

## NORTH CASCADES CONSERVATION COUNCIL

Volume V

May 1961

Number 5

"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. . . ."

### The Golden Year for the Golden Triangle



It's hard to recognize history when it happens. People in the news don't wear cocked hats and carry muskets, so how can you tell they're Historical Characters? Presidential elections help juggle our vision to see the moments of history among the ephemeral trivia; presidents always make the history books, if not for what they do, for what they fail to do.

As conservationists we belong to no political party. If the Enemy of Mankind ran on a platform of Plenty of Wilderness, and his Opponent came out for clear-cutting and strip-mining, many of us on election day would jeopardize our immortal souls. As conservationists we renewed our hope when Kennedy was elected--as we would have done had Nixon won. We knew the future could scarcely be worse than the past.

Tentative hope soon gave way to excitement. We heard from Washington veterans the Interior Department was in a scramble the like of which they hadn't seen since 1933. Then came President Kennedy's message to Congress concerning natural resources. (See page 20.) And then Secretary Udall's speech to the Wilderness Conference. (See page 2) To be sure, public utterances can prove to be merely public disturbances of the atmosphere, but from various private sources we have assurance the intent is genuine, that we have the finest opportunity in over 20 years. However, politics is the art of the possible. We cannot expect Secretary Udall and our friends in Congress to crawl far out on a limb while we sit back relaxed, cheering them on--while busy hands are busy sawing them off.

This can be the Golden Year for the Golden Triangle. But if we rest now, awaiting bonanzas from Washington, they will not come. We have written letters until our wrists ache. We must write them again--and again and again. We have spoken in public and persuaded in private until our jaws ache. We must do it again--over and over again. There are other voices than ours in Washington--loud, clear, persistent voices. Without support, friends waver. Without opposition, enemies advance. Few as we are, we can in 1961 do what not a thousand times our number can do ten years from now; without swift action, in ten years there will be mere scraps of wilderness. This not only can be, it must be, the Golden Year for the Golden Triangle.

NORTH CASCADES CONSERVATION COUNCIL

Founded, 1957

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

Membership

Associate	\$1	Contributing	\$5
Regular	2	Life	25
Spouse	.50		

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N3C NEWS

May 1961 \$1 a year

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SEVENTH BIENNIAL WILDERNESS CONFERENCE:

"The American Heritage of Wilderness"

by Rick Mack

Last month in San Francisco a gathering of forces for conservation set the pace toward constructive wilderness programs which must not abate in the months to come. Dedicated men--social philosophers, writers, editors, high government officials--contributed not only to the success of the conference, but added strength to the feeling that wilderness belongs to everyone. It will be remembered that the first of these Wilderness Conferences, sponsored in 1949 by the Sierra Club, led directly to the Wilderness Bill. And this conference had a much larger attendance than the two previous ones. Four sessions, each with a keynote speaker, each session followed by a roundtable discussion made up the core of the conference.

WILDERNESS AND THE MOLDING OF THE AMERICAN CHARACTER: William O. Douglas suggested that the Forest Service might well be educated in ways of forest conservation as well as management. And why not a Bill of Rights for wilderness areas too? (1) No industrial wastes in rivers and lakes (2) Eliminate detergents that do not dissolve and thus form gases which kill water-cleansing bacteria (3) No roads, motorboats, planes, tote-go's in wilderness areas (4) Adequate pension plans for government employees, to leave them free to make unbiased decisions uninfluenced by their own economic future. (Chief Forester McArdle terminates next month with the Forest Service. Where next? He is too young to retire permanently.) Our wild lands are shrinking, and without the protection of the Wilderness Bill, bureaucracy is supreme: odd, isn't it, that hearings are necessary to give virgin forests protected status, not when they are opened to multiple use. Loggers have a chance to say no to saving--but do we to using? Government bureaus need a check and balance system.

Sigurd Olson (author of Lonely Land) asked why, if we preserve art in galleries, great music on records, should we not logically preserve natural areas for those who enjoy them? Science is subtly and slowly remolding our characters, and yet, he noticed, when guiding canoe parties, how striking it was how everyone, once away from civilization, relearns an awareness of nature forgotten through long disuse. People's urge toward wilderness is still there, explaining the movement to the suburbs in a rather futile search for quiet and privacy.

WILDERNESS AND THE AMERICAN ARTS: To Ansel Adams, photography is the best expression of the wilderness in art form -- and on display were segments of wilderness permanently captured in pictures by both him and Phillip Hyde. And to Joseph Wood Krutch, a penetrating social philosopher, the happy man is that man who cares enough to conserve nature and god-made things. Man tends toward an utilitarian view--inclining to rid himself of things which at the moment are not of obvious use to him--unaware until too late. An apropos comment of Glenn Wessels': art today should not be 'back to nature' but 'forward to nature.'

THE FACE OF THE LAND: Joseph Penfold advocated intense state and city planning allocating land for types of recreational use: open space close to urban populations set aside for group sports which will relieve the wilderness areas of those who want planned recreation rather than wilderness. Catherine Bauer Wurster said houses, yards and gardens in a crowded area can achieve quiet and privacy through good design. Edward Higbee (author of the new book Squeeze) told of Delaware's recent purchase of 700 acres of swamp as the beginning of its state park system--an example of waste land reclaimed through bold planning.

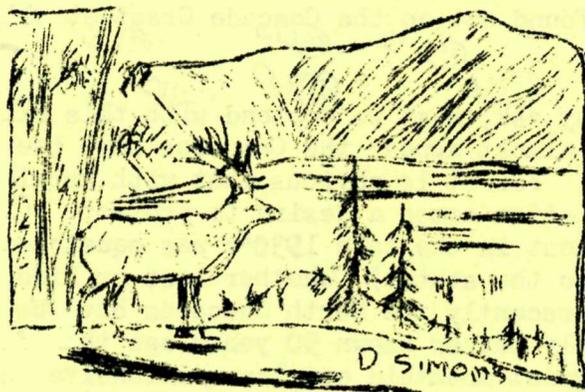
Roundtable discussion: Harold Gilliam suggested conservation courses as part of school curriculum, especially in engineering and land planning courses. Nathan Clark, Sierra Club president and an engineer, explained that engineers base plans and estimates on jobs done as cheaply as possible, and thought it advisable that conservation courses be mandatory in the field of political economy. Those who set up specifications should be totally aware of their surroundings. A unified program within various branches of government would lessen problems of departments working against each other --California state senator Fred Farr. And Mr. Cannoughton of the local Forest Service still insisted that multiple use can encompass wilderness.

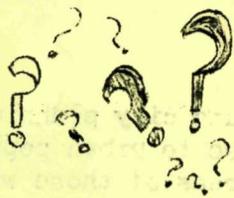
WILDERNESS RESOURCE. . . VANISHING OR PERPETUAL?: Howard Zahniser: most people would be in favor of wilderness if they knew about it with the exception of those exploiting the areas. It comes down to education, communication, and unremitting work to preserve specific areas. Grant McConnell: "Stops" should be put on areas under consideration until hearings have been held before any decisions are made--the democratic way. Decisions made by a partial (cf. impartial) bureau often are controlled by outside interests. Gerard Piel, editor of Scientific American, said, ". . . we need whole landscapes untouched by man, so that civilization may have benchmarks by which to measure its depredation of the planet."

The author and constant promoter of the Wilderness Bill since 1956, and a strong backer of Dinosaur Park, Congressman John P. Saylor of Pennsylvania talked about wilderness problems and the outlook from Capitol Hill.

Highlight of the conference was Secretary of the Interior Udall's speech at the banquet meeting. Points noted were: he and Secretary of Agriculture are planning and working together, with the cooperation of President Kennedy. . . there will be no roads, if he can help it, in Rainbow Bridge National Park . . . Hopes to expand the national park and wilderness systems. . . favors a more positive, less defensive position toward these goals by conservationists.

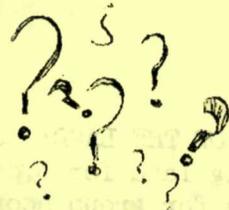
Proceedings of this Seventh Wilderness Conference will be published in book form as were those of the last conference, Science in Wilderness.





DO THE NORTH CASCADES REALLY EXIST?

by  
John Warth



Do the North Cascades really exist? Or are these American Alps fabrications? What do the state authorities have to say about it? Surely if anyone were aware of such a vacationist's Promised Land it would be the state developers, especially those promoting the tourist industry.

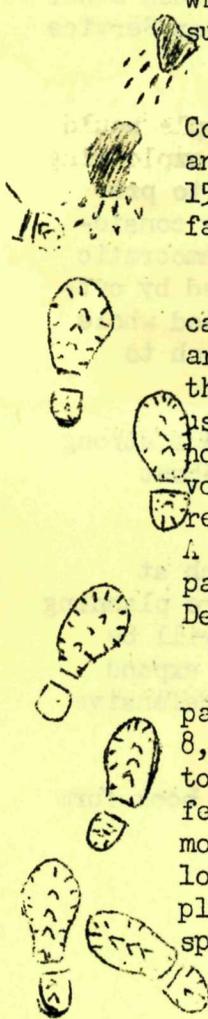
On a tourist map prepared a few years ago by the Department of Highways are two painted panoramas of the Cascades. The view from the west is a gently rolling sea of green forest with occasional snow patches on the higher "hills." The five famous volcanoes (plus Mt. Shuksan) loom over all in tremendous proportions. The view from the east is similar, except the green is largely replaced with the sunburnt color of the desert. Lake Chelan, while plainly visible, might be a reservoir in the sand hills of Kansas--surely not a lake occupying the deepest chasm in the United States.

A point-of-interest map in a brochure put out by the Department of Commerce and Economic Development is a complete blank between Mt. Rainier and Mt. Baker. A more recent large-scale map in Only Hours Apart indicates 15 peaks between the Columbia River and Canada. Quite an improvement, but far short of the 400 some peaks worthy of the name!

Nor would a skeptic have much better luck tracking down the North Cascades in the text of these various government publications. The Cascades are mentioned only in the most general terms, usually in connection with the Big Five--all volcanoes. (Interestingly enough, the state is still using a color photo of Mt. Baker as seen across predam Baker Lake. Are they not aware the original lake is now under some 60 feet of debris-laden reservoir water? That the famous campground with the breathtaking view has been replaced by a new one among the stumps on the opposite side of the lake?) A recent magazine article on the North Cascades is illustrated by a lovely panorama of the Olympics, courtesy of the Department of Commerce and Economic Development.

Earl Coe, while Secretary of State (1951) wrote of the Cascades in a pamphlet about Washington: "Some peaks along the divide rise to heights of 8,000 feet. Five more or less isolated peaks reach a sufficient altitude to maintain perpetual snow and ice." In fact, over 100 peaks exceed 8,000 feet. Ten are in the neighborhood of 9,000 feet, all nonvolcanics. Two more approximate 9,500 feet and thus are almost in a class with Mt. St. Helens, lowest of the volcanoes. Interestingly enough, the majority of the 8,000 plus peaks are found not on the Cascade Crest at all, but in the various spur ranges.

Why, one may ask, must we contend with this exasperating ignorance barrier? It would almost appear the Cascades have been deliberately hidden from the public. For it is obvious that with knowledge comes appreciation, and with appreciation comes a desire to protect. (It is known that an incipient park movement in the late 1930's was squelched in the nick of time, thanks largely to the state.) Whether lost or hidden, the fact remains that until very recently the North Cascades have been all but unknown. They were probably better known 50 years ago than five years ago. Here is one of the world's great mountain complexes, extensive as the Swiss Alps and fully as scenic, lying in the corner of one of the most highly developed and educated countries on earth--and all but lost. Utterly fantastic--but true!



1+1=4  
4+4=24  
24+24=

POPULATION EXPLOSION = WILDERNESS IMPLOSION



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\* \* \* SECRETARY UDALL forecasts a record number of family campers in national parks this coming summer. Campsites are provided at 61 park-system areas, with total facilities for 60,000 campers a day. The old record, set in 1960, was 4,839,700 camp-use days. (\*\*\*)That's 87 days, nearly 3 months, booked solid.)

\* \* \* THE FOREST SERVICE reported 92.5 million visits to national parks for recreation in 1960, up 13.5 per cent over 1959.

\* \* \* SECRETARY UDALL, speaking to the National Press Club April 12, said the nation is gripped by a "quiet crisis" caused by the slow growth in recreation areas precisely when they are vitally needed. Since the war Americans have had more leisure time than ever before, but the expansion of national parks during these years was the smallest of the century. Said Udall, there must be greater activity at all levels of government to meet recreation needs.

\* \* \* THE FOREST SERVICE told the Columbia Basin Interagency Committee, in Portland, March 29, that between 1950 and 1958 there was a 109 per cent increase in use of its recreational facilities in the Northwest. The Committee authorized an inventory study of remaining parts of the Northwest that can be developed for outdoor recreation.

\* \* \* SENATOR MAGNUSON says the Forest Service budget includes funds to rehabilitate 568 family-camp and picnic sites in Washington--228 in Gifford Pinchot National Forest, 95 in Snoqualmie, and 39 in Mount Baker. Also 15 new units will be established in Colville, 4 in the Kaniksu.

\* \* \* SECRETARY UDALL wrote Conrad Wirth, on April 1, that he is "a strong believer in wilderness preservation," feels "very strongly that the people do have a right to visit their parks," that "The easing of the visitor flood at the national park gates is absolutely essential in solving the problem of passing on the national park system unimpaired to future generations." What is the answer? Udall said the answer of the Kennedy administration is a tremendously expanded outdoor recreation program for the nation.

\* \* \* THE SENATE, on March 3, agreed to a five-month delay in the report of a commission appointed to assess outdoor recreation needs in the year 2000. The report will now, if the House concurs, be due January 31, 1962.

\* \* \* JOHN R. VANDERZICHT, Washington State Parks Director, held a two-day conference of 75 state park rangers and staff members in Seattle early in April. They had a lot to talk about, what with 9 million visitors to state parks expected, and a biennium budget of \$5 million. (\*\*\*)Any of our readers have any news about the conference? Like maybe, what new parks are planned?)

\* \* \* THE PACIFIC NORTHWEST RECREATION AND PARKS CONFERENCE held in Tacoma April 9-12 was expected to draw an attendance of some 500. (\*\*\*)Anybody know what happened? Please report.)

\* \* \* PRESIDENT KENNEDY, at the dedication of the new building of the National Wildlife Federation on March 3, asked for an America of "open spaces, fresh water and green country--a place where wildlife and natural beauty cannot be despoiled," where "an increasingly urbanized population will still be able to turn to nature for recreation, spiritual refreshment and the material strength on which our great cities rest." He said America's task is "to protect those resources for the future generations--to hand down undiminished the natural wealth and beauty which are ours today, just as another generation handed down these resources to us."

Somewhere on the northwest coast of Scotland an old lighthouse faces toward the islands of Skye, Eigg and Rhumm, the land behind the building rising up steeply into the Western Highlands. This place is known in the book as "Camusfearna"--the Bay of Alders.

In his foreword Gavin Maxwell explains ". . . I have not given to the house its true name. . . because identification in print would seem a . . . sacrifice, a betrayal to its enemies of industry and urban life. Camusfearna, then, is a symbol. Symbols, for me, and for many, of freedom, whether it be from the prison of over-dense communities and the close confines of human relationships, from the less complex incarceration of office walls and houses, or simply freedom from the prison of adult life and an escape into the forgotten world of childhood, of the individual or the race. For I am convinced that man has suffered in his separation from the soil and from the other living creatures of the world; the evolution of his intellect has outrun his needs as an animal, and as yet he must still, for security, look long at some portion of the earth as it was before he tampered with it."

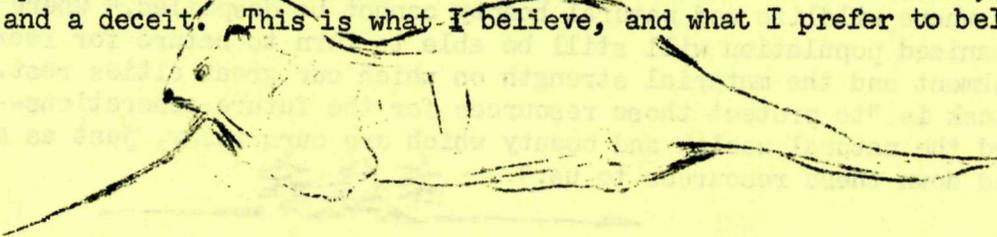
The author--in a most literate, precise, humorous and uncluttered account of living away from people and with the country--instills a longing in the reader to go go go now to such a place, and there too find completeness and fulfillment. This book is an escape and more. It is populated by two otters and the author as a deeply involved otter-sitter and commentator who cannot call his life his own, constantly being out-pledged and outgambited by Mijbil and Edal--Mijbil first the possessor of Maxwell's waking hours, and then, after his death, the feminine Edal, his successor. A deeply moving story by a man not afraid of admitting that he belonged to that lonely stretch of coast, and to the otters--accuse him if you will, of sentimentality, he is but honest. How many of us can say, "This place has been my home now for 10 years and more, and wherever the changes of my life may lead me in the future, it will remain my spiritual home until I die. . . ."

Captured here is that essential involvement in a place or region necessary to belong, to become a part of. . .the life, the sea, the brown seawrack on the shore, all the tourist never succeeds in finding. Here on this lonely sea loch is found isolation, not loneliness, a relief from a megalopolitan world view. Happily, style trends are ignored: furniture design--Early Flotsam Fish Crates. House: Wholly Weatherbeaten, lacking that modern essential, the Children's Wing of today's houses. This house is completely otterized.

On his first night alone at Camusfearna . . . "But to be quite alone where there are no other human beings is sharply exhilarating; it is as though some pressure has suddenly been lifted, allowing an intense awareness of one's surroundings, a sharpening of the senses, and an intimate recognition of the teeming sub-human life around one. . . as though life were suddenly stripped of inessentials such as worries about money and small egotistical ambitions and one was left facing an ultimate essential."

It is interesting to note--what with the ever present nagging worry of world overpopulation--that even in the Old World there can be privacy. Thus, the Scottish Highlands have long witnessed an exodus of the people. And parts of it are slowly returning to a wilderness state. Gives one pause: to keep a wilderness, keep it inhospitable, keep it lonely, keep it economically untenable.

The book proves the Otter World of Gavin Maxwell to be the Real World, and all else a fraud and a deceit. This is what I believe, and what I prefer to believe.





# People and Dollars



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\* \* \* OUT-OF-STATE VISITORS to Washington from midsummer 1959 to midsummer 1960: 5.8 million, that's the count by the Washington State Department of Commerce and Economic Development. \$214 million, that's what they spent. (\$209 million was spent by state residents on vacations at home.) The average was \$8 per day per person; \$6.35 per day for the 73 per cent who came by automobile. Oregon and California contributed 45 per cent of the visitors, British Columbia 19 per cent, the remaining 36 per cent came from far and wide. What brought them? Year-round, 35 per cent came on vacation or pleasure; six out of seven summertime visitors came solely because of the scenic and recreational attractions. That's what they said.

\* \* \* THE 1958 WASHINGTON ECONOMY (in millions): food products, \$887; diversified manufactures, \$666; aircraft, \$621; forest products, \$556; tourists, \$200; mining, \$61; fishing, \$52. (\*\*\*)Compare tourist income with that given in item above.)

\* \* \* FOREST PRODUCTS carloadings from the Northwest in 1960 were 426,549, down from 472,239 in 1955.

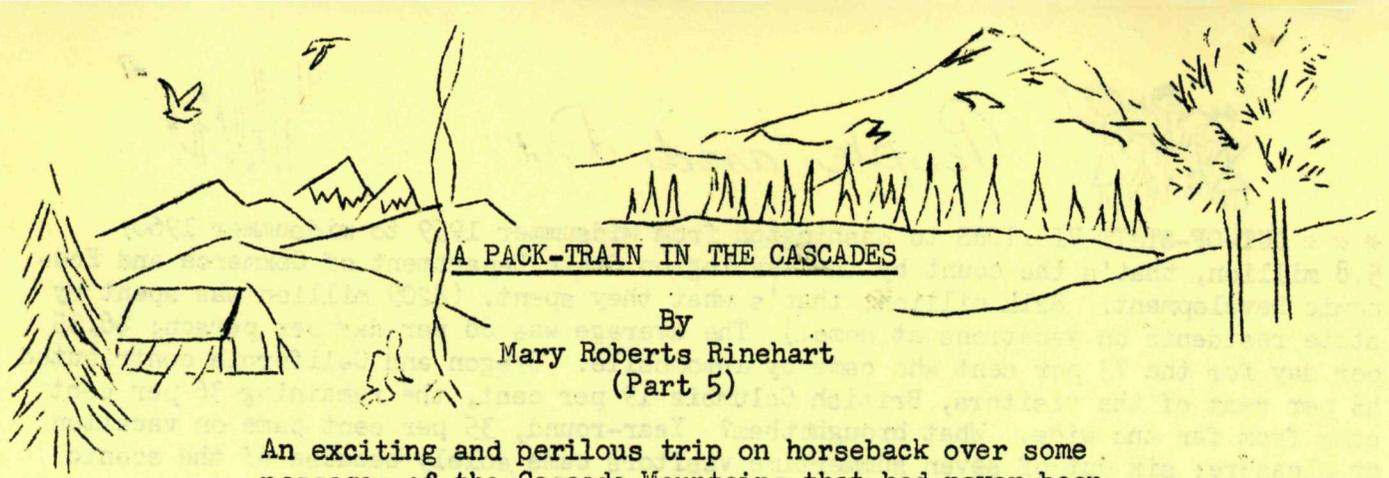
\* \* \* THE FUTURE OF WASHINGTON ECONOMY? The four-county urban area centered on Seattle has 1.5 million residents. Within overnight shipping distance live 7 millions (0.7 million more than Los Angeles). The state now produces (aside from food, forest products, transportation equipment) only 37 per cent of its own requirements. Chemicals, metals, and machinery shipped in which could be manufactured here total \$596 million. What does the environment contribute aside from raw materials? In 1958 the Washington worker produced \$12,300 annually, compared to a national average of \$11,000; Washington ranks 41st among the states in Selective Service rejection rate. (Can it be there is an economic value in pretty scenery? Could it conceivably outweigh the board feet value?)

\* \* \* THREE BILLION CITIZENS OF EARTH by the end of 1961, says the United Nations Economic and Social Council. Estimated population at the time of Christ, 200 million. In 1800, still the same. In 1930, 2 billion. In 1961, 3 billion. And the rate of growth is still rising, will soon reach 2 per cent a year, meaning 50 million more people every year. World population in 1980, 4 billion.

\* \* \* FLORIDA, O FLORIDA! To quote Time, "Pratt & Whitney division of United Aircraft, looking for an out-of-the-way place to develop liquid-hydrogen engines, ended up in the Everglades. The state helpfully shuffled land lots so that the company could be next to a wildlife sanctuary, where there will be no neighbors to complain about the ear-splitting test runs."

\* \* \* PROFESSOR EDWARD G. BROWN is chairman of a new research group at the University of Washington studying regulation, safety, financing, design, and social implications of highways, roads and bridges. Represented are departments of business administration, civil engineering, architecture and urban planning, economics, geography, political science, and sociology. (\*\*\*)Among social implications: Lewis Mumford, in his new book, The City in History, says two-thirds of central Los Angeles are occupied by streets, freeways, parking facilities, garages.)

\* \* \* TAHITI, which now gets 64 per cent of its tourists from America, has come within less than nine hours of the United States. The seven jets scheduled each week can hold 1000 visitors. Add 60 liners docking in 1961, compared to 35 in 1959. The plumbing is awful and the girls expect tips now, but there are still Moorea, Bora Bora, and other islands where the plumbing is even worse and there are no conducted tours, but the natives are still unspoiled. (\*\*\*)How about 1980?)



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)

Now the usual way to climb Cloudy Pass is to take a good businesslike horse and sit on his back. Then, by devious and circuitous routes, with frequent rests, the horse takes you up. When there is a place the horse cannot manage, you get off and hold his tail, and he pulls you. Even at that, it is a long business and a painful one. But it is better--oh, far, far better! --than the way we had taken.

Have you ever reached a point where you fix your starting eyes on a shrub or a rock ten feet ahead and struggle for it? And having achieved it, fix on another five feet further on, and almost fail to get it? Because, if you have not, you know nothing of this agony of tearing lungs and hammering heart and throbbing muscles that is the mountain-climber's price for achievement.

And then, after all, while resting on the top of the world with our feet hanging over, discussing dilated hearts, because I knew mine would never go back to normal, to see a ptarmigan, and have Mr. Fred miss it because he wanted to shoot its head neatly off! Strange birds, those ptarmigan. Quite fearless of man, because they know him not or his evil works, on alarm they have the faculty of almost instantly obliterating themselves. I have seen a mother bird and her babies on an alarm so hide themselves on a bare mountainside that not so much as a bit of feather could be seen. But unless frightened, they will wander almost under the hunter's feet.

I dare say they do not know how very delicious they are, especially after a diet of salt meat.

As we sat panting on Cloudy Pass, the sun rose over the cliff of the great granite bowl. The peaks turned from red to yellow. It was absolutely silent. No trees rustled in the morning air. There were no trees. Only, here and there, a few stunted evergreens two or three feet high had rooted on the rock and clung there, gnarled and twisted from their winter struggles.

Ears that had grown tired of the noises of cities grew rested. But our ears were more rested than our bodies.

I have always believed that it is easier to go downhill than to go up. This is not true. I say it with the deepest earnestness. After the first five hundred feet of descent, progress became agonizing. The something that had gone wrong with my knees became terribly wrong; they showed a tendency to bend backward; they shook and quivered.

The last mile of that four-mile descent was one of the most dreadful experiences of my life. A broken thing, I crept into camp and begged mute apologies of Budweiser, my horse, called familiarly "Buddy," although he was not the sort of horse one really became familiar with.

The remainder of the day, Mrs. Fred and I lay under a mosquito-canopy, played solitaire, and rested our aching bodies. The forest supervisor climbed Lyman Glacier. The Head and the Little Boy made the circuit of the lake, and had to be roped across the rushing river which is its outlet. And the horses rested for the real hardship of the trip, which was about to commence.

One thing should be a part of the equipment of everyone who intends to camp in the mountains near the snowfields. This is a mosquito tent. Ours was brought by that experienced woodsman and mountaineer, Mr. Hilligoss and was made with a light muslin top three feet long by the width of double-width muslin. To this was sewed sides of cheesecloth, with double seams and reinforced corners. At the bottom it had an extra piece of netting two feet wide, to prevent insects from entering.

Erecting such a shelter is very simple. Four stakes, five feet high, were driven into the ground and the mosquito canopy simply hung over them.

We had no face masks except the red netting, but, for such a trip, a mask is simple to make and occasionally most acceptable. The best one I know (and it too is the Woodsman's invention) consists of a four-inch band of wire netting--above it, whipped on, a foot of light muslin to be tied around the hat, and below a border of cheesecloth two feet deep with a rubber band. Such a mask does not stick to the face. Through the wire netting, it is possible to shoot with accuracy. The rubber band around the neck allows it to be lifted easily. I do not wish to give the impression that there were mosquitoes everywhere. But when there were mosquitoes, there was nothing clandestine about them.

The next day, we crossed Cloudy Pass and started down the Agnes Creek valley. It was to be a forced march of twenty-five miles over a trail which no one was sure existed. There had, at one time, been a trail, but avalanches have a way in these mountain valleys of destroying all landmarks and rockslides come down from the great cliffs, filling creek-beds and forming swamps. Whether we could get down at all or not was a question. To the eternal credit of our guides, we made it. For the upper five miles below Cloudy Pass it was touch and go. Even with the sharp hatchet of the Woodsman ahead with his blazes on the trees where the trail had been obliterated, it was the hardest kind of going.

Here were ditches that the horses leaped; here were rushing streams where they could hardly keep their footing. Again, a long mile or two of swamp and almost impenetrable jungle where the Woodsman's ax-marks gave us courage to go on. We were mired at times, and again there were long stretches over rockslides where the horses scrambled like cats. But every mile there came a sense of exhilaration. We were making progress.

There was little or no life to be seen. The Woodsman, going ahead of us, encountered a brown bear reaching for a cluster of salmon berries. He ambled away, quite unconcerned, and happily ignorant of that desperate trio of junior Rineharts, bearing down on him with almost the entire contents of the best gun shop in Spokane.

It should have been a great place for bears, the Agnes Creek valley. There were ripe huckleberries, service-berries, salmon and manzanita berries. There were plenty of places where, if I had been a bear, I should have been entirely happy--caves and great rocks, and good, cold water. And I believe they were there. But thirty-one horses and a sort of family tendency to see if there is an echo anywhere about, and such loud enquiries as, "Are you all right, mother?" and "Who the dickens has any matches?" --these things are fatal to seeing wildlife. Indeed, the next time I am overcome by one of my mad desires to see a bear, I shall go to the zoo.

It was fifteen years, I believe, since Dan Devore had seen the Agnes Creek valley. From the condition of the trail, I am inclined to think that Dan was the last man who had ever used it. And such a wonderland as it is! Such marvels of flowers as we descended, such wild tiger lilies and columbines and Mariposa lilies! What berries and queen's-cup and chalice-cup and bird's-bill! There were trilliums, too, although it was not in bloom, and devil's-club, a plant which stings and sets up a painful swelling. There were yew trees, those trees which the Indians use for making their bows, wild white rhododendron and spirea, cottonwood, white pine, hemlock, Douglas fir, and white fir. Everywhere there was mountain ash, the berries beloved of bears. And high up on the mountain there was always heather, beautiful to look at but slippery, uncertain footing for horse and man.

Twenty-five miles, broken with canter and trot, is no more than I have frequently taken on a brisk sunny morning at home. But twenty-five miles at a slow walk, now in a creek bed, now on the edge of a cliff, is a different matter. The last five miles of the Agnes Creek trip were a long despair. We found and located new muscles that the anatomists have overlooked. A really first-class anatomist ought never to make a chart without first climbing a high mountain and riding all day on the creature alluded to in this song of Bob's, which gained a certain popularity among the male members of the party.

A sailor's life is bold and free.  
He lives upon the bright blue sea.  
He has to work like h---, of course,  
But he doesn't have to ride on a darned old horse.

It was dark when we reached our campground at the foot of the valley. A hundred feet below, in a gorge, ran the Stehekin River, a noisy and turbulent stream full of trout. We groped through the darkness for our tents that night and fell into bed more dead than alive. But at three o'clock the next morning the junior Rineharts, following Mr. Fred, were off for bear, reappearing at ten, after breakfast was over, with an excited story of having seen one very close but having unaccountably missed it.

There was no water for the horses at camp that night, and none for them in the morning. There was no way to get them down to the river, and the poor animals were almost desperate with thirst. They were having little enough to eat even then, at the beginning of the trip, and it was hard to see them without water, too.

It was eleven o'clock the next morning before I led Buddy--I had abandoned "Budweiser" in view of the drought--into a mountain stream and let him drink. He would have rolled in it too, but I was on his back and I fiercely restrained him.

The next day was a comparatively short trip. There was a trapper's cabin at the fork of Bridge Creek in the Stehekin River. There we were to spend the night before starting on our way to Cascade Pass. As it turned out, we spent two days there. There was a little grass for the horses, and we learned of a canyon, some five or six miles off our trail which was reported as full of fish.

The most ardent of us went there the next day--Mr. Hilligoss, Weaver, and "Silent Lawrie" and the Freds and Bob and the Big Boy, and the Little Boy and Joe. And, without expecting it, we happened on adventure.

Have you ever climbed down a canyon with rocky sides, a straight and precipitous five hundred feet, clinging with your fingernails to any bit of green that grows from the cliff, and to footholds made by an ax, and carrying a fly hook and a trout rod which is an infinitely precious trout rod? Also, a share of the midday lunch and twenty more pounds weight than you ought to have by the beauty scale? Because unless you have, you will never understand that trip.

It was a series of wild drops, of bloodcurdling escapes, of slips and recoveries, of bruises and abrasions. But at last we made it, and there was the river!

I still have in mind a deep pool where the water, rushing at tremendous speed over a rocky ledge, fell perhaps fifteen feet. I had fixed my eyes on that pool early in the day, but it seemed impossible of access. To reach it it was necessary again to scale part of the cliff, and, clinging to its face, to work one's way round along a ledge perhaps three inches wide. When I had once made it, with the aid of friendly hands and a leather belt, by which I was lowered, I knew one thing--knew it inevitably. I was there for life. Nothing would ever take me back over that ledge.

However, I was there, and there was no use wasting time. For there were fish there. Now and then they jumped. But they did not take the fly. The water seethed and boiled, and I stood still and fished, because a slip on that spray-covered ledge and I was gone to Lake Chelan, and lie below sealevel in the Cascade Mountains. Which might be a glorious sort of tomb, but it did not appeal to me.

I tried different flies with no result. At last, with a weighted line and a fish's eye, I got my first fish--the best of the day, and from that time on I forgot the danger.

Some day, armed with every enticement known to fishermen, I am going back to that river. For there, under a log, lurks the williest trout I have ever encountered. In full view he stayed during the entire time of my sojourn. He came up to the fly, leaped over it, made faces at it. Then he would look up at me scornfully.

"Old tricks," he seemed to say. "Old stuff--not good enough." I dare say he is still there.

Late in the day we got out of that canyon. Got out at infinite peril and fatigue, climbed, struggled, stumbled, held on, pulled. I slipped once and had a bad knee for six weeks. Never once did I dare to look back and down. It was always up, and the top was always receding. And when we reached camp, the Head, who had been on an excursion of his own, refused to be thrilled, and spent the evening telling how he had been climbing over the top of the world on his hands and knees. In sheer scorn we let him babble.

But my hat is off to him after all for he had ready for us, and swears to this day to its truth, the best fish story of the trip:

Lying on the top of one of our packing cases was a great bull trout. Now a bull trout has teeth, and held in a vise-like grip in the teeth of this one was a smaller trout. In the mouth of the small trout was a gray-and-black fly. The Head maintained that he had hooked the small fish and was about to draw it to shore when the bull trout leaped out of the water, caught the small fish, and held on grimly. The Head thereupon had landed them both.

In proof of this, as I have said, he had the two fish on top of a packing case. But it is not a difficult matter to place a small trout crosswise in the jaws of a bull trout and to this day we are not quite certain.

There were tooth marks on the little fish, but, as one of the guides said, he wouldn't put it past the Head to have made them himself.





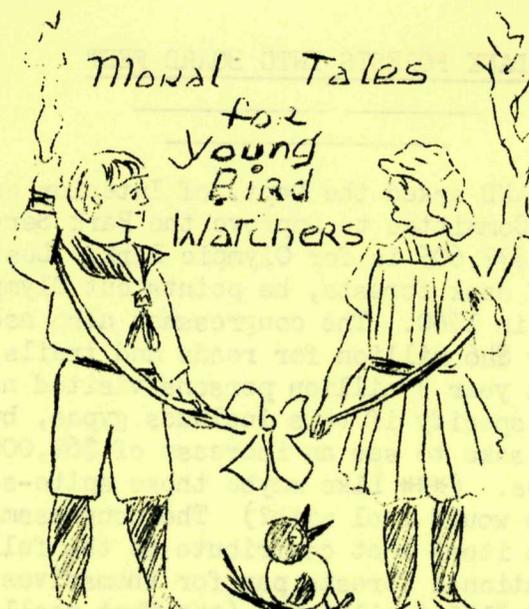
WE ARE NOT ALONE

\* \* \* ICE WORMS are no hoax, though many experienced hillwalkers have never spotted them among the wind-carried snowfield litter. I was ten years trudging high hills before, one hot June day on the Misqually Glacier, I took a close look at the snowball I was eating, and gagged. Since then I've seen too many ice worms to remember any but such spectacular displays as the Fourth of July weekend on the summit snowfield of Goblin, when I counted one to six worms per square inch in each of dozens of snow samples. Last summer, on July 28, and again on July 31, the glacier below Cache Col was as wormy a bit of neve as I've ever traveled. Returning on August 8, I alerted my companions to expect lots and lots of worms. As it happened, there was a certain amount of group tension that morning (anybody who expects me to show them the easy route ought to wait until I crawl out of the bag and not go around getting sore because they haul their packs halfway up Mixup). Thus, when not a single, solitary ice worm was to be found, I became the object of some derision. Now, I know there were millions of ice worms in that glacier July 31. Where did they all go in eight days? And when it comes to that, where did they come from? And while we're at it, how about red snow? We request enlightenment from our readers.

\* \* \* MOUNTAIN SHEEP in the Cascades--anybody seen any yet? I've heard of one authenticated sighting, on McLellan's Butte several years ago, though I've forgotten who it was (and wish someone would refresh my memory). With many others, I was excited by this apparent migration. Until I learned the sheep were planted. My lousy memory again, I don't remember who planted them. Or where. Or why. Can some informed reader give us the facts?

\* \* \* WHAT ABOUT GRIZZLIES? Are they, or are they not, relatively common in the North Cascades? I remember reading they occasionally wander over through the Okanogan Highlands, and have been seen as far south as Mount Adams. And was it ten, twelve, years ago a Forest Service Ranger was mauled someplace around Glacier Peak? (Can anybody fill that gap in our memory?) Fourth of July weekend, 1946, an oldtimer at Sulfur Creek camp told me he was cook for the crew that built the Suiattle trail. (When would that have been?) Anyway, one day he hiked up Green Mountain to get the fixings for whistler stew, his gang was mighty fond of whistler stew. Well sir, he'd heard about the party of squaws and kids, picking berries on Green, that were chewed by a grizzly a bit ago---three, four killed. But he was thinking about whistlers when he stepped over the crest of the ridge--and one short spit away the biggest, meanest old silvertip reared up on his hind legs and flashed his teeth like he had a mind to see how camp cook compared to Indian. Well sir, it was good luck cooky had his sixgun drawn, he fired from the hip, rootatoot-toot, and the silvertip gave a bellow, rolled his eyes, and dropped dead with his snout touching cooky's boots. I wouldn't doubt a word of it; from listening to oldtimers I know many fascinating things used to happen in our mountains. The next positive eyewitness account of Cascade grizzlies I heard was in 1950, on the way out from the Northern Pickets. The cook for the USGS survey crew had a trailside coffee pot going, and while we enjoyed a hot cup he told how great the fishing was over in Little Beaver. Only one trouble, it was too good, he'd shared the stream at various times with three separate grizzlies. Now, 1950 isn't the Good Old Days (though getting more like it every day: on that trip we observed a curiosity from our camp at Perfect Pass--a helicopter). The question is, are there really that many grizzlies in the North Cascades? Or is there some mysterious affinity between grizzlies and camp cooks?





Good habits developed in childhood, such as paying taxes, brushing teeth, and using the rest step, make good adult citizens. Parents who wish their children to become valuable future members of N3C are urged to put them to sleep at night with MORAL TALES FOR YOUNG BIRDWATCHERS, by your Sweet Old Aunt George and Uncle Mary.

THE BIRDWATCHER WHO WENT TO HECK

A Silly Birdwatcher subscribed to the Chamber of Boosters News to hear the Other Side. The first issue headlined:

EVEN AFTER WE DAM ALL THE RIVERS THERE'LL BE JUST BARELY ENOUGH ELECTRICITY TO KEEP ALL THE BILLBOARDS LIT UP.

The Silly Birdwatcher gasped in Horror at the thought of Darkness descending on the City. The second issue said:

EVERY TREE EVENTUALLY FALLS DOWN DEAD AND BECOMES A BREEDING GROUND FOR INSECTS.

Color drained from the Silly Birdwatcher's face as he envisioned a Myriad of Insects crawling from the Dead Dank Forests. The third issue said:

WITHOUT IMMEDIATE EXPANSION OF FACILITIES FOR RETAILING HAMBURGERS THE WOODS WILL SOON BE FULL OF EMACIATED TOURISTS.

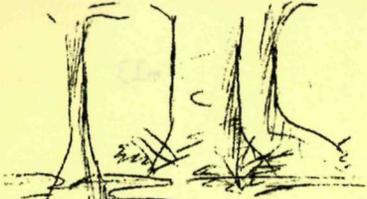
The Silly Birdwatcher trembled with Fear, imagining he heard in the distance the Snarling of Famished Tourists. The final issue he read said:

UNLESS WE GET ALL THE COPPER OUT OF THE GROUND RIGHT AWAY RUSSIA WILL OUT-PRODUCE US IN PENNIES AND EMPTY ALL THE GUM MACHINES.

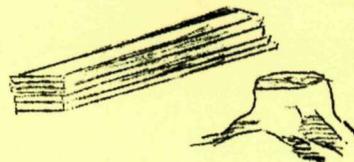
The Silly Birdwatcher tore up his N3C Membership Card, went to the Corner Pawnshop, purchased a Pistol, and Blew out his Brains. He could have avoided what he instantaneously learned was a Grievous Error had he awaited the next issue, which said:

WE SHOULD FOLLOW THE EXAMPLE OF THE GREATEST BOOSTER OF US ALL: THERE ARE CERTAINLY NO DANK FORESTS IN HECK.





## DANK FORESTS INTO BOARD FEET



\* \* \* CONGRESSMAN JACK WESTLAND asked the Dept. of Interior and etcetera Subcommittee of the House Appropriations Committee to approve the Park Service 1962 request for over \$100 million, of which \$77,605 is for Olympic Park. Lest anyone think this a pile of money for a bunch of dank forests, he points out Olympic Park had 40,689 visitors in 1939, and 1,255,600 in 1960. The congressman also asked approval of the Forest Service request for over \$46 million for roads and trails, nearly \$7 million for Washington. After all, last year 3 million persons visited national forests in the state. Our source does not specify if this includes gypos, but the congressman did say he is pleased for their sake to see an increase of \$69,000 over last year for conducting small timber sales. (\*\*\*) Like maybe those spite-sales of scrubby alpine trees that nobody but a gypo would fool with? The congressman said "adequate roads is one of the most important items that contribute to the full economic use of the forest." And as he said, national forests pay for themselves--total revenues for fiscal 1962 are an estimated \$155.6 million. (\*\*\*) That really makes you wonder if we can afford to slow down logging. Take all the 1962 forest income and it would make a good solid down payment on--say--the supercarrier Kitty Hawk, commissioned April 29 at Philadelphia, a \$250 million piece of hardware.)

\* \* \* AT THE SIMPSON TIMBER COMPANY small-log mill in Shelton (designed to handle logs from 6-30 inches in diameter, including those from thinnings--an important concept for the future of the industry) a ten-man shift turns out 120,000 board feet. Automatic Mills in Mill City, Oregon does even better: three men turn out 40,000 board feet. And in West Virginia, modern automated mills have reduced labor cost as low as \$4.80 per 1,000 board feet, compared with a labor cost in adjacent conventional mills averaging \$13.80. (\*\*\*) The future of sawmills is looking up, but not necessarily that of sawmill workers.)

\* \* \* REMEMBER WHEN R. A. LONG came out from Kansas in 1923, bought an entire valley, built the world's largest sawmill and "the world's first entirely preplanned city"? The giant Long-Bell operation turned out nearly one million board feet a day in World War II, but the old dreams die. After the 1957 mergerization of Long-Bell by International Paper, new and nonsentimental eyes saw the giant plant was old, too old, and the timber was gone, long gone, from the Ryderwood tract. Chelatchie Prairie, now supplying most of the timber, was the logical spot for the new sawmill and plywood plant. It's not the giant of old, to be sure, but 200,000 board feet daily isn't bad. It's 42 miles from Longview though--the model city that seems, in retrospect, not to have been entirely preplanned.

\* \* \* REPRESENTATIVE JACK WESTLAND was appointed on April 20 to the National Forest Reservation Commission, which reviews and approves or rejects land acquisitions and exchanges in national forests.

\* \* \* THE FOREST SERVICE AND BUREAU OF PUBLIC ROADS have approved improvements of the Mountain Loop Highway between Barlow Pass and Darrington. No funds were allocated for the job, which depends on how much forest-highway money is available. Several other road projects in Mount Baker have priority. (\*\*\*) How can we lose? We cut the trees to make the money to build the highways through the trees--or rather, where the trees used to be--but then, with a better highway we can drive faster and get home early enough to watch Maverick on the teevee.)

\* \* \* RICHARD E. McARDLE, Forest Service chief, has told Senator Magnuson the timber cut in Washington national forests during the fiscal year beginning July 1 will be 1.7 billion board feet: 548 million from Gifford Pinchot, 355 million from Olympic, 248 from Mount Baker, 265 million from Snoqualmie.

\* \* \* BERT COLE, Washington State Land Commissioner, says during the coming biennium \$3.2 million will be placed in the resources-management cost account created by the recent Legislature. This amounts to 20 per cent of gross income from state-owned lands; uses will include road construction and rehabilitation and reforestation of idle lands. (\*\*By the way, does anybody have a late report on Mr. Cole's Mount Pilchuck Wilderness Area--you know, that patch of overripe trees between the ski tow and the summit rocks?)

\* \* \* BY FISH reports Crown Zellerbach tests show Douglas fir can almost double its acre yield when fertilized. Moreover, in some cases the density of a fertilized tree is only 3 per cent less than non-fertilized trees in comparable growth areas.

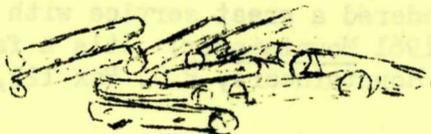
\* \* \* EDWARD P. CLIFF, assistant chief of the Forest Service, assured the annual conference of the Western Forest Industries Association, attended by more than 150 independent lumber operators, there are no material changes in government policies toward multiple use and sustained yield, but the government is pressing a program to develop and manage our natural resources properly. (\*\*What does that mean?)

\* \* \* PRESIDENT KENNEDY, March 16, urged Congress to get busy with the trees, "an important sector of our agricultural economy in which the rate of progress and production is far from satisfactory." He said timber growth on the 256 million acres of small holdings must be doubled within the next 40 years. He wants: (1) to rejuvenate the Forest Service program of redeveloping and improving national forests; (2) increase the federal grant to the federal-state program to help small farmers and foresters apply scientific techniques; (3) expand tree-planting funds to make productive 50 million acres that won't restock naturally, and increase production on another 100 million acres; (4) generally expand basic research and application of research.

\* \* \* HOWARD E. NELSON of Vancouver, chairman of the Washington State Sportsmen Council's National Wildlife Committee, was busy busy busy during National Wildlife Week, March 19-25. To dramatize the theme, "Multiple Use--Balanced Conservation Planning for the Future," Mr. Nelson and his group sent Douglas fir and Western Hemlock seedlings to governors of all the states in the union. Says Nelson, "We never expected we'd get the kind of response we did. We've received letters of thanks from 46 governors. In many instances they advised us that the seedlings are being planted on Capitol grounds." (\*\*O happy seedlings! O happy, happy little multiply-used forests! Thank you, Mr. Nelson! Bless you, Washington State Sportsmen! Forgive us for thinking it, but we had become half afraid you didn't care one way or the other about trees.)

\* \* \* FREDERICK CHAMP, of the US Chamber of Commerce Natural Resources Committee, opposes the Wilderness Bill: "Our wilderness areas are now being preserved and protected. They will not be lost. There is no crisis. The wilderness areas have been for years, are now, and will continue to be, adequately managed and protected by responsible government agencies."

\* \* \* DONAL W. McINTOSH, of the Oregon State System of Higher Education, recently explained the Sermon on the Mount to a group of loggers: "The practical use of the Golden Rule philosophy, use of empathy to see things through other's eyes, and an adequate knowledge of people and what makes them act the way they do, will help get your message through. . . When you understand people and project your thinking to theirs you can influence them to work with you instead of only for you or even against you. It will show up in your profit and loss statement."



HOWDY SAYS



PUT OUT  
PICK UP  
PROTECT  
THANK YOU

## Skirmishes and Cannonades

Have Good Outdoor ~~Members~~

\*\*\* FOR YOUR SAKE, for our sake, for gosh sake, subscribe, if you haven't already, to National Wildland News. We need a nationally oriented, all-front, monthly conservation news digest. We have it. As long as it thrives, and you read it, N3C News can concentrate on local issues, assuming your knowledge of national context. Devereaux Butcher and his overworked staff hope to continue monthly publication, but to do so must have a constantly expanding readership. You'll need no sales talk once you've seen a copy. Try it. For a year's subscription, send \$2 to National Wildland News, 2607 Connecticut Avenue, Washington 8, D.C.

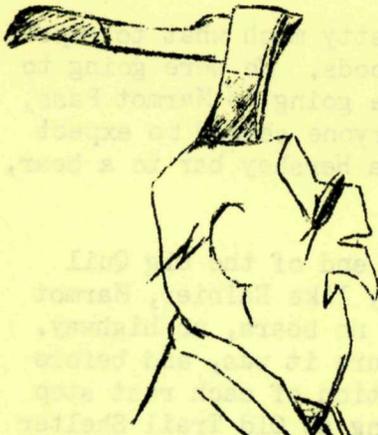
\*\*\* THE ALASKA CONSERVATION SOCIETY favors, "not blind opposition to progress; but opposition to blind progress." Four newsletters have been published during this first year of existence, dealing with polar bear hunting and preservation, the bounty system of predator control, the land problems of the State of Alaska, and the latest, in March, a superbly documented study of "Project Chariot--The Long Look." We have all become familiar with what C.P. Snow has called "The gadget euphoria of scientists." Almost one yearns for those simple, harmless Fourth of Julys that merely blinded and maimed a few thousand children. Mind you, we're not prejudiced against scientists, some of our best friends--but what we started to say is, Skyrockets at Canaveral are all very well, but now the boomboom boys are looking for a place to set off another Firecracker where the neighbors won't complain. Possibly the government fears restive physicists will make a few bombs on the sly and go in the war business for themselves; in any event, Project Chariot is planned to release harmful tensions with a jimdandy blast a long ways away from where Bertrand Russell and the anti-genocide cranks can easily hike, and should anybody ask, "what was that noise?" the AEC can say, "why shucks, we're just building harbor facilities." Granted the Arctic coast of Alaska badly needs an outlet for its glut of farm produce and manufactured goods, but how about the radioactive lichen and sedge, and the strontium 90 in the caribou bones? Well, the North Cascades is our editorial beat--we refer you to the Membership Chairman, Alaska Conservation Society, Box 512, College, Alaska. Send \$2 and become a member. It's our lichen too, you know.

\*\*\* JOE MILLER, N3C coordinator of film distribution, reports that in the year ending March 25 the four copies of Wilderness Alps of Stehekin circulated by N3C were shown approximately 100 times, to a total audience in excess of 7000, not counting two television runs. Glacier Peak Holiday was shown six times, to a total of 420. (By the way, did you see Chuck Hesse's mountain goat movies on TV? We missed it, but heard high praise.) If you know an interested group, contact Joe Miller, 15405 S.E. 9th Street, Bellevue, Washington, to borrow a film. The audience will thank you, the N3C will thank you, the wilderness will thank you. And be sure to have a good supply of Park Study Bill petitions on hand--Congressman Pelly is working for us, and we must work with him.

\*\*\* WILLIAM VOGT says, "The value of wild creatures in maintaining a balanced, healthy, ecology in which man can thrive is unquestionably far greater than any figure that has been assigned to their direct exploitation." For information about film rentals, junior education programs, wildlike sanctuaries (and to join), write Defenders of Wildlife, 809 Dupont Circle Building, 1346 Connecticut Avenue N.W., Washington, D.C.

\*\*\* JOHN OSSEWARD has rendered a great service with "Land Laws and Land Usage in Washington State," in the 1961 Mountaineer. It's a fascinating story, an invaluable reference. Send \$2 to The Mountaineers, P.O. Box 122, Seattle 11, Washington.

FLAILING AROUND in the Slide Alder  
of the Human Mind -- with the  
Irate Birdwatcher



Reading the recent series in the Seattle Times concerning the Indians of the Washington coast, it occurred to us we ought to get up a fund, Help Send a Motel Owner to Coney Island. It seems a pity these would-be benefactors of mankind should be banished to a bleak wilderness beach in the Pacific mists. Like sideshow barkers, all they want is to make people happy. We sigh, we weep--nay, we cry aloud--thinking of them gazing hopefully down the empty road. And when the occasional tourist does straggle in, punchdrunk from jolting over the wagon track, furious at having had to travel long roundabout miles through empty brush along absolutely unimproved beach, what can our poor motel owner say when the tourist angrily shouts, "What else you got in this crummy dump besides trees and ocean?" The motel owner can only admit it is true, he has nothing to offer the tourist, he might just as well not be there at all. But our motel owners have it in them to do so much good for humanity, to make so many people happy, like say if we bought them a shooting gallery or a cotton candy concession in the Penny Arcade at Seaside. Now there's a section of Pacific beach the people can enjoy, Seaside throngs with happy people all summer long, and they scarcely even muddy the water, busy as they are winning kewpie dolls and shopping for embroidered souvenir pillows.

Certainly, if we're unwilling to help the motel owners improve the Washington beach, the least we can do is evacuate them. Though it does seem what with Cuba and Gaga and all, national pride has taken enough of a beating recently. Now that we're fighting the Civil War over again maybe we'd better do the Indian Wars too. We licked them before and we can do it again. The Indians themselves seem resigned to it. The motel owners they might stand off, and thereby succeed in strangling the entire tourist industry of Washington, if not the world, but now the Air Force has indicated National Defense may require a road along the beach. It is not clear whether this is to set up Gatling Gun nests to defend against Haidas, or whether General Cigar needs a new drag strip, or some colonel has taken up collecting glass balls, but if it's okay by the Air Force it's okay by us. We're not Red (except just a little, under the collar).

These motel owners are splendid examples of the Useful Frontiersman. The Useless Frontiersman, the antisocial Mountain Man type, moved west because he had a sick preference for wide-elbowed life in empty land. But after him, all across America, came the Useful Frontiersman, whose first action once he parked his covered wagon was to organize a Chamber of Commerce and get up a petition to Congress. ("Honorable sirs: Traffic congestion at South Pass is appalling and the Platte crossing is nothing but quicksand. The steaks at Fort Hall are tough and the Rocky Mountains are too high. The Indians haven't got deeds to the property but they won't get off. We demand a railroad, a canal, a dam, schools, a division of Cavalry, and lower taxes.")

The Useful Frontiersman was not antisocial. He didn't go west to get away from people. He went west to plat a town, open a bank, make people happy. He had no easy life. Congress sometimes stupidly sent the railroad to some other plat, and he had to move on. People were sometimes idiots, they wouldn't come buy lots and put money in the bank and borrow it back and generally live in a constant uproar of joy. But the Founding Father fought on, sustained by his vision. America honors him, our city streets carry his name, our pigeons sit on his statue.

Therefore we definitely must do something about the motel owners. Long enough they have griped about the lousy roads, the jerkwater Government, the insolent Indians, struggling alone to open up the Pacific for the People. Bless their warm little hearts, our modern Useful Frontiersmen over there on the beach. They've already done more than enough to deserve their statues, or at least the pigeons.



SOMETHING LOST BEHIND THE RANGES

When we left Camp Parsons in the Big Red Truck I knew pretty much what to expect. From many camping trips with my folks I knew a lot about the woods. We were going to a National Park, so there would be bears and rangers. We were going to Marmot Pass, so there would be mountains and a highway. The adventure everyone seemed to expect was another matter. Aside from nearly losing a hand feeding a Hershey bar to a bear, I had never found adventure in the mountains.

When the Big Red Truck dropped us at Bark Shanty, at the end of the Big Quil Road, I began to suspect Olympic National Park was not exactly like Rainier, Marmot Pass was not exactly like Snoqualmie. There were no rangers, no bears, no highway. But mountains, yes. Adventure, yes indeed. Strenuous adventure it was, and before many miles of forest I gave up noting the exact time and duration of each rest stop in my Silver Marmot hike log. Rich adventure it was, feasting at Old Trail Shelter on crunchy pilot bread, sharp cheese, sweet chocolate, and cold, cold water. Weary adventure it was above Shelter Rock, where the Poopout Drag climbed out of cool forest over hot talus, dry trail, steep trail, endless trail, hot sun, heavy pack, gasping lungs, suffering legs, aching back. Somewhat frightening, too, with the abyss of the Quilcene falling thousands and thousands of feet below, the trees way down there so small they looked like grass. And immense crags above, dangerous crags, and here and there even patches of snow. Snow! In the middle of summer!

Not the first, but not the last either, I reached Camp Mystery and water, rest, group security. It was spooky there, though, hearing the old Parsons hands tell how a man once vanished someplace hereabouts, swallowed up forever by the deep valleys, grim crags, cold snows, a wilderness mystery. The wise thing, obviously, with night coming on, was for us to huddle around the campfire. But once the Ten Cans of rice and tuna were scorched, out went the fire to conserve wood. One cup around of hoosh, a dab of pudding, a cup of tea, and supper was over. What now? To bed in twilight? Certainly not. The Parsons tradition was to hike light, hike cold, hike hungry, and keep on hiking. I felt no personal need for further exercise, but when the old hands went howling out in twilight for the traditional after-supper hike, I soon saw the point. I would not admit exhaustion and crawl in my bag, and I drew the line at climbing Buckhorn or Iron, but to still the shivering, dull the hunger pangs, I moved slowly, wearily up the trail, into an evening that was to change my entire life.

I followed upward the small creek that provided our water. And suddenly it was gone. Beyond there was no creek, for out of the earth it came, in one cold leap from under a boulder, a circumstance I noted with great excitement in my Silver Marmot hike log. This was how all proper rivers are found to begin, of course, if patiently followed to the headwaters. But it was thrilling to think how many centuries man had sought the source of the Nile, and I in a single day had found the Source of the Big Quilcene.

Then, not far above the Source, up a steep rise and around a bend, I walked out into a strange land, but a strangely familiar land, as if I had been there before. And of course, I had been in meadows before, many times. But the automobile is like a movie: the scenery is all too fast, easy, cheap. I had never earned meadows before, and therefore never valued meadows, never looked at meadows. The meadows I saw above Camp Mystery were not familiar from Rainier, but from drawings in storybooks, storybooks no longer read but fondly remembered even by a First Class Scout.

The trees were exactly the neat, precise kind of trees that grow outside castles, that Princes ride through on their way to save Princesses from Goblins. Then there was the grass. If anybody had asked me In the Beginning, this was exactly the kind of grass I'd have advised. Green without watering, lush without fertilizing, trim without mowing. This was grass designed to give pleasure, not to torture boys.

Then there were the flowers. I hated flowers, naturally, not only because they were sissy but because they provide old ladies with an excuse to keep boys on their knees all summer pulling weeds. But I had earned these alpine flowers. And I wasn't going to have to weed them. Even the weeds are flowers up in the meadow country, the meadow country which gives a glimpse of the World-as-it-Should-Be, the World-as-it-was-Promised-in-Storybooks.

I had forgotten all about the Poopout Drag now, for close above was Marmot Pass, with a bright-colored sky beyond--and who could tell what further glimpses of the right and proper world? But what I saw from Marmot Pass, panting from the last hard run to the skyline, standing in the queer after-sunset light, really doesn't deserve reporting, because I was out of my mind. And I have been ever since, of course, but I do realize now I could not possibly have seen what I remember. Not in this world, surely, are there mountains as huge as there were that evening west across the Dungeness, nor such an immense gaping gulf of wilderness forest as there was below, nor those shades of scarlet in the sky, nor the violet-black night in which I stumbled back down to Mystery.

Next morning, just as I'd been warned by the old hands, I suffered from Mountain Sickness. And we crossed a snowfield trembling on the verge of avalanche, suncups and all. And that night at Home Lake, a snow-rimmed droplet menaced by the unstable towers of Constance, I wondered, as I crawled in my sleeping bag, if I would ever awake. They said freezing to death was just like going to sleep. Luckily there was no need, in the wool bags of that era, to guard against symptoms. When the leader roused us in the middle of the night I wondered what ~~new~~ danger we were fleeing. A blizzard, no doubt, or worse, for dawn came in dark, driving fog at Constance Pass, and climbing the crest of Delmonte Ridge blasts from the poles turned bare Scout legs blue. (Hike cold, hike fast.) Then a strange brightness was all around in the fog, and one sudden roar of wind tossed us into sunshine on a rock island above a blinding-white ocean of clouds, we few Scouts alone, several other desert islands scattered about, only our small band surviving the End of the World. I was mad, utterly mad, all the way down the countless Sunnybrook switchbacks, knees coming loose as a rag doll, all the way down the Dose to Constance Creek, where the ranger had arrived only a few days before to his post in brand-new Olympic National Park. I was awarded Silver Marmot, became an old Parsons hand, and changed my life plan. Before Marmot Pass I had intended to sail a small boat alone around the world. My aim henceforth was to climb Mount Everest. And in perfect honesty, I halfway hoped I wouldn't be the first, that I would be able to tell an admiring world Mallory and Irvine made it.

\*\*\*\*\*

Well, a few years have passed since then, and many peaks and passes, meadows and sunsets. I didn't make the First on Everest, but I had supper with Ed Hillary once, and if it couldn't be me, I'm glad it was him. A greater shock, by far, was discovering Marmot Pass is not in Olympic National Park. Whether anybody else was ready or not, I was all set to march on Washington and hang the rascals to the nearest tree. But it was explained to me Marmot Pass was perfectly safe, the only reason it was left in National Forest was to allow hunters some part of the high Olympics. Well, hunting isn't quite a capital crime; I was willing to compromise. I was wrong. I should have marched on Washington, alone if necessary. Not long ago I came across a map of Hell surveyed by Satan and his fiends. I don't know if all those roads and cutting circles exist, or are only planned, those roads that climb the Big Quilcene nearly to Camp Mystery, Townsend Creek nearly to Windy Lakes, Copper Creek nearly to Copper City, Roy Creek nearly to Royal Lake, all the long, deep valley of the Dungeness nearly to Home Lake, Heather Basin. I don't know, and I don't want to know. And I dare not go back to see. I would do terrible things to revenge my youth, I would be locked in prison forever.

Possibly our children, as they crowd into such dwindling scraps of wild land as we spare them, will concur in this generation's decision the trees of the Quilcene and Dungeness are more valuable to them as housing projects to grow up in (and later tear down) than as living forests to be walked through, to be looked down upon from Marmot Pass. If they do, they're a gang of little rotters.

## NATURAL RESOURCES

Message from the President  
of the United States  
(House Document No. 94)



### To the Congress of the United States:

From the beginning of civilization, every nation's basic wealth and progress has stemmed in large measure from its natural resources. This Nation has been, and is now, especially fortunate in the blessings we have inherited. Our entire society rests upon--and is dependent upon--our water, our land, our forests, and our minerals. How we use these resources influences our health, security and well-being. . . .if we fail to chart a proper course of conservation and development we will be in trouble within a short time. . . . predictions of future use have been consistently understated. But even under conservative projections, we face a future of critical shortages and handicaps. By the year 2000, a U.S. population of 300 million--nearly doubled in 40 years--will need far greater supplies of farm products, timber, water, minerals, fuels, energy, and opportunities for outdoor recreation. Present projections tell us that our water use will double in the next 20 years; that we are harvesting our supply of high-grade timber more rapidly than the development of new growth; that too much of our fertile topsoil is being washed away; that our minerals are being exhausted at increasing rates; and that the Nation's remaining undeveloped areas of great natural beauty are being rapidly preempted for other uses.

In the past . . . resource policies of the Federal Government have overlapped and often conflicted. . . . I will shortly issue Executive orders . . . redefining . . . responsibilities within the Executive Office . . . . Establishing . . . a Presidential Advisory Committee on Natural Resources. . . . I shall ask the National Academy of Sciences to undertake a thorough and broadly based study and evaluation of the present state of research underlying the conservation, development, and use of natural resources. . . .

#### I. WATER RESOURCES

Our Nation has been blessed with a bountiful supply of water; but it is not a blessing we can regard with complacency. We now use over 300 billion gallons of water a day, much of it wastefully. By 1980 we will need 600 billion gallons a day. . . . Pollution of our country's rivers and streams has--as a result of our rapid population and industrial growth and change--reached alarming proportions. To meet all needs--domestic, agricultural, industrial, recreational--we shall have to use and reuse the same water, maintaining quality as well as quantity. . . . Industry is lagging far behind in its treatment of wastes.

#### II. ELECTRIC POWER

Through 1980, according to present estimates of the Federal Power Commission, total installed capacity should triple if we are to meet our Nation's need for essential economic growth. Sustained heavy expansion by all power suppliers--public, cooperative, and private--is clearly needed.

#### III. FORESTS

Our forest lands present the sharpest challenge to our foresight. Trees planted today will not reach the minimum sizes needed for lumber until the year 2000. Most projections of future timber requirements predict a doubling of current consumption within 40 years. At present cutting rates, we are using up our old-growth timber in western stands. . . . we must move now to meet anticipated future needs and improve the productivity of our nearly 500 million acres of commercial forest land.

Unfortunately, the condition of our forest land area is substantially below par. 45 million acres are in need of reforestation, more than 150 million acres require

thinnings, release cuttings, and other timber-stand improvement measures if growth rates are to be increased and quality timber produced; forest protection must be extended to areas now poorly protected. . . .

I urge the Congress to accelerate forest development on Federal public lands. . . I have directed the Secretaries of Agriculture and the Interior to accelerate the program of building approved access roads to public forests. A more difficult and unresolved forest situation lies in that half of our forest land held in small private ownerships. These lands, currently far below their productive potential, must be managed to produce a larger share of our future timber needs. . . I am directing the Secretary of Agriculture to develop a program to help small independent timber owners and processors attain better forest management standards and more efficient production and utilization of forest crops.

#### IV. PUBLIC LANDS

The Federal Government owns nearly 770 million acres of public land, much of it devoted to a variety of essential uses. But equally important are the vacant unappropriated and unreserved public domain lands, amounting to some 477 million acres-- a vital national reserve that should be devoted to productive use now and maintained for future generations. . . I am directing the Secretary of the Interior to (1) accelerate an inventory and evaluation of the Nation's public domain holdings to serve as a foundation for improved resource management; (2) develop a program of balanced usage designed to reconcile the conflicting uses--grazing, forestry, recreation, wildlife, urban development, and minerals. . . .

#### V. OCEAN RESOURCES

The sea around us represents one of our most important but least understood and almost wholly undeveloped areas for extending our resource base. . . The ocean floor contains large and valuable deposits of cobalt, copper, nickel, and manganese. Ocean waters themselves contain a wide variety of dissolved salts and minerals.

#### VI. RECREATION

America's health, morale, and culture have long benefited from our national parks and forests, and our fish and wildlife opportunities. Yet these facilities and resources are not now adequate to meet the needs of a fast-growing, more mobile population--and the millions of visitor days which are now spent in federally owned parks, forests, wildlife refuges, and water reservoirs will triple well before the end of this century.

To protect our remaining wilderness areas, I urge the Congress to enact a wilderness protection bill along the general lines of S. 174. . . I urge the Congress to enact legislation leading to the establishment of seashore and shoreline areas such as Cape Cod, Padre Island, and Point Reyes for use and enjoyment of the public. Unnecessary delay in acquiring these shores so vital to an adequate public recreation system results in tremendously increased costs. . . I am instructing the Secretary of the Interior in cooperation with the Secretary of Agriculture and other appropriate Federal, State, and local officials and private leaders to formulate a comprehensive Federal recreational lands program, conduct a survey to determine where additional national parks, forests, and seashore areas should be proposed; . . . and establish a long-range program for planning and providing adequate open spaces for recreational facilities in urban areas. . . one agency encouraging chemical pesticides that may harm the songbirds and game birds whose preservation is encouraged by another agency . . . (a situation which ) Federal and State authorities . . . (must work together to correct).

#### CONCLUSION

Problems of immediacy always have the advantage of attracting notice--those that lie in the future fare poorly in the competition for attention and money. It is not a task which should or can be done by the Federal Government alone. Only through the fullest participation and cooperation of State and Local governments and private industry can it be done wisely and effectively. We cannot, however, delude ourselves--we must understand our resources problems and we must face up to them now. The task is large, but it will be done.

John F. Kennedy.

The White House, February 23, 1961.

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Don't Just Sit There: Start Writing Those Letters You  
Know Are Needed

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