



# THE WILD CASCADES

May 1970

# NORTH CASCADES NATIONAL PARK: THE FIRST YEAR



by

Roger J. Contor, Superintendent

Your editor asked me to write a personal overview of the first year's experience in managing the Park. Since he and I are on good terms, it is safe to say that whatever I write will fit somewhere into the wide philosophical range for which the Wild Cascades is known! Our Masterplan won't be unveiled for awhile; and after it is, there will be much serious talk to entertain. So perhaps now is a good time to dwell on some rambling thoughts.

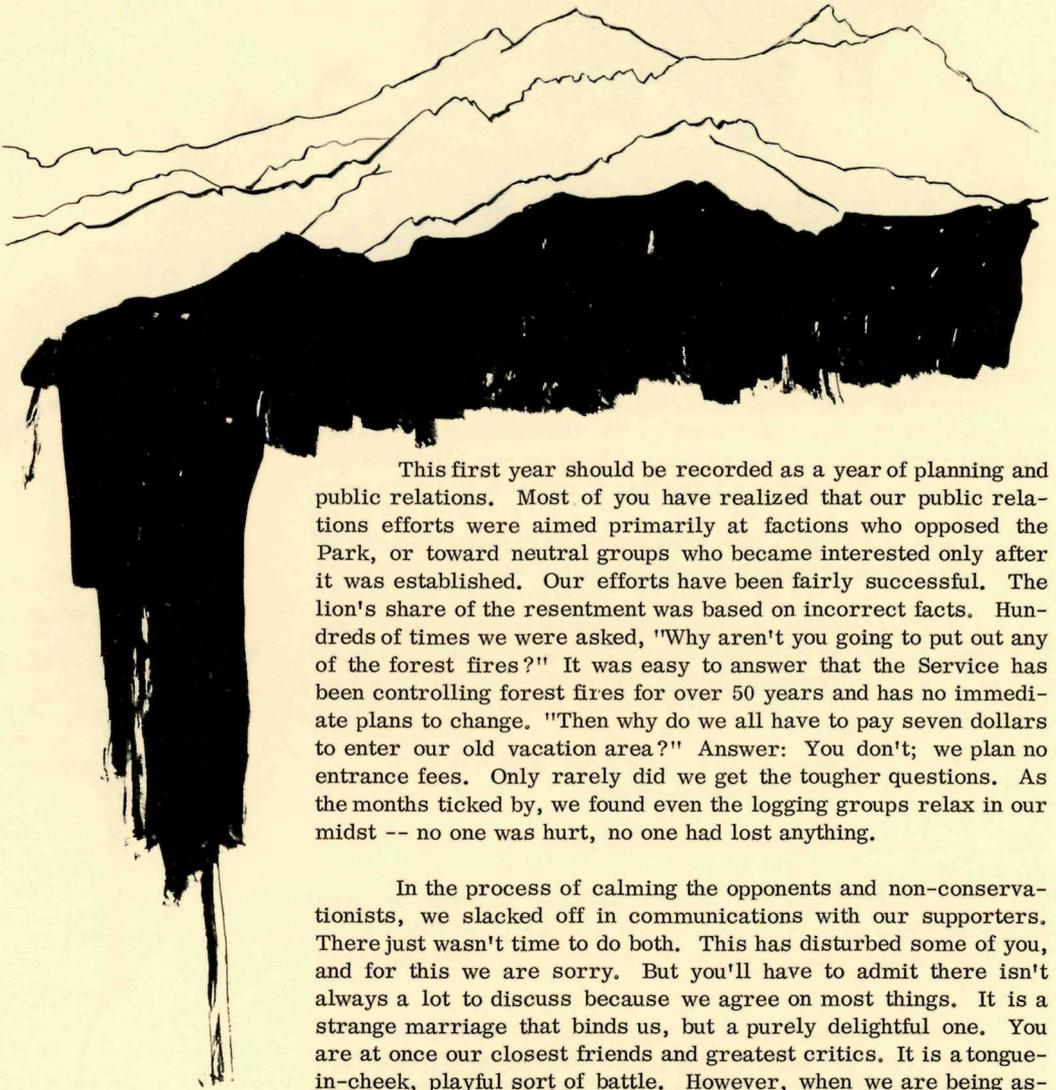
You may have noticed, National Park Service people are not inclined to wear their hearts on their sleeves. It isn't safe. Except in very small groups of trusted friends, we seldom even admit to an emotional attachment to our work. But nearly all of us have turned sentimental idealism into a profession - a life's career. For better or for worse, we believe in what we are doing.

Being first superintendent of this very special Park is clearly the high point of my career. It is not a challenge. The word is privilege. If you think there might be a lump in my throat when the Cascades turn on their charm -- just as there is in yours -- then we are still in communication.

Too much has been said as to whom should go the credit for establishing the Park. I think we all have to forget about credit lines and possessory interest. The Park does not belong to the National Park Service. It does not belong to the N3C. It does not belong to Chambers of Commerce. It only vaguely belongs to the public at large. As my father told me, we don't own the land; it owns us. When we are gone it will still endure, and generations of new owners will in turn pass on. Their share in it is as valid as our own. If you read the journals of the early settlers and miners who first knew the area, you realize they have quite a share in it too.

When the skirmish was over on October 2, 1968, there were no total victories and no total defeats. But a magnificent area had become a magnificent national park.

COVER: View south from Sahale Arm over Doubtful Lake and headwaters of Stehekin River, just east of Cascade Pass. Photo by Phillip Leatherman

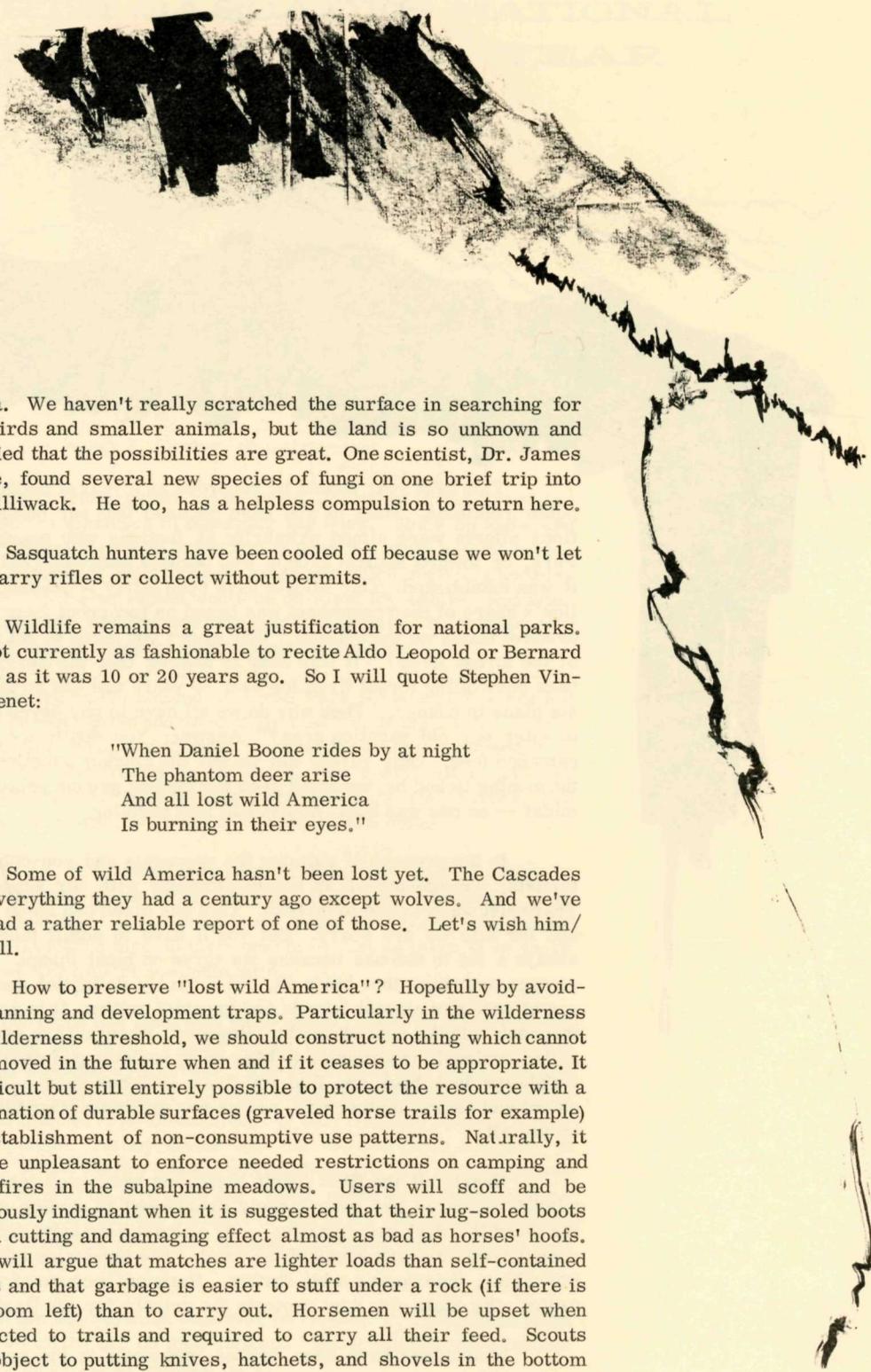


This first year should be recorded as a year of planning and public relations. Most of you have realized that our public relations efforts were aimed primarily at factions who opposed the Park, or toward neutral groups who became interested only after it was established. Our efforts have been fairly successful. The lion's share of the resentment was based on incorrect facts. Hundreds of times we were asked, "Why aren't you going to put out any of the forest fires?" It was easy to answer that the Service has been controlling forest fires for over 50 years and has no immediate plans to change. "Then why do we all have to pay seven dollars to enter our old vacation area?" Answer: You don't; we plan no entrance fees. Only rarely did we get the tougher questions. As the months ticked by, we found even the logging groups relax in our midst -- no one was hurt, no one had lost anything.

In the process of calming the opponents and non-conservationists, we slacked off in communications with our supporters. There just wasn't time to do both. This has disturbed some of you, and for this we are sorry. But you'll have to admit there isn't always a lot to discuss because we agree on most things. It is a strange marriage that binds us, but a purely delightful one. You are at once our closest friends and greatest critics. It is a tongue-in-cheek, playful sort of battle. However, when we are being assailed seriously in struggles to hang on to something of great value, we always look back and find you there -- at our sides -- helping us out and asking neither pay, praise nor gratitude. Our blessings on you all.

Nearly all the first year's surprises were good ones. The wildlife resource had been largely overlooked in earlier studies. We found the Park has grizzlies -- or at least a grizzly! They are superlatives in every sense of the word. The mountains are now a bit wilder, the canyons a bit darker. Perhaps because of a little urging, the State also now protects the grizzly for the first time.

Wolverines have been spotted frequently in the area, and you've all heard about the moose which wandered down from



Canada. We haven't really scratched the surface in searching for rare birds and smaller animals, but the land is so unknown and unstudied that the possibilities are great. One scientist, Dr. James Trappe, found several new species of fungi on one brief trip into the Chilliwack. He too, has a helpless compulsion to return here.

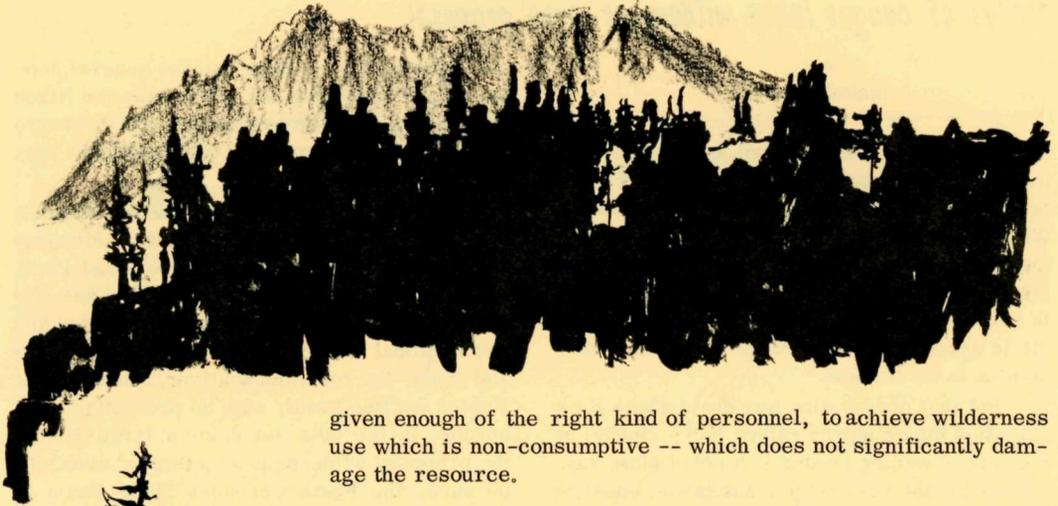
Sasquatch hunters have been cooled off because we won't let them carry rifles or collect without permits.

Wildlife remains a great justification for national parks. It is not currently as fashionable to recite Aldo Leopold or Bernard deVoto as it was 10 or 20 years ago. So I will quote Stephen Vincent Benet:

"When Daniel Boone rides by at night  
The phantom deer arise  
And all lost wild America  
Is burning in their eyes."

Some of wild America hasn't been lost yet. The Cascades have everything they had a century ago except wolves. And we've even had a rather reliable report of one of those. Let's wish him/her well.

How to preserve "lost wild America"? Hopefully by avoiding planning and development traps. Particularly in the wilderness and wilderness threshold, we should construct nothing which cannot be removed in the future when and if it ceases to be appropriate. It is difficult but still entirely possible to protect the resource with a combination of durable surfaces (graveled horse trails for example) and establishment of non-consumptive use patterns. Naturally, it will be unpleasant to enforce needed restrictions on camping and open fires in the subalpine meadows. Users will scoff and be righteously indignant when it is suggested that their lug-soled boots have a cutting and damaging effect almost as bad as horses' hoofs. Some will argue that matches are lighter loads than self-contained stoves and that garbage is easier to stuff under a rock (if there is any room left) than to carry out. Horsemen will be upset when restricted to trails and required to carry all their feed. Scouts may object to putting knives, hatchets, and shovels in the bottom of the pack. But it is definitely within the realm of possibility,



given enough of the right kind of personnel, to achieve wilderness use which is non-consumptive -- which does not significantly damage the resource.

So for the next decade this will be the job -- to save the resource -- to convince users that they don't have to trample a flower meadow to enjoy it. But that isn't the end. We could save the resource by putting users in plastic tubes which wind in and around the Park features. No impact on the resource. But what happens to the experience? Dispersion through better trail systems is part of the answer, but it is only a delaying tactic. Within a few years we must face up to the inevitable equation: the quality of wilderness experience is inversely proportional to the density of users. Usher in rationing. Bring on advance reservations for back-country campsites. Bring on the "no vacancy" sign when a three-unit camping area has three units booked for that night.

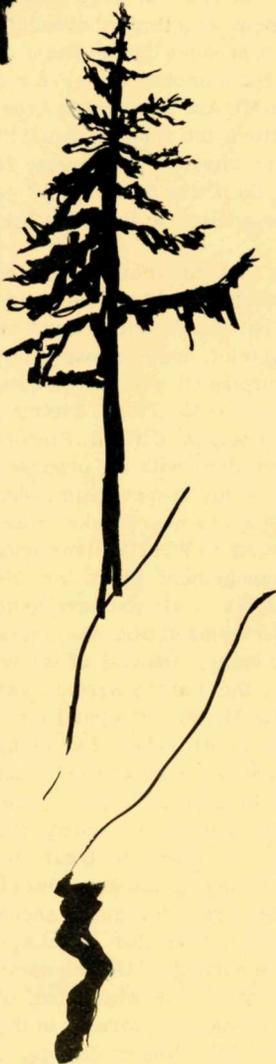
We will need public support to make the system work. The inconvenience and aggravation, the loss of the joy of "living off the land" are the price we must pay if other generations are to see "the phantom deer arise", to hear silence, and smell an untouched alpine meadow.

There is one certainty. We have to try new methods of use and new concepts of enjoyment, and keep trying. The old ways aren't working anymore. I think you all know what has happened at Cascade Pass, Park Creek Pass, Trapper Lake, Doubtful Lake, etc. ad infinitum.

"Was good to live when all the sod  
 Without no fence or fuss,  
 Belonged in partnership to God  
 The Government and us.

With skyline bounds from east to west  
 And room to go and come,  
 I loved my fellow man the best  
 When he was scattered some."

... Badger Clark



## *status of cougar lakes wilderness area proposal*

by  
Isabelle Lynn

Nine years have passed since the N3C made its formal proposal to the U. S. Forest Service for the establishment of a Cougar Lakes Wilderness Area -- 12 or 13 actually, counting the advance spadework involved in preparing it. As such things have always gone, this is not so long. Someone once remarked that "it is usually 50 years from the inception of an idea to its fruition."

But that observation was made a long time ago when things moved rather more slowly, at the pace of wading around in a pot of glue, say. Except for the very very avant garde, conservation is a new thing in this country. That the idea has now so many adherents is regrettably not so much the result of rightmindedness in the first place as horror at what has happened, is continuing to happen, to the total environment. The time has long gone for passing resolutions, flailing the arms, and hoping that "someone in government" will do something. Even as I write this, Nixon has reluctantly approved \$800,000,000 to clean up the nation's water (if you will forgive the sentiment, \$800,000,000 is only a drop in that water bucket); and Yakima's own beloved Catherine May is in the forefront of the Timber Supply Act proposed rape of the nation's forests. Let's face it: your government is not going to act on conservation-environmental legislation unless you push hard. Unlike ABM's and SST's and NASA moon shots, this kind of legislation doesn't make a buck for the right people.

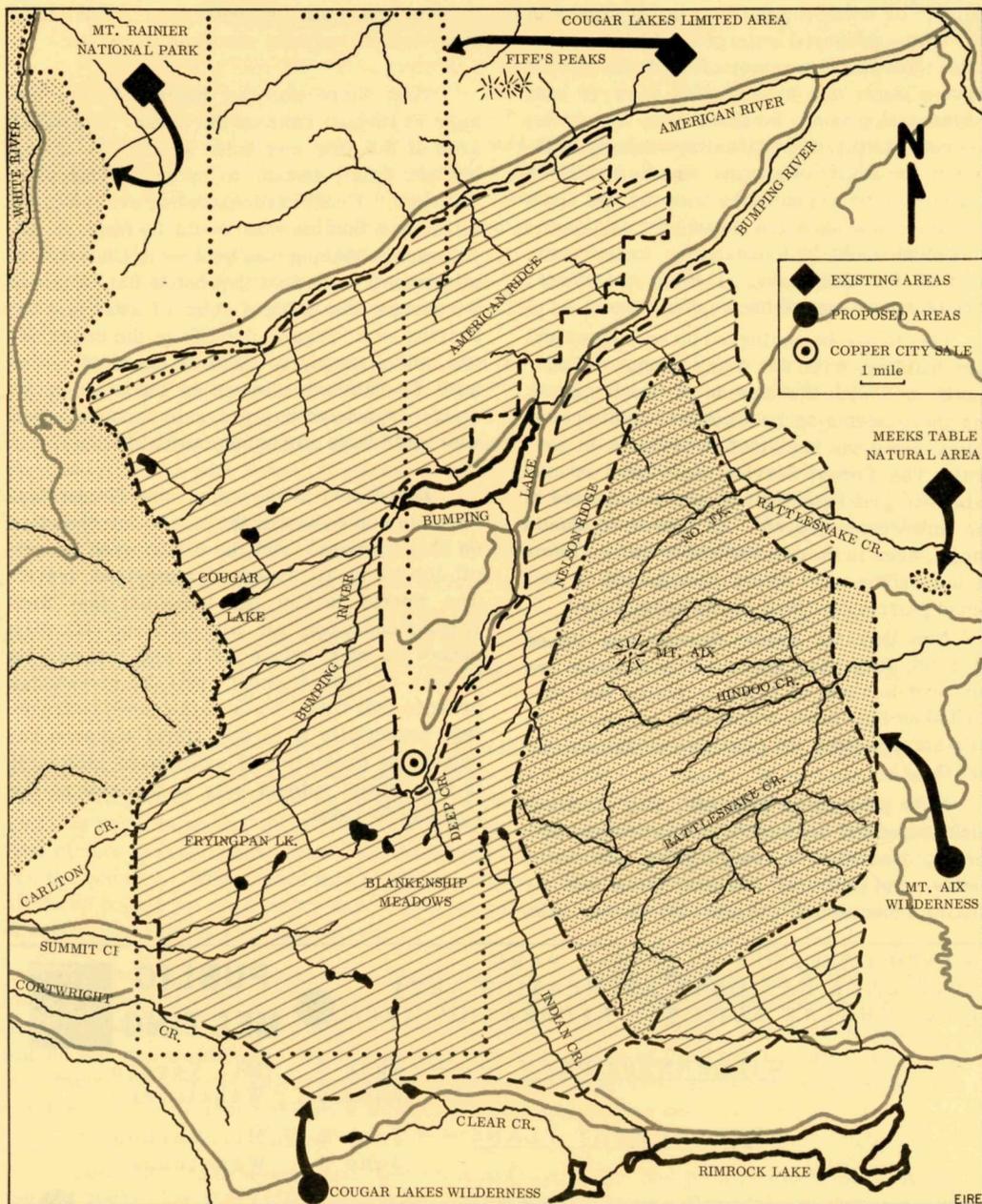
That 50-year time span can't be tolerated; the situation has to be viewed in terms of 1970, and taking into account the depredations in the decade of the 60's. We are being leaned on by an administration that can say, with a straight face, that building the Alaska pipeline will not damage the tundra or the life dependent on it; that the way to stop oiling up Santa Barbara is to drill more and faster; and that the Miami jetport will not bother anything in the usage now envisioned for it (teensy-weensy planes powered by wound-up rubber bands). The present jetport compromise is so worded as to leave gaping great holes that a 747 could take off through. And so on and so on and so

on. Despite the verbiage and the general hoo-ha, conservationists had better take the Nixon Administration pretty seriously, and do everything they can to ram whatever legislation they can through the Congress.

There are few islands of noncivilization left; the proposed Cougar Lakes Wilderness Area, adjacent to Mt. Rainier National Park, is one of them. The Forest Service has had ample time, under three district rangers and two regional supervisors, to study this area and make its recommendations. Indeed, the Forest Service itself, with no prompting from anyone, in the 40's set aside a large part of the proposed wilderness as a limited area. To be sure, the North Cascades Study Team in 1965 did make its recommendation -- for a piddling 45,000-acre Mt. Aix Wilderness Area. The hundreds of letters the Study Team received in objection to this sop gave pause to the Forest Service. So it was true, hmm? -- a lot of people were willing to fight for this area?

The upshot was that the Forest Service would give some further thought to the entire proposal. The last but one district ranger on the Naches Ranger District, under whose jurisdiction most of the proposed wilderness area falls (a small portion is in the Tieton District, and another small piece in Gifford Pinchot Forest), not only went along with the proposed N3C boundaries, but on his own recommended the addition of 12,000 acres near Meeks Table. He has been transferred to West Yellowstone.

The present management plans for the entire area are available -- all you have to do is translate them into terms of what they mean to you, the user, or loser. Instead of taking the area as an entity, the Forest Service has broken it up into units: Mt. Aix, Cougar Lakes, Fife's Peaks, and Bumping Lake. Excluding Fife's Peaks, a tremendous area of itself, but with no relationship in time or space to the area under discussion (sand in the eyes), the Forest Service does not intend to treat the area as a whole and is laying the groundwork in somewhat different terms for going ahead with management that allows for "sanitary cutting," "danger tree cutting," "timber stand improvement" -- in short the whole bag of tricks that applies to all national forests in the holy name of multiple use. Plus ca change...



**COUGAR LAKES WILDERNESS-1962**  
 PROPOSAL OF NORTH CASCADES CONSERVATION COUNCIL

**MT. AIX WILDERNESS-1965**  
 PROPOSAL OF U.S. FOREST SERVICE

One of the things the Forest Service has been leaning on in not considering permanently protecting thousands of acres of de facto wilderness in the Cougar Lakes Unit, and instead favoring "scenic management," "High Mountain Policy," or whatever the current jargon calls for, is the proposed enlargement of Bumping Lake. Yet in the summer of 1969 the Forest Service began the construction of a 40-unit trailer campground, complete with fire rings, concrete garbage disposal units, sanitary facilities in the nature of privies, which, we understand, will be replaced in time by the flush variety. This huge and assuredly costly development would be inundated by the enlargement of Bumping Lake. I think the Forest Service knows something we don't know.

People are becoming fed up with dams and dam building, with the Army Corps of Engineers, and with the Bureau of Reclamation, and there seems to be a general tight-money policy vis-a-vis reclamation projects in general. The Forest Service must have reason to believe that Bumping will not be enlarged in the foreseeable future. As indeed it should not be, even in the unforeseeable future. Dams at the source can't really be expected to impound more water than downstream dams.

Now that the Forest Service has tipped its hand, they have lost the only crippled leg they had to stand on in not including the Cougar Lakes Unit in the wilderness proposal. So let's start putting the pressure on them to do just that.

This wilderness proposal, like all other such proposals, has had its quota of disappointments, frustrations, rough going, encroachments, and setbacks. Among these was the totally unnecessary Copper City timber sale,

a salvage of a blowdown, sweetened with standing timber. It was a hard-fought lost battle that resulted in the extension of the Copper City road a mile and a half closer to the crest of the Cascades in the vicinity of Blankenship Meadow and Twin Sisters Lakes. The blowdown was the excuse; the road the prize.

Then there was the Summit Creek fire near Fryingpan Lake on the crest. The actual area of the fire was quite small, 370 acres, but not small enough to avoid the threat of "salvage." Conservationists had every reason to believe that no sale would be made at all, yet when a hearing was held -- in Chehalis, of all places! -- we lost that battle too. Some of the groups who made a point of attending the hearing -- a "poggie club" from the coast, for one, which normally could be expected not to have the faintest interest in the sale or the area -- appeared in a pro-sale capacity. Now who could have alerted an outfit like that?

There have been gains: the Forest Service has come some of the way in our direction on this proposal, and the entire area is now off-limits to all types of motorized travel. The Forest Service has indicated that final recommendations for ultimate classification cannot be made before 1976, and that nothing by way of "development" will be undertaken prior to that time. While this sounds reassuring, essentially it is not. Until the area receives the protection of wilderness status, it is fair game, subject only to the rule of the regional forester.

NORTH CASCADES NATIONAL PARK  
ROSS LAKE NATIONAL RECREATION AREA  
LAKE CHELAN NATIONAL RECREATION AREA

**PUBLIC  
MEETING**

WILDERNESS PLAN --- June 4 Mt. Vernon  
June 6 Wenatchee

DEVELOPMENT PLANS -- June 3 Mt. Vernon  
June 5 Wenatchee

MT. BAKER, OKANOGAN, and WENATCHEE NATIONAL FORESTS

DEVELOPMENT PLANS -- July 15 Wenatchee  
July 18 Mt. Vernon

If you have comments or questions about the plans, you should plan to attend these meetings so that you can present your views before these agency officials. Your comments are also welcome in writing up to July 6 for the Park Service and August 18 for the Forest Service.

IRATE AND HIS FRIENDS

Les Braynes  
Garbage Heights

Dear Irate,

I am almost embarrassed to make this report after such long delay, and please accept my most fulsome and heartfelt apologies for leaving you in dark ignorance of what is going on out in the field in the conservation picture. Things happen sometimes that just turns a man's plans upside down. Last spring I got this sort of pain and shortness of breath one night while me and my brother Mo was having a little discussion on Parks and things, so the next day Mo brings Doc Spenser in to see me. Spenser and Mo is old friends.

So Doc digs at me and listens while I say ah, and when he gets through he taps his glasses on his knee and says, "Les, I want to run some tests on you. I think Mother Nature has given you a friendly warning. Probably all you have to do is lose fifty pounds, and do some walking; walk every day. Try some mountain trails -- get out and breathe some fresh air."

Honest, Irate, I am looking at him with my mouth open, and then I begin to laugh. "You are telling me to be an outdoorsman, Doc?" I gasp. "Come here a minute." Then I lead him outside to my garage and backyard where I keep the stuff parked, and you should have seen his face when his eyes lit on my Big Kamper, my jeep, my Tumfy Twailer, my Trail Tempest Termite with Vroom II power, my fiberglass boat with twin outboards, and my Squirmin Ermine snowmobile. Well, you can bet he knew right then he wasn't dealing with no easterner, Irate! Right there in my yard was the end products of all the lusty traditions of our great West -- and you know what old Spenser did? He just sniffed.

"Put this fleet in mothballs," he says, "and get some real exercise."

What it boiled down to was Mo went home to put his affairs to bed so he could come out and lead me through the tortures. He flies to Kansas like you was driving to Northgate, Irate. By July I had lost 25 pounds and had callouses on my feet like linoleum. Mo says, "At least now they're on your feet!"

Well, Mo planned that we was to go into the Olympic National Park for a big trip. He said it would kill or cure me and it didn't make much difference which. So in August when I had lost 32 pounds we started up to that place called Low Divide. We seen a lot of big trees that was going to waste, and I really got nostalgia wading through manure on the trail. It was real nice on that Quinault, Irate, but there ought to be a jeep road up there so people could see the country. When I said this to Mo he snorted, "Well, you're seeing it, aren't you? And all these people we meet every day -- they're seeing it too, aren't they?" Mo just don't understand that this is a mechanical age.

Mo told me about some of the people and history of the Olympics like Minnie Peterson the woman packer, and Bill Johnson who built the Hoh Lake shelter and used to sit for hours carving wooden chains with a little wooden cage on the end and a round ball of wood inside. And he told me about Judy. We was walking on a wet stretch of trail which there is a few of over there and there is lots of stretches of puncheon to keep from going over your boots. Mo remarks, "Here's more of Judy's work." He's walking behind me.

I turn my head. "Judy?"

Mo nods, "The woman rail-splitter of the Olympics. She got a contract for flooring the wet spots when they built these trails. Oh, she was famous. Don't tell me you've never heard of Puncheon Judy."

"The name sounds familiar," I says, "but I guess I just forgot where I'd heard it."

We plodded on down the trail to our car, then drove to the beach where the hair was thicker than the underbrush. We spent the night in Port Angeles. In the morning we drove to Deer Park and took the Three Forks Trail which was downhill about to China (only 3300 feet, Mo says) and then we camped on the Cameron overnight where Mo caught some trout for breakfast. The weather was cloudy, so we lugged up the trail in compound to the Lower Cameron shelter which is at the edge of a meadow. Clouds was still sitting on the hills, so we spent the night.

Come morning the sun was out. I stood in the meadow and looked ahead to some big green basins and silver cascades, and groaned. I groaned, Irate, because with my 3T I'd have been up there in a hour (I thought) and instead I'd spend most of the day with my legs shaking and them cussed packstraps sandpapering my shoulders.

But about noon I had to admit the old 3T would never of made it and was wondering what Mo and old Doc Spenser had against me that they consign me to such a Fate, because the trail was rocky and steep and overhung with nettles. And it was hot. Mo went ahead and tried to beat them nettles down, but as Mo says them nettles have a strong sense of destiny.

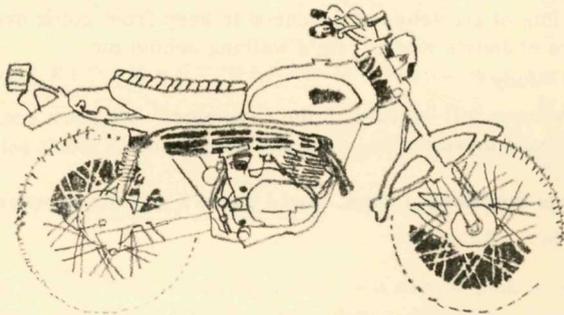
When we finally got past them we ate lunch, then come into as pretty a place as you'd ever want to see -- and what ideal country for trail bikes! Big flat meadows that you could go crazy on leaving your tracks. (We got to work harder on these Park people, Irate.) The flowers was everywhere, and the trail soon brought us to the Upper Cameron Shelter. I told Mo what a great place for bikes. It is wrong to keep bikes out, I says, because bike riders are real conservationists and it is a family thing with togetherness, and Mo stops digging in his pack to glance at me. "The Borgias had a family thing going, too," he says. "It was not universally popular." Sometimes it's hard to talk sense to Mo, because he always keeps bringing up some of his Kansas neighbors. I don't know them from Adam, so what can I say?

Well, the next day Mo led the way through snow patches to Cameron Pass where we got a good look at a lot of mountains. We took the switchbacks down again and I thought we was heading for the barn and some rest, but Mo wanted to see them dinky Cameron Glaciers, so we climbed a slope made up of the loosest bunch of crud you ever seen, Irate, and when we got on top there was some interesting moraines like a bulldozer did it, only they were higher. We slid down to the bare ice and crossed to see another glacier with more views. There was a little blue lake below us.

Mo was pretty grumpy in the Cameron basin. A lot of hikers go there and there's no john by the shelter. Even a cat knows enough to dig a hole, but a lot of backpackers don't, and that cold stream wasn't such good water as it looked. I give Mo a bad time, because it is backpacker country, not horses or bikes, so the backpackers is to blame. I needles Mo, "If this was 'bike-only' country you wouldn't see no disgraceful situation like this. Every Termite rider knows all about pollution."

"He ought to," Mo snaps. Then he rumbles, "The Park Service will hear about this. The situation must be corrected."

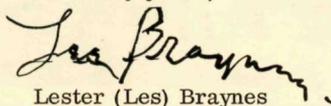
"Advise them," I suggests, "to build a new trail in here for bike riders, then they could have a Trail Bike Patrol to enforce sanitary rules." I adds, "Admit it, Mo -- nobody who carries a heavy pack all the way in here just for fun has got as much brains as a cat, so how can you keep it clean?"



Next day we dropped down through them nettles again and up and over Grand Pass, past Moose and Grand Lakes where there were lots of marmots and people. Next day we went up Badger Valley only they were not badgers but marmots, and back to Deer Park and the car by the Obstruction Pt. -Deer Park trail. Then we drove home.

We went places I didn't tell you about because it's too much space. Maybe someday I'll tell you about my other sufferings, Irate. When I got home I was starved but hard as nails and I felt so good I just couldn't wait to get the old 3T out on them wilderness logging roads again. Some of them seem pretty tame to me now, so you can bet that the friendly roar of old Les Braynes' Trail Tempest Termite with Vroom II power will be scattering birds and deer in new places from now on. Whatever we may think about locking up all them places in Parks, Irate, we got to admit they set fire to the adventurous spirit and make us want to get out and do things.

Healthily yours,



Lester (Les) Braynes

P. S. Whatever happened to Outdoors Unlimited?

## ✻ SALMO-PRIEST WILD AREA ✻

THIS PROPOSAL WOULD PROVIDE FOR VITALLY URGENT PRESERVATION OF THE last remaining wilderness in eastern Washington. Under provisions of the Wilderness Act of September 3, 1964 (Public Law 88-577) Regulation U-2, approximately 36,000 acres, all public land, would be involved. Included would be the Salmo River watershed within the Colville National Forest (Region 6) in the extreme north-eastern corner of Washington, and a portion of the Upper Priest River watershed within the Kaniksu National Forest (Region 1) in the extreme north-western corner of Idaho.

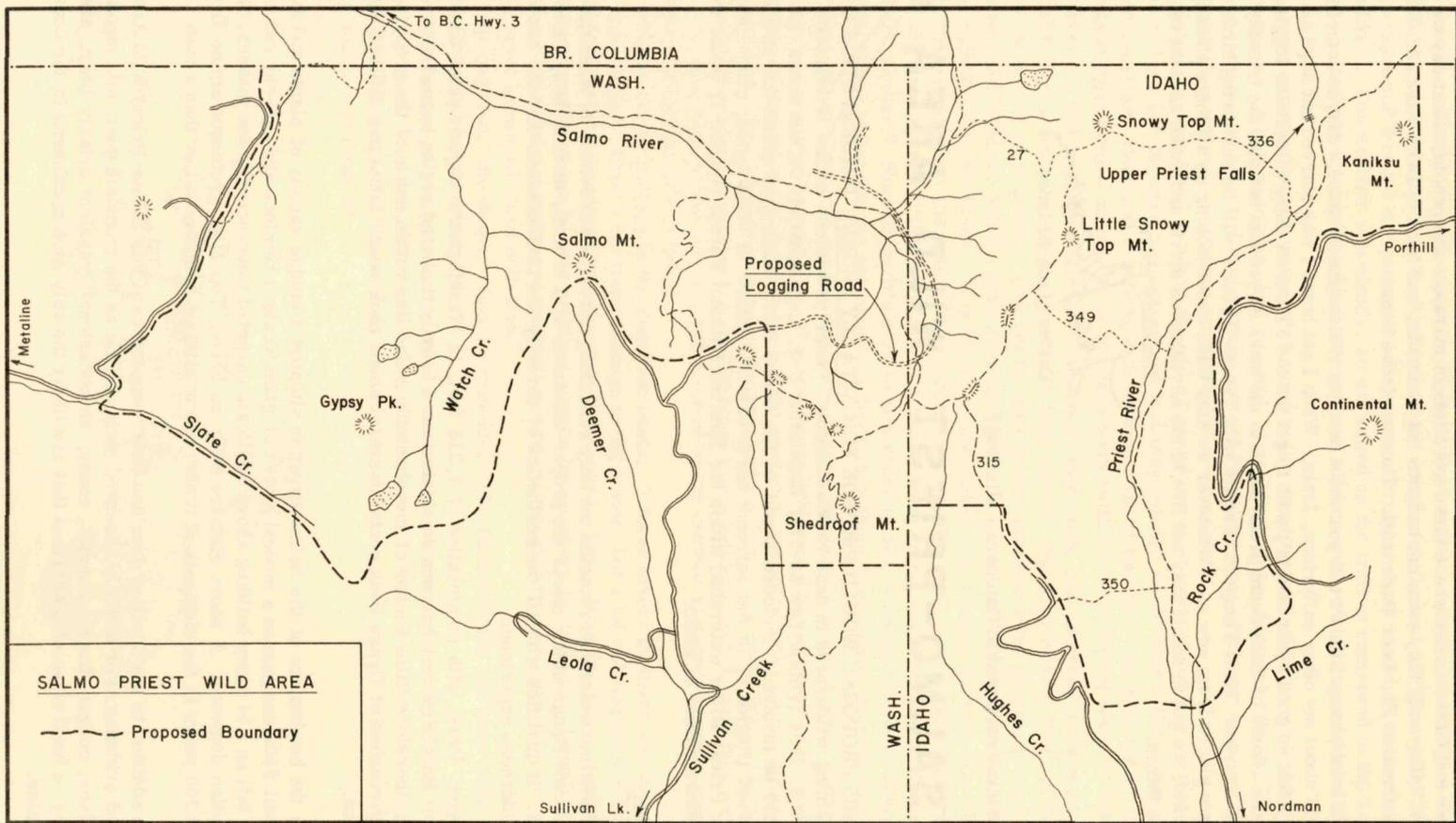
### Description:

The Salmo watershed contains the only remaining parcel of wilderness in Washington east of the Cascade Range which meets the proper standards of a natural, undisturbed, undeveloped landscape. It qualifies with all the aesthetics of serenity and timelessness that are essential to a true wilderness experience.

Gypsy Peak, with an elevation of 7,318 feet, is Washington's highest point east of the Cascades. Its alpine rock barrons dominate a once heavily timbered region burned over in 1910 and 1929; therefore little timber of merchantable value lies within much of the proposed site. The upper reaches of Gypsy Peak contain several small rock-bound lakes in a difficult to reach alpine area.

In the headwaters of the Salmo River is situated a unique variety of plants and animals. Along Trail #506 one passes a modest grove of giant western hemlock and age-old red cedars, rising as tall as a 14 story building above a delicate carpet of fluorescent green mosses, orchids, and Canadian dogwood. A short distance away on Snowy Top Mtn. grotesque alpine firs have struggled 300 years in the elements of timberline to attain a height no taller than a man.

In addition to the familiar deer and bear, supporters of this Salmo-Priest Wild Area have discovered evidence of or actually observed such wildlife as the mountain goat, elk, moose, pine marten, lynx, cougar, hoary marmot, coney, an occasional transient grizzly bear, and most noteworthy, a herd of some 35 caribou that are likely the only such specimens in the contiguous United States.



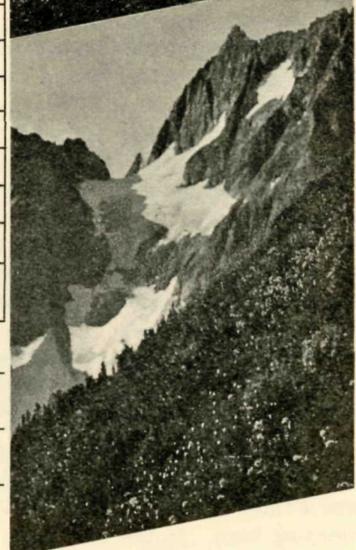


North Cascades Conservation Council  
 P. O. Box 156  
 University Station  
 Seattle, Washington 98105



Please send the following giant (G-largest), jumbo (J), and regular (R) glossy, color, postcard scenes of Washington's North Cascades:

No.	Scene	Size
1	Trapper Lake near Cascade Pass	J - 10¢
2	Johannesburg <sup>out of stock</sup> Cascade Pass	R -
3	Magic Mt. at Cascade Pass	R - 5¢
4	Cascade flower garden and stream	R - 5¢
5	Bonanza Peak above Lake Chelan	R - 5¢
6	Glacier Peak through Cloudy Pass	R - 5¢
7	Autumn colors along Stehekin River	R - 5¢
8	Autumn colors along Stehekin road	R - 5¢
9	Magic Mt., flowers at Cascade Pass	R - 5¢
10	Stehekin <sup>out of stock</sup> mountain glaciers	J -
15	Glacier Peak across Image Lake	G - 15¢
17	Myrtle Lake in the Entiat Valley	R - 5¢
18	Sunrise on Glacier Pk. & Image Lake	J - 10¢
19	Mt. Challenger from Tupto Lake	J - 10¢
28	Clark Range from Image Lake alplands	J - 10¢
31	Suiattle River Basin and Tenpeak Mt.	J - 10¢
41	Aerial view of Chickamin Glacier	R - 5¢
	Set of 15 cards (1 of each)	\$ 1.10
Check, payable to North Cascades Conservation Council, enclosed for:		\$



TO: (Name) \_\_\_\_\_  
 (Street) \_\_\_\_\_  
 (City) \_\_\_\_\_ (State) \_\_\_\_\_ (Zip) \_\_\_\_\_

## MEASURING SKAGIT SNOWS IN THE OLD DAYS

by  
Walt Hoffman

Editor's foreword

From 1946 to 1948, N3C member Walt Hoffman served on the U. S. Geological Survey crews that snowshoed into the heart of the Skagit area each winter to measure snow depths and water contents. Here he shares with us some memories and snapshots of those trips.

He mentions features of the old Skagit valley -- such as Big Beaver Falls, Devils Lake, Lost Lake and Skagit Flats -- which now lie beneath Ross Lake. While striving to protect the Skagit from further flooding, let us not forget what we have already lost.

Glen Canyon on the Colorado was destroyed because it was "The Place No One Knew." Similarly with the old Skagit River. In the context of the 1930s and 40s, Ross Dam was inevitable. Would it be, today? Doubtful -- very doubtful.



Beaver Falls now under Ross Lake.



Skagit Flats flooded.

I started working for the Geological Survey in 1946 by helping out when one member of the snow survey team working in the Chinook Pass Area hurt his leg and couldn't ski up to Corral Pass above Silver Springs to the snow course.

At the time I was with the Ski Patrol at Cayuse Pass Area. I was on duty as Section Chief for Saturday when I was contacted by the leader of the survey team to furnish a helper. As I was not on duty that next day I volunteered for the ski trip to Corral Pass. After that trip and as the results were satisfactory (the member I helped had just come on the team) I was asked if I would finish out the season with them in the Skagit Area. I have worked for government agencies ever since then.

My first trip was up to Beaver Pass, where we had three snow courses en route. There was a cabin at each site stocked with food and sleeping bags. In the last cabin we occupied

we would store the measuring equipment. This consisted of a long tube about 2 inches in diameter in 3-foot sections with the bottom section having a hard steel ring with teeth cut into it. This was used to cut thru layers of hard snow or ice. The tube was weighed empty by a small spring scale and then weighed after it had cut a core out of the snow cover. The weight of the empty tube was deducted from this and the result was the weight of the snow. After the weight of a cubic inch of snow was calculated it was checked to a curve and the percentage of water in the snow core was determined.

In those days we would drive to Newhalem and take the train to Diablo. In winter when the railroad was blocked we would hike all the way. Usually we would have to hike from Terry Bar which was the biggest slide area. The gauging station where the flow of the water in the river is recorded was usually buried by it.

At the time I was up in the Skagit area the construction of Ross Dam was in progress. Diablo was a tent city and many quarters were on tent platforms with a false ceiling of cello-tex. The snow and frost would drop thru the cracks. One of the coldest I visited was the tent of the cougar hunter, who worked as attendant on the hoist at Diablo, the incline hoist which carried boxcars of material and gondolas of gravel to the elevation of Diablo Lake. From there they were put on barges and towed by tug to the base of Ross Dam. It was a thrilling experience to ride on the tug down Diablo Lake during a blizzard when one couldn't see the water surface and got the sensation of flying thru the air.

The City Light employees lived in an area on Stetattle Creek called Hollywood. Towards the end of the winter nobody would be speaking to each other because they had been confined too long.



Upper Beaver Cr. cabin.

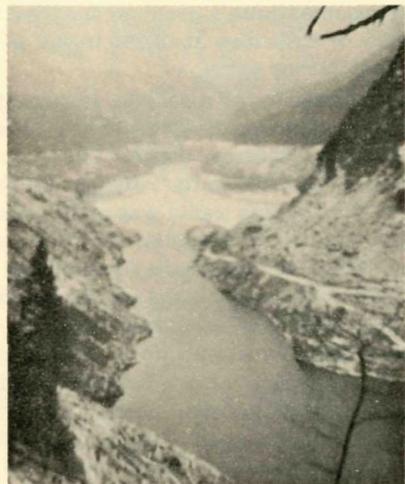
The trips were made on snowshoes (long beavertails) and by boat (we had one on each lake) as far as the ice permitted and then we'd try to hit the trail above the lake, as we did when we went up Thunder Creek to Park Creek Pass, or go up over the dam on the icy construction ladders. There was a trail up on the side hill which was the old Skagit River trail. This trail was usually encased in ice and very dangerous.

To get to Ruby and Granite Creeks where we measured snow and water flow we would take the boat on Ross Lake, which was a round-bottom plastic, and run across the river breaking thru the ice with ice axes until it was solid enough to hold the boat.

On the other side was the old forest road that ended at the start of the Ruby Creek trail. The trail had formerly crossed the creek at that point by a bridge which was now under water. Our cabin which we built the next summer was at the mouth of Panther Creek. From there we would go up the Ruby to the junction of Granite Creek and Canyon Creek where an old-time prospector, Mr. Beebe, had his cabin. Later that fall he turned it over to the Forest Service for a Guard Station. During that summer a group of college students worked on the trail up to Chancellorville and would stop for lunch at Mrs. Francis' cabin. They would bring her fresh fish they'd catch after working hours. She perished that fall while trying to get out to Harts Pass in an early November blizzard.

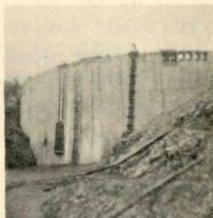
The Granite Creek cabin and stream gauge station were another 3 miles up the creek near the turn-off trail to Easy Pass and Mebee Pass. We had a gauging station on the way and had to cross Granite Creek on a high rustic bridge which usually had 5 feet of snow on it and a 3-foot high railing. One summer we had to set a new cable across that canyon, which was quite a feat of mountaineering.

To get to the upper Skagit of Lightning Creek and Freezeout Meadows, we went in via Hope B.C. and Silver-Skagit Road to Hozomeen Creek where the Deca Walton Logging Co. had their camp on the other side of the work area in Canada. The loggers would go thru customs at the Boundary Station below Hozomeen Peak every morning and night.



Skagit River at damsite, junction of Ruby Cr.

The road went over the boundary along the Skagit River to the edge of Ross Lake, which was filling up the Skagit Flats area. Towards the last of the basin logging they were using Canadian assault boats with reinforced steel bows to knock over the trees. The water was rising too fast to saw them off the conventional way. The trees were dragged to dry ground and bucked. All the logs were hauled out to the Fraser River.



Grouting Ross dam.



Skagit River during grouting of dam.

From the logging camp we would follow the trail to Hozomeen and Willow Lakes and drop down to Lightning Creek. We had a cabin called Deer Lick downstream a mile.

The next day we would follow the trail up Lightning Creek across a large slide area which presented quite a problem and even was the scene of a serious accident to one of the Geological Survey party.

At the bottom was a gauging station which we visited and checked. To cross this area on snowshoes was quite a thrill. One time we almost gave up but finally reached the other cabin by dark. This cabin was an emergency structure but became a regular stopping place. It was located on Nightmare Creek above the Lightning Creek crossing and equidistant from Deer Lick Cabin and Freezeout Cabin.

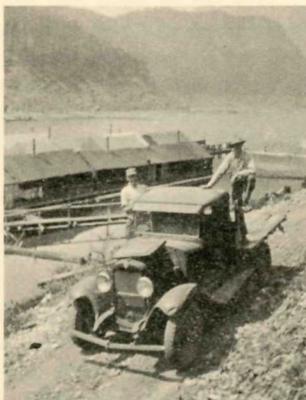
Near the cabin was a wide avalanche gully which in winter was always icy and required step-cutting to get across. Many times while crossing it we were worried because we didn't know if all the snow had come down. We always stopped there on the way up but not on the way down.

From the cabin there was only a way trail to follow in the summer or our yellow markers in the winter, which we placed on all our trails in the summer time or early spring.

Freezeout Cabin was on a bench below a large meadow at the base of Castle Peak. The course was 4 miles from the Canadian border. On one of our trips in the summer to clean up the snow course area, which had to be done to remove branches and debris where samples are taken, we located an old trail. This trail had been used during Prohibition days. It was quite wide and showed much use. There was a sign on it which stated the distance and direction to Quadea Lakes in Canada. We would have followed it over to the boundary but due to a snow storm we didn't. I never got back there again in the summer.

This area was great bear country and they did much damage to the cabins. We had to board up the windows with shutters made out of 2 ply of 2 x 6. Even then they would claw thru this. They would get 5-pound cans of bacon and flatten them like it was done in a hydropress. They would also bite into all the cans and leave them to spoil before we could get there.

They would also smash in the window frames. On one occasion one of the engineers, Bill Robinson, had left his wife at the Lower Thunder Creek Cabin while he went up to Park Pass Cabin for a few days. During that time she had a bear come to the window and look in. She had a 45 pistol with her and took a shot at him but instead of going thru the glass the bullet hit the frame of the window and shattered it. We never saw any trace of the bear when we came back.



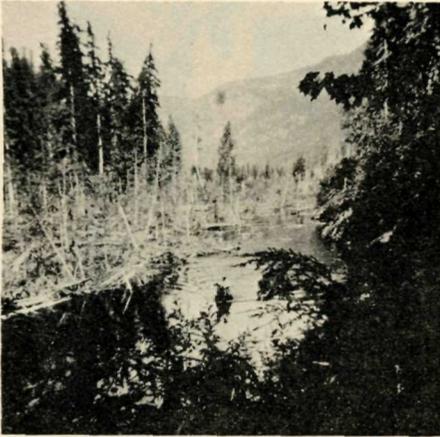
Forest Service truck on Ruby Cr. road. Deca Walton Logging Co. camp.



We had also many bears around and between Diablo and Ross Dam. There was a garbage raft below Ross which the bears would feed on. Many of the tugboat operators would speed up and try to overturn it while there were cubs on it. One time we came around the bend after an incident like that and almost had a bear cub upset our boat trying to get in.

One of our jobs on the last trip of spring was to clean out the cabins and bury the spoiled food in deep pits and clean up the mess made by bears. In one cabin they ripped all the sleeping bags apart. One trip we had to replace a stove, which was carried on a pack saddle by a mule. The bear had hit it, and broken pieces were all over the floor.

Other areas had bear trouble too. When they were building the shelter at Park Creek Pass the engineer had to stop construction because a mother bear and her two cubs would bother the workers taking in material.



Upper Skagit near Boundary.

The snow course was a long bench above the cabin that stretched from the base of Mt. Logan to Mt. Buckner.

We recorded a tremendous amount of snow and the cabin was finally demolished by an avalanche. There was a large old mine dump near the location and someone had started to rework it again the last time I went thru the area 10 years ago.

The Skagit Queen Mine also was visited by us but now the trail is almost obliterated by windfall. You can still get thru if you follow the old flume and pipeline.

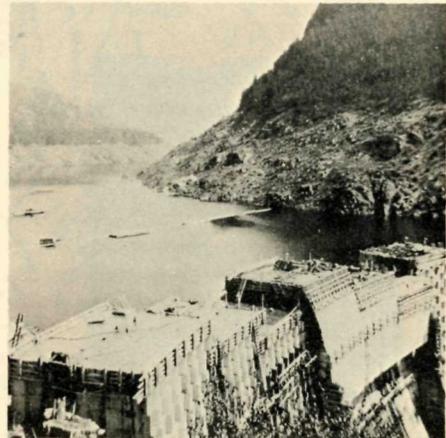
There is quite a mining history in this area and we saw many signs of former activity.

At one time there was a small community of miners at Ruby Creek and I had a friend, the late Mr. Witter, a photographer in Seattle, who went up into that area with J. W. Wheeler, the realtor. We found many abandoned pieces of machinery such as concentration tables and generators strewn over the way trails.

We made most of the trips on snowshoes, as the trails were mostly in timber. We had a 2 inch by 2 inch angle iron with cleated edge bolted to the bottom of the snowshoe to allow us to go along the side hill on a traverse at a steeper angle. We got the idea from a cougar hunter who claimed he had designed it.

The fishing was fabulous and we didn't even use any bait except pieces of Spam. I caught a 27-inch trout at the lower Beaver Cabin at the base of Big Beaver Falls, which was then at the edge of Ross Lake. Now these falls are covered by the lake and only a ripple remains. While we were building our cabin at Ruby Creek we would fish every day after work but when we left there were more fish, it seemed, in the pool than when we had arrived.

To get our supplies into the cabins for the winter months we used pack mules. One trip into Freezeout and Nightmare cabins we were taken up the lake in a Forest Service landing barge. To load the mules we had to lead in each mule separate with a bell mare. From the open lake past Rolands Point we had to follow up the Skagit River thru Devils and Lost Lakes. This area was very shallow across Skagit Flats, and part of an old construction road would show up at times.



Construction of Ross Dam showing block form work.

Finally the road was above the water so we decided to reach it and follow it. The water looked very shallow but wasn't and the mules ended up swimming towards shore or going back down the lake. We had quite a time rounding them up.

Another time when they were grouting the bottom of the Ross Dam after completion, the lake was drained thru the conversion tunnel and the Skagit River course was above water again. The whole concrete mixing plant at the old site was again in view. At this time the Geological Survey administration directed me and another worker to go up in our boat to Skagit Flats and remove the equipment from the cabin which was formerly in that area. They had previously before the rising of the water set it on two cedar logs so it would float when the water rose.

The trip up the river was between tall trees which had been underwater. These trees were draped with construction forming, ladders, stair sections, and drums which had collected in the notches of the branches. It was very nerve wracking, as some would drop down at any time. When we finally got to the area there was such a jumble of logs and snags that we could only view the cabin from a distance. It would have been quite foolhardy to walk thru the floating logs and debris. The trip back thru the lakes was quite a harrowing experience because we couldn't find the outlet back into the river for some time, as all the debris had collected around the perimeter of the lake.

There was just as much maintenance work in winter as in the summer, as the stream gauges had to be winterized by adding kerosene to the water in the float control tank, and during near zero weather it was always an interesting experience to lose a tool in the tank and dive down for it in cold weather.

We also marked trails on the way in to the snow survey course and many times those markers shone like beacons in the dark. They were painted yellow and usually put up on a tree in the early spring or in summer. We carried a ladder on "Old Pete", the pack horse we had.

The data that we brought back from our snow measuring trip was always welcome to the Seattle City Light superintendent, Mr. Shevlin, because they would schedule the opening of the valves to take care of the runoff. From our data at Freezeout and Thunder Creek and Park Creek Pass we predicted the Methow Flood of 1949.

I left the Geological Survey in 1948 when there was a cut in appropriations of the Interior Department and started working on the Columbia Basin Irrigation Project at Ephrata. The snow survey is now done by helicopter but they still need a back-up crew in case of bad weather. It was a wonderful experience for one who loved the out of doors, and I have many photos and slides to reminisce over.

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### Mountain Flowers of Mount Rainier and the Cascades

This is the book we've all been waiting for. More than 100 of the most common flowers, more than 100 COLOR PHOTOGRAPHS, together with layman-aimed descriptions of the characteristics and habitats of the portrayed flowers and their close relatives. So you want an easy way to get started in the flower-identification business? Here's the tool. And even if you already know flowers, the photos by Bob and Ira Spring are beautiful and the text by Mary Fries lively and informative. Remember -- all the flowers are displayed in LIVING COLOR. About 250 pages, soft cover. The Mount Rainier Natural History Association and The Mountaineers, 1970. \$7.95

### 101 Hikes in the North Cascades

Newest volume in the "Hikes Series," and not due out until June or July, so be patient if your order isn't filled instantly. Coverage is from Stevens Pass to Canada, from Mt. Baker to the Okanogan -- and in addition to the 101 hikes described in detail, there is an appendix briefly listing an almost equal number of walks. For each hike there is a photo by Bob and Ira Spring and a map by Helen Sherman and text by Ira Spring and Harvey Manning. About 250 pages, soft cover, The Mountaineers, 1970. \$4.95

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#### The Wild Cascades: Forgotten Parkland

The Exhibit Format is out of print, but the scaled-down paperback version is going strong. Same old text by Harvey Manning and lines from Theodore Roethke. In addition, dozens of new color photos by many photographers and a new fighting foreword by Pat Goldsworthy. At this low low price, buy dozens. Ballantine - Sierra, 1969. \$3.95

#### The North Cascades National Park

109 photos in black and white, 15 in color, by Bob and Ira Spring. Text by Harvey Manning tells stories of climbs and hikes he and his family and friends have made in the area. Foreword by Pat Goldsworthy calls for a New Campaign to save the endangered valleys and peaks omitted from protection by the 1968 North Cascades Act. 145 pages, 10 by 12 inches. Superior Publishing Company, Seattle, 1969. \$17.50

#### The Cascade Range

150 color photos, many in the North Cascades, by Ray Atkeson. Covers the range from California to Canada, forests to glaciers, flowers to volcanoes. A magnificent overview by a famous photographer who has walked the Cascades for several decades. 190 pages, "exhibit format" size and style. Charles H. Belding, Portland, 1969. \$25.00

#### The North Cascades

68 classic photos by Tom Miller displayed on 10-by-12 inch pages. Cold ice and stark cliffs and warm meadows from Dome Peak to the Pickets to Shuksan. Peak-top panoramas and basecamp scenes. Text by Harvey Manning, maps by Dee Molenaar. The Mountaineers, 1964. \$12.50

Routes and Rocks: Hiker's Guide to the North Cascades from Glacier Peak to Lake Chelan

By Dwight Crowder and Rowland Tabor of the U. S. Geological Survey. A classic appreciation of the high country, one of the most thoroughly useful and charming guides ever written to any mountains anywhere. Full descriptions of all the trails and off-trail high routes good for hiking in the Glacier Peak, Holden, and Lucerne quadrangles, with information on places to camp, viewpoints, and things to see. Frequent notes explaining the geologic story spread before your eyes as you walk. Some 100 line drawings, 9 photos. A back-cover pocket holds the three quadrangle maps, which have special overprints. 240 pages, hardbound. The Mountaineers, 1965. \$5.00

Hiker's Map to the North Cascades: Routes and Rocks in the Mt. Challenger Quadrangle

By Rowland Tabor and Dwight Crowder. Covers the heart of the north section of the new North Cascades National Park. The same approach as the above, but in shorthand form. The first hiker's guide to the Picket Range, Custer Ridge, and adjoining country. In a back-cover pocket is a U. S. G. S. Challenger Quad printed on an over-size sheet with planimetric maps on borders covering the approaches. Special overprint shows trails and off-trail routes, camps. The text describes the routes, points of geologic interest. 48 pages, paper cover. 5 photos, 12 drawings. The Mountaineers, 1968. \$2.95

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**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 and places to go and what to expect. Published by the authors, 1964. \$2.25

Mount Rainier National Park

A pictorial map by Dee Molenaar. A 24-by-24-inch four-color Essential for any person visiting The Mountain or thinking about it. Published by the author, 1965. \$1.95

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100 Hikes in Western Washington

For each of the 100 hikes there is a page of text telling where to walk and camp and look, a sketch map by Marge Mueller, and on the facing page a photo by Bob and Ira Spring. The trips extend from ocean beaches to valley forests to high meadows to easy summit rocks, from Mt. Adams to the Canadian border, the Olympics to the Methow. 200 pages, soft cover. The Mountaineers, 1966. \$4.95

50 Hikes in Mount Rainier National Park

A new title in the famous "Hikes Series" of The Mountaineers. The 71 photos by Bob and Ira Spring, the 51 maps by Marge Mueller, the hike descriptions by Ira Spring and Harvey Manning cover every trail in Rainier Park and much off-trail rambling. 125 pages, soft cover. The Mount Rainier Natural History Association and The Mountaineers, 1969. \$3.95

Footloose Around Puget Sound: 100 Walks on Beaches, Lowlands, and Foothills

Another new title in the "Hikes Series". For each trip there is text by Janice Krenmayr, a map by Helen Sherman, and one or more photos by Bob and Ira Spring. Describes places to walk on summer evenings and winter Sundays -- or any other time. Footpaths in city parks of Seattle, Tacoma, Olympia, and Anacortes, beaches of Puget Sound open to public access, and trails through forests and along rivers and lakes in foothills of the Cascades and Olympics. The Mountaineers, 1969. \$4.95

Selected Trails of the North Cascades National Park and Associated Recreation Complex

A handy pocket guide to some 70 trail hikes (plus variations) in the country we've all been thinking so much about and working so hard to save. By Fred T. Darvill, Jr., M. D., longtime N3C member. Enough data here to keep a person happily hiking for years and years. Published by the author, 1968. \$1.00

Trips and Trails, 1: Family Camps, Short Hikes, and View Roads in the North Cascades and Olympics

In the "Hikes Series", with text by E. M. Sterling, 106 maps by Marge Mueller, and 128 photos by Bob and Ira Spring. Covers logging road and other viewpoints, hikes up to several miles in length, and places to camp and things to do. Especially valuable for people new to the area and seeking a comprehensive notion of how to explore, and for people who can't walk very far -- such as 2-year-old children (and their parents). 240 pages, soft cover. The Mountaineers, 1967. \$4.95

Trips and Trails, 2: Family Camps, Short Hikes, and View Roads in the South Cascades and Mt. Rainier

Companion to the above volume, same format, by the same people. Extends through the Cascades from the Snoqualmie Pass vicinity to the Columbia River. The Mountaineers, 1968. \$4.95

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THE FEDERATION OF WESTERN OUTDOOR CLUBS RESOLVES:

Following are the resolutions adopted at the FWOC convention on August 30-September 1, 1969, which have relevance to the North Cascades.

Resolution No. 15 ENVIRONMENTAL POISONING

1969

Toxic and noxious substances including biocides are rapidly accumulating on earth. These include those purposely spread to increase agricultural production, or to rid man of pests and nuisances, and those released as unwanted residues of industrial processes. Conspicuous among biocides are chlorinated hydrocarbons, including DDT, Dieldrin, Aldrin, Endrin, BHC, and chlordane.

Rising world-wide toxic levels may lead to fatal poisoning of more and more classes of living things. Certain birds, fishes, and invertebrates appear to be early victims. It is unknown at what level of which substance or combination of substances mankind will be seriously affected.

At present, substances can be and are purposely spread, or released as waste, with little or no concern or understanding of the associated long-range environmental effects. It is clear that continuation of these procedures involves great risks for all living things.

Resolution No. 17 WILDERNESS PROTECTION RESEARCH

1969

Recreational use of classified and de facto wilderness is rapidly growing. This growth often threatens to diminish the quality of the land and to destroy the environment required to support many species. Elk, grizzly bear, native trout and other species to a lesser degree do not flourish when natural environmental conditions are disturbed.

It has become apparent that more ecological and other scientific information is needed to resolve wilderness water, land and air environmental problems. Many wilderness management controversies could be resolved if sufficient sound scientific information were available.

IT IS THEREFORE RESOLVED that the Federation of Western Outdoor Clubs urges State and Federal governments to extensively fund wilderness research projects. The results of this research should be widely publicized to increase the knowledge and understanding of both users and managers of wilderness.

Resolution No. 18 MANDATORY COURSES IN CONSERVATION EDUCATION  
IN TEACHERS' COLLEGES

1969

There is today a well-defined need for increased general understanding of the importance and problems of conservation. The 29th Yearbook of the American Association of School Administrators, recognizing this need, states:

"For the children to acquire satisfactory insight into the various types of conservation problems. . . . their instruction. . . . must necessarily be incorporated into both elementary and secondary schools. The teachers' colleges must train teachers who are alert to the conservation needs of our communities, our country, and our world."

The partial response to this requirement is reflected in optional courses in conservation education offered by most colleges.

THEREFORE, BE IT RESOLVED that the Federation of Western Outdoor Clubs strongly recommends that colleges and universities that train teachers include mandatory courses on conservation broad enough to include ecology, studies in wilderness preservation and of the general quality of environment.

Resolution No. 19 MINERAL RESOURCE MANAGEMENT ON PUBLIC LANDS

1969

Of all the varied uses of public lands, only the location and development of mining claims are essentially beyond the control of the public. Alone, of all segments of the public, miners can select and destroy choice parcels of public land for their particular use, regardless of public needs or the concerns of the administering agency. Mining and wilderness are by definition completely incompatible, yet prospecting and mining are the only new commercial operations permitted within wilderness areas.

Mining laws are extremely weak, from the standpoint of protection of the environment. They are based on an 1872 Act, when a completely different philosophy of development was current in this nation. We are seeing the tragic consequences of the failure to change these laws today, as plans are advanced for mining in the White Cloud Range, one of the most beautiful parts of Idaho.

The Federation believes that the time for changing these laws to reflect the needs of these times is long overdue, and that new laws should place management and development of public mineral resources under controls and regulations in the same manner as other resources, such as recreation and timber.

IT IS THEREFORE RESOLVED that the Federation of Western Outdoor Clubs urges the following as basic components of national minerals legislation:

(1) Elimination of prospecting and mining activity on all units of the Wilderness Preservation System and existing Primitive Areas, and in all National Parks and Monuments.

(2) Placement of full control over and responsibility for development of public mineral resources with the administering agency of the land involved, which agency shall have full power to lease prospecting and development rights, subject to strict regulations protecting the environment and other public resources.

(3) Legislation establishing strict guidelines and standards for environmental protection to be followed by the appropriate agencies when leasing prospecting and development rights, and clearly enunciating the right of such agencies to forbid mining activity where necessary to protect other values and resources.

Resolution No. 20 OFF-ROAD VEHICLE USE

1969

The increasing use of many forms of mechanized transportation - such as motorboats, jeeps, trail bikes and snowmobiles - in roadless areas is a source of great concern to the Federation. Such uses destroy the peace and quiet of many recreation areas. These conveyances are often defended on the grounds that they are just another form of recreation, ignoring the fact that their use often totally destroys the recreation potential for many others seeking peaceful outdoor experiences and finding them progressively difficult to achieve, even in roadless areas. The Federation does not believe that motorized vehicles belong in roadless areas.

IT IS THEREFORE RESOLVED that the Federation of Western Outdoor Clubs urges all public agencies and legislators to take the following steps to insure the preservation of trails and wildlife and to protect diminishing opportunities for a tranquil and noise-free recreation experience:

(1) Legislation or regulations banning off-road motorized conveyance use in any area where there is a present or potential conflict with other recreation use;

(2) Legislation or regulation making it unlawful for anyone to use a motorized vehicle for the purpose of pursuing, driving, rallying or harrasing any form of animal life;

(3) Legislation or regulation establishing areas, presently roadless but not classified in a protected status, as non-motorized recreation areas;

(4) Legislation requiring the licensing of all motorized vehicles.



THE WILD CASCADES

May 1970

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