

# NORTH CASCADES CONSERVATION COUNCIL

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

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## WHAT IS THE FOREST SERVICE AFRAID OF IN THE NORTH CASCADES

The controversy over establishing a national park in the north Cascades of Washington continues. The recent establishment of the Glacier Peak Wilderness Area has been hailed by some as the solution to the problem of how to protect this scenic country; while others feel it offers no permanent protection, since its future still rests on the shaky ground of administrative fiat, and not on the steady footing of legislative determination.

In the 86th Congress, Representatives Thomas Pelly and Don Magnuson, and Senator Warren G. Magnuson, introduced legislation calling for a study of the area, by the Department of the Interior, to determine the advisability of establishing a national park in that region. (Congressman Pelly had earlier requested Chief Forester Richard E. McArdle to permit such a study, but was refused, McArdle replying that such an undertaking "would be undesirable".) The bills were blocked. When reintroduced in the current session they will no doubt be blocked again; certainly they will receive no support from the U. S. Forest Service.

Why is the Forest Service unwilling to agree to such a study? The Pelly-Magnuson bills will not set aside one acre of ground; they will only bring together all of the facts involved, and give Congress the necessary information with which to make an appraisal. If the area is not suited for a national park nothing will have been lost. If, on the other hand, Congress feels it does qualify, it can be established as a national park, if supported by the American people.

National Wildlands News.

AH, WILDERNESS

by Eric Nicol

Conflict of Interests Now Explosive - that is the headline over the news report of a recent meeting of representatives of forest industry and recreation.

The lumbermen want more timber reserved for logging, the recreationists seek extension of parks and playgrounds for a growing population. These two drives don't mesh at all, as you know if you have ever gone into the woods for a picnic and had the fun clouded by little Egbert's being borne off skyward in the clutch of a chokerline.

The most breathtaking thing about this collision of interests is the condescension shown by logging companies toward use of the forests by the people to whom they actually belong; i.e., you and me. Says one company's forester:

"In the long run, as long as this province is supported chiefly by a forest products economy, the needs of the timber user must be the principal consideration in the integrated use of all forest lands."

What this means is that the people may be allowed to enter the forest, provided they recognize that no bird-song is so sweet as the trill of the power-saw, piling up the bucks.

In the countries like New Zealand, where the timber industry has virtually had to start from scratch, the tree farms stand in huge, neat squares, mile upon mile of them. These farms are not open to recreation, but their area is fractional compared to the native forests that remain for New Zealanders to play in.

Logging in this country is both wasteful and more cavalier toward the forest heritage of the people as a whole. The cruel swaths cut through virgin timber, the patchy reforestation, are piously defended as necessary to a prime source of income.

Joyce Kilmer's lollygagging over the arboreal - "I think that I shall never see a poem lovely as a tree, etc." - is lost on those who take their lyricism in the form of the annual statement of profit by MacMillan, Bloedel and Powell River.

As the friction between the logger and the recreationist hottens up, we ex-sparkchasers will be watching the fiery motes blowing toward conservation of forest for the lover of the wilds.

We can anticipate a publicity campaign to persuade us that setting aside large tracts of forest for parks and recreation is not only bad for the economy, but actually unsightly. Just as the tobacco industry has been assured of the success of the campaign slogan Cancer Is Good For You, we shall be urged to appreciate the beauty of a hillside of raw stumps, the excitement of stumbling upon the gumbo snoor of the bulldozer.

Nor will the recreationists give up easily. Campers, fishermen and hunters already destroy by fire stands of timber rivalling those felled by some logging companies. It may be a close race to see which group can turn over to our children, free of encumbrance, a country as bald as the chairman of the board.

This will be a pity, in a way, since the only attractive part of this country is its wilds. Its cities are hideous, its culture is largely sterile and its people, en masse, are rapacious, narrow and glum. Without our woods, I think that we shall never see a country uglier than we!

Ah, Wilderness appeared in The Province, Vancouver, B. C. Jan. 6, 1961

This article injects a bit of humor into the long time battle between forest industry people and recreationists. There is perhaps, more than idle humor in the final sentence: "Without our woods, I think that we shall never see a country uglier than we."

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### TOPSY-TURVY FOREST WORLD IN 1979 FORESEEN

By Byron Fish

The old squabble about forests still was going on, Grandpa noted as he read his copy of The Seattle Times for October 27, 1979. However, the heading on the article was a little different from those back in 1960.

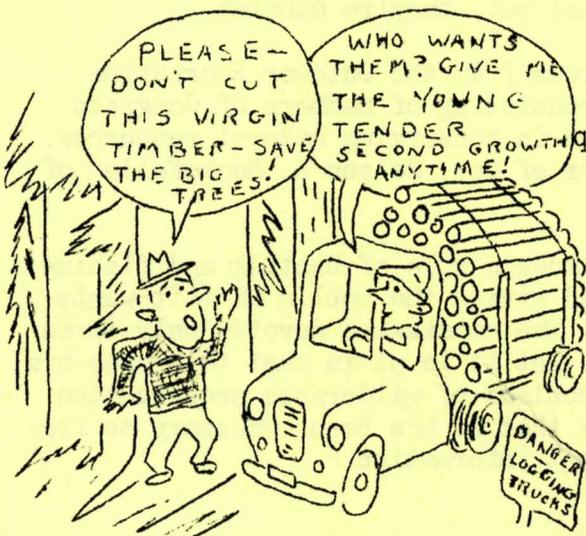
"Conservationists Support Timber Industry's Fight Against Cutting Big Trees," this headline said. The article concerned the latest hearings in front of a congressional committee. The congressmen were supposed to act as referees in the dispute between the timbermen and the Forest Service.

The timbermen did not want to cut anything but second growth, which, they said, was now big enough. The Forest Service was insisting that in each timber sale from public lands, a certain percentage had to be virgin forest. The big trees were overripe, the agency said, and should be cut.

The timber industry protested that it had no use for trees more than two feet in diameter. Larger ones were uneconomical to handle. They had to be felled, which took extra labor. There were few Old-time loggers left, skilled with ax and saw. Big trees smashed smaller ones in falling. They left a waste stump, whereas smaller trees could be jerked out quickly by the roots and used entirely.

There were a few old-fashioned sawmills remaining, but their product was a minor part of the industry. They just turned out a little sawed lumber for do-it-yourself carpenters and builders of rustic cabins.

In general, the wood taken from the forests was ground into pulp and cast into dimension lumber much stronger and more durable than the old sawed kind. The new mills were really chemical plants. Their lumber was waterproof, did not warp, had no knots, wasted no slabs or sawdust and could be made to exact size on order.



With modern welding glues, nails were virtually obsolete. Because the logs were reduced to pulp, big ones were a nuisance. They required outsize machinery to handle them at every step, from hauling them out of the woods to grinding them up. Under these circumstances, the timber industry was fighting for reforested land, where the trees were smaller.

The Forest Service could see that it would be left with patches of wilderness. A little wilderness was all right, it thought, but large stands were a waste of natural resources. Furthermore, large stands were a temptation to the National Park Service to take them over. No governmental agency wants to lose any of its domain to another department.

Some conservation groups already were plugging for a transfer of the land. The congressmen had listened to the "Committee for a Cascade Range National Park." But the conservationists also were divided. A sportsmen's association called the "Eagle-Eyed Gun-Bearers" wanted the land in the hands of the Forest Service so they could go hunting. The Federated Fresh Air Clubs agreed, because they wanted plenty of roads and Forest Service parks for automobile campers.

Whether they were for supervision by National Parks or Forest Service, though, the groups were united in support of the timber industry. They did not want the big timber cut.

Nobody knew how the hearings would turn out, because certain political pressures were indicated. The committee appeared to be "stacked." Two members were congressmen from Michigan and Wisconsin. Spokesmen for the timbermen in Washington and Oregon had to be diplomatic in front of the congressmen, but they were saying privately that Michigan and Wisconsin would like to force the cutting of uneconomical giant trees. It would help put the Eastern states back in business with a competitive advantage. They now had large stands of second growth just the right size.

Grandpa hoped the Western timbermen and their allies, the conservationists, would win. Full-grown Douglas fir was not much good for forest products, but did beautify the mountains. It also furnished a living museum so young Americans could see the raw material once used in building the sawed-lumber homes that came between log cabins and modern houses.

(from Seattle Times, Oct. 27, 1960 )



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### WILDERNESS JOB TOUGH, SOLONS FIND

by Leon Burnett

Washington (UPI) - Too bad Dan'l Boone isn't still around. He could have explained to the government what a wilderness is. On the other hand, maybe his definition wouldn't suit the government. What it wants is one providing "a basis for evaluating problems, policies and administrative procedures relating to wilderness areas."

The situation has come to this: Now that Americans have slashed and gouged away most of their country's wild territory, they want to preserve the rest as a play-place. These, and other recreational demands of a booming population with more and more time on its hands, have created many new problems for Congress and the Executive branch. Judging from a survey just out, they're complex.

The document is a progress report to Congress from the Outdoor Recreation Resources Review Commission, a special agency consisting of members of Congress and representatives of various groups interested in conserving natural resources. It is headed by Laurance S. Rockefeller, brother of Gov. Nelson A. Rockefeller of New York.

The summary touches on such things as the modern role of hunting and fishing, keeping shoreline areas in the public domain and giving the public what it wants in the way of outdoor recreational facilities. The commission devoted only three pages to its net anachronism - the wilderness. But it is plain that this area has been thoroughly explored. The report says, "Problems of wilderness preservation are so diverse in nature, extent and complexity that it has been necessary to formulate the questions aimed at eliciting pertinent information."

At another point: "The wilderness recreation experience is a complex phenomenon, and certain minimum conditions are required for its realization. However, some elements of the phenomenon, insofar as they can be separated from the total experience, are realizable in areas which do not meet "wilderness standards" as defined in the study."

The commission said various federal and state agencies had furnished it with a lot of information on remote areas, and were being asked for more. Investigators also went out in the sticks to interview wilderness lovers. They asked visitors to seven wilderness areas in different parts of the country about such things as: "Characteristics of wilderness users such as age, sex, socio-economic status, education, marital status, previous camping or outdoor experience and customary leisure-time activities, the type of wilderness trip taken, including the size of the party, length of stay, mode of transportation and activities engaged in, and the psychological appeals of backwoodsmanship and knowledge and attitudes toward it."

Similar questions were asked in mailed questionnaires. These were designed to "minimize the possibility of bias due to the influence of some small factor which might for a short time assume excessive importance."

There seems little doubt that the wilderness idea is catching on in Congress. The Wildlife Management Institute reports that members of Congress from 15 states - among them Sen. Clinton P. Anderson, D-N.M., a member of the Recreation Commission - already have sponsored wilderness bills in the new Congress.

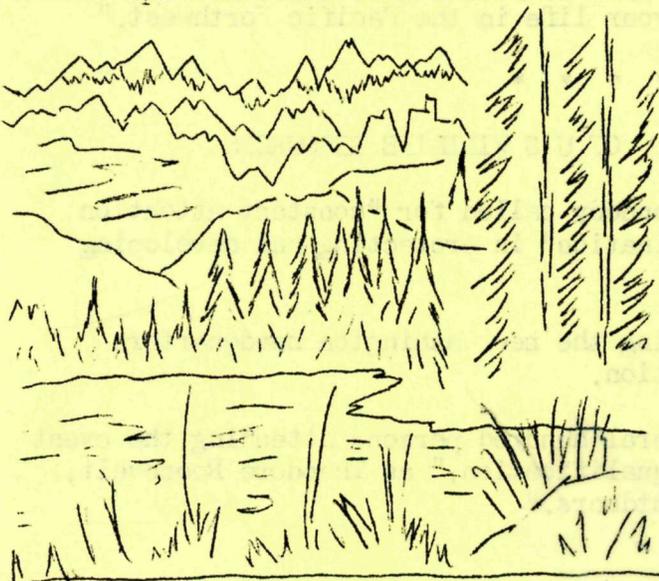
Maybe it's a good thing old Dan'l Boone isn't still with us, after all. He probably would have resented all that questioning when he walked out of the woods with his b'ar.

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### THE PRIMEVAL STOCKADE

"The Primeval Stockade" appeared in Cascades, February, 1961, the company magazine of Pacific Telephone, Northwest. It is reviewed here by John Warth, Seattle, Washington, for N 3 C NEWS.

Progressive companies nowadays recognize the importance of outdoor recreational opportunities to attract and hold the best type of employees. Pacific Telephone Northwest is one such firm. It was quite a thrill running across this company magazine with a typical North Cascades scene on the cover. It was an unidentified photo of an emerald lake, nestled about a box-shaped peak, with a glimpse beyond of myriads of snowy peaks and spires. The nearby peak was clothed in the usual "green hell", as one geologist calls our lovely but impenetrable brush. The usual snow-filled dike or fault can be seen leading the way easily to a short summit pitch.



This popular-style article begins with a modernized folk tale of how Paul Bunyan created the mighty Cascades with his bare hands as a wind-break to shelter the last resting place of Babe, his big blue ox. Babe, of course, did not succumb. After a dose of wood alcohol and epsom salts, the great animal reacted like a missile from an atomic howitzer. With a horrendous bellow, Babe left the half-finished grave (now called Puget Sound) far behind, dragging Paul's famous hotcake griddle right through the Cascades. Latter-day pioneers saw this cleavage as the only way through an otherwise impassable barrier, and they named it Columbia Gorge.

A scientific account follows of the creation of the cascades. It is reminiscent of Disney's Fantasia, replete with dinosaurs, saber-tooth tigers, and jungles. You can almost hear the earth buckling and smell the sulphur.

Take whichever account you prefer, the writer says, "The fact is, the Cascades are there. And that's why the mountaineers climb them. Why skiers call this country paradise. And why the six and one-half million tourists who visit Washington and Oregon this year will find a great, unspoiled, natural and primitive vacation land - wide, high, and unforgettable!" He further states that: "Nothing in the nation remotely resembles a single one of the Cascade's great snow-capped fire mountains."

In spite of a number of erroneous statements, the writer is to be commended for recognizing the Cascades as two separate but interwoven mountain systems. The second system is non-volcanic - known as the Northern Cascades. These he describes as "a labyrinth of craggy ridges, glacially-impacted peaks and deep, narrow valleys." Then he gets somewhat carried away. "An oddity of these mountains is that the explored regions are overpowered by thousands of square miles of unexplored wilderness." He who have roped over the many easy trails in the Glacier Peak country will especially smile at this: "Glacier's hostile terrain of timbered ridges and fog-hung gorges very effectively dissipates the curiosity of all but the stout of heart from climbing even the lower slopes of this 10,436 foot volcano."

The impressiveness of the Cascades with their comparatively low elevations is nicely accounted for. "Like fine jewels, it's a matter of display. The Cascades push to altitude not from a plateau, but from sea level, or close to it."

After calling the Cascades, "a primeval stockade that defies exploration, a mecca for skiers, hikers, and campers, a range rich in geological history, and myth," the writer advises telephone company employees to take time to enjoy these mountains. "They're a very big part of your life in the Pacific Northwest."

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#### KENNEDY CALLS FOR PROTECTION OF U S WILDLIFE RESOURCES

Washington (UPI) Mar. 3. - President Kennedy called for "constant attention and vigilance - sustained vigor and imagination" in protecting and developing the nation's natural resources.

Kennedy spoke at ceremonies dedicating the new Washington headquarters building of the National Wildlife Federation.

The president was introduced to several hundred persons attending the event as a man with the "same vigor, the same qualification," as Theodore Roosevelt, another easterner "who loved the great outdoors."

Kennedy urged the nation to renew a "spirit of wild adventure," in developing its resources of water, power, forest, and wildlife. He said that the nation needs "the concern and help of every private citizen" to protect such resources.

Without such aid and concern, he said, "no government program will be effective - our resources will not be protected."

He said the federation is helping preserve "an America of open spaces, fresh water and green country - a place where wildlife and natural beauty cannot be despoiled - where an increasing urbanized population will still be able to turn to nature for recreation, spiritual refreshment and the material strength on which our great cities rest."

Kennedy declared that "throughout our history our soil and water - our great forests and abundant minerals - have provided the resources with which our country - our economy grew - and our power ascended."

The president said that today "this great gift of material wealth provides the foundation on which the defense of freedom rests."

(Oregon Journal, Mar. 3, 1961)

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#### IN CONGRESS

S. 174 (Anderson and others) H. R. 293 (Baldwin) to establish a national wilderness preservation system. Six other such bills have been introduced in the house. S. 174 is a "clean bill," having been modified to meet suggestions brought out at public hearings and discussions. Needs much support. To do this, write Senator Clinton P. Anderson, chairman, Senate Interior and Insular Affairs Committee, Senate Office Building, Washington 25, D. C., and urge enactment.

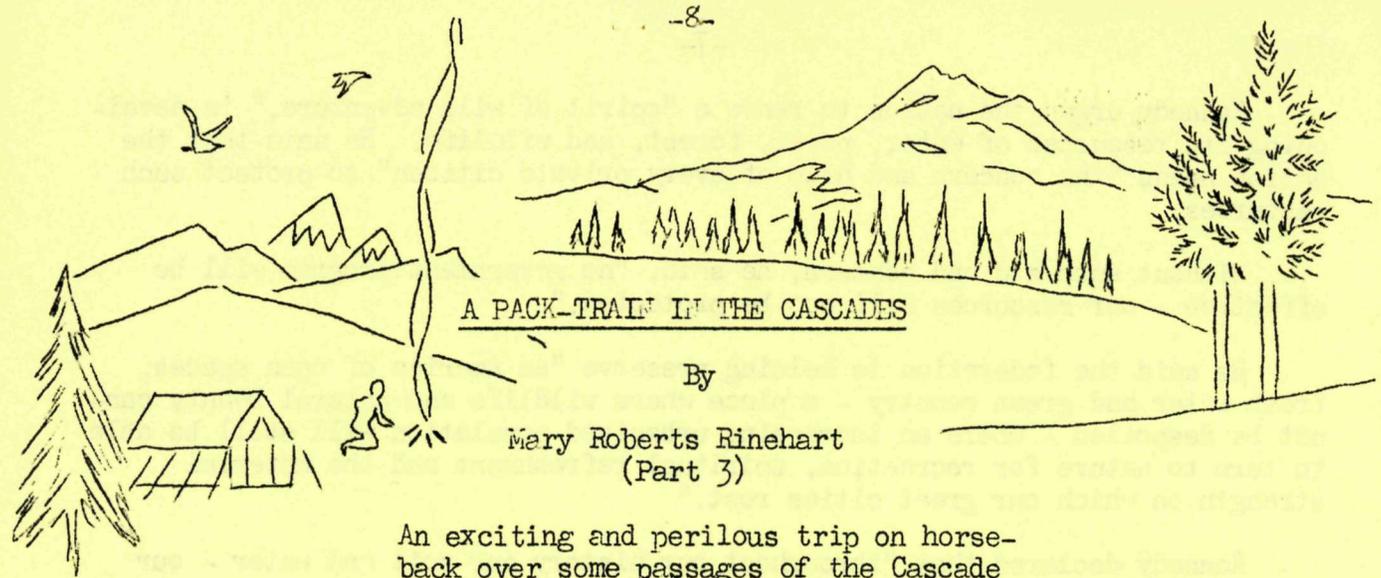
H.R. 2056 (Pelly) to provide that the Secretary of the Interior shall investigate and report to Congress on the advisability of establishing a national park or other unit of the national park system in the Central and North Cascades region, Washington. See: What is The Forest Service Afraid Of In The North Cascades, elsewhere in this edition. Write your Congressman urging enactment.

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#### WASHINGTON'S BILLBOARD BILL MADE LAW

Thanks to the untiring efforts of the Washington Roadside Council and the effective non-professional lobbying of Jack Robertson, Washington now has a law which regulates highway billboards. Bushel baskets of letters, postcards and telegrams gave this bill the second most public response during this legislative session.

Now bill boards will be banned along Interstate Highways 10 and 99, the proposed interstate route from Ellensburg to Pendleton, Ore., and on the Snoqualmie Pass, Stevens Pass, Chinook Pass and Chuckanut scenic routes on state roads. They also will be prohibited along state highways within 600 feet of public parks, beaches, recreation areas, federal forests and national monuments.



A PACK-TRAIN IN THE CASCADES

By

Mary Roberts Rinehart  
(Part 3)

An exciting and perilous trip on horse-  
back over some passages of the Cascade  
Mountains (Cosmopolitan, Aug., Sept., Oct. 1917)

Try to see us, then, filing along through deep valleys, climbing cliffs, stumbling struggling, not talking much, a long line of horses and riders. First, far ahead, Mr. Hilligoss. Then the riders, led by "Silent Lawrie" and I just behind him, because of photographs! Then, at the head of the pack-horses, Dan Devore. Then the long line of pack-ponies, sturdy and willing, and piled high with our food, our bedding, and our tents. And here, there, and everywhere, Joe, with the moving-picture camera.

Our trail led us through one of the few remaining unknown portions of the United States. It cannot long remain unknown. It is too superb, too wonderful. And it has mineral in it, silver and copper and probably coal. The Middle Boy, who is by way of being a chemist and has systematically blown himself up with home-made explosives for years - the Middle Boy found at least a dozen silver mines of fabulous value, although the men in the party insisted that his specimens (were) iron pyrites and other unromantic minerals.

Now as to where we were - those long days of fording rivers and beating our way through jungle or of dizzy climbs up to the snow, those short nights, so cold that six blankets hardly kept us warm, while our tired horses wandered far, searching for such bits of grass as grew among the shale.

In the north central part of the state of Washington, nature has done a curious thing. She has built a great lake in the eastern shoulders of the Cascade Mountains. Lake Chelan, more than fifty miles long and averaging a mile and a half in width, is ten hundred and seventy-five feet above sea level, while its bottom is four hundred feet below the level of the ocean. It is almost completely surrounded by granite walls and peaks which reach more than a mile and a half into the air.

The region back from the lake is practically unknown. A small part of it has never been touched by the Geological Survey, and, in one or two instances, we were able to check up errors on our maps. Thus, a lake shown on our map as belonging at the head of McAllister Creek really belongs at the head of Rainbow Creek, while McAllister Lake is not shown at all. Mr. Coulter, a forester who was with us for a time, last year discovered three lakes at the head of Rainbow Creek which have never been mapped, and, so far as could be learned, had never been seen by a white man before. Yet Lake Chelan itself is well known in the Northwest. It is easily reached, its gateway being the famous Wenatchee Valley, celebrated for its apples.

It was from Chelan that we were to make our start. Long before we arrived, Dan Devore and the packers were getting the outfit ready.

Yet the first glimpse of Chelan was not attractive. Arid hillsides without a leaf of green but dotted thickly with gray sage-brush, eroded valleys, rocks and gullies - all shone a dusty yellow in the heat. The lower end of Lake Chelan was surrounded by these bleak hillsides, desert without the great spaces of desert. Yet unquestionably, in a few years from now, these bleak hillsides will be orchard land. Only the lower part, however, is bleak - only an end, indeed. There is nothing more beautiful and impressive than the upper part of that strangely deep and quiet lake lying at the foot of its enormous cliffs.

By devious stages we reached the head of Lake Chelan, and there for four days the outfitting went on. Horses were being brought in, saddles fitted; provisions in great cases were arriving. To outfit a party of our size for two weeks means labor and generous outlay. And we were going to be comfortable. We were willing to travel hard and sleep hard. But we meant to have plenty of food. I think we may claim the unique distinction of being the only people who ever had grapefruit regularly for breakfast on the top of that portion of the Cascade range.

Joe got his films together. The boys practised shooting. I rested and sharpened lead-pencils. Bob had found a way to fold his soft hat into what he fondly called the "Jennings do," which means a plait in the crown to shed the rain, and which turned an unamiable ensemble into something savage and extremely flat on top. The Head played croquet.

And then into our complacency came, one night, a bit of tragedy.

A man staggered into the little hotel at the head of the lake, carrying another man on his back. He had carried him for forty hours, lowering him down, bit by bit from that mountain highland where he had been hurt - forty hours of superhuman effort and heart-breaking going, over cliffs and through wilderness.

The injured man was a sheep-herder. He had cut his leg with his wool-ax and blood-poisoning had set in. I do not know the rest of the story. The sheep-herder was taken to a hospital the next day, traveling a very long way. But whether he traveled still further, to the land of the Great Shepherd, I do not know. Only this I do know: that this Western country I love is full of such stories, and of such men as the hero of this one.

At last we were ready. Some of the horses were sent by boat the day before, for this strange lake has little or no shore-line. Granite mountains slope stark and sheer to the water's edge, and drop from there to frightful depths below. There are, at the upper end, no roads, no trails or paths that border it. So the horses and all of us went by boat to the mouth of Railroad Creek - so called, I suppose, because the nearest railroad is more than forty miles away - up which led the trail to the great unknown. All around and above us were the cliffs, towering seven thousand feet over the lake. And beyond those cliffs lay adventure.

For it was adventure. Even Dan Devore, experienced mountaineer and guide that he was, had only been to Cascade Pass once, and that was sixteen years before. He had never been across the divide. "Silent Lawrie" Lindsley, the Naturalist, had been only part-way down the Agnes Creek valley, which we intended to follow. Only in a general way had we any itinerary at all.

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