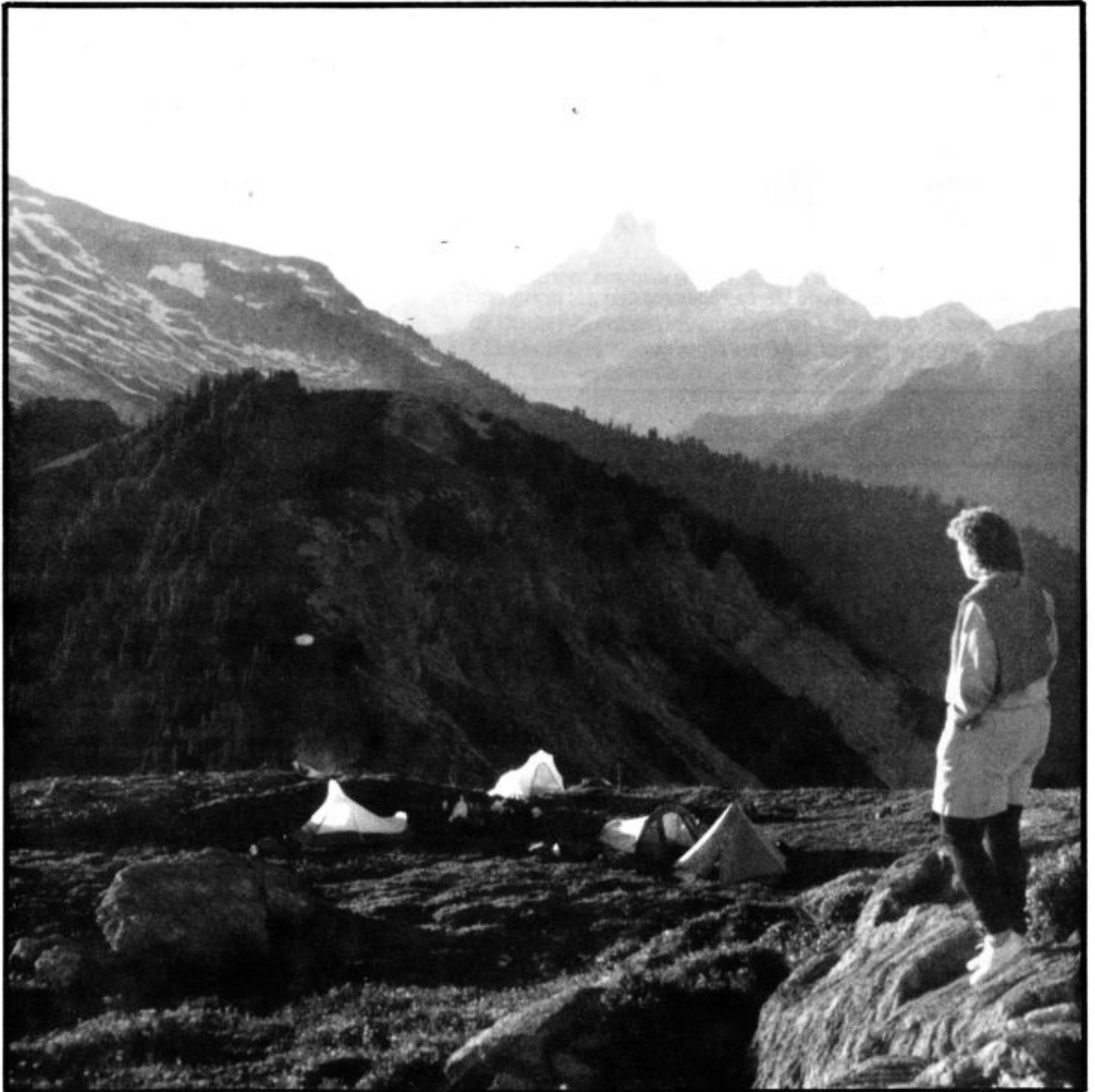


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The summit of Saint Helens.

Linda Rostad

SUBMISSIONS:

GENERAL: Readers are invited to submit material for publication; we accept these submissions as contributions—if payment is requested it will be a modest amount. Put your name on EVERYTHING. If you want your work returned, please include return postage. We cannot guarantee against damage to or loss of material submitted, but we take great care in handling all submissions. Please don't be offended if we can't use your stories or photos.

RANDOM VIEW: What catches your camera's eye? Send us a favorite backcountry snapshot—color print, transparency, or black-and-white.

BACKCOUNTRY NEWS: See information on page 5.

FEATURE ARTICLES: 400 to 1500 words. Typed-and-double-spaced is a nice touch, but not required. Space is limited; we reserve the right to cut. Want to write but need some guidance? We'll send our Writers' Guidelines; just ask.

PANORAMA: 100 to 300 words. We welcome all sorts of backcountry news. Send us newspaper clippings, club bulletins, or a paragraph about an important issue.

REST STOP: 100 to 300 words. Send us recipes, do-it-yourself projects for making or modifying gear, minimum impact techniques, safety tips, equipment reviews, etc.

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COVER PHOTO:

Enjoying the sunset from Hannegan Peak, in the Mount Baker Wilderness, Washington. Photo by Karen Sykes.

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LETTERS to the EDITOR

SPARE THAT PHRASE

While reading the July Pack & Paddle I heard a strange chopping noise. It was subtle, and I almost didn't notice it, but it was there now and again: chop ... chop.

I imagined that I was in a forest and trees were being felled with an axe, so I thought, "Woodsmen, spare that tree."

But I read the editor's page and I understood the sound. Now I must think, "Editor, spare that phrase!"

Dave Beedon
Renton, Washington

We hope you've noticed that this issue of Pack & Paddle is a whopping 32 pages—25% bigger than previous issues. This is a temporary increase to allow us to bring you more reports, photos, and articles during the hiking season, without hearing that chopping noise quite as much.—AM

THANK YOU, WILMA

I want to say "thank you" to Wilma from Sequim for writing her trowel story (*July, page 24*).

I am the buyer for all hiking and camping equipment for Olympic Sports stores. It is gratifying to know we are fulfilling your needs at our stores.

Nancy South
Olympic Sports, Lynnwood

MEMORIES OF OZETTE

A comment about your write-up on Lake Ozette (*July, page 6*):

You wrote "... afternoon breeze came up about 10 o'clock and we finished the last 2 miles paddling into a stiff wind." This takes my memory back to a weekend about 1960 when a friend and I went to Lake Ozette. We arrived at the lake about noon.

After putting in we literally sailed (put up the paddles with poncho attached) down the lake in that afternoon breeze. Actually, we went only part-way down and turned into Ericksons Bay to camp at the top of the bay. Nothing official in campsites then.

Second day we went to the Allens Bay trailhead and hiked to Norwegian Memorial and back. Paddling back to our Ericksons Bay campsite was work, but that was not the whole story.

The third day we paddled in the morning way down the lake just to explore. Forgetting about the afternoon wind, we ate lunch near Boot Bay, I think, then turned up to return to the car.

It was almost impossible, and after we had fought our way up the east side of the lake and into Deer Bay we locked the canoe to a tree and walked back on the road carrying the paddles with us. We must have hoped no one would steal our gear. There wasn't as much stealing of stuff in those days.

What we knew was that we could not paddle that last stretch into that wind!

Paula Hyatt
Salem, Oregon

MOUNTAIN BIKES IN OLYMPIC NATIONAL PARK

I have mixed feelings about allowing mountain bikes on National Park trails (see *Panorama, page 30* this issue).

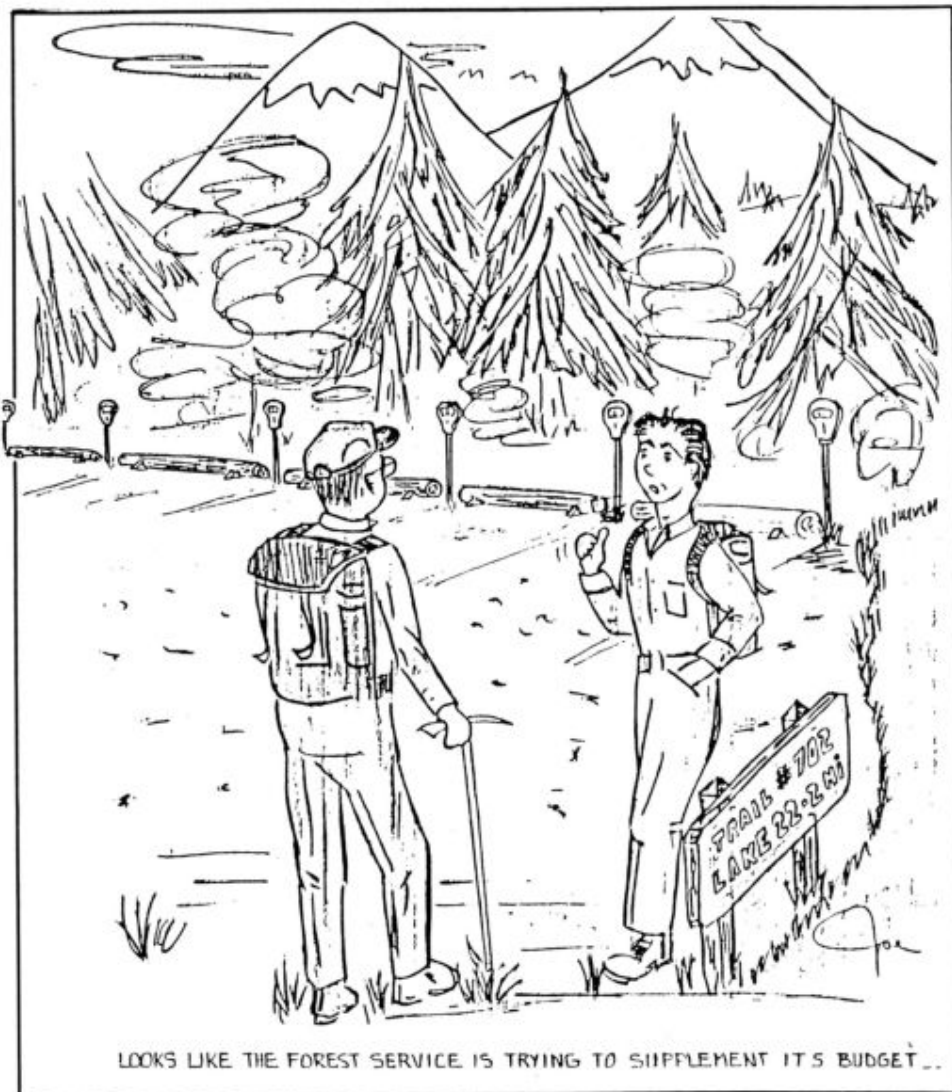
We have mountain bikes and enjoy them mostly on logging roads. If there's a place in Olympic National Park for a bike trail, I guess Spruce Railroad is a good choice.

Mostly, I worry that now a precedent has been set. What will be the next trail approved for mountain bikes?

I hope the National Park Service is careful in what they do.

Fred
Sequim, Washington

Send your letters to the editor to:
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LOOKS LIKE THE FOREST SERVICE IS TRYING TO SUPPLEMENT ITS BUDGET...





BACKCOUNTRY NEWS

INTRODUCTION

See General Comments under Submissions on page 3. All readers are encouraged to contribute to Backcountry News. Information that is particularly helpful includes: distance & elevation gain, condition of trail or route, hazards such as tidal currents, rockfall, avalanche danger, washouts, bees' nests, etc, and pleasant or fun things you encountered.

Space is limited; we may have to cut your report to fit available space. Typing is not necessary; we can read just about anyone's handwriting. We're interested in ALL trips, easy and hard, ordinary and exotic.

The following symbols will be used to categorize trips. Let us know if you find this helpful.

-  —climbing, scrambling, mountaineering, off-trail and cross-country travel
-  —hiking, backpacking on trails
-  —canoeing, kayaking, and water trips
-  —snowshoeing and cross-country skiing



PENINSULA

UPPER MAYNARD BURN TR

(Olympic Natl Park; USGS Tyler Peak)—This is a very steep trail that supposedly follows an old bulldozer path made for a fire break. You have to follow the now-closed Forest Service road about 1 3/4 miles to the trailhead, or a path that goes up the hillside. We chose the road both up and back as the path looked not worth the effort.

The trail begins at a preposterously steep rate, but lessens to merely ridiculous after 1/4-mile or so. We almost always use walking sticks, and highly recommend one on this trail. A "third leg" can come in mighty handy here.

Among the many things we like about this trail is the fact the upper slopes have two different kinds of pines growing together, something we don't see very often in the Olympics.

After about 1 1/4 mile the steepness lessens somewhat, and the trail enters the open slopes below Baldy. The flower show was in full force, and visibility was excellent. The trail ends

on a ridge coming down from the false summit of Baldy, and it's easy to follow the ridge line to the summit.

Today we stopped on the false summit to enjoy the views. With our binoculars, we thought we saw people on the summit of Mount Townsend. We also saw a white paintbrush. —Fred and Wilma, Sequim, 6/27.

HAPPY LAKE RIDGE

(Olympic Natl Park; USGS

Mt. Carrie, Lk. Sutherland, Lk. Crescent)—This trip requires some road-walking to make it into a loop trail, but we found this a minor inconvenience for how rewarding the hike is.

The trailhead for the Happy Lake end of the trail is about 1 1/2 miles before the end of the road to Olympic Hot Springs, off the Elwha Road. Though the trail gains 3700 feet in 4 1/2 miles, it is not unduly steep, and the tread is nice and smooth, making a fairly easy climb.

We were soon rewarded with views of Mount Carrie and its large glaciers. More peaks became visible as we climbed, including Mount Olympus, but the clouds started to move in on what started out as a cloudless sky.

We gained the ridgetop, the forest thinned, and we entered beautiful flower fields where the show was in full display. We were in a hurry to do the complete loop so we by-passed the .5-mile trail to Happy Lake this time. We dropped some to Crystal Ridge, with clouds becoming thick and gray.

We dropped quickly to Boulder Lake, where it started to rain hard, and encountered lots of people. Past the Boulder Campground near Olympic Hot Springs, the "trail" follows the old closed road for 2.2 miles. We saw more than 20 people hiking in

toward the Hot Springs in what was now a downpour, and 53 cars at the trailhead.

We continued 1 1/2 miles down the road to our car, where we encountered the only person we saw on the trail before we got to Boulder Lake. She was hiking this same loop in the opposite direction. A great hike of 17 miles and 4000+ feet. —Fred and Wilma, Sequim, 7/4.

CAPE ALAVA (Olympic Natl Park; USGS Ozette)

The trip to Cape Alava was wonderful once we were there and rather dreadful getting there.

On the up side, the sun was warm, water rather warm, wildlife interesting. We had no raccoon trouble although they certainly tried to get to the food. A large pretzel can fit nicely into the middle pocket of my pack, weighed next to nothing, and at camp we stored our food in it. The lid was very snug and the raccoons could not get into it. We also hung some things and had no trouble, but we heard that some raccoons do climb the hanging ropes now. Deer abound, from very young fawns on up.

For the down side of the trip, we had read that much of the trail had been and is being replaced, but had not read that the new trail has hundreds of steps compared to the easy, contoured boardwalk of old.

For those of us who have trouble with steps or just detest them in general it is no longer an easy, pleasant hike. I had fallen before we set out and hurt my knee. Couldn't do the steps with that leg at all well and the other leg was trembling badly by the time we finished.

Do hope the Sand Point trail will

BACKCOUNTRY NEWS

DEADLINE: August 25

Send in your trail reports by this date for the next issue. (Deadlines for other departments are earlier; check with us for details.)

BACKCOUNTRY NEWS

not be ruined for those less able to handle steps and more difficult trails. A very lovely, easy hike has now been made impossible for many people and very difficult for others.

I did a rough count of 300 steps with the work a long way from finished. That, folks, at 150 up and 150 down, is equivalent to climbing a 10-story building!—Virginia Ahron, Kirkland, 6/23.

Pack & Paddle asked Olympic National Park to comment on this:

"... Without the boardwalk, visitors would probably be hiking in mud up to their knees during the very wet winter and spring months. Although hiking the boardwalk is undoubtedly safer than sliding through the mud, the board are quite slick when wet or frosty.

"Through visitors' comments, personal experience, and accident records, we have found that the boardwalk is particularly slippery where the trail tread has been built on a slant. We have also found stair steps to be much safer. As new boardwalk is constructed to replace the old (a never-ending process), our Park trail crew has substituted stair steps for those few sections where the tread is slanted.

"Although hiking the stair steps may require a little more effort, most visitors seem to appreciate the added safety of the stairs when the boards are wet. Since most of the slanted boardwalk stretches have been replaced, I don't foresee many additional steps being constructed on either trail.

"We recommend that visitors wear soft-soled shoes such as sneakers, running shoes or boat shoes when hiking the wet boardwalk trails. The softer the sole, the better. The hard vibram soles found on most hiking boots are very slick on the boards. I personally use Brooks Chariot running shoes (size 14) with wool socks. I can almost walk on water with these!

Kevin MacCartney
Ozette Subdistrict Ranger"

MARMOT PASS (*Buckhorn Wilderness; USGS Mount Townsend, Mount Deception*)—Jan Pierson joined Bill and me for a hike to Marmot Pass on the one day of the July 4th weekend it did not rain. Were we lucky! It was nice and cool, making even "Poop Out Drag" feel not too difficult on the way up.

The wildflowers along the rocky scree of Poop Out Drag and above the upper camp were fantastic. We also saw quite a few marmots above the upper camp and heard their whistles on the entire last ¼-mile.

At the top we had fantastic views of the spectacular surrounding snow-

SEASONAL HAZARDS

AUGUST and SEPTEMBER—Biting flies and yellowjackets are active in August. Flies taper off in September, but yellow jackets can be fierce.

Fire danger extremely high. Don't build fires; use a stove.

Creeks dry. Glaciers broken up.

Lightning strikes along exposed ridgelines during storms. Heat-related illnesses and injuries. Carry plenty of water.

In September, be prepared for winter storms.

covered peaks. The hike to Marmot Pass gains 3400 feet and is 10½-miles round trip.—Jane Habegger, Olympia, 7/3.

LILLIAN RIVER (*Olympic Natl Park; USGS Mt Angeles, Hurricane Hill*)—This sounded like a good trail to explore since the doctor said to take it easy on steep downhill for awhile.

We cruised up the Elwha trail about 5 miles, then turned east on the Lillian trail. It climbed far above the river, then dropped abruptly—and steeply—to a pretty riverside camp in old growth forest.

We had the 1944 USGS quad with us, which shows the trail continuing up the Lillian about 2 more miles. Unfortunately we were not able to follow it very far. The old trail has pretty much disappeared into the river. All we found were brief glimpses of tread, a few cut logs, and an old campsite. Mostly it was a terrible hash of brambles, downed trees, and trackless forest. It was an interesting



exploration, however, and is a good destination for deep-forest solitude in the busy Elwha drainage.—Ann Marshall, 6/27-28.

LAKE OZETTE (*Olympic Natl Park; USGS Allens Bay, Ozette*)—The Swan Bay put-in is about 5 hours from Seattle, including the ferry ride to Bainbridge Island. The cut-off is about 4 miles before the ranger station and Cape Alava trailhead.

I loaded my kayak and paddled south into a stiff breeze. The skies were grey but no rain (yet).

I rested out of the wind amid the lily pads behind Garden Island before paddling the last 2½ miles south to Tivoli Island. I set up camp on the sandy beach on the northeast corner of the island.

I woke sometime during the night to the sound of rain on my tent, and it was still raining hard in the morning.

I had intended to spend two nights there but decided to get out of the rain since it didn't look like it would be letting up. I packed up and headed north with a strong wind behind me. The following "seas" made for lively paddling. The waves were surprisingly large for a lake.

I saw a deer watching me from the eastern shore. There had also been deer tracks on Tivoli. A sign at the Swan Bay put-in says that a cougar was spotted there recently.—Tim Davenport, Bellevue, 6/28-29.

MILDRED LAKES (*Mt Skokomish Wilderness; USGS Mt Skokomish*)—This trail can be broken into two sections: the good half and the lousy half.

The good half ends just past the creek crossing and camps. Up to that area the trail is fairly well packed in with general maintenance done. There are a few spots where you need to go slow and look for flagging.

The lousy half starts with several huge trees criss-crossed over the trail, and continues with a climb up a root staircase to the ridge. The old log that spans the ravine is posted with a warning about its being rotten.

Finally reaching the ridge was a relief. The first Mildred Lake is just visible and the view of Sawtooth Ridge is very good. There are 17 campsites around the three lakes and most summer weekends they are all full.

We survived the electrical storm that weekend. The light rain that accompanied it made all the trail snakes (roots) slick. This is not a trail for everyone!—SB, Silverdale, 6/26-28.

BACKCOUNTRY NEWS

BOULDER LAKE/HAPPY LAKE LOOP (*Olympic National Park; USGS Mount Carrie, Lk Sutherland*)—Dropped my car off at the Happy Lake trailhead, then Gary and I walked the 1+ mile to the Boulder Hot Springs trailhead and continued up to Boulder Lake. The trail was in excellent condition.

Early the next morning we headed up to the ridge. At this time, all north-facing slopes were still snow-bound; good to have an ice axe along. It was a long day to reach Happy Lake and we chose to move farther down the ridge to camp. We could have made it out that night, which—in hindsight—would have been smart.

When we reached my car the next morning, it and two others had been broken into, windows smashed. The Rangers had checked the cars at 11:30pm and all was fine. Seems two weeks prior there was a break-in at Whiskey Bend.

There was nothing in my car to take, but one of the other cars lost a lot of stereo equipment.

After so many years, I knew my time was coming. A horrible attitude to have, I know, but in the society we live in today even a car with nothing to steal is a potential victim.—SB, Silverdale, 5/23-25.

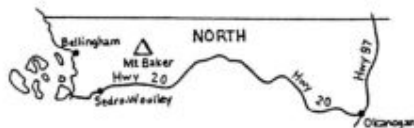
FLAPJACK LAKES—*Bear problems.* Hang your food and cook away from sleeping area. Overnight stays must be reserved. Call 206-877-5569.—Ranger, 7/16.

NORTH FORK SKOKOMISH—Camp Pleasant reopened for camping. Big Log and Seven Stream camps closed temporarily due to bear activity.—Ranger, 7/16.

SHI SHI BEACH—*No access from the Neah Bay side until legal difficulties are over and trail improvements are made.*

The logging roads that used to provide (illegal) access north of Ozette are now gated and locked.

NORTH



SUCIA ISLAND (*State Parks; NOAA 18431*)—My brother David and I loaded our kayaks at the North Beach put-in on Orcas Island. We donned wetsuits and paddled north with a strong breeze at our backs. The following seas made it

SEASONAL HIGHLIGHTS

AUGUST—The best of the summer meteor showers, the Perseid, will be visible the entire second week of August. At its height, you'll be able to see 50 to 100 meteors per hour.

Blueberries and huckleberries are ripe.

SEPTEMBER—Frost in the high country should start to do in pesky insects. Crowds fade. Starting mid-month, larches start turning gold, peaking in early October.

hard work to stay on course and avoid capsizing as the boats have a tendency to yaw.

We landed on a rocky shelf on the south side of Sucia for a rest. We decided to paddle around the west and north sides of the island to Ewing Cove to look for a campsite.

The paddling was enjoyable out of the wind on the north side of the island. We spotted a bald eagle sitting in a tree at the top of the cliffs. There are numerous isolated inlets and caves along the north shore.

We rounded the corner to find Ewing Cove abandoned except for a few sailboats tied off-shore. We found a nice campsite in a thicket at the back of the cove. There are three official campsites at Ewing, with picnic tables, fire grates and an outhouse. Great views of the wild trees and rock formations that exist in the San Juans.

The next day we hiked to Shallow Bay at the west end of the island to look for water. Two wells on Sucia provide water until they dry up in mid- to late-summer (according to the guidebooks). The one at Shallow Bay was still flowing, but it's a good idea to take your own water just in case.

The wind blew hard all during our second day and we were concerned about making the crossing back to Orcas on the third day. We awoke to calm at 5am and decided to pack up and get out while the wind cooperated.

We completed our circumnavigation of Sucia by crossing the open end of the horseshoe-shaped island, then proceeded to North Beach at Orcas.

We were back at my truck by 7:30am.

Tips: It takes about 45 minutes of paddling to get from Orcas to the nearest point on Sucia; another half-hour to Ewing Cove. It's a good idea to calculate the currents ahead of time and get a forecast on the winds (I took

a small radio to listen to the weather). Don't plan anything right after a trip to these islands so you can stay over to wait for better weather for the crossing.

Finally, the guidebooks say that parking is not allowed at North Beach, but there are no signs and I've parked there overnight twice without any problem.—Tim Davenport, Bellevue, 7/12-14.

LITTLE JACK MOUNTAIN

(*Pasayten Wilderness; USGS Crater Mtn, Jack Mtn*)—This trip is 19 miles, but definitely worth doing on a clear day. The view is superior to that from Sourdough Mountain, which is just across Ross Lake. I don't think there is much more effort expended on this trip than on Sourdough because the trail isn't as steep.

I began at the Panther Creek trailhead on Highway 20, crossing Ruby Creek and heading west for 2½ miles to a signed junction. It is then 6 miles at a steady grade to Little Jack camp, with views beginning at about 1 mile and getting better with every step.

From the camp I found a way-trail heading northwest. The trail disappears in ½-mile, but is no longer needed. A ptarmigan family had taken up residence at the top, where the view awaits you. A great place for solitude; I saw no one all day, but could hear the occasional unmuffled motorcycle on Highway 20, 5000 feet below me.—John Walenta, Seattle, 6/19.

GRASSHOPPER PASS

(*Okanogan Nail Forest; USGS Slate Peak*)—This beautiful stretch of the Pacific Crest Trail, off Harts Pass in the upper Methow River area, provides sweeping unobstructed views of snow-covered peaks in the North Cascades.

Downs Miller joined Bill and me for this day-hike. The trail climbs immediately above treeline and consists of a ridge-walk through meadows filled with wildflowers and views of new peaks around each corner.

The hike is 11 miles round trip and with a very gentle grade gains 1000 feet in and 1000 feet out.—Jane Habegger, Olympia, 7/11.

TIFFANY MOUNTAIN

(*Okanogan Nail Forest; USGS Tiffany Mountain*)—We watched an old bomber drop fire retardant in billowing pink clouds on a nearby forest fire.

On the summit a thunder and hail storm broke loose and we ran down

BACKCOUNTRY NEWS

the mountain to take shelter in a patch of trees!—Goldie Silverman, Seattle, 6/27.

HORSESHOE BASIN

(Pasayten Wilderness; USGS Horseshoe Basin)—Ify weather sent us to this extreme northeast corner of the Washington Cascades. Drove from Loomis on the excellent Toats Coulee road to Iron Gate. Took the Iron Gate road the 7 rough-but-not-too-bad miles to the trailhead.

Started hiking at 4pm, the latest we have ever headed up a trail! It was only 4 miles to camp, however, and they were some of the easiest miles we've ever hiked. Were in a nice campsite and set up by 6:30. Hiked up part of Horseshoe Mountain that first night to get a look at the landscape. *Wow!* Meadows that go up and over 8000-foot peaks and on into next week! They were also chock full of blooming flowers and large ground squirrels my son informs me are rockchucks. Also saw three badgers the first night.

Saturday we started our big circle of the area by climbing Pick Peak, a gentle flower walk to spectacular views. Then down into a basin and up

Windy Peak trail a ways. Soaked our boots in a marsh backtracking cross-country through Horseshoe Basin to near Loudon Lake.

Walked up Rock Mountain above Loudon Lake, then lunched at the lake. Hiked part way up the hill north of the lake and stumbled onto a well-worn trail heading northwest. Followed it ... to Canada (about a mile to the border)! Sat on a high ridge ogling views far and wide.

The weather west of our valley looked awful! Angry dark clouds and sheets of rain. Haig Peak kept them from Horseshoe Basin.

Finally, reluctantly, we retreated, following the trail through the Basin to Horseshoe Pass, wandering to Smith Lake on the way back. (No bugs.)

This place is definitely worth the long drive from the west side. Horseshoe Basin and surroundings have many, many lovely camps, plentiful water, easy trails. We have lots left to see here and will return—though probably not until next year as the flock of sheep is coming.

They're due by mid-July and will leave in September. They make a big loop, coming in on the Albert Camp trail, lingering in the Basin and Loudon Lake area, then leaving by

way of Windy Peak in mid-September.—Gail Roberts, Snohomish, 7/3-5.

NORTH CASCADES NATL

PARK—Conditions are at least a month ahead of those in an average year. Snow level is well over 6000 feet. Wildflowers are blooming and most high lakes are melted out.

Highway 20: at press time, a slide had closed the highway between Marblemount and Mazama. Check before you head up that way.

Big Beaver/Little Beaver trails: snowfree but some sections of brush on Little Beaver. Little Beaver ford is high.

Hannegan Pass is closed to camping for 1 mile on either side of the pass: bear problems.—Ranger, 7/12.

HARTS PASS ROAD—The road to Harts Pass and Slate Peak is now open. This road is the highest point you can drive to in the state.

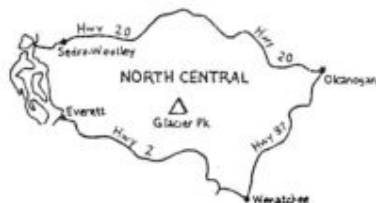
Beginning within 5 miles of Harts Pass, the meadows are covered with wildflowers. The road is rock-surfaced, passable by passenger cars but closed to all trailers.—Ranger, 7/8.



Lounging at camp on the north side of Mount Baker.

BACKCOUNTRY NEWS

NORTH CENTRAL



HOPE ISLAND (*State Park; NOAA 18427*)—Ignoring threatening Seattle skies, Melanie and I drove to Coronet Bay boat launch on Whidbey Island. You'll find it just south and east of Deception Pass, the famous channel noted for its high tidal currents. In fact, this weekend was an extreme tide with tidal currents of 8 knots at maximum flow.

Mid-Saturday morning was about half-way to high tide, giving us a gravel beach to launch from. Weather changed to sunshine and puffy clouds by the time we cleared Hoypus Point so we decided to visit Skagit Island, also part of the Deception Pass park system. Then we headed to Hope Island.

All five campsites on Hope Island are clumped on the north shore, fronting a modest bay. We arrived at high tide and mounted a 6-foot bank using exposed tree roots. The extent of development consists of 5 picnic benches, 5 concrete-lined fire pits, and an outhouse recently torn apart by vandals. There is no water and only a crude path to a bluff overlooking the Sound to the south—well worth seeing.

We arrived at 2pm to find all sites taken. We found a spot to set our tent away from the madding crowds, with a view of the bay and Skagit Island. Our afternoon was consumed by circumscribing the island by land, an arduous task considering the downed trees and heavy salal.

We slept a bit too long for the tide and were forced to carry our kayaks and gear through the muck that once had been a bay. We found ourselves paddling against an almost-2-knot tidal current approaching Hoypus Point. Coronet Bay was mudflat for a third of its distance and at least 50 blue herons were enjoying the easy food while a black cormorant stood on a piling, hanging its wings out to sun.

Our landing spot by the boat ramps was now occupied by 16 kayaks from Northwest Outdoor Center which was leading maiden voyages of graduates of a kayak class. To those of you who read this and successfully made the crossing to Yokeko Point (opposite Hoypus Point) for lunch, I recommend our trip as a pleasant start to your overnight voyages. Just don't forget your tide table.—Darrell Scattergood & Melanie Edwards, Bellevue, 7/11-12.

MOUNT HIGGINS (*Baker-Snoqualmie Natl Forest; USGS Mount Higgins*)—The 100 Hikes guide gives the wrong milepost for finding the turn off Highway 530; it should say 38.

We didn't see, or search for, the official trailhead. Finding the start of the way-trail is confused by an unmentioned junction and a road closure. The new USGS map is very handy, even showing the way-trail. Just remember there is now a ½-mile road march to the start of the way-trail.

It was a hot, muggy, buggy, viewless hike; neither CAT nor I were impressed—until we reached the old lookout. An excellent viewpoint. Be certain to walk a few yards east of the lookout for a fine view of Mount Baker.—TG, Skyway, 6/25.

WALT BAILEY TRAIL (*DNR; USGS Mallardy Ridge*)—The trail is in excellent shape, brushed out with no blowdowns. Blueberries are *already* ripe! Stop at Verlot for information on finding the trailhead.—Gerry Erickson, Seattle, 7/18-19.

NORTH FORK SKYKOMISH, PASS CREEK (*Henry M. Jackson Wilderness; USGS Benchmark Mtn, Blanca Lk*)—We arrived at the trailhead in a downpour. But we put on our raingear and headed up the trail anyway. At 1½ miles is a junction where Pass Creek trail takes off from the North Skykomish. Since Nancy was hiking in on crutches, we decided to set up camp a short way down the Pass Creek trail at a site near the river.

While Nancy and Ann stayed in camp, Bettye, Linda and I spent the afternoon scouting the Pass Creek trail up to the junction with the PCT. Except for a couple of interesting river crossings, the trail was in good shape all the way up.

The next day we woke to a warm, partly sunny day. Ann, Linda, Bettye and I took day packs and headed up the North Fork Skykomish trail, with Nancy joining us for the first mile or so before returning to spend the day in camp.

The trail crew had not worked past the North Fork/Pass Creek junction. Brush nearly obscured parts of the trail. There were several large blowdowns, a tricky river crossing, and a huge washout to climb into and out of with the help of tree roots. But the trail took us through beautiful old forests, past a large, lacy waterfall, up into the high country.

We had lunch at a delightful spot about ½-mile down from Dishpan Gap. We decided that we would rather

go a few more miles on good trail (and see more, too!) than go back down the North Fork Skykomish. So we continued to Dishpan Gap and headed south on the PCT.

Marmots whistled to each other from rocky spots. The views were gorgeous, the weather was great, the air was fragrant with an abundance of meadow flowers. Springs crossed the trail here and there. Lake Sally Ann was unoccupied; meadow restoration here looks successful.

The PCT was good until Cady Pass, where we had to bushwhack around some bad blowdowns. From Cady Pass to Pass Creek the trail needs some work.

We then headed down the Pass Creek trail to finish our 16-mile loop. Back at camp we found that Gert had hiked in to join us and keep Nancy company.—Lindy Bakkar, Lynnwood, 7/10-12.

BENCHMARK MOUNTAIN (*Henry M. Jackson Wilderness, USGS Blanca Lk, Benchmark Mtn*)—I frequently do this outstanding hike in mid-June, and it is mostly a snow hike. This time JH and I saw only a few small snow patches—enough, however, to replenish our water supply on this record hot day.

The hike got off to a questionable start: after gaining 1000 feet I discovered my camera was still in the car. I left my pack, jogged back to the car, then walked back up the trail.

When I reached the spot I'd left my pack, both it and JH were gone. She



BACKCOUNTRY NEWS

had heroically shuttled both our packs another 500 or 600 feet higher. I say heroically because, with the camera gear which I hadn't forgotten, my pack weighed 35 pounds!

There are many flowers the entire trip. In particular, fields of heather were starting to bloom where the trail reaches the ridge. The entire 4 or 5 mile section along West Cady Ridge offered continuous views of flowers, green meadows, and snow-capped peaks. We were almost too late for the masses of glacier lilies we'd hoped to find; only a few patches near Benchmark were left.—TG, Skyway, 6/23.

HUBBART PEAK (*Baker-Snoqualmie Natl Forest; USGS Monte Cristo*)—This is a rugged peak that sees few ascents. In fact, judging from the evidence on the summit, ours was the first ascent in 17 years.

Route: Use the standard approach to Scott Peak by way of the southwest ridge (see Beckey). At 4500 feet or so, cross the boulder field and go over to the northwest ridge. At approximately 4650 feet on the north side of this ridge (directly above an obvious rock outcrop), locate a steep gully. Descend this gully for a couple of hundred feet until you can escape to the talus. Hubbard is now clearly visible in the distance.

No technical difficulties will be encountered in the traverse to the summit. There we found a collapsed cairn and in it a rusted Prince Albert tobacco can. Does this date back to Herman Ulrichs? Time: 7 hours.

Note: There is a shorter but steeper route. Hike the Silver Creek trail for a couple of miles to where it drops very close to the water. Several campsites are here. Cross the creek on logs, work left and up through the clearcut, ascend open forest to a headwall, climb it by way of gullies and broken rock (Class 3-4). The top is flat as a pancake and Hubbard is hands-in-the-pocket from here.—Garth Warner and Mark Owen, Carnation, 6/6.

NORTH FORK BRIDGE CREEK (*North Cascades National Park; USGS McGregor Mtn*)—I took the *Lady of the Lake II* from Chelan to Stehekin. The 2pm shuttle bus (\$3 one way; reservations required) got me to the Bridge Creek trailhead at 3:35.

I followed the well-maintained (zero blowdowns) Bridge Creek trail 3 miles to the North Fork cut-off. The North Fork trail (known as the Walker Park trail) is also well-maintained. The only challenge was the ford of Grizzly Creek.

It is fairly wide and swift. A sign

ALWAYS CARRY THE TEN ESSENTIALS

1. extra food
2. extra clothing
3. map
4. compass
5. knife
6. matches
7. fire starter
8. first aid kit
9. sun protection
10. flashlight

that says "footlog" points downstream, but I didn't see a log (perhaps I didn't go far enough). I was glad to have my hiking staff for support as I waded across.

I found a campsite in the trees on the other side of Grizzly Creek. The Park Service has set up food bag hanging ropes as there are quite a few bears in the area.

I saw a buck with velvety antlers as I packed up in the morning. I was on the trail early to catch the 11:20 shuttle bus from Bridge Creek back to Stehekin and the boat. I saw, and photographed, a small bear (sort of junior-high age, I'd say) near the trail on the way out.

One note of interest to backpackers: the folks who operate the *Lady of the Lake* say they can't allow fuel aboard (but no one actually checked). There is a little outdoor store in Stehekin that stocks all kinds of fuel and other outdoor gear.—Tim Davenport, Bellevue, 7/8-9.

BLUE LAKE (*Okanogan Natl Forest; USGS Slate Peak*)—Bill and I were looking for a short hike off the North Cascades Highway on our return to the west side after a weekend in the Methow Valley. This hike was perfect.

The trail is right off the highway, is 4 miles round trip and gains 1100 feet. It took us two hours to complete. The trailhead is well-marked on the highway and is about 2 miles west of Washington Pass.

The trail climbs moderately but steadily, coming to open stretches and views quite rapidly. Blue Lake is a pretty little alpine lake surrounded by snowy peaks.—Jane Habegger, Olympia, 7/12.

SUIATLE RIVER ROAD—Remains closed at 13 miles.—Ranger, 7/16.

PCT—Trail has many downed trees around Skykomish Peak. Three bridges in Glacier Peak Wilderness are in sad shape.

MOUNT PUGH—Road closed at Mountain Loop; 1 mile walk to trailhead. Trail okay as far as Stujack Pass, then some steep snow.—Ranger, 7/16.

EMERALD PARK—Trail 1230 is buried under trees.—Ranger, 7/14.

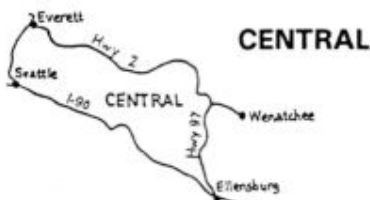
STEHEKIN—Reservations are required for the shuttle bus from Stehekin to Cottonwood. They can be made up to 30 days in advance by writing: National Park Service, PO Box 7, Stehekin WA 98852. Include your name, number in your party, date and time you wish to travel, and where you want to get on and off.

Reservations can also be made by contacting a ranger while you are at Stehekin or Marblemount. One-way regular fare is \$3 (over 62, \$1.50). The shuttle runs once in the morning, once in the afternoon, daily until 10/15.

For boat schedule and fare, call 509-682-2224.—Ranger, 7/12.

LAKE WENATCHEE DIST—509-763-3103. The Chiwawa, White River and Little Wenatchee roads are all open to their ends. Smithbrook/Rainy Creek road is open all the way through. Watch for loaded log trucks on the Little Wenatchee and Rainy Creek roads.

Most trails have been cleared of downed trees, but the trail crew has not worked on all of them yet. If trees on the trail will ruin your trip, check with the Ranger Station for current conditions.—Ranger, 7/14.



CHIMNEY ROCK (*Alpine Lks Wilderness; USGS Polalie Ridge, Chikamin Pk, Big Snow Mtn*)—This was a wonderful, semi-isolated climb that ended up being a little more than we had expected.

We took the Pete Lake trail to the PCT short-cut, then the PCT to where it climbs out of the East Fork Chim-

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ney Creek valley. Massive blowdown in the valley and flooded creek were the only trail problems.

Crashed brush and found the meager trail to a camp below the North Peak. About 40 minutes on the glacier led to rock which led to 8 or 9 pitches of so-so to good rock and the summit. Spent more than an hour on top with the expected views plus saw the start-up of the first big forest fire of the season. Equal number of raps down.

Back almost at sunset. Our two-day climb turned into three. Saw a young black bear on the way out.—Dave, Greg, Jim, Shirley of OSAT, 6/5-7.

LAKE EDNA by way of Chatter Creek (*Alpine Lks Wilderness; USGS Jack Ridge, Chiwaukum Mtns*)—It rained and rained on Monday as I baked and packed for our hike. Would we still go? Probably not if this weather kept up. Then, on Tuesday morning, the weather gods smiled brightly and gave us blue skies and sun.

The Chatter Creek trail is steep, steep, steep. At first steep and brushy, then just steep. Though only 5 ¼ miles to the lake, we never saw it. We crossed the pass below Grindstone Mountain, dropped down to a lovely basin (the Index Creek drainage) and made camp, thinking we would day-hike to Lake Edna the next day.

This little basin was very pretty, complete with views, water, campsite and marmots. At first we were delighted by how many marmots were around. A pair of boots, an insole, favorite t-shirt, and a leather ski-pole grip later, they weren't so cute. The marmots chewed to the core anything remotely salty by day, and the bushy-tailed woodrats took over at night. We didn't dare leave our gear alone. I've never experienced anything like it. A lovely spot for sure, but be prepared!—Mystery Hiker and Mr. Maphead, Granite Falls, 6/30-7/1.

THORP MOUNTAIN (*Wenatchee Natl Forest; USGS Kachess Lake*)—After the James Taylor concert in the Gorge, we approached Thorp Mountain from the Knox Creek trail. The beginning of the trail has moderate switchbacks up an open slopes bursting with a wide array of wildflowers.

A breeze on this 90-some-degree day felt nice. The trail climbs quite steeply in places before it reaches the intersection with the Kachess Ridge trail at 1 ½ miles. From that intersection the way continues along the ridge for approximately a mile. Mount Rainier is in full view during a portion of the ridge walk. The last ½-mile to

the lookout cabin is steep.

From the lookout the views are glorious. We were surprised to see only two other pairs of hikers on the trail. Bug spray and sunscreen were a necessity. From the Knox Creek trail to the top is 5 miles round trip with 1800 feet elevation gain.—Jane Habegger, Olympia, 6/21.

WEST FORK FOSS (*Alpine Lakes Wilderness; USGS Skykomish, Big Snow Mountain*)—Hot weather caused us to choose this trip to many lakes and waterfalls. Trail open and in good shape. Trail has been newly brushed out in places.

We were surprised to see the spectacular rock slide which raised the level of Trout Lake! The trail is rerouted to higher ground, as it would take scuba gear to hike some of the old tread.

Hiked to the overlook of Lake Angeline. Beautiful views in all directions. Bugs almost nonexistent to date.—Gail Roberts, Snohomish, 6/27.

NORTH BEND DIST—206-888-1421. Middle Fork road is closed to vehicles at milepost 14; high clearance recommended at milepost 9.

PCT is snowfree from Snoqualmie Pass all the way through the Alpine Lakes Wilderness to Stevens Pass!

Pratt Lake trail has bridge out over creek between Pratt and Olallie, but is passable. Snoqualmie Lake trail in good shape, but trailhead hard to find.

No fires allowed within ¼-mile of Gem, Gravel, Ridge, Melakwa, Olallie, Snow and Talapus Lakes.—Ranger, 7/15.

LEAVENWORTH DIST—509-548-4067. Chiwaukum and Ingalls Creek trails have great wildflowers. No snow on Asgard Pass. Icicle Creek trail has many blowdowns past 7 miles. French Ridge also has many trees down.

Permits are required for the Enchantments and surrounding areas. Call Ranger Station for info.—Ranger, 7/14.

SOUTH CENTRAL



Hylebos Wetlands State Park (*Federal Way*)—This brand-new state park was dedicated last December. We discovered it recently through the Federal Way REI store, which is helping develop its trails.

The ranger describes the terrain as "original Seattle muck" and a 1-mile boardwalk trail winds through it. The bog is 12,000 years old and 8 feet deep in places.

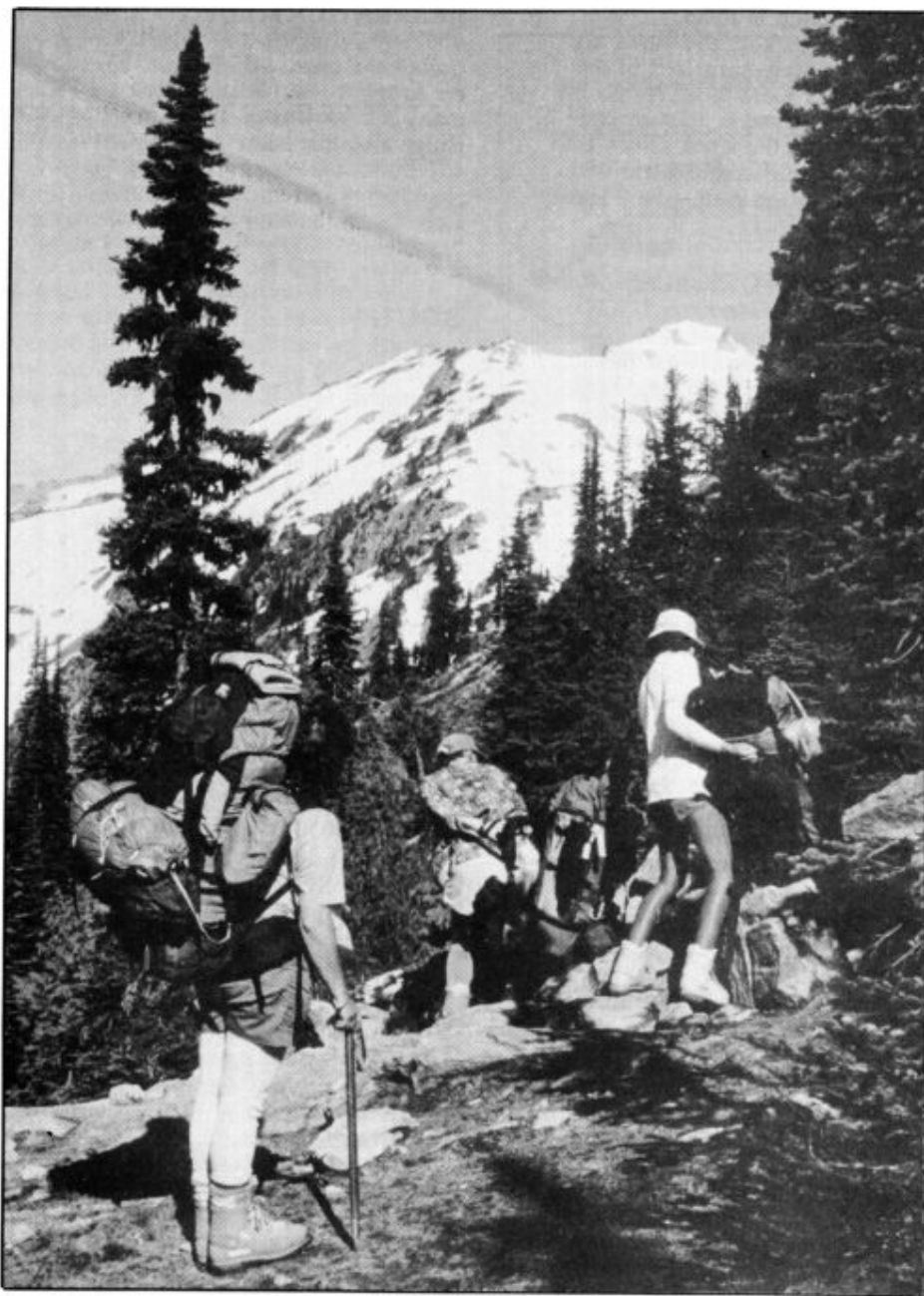
Access is on South 348th from I-5 or 99. Turn left at 4th Ave S and watch closely for the entrance. This is a good escape; you certainly don't feel you're in Federal Way!—Goldie Silverman, Seattle, June.

"CAROLYN" and "ZOE" LAKES (*Wenatchee Natl Forest; USGS Snoqualmie Pass, Lost Lake*)—Drive I-90 to the Hyak exit.



Bill Lynch and Downs Miller on the PCT to Grasshopper Pass, North Cascades.

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Lindy Bakkar, Nancy South and Sharon Trutenko head for Mount Daniel, in background.

Enter the ski area parking lot and watch for a road on the left about 200 yards in. Follow it past the sewage treatment lagoons and beyond. At a T, go left. Follow the road to the top at Windy Pass.

Park and hike south along the PCT. As you hike south you will pass several tarns. In about 1/2-mile, follow a trail up the bank just to the left of a stream coming down on the right. It leads to another tarn. The trail becomes less distinct and in about 1/4-mile you will come to two magnificent lakes with a perfect campsite between them.

Since the lakes are unnamed, I call them after two hiking friends of mine.—Robert DeGraw, Kirkland, 7/11.

SURPRISE LAKE (USGS Bearhead Mtn)—To escape the crowds at Summit Lake (Clearwater Wilderness), try this little gem. Drive road 7810 about 3 1/2 miles to an unsigned road, just before road 7840. This is the route. Don't attempt driving; even jeeps are forced to turn around.

The rocky road worsens as it ascends through second growth forest. By the time you cross Kennedy Creek, you'll be very grateful you parked below.

As the road climbs along a ridge, views open up. Mount Rainier is the showcase, along with Carbon Ridge. The paintbrush along the bedrock was stunning.

As the route veers inland, you'll come to a Y. Take the right fork which shortly leads to Surprise Lake. Round trip, 4 1/2 miles. Elevation gain 1200 feet. Situated at 4400 feet, the lake is only 10 acres in size but the view of Mount Rainier reflected upon the lake makes a lasting impression. The peace and solitude was divine.—J Dixon, Tacoma, 6/27.

OWYHIGH LAKES (Mt Rainier Natl Park; USGS Mt Rainier East)—Owyhigh Lakes can be reached either from the road to Ohanapecosh or the White River entrance to the Park. We took the trail from the White River (Sunrise entrance), 2 miles up the road from the gate. This route is 7 miles round trip and gains 1350 feet.

The trail drops slightly initially, then begins a moderate climb with nice long switchbacks. At 3 miles is Tamanos Camp; 1/2-mile farther are the lakes, which are surrounded by a gorgeous array of wildflowers and the jagged and snow-capped peaks of Governor's Ridge.

We stopped for lunch at the lakes and then continued a short distance to a 5400-foot pass with views of the Cowlitz Chimneys. This trail is not too far from Summerland, where we saw a bear and two cubs crossing the trail last year! Bill wore a "bear bell" on his pack for my peace of mind!—Jane Habegger, Olympia, 6/28.

TAMANOS (Mt Rainier Natl Park; USGS White River Park, Chinook Pass)—This was literally a "walk in the park." Three of us met at the Owyhigh Lakes trailhead, 2 miles inside the White River entrance to the Park. We made good time to the lakes as it was shady in the forest.

Once we reached the lakes the heat hit us like a physical blow. We hiked past the lakes toward the saddle between Barrier Peak and the summit ridge of Tamanos, ascending easy, grassy slopes to the ridge and along the ridge to the top. No difficulties.

We had the summit to ourselves—not even any bugs. We descended pretty much the way we had come, although there are other options. Beware of hidden cliffs—they lurk under a fringe of trees about a third of the way up and when descending it is easy to find yourself above them.—Karen Sykes, Seattle, 6/21

INDIAN HENRY'S HUNTING GROUND (Mt Rainier Natl Park; USGS Mt Rainier West)—Headed up from Longmire in the June heatwave. After 5 miles of trail, 3000 feet of elevation gain, and

BACKCOUNTRY NEWS

5 hours of sweating, we made it to Devil's Dream camp. There was no view and we had to drop nearly 100 feet to the nearest water. A dry thunder-and-lightning storm that evening did provide some entertainment, though.

Sunday was clear and we day-hiked to Indian Henry's. We have never seen so many flowers in bloom. The paintbrush was a bright magenta. Wonderful views of the southwest side of Rainier.

We followed a trail over to the famous mirror lakes and, like meeting a celebrity of small stature in person, were surprised by how small they were. The trail continued past the lakes and past a sign which said that the trail was not maintained any farther.

Nevertheless, the trail was in fine shape and continued all the way to Pyramid Peak. This was a wonderful surprise!

Sunday night it began to rain very seriously, and when we woke in the morning, we found a healthy creek now flowing only a few feet from our campsite.

The rain continued, so we abandoned the plan to make a loop trip out Kautz Creek, and instead beat feet back to Longmire. Return trip, mostly downhill, took only 2 hours.—John Kehoe, Seattle, 6/26-29.



OLD SCAB MOUNTAIN

(Wenatchee Natl Forest;

USGS Old Scab Mtn)—Jim and I hiked up this peak above the Bumping Lake road and within sight of the lake. A register in a glass jar on the summit dated back to 1984, with only about 20 signatures.

Using the Wenatchee Forest map as a guide, we drove Road 1706 off Highway 410 past little Bald Mountain Lookout (6100 feet) to the "trailhead" above Flat Iron Lake at 5900 feet. After crossing the swampy area above the lake, we ascended the easy, open southeast slope to a rocky minor summit, then traversed around many rocky pinnacles to the top. The last part is a scramble.

There is another, much longer way into the area on the Soda Springs trail from the Bumping Lake road, but the route we took was fun, easy and short. And the road in to the trailhead was in pretty decent shape.—Ginny Evans, Renton, 7/11.



MOUNT RUTH (Mt Rainier Natl Park; USGS Sunrise)

—Judi Maxwell led this Mountaineer scramble and what a pleasant trip it turned out to be!

We met at the trailhead and hiked about 3 miles to Glacier Basin. The

meadow had just melted out and was a carpet of marsh marigolds. Pretty for looking but difficult for walking.

We crossed the river (no problem—just a boulder hop) and began climbing in snow toward the top of the ridge. Judi had each party member kick 50 steps and in a short time we were on the ridge. From here it was a snow slog to the summit. We trudged up at varying paces but all arrived on the top within 10 minutes of each other.

Mount Ruth is a high point on a moraine between the Emmons Glacier and the Inter Glacier. There were many places to nestle in the rocks out of the breeze. We watched climbers descend The Mountain and cross a snow bridge over a huge crevasse. Just about the time we got up to leave it began to rain.

Going down was a lot more fun than going up. We were able to glissade most of the way down to Glacier Basin. About 2 miles from the car the rain stopped and the air was fresh and sweet.

We stopped at the Slippery Creek Cafe in Greenwater for something to eat. Many of us ordered fried chicken and jojos with sour cream. This is not a good way to lose weight but I figure we break even after a hard day.—Karen Sykes, Seattle, 6/14.

CRYSTAL MOUNTAIN—Resort open in summer. Chairlift operates to 7000 feet.—Ranger, 7/14.

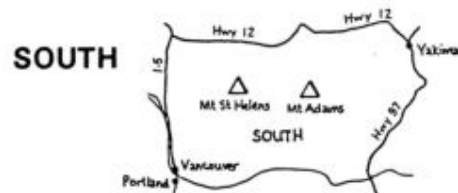
CARBON RIVER DISTRICT, Mt Rainier NP—Early arrival of summer has made most of the backcountry very accessible. Trails to the Carbon Glacier, Green Lake, Mystic Lake and Windy Gap are all in great condition and snowfree. Some snow still remains, however, in upper Spray and Seattle Parks.

Due to lack of snow, the Mowich Lake road was opened 6/18, much earlier than originally planned. The road is in poor condition, but that

deters few people from visiting.—Ranger, 6/28.

MOUNT RAINIER NP—Westside Road is open 3 miles to Dry Creek; all other Park roads are open.

A permit is required for overnight camping in the backcountry and may be obtained at any Park ranger station.—Ranger, 7/7.



LILY BASIN TRAIL (Goat Rocks Wilderness; USGS

Packwood Lk)—Note that instructions in 100 Hikes describe the start of Road 48 beginning opposite a power substation. That power substation has been removed (cement pad still exists). A new and bigger substation has been built on the left side of Highway 12 westbound. The Road 48 turn is a short distance down the highway.

Hiked 4 miles to Packwood Lake overlook. Cloudy, no Mount Rainier view.—SHA, Seattle, 7/10.

Outdoor Recreation Information Center

206-553-0170
maps—books—info
915 Second Ave Room 442
Seattle WA 98174



GREEN TRAILS TOPOGRAPHIC MAPS



P.O. Box 1932 Bothell, WA 98041

BACKCOUNTRY NEWS

NANNIE RIDGE to SNOW-GRASS FLATS (*Goat Rocks Wilderness; USGS Walupt Lake*)—We parked a car at the Snowgrass trailhead and rode 12 miles to the Walupt Lake campground for the start of this ambitious one-way hike at 4000 feet.

Most of the elevation gain is at the start of the ascent of Nannie Ridge. A beautiful walk along the ridge, a portion of the PCT beyond Sheep Lake gains altitude to the high point at Cispus Pass (6475 feet), then around Cispus Basin to the lower end of Snowgrass Flat.

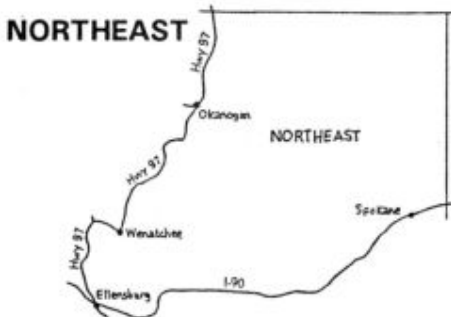
We were fortunate to have a cloudy day. Most of this trail is out in the open, a scorching trip in sunny weather.—SHA, Seattle, 7/11.

LOOWIT TRAIL—This new trail goes around Mount Saint Helens, but large portions have washed out or sluffed at Windy Pass and the Muddy River area. Major detours are necessary and crossing the canyons can be hazardous. It is going to take some time to repair the damage.—Ranger, 7/3.

BIRD CREEK MEADOWS—A permit from the Yakima Nation is required to enter. Permits are available near Mirror Lake and cost \$5 for 24 hours per vehicle of 6 people.—Ranger, 7/3.

MOUNT SAINT HELENS—Permits are required from 5/15 to 11/1. Call 206-247-5473 for info.—Ranger, 7/3.

PERMIT REMINDER—Permits are now required to enter the Indian Heaven, Mount Adams, Goat Rocks, Trapper Creek, Tatoosh and Glacier View Wildernesses. Available at all trailheads.



MOSES MOUNTAIN (*Colville Indian Reservation; USGS Moses Mtn*)—In pursuit of lofty, prominent peaks, Karen, Eric, Stephanie and I drove Highway 155 north from Grand Coulee Dam, deep into the Colville Reservation. Our goal was 6774-foot Moses Mountain, the highest mountain within the tribal lands.

Just beyond milepost 61 we took a right on the road marked by a small, white "Moses LO" sign. This well-maintained road climbs 2000 feet from Highway 155 to 4685 feet, where the signed lookout cutoff is reached.

The upper Moses Mountain road is poorly maintained, and so rough and steep that we were convinced to park our car at 5750 feet. We then happily hiked up the road, perhaps 2 miles, to the top. Along the way (at 6100 feet) we came upon the gravestone of Truman Picard (1947-1985). He must have treasured Moses Mountain.

The summit is gently sloped except for a small granitic outcropping that adorns the mountain's apex. The tower looms high above Moses' top and provides a wonderful vantage of the surrounding terrain.—Steve Fry, Edmonds, 7/7.

COPPER BUTTE (*Colville Natl Forest; USGS Copper Butte*)—As thunderstorms rumbled off in the distance, my son Eric and I hastily hiked up toward Copper Butte (7140 feet), the loftiest mountain in the Kettle Range.

Luckily the storm stayed east of us long enough for us to reach the top.

We approached Copper by way of Highway 20, east of Sherman Pass, and then took a left on Albion Road (Road 2030). This dirt road traverses the eastern slopes of the Kettle Range. We left Albion Road at 5470 feet and drove ¼-mile to the 5530-foot trailhead.

This route to Copper Butte entails walking up the wide Old Stage Trail 2 miles to a 6050-foot pass. After crossing the pass we hiked a scant 150 feet before leaving the Old Stage Trail to follow a leftward spur trail steeply 1½ miles to the open crest of Copper.

Copper Butte apparently gets its name from the copper-colored mica schist that comprises the mountain's multi-cairned crown. The clean atmosphere allowed marvelous views of remnant forests, bulky Moses Mountain and a variety of other landmarks (including lower and endangered Buckhorn Mountain; see page 30 this issue).—Steve Fry, Edmonds, 7/8.

GILLETTE MOUNTAIN (*Colville Natl Forest; USGS Gillette Mtn*)—My Moses Mountain crew continued our relentless quest for the sumptuous summit of yet another sky-scraping, 2000-foot-prominence peak. This time Gillette Mountain, 5770 feet, 10 miles north-northeast of Colville, was our goal.

We drove roads north of Highway 20 that parallel Mill and Clayston Creeks and ascend beside Comstock mountain, until we reached Road 010. Along the way, a large owl entertained

us by flying in front of and over our car for ¼-mile.

This last road winds its way up Gillette's western slopes and then heads southerly, staying between 5100-5300 feet. We stopped well short of the road's end, about 1 mile south of the Gillette Mountain/Mount Rogers trailhead.

No trail leads to the top, so we headed east from the road, cross-country, up through a pleasant alpine forest. We gained the ridge line at rocky Point 5664, then saw Gillette's true summit ¼-mile to the southwest. Eric chided me, as we followed a flagged route along the ridge, for not directly intersecting Gillette's zenith.

The high point is only barely cairned and mostly surrounded by trees. So we hiked southeast a short distance to an open meadow where the views were more satisfactory.—Steve Fry, Edmonds, 7/9.

MOUNT SPOKANE (*Mt Spokane State Park; USGS Mt Spokane*)—Mount Spokane (5883 feet) was the last of the prominent Eastern Washington peaks my family visited. The mountain rises 4000 feet above neighboring Spokane.

We approached Mount Spokane by way of Big Meadows road and a somewhat confusing tangle of dirt State Park roads. The easiest route, however, is paved Highway 206, which higher up becomes the only roaded route to the top.

Even though Spokane, by virtue of the paved road, is the simplest "Top 100" 2000-foot-prominence mountain in Washington to ascend, the last 4 miles is without a center line, shoulders, and guard rails.

Clear atmospheric conditions enabled us to view the distant towers of downtown Spokane, shimmering waters of Pend Oreille Lake, and to appreciate the emerald beauty of the surrounding forests. The cool air, open meadows, stunted evergreens and sizable rockfields help qualify Spokane's top as truly alpine. According to my inspection, Spokane's rounded top is composed of gneiss, a metamorphic rock.

By chance, we had happened to surmount Spokane during the annual 34.3-mile, 5000-foot elevation gain Spokane-to-Mount-Spokane running race. The fastest solo runner's time was 4 hours, 19 minutes, 59 seconds; a six-leg relay team covered the distance in 3 hours, 26 minutes, 32 seconds.

As we left the parking lot, runner Peter Butler, of Saint Paul, Minnesota, hitched a ride with us to Spokane. This retired man had flown to Spokane solely to compete in the grueling race. Fortunately for us, Peter noticed that I

BACKCOUNTRY NEWS

had accidentally left my wallet atop our car, and he thus retrieved it before it was lost.—Steve Fry, Edmonds, 7/11.

OREGON

MARYS PEAK TIE TRAIL (*Siuslaw Natl Forest; USGS Marys Peak*)—We drove to the parking lot in the meadow at the top of the Marys Peak road, where a nice loop can be made. We headed off on the East Ridge trail (in excellent condition) and followed it downhill to the junction with the Tie Trail. Turned left here.

The Tie Trail, being built by the Chemeketans and Siuslaw NF, is still not officially open, and a sign says so, but though it is rough in spots it can be traveled (at your own risk). Since husband Kim, who was leading this trip, is also part of the construction crew, we pretty much knew what to expect.

It's going to be a lovely piece of trail with great views east and we hope it will get much use.

When we reached the junction with the North Trail, we ambled on to the top, and were soon back at the cars, total distance about 5 miles.—Paula Hyatt, Salem, 6/11.

MOUNT THIELSON (*Mount Thielson Wilderness; USGS Diamond Lk*)—The trail was clear and in good condition.

Our party of hikers included my brother Greg, and my three sons, Barry, 16; Christian, 13; and Shiloh, 10.

We got an early start to ensure we had plenty of time. It was sunny and cool—a near perfect day! Only three cars at the trailhead, compared to the usual full parking lot in late summer and fall. I was in shorts. Those in pants were luckier, because of the mosquitoes, but they tapered off by the end of the first 3 moderate miles, where we crossed the PCT.

It was clear and summer-like on top, where we spent almost two hours. Luckily, the smoke from eastern Oregon fires was not coming our way. Greenbacked swallows flew playfully around us. The view of Crater Lake rim was the best I had seen; we could even see a stretch of the lake over the rim.

I could not make out Mount Shasta, though—until on the way down when I was out of film! We played in some nearby snow. Shiloh wanted to run the last 3 miles back to the car. He couldn't talk anyone else into going with him.

We later saw a couple of hikers on their way up and they told us about

Shiloh. As he went running by, they asked, "Did you make it to the top?" Shiloh yelled back over his shoulder, "Yeah, it's my second time!"

See ya on some mountain.—Larry Jordan, Dillard, 6/6.

TUALATIN RIVER, Elsner Bridge to Shipley Bridge (*USGS Newberg, Lake Oswego, Beaverton*)—We intended to put in at Elsner Bridge (about 3 miles west of Highway 99 at Six Corners), which would mean sliding the canoes down the dirt underneath the southwest corner of the bridge. A woman came along and suggested that we go just ahead on the road where the people of Sherwood and vicinity were sponsoring "Tualatin River Discovery Day" to acquaint people with the river and to promote good environmental protection of it. We took her advice and found many young people who helped us carry our canoes to the river. This put-in was on private property and would not be available any other time.

The river has almost no current, less than 1mph. It is of moderate width, and any snags and stumps are easily avoided. It was a beautiful day for paddling, and while there were 85 canoes and kayaks on the river that day it did not feel crowded because we were well spread out.

The main problem with this trip, if you are leisurely and paddle the stretch in 4 or 5 hours, is that the only places you can pull out for rest stops are at Cook Park (no outhouses, but picnic tables and an easy place to land) and Tualatin Community Park, or under bridges. All the land along



Larry Jordan on Mount Thielson trail.

the river is private property.

This is a beautiful flat-water paddle, however, and we appreciated the special treatment provided this day by the people of the area.—Paula Hyatt, Salem, 6/27.

PERMIT REMINDER—Through 10/31, permits are required for entry into the Three Sisters, Mount Washington and Mount Jefferson Wildernesses.

Day-hike permits are self-issue at trailheads. Overnight permits can be obtained at Ranger Stations. Call 503-388-2715 for locations.—Ranger, 7/1.

IDAHO

PAYETTE NATL FOREST—Box Lake trail is in good condition but is steep and has a lot of loose rock—and there are now several trees down across the trail thanks to one of the storms last week.

Trails open in the Frank Church-River of No Return Wilderness are Big Creek, the trail up Beaver Creek to Chamberlain, and Chamberlain to Sheepeater Lookout.—Ranger, 7/14.

SAWTOOTH NATL REC AREA—The 4th of July Creek road is under construction all summer. The road will remain open, but travel during construction is not recommended. 4th of July Creek road is a primary access route into the White Cloud Mountains.

A big mud slide on the Warm Springs Creek trail to Born Lakes has closed this favorite route.

Mud slides and downed trees are on a good many trails. The backcountry crews work as fast as they can to cover the 750 miles of SNRA trails; have patience.—Roma Nelson, Ranger, 7/20.

BRITISH COLUMBIA

NAHATLATCH LAKES (93 I/4, 92 H/13)—This a great paddle on glacier-fed lakes just 4 hours from Seattle. Bring water for drinking unless you trust the glacier water (I do!). Firewood is limited.

Go north from Hope on Highway 1 to Boston Bar and take the bridge (the old car ferry is no more) across the Fraser to North Bend. Continue north on rough logging roads to the Nahatlatch River crossing and drive west along the north side of the river to the lakes. Allow a good hour to drive the 25 miles from North Bend.

The three lakes in the Nahatlatch chain are easy paddling, with camping at all the lakes. We liked the Squakum end of Nahatlatch Lake; Salmon Beach

BACKCOUNTRY NEWS



Bettye Hensel

Looking toward the Lillooet Range, Nancy Ermer cruises on Nahatlatch Lake.

was also good for camping. The guidebook says fishing is good, but we didn't think so.—Bettye Hensel, Edmonds, 7/11-12.

CALIFORNIA

HIGH SIERRA LOOP
(*Yosemite Natl Park; USGS Tuolumne Meadows, Merced Pk*)—I get one more week of vacation than Wilma, so rather than stay home while

she had to work, I went with her cousin Matt to Yosemite.

We arrived early to get a permit for our chosen hike. A line of about 15 people was waiting by the time the office opened at 8am.

Our 34-mile loop trip left from the parking lot near the Tuolumne Meadows Lodge. From there we went up over Tuolumne Pass to Vogelsang High Sierra camp, down Fletcher Creek to the Merced River and the Merced Lake High Sierra camp. Then

up Echo Creek, past Sunrise High Sierra camp, over Cathedral Pass, and down to T.M. at the Cathedral Lakes trailhead. We had to walk about 3 miles on the road to close the loop.

The scenery was typical Sierra—spectacular—huge peaks of white and rose colored granite; beautiful meadows and gorgeous creeks and rivers. I think I almost like the way the water flows over that Sierra granite even better than the mountain scenery.

There are five High Sierra camps located in the high country of Yosemite. They are about 8 miles apart and are set up with canvas tents on wooden floors, with beds. There is a main building where meals are served, and you can even take a hot shower. Operated by the Park concessionaire, these camps are extremely popular, and are often booked full a year in advance. I don't recommend camping near them if you are backpacking, as they tend to be more crowded than other areas.

We had a great time, even though we had a white-out and 5 inches of fresh snow to hike through on the last day.

Though this hike crosses two 10,000-foot passes, there's only 5200 feet total elevation gain. On the second day, we saw only two other hikers (and they were from Seattle), and saw very few people over the length of the entire hike.

Very quiet. Let's hear it for the permit/quota system; it works! (PS—I really missed Wilma!)—Fred, Sequim, 6/13-15.

BULLETIN BOARD

Notices on this Bulletin Board are free to subscribers and may be "posted" for up to three months. You may list your used equipment for sale, post lost-and-found announcements, locate partners for trips, or other non-commercial items. Commercial advertisers are welcome to contact the Pack & Paddle office for ad rates.

WANTED TO BUY—Pre-1960 30-minute quads for the North Cascades, in good condition. Phil, 206-842-7816 (Bainbridge Island).

YAKIMA TOWER RACK—48" cross-bars, tower locks, 2 Lockjaw mount bike trays. Almost new. \$250 or best offer. Call 206-683-5574 (Sequim).

BUNCH OF STUFF FOR SALE
—Hiking boots: Raichle Mon-

tagna (leather), men's 9 1/2, \$90; Hi-Tec Mount Whitney (almost new), \$40.

Frame packs: old and may need work, but usable, \$10 to \$20.

Sleeping bags: rectangular down, for child up to 5'2", \$50; rectangular down, for extreme cold, for adult up to 6'6", \$130. Both Eddie Bauer, like new.

Cross-country: Trak 170cm, no-wax 3-pin skis, 75mm binding, \$35. Trak 190cm, no-wax 3-pin skis, 75mm binding, \$40. Trak 210cm, no-wax 3-pin skis, 50mm binding, \$45. Rossignol 205cm, no-wax, 3-pin skis, 50mm binding, like new, \$50.

Alpina 75mm boots, exc

condition, 3 pairs sized 38, 40, 44, \$25 each. Trak 75mm boots, good condition, 44, \$20. Two pairs poles, like new, \$15 set.

Downhill: Kazama 160cm, \$40. Rossignol 190cm, \$40. Atomic 180cm, \$80. Boots, men's 8 1/2, \$40. *Think snow!*

Macro zoom lens for Minolta 35mm non-autofocus cameras: compact, light, 35-135, f3.5 with UV filter, hardly used, perfect condition, new \$250-300, sell for \$175.

Bicycles: Univega women's 19" 10-speed, \$60. Schwinn 19" 10-speed, \$60. Turin 23" 10-speed, \$125.

Call for details on all this gear. Don, 206-324-2319 (Seattle).

KAREN SYKES

MOUNT STICKNEY

—BY WAY OF ROSE LAKE—

This exploratory scramble was led by Dave Beedon. There were five of us.

I made the mistake of thinking we'd have an easy day because it was only 1800 feet elevation gain.

I suggested to Dave that perhaps the condition of the road to the trailhead should be included in the scramble rating. This primitive road, which branches off from the Sultan Basin road, is very rough.

The exploratory part of this trip was the route to Rose Lake. Streams have a crafty way of growing into difficult gorges in just a couple of contour lines on a map, and we eventually had to cross one of these.

The rest of the way to Rose Lake was easy and pleasant through small meadows and past tarns. This part of the country looked lush despite the drought.

Rose Lake is very pretty and worth the cross-country travel to get to it. From the lake we climbed to a semi-wooded saddle, then traversed gently downward to the bowl beneath Mount Stickney.

When I saw the peak I got that uneasy feeling when I'm faced with something in that grey area between scrambling and climbing. On this trip, at the end of June, the bowl was mostly snow-covered with some talus showing through.

Dave said that in a normal year you can walk right up the snow to the notch, and then it is a short way to the "Cat Walk."

Cat Walk? I didn't like the sound of that. And this wasn't a normal snow year. The snow had melted out toward the top of the notch, creating some nasty transitions between snow and rock. Of course the rock was down-sloping and covered with wet moss.

After switchbacking up ever-steepening snow, we stood inside a moat faced with an unpleasant move onto the rock. A couple of us didn't like the looks of this at all. Dave contem-

plated turning back.

He and Sprague set up a handline but even with that I didn't want to continue. I'm old enough now that my ego is not at stake, so I turned back, descended the snow and had a lazy lunch in the basin.

The rest of them made it up with the handline and scuttled out of sight as they contoured around the peak. I glimpsed them once more before they disappeared to wrestle with the Cat Walk. Soon I heard them, and then saw them standing above the notch discussing the best way to get down. They ended up doubling the rope and using it as a handline.

When they reached me Dave said the Cat Walk was "spooky," and so intense that if a tarantula had been there, he wouldn't have noticed it. We descended the standard route, dropping through heather and snow patches to Acre Lake.

We crossed a creek on snow and broke through. The snow made a loud WHUMPPHH as it caved in. Fortun-

ately the drop was only about a foot.

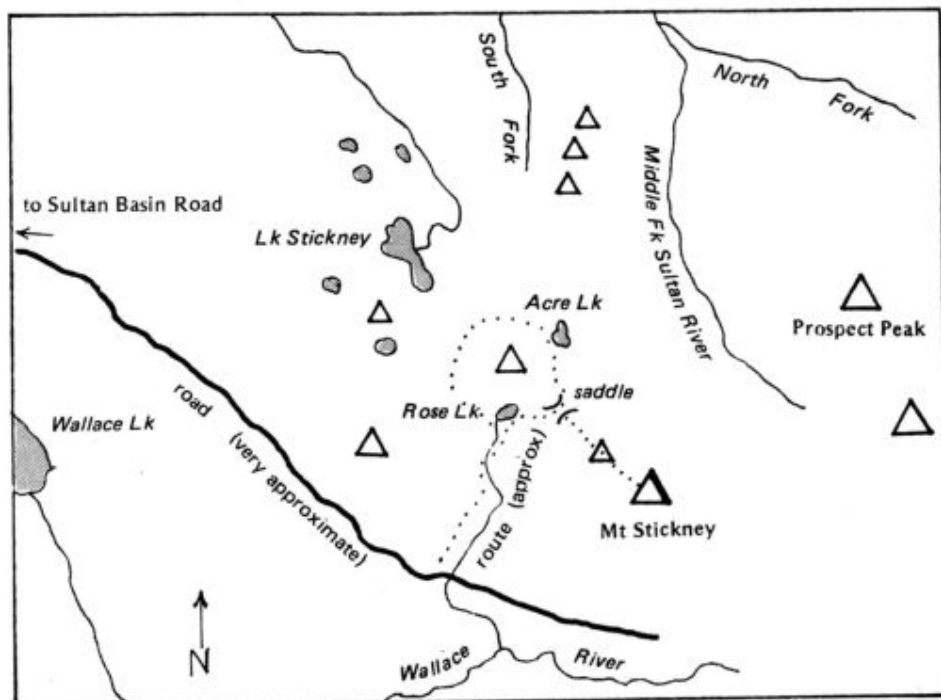
The alpine country between Stickney and Acre Lake is lovely. If the road weren't so crummy I'd come back on my own.

Once we left the lake we fell prey to the lure of the short-cut and left the standard route. We managed to discover several hidden gorges and at one point it seemed we'd even have to retrace our route. I found the "key" to the way down, however, and thereby saved my reputation. We were all very happy to see the road.

This 1800-foot elevation gain trip took about 8 hours—but that's what "exploratories" are all about. Stickney is often led as a scramble by way of the standard route, but it would be easier with either less or more snow than we had.

ACCESS: From the Sultan Basin, north of Highway 2.

MAP: USGS Mount Stickney



JACK KENDRICK

A NIGHT IN BIG FOUR INN

—FOUR YOUNG CLIMBERS VISIT IN 1947—

A forlorn stone fireplace stands in a flower-strewn meadow on the Mountain Loop Highway as a solitary monument to a once-grand old building, Big Four Inn.

During the 1920s it was a destination for the affluent and pleasure-seeking society of the era. The inn opened in 1921 at the base of Big Four Mountain in the isolated Stillaguamish valley a few miles from the community of Granite Falls.

The mountain is an impressive wall of granite rising several thousand feet, terminating in a summit ridge with four prominent peaks. During the winter, thundering avalanches frequently pour down this vertical face, creating a huge permanent snowfield in which ice caves form in late summer.

During its heyday, about 6000 guests arrived by train each year to relax and enjoy the isolation of this verdant valley. A road was built to the inn in 1938 and during the war years it became a convalescent center.

After the war it fell into a state of disuse and finally burned to the ground in September of 1949. Now, on any summer weekend hundreds walk past the fireplace with hardly a glance as they hike to the ever-popular ice caves.

As a 19-year-old, in the spring of 1947, I was involved in the Seattle Mountaineers' climbing course. A weekend snow practice was scheduled for Perry Creek basin which is located a short hike from the inn.

Driving in on a Friday night over the freshly plowed road with several friends, we arrived late in the evening. The inn was a magnificent sight as every light in the building was on. The building was a massive, rectangular,

three-storied structure with a high pitched roof. Five prominent dormers jutted from the roof and a glass observation platform sat astride the ridge, adding a crowning affect. Snow clung to the dormers and drifts held the building in an embrace.

The lights made it appear as if one giant party were in progress, but neither a car nor a person was in sight. Out of curiosity, we timidly entered the building, approached the desk and rang the service bell.

All was silent. We rang again and again with no response. We were standing in a lobby dominated by a large fireplace built of river stone over which hung the mounted head of an elk. A sense of space and mass was created by high ceilings supported by 12-inch-square beams. Freshly polished wooden floors added a final touch, but we seemed to be alone.

Behind the desk an intercom system allowed us to call an echoing "Hello! Hello!" throughout the building—with still only silence as an answer. All this gave us an eerie feeling and our imaginations ran the gamut from mass murder to abduction by space aliens.

The recklessness of youth overcame our fear and we proceeded to explore the inn room by room. Eventually we found our way into the spacious, cluttered kitchen.

A gargantuan black, oil-fired stove with pots and utensils hanging overhead dominated the room. Huge stainless steel sinks were piled high with dishes from hundreds of meals and next to a heated grill sat a bowl of freshly mixed pancake batter.

Obviously, someone had been here all winter long, and had been in the kitchen only minutes before! Now we

were convinced that some mysterious vortex had sucked everyone up into a space/time continuum and we would be next.

Rising panic was averted when we heard someone whistling a forlorn tune in a far-away part of the inn. It echoed throughout the cavernous building and we froze as the sound came closer and closer.

Suddenly a disheveled, wild-eyed, whiskey-reeking apparition appeared. A gray-bearded man of perhaps 60 years of age with an unsteady gait peered at us through bleary eyes. It was the caretaker. He had spent the winter in isolation in this huge building with only a cat as a companion. We were the first humans he had seen since the previous fall.

He rambled incessantly, often incoherently, but seemed harmless enough. We learned, however, a few things of substance: he was a retired fireman; his cat had mated with a wildcat; and the lights were never turned off due to continuous electrical generation by a river-powered turbine.

We offered to wash his winter accumulation of dishes in exchange for a room. Our offer was declined as he stated he washed dishes only once a year during the month of May. Nevertheless, we were allowed a room in which to spend the night.

Since the room contained only one bed, we carried a mattress from the room next door and placed it on the floor. As we unrolled our sleeping bags, the caretaker babbled continuously, words tumbling out like water released from flood gates.

After several hours of non-stop talking, we were able to get him to leave so we could sleep. We pulled the dresser in front of the door as a



The old Big Four Inn nestled at the bottom of Big Four.

precaution, because we didn't know quite what to make of our host.

It turned out to be a wise decision, as he returned at 3am. Awakened by the scraping of the dresser legs sliding across the floor, I leaped up and turned on the light.

The caretaker entered the room carrying a 2-foot-long machete and a coil of rope. When I stared at the machete with apprehension, he quickly assured me it was for his protection from dangers that he was sure lurked in the dark corners.

I gathered that he often suffered from insomnia and roamed the halls, hours on end, with machete in hand. He was more intoxicated than earlier, but proceeded to show me how firemen coil a rope so it would not tangle when thrown from a window.

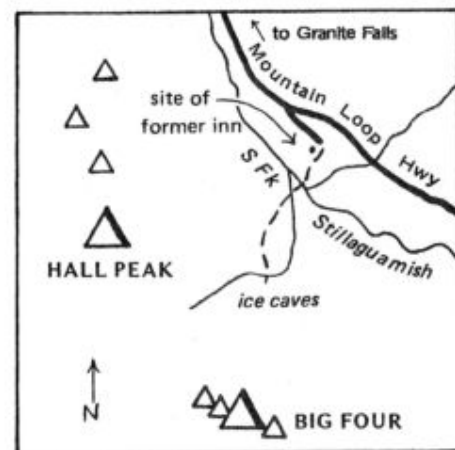
After fifteen or twenty minutes of this one-sided conversation he left, much to my relief. We slept little the rest of the night and left early the next morning. Our host was nowhere in sight when we departed.

I never saw the caretaker again, but it would not surprise me today if someone reported a ghostly figure armed with a machete endlessly roaming the moonlight-filled meadows around the site of the old Big Four Inn.

△

Jack Kendrick, of Edmonds, is a retired school teacher. He joined the Mountaineers about 1944 (his REI number is 818) and has been climbing, skiing, hiking and canoeing all his life.

courtesy US Forest Service



KENNETH HOPPING

MOUNT STUART, INCIDENT 916916

—CARELESS MOMENT RESULTS IN HELICOPTER RESCUE—

A bright meteor flashed across the sky. Number sixty, I counted to myself. Camped at 7400 feet on the southeast shoulder of Mount Stuart, I had planned my outing to coincide with the annual Perseid meteor shower in mid-August of 1991.

For this trip I selected the easiest possible route, Variation #1 in the Cascade Alpine Guide. When I tried to recruit some friends to go along, they yawned and suggested the West Ridge as a more interesting approach.

I was faced with the wimp's dilemma: take a dangerous route with companions or travel a safe route alone. Since I prefer to carry a camera rather than a chalk bag, I decided to play it safe and travel solo.

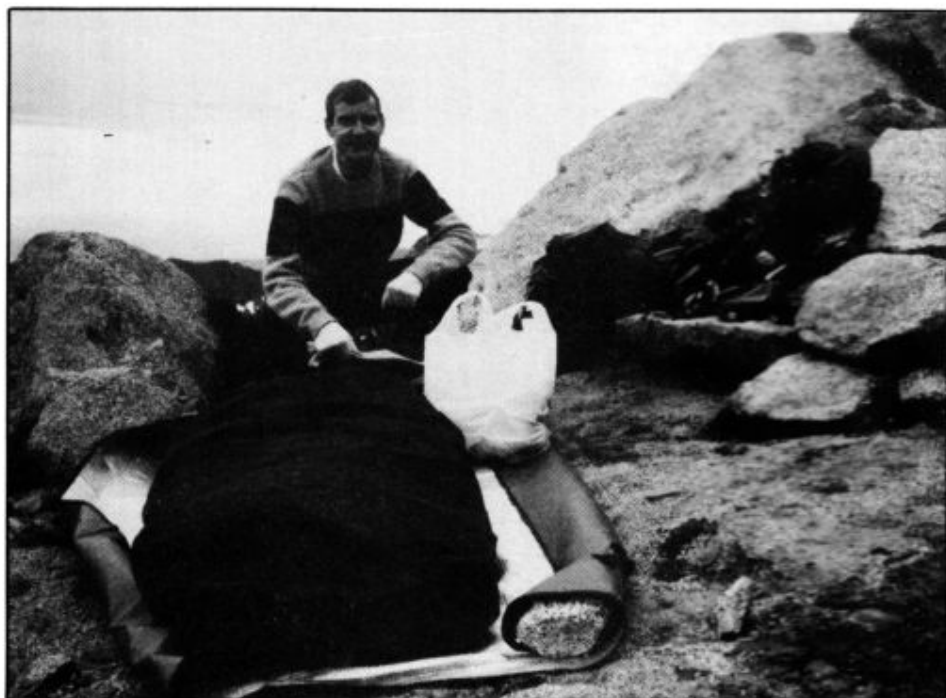
Not being totally foolish, I left a route map with my friend Rick. Jokingly, I told him to send someone out to look for my body if I didn't show up at work on Wednesday.

At 7:30am on Tuesday, I encountered two men headed down. It had been a cold and windy night for them camped near the summit. They recommended passing over the left shoulder and traversing below the summit ridge.

A snowfield leading up to the false summit required the use of crampons. The early morning snow conditions were good. I noticed a set of paw prints traversing horizontally. In several places were claw marks where the animal had slipped, activating auto-extending crampons to regain its footing.

I had to squeeze along a narrow ledge to reach the false summit. Once there, I could see a better route farther downslope that promised to make the return trip easy.

The false summit on Mount Stuart offers tremendous views of Sherpa,



Campsite on the southeast shoulder of Mount Stuart.

Argonaut, and Colchuck Peaks. I was surprised to find patches of Jacob's ladder blooming at an elevation of 9200 feet. Bouquets of delicate blue flowers grew directly from cracks in the rock slabs. It was a humbling tribute to the tenacity of life and I felt privileged being one of the few visitors to this garden in the sky.

Up to this point it had been an easy Class 2 climb. The final approach to the summit, however, was guarded by a steep snow chute with a rock rib running down the middle. Definitely a Class 3 exposure since any slip there would send me into a couloir that ran all the way down the mountain.

The rock rib was solid and appeared to have plenty of good hand holds. Feeling confident, I proceeded to climb the left side. Halfway up I

encountered a difficult spot. With considerable effort, I leveraged myself up and by 10:10am I was standing at the summit.

The North Face of Mount Stuart drops straight down to a glacier. I have a lot of respect for anyone who ascends from that side. The West Ridge didn't look much easier. Viewing that jagged series of rock outcrops made me glad I had chosen the Southeast Ridge.

I pulled out my camera and quickly used up two rolls of film. After eating lunch, I left the summit at 11:20. I decided to cross the top of the snow chute because the rocks on the east side would be easier to downclimb. There was now a surface layer of sloppy snow about the thickness of my crampon points. I was careful to set a

firm ice axe belay and stomp down my footing before each step.

Once safely across, I thought, "It would be easier to just walk down on the edge of the snow." *Bad decision!* The edge of a snow chute is generally not stable. But I changed my course of action without considering possible hazards.

The first few steps went well and I became lax about setting the ice axe belay. *Carelessness!* As I lifted my right foot, the left heel slipped and suddenly I was sliding on my back. Acceleration was horrifyingly rapid.

Instinctively, I rolled onto my chest to get into the self-arrest position. The ice axe got above my shoulder and the pick wouldn't dig firmly into the soft snow. *Poor form!*

I managed to check my acceleration, but after sliding 150 feet I hit a rock band and tumbled out of control. I thought, "You've had it now, Ken." I expected a blow to the head to finish me off.

Suddenly I jerked to a stop, lying down-slope on my back, still holding the ice axe. My pack had snagged on a rock and saved me. I wiggled my arms—both okay. I moved my legs—still working. What a miracle! No broken limbs.

Sitting up, I released my pack, which was easy to do since the plastic hip buckle had been sheared off. Looking down at my left leg, I noticed that my wind pants were torn open. The white capilene underneath was now the same color as my red pants. Not good.

Rolling up the underwear revealed a gaping 4-inch laceration running diagonally across my knee. *Stay calm.* You can handle this. I pulled an emergency kit out of my pack. After years of lugging this around it was time for a payoff.

Fortunately, no major blood vessels were severed and the bleeding controlled itself naturally. I put some disinfectant on the wound, covered it with gauze pads, then wrapped the knee with athletic tape. I felt a lot better now that the injury was out of sight. A survey for other injuries revealed superficial scrapes on my shins and chest along with large purple bruises on my left thigh and hip. There was a minor bump on my forehead. A wool hat and the top pocket on my pack had protected my head. My hat and glasses were now missing.

More serious was a weakness in my



Looking down the snow field where I slipped.

Kenneth Hopping

left arm. I could not lift it above my waist and it would not support my full body weight when I leaned on it. I presumed a muscle strain; however, the injury was eventually diagnosed as a fractured scapula.

Both elbows were badly bruised during my attempt to arrest. Looking up at the snow chute, I could trace the groove cut by my ice axe. It was really annoying how easily the "soft" snow battered my elbows.

I was embarrassed by my failure to arrest and sincerely hoped nobody below saw me fall. I was also very angry that I had been so careless. This more than overcame any shock due to injury and I decided to redeem myself by getting back down to camp.

I was able to put full weight on my left leg; however, swelling soon made it painful to bend the joint. Because of the weakness in my left arm, it was difficult to shoulder my pack. I used a knot to secure the damaged hip straps.

Tracing the return route I had spotted earlier, I was disappointed to see that it appeared to end in a 5-foot-high rock slab. There was no hope of scaling an obstacle like that with my left side mostly disabled. The only thing I could do was continue and investigate the possibilities.

When I reached the slab, I got a joyous surprise. There was a small gap in behind. I had to remove my pack before squeezing through. After struggling to drag the pack through, it was time for a water break. I was down to less than a quart. The fluid

oozing from my knee was contributing to dehydration.

My next obstacle was the snow field leading down from the false summit. The snow was even sloppier now. In my unsteady condition it would be impossible to walk down. I was afraid to glissade because my weak arm could not supply sufficient braking force on the ice axe. The last thing I needed was another trip into the rocks.

I decided to sit and anchor myself with the ice axe in front of my body. After kicking a step below, I braced my position, shifted the ice axe down, then carefully lowered myself to sit on the new step.

Each cycle gained about 18 inches of progress with my right leg doing most of the work. The repetition was incredibly boring. I had to keep reminding myself that I couldn't afford to be careless again.

As if to enliven things for my benefit, a large rock suddenly broke loose from the false summit behind me. It zoomed past on the snow about 100 feet to my left. Smashing into the rocks below, it fractured into dozens of pieces that ricocheted in all directions. It was discomforting to consider that soon I'd be crossing that same talus slope on my way down.

Snow thickness decreased near the bottom and it was difficult to get a firm anchor with my ice axe. With only 6 feet of travel remaining I lost my hold and started sliding. By digging in my heel I was able to brake. I bounced into the rocks without causing



Waiting
for rescue.

Kenneth Hopping

any new damage. Only later did I discover that my remaining granola snacks had slipped out of a pocket during this mishap.

The problem confronting me now was to get past some rock ledges leading down to the talus slope. Sitting on the cold snow had caused my left knee to become very stiff. All maneuvering to gain position had to be done by the right leg.

It was crucial to find footholds where there was enough room for both feet. I led forward with my disabled left leg, using the right leg to lower my body weight. I then shifted my weight to the left foot, bringing the right foot along beside it without bending my injured knee.

I was able to brace myself using the left arm, but I could not trust it to leverage any weight. In one particularly narrow spot, I had to wedge my hands into cracks to maintain my balance.

It was a great relief finally to reach a gentler slope. I rested for a moment, finishing off the last of my food and water. Camp was still 1/2-mile away

and already it was mid afternoon. My equipment included extra clothing and an emergency shelter in case I was forced to bivouac. This reduced the urgency of getting back to camp and moderated any tendency to panic. The challenge in crossing the talus slope was to choose a route around the

large boulders that did not end at a hidden ledge. At the same time, I had to plan the next few feet of travel to avoid unstable concentrations of scree. Wobbly footing caused reflexive tensing of the leg muscles and unpleasant sensations in my injured knee.

Gradually, the terrain transitioned to loose sandy soil. Now I could shuffle my feet along without having to step over obstacles. However, the footing was very unstable, shifting unexpectedly under one foot while I was moving the other.

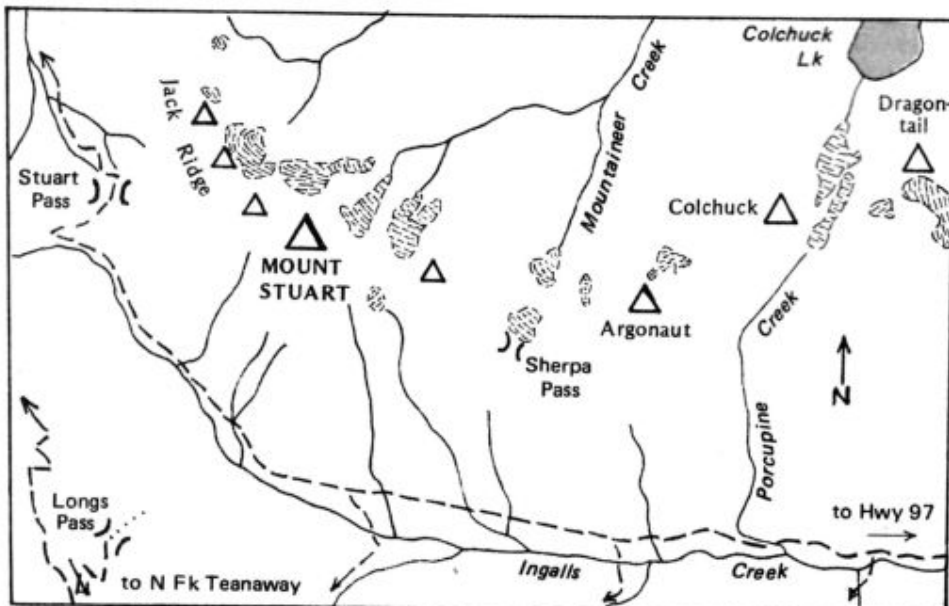
The constant tension of being ready to prevent myself from slipping was draining away my energy reserves. Fortunately, after months of summer hiking, I was in peak physical condition.

As my fatigue increased, I relied more and more on my ice axe for support. I was very grateful for its 85-centimeter length. Anything shorter would have been useless as a cane. By late afternoon I reached the lower snowfield. Seeing my camp 1/4-mile away gave my morale a boost. I relieved my thirst with occasional bites of snow.

I made slow but steady progress along the lower margin of the snowfield. At 8:20pm, just as it was beginning to get dark, I reached camp. It had taken 9 hours to cover a distance I could easily have done in less than 2 hours under normal circumstances.

... Part Two next month!

Ken Hopping grew up in Indiana. He is now an avid hiker and photographer who lives in Bellevue.



WARREN L. CLARE

SHOTOVER

—A HAIR-RAISING TRIP DOWN A NEW ZEALAND RIVER—

One of the great rivers of the world is the Shotover of New Zealand; it is a river with a short, violent history of men and is a place that invites exploration. It is a river of surprise and treacherous water with Class 4 and 5 rapids.

There are short, lazy drifts between times of furious action, rolling through 6-foot waves into quiet holes and deep eddies.

In many ways, New Zealand is several decades behind our development. Nearly thirty years after our gold frontier had passed on to the Klondike, Chilkoot Pass and the golden sands of Nome, New Zealand began its own gold frontier.

And one of the places men came to in droves was the Shotover River, just north of an English version of Leavenworth. Someone once looked about at the rising mountains covered with beech, the serrated peaks of the Southern Alps, and said, "This is a land fit for a queen." And so they called the little town Queensland.

We did not have our own white-water equipment, so we sought out a popular river guide service in Queensland. Soon, the guide loaded us into a minibus and headed north. We quickly left the macadam road and began a long, uphill grade leading to our entry point on the river.

In order to mine the river canyon effectively, workers were dangled over the cliff edge by ropes, lowered to a likely spot on the wall where they would drill into the stone, a bowline holding them far above the rapids, with a steel drill in one hand and a single-jack in the other.

The work must have been difficult and frightful. But there was gold in



John Gorman

... workers were dangled over the cliff edge by ropes ...

that river canyon and any amount of risk by Chinese laborers was thought to be well worth the effort.

When the man dangling on the face had completed his boring, he would plant a charge of dynamite, light the fuse, and then signal to be pulled up. They say that if a man was a good worker, he would be given a short rope and a long fuse.

In this way, the cliff face was gradually blasted into the river—hence, the river's name. Blasted stone is known as "shot rock." These shots were made over the whitewater. And then, with heavy construction equipment, the miners would drift the Shotover, stop at the first hole below the rapids near the blasting site, and build a coffer dam. They diverted the river to placer mine the sediment in the hole.

The last set of rapids known to fortify a massive gold deposit is a

wicked double-tongued Class 5 piece of water known as "The Mother-In-Law." Everyone was certain that the Mother-In-Law held a great deposit of gold sediment, since it protected the last major hole on the river and blasting had taken place for years.

But here was no way to build a coffer dam. The sheer walls of the canyon defy even a foothold. There is no snye or secondary river channel. There is no shingle where the water shoals. There is only a boiling cauldron of water that swiftly splits on a pointed finger of stone in mid-stream and dashes against the river canyon in two heavy, separate major flows that quickly disappear in the roar of distance. Within perhaps a hundred meters, the river appears to drop twenty.

On the inside turn of the river, directly above the Mother-In-Law, is a heavy slick of water, setting up for its

last violent toss through the canyon. Above the slick is a steep, difficult hogback running up to the inside of the canyon wall at 70 degrees. And so the miners paused for a moment, built a small coffer dam at the slick and began to bore.

It took them two years to drill and blast through the mountain. Then they diverted the entire river through the tunnel, walked into the stony bottom of the worst rapids of the river, placer-mined the hole below and went home happy.

The five of us changed into our wetsuits, strapped on our life vests and paddled to mid-channel. The water looked very high.

At first we were treated to gentle ripples, then a nice stretch of Class 2 water, then quickly into Class 4. This last rapid had to be set up precisely, since going over a significant waterfall would be our reward if we missed the slot. We caught it properly, but rather than ride the rapids farther, we pulled out too early, to find ourselves caught in a nasty eddy that banged us against the inside cliff wall, pulled us under the 4-meter falls, and instantly filled the raft with glacial melt.

Suddenly we were in trouble. Released from under the waterfall, we were tossed to the edge of the rapids, where the current threw us again into the eddy and banged us viciously into the cliff face a second time. Instantly we were spun upstream by the eddy and into the waterfall again. The guide's eyes told me that he had not set this into motion just to thrill the tourists.

The rapids snatched away and absorbed all human sound, even, by now, the terrified screams from an Australian woman on the right side. I could not hear her screams but her mouth was making all the right shapes.

Once again we were hurled into the current, the cliff, the waterfall. As we slammed into the stone face again, the Australian lady was thrown spinning from the raft. Two of us reached for her, caught her wrist and held on. For a moment, she was vertical in the water.

Instantly, we were swept into the main channel and forced to set up for a second set of Class 4 rapids in a sluggish raft, completely filled with water and half-drowned, frightened tourists. The woman's body, extending through the eddying surface of the



John Gorman

The rapids were heavy ... the experience was exhilarating.

hole, had carried enough surface area to reach through to the main current below. It had been all we needed to counter the eddy and carry us downstream.

We navigated the next set of rapids soddenly. We struck a slab of rock at mid-channel, careened around backwards where, totally helpless, we bounced through major whitewater, twisting out of control. Finally, we came to an outside bend where we were able to scramble to a stony beach and fall exhausted onto the shore.

The river was just getting started with us. The rapids were heavy, the sound of the river was pervasive and sometimes overwhelming—the experience was exhilarating. When we learned that we could handle the water, that we could meet its challenges, we became almost euphoric in our enthusiasm. We anticipated the water,

found how to meet it and how to use it.

And finally, an hour or so later, we found ourselves on a flinty, stone shingle 50 yards above the Mother-In-Law.

Lake the rapids above, the Mother-In-Law soaked up our attempts at conversation. Yelling, the guide indicated we were now about to undertake the most interesting part of the experience. He pointed across to the great slick that was setting itself up for its last furious rush through the canyon.

There, with the water a little higher than I would have wished, the slick was split and easily half of it disappeared into the old mine tunnel cut so long ago to divert the river.

The shingle we were on was barely far enough above the rapids to allow us to make the crossing. It was clear

we would have to set up perfectly—and quickly—to catch the current disappearing into the mountains.

We were really in it now. Downstream looked like certain disaster. The alternative was a black paddle into the unknown. But the guide seemed confident. He had been here a week ago and undertaken the same route. It was difficult, he told us. We had to paddle very hard to the opposite side of the river, set up perfectly and then let the water take us.

We scrambled into the raft, held it in the current until we were all as prepared as we ever would be, and then pushed into the flow. Any hesitation meant an ugly experience with an unthinkable resolution. We paddled desperately.

The current was faster than we had thought. The roiling slick was more powerful than it looked. The river was farther across than we had anticipated. We weren't going to make it. Stroking furiously, I sneaked a quick glance downstream—just a few feet away, the breaking slick slid into the head of the rapids and disappeared into a cauldron of mist below.

Then we bumped the entrance to the tunnel, ducked our heads low into the raft, pulled in our paddles and gave ourselves to the river. I had an impression of speed; great forward movement with no control. We could not see daylight.

This is not a straight shaft. A gradual curve blocks out any attempt to see its end. And there, moving far too fast, banging from side to side, praying that Avon had made the vessel strong enough, we ping-ponged down that decades-old tunnel, plunging into blackness.

It seemed like a long time before we could see a pin-point of daylight ahead of us. It rushed at us and grew alarmingly. At the end of the tunnel, the river piled up on a tiny shingle of land. Easily two-thirds of the water

bounced down a set of roller-coaster rapids, into gentle ripples, and into Lake Wakatipu near Queensland. The other one-third of the water, split by that little shingle, turned left and, during such high water as we were experiencing now, became a roaring 20-meter falls.

We pinged off the left wall, bounced to the right wall, and ponged to the left of the current. For one dizzying moment I could look straight down the arching waterfall. Through its mists were black rocks lying in the deep, sullen roar of water with real power. On that tiny shingle of gravel and stone was one small plant that stays in memory with great detail. It looked something like kinnikinnick, a tough little New Zealand shrub with its roots down through the gravel and moss into some stony crevice.

The two of us in the bow grabbed for it, held on for dear life while the current swept the guide and the back of the raft around to the very brink of the waterfall.

For a moment, time ran slow. And then, with a great lunge, the raft scooted into the right-hand channel and I heard a whoop from those in the back of the raft. They had been able to plant their paddles against good, strong New Zealand stone. While we had held mightily to that little shrub, they had pushed us into the main current.

Like everything else on the Shotover, there was no let-up. No sooner were we released from the terror of riding a waterfall for its full 60 feet than we found ourselves bouncing through a set of roller-coaster rapids into the relatively calm water.

Soon we were on the beach, again exhausted, but this time exhilarated by the knowledge that we were still alive.

Some of us just lay in the gravel and felt the hard, reassuring solidity of the stone. We rolled onto our backs and laughed at the sky. Near us was the van with dry clothes and comfort-



John Gorman

We held on for dear life.

able seats.

The Australian lady blanched one last time as she overheard the guide say, "We didn't lose anyone this trip." He said it as if it were a new experience. "But then, we've only lost six so far this year."

I think he was just kidding. He looked at me and winked.

△

When he is not out exploring the backcountry, Warren L. Clare, PhD, is an instructor of writing and the humanities at the Garrett Heyns Education Center in Shelton. He lives in Olympia.

"This story," says Warren, "does not have photos because my camera is at the bottom of the Shotover River!"

Illustrations by John Gorman, of Shelton.



DEBORAH RIEHL

RESCUE EPICS

—A WEEKEND TO REMEMBER—

Prologue:

Fourth of July weekend was my weekend this year to act as base operations leader and stand by with the rescue truck. I was planning on picking up the rescue truck after an appointment in Seattle Friday afternoon, but my pager went off in the wee hours of the morning instead.

Saturday morning I had planned to take my next ham radio upgrade exam, so I crossed my fingers that any more missions would wait until the afternoon. No such luck. Once again in the wee hours the pager went off.

After some frantic telephoning my rescue friend took the truck and I went to my exam. It was successful beyond all my hopes. I passed the 20-words-per-minute Morse Code test and was upgraded to Advanced Class.

I drove from North Seattle toward the Mountain Loop where the ongoing mission was: at Boardman Lake, a 9-year-old girl had become lost on her first overnight hike when she went ahead of her father a mile from the parking lot. As I drove, I was sharing the good news of my successful exam with my ham friends when a wind-buffed voice broke in calling "May-day!"

A party of four was lost on the Emmons Glacier of Mount Rainier in a sudden whiteout. The leader, a Mountain Rescue member, had his ham radio with him.

His party had been trying to find their way down for hours; they were cold and tired. They were between 13,000 and 13,500 feet. I suggested they return to the top and crawl in one of the steam vents that riddle the summit.

Option two: find a crevasse they

could walk into for shelter. Option three: tunnel into the three feet of new snow that had already fallen. The leader said the snow was like "Wyoming powder"—too dry to dig into. We discussed piling it up and then excavating it; mechanical disturbance causes it to set up.

He decided to head back toward the summit and investigate crevasses along the way. Meanwhile another ham had phoned the Park. Then I suggested a Control Operator isolate the repeater the Mount Rainier party was using to keep it open for further communications with them. The repeater he'd called on is linked all over the northwest and is very busy—that's why he'd used it.

I had pulled off the freeway to give my attention to the radios and phone. The Park contacted the lost party and began to get rescue teams in position for a break in the weather.

The party found a spacious, sheltered crevasse and constructed a shelter in it. They got their stove going. I drove on, listening, and pulled in to the Boardman Lake basecamp, tired from the events of the day.

At basecamp, things were winding down for the day. Soggy, tired, discouraged searchers were beginning to return. My rescue friend checked people in and saw to the warming of a few who were chilled, while I continued to monitor Rainier.

At 5pm the leader relayed that they were sheltered in their crevasse, warmer, and would wait for a break in the weather to descend. They had lots of food and fuel. He was going to turn off his radio to save his batteries. I told him we would keep the Search and Rescue repeater open and monitored overnight in case he needed to

talk to us.

The Snohomish County sheriff asked us to return to Boardman Lake at 7am Sunday morning for a renewed effort to find the missing 9-year-old girl.

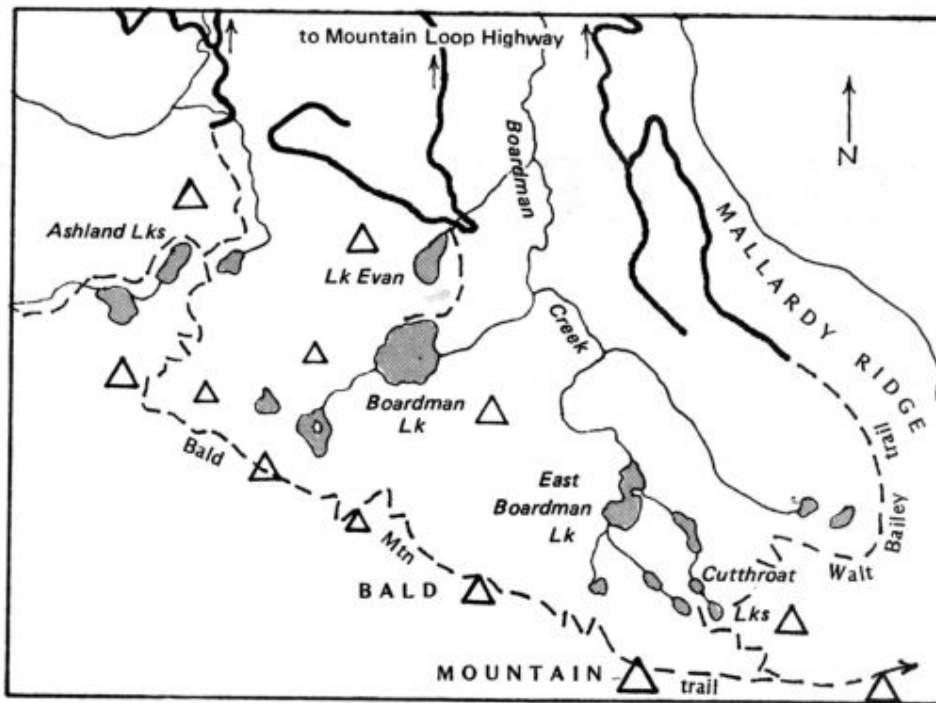
I rushed home to get as much sleep as possible. At 4am on Sunday I got up to look for gas for the truck, and drove back to Boardman Lake. There was no news yet from Rainier.

I went into the field to take the place of a searcher who had sprained his ankle. We sat in the helicopter for a long time waiting for a break in the weather, while other teams searched less technical terrain.

I thought about the little girl we were looking for. When her father reached the parking lot to find her missing, he searched frantically, then called the sheriff. Snohomish County Search and Rescue was in the field by 6:30pm the day she disappeared. Her pack was found on a log near the trail, with a package of M&Ms next to it. On Saturday her cap was found down a ravine near her pack.

At 10:30am our break came and we lifted off. I commented, "While we're up here, we might as well look." So we scanned out the windows as we flew. In rain-swollen Boardman Creek I saw a chilling sight—a long-sleeved white sweatshirt snagged on a log, swaying in the current. I poked the crew chief and pointed. He thought it was "only foam."

Our LZ (landing zone) was quite spectacular. The aft end of the helicopter hung over the river, the rear end of the skids perched on a log, while the blades whirled over devils club. Our assignment was to walk back up the river, crossing several creeks, and search up the far side of



the outlet stream from Boardman Lake.

The terrain contained Class 4 and 5 brush—our feet usually touched the ground but we welcomed slide alder and vine maple as a break from devils club and salmon berries.

It rained relentlessly. Everything was very slick. I took an 8-foot fall from a mossy log but landed in nice soft mud. There was a ticklish crossing of a wet rock face on the vegetation clinging to it.

We arrived at the outlet creek and turned up it through another small cliff band by way of a mud gully. We were scrambling up, thrashing and swearing, when I heard what sounded like an owl. I paused to listen, wondering what sort of owl would be out during the day.

The rescuer in front of me heard it, too. The sound came again—a distinct “Help!”

I shouted into the radio, “We have voice contact!”

The six of us set off toward the source of the voice as rapidly as we could. We slid down the last ledge and spotted a small pair of boots protruding from under a log. Bending down to peer underneath, we could see some saucer-sized eyes.

We dressed the little girl in dry pile clothes, covered her with a bivvy bag, and rigged a tarp over her log. I tucked heat packs down inside her clothes. We heated water and made hot chocolate and soup. She wolfed down granola bars and peanut butter cookies.

I took her temperature—95°—not bad for two nights out in a short-sleeved shirt, shorts, and long-john bottoms. We tucked more hot water bottles next to her, and she fell asleep.

Her first question was, “Where’s Brownie [her toy horse]?” The question was relayed to base and we were told Brownie was safe in her pack.

Her next request was to talk to her daddy. We held the radio up to her, and mom and dad were put on the other end. An emotional reunion was held over the air and lots of eyes were moist for reasons other than the rain.

She told us she’d stopped to go to the bathroom and slipped down the ravine, hurting her hip. She was unable to go up, so she went down to the river. Her white cotton sweatshirt got wet, cold and heavy, so she dropped it in the creek.

As it got dark, she remembered what her daddy said to do if she got lost—stay put and take shelter. She spent two nights and a day under her log, emerging to eat berries and drink from the creek. She heard chain saws and helicopters in the distance. When she heard us crashing and complaining nearby, she called out.

Two team members walked to the intersection of Boardman Creek and the outlet creek to scope out an LZ for evacuation. They had to fell a log across a channel of the river. They strung hand lines across that log and another log across the outlet creek. All creeks were running fast and deep due to the torrential rains. We carried her

to the LZ. She was able to stand and walk at some of the dicier spots with someone walking fore and aft.

The helicopter flew her to the hospital, stopping on the way to pick up Mom. We were told to go back to the original LZ to be picked up.

After high-fives and elated whoops we began to thrash our way back. We were soaked, our hands full of thorns, and it became harder and harder to get up after our numerous falls. We eventually stumbled back out onto the river bank, miraculously (no—it must have been navigational skill!) within 100 feet of the original LZ.

We put on all of our (wet) extra clothes and hunkered down to wait for the ceiling to lift enough for the helicopter to return. A cheering and gratifying call was made to us by the little girl’s father, thanking us for finding her.

We passed the time dozing, eating, and watching the inch worms we’d acquired during our trip through the brush. We discussed the merits of bivouacking on the riverbank versus climbing up to the lake should the helicopter not come back. Both choices were depressing.

Despite our pessimistic musings, the helicopter returned and lifted us out, two by two. The chow wagon drove to the helipad and stuffed us with hot food and drink.

We were told how base camp erupted with joy with our first transmissions of contact, and again when we radioed the little girl was okay. I contacted my ham friends and was told the Rainier party was out and safe.

Expeditionary climbers and police officers alike were elated. This sort of mission is enough to keep a rescuer going for another decade.

Deborah Riehl, KB7NFL, is a member of Seattle Mountain Rescue’s board of trustees. She lives in Bothell.

△

REST STOP

EQUIPMENT, RECIPES, TIPS, ETC

TEN ESSENTIALS—Can't we get rid of the term "ten" and just call them "essentials?" I get annoyed every time I see the list, especially if it is the old Mountaineers' list which does not include water and which may not be appropriate for some activities.

Here's another version which came out of a booklet called "A Handful of Trails," put out by the Willamette National Forest. I'm not sure this is the answer, but at least it's a different version.

Ten Essentials for a Day Trip

1. map and compass
2. flashlight with alkaline batteries
3. matches, candle or firestarter (make sure matches are protected.
4. small knife
5. first aid kit (carry items that take care of blisters, headaches, etc)
6. sunglasses, sunscreen and mosquito repellent
7. mirror and whistle
8. raingear and extra clothing
9. water (at least 1 quart)
10. extra food (high energy snack such as candy, jerky, etc)

—Paula Hyatt, Salem

PACK ON A SLING—When climbing or crossing glaciers with a pack I attach a short sling to the pack and clip it to my rope between me and my prusik knots.

Should I fall, I can easily shed my pack. The weight of the pack also

WINNERS—Here are two more winning recipes from the Peninsula Wilderness Club's cook-off in June.

DATE BOYS

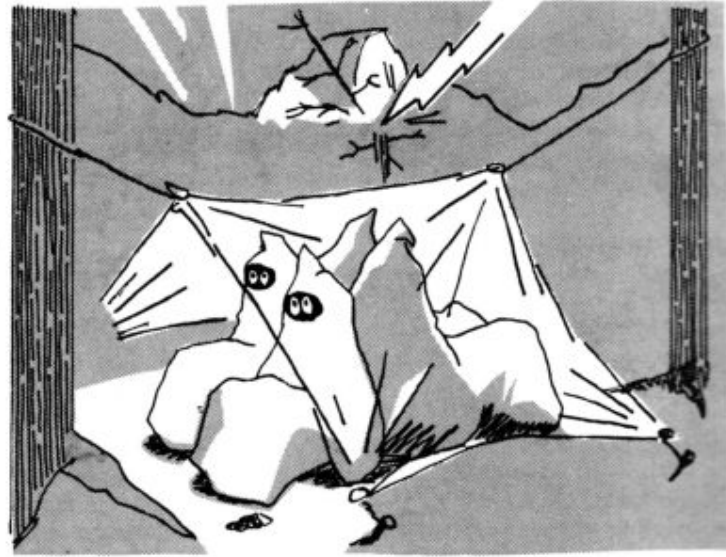
pitted dates
peanut butter
shredded coconut

Stuff dates with peanut butter and roll in shredded coconut. These pack best on the trail if carried in a hard-plastic sandwich box.—Amy Jo Bolon, Bremerton

PEANUT BUTTER FUDGE

1 cup crunchy peanut butter
½-cup powdered milk
½-cup raisins
¼-cup sesame seeds
¼-cup wheat germ
¼-cup honey

Mix all ingredients thoroughly and pat firmly into an 8"x8" pan. Cut into squares and take along for trail food.—Lynn Howat, Suquamish



helps keep the rope taut as I prusik up.—Mark Lockhart, Kennewick.

OUTSMARTING A THUNDERSTORM—You can outsmart a thunderstorm and reduce your chances of getting soaked or struck by lightning—if you know what to look for, says weatherman Jeff Renner in his new book *Northwest Mountain Weather* (The Mountaineers).

Here are some of Jeff's thunderstorm safety tips:

If thunderstorms are forecast—
don't camp in a narrow valley or gully.

don't plan to climb or hike in high, exposed areas.

do watch small cumulus clouds for strong, upward growth (indicating showers or thunderstorms later in the day).

do keep track of weather reports.

do listen for strong static interference on AM radio broadcasts (which may come from lightning).

If you spot thunderstorms—

don't stand under trees, especially in open areas.

don't remain near rocky pinnacles or peaks.

do get inside a car or building if available.

do get away from water.

do move from where you are standing immediately if your hair stands on end.

do seek low ground in open valleys or meadows.

And do gauge the movement of thunderstorms. Here's how: the mo-

ment you see lightning, start counting the seconds. Stop counting once you hear thunder. Divide the number of seconds by five; the result is the distance of the storm from you in miles. If the interval between thunder and lightning is decreasing, the storm is approaching.

NEW FOOD—Returning from Idaho, I stopped at Excell Foods in Colfax for some travelin' snacks. On a stand near the deli were all these interesting-looking packets containing one-pot dinners. Snagged several different flavors to try at home. Cost: \$2.09 each. Company's name: Legumes Plus, PO Box 383, Fairfield WA 99012.

The little bags, each the size and weight of a cup or so of rice, contain lentils and/or split peas, rice and spices. Contents are washed and ready for use—just add water, or some tomato sauce, or bouillon, as suggested on the package.

Several cook in under 20 minutes: gourmet herbed casserole, bacon-flavored lentil soup (I added some rice), lentil chili. I found them delicious, hearty, nutritious, and of generous proportions.

In writing to the company, I learned that the product line features no cholesterol, fat, MSG, no or low sodium, no animal by-products, high fiber, protein, complex carbs.

The company is locally owned and operated by the farm families who grow the legumes used. (Fairfield is southeast of Spokane.) East of the Cascades the product can be found in

Excell Foods. On the west side, check Larry's Markets or health food stores. This is a great new source of hiking dinners—compact, easy to prepare, and tasty and nutritious enough to eat!—*Gail Roberts, Snohomish.*

DRY FEET—Before hiking I always put antiperspirant on my feet. This helps prevent the “up-to-a-pint-a-day” perspiration from my feet, keeps my feet warmer, and—since wet skin is softer and more prone to blisters—it also helps prevent blisters.

My friends who have tried this have become firm believers.—*Mark Lockhart, Kennewick.*

DINNER IDEAS—I use cous-cous, a near-East precooked pasta, and a selection of freeze-dried vegetables for an easy dinner. Or sometimes I just add another near-East product called tabouly, which is a dehydrated mix of bulgar wheat, onion, parsley, herbs, lemon, spices and salt.

I buy these in bulk at that wonderful Ballard Market when I visit Seattle. The cous-cous is also available at supermarkets in small boxes, but is much more expensive.

I also use an oriental noodle called rice sticks, made in Taiwan and pur-

chased in the Oriental section of a supermarket in the Seattle area.

—*Marian Mae Robison, Wapato.*

WATER—Although pulmonary and cerebral edema are problems of fluid retention, increased water intake helps acclimatization to high altitudes.

More fluids help the kidneys to excrete excess salts which bind extra water in the body's tissues. Drink more than you feel you need. Water losses at altitude can be incredible and dehydration is commonplace.

Most of this water is lost due to increased respiration in a cold, dry



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atmosphere. Adequate hydration above 10,000 feet requires an intake of 2 to 4 quarts of fluid per day.

Take the time and trouble to melt snow, drink every chance you get, and carry two water bottles.

Eating is also important. Loss of appetite is universal at altitude and food that is eaten is often poorly digested. Normally the liver stores sugar in the form of glycogen for quick energy release. It is possible that decreased oxygen compromises some of the enzyme systems involved in this process.

Diet should be high in carbohydrates which require less oxygen per calorie to metabolize.

A 5-minute rest stop with some candy or other quick energy food every hour or so can make a tremendous difference in morale and strength.—*from the Tacoma Mountain Rescue "Rucksack."*

Gear Review—your most favorite / least favorite equipment

I always enjoy reading others' opinions, so here are a few of mine.

JanSport Cascade frame pack. It has been with me through thick and thin, and has been the *only* pack, other than day pack, I have used. It has enough adjustments to make it fit well and easily, and you don't have to be an engineer to figure it out!

A few years back when I hiked through the Arctic, it was unbelievable how much stuff could be crammed in—and still those zippers held.

The only trouble I ever had was when a critter in the Cascade Pass area *chewed* through a zipper to get at a tube of peanut butter inside. JanSport fixed it and I was not charged. I have since replaced the shoulder and waist pads once, but in 14 years I have no complaints.

Water sack. It weighs no more than a feather and can be easily strapped to

the outside, or crammed into a tiny corner inside, the pack. It saves countless trips to your water source.

Hung on a tree branch in the sun, the water will warm for more comfortable bathing. Mine is at least 10 years old and I've never replaced the bladder or spout yet.

Asolo Voyageur lightweight boots. I will cry when these wear out—five years old and many, many miles with nary a blister.

I had a little stitching resewn on the tops last spring (\$5). The leather is beginning to crack though, so this may be their final hiking season.

Patagonia pile jacket. At least 10 years old. I wear it at home and it goes on *every* hiking or backpack trip. Comfy pillow at night, lightweight warmth when needed. Don't think it will ever really wear out.

Needs a shell, though, as every

breeze blows right through.

Therma-rest pad. I know everyone else swears by these things. I found mine too heavy and not that noticeably more comfortable than my old blue closed-cell foam pad. The closed-cell pad is a lot lighter and cost under \$10.

To top it off, that Therma-rest went flat last year on Basalt Ridge (40 degrees and raining). It has a pin-hole leak in it somewhere and I'll be darned if I can find it.—*Gail Roberts, Snohomish.*

Gear Reviews are always a lot of fun. Write up your own most favorite/least favorite pieces of gear and send 'em in.—AM

PANORAMA

NEWS FROM ALL OVER

OPEN PIT MINE—Battle Mountain Gold Company has proposed an open pit gold mine on the top of Buckhorn Mountain, east of Chesaw (see May, page 22). The Forest Service and the Department of Ecology are producing information flyers to inform interested people of the progress of the open pit project.

If you would like to receive the flyers, call Elaine Zieroth at 509-486-2186, or write her at Tonasket Ranger Station PO Box 466 Tonasket WA 98855.

RABIES CASES INCREASE—New York state had 1030 confirmed animal rabies cases in 1991, four times the 1990 total and 10 times the annual average since 1985, according to the state department of health.

Raccoons were the most common carriers, followed by bats. Raccoon rabies was particularly widespread in the lower Hudson Valley, while red fox rabies is spreading in northeastern New York, according to the report, —from "Adirondac."

MOUNTAIN BIKES IN ONP—A front-page story by Logan Harris in the Peninsula Daily News of July 14 announces the first National Park trail open to mountain bikes: the Spruce Railroad trail on the north side of Lake Crescent in Olympic National Park.

The trail was opened to bikes through the efforts of Phil Anderson and his brother Mark, who presented the proposal to the Park last fall, according to the Daily News article.

The Park resisted the idea at first, continued the article, but because of its desire to limit recreational bicyclists on narrow Highway 101 on the south side of Lake Crescent, the Park approved the idea.

The Anderson brothers, with partner Rebecca Premus, operate Rainforest Rentals at Log Cabin Resort, providing high-quality mountain bikes and equipment for rent on the Spruce Railroad trail.

NEW SUPERVISOR—North Cascades National Park has a new supervisor: William Paleck, who comes from Saguaro National Monument in Arizona. He will be on the job in

Sedro Woolley by late August.

Out-going NCNP supervisor John Earnst is retiring to Fort Collins, Colorado.

GRIZZLY PRESERVE—The Khatzeymateen Valley in British Columbia is slated to become Canada's first grizzly bear preserve. About 50 of the bears already live in the area and it has little to interest loggers.—from *The Mountaineers' Conservation News*.

MONTE CRISTO CAMPGROUND RE-OPENED—A walk-in campground near Monte Cristo has been renovated for public use this summer.

The Forest Service, assisted by 20 volunteers from the Monte Cristo Preservation Association, installed new picnic tables, fire places, tent pads and toilets.

The campground is at the end of a 4-mile trek by foot or bicycle on the historic road from Barlow Pass, on the Mountain Loop Highway, to the old townsite of Monte Cristo.

While work on the campground took place, the Trust for Public Land worked to acquire some of the old mining claims that are still held by private individuals.

For more information on Monte Cristo, call the Darrington Ranger Station at 206-436-1155, or stop by the Verlot Visitors Center east of Granite Falls on the Mountain Loop.

HELP RESTORE GRAND VALLEY—A project to restore native plants and prevent further erosion will take place from mid-September to early October in Grand Valley, south-east of Hurricane Ridge in Olympic National Park.

Volunteers are needed! You can work weekends, weekdays, for a day or a month. Contact Ruth Scott or Bill Baccus at Olympic National Park, 600 East Park Avenue, Port Angeles WA 98362 (206-452-4501 x285).

EVERGREEN MOUNTAIN LOOKOUT—A group of Explorer Search and Rescue Scouts from Seattle has taken on the project of restoring the Evergreen Mountain Lookout, above the Beckler River in the Skyko-

mish Ranger District.

Built in 1935 by the CCC, the Evergreen Mountain building was used for a fire lookout until 1983. At 5587 feet, it has views of the Cascade Crest and Glacier Peak. The restoration project will take several years.

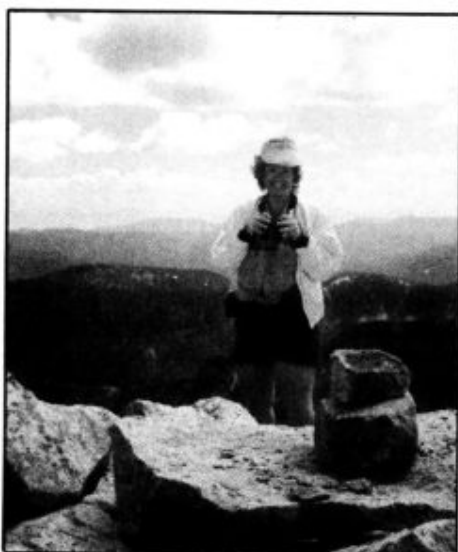
MOUNTAINEERS ADOPTS NEW ETHICS—As part of its ongoing concern with the safe, responsible and enjoyable use of mountains and wilderness, The Mountaineers Club has adopted a strengthened set of guidelines aimed at minimizing the impact of its 13,000 members on these beautiful and often fragile areas.

Mountaineer president Don Heck stated, "As a club which sponsors wilderness activities for thousands of people every year, we recognize our responsibility to keep our impact on wilderness areas as low as possible. The wilderness ethics policy is part of our efforts to set an example as responsible users of the wilderness."

Eight major principles form the cornerstone of the guidelines for minimizing impact on the environment when participating in wilderness activities:

1. Stay on established trails; do not cut switchbacks. When traveling cross-country, tread lightly to minimize damage to vegetation and soil slopes.
2. Camp in established campsites whenever available. Do not camp in fragile meadows. Camp on snow or rock when away from established campsites.
3. Properly dispose of human waste away from water, trails and campsites.
4. Use a camp stove instead of building a fire.
5. Wash well away from camps and water sources. Properly dispose of waste water; avoid the use of non-biodegradable soap.
6. Leave flowers, rocks and other natural features undisturbed.
7. Keep wildlife healthy and self-reliant by not feeding them. Pack out all uneaten food. Leave pets at home.
8. Pack out all party litter plus a share of that left by other parties.

EDITOR'S JOURNAL



On summit of Rimmel Mountain.

CAT and YC—A couple of readers have asked if "CAT" and "Yellow Cat" (aka YC) are the same person.

No. They are two different people. CAT is a certain Bellevue Mountaineer whose initials happen to be C.A.T. Yellow Cat is our live-in feline administrative assistant.

MYSTERY HIKER, ETC—"Who is Mystery Hiker?" some people want to know. And "who are Fred and Wilma?" others ask.

Actually, I gave Mystery Hiker her pen name when she forgot to sign a trail report a couple of years ago. I added the name to the end of her report, and she's been Mystery Hiker ever since. Her husband joined in and is now known as "Mr. Maphead."

Fred and Wilma have their own reasons for using pen names. Others who like privacy use initials. We don't mind. In fact, we think it adds a little fun and intrigue.

NUTHATCHES—Pack & Paddle readers are *involved* people. A new reader from Olympia sent in her subscription with a huge oil stain on the envelope.

"Oops," she scribbled near the blotch, "peanut butter for nuthatches!"

STATE PARKS—Washington State Parks' Winter Recreation program has two advisory committees, one for snowmobilers and one for cross-country skiers.

Each 10-member committee consists of 7 from one sport and 3 from the other. The ski committee, therefore,

has 7 skiers and 3 snowmobilers; the snowmobile committee has 7 snowmobilers and 3 skiers.

I was appointed to the snowmobile committee (as a skier, of course) last fall and I've found the meetings very educational.

Snowmobilers have just as many good ideas for their routes and trails as we skiers do for ours. They also have just as many complaints about us as we do about them!

Part of the advantage of the cross-over membership on the committees is that each group gets a chance to see how the others think.

As a step toward educating both skiers and snowmobilers, State Parks has come up with a "Code of Ethics" flyer for winter recreationists, wonderfully illustrated by Bob Cram, that depicts the gauche behavior of both groups in a humorous way—and lists the proper thing to do.

Since skiers and snowmobilers (as well as dog sledgers, snowshoers, and tubers) usually have to share the same parking lots, and sometimes the same trails, it's important to smile and wave as you pass each other.

LEAVENWORTH MEETING—The summer meeting of the snowmobile committee was held in mid-July in Leavenworth. I like Leavenworth and was happy to spend a couple of days there. (The Evergreen Inn has an especially nice orange cat in residence.)

The purpose of this meeting was to disperse the program funds for the year. The ski committee has a similar meeting. Where use is shared, projects are supported by funds from both budgets.

Look for a new and improved Sno-Park on the Chiwawa Road, better signs on the Mount Adams district, and improvements at Mount Spokane, among many other good things.

As winter approaches, we'll let you know about all the changes in the Sno-Park system for the coming winter.

OLYMPIC CROSSING—While I was working hard in Leavenworth, Lee was working hard in the Olympics.

On July 18, he participated in a 50-mile, 1-day crossing of the Olympic Range from the North Fork Quinault to the Elwha.

The event was a fund-raiser for a local teenager, Mackenzie Albro, who needs a lung transplant. Her father,

Brad Albro, is a member of Olympic Mountain Rescue, which was one of the sponsors, along with the Mount Constance Mountain Shoppe of Bremerton.

The 40-some participants started about 4am from the Quinault side, and finished anywhere from 5pm to midnight near the Elwha Ranger Station.

Carrying bivouac gear, Lee made the crossing in good shape. He drank lots of water, ate frequently, and kept moving. But at about the 34-mile point, he says, his feet were ready to quit!

Judd Flynn, of the Mount Constance Mountain Shoppe, says about \$25,000 was raised for Mackenzie.

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BOOKS YOU'LL BE INTERESTED IN

Best Hikes with Children in Western and Central Oregon, by Bonnie Henderson (The Mountaineers, 1011 SW Klickitat Way, Seattle WA 98134). 256 pages, 1992, \$12.95.

Here's another book in the *Best Hikes with Children* series. This one is a natural companion to the original *Best Hikes...* book by Joan Burton that covers the Washington Cascades.

Bonnie Henderson lives in Eugene. She is a backpacker, skier, and parent and scouted many of these trips with her small son along.

The guide features 98 hikes with practical information on distance, difficulty, elevation gain, best time to go, and good turnaround points for tired feet. They range from easy to difficult, and many are suggested for overnight trips.

Day Hikes from Oregon Campgrounds, by Rhonda and George Ostertag (The Mountaineers, 1011 SW Klickitat Way, Seattle WA 98134). 271 pages, 1991, \$12.95.

This guide features over 100 campgrounds across the state, from the ocean to the eastern canyons. Highlighted are numerous activities within a 30-minute drive from each location, including hiking, caving, and berry picking.

Helpful sketch maps show locations of both campgrounds and trails.

The Ostertags live in Salem and are also the authors of *50 Hikes in Oregon's Coast Range and Siskiyou*

Discovering the Wonders of the Wonderland Trail, by Bette Filley (Dunamis House, Box 321, Issaquah WA 98027). 216 pages, 1992, \$12.95.

An admitted "Rainier-aholic," Bette Filley has updated and published the marvelous manuscript she first wrote in 1969. With the help of Beth Rossow, who checked trail mileages, she has contributed a worthwhile guide

to one of Washington's most famous trails.

The Wonderland Trail is in two parts. The first is an introduction to Mount Rainier, history, geology, equipment and background. The second is a trail log for the 90+-mile Wonderland Trail. It locates campsites, trail junctions, good views of The Mountain, river fords, water sources, mileages, regulations and just about anything else you want to know for a Wonderland hike.

Columbia River Gorge: A Complete Guide, edited by Philip N. Jones (The Mountaineers, 1011 SW Klickitat Way, Seattle WA 98134). 272 pages, 1992, \$13.95.

Fourteen authors contributed their expertise to make this book probably the single most comprehensive source available for Gorge climbers, paddlers, hikers, windsurfers and bicyclists.

Part 1 covers history, geology, weather, wildlife, wildflowers, and the river, providing a useful glove-box field guide for car travelers.

Part 2 gives specifics on hiking, climbing, windsurfing, flatwater paddling, whitewater paddling, bicycling, and much more. Maps and photos are included.

The Pacific Crest Trail Handbook, by Ray Jardine (Adventure Lore Press; marketed by Wilderness Press, 2440 Bancroft Way, Berkeley CA 94704). 284 pages, 1992, \$16.95.

Ray Jardine and his wife Jenny have hiked the whole PCT twice. The wealth of their accumulated knowledge is invaluable to others planning a PCT trek, long or short.

Reminiscent of the old *PCT Planning Guide*, long out of print, the *Handbook* fills a gap in PCT literature. Clothing, equipment, footwear, food, water, giardia, bears, ticks,

mosquitoes, resupplying, and many other important topics are covered.

Otter Skins, Boston Ships, and China Goods, by James R. Gibson (University of Washington Press, PO Box 50096, Seattle WA 98145). 448 pages, 1992, \$45 (hardbound).

The Tlingit, Haida, Tsimshian, Nootka, Salish and Chinook peoples spent much of their time hunting furbearing animals and trading their pelts to Russian, British, Spanish and American traders. The Northwest Coast natives used their newly acquired goods in intertribal trade, while Euro-Americans traded their skins at Canton for tea, silk and porcelain.

James Gibson's detailed study is the first comprehensive account of the maritime fur trade on the Northwest Coast. He includes excerpts from ships' logs and journals of the era in this thoroughly researched history.

Northwest Mountain Weather, by Jeff Renner (The Mountaineers, 1011 SW Klickitat Way, Seattle WA 98134). 112 pages, 1992, \$10.95.

Local TV weatherman Jeff Renner is also a hiker, skier, and climber. He wrote this book in part to help others travel safely in the backcountry by learning how to predict storms, find safe snow for skiing, and how to make "go/no-go" decisions based on weather forecasting.

Although he uses terms like "advection" and "orographic lifting," Renner's style is easy to read and understand. Appendices include a wind-chill chart and a cloud-identification guide. The book is compact enough to take with you.