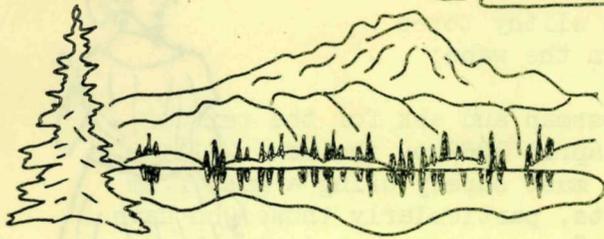
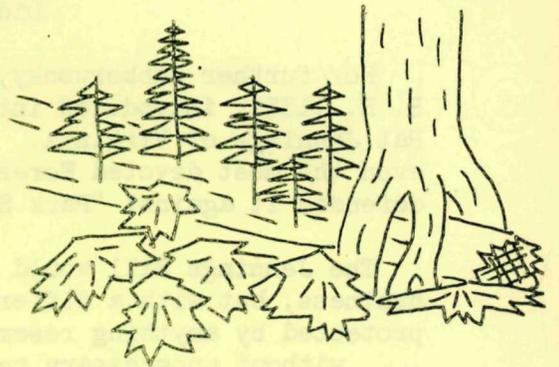
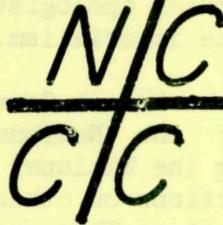


THE WILD CASCADES



**NORTH CASCADES
CONSERVATION COUNCIL**



"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. . ."

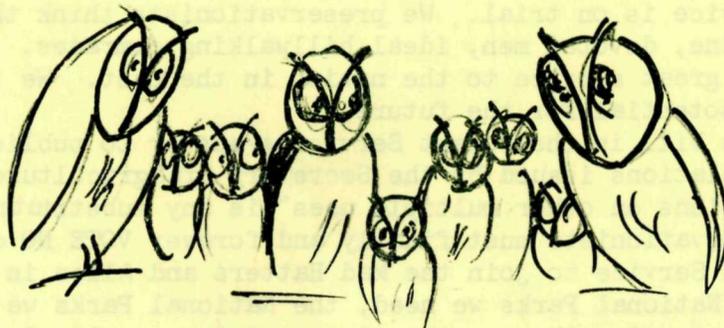
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Julian Huxley SAYS "YOU ARE LUCKY"

On April 30, 1962 occurred the latest episode in the danger-filled history of the University of Washington Arboretum. In his statement before the Seattle City Council, Dr. Charles E. Odegaard, President of the University, said:

"Last week one of the world's distinguished scientific and humanistic thinkers, Sir Julian Huxley, initiated the John Danz Lectureship on the University of Washington campus. Quite unaware of the threat in Seattle to the Arboretum, he nevertheless said something which should be in the heart and mind of every man considering this issue today. I quote the following excerpt from his lecture:

"We must think more in terms of conservation of living resources like timber, [some] living resources like soil, enjoyment resources like beautiful scenery and open space. Here in the Northwest you are lucky, but the threat will increase. I hope you won't relax in favor of pressures. Man can no longer regard himself as Lord of Creation or as conqueror of nature. He must be a responsible partner in this process of which he is a product and of which he is a part and in which he plays a role. The Golden Rule applies to nature as well as between human beings. Treat nature well; otherwise you can't expect nature to do anything but treat you badly. '"



THE FOREST SERVICE IN WONDERLANDS

"Twas brillig, and the slithy toves
Did gyre and gimble in the wabe; . . ."



For further Jabberwocky, write your Congressman and ask for the text of H. R. 11351, introduced into the House on 17 April 1962 by the Hon. William Pat Jennings of Virginia. . . This measure must surely bring a gasp from even the most devoted Forest Service apologists, particularly those who have defended it against "Park Service imperialism."

The Jennings Bill would put the Forest Service squarely in the "National Park" business, but with a difference: the "National Forest Wonderlands" would not be protected by anything resembling the National Park Act, but would be "administered . . . without unnecessary restrictions on other multiple uses." To appreciate a Forest Service Wonderland you must go Through the Looking Glass with Mr. Jennings, into the reversed world where everything is just the opposite.

Remember the oft-repeated suggestion that all public land agencies be integrated into a single department? The Forest Service goes along with that idea—so long as it turns up running the whole show. (And when the Forest Service denies responsibility for this legislation, remember that with his own ears President Goldsworthy heard an administrative assistant of Representative Jennings say that the measure was written with the aid, council, and assistance of the Forest Service.

H.R. 11351 is "A Bill to authorize and direct the Secretary of Agriculture to designate as national forest wonderlands certain areas of the national forests having outstanding scenic and recreational values and for other purposes." . . . The Secretary would be "authorized and directed to designate as national forest wonderlands those portions of the national forests which he determines to be suitable therefor in the following locations: Madison River Canyon earthquake area in Montana; Flaming Gorge in Utah; Oregon Dunes in Oregon; Mendenhall Glacier in Alaska; . . . Hells Canyon in Idaho and Oregon; Sawtooth area in Idaho; Bristlecone Pine area in California: . . . North Cascades in Washington; and Los Padres coast in California. . . . Such designations shall be made by the Secretary of Agriculture after public notice . . . and public hearing. . .

"The national forest wonderlands shall be developed, protected, and administered as parts of the national forest or national forests within which they are situated in accordance with regulations issued by the Secretary of Agriculture for the purposes of this Act, including recognition that each such area is of nationally outstanding and unique scenic and recreational value, but without unnecessary restrictions on other multiple uses."

We hope the Forest Service immediately denies responsibility for this vicious measure. We hope the Forest publicly and loudly states its opposition before the House Committee on Agriculture, to which the bill has been referred.

The Forest Service is on trial. We preservationists think the individual rangers we know are fine, devoted men, ideal hillwalking comrades. We think the Service has rendered great service to the nation in the past. We think the Service has a tremendous potential for the future.

If the Jennings Bill is the Forest Service's answer to public need for new parks, if it thinks "regulations issued by the Secretary of Agriculture. . . without unnecessary restrictions on other multiple uses" is any substitute for the National Park Act, then we preservationists must finally and forever VOTE NO on the Forest Service, and ask the Forest Service to join the Mad Hatters and Alice in Wonderland, and leave us with the National Parks we need, the National Parks we will have, even though it means destroying the pension-pleasured dreamworld of pettifogging bureaucrats.

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founded 1957

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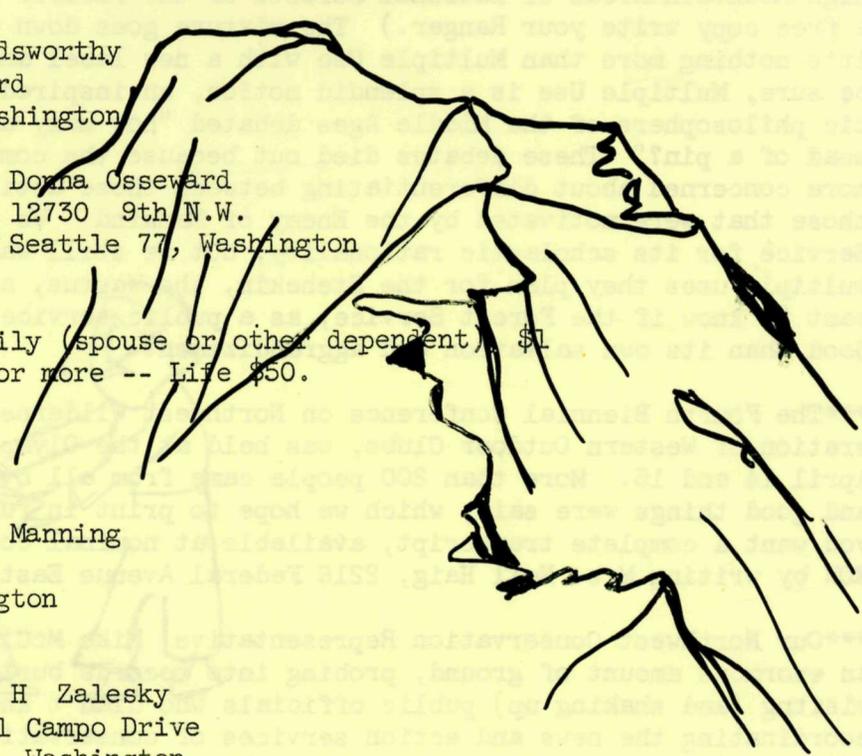
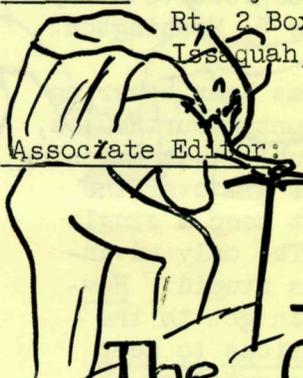
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THE WILD CASCADES

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The ORRRC DODM Fulfilled

Last month we published an analysis of the ORRRC Report that scooped away the whipped cream and strawberries and found underneath nothing less than a concerted plot against the National Park Act. Our commentator warned that the proposed Bureau of Outdoor Recreation might be the most insidious infernal machine ever invented by "multiple-users." —Did you, gentle reader, wrinkle your brow and cluck-cluck about the paranoia of preservation?

Then please note, gentle reader, who has been appointed to direct the Bureau of Outdoor Recreation. It is none other than Mr. Edward Craft, formerly Assistant Chief of the Forest Service.

Mr. Craft is a competent man, a career man, and no doubt a devoted man. Conceivably we may all revere him, a few years from now, as a wise man, a good man.

However, in view of the aggressive imperialism of the Forest Service, in view of its cold antagonism to its fellow public servants in the Park Service, in view of the potential evils implicit in the ORRRC Report, can we preservationists be blamed if we ask why a Forest Service man was abruptly thrust into the Department of Interior, cheek by jowl with the Park Service he has, as a professional duty, subverted throughout his Forest Service career?

The Irate Birdwatcher Views the News

Page 4

***The Forest Service has published Management Objectives and Policies for the High Mountain Areas of National Forests of the Pacific Northwest Region. (For a free copy write your Ranger.) The mixture goes down smooth as snake oil, but it's nothing more than Multiple Use with a new label and a bit more sugar. To be sure, Multiple Use is a splendid notion, an inspired notion. Devout scholastic philosophers of the Middle Ages debated "how many angels can dance on the head of a pin?" These debates died out because the commonalty of mankind was more concerned about differentiating between those actions that pleased God and those that were motivated by the Enemy of Mankind. We congratulate the Forest Service for its scholastic rationality, but we still want to know how many multiple uses they plan for the Stehekin, the Wapatus, and Copper City, we still want to know if the Forest Service, as a public service, recognizes any other Good than its own salvation and aggrandizement.

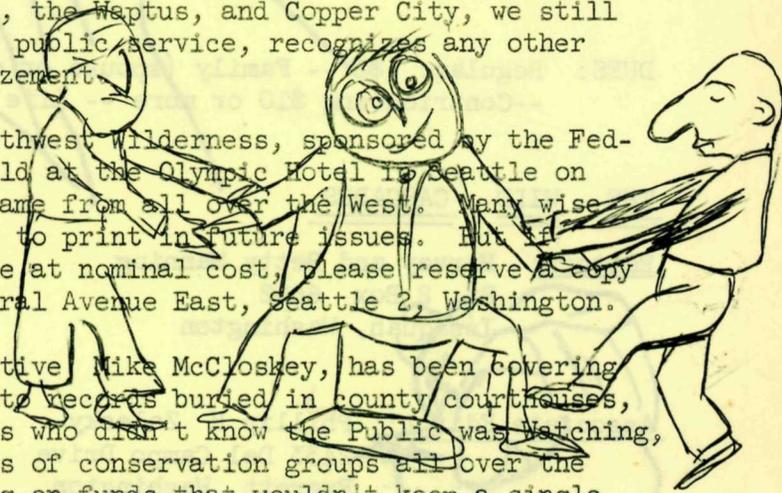
***The Fourth Biennial Conference on Northwest Wilderness, sponsored by the Federation of Western Outdoor Clubs, was held at the Olympic Hotel in Seattle on April 14 and 15. More than 200 people came from all over the West. Many wise and good things were said, which we hope to print in future issues. But if you want a complete transcript, available at nominal cost, please reserve a copy NOW by writing Mrs. Neil Haig, 2216 Federal Avenue East, Seattle 2, Washington.

***Our Northwest Conservation Representative Mike McCloskey, has been covering an enormous amount of ground, probing into records buried in county courthouses, visiting (and shaking up) public officials who didn't know the Public was Watching, coordinating the news and action services of conservation groups all over the Northwest. Our Representative is working on funds that wouldn't keep a single secretary of the Loggers Lobby in coffee and cuticle remover. The only advantage our David has in this battle is that Goliath, as always, is stupid. However, wisdom doesn't pay bus fare: unless our Representative can get to the battleground, we can hardly expect him to put up a fight. Donations to keep our Northwest Conservation Representative on the road will be accepted by the N3C, now, and anytime.

***A National Conference on Open Space was held last month on the campus of the University of Washington. We hope to quote in future some of the many Good Things said. For the moment we will only report that Governor Rosellini has announced that he is going to appoint a Citizens Committee to recommend open spaces for Washington State, and ways to get them--an excellent move in an election year.

***JACK WESTLAND (R) lost a 3-and-2 decision in the first round of the North and South Tournament April 24, in Pinehurst, North Carolina. It's a bad showing for a man who once won the National Amateur, and in so doing got to shake the hand of General Eisenhower, and thereby won the confidence of the Second District of Washington State. If the Hon. Jack can't stroke the ball anymore, what has he got left to offer the voters? Nothing we can see except that Hon. Jack Westland was the only member of the United States House of Representatives who voted against the Puerto Rican National Park.

***BERT COLE (D) is about to plat Lake Union, unless many Seattleites rise up in holy wrath against this latest confabulation of the Gypo From Forks with the Forces of Community Disaster. The US Army Corps of Engineers, which retains a responsibility for our inland waterways dating from the Spanish-American War, has--at somebody's suggestion--moved the "outer harbor line" far out into Lake Union. This will please those who want to make Lake Union into one great big parking lot for boats. It must also please Mr. Cole, or he would surely have said otherwise before now.



The Birth of An Abomination

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The Volcano Service Rides Again, a novel by A. Snowman. Wobbly Press, Squawk Mountain, 1966. 666 pages. \$.66.

Reviewed by D.W.

Here is a very bad, implausible, and wicked novel. The author merits the outraged scorn and nauseated disgust of every Taxpayer. Readers of this publication will recall The Hornblower Hearings of 1960 and the fairness demonstrated there by the Volcano Service. The Service heard the proposal of Abraham J.C Lincoln, representing Behemoth Corporation, to convert the excess volcanic pumice of Mount Hornblower into badly needed bomb components and bomb shelters. The Service also weighed (through a translator) the testimony of those Noble Prizewinners whose "know-how" made the Fourth of July what it is today—Dr. Frankfurter V. Brown, the skyrocket whiz, and Dr. Graveyard ("Smiley") Killer, often called the Father of the Cherry Bomb. On the other hand, the Service listened as patiently as possible to the demented Thomas Pain, very uncivil libertarian who reached the Danktown hearings on the crest of the floodwaters of the Dank River, which washed him from his wilderness retreat (or "hideout," as J. Goodguy Gangbuster described it). Moreover, the Service expressed great regret when the foldboat carrying John Slob, President of the Mistville Volcano-Climbing and Bird-Watching Society, capsized in the Dank River en route to the hearings—though it was certainly no fault of the Service Mr. Slob didn't get himself a helicopter like the Behemoth people.

Anyone familiar with the Hornblower Hearings cannot but applaud the impartiality of the Volcano Service's final recommendation, which provided multiple use of Hornblower to serve the multiple needs of Taxpayers. Though the Service gave Behemoth Corporation a license to tear down Mount Hornblower, it required Behemoth to be very careful with the glaciers and bulldoze them all in a neat pile for recreational use.

The real-life Hornblower case history of Volcano Service solicitude for the ultimate best interests of all Taxpayer groups is a matter of public record.

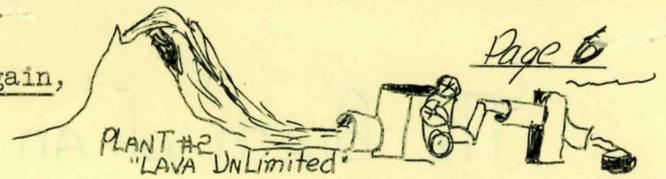
What, then, are we to think of this sick slander by the most abominable novelist in my experience, Mr. Snowman?

* * *

The story opens on a scene of social turmoil in the fictional State of Volcano. The "heros" are a band of Snowmen, whom the author implausibly portrays as having no monetary interest in volcanoes. The "villains" are officials of the pumice industry and the Volcano Service, whom the author berates for never seeing anything more to a volcano than "a pile of pumice cluttered with ice." The author never adequately explains what more there is to a volcano, nor does he explain how all the Snowmen in Volcano State would make a living if we didn't use the pumice, which geologists say will all ultimately be washed out into the ocean anyway, a tragic waste of a natural resource. Also the author never shows any awareness of the fact new volcanoes are starting up all the time, in virtually every geologic era, and that many pumice companies have set up Volcano Farms, huge tracts of land acquired from aborigines and dedicated in annual tax statements to the proposition that if any volcano ever shows up on this property it will not be harvested until it stops erupting. He doesn't seem to realize, either, that most of these volcanoes, even though private property, are open for public recreational use, at least until they stop erupting and start eroding

(continued next page)

and must therefore be cropped.



Anyway, the plot thickens when a Band of Elected Investigators tours Volcano State to see what the argument is all about. The author grants that the Investigators ran official announcements of their impending visit in all the newspapers, but says no Snowman could reasonably have been expected to see the announcements. To my way of thinking, the author defeats his own purpose by admitting his so-called "heros" aren't alert enough to watch the Personal Columns of the Want Ads.

Then the author describes how everywhere the Elected Investigators go on their tour they are accompanied by Volcano Service officials, and that the Investigators never take a bite to eat or a sip to quench honest thirst and/or relax tension except as guests of the pumice industry. The crazy thing is, the author implies there is something wrong with courteous hospitality!

Well, these Snowmen "heros" of the author, who don't know the value of a dollar and don't read the Personal Columns and would probably be too cheap to buy an Investigator a cup of coffee anyway, they finally wake up and send an agitator racing off to show the Investigators pictures of volcanoes covered with glaciers. This agitator makes a big thing out of the fact the Investigators haven't seen a volcano on the whole tour except when it was being ground up into pumice blocks. What does this prove? It seems to me this proves the Investigators are in a position to be rational and unemotional about volcanoes and realize that if a volcano has glaciers it is overripe—it isn't growing any more and it's getting big holes torn in it. It's actually a dead volcano and only of interest to a morbid curiosity.

So the Investigators go home and make the kind of report any sensible person would, all about the number of people that work in pumice factories, and how pumice factories pay the taxes that build the schools, and how once a volcano is bulldozed out of the way local citizens see a lot more sky and get a lot more healthful rays from the sun and moon and H-Bombs (which many AEC authorities now consider the best source of Vitamin D, as well as the easiest way to construct harbor facilities badly needed by the Eskimoes).

Well, these nutty Snowmen, what do they do but come out with a big attack on the Volcano Service. They say the Volcano Service should have gone out of its way to tell the Snowmen the Investigators were coming because the Volcano Service sure as heck went out of its way to tell the pumice industry. (The faulty reasoning here is obvious: the Volcano Service doesn't have to go out of its way to talk to pumice people, whom they see all the time anyway.) They also ask if every Volcano Service official realizes he is employed by The People and just like any other employee he can get fired if he doesn't do the job he's paid for. They also say the Volcano Service is supposed to be a non-political government agency and when it deliberately goosesteps into politics it had better keep careful watch what flag is flying on the pole.

What would the author expect of the Volcano Service after an attack like this? I don't know, but he gets irate as heck when the Volcano Service goes to the Investigators and asks them if they had a nice time on their trip, and the Investigators say thanks a lot they sure did, and asks them if they saw lots of pumice, and they say they sure did, and asks them if they think the Volcano Service is a good group, and they say they sure do, and asks them how they would feel if some Snowman claimed the Investigators hadn't learned beans about volcanoes on the tour, and they say they'd sure get sore at any Snowman who said Investigators could spend all that time and Taxpayers' money studying a problem and never find out what the problem was.

(Continued on next page)

BOOK REVIEW: The Volcano Service Rides Again (continued)

So the Volcano Service mails a few thousand Taxpayers a playback of the Investigators' answers. And what do the author's "heros" do but claim the Volcano Service not only led the Investigators around like a gang of sheep on the tour, by arranging invitations to dinner parties, but after the tour, by asking questions as fully loaded as the itinerary. These abominable Snowmen call this "a case of public servants conspiring against their Employer, the Public, and then attacking their Employer, the Public, all the time using their Employer's funds, Public funds, to carry on the conspiracy and the attack." Imagine!

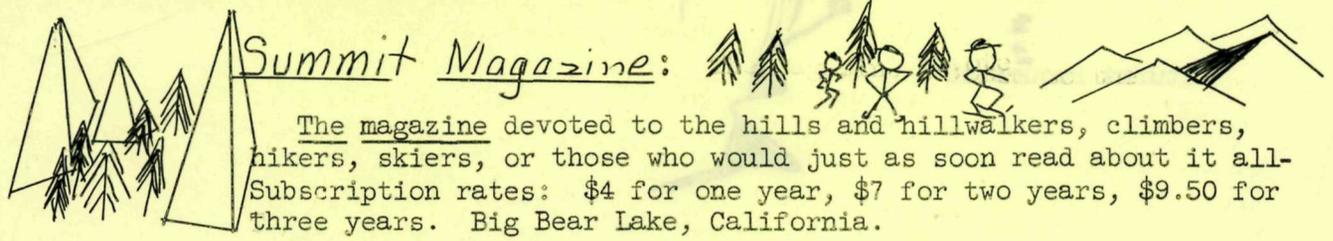
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I can't finish the plot summary. I already feel like being sick and the conclusion of the story is the worst part. The author goes out of his mind and has thousands of Taxpayers writing letters to Elected Investigators and the Volcano Service getting scared and promising to treat Snowmen the same as the pumice industry and all sorts of dangerous and impossible things. He would even have us believe a story like this could have a happy ending. In the last chapter of his book it turns out there are plenty of volcanoes for both Snowmen and pumice blocks. The Volcano Service goes to an analyst and after long treatment realizes how it's now a big grown-up government bureau and doesn't have to be afraid of the Big Bad Guys who are its enemies, and doesn't have to conspire against the Nice Little Guys who are its friends.

Speaking as a person with a deep financial involvement in pumice, that would be the last goshdarn straw. Frankly, I don't see how we can afford to continue exploiting the pumice resources of our Nation without more realistic Volcano Service policies and a substantial government subsidy. We have terrific competition, what with all the other volcano regions coming into production, and also the beach-sand and spun-glass industries cutting into our markets. —And as if we didn't have enough trouble selling all the pumice we have on hand now these Snowmen are trying to make it tough for us to get more!

This is an abominable book. I'm sorry I read it. Don't you make that mistake. Just trust us experienced leaders of the pumice industry and our friends in the Volcano Service; we'll take care of the volcanoes, but good.

Those who would like to examine this filthy novel to see if it is as bad as described by our reviewer, Mr. Daddy Warbucks, may order copies from The N3C Bookshop, Route 2, Box 6652, Issaquah, Washington. Single copies are not available; for two copies, one to read and one to jump up and down on, send \$1.25. Inasmuch as the novel may be banned from the mails by the time your order is received, the N3C Bookshop reserves the right to send, instead, a set of 17 WILDERNESS CARDS, including the brand new one that is all about the North Cascades Conservation Council and the Golden Triangle of Parks, Rainier, Olympic, Cascade.

 Summit Magazine: The magazine devoted to the hills and hillwalkers, climbers, hikers, skiers, or those who would just as soon read about it all. Subscription rates: \$4 for one year, \$7 for two years, \$9.50 for three years. Big Bear Lake, California.

News from Washington D.C.:

THE WILDERNESS BILL IS IN DANGER OF DYING IN COMMITTEE HEARINGS —We hear from our reporter, that only one representative, John Saylor of Pennsylvania is actively in favor of the Bill.

Now is the time to politick in earnest. . .make your case with your representatives in Congress.

For your convenience, Western Union will send Personal Opinion Messages (15 words - 75 cents) to any elected representative, anywhere in the country. Ask to send a P.O.M Message.

If the Wilderness Bill gets out of the House Subcommittee on Public Lands, Gracie Pfost, chairman, then it will come up for a vote late this month on the floor. Send your messages to both Chairman Pfost, Room 1324 New House Office Bldg., Washington, D.C. and to your congressman. LET'S THIS ONCE DO IT.

NORTH CASCADES CONSERVATION COUNCIL
May 1962 \$2 a year

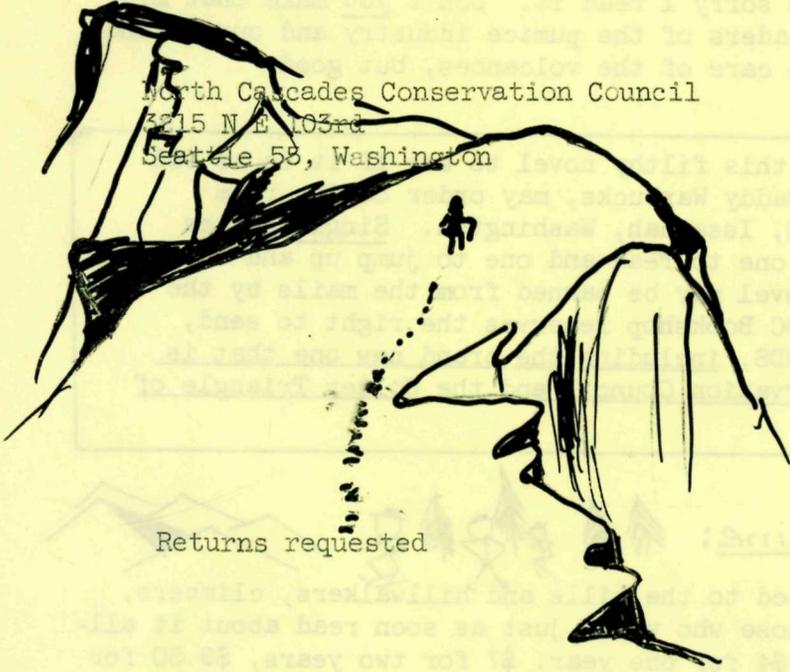
THE WILD CASCADES

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