

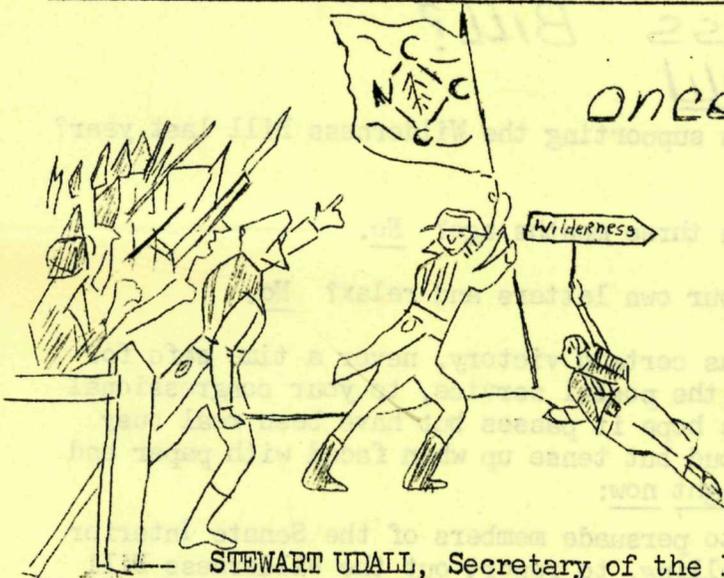
NORTH CASCADEN CONSERVATION COUNCIL

Volume V

June 1961

Number 6

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



ONCE MORE, DEAR TIGERS!

How many millions of Americans read, and saw, the case for wilderness presented recently in Life? We don't know. But we do know this unprecedentedly wide distribution of "our side" is one more reason for saying the time for action is now.

— CONRAD WIRTH, Director of the National Park Service: ". . . people are waking up to the problem . . . and are beginning to take the initiative. . . ."

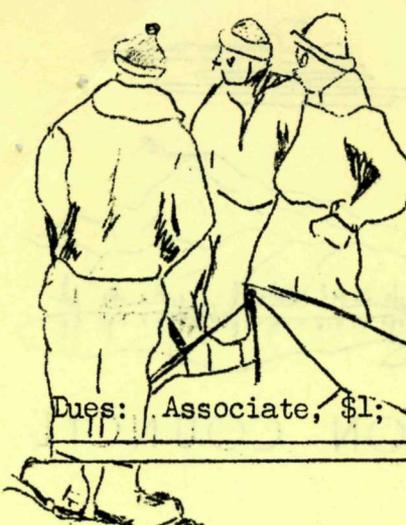
STEWART UDALL, Secretary of the Interior: ". . . never before has a President of the United States given such a broad and comprehensive mandate to conservation. . . ."

— DR. IRA N. GABRIELSON, President of the Wildlife Management Institute: "The Wilderness Bill, before Congress each of the past five years has the President's support. It has the people's support. . . it merits immediate approval by Congress."

— CLIFFORD V. HEIMBUCHER, President of Trustees for Conservation: "The Wilderness Bill. . . has in the 87th Congress the best chance for enactment it has ever had."

— SENATOR CLINTON ANDERSON, Chairman of the Senate Interior and Insular Affairs Committee: ". . . I believe the 87th Congress will send a Wilderness Act to the President and he will sign it into law."

— HENRY V: "Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once more. . .
 In peace there's nothing so becomes a man
 As modest stillness and humanity;
 But when the blast of war blows in our ears,
 Then imitate the action of the tiger. . ."



NORTH CASCADES CONSERVATION COUNCIL

Founded 1957

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THE WILD CASCADES
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When
The Wilderness BILL?
NOW

Is it enough to have written letters supporting the Wilderness Bill last year?

No.

Is it enough to have written letters three months ago? No.

Is it enough to sit down and write our own letters and relax? No.

There is no such thing in politics as certain victory, never a time safe for coasting and relaxing. Show no mercy to the postal service, to your congressional delegation, nor to your friends who "sure hope it passes but have been real busy lately," nor to your friends who talk loud but tense up when faced with paper and ink. Here is what each of us must do right now:

1. Write our Senators: Urge them to persuade members of the Senate Interior and Insular Affairs Committee to stop stalling, to report out the Wilderness Bill to the full Senate--and to reject crippling amendments.
2. Write our Representative: Ask him to urge the House Interior and Insular Affairs Committee to act on the Wilderness Bill at the earliest opportunity.
3. Nag, nag, nag our friends to write.
4. Send a contribution--as generous as we can afford--to Trustees for Conservation, 251 Kearny Street, San Francisco 8, California, to help keep a representative on the firing line on Capitol Hill.

With victory possible, we can't afford to relax.

Lose this opportunity and we may, someday, have another. But by then entire valleys, entire mountain ranges, will have been lost--and there is no second chance for wilderness.

When the Wilderness Bill?

NOW!



— DR. IRA GABRIELSON: "Those who misrepresent (the Wilderness Bill). . . do so because they have designs on coveted value in the wilderness areas. . ."

— KENNETH B. POMEROY, Chief Forester of the American Forestry Association, which has asked for deferment of the Wilderness Bill: "We are strongly opposed to any legislation which might make possible transfer of large segments of the national forests to national park status under the guise of wilderness preservation."

— SENATOR CLINTON ANDERSON, noting that every time the Wilderness Bill comes up opponents praise its objectives but ask deferment: "...little attention is paid to the fact that the National Forest Primitive Areas against which most of the attack is directed could this afternoon, by a stroke of the pen in the hand of the Secretary of Agriculture, become wilderness. Why people object to a proposed review of such an action by the President of the United States and then by the Congress is more than I can understand."

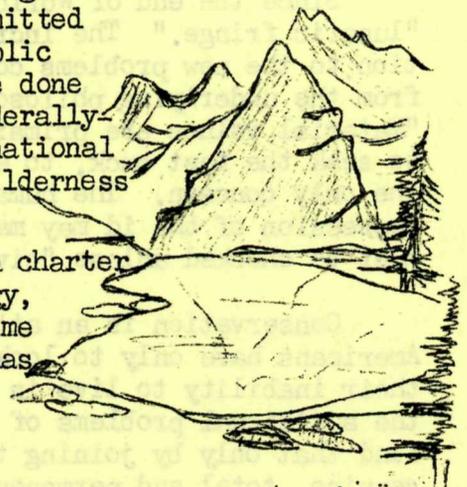
— ELLIOT BARKER, retired U.S. Forest Ranger and Forest Supervisor: "Without (the Wilderness Bill) the Secretary of Agriculture could, if he were so minded, wipe out the entire wilderness system (created so far) with a stroke of his pen."

— JAY GRUENFELD, assistant land supervisor for Weyerhaeuser, whose appearance at the Wilderness Bill hearings "was made possible by his company and a local chamber of commerce," told the Senate Interior and Insular Affairs Committee the Puget Sound Section of the Society of American Foresters voted overwhelmingly to oppose the Wilderness Bill. Kenneth Pomerooy of the American Forestry Association was consoled by this statement, "feeling that the U.S. Forest Service, in supporting the Wilderness Bill, may not be reflecting the views of its career professionals, since about half the membership of the Puget Sound Section consists of federal foresters." The AFA needed consolation, "having lost more than 1000 members" through its opposition to the Wilderness Bill, and since 42 of its own Trail Riders came out in loud support. "One member of the Senate committee who said he had not made up his mind regarding the bill, welcomed the testimony of these experts (**the 600 Puget Sound foresters, not the 1000 ex-members of AFA) and said when he made any decision he first went to competent professionals." (Quotations from April 1961 American Forests.)

— ELLIOT BARKER: "Speaking as an ex-lumberman, I would have to admit that 92 percent of the national forest is now available for lumbering operations. . . I would also have to admit that for me to protest the reservation of the remaining 8 per cent, most of which is too high and rugged or barren for lumbering anyway, as wilderness for the benefit of present and future generations, would be to take an exceedingly selfish attitude."

— ELLIOT BARKER: "Opponents of the Wilderness Bill seem to overlook the fact that the lands involved are public property and belong to all the people. The fact that a very small segment of the public, principally stockmen and lumbermen, are permitted to carry on commercial enterprises on the bulk of these public lands does not give them the right to dictate what shall be done with a small remnant. Each American citizen's share of federally-owned land amounts to about three acres, and his share of national forests is about one acre. I for one want my share in a wilderness area."

— SECRETARY UDALL: "President Kennedy has set forth a charter under which everyone can work with all the ingenuity, energy, intuition, and enthusiasm we can muster... for the first time in history the recreation potential of our land and water has been put on a par with (commercial exploitation). Surely every conservationist... must (feel) a quickening of his pulse at the vast opportunities which we can achieve...."



Conservation by the Lunatics

-4

Philip H. Zalesky

The "lunatic fringe," that subspecies of conservationist that dares to defy government bureaucracies, industrial interests, and commercializers of outdoor recreation, wins a battle now and then. Its members are identified by this name of derision because they are so simple as to refuse to swap a clear-running stream, a National Monument, public rights or a wilderness area for a fast and slippery buck. A source of never-ending amazement to the exploiters, government officials and congressmen is the fact that the "lunatic fringe" shows up in such large numbers when the chips are down.

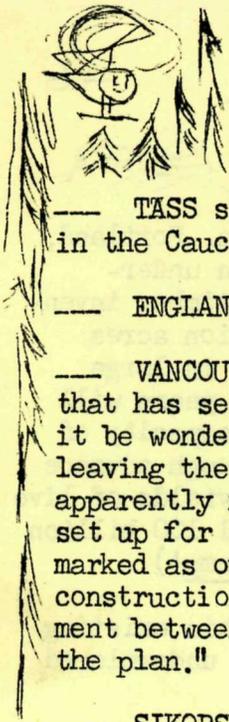
Conservation is a loose term. No person likes to deny he is a conservationist. Almost without exception, industries dealing with our national resources rationalize what they are doing in terms of conservation as a simple matter of good public relations. Even Rayonier in its demands made in national organs tries to justify as wise conservation the logging of the forests of the Olympic National Park. The farmer espouses soil conservation, especially when the government will pay him for wisely conserving his soil. These groups, almost without exception, take up the conservation cause for some personal gain. The "lunatic fringe" has, on the other hand, nothing personal to gain. In championing the wise use of natural resources, it attempts through disinterest to act as the conscience of the American people.

Dinosaur National Monument is only one of the battles the disinterested conservationists have won in the face of overwhelming odds. When congressmen from the upper-Colorado River basin attempted to flood this unique national monument, letters of protest hit congressmen with a jolt. They received more letters about this dam than they did about international relations and all other issues of domestic import. As a result, congressmen from Virginia, Florida, New York, Illinois, and Washington felt it politically inexpedient to vote for the flooding of the monument. Knowing they were working for a lost cause, congressmen of the upper-Colorado River states never allowed the matter to come to a vote. They salvaged the upper-Colorado River Project by excluding the controversial Echo Park Dam.

Former Secretary of Interior Douglas McKay knew the wrath of the disinterested conservationists. Almost from his opening day in office, the "lunatics" were squabbling with him. While vacationing in Yosemite Valley with a member of the board of Scott Paper Company, he asked his friend what he as Secretary of Interior could do in order to get the conservationists off his back. His friend, who was sympathetic to the conservationists, pondered the question and then replied: "There are two things that would satisfy them. Drop Dinosaur and drop dead!" No wonder McKay was so willing to resign his post to run for senator from the state of Oregon.

Since the end of World War II increasing numbers of Americans have joined the "lunatic fringe." The increase in numbers, however, appears to be in direct proportion to the new problems confronting conservationists. Basically, the problems arise from the underlying philosophy that dominates our culture. As one spokesman put it, "Material values are primary values." It is this philosophy that has led Americans to seek the fast buck, to exploit in the name of progress, and to view the present as the only concern. The human animal constantly is at war with his superego so that an expression of the id may manifest itself. Thus, man's urge to dominate and destroy must be checked unless "civilized" man desires his own destruction.

Conservation is an attempt to live in harmony with nature rather than in conflict. Americans have only to look at some of the backward countries of the world to see how their inability to live in harmony with the land has brought them to their knees. With the additional problems of increasing population and added leisure time, Americans will find that only by joining the "lunatics" will they be able, as a nation, to avoid genuine, total and permanent insanity.



A Distant Sound of Wings (Lo! The Salvage Logger)

-5

— TASS says Soviet lumbermen are using helicopters to drag timber out of areas in the Caucasus inaccessible to other transport.

— ENGLAND is using helicopters in logging to pick up forest thinnings.

— VANCOUVER COLUMBIAN, 2 May 1961: "Nearer and nearer to reality moves a dream that has seemed bright but purely visionary for years: logging by air. Wouldn't it be wonderful, if a ripe tree could be lifted clean and intact from its stump, leaving the surrounding forest undefiled and unmarred? . . . It is, we discover, apparently not impossible and maybe not impractical. A pilot project already is set up for the Oregon Caves National Monument. . . 167 big Douglas fir trees are marked as overripe. They will be plucked out by a giant helicopter now under construction. . . . The pilot operation appears to be a sort of cooperative experiment between the federal government and the private power company which is pioneering the plan."

— SIKORSKY AIRCRAFT presented movies at the 1960 Pacific Logging Congress of experimental helicopter logging.

— BOEING (just plain) COMPANY is looking to the logging industry as a prospect for its Vertol twin turbine-powered helicopter.

— THE FOREST SERVICE reported from Portland, May 24, that a study indicates some logging can be done with helicopters at costs comparable to present methods. The helicopters, designed to lift nine tons, would take the loggers into inaccessible places, haul out the logs and loggers all in one neat package.

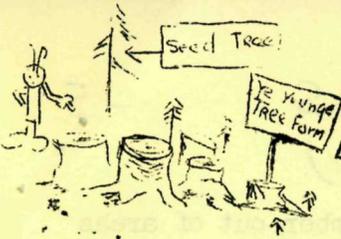
Flailing Around in the Sagebrush of the Editorial Mind

— ELLENSBURG DAILY RECORD (editorial): "The proposed national wilderness bill would put. . . in wilderness areas. . . slightly less than six percent of the state's area. . . . The largest acreage. . . is 896,599 acres in Olympic National Park, the second will be the Cascade Primitive Area, of 801,000 acres of land from the national forest; the Glacier Peak Wilderness Area comprising 458,505 acres of national forest; 241,782 acres in the Mount Rainier National Park; 82,680 acres. . . in the Goat Rocks Wilderness Area and 42,411 acres of forest service land in the Mt. Adams Wild Area. . . land in a wilderness area will not contribute anything because no grazing will be allowed and no timber sold. . . the west today needs development not closed primitive area."

— IRATE SHERPA GENE PRATER, letter to editor: "It is almost unbelievable that the editor of a newspaper in a town that profits as much as does Ellensburg from tourists, with the Rodeo totally dependent upon the out-of-town visitor, opposes the preservation of outdoor recreational areas within the state. . . To straighten out the facts on the Alpine Lakes Limited Area, it was deleted from any consideration as a dedicated area for recreational use by the U.S. Forest Service back in Washington D.C., with no public hearing or expression of local opinion, as of December 1, 1960."

— IRATE GOATWATCHER CHARLES D. HESSEY Jr., letter to editor: "The Ellensburg Record needs to bone up on the Wilderness Bill; but don't stop there. Take a good look at the whole preservation idea as a philosophical concept and as a psychological need. You would then occupy a unique position among central Washington newspapers—you would know what you were writing about. . . The Wenatchee World assures us that we oppose a North Cascades National Park. . . . For years that newspaper has boasted of the magnificent scenery to the north and west. . . . Let newspaper editors take off their blinders. . . ."





Dank Forests into Board Feet

-6



--- JOHN FEDKIW, Pacific Northwest Forest and Range Experiment Station, Portland, says the million-acre Douglas fir region of Oregon and Washington is an under-developed timber supply area. "There is too much capital invested in timber inventory and too little in advance roads. . ." He says that of the 8 million acres of old growth timber, 65 percent is in public ownership and 20 percent in large industrial holdings. Cumulative (mortality) losses during the next 40 years will be not less than 75 billion board feet, enough to keep the industrial capacity of the region fully supplied for 6 to 8 years. Increased utilization through advance roading would be about 100 billion board feet. This does not include yields of live timber from thinning, pre-logging or sanitation harvests--an additional 100 billion board feet. (***)Translated from the jargon: Let Daylight into the Swamp!)

--- NELSON JEFFERS, Weyerhaeuser, says additional production from within existing managed forests will reduce the amount of expansion needs in presently undeveloped areas. (***)Take your choice of experts.)

--- THE SOUTH is the future lumber capital of the nation, says the Southern Forest Experiment Station. For example, Arkansas' volume of softwood sawtimber has increased 41 percent in the past nine years. In Louisiana, growth of sawtimber is double the rate of cutting. (***)The best argument we've heard against allowing--or even requiring--secession.)

--- A.B. HOOD, general manager of Ralph Smith Lumber Company, Anderson, California: "Outlets for low grade forest product residue must be found. By 1975 fibre, as such, may be more important than lumber."

--- CORYDON WAGNER, recently retired from St. Paul and Tacoma Lumber, predicts that new methods and forms in wood use, such as hardboard, particleboard, and plywood, will tend to deemphasize the past importance of individual tree species for qualities such as strength, workability and durability. Stumpage prices on such historically favored species as Douglas fir persist more as a tribute to past glory than any present day product value.

--- PAPER FROM BAGASSE: Crown Zellerbach and the Hawaiian sugar industry have an agreement with Sahu Jain Ltd. in Calcutta to provide technical assistance and patent rights for production of newsprint from bagasse, the fibrous residue from cane sugar production. Successful commercial-size test runs of bagasse newsprint have been made in C-Z's Northwest plants. (***)Egypt is also making bagasse pulp.)

--- WASHINGTON STATE EMPLOYMENT SECURITY DEPARTMENT says new federal legislation to help distressed areas with chronic unemployment problems will apply to Whatcom, Skagit, Clallam, Jefferson, Grays Harbor and Pacific counties, all areas of high and persistent unemployment. The loan-and-grant program is aimed at attracting industries into areas which have lost their main economic support and at retaining workers with obsolete skills. (***)If they can be trained to fry hamburgers, maybe the gypos in Whatcom and Skagit would come in handy when we get a national park going up there.)

--- TIMBERMAN: "On the management side, look (in years ahead) for continuing mergers. . . . the only way to remain in business. This doesn't mean the small logger will be through. . . He'll have to roll with the punch. . . . We can expect more and better cooperation with federal agencies. . . . It's a must in areas where Uncle Sam's timber hoard will furnish the bulk of raw materials. . . . As we put more of our land to work, we must concentrate on essentials. Loggers (are) warned to drop the word 'permanent' from their vocabulary."

--- HARDIN R. GLASCOCK, Jr., Portland, Oregon, warned the Western Forestry Conference last December against "a threat of federal subsidization of the small-acreage tree grower. . . and against a landgrab crash program which would divert more acres of commercial timber land managed on a multiple use basis to exclusive and limited recreational use."

--- T. G. WRIGHT, chief forester of Canadian Forest Products: "Nearly 60 percent of the spruce forest in Canada is mature or overmature. . . (***)Now let's face it, the whole world is overripe) ultimate yield would be 7.5 billion cubic feet per year, 350 percent increase over the present. . ."

--- P. D. HANSON, U.S. Forest Service, Juneau, Alaska, says less than 5 percent of the 300 billion board feet of commercial timber which existed in Alaska in 1900 has been harvested.

--- TIMBERMAN: "It's a major problem to plan and operate a 5.5.-billion board feet timber sale in 1.7 million acres of virgin southeastern Alaska wilderness. . ." (***)Pity.) "Alaska Lumber & Pulp, which received its preliminary U.S. Forest Service pulpwood sale on the Tongass National Forest in 1957, found that out. . . Primary responsibility for administering the sale, one of the largest ever made by the Forest Service, lies with District Ranger Ray Karr, headquartered in Sitka. . . Crews detailed to sale administration. . . work with Alaska Lumber & Pulp foresters and engineers, sharing boats and housing, also." (***)And we're sure they bend over backwards to protect the public interest--which explains those long, silent suppers.) "The tremendous amount of pioneering work and high logging costs have resulted in comparatively low stumpage rates. . . \$2.90 per thousand board feet (for spruce). . . Overmature spruce averages 350 to 500 years of age. . . Hemlock and cedar average 350 years. (***)Just like those Russians to sell us a bunch of creaky old trees, real relics, hardly worth cutting.)

--- TIMBERMAN: "Nearly every Alaska logging operation requires a beach-head to start. . . . By far the most spectacular Alaska logging is with the huge A-frame float-mounted skidder. . . which reaches 2000 to 3000 feet up the steep water-side slopes to get timber that could not be logged economically any other way. . . . The steep, thin-soiled terrain is not suitable for tractor-yarding. The same thin soil also breeds shallow-rooted trees. . . It rains--from 80 to 150 inches or more annually." (***)Tell us, with the heavy rain, the thin soil, the steep slopes, do you Alaska loggers experience any erosion problems? What we mean, is this first crop also the last in this millenium?)

--- TIMBERMAN: "Federal foresters. . . are becoming more and more erosion-conscious . . . This has resulted in federal decisions to limit tractor logging in some areas and even thought of removing some areas from the rolls of commercial timberlands."

--- RADIO-CONTROLLED LOGGING may solve the problem of harvesting rugged terrain. Glen Rankin, partner in Pugh Ridge Logging Company, pioneered the skyline cablecar system that yards logs 5000 feet through the air. The test operation was 15 miles southeast of Darrington, at an elevation of 4000-5000 feet.

--- DR. RICHARD E. McARDLE told the Society of American Foresters: "It is essential that foresters move much more rapidly than in the past into positions of leadership in politics, in government, and in business."

--- SIXTH-GRADE PUPILS from Everett and other Snohomish County cities have been learning about trees, the forest industry, and conservation at Camp Sevenich on Lake Conner. Between 1700 and 1800 pupils visited the camp recently on tours arranged by the U.S. Forest Service, the State Department of Natural Resources, the county schools office, and the major pulp and timber companies in the region. (***) Between 1700 and 1800 young converts to multiple use, we presume.)

MORAL TALES for Young Birdwatchers⁸



Do you want your children to be little gypos like George Washington--going around hacking at trees?

Send them to bed at night hysterical with terror: Tell them MORAL TALES FOR YOUNG BIRDWATCHERS, by your sweet old Aunt George and Uncle Mary.

THE FORMERLY GOOD GEOLOGIST

A Geologist suffered a Severe Trauma during infancy that made him tremble in terror at the sight of Rocks. Being therefore unemployable by the Dirty Miners he continued his education and many Birdwatchers assumed he was a Good, though somewhat Simple, Geologist. However, while studying for his Doctorate he found a Secret Document translated into English by the FBI which told how the Russians were transmuting Ice into Water by exposure to Solar Radiation.

The Government, highly Alarmed, gave the Good Geologist a pile of money and his Research proved it was true. The AEC, eager to Make Boomboom without waiting for a War, blew the mountains out of the way and let in the Sun. The Glaciers were thereby transmuted into Electricity and the Kilowatt Company increased by 40 percent its Neon Sign capacity.

He became a very Evil Geologist greatly respected in the Trade. But one dark night a band of Savage Birdwatchers fell upon him and ripped his Doctorate to shreds. Maddened by the taste of Sheepskin, they tore off his Masterate and Bachelorate too, leaving him next to naked in nothing but a High School Diploma.

Shunned by his former Friends, the Evil Geologist was reduced to stealing Snowballs from children and selling them to the Water Company. He was caught painting Icicles brown and passing them off as Ice Cream Bars and sent for a long stretch up a River with a Non-Glacial Source.

Moral: Mothers who Rock Infants to sleep are a major cause of Geological Delinquency.

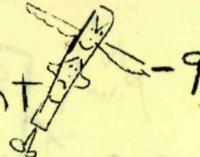
COMING NEXT MONTH:

The Truth About Glacier-Melting

Ed LaChapelle has broken down under torture and confessed the inside intimate facts about the plot against glaciers (which he insists is not a plot). Don't miss the July issue. Tell your friends.



The Natives ARE Restless Tonight -9



--- LUCILLE BOYD GALLEGOS GILHAM, Indian heiress to a uranium fortune, died—as she had predicted 11 years ago she would—in an automobile accident, after setting a probable woman's record for jail terms for drunkenness. Asked Seattle Times reporter Robert Browning: "Can it be blamed on the liquor or the money or a world she had no part of making?"

--- THE MENOMINEE INDIAN NATION in Wisconsin became independent April 30, though both Indian and white leaders feel misgivings. The tribe's assets include 200,000 acres of timber. Chief executive under the new setup will be Lee V. Bodine, "a timber specialist from Spokane," who will direct the forest resources program.

--- THE COLVILLE CONFEDERATED INDIAN TRIBES have selected six members to help plan withdrawal from federal supervision. The main problem is liquidation of \$100 million worth of reservation timber. An Indian cooperative will operate the reservation. Sale of the timber would mean about \$40,000 for each of the 4560 persons enrolled in the tribes.

--- THE KLAMATH INDIAN RESERVATION has been dissolved. Most of its 525,000 acres of timber and range land has been purchased by the federal government to become Wy-ne-ma National Forest, named after the Indian heroine of the Modoc War of 1872. The government paid \$12 million in cash to nearly 300 Indians, and business immediately picked up in Klamath Falls. "We are going to hear some fantastic tales," said a local businessman. (**Chuckling? Rubbing his hands?)

--- MRS. MATTIE HOWEATTLE, 102 years old, oldest living Quinault, says 90 percent of the money received by Indians with allotments in the lumber-rich reservation is spent wastefully. . . that her people have not been taught to handle money. She told Seattle Times reporter Marshall Wilson, "You're the first white man who ever listened to what I have to say. . . An Indian agent told us to sell our 160 acre homestead on the Jackson River for less than \$1000, and we did. I've been hurt, oh, so many times by the Indian agents. It was sign, or make a mark, and we lost our land."

--- JULIA BUTLER HANSEN reported May 1 the federal government was putting up \$500,000 for a bridge across the Quinault River, on Secondary Highway 9-C, to provide a shortcut for marketing timber at Grays Harbor. (**And ease the plight of the suffering motel owners.) R. H. Kenyon, of the State Department of Highways, said on May 3 planning and design would get underway immediately to take care of the "missing link" between Taholah and Queets. (**He wasn't making a dirty crack—it's the motel owners who describe themselves as the "Missing Link Association.") Then, on May 12, Horton Capoeman, Quinault Tribal Chairman, stopped all action, saying "The tribe has nothing to gain by a bridge and a road. If timber thefts and shooting of our game occur, which it does, what would happen if we allowed the reservation to open up? . . . There could have been a bridge. There could have been a right approach to the Indian. . . But we won't agree to letting others run roughshod over us." As we were going to press, May 25, a tentative agreement was announced between Governor Rosellini and Chairman Capoeman, subject to approval by the tribe's General Council. The Quinaults ask: their treaty rights be protected (road location must preserve tribal properties, historic sites and burial grounds); the road be limited access (no stores, resorts, or taverns along the roadway); there be no river pollution; the public not have access to tribal beaches and forest lands. (**Give the word if necessary, Mr. Capoeman, and the Irate Birdwatcher will come down from the North Cascades and take the Missing Links from the rear.)



In Oregon it was total war. The Highway Protection Committee gathered 50,000 signatures to place on the ballot a measure most of us would call moderate, since most of us see no particle of social value in billboards. But candidates for public office in Oregon were hardpressed to buy advertising during the 1960 elections—that, at least, is how it seemed to a casual observer, deluged with the "billboard story." It was a most frightening story indeed: (1) the Oregon tourist industry would be wrecked, since without billboards tourists would whiz right on through the state, finding no inducement to stop; (2) the unfortunate few forced to stop for gas or food would be in mortal danger, since in leaving the highways to read the tourist directories provided by law they would become the prey of lurking gangs of thieves and murderers, largely composed of destitute motel owners and hamburger stand frycooks; (3) taxes would skyrocket, since the tourist directories would be erected with public funds, rather than contributed by what was, in effect, a branch of the Red Cross; (4) unemployment would be far worse than in 1933, with not only the entire tourist industry out of work but also the billboard employees; (5) highway construction would halt, throwing more people out of work, since billboard fees finance a critical portion of costs; (6) America's enemies would rejoice at such expropriation of private property—for that's what it would amount to, cancelling one of the Four Freedoms we fought World War II to protect, Freedom of the Air; (7) billboards promote Freedom of Choice, which you don't have under Communism, and if you vote wrong it's plain whose side you're on.

It was difficult to see how Oregon—or the Union—could survive the loss of billboards, anymore than England survived the royal cancellation of letters of marque that wiped out the privateer industry, all because 18th Century do-gooders called it "piracy." Fortunately the Oregon voters justified the faith the industry placed in their good sense. The initiative was smeared.

There were some bad losers. During the election a permit for a location adjacent to a Portland city park was cited in just horror. The industry said, "What billboard? We don't see any billboard." And there wasn't—until the week after the votes were counted. But if the nature cranks couldn't see the trees anymore, they did see a message encouraging them to support the Portland Symphony. The Symphony demanded the message be removed; it had been pasted up without permission. Outraged, the company spokesman insisted it was mere oversight the billboard construction was delayed till after E Day—pure chance, moreover, the Symphony message was used; but then, as a matter of policy the first use of each new billboard is public service—and besides all that, he personally was nuts about good music.

The total war seemed to have ended in total defeat for the organizations affiliated in the Highway Protection Committee. But suddenly, at the April session of the Oregon Legislature, the billboard lobby, speaking chiefly for Foster and Kleiser, began pushing—of all things—billboard control measures. Not, to be sure, as "extreme" as the defeated initiative, but "reasonable" legislation that would assure federal bonus highway funds by banning billboards on 200 miles of Routes 30 and 99, increasing from 1000 to 2000 feet the interval between signs on another 530 miles, and establishing a Scenic Area Commission with authority to ban roadside advertising in exceptionally scenic areas. The bills passed and the Highway Protection Committee disbanded as such, its objectives in part conceded them by a gracious victor. A victor that felt even if you can fool all of the people all of the time it costs like the very dickens.

The Washington War was a limited engagement. The Washington State Roadside Council went to the Legislature feeling it could at least, and probably at most, gain experience useful in some future campaign. The Council and its 28 supporting organizations (including N3C) made no reference to any long term objectives they might have. The bill proposed was the bare minimum needed to gain federal bonus funds. It was, so to speak, a test of industry intentions, whether any control at all would be tolerated.

Unless a Washington citizen regularly prowled newspaper back pages he might not have noticed the war. Though he might have wondered why there was a sudden blossoming along highways of messages telling how billboards build Freedom of Choice, that unless a housewife sees a 10-foot tomato on her way to the supermarket, she might buy radishes or cabbage, which she hates, but has to eat because she hasn't heard about tomatoes. And a rash of TV spots with citizen-like actors saying "I like billboards because they keep my mind busy on long boring rides through trees and mountains so I don't go to sleep at the wheel and get killed." Or he might have noticed, while entering the tunnel approach to the Lake Washington Floating Bridge, the bread-loving little girl wasn't always lit up. Eastsiders had been writing letters saying they'd never buy that bread again, the baker answering in a hurt voice he was tied up in a longterm contract and the sign was on private property and anyway he thought she was a pretty little girl, they'd hired topnotch artists.

Probably every person and group was indispensable, every letter to a legislator, every delegation that called on the Governor. But without question if Jack Robertson, of the University of Washington Applied Physics Laboratory, hadn't taken five weeks of annual leave to spend a "vacation in Olympia" as unpaid chairman of the Roadside Council's legislative committee, there would have been no bill. The Governor was friendly but had a great deal on his mind. The Highway Commission made no bones about feeling Robertson had a lot of nerve meddling in matters beyond his experience. To get professional advice undisturbed by amateurs, at one point the Commission went into closed executive session to hear the experts--the outdoor advertisers, who else?

Robertson continued to insist a person without prospect of financial gain can know something about the public interest. And as it happens, a certain number of legislators are also muddy-minded idealists. And even more, though practical men, have sufficient background in mathematics to count letters, as many as 1000 apiece. The bill passed, and in early March was signed into law by Governor Rosellini.

Victory? Yes --but as in Oregon, there was an aftermath. A month later the Highway Commission--doubtless expecting the amateurs had vanished for another two years--announced the rules it planned to adopt, stating in querulous tones that the law was complicated and difficult, intimating this is what comes of amateur meddling. To the chagrin of the harrassed administrators, Jack Robertson immediately protested that the Commission's so-called implementation of the law was in effect a repeal of the law. Such legislators as Andy Hess and Slade Gorton spoke up to say it had not been the legislature's intent to exempt from control, as the Commission proposed, commercial or industrial areas in cities and towns--thereby exempting nearly all the Everett-Tacoma Freeway.

Once again the Commission beckoned its trusty experts. At public hearings in May the motel and hotel industry warned that without billboards (multilingual, presumably) it--and therefore our great state--might never survive to see Century 21. (Women fainted, men turned pale, Chamber of Commerce members burst into tears.) Foster and Kleiser cast doubts on the law's constitutionality--foreshadowing, no doubt, chapters yet to come. William A. Bugge, state Director of Highways, said federal bonus funds would in no event be available for areas within incorporated cities and towns, so the Council's money argument just didn't hold water.

After the hearings the Highway Commission announced it would delay its decision a month. What happened? (Scene: Smoke-filled hotel room, late at night. "Let's face it, guys--they just aren't going away!") Abruptly, the very next day, cryptic news reports stated the final decision was made, Jack Robertson and his gang of amateurs had won. The amateurs--we amateurs--won Freedom from Billboards within 660 feet of the right-of-way of 837 miles of existing highways and scenic routes in Washington, plus 125 more miles under construction, and additional interstate highways as built. Yes, we won! Won, that is, so long as we have the likes of Jack Robertson to keep an eye on the Highway Commission, to watch what trifling "amendments" they find necessary for "administrative simplicity" in months and years to come.

This is the lesson of the Washington War and the Oregon War as well: in the democratic process, Election Day is exactly 1/365 of a year.

BIRDS OF THE CASCADES

Emily Huddart Haig

(We are pleased to announce a regular, though perhaps intermittent, series by a recognized expert in bird lore of the high and low hills.)

As spring and summer beckon us to high places an understanding of the ecological balance between flora and fauna, and the variations from climate zone to zone, deepens appreciation of our surroundings. Certainly no more important part is played in the natural harmony than by the bird population; knowing the names and personalities of these contributors to our mountain pleasure, and knowing when and where to look for them, give a further dimension to our life in the wilderness. Of the 391 species found in Washington--resident, migratory and visiting--approximately 162 are land birds.

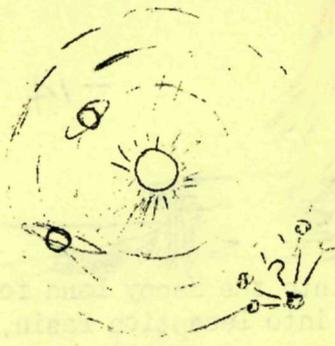
Twelve warblers, the butterflies of the bird world, live in lowlands on both sides of the Cascades, with some going higher: Yellow, Audubon, Myrtle, Black-throated Grey, Townsend, Hermit, Calaveras, Wilson's, Pacific Yellowthroat, MacGillivray's, and (east only) the Redstart and Long-tailed Chat. Other birds principally identified with the Lowland Zone (though birds do not stay within any one climate zone) are: three vireos, the Western Warbling, Red-eyed, and Solitary; five wrens, the Bewick, Western Winter, and House, and (east only) Rock and Canyon; Western and Northwestern Robins; six swallows, the Barn, Violet-Green, Tree, Cliff, Rough-winged, and (east only) Bank; five woodpeckers, the Downey, Hairy, Pileated, and (east only) White-headed and Alaska Three-toed; two bluebirds, Western and (east only) Mountain; and such others as towhee, junco, quail, bushtit, crow, flicker, blackbird, quail, and grouse.

Birds that range from Lowland to Hudsonian zones, principally on the east slopes of the Cascades (though again, some of these are common west also) are: Golden Eagle, Prairie Falcon, Dusky and Sooty Grouse, Mourning Dove, Black and Vaux Swifts, Rufous, Black-chinned, Calliope and Broad-tailed Hummingbirds, Red-naped Sapsucker (west also), Ash-throated Flycatcher, Eastern and Western Kingbirds, Say's Phoebe, American Magpie, Mountain Chickadee, White-breasted and Pygmy Nuthatches, Bohemian Waxwing, Catbird, Bullock's Oriole, and Lazuli Bunting.

Through all three zones, mostly on the west slopes of the Cascades, are: Townsend Solitaire, Cedar Waxwing, Song Sparrow, Red and Whitewing Crossbills, Western Tanager, Chestnut-backed and Black-capped Chickadees, Western Evening and Black-headed Grosbeaks, Screech, Saw-whet, and Great Horned Owls, Western, Olive-sided, Hammond and Traill's Flycatchers, Turkey Vulture, Red-tailed, Sparrow, Sharp-shinned, Cooper's, Swainson's and Rough-legged Hawks, and Loggerhead Shrike.

To repeat, birds respect no zonal boundaries, but some birds most memorably identified with the Arctic-Alpine zone are the White-tailed Ptarmigan, American Pipit, Horned Lark, Raven and Rosy Finch. Not limited to, but characteristically associated with subalpine elevations, are the Canada Jay, Clark's Nutcracker, Russet-backed, Hermit and Varied Thrushes, Townsend Warbler, and Oregon Junco. Often on rivers deep in the mountains the Harlequin and Wood Ducks are found, and on high lakes, the Loon. And one might almost call the Water Ouzel, or dipper, necessary to the definition of a mountain stream.

Though by no means all the birds to be found in the Cascades, these are the majority of those most likely to be seen, and are the ones we will discuss from time to time in coming months, individually or in related groups. Our articles will touch upon highlights rather than attempt complete description, emphasizing those habits that aid identification by the novice. Those who wish to pursue the study more deeply than our space allows should carry a pair of lightweight field glasses and Peterson's Field Guide to Western Birds, the long-awaited new edition published this spring.



Plunder or Plenty

-13

Samuel Ordway

(Executive Vice-President of the Conservation Foundation. Excerpts from a valuable bibliographic summary in Saturday Review, 15 April 1961)

— PLATO: "There are mountains in Attica which can now keep nothing but bees, but which were clothed, not so very long ago, with fine trees producing timber suitable for roofing the largest buildings, while the country produced boundless pasture for cattle. . . . The annual supply of rainfall was not lost, as it is at present, through being allowed to flow over the denuded surface into the sea."

— . . . a neo-Malthusian mid-century school. . . sought to substitute the will to use resources comprehendingly for the will to consume blindly for a profit: it sought to substitute a will to sustain yields for the desire to exploit lands and crops. It sought, in short, to replace the profit motive with the ecological conscience. Its aim was to make wastefulness for private profit a public sin.

— . . . The man-and-nature theme of Marsh and the ecological conscience of Leopold . . . aroused fear and antagonism in exploiters and tycoons who sensed that their purses, their faith, and their status were being threatened.

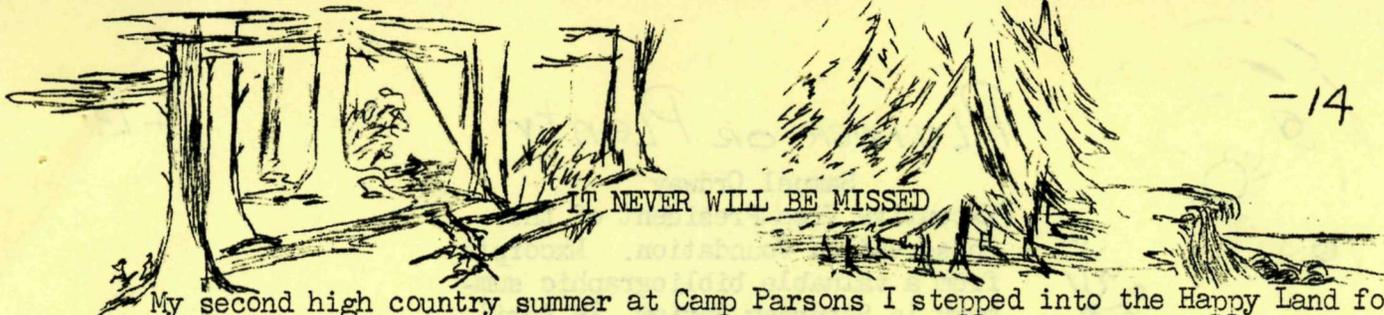
— HARRISON BROWN: ". . . we must conclude that the resources available to man permit him, in principle, to provide adequately for a very large population for a very long period of time. . . . If we were willing to be crowded together closely enough, to eat foods which would bear little resemblance to the foods we eat today, and to be deprived of simple but satisfying luxuries such as fireplaces, gardens, and lawns, a world population of fifty billion persons would not be out of the question. . . . A substantial fraction of humanity today is behaving as if it would like to create such a world."

— EDWARD HIGGEE: "The landscape of this nation, which once offered unparalleled natural beauty, economic resources, and sites for proud cities, has been polluted through a mismanagement of space that has created extensive and ugly chaos. . . . Unless the American metropolis is ready to take drastic steps, the ability of the landscape to function as a suitable habitat for human beings will be dangerously impaired forever."

— VANCE PACKARD: ". . . What was needed was strategies that would make Americans in large numbers into voracious, wasteful, compulsive consumers—and strategies that would provide products assuring such wastefulness. . . . Happily for the marketers, such strategies were emerging or at hand. . . ."

— We are threatening our freedom to be individuals. We are massing to consume the natural environment, not asserting the individual prerogative to work with nature. . . . We have become a civilization of dependents in a nation with a tradition of independence.

— ALDO LEOPOLD: "Twenty centuries of progress have brought the average citizen a vote, a national anthem, a Ford, a bank account, and a high opinion of himself, but not the capacity to live in high density without befouling and denuding his environment, nor a conviction that such capacity—not density—is the true test of whether he is civilized."



IT NEVER WILL BE MISSED

My second high country summer at Camp Parsons I stepped into the Happy Land for sure, through the narrow portal between Deception and Mystery into Deception Basin, a green plain with snow water meandering through grass and flowers, a secret, snug valley where a handful of brave troops could hold off all the evil world, if it ever came to that. My third high country summer I was trapped in the Right and Proper World by a Right and Proper Three-Day Blow, trapped in the headwaters of the Lillian in short pants, cotton shirt, no raincoat, tent or tarp. Only the false Rangers among us did not improvise stanzas in turn, and join the daylong chorus, wailing how grand it was to be on the 6000-foot crest of Lost Ridge leaning into a gale wind and hard, cold rain, our ballad of triumph at Right and Proper Misery no lowlander is ever privileged to enjoy.

There was no fourth high country summer. A year without wandering meadows and moraines, running sky-surrounded ridges, sliding bright snow—how was it to be endured? Patience, patience for a year, only a year. But at fifteen, there is no such thing as an "only" year.

Long months passed of home and school routine, and more long months lay ahead, with no hope of adventure in the high world. One day, restless after days of rain, that spring that was to have no high country summer, I set out for the Boeing Tract, which was nothing to me then but the annoying obstruction that prevented us from seeing the Olympics from our house, a high solid skyline of old growth Douglas fir. I went anticipating nothing more than a change in routine. We lived in trees, had always lived in trees, second growth to be sure, and the Boeing Tract was old growth, but trees are trees.

And so, two blocks down the county road into the hollow, off the road into a ravine, and a long climb by devious paths to the ridge trail. Shoulder-high salal was wet-sparkling in warm sun, wind loud in treetops, swift white clouds running through blue sky after the storm. Then down from the high crest, down switchbacks into cool green gloom, down to Hidden Creek rattling over gravel, flecked with sun-rays. Down into nostalgia, for through just such forests as this had I climbed to the high country, impatient for the trees to fall away below. But I would not, this year, be looking down on wilderness forests from the outside. And so, I looked at a wilderness forest from the inside.

I don't know what city kids, subdivision kids, do when they think up questions parents, teachers and preachers can't answer. Go to a James Dean movie, I suppose. That long, long year, whenever the world was too much with me I left it, and an hour from school by bus and foot was where I could forget Lincoln High and Seattle, in a wilderness that was then as it had been before there was a Lincoln High, a Seattle.

Sometimes I followed the greenery-choked gorge of Hidden Creek to where it braided channels in lake delta sand. Sometimes I poled a raft around Hidden Lake, quietly, mallards and trout swimming out of my way, alone under the small patch of open sky, the only one in my wilderness. Sometimes I sat by the outlet, a loud white froth falling away into a dark tunnel under mossy logs.

Hidden Creek lacked a dipper. I never gave up hope but my wilderness simply had no dipper, and it was imperfect in other ways too. Climbing a certain dry sand slope of almost subalpine-like trees I tormented myself imagining that on the skyline

I would step out into meadows. And the gravel pit north of the old growth was an ideal spot for the glacier my wilderness badly needed. The moraines were there, if only a little ice could have been left, just enough to grind up some rock flour for a cold, milky lake flecked with bergs, like the one at the foot of Mystery Glacier.

It was too small a wilderness, really. Barely a square mile of virgin forest and the creek trail through the middle and the ridge trail near the eastern edge. One day, to make the most of my paltry little wilderness, I struck due west from the ridge trail, aiming for Puget Sound less than a mile away. I sweated up steep hills under and over logs, and skidded down blue clay cliffs hanging onto vine maple, and slogged through kneedeep bogs of black humus and devils club. I could almost smell salt air, I would not turn back so close, the beach must lie over the next crest. Always it was the next crest, and late in the afternoon I burst from a hemlock thicket onto a trail, the first sign of civilization I'd seen all afternoon. And after a puzzled minute recognized it as the ridge trail I'd left hours before. I had a great laugh then, bruised and muddied and slashed, glad I hadn't made it to tidewater, that I'd been beaten fair and square--no meek and helpless wilderness, mine, to be brazenly conquered on a whim.

One spring afternoon the warm breeze carried into school the smell of melting snow, flowering meadows, stirring high country memories now nearly two years old. I skipped chemistry that day for wilderness, followed Hidden Creek down to the beach, and sat on the tumbledown dock, relic of the days when Puget Sound was the water road between scattered settlements crowded against tidewater by wilderness. And I stayed too long at the beach that night, until the last sunset color was gone and the dark Olympic silhouette was vanishing in dark night, a night perhaps darker than any in thousands of years; a century before there would have been shoreline fires of Indian villages, but now in wartime blackout there were no twinkling homes and towns around the Sound, no massive skyglow of Seattle over the headland south, there was not a blink of light but stars in the sky, stars in the water. My wilderness would not let me through, that impenetrable night; to get home I stumbled along railroad tracks two miles north to Richmond Beach, the nearest road, the nearest shoreline dwellings.

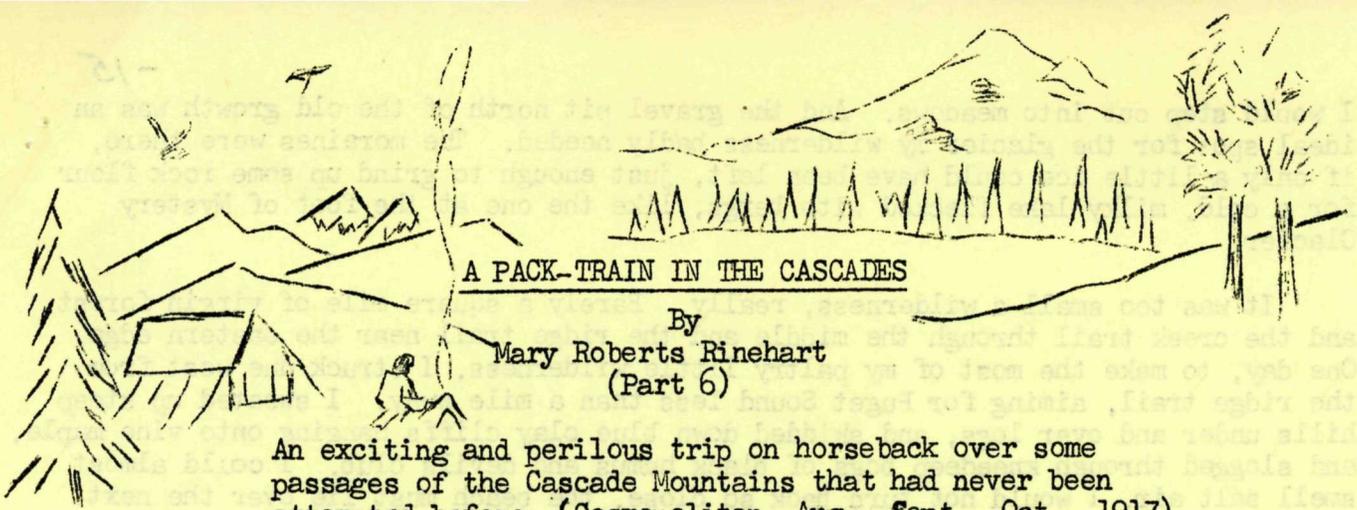


It was my wilderness, but not my property.

That it was my property 70, 80 years ago doesn't alter the fact it became private land. Nor does it matter how it became private land, who asked, who paid what price. Nor that our laws recognize the public right to destroy private property for freeways and pipelines, but not the public right to require private property be spared private destruction. My wilderness could have been logged 50, 60 years ago. That it was spared as a rich man's toy was a private right, and my good luck. That it was logged when war wealth was frantic for lumber and lots was a private right, and bad luck, perhaps, for some other youth, or many, with questions not even James Dean can answer.

I've been back only once, a quick, quick drive along blacktop roads. You can go home again, but you'd better not. They've logged it. Platted it. Landscaped and mortgaged it. All of which is excellent. Splitlevels are fine, man needs gracious living. Churches are fine, man needs places of worship. Schools are fine, children need education. Some men, some children, need wilderness, too.

There are many handsome subdivisions around Seattle nowadays, many churches, many schools. And a mere nine miles from our civic pride and joy, the Space Needle, there was until sixteen years ago a square mile of wilderness. Of the one and a half millions who live within a summer evening's drive, only a few know it ever existed. My wilderness never will be missed.



A PACK-TRAIN IN THE CASCADES

By
Mary Roberts Rinehart
(Part 6)

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)

That night we received a telegram. I remember it with great distinctness, because the man who brought it in charged fifteen dollars for delivering it. He came at midnight, and how he had reached us no one will ever know. The telegram notified us that a railroad strike was about to take place and that we should get out as soon as possible.

Early the next morning we held a conference. It was about as far back as it was to go ahead over the range. And before us still lay the Great Adventure of the pass.

We took a vote on it at last and the "ayes" carried. We would go ahead, making the best time we could. If the railroads had stopped when we got out, we would merely turn our pack-outfit toward the east and keep on moving. We had been all summer in the saddle by that time, and a matter of thirty-five hundred miles across the continent seemed a trifle.

Dan Devore brought us other news that morning, however. Cascade Pass was closed with snow. A miner who lived alone somewhere up the gorge had brought in the information. It was a serious moment. We could get to Doubtful Lake, but it was unlikely we could get any further. The comparatively simple matter thus became a complicated one, for Doubtful Lake was not only a detour. It was almost inaccessible, especially for horses. But we hated to acknowledge defeat. So again we voted to go ahead.

That day, while the pack-outfit was being got ready, I had a long talk with the forest supervisor. He told me many things about our national forests, things which are worth knowing and which every American, whose playgrounds the forests are, should know.

In the first place, the Forestry Department welcomes the camper. He is given his liberty, absolutely. He is allowed to hunt such game as is in season, and but two restrictions are placed on him. He shall leave his camp ground clean, and he shall extinguish every spark of fire before he leaves. Beyond that, it is the policy of the government to let campers alone. It is possible in a national forest to secure a special permit to put up buildings for permanent camps. An act passed on the fourth of March, 1915, gives the camper a permit for a definite period, although until that time the government could revoke the permit at will.

The rental is so small that it is practically negligible. All roads and trails are open to the public; no admission can be charged to a national forest, and no concessions will be sold. The whole idea of the national forest as a playground is to administer it in the public interest. . . Good lots on Lake Chelan can be obtained for from five to twenty-five dollars a year, depending on their locality. It is the intention of the government to pipe water to these allotments.

For the hunters, there is no protection for bear, cougar, coyotes, bobcats, and lynx. No license is required to hunt them. And to the persistent hunter who goes

into the woods not as we did, with an outfit the size of a cavalry regiment, there is game to be had in abundance. We saw goat tracks in numbers at Cloudy Pass and the marks of Bruin everywhere.

The Chelan National Forest is well protected against fires. A fire-launch patrols the lake and lookouts are stationed all the time on Strong Mountain and Crows Hill. They live there on the summits, where provisions and water must be carried up to them. These lookouts now have telephones, but until last summer they used the heliograph instead.

So now we prepared, having made our decision to go on. That night, if the trail was possible, we would camp at Doubtful Lake.

The first part of that adventurous day was quiet. We moved sedately along on an overgrown trail, mountain walls so close on each side that the valley lay in shadow. I rode next to Dan Devore that day, and on the trail he stopped his horse and showed me the place where Hughie McKeever was found.

Dan Devore and Hughie McKeever went out one November to go up to Horseshoe Basin. Dan left before the heaviest snows came, leaving McKeever alone. When McKeever had not appeared by February, Dan went in for him. His cabin was empty.

He had kept a diary up to the twenty-fourth of December, when it stopped abruptly. There were a few marten skins in the cabin, and his outfit. That was all. On some cottonwoods, not far from the camp they found his hatchet and his bag hanging to a tree.

It looked, for a time, as though the mystery of Hughie McKeever's disappearance would be one of the unsolved tragedies of the mountains. But a trapper, whose route took him along Thunder Creek that spring noticed that his dog made a side trip each time, away from the trail. At last he investigated, and found the body of Hughie McKeever. He had probably been caught in a snowslide for his leg was broken below the knee. Unable to walk, he had put his snowshoes on his hands and, dragging the broken leg, had crawled six miles through the snow and ice of the mountain winter. When he was found, he was only a mile and half from his cabin and safety.

There are many other tragedies of that valley. There was a man who went up Bridge Creek to see a claim he had located there. He was to be out four days. But in ten days he had not appeared, which was not surprising, for there was twenty-five feet of snow, and when the snow had frozen so that rescuers could travel over the crust, they went up after him. He was lying in one of the bunks of his cabin with a mattress over him, frozen to death.

So, Dan said, they covered him in the snow with a mattress, and went back in the spring to bury him.

Every winter, in those mountain valleys, men who cannot get their outfits out before the snow shoot their horses or cut their throats rather than let them freeze or starve to death. It is grim country, the Cascade country. One man shot nine in this very valley last winter.

Our Naturalist had been caught the winter before in the first snowstorm of the season. He was from daylight until eight o'clock at night making two miles of trail. He had to break it, foot by foot, for the horses.

As we rode up the gorge toward the pass, it was evident, from the amount of snow in the mountains, that stories had not been exaggerated. The packers looked dubious. Even if we could make the climb to Doubtful Lake, it seemed impossible that we could get further. But the monotony of the long ride was broken that afternoon by our first sight, as a party, of a bear.

It came out on a ledge of the mountain, perhaps three hundred yards away, and proceeded, with great deliberation, to walk across a rock slide. It paid no attention whatever to us and to the wild excitement which followed its discovery.

Instantly, the three junior Rineharts were off their horses, and our artillery attack was being prepared. At the first shot, the pack-ponies went crazy. They lunged and jumped, and even Buddy showed signs of strain, leaping what I imagine to be some eleven feet in the air and coming back on four rigid knees. Followed such a peppering of that cliff as it had never had before. Little clouds of rock dust rose above the bear, in front of him, behind him, and below him. He stopped, mildly astonished, and looked around. More noise, more bucking on the trail, more dust. The bear walked a trifle faster.

It had been arranged that the first bear was to be left for the juniors. So the packers and the rest of the party watched and advised.

But, as I have related elsewhere in this narrative, there were no casualties. The bear, as far as I know, is living today, an honored member of his community, and still telling how he survived the great war. At last he disappeared into a cave, and we went on without so much as a single skin to decorate a college room.

We went on.

What odds and ends of knowledge we picked up on those long days in the saddle! That if lightning strikes a pine even lightly, it kills, but that a fir will ordinarily survive; that mountain miles are measured airline, so that twenty-five miles may really be forty, and that, even then, they are calculated on the level so that one is credited with only the base of the triangle while he is laboriously climbing up the hypotenuse. I am personally acquainted with the hypotenuse of a good many mountains, and there is no use trying to pretend that they are bases.

They are not.

Then we learned that the purpose of the national forests is not to preserve timber but to conserve it. The idea is to sell and reseed. About twenty-five per cent of the timber we saw was yellow pine. But most of the timber we saw on the east side of the Cascades will be safe for some time. I wouldn't undertake to carry out, from most of that region, enough pine needles to make a sofa-cushion. It is quite enough to get oneself out.

Up to now, it had been hard going but not impossible. Now we were to do the impossible.

It is a curious thing about mountains but they have a hideous tendency to fall down. Whole cliff faces, a mile or so high, are suddenly seized with a wandering disposition. Leaving the old folks at home and sliding down into the valleys, they come awful croppers and sustain eleven million compound comminuted fractures.

These family breaks are known as rock slides.

Now to travel twenty feet over a rock slide is to twist an ankle, bruise a shin bone, utterly discourage a horse, and sour the most amiable disposition.

There is no flat side to these wandering rocks. With diabolical ingenuity that nature can show when she goes wrong, they lie edge up. Do you remember the little mermaid who wished to lose her tail and gain legs so she could follow the prince? And how her penalty was that every step was like walking on the edges of swords? That is a mountain rock slide, but I do not recall that the little mermaid had to drag a frightened and slipping horse, which stepped on her now and then. Or wear riding boots. Or stop every now and then to be photographed, and try to persuade her horse to stop also. Or keep looking up to see if another family jar threatened. Or look around to see if any of the party or the pack was rolling down over the spareribs of that ghastly skeleton. No, the little mermaid's problem was a simple and uncomplicated one.

We were climbing, too. Only one thing kept us going. The narrow valley twisted, and around each cliff face we expected the end—either death or solid ground. But not so, or, at least, not for some hours. Riding boots peeled like

a sun-burned face; stones dislodged and rolled down; the sun beat down in early September fury, and still we went on.

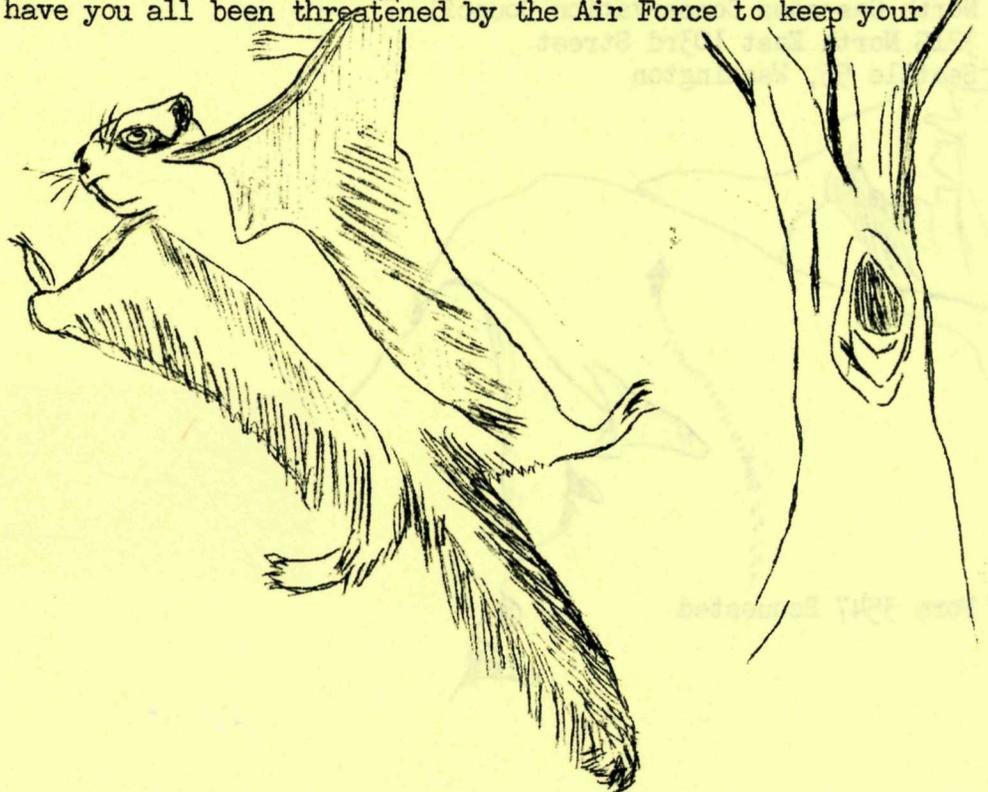
Only three miles it was, but it was as bad a three miles as I have ever covered. Then—the Naturalist turned and smiled.

"Now we are all right," he said. "We start to climb soon!"

(To be continued)

We are not Alone

One dark and snowy March day in 1948 several of us were snowshoeing around Source Creek, well-removed from hissing boards, whining tow motors, and yodeling loudspeakers. While somewhat ahead of the others, suddenly I glimpsed a strange flying object in the sky. No, not saucer-shaped, though it was about then They began Their visits, but not bird-shaped either. Like any prudent person, I habitually keep one eye on dark corners and dark skies, alert for the worst. I halted immediately. From a tall fir the creatures were coming, three of them, one at a time gliding some forty feet over a clearing to another tree, scampering along the branch and up the trunk and out another branch at a dead run, once more launching into space. Though I'd never seen them before, nor was even aware they lived in the Cascades, there was no mistake. Full many a time since then I've told my flying squirrel story, and if the response was more than a blank stare (while edging toward the door) it was to the effect flying squirrels are nocturnal in their habits. Well, it was a dark day. Only one other Believer have I found: years ago, while skiing from Snoqualmie Pass to Stampede, Wolf Bauer was similarly startled. Does anyone else know from personal evidence that Flying Squirrels are Real? Would you speak up and tell us about it? Or have you all been threatened by the Air Force to keep your mouths shut?



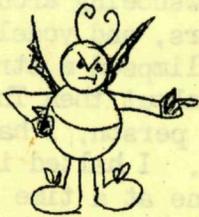
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(formerly N3C News)

June 1961

\$1.00 a year

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THE TIME MUST BE NOW	A Pack-Train in the Cascades (Part 6)	16
WILDERNESS WILL NOT WAIT	We are not Alone	19

SPECIAL INSERT: ACTION NOW ON THE NORTH CASCADES
PARK STUDY BILL

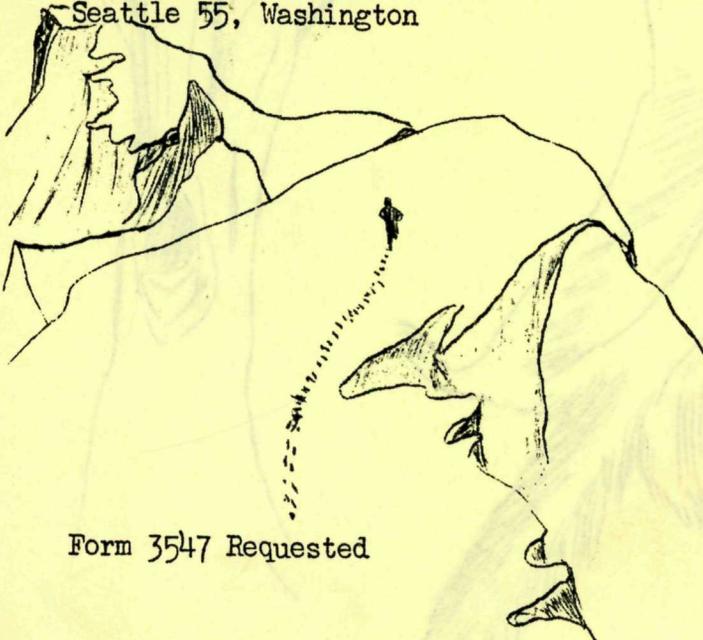


"Within the next few months we hope to report on what we think the ultimate National Park System should be. . . There will be acquisitions of new areas."

—Conrad Wirth, Director,
National Park Service

North Cascades Conservation Council
3215 North East 103rd Street
Seattle 55, Washington

Bulk Rate



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