

Tire dumping a problem in National Forest

by MICHAEL P. JONES

Man is creating a new mountains in the Mt. Hood National Forest.

Unlike nature's ingredients of rock, sand and soil, these mountains are made of rubber. Specifically, rubber tires, off everything from the family automobile to huge truck tires off diesels.

It is difficult to estimate how many tires are dumped each year in the National Forest, but some estimates from Forest Service personnel and private timber companies claim as many as a thousand. Unfortunately, due to the lack of money and manpower to dispose of tires properly, the years of discards just seem to grow, creating mountains.

One dump site up Lolo Pass off a Forest Service road sports a stack of over 200 tires. Behind it is the beautiful backdrop of Mt. Hood. Just down the road there is another mountain of tires.

At another site up Wildcat Mountain, just beyond the National Forest boundaries, a dump site just recently discovered extends 20 by 30 feet and is 10 feet high. Behind the pile is a "No Trespassing" sign.

Last year Carla Jones, a Forest Service employee in charge of firewood permits and cutting patrols, discovered 140 tires thrown out along a road, also on Wildcat Mountain. It was done by someone in a four-wheel drive vehicle.

Jones said that the tires had been dumped on a weekend while it was

snowing. Some were so large that it took two people to roll them over to check for identification. One tire turned out to be a Government Service Administration tire.

John McCormick, a special agent working with the Forest Service out of the supervisor's office of the Mt. Hood National Forest, said that the number of dumps are increasing each year. He said that mounds of discarded tires can be found in every ranger district as well as on Bureau of Land Management property and on land owned by private timber companies.

Chuck Luthy, a mechanic with the Publisher's Paper Estacada office, said that he has often been dispatched to deal with the problem of discarded tires on their land. He said that a recent dump contained 300 to 400 tires.

Luthy said that it is literally impossible to halt the tire dumps on Publisher's land. He said that they tried putting up gates in the more popular dumping areas, only to have them either pulled down by four-wheel drives, or cut-up with a blowtorch.

To avoid future problems in one area, Luthy took a backhoe and dug a trench across the road in order to create an effective barrier.

"If we ever want to get back up there, we'll have to fill the holes back in," said Luthy. "This area has just been replanted so we won't be getting back in there for at least 20 years."

At another dump site, located near

Eagle Fern Park, Luthy said that tires are the least of their worries.

"We've got everything at this site," said Luthy. "You name it, it's there. Car bodies, old appliances, dead animals and food garbage."

Luthy said that since this site is on a large sidehill, that the discarded items have been left there until the company decides what to do with them. He said that "most likely the mess will be just left there because it is too expensive (to move), and laws do not permit burning the tires."

"The Department of Environmental Quality doesn't allow burning tires because it puts out a real bad stink," said Luthy. "It not only looks bad, but it puts a lot of pollutants into the air."

Luthy, however, claimed that blocking the roads is the most effective way to stop the illegal dumpings despite the complaints of a few fishermen.

"Ever since we blocked off those roads," said Luthy, "we haven't seen too many trucks loaded down with tires go up the mountain."

McCormick said that most illegal dumpers operate at night. He said that when Forest Service personnel observe a truck loaded with tires, they follow it. Rarely, however, do they catch them dumping. "Tailing is just a way to prevent them from dumping," said McCormick. "As long as we stay with them, they'll just return to town."

McCormick said that three extra people are needed to work on this

problem if the tire dumpings are to be stopped. He said that the problem is magnified even more because of the vast road system in the forest. When one area is being watched, they find another area to dump at.

McCormick said that the situation has worsened over recent years due to the increased dumping fees for tires at the landfills. He said that

passenger tires are disposed of at prices starting around \$1 and that large truck tires can cost as much as \$30 per tire.

McCormick said that tire dealers, re-cappers, and gas stations, will often sell to haulers, who will charge them as little as 50 to 75 cents each for hauling away their tires.

"In one situation," said McCor-

mick, "we had a couple of enterprising young fellows who went to a re-cap factory and picked up a load. They charged them \$3 a tire and dumped it in the National Forest instead of disposing it in a landfill."

McCormick said that local re-cappers have been cooperative in his office's investigation, "because they don't need this type of publicity."

He said that the Forest Service "already have identified a number of people who are dumping but haven't moved against them because of the current problems with firewood thieves," which has taken priority.

McCormick said that the Forest Service would proceed actively with prosecution but added that the cost of prosecuting and the priority that the U.S. Attorney gives these cases will be the determining factor as to what will happen.

It is estimated that the Mt. Hood National Forest Service will spend about \$8,000 to clean up the tire dumps that it currently is aware of. If the dumps are not cleaned up, future logging operations in the area could be affected, especially with the steel belted tires.

"The tires may eventually breakdown, but the steel radials will be there forever," said McCormick. "It will become a tangle-some mess. If you hold a timber sale in the area, it will get caught up in the logging equipment and shut the operation down."

Hoodland Chamber speaker to discuss new legislation



Tom Donaca

"Unity Yields Profits," or what happens when the business community unites to deal with government, is the subject of the presentation to be made by Thomas C. (Tom) Donaca, general counsel for Associated Oregon Industries, before the Hoodland Chamber of Commerce Nov. 17 at 11:30 at the Red Lion at Bowman's.

Donaca will review activities of the record-long regular session of the 61st Oregon Legislative Assembly as they affect business, citing specific examples in a number of subject areas affecting the state's economic vitality.

He also outlines an action program for future relations between business and government, stressing the roles of individuals and groups in the process that creates laws and regulations.

Rhododendron veteran has no regrets about army career

by SCOTT NEWTON

Jack Baker of Rhododendron remembers Armistice Day in 1944.

The IV Armored Corps was crossing the Moselle River in eastern France, and had been eating hard rations since the Normandy Invasion, or for about five months, when a shipment of green onions arrived.

"We had bakeries with us," Baker said. "So we sat down and had onion sandwiches, with artillery shells going over our heads."

"That's one Armistice Day I won't forget."

He also remembers the first Armistice Day, having been eight when World War I was over. The announcement was made a few days early, with the church bells ringing and whistles blowing.

"The word got out early, and it was a mistake," Baker pointed out. "People got all excited. But, I guess when you get that close a day or two doesn't make too much difference."

"Then they came along on the 11th of November and announced that the

firing would stop at 11 o'clock in the morning and so forth. So, everybody celebrated again."

The celebrating was pretty subdued, though, as a flu epidemic had closed schools, among other things.

Baker remembers the lists of the dead from the epidemic being published in the newspapers right along with the lists of the dead from the war.

Veterans Day is not a particularly special day for Baker and his wife, Beth, although his 30 years in the army have been far from uneventful.

Thirty-four moves from the time they were married they finally landed in Rhododendron, in a comfortable house by a stream, where they've lived since 1968.

All in all, it added up," Baker said about all their moving. "In the army they say three moves equals one fire (as far as losing possessions)."

Baker, who worked at the U.S. Bank of Portland in 1931, was a reserve commissioned officer in the cavalry. He served in this capacity

because he felt it was his civic duty.

In 1941, before the bombing of Pearl Harbor, he was placed on active duty, where he served in the IV Armored Division, and was later transferred to the IV Armored Corps, which was changed to the XX Corps in 1943.

It was there, as a staff officer (he retired a colonel), that he met General George Patton.

"I wasn't one of his buddies," Baker said. "He was in and out of our headquarters. I was in and out of his."

"I'd see him often, when we were going to and from the front we'd pass each other, and naturally, salute. But we never engaged in any long, deep conversations or anything like that."

"I'll never forget the first time I saw him. It was in England. We had just arrived and were getting our headquarters established, and I got called to go into the war room. I went in, they had the section chiefs in there, and I signed in, and I turned around and here's this tall, magnificently-dressed man, built like this."

He made a "V" with his hands. He had broad shoulders, narrow hips, wore riding boots that glistened, and wore a short jacket.

"I knew right away who he was," Baker said. He was introduced, and noticed diamonds on his fingers.

He was quite flamboyant, Mrs. Baker pointed out.

"Anybody can be as flamboyant as he wants as long as he can back it up," Mr. Baker said, laughing.

"Then, he started to talk in a high, squeaky voice. He didn't have a commanding voice," Baker continued.

"But he hadn't uttered but about three sentences and he had the attention of everybody. We forgot what his voice sounded like."

"The first thing he said was, 'All right now, you gentlemen, I'm commanding the Third Army and you are part of that army.'"

"And he says, 'That's the damn secret. Let the first ones to find out about it be the God damn Germans, and they'll rise up in their foxholes and say, 'There's that son-of-a-bitch Patton and his God damn Third Army again.'"

"When he took off like that he had everybody's attention from that point on."

"His speeches were quite colorful, and he didn't care who was there, nurses or anybody else, he just let 'er go."

Baker felt the movie about Patton was fairly accurate. "He felt so strongly about the military profession, and he read so extensively, that he might have read himself right into the act," Baker said about the Normandy invasion.

Someone on Patton's staff told Baker that Patton carried a book with him to Normandy about early British and French battles there.

"He said, 'Well, those roads are still there. The terrain hasn't changed.' So he was studying that, even though it was ancient history."

Baker's acquaintance with Patton wasn't his only brush with history.

He was also in St. Martin, Austria, where World War II ended, and where the Americans found themselves guardians of the lipizzan horses, which had been trained at the Riding School in Vienna for 225 years. The Spanish Riding School is the oldest equestrian school in the

world. The lipizzans are the lone surviving descendants of a proud race of Spanish horses.

"The Spanish Riding School was concentrated right there, right in our headquarters."

"I didn't realize we'd hit the Spanish Riding School. We moved in there, I think it was in the afternoon, in St. Martin, and the next day I was coming out of the mess hall, which incidentally was a beer hall that we converted to a mess, and I went around the corner and looked up and here was this magnificent white horse."

"On his back was sitting this figure, very erect, shiny jack boots, emaculate white trousers, a dark jacket and this side-wise hat."

"I couldn't believe my eyes."

Both Baker and his wife marveled at what beautiful animals the horses are.

"They put out instructions that those horses, and the men taking care of them and so forth, were not to be fooled with in any way, shape or form. They were to be left strictly alone."

In letters home, Baker was not allowed to let on to where he was at, but he did get one clue by the censors.

They had both read "Imperial Twilight," a book by Bertita Harting about the fall of the Hapsburg regime in Austria, and the Spanish Riding School. So when Baker wrote back from St. Martin he told Beth that her "favorite horses are grazing on the hillside outside of headquarters."

Baker's responsibility as a staff officer was to keep in contact with the troops, making sure they were doing what they were supposed to be doing, as well as finding out what they needed and getting it for them. Personal contact was necessary as radio messages could be intercepted.

"It was a good job in that I could go just as far forward as I wanted at any time, and could turn around and come back at any time."

"That was very nice, and I was always lucky. I arrived just after something happened or left just before it happened. Not meaning too, but it just worked out that way."

"I was able to see quite a bit, and get a much broader view than most people do, because they were way out front. We usually had about three divisions abreast, and I was moving back and forth. One day checking one unit, one day another."

"And of course we had situation maps back at headquarters. We could see exactly what was happening. It got a little hairy sometimes."

After the war Baker was one of 1,000 senior officers designated as logisticians.

Mrs. Baker likens that to "being a walking computer."

Logisticians were responsible for computing all requirements necessary to complete any certain military action. That included troops, food, gasoline and medical supplies.

"If you were short something, you'd never hear the end of it," Baker said, admitting it was a "tremendous responsibility."

Baker had left the service in January of 1946, but was offered a commission in the regular army as an officer, and took it.

He went to Washington D.C., where he was deputy budget and fiscal officer for the quartermaster general.

"We handled about \$2 billion a year. Two billion dollars was quite a bit of money in those days," he said.

"That was interesting. We had to appear before congressional committees, and had to formulate and defend the budget. Once the budget was approved it was our responsibility to allocate the funds for the functions for which they were appropriated."

"Very exacting duty," he said. "I had a lot of lost weekends, believe me."

"Some people liked it," Baker said about Washington, "but most of us considered it the least desirable duty we could have."

Mrs. Baker found it "a fascinating city."

"The women all liked it," he said. "The women think it's great."

Mrs. Baker pointed out that there are a lot of things to see, such as museums.

The Bakers left Washington for Hawaii, where Baker was group commander. The National Cemetery opened during the time he was in command. It was located in the Punch Bowl, an extinct volcanic crater overlooking the city of Honolulu. There was some controversy about building the cemetery there, as pagen rights allegedly had once been practiced in the Punch Bowl.

Easters and Memorials Days were quite hectic for Baker because of the activities held at the cemetery. He reports that the school children would make leis on Memorial Days, and that there would be two or three of them on each of the 12,000 to 13,000 graves. "It made it very colorful, and fragrant," he said.

"It was a very pleasant tour over there, naturally. You feel a little rock-happy though, because it's confining."

"You go out for a drive, and you go 125 miles, and you're on your second lap."

"Fortunately, we were over there before the great building boom took place."

After the tour in Hawaii Baker went to the War College in Carlisle, Penn. The Carlisle Barracks date back to before the Revolutionary War. The War College lists among its graduates people like General John Pershing, President Dwight Eisenhower and General Omar Bradley.

"I didn't do quite as well as they did," Baker joked.

The War College was once an Indian School, and Jim Thorpe is the Carlisle town hero.

Baker said that he feels very fortunate to have been selected to go, and added, "It was about the most pleasant year I had in the army, to tell the truth."

After War College it was back to Washington, D.C. This time Baker served as deputy chief of the army foreign aid division.

He points out that it is the state department that decides which country gets what. It was their job to make sure that each country got what it had coming.

By turning over equipment to other countries, the United States Army received compensation, and thus was able to update its equipment.

Still, Baker viewed the job with mixed emotions. "We gave a lot of equipment to countries that were not capable of handling it. They didn't know what a magneto, or a car-

buretor, was. They didn't even understand batteries very well. They knew about putting gasoline in the tank. If the battery ran down they'd wonder why. They didn't know enough to put water in them."

He said that, being that many of the countries that received equipment didn't have manpower with the experience to even do basic repairs, one can imagine how poorly maintained much of that equipment was.

After four years in Washington, Baker was transferred to Fort Richardson, which is about eight miles outside of Anchorage, Alaska.

His duties called for him to travel over much of the state. A petroleum pipeline, which has since been sold by the General Services Administration, was considered essential to the defense of Alaska.

"I learned more about pipelines than I thought I'd ever have to know," Baker said.

"We liked the winters quite well," Baker said. "The summers were something else." The mosquitos, the rainy early summer weather, and the fact that it was hard to sleep when the sun shone all day, were a few of the drawbacks to living in Alaska.

"In the wintertime, unless it was actually snowing, the weather was very good. The days were a little short. It might not get light until 10:30, and it started to get dark about 1:30, but other than that it was all right."

"But you could see. Especially if the moon was shining. If it was clear, you could see for miles at night."

The Bakers have one son, Dwight, who now manages three stores that sell fireplaces and accessories. He lives in Olympia.

He took flight training his senior year, through ROTC, at the University of Arizona.

In the service he was eventually promoted to captain, and was made a flight instructor, "but he had no desire to stay in," Baker said.

"He said it'd changed too much. And, he was quite disgusted with a lot of the things that happened in Korea."

"He was up on the DMZ (demilitarized zone), and was supposed to be in direct support of the DMZ, and they had an alert. It's estimated it'd take the enemy 20 minutes to get there, and he said they weren't ready to go for two hours."

"He was fed up. He didn't go for that at all," Baker said.

Baker feels the drug problem has affected the different branches of the service, and added, "The intelligence level of the troops is nothing like it has been in the past. I don't think that'll be corrected till we once more go to the draft."

He feels a good cross section is needed, and said that that had much to do with the success the United States had in World War II.

"Eventually the best troops (in the German army) got all chewed up and Hitler didn't have much left. Along towards the end of the war we were picking up old men and 14-year-old boys. They were very happy to quit. I don't blame them."

Times have changed the army in the past 30 to 40 years, but Baker doesn't seem to have any regrets. About his decision to make the army a career, Baker said, "I've never been too sorry about it. We had a pretty good life."

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Jack and Beth Baker