

It appears to me that current environmentalism in our area still has a strong party line, but also has splinter lines that I consider dangers. Especially now, when the government and the Privatizers are massed against us, it is important for us chickens to be sure we're all clucking in tune.

In our flock on Cougar Mountain, we had one rooster who was ruling the roost and tyrannizing not only the hens but the other roosters. We recently had a revolution and he was overcome by a rooster gang and accompanying hen gang. They chase him out in the woods, from which comes his impressive (but lonesome) cock-a-doodle-doo.

These pages are not the complete text of all the forewords; there were many editions carrying ~~essentially~~ the same frontmatter. However, the selection here contains the various messages of the times and adds up to a full rendition of the party line (as I heard it).

The importance of this compilation is that though many of us lived through all those years, much of the present leadership wasn't even born in that long-ago ~~of the~~ beginning of the "Brower Era." How many of you can remember when the standard preparation for ascending the Gibraltar Route on Rainier was to stuff extra wool socks in your stocking cap? I recall (hilariously) the first hardhat I ever saw in the mountains. A climbing buddy who in his working life was a timber cruiser had just got one and wore it on a trip. We amused ourselves by throwing rocks at his head.

August, 2003

Harvey Manning

THE WILDNESS WITHOUT	-----	pages 3 - 75
THE WILDNESS WITHIN	-----	pages 76 - 136

## PRESERVING THE NORTH CASCADES

Why is there not, so late as 1963, a North Cascades National Park? The Mazamas proposed such a park in 1906. The first Director of the National Park Service, Stephen Mather, investigated the area in 1916. The next year Mary Roberts Rinehart endorsed a park in the *Cosmopolitan Magazine* serialized account of a trip she made from Lake Chelan to Marblemount. In 1919, the Yakima and Spokane Chambers of Commerce called for the creation of a national park. In the 1920s The Mountaineers focused attention on the need for preserving the North Cascades, and in 1929 Willard Van Name called again for the creation of a park in his famous book, *The Vanishing Forest Reserves*. In 1937, a special committee of the Park Service, headed by O. A. Tomlinson, Superintendent of Mt. Rainier National Park, reported that "the area is unquestionably of national park caliber, is more valuable used as such than for any other use now ascertainable, and should receive park status under the National Park Service as the agency set up for providing highest conservational use and protection... will outrank in its scenic, recreational, and wildlife values, any existing national park and any other possibility for such a park within the United States."

What happened? Why was a national park not established in the early 20th Century when the park concept stirred the idealism of the entire nation? And why not in the 1930s during the second great surge of preservationism?

The full story remains to be closely studied and dispassionately written, but preliminary outlines can be sketched. First of all, the great powers of the forest industry built their empires on lands abstracted from the public domain by such devices as the Northern Pacific Land Grant, described by a Congressional investigating committee in the 1920s as the greatest theft ever suffered by the American people. They could not be expected to sit still while barriers were erected to their access to public timber.

As for Northwest conservationists, they had an Olympic National Park to create, and in doing so found themselves ranged against an almost solid enmity from the press, the chambers of commerce, and all the other groups whose longest view of the future was measured in years, not decades—much less generations. Conservationists found it necessary to devote their limited strength to the area in most immediate danger, the Olympics, trusting geography and economics to save the North Cascades until such time

as the danger was acute.

Well, the time has come. The danger to the North Cascades is now acute, and it has become so during this present period, the third great surge of preservationism in Northwest America.

\* \* \*

By joining The Mountaineers in 1948, I became heir to another tradition besides that of "exploring and studying the mountains, forests, and watercourses of the Northwest." I must confess that in 1948 the need of "preserving by the encouragement of protective legislation or otherwise the natural beauty of Northwest America" did not strike me as particularly urgent. The resources of natural beauty seemed too immense and powerful for men to do more than nibble at the fringes. And was not beauty its own defense? Would not society awake and spontaneously halt the process of destruction?

Among my new Mountaineer friends, however, were some who warned that society does not spontaneously do anything to defend the good, the true, the beautiful. Their predictions were fully confirmed, in the early 1950s, by the beginning of an unparalleled onslaught against the natural beauty of the Northwest. One campaign was instituted to "improve" Mount Rainier National Park with ski lifts, tramways, golf courses, and swimming pools. Another was begun (or rather, renewed) to reduce the size of Olympic National Park, which was widely described as an economic catastrophe to the Olympic Peninsula, as a breeding ground of tree diseases that were endangering healthy young forests with contagion, and as a dismal, dark place where aged trees tottered on their stumps, all so that a handful of wealthy Easterners and other cranks—labeled in a famous Seattle editorial as "bird watchers and mountain climbers"—could enjoy mysterious and perverse pleasures in the gloomy rain forests. A man who was elected to three four-year terms as Governor of the State of Washington lent the full authority of his office to both attacks, which would surely have succeeded had not the parks been federal lands, held in trust for *all* the people of *all* the United States.

For example, federal mining laws, established in the 19th Century for frontier conditions of unlimited public lands, remained virtually unchanged in 20th Century conditions of distinctly limited public lands. Any private citizen could, at his whim, stake out a mineral claim, and, without proving the existence of any substantial mineral value, could hack down trees, blast holes in the ground, and scar the hillsides with bulldozer tracks. Older claims established by miners of an earlier generation—so-called “patented” claims having all the privileges of private property—were bought up by entrepreneurs who first of all “mined” the trees from the land and then established hamburger stands, parking lots, curio shops and vacation-home subdivisions. Stock-promotion mines became commonplace, preying on the gullible, benefiting professional promoters and the printers of embossed stock certificates, but adding as much (or as little) to the Gross National Product as the old shell game.

These small-scale perversions of frontier land policy were an annoyance, but not a large-scale hazard. Then the corporation miners arrived with millions of dollars to invest. They bought up patented claims in wholesale lots, staked new claims in the public lands, and with a lavish hand employed helicopters and every other technological device of the 20th Century to take advantage of a body of archaic 19th Century law.

For another example, existing water-use laws continue to make it possible for any agency, whether public municipality or private corporation, to build a dam virtually any place anyone has decided a dam might be useful, profitable, or interesting to build. Uses may be water supply, hydroelectric power, or “flood control and improved

loggers. During each of the past dozen years, and with increasing pace each year, vast expanses of natural beauty have been destroyed by logging within the national forests of the Northwest. The present activities and future plans of the United States Forest Service leave small room for optimism about the years to come.

Now, let me make it perfectly clear that neither I nor any other responsible “bird watcher and mountain climber” views the United States Forest Service as anything other than a group of dedicated public servants doing its honest best to serve all the people while caught in a titanic tug of war between the exploiters and the preservers.

We conservationists sympathize with the Forest Service in its role of mediator. We know that conservation involves hard choices. Man, of course, is the animal the land must be preserved *from*, but so negative a position leads one to favor the eradication of mankind from the earth by the swiftest possible means. It is better to think of man as the leader among the animals and plants that the land must be preserved *for*—but here is where the very hard choices begin, because there are many men, with many opinions on what constitutes the best way to preserve and use the earth.

The only wonder is that Forest Service people ever hear or heed the distant yelps of the conservationists amid the close and constant roar of the loggers, both giant corporations and little gypos, who consider every marketable tree left standing a crime against free enterprise. The explanation is that most Forest Service people are conscientiously doing their best to mediate between conflicting demands.

Unfortunately, the people of the Forest Service locate

handed down from above. Where is this policy made? Unfortunately for the natural beauty of the Northwest, it is made by an agency of the Department of Agriculture headquartered in Washington, D.C.—an agency that tends to view trees as a larger cousin of wheat, and forests as nothing more than a complex sort of farmland. There are vast expanses of the United States, even in the Northwest, where “tree farming” is a viable concept. The tragedy is that there are portions of the national forests, particularly in the Northwest, and most especially in the North Cascades, where trees grow in surroundings quite unlike the rolling hills and plains of other areas. A policy dictated in Washington, D.C. for the entire nation may work out marvelously well in the Alabama hills, and even in Puget Sound foothills but become a parody in the North Cascades.

What is “the policy?”

On February 1, 1905, Chief Forester Gifford Pinchot was instructed “...that all land is to be devoted to the most productive use for the permanent good of the whole people and not for the temporary benefit of individuals or companies...Where conflicting interests must be reconciled, the question will always be decided from the standpoint of the greatest good of the greatest number in the long run.”

That was and remains the Forest Service policy, and a noble statement it is—but the interpretation has evolved. There was a time, and not long ago, when national forests and national parks seemed interchangeable to those of us who visited both. Not so since the establishment by Congress, in 1960, of the Multiple Use principle as the foundation of all Forest Service land management. To be sure, there is nothing new in this principle, which has always governed Forest Service land use. The problems arise in the new interpretation and implementation. Some promoters of multiple use seem to believe that they must log a valley, flood it with a reservoir, install power-transmission lines, mine the slopes, build roads wherever feasible for whatever purpose, and then invite recreational use by water skiers, snow skiers, hunters, scooter riders, campers, fishermen, hikers, bird watchers and mountain climbers—all at once and all together, all in the same logged, mined, and flooded valley.

Lest there be any misunderstanding, let me make it clear that conservationists do not propose to turn the State of

Washington into a museum accessible only on guided tours conducted by federal custodians.

We conservationists *want* a strong forest industry in the Northwest, and it is worth mentioning that the Lumber and Sawmill Workers Union has, in recent years, aligned itself more often with the “bird watchers and mountain climbers” than with the self-styled “industry spokesmen” who pretend to be concerned about the welfare of their employees.

A strong forest industry must have access to the trees in the national forests—to most of them, but not all. In fact, a forest industry based on the harvesting of marginal forests located on steep, remote, alpine, thin-soiled mountain slopes of the North Cascades is not a strong industry, but a sick one. A single harvest from a steep, high slope occupies a few loggers of the present generation—but if another forest will not grow there for a century, and if the logging destroys a scenic resource during that century, is that good economics? Is that “the greatest good for the greatest number *in the long run?*”

Conservationists also support the principle of plentiful clean water and cheap hydroelectric power; we even support flood control and improved navigation when it can be shown that floods are a major recurring peril to any considerable number of people, and that water transport is essential to the welfare of mountain towns. However, we think that consideration must be given to scenic and recreation values in order to achieve the greatest good for the greatest number of American citizens, in this generation and a century from now. We are not ashamed to say that the *spiritual* values of virgin forests and wild rivers are also worthy of consideration.

Even if the argument is restricted purely to the material, we conservationists feel that many of the commodities available in the North Cascades can be obtained elsewhere. For example, millions of acres of prime tree-growing land in the Northwest remain to this day inadequately stocked with new growth for a future harvest. Trees can be grown, and much more efficiently, in many other parts of the Northwest and the nation, but the scenic and recreational values of the North Cascades can be found in no other part of the United States. The future tourist industry founded upon these scenic resources has a dollar-potential far greater than the existing forest industry based on these



## West from Goode

public lands.

It must be pointed out that the Forest Service concurs in these sentiments, and that the areas of disagreement between conservationists and the Service are very small indeed—small, that is, if measured in acreage. But to cite only a few examples: (1) the Forest Service proposes to log the lower portion of Downey Creek from its confluence with the Suiattle River, arguing that these few miles are insignificant compared with the remaining portion of Downey Creek which is in the Glacier Peak Wilderness Area; but by logging those few miles, the integrity of the valley as a whole, the *unit* of low forest, middle forest, high forest, and meadow, would be destroyed; (2) the Forest Service proposes to log within six miles of Kennedy Hot Springs, at the foot of Glacier Peak, arguing that the Whitechuck timber is immensely valuable and that in doing so that they will not even touch the mountain itself; but by logging the three miles of the Whitechuck that are in dispute, the integrity of a magnificent vista would be destroyed, a vista of a tall, white volcano rising above a long, green valley of virgin timber; and (3) the Forest Service proposes to log in the lower Stehekin, at the head of Lake Chelan, arguing that they propose to log only a few

miles, and leave all the rest intact; but in so doing they would destroy what is now the most genuinely primeval approach to a mountain range anywhere in the United States—a 55-mile boat ride up Lake Chelan, ending at the outlet of the Stehekin River, whose valley is now, from outlet to headwaters, virtually unchanged from its condition in the 19th Century, a valley that leads, with its tributaries, into all the “Wilderness Alps of the Stehekin.”

Is the Forest Service unaware that conservationists disagree with the Multiple Use Plan for these areas? Certainly not. In 1962, and again in 1963, Congressman Thomas M. Pelly of Seattle requested a temporary moratorium on logging, pending further study, within these and a dozen other small areas that conservationists consider essential to the integrity of the scenic units involved. He was informed by the Secretary of Agriculture that the Forest Service had made up its mind: no moratorium, however brief, would be allowed; no further study was necessary.

However, at the direction of the President of the United States, the Departments of Agriculture and the Interior have recently begun a joint study of the North Cascades. Conservationists count it a victory that the study is being

made; merely conducting such a study should broaden the outlook of both Departments and influence future decisions on use of Northwest public lands.

The North Cascades Primitive Area is soon to be reclassified, with part to be preserved as a wilderness area, and part to be released for multiple use. The Mountaineers and the North Cascades Conservation Council have submitted proposals for a North Cascades Wilderness Area with boundary rectifications designed to eliminate those portions of the primitive area which are not of major scenic value, and to create more logical lines of division between protected land and multiple-use land. The Forest Service will, in the next year or so, propose similar boundary rectifications, and this subject will be much in the news.

The Glacier Peak Wilderness Area, which was reclassified to that status from a primitive area by the Forest Service in 1960, should be, in the view of conservationists, increased slightly in size by the addition of several forest corridors, notably in the valleys of the Whitechuck River, Downey, Sulphur and Buck Creeks.

If there is any subject on which the Forest Service and conservationists have disagreed most sharply, it is in the proposal made by the North Cascades Conservation Council, supported by The Mountaineers and many other clubs, for a new national park in the North Cascades. Most citizens wonder why the Forest Service, an agency of the federal government representing all 180,000,000 Americans, should resist a transfer of jurisdiction over these public lands to another agency of the federal government, the Park Service, which represents the same and identical 180,000,000 Americans.

\* \* \*

Conservationists now have a firm proposal for a *North Cascades National Park* and a companion *Chelan National Mountain Recreation Area*. The proposed boundaries are shown on the map on the facing page.

So far as the park is concerned, this proposal means that the area will be preserved for its scenic, scientific, spiritual, and recreational values as a museum of primitive America, undisturbed by any human activities incompatible with the past and present condition of the land. Major access centers are suggested, including some at high ele-

vations to permit easy view and use, summer and winter, of the meadows and glaciers and forests adjacent to the Glacier Peak Wilderness Area, which is proposed as the wilderness core of the park. There is also proposed a North Cascades Parkway, a new highway crossing of the Cascades to lead through forests, beside streams, under peaks and glaciers, and over passes, in the heart of the North Cascades.

So far as the national recreation area is concerned, the proposal means that logging, grazing, mining, and other commercial exploitation will ultimately be eliminated, but that hunting will always be allowed.

So far as both are concerned, the proposal means a transfer of these lands from the jurisdiction of the National Forest Service to the National Park Service. Both agencies represent all of America. The land involved is federal land, belonging to all the citizens of America. Therefore, it is not a decision to be made in the foothill communities of Washington State, or even in Washington State alone, but rather in all of America, and most especially in Washington, D. C.

The President of the United States could, at any moment, at his sole and personal discretion, establish a national monument in the North Cascades. The Olympic Mountains were thus set aside as the Mount Olympus National Monument in 1909, by President Theodore Roosevelt.

The Congress of the United States can establish a national park in the North Cascades—whether from national forest lands, as they are now, or from a national monument, should the President so designate the lands involved. Apparently, both the President and the Congress are, in 1963, waiting to hear what the people think.

THE WILD CASCADES: FORGOTTEN PARKLAND,  
Harvey Manning, 1965 (the Exhibit Format),  
1968 (?), the Ballantine miniature

(the Foreword drafted by H.M. for  
WOD signature)

## Foreword

SEVERAL YEARS AGO, while sitting atop Plummer Mountain and looking to the whiteness of Glacier Peak and to the greenness of the Suiattle forests, I wondered whether the next generation would ever have the chance to experience the same feeling of serenity and composure that was mine at that moment. Would enough people learn of the beauties of this mountain wilderness, and soon enough, to preserve it from civilization pressing in from all sides? Or would the miners and loggers and others turn all this glory to the utilitarian appetites of man, leaving mere remnants to satisfy no less important human needs?

The questions remain unanswered; and in this book they are restated with the pressing urgency that the situation demands. While not minimizing the continuing danger, I am, however, much more optimistic now than I was at the time of my Plummer ascent. The North Cascades, then almost unknown beyond the immediate environs, have since become familiar to thousands of hikers throughout the nation. *Almost* enough people—and I stress the *almost*—have now joined their efforts in a concerted campaign to establish a North Cascades National Park. But the time is not yet. The purpose of this book is to assemble the reinforcements needed to complete the campaign successfully.

As a people, our present attitude toward wilderness is ambivalent. Our nation was born in wilderness and was shaped in character by the interaction of civilization and wilderness. And for all time the great American epic is that of the frontier. It would be hard to find an adult American who does not feel nostalgia for the good old days, yet these are of two kinds. On the one hand are those who value wilderness for its own sake, as a place where a man can learn about his world and his place in it. On the other

hand are the few who value wilderness as a place where nature can be converted into riches, preferably without the hindrance of regulatory laws. Here, then, is the basic confrontation—between those who wish to preserve the remaining islands of American wilderness so that the frontier experience will continue to be available to future generations, and those few who want to exploit the wild lands in the uncontrolled manner of their grandfathers.

Our time, in America, is pivotal in regard to wilderness. Pockets of wilderness remain—bypassed and surrounded by the waves of civilization. But those islands are now in the mopping up stage. Roads are moving inward on these surrounding pockets, up a valley here, over a mountain there, along rivers. Yet though these pockets of wilderness are small by comparison with the frontier days—when most of the continent was wild, until very recently—and strongly in the memory of many of us—they seemed very large and indestructible by virtue of their size and because they were rugged and forbidding.

Two alarming things are happening. First, the pockets of wilderness have been eroded at an increasing rate, with the help of our new technology. Second, as the population rises and the crowding intensifies, the need for wilderness grows. And looking forward into the years of the yet-uncontained population explosion, we can see that before control devices become operative (as they must become, or the whole question of wilderness becomes moot, and all our heirs will live in tall apartment houses and Central Park will be the wilderness prototype) the population will reach a point where far more wilderness is needed than is now planned to be saved.

Today we look backward to a time when there was more wilderness than the people of America needed. Today we look forward (and only a matter of a few years) to



NG: Pond, Burnt Boot Ridge, Challenger Glacier in background

9

Handwritten scribbles and notes, including words like "Cumberland", "Frontier", "1868", "1861", "1860", "1862", "1863", "1864", "1865", "1866", "1867", "1868", "1869", "1870", "1871", "1872", "1873", "1874", "1875", "1876", "1877", "1878", "1879", "1880", "1881", "1882", "1883", "1884", "1885", "1886", "1887", "1888", "1889", "1890", "1891", "1892", "1893", "1894", "1895", "1896", "1897", "1898", "1899", "1900", "1901", "1902", "1903", "1904", "1905", "1906", "1907", "1908", "1909", "1910", "1911", "1912", "1913", "1914", "1915", "1916", "1917", "1918", "1919", "1920", "1921", "1922", "1923", "1924", "1925", "1926", "1927", "1928", "1929", "1930", "1931", "1932", "1933", "1934", "1935", "1936", "1937", "1938", "1939", "1940", "1941", "1942", "1943", "1944", "1945", "1946", "1947", "1948", "1949", "1950", "1951", "1952", "1953", "1954", "1955", "1956", "1957", "1958", "1959", "1960", "1961", "1962", "1963", "1964", "1965", "1966", "1967", "1968", "1969", "1970", "1971", "1972", "1973", "1974", "1975", "1976", "1977", "1978", "1979", "1980", "1981", "1982", "1983", "1984", "1985", "1986", "1987", "1988", "1989", "1990", "1991", "1992", "1993", "1994", "1995", "1996", "1997", "1998", "1999", "2000".

a time when *all* the wilderness now existing will not be enough.

It would, I think, be wise right now to stop all new roadbuilding into wild lands, all damming of wild rivers, all logging of virgin forests. The Americans of 2000 A.D. will thank us if we take that course.

If we do not preserve the remaining samples of primitive America, we will sacrifice traditional American values, the values of frontier America. Not every citizen goes to the wilderness—and they did not even 300 years ago. But so long as there is the presence of wilderness and the option of going to see it, a certain number of citizens do go there and bring back a message for their fellows. As long as that continues we will retain a historic connection with the past of our nation—and our race.

To repeat, what wilderness we decide to save within the next critical decade or two of decision-making will be all we will ever have. Probably it will not be enough. Probably it will be necessary, during the next century, to institute a program of reconstructing wilderness—that is to say, of setting areas aside and leaving them absolutely alone, after first removing such evidences of human “culture” as can be removed. We can evacuate the sheep and people and let the grass grow. But only nature can rebuild the ecological community proper to that individual area,

and this takes many, many years—in some places centuries. It will not happen at all if man has removed destroyed building blocks without which there is complete restoration. For all our science and technology there is undoubtedly far more that we do not know than the critical elements of an ecosystem than we have learned.

The Northern Cascades happen to include a number of pockets of wilderness that for one reason or another have been bypassed, but are now under threat. Some say there is too much wilderness in the state of Washington. I think that is too much wilderness in the state of Washington. I think that is too much wilderness in the state of Washington. I think that is too much wilderness in the state of Washington.

We need a number of protected wildernesses along the Cascade range—the Cougar Lakes Wilderness to the west, the care of the overflow from the Rainier Park, the Lakes Wilderness, the North Cascades Wilderness.

But we also need—and most of all—a North Cascades National Park. And that’s the special message of this

WILLIAM O. DOUGLASS

Goose Prairie, Washington  
June 20, 1965

*I have come to a still, but not a deep center,  
A point outside the glittering current;  
My eyes stare at the bottom of a river,  
At the irregular stones, iridescent sandgrains,  
My mind moves in more than one place,  
In a country half-land, half-water.*





THE ALPINE LAKES, Brock Evans, 1974

(the Foreword drafted by H.M. for  
Dave Brower signature)

## FOREWORD

I have not yet walked the forest trails, high meadows, snows and rocks of the Alpine Lakes area of the Cascades; even so, I do not feel myself a stranger there. A great many wild places of Earth I have not visited, and never shall be able to, but I have known some of them intimately, with delight, and thus claim citizenship of all the wild places of all the states and nations of all the continents and seas.

From the citizenship comes the responsibility to care.

This island Earth of ours is finite in resources, including wilderness—particularly wilderness. The dwindling worldwide reservoir of wild lands must be the concern of everyone, but especially of those of us who have been privileged to experience wildness, and thus learn its value to the individual human soul and to the spirit of mankind.

We live in a time badgered and harassed by a multitude of urgencies—such as achieving zero population growth, halting the poisoning of the ecosphere, practicing thrift in the use of energy and water and air and metals. Amid crises which threaten the very existence of the human race, we must not forget to place high on our long-term agenda the planet-wide searching out and preserving of the wilderness that remains.

My own energies have so far been diverted elsewhere than the Alpine Lakes, but on trips to the Northwest over the past dozen and more years, often related to the campaign for a North Cascades National Park, I have come to know the Alpine Lakes skyline as seen from Seattle, and from the spectacular approaches by air. It is heartening—and yet no surprise—to hear from local friends they are accepting the full challenge of their home horizons.

I want now to second their motion, and declare that the proposal for an Alpine Lakes National Recreation Area, centered on the indispensable core of an Alpine Lakes Wilderness Area, merits and demands careful, sympathetic, and immediate attention by Congress.

As the photographs and maps and text in following pages testify, the area is not only magnificent by any measure, but is also unique. Nowhere else in the United States, and to my present knowledge, in the entire world, is there so large and still so relatively pure a wilderness so close to so many people.

It is part of their own special wilderness garden to all who want it to be—all who view it from Puget Sound on the west and the Columbia River country on the east. An hour from home more than 1,500,000 Washingtonians may picnic by snow-fed creeks, set out on trails leading through virgin forests by waterfalls to flower fields and tall peaks. Indeed, this Central Park on the Outskirts necessitates the novel and admittedly complex innovation of a National Recreation Area with an outer ring zoned and managed to serve a wide variety of recreational and economic needs; only by this device can a protective buffer be provided for the fragile Wilderness Area core.

Establishment of the Alpine Lakes National Recreation Area, centered on the Alpine Lakes Wilderness Area, is essential if the traditional and distinctive amenities of life in the cities and towns of Puget Sound and Central Washington are to endure.

But I would like to speak, as well, for those who perhaps never will picnic by the streams, walk the shaded trails, or roam beside the tarns shining in the rock bowls where old glaciers were. For them I say: this wildland does not belong solely to the residents of Seattle and Yakima, any more than it does to the miners now digging holes in the ground, or to the loggers now shaving the hills of Douglas fir and Ponderosa pine that were seedlings when Shakespeare was a boy in Stratford or to the developers now platting subdivisions in quiet valleys.

This land belongs to me, and me to it, even should we never meet boot-to-trail, ice-ax-to-snow, face-to-rain, mouth-to-creek, nose-to-flower, eye-to-sky.

This land belongs and matters to me and to every North American, South American, Asian, African, European, Australian, and (if any) Antarctic. I say this as a peripatetic over the continents and seas, one who has traveled far from home hills and valleys into alien lands—and found them never alien, but always part of my single home, Earth.

This book puts the case for the Alpine Lakes area of the Cascades before the Congress, and the people, of the United States. The larger congress of the people of Earth, only beginning to assemble, awaits a response appropriate to the need and the opportunity.

David Brower  
President, Friends of the Earth  
July 1971

*Wilderness is not a luxury—it is essential to all civilized people, even to those who never go there. As the highland creeks have been destabilized by logging and their floods have flushed billions of tons of soil down to the sea, and the water supplies of the cities have grown more polluted, and as fish have vanished from formerly teeming streams, and as wild animals and birds have suffered catastrophes the more tragic because unnoticed, and as the chemical and physical manipulation of enormous acreages has threatened the size and diversity of Earth's gene pool, it has become evident that wilderness is not the business merely of hikers seeking refuge but of the entire community of life.*

The federal census of 1870, the second since there had been a Seattle, counted 1,107 people in the village. Several years earlier the U.S. North West Boundary Survey, assigned to collaborate with a British counterpart in marking the international border, published its map of Washington Territory. The sole major land-travel route shown west of the Cascades is the Military Road from Olympia and Fort Nisqually north to Fort Whatcom, along the way passing through Steilacoom, Seattle, Snohomish City, Sehome ("coal mines"), and Whatcom—only these settlements and no others.

The map shows a few verified and "reported" trails. Otherwise it is a territory dominated by blank space (the Olympics); "unexplored" (Mount Baker); "covered with pine forest" (Mount Adams and Mount St. Helens); and "sand barrens" (today known as the Juniper Forest). There obviously is a deep-felt need for a strong military presence.

The 1890 census counted 42,837 Seattle residents, nearly that many in Tacoma, and sizable populations in rows of new towns and cities along saltwater shores, rivers, proliferating wagon roads, and burgeoning railroads. The Superintendent of the Census announced in his report that during the prior decade the American frontier had ceased to be the unbroken line it had been for centuries and henceforth would not be officially noted. Citi-

zens of the new (1889) Washington State could nod with satisfaction at the superintendent's observation. In twenty years they had progressed from frontier to civilization, from rounding up Indians to battling Eastern bankers and railroad tycoons.

Since Jamestown and Plymouth Rock the American policy on land had been to get it away from Spaniards or Indians or whomever and then to get it out of the public domain into the private. In 1846 Great Britain and the United States carved up the Northwest between them; in 1854-55 the Indians were assigned their share in the treaties that caused the Indian Wars. The Donation Land Law of 1850, Homestead Act of 1862, Mining Laws of 1872, Timber Culture Act of 1873, and Timber and Stone Act of 1878 expedited private preemption of public land. Land also could be directly purchased (the transactions often oiled by bribes) from the Federal Land Offices; from the Northern Pacific Railroad, which in 1864 had been given forty million acres by a bribed Congress (as historians have abundantly documented), including nearly a quarter of what was to become the state of Washington; or after 1889 from the state, which was granted lands for support of schools and other institutions, and whose officials so routinely augmented their pay with bribes that it was not thought worthy of comment except when they angered colleagues by taking more than their share.

During the twenty years in which Seattle's population increased nearly fortyfold, the volume of land transactions in Washington—as throughout the West—kept pace. Observers began to understand that the American earth was not, as previously assumed, infinite. They also noted that Western lumbermen frequently did not even bother to bribe officials but simply cut the trees. Investigators during the administration of President Ulysses S. Grant (1869-77) estimated that forty million dollars worth of timber had been stolen from the public lands of Washington Territory.

WASHINGTON WILDERNESS: THE UNFINISHED WORK,  
Harvey Manning, 1984

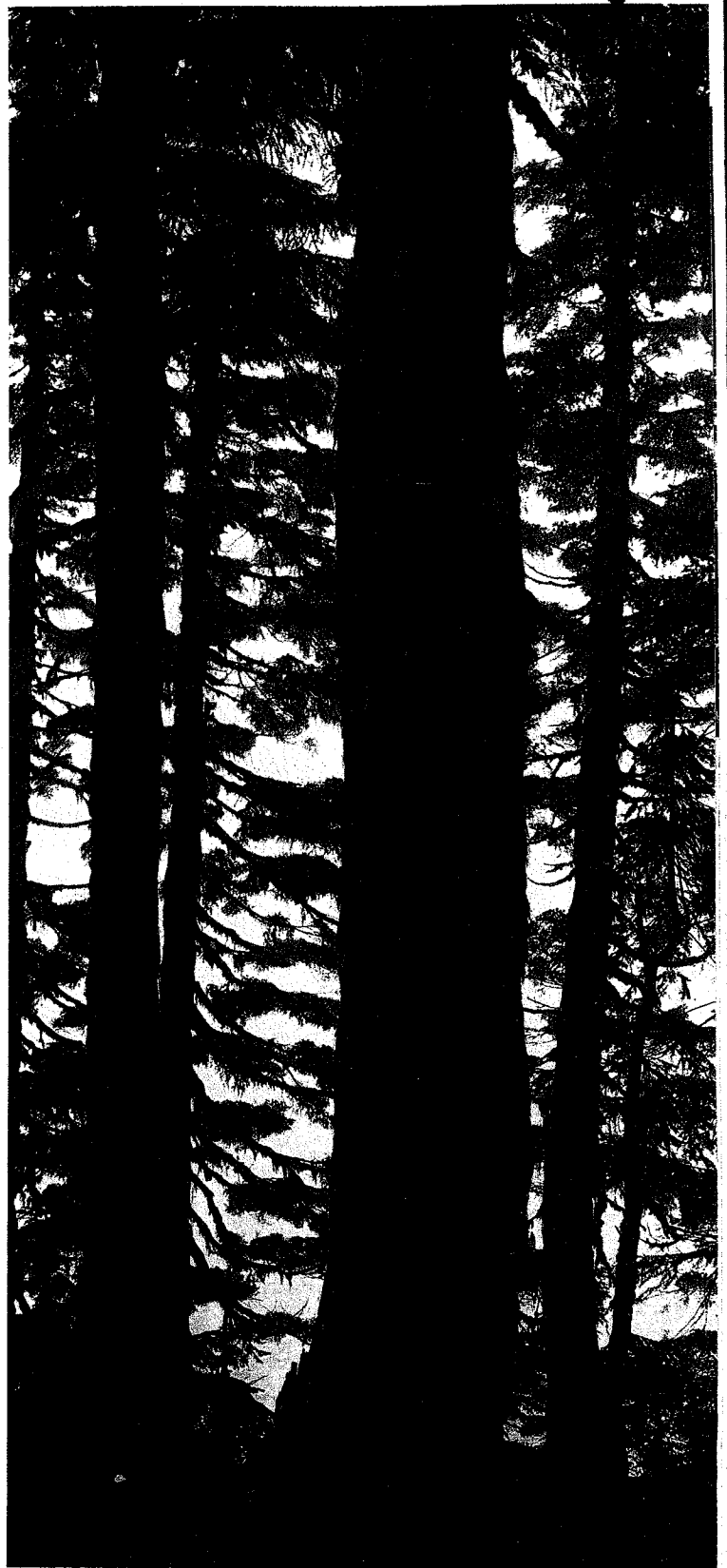
*Adams in distance*

In 1891 Congress belatedly and half-heartedly reacted by passing the Forest Reserve Act, which reserved lands from preemption but made no provision for their management or protection. In 1893 President Grover Cleveland used the act's authority to give Washington its first area secured from private enterprise, the Pacific Forest Reserve centered on Mount Rainier.

The legislation was so flawed that the Secretary of the Interior, at the urging of the American Forestry Association, asked the National Academy of Science to sponsor a study. In the summer of 1896 the seven-member National Forest Commission, including Gifford Pinchot, a young man of wealth who had studied in Europe and made himself "America's first professional forester," and John Muir, in his late fifties and long since a legend, toured the West. The commission recommended the creation of thirteen new forest reserves and the addition of two new national parks to the existing four—Grand Canyon and Mount Rainier.

On February 22, 1897, with ten days left in his administration, President Cleveland received a summary of the commission's report and proceeded to proclaim the reserves, three of them in Washington—Olympic, Washington (in the North Cascades), and Mount Rainier (an enlargement of the Pacific Forest Reserve). The same year Congress passed the Forestry Act, subsequently hailed as the "Magna Carta of American forestry" for declaring: "No public forest reservation shall be established except to improve and protect the forest within the reservation, or for the purpose of securing favorable conditions of waterflow, and to furnish a continuous supply of timber for the use and necessities of citizens of the United States." This "Magna Carta" repaired some defects of the 1891 act by an explicit declaration of purpose; by omission it implied those matters that "American forestry" would not concern itself with.

The subsequent story of the reserves is that of Gifford Pinchot. In 1898 he gained a power base as Chief of the Division of Forestry in the Department of Agriculture. In 1905 Congress passed the Transfer Act, moving the reserves from the Department of Interior to Pinchot's agency, soon renamed the U.S. Forest Service,



*Fog-shrouded conifers,  
Clearwater River*

with Pinchot the Chief Forester. Two years later the reserves were renamed "national forests."

The national forests grew by leaps and bounds as Pinchot's field agents sped through the West, racing the lumbermen's timber cruisers and hired preemptors (individuals who would preempt land to sell the rights to a timber company and then move on to their next preemption). The federal agents marked boundaries for new forests, and Pinchot's devoted friend, President Theodore Roosevelt, signed proclamations. In 1907 Congress recoiled in horror and revoked the presidential right to proclaim national forests in certain states, Washington among them. In the final days before the revocation took effect, Roosevelt signed thirty-three proclamations, bringing the national forests of the West to essentially the bounds they have today in the old forty-eight states.

In later years there would be debates about what Pinchot meant in his Letter of Instructions (signed by the Secretary of Agriculture, addressed to the Chief Forester, but written by Pinchot): "Where conflicting interests must be reconciled the question will always be decided from the standpoint of the greatest good of the greatest number in the long run." At the time of writing in 1905, however, Pinchot was clearly understood as intending the deathblow to cut-and-run logging (and eat-and-run grazing) on all federal lands. Had Congress granted him the regulatory power he sought, the Forest Service would have done the same on state and private lands that were deemed to have national importance. There would not be, as now, at least half a dozen separate, uncoordinated, and in many respects conflicting "forest policies" in the state of Washington.

Pinchot's creed was the wise use of natural resources to ensure a steady supply for future generations. To define his philosophy he adapted a concept from the forest conservancies set aside by the British in India and made "conservation" his battle cry. In a sense the true end of the frontier was not 1890 but 1905.

In another sense, though, Pinchot's reforms were designed to perpetuate the frontier—under government supervision. Himself an admirer of natural beauty, he could let the glaciers and meadows of Mount Rainier be—but not the forests. Above all he was a nine-

teenth-century utilitarian and in his mold he created the U.S. Forest Service.

A few atypical frontier dwellers did not march solely to the clink of coins. In Montana a group introduced to the wonders of Yellowstone did not rush to file preemption claims but instead sought the ear of Congress, which in 1872 established Yellowstone National Park—the nation's first—as a "public park or pleasuring ground for the benefit and enjoyment of the people." John Muir and friends publicized the splendors of the Sierra of California and in 1890 Congress created Yosemite, Sequoia, and General Grant (later part of Kings Canyon) National Parks. In 1899 Washington became the third state to have a national park, Mount Rainier.

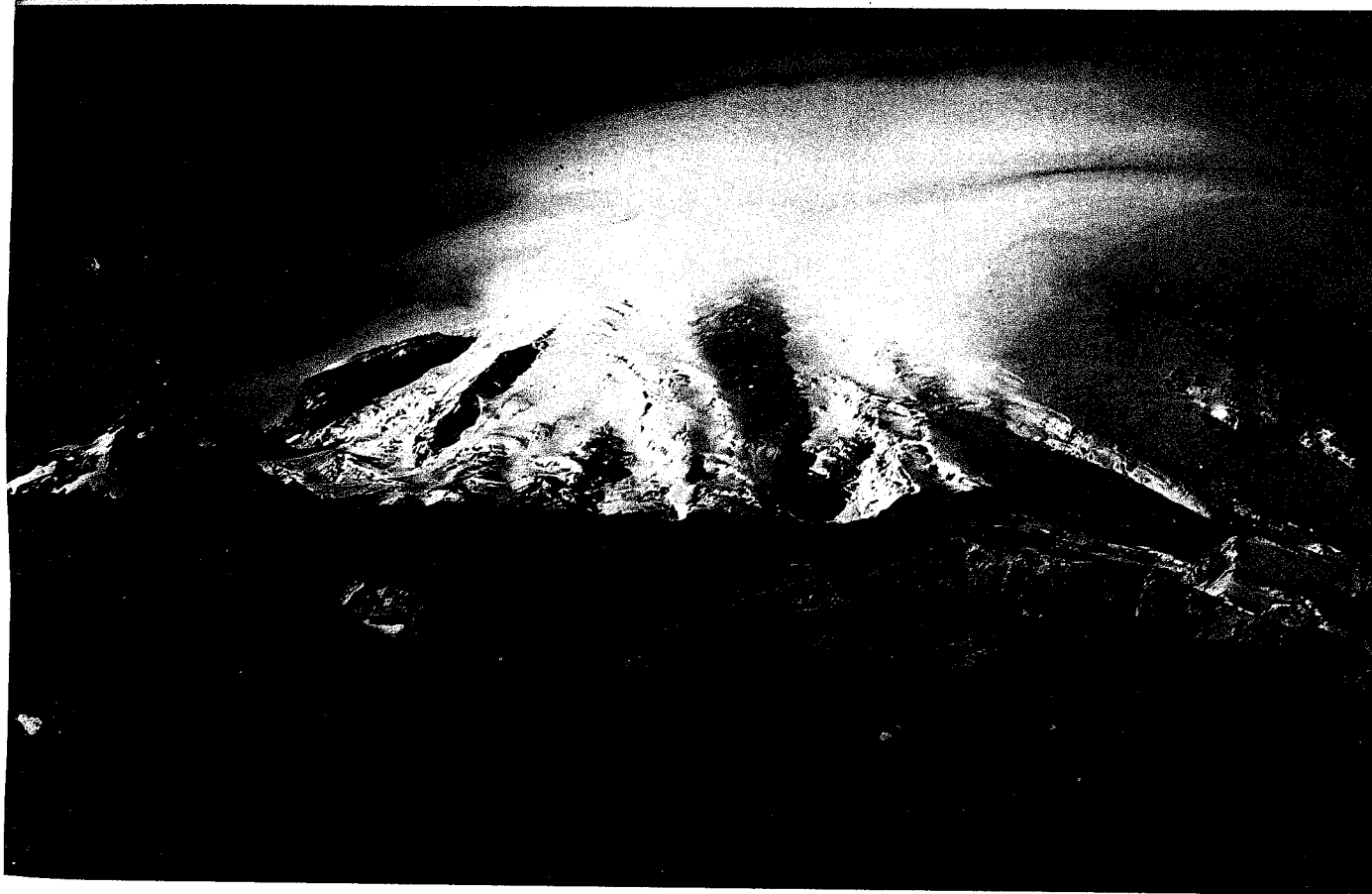
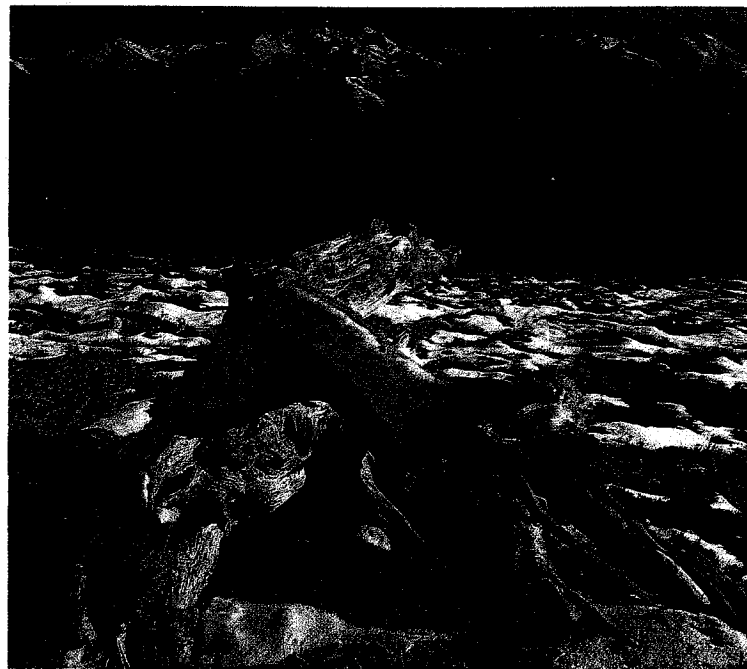
The wildlands, through the ages considered the habitat of the Enemy of Mankind, began to be admired, even loved, most passionately by people who did not have to live in them and temporarily abandoned the comforts of cities to revel in hardships their ancestors had labored millennia to avoid. In 1892 the Sierra Club was formed in California, with John Muir as the first president, "To explore, enjoy, and preserve... forests, waters, wildlife, and wilderness..." In 1894 The Mazamas (the Spanish name for mountain goats) was founded in Oregon, followed in 1906 by The Mountaineers in Washington, to "preserve by the encouragement of protective legislation or otherwise the natural beauty of Northwest America."

Stimulated by the newspaper and magazine reports of the expeditions of these clubs and other explorers, the national park concept captured America. In 1892 the townsfolk of Chelan proposed a park to halt the slaughter of mountain goats and bears along Lake Chelan. In 1906 The Mazamas proposed a park for the same area, as did the Wenatchee Chamber of Commerce in 1919. From 1908 to 1919 nine bills were introduced in Congress to establish a Mount Baker National Park, promoted by the Mount Baker Club of Bellingham, and from 1919 to 1921 three bills were introduced, supported by the Spokane and Yakima chambers of commerce, to create a Yakima National Park to duly honor Mount Adams and environs.

These were late entries. In the summer of 1890, Lieutenant Joseph P. O'Neil of the U.S. Army and Judge James Wickersham had agreed while on an expedition across the Olympics that the range belonged in a park. Wickersham subsequently drew up a proposal. It was too soon then, and still not time in 1907, when The Mountaineers held its first summer outing—to Mount Olympus—and succeeded in getting a park bill introduced, but not passed, in Congress. However, in 1906 Congress had passed the Antiquities Act empowering the president to establish national monuments to protect scenes of historic or scientific interest, and in 1909 President Roosevelt, two days before leaving office, proclaimed—at the instigation of members of The Mountaineers—Mount Olympus National Monument, the state's second area, after Rainier, preserved from exploitation.

In 1916 the National Park Act gave the preservation movement its own agency, the National Park Service, in the Department of

*Gray Wolf Ridge,  
Olympic National Park*



*Cloud-capped Mount Rainier*

Interior, and its own statement of purpose: "To conserve the scenery and the natural and historic objects and the wildlife therein [in the national parks] and to provide for the enjoyment of the same in such manner and by such means as will leave them unimpaired for the enjoyment of future generations."

The difference between the U.S. Forest Service and the National Park Service was the difference between Gifford Pinchot, who created the former, and John Muir, who was an important force in the creation of the latter. Muir fully agreed with Pinchot on the necessity of the wise use of natural resources. However, he felt the wisest use of *some* resources was *preservation*, quite another thing than *conservation*. In contrast to Pinchot, the pure nineteenth-century utilitarian, Muir has been described as an "aesthetic-utilitarian," a person who believes man of the twentieth century does not live by lumber (and sheep, and copper ore) alone.

In the 1920s the two young agencies developed parallel traditions of dedicated idealism, so similar in many respects that to the public at large a ranger was a ranger, a new species of American, an improved modern model of Natty Bumppo and the mountain men, to be admired by all, emulated by youth. The price for fervor was the rivalry between the agencies, so intense that in 1925 President Calvin Coolidge appointed a coordinating-mediating committee—which failed, leaving the rivalry unresolved, as it is to this day.

The objective eye saw virtues and faults on either side. The National Park Service soared in public esteem as Americans newly given the freedom of the wheel rushed to the national parks. Some critics, not fully understanding a comparatively weak agency's need to build a clientele by any possible means, felt the Park Service became so enamored of the crowds and their automobiles as to forget that "enjoyment" was supposed to leave the scene "unimpaired." Seemingly fearful of massive retaliation if it appeared too imperialistic, the Park Service resembled a gem collector so fastidious he will cherish only a single emerald or ruby or sapphire, the most magnificent of each; in 1923 the National Park Service opposed parks on

15  
Baker and Adams and Olympus--because it already had Rainier.

As for the U.S. Forest Service, powerful though it was in the war against the Park Service, it was the underdog in a larger arena. ~~Under Chief Forester William B. Greeley it retreated from the messianic belligerence of Pinchot into a prudent survivalism.~~ Under Greeley the Forest Service gave up attacking the timber barons, who in exchange quit working to destroy the Forest Service. ~~Death struggle evolved into symbiosis.~~

This was the politics of Washington City, not Washington State. In the Northwest, with so much Northern Pacific Land Grant and other timber in private hands, the typical "Old Ranger" during the first half of the century mainly walked around the country, following Indian and miner and shepherd trails to see where they went, climbing peaks to see where he was, making maps and putting names on them so fire crews could be directed to blazes, installing signs at junctions and cutting a few logs and some brush, building fire lookout cabins on summits, and stringing wire along trails so lookouts could call in "smokes" to the ranger station on the handcrank telephone. The Old Ranger was chiefly a custodian, protector of the forest against fire and theft, the rangelands against overgrazing. Many of his generation went through their entire careers without participating in a timber sale.

The Old Ranger of the Forest Service got along amiably with his brethren in the Park Service. To be sure, the higher echelons of the former kept a wary eye on the latter, and guarded against preservationist aggressions by setting up such public relations barricades as its 1926 designation of a Mount Baker Park Division and, in 1931, the Glacier Peak-Cascade Recreation Unit.

However, no backcountry traveler who knew the Old Rangers was surprised that the first explicit governmental protection of wilderness was by the Forest Service. The Service's Aldo Leopold argued for wilderness as a place of refuge and restoration for civilized man, warning that "the existence of a wilderness-recreation famine has emerged as an incontrovertible fact." He influenced the Forest Service

to set aside, in 1924, New Mexico's Gila Wilderness Area, a precedent as momentous in the history of the American earth as Yellowstone National Park.

The emergence of Leopold's philosophy even as Greeley's policy of prudent compromise rose to dominance is not the paradox it appears. The big lumbermen wished nothing better than to restrict access to public trees by their mosquitolike competitors, the little lumbermen who lacked a share of the forty million acres of the Northern Pacific Land Grant. The Forest Service after the compromise of Greeley had nothing to fear on the big-lumbermen front; on the other, against the Park Service, an appeal to the Muir soul as against the Pinchot belly was seen to be a valuable weapon. The Leopold-initiated L-20 Regulation of 1929, providing for "primitive areas" in which development and utilization were considerably restricted, made everybody at least content to simmer down and prepare for a distant confrontation. Unaware of all this devious reasoning, the backcountry traveler saw only that the Leopold initiative gave Washington State, in 1931, the Goat Rocks and Whatcom Primitive Areas—the latter expanded in 1935 to become the 801,000-acre North Cascades Primitive Area.

Students are not agreed as to whether a 1929 answer by the Forest Service to a question put by a member of The Mountaineers came from a hopeful supporter of Leopold or a hypocritical follower of Greeley: "In Washington there may be such areas set aside in the vicinity of the head of Lake Chelan, Glacier Peak... It is safe to say that the next many generations will in no way suffer from a lack of wilderness resources."

The years after 1933 seemed a time when preservationists could not lose. Franklin D. Roosevelt, the most committed of presidents to parks and wilderness, appointed as Secretary of the Interior the "old curmudgeon," Harold L. Ickes, as messianic and imperialistic as Pinchot himself. In 1933 Congress transferred the national monuments from the Forest Service to the Park Service, giving it—in the Olympics—a second responsibility in the state of Washington. Expanding the Park Service's vision, in

1937 Ickes masterminded a proposal for a 3.2-million-acre super-park encompassing the "Ice Peaks" of the Cascades from Canada to the Columbia River.

Ferdinand Silcox, who served FDR as Chief Forester, accepted Leopold as a legitimate contributor to a Forest Service policy more balanced and comprehensive than Greeley's. At FDR's suggestion, in 1937 Silcox appointed Robert Marshall as Chief of the Division of Recreation and Lands. Bob Marshall was a young forester from a wealthy New York family who in 1935 had joined Aldo Leopold in founding The Wilderness Society, which thereafter provided the movement with philosophical and political leadership. In 1939 the Forest Service superseded the L-20 Regulation with the more carefully considered and protective U Regulations, under which there could be (U-1) "wilderness areas" of one hundred thousand or more acres; (U-2) "wild areas" of five thousand to one hundred thousand acres; and (U-3) "recreation areas" of any size.

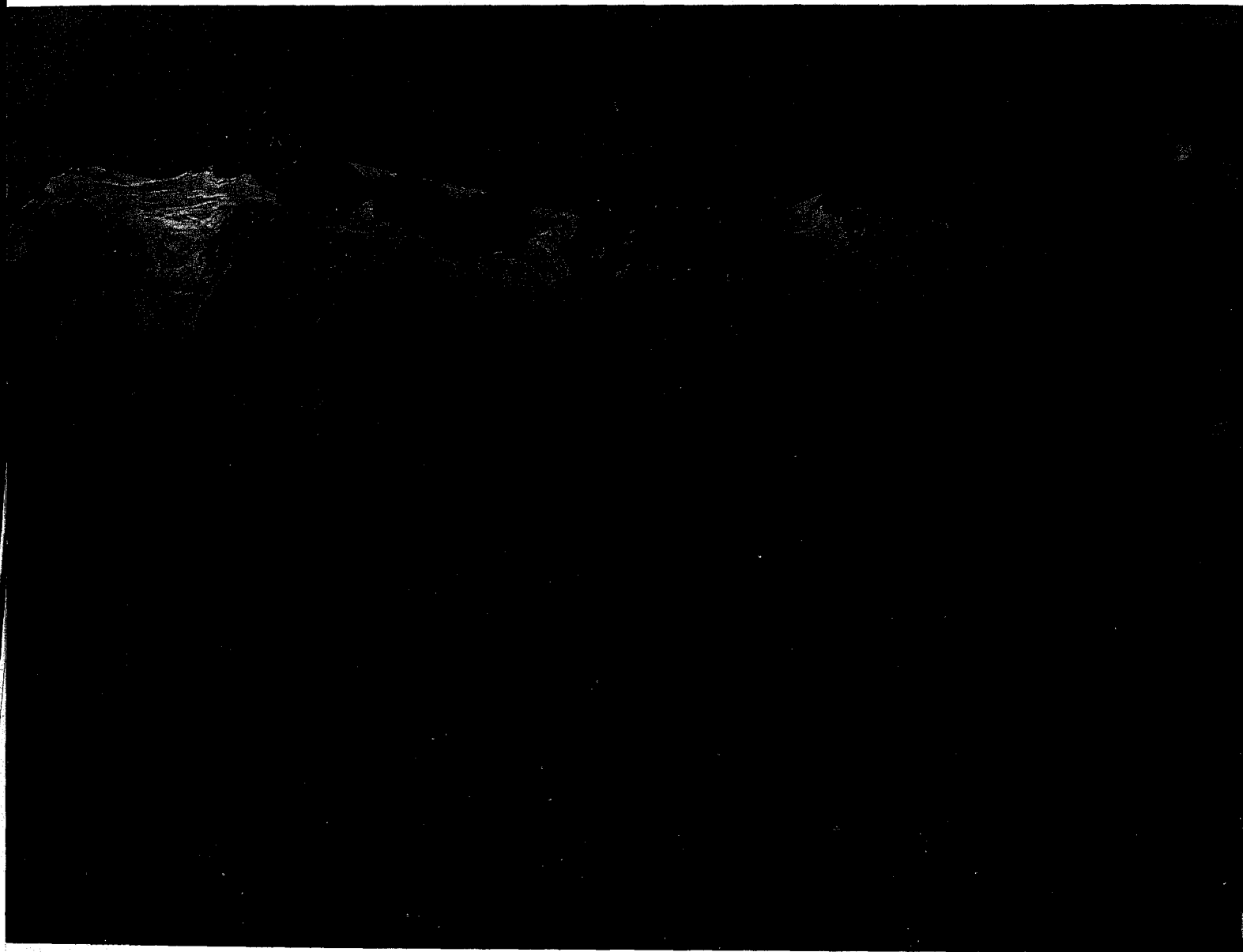
So enormous was the promise of the 1930s that the fruits seem meager. No national park was obtained in the North Cascades, at least in part because the park proposed by the short-lived Glacier Peak Association, founded in 1927, was submerged in 1939 by Marshall's proposal for a 795,000-acre Glacier Peak Wilderness. But the wilderness was not obtained either. Bob Marshall, who had been touring the West at a killing pace, drawing up proposals for protected areas, fell ill on his final breakneck Glacier Peak hike and in 1939 died, as did Ferdinand Silcox a few months later. These two premature deaths, and FDR's absorption in the war, ended the brief heyday of Leopold's ideas in the Forest Service.

It nevertheless was far from a lost decade. Conservationists, appalled at sequential reductions in the size of Mount Olympus National Monument, resolved to obtain more permanent protection. Culminating one of the longest struggles in the history of the American land, involving efforts by people from Seattle to New York (and very notably FDR himself), in 1938 Olympic National Park was established. Eventually it was expanded to nearly nine hundred thousand acres, even larger than envisioned by Wickersham and O'Neil during their trek across

the Olympics forty-eight years earlier. Notoriously missing from the park, however, were the eastern ramparts of the range that overlook Puget Sound.

The 1940s were lean years indeed for wilderness proponents. In 1942 a final flicker in the Forest Service yielded the Mount Adams Wild Area which had meadows, rock, and ice, but no forests. For the rest of Bob Marshall's intentions for protection in the Northwest a regional parody of the U Regulations was devised, the "limited area" classification. This

move was intended to quiet public controversy yet still allow the Forest Service to declassify limited areas with no discussion or even public notification, which it subsequently did. Indeed, the sole protective value of the limited status was that it provided conservationists with a fingernail clutch on the designated areas, a basis for asking embarrassing questions. When such questions were not asked, the limited areas vanished without a trace. In 1940 the North Cascades matter was disposed of with the preposterously small Glacier Peak Limited Area. In 1946 several other areas of contro-



*Alpenglow on Mount Shuksan, North Cascades National Park*



versy were "settled" with the Cougar Lakes, Alpine Lakes, Monte Cristo Peak, Packwood, and Mount St. Helens Limited Areas.

The establishment of Olympic National Park in 1938, half a century in the making, commenced in the forties what was to be (so far) half a century of defending: proposals were made in 1943, 1947, and 1953 to reduce the size of the park. In 1948 Olympic Park Associates was formed to spearhead the defense, as it continues to do because further attacks were launched in 1956, and 1966, and in the late 1970s.

The 1950s opened with the defense of another park, Rainier, where developers sought to transform Paradise Valley into a Sun Valley. The defense—successful—had the serendipitous effect of bringing together a mass of activist energy that quickly turned to other issues. The Mountaineers rebounded from the defensive to take the offensive at a pitch unmatched since the club's founding decade. Its longtime Northwest companion organizations similarly experienced a rejuvenation and soon were joined by a regional chapter of the Sierra Club and, in 1957, a new spearhead, the North Cascades Conservation Council.

The first area addressed was Glacier Peak, where the coalition began by innocently assuming that the Forest Service continued to honor the Leopold philosophy and intended to complete the Marshall initiative. A half-dozen years of discussions and negotiations ended in the final disillusionment of the last believer in the good intentions of the Forest Service. The passage by Congress in 1960 of the Multiple-Use-Sustained Yield Act, which Chief Forester McArdle (whose staff had written the act) said imposed the task of "converting old-growth timber stands to fast-growing young forests," merely confirmed what had become evident. The forest industry had just about finished shearing the trees from its Northern Pacific Land Grant and other booty lands and now wanted the national forests. The Old Ranger was retired. The custodial era of the Forest Service had ended.

The Glacier Peak controversy harshly spotlighted the resurgence of the Greeley philosophy. Unremittingly nagged by citizens, the

18  
Forest Service was unable to sweep the volcano and Bob Marshall under the rug and in 1960 designated a 458,505-acre Glacier Peak Wilderness, a bit more than half of the original Marshall proposal—and only brought up to even this inadequate size by the Secretary of Agriculture's decision to overrule the Forest Service's intentions to exclude the valleys of Agnes Creek and the Suiattle River.

The 1960s began with the preservation movement in Washington State at its strongest ever—and its angriest. The inadequacies of the Glacier Peak Wilderness plainly demonstrated that the new-style Forest Service would not protect entire natural units—low-valley forests together with highland flowers—but at most would grudgingly allow "wilderness on the rocks." In 1963, therefore, the citizens' coalition proposed a North Cascades National Park. Pundits were saying the national park movement was dead, that the two triumphs of the 1930s, Olympic and Kings Canyon, were the end of the line. They pointed to a quarter-century in which the only new national park was a little one in ~~Puerto Rico~~, a gift of the Rockefellers. V I slm

The coalition did not believe the pundits. Two large-format books helped give impetus to the park movement. In 1964 The Mountaineers published *The North Cascades*, followed the next year by the Sierra Club's *The Wild Cascades: Forgotten Parkland*. Organizations across the nation lined up in support.

In Washington City the time was ripe. For the first time since President Roosevelt's energies were diverted to war, preservationist stalwarts in Congress had an ear in the White House. Without choosing sides in the boiling-up of the old interagency combat, President John F. Kennedy, in the "Treaty of the Potomac," appointed a joint Forest Service-Park Service North Cascades Study Team to review Glacier Peak-Mount Baker, the Alpine Lakes, and Cougar Lakes. In 1968 President Lyndon B. Johnson signed the North Cascades Act establishing a 504,500-acre North Cascades National Park, 105,000-acre Ross Lake National Recreation Area, 62,000-acre Lake Chelan National Recreation Area, and a 520,000-acre Pasayten Wilderness.

The acreages are impressive, a victory on the scale of the Olympic Park Act of 1938, and by rebutting the doomsayers it preserved for preservationists the Park Service alternative to the Forest Service—much to the latter agency's surprise, shock, dismay, and chagrin. However, many of those acres already were in the North Cascades Primitive Area, many others received only a "recreational area" status that has proven the more slippery with the years, and finally, only in part was it the park that had been sought. The preservationist proposal had meant to solve, at last, the Glacier Peak-Lake Chelan problem. The Forest Service was granted, as a consolation prize, the right to draw the boundaries of the park it had fought so long. Whether out of some devious motivation or from simple spite, the agency shifted the park northward and left the original problem still to be solved.

Another great—and flawed—victory of the sixties was the Wilderness Act of 1964, defining wilderness (in the language of Howard Zahniser, of The Wilderness Society) as a place where "the earth and its community of life are untrammelled by man, where man himself is a visitor who does not remain."

The 1964 act was not the Wilderness Bill first introduced in Congress in 1956, to be year after year bottled up in committee, largely at the behest of the mining industry. To attain passage and avoid a delay that might have proven fatal, the sponsors made compromises they hoped would be amended as time passed and the wilderness ethic grew more powerful. Twenty years later the compromises have not been amended, oil and gas and thermal-energy leases are imminent, and all the wilderness "won" in the past has to be defended all over again.

Nevertheless, the Wilderness Act of 1964 placed the Glacier Peak, Mount Adams, and Goat Rocks Wildernesses in the National Wilderness Preservation System from which they could not be deleted except by Congress. Until then the protection was purely at the pleasure of the Forest Service, which could declassify a wilderness—or any other of its administrative classifications—by the stroke of a pen. (This the service *did* in the case of its primitive areas

in the Olympic Mountains, once they had failed to serve their intended purpose of preventing establishment of Olympic National Park.)

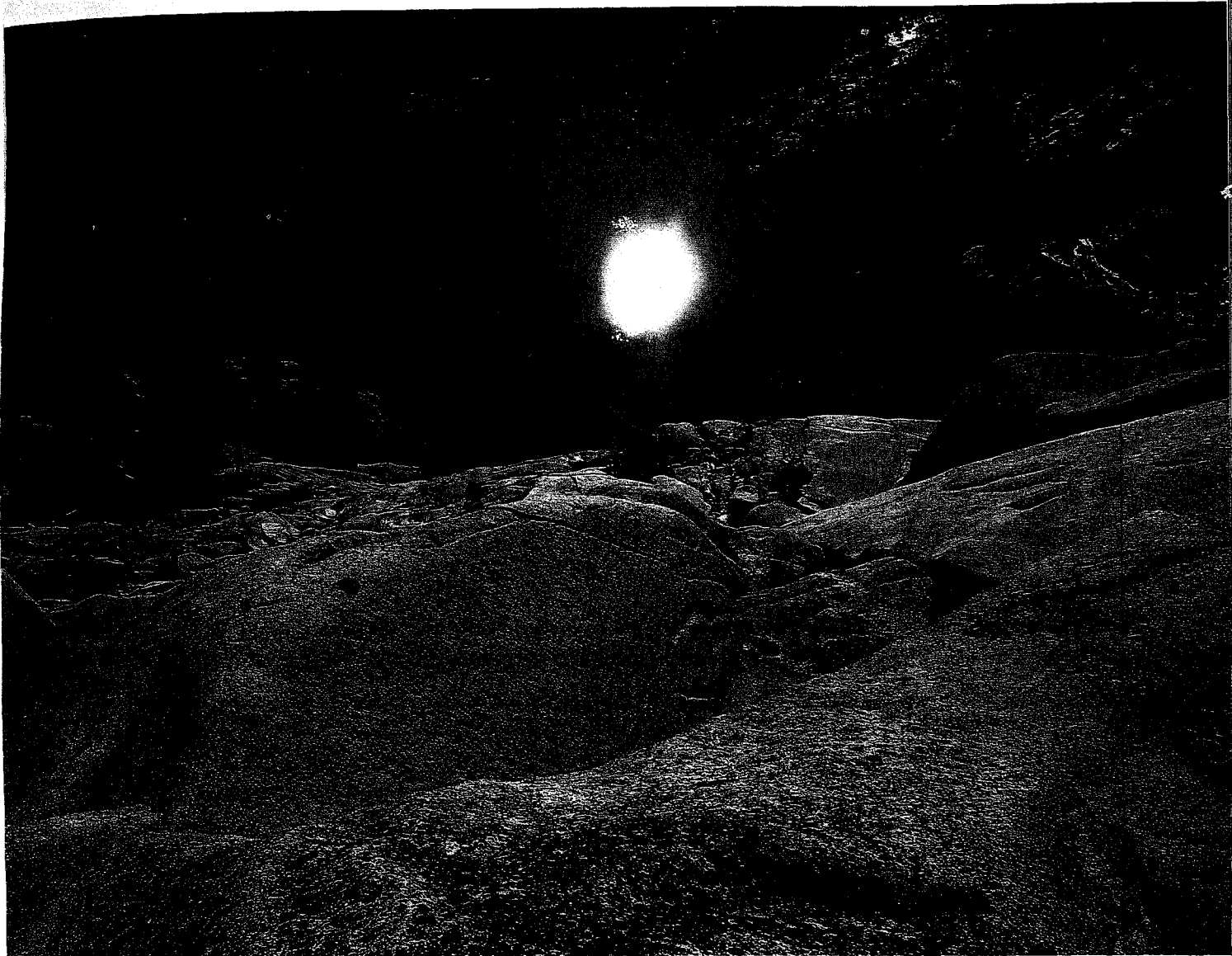
Further, the 1964 legislation elevated Leopold's philosophy of wilderness to the federal statutes. Any federal lands, under any bureau, may be placed in the wilderness system. Portions of the national forests may be included, obviously—and the more wilderness the Forest Service must manage the more heirs of the Old Rangers it must tolerate within its fold.

Portions of the national parks also may be placed in the system, combining the guarantees of the 1916 National Park Act and the 1964 Wilderness Act—the highest protection that presently can be given the American earth. When current proposals are ultimately carried to completion, Washington will have three such doubly guarded areas.

~~Not since the 1930s had a decade opened with so much promise as the 1970s.~~ The 1964 Wilderness Act had strengthened those in the Forest Service who embraced the vision of Leopold, and the 1968 North Cascades Act had frightened the many heirs of Greeley in the service. Preservationist spearhead groups proliferated. The Alpine Lakes Protective Society (ALPS) had adopted the area that had been "limited" in 1946 and proposed for wilderness since 1961. The Cougar Lakes Wilderness Alliance took responsibility for another limited area, also proposed for wilderness since 1961. Groups were organized to protect Mount St. Helens, Boulder River, Mount Baker, and the many other wildlands treated in Part III of this book. Discussions with the Forest Service were at a general level of civility unmatched for years—largely because the Forest Service to a considerable extent assigned negotiations to people who if not committed to Leopold were distinguished by a fair-minded consideration of competing demands. Hopes for wilderness were at their highest. Soon they would be dashed to their lowest. But first there was to be a great victory by which to remember the decade.

In 1971 The Mountaineers published its second "big issue book," *The Alpine Lakes*. One particular copy of this book may be the most persuasive single volume in wilderness history. In 1976 Congress passed the Alpine Lakes Bill

18-A



*Lake Viviane and larch trees, Alpine Lakes Wilderness*

and sent it to the White House. However, Congressman Joel Pritchard learned that the Bureau of the Budget had recommended a veto. In desperation he arranged a last-moment, five-minute White House appointment for Governor Dan Evans, who dropped everything and flew to Washington City. Governor Evans carried with him to the Oval Office a copy of *The Alpine Lakes*, hoping to flash a few scenes before the president's eyes. President Gerald Ford insisted on turning every page and lingering over each, ignoring the clock, exclaiming "It is such beautiful country! It must be saved!" And it was, because he signed into law the Alpine Lakes Wilderness.

So much for the good news of the 1970s. The bad news was that the timber industry decided, "Enough already." As indefatigably as the preservationists had pursued wilderness goals, lumbermen now strived for congressional passage of the ~~Timber Supply~~ Bill, which would compel national forests to be managed in the way of industry lands—a way Pinchot never would have permitted had he been given supervision of *all* American forests. Lumbermen appealed to the White House as well, and it became an almost annual event for the president to instruct the Forest Service to step up the pace of logging. Finally, the big timber companies that for half a century and more

had been content to let the Forest Service run on a long leash now began to shorten it up. Through the years the Forest Service had been distinguished by a large degree of decentralization: much independence was permitted the Regional Foresters by Washington City, the Forest Supervisors by the Regional Foresters, and the District Rangers by the Supervisors. Now the word went out from Washington City that the Forest Service was in the greatest danger since the embattled Pinchot years, when his successor, Greeley, saved the Service from annihilation by the timber industry by embarking on a policy of accommodation. The decision was made for another prudent retreat.

When the Forest Service undertook a nationwide Roadless Area Review and Evaluation (RARE) in 1971, preservationists fully cooperated, conceding the probable necessity of settling now, once and for all, which portions of the national forests were to be studied for possible wilderness designation, and which were to be devoted to multiple-use. However, when the results were released, preservationists were stunned. On reflection they saw that in its renewed fear of the timber industry the Forest Service had submerged its fear of the preservationists. Not even in the aftermath of the Marshall-Silcox deaths had it made so abrupt and radical a turnabout. As much in sorrow as anger the Sierra Club sued, and the courts ruled that RARE was illegal. The Forest Service retreated to the back rooms, came forth with RARE II—and it was worse—and was at length abandoned, leaving in its wake . . . chaos.

The intransigence expressed by the meager recommendations of RARE II spelled disaster for the remaining wildlands. Conservationists, fishermen, recreationists, and others came together to develop their own wilderness proposals and to take their case to Congress. This book seeks to bring to the attention of the people and lawmakers of the nation these various wilderness proposals for the state of Washington. If the agenda seems large, it is because the agendas of the past were never completed, were left to the future. The 1968 North Cascades Act did not finish the job for Glacier Peak, Lake Chelan, Mount Baker, or the Pasayten. The 1938 creation of Olympic National Park left much to do there. Even the

establishment of Mount Rainier National Park failed to protect the whole of The Mountain. The Cougar Lakes, Boulder River, Salmo-Priest, Juniper Forest, and so many others have *everything* left to do.

As this book is published it is twenty years since the Wilderness Act, the same span between the Seattle of 1,107 residents and of 42,837, between the Washington Territory of the North West Boundary Survey and the Washington State of the closing of the frontier. The changes in the Washington earth during these last twenty years are comparable to those of the long-ago twenty years. Indeed, in some instances they will be more long-lasting—on the human measure of time, virtually permanent.

Year by year people living in the Puget Sound lowlands have watched clearcuts climb their western and eastern horizons. The forest industry has ascended from the Western Hemlock Zone, where it has worked a century and a quarter, into the Pacific Silver Fir Zone, with a different mix of species and a very different climate, which ecologists are only beginning to understand, and higher still into the Mountain Hemlock Zone which is bounded by alpine meadows.

When the industry began its climb to the summits in the 1950s it was buttressed by the overconfidence of a forestry that was as much a faith as a science. Mountain travelers recall from that time the Forest Service's first high-country clearcuts, and the proud signs erected beside roads, "Logged 1951, Planted 1952." Rangers have gone about removing such signs, embarrassed that a third of a century later hundreds of these clearcuts are growing nothing bigger than fireweed and vine maple.

The industry has ceased bothering to claim it can "farm" trees as high as trees can grow. A hiker who counts the rings in a stump atop a 4,000-foot ridge and determines that a tree eighteen inches in diameter was three hundred years old when cut knows he is not on a tree farm, but a tree mine. When the hiker tells this to a company forester, the answer is not outraged protest but a shrug of the shoulders. "Talk to the comptroller. Bottom-line forestry, it's called. Down low we grow trees. Up high we just cut 'em. After all, if there were lumps

of gold scattered around we'd not let 'em lay just because we don't have an alchemist on the payroll to make gold from granite."

The bottom line is regularly and candidly and publicly explained by the president of a major timber company. In his standard speech he points out that his firm and others will finish "liquidating their inventory" of virgin forests in Washington by 1990 or so. The second-growth forests on their lands will not come to full production until far into the twenty-first century. His company's projections for operations in the next half-century include the forests of the Suiattle and Agnes Creek, the Big Beaver and the Ashnola and Pasayten, and the Hoh and the Queets and the Quinault. Instead of managing for a sustained yield of timber on their own lands, industry intends to chainsaw the public lands.

An officer of another large timber company has further elucidated the bottom line. At a public hearing where his firm was accused of logging so irresponsibly that rains were stripping the mountainsides of soil, he angrily responded, "What business is it of yours? We own the land. It's our soil. If we wanted to dig it up and truck it to California it wouldn't be any of your concern!"

"We own the land..."

The man who made this statement had been living on the Washington earth perhaps half a century. Many of the trees his company was cutting were a dozen human lifetimes old

when his ancestors came to America. The fish that his company's bulldozers and trucks had driven out of the rivers belonged to races that had been swimming those waters since the melting of the Pleistocene ice. The soil the clear-cutting was flushing down the rivers was the sum product of perhaps fifty ~~cent~~ millenia of weathering.

millenia

The industry bottom line typically summarizes the current year, scans the next decade, glances at the next half-century; beyond that, the void. The industry invested in science when it hoped chemistry and genetics would vastly increase profits; now it mainly invests in technology, the better in the age of the helicopter and balloon to pluck the lumps of green gold from precipices.

The bottom line of the Forest Service must be different, for it is required to have a broader, societal view. It must remember Pinchot's "long run" and Leopold's plea for wilderness as a place of refuge. The National Park Act, the Wilderness Act, are preliminary ventures into a new body of law, the law of the centuries ahead.

The American people have come to that understanding, even if the Forest Service has not. They see that humanity is pressing the limits of Earth and is threatening to make it unlivable. The realization is dawning that a new ethic is needed, one of living together with the land and its living creatures. Preservation of our wildlands is a part of that ethic.

◆ ◆ ◆

100 HIKES IN WESTERN WASHINGTON,  
(not "by Louise Marshall") July 1966

FOREWORD

"Sunday, February 17, was the date of The Mountaineers' first local outing. Promptly at 9:30 a.m. forty-eight members and their guests made the start for Fort Lawton. At the fort they were met by Captain H. A. Smith, who gave them a cordial welcome; from there a brief walk through the woods brought the party to the West Point light house, where they were greeted by the light house keeper, Mr. Thomas, and his family. Here a camp-fire was made and luncheon eaten. The return was made at low tide by way of the beach to give those interested in marine life an opportunity to gather specimens."

Thus did the March 1907 issue of *The Mountaineer* describe the first trip sponsored by the new organization. The second outing "included a trip to Lake Washington, from there to Kirkland by boat, with a seven-mile tramp along the belt-line road." During a hike to American Lake, "one ornithologist listed thirty-four birds seen in the ten miles traversed." The spring season climaxed in early May with an ascent of Mount Si, the party leaving Seattle Friday evening in a railroad baggage car, returning Monday morning "all sunburned, triumphant and loyal to Mount Si or 'Mount Sigh' as some now wish to call it."

All this ~~preparation~~ <sup>in fact, mainly as</sup> was ~~preparation~~ <sup>by way of</sup> preparation for an extended expedition into the largely unknown center of the Olympic Mountains (that summer) during which the first ascent of Mount Olympus was made. However, there was good fun in the preparation, too. "Local Walks," as they were then called, proved as important to the club as the more ambitious and

adventurous "Summer Outings" during those early years when the railroads, streetcars, and mosquito fleet were the usual means of travel to the edge of wilderness.

In following decades, as it became possible to reach high mountains on a weekend or even a single day, Local Walks grew into the more comprehensive "Trail Trips" extending from salt-water beaches and lowland forests in winter to alpine meadows and summits in summer—something going on, someplace to walk, the year around. Later other club units were formed, the Climbers, the Viewfinders, and the Campcrafters, to sponsor other sorts of hikes, on and off trails.

The experience gained in the past 60 years, on many thousands of outings by many thousands of Mountaineers, is the background of this book; the reason for this book is to share some of that experience with the broader community of valley-pounders, ridgerunners, and hillwalkers beyond the current membership of The Mountaineers.

Emphasis must be placed on the "some": the 100 hikes described here were selected from a preliminary list of several hundred, a list which in itself was by no means a full compilation of all the outings Mountaineers have taken and enjoyed and would recommend to others. Initially the Literary Fund Committee (which directs publication of Mountaineer books) felt that not even rough justice could be done the beaches, forests, and mountains of Western Washington with less than 200 hikes; the decision to proceed with half that number was forced, really, by the urgent need to relieve pressure on individual club members who have found themselves spending an

increasing amount of time providing new arrivals in the Northwest—and new converts to the sport of walking—with sketch maps showing the start of the Mount Si trail, suggestions on “good places to see a glacier” and “what can you do around here in winter if you don’t ski?”

If this book finds acceptance, The Mountaineers plan to publish others sharing still more of their experience. Meanwhile, though, the 100 trips recommended here (which with suggested variations total at least twice that number) should keep just about any walker busy and happy for several years; in fact, a lifetime would not be enough to experience every detail of these trips in all their varied moods. There are suggestions for every season of the year, for beaches, forests, rivers, lakes, meadows, and summits, for short afternoons and full weeks, for the Olympics from the Pacific Ocean to Hood Canal, for the Cascades from Mt. Adams and Mt. St. Helens to the Canadian border and from Puget Sound lowlands to the edge of the Columbia Plateau. In total, the following pages contain a representative sampling of the much larger riches that make Western Washington as good a hiking country, probably, as one could find anywhere.

### Are Feet Obsolete?

A newcomer to the Northwest, or to hiking, is impressed by the extent and variety of the trail country and has trouble believing there is any serious threat to the future of pedestrian travel. However, those with the longer view provided by years or decades of walking local hills and valleys are worried; unless all hikers come to share this worry, and join together to take appropriate action, there will be steadily more to worry about as time goes on.

The American attitude toward feet is symbolically expressed by the fact that the Second Lake Washington Bridge, completed in 1964, was constructed without provision for pedestrians—unlike the first bridge, built 20 years earlier, and from the beginning a popular Sunday stroll, across the lake and back.

Selecting trips for this book sharply pointed up the problem. Though some excellent lowland walks were finally chosen, close to urban areas and suitable for the 5 or 6 months of the year when the high country is deep in snow, there was not much to choose from. Most of the recom-

mendations follow roads—gated roads, to be sure, with very limited automobile traffic—simply because there are virtually no purely foot routes left in the lowlands. Some of the trips recommended here may very well have to be deleted in the next edition, wiped out by a new suburb or a new scenic drive.

There have been hopeful signs in the last year or two that progress may begin to take a new direction. Stimulated by the agitation of a citizen-action group, King County is now planning a path along Sammamish Slough designed solely for feet and bicycles. The Mountaineers, among other organizations, have urged public officials to plan a system of foot-and-bicycle trails throughout urban areas and their hinterland.

Beach walking, a Puget Sound tradition from the earliest days, may become a memory if the trend is not reversed. State of Washington law allows officials to sell the “land” between the levels of mean high tide and low tide to private parties, and because of this law few extended stretches of beach are technically open to the public—even if the public can reach the beach, no small problem in itself. Access to beaches is now being regained with funds recently voted by the people; by devoting some of these funds to repurchasing privately owned beaches or acquiring easement over them, tidewater walks could once more, and permanently, become a treasured amenity of life in Western Washington. The City of Seattle has undertaken such a program on the shores of Elliott Bay—encompassing, interestingly enough, the scene of the first outing by The Mountaineers, on February 17, 1907. The railroad lines extending along miles of beaches north and south of Seattle offer a relatively low-cost, low-effort opportunity for a foot-and-bicycle path possibly without parallel in the United States.

Beyond the lowlands, in the front range of the Cascades, the trail shortage has become steadily more acute. Potential hikers swarm out from Seattle on a sunny Sunday in March. By the hundreds they find the Mount Si trail (solely by word of mouth before publication of this book, since it is unmarked); by the thousands they don’t find the Si trail, or any other, and drive around highways and backroads looking into the deep snows of the high mountains, and the trail-less brush and forests of the low valleys and hills.

The North undeveloped hik Mountain, Rattl each of these, prominent recr at a strategic hi of the thousand don't find it. TI similar trails t and Teneriffe a fic ~~low~~ as hear  
D. K. Lewis  
The patchy land ownership has so far prev ment of trail s ranges, exactly centers makes plan truth, no awareness of a sideration shou to establishme System that we tie into the sy: National Parks mission, until centered arou be assigned re ing easements ing and main work country; into Congress federal funds half the constr

### Are Foot Tr

The total drastically dir new roads, ir in the lowland approaching : new developm vert the ove trails into roa same, and di traditional sen

The scot miasma of ne the pollution, garlic before why everyone the walker is

and for "equal rights" in Wilderness Areas and National Parks. And just as more and better roads engendered larger and more luxurious automobiles, the primitive chug-chug scooters are giving way to swifter models; three-wheelers and even four-wheelers are probing for opportunities, and manufacturers are developing enclosed passenger compartments to keep trail-drivers warm and dry.

To be sure, when America's trails have been converted into a system of little roads, the hiker will be allowed "equal rights"; scooter lobbyists self-righteously contrast their tolerance with the uncompromising attitude of pedestrians who say the sound and fury of machines have taken over so much of our world that all the quiet land remaining is just barely enough, that no mechanical devices should be allowed on any traditional foot trails anywhere.

Essentially, of course, it comes down to a matter of basic philosophy. If Americans decide to submit to the machine, then trail scooters are the wave of the future, pedestrians are anachronisms, and feet are obsolete.

### Is Natural Beauty Obsolete?

To repeat, a newcomer to the Northwest, or to hiking, is typically too impressed by the grandeur and extent of mountain wilderness to be concerned about the nibblings he sees at the edges. And if he does find himself turning sick at the stomach amid ravaged forests and drowned valleys is likely to give a shrug of despair and say, "People have got to live. You can't fight progress."

The Mountaineers do not believe that progress necessarily implies total destruction and complete ugliness: to borrow a motto used by the Sierra Club, their policy is "Not blind opposition to progress, but opposition to blind progress."

The Mountaineers support all actions that improve the long-range health of the forest industry—including many things, such as planting unstocked tree-growing land and intensified research into the growing of trees and the full use of wood fiber, that are presently given lip service, but little more, by the industry. Similarly The Mountaineers want other resource-based segments of the local economy to thrive.

However, The Mountaineers are convinced that the long-range health of the local economy (resource-based and otherwise), as well as the

long-range interests of people throughout the nation (who share ownership of the National Forests and National Parks), living and not yet born, demand that steps be taken to preserve some of the wildlands in the State of Washington.

High in priority is the creation of a North Cascades National Park which would set aside as a "museum of primitive America" a representative sample of forests, meadows, glaciers, and peaks. That the area is of National Park caliber is apparent to anyone who follows the routes described here for the Glacier Peak region and north. For the hiker, an important advantage of National Park protection over alternative land classifications is that guns are not allowed. The Mountaineers by no means oppose hunting, but do feel non-hunters should be allowed a "people refuge" in the North Cascades during the shooting season, which nowadays begins early in September, when much of the high country is at its best; many of the trips recommended in this book do not open to easy travel until the end of July, leaving only August available for walks free both of snow and guns.

The Mountaineers also urge the creation of several new Wilderness Areas, protected under terms of the Wilderness Act passed by Congress in 1964, with no logging, no mechanical contrivances, no roads, no permanent human structures, and no new mineral claims after 1984, set aside as areas where "the earth and its community of life are untrammelled by man, where man himself is a visitor who does not remain." Among the trips recommended here are many within the proposed North Cascades Wilderness, adjacent to the Canadian border; the existing Glacier Peak Wilderness; the proposed Alpine Lakes Wilderness north and east of Snoqualmie Pass; the proposed Cougar Lakes Wilderness east of Mount Rainier National Park; and the existing Goat Rocks and Mount Adams Wildernesses.

To adjoin and complement the North Cascades National Park, The Mountaineers urge creation of a transitional North Cascades National Recreation Area, saving the scenery of certain forests and meadows and lakes for recreation while allowing some uses, such as recreational roads, that are not permitted in Wilderness Areas, and others, such as hunting, that are not permitted in National Parks.

Elsewhere, protected from began shortly : 1938, and hav Rainier Nation: clude all of MO and flowers.

Further, l and flood-cont save such wilc kayakers, hiker water. Saltwat Puget Sound, I miralty Inlet, a saved for the p into summer-hc

This, in b the concern f future of the " ica." To protec action is requi level, and the l informed inter citizen who va

Individual ther informatic tecton of wild vation Division

### About The M

The Mou Seattle, Everet membership c



roads, to be sure, traffic — simply urely foot routes the trips recom- ve to be deleted y a new suburb  
igns in the last begin to take a he agitation of nty is now plan- Slough designed e Mountaineers, ve urged public and-bicycle trails r hinterland.  
id tradition from memory if the Washington law d" between the r tide to private v few extended ly open to the ach the beach, s to beaches is recently voted of these funds beaches or ac- idewater walks become a trea- n Washington. en such a pro- -encompassing, the first outing 17, 1907. The les of beaches i relatively low- foot-and-bicycle United States. front range of become stead- varm out from March. By the si trail (solely sation of this the thousands ny other, and roads looking ountains, and he low valleys

*D. Linnick*

The North Bend area is a prime example of undeveloped hiking opportunities. Little Si, Fuller Mountain, Rattlesnake Ledge, Herpicide Spire—each of these, given a trail and a listing on a prominent recreational signboard map erected at a strategic highway turnout, would attract many of the thousands who come looking for a hike, and don't find it. The crowds on Big Si suggest that similar trails to its neighboring peaks, Green and Teneriffe and Washington, might carry traffic ~~loads~~ as heavy as any in the Cascades.

The patchwork pattern of private and public land ownership, dating from the 19th century, has so far prevented any comprehensive development of trail systems in the foothills and front ranges, exactly where the closeness to population centers makes for the greatest demand. And in plain truth, no public agency has indicated any awareness of a problem—or an opportunity. Consideration should surely be given, by someone, to establishment of a Washington State Trail System that would supplement and in some cases tie into the systems of the National Forests and National Parks. Perhaps the State Parks Commission, until now preoccupied with recreation centered around automobiles and boats, could be assigned responsibility (and funds) for gaining easements over private ownerships and building and maintaining trails through the patchwork country; legislation has been introduced into Congress that would provide state agencies federal funds for planning such trails and for half the construction cost.

### Are Foot Trails Obsolete?

The total amount of trail mileage has been drastically diminished in the past generation by new roads, including logging roads, but except in the lowlands and front ranges there is nothing approaching a shortage. However, a relatively new development, the scooter, threatens to convert the overwhelming majority of remaining trails into roads—narrow roads, but roads all the same, and distinctly not walking country in the traditional sense.

The scooter-rider, enclosed in his personal miasma of noise and fumes, is not bothered by the pollution, and like the man who has eaten garlic before attending the symphony, wonders why everyone is scowling at him. But very plainly the walker is bothered. Certain popular scooter

tracks have been virtually abandoned by pedestrians, driven out by the annoyance, or even the danger. Many hikers go to wildlands in the first place at least partly to escape from machines and all they symbolize; they do not find what they seek on trails that have become narrow-gauge highways.

As the reader <sup>354</sup> will soon discover, many of the trips recommended in this book are flawed by scooters. National Parks are completely pure as a matter of Park Service policy, as are Wilderness Areas and Primitive Areas in National Forests by terms of the Wilderness Act. The Cascade Crest Trail and a few of its feeders are barred to mechanized travel by administrative ruling, as are some others, mostly too rough for wheels in any event. The deliberate decision was made **not** to mention the status of individual trails, there seeming little sense in a hiking guide serving the scooter-riders.

It must be said that scooters are fun, apparently. Quite obviously many, if not most, of those who ride mountain trails enjoy the raucous physical challenge, spiced with danger; that the sport happens to be conducted in areas of great natural beauty is a fortuitous circumstance—that's simply where the trails happen to be. But if scooters were barred from all trails, everywhere, the sport could easily thrive, in the lowlands and mountains both, on the hundreds and perhaps thousands of miles of low-grade logging roads and bulldozer tracks which are barely passable or not at all to automobiles, and as rough and sporty tracks as a rider could ask for.

Unfortunately, much of the fun seems to lie in taking machines where machines have never been before. Jeep-riders pit their four-wheel drive and winches against the unconquered open terrain of the east-slope Cascades. Amphibious swamp-buggies drive deep into unconquered marshes. Sand-buggies conquer the dunes. Hot-rods and even sedate family sedans splash along ocean beaches, conquering the surf. Snowmobiles seek to conquer the mountains in winter. And float planes land on alpine lakes, and helicopters flop down on high meadows. Every province of the wildlands is challenged with an appropriate mechanical ingenuity.

Moreover, just as pioneer motorists banded together to campaign for better roads, scooter clubs are agitating for smoother and wider trails,

roughout the na-  
he National For-  
nd not yet born,  
reserve some of  
ashington.  
tion of a North  
would set aside  
a" a representa-  
s, glaciers, and  
nal Park caliber  
ows the routes  
eak region and  
nt advantage of  
alternative land  
ot allowed. The  
se hurting, but  
owed a "people  
ring the shoot-  
s early in Sep-  
country is at its  
ded in this book  
he end of July,  
walks free both  
  
the creation of  
rotected under  
ed by Congress  
echnical con-  
t human struc-  
after 1984, set  
l its community  
here man him-  
main." Among  
any within the  
ss, adjacent to  
Glacier Peak  
Lakes Wilder-  
Pass; the pro-  
ast of Mount  
existing Goat  
es.  
he North Cas-  
eers urge cre-  
ades National  
ery of certain  
for recreation  
is recreational  
erness Areas,  
re not permit-

Elsewhere, Olympic National Park must be protected from the attempted timber raids that began shortly after establishment of the park in 1938, and have recently been renewed. Mount Rainier National Park should be enlarged to include all of Mount Rainier, not merely its glaciers and flowers.

Further, unwise hydroelectric and irrigation and flood-control projects must be blocked to save such wild rivers as remain for fishermen, kayakers, hikers, and all who enjoy free-flowing water. Saltwater beaches on the Pacific Ocean, Puget Sound, Hood Canal, Strait of Georgia, Admiralty Inlet, and Strait of Juan de Fuca must be saved for the public, rather than going universally into summer-home subdivisions.

This, in brief and partial summary, suggests the concern felt by The Mountaineers for the future of the "natural beauty of Northwest America." To protect that natural beauty, governmental action is required at the federal level, the state level, and the local level. To gain such action, the informed interest and active support of every citizen who values natural beauty is essential.

Individuals and organizations wishing further information about specific proposals for protection of wildlands are invited to write: Conservation Division, The Mountaineers.

**About The Mountaineers**

The Mountaineers, with groups based in Seattle, Everett, Tacoma, and Olympia, invite the membership of all lovers of outdoor life who

sympathize with the purposes of the and wish to share in its activities.

Conservation education is a most important club responsibility and becoming more so each year. Preservation, though, is only one side of the coin; the other is using and enjoying wildlands.

The Mountaineers sponsor a year-round program of climbing, hiking, camping, ski-touring, and showshoeing. Hundreds of outings are scheduled each year, ranging from single-day walks to trips lasting 2 weeks or more. On a typical weekend, as many as 20 or 30 excursions may be offered, from ocean beaches to the summit of Mount Rainier. In addition, members engage in countless privately organized trips of all kinds; perhaps a major value in belonging to an outdoor organization (The Mountaineers or any other) is the opportunity to meet other people with similar interest, to make new friends.

The Climbing Course, presented annually since 1935, with sections in Seattle, Everett, Tacoma, and Olympia, is the oldest and largest climbing school in America, and its textbook, **Mountaineering: The Freedom of the Hills**, has been adopted by virtually every other such school in North America, and by others in nations throughout the world. Each year, also, a Hiking and Camping Course is offered, and a Ski-Mountaineering Course. For further information on club activities and how to join, write: The Mountaineers, P.O. Box 122, Seattle, Washington 98111.

July, 1966

HARVEY MANNING

102 HIKES IN ALPINE LAKE, SOUTH CASCADES,  
OLYMPICS, first edition 1971, second March 1978  
~~second~~ January 1979  
third

## PRESERVATION AGENDA

In a variety of ways over the years The Mountaineers have worked "to preserve the natural beauty of Northwest America." One means, adopted in the early 1960s, is the publication of hiking guides, the aim being to put more boots on certain trails, into certain wildlands. The organization doesn't suffer from any delusion that large numbers of boots improve trails, enhance wildness. However, it is ruefully certain that only by making new friends for threatened areas will they be preserved.

Those who benefit from the guidance of this book have the obvious obligation to become defenders of trails and wilderness. Nowadays, when the large numbers of wilderness lovers are in themselves a threat of sorts, more attention is required to rules of "walking light," as discussed later herein. Yet the ultimate threat to natural beauty is not hikers, no matter how destructive their great, vicious boots may be, but doomsday, as represented by motorcycles, bulldozers, and forces for change in the name of "progress."

Some things have been won since The Mountaineers began guidebook publishing — a North Cascades National Park, to cite the grandest victory of the 1960s. In 1976 came this decade's triumph, the Alpine Lakes Wilderness — too small, of course, the preserves always are, but a splendid foundation for future expansion.

Folks who arrived late need have no fear there's nothing left for them to do. The situation cries out for heroes and heroines. Following is a capsule summary of the current preservation agenda for the many provinces of the Cascades and Olympics to which the 102 hikes offer an introduction. Those who find this book a useful guide to hours and days of wandering forests and meadows owe it to themselves, and to their children and grandchildren, to make the agenda their own.

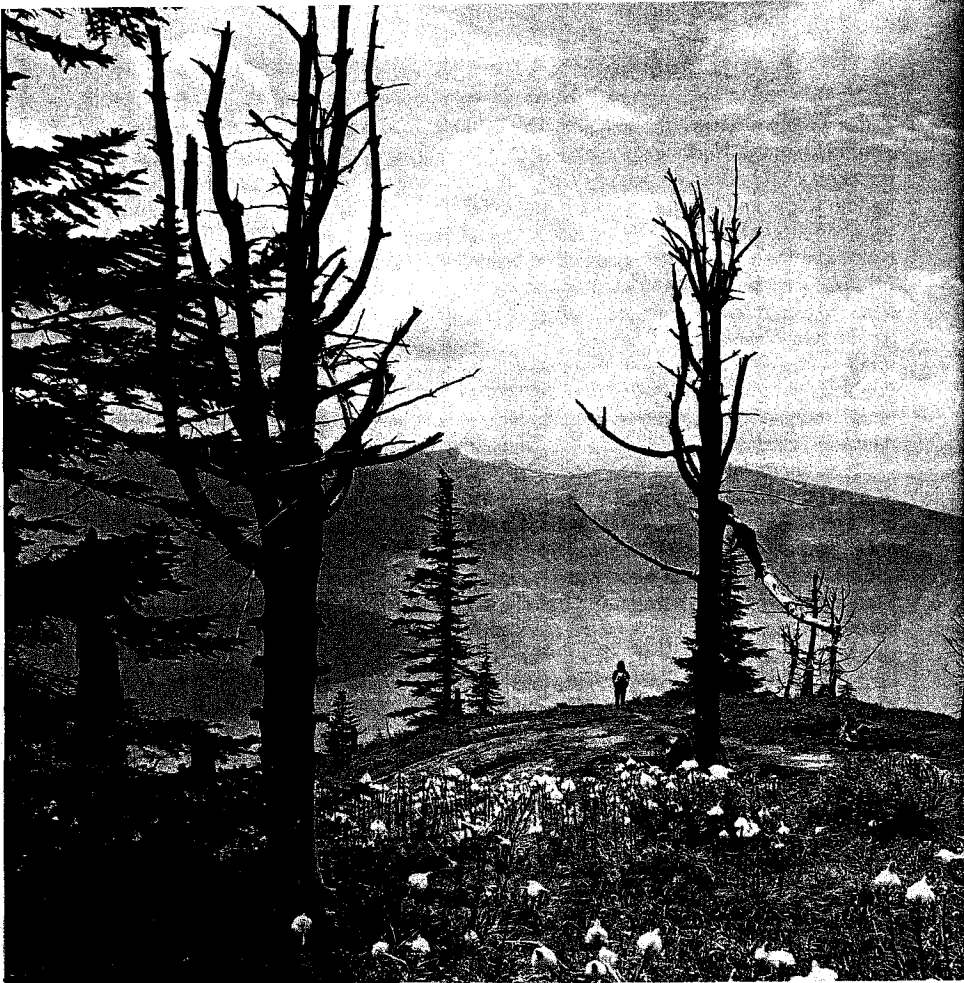
### De Facto Wilderness

A quarter-century ago the mountain areas of Washington were mostly pretty much as they always had been — wild. Then, after World War II, the loggers and road-builders began pushing deeper into the backcountry, farther up valleys, higher on ridges. The action caused an equal and opposite reaction in the form of a great reinforcement of the preservation movement. By the 1970s all observers realized that exploiters and preservers were both so busy there soon would be no overlooked lands. Everything was either going to be "locked up" or logged.

The U.S. Forest Service, manager of most of the "de facto" (just sitting there) wilderness, is trying to satisfy all concerned with another roadless area inventory (RARE II). The odds are that in the future, as in the recent past, there'll be a dogfight over each wild valley and hill. Therefore, every hiker should participate, striving to preserve as much wilderness as should and can be preserved in the Olympics and Cascades.

### Cougar Lakes

Hikes 45-52 and 54 are in the 150,000 acres of the proposed two-section Cougar Lakes Wilderness; a bill to establish this area was introduced in Congress in 1970 and hearings held in 1977-78. The north section is bounded on the south by the Chinook Pass Highway, on the west by the Crystal Mountain Ski Area, and on the north by the lowering of the crest into wooded terrain. The larger south section includes the entire Cascade Crest between Chinook Pass and the White Pass Highway, bounded on the



*Beargrass on Huckleberry Mountain, Page 232  
(John Spring photo)*

west much of the way by Mount Rainier National Park, and extends eastward over valleys of virgin forests and ridges of flowers punctuated by such rugged peaks as Mt. Aix.

The Cougar Lakes Wilderness is needed as wild living room to complement increasingly-crowded Mount Rainier National Park and to prevent high-use road-oriented recreation (and logging) the fragile beauty cannot tolerate.

**Mount Rainier National Park**

Ultimately the National Park boundaries must be pushed outward on the south, west, and north to take in the entirety of Mt. Rainier and all its flanking ridges and the intervening valleys; though many of these have been savagely clearcut, the Park is for the centuries and in time wounds will heal. Certain as yet unspoiled lands, notably in the Tatoosh Range, should be placed in the Park immediately.

On the north, where the Forest Service is thru boundary, logging should be halted, or at the very the cutting is complete in order to preserve the Hunting should be controlled in all areas adjacent summer-and-winter range for the animal populati

**Pacific Crest Trail**

The route of the Pacific Crest National Scenic Pass should be designated as a no-logging strip, a intrusions.

The historic Naches Wagon Trail (Hike 42) desc The little that remains of the old emigrant route sh off-limits to jeepers and trailbikers and logging.

**South Cascades**

The area sampled by Hikes 53-76 is large, var Rocks and Mt. Adams Wildernesses consist mainly boundaries should be adjusted outward to include valleys.

The Mt. St. Helens area (Hikes 72-74) is one of t ment in the Northwest. Faced by an impossible of ownership, the U.S. Forest Service has capitulate the graceful volcano rises above a sea of stumps spared — and here the Service is planning to log the 74. Further, the Service has opened many popula children, old people, horses, and hundreds of hiki Because the Forest Service seems totally unwilling philosophy, conservationists are now seeking a Mt

The broad expanse of forested valleys and ridge has been criss-crossed with a spider web of roads obliterating hundreds of miles of trails. But small poc pristine and to preserve these a number of small

**Olympics**

Hikes 78-102 are on the Olympic Peninsula, for l Park, most of which soon will be permanently cle Service must be strenuously urged to acquire prive larly in the Quinault Valley, and under no circumst portions of the Valley now included.

Eventually the Park must be enlarged along the e the summits of such peaks as Cruiser. The Brothers boundary, their east slopes and drainage valleys exc to the Olympic horizon, the only portions of the Park of several peaks. All the rest of the visible range is in to logging, as can be vividly realized in winter, wh which grow larger year by year. To prevent further established bordering the National Park on the north



erry Mountain, Page 232

y Mount Rainier National Park, and extends eastward over  
nd ridges of flowers punctuated by such rugged peaks as Mt.

ilderness is needed as wild living room to complement  
ount Rainier National Park and to prevent high-use road-  
logging) the fragile beauty cannot tolerate.

**nal Park**

al Park boundaries must be pushed outward on the south,  
the entirety of Mt. Rainier and all its flanking ridges and the  
gh many of these have been savagely clearcut, the Park is  
me wounds will heal. Certain as yet unspoiled lands, notably  
should be placed in the Park immediately.

On the north, where the Forest Service is thrusting logging roads almost to the boundary, logging should be halted, or at the very least, the roads "put to bed" when the cutting is complete in order to preserve the remoteness of Park meadows. Hunting should be controlled in all areas adjacent to the Park to maintain a complete summer-and-winter range for the animal population.

**Pacific Crest Trail**

The route of the Pacific Crest National Scenic Trail southward from Snoqualmie Pass should be designated as a no-logging strip, and protected from any further road intrusions.

The historic Naches Wagon Trail (Hike 42) deserves particularly urgent attention. The little that remains of the old emigrant route should be saved by placing it entirely off-limits to jeeps and trailbikers and logging.

**South Cascades**

The area sampled by Hikes 53-76 is large, varied, and badly abused. The Goat Rocks and Mt. Adams Wildernesses consist mainly of snow and rocks and meadows; boundaries should be adjusted outward to include more of the approach ridges and valleys.

The Mt. St. Helens area (Hikes 72-74) is one of the worst examples of mismanagement in the Northwest. Faced by an impossible checkerboard of private and public ownership, the U.S. Forest Service has capitulated to the exploiters. On three sides the graceful volcano rises above a sea of stumps, only the Spirit Lake side so far spared — and here the Service is planning to log the beautiful forest described in Hike 74. Further, the Service has opened many popular trails to motorized travel, so that children, old people, horses, and hundreds of hikers must compete with trailbikes. Because the Forest Service seems totally unwilling to radically alter its management philosophy, conservationists are now seeking a Mt. St. Helens National Monument.

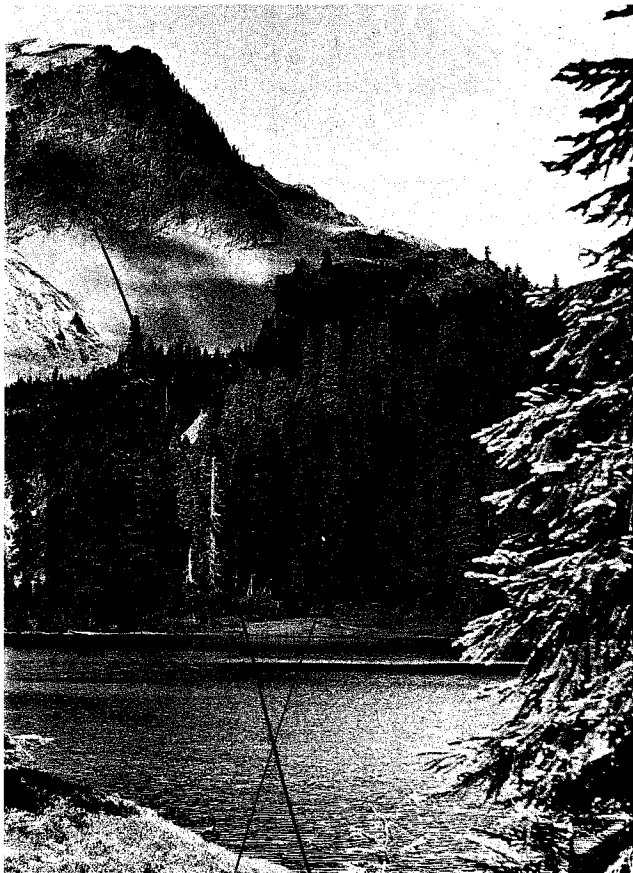
The broad expanse of forested valleys and ridges between Adams and St. Helens has been criss-crossed with a spider web of roads in the years since World War II, obliterating hundreds of miles of trails. But small pockets of splendor remain relatively pristine and to preserve these a number of small Wildernesses are proposed.

**Olympics**

Hikes 78-102 are on the Olympic Peninsula, for the most part in Olympic National Park, most of which soon will be permanently classified as wilderness. The Park Service must be strenuously urged to acquire private lands within the Park, particularly in the Quinault Valley, and under no circumstances to eliminate from the Park portions of the Valley now included.

Eventually the Park must be enlarged along the eastern side, where, for example, the summits of such peaks as Cruiser, The Brothers, and Constance lie exactly on the boundary, their east slopes and drainage valleys excluded. Looking west from Seattle to the Olympic horizon, the only portions of the Park that can be seen are the summits of several peaks. All the rest of the visible range is in Olympic National Forest, subject to logging, as can be vividly realized in winter, when snows demark the clearcuts, which grow larger year by year. To prevent further damage, Wildernesses must be established bordering the National Park on the northeast, southeast, and southwest.

HIKER/MOTORCYCLE SCOREBOARD



in Ridge, Hike 28

n Invitation

1 groups based in Seattle, Everett, Tacoma, and Olympia, rship of all lovers of outdoor life who sympathize with the tion and wish to share its activities. nsor a year-around program of climbing, hiking, camping, , canoeing and kayaking, and bicycling. Many hundreds of ach year, ranging from afternoon walks to trips lasting 2 al weekend as many as 50 excursions may be offered, from nmit of Mt. Rainier. In addition, members engage in count-rips of all kinds; the opportunity is boundless to make new sts. ne side of the coin; the other is working to preserve the est America. Here, The Mountaineers continue their role of for 72 years, and seek new members to share the effort. ation, and further information on club activities, write The Street, Seattle, Washington 98101.

HARVEY MANNING

A dozen-odd years ago hiking trails were seldom if ever molested by motorcycles. It wasn't until Yankee ingenuity and Japanese mass production combined that the trouble began; since then the situation has gotten completely out of hand.

When Congress enacted the "Multiple Use Concept," it certainly never intended the Forest Service to adhere to the literal interpretation and mix together every use everywhere no matter how incompatible. However, forest supervisors do just that, saying, "Let the hikers and motorcyclists learn to live together." But they can't. A major reason hikers go hiking is to get away from machines, and until the middle 1960s, once on the trail they were free of noise and pollution. But where, now, can they escape? In dedicated wilderness areas — that are so full of people escaping machines one needs a permit to enter. In the European Alps all trails are closed to motorcycles. Even service roads used by farmers and foresters are closed to recreational use of motors. In Japan where most of the machines come from, things are not as bad as here. Only in America . . .

Unlike the trees, wildlife, water, and minerals of national forests, whose benefits are measurable in dollars, the benefits of hiking trails are hard to determine. Who can put a cash value on the mental stimulation of meeting a challenge? The spiritual and physical therapy of getting away from the contraptions of civilization? As any doctor will testify, hiking is one of the best exercises known for lungs, heart, and muscles. And many a case of hypertension, many a case of crumbling nerves, has been successfully treated by a walk in the wildlands. While the Forest Service hasn't yet put a dollar value on good health, some health insurance companies are beginning to.

The Forest Service has been conditioned to think in terms of the value of logs; rangers are trained to manage timber, not to provide mental and physical therapy, much less esthetic pleasure. As a consequence, unless an area is specifically set aside by Congress as a wilderness, some forest supervisors adhere to a literal interpretation of "multiple-use," meaning every use everywhere, no matter how incompatible. Even the best supervisors, placed in the position of compromising between user-group pressures, make terrible blunders of judgment. Congress is going to have to set strict controls. Until it does, though, we hikers have to keep after the supervisors, letting them know where we stand (and where we walk).

Recreational use of off-road vehicles had become so serious a problem by 1976 that the President ordered all federal land-managers to inventory off-road vehicle use, listing where environmental damage had been done, where user conflict existed, and where off-road vehicle use should be permitted. It was a golden opportunity to give hiking trails back to the hiker. It failed. After months of study, public reviews costing millions of dollars nationwide, virtually nothing happened. Except the roar went on.

We made a few gains and for them are thankful. But the scoreboard as of now is grim reading. Surely it will improve in the future. How could it get worse?

In the Gifford Pinchot National Forest, trails around Spirit Lake (Hikes 72 and 73) were closed to wheels in 1977 after a barrage of written and verbal complaints; the Lewis River trail (Hike 76), Goat Mountain trail (Hike 68), and Packwood Lake trail (Hike 58) were closed for various reasons. However, not all the news is good. The Gifford Pinchot Forest has relatively few trails left after the road-building surge of the last 20 years, and an incomplete list of trails open to motorcycles runs to 26 entries, plus the entire proposed Shark Rock Wilderness (Hikes 65, 66, and 67).

In Wenatchee National Forest, no trails were closed to motorized travel in Naches and Tieton Districts except in wilderness-study areas where Congress forbids them, and Crow Creek Way (Hike 46), too steep for wheels. In Ellensburg and Cle Elum

District hikers fared better; Kachess Ridge trail and all trails leading into or near the Alpine Lakes Wilderness were closed. However, those still open to motorcycles are too numerous to list.

In Mt. Baker-Snoqualmie National Forest motorcycles were eliminated from Summit Lake trail (Hike 41), Pratt River trail (the bridge has been gone for years so there are no hikers either), and Pratt Lake (Hike 19). But they are still allowed on such heavily hiked trails as Echo Lake (Hike 43), Huckleberry, Dalles, Fawn Ridge and some 18 others; jeeps, as well, are allowed on the historic Naches Wagon Trail (Hike 42).

In Olympic National Forest trails have been closed only in the two wilderness-study areas, Mt. Colonel Bob (Hike 97) and Lena Lake (Hike 82), the latter after overwhelming public demand. This hardly begins to balance the partial list of 23 trails still open.

The future could bring a number of things. The hikers could unite and throw the machines out. Unlikely. The machines could become so ubiquitous and commonplace that a whole generation of walkers would grow up accepting them as a matter of course. Unthinkable. The answer lies in designating low grade logging roads for motorcycles and jeeps and keeping the little roadless area left for wilderness use. For unthinkable as is the prospect of future generations accepting motorcycles as normal use for trails, it could happen, just as our generation accepts the use of automobiles for doing errands our parents would have done on foot. When this happens, our dedicated wilderness areas and national parks will be lost too. We, as organizations and individuals, must press all those in any position of influence—by letter, by verbal remonstrance, by sheer presence at hearings, by visibility on the trails—to save every scrap of wildland left.

## INTRODUCTION

The country sampled by the 102 hikes has many throughout, but also significant differences from place to place in climate and geology and elevation and people-pressure distinguished.

First, the Alpine Lakes Cascades (Hikes 1-40), extends east from maritime greenery of Puget Sound lowland to semi-arid Columbia River valley, and roughly 25-35 miles from Snoqualmie Pass Highway to the Stevens Pass Highway domain of a companion book, **101 Hikes in the North**.

On the windward slopes of the Cascades the precipitation nourishes near-rain forests. The leeward slopes, in the winter when the crest is lost in mists and drizzles, and the forest is sparse. However, the range is much narrower here than it is to the west. The climate from one edge to the other is less marked. The snow is about the same because though snows pile deeper on the higher peaks to the east. Past glaciation has left in all parts cirque peaks, plus cirque basins and scoured valleys now filled with some 600 in all.

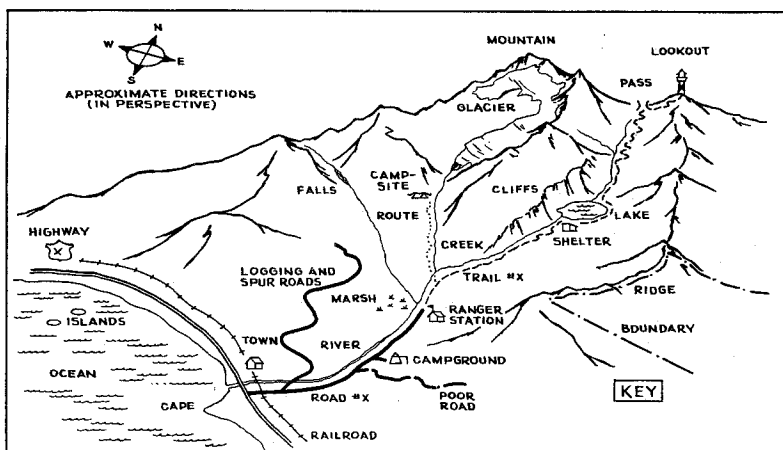
The second province, the Washington South Cascades, is an assemblage of quite diverse sub-provinces: the 25 miles from Stevens Pass to the Cascade Crest follows relatively lowland to the next 25-odd miles from north of Chinook Pass to White Pass to meadows and small crags of the proposed Cougar Lake south from White Pass, where the Crest climbs more steeply to Goat Rocks and finally to the nearly 2½-mile-high summit miles in which the Crest drops to the Columbia River. By the whole story: though the alpine realm of the Crest proper miles from Adams overforested ridges is the graceful and of course, adjoining the Cougar Lakes area is the grand trail country described in a companion book, **50 Hikes in Park**.

The South Cascades offer isolated eruptions of snow-canoes, the ice-plucked Goat Rocks and a few other parklands of the entire range, and because of the distance overshadowing fame of mountains farther north, some of the best.

The third province, the Olympic Peninsula (Hikes 41-102), miles from the Pacific Ocean east to Hood Canal and north of Juan de Fuca south to foothills, encompassing wide side rain forests, a wilderness interior of glaciers and gardens, and rainshadow ridges standing high above Puget Sound.

Within these three provinces many varieties of trails are short and easy hikes that can be done by small training or equipment for mountain travel. And also the long and difficult hikes, which should be a wilderness roamers.

There are hikes that can be done by any person capable of another for a morning or afternoon. And there are adventures back through time to the frontier, into wildlands where there is with no help from anyone if things go wrong.



# THE MOUNTAINEERS

Organized 1906

mountains, for

form the hist

ouragement of p

ral beauty of No

to these regions

good fellowship

First edition, July 1970

Second edition, January 1979

Copyright © 1970, 1972,

719-B Pike St., Seattle

Printed in the United States

Book design by Marge M

Congress Catalog Card

ISBN 0-916890-82-

Parts thereof, may not

be reproduced without the written permission

All rights reserved.

Published simultaneously in

Canada by Douglas & McIntyre,

1875 Welch St.,

North Vancouver, B.C.

Publication Data:

es.

—Cascade Range—Guide-

description and travel—

by, joint author.

917.975

79-10865

33 By John Spring; trip 79 By Dick Brooks; trip 95 By

in Park Butte below Easton Glacier on Mt. Baker —  
Glacier Peak from ridge above Cub Lake — Hike 36

101 HIKES IN NORTH CASCADES, first edition  
July 1970, second January 1979

NOTE: the "Preservation Agenda" is signed by Norman L. Winn because my "fighting foreword" was suppressed by the club and a mangled version with many false statements substituted. Also, a Forest Service letter is printed in full. Winn then sought to exert further control and the club was given an ultimatum -- LEAVE OUR TEXT ALONE OR WE'LL GO AWAY.

# PRESERVATION AGENDA FOR THE 1980s

YEARS OF LAST

32

CHANGES

When the drive for protection of North Cascades wildlands gathered new force in the 1950s, the initial goal was to carry out the plan drawn up in the 1930s by a pioneer of the wilderness movement, Bob Marshall of the U.S. Forest Service. Fruits of that effort were, in 1960, the Glacier Peak Wilderness.

The area set aside was magnificent but too small, a mere fragment of the old vision. Thus seeing how far the Forest Service had swung from the Marshall-era balance between "esthetics" and "utility," preservationists turned to the National Park Service and Congress, and the triumph of this second decade was the 1968 North Cascades Act creating the North Cascades National Park, Ross Lake and the Lake Chelan National Recreation Areas, and the Pasayten Wilderness.

In the third decade the preservation coalition shifted attention south and won, in 1976, the Alpine Lakes Wilderness. This fine achievement seemed only the beginning — the sense of the middle 1970s was of victory possible throughout the Cascades. Those officials of the Forest Service who favored a balanced position could warn their less preservationist-minded associates, "We don't have the only game in town anymore. Remember 1968. . ." And indeed the comprehensive management plans the Forest Service was developing in the middle 1970s for the North Cascades included a number of proposals for wilderness and related classifications.

However, the regional planning was cut off in midcourse, preempted by the nation-wide Roadless Area Review and Evaluation (RARE) intended to settle in one fell swoop the fate of every roadless area in all the national forests. The enterprise appeared laudable, if crushingly gigantic. But public input crashed head-on into local economy, and while the attention of preservationists was diffused by myriad battlegrounds, the input evaluation system was changed in mid-stream; trail country was to be processed by computer and come out ticketed for roading and logging. Fairness of the process challenged in court, the Forest Service withdrew RARE.

And came forth with RARE II. Preservationists expected a different game, as promised. But as they unraveled the computer categories, even more confusing than before, they found an even more egregious tilt. The centrist, even-handed officials who continued to warn, "Remember 1968 . . ." were not being heard. Although additional letters to the Forest Service have little effect, letters to your Congressmen have a great impact. Meanwhile, another threat raises an ugly specter.

## The Crunch is Coming

For the present, private tree farms have given up the sustained yield practice and are cutting their slow-growing, old-growth timber as fast as they can find a market, and then replacing their virgin forest with a "super tree" that matures in 50 to 60 years instead of the usual 80 to 100 years. This is no secret. The logging industry has been boasting (and rightfully so) about their super tree in national ads, and from any Puget Sound city, one has only to look at the miles of scalped hills to tell where the boundary of Forest Service and private land is.

The "super tree" may be the answer to future timber demands, but what will happen 10 to 15 years from now when the private lands have been stripped of their last old growth trees and the first super trees are still 20 to 30 years from being ready to cut? And this in an area when even a year's interruption could be an economic catastrophe. If this impending collision course of events is allowed to continue, either sawmills will have to go out of business or the Forest Service will have to abandon its sustained yield program to fill the gap, scalping their high ridges where even super trees will take 100 to 300 years to regrow. Dedicated wilderness areas and national



33

parks would be spared at first, but when they contain the only old growth trees, when jobs and houses are at stake, tremendous pressure could be brought on Congress to undo what it has done, and boundaries adjusted to unlock valuable forest.

Already hikers have lost hundreds of miles of trails in the Cascades to logging roads, but they will feel the pinch even more when the highest hillsides and ridge tops are crisscrossed with logging roads. Easier access to fragile wilderness areas brings even more use. Young hikers now commencing exploration with parents or youth groups would find by middle age that the only nonroaded pristine wilderness would be the subalpine forest, parkland, meadows, rock, and ice.

This need not happen. There is an alternative: **Balanced Forest Management**. The Forest Service presently has no say in the management of private land, but it can and must adjust its harvest to allow for the depletion of private forest. At the same time a Balanced Forest Management Plan must come from Congress, but this can only come about through your letters to your Congressmen. When testifying at hearings, hikers need not be pro esthetics and anti utility; a balanced management can supply both logs and wilderness.

### Stamping Out Brushfires

Forests are not alone on the agenda. There are other burning issues.

Seattle City Light still is striving to raise Ross Dam, drowning the Big Beaver and more of the Skagit. It now is also considering plans to drown Thunder Creek and a long stretch of the Skagit between Copper Creek and Newhalem.

Kennecott Copper Company resolutely intends to dig an open-pit copper mine on Miners Ridge in the heart of the Glacier Peak Wilderness.

And there are other dam notions, other mine proposals, other brushfires constantly blazing up to keep preservationist boots busy.

### Roadless Area Review

Whatever the fate of RARE II, or RARE III, or XVI, there will be no magic end to controversy, there will be a contest over every portion of the North Cascades that preservationists feel has a low value for production of cellulose, a high value for those many tangible and intangible commodities produced by wilderness.

The message to hikers: Do your fieldwork — walk the trails, learn the wildlands. Then do your homework — testify at hearings, write letters to the Forest Service, to Congressmen and Senators. And join a conservation organization that supports an active lobbying corps in Washington, D. C.

### The Second North Cascades Act

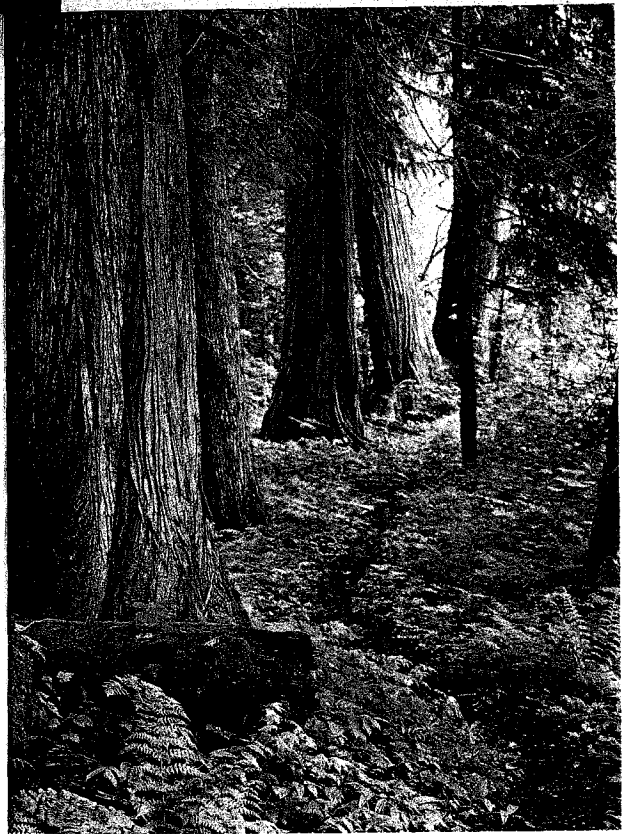
The lesson of 1968 having been forgotten, legislation is being prepared for Congress to mandate a Second North Cascades Study looking toward a Second North Cascades Act. The entire periphery of the North Cascades National Park must be examined to determine a suitable adjustment of boundaries outward.

The message to hikers of the 1980s is: The debt you owe Gifford Pinchot and Theodore Roosevelt for halting the giveaway of public lands in the Cascades, for preserving a residue in national forests, and to Bob Marshall and his associates and followers for achieving wildernesses and a park in the North Cascades, you can now repay by working for the Second North Cascades Act. Shall we tentatively pencil in as its date, 1985?

February 1979

Norman L. Winn  
Conservation Division Chairman  
Immediate Past President  
The Mountaineers

Mark Wild Act Overlook — 6/2  
but can only on my paper, 5 of 12



Cedar trees and Big Beaver trail

UNITED STATES DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE  
FOREST SERVICE

Dear Trail Users:

Welcome to the trails of the Mt. Baker-Snoqualmie National Forest. You are invited to many pleasant adventures in the western Cascades. The Forest trail system, about 1,200 miles in total, includes some trails as old as human history, used by Native Americans and early-day trappers. Others were built by the boots of cowboys and sheep to high mountain ranges. Later, trails were built for recreational access. Only a small part of the trail mileage is used for recreation as a primary purpose.

We recently prepared, with public participation, a plan for the future management of the trail system. The plan states that each trail will receive what trails will be reconstructed and new trails will be built in the future. Some guiding

483

the  
with  
under

this  
before  
the  
was  
for  
this



Cedar trees and Big Beaver trail

The woods may be classic but getting to them...

UNITED STATES DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE  
FOREST SERVICE



**Dear Trail Users:**

Welcome to the trails of the Mt. Baker-Snoqualmie National Forest. I hope they lead you to many pleasant adventures in the western Cascade Range of Washington.

The Forest trail system, about 1,200 miles in total length, has a mixed heritage. Some are as old as human history, used by Native Americans, explorers, and early-day trappers. Others were built by the boots of early-day miners or the trailing of cattle and sheep to high mountain ranges. Later, trails were built for fire and administrative access. Only a small part of the trail mileage was built in recent years with recreation as a primary purpose.

We recently prepared, with public participation, a Forest Trail Plan that charts the future management of the trail system. The plan states what level of maintenance each trail will receive, what trails will be reconstructed to what standard, and where new trails will be built in the future. Some guiding principles that were broadly

M

endorsed by the public were basic to the plan. The main ones are:

1. The trail country of the Forest should provide for a variety of recreation opportunities, including some opportunities for access by horse and trailbikes.
2. Trails should vary from easy to difficult and primitive and some areas should be left without trails.

The Forest has also prepared an Off-Road Vehicle Management Plan that, in accordance with Executive Order 11644, states where use of motorized vehicles will be permitted, restricted, or prohibited.

These plans will be revised from time to time. An interdisciplinary team of Forest personnel will recommend changes needed to the District Ranger concerned. If he approves, the recommendation goes on to the Forest Supervisor. Some of the recommended changes will result from public comment during the time the earlier edition of the plan has been in effect. Before a revised plan is approved by the Forest Supervisor, the public is again given an opportunity to comment on it.

In addition, you are welcome to write to me or the District Ranger whose District is involved at any time to tell us what you think about the condition, maintenance, or use of any trail.

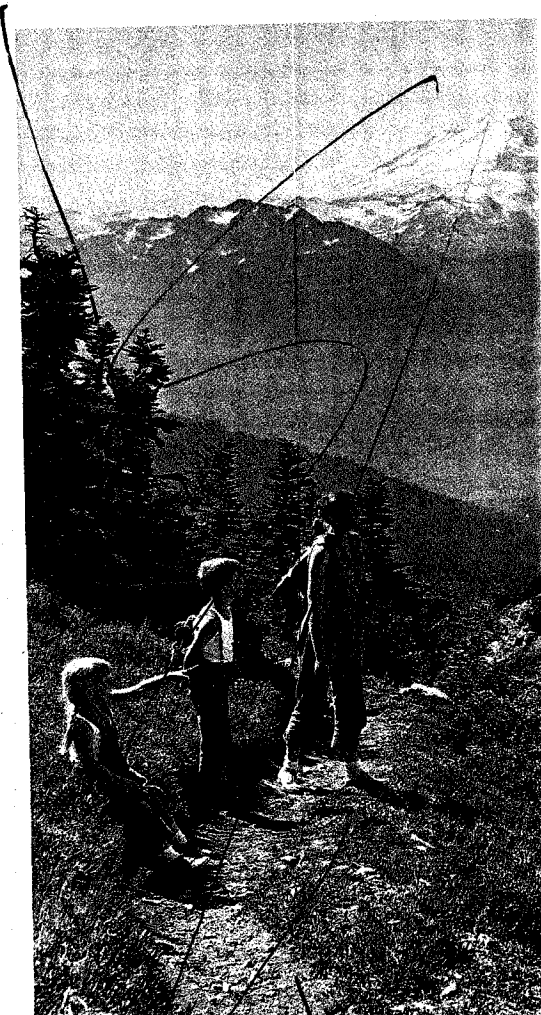
I also invite your active participation in the care of the trail system. Join one of the volunteer work parties\* that is scheduled from time to time. As you hike a trail, do some minor maintenance, such as removing limbs and rocks or diverting running water from the trail tread. Report major maintenance problems, such as large windfalls and washed-out bridges, to the nearest Ranger Station. Report illegal or damaging trail use that you observe, too, such as motorbikes on a trail closed to such use, along with enough identifying information to help us to follow up.

Most of all, I hope you enjoy your use of the trail system. Treat it and the country it serves gently. Respect the right of others to enjoy it also. For variety, and a feeling of exploration, try some of the trails that are not featured in the guidebooks.

Sincerely,

DON R. CAMPBELL  
Forest Supervisor

P.S. Although this letter is primarily about the Mt. Baker-Snoqualmie National Forest, most of the thoughts expressed apply to other National Forests, too.



Mt. Baker from Winchester Mountain trail

### HELP! HELP! HEI

Hikers! Don't just walk there — do something!  
The Forest Service has considerable money to spend instead of building new trails where they will not contribute to reconstructing hiking trails to motorcycle standards. A trail in the mid-1960s, when Wenatchee National Forest cut smooth the Entiat River trail into a roadlet for wheelchairs, similarly rebuilt the trails of Mad River, Foggy Dew Cr

#### \*Editor's Note

It is too time consuming for a ranger to show one volunteer at a time what work is needed and how to do it, so join a work party sponsored by outdoor clubs such as the Explorer Scouts, Signpost Magazine, phone: 743-6944, Recreational Equipment, Inc., phone: 323-8333, and our own Mountaineers, phone: 623-2314.

## SAVING OUR TRAILS

### Preservation Goals for the 1980s and Beyond

In the early 1960s The Mountaineers began publishing trail guides as another means of working "to preserve the natural beauty of Northwest America," through putting more feet on certain trails, in certain wildlands. We suffered no delusion that large numbers of boots improve trails or enhance wildness. However, we had learned to our rue that "you use it or lose it," that threatened areas could only be saved if they were more widely known and treasured. We were criticized in certain quarters for contributing to the deterioration of wilderness by publicizing it, and confessed the fault, but could only respond, "Which would you prefer? A hundred boots in a virgin forest? Or that many snarling wheels in a clearcut?"

As the numbers of wilderness lovers have grown so large as to endanger the qualities they love, the rules of "walking light" and "camping no trace" must be the more faithfully observed. Yet the ultimate menace to natural beauty is not hikers, no matter how destructive their great, vicious boots may be, nor even how polluting their millions of *Giardia* cysts, but doomsday, arriving on two or three or four or six or eight wheels, or on tractor treads, or on whirling wings—the total conquest of the land and water and sky by machinery.

### Victories Past

Conceived in campfire conversations of the 1880s, Olympic National Park was established in 1938, the grandest accomplishment of our most conservation-minded president, Franklin D. Roosevelt. (Confined to a wheelchair and never himself able to know the trails with his own feet, FDR nevertheless saw the fallacy in the sneering definition of wilderness areas as "preserves for the aristocracy of the physically fit," knew the value of dreams that never could be personally attained.)

A renewal of the campaigns after World War II brought—regionally, in 1960—the Glacier Peak Wilderness and—nationally, in 1964—the Wilderness Act whereby existing and future wildernesses were placed beyond the fickleness of bureaucracies, guarded by Congress and the President against thoughtless tampering.

1968 was the year of the North Cascades Act, achieving another vision of the nineteenth century, the North Cascades National Park, plus the Lake Chelan and Ross Lake National Recreation Areas, Pasayten Wilderness, and additions to the Glacier Peak Wilderness.

In 1976 the legions of citizens laboring at the grass roots, aided by the matching dedication of certain of their Congressmen and Senators, obtained the Alpine Lakes Wilderness.

—And in 1984 the same alliance, working at the top and at the bottom and all through the middle, all across the state, won the Washington Wilderness Act encompassing more than 1,000,000 acres, including, in the purview of this volume, these new wildernesses—Boulder River, Henry M. Jackson, Lake Chelan-Sawtooth, Mt. Baker, and Noisy-

Diobsud; additions to the Glacier Peak and Mt. Baker National Recreation Area and Way Corridor.

Is, therefore, the job done?

### Goals Ahead

Absolutely not.

Had hikers been content with the victories have been those of 1960, 1968, 1976, and 1984, the whole has a step or two yet to go before at least perfection where it fits seamlessly into the Plan, and the same is true of the National Wilderness System. In the trail descriptions of this book more prominent discontents with the 1980s.

Among the omissions are the Alma-Copeland adjacent to the North Cascades National Park; the Stillaguamish River; Eagle Rock, near above Lake Wenatchee; and Beaver Meadows Chopaka Mountain, near the Okanogan.

There also are faults of omission from the trail from the Boulder River Wilderness, Mt. Foster Creek, and Peek-a-boo Lake; from the Huckleberry West Cady Creek, lower Troublesome and Ragged Ridge, Gothic Basin, and Big Foot Diobsud Wilderness, the lower reaches of Upper Baker River, and Rocky and Thundervault Wilderness, Damfino Creek, Church Mountain Lake; from the Lake Chelan-Sawtooth Safety Harbor, and Eagle Creeks on the southern shore.

The additions to the existing Glacier Peak include, on the west, Falls Lake-Otter Creek and Chuck River, and on the east, the lower Entiat, Mad River, Schaefer and Rocky Wilderness still does not enclose the upper River, South Twenty Mile Peak, and the Campground.

The North Cascades Scenic Highway gateway that it leaves out upper Canyon Creek, up Butte.

As for the Mt. Baker National Recreation signed to permit snowmobiles to go to the

—And the above is only a very partial very notable—and notorious—remaining in the Lake Chelan National Recreation Area give the Stehekin Valley the care expected Act.

It needs to be kept uppermost in mind that or "national park" or "national recreation

# AVING OUR TRAILS

## Goals for the 1980s and Beyond

As The Mountaineers began publishing trail guides as working "to preserve the natural beauty of Northwest putting more feet on certain trails, in certain wild- no delusion that large numbers of boots improve trails s. However, we had learned to our rue that "you use it eateden areas could only be saved if they were more treasured. We were criticized in certain quarters for deterioration of wilderness by publicizing it, and it could only respond, "Which would you prefer? A virgin forest? Or that many snarling wheels in a

of wilderness lovers have grown so large as to en- they love, the rules of "walking light" and "camping ie more faithfully observed. Yet the ultimate menace s not hikers, no matter how destructive their great, e, nor even how polluting their millions of *Giardia* 7, arriving on two or three or four or six or eight r treads, or on whirling wings—the total conquest of and sky by machinery.

fire conversations of the 1880s, Olympic National d in 1938, the grandest accomplishment of our most l president, Franklin D. Roosevelt. (Confined to a r himself able to know the trails with his own feet, w the fallacy in the sneering definition of wilderness for the aristocracy of the physically fit," knew the never could be personally attained.)

ampaigns after World War II brought—regionally, r Peak Wilderness and—nationally, in 1964—the eby existing and future wildernesses were placed s of bureaucracies, guarded by Congress and the ightless tampering.

of the North Cascades Act, achieving another vision tury, the North Cascades National Park, plus the s Lake National Recreation Areas, Pasayten Wil- s to the Glacier Peak Wilderness.

of citizens laboring at the grass roots, aided by the of certain of their Congressmen and Senators, ob- ces Wilderness.

ame alliance, working at the top and at the bottom niddle, all across the state, won the Washington ppassing more than 1,000,000 acres, including, in volume, these new wildernesses—Boulder River, Lake Chelan-Sawtooth, Mt. Baker, and Noisy-

Diobsud; additions to the Glacier Peak and Pasayten Wildernesses; and a Mt. Baker National Recreation Area and a North Cascades Scenic Highway Corridor.

Is, therefore, the job done?

## Goals Ahead

Absolutely not.

Had hikers been content with the victory of 1938 there never would have been those of 1960, 1968, 1976, and 1984. The American nation as a whole has a step or two yet to go before attaining that condition of flaw- less perfection where it fits seamlessly into the final mosaic of the Infinite Plan, and the same is true of the National Wilderness Preservation Sys- tem. In the trail descriptions of this book we have expressed some of the more prominent discontents with the 1984 Act.

Among the omissions are the Alma-Copper and Hidden Lake areas, ad- jacent to the North Cascades National Park; Higgins Mountain, above the Stillaguamish River; Eagle Rock, near Skykomish; Nason Ridge, above Lake Wenatchee; and Beaver Meadows, Tiffany Mountain, and Chopaka Mountain, near the Okanogan.

There also are faults of omission from the newly created wildernesses: from the Boulder River Wilderness, Mt. Forgotten, Mt. Dickerman, Falls Creek, and Peek-a-boo Lake; from the Henry M. Jackson Wilderness, West Cady Creek, lower Troublesome and Lake Creeks, Lake Isabel- Ragged Ridge, Gothic Basin, and Big Four Mountain; from the Noisy- Diobsud Wilderness, the lower reaches of its two namesake creeks, the Upper Baker River, and Rocky and Thunder Creeks; from the Mt. Baker Wilderness, Damfino Creek, Church Mountain, Warm Creek, and Shuk- san Lake; from the Lake Chelan-Sawtooth Wilderness, Foggy Dew, Safety Harbor, and Eagle Creeks on the south, and Cedar Creek on the north.

The additions to the existing Glacier Peak Wilderness failed to in- clude, on the west, Falls Lake-Otter Creek, Circle Peak, and the White Chuck River, and on the east, the lower Entiat River, the North Fork of the Entiat, Mad River, Schaefer and Rock Creeks. The existing Pasayten Wilderness still does not enclose the upper Methow River, lower Lost River, South Twenty Mile Peak, and the Chewack River at Thirty Mile Campground.

The North Cascades Scenic Highway gives only modest protection; at that, it leaves out upper Canyon Creek, upper East Creek, and Driveway Butte.

As for the Mt. Baker National Recreation Area, it was specifically de- signed to permit snowmobiles to go to the very summit.

—And the above is only a very partial list of the remaining tasks. A very notable—and notorious—remaining problem is the management of the Lake Chelan National Recreation Area, and its failure, to date, to give the Stehekin Valley the care expected of the 1968 North Cascades Act.

It needs to be kept uppermost in mind that designation as "wilderness" or "national park" or "national recreation area" is a means, not the end.

The goals ahead are not words on a document or lines on a map but the protection of the land these symbols may signify. Any other symbols that do the job are satisfactory. The *protection* is the thing.

In contrast to the immediate past, the preservationist agenda of the immediate future is focused less on redrawing maps than employing any practical method to preserve roadless areas from further invasion by machinery. In fact, we are now at a stage where the saving of trails, important though that is, has a lower priority than the saving of fisheries and wildlife resources, scientific values, gene pools, and another contribution of wildland too long neglected, the provision of dependable and pure water for domestic and agricultural needs.

### What in the World Happened to Us?

The wheel is more than the symbol. It is the fact. The National Wilderness Act so recognizes by banning "mechanized travel," including *but not limited to* motorized travel; bicycles—"mountain bikes"—are excluded too, for the simple reason that in appropriate terrain they *really* can go 5-10 miles per hour, an "unnatural" speed often incompatible with the "natural" 1-3 miles per hour of the traveler on foot.

Outside the boundaries of dedicated wilderness, many trails can be amicably shared by bicycles and pedestrians, both capable of being quiet and minimally destructive and disruptive of the backcountry scene. Attach a motor to the wheels, however, and the route no longer deserves to be called a "trail," it becomes a *road*.

In the past quarter-century conservationists have been busy saving Washington trails by creating a new national park and a bouquet of new wildernesses. Meanwhile, the U.S. Forest Service, without benefit of environmental impact statements, has been assiduously converting *true trails* (that is, paths suitable for speeds of perhaps up to 5 or so miles per hour, the pace of a horse) to *motorcycle roads* (that is, "trails" built to let off-road vehicles—the ORV—do 15-30 miles per hour).

In this quarter-century the concerted efforts of tens of thousands of conservationists protected large expanses of wildland from invasion by machines—but during the same period a comparative handful of ORVs have taken away more miles of trails, converted them to de facto roads, than the conservationists have saved. As the score stands in 1985, only 45 percent of Washington trails are machine-free by being in national parks and wildernesses; of the other 55 percent, half are open to motorcycles—and thus are not truly trails at all.

When automobiles arrived in America the citizenry and government were quick to see they should not be permitted on sidewalks. The Forest Service (and let it be added, the Washington State Department of Natural Resources, or DNR) are slower to recognize that whenever there are more than a few scattered travelers of either kind the difference in speed and purpose between motorized wheels and muscle-powered feet are irreconcilable.

Thinking to serve the laudable purpose of supplying "a wide spectrum of recreational opportunities," the Forest Service initially tolerated ORVs, then began encouraging them, widening and straightening and smoothing "multiple-use trails" to permit higher speeds, thus increasing

the number of motors and discouraging "single-purpose ORV trails"—in a word, 1

Federal funds were employed for the con up; since 1979 the Forest Service has reli State of Washington Interagency for Outj ect of the following section of this book. P sult is not the environmental damage, mu time, but the appalling fact that when it Service signs a contract guaranteeing th kept open for ORVs in perpetuity. "Forev decision, yet these conversations are ma sessment, with only token public hearing the fine print of small community newspa

Certainly, the Forest Service could nc long-term conversion of trails to roads if their numbers—overwhelming compared t

Hikers spoke up for the Washington W many thousands they wrote letters to cong is mightier than the wheel, and it must be tens of thousands, to write letters to co copies to the Regional Forester, Region 6, P.O. Box 3623, Portland, Oregon 97208, :

1. Trails be considered a valuable resour gory in all Forest Plans.
2. All trail users should be notified of p Forest plan affecting trails; public meetin tan areas as well as in small, remote cor
3. To help reduce the conflict between multiple-use trails (often with little childr the right of way when meeting motors. F speed limit of 7 mph shall be enforced on

We do not concede that a "multiple-use measures can help ameliorate the preser retraining of land managers can be accor

the number of motors and discouraging hikers, in the end creating "single-purpose ORV trails"—in a word, roads.

Federal funds were employed for the conversion until that source dried up; since 1979 the Forest Service has relied heavily on money from the State of Washington Interagency for Outdoor Recreation (IAC), the subject of the following section of this book. Perhaps the most pernicious result is not the environmental damage, much of which can be repaired in time, but the appalling fact that when it accepts IAC funds the Forest Service signs a contract guaranteeing the trail or the equivalent to be kept open for ORVs in perpetuity. "Forever" surely is a major land-use decision, yet these conversations are made without environmental assessment, with only token public hearings, the notices tucked away in the fine print of small community newspapers.

Certainly, the Forest Service could not engage in such large-scale, long-term conversion of trails to roads if hikers were given the respect their numbers—overwhelming compared to the motorcyclists—deserve.

Hikers spoke up for the Washington Wilderness Act of 1984. By the many thousands they wrote letters to congressmen and senators. The pen is mightier than the wheel, and it must be taken up again, by those same tens of thousands, to write letters to congressmen and senators, with copies to the Regional Forester, Region 6, U.S.F.S., 319 S.W. Pine Street, P.O. Box 3623, Portland, Oregon 97208, asking that:

1. Trails be considered a valuable resource, treated as a separate category in all Forest Plans.
2. All trail users should be notified of public meetings concerning any Forest plan affecting trails; public meetings should be held in metropolitan areas as well as in small, remote communities near the trails.
3. To help reduce the conflict between hikers and ORVs, hikers on multiple-use trails (often with little children and heavy packs) shall have the right of way when meeting motors. For the safety of both parties, a speed limit of 7 mph shall be enforced on all multiple-use trails.

We do not concede that a "multiple-use trail" is a trail at all, but these measures can help ameliorate the present dangers, until philosophical retraining of land managers can be accomplished.

Harvey Manning

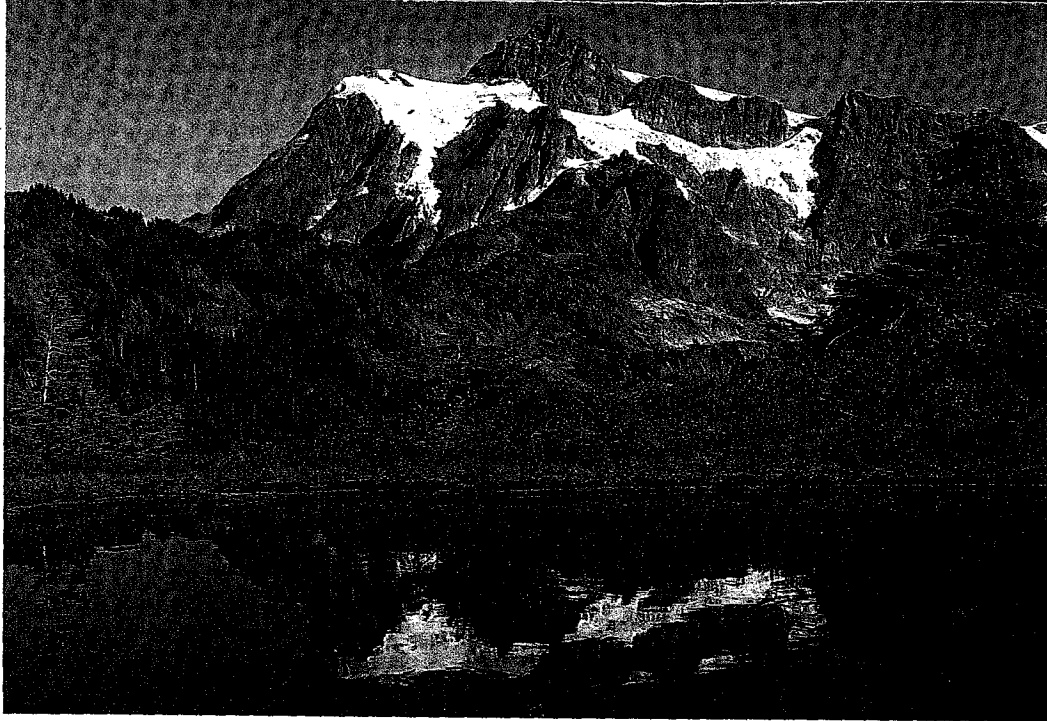
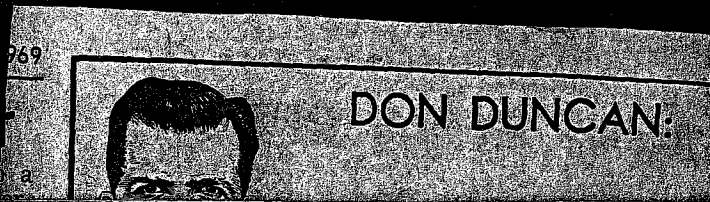
## 100 CLASSIC HIKES IN WASHINGTON, 1998

I had qualms about this project. The "founding" 100 had been a selection to "introduce" the notion of using trails to save them. But to leave nearly all trails to be "found" by the Introduced. Now we we<sup>a</sup> back to "100," having already done 100 and 100 and 100 etc. Too much. A diminishment of wilderness. For the sake of "marketeting."

Two things won we over. Most important was that in the initial third of a century of Mountaineer Books, begun under the Literary Fund, the history had been submerged and forgotten: "Our Greenbooks and How They Grew" gave me an opportunity to tell the history prominently. Second, the publisher encouraged me to "personalize" the history. Have some fun with it.

While enjoying the personal frolicking, I took pains to "feature" Ira. As a "writer," By giving him a byline. The concept of "greenbonding" that he had picked up somewhere was excellent for our purpose of "use it or lose it." His presentation was, due to his handicap, a garbled mess, but that was the best his brain functions allowed. In my "translation," he came out literate and rational.





Mount Shuksan from tarn on Kulshan Ridge, Hike 7

the row upon row of newcomers to bookstore shelves in order to avoid the ever-present dangers of unconscious plagiarism—and of repeating someone else's mistakes. I scan the forewords, though, because there, if anywhere, is the environmental conscience. I regret to say that in the forewords I have scanned I haven't found any to speak of. Which is not to say there isn't any. But the absence points up the reason Ira and I got into guidebooking in the 1960s and why we're still at it.

You, dear reader, surely will concede that the Spring/Manning conscience never escapes your notice. We never get out of your face. Even within The Mountaineers, whose purposes proclaimed in 1906 include "preserving the natural beauty of Northwest America," there have been mutterings. It's rude, we are scolded, to intimate that tax-paying church-going free-enterprisers sitting at their corporation desks smoking big fat cigars, and duly elected, perpetually campaign-fund-raising public officials, and blindered bureaucrats focused on getting home to dinner on time and making no trouble that might threaten the pension might occasionally be ill-informed, ignorant, stupid, asleep at the switch, or, once in

a blue moon, greedy or corrupt. When moves have been suggested that we be cooled, the possibility has been aired that we find other publishing pastures greener.

"Greener" as in politics, not as in greenbacks. We eschew the strategies of prudent profit-maximizers: We do our research in the field, not in the library. We do not content ourselves skimming the easy cream, but as is demonstrated by *100* and *100* and *100*, etc., dip our spoons deep in the curds and whey. We do not trim sails to catch merely the big winds, but huff and puff to stir faint breezes to strong gusts, to gales; we love hurricanes. We do not step around gross and immobile obscenities blocking our feet but crank up and kick butt. We heartily wish the same would be done by the row upon row of newcomers to bookstore shelves. Why else are they there?

To return to the "why" of The Mountaineers Books . . .

In 1964 *The North Cascades* took every loose nickel in the Literary Fund just to print and bind, leaving nothing to "merchandise" the book. Dave Brower (the Sierra Club) stepped in,

bought from us (at cost) cartons and sent them to (I believe) just about every newspaper in America known to carry nature news. From the clippings I saw, this did not reach first the citizens of Louisiana, and then the waypoints between ever 100 miles that contains more glaciers than the old 48 states combined. Brower was there, every member of Congress had expressed the least interest in the subject.

In 1972, the Literary Fund had a great many more nickels than it had on *The Alpine Lakes*, and Dave Brower, in a Brower style, including a letter for good measure, and with letters to the Alpine Lakes Protection Society, a Brower-like mass distribution of *The Washington Congressional Record* Democrats and Republicans in charge for establishment of the North Cascades Wilderness. Passed by both houses of the White House in 1976, the bill was a seemingly hopeless roadblock. The Service and the Bureau of Land Management mending veto.

The Republicans had the White House. The fate of the bill thus was in Republican hands they were. Congress was busy. Dave Brower pleaded for and obtained funding from the president for Governor D. He flew to Washington City bareheaded just make the appointment. But five minutes controvert the position? The book! He'd forgotten a copy was rustled up from a Sierra Clubber, Evans rushed to the White House. Five minutes ran on to many pages. President Gerald Ford insisted on a page, marveling at each photograph. "Such beautiful country!" and "must be saved!"

Dave Brower was often chided (and length fired) by bean-counters for the extravagance of page size and color bleeds in his Exhibit



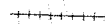







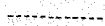

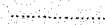












## 100 HIKES IN WASHINGTON'S ALPINE LAKES, 2000, third edition

The "founding" 100 was succeeded and replaced by the "101" and the "102." Then came the row of "new 100s," Alpine Lakes in 1985 and 1993, North Cascades in 1988, Glacier Peak in 1988, South Cascades and Olympics in 1985, and North Cascades National Park in 1995 and 1988. Finally came the "new new 100s."

93 Tworum Lake	218
94 Myrtle Lake—Hester Lake	220
95 Rock Creek—Snow Lake	222
96 Dutch Miller Gap—La Bohn Gap	224
97 Mount Si	226
98 Bare Mountain	228
99 Lennox Creek	230
100 Pacific Crest National Scenic Trail	232

<i>Appendices</i>	237
Other Trails	237
Motor Useage on Trails	240
USGS Maps	242
Hiking Season and Trail Difficulty	245
<i>Index</i>	250

### KEY TO MAP SYMBOLS

	freeway		building
	railroad		ranger station
	paved road		campground
	gravel or dirt road		shelter
	primitive (jeep) road		backcountry campsite
	trail		lookout
	cross-country route		site of former lookout
	boundary (park or wilderness area)		mine
	interstate highway		pass
	US highway		gate
530	state highway		river or stream
26	county highway		waterfall
3060	National Forest road		lake
643	trail number		marsh
			glacier

## IS THERE ROOM IN THE WORLD FOR BOOTS?

### A NOSTALGIC LOOK BACK AND A QUIZZICAL LOOK AHEAD

A half century ago, when we, the authors of this book, already had outgrown and worn out many pairs of hiking boots, the mountain wilderness of Washington was traversed and crisscrossed and circled and looped by thousands of miles of trails. However, even as we grew from rambling Boy Scouts to peakbagging Mountaineers, roads were thrusting up pristine valleys, climbing over forest ridges, chewing up and spitting out the bootways that had existed long before we came to them. Then, as we were maturing into less kinetic and more reflective birdwatchers and flowersniffers, our backcountry meditations were disrupted by the "off-road vehicle," or ORV, a Yankee-Japanese ingenuity designed to exploit the remaining legacy of foot/horse trails as runways for motor-driven wheels. The term "off-road vehicle" is an oxymoron, and so, too, is "motorcycle trail." A route traveled by machines is not a trail, it is a road. The Forest Service was slow to learn that the vast majority of hikers will not walk on a road, whether traveled by four wheels or merely two. To put wheels on a trail (and this applies to bicycles as well as motorcycles) is to take it away from pedestrians.

By the 1960s we had lost a third of our inherited trail miles to logging roads and ORVs. To avoid losing everything, hikers sought the designation of national wilderness for much of our best trail country, areas from which roads and machines are excluded. The wilderness concept embodies our highest aspirations to be worthy stewards of Mother Earth. The heart of the concept—the soul—is self-denial of selfish self-gratification, whether for economic gain or for recreational pleasure. In an area dedicated to wilderness preservation, recreation must take second place to preservation of the natural systems in order to keep intact not only the ecological integrity but the recreational quality of wilderness. Because too much of modern civilization follows no higher moral principle than "if it feels good, do it," wilderness regulations are necessary to teach the newcomer the natural law that is his duty to self-enforce. Only thus can the wilderness be kept wild.

Now comes the crunch.

The state's population has approximately doubled since the 1960s; just as we then prophesied they would, hikers have overwhelmed the dedicated wilderness areas. Many sites are being overpopulated to the point of destruction. This cannot be allowed to continue. But what of the "surplus" hikers? Belatedly, the Forest Service is trying to find alternate trails to which it can steer the trammeling throngs, without much luck. Action

57

100 HIKES IN WASHINGTON'S NORTH CASCADE NATIONAL PARK REGION, third edition 2000

Note the prominence given the "Ira" writing".

- 99 Mount Bonaparte 240
- 100 Pacific Crest National Scenic Trail 242

- Appendix 245
- Hiking Season and Trail Difficulty 248
- Index 252

**THE MOUSE THAT IS LEARNING TO ROAR**

**GREEN-BONDING FOR A GREEN FUTURE**



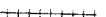





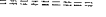























Great wilderness has many attributes: spectacular views, flower fields and meadows, lakes and streams, ancient or at least virgin forest, animals and birds, solitude, silence—escape from sounds of motors, a chance to hear birds, wind, and sometimes true silence; and a primitive experience with a physical and mental challenge. Seldom does one find all these on one trail or even in one wilderness. But most of us find a quality wilderness experience with just two or three of these attributes. For a family we met on the Pyramid Lake trail (North Cascades National Park), their hike was an experience of a lifetime, even though the trail has just one of those nine attributes. Again, at Mount Rainier, we were on our way down the Rampart Ridge trail when we were stopped by a couple who just had to tell someone about their wonderful experience, even though they only saw a forest and were experiencing a physical challenge. This is the first step in "green-bonding."

"Bonding" is the term for the ties developed by an offspring to a parent—a newborn baby to its mother, a newborn fawn to its doe. "Green-bonding" describes the emotional ties a person develops to the great out-of-doors while hiking trails, enjoying the fresh air of wild lands and the flowers, trees, wildlife, and surrounding natural beauty.

Green-bonding also results in green supporters—a constituency whose responsibility it is to care for its wildlands, working as advocates by lobbying for its protection and safekeeping. Thousands of such green-bonded people wrote to their Congressmen urging passage of the 1984 Washington Wilderness Act, which was intended to protect Washington wilderness from the devastation of deforestation and development. Their pleas were heard by our Congressional delegates, and 1,000,000 acres were added to our state's wilderness areas. During Forest Management Planning by the U.S. Forest Service, 10,000 green-bonded people wrote the Mount Baker-Snoqualmie National Forest stressing the importance of trails, and the land managers took steps to preserve trails. Often, the only barrier between a wilderness area and its destruction is the thickness of a single sheet of paper—*your letter*.

However, there is bonding other than green—to decent homes, to good schools, to safe streets and highways, to convenient shopping malls, to pleasure domes for athletic contests. As the nation continues a population growth that entails more wooden houses, more factories, more vacation

**KEY TO MAP SYMBOLS**

- |  |   |
|--|---|
|  freeway                              |  building              |
|  railroad                             |  ranger station        |
|  paved road                           |  campground            |
|  gravel or dirt road                  |  shelter               |
|  primitive (jeep) road                |  backcountry campsite  |
|  trail                                |  ferry                 |
|  cross-country route                 |  lookout              |
|  boundary (park or wilderness area) |  former lookout site |
|  boundary (state)                   |  mine                |
|  interstate highway                 |  pass                |
|  U.S. highway                       |  gate                |
|  Canadian highway                   |  river or stream     |
|  state highway                      |  waterfall           |
|  county highway                     |  lake and dam        |
|  National Forest road               |  marsh               |
|  trail number                       |  glacier             |

55 HIKES AROUND SNOQUALMIE PASS:  
MOUNTAINS TO SOUND GREENWAY

First edition titled HIKING THE MOUNTAINS  
TO SOUND GREENWAY, 1993

Second edition, 2001 (actually 2002)

This is the book that led to the dissolution of the Spring-Manning working relationship that began in the 1960s.

I recognized in Ira's suddenly bizarre behavior at the start of 2002 that something was badly amiss. I took it to be the death of E.M.

Sterling, his literate partner for the TRIPS and TRAILS series, as traumatic for Ira as for a blind man to lose his guide dog. Not until the end of 2002 did I hear (from others) that he was ill, and not until well into 2003 did I learn he was dying. Had I known sooner I might have made humane allowances, as I had for decades in the case of his learning disability that led him to "graduate" from school as a semi-literate.

In the frontmatter for this book I did my usual generous "tidying" of Ira's "field

notes," and he in turn bowed to my "wildness within."

The final conflict in philosophies surfaced in "The User Fee Debate." (Why a "debate"? Because Ira had more troubles than the hitch-ups of his neurons. To put it simply, his ability to reason was disadvantaged, too. While the environmental community as a whole was momentarily disoriented by the "Pay to Play" strategy of the Privatizers, Ira was the classic Dupe -- a willing Dupe because the innovation empowered his formation of his Hardhat Legion. --As for The Mountaineers, its attitude toward wilderness preservation had become the classic stance of the mugwimp, and it no longer had much to say about what had become the Book Factory.)

## FOREWORD

Most hikers don't leave home without Harvey and Ira's trail bible in their pack, but some may not know the visionary role played by Harvey Manning as an early advocate for a greenway from the Cascades to Puget Sound. He preached that a "wilderness on the Metro" could be created along Interstate 90, and today his sermon is taking shape in the Mountains-to-Sound Greenway.

Collaborative and cooperative efforts toward this vision grew strongly in the 1990s. After substantial investments by purchase and exchange, "we the people" now own key parts of the Greenway, to be managed for us as forests by federal, state, and local governments. Hard work by many citizens and gutsy decisions by public officials now ensure that this accessible corridor will always be more than a few patches of trees in a sea of streets and buildings. Along the forks of the Snoqualmie River, on the Issaquah Alps, on Rattlesnake Ridge and Mount Si, green blankets of growing forests will continue to welcome the children and grandchildren of today's hikers. The main trails and vistas of the Greenway can be shared by people of all incomes and physical abilities.

As you walk these trails, stop every so often to feel the quiet pulse of the planet. Minutes away from the push and jostle of metropolis, the forest invites you to a different kind of real world. Accept the peace that comes with the sound of forest streams. The common bonds between people and nature are rooted in primal connections. Trees make the oxygen we inhale and consume the carbon dioxide we exhale.

This book is a guide to hundreds of neat surprises. Don't be astonished at the beauty you can find so close to home. Centuries-old firs and cedars stand watch along the Twin Falls gorge minutes from North Bend. Along Greenway hillsides, the scars of logging roads are being healed and thousands of acres of second growth are growing to maturity. In 1998, I-90 became the only interstate freeway in the United States to be designated a National Scenic Byway™.

Don't be afraid of a mixture of preserves and working forests. Some trees on public land will be harvested selectively on a perpetual-yield basis to furnish lumber for homes, money for schools, and open grazing areas for deer and elk.

If we keep our wits about us, the Mountains-to-Sound Greenway can help serve human needs in a sustainable society. But this can happen only if we learn to balance the economic and natural uses of the forest, if we remember that trails and scenic viewpoints need continuing loving care, and if we recognize that such care means ongoing work by volunteers and

money from fees and taxes. Finally, if we *never* let these forests be converted to buildings, then this book can guide happy hikers through a green world for a long time to come.

Jim Ellis  
April 15, 2000

(Jim Ellis has served as president of the Mountains-to-Sound Greenway Trust since its founding in 1990. The Trust is a private not-for-profit Washington corporation.)

However, what "broke it" between Ira and me was the Middle Fork text. For the earlier edition I had trusted his field notes; I had very pointedly asked if he had checked out the controversy with the environmental "party line"; not until much later did I remember how ~~unshakably~~ evasive he had been. Came this edition and I went behind his field notes to the experts and revised the section on the Middle Fork-Pratt situation, even to the extent of replacing several of his photos.

There was a brief bitterness of squalling about my revisions being "unreadable," then calm resumed. --Until several months later, I remarked in passing that I was expecting to see proof any day -- and to my startled dismay I saw Ira "come apart." He confessed that he had blocked my revision entirely, the previous text would be reprinted. Why? Because in his Final Days he cast off the chains with which I had kept him bound in the name of "the party line." He now was going to have things his way, the Ira Line.

On his deathbed he (and his Spellchek) wrote me a letter, begging for my forgiveness. In his death throes he had done me personally other damage, and finally declared his independence. His failing mind forgot all that, but the treachery of the Middle Fork he always remembered.

## HARVEY'S PREFACE

George Borrow, author of the classic *Wild Wales*, published in 1862, was asked by friends why he did not expedite his explorations by taking the railroad. He answered, "I am fond of the beauties of nature. It is impossible to see much of the beauties of nature unless you walk."

As a younger climber I knew an older climber who as a younger climber had known an older climber who as a younger climber had shouldered his Yukon pack at North Bend to set out for peaks at Snoqualmie Pass. That was about the time of the Guggenheim Trophy Race from New York to the 1908 Alaska-Yukon-Pacific (AYP) Exposition in Seattle. Wheels, on automobiles as well as on wagons, were then becoming a more or less frequent alternative to feet, "if'n the Lord was willin' and the creek don't rise."

Mine was the first generation that might be said to have traveled more by wheels than feet—the baby carriage, the kiddy car, the Keene Coaster, the family sedan (my folks' generation being the first to routinely enjoy such ownership). My folks also lived during the salad days of the First Great Big Bicycle Craze ("Daisy, Daisy . . . You'll look sweet upon the seat of a bicycle built for two"). As a country kid I hardly ever left the yard except on a bike, and what with going to school and Scout meetings, fetching groceries, and years of doing a 12-mile paper route, I pedaled some 10,000 miles.

But on a spring morning of the sort when Swedes, after the long winter night, run out in the sun, take off their clothes, jump in the lake, and make movies, there came a foreshadowing. While mounting my bike for the 10mph ride to school on the county road, my eyes were drawn to the 2mph trail over the field, through the flowers and birdsongs, into the woods. After that I never biked to school except when late getting up.

Soren Kierkegaard, the Danish philosopher, said in the 1840s, "Most men pursue pleasure with such breathless haste that they hurry past it." Most of the millions of Americans who hurtle at 70mph back and forth along I-90 ("The Main Street of the Northwest") are on business, not pleasure, nor would the bullying by other hurtlers permit them to loiter at 50mph, the limit temporarily imposed during the First Great Big Oil Shortage of a quarter century ago, much less the 28mph that was the cruising speed of my personal vehicle from 1941 to 1948, a 1930 Model A Ford.

Our subject in this book is not business and thus has nothing to do with 70mph. Nor do we take more than a sidelong scowl at the Futurist Manifesto announced at the start of the twentieth century, which exulted: "Hurrah for speedy machines! Race cars, airplanes! No more contact with vile earth! FASTER THINGS FOR FASTER LIVING!" In his end-of-the-century novel *Slowness*, Milan Kundera asked, "Why has the pleasure of slowness disappeared? Ah, where have they gone—the amblers of yesteryear? Have

100 HIKES IN WASHINGTON'S GLACIER PEAK  
REGION: THE NORTH CASCADES, June 2003  
First edition 1995, second 1988, third  
1996, fourth 2003

Several things about this End-of-the-Line  
volume are notable.

To begin, why is the very first bit of frontmatter  
"Healthy Trails Make Healthy People?" Was there  
ever any doubt about that? Do purchasers of  
hiking guides need to be lectured on it?

--And who the hell is David M. Buchner, M.D.?

If I may venture to plumb the depths of Ira's  
mind, he became nervous about being out there  
by himself (and taking there his Hardhat Legions)  
on "Pay to Play." So the President of the USA  
holds a rally on the White House Steps to extol  
(as did Hitler) "kraft durch freude" ("strength  
through joy"). Says the Pres, "take a hike."  
He trots out a federal M.D.. Ira gloms on to  
him.

I never was consulted about including the doc.  
I was willing to accept him to satisfy Ira's  
"needs," but declared it insane to give  
priority to the piece -- to make it the leadoff  
essay in the volume, page 16, a page ahead of the  
book's "Introduction"!

We then proceed to page 245(!) for my "fighting  
foreword," entitled "An editorial by Harvey  
Manning," signed off as "personal opinions of  
harvey Manning, September 2002" (No more the  
voice of the Party Line!)

Following is "an editorial by Ira Spring",  
devoted to praising the Northwest Forest Pass  
and Ira's "volunteer trail workers." Dated,  
February 2003.

I made reasonable objections to the strangeness  
of all this and suggested a compromise. The  
Book Factory retorted in a phone message to my  
machine, "Ira wants it this way." So this way  
it was. He had only weeks to live.  
But "Our Legacy Lives On."

## HEALTHY TRAILS MAKE HEALTHY PEOPLE

This book does more than describe paths to beautiful destinations in the  
Cascade Mountains. It also offers paths to good health.

Physical activities such as walking and hiking improve physical and  
mental health; reduce risk of major diseases including heart disease, high  
blood pressure, diabetes, obesity, and colon cancer; and increase longevity.  
The U.S. Surgeon General recommends people of all ages include a moder-  
ate amount of physical activity in their daily routine. On at least five days  
of the week, people should expend at least 150-200 additional calories daily  
by performing moderate-intensity activities such as walking.

But during the twentieth century, Americans became less and less physi-  
cally active. Currently, 30 percent of adults are completely sedentary dur-  
ing their leisure time, and another 30 percent to 40 percent are minimally  
active. Preventable diseases, such as obesity and diabetes, are increasing  
dramatically. In the last decade, there was a 61 percent increase in the per-  
centage of Americans who are obese (12 percent to 19.8 percent), and a 49  
percent increase in the percentage of American who have diabetes (4.9 per-  
cent to 7.3 percent). In 1999, over 13 percent of children age six to eleven  
were overweight.

But as we encourage Americans to be more physically active, we also  
should provide them with ample opportunities to be active. We need com-  
munities with "physical activity friendly" environments. Part of the solu-  
tion is building and maintaining the marvelous recreational trails described  
in this book.

I hope the hikes in this book become part of your pursuit of an active  
lifestyle. While most of these hikes exceed a moderate amount of activity,  
the good news is you gain additional health benefits through greater  
amounts of activity. When you aren't in the backcountry, integrate physical  
activity into your daily life. Find enjoyable ways to be active, from biking to  
work, walking a golf course, and playing sports to gardening, kayaking,  
and dancing--there are many, many pleasant ways to become fit and  
healthy.

David M. Buchner, MD, MPH  
Chief, Physical Activity and Health Branch  
U.S. Division of Nutrition and Physical Activity  
Centers for Disease Control and Prevention

# MOUNTAINEERS

Organized 1906

ains, forests and watercourse

the history and traditions of

ent of protective legislation c  
America;

regions in fulfillment of the

lowship among all lovers of

rst edition, October 1969

Copyright © 1969  
ineers, Seattle, Washington 98111  
P. O. Box 122

d in the United States of America by  
Craftsman Press, Inc.  
Seattle, Washington

k design by Marge Mueller

ngress Catalog Card No. 76-103697

The Literary Fund Committee began with the notion of a single book sampling all the representative hiking from city to wilds. The mingling of city and wilds was deemed unsuitable. This book was our first tribute to "the wildness within." Routed by federal officials who declared "every city in America should have such a book," it set a pattern such that pretty soon nearly every city did.

FOOTLOOSE AROUND PUGET SOUND, Janice Krenmayr  
First edition, October 1969

## FOREWORD

To put America back on its feet, and to save walking terrain from total conquest by the almighty machine, The Mountaineers have published a number of guides to mountain and wildland trails. The reception of these books proved what some had doubted — that pedestrianism remains popular and is getting more so.

Meanwhile, Janice Krenmayr produced the two-volume *Footloose in Seattle*, based on a featured series of columns in *The Seattle Times*; her descriptions of city tours also found an enthusiastic audience.

The notion arose of a book to fill the gap between Janice's city guides and The Mountaineers' mountain guides — hikes closer to home than the distant peaks — walks in cities and suburbs, on beaches and foothills — wanderings for summer evenings and winter Sundays or any other time.

So it was that Janice and her photographic and cartographic partners began. Starting with knowledge gained from her own past explorations, assisted by a list of recommendations by the Trail Trips Committee of The Mountaineers, Janice spent every free hour for 2 years rambling around Puget Sound, poking into this corner and that, walking hundreds of miles. The resulting book has a unique and special charm. It's more than a guide, it's a collection of personal essays about "The Adventures of Janice." Bright-eyed and eager, sometimes stumbling and occasionally baffled, now and then frustrated, but never downhearted, she's the perfect person to lead the uninitiated into the pleasures of walking.

The book is focused on the major population centers of Puget Sound, with emphasis on Seattle and vicinity. An Ellensburgian, say, scarcely needs clues to close-to-home walks; minutes from his front door he can be sniffing wildflowers and hearing birdsongs. But megalopolitans may be so disoriented they don't know where to find a quiet path, a tree-shaded lane, an open beach; they may think they must drive clogged highways for hours and hours to reach the nearest National Forest or National Park.

also for best close to home opportunities to urbanization

Most of the hikes are on beaches, lowlands, and foothills; a few probe a short distance into the mountain areas thoroughly covered by other books in the "Hikes Series" (see back cover). All the trips can be done without special equipment or training. Many are more pleasant with boots, canteen, extra clothing, and a rucksack to carry food and cameras and all, and some demand caution not to go astray, but the trips have been chosen specifically for the walker lacking an extensive outdoor background.

Happily, the trips here are only a sampling, a selection from the best of hundreds of good walks. Having learned from Janice how to prowl the near-home preserves of Nature, a person may then explore elsewhere on his own.

Less happily, many superb walks had to be omitted. An earlier book in the "Hikes Series" gave such popularity to certain trips that private owners, whose land was crossed, requested their deletion from subsequent printings. The owners may or may not have a legal right to block passage after continuous public use extending back to Indian days, and ultimately the matter may be tested in the courts. The Mountaineers did not press the issue because of sympathy with the owners, who were chiefly motivated by the thoughtlessness of a few in scattering garbage, engaging in "random elimination," and vandalizing private property.

These episodes underline the necessity of "good outdoor manners" if all the hikes in this book are to stay open. If you set forth on a hike described here and find the path barred by a big, new sign saying "Private Property — No Trespassing," you must respect the sign — and regret the bad manners of your predecessors, who ruined your day. The rule is, be quiet and unobtrusive and respectful. "Take only a photograph, leave only a footprint."

This is a walking book, based on the belief that the footloose soul experiences a freedom unknown to the slave of infernal combustion. Ideally, every trip would be on a purely pedestrian path, and an attempt has been made to recommend walks minimally molested by gasoline racket, but the machine remains so dominant that all too few foot-only paths can be found in

need low clothing for winter and clear for snow

- To explore and study the mountains
- To gather into permanent form the natural beauty of Northwest
- To preserve by the encouragement of expeditions into the mountains a spirit of good

77



Forest road in Pack Forest—Hike 82

Puget Sound lowlands. Some of the routes are on roads and can be done by car or motorbike, more's the pity.

If enough people show their desire to be "footloose around Puget Sound," the motorbikes and cars ultimately can be eliminated from places they do not belong. Vote with your feet.

A warning: on any trip outside cities or public parks, beware of the hunting season. Motorbike hunters recently killed a man on a hike described here; they were not punished, and doubtless are still riding their bikes, still shooting at every rustling bush. The inexperienced hunters

who seek their sport in close-to-city areas are so dangerous they effectively forbid use of these lands to hikers during the gun season.

*(and same hunters)*

### Walkers of the World, Unite

Urban sprawl locks up miles of beaches for private residential use, replaces forest and river paths with subdivisions.

America's love affair with the automobile has degenerated to an orgy; every roadless area affronts the spirit of Detroitism and thus the engineers, the contractors, the oil companies,

and their legislative hirelings endlessly plot new conquests.

Manufacturers pander to the monkey instincts of men by inventing a succession of little machines; mindless louts razz around beaches and forests, spewing noise and fumes, letting the beer cans fall where they may.

Low-elevation foothill trails vanish in logging slash. The U.S. Forest Service shrugs its shoulders, makes no attempt to save all-year trails or to replace them with nearby substitutes, and instead spends its trail funds deep in the wilderness.

But there are glad tidings. The machine is gradually losing status of equality with motherhood and the flag. Not merely a handful of cranks but whole citizenries are rising against freeways and logging roads, against the automobile and its nasty offspring, the trailbike, and their threat to our peace of mind, our well-being, and indeed our survival as a species.

More and more people are walking more and more — for convenience, for health, for pleasure, for sanity. They are not content to let their walking room diminish year by year; rather, they are banding together to save and to extend foot country.

If you enjoy this book, you must join the crusade. Unlike automobiles and trailbikes, feet do not have the support of industrial advertising campaigns and gangs of lobbyists. There is no big money behind walking. Only a big idea.

### There Is Hope, So Join In

The U.S. Forest Service is reluctantly beginning to realize that cities exist. Urban pressure must be exerted to convince the Service it should shift priority from the backcountry to the front ranges, stop ruining the few low-elevation, all-year trails left under its management, and start building more such trails. For example, the proposed Whitehorse Wilderness Area is aimed at saving from Forest Service multiple-abuse the Boulder River trail, virtually the last low-elevation close-to-Seattle hike in a virgin forest.

Some officials and legislators of the State of Washington are aware that the complexity of mixed ownership, including the "patchwork"

country of the Northern Pacific Land Grant, requires a state trail system that integrates routes through public and private jurisdictions. ~~A bill to create a State Trail System was introduced in the last Legislature; it will be introduced again and again until passed.~~ Among the walks that might be placed in the system: a trail from the east side of Lake Washington to the Cascade Crest via the Middle Fork Snoqualmie River; a trail connecting Kent and Auburn with Mount Rainier National Park; a trail from Puget Sound to the Glacier Peak Wilderness Area and the North Cascades National Park via the Stillaguamish River.

The State Planning and Community Affairs Agency and the Interagency Committee for Outdoor Recreation are developing a comprehensive plan for outdoor recreation. By 1985 more than 70 per cent of the state population will be urban, and 72 per cent west of the Cascades; high priority therefore is being given to recreation for people with low mobility. Unlike the U.S. Forest Service, these state officers are stressing easy-to-reach facilities. The State Trail System is proposed to include urban areas, with emphasis on waterfront; saltwater access is in notoriously short supply, and therefore the state (reputedly) is discontinuing its long-time and criminal practice of selling state-owned tidelands.

The state badly needs foot-only trails, horse trails, and bicycle trails; there is an over-sufficiency of auto roads and motorcycle tracks, and the machines must be banned from all existing and planned trails.

To raise a question: Why is the state not now planning a Tiger Mountain State Park? This is the best remaining chance for a very large, close-to-Seattle, wilderness-type park with a wealth of foot and horse trails. But apparently nobody is doing anything to accept the challenge.

Some — but not yet all — timber companies holding vast acreages in the foothills, lands derived from the nefarious Northern Pacific Land Grant and other frontier-era steals, have begun to understand they must manage their lands for recreation as well as timber production. They cannot retain these enormous ill-gotten baronies on the borders of cities without serving a full range of public needs; the wiser companies know

c. 350 words to a column 700 to full page.

*Must in future?*

2

2

3

3

336

378



82

it and are seeking a way to serve — and thus survive.

Electric utilities have right-of-ways through miles of open country, but mostly without guaranteed public access. Elsewhere in the nation, utilities are building trails on right-of-ways. Southern California Edison, for one, has designed calm-and-quiet, easy-graded paths specifically for the recuperative therapy of heart patients.

The King County Park and Recreation Board has expressed a wish ~~which so far is only a pious desire in no way hindering the plots of the subdividers~~ to begin planning a county trail system. The Board has noted the need to save lakefronts, ridges, ravines, and riverbanks. Also, realizing that three-quarters of the tidelands in metropolitan Puget Sound are privately owned, it has discontinued selling county-owned tidelands, hoping to develop a system of beach trails to go along with hiking, cycling, and horseback trails.

King County and many cities therein are leading in the creation — or at least the planning — of strip parks and trails. Redmond has in mind a loop trail on right-of-ways of Seattle City Water and Puget Power. Issaquah is studying an ordinance requiring developers to give a 10-foot easement along creeks. The county is promoting a trail connecting Houghton on Lake Washington with Marymoor Park on Lake Sammamish, this to be linked with a 7-mile county trail along the Sammamish River to Bothell.

The Green River Conservation Committee, including city officials and private citizens, proposes a 50-mile line of riverside parks and trails from the Green River Gorge to the Duwamish River.

Other ideas are in the air, other groups are working. One plan is to reopen the old Tolt River trail from the new King County park at the junction of the Tolt and the Snoqualmie Rivers up to the forks of the Tolt. Another is a trail along Coal Creek, near Renton. And there are more . . .

Even Seattle, so long complacent, has awakened. Recently it participated in the building of the Arboretum Trail, a demonstration project funded by the federal Bureau of Outdoor Recreation to show the value of urban trails. The Model Cities project envisions a network of paths in the

very heart of the city. Citizen campaigns, massively supported by the public press, have stimulated the city to take note, belatedly, of the destruction by developers of the few remaining wild spots in the city; one of these, the natural ravine set aside as Kiwanis Preserve but now menaced by neglect, is a vital link in a proposed trail from the Ballard Locks to Fort Lawton. When Fort Lawton is obtained from the Army for a park, large portions should be converted to motor-free woodland and beach, foot country. Similarly with Sand Point, when the Navy loosens its clutch on the most famous officer's club in the West.

The Snohomish County Park Board has acquired 2½ miles of frontage on the North Fork Stillaguamish River, 2 miles east of Arlington, and expects to complete trails by 1970. ~~A 21-mile Discovery Trail is under construction in Vancouver, encircling almost the entire city, enabling citizens to walk from their front doors to woods, streams, lakes, and parks.~~

For the grandest vision yet, look beyond the Pacific Ocean. The Japanese Ministry of Health and Welfare is building the Tokai Natural Walkway between Tokyo and Osaka. This first project in a projected nationwide network will go 553 miles "through primeval forests and habitats of wild animals, as well as areas of historical or legendary interest." The walkway is designed for enjoyment of nature without the intrusion of vehicles; even bicycles are barred.

Walkers of the world, unite!  
You have nothing to lose but noise and fumes and jangled nerves.

September 1969 — Harvey Manning

April 1973

Thurston Creek Urban Trail  
Puget Park

## A FOOTLOOSE FUTURE AROUND THE SOUND

At any given point in man's stride toward his hopeful Utopia, he can stop and look backward or forward. We do so here. Behind us, a long road to scan. But ahead? There is a curve in the road. One cannot see ahead. Who knows how far we go from here? There is much to ponder.

Anyone who faces squarely up to the problems of proliferating man will recognize that preserving man's link with Nature is a means to sustaining his sanity — indeed, to sustaining man himself. There are times when Mr. Everyman experiences recognizable and irrepressible urges to cast off the shackles of modern, indoor living, to flee to woods or beach, and somehow, by touch or sight, establish kinship once again with the good earth.

- The need will grow.
- The numbers will grow.
- The woods and beach diminish.
- Where do we go from here?

Many areas are ideal for just the type of hikes described in this book. In the course of finding them, we were forced to put aside several promising ones. Some, happily, are in process of development and are briefly described herein under the classification "Future." Others are paradoxes. They SHOULD be possible, ARE possible (but not legally), and at present are being hiked by many. Or they may be attractive areas that have no trails available. For want of a better term, we'll call these "Oughters." We note only a few of the best we encountered. Opportunities are great if public agencies act promptly. It is later than they think!

In early 1968, Seattle and King County voters approved a series of community improvement programs under the imaginative title, Forward Thrust. Among the seven issues approved, one was for improvement and expansion of parks to the tune of \$118 million.

In general, the King County Park Department has concentrated during 1969 on land acquisition

first, development later, in apportioning the \$49-plus million allocated to the Department by the Forward Thrust program. About \$33 million was slotted for purchasing land and \$16 million for development of the ambitious program that includes 4 regional parks, 11 major parks, 13 community parks, 80 neighborhood parks, 10 saltwater and 7 lakefront sites, and 2 saltwater boat ramps. Progress has been notable and encouraging. Two of the most exciting possibilities for hikes are mentioned first under "Future" below.

### FUTURE

#### Sammamish River

A bond issue was voted in 1962 to begin purchase of land for Sammamish River Park, proposed as a 6-mile-long strip on one or both sides of the river from Marymoor Park in Redmond to Blythe Community Park in Bothell. This 5-year, \$3 million project, under the Forward Thrust program, was projected for completion in 1973. Hopefully a simple path for walking beside the river may be opened to the public before then.

The second stage of a trails system, under pressure of a ground-roots organization known as Washington Recreation and Trails Unlimited, would link the same trail from Woodinville south to Kirkland, returning through Bridle Trails State Park to Marymoor. Where possible, paths for horses will be separated from the foot and bicycle paths. While the walk along the river is "verboten" now, a stolen taste of honey sipped by the writer planted a fervent hope that the natural look would not be destroyed. Fragrant, purple thistles, the peep, peep of field birds and quacks of ducks trailing tiny V's on the quiet, channeled river: Will they go out, when cultured parks go in?

#### Des Moines Park

One of the eagerly-awaited developments in the south end of Seattle, acquisition of this major urban park began early in 1969. Depending on appropriations and/or matching funds, a park

along the Lake Washington shore. Past Mathews Beach Park they go, hugging close to tiny, picturesque little shore cottages along Edgewater Lane, then cross Lakeshore Blvd. above Sheridan Beach and, stubbing against busy Bothell Way speedway (State 522) give up and turn shoreside of the highway to Kenmore. At the Sammamish River they part company with the highway and cross over the river, going north along Riverside Drive, then east to Woodinville.

The variety of housing, industry, and post-card scenes would be well worth the hike, if it WERE possible.

#### Railroad — Carkeek Park

From the park grounds, reached by N.E. 110th Street, is an overpass spanning the Great Northern Railroad line to the beach. At low tide, one can follow the tracks on the beach side, but beyond the park boundary the hiker is on forbidden territory, and walking on the tracks themselves is dangerous, since trains run at high speed and there are some curves. But to view the miles of shoreline, from Carkeek south to Golden Gardens and north to Richmond Beach, is to sigh: What a waste! The strip is in the category of those areas that could, and should, provide the public with ideal beach walks.

#### Fuller Mountain

One of the hikes in this book follows a trail from the North Fork Snoqualmie county road out of North Bend to a string of lakes: Klaus, Boyle, and Bridges. Fuller Mountain to the east is a steady companion. A rounded hump only 2000 feet high, it beckons as an easy, enjoyable climb, with broad views over Snoqualmie Valley and Mount Si. Fishermen and hunters have, in fact, climbed around and over the hump, and trails do exist. But not for the family hiker. It would take little to clear and widen one of the existing "deer trails" for enjoyment of hikers.

#### Little Si

Like Fuller Mountain, this "footstool" to Mount Si, just out of North Bend, needs a better

hiking trail. At present one can branch off 2 miles up the Mount Si trail on a thin track that heads downhill for the smaller mountain, but the approach is roundabout. Other trails, approached from the south or west side, would be more enjoyable to the "Sunday hiker".

#### Appletree Point

Among the hikes that "oughter be" are many on beaches. With a city that boasts "more boats per capita" than any other, and a Puget Sound filled with so many islands one can hardly avoid bumping into them, it seems strange that so small a percentage of all the miles of shorelines in the Northwest are open to public hiking. A matter that, alas, required foresight in years past. Little is left now that can be done except to utilize the lessons of hindsight. Tactful, cooperative planning is needed to save some of the joys of beach-strolling for future generations. We mention four encountered in our rambles which had to be put aside—all illegal to walk upon, yet tantalizing because people do so anyway, so often.

For the Appletree Point hike, walk down to the beach from the north side of the Kingston ferry dock. A beautiful, sandy shoreline, one of the most tempting in Puget Sound, stretches north 2 miles to Appletree Point. But we cannot publish a statement that one may hike across this beach. Property owners own their tidelands and pay taxes on them. All we can say is that some owners, queried, said they had no objections to strollers or even clam-diggers on their beach, AS LONG AS litterbugs and bottle smashers—the goodwill smashers of our times—are not observed.

#### Twin Spit

From Kingston (ferry from Edmonds) drive north through Hansville toward Foulweather Bluff. Just before the right turn for the latter, a short spur dips down straight ahead for Twin Spit. Buildings of a resort and a few private cottages dot the beach. Views are superb. Foulweather Bluff sticks its blunt head into Admiralty Inlet and from Twin Spit one looks south to Hood

Head, across to Port Ludlow, and north to Marrowstone Island off Port Townsend. An old minesweeper lies in the crotch formed by the spit to the north of the spur end of the road. The cottagers seem not to notice when one shuffles through hot or cool sand (depending on the season) behind the old ship (be careful; a gruesome tale by local residents tell of the ship shifting and falling on its owner while digging clams beside it) and far out on the spit a mile or more. An inland dry lagoon, filled with driftwood, harbors myriads of cheeping sandpipers and shore birds, and one feels cut off from the world. Indeed, he CAN be cut off, for the water fills in around the old minesweeper and the hike must be planned to begin as the tide goes out, in order to return to cross the water tide-gap. Yet all of this is done at your own risk: the land is privately owned. Technically it is illegal to walk across it.

#### Miller Bay Spit

The only name for this is Tragedy—capitalized. This spit was destined to be one of the most intriguing of all state parks. Even a look at it from the shore a mile north of the town of Suquamish (ferry from Seattle downtown to Winslow, drive north on State 305 and turn right just after crossing Agate Pass Bridge) is worth a trip to see what prime park material the state lost for us.

The spit juts west into Miller Bay from the opposite, east shore of the bay from your viewpoint. The approach to the spit is either direct from Indianola, walking directly out onto the spit, or the "fun" approach of residents on the west shore. Rent a boat if not a lucky owner; row or motor across to the spit, spend the afternoon swimming lazily in shallow waters off the broad promontory, sunbathe and picnic and hike its pebbled shores. At very low tide a wide, wide shelf of muddy tideland is exposed, and buckets of clams can be had for the digging.

But the State goofed. Late in 1967, the Interagency Committee for Outdoor Recreation approved an appropriation of \$138,000 for the acquisition of Miller Bay Spit. The State Parks and Recreation Commission planned to purchase

Pussy willow

# FOOTLOOSE AROUND PUGET SOUND, Janice Krenmayr

Third edition, April 1973

- To explore and study the mountains, forests and watercourses of the Northwest;
- To gather into permanent form the history and traditions of this region;
- To preserve by the encouragement of protective legislation or otherwise the natural beauty of Northwest America;
- To make expeditions into these regions in fulfillment of the above purposes;
- To encourage a spirit of good fellowship among all lovers of outdoor life.

Third Edition, April 1973

Copyright © 1969  
The Mountaineers, Seattle, Washington 98111  
P. O. Box 122

Manufactured in the United States of America by  
Craftsman Press, Inc.  
Seattle, Washington

Book design by Merge Mueller

Library of Congress Catalog Card No. 76-103697

Cover photo: Fall leaves in Seward Park—Hike 8

Title photo: Mount Baker and Big Lake from Devil's Mountain Lookout—Hike 24

Page 18: Forest in Seward Park—Hike 8

Photos of Lake Elizabeth (Hike 37), Sunday Lake (Hike 49)  
and Carbon Ridge Lookout (Hike 75). By Janice Krenmayr.



## WALKERS OF THE WORLD, UNITE!

In 1964, when this book was conceived by the Literary Fund Committee of The Mountaineers, the gasoline machine seemed to be completing an uncontested conquest of a craven America and none of us held any immediate hope for a counterattack. We nevertheless moved ahead, believing that before the masses could be aroused into barricading the streets they must be inflamed by radical manifestos.

By publication in 1969 we already knew we were not alone, what with agitators here and there rallying guerrilla bands to harass highwaymen, and a scattering of elected officials beginning to wonder if automobiles really voted. Since 1969 a series of limited yet significant victories have encouraged us to hope the arrogance of machines may indeed be successfully challenged short of Armageddon. This third edition is therefore not a forlorn howl amid freeway roar but a confident call for new recruits to the winning side, the people side.

Contrary to what many of us thought while dismally observing the proliferation of automobiles and motorcycles and snowmobiles and dune buggies and swamp buggies and all-terrain vehicles, the nation's legs have not atrophied. In 1965 the federal Bureau of Outdoor Recreation estimated the annual total of pleasure walks taken by Americans had risen since 1960 from 566 million to 1.3 billion.

In Washington, the state Interagency Committee for Outdoor Recreation estimates that in 1970 there were 32 million "people-occasions" of walking for pleasure, exceeded among outdoor recreation activities only by bicycling (60 million), driving (44 million), and swimming (42 million) and far overshadowing fishing (13 million), watching outdoor sports (12 million), boating (11 million), skiing and other snow sports (4 million), and hunting (2.6 million).

Following pages thus hardly represent the revival of a lost art. Americans never have given up walking—for convenience, for health, for pleasure, for sanity. However, many are so isolated by a confusion of highways and streets they

don't know where to go for a happy hike. Our intent is to lead the way.

### What This Book Is, and Isn't

Other Mountaineer guidebooks (see the back cover) describe hikes in mountains rising above Puget Sound. Lowlands are the theme here—mainly, close-to-home walks prefaced by short drives or none, on paths open all or most of the year. Though delightful any time, these trips are particularly good for summer evenings and winter Sundays.

The selection is specifically for people of Puget Sound City, the Everett-to-Olympia sprawl. A resident of Sedro Woolley, Port Angeles, Ellensburg, or Chehalis can leave his front door and in minutes be sniffing wildflowers and hearing bird-songs; he needs no help in finding pleasant strolls. A megalopolitan, however, may be so disoriented he imagines escape is impossible without getting in the car and driving driving driving to a national forest or national park.

Most of the walks herein are on beaches or in urban and suburban parks; some climb foothills of the Olympics and Cascades; a few probe mountain valleys. None requires the slightest training nor any special equipment, though many are more pleasant with boots, canteen, extra clothing for wind and rain, and a rucksack to carry lunch and camera.

The 100 trips are just a sampling; a great many more await exploration by the curious walker once his imagination has been stimulated. Janice Krenmayr, author-publisher of the two volumes of *Footloose* in Seattle, made the selection after studying the generations of experience summarized in files of the Trail Trips Committee of The Mountaineers, talking to hikers in and out of the club, and finally walking all the 100—and dozens more she for one reason or another rejected.

Ideally none of the trips would be polluted by the racket of exploding gasoline vapors, but in these early years of the pedestrian revolt foot-only paths simply are too few. Some routes must be shared, for a while, with cars and motorcycles, and that's a shame. However, be of good cheer, for restrictions on the virtually unlimited license

FOOTSORE 1, first edition December 1977

I was so fond of her book (and of the "wildness within") that when Janice's talents took her elsewhere, I stepped in and stepped and stepped her one volume to four FOOTSORES.

- To study the mountains, forests, and watercourses of the Northwest;
- To gather into permanent form the history and traditions of this region;
- To preserve by the encouragement of protective legislation or otherwise the natural beauty of Northwest America;
- To make explorations into these regions in fulfillment of the above purposes;
- To encourage a spirit of good fellowship among all lovers of outdoor life.

First edition, December 1977  
Copyright © 1977

The Mountaineers  
719 Pike St.  
Seattle, Washington 98101

Manufactured in the United States of America  
by Craftsman-Met Press

Published simultaneously in Canada by  
Mountain Craft, Box 5232, Vancouver, B.C. V6B 4B3

Library of Congress Catalog Card No. 77-23727  
ISBN 0-916890-53-8

This book, or parts thereof, may not be reproduced in any form without the written permission of the publisher. All rights reserved.

Book design by Marge Mueller

Cover photo: Edmonds ferry dock from Brackett's Landing Park on Puget Sound.

## INTRODUCTION I

Other guidebooks published by The Mountaineers direct the feet to high or distant areas where, to quote the 1964 Wilderness Act, "the earth and its community of life are untrammelled by man, where man himself is a visitor who does not remain." Quite different is the realm — Puget Sound City and outskirts — of the **Footsore** series. There man definitely does remain. He lives there. Works there. Fools around there. And trammels there — boy does he ever trammel. Yet his creations/destructions are not unrelieved; on the walks described in these pages tree green is more prominent than asphalt black, birdsongs than honks, clean breezes than vile gases. If the routes traverse little pristine wilderness they're wild to a degree. Or wildlife in part. Or anyhow nice.

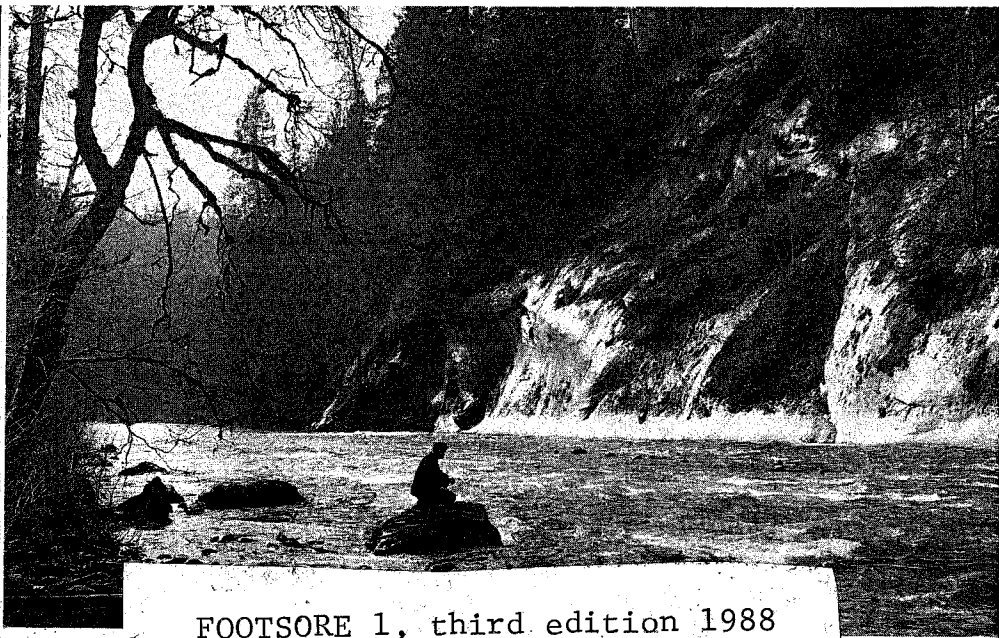
And they're close to home. Few **Footsore** paths lie more than a going-and-coming total of 2 automobile hours (many are less than 1 hour) from one or another major lump of Puget Sound City population, whether in Everett or Olympia, Bremerton or Bellevue. The Two-Hour Rule derives from this book's philosophical foundation (and those who reject it are invited to leap on their wheels and buzz off) that (1) walking, if not done to such silly extremes as the 50-Mile-Day mania of the early 1960s, is good-in-itself and good for you; (2) automobile riding in more than modest doses is devil's work and very bad for you. Walking is superb medicine for under-exercised bodies and over-stressed minds, but the knitting together of damaged flesh and spirit by a day on the trail can be unraveled by too long an evening battle homeward through the mobs of deranged children whose grim joy is playing war games on freeways and byways. If to gain for a day the sweet balm of Nature a person must suffer more than 2 or 3 hours of automobile trauma, he perhaps is better off spending the re-creation day home in bed.

Automobile ownership continues to be a prerequisite for full American citizenship and all its rights and privileges, including easy transport to trails. On some surveys for this book the thumb was employed, with varying success; other hitchhikers unquestionably would be picked up faster than was the surveyor, but being aged, crummy, and poor is not without compensations — a roadside display of youth, beauty, or wealth, particularly by a solitary thumber, is asking for it. Risks aside, hitchhiking nearly always adds time to a trip, maybe a lot. But as of 1977 it's legal on most roads in Washington. And if you don't get knocked on the head and dumped in the ditch it's cheap.

Then there's the bus. The text here notes walking routes reasonably accessible via Metro Transit as of Autumn 1977. For precise planning one must obtain current route maps and schedules (contact Metro Transit, 600 First Avenue, Seattle 98104); the notes are intended mainly to stimulate hikers to think bus — and bus managers to think hikers.

### NO MONEYBACK GUARANTEE

The country of **Footsore** I is portrayed here as it was when surveyed in person (no fudging, no library "research") during the winter-spring of 1976-77. But that doesn't mean it'll be the same when you arrive. This lived-on, worked-on, fooled-around-on, trammelled land is ever changing, often radically and without notice.



FOOTSORE 1, third edition 1988

## INTRODUCTION

In the middle 1960s when we (that is, the Literary Fund Committee of which I was chairman and Tom Miller the idea man) embarked on the publication of trail guides, our initial goal was a single volume encompassing the full range of hiking that had been done by The Mountaineers since 1907, when the club took its first walk, to Seattle's West Point Lighthouse; climbed its first mountain, Si; and made its first wilderness expedition, into the heart of the Olympic Mountains. As the concept evolved under Tom's guidance we realized that the several quite different sorts of walking didn't marry very happily in a single collection. Our initial book, *100 Hikes in Western Washington*, published in 1966, focused primarily on the kind of hiking in most immediate and dire threat of being lost, in the mountain wilderness of the Cascades and Olympics. The threats to wilderness have persisted, indeed grown; in response, as well as to spread the boots around, the one book has given way to six Washington state volumes, the *100 Hikes* series. A second category of walking — at the wilderness edge on trails suitable for an hour or two (or, with families, all day) — was split off into the two-volume *Trips and Trails* series.

There remained a very large residue, containing none other than that first club hike to West Point and many other well-loved routes on beaches, lowlands, and foothills, some in wildland, some in pastoral or even urban settings. In 1969 Janice Krenmayr plugged the hole in our list with *Footloose Around Puget Sound*. The book was most timely. At the start of the decade the federal Outdoor Recreation Review Commission (ORRC) had found walking and bicycling to be the two fastest growing outdoor activities; further, it pointed to urban and near-urban trails as the most glaring deficiency in the nation's

recreation system. *Footloose* showed the way. Recreation officials carried copies around the nation like so many letters to young churches. At a national workshop, a speaker held up a copy and said, "Every large city in the United States needs a book like this." Before many years virtually every large city *did* have a *Footloose*-type book.

*Footloose* was my special pet. I enjoyed working with Janice as her editor and following the paths she pioneered. When, after several revisions, she decided against undertaking another, I was stricken at the prospect of the book's death. Ira Spring suggested I step in as her replacement, and I did, expecting to devote a winter and spring to updating what still would basically be her good old *Footloose*. I can only say in apology that the idea ran away with me. Between Thanksgiving of 1976 and Thanksgiving of 1978 I walked 3000 miles of beaches, lowlands, and foothills and we had on our hands not a revision but a third series, the four volumes of *Footsores*.

The series is timely. As this third edition of *Footsores 1* stumbles through my non-motorized typewriter in the spring-summer-fall of 1987, another presidential commission ("Son of ORRC") has repeated the findings of a quarter-century ago and renewed the recommendation for a national system of non-motorized trails connecting cities to countryside and wilderness, city to city — and neighborhood to neighborhood. Those few whose belief in the inviolability of property rights runs to fanaticism are mobilizing their lawyers. They will have their day in court. But they will, in the long run, lose, because they must. This nation must not be hobbled by a sea-to-sea array of NO TRESPASSING signs.

### "Where Man Is a Visitor"

The Wilderness Act of 1964 defines a "national wilderness" as a place where "the earth and its community of life are untrammelled by man, where man himself is a visitor who does not remain." This is the domain of the *100 Hikes* series.

The counties east of San Francisco Bay have joined in a parks and recreation district that is acclaimed nationally as a model of thoughtful planning. Among its philosophical innovations is the definition of a "regional wilderness": the minimum size is about 2500 acres; the topography should "substantially" block out and mute the sights and sounds of surrounding civilization; the land may have been trammelled in the past but the evidences either have been or can be softened by time. An example within the *Footsores* realm is the Cougar Mountain Regional Wildland Park.

We might proceed from national to regional to recognize a "community wilderness," in the hundreds of acres, sufficiently compact that the center is considerably buffered from the rumble-bang-honk-yowl of the city, the whole is fundamentally "passive," which is to say Nature is the Chief Ranger and quiet people the chief users (except for the wild creatures, who are permitted to be as noisy as they please). Examples of the "community wilderness" abound in *Footsores*. However, the coverage here is not comprehensive. A green space that is the salvation of the soul of a community, providing a refuge minutes from home, may not offer long enough walks (or, alternatively, a particularly outstanding and unusual natural feature) to attract pedestrians from a distance, and this is the test for inclusion in these volumes.

99

## INTRODUCTION 4

*Footsore* is a single book in four volumes and it would be wasteful of the publisher's space and the reader's time to repeat all the introductory information in each book.

Introduction 3 to *Footsore 3* presents a tidy little manual on how beaches come to be where and what they are and on tricks of the tides and waves a beachwalker should know. These apply in the South Sound as well as in the North Sound and the rest of Whulge.

Introduction 2 to *Footsore 2* describes the operation of a commercial tree farm and explains how to be a reasonably contented walker there. The information for the Weyerhaeuser lands on the White and Mashel and Nisqually is the same as for the Weyerhaeuser lands on the Snoqualmie: Heaven help us.

Introduction 1 to *Footsore 1* is basic and indispensable to all the volumes. The data-coding system is explained, the Two-Hour Rule, and the Ten Essentials. Another matter it treats is fundamental to *Footsore* walking: the rules for getting along peaceably on those private lands (notably tree farms) where the owners have a "pass-through" policy, otherwise known as "tolerated trespassing." Other fundamentals, found in *Footsore 1*'s introduction to the Whulge Trail, are the Trespasser's Code and a treatise on the law of the beach. The treatise explains why it is that owners of beachfront who have bought the adjoining tidelands are convinced they own the beaches, and why they are wrong. *However*, the treatise commands the reader not to argue the point of law on the beaches, to go away if told to do so. The courts will be years adjudicating the point—when at last it comes to court—and meanwhile it is these here guidebook writers who are going to get all the threatening letters on legal letterhead.

To expand: please, dear reader, never ever confront a ruffled property owner with the statement, "The book says we can walk here!" This book always insists that even if the beaches are not really and fully "private," the walker must not go upon them unless the "owners" fail to object. Please read *Footsore 1*'s introductions and take them to heart and keep both yourself and us out of trouble.

A final time the reminder: much *Footsore* country is in such flux that a guidebook cannot give a moneyback guarantee. This volume was fully surveyed—every route described was *walked*—in 1977-1978. A front-to-back revision in the fall and early winter of 1987 checked every trailhead, threw out trips that had been trashed beyond easy redemption, walked all the new routes and all the old that needed it, and embodied current information supplied by trustworthy native guides. The text is candid when for any reason, such as the Drought of 1987 and the resulting fire closure up to the start of snow closure, an area was not walked or rewalked. (Another reason sometimes was sheer lack of financial ability. The older surveyor longed to walk, again, the shore of Hood Canal from the Great Bend to Bangor but couldn't afford the luxury. Not to disillusion walkers chained to desks and ~~longing~~ <sup>yearning</sup> for a wilder freer life with no loss of material riches, guidebook writers do it less for the money than the love.)

Should you find a situation not as we describe, check the date on the copyright page. If it says 1989 and you are there in 1999—shame on *you*. If we expend all this love on new editions, the least you can do is buy them all. (But please *do* complain, anyhow—your cards and letters are a welcome help.)

### Maps

What Introduction 4 will do that the others don't is bring you up to date on maps.

For civilized terrain the sketch maps in these pages suffice. In primitive regions they should be supplemented by U.S. Geological Survey maps, obtainable locally from map and hiking shops or by mail (write for a free state index map) from:

FOOTSORE 3. 1978, 1983

(forewords not included here because mainly duplicated in the BEACHES volume, at fuller treatment)

FOOTSORE 4, first edition 1979, second 1990  
(Note Penny as co-author)

## HIKING THE MOUNTAINS TO SOUND GREENWAY, 1993

The FOOTSORES were actively encouraged by the first "professional" chief of Mountainer Books because he badly needed the support of the Founders, Tom Miller and I, and was especially snuggly to me, the last of the "amateur" chiefs. When hubris took him ever higher, to the point he sought to be Lord High Emperor of The Mountaineers, and (to mix metaphors) his wings melted and he was fired, in the course of his power drive he started referring to me (behind my back) as "Harvey the Hack," and cultivating a cadre of his own henchpeople, who built themselves up by gnawing away at the likes of me. (Those who didn't gnaw were kept in line by fear of losing their jobs, which he had given them; in secret I was informed by them of their plight.)

However, thanks to the efforts of the merchandisers, the FOOTSORES were doomed. I viewed every sale as a possible recruitment to "the wildness within"; they saw it as much investment for little return. One of them, indeed, did a copycat book for the same area as FOOTSORE 1, the big seller of the bunch. I pointed out that in professional ethical publishing, this was considered a betrayal of your author. Ethics, however, were not the style of their likes.

FOOTSORE 2 was a book ahead of its time (for the masses) and was scuttled. But then came the Mountains to Sound Greenway and the Book Factory eagerly sought to get in on it. So, the Greenway book, largely replacing 2.

But it didn't sell a ton, as expected, and was replaced in 2002 by 55 HIKES AROUND SNOOQUALMIE PASS, which did.

## Acknowledgments

The Chief Surveyor and his trusty Assistant Surveyor (who packs the cameras around, usually on the back of *his* Assistant) wish to thank the field agents who contributed information about trails and in some cases built them.

Pat Brewington, president of Snoqualmie Valley Trails Club, reviewed the entire manuscript, corrected and added data, counseled on delicate matters of community relations and politics, and philosophized on the prospects for pedestrianism in the area for which her club is the Designated Defender.

Ted Thomsen, board member and secretary of the Mountains to Sound Greenway Trust and a director of the Issaquah Alps Trails Club, reviewed the manuscript on behalf of these two organizations and provided wise counsel about trails and good advice on the ways of the world outside trail country.

Before and after the 1990 Mountains to Sound March, the Rattlesnake Rangers, volunteers drawn mainly from the two trails clubs, roughly tramped the ups and downs of their favorite Alp. They then volunteered to write up their bootways: the Rattlesnake Mountain section in this book is almost entirely their work.

Other explorers made significant contributions by telephone, letters and pieces written for *Signpost Magazine* and *Pack and Paddle*. They are acknowledged in the trip descriptions that draw on their help.

101

WALKS & HIKEs ON THE BEACHES  
AROUND PUGET SOUND, Panny and me, 1995

F-1, F-3, and F-4 had, between them, done all the beaches. The amount of "wildness within" on the beaches is enormous. Yet the walking public for the most part doesn't know it -- or is scared off by the Privatizers.

The trustees of The Mountaineers were badly spooked. Publication was delayed for months while they spit out moths around the board table. I never did find out who it was in the Power that finally gave the OK.

I was less surprised by the delay than by the authorization. --But note the "Publisher's Note on 'Public' and 'Private' Property." Sound legal minds in the club pondered, but in common with the bulk of the legal community, dodged the bullet.

Now, <sup>leading</sup> ~~one of the finest~~ scholars of marine law in the nation, and one of the most outspoken proponents of the Public Trust Doctrine, was a respected member of the club -- Ralph Johnson, my mentor. I don't recall if he lived to read this "Publisher's Note." But wherever he got to, with his fine sense of humor, it surely gave him a big laugh.

Ira's "Photographer's Note" seemed to me an anomaly. He contributed nothing to the text except a few photos, mainly mediocre and banal. Why did he stick his foot in? --Afraid he'd get sued. When it came to money, he was no hero.

But this intrusion into what really was none of his business foreshadowed the Ira Line. It was along about the same time that he mounted his crusade to keep the grizzly bears off his trails. He quickly found himself a laughing stock and drew back his legions. However, the fact was that he never accepted the wilderness as belonging to non-human travelers. At best the Natives were tolerable. But chase Ira up a tree and you gotta get out of here.

PUBLISHER'S NOTE ON "PUBLIC" AND "PRIVATE" PROPERTY

In this book the author, Harvey Manning, advocates an interpretation of the law under what has been called the Public Trust Doctrine. He argues that private property owners hold shorelands in trust for the public and should not be allowed to prevent members of the public from walking the beaches. This argument has some support from recent court cases and legal commentaries, but the doctrine has not yet been applied in a direct confrontation between a property owner and an alleged trespasser. As of this writing, the only safe approach for the hiker is to secure permission before crossing any land posted as private property.

Even if one agrees with the author's position on this issue, the risks involved in ignoring private property notices should not be underestimated. A property owner who misreads a situation, a walker who strays too near to a house, or a confrontation that gets out of hand—all may lead to arrest or worse consequences. The hiker who chooses to cross property marked "Private" does so at his or her own risk.

Similar cautions should be taken with passages describing travel along the railroad tracks of the "Jim Hill Trail." The author argues that the rails traditionally have been used for foot traffic, but he also notes, correctly, that the railroads consider this to be private property, and those who do walk the tracks will be treated as trespassers. Again, even if one agrees with the author, the hiker who chooses to follow railroad tracks assumes the risks of both legal consequences and injury. The decision to follow this course should not be taken lightly.

The Mountaineers encourage and support authors in speaking their minds and advocating constructive changes in the law. It is in this spirit that we have decided to publish Harvey Manning's *Walks and Hikes on the Beaches Around Puget Sound* in its present form. However, Mr. Manning's advocacy of civil disobedience as a means to force such changes represents his own personal views and not the views of The Mountaineers.

PHOTOGRAPHERS' NOTE ON "PUBLIC" AND "PRIVATE" PROPERTY

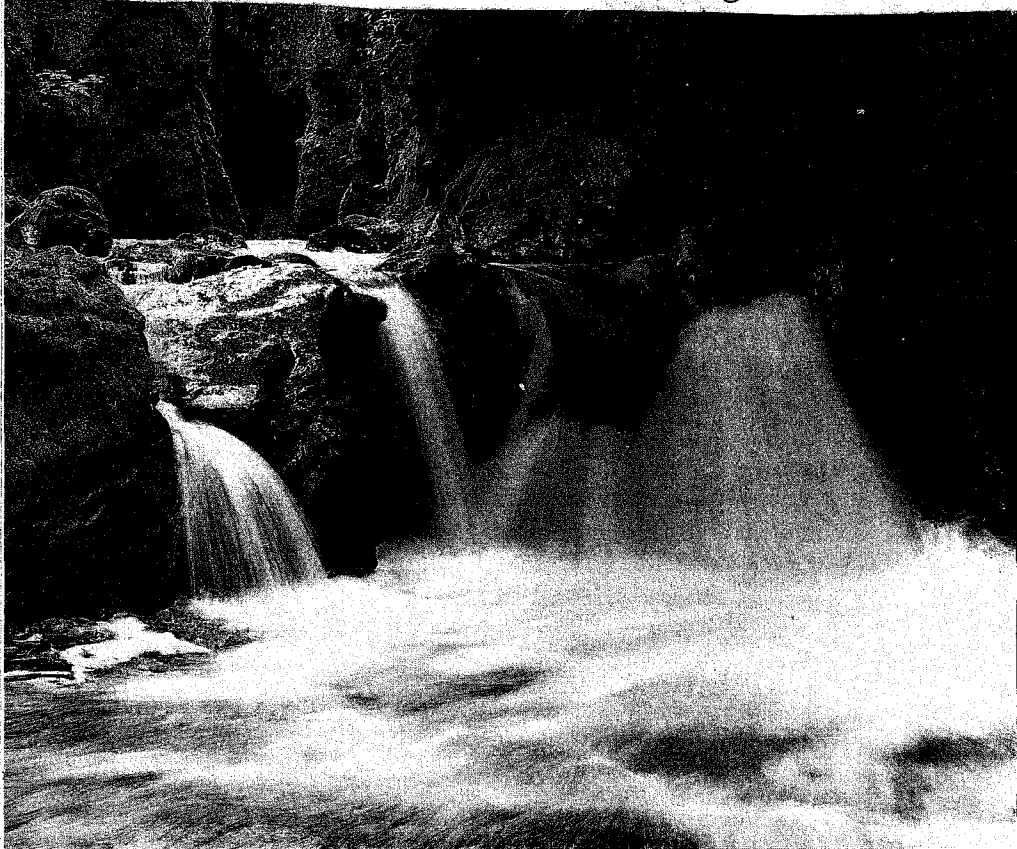
Public Trust Doctrine or Private Property Rights?

For fifty years our parents lived near the saltwater. They always assumed people's right to walk their beach was the law of the land. It wasn't until involvement in these books that we became aware of a conflict between the two given rights, Public Trust Doctrine and private property. Until the issue is resolved in the courts, we cannot condone ignoring "no trespassing" edicts.



## WALKS AND HIKES IN THE FOOTHILLS AND LOWLANDS AROUND PUGET SOUND, Penny and Harvey, 1995

The non-beach portions of F-1, F-3, and F-4 were consolidated in a single volume at the urging (command?) of the marketeers running the Book Factory. Interestingly, this occurred just as the area witnessed the emergence of a copycat industry, many little publishers looking to nibble away a piece of the action, and the concomitant niches industry, looking for marketing tags like "trails to run," "trails to walk dogs," and "trails where the sun is shining."



*Deschutes Falls (Page 234)*

## INTRODUCTION

### Trails for Feet

Trails. *True* trails. That is to say, trails for feet. The definition may be extended, where fitting, to include the hooves of horses and the paws of dogs. The wild things obviously are always welcome, whatever their means of locomotion, whether walking, hopping, flying, or squirming on the belly. They can be trusted to take care of their own manner of motion. Our audience here is human. Trail-walking, that's the subject of this book.

However, as our faithful readers over the past third of a century have learned, we do not do books purely or even primarily to serve recreation. Re-creation ranks higher. Highest of all is preservation—preservation of those attributes which support the human claim to be superior to the slugworm, of those qualities which permit us to claim for Mother Nature superiority to a dump of sludge. It pleases us that our books have serendipitous value as guides to the kinetic-esthetic pleasures of walking. However, they really are something less and something more: pamphlets, broadsides, wall posters, political manifestos. To readers' complaints that they want directions on where to go, not lessons in how to behave, we answer, "If you don't want sermons, don't go to church." To those who disagree with our politics, we say, "Publish your own books."

Since this will be the elder surveyor's final book for The Mountaineers, a peroration may be in order telling how we got where we are. To start the story somewhere this side of the Big Bang and the Garden of Eden, in 1960, when the Climbing Committee concluded a 5-year effort with publication of *Mountaineering: The Freedom of the Hills*, financed not by the impoverished club but by loans from club members who expected never to be more than partly repaid, we were startled by the commercial success. We had thought there were only hundreds of us climbers, never dreamt (nightmared?) thousands and, before long, tens of thousands. The profits (which were a conversion to cash of the unpaid labors of a hundred writers, reviewers, editors, and helpers) were an embarrassment. We saw them, too, as a danger, since they were all too likely to be exploited in ways that would fail to keep faith with us climber-volunteers, not to mention the quarter-century of the Climbing Course on whose experience the book was based. The Board of Trustees agreed and established the Literary Fund to receive income from and publish new editions of *Freedom* and to finance other books, including those that never would be undertaken by commercial publishers because by definition they would

126

BEST WINTER WALKS AND HIKES AROUND  
PUGET SOUND, Penny and Harvey

This is the second edition of "FOOTHILLS  
& LOWLANDS." 2002.

Why the title change? Because some pipsqueak  
publisher wannabe had come out with a "winter  
hikes" book which in fact was a straight  
copycat of our coverage except for "winter."

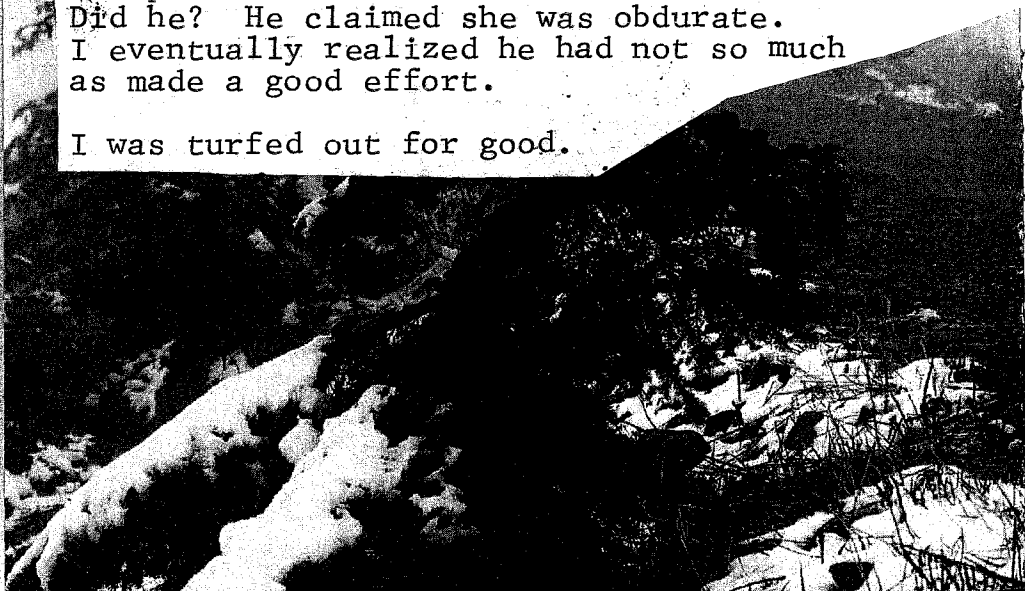
The marketeers at the Book Factory decided to  
go head-to-head with the pipsqueak. To  
copycat the copycat.

They rejected my violent complaints, my statement  
that "the wildness within" was the book's  
theme, NOT the wildness of winter.

The SOBs went so far as to cite the contract  
which gives the publisher sole right to  
decide. My response that contracts are  
only invoked after friendship ends.

Ira had so cozily cuddled with the New Chief that  
I implored him to use his influence.  
Did he? He claimed she was obdurate.  
I eventually realized he had not so much  
as made a good effort.

I was turfed out for good.



**BEST**

**WINTER WALKS  
AND HIKES  
PUGET SOUND**

**HARVEY MANNING AND PENNY MANNING**  
Photography by Ira Spring



THE MOUNTAINEERS BOOKS

126