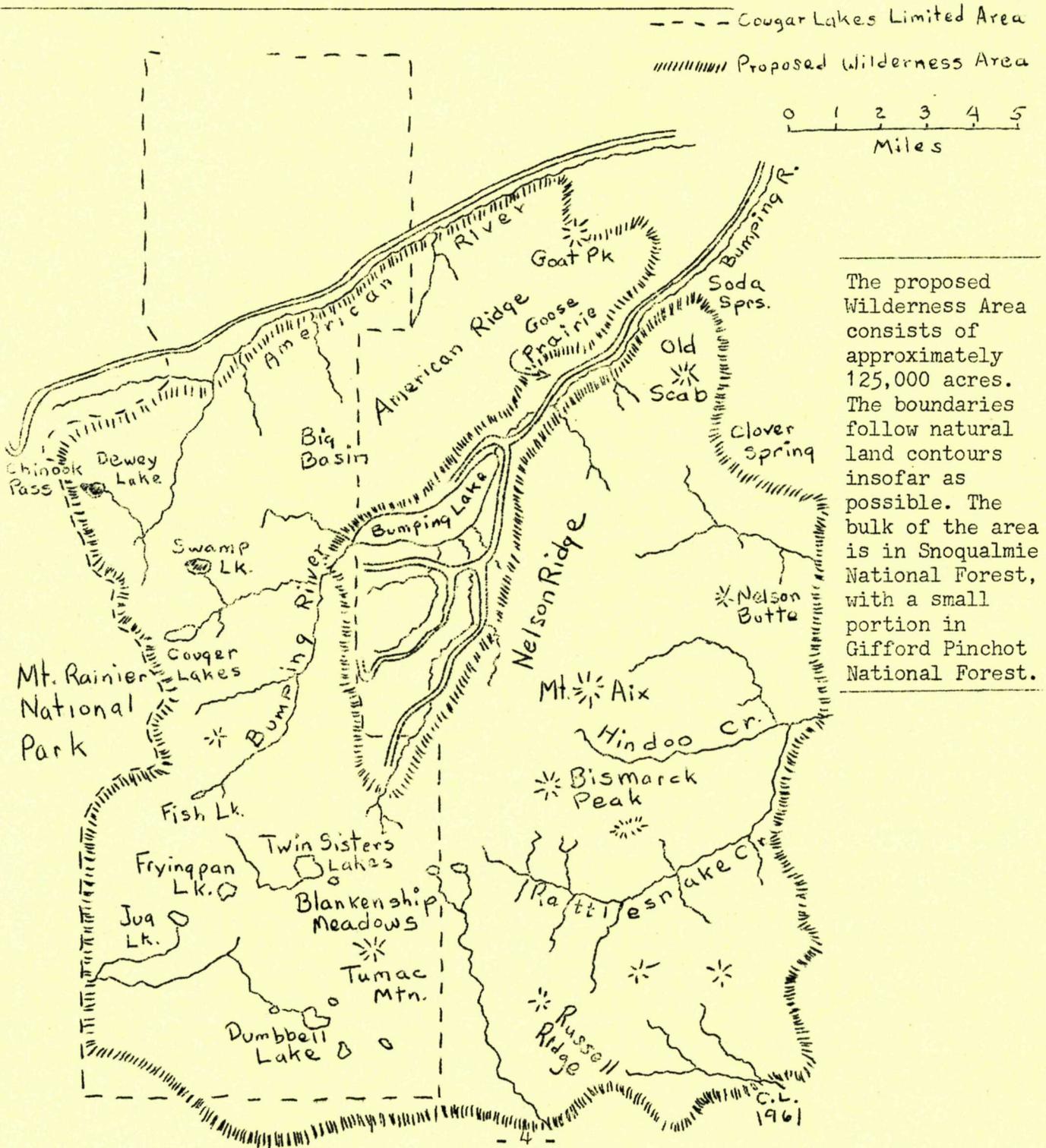
Starting from Goat Peak on the northern boundary (to make an imaginary journey which need not be so at all), the visitor can travel the crest of American Ridge on foot or horseback with ever-changing vistas in all directions. The south slope is a spring flower garden with glacier lilies early and predominant, quickly followed by lupine, paintbrush, Jacob's ladder, phlox, and dozens of others; in early June the blowing plumes of bear grass make a tremendous display. The ridge has white and red fir, hemlock, Ponderosa pine, cedar, tamarack, and white pine, pinon-twisted by winds and snow. Mountain mahogany grows here, and vine maple, and on a hot day, buckbrush scents the air with a spicy pungency. The ridge supports deer, elk, bear, mountain goats, coyotes, and even cougar.

THIS IS YOUR LAND AND YOUR HELP

is needed to preserve it in its primeval condition.  
 You can help by writing to:  
 Mr. J. Herbert Stone      Mr. Richard McArdle,  
 Regional Forester      Chief, U.S. Forest Service  
 U.S. Forest Service &      U.S. Dept. Agriculture  
 P.O. Box 4137      Washington, D.C.  
 Portland 8, Oregon



urging the classification of the area as the Cougar Lakes Wilderness Area and especially urging the inclusion of the country north and southeast of Bumping Lake, lying outside the existing Limited Area and thus without any protection at all.



The proposed Wilderness Area consists of approximately 125,000 acres. The boundaries follow natural land contours insofar as possible. The bulk of the area is in Snoqualmie National Forest, with a small portion in Gifford Pinchot National Forest.

For sheer distance, the country in view from the rim of Big Basin cannot be duplicated. Rainier, Adams, St. Helens, the Goat Rocks, Glacier Peak and Mount Baker can all be seen with a turn of the head. The country immediately at hand is a huge glacial cirque ringed with alpine fir and filled in summer with wildflowers, the bottle gentian a special delight. Many elk live in Big Basin and goats can invariably be seen.

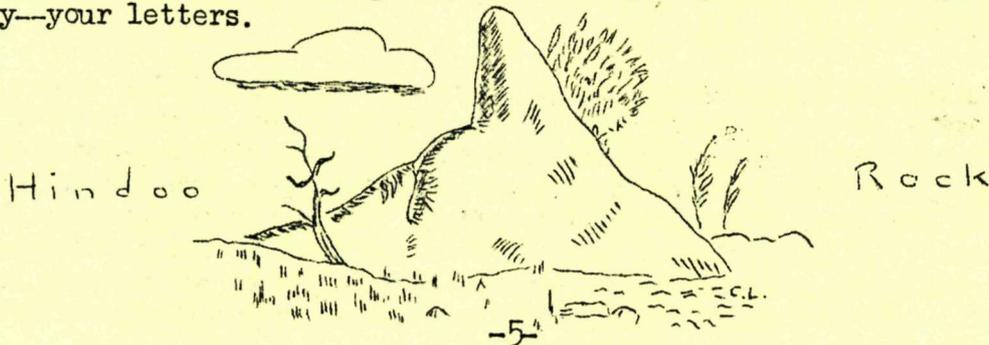
From Big Basin the trail goes steeply down through heavily forested areas, then climbs back to the high meadows of Cougar Lakes, where the visitor must compete with bears for the thumbsize, nearly black huckleberries. Flat-topped House Mountain rises sheer from the western shore of Little Cougar Lake, divided by a narrow neck of land from Big Cougar.

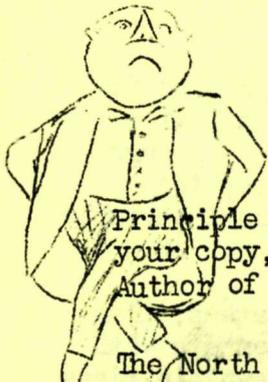
Continuing along the National Park boundary, in high, rocky, open country, there are tremendous vistas of Rainier and all that lies between and beyond. After Carlton Pass the crest is once more green with alpine fir and grass, bright with wildflowers in exceptional variety and profusions. Numerous pools and lakes dot the miles of parkland beyond Fish Lake. In Blankenship Meadows, dominated by the red volcanic ash of Tumac Mountain, are a dozen lakes and innumerable cold springs and streams, an alpine Eden for man and elk alike.

The country to the southeast and east of Bumping Lake is very different--rugged, rocky and wild. The upper 2000 feet of nearly 8000-foot Mount Aix, highest peak in the area, is timberless shale and boulders with pockets of permanent snow, but supports a magnificent collection of minute and lovely alpine flowers, growing unbelievably out of bare rock. Both Aix and Bismarck Peak, nearly as towering but more hospitable, are goat havens. Under the south shoulder of Aix flows the enchanting Hindoo, a lush valley crisscrossed by cold streams.

In the up-and-down stream-sliced country north to Old Scab Mountain, mountain meadows are a rare relief from hemlock forest and rock and therefore the more welcome. And again, their tininess compared to the broad parks of the crest, gives them a special beauty. Richmond Basin, in particular, on Nelson's Ridge between Buffalo Hump and Baldy, is a mountain coronet. Thunder Creek pours through in a series of waterfalls, boulders are strewn about as though by a giant's hand, and hummingbirds dart among the lush wildflowers, their favorite the lovely nodding columbine at creek's edge.

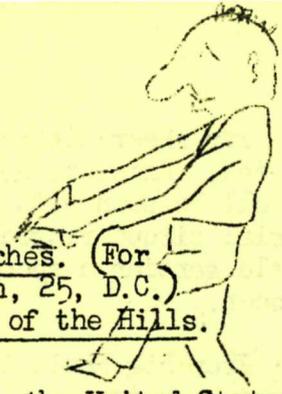
This, then, is the proposed Cougar Lakes Wilderness Area, primitive and spectacular country yet with an excellent and extensive--and very popular--trail system leading in from all sides of both inner and outer boundaries. No competitive use approaches its recreation value. The slow-growing timber is of little commercial value, mining is unimportant (a survey by the Guggenheim Foundation in 1949 revealed lack of any ore in commercial quantities), and grazing has been eliminated except for one band of sheep (prior grazing rights are not affected in Wilderness Areas). So--what is the Forest Service waiting for? One thing only--or let us say, hundreds of things only--your letters.





# The Plot that is Not

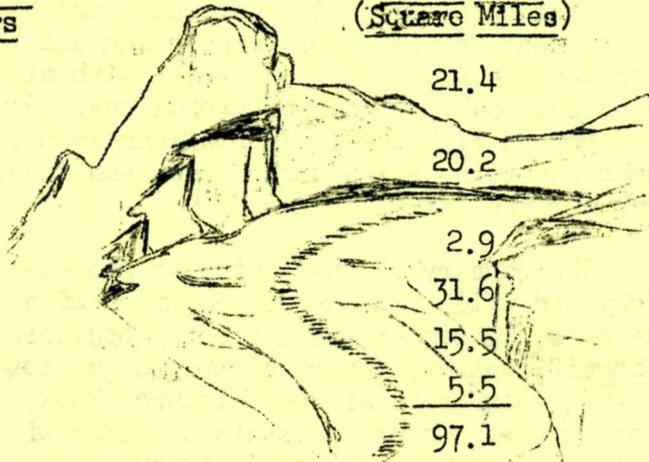
Ed LaChapelle



Principle author of the new Forest Service manual Snow Avalanches. (For your copy, send \$.60 to Government Printing Office, Washington, 25, D.C.)  
Author of "The Cycle of Snow" in Mountaineering: The Freedom of the Hills.

The North Cascades is the most extensively glaciated region in the United States outside Alaska, with 519 separate glaciers blanketing 97.1 square miles with ice. (For comparison, Mount Rainier has 41 glaciers covering 33.9 square miles.)

<u>Region</u>	<u>Number of Glaciers</u>	<u>Total Area (Square Miles)</u>
Mount Baker	30	21.4
Shuksan-Bacon-Challenger- Redoubt Area	147	20.2
Northeastern Area (Beyond the Skagit Reservoir Lakes)	42	2.9
Dome Peak-Eldorado Area	134	31.6
Glacier Peak-Bonanza Area	96	15.5
Southern Area (to Snoqualmie Pass)	70	5.5
Totals	519	97.1



These glaciers are one of the great scenic resources of the state of Washington, and have been clearly recognized as such by the State Department of Conservation and Natural Resources, whose officials are concerned for their protection. These glaciers have also been properly recognized as an important part of the currently utilized hydrologic resources of the state.

The importance of glaciers as a stabilizing hydrologic influence in a drainage basin has long been known in Europe, where many hydroelectric plants in the Alps depend on glacier melt for a substantial part of their reservoir input. In the North Cascades this is also true. Diablo Lake, for example, receives an appreciable part of its summer inflow from the Thunder Creek drainage, largely derived from glacier melt.

The hydrologic importance of glaciers stems from the inverted character of the annual-discharge curve of their melt streams. Unlike ordinary river basins in Western Washington, which discharge most of their runoff during the winter rainy season and reach a minimum flow in late summer, glacier-fed streams flow at a minimum rate in winter and reach their highest level in late summer when glacier melt is most rapid. Such streams thus have a marked regulating influence on downstream flow, tending to reduce otherwise high seasonal variations.

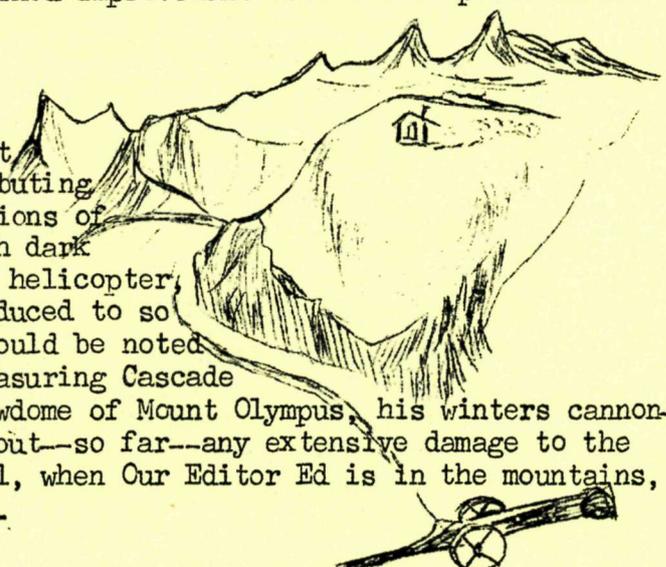
Because this regulating influence of glaciers on streamflow helps assure maintenance of reservoir capacity in dry years, hydroelectric plants which derive part of their water from glacier melt can more nearly approach constant full-capacity operation than can those which do not. The assurance of peak power capacity from such plants in even a dry summer is a highly important economic consideration. It is for this reason that the possibility of artificially regulating glacier melt has come to the attention of the state officials concerned, and some pilot studies have begun to see whether such regulation is feasible. Theoretically it is, but there are many practical obstacles which may well eliminate it as a workable technique.

It must be pointed out that the technique in question is not one of "melting away" glaciers to obtain extra runoff, but rather one of temporarily modifying existing summer melt during those occasional dry summers when the need for extra hydroelectric reservoir capacity would justify the effort. It was clearly recognized at the start that the basic philosophy must be one of conservation rather than destruction, that it would be folly to accelerate glacier melt unless it could be shown in advance that either natural or artificially stimulated accumulation processes could be counted on to restore the extra loss. Permanent depletion of a perishable natural resource makes no more sense from the standpoint of economic hydrology than it does from that of conserving scenic beauty.

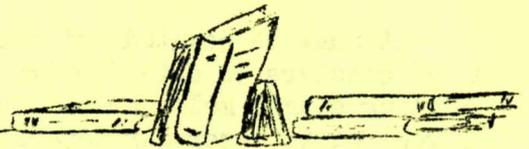
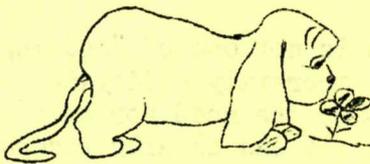
Artificial stimulation of glacier melt is not an easy task. The most effective method is to cover the snow (or ice) surface with a layer of black dust, such as coal dust or lampblack, which increases the amount of solar heat absorbed and under favorable circumstances may double the melt rate. Normal snow melt of two inches per day in midsummer may, for instance, be increased to four inches per day with proper blackening. The dark material has to be applied uniformly and in the proper amount. If there is too little darkening, the small increase in melt rate does not justify the trouble. If too much material is applied, it insulates the surface and actually reduces melting. The process at best is a temporary one, for meltwater and rain quickly disperse even insoluble dust particles. In any circumstances, the accelerated melt can persist no longer than a single season; the following year's snow accumulation buries the dust layer on the upper reaches of a glacier, and autumn rainstorms wash it off bare ice on the lower glacier.

Simple calculations show that in order to suitably darken enough glacier surface (say 2 or 3 square miles) to create a significant increase in meltwater discharge, the quantity required of some material like coal dust is measured in tons. The sheer logistic problem and expense of transporting and distributing this much material over the rough surface of a mountain glacier may alone defeat such an operation. Judging from rather scanty reports available, similar recent experiments on glaciers in Russia and China have foundered on just this problem.

Present experiments are a pilot study on a single small glacier, the Haystack Glacier (at the head of Haystack Creek, near Monogram Lake), where small patches of snow are covered with different blackening agents to test their suitability, and where measurements of the glacier mass balance can be made to test the permanent effects on the total water storage in the glacier. On their outcome will depend any future artificial control on a larger scale. Whatever the results, state officials deserve commendation for a kind of enterprise and original thinking all too often absent in bureaucracy. A genuine concern for conservation and utilization of one of Washington's prime natural resources is a marked improvement over the complete indifference of the past.



(\*\*\*)Opinions expressed in this article--first of a regular series--are entirely the Contributing Editor's own, and in no way reflect the opinions of the other Editors, who continue to watch with dark suspicion Editor LaChapelle's every move by helicopter, ski plane, and on foot--should he ever be reduced to so primitive a method of transportation. It should be noted that Editor LaChapelle spends his summers measuring Cascade glaciers and sitting in a tin hut on the Snowdome of Mount Olympus, his winters cannonading Wasatch snowfields, unfortunately without--so far--any extensive damage to the stretch-pants population of Alta. All in all, when Our Editor Ed is in the mountains, you know it.)



No longer, as in days past, do we Old Hillwalkers believe by keeping our mountains secret we can keep them safe. There are no secrets from Dirty Miners in corporation helicopters, from Multiple Users churning upward into the diseased slide alder and overripe heather. The sad, true paradox of our day is that by secrecy in wilderness destroyed, only by publicity can any semblance be saved. Given the choice, as we are, we prefer a people-crowded forest to lonely splendor in the fireweed and erosion gullies, we prefer an alpine meadow made noisy by the click-click-click of box cameras to the baa-baa-baa of sheep, we prefer cliffs cluttered up by mountainclimbers to those redistributed in talings.

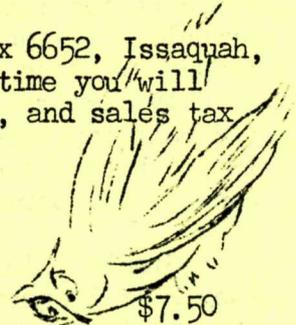
Our motive in opening the N3C Bookshop is to help those publishers who are helping us. N3C will be delighted to relay your orders to the publishers; should any salesman's commission come to N3C in the process, doubtless it can be made to serve some worthy purpose, such as subsidizing The Wild Cascades.

Send your orders to the Editors of The Wild Cascades, Route 2, Box 6652, Issaquah, Washington. Shipment will be made promptly from local stock. In due time you will receive a statement for the retail price plus a modest shipping charge, and sales tax where applicable.

BOOK LIST

FROM THE MOUNTAINEERS

Mountaineering: The Freedom of the Hills



\*\*\*The first 5000 copies of this, the first wilderness mountaineering text-book ever published, lasted little more than a year. The Mountaineers, encouraged by enthusiastic reviews and astonishing sales, this June took an historic step, establishing a Literary Fund which will receive all profits from Mountaineering. Supplemented by gifts and loans, the fund will finance publication of further educational material—and take our word for it, some books are in the works all conservationists, all admirers of the North Cascades, will find exciting.

FROM THE AMERICAN ALPINE CLUB

Climber's Guide to the Cascade and Olympic Mountains of Washington \$5.00

\*\*\*The brandnew edition, a painstaking committee revision of Fred Beckey's 1949 original, reveals many Old Hillwalkers' secret ways into superb hooks of our wilderness mountains—ways suitable not only for climbers but for hikers. And if you read never so much as one word of the text, the numerous drawings by Dee Molenaar are, by themselves, worth the price.

FROM SUPERIOR PUBLISHING COMPANY

High Worlds of the Mountain Climber \$10.00

\*\*\*Beyond any doubt whatsoever, Bob and Ira Spring have done more to acquaint the general public with the beauties of the alpine Northwest than any regiment of us pamphleteers. This is, to date, the book on the North Cascades, the collection of photographs to use for propaganda (and pure personal pleasure, if any conservationist dares so relax nowadays).

New Books: Exploring Glaciers with a Camera \$1.95

\*\*\*Art Harrison scarcely needs introduction to any Friend of the Cascade Ice. Let us only say, this is a book you can buy on pure faith--crammed with pictures of Ice, lore of the Ice, and not one single pinch of coal dust.

Francois Matthes and the Marks of Time \$6.50

Picture Books: This is the American Earth \$15.00

Words of the Earth 12.50

Portfolio Two: The National Parks and Monuments 150.00

Portfolio Three: Yosemite Valley 100.00

Death Valley 2.50

Yosemite Valley 2.95

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A Climber's Guide to the Teton Range 3.00

Guide to the John Muir Trail 2.00

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Instructional Books:

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The Sierra Club: A Handbook 1.00

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Historical and Educational Books:

John Muir's Studies in the Sierra \$3.75

Ramblings Through the High Sierra (Le Conte) 3.75

The Meaning of Wilderness to Science (Proceedings of Sixth Wilderness Conference, 1960) 5.75

SUMMIT MAGAZINE

\*\*\*If you had been a subscriber to this lively monthly magazine during the last year, you'd have read articles by such well known Cascade climbers as Dee Molenaar, Warren Spickard, Bob and Ira Spring, seen photographs and maps of the Chilliwacks, Pickets, and all the climbing routes on Mount Adams. You would also have read the fullest account of the Mount McKinley rescue yet published, and innumerable other articles describing climbs, backpack menus, new equipment design, flora and fauna. To subscribe, send \$4.00 for one year to Summit Magazine, 44 Mill Creek Road, Big Bear Lake, California.

WILDERNESS CARDS

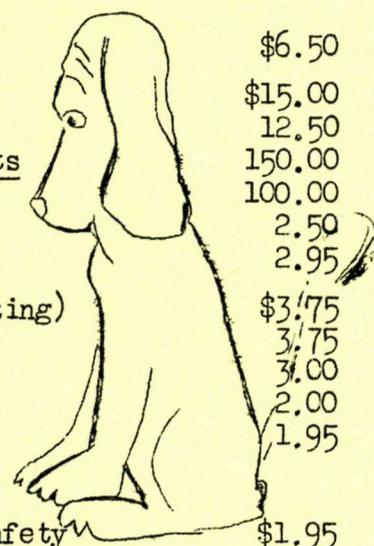
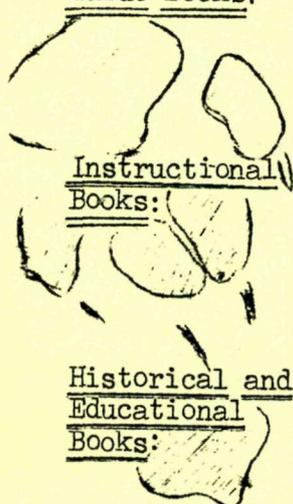
— YOU'LL WANT ONE SET OF WILDERNESS CARDS for your own photograph album. Johannesburg from Cascade Pass--Challenger from Tupto Lake--Glacier Peak from Image Lake--an aerial view of Chickamin Glacier--in all, 16 beautiful, full-color photographs of the North Cascades.

— USE WILDERNESS CARDS for personal correspondence, to let your friends know why we need a North Cascades National Park.

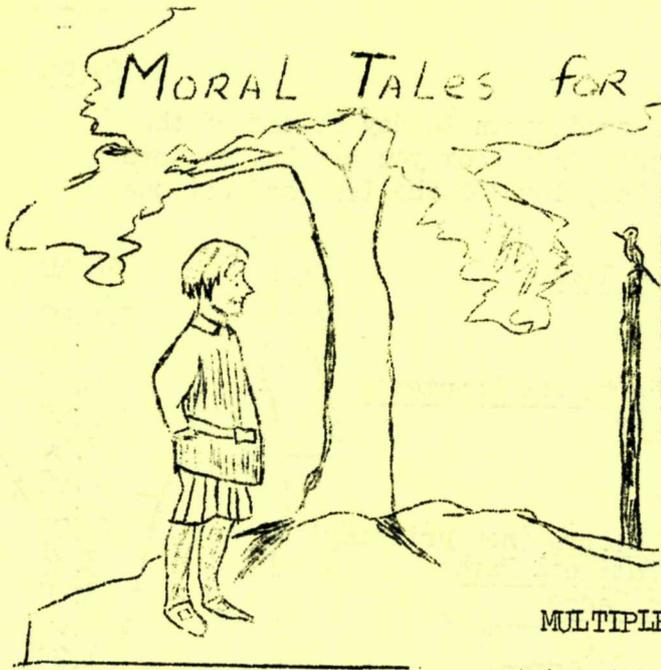
— USE WILDERNESS CARDS when urging your friends to support Congressman Pelly's North Cascades National Park Study Bill.

— USE WILDERNESS CARDS for those occasions when you haven't time for a letter, but wish to register your opinion with your congressman.

— For a complete set of 16 cards (10 regular, 5 jumbo, 1 giant), send a contribution of \$1 to the North Cascades Conservation Council, 3215 N.E. 103rd, Seattle, 55, Wash.



# MORAL TALES for Young Birdwatchers



Are your children growing up well-adjusted to the Modern World? Warp their little minds back to normalcy with

## Moral Tales for Young Birdwatchers

by your Sweet Old Aunt George and Uncle Mary.

### MULTIPLE PEOPLE-USE

An Evil Geologist with a shiny new Helicopter carried a Mountain Climber to a Summit Register and then flew away to do Research. While scattering coal dust on a glacier he was smitten with Divine Vengeance and went down in flames, suffering horribly.

The Mountain Climber, while making notes for a journal article describing the Harrowing ascent, was Open-pitted by Dirty Miners. A Birdwatcher deep in the Dank Forest heard him plaintively clicking a Carabiner for help, but mistook it for the mating call of the Lesser Abseil, and the Mountain Climber was smelted into a Copper Replica of the Space Needle and was won on a punchboard by a Drunkard from Iowa visiting Century 21.

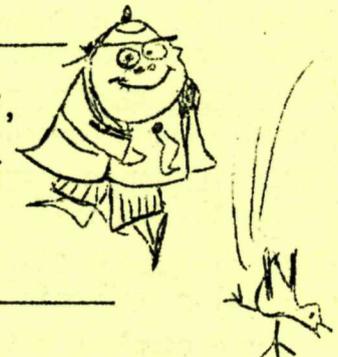
While focusing his fieldglasses on the plummeting Helicopter, which he tentatively identified as a Hoisting Petard in autumn plumage, the Birdwatcher was felled from behind by a Gypo Logger with a shiny new Chainsaw and made into Pulp Liquor to kill Fish.

He thus failed to see the Dirty Miners being strapped to Trail Tractors by the Manly Hunters, who planned to collect the Bounty and then grind them up for Hamburger to bait Tourist Traps, saving those whose heads came to the sharpest Points to mount over Fireplaces.

While the Gypo Logger was Salvaging the Manly Hunters, who were Overripe and Infested with Insects, and they were clipping their Gypo Tags in his ear, the Kilowatt Company surreptitiously built a Great Dam and turned them all into Electricity to make Pinball Machines go DING-DING-DING.

Moral: Russia was First in Space, First to the Moon, First to Venus, but America has Color TV.

For an even more glowing account of "the greatest good for the greatest number in the long run", write the United States Department of Agriculture--Forest Service, Washington, D.C. for your free copy of MULTIPLE USE--The National Forests and Your Family.



(Who's Got the Park Bill--continued from page 1.)

One is personal principle. Westland, along with the overwhelming majority of the Congress of 1861, believes the public interest is best served by transferring the public domain into private hands. That Westland by a freak of history chances to be in the Congress of 1961 does not weaken his principles; his voting record is consistently against any and all legislation tending to increase the public domain. Of course, a North Cascades National Park would not extend the public domain, would merely change federal managers. Jack, however, despite his preference for seeing national forests "put on the taxrolls," as the euphemism has it, is willing to settle for the second best choice, Forest Service control. It must have warmed the cockles of Jack's heart to read the recent editorial in Argus, commending to American consideration the action of British Columbia, which recently took more than two million acres from Hamber Park, near Banff, and put it into cutting circles. But Jack knows our own Park Service, though less-than-inflexible before the highway-and-hotel pressure, is as ready for "multiple-use" as America is for absolute monarchy.

Jack Westland just plain doesn't like National Parks--in the Cascades or anyplace else. Nobody in Congress, nobody in the administration or out of it, nobody in or out of the Virgin Islands, opposed the Virgin Islands National Park--except the Congressman from the Second District of Washington State. Really, we preservationists should rally around this "living museum" of Nineteenth Century social doctrine, though possibly we might recommend a more suitable display case than Congress.

We said "two solid reasons."

It is no secret, in the Second District, who greases the wheels of the Westland Wagon. His days of campaigning as a barefoot boy with one hand on a putter and one hand on Ike's coattails ended lo these many elections ago. Jack has made friends while in public office. Maybe not many, but the right kind. Shall we play a little guessing game? "Who likes Jack that much?" Who pays for the billboards, newspaper, radio and television ads that deluge the Second District during elections? Is it the little gypos, to whom Jack throws many a little bone? No. Jack doesn't bother the little man for campaign funds, and his mighty friends in the Association to Bring Back the Nineteenth Century can easily spare the bones in anticipation of a feast. Everyone in the Second District knows the facts of Jack's political life. Every time he opens his mouth he says "TIM-BER!"

We of the North Cascades Conservation Council must prepare for a long, hard fight. We are not a small, lonely, insignificant and unheard band of loony dreamers. We study the needs of 1961, we face the facts of 2061, as studiously and bravely as Westland and his ilk do those of 1861.

But never, ever, has so fine and rational and necessary a thing as we desire been achieved overnight. We must prepare for a decade or more of struggle, of quick-flaming hope extinguished in deep gloom, of bare-faced lies and arrant nonsense converted by the magic of much money into "scientific facts" and "economic necessities" which will be dinned and blared by the parrot press until we will, ourselves, be half-convinced we have gone stark, staring mad.

The Westlands of the world will always be with us, uging us backward toward the primordial ooze (where the laissez was really faire). But for every Westland there will be a Pelly. For every Douglas McKay there will be a Stewart Udall.

To the Pellys and the Udalls, as well as the Westlands, we must make perfectly clear we are prepared to fight it out on this line if it takes the rest of the century. This is, indeed, our major strategic imperative, to demonstrate to friend and foe alike that the First Commandment of Conservation is:

THOU SHALT NOT BE A QUITTER.

The large victory we will someday win (and make no mistake--we will win) will seem to the noncombatants to come all at once, barbarian cavalry descending unannounced from wilderness and sweeping the field with one magnificent charge.

But that final victory will, in fact, be the sum of thousands and thousands of little victories, medium-size victories, and a scattering of big victories. Such little victories as each of the 21,669 signatures. Such big victories as the enthusiastic support of Congressman Pelly. Such medium-size victories as the steady growth of the Ellensburg Committee for a North Cascades National Park. Our final victory needs every one of these victories, and the sooner we start piling them up, like bricks for a pyramid, the sooner they will total to an enduring monument to our industry and faith.

What now?

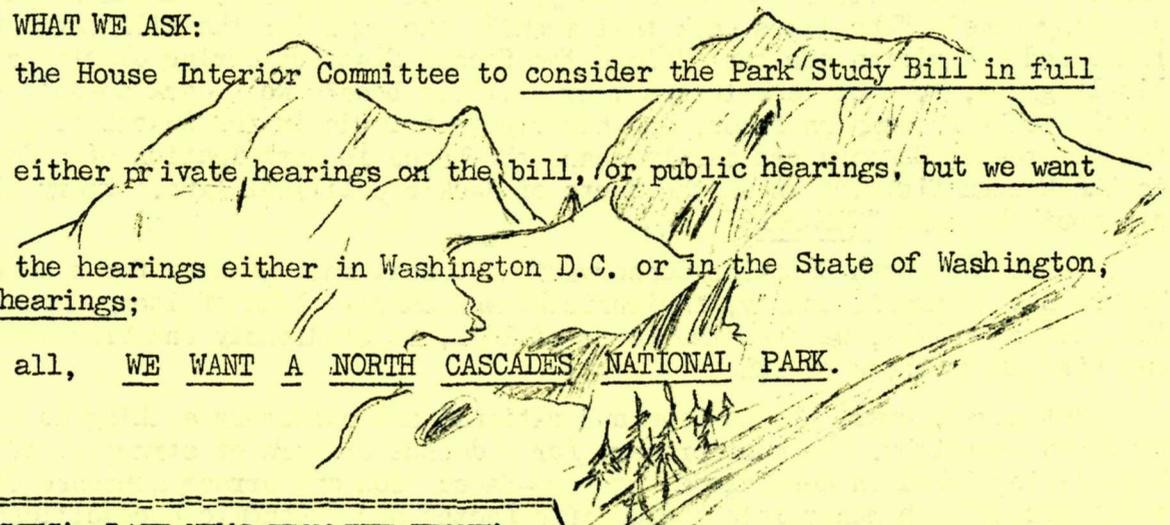
Next month The Wild Cascades will feature genuine, hard news about that exciting phenomenon, the "citizens' committee movement,"—and will tell how you and your community can emulate the Ellensburg and Everett groups, work off nervous frustration by striking solid blows, regain your childhood faith in democracy. (If this be treason, make the most of it. We maniacs now editing your newsletter will never consent to be locked up in a year that has seen Governor Rosellini of Washington support billboard control, and Governor Hatfield of Oregon denounce "multiple use.")

FOR NOW:

- Each of us has a Congressman. We must, now and from now on, letter and night-letter and postcard him to death, meet with him if he will consent to an interview.
- Each of us has a share in the House Interior Committee. We must inform these Congressmen, from whatever states, that if they wish to hear the genuine Voice of the People of Washington State, let them listen to Congressman Pelly, who has listened to 21,669 citizens, not Westland, however smoothly he squares up to the golf ball, however smugly he squats on the Park Bill.

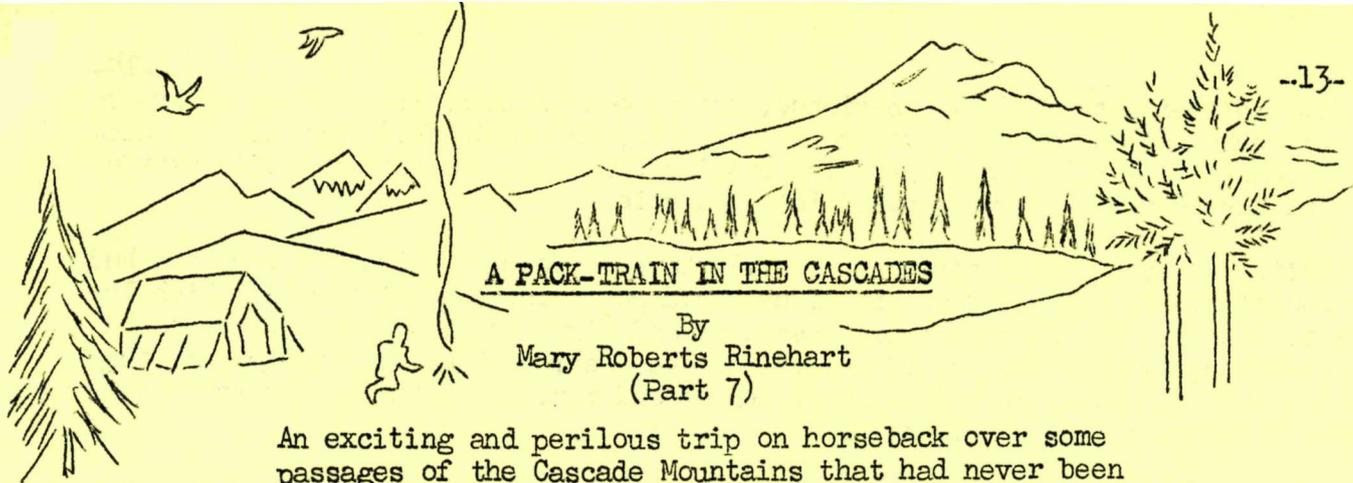
THIS IS WHAT WE ASK:

- We want the House Interior Committee to consider the Park Study Bill in full session;
- We want either private hearings on the bill, or public hearings, but we want hearings;
- We want the hearings either in Washington D.C. or in the State of Washington, but we want hearings;
- Most of all, WE WANT A NORTH CASCADES NATIONAL PARK.



**STOP THE PRESSES! LATE NEWS FROM THE FRONT!**

Resolution adopted June 25 by the Young Democratic Clubs of Oregon: "(we) commend Agriculture Secretary Freeman for his order of June 7. . . halting the poorly conceived development planned by the Forest Service for the Waldo Lake and the Minam River areas in Oregon and the North Cascades and Copper City areas of Washington. . . for ordering the preparation of a long-range management policy for recreation in the high country of the Oregon and Washington Cascades. However, since some of the high mountain country is under the jurisdiction of the Interior Department's Park Service and other areas are under active consideration as possible new national parks, it would seem that a comprehensive and enduring plan could only result from a cooperative study by both the Agriculture and Interior Departments. We urge the appointment of a special Presidential task force committee composed of representatives of both departments and the public at large to prepare a plan that is truly in the public interest. Furthermore, since the areas of dispute lie not only in the high mountain country but also in the approach zones of intermediate elevation, we urge that the study be broadened to embrace these buffer areas also." (\*\*\*) BULLY FOR FREEMAN! BULLY for the Young Demos!)



A PACK-TRAIN IN THE CASCADES

By  
Mary Roberts Rinehart  
(Part 7)

An exciting and perilous trip on horseback over some passages of the Cascade Mountains that had never been attempted before. (Cosmopolitan, Aug., Sept., Oct., 1917)

Of all the mountain climbing I have ever done, the switchback up to Doubtful Lake is the worst. We were hours doing it. There were places when it seemed no horse could possibly make the climb. Back and forth, up and up, along that narrow rock-filled trail, which was lost here in a snowbank, there in a jungle of evergreen that hung out from the mountainside, we were obliged to go. There was no going back. We could not have turned a horse around, nor could we have reversed the pack outfit without losing some of the horses.

As a matter of fact, we dropped two horses on that switchback. With infinite labor the packers got them back to the trail, rolling, tumbling and roping them down to the ledge below, and there salvaging them. It was heartbreaking, nervewracking work. Near the top was an ice patch across a brawling waterfall. To slip on that ice patch meant a drop of incredible distance. From broken places in the crust it was possible to see the stream below. Yet over the ice it was necessary to take ourselves and the pack.

"Absolutely no riding here," was the order, given in strained tones. For everybody's nerves were on edge.

Somehow or other, we got over. I can still see one little pack-pony, wandering away from the others and traveling across that tiny ice field on the very brink of death at the top of the precipice. The sun had softened the snow so that I fell flat into it. And there was a dreadful moment when I thought I was going to slide.

Even when I was safely over, my anxieties were just beginning. For the Head and the Juniors were not yet over. And there was no space to stop and see them come. It was necessary to move on up the switchback, that the next horse behind might scramble up. Buddy went gallantly on leaping, slipping, his flanks heaving, his nostrils dilated. Then, at last, the familiar call,

"Are you all right, mother?"

And I knew it was all right with them--so far.

Three thousand feet that switchback went straight up in the air. How many thousand feet we traveled back and forward, I do not know.

But these things have a way of getting over somehow. The last of the packhorses was three hours behind us in reaching Doubtful Lake. The weary little beasts, cut, bruised, and by this time very hungry, looked dejected and forlorn. It was bitterly cold. Doubtful Lake was full of floating ice, and a chilling wind blew on us from the snow all about. A bear came out on the cliff face across the valley. But no one attempted to shoot at him. We were too tired, too bruised and sore. We gave him no more than a passing glance.

It had been a tremendous experience, but a most alarming one. From the brink of that pocket on the mountain top where we stood, the earth fell away to vast distances beneath. The little river which empties Doubtful Lake slid greasily over a rock and disappeared without a sound into the void.

Until the pack outfit arrived, we could have no food. We built a fire and huddled round it, and now and then one of us would go to the edge of the pit which lay below to listen. The summer evening was over and night had fallen before we heard the horses coming near the top of the cliff. We cheered them, as, one by one, they stumbled over the edge, dark figures of horses and men, the animals with their bulging packs. They had put up a gallant fight.

And we had no food for the horses. The few oats we had been able to carry were done, and there was no grass for them on the little plateau. There was heather, deceptively green. But nothing else. And here, for the benefit of those who may follow us along the trail, let me say that oats should be carried, if two additional horses are required for the purpose--carried, and kept in reserve for the last hard days of the trip.

The two horses that had fallen were unpacked first. They were cut, and on their cuts the Head poured iodine. But that was all we could do for them. One little gray mare was trembling violently. She went over a cliff again the next day, but I am glad to say that we took her out finally, not much the worse except for a badly cut shoulder. The other horse, a sorrel, had only a day or two before slid five hundred feet down a snowbank. He was still stiff from his previous accident, and if ever, I saw a horse whose nerve was gone, I saw one there--a poor, tragic, shaken creature trembling at a word.

That night, while we lay wrapped in blankets round the fire while the cooks prepared supper at another fire nearby, the Optimist produced a bottle of claret. We drank it out of tin cups; the only wine of the journey, and not until long afterward did we know its history--that a very great man to whose faith the Northwest owes so much of its development had purchased it, twenty-five years before, for the visit to this country of Albert, King of the Belgians.

That claret, taken so casually from tin cups near the summit of the Cascades, had been a part of the store of that great dreamer and most abstemious of men, James J. Hill, laid in for the use of that other great dreamer and idealist, Albert, when he was his guest. While we ate, Weaver said suddenly,

"Listen!"

His keen ears had caught the sound of a bell. He got up,

"Either Johnny or Buck," he said, "starting back home!"

Then commenced again that heartbreaking task of rounding up the horses. That is part of such an expedition. And, even at that, one escaped and was found next morning high up the cliffside, in a basin.

It was too late to put up all the tents that night. Mrs. Fred and I slept in our clothes but under canvas, and the men lay out with their faces to the sky. Toward dawn, a thunderstorm came up. For we were on the crest of the Cascades now, where the rain clouds empty themselves before traveling to the arid country to the east. Just over the mountain mass above us lay the Pacific Slope.

The rain came down, and around the peaks overhead lightning flashed and flamed. No one moved except Joe, who sat up in his blankets, put his hat on, said, "Let 'er rain" and lay down to sleep again. Peanuts, the Naturalist's horse, sought human

companionship in the storm, and wandered into camp, where one of the young bear hunters wakened to find him stepping across his prostrate and blanketed form.

Then all was still again, except for the solid beat of the rain on canvas and blanket, horse and man.

It cleared toward morning, and at dawn Dan was up and climbed the wall on foot. At breakfast, on his return, we held a conference. He reported that it was possible to reach the top—possible but difficult, and that what lay on the other side we would have to discover later on.

A night's sleep had made Joe all business again. On the previous day he had been too busy saving his camera and his life—camera first, of course—to try for pictures. But now he had a brilliant idea.

"Now see here," he said to me; "I've got a great idea. How's Buddy about water?"

"He's partial to it," I admitted, "for drinking, or for lying down and rolling in it, especially when I am on him. Why?"

"Well, it's like this," he observed: "I'm set up on the bank of the lake. See? And you ride him into the water and get him to scramble up on one of those ice cakes. Do you get it? It'll be a whale of a picture."

"Joe," I said in a stern voice, "did you ever try to make a horse go into an icy lake and climb onto an ice cake? Because if you have, you can do it now. I can turn the camera all right. Anyhow," I added firmly, "I've been photographed enough. This film is going to look as if I'd crossed the Cascades alone. Some of you other people ought to have a chance."

But a moving-picture man after a picture is as determined as a cook who does not like the suburbs.

I rode Buddy to the brink of the lake, and there spoke to him in friendly tones. I observed that this lake was like other lakes, only colder, and that it ought to be mere play after the day before. I also selected a large ice cake, which looked fairly solid, and pointed Buddy at it.

Then I kicked him. He took a step and began to shake. Then he leaped six feet to one side and reared, still shaking. Then he turned round and headed for the camp.

By that time I was determined on the picture. There is nothing like two wills set in opposite directions to determine a woman. Buddy and I again and again approached the lake, mostly sideways. But at last he went in, took twenty steps out, felt the cold on his poor empty belly, and—refused the ice cake. We went out much faster than we went in, making the bank in a great bound and a very bad humor—two very bad humors.

To get out of the Doubtful Lake plateau to Cascade Pass it was necessary to climb eight hundred feet up a steep and very slippery cliffside. On the other side lay the pass, but on the level of the lake. It was here that we "went up a hill one day and then went down again" with a vengeance. And on this cliffside it was that the little gray mare went over again, falling straight onto a snowbank, which saved her, and then rolling over and over shedding parts of our equipment, and landing far below, dazed and almost senseless.

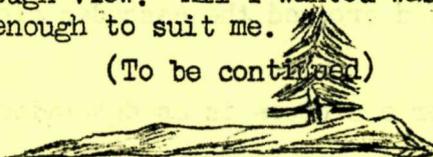
It was on top of that wall above Doubtful Lake that I had the greatest fright of the trip.

That morning, as a special favor, the Little Boy had been allowed to go ahead with Mr. Hilligoss, who was to clear trail and cut footholds where they were necessary. When we were more than halfway to the top of the wall across the lake, two alternative routes to the top offered themselves, one to the right across a snowfield which hugged the edge of a cliff which dropped sheer five hundred feet to the water, another to the left over slippery heather which threatened a slide and a casualty at every step. The Woodsman had left no blazes, there being no tree to mark. Holding on by clutching to the heather with our hands, we debated. Finally, we chose the lefthand route as the one they had probably taken. But when we reached the top, the Woodsman and the Little Boy were not there. We halloosed, but there was no reply. And, suddenly the terrible silence of the mountains seemed ominous. Had they ventured across the snowbank and slipped?

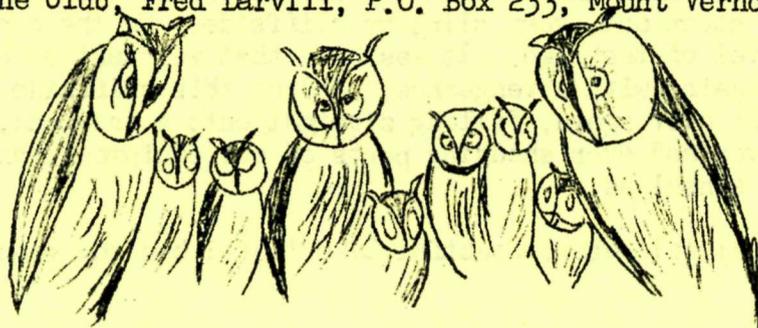
I am not ashamed to say that, sitting on my horse on the top of that mountain wall, I proceeded to have a noiseless attack of hysterics. There were too many chances of accident for any of the party to take the matter lightly. There we gathered on that little mountain meadow, not much bigger than a goodsized room, and waited. There was snow and ice and silence everywhere. Below, Doubtful Lake lay like a sapphire set in granite, and far beneath it lay the valley from which we had climbed the day before. But no one cared for scenery.

Then it was that "Silent Lawrie" turned his horse around and went back. Soon he halloosed, and, climbing back to us, reported that they had crossed the ice bank. He had found the marks of the ax making footholds. And soon afterward there was another halloo from below, and the missing ones rode into sight. They were blithe and gay. They had crossed the ice field and had seen a view which they urged we should not miss. But I had had enough view. All I wanted was the level earth. There could be nothing after that flat enough to suit me.

(To be continued)



\*\*\*\* THE SKAGIT ALPINE CLUB, organized in May, 1960, now has over 80 members, mostly from Skagit and Island counties. Among the purposes of the organization are: "to promote the use, and prevent the abuse, of all outdoor recreational areas (particularly the North Cascade and Olympic Mountains, the San Juan Islands, and the Pacific Beaches). . .to function as a group dedicated to the preservation of reasonable recreational and wilderness areas on the county, state, and national level." Both in 1960 and 1961 a climbing course was held in conjunction with Skagit Valley Junior College. Many outings are scheduled, ranging from short walks to rather strenuous climbs. The club can legitimately claim the highest and most scenic, if not the largest, clubhouse in the Northwest--the abandoned Hidden Lakes Peak Lookout cabin has been leased from the Forest Service. (No ski tow. No folk dancing except in the meadows.) Meetings are held the first Thursday of each month at 7:30 p.m. at the Skagit Valley College, Room 25, Angst Hall. Guests, and new members, are always welcome. For further information, write the president of the Skagit Alpine Club, Fred Darvill, P.O. Box 233, Mount Vernon, Washington.





We were graduating from high school in a few months, emerging from the cocoon of childhood to try our wings as semi-adults, to see how long we could avoid getting shot down by the idiot world.

One Monday morning in March the Model A didn't head south along 99 to city and school, but north to the hills. What a gay, criminal feeling—sprung loose from the laws of the lowland world—running free to high wild worlds!

It should have been westward to the Olympics, but we could barely afford gas, much less ferryboat fare. And so it was north and east to the Cascades, mountains I knew hardly at all. My third high country summer, as Senior Patrol Leader, I had prodded our sedentary troop into its first and second mountain hikes, to Heather Lake and Mount Pilchuck. They were good hikes. At Heather Lake I saw my first dipper, and Pilchuck was my first honest-to-gosh summit, but for me the Cascades then were cheap substitutes for the Right and Proper mountains, the Olympics.

My opinion began to change that March Monday in 1942, hiking a second time to Heather Lake, through a dank, dripping forest so much like my home wilderness I later had trouble sorting out photographs, separating the dim blurs of waterfalls in dark woods that were Triple Creek from those that were Hidden Creek. But the trees at Heather Lake were alpine in fact, not fancy. And maybe there wasn't a glacier now, but there had been a glacier once, and there was sure plenty of snow. The entire cirque was one huge bowl of milk--frozen lake, white snow, white fog. We thrashed to the far side of the lake, beyond and above trees, snowplowing and snowballing and falling facedown in snow gasping for breath, laughing. Laughing just a bit nervously, for it was odd and scary there—all the world a pure, diffuse white, all distant sounds of water and wind strangely muffled and made unreal—it was a whiteness beyond the solid world, queerly close to eternity. Then came a loud rumble above in whiteness, all around in whiteness, a menace more awful than material death, a rumbling Voice from Outside. I kept looking at Joe, and he at me—we two the only non-white objects in existence—and did we exist, still? Would we? But the rumble ceased without overwhelming us, and we were half-hysterical laughing about our friends at that moment sitting in a snug lunchroom between calculus and chemistry, while we two vagabond rebels sat eating our sandwiches in the fog and snow, studying higher sciences—a full 3800 feet higher.

Our March objective was, vaguely, the legendary Monte Cristo, but we learned there was no road beyond Barlow Pass, and in any event deep snow stopped us at Big Four Inn. On our next school-skipping hillrun we decided to take Monte Cristo from the rear.

The Skykomish North Fork was a desolation of logging trash, brutish machines wallowing in squalor, tended by mindless-eyed humanoids. I took it to be one of the horrors of war, causally related to Pearl Harbor and Bataan; surely no sane world of peace would allow such wanton wreckage, only a mad wartime world now destroying not only forests but lives, cities, nations.

It was good to escape up Silver Creek into the sunlight and shadow of a forest older than all wars, to hike beside brawling-white cataracts loud with old sounds of wilderness, not the new noises of cities and armies. It was good to carry lightly on our backs all the civilization we needed.

We camped at Mineral City, the mining center from which Monte Cristo was discovered; a few cabins remained of the dozens shown on the USGS map, but most were squares of rotted logs, a litter of cedar shakes and 19th century garbage. Next day we hiked upvalley, loading our packs and pockets with garnets, pyrite, galena, chalcopyrite, zinc blende, clusters of iron-yellowed quartz crystals, vivid crimson crystals of arsenic sulfide. At the deep snow prospecting ended and wading began, up around the final bend of the valley to where Silver Creek disappeared under snow, to the final steep rise to Silver Lake. We almost made it. We climbed snow just exactly as steep as we could climb, but when there was steeper snow above, turned back. And found the snow below was a good deal steeper than we could descend, alive. But we did, somehow, and had a great laugh when the danger was over, thinking of our friends at that moment safe and sound in chemistry. We staggered downvalley under immense burdens of rich ore and precious gems, through the sun-and-shadow play of wilderness forest to the Model A, and home to school, with new strength from old wilderness to face another bout with the idiot world.

For Joe, several weeks later, there was war--and letters home in following years from various parts of the world, all of which he compared unfavorably to Heather Lake, Silver Creek. For me, there was at long last a fourth high country summer. And when I think back to my first realization of the inner wonders of a wilderness forest it is not Olympic valleys I remember, however fondly I looked down upon them; I remember the Boeing Tract of my home wilderness, the fog-dim mystery of Triple Creek, the sun-shot gloom of Silver Creek, where I discovered the Cascades, which in many high country summers following became for me, together with the Olympics, home hills.

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Approaching the summit ridge of Silvertip in 1947, I could scarcely wait for the view down into Silver Creek and prewar memories. --Those logging trucks, had they burst into my bedroom at night they could not have shocked more. Those cutting circles, had they been carved in my flesh they could not have hurt more. I knew then I would never, as long planned, revisit Silver Creek to relive those two bright days of sane peace in a springtime of mad war. Rather, on Silvertip in 1947, I realized the war had not ended, and resolved to retreat before the brute weight of history, to run away from the greed that had recently plundered my home wilderness, and was now deep in my home hills.

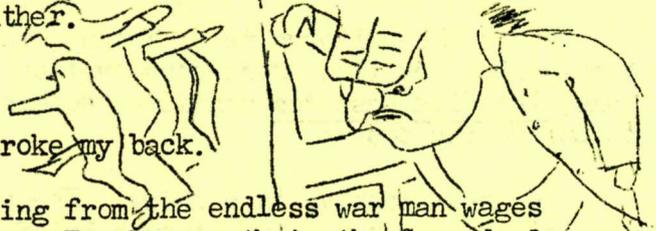
Descending from Silver Lake I solaced myself with the scrubbiness of the decrepit old trees not worth a bulldozer's gas. And Monte Cristo itself, the iron-stained talings, the rusted machinery, the bleached bones of buildings, was swallowed up in 50-year-old second growth; Silver Creek was gone but I would still have Monte Cristo, a New Wilderness building itself on the ruins of the Old.

It was by no plan or desire of mine I returned to Heather Lake, one grim day in 1954; I had seen from Verlot, and avoided, and put from my mind, the brown hell where once green forest swept all the way from the Stillaguamish to blueberry meadows and frost-wedged rock. It was the death of a boy that brought us to Heather Lake, crushed under tons of snow a few yards from where Joe and I, long before, sat in the snow eating lunch. It was the obliteration of two fog-dim, snow-white, laughter-filled days of my own boyhood I saw in the slash-choked gravel-wash, the dull mud slurry that was all that remained of Triple Creek. Heather Lake without Triple Creek was like a head without a body.

In 1955, once more on Silvertip, I looked down to a valley clearcut all the way from Skykomish to those final slopes under Silver Lake, where Joe and I spent a nervous hour on a white wall with our lives suspended from twigs of buckbrush. Incredibly, they had logged the narrow timber cones between avalanche swaths. They had, it seemed, logged even the buckbrush, for it was gone--eroded away in bulldozer gullies. But Silver Creek had at least a wasteland serenity. As for Monte Cristo in 1955, it had

lost the somber dignity of boomtown bones; Monte Cristo was a tricked-up shantytown with a curio shop and a hamburger stand and a weasel-faced little man in a sentry-box demanding quarters. And this quarter-coveting spiritual illiterate, this heir to long-dead Dirty Miners, had found an economic cousin to mine the trees, a gibbering gypo willing to bankrupt himself for the pleasure of hearing old conk smash to smithereens. Bad as it is to hike through jackstraw waiting to be yarded, it is worse by far when the jackstraw is shattered junk worthless to the gypo, to the weasel-face, to the forest economy, to the nation and mankind. The jackstraw was, in 1955, confined to the close vicinity of the shantytown, but nearly at Silver Lake we came across a pilot road gouged through huckleberries and heather.

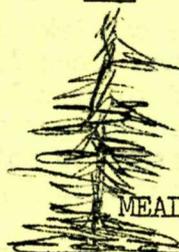
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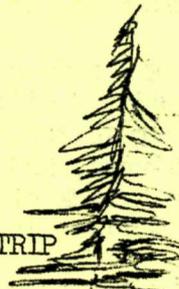
That did it. That was the jackstraw that broke my back.

I had been running ever since the war, running from the endless war man wages against himself. But where can a hillwalker run? Farther north in the Cascades? In 1948, on our way to climb Glacier Peak, we had a 9 1/2-mile hike to Kennedy Hot Springs; in 1955, only 7 miles of Whitechuck trail remained—and 2 miles from the car, 5 miles from Kennedy, we saw cutting circles across the river. Should a hillwalker run even farther north, to the tree mines of Cascade Pass, the cutting circles moving toward Nooksack Cirque, toward Hannegan Pass and the Chilliwack beyond? Maybe a hillwalker should give up on America, run to British Columbia? In 1955, twenty miles from the glaciers of Waddington, a rancher pointed out the shorelines of the reservoir that would drown Lake Tatlayoka when the Homathko Dam was built. And at Bella Coola in 1955, in a valley that was like stepping backward through time to 19th-century Puget Sound, the cutting circles were advancing from tidewater, as they are now in every single one of the famous, absolutely unique, British Columbia fjords.

There's no good in running. There's no place to run. Can a hillwalker stand up to a bulldozer? I didn't know, in 1955, but I did know I was trapped, and I turned. What was there left to lose? They'd logged off my childhood and youth. They might as well include the rest of me in their next cutting circle. But I vowed this was one overripe, blighted conk that was going to bust a few chainsaws, dent a few bulldozers, before it was smashed into jackstraw. Whom the gods would destroy, they first make mad. Well, in 1955, I got mad.



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MEADOW MOUNTAIN FIELD TRIP

To acquaint members of the North Cascades Conservation Council with portions of the controversial North Cascades, on August 4 and 5 a field trip is scheduled up Meadow Mountain west of Glacier Peak. The walk involves about 6 miles of rather decent trail. Leader and guide is Phil Zalesky.

It is suggested the party camp Saturday night, August 4, at Whitechuck campground on the Mountain Loop Highway east of Darrington. Departure time from camp is 7:30 a.m.

For further details, send a card to Phil Zalesky, 2433 Del Campo Drive, Everett, Washington, or call Everett, EL 3-2479.

# How Wild the Wild Cascades?

-20-

With the sky full of ducks, nothing so frustrates a hunter as having to stop shooting to tinker with his gun. With so many urgent claims on our attention—the Wilderness Bill, the North Cascades Park Study Bill, the newly proposed Cougar Lakes Wilderness Area, to mention only a few—we hate taking up valuable space discussing the future of this publication. We promise hardly ever to do it again.

Under the editorships of Yvonne Prater and George Gans, the N3C News established a respected position among conservation newsletters. Under new editors, and a new name, The Wild Cascades continues seeking to improve its usefulness to members, and to our worthy causes.

We are, frankly, in a hurry. The arrival of a new administration in Washington traditionally gives a new, though brief, opportunity to overturn old patterns, expel entrenched lethargy. The present administration is not only new, but if it fulfills a mere tenth of its fair promise will be forever enshrined in our memories.

Simultaneously with this birth of new hope, we are already deep into the last hope for wilderness, on every hand diminished day by day. The loggers are frantically slashing cutting circles in the name of that pious fraud, "multiple use." Helicopters are loud in the North Cascades sky carting corporation miners around to stake out claims--20th Century tinkertoys and 20th Century organization men exploiting 19th Century frontier law which allows finders'-keepers' expropriation of the public domain to private wisdom, greed, or simple idiocy, willynilly.

We are in a great rush to get this scattergun of ours, The Wild Cascades, primed for heavy shooting these critical months and years ahead. We have, in recent months, been experimenting with an enlarged publication, a diversified subject matter, to test readership reaction, to test the market for a magazine-type conservation newsletter. We will continue to experiment, both with content and format. We plan, very soon, to advance from mimeographing to a form of offset printing no more expensive but far more readable. We hope before too long, if response justifies, to go farther still, to a printing process that allows use of photographs.

We must, unfortunately, take a step back before we can take a step ahead. In coming months The Wild Cascades will be much smaller than recently. The problem is not a lack of material; our editorial files are crammed to overflowing with useful facts and fascinating features, and more on the way from our growing staff of correspondents. The problem is a lack of money; the N3C Treasury is not quite a wilderness, but there's room for the dollars to rattle around without clinking.

These last three "big fat issues" cost roughly 16¢ apiece, even with labor contributed for all but the mimeographing and the delivery house to house. Multiply by 12, and obviously a \$2.00 Regular Membership just covers the cost. Though 50¢ Spouse Memberships and \$5.00-and-more Contributing Memberships do much to balance the financial loss on \$1.00 Associate Memberships (and the Life Memberships, dues from which go into a special fund), we must keep in mind our organization has other expenses, and can't drain the entire treasury into our yellow journalism--as it has these last three months.

This is not a Clarion Call for Action. (Lord knows, we sound plenty of those.) This is simply an Explanation to the Membership, why we are scaling down to a 10¢ issue.

We welcome your comments and reactions. But if you prefer a larger, less eye-straining Wild Cascades, you needn't bother with words. You can tell us, if you are a \$1 Associate Member, by changing to a \$2 Regular Member; if you are a Regular Member, by adding a 50¢ Membership for your Spouse--and/or becoming a Contributing Member, at \$5 or more.

Raising the annual ante isn't the only alternative. Our Wilderness Cards, our N3C Bookshop, could conceivably provide important income.

Needless to say, should any of you chance to be, or know, a printer (offset or letterpress) who is Wild about Cascades, run—don't walk—to the nearest telephone.

Still another way to have a larger publication, and perhaps the most realistic, is expanded circulation and lower unit cost. But let us not confuse the means with the end. We want a larger publication because we think it would help expand N3C membership. The increased N3C membership is the end, more troops in the field to reinforce you, our present band of stalwarts. In short, whatever else you do, whether or not you want a larger publication, pass the application blank to a friend.

You, the members, can make what you wish of The Wild Cascades. We, the editors, will do exactly what your words and actions tell us to do.

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Donna Osseward  
Membership Chairman  
12730 9th NW  
Seattle 77, Washington

I support the purposes, and wish to become a member of, the North Cascades Conservation Council \_\_\_\_\_. I wish to change my membership status to the class indicated below \_\_\_\_\_.

Name \_\_\_\_\_ Signature \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_ Date \_\_\_\_\_

Enclosed find dues for Associate (\$1.00) \_\_\_\_\_, Regular (\$2.00) \_\_\_\_\_, Spouse (\$0.50) \_\_\_\_\_, Contributing (\$5.00 or more) \_\_\_\_\_, Life (\$25.00) \_\_\_\_\_ Membership.

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Enclosed find \$ \_\_\_\_\_ for a gift membership for:

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

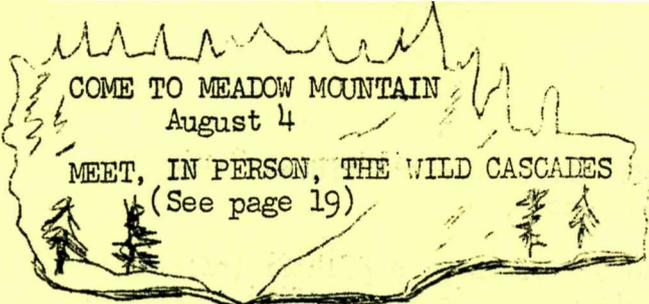
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I suggest membership forms and a sample copy of The Wild Cascades be sent to:

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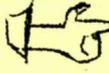


COME TO MEADOW MOUNTAIN  
August 4

MEET, IN PERSON, THE WILD CASCADES  
(See page 19)

NORTH CASCADES CONSERVATION COUNCIL  
July 1961 The Wild Cascades \$1.00 a year

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 For the North Cascades National Park Study Bill

NOW  
 For the Wilderness Bill

NOW  
 For the Cougar Lakes Wilderness Area

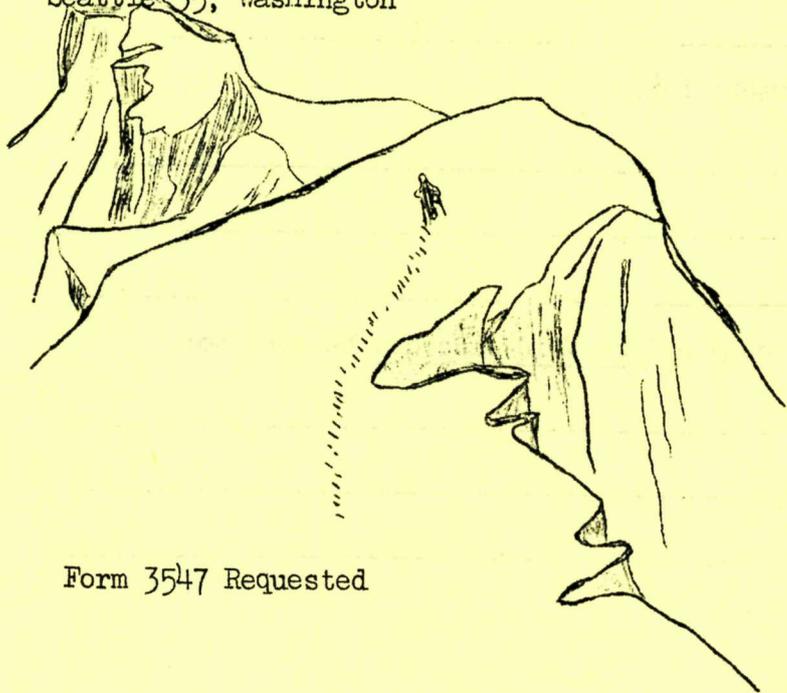
IF YOU HAVE READ, OR INTEND TO READ, The Wild Cascades, SEE PAGE 20.



How's your stock of Wilderness Cards?  
Very pretty pictures --  
Very good propaganda --  
(See page 8)

North Cascades Conservation Council  
3215 N. E. 103rd Street  
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