

# NORTH CASCADES CONSERVATION COUNCIL

Volume V

February 1969 ~~1961~~

Number 2

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

In This Issue:	
Support for Park Study Bill . . . . .	1
Making Big Value Out of Small Logs . . . . .	2
New Books . . . . .	3
INVERSNAID . . . . .	4
"Try the Vigorous Life" . . . . .	4
"A Pack Train in the Cascades" . . . . .	6

## SUPPORT FOR CONGRESSMAN PELLY'S STUDY BILL FOR A CASCADE NATIONAL PARK

Dear Sirs:

If only there were more people who could go from house to house we could flood Congress with signatures. About 94% sign. There are very few flat refusals and two thirds of these are hunters. However, out of 11 hunters 4 signed, one claiming that hunting is a racket and he'd like to see the North Cascades set aside as a park. Two men worked for one of the big lumber mills here and said they would like to see something set aside for the people before it is all grabbed by the mills. Here's hoping we at least get the study.

a Washington NCCC member.

### We are Doing the Following:

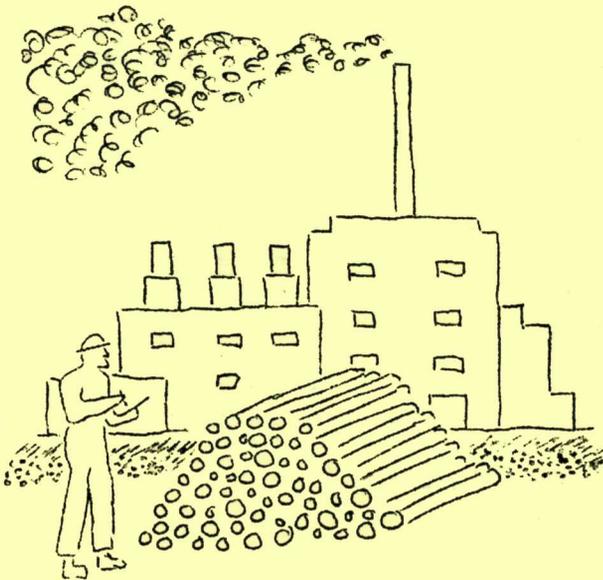
1. Collecting signatures on petitions until Pelly's bill (HR 2056) is passed; We shall let you know when this is so, in the meantime please keep right on sending them in.
2. We have sent Congressman Pelly 10,000 signatures already, have 2000 ready to go and are getting more daily to be sent in batches to Washington D. C. Other Congressmen and Department of Interior officials are informed of these figures.
3. We need as many more signatures as we can get; the more we have the stronger is our case.
4. Petition signatures are excellent but individual letters are superior. Please consult the enclosed list for the names and addresses of those to whom you should write. EVERY SINGLE LETTER DOES HELP!

## MAKING BIG VALUE OUT OF SMALL LOGS

-Two new Pacific Northwest lumber mills are highly mechanized to process logs often just chopped up for pulpwood.-

Two of the lumber industry's most highly mechanized mills are starting up in the Pacific Northwest with a feed stock that would have been beneath logger's contempt only a few years ago. These mills - one operated by Simpson Timber Company and the other by Crown Zellerbach Corp. - process logs that average less than a foot in diameter. Most sawmills working on a large scale insist on two or three times that diameter at least . . . . .

Any Change is Good - This concept of small-log milling could bring important changes to the lumber business, for which almost any change would be an improvement.



Logging unions are after more pay and fewer hours, driving the industry's costs up. Meanwhile, lumber prices drift lower, both because of dullness in construction and because of the inroads that rival materials are making in wood's historic market.

Simpson and Crown Zellerbach see an inevitable spread of mechanized mills designed from the start to handle small logs at maximum profit. A small-log mill, they say, bases its economy on fast, high-volume work. And this condition is easier to attain with small logs than the huge ones that a conventional mill must contend with, since small logs are more uniform, and easier to toss around on conveyers. . . . .

Small logs - anything between 6 to 34 in. or so in diameter - are quite often chewed up for pulpwood, rather than being processed for lumber. Thus, in the normal course of events, they're less profitable to conventional mills.

Abundant Source - The two new plants - Simpson's in Shelton, Wash., and Crown Zellerbach's in Columbia City, Ore. - are operated almost entirely from control consoles by workers who just press buttons and flick switches. Perhaps more important, these mills escape from the Pacific Northwest industry's old dependence on the fast-vanishing stands of giant, old-growth timber.

The virgin stands of Douglas fir, the 300- to 600-year-old trees that last year accounted for nearly 30% of the 35-billion board-feet of lumber produced by the industry, obviously can't last forever.

Some say there's only 50 years of virgin timber left in Washington and Oregon. What Simpson and Crown Zellerbach are after is the second-growth timber that has sprouted up where the virgin forests once stood - second-generation trees only 80 or 90 years along.

These "young" trees are big enough to cut if the stand is managed intelligently. And they can be milled with lighter machinery than that in conventional mills. Lumbermen say they actually recover more wood per acre too. There's less waste on the younger trees, less damage by disease, rot, and breakage in felling. The trunks taper less, making them easier to handle and slice up.

The two new mills expect also to get much of their timber from the thinning of stands that won't be harvested as a whole for 20 or 30 years later. Growers weed out enough trees to give the rest more growing room. Usually, the thinnings are simply cut into chips for pulpwood, but Simpson expects them to make up 40% to 50% of the 30million board-feet its mill will process each year.. . . .

Fast In, Fast Out - "Lumbering today is getting like all other industries," says a Crown Zellerbach executive. "You've got to push raw materials in the door one minute and shove finished goods out the back door the next minute. Right now, the average sawmill can't do it, handling the really big stuff. Small-log mills, working on uniform sizes and lengths, though, could change all that."

Condensed from BUSINESS WEEK  
Feb. 4, 1961

\* \* \* \* \*

- New Books Department -

BIRTH OF A NATIONAL PARK IN THE GREAT SMOKY MOUNTAINS, by Carlos C. Campbell

The casual visitor to Great Smoky Mountains National Park, or any other national park, may experience the wonders there with little or no knowledge of the events that make such a visit rewarding, or even possible. In his book, Carlos C. Campbell sifts through the historic files and records from the time the idea of a national park was conceived until it was born almost twelve years later. And what a stormy gestation period it had !

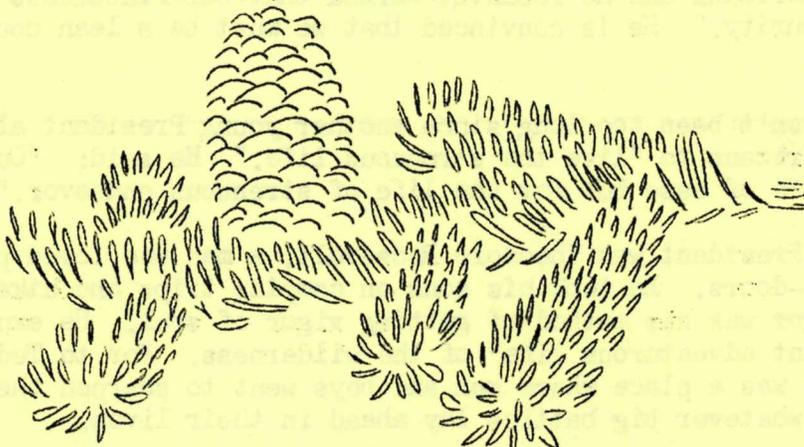
Mr. Campbell makes an observation that has a parallel in any movement to establish a national park. He noted that on several occasions the opponents of the park let down their guard because they felt the park supporters did not stand a chance of getting what they were asking for. Taking full advantage of this, the park leaders worked all the harder; and Great Smoky Mountains National Park today stands as a monument to their faith.

Those working for new national parks today - those working desperately against time - will be heartened by this fine documentary work. It serves to prove that belief in an idea, when founded on unselfishness, is the strongest weapon at our disposal.

J. F. Carithers, National Wildlands News

Published by the University of Tennessee Press, 1960. 156 pages. Illustrated with maps and photographs. Price, \$5.

\* \* \* \* \*



The following poem, written by Gerard Manley Hopkins, British poet (d. 1889), makes one sit back and think that the problems concerning wilderness and its preservation are anything but present-day. The last stanza is very much to the point, particularly here in the Northwest. The poem was drawn to our attention by N. F. Ford, Palo Alto, California.

INVERSNAID\*

This darksome burn, horseback brown,  
His rollrock highroad roaring down,  
In coop and in comb the fleece of his foam  
Flutes and low to the lake falls home.

A wind-puff bonnet of fawn-froth  
Turns and twindles over the broth  
Of a pool so pitchblack, fell-frowning,  
It rounds and rounds Despair to drowning.

Degged with dew, dappled with dew  
Are the groins of the braes that the brook treads through  
Wiry heathpacks, fitches of fern,  
And the beadbonny ash that sits over the burn.

What would the world be, once bereft  
Of wet and of wildness? Let them be left,  
O let them be left, wildness and wet;  
Long live the weeds and the wilderness yet.

\*Iversnaid - a place in the hills near Lock Lomond, Scotland.

\* \* \* \* \*

"TRY THE VIGOROUS LIFE"

First Article by the New Secretary of the Interior

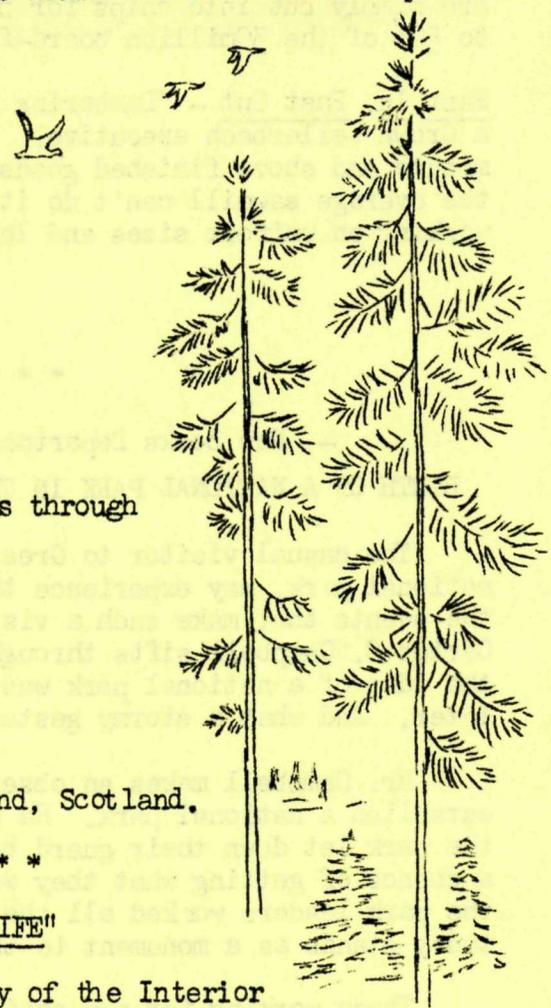
Condensed from THIS WEEK Magazine. 12 February, 1961

How ironic that America, in its workaday life a nation of doers, has become, in its moments of relaxation and diversion, a nation of passive sitters and watchers! Television, the movies, radio, the great sports stadiums give us one kind of pleasure, but rob us of a more important one: the pleasure of actually participating.

President Kennedy has expressed concern over the increasing physical softness of Americans and he recently warned that our flabbiness is becoming a "menace to our security." He is convinced that we must be a lean country if we are to prevail.

It hasn't been too long since another young President also challenged his fellow Americans to "live the strenuous life." He said: "Our country calls not for the life of ease but for the life of strenuous endeavor."

That President was Theodore Roosevelt, a man who loved physical exertion and the out-of-doors. He took his sons on camping trips and hikes. He said that bodily vigor was his method of getting vigor of soul. He exulted over the "free, self-reliant adventurous life" of the wilderness. For to Teddy Roosevelt the wilderness was a place where men and boys went to sharpen their determination and skill for whatever big battles lay ahead in their lives.



Most of us can't live and work in the out-of-doors the way our parents and grandparents did. But there is no need for us to become fat and passive.

We have vacation time each year and a great network of National and State Parks and wildlife areas. Most are not too different now from the way they were hundreds of years ago, and they offer ideal places for you and your family to prove your mettle. . . . .

Heading for the Colorado

Last summer, after the Democratic convention in Los Angeles, my wife and I hurried home to Tucson, Arizona. We were about as physically and mentally spent as two people can be. We gathered up the two oldest of our six youngsters, some camping gear, old clothes and swim togs, and then we headed for the Upper Colorado River.

We entered the Colorado at Hite, Utah, near the upper end of Glen Canyon, aboard a small outboard motorboat accompanied by one of our country's master boatmen, Frank Wright. For the next four days beneath a fierce August sun, we chugged our way down the coffee-colored water through one of the wildest, most untouched, most stupendously beautiful regions in America. We hiked and climbed and swam. We explored canyons visited by few other human beings and prowled through cliff dwellings built 700 years ago by a prehistoric Indian tribe which, having built them, vanished without a trace.

We slept on sandbars with only the stars and the sky to shelter us. We cooked our food over wood fires. On the last day of our journey we left the river and hiked six arduous miles to Rainbow Bridge, that gigantic and rarely visited pink arch of stone beneath which our National Capitol Building could be tucked with room to spare.

For our two boys, Tommy, 12, and Scott, 11, it was an exciting and rugged adventure. For my wife Ermalee and myself it was a chance to escape from the pressures of modern society, to wake up both physically and spiritually.

We try to do this sort of thing as often as possible. And I heartily commend the whole idea of rugged vacations instead of the take-it-easy variety.

When we come back we feel strengthened and our confidence is restored. Some thing wonderful happens. Our children - and this includes two younger daughters, as well as our sons - become a little more self-sufficient, a little more patient, a little more appreciative of nature and, most important, a little stronger. . . .

You probably don't need to go far. A few miles beyond our house in Tucson, visible through our picture window, lies a magnificent range of desert mountains known as the Santa Catalinas. When Tommy and Scott were 8 and 7 years old, we started attacking the high ridge at the west end of the range, making an annual expedition of it, each year climbing a little higher. At last, just two years ago, we reached the top and built a fire there so that the smoke would tell Ermalee and the other children, watching at the window, that we had conquered our mountain.

I am sure that there are similar challenges near your home that your family can tackle. The important part is getting up and going.

The rewards are beyond measure - for yourself, and, as our new President has pointed out, in the long run for the country, too.

by Stewart L. Udall  
and Joseph Stocker.

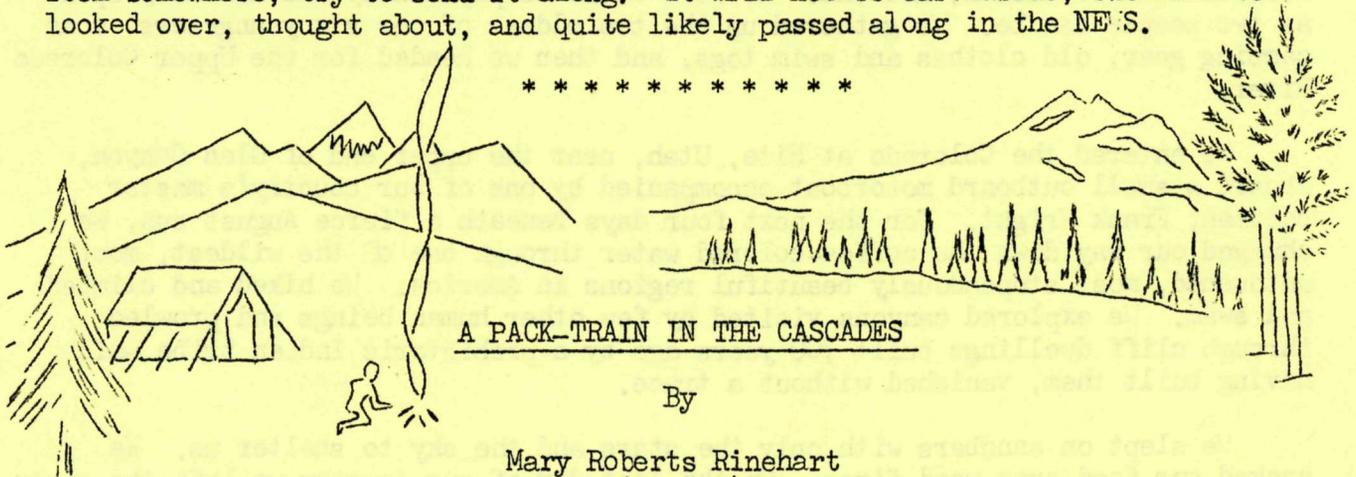
\* \* \* \* \*

COMMENTS AND CLIPPIN'S

For a publication such as the NEWS to be successful, much is dependent upon comments and clippings that are sent in by you, the reader. It is not possible for the editorial staff to see everything that is printed in magazines and newspapers about wilderness and National Parks. For this reason "comments and clippin's" are always welcomed with a great deal of interest and pleasure.

Whenever you have an idea, or come upon some interesting article or news item somewhere, try to send it along. It will not be cast aside, but will be looked over, thought about, and quite likely passed along in the NEWS.

\* \* \* \* \*



A PACK-TRAIN IN THE CASCADES

By

Mary Roberts Rinehart  
(Part 2)

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

We took through thirty-one horses and nineteen people. When we got out, our horses had had nothing to eat, not a blade of grass or a handful of grain, for thirty-six hours, and they had had very little for five days.

On the last morning, the Head gave his horse for breakfast one rain-soaked biscuit, an apple, two lumps of sugar, and a raw egg. The other horses had nothing.

We dropped three pack-horses over cliffs in two days, but got them again, but bruised, and we took out our outfit complete, after two weeks of the most arduous going I have ever known anything about. When the news that we had got over the pass penetrated to the settlements, a pack-outfit started over Cascade Pass in our footsteps to take supplies to a miner. They killed three horses on that same trail, and I believe gave it up in the end.

Doubtless, by next year, a passable trail will have been built up to Doubtful Lake and another one up that eight-hundred-foot mountain wall above the lake, where, when one reaches the top, (Cascade Pass), there is but room to look down again on the other side. Perhaps, too, there will be a trail down the Agnes Creek Valley, so that parties can get through easily. When that is done, and it is promised by the forest supervisor, one of the most magnificent horseback trips in the country will be opened for the first time to the traveler.

Most emphatically, the trip across the Cascades at Doubtful Lake and Cascade Pass is not a trip for a woman in the present condition of things, although any woman who can ride can cross Cloudy Pass and get down Agnes Creek way. But perhaps before this is published, the Chelan National Forest will have been made a national park. It ought to be. It is superb. There is no other word for it. And it

ought not to be called a forest, because it seems to have everything but trees. Rocks and rivers and glaciers - more in one county than in all Switzerland, they claim - and granite peaks and hair-raising precipices and lakes filled with ice in midsummer. But not many trees, until, at Cascade Pass, one reaches the boundaries of the Washington National Forest and begins to descend the Pacific slope.

The personnel of our party was slightly changed. Of the original one, there remained the Head, the Big, the Middle, and the Little Boy, Joe, Bob, and myself. To these we added at the beginning six persons besides our guides and packers.

Two of them did not cross the pass, however - the forest pathologist from Washington, who travels all over the country watching for tree-diseases and tree-epidemics, and who left us after a few days, and the supervisor of Chelan Forest, who had but just come from Oregon and was making his first trip over his new territory.

We were fortunate indeed in having four forest-men with us, men whose lives are spent in the big timber, who know the every mood and tense of the wilderness. For besides these two, the pathologist and the forest supervisor, there was "Silent Lawrie" Lindsley, naturalist, photographer, and lover of all that is wild, a young man who has spent years wandering through the mountains around Chelan, camera and gun at hand, the gun never raised against the wild creatures but used to shoot away tree-branches that interfere with pictures, or, more frequently, to trim a tree into such outlines as fit it into the photograph.

And then there was the Man Who Went Ahead. For forty years this man, Mr. Hilligoss, has lived in the forest. Hardly a big timber-deal in the Northwest but was passed by him. Hardly a tree in that vast wilderness but he knew it. He knew everything about the forest but fear - fear and fatigue. And, with an ax and a gun, he went ahead, clearing trail, blazing trees, and marking the detours to camp-sites by an arrow made of bark and thrust through a slash in a tree.

And - there was Dan Devore and his dog, Whiskers. Dan Devore was our chief guide and outfitter, a soft-voiced, bearded, big-souled man, neither very large nor very young. All soul and courage was Dan Devore, and one of the proud moments of my life was when it was all over and he told me I had done well. I wanted most awfully to have Dan Devore think I had done well.

Then there were Mr. and Mrs. Fred; both were great additions. I call them Mr. and Mrs. Fred, because, like Joe, that was a part of their name. I will be frank about Mrs. Fred. I was worried about her before I knew her. I was accustomed to roughing it; but how about another woman? Would she be putting up her hair in curlers every night, and whimpering when, as sometimes happens, the slow gait of her horse became intolerable? Little did I know Mrs. Fred. She was a natural wanderer, a follower of the trail, a fine and sound and sporting traveling companion. And I like to think that she is typical of the women of that Western country which bred her, feminine to the core, but strong and sweet still.

Was it not Mr. Fred who, night after night, took the junior Rineharts away from an anxious mother into the depths of the forest or the bleakness of mountain slopes, there to lie, armed to the teeth, and wait for the first bears to start out for breakfast? . . . . .To be continued.

\* \* \* \* \*

NORTH CASCADES CONSERVATION COUNCIL

N3C NEWS

Published monthly - Deadline for articles 1st of the month.

Price: \$1.00 a year; free to members.

EDITOR . . . . . George Gans  
R-7, 13712 N. E. 29th Avenue  
Vancouver, Washington

NORTH CASCADES CONSERVATION COUNCIL OFFICES

PRESIDENT . . . . . Patrick D. Goldsworthy  
3215 East 103rd Street  
Seattle 55, Washington  
FIRST VICE-PRESIDENT . . . . . Philip H. Zalesky  
2433 Del Campo Drive  
Everett, Washington  
SECOND VICE\*PRESIDENT . . . . . Dr. Donald Fager  
1500 North Eastmont  
East Wenatchee, Washington  
CORRESPONDING SECRETARY . . . . . Miss Una Davies  
13641 S. W. Fielding Road  
Oswego, Oregon  
MEMBERSHIP CHAIRMAN. . . . . John W. Anderson  
3530 West Laurelhurst Drive  
Seattle 5, Washington

BULK RATE

NORTH CASCADES CONSERVATION COUNCIL  
3215 East 103rd Street  
Seattle 55, Washington



Form 3547 requested.