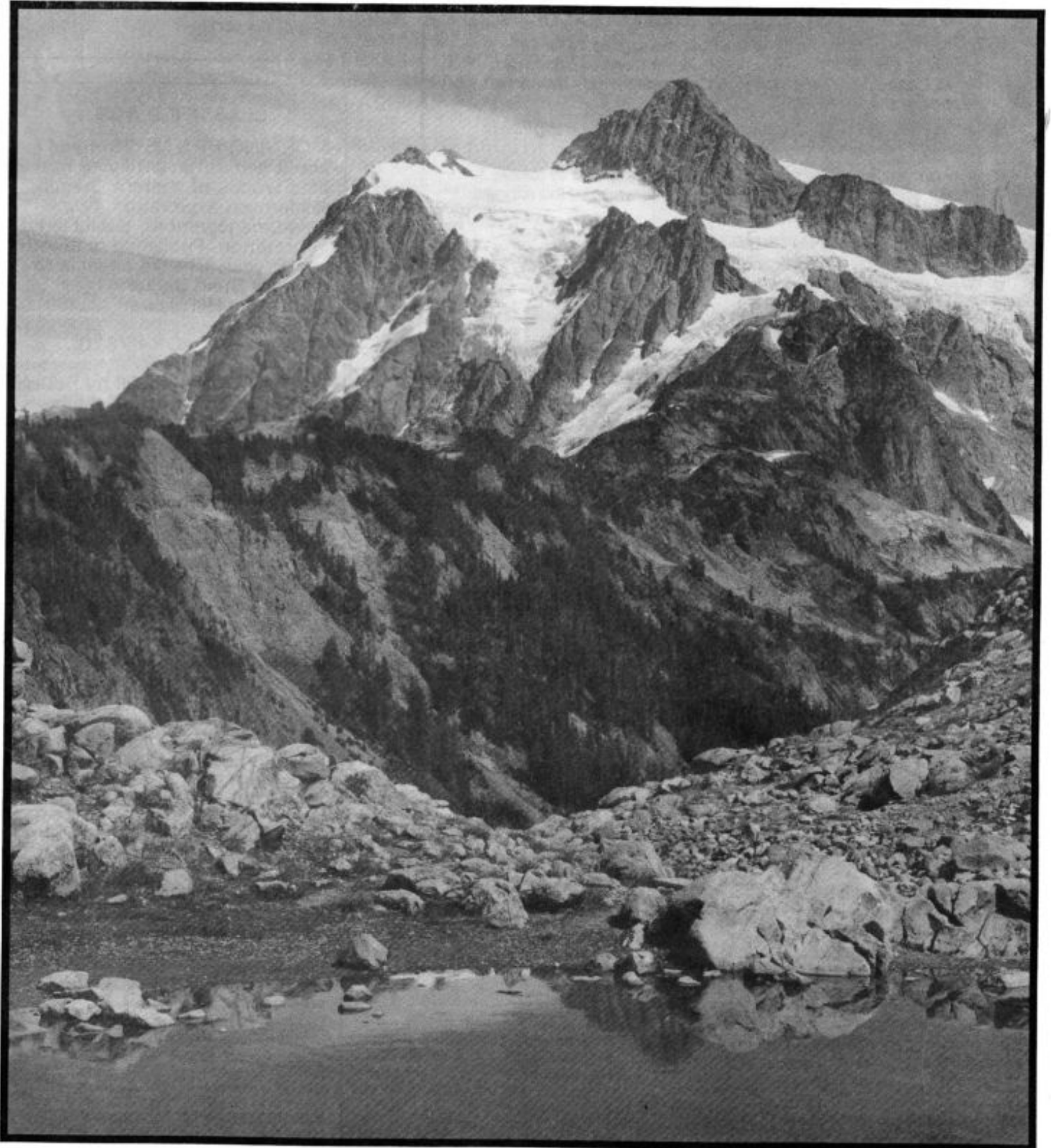


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VOLUME 1, NUMBER 10

Features

- 16 MOUNT STUART, INCIDENT 916916
Kenneth Hopping
- 18 A TRIP IN THE GOAT ROCKS
Mystery Hiker
- 19 IN SEARCH OF WILD PLACES
Jennifer Stein Barker
- 20 HAVASUPAI
Jim Miller
- 22 CLIMBING THE BROTHERS
Charles M. Bagley Jr., David M. Bagley
- 23 RESCUE EPICS
Deborah Riehl
- 24 IN THE HEAD OF THE SNAKE
Mike Hiler
- 26 BAILEY RANGE TRAVERSE
Murray Hamilton
- 27 WHEN HORSES AND HIKERS MEET
Mary Sutliff

Departments

- 4 LETTERS TO THE EDITOR
- 5 BACKCOUNTRY NEWS
- 15 BULLETIN BOARD
- 28 PANORAMA—News from all over
- 30 REST STOP—Recipes, Equipment, Tips, Etc
- 31 EDITOR'S JOURNAL

RANDOM VIEW—



Jane Habegger & Daisy Ward
on the Lena Lake Trail.

Bill Lynch

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.

• • •

Hiking, backpacking, climbing, skiing, snowshoeing, canoeing, kayaking and related activities are potentially hazardous. It is the responsibility of the individual to learn and understand the proper techniques associated with safe participation in these activities, and to fully accept and assume all risks, damages, injury or death which may result from following route descriptions or other advice in this publication. This publication is not meant as a substitute for personal instruction by a qualified person.

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The west side of Mount Shuksan, North Cascades National Park. Photo by Paul G. Schaufler.

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LETTERS to the EDITOR

This is an open forum and does not necessarily express the opinions of the publishers.

THERM-A-REST HAS LIFETIME WARRANTY

In the August issue "Gear Review" (page 29), Gail Roberts complained of dissatisfaction with a Therm-a-Rest sleeping pad.

We have prided ourselves for twenty years in making quality products and using these products extensively ourselves... Cascade Designs has a Lifetime Warranty on Therm-a-Rest sleeping pads. This means that anyone who has experienced any defect in their pad may return it to us for repair or replacement.

In addition to our warranty program, our dealers sell a Repair Kit to effect field repairs. If consumers experience difficulty in doing the repair, we also offer a repair service. A flat \$10 charge covers any and all repairs and also includes the cost of shipping the pad back to the store or directly to the customer.

One of our objectives is to keep damaged Therm-a-Rest pads in use and out of the landfill.

Our experience with Therm-a-Rest has been that the vast majority of pads

are repairable. The interesting part is the number we get back for repair due to "animal damage," both domestic and wild. It seems the residue of saliva around the valve area is an attraction, especially to young puppies....

Jerry Lloyd
Therm-a-Rest
Seattle, Washington

TAKE RESPONSIBILITY FOR PLUMMER HUT

I am writing to inform your organization about the Paul Plummer Memorial Hut located on Claw Peaks adjacent to Mounts Tiedemann and Waddington in the central BC Coast Range.

The BC Mountaineering Club maintains the Plummer Hut in part through voluntary contributions by hut users and the remainder through membership fees.

A significant number of people use the shelter annually but we do not see any user fees from the vast majority. There are exceptions—a group from the Alpine Club of Canada (Vancouver Section), a Seattle-based guiding com-

pany and a Maple Ridge, BC, guiding company which contributed labour and maintenance in lieu of fees.

Fee payment is based entirely on the honour system. As most mountaineers that we have met are decent people and generally contribute appropriately we feel that perhaps we have not done an adequate job promoting the facility and informing users of their obligations.

The BC Mountaineering Club built the Plummer Hut in 1969 and dedicated it to Paul Plummer, a deceased club member who participated in about 33 first ascents in the Coast Range. The hut sleeps 8 to 12 people, was built in the arched style common to the Garibaldi Park huts and is minimally equipped.

We encourage Pack & Paddle readers to use our facility. Our fee policy is as follows.

- › \$5 daily for non-members of BCMC
- › \$2.50 daily for junior non-members (under 18)
- › No fee for BCMC members

The daily fee applies even if you use the hut only for cooking or social convening. Many people sleep in their personal tents and so justify that they did not "use the hut." We feel this attitude is not in the spirit of mountaineering.

As you can see, if an individual is contemplating using the hut for an extended period it would be worthwhile for him or her to take out a BCMC membership. Our annual fee for an associate membership is \$30, but it is pro-rated after March 31 to \$24 and after June 30 to \$21. (All funds are in Canadian dollars.)

For membership or other information, write:

BC Mountaineering Club
PO Box 2674
Vancouver BC V6B 3W8
Canada.

Paul Kubik, President
Vancouver, British Columbia

BOARD OF GEOGRAPHIC NAMES

In reference to "Backcountry News" in August (page 11), the two lakes mentioned are not a "Daniel Boone" discovery. My youngest son and I visited them several years ago and sent in a report to Signpost (no Pack & Paddle then). We just called

continued page 32



"I still prefer the old-style summit register. . ."





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




 **WARRIOR PEAK** (*Olympic Natl Park; USGS Mt Deception*)—Went in on the Dungeness River trail to just past Boulder shelter, then east on unmarked Charlia Lakes way-trail. Both trails in fine shape.

Set up at Charlia Pass. Nice views from here to The Needles, Puget Sound, Hood Canal, Glacier Peak.

It was early so went for the peak, going over Cloudy and up the north ridge in increasing clouds to the northwest summit. Found the top, no thanks to the climbing guide. Dropped to the notch and ascended the southeast summit, then descended from the notch to the trail going to Home Lake, then back to Charlia Pass in a large loop. The trail from Boulder shelter to where I joined it became increasingly overgrown with a number of stock-resistant blowdowns.

Next day went over Cloudy again and did Zee, Why, and Ex- Spires,

plus Curiosity Peak. Didn't quite agree with the ratings for these spires. Pleasant hike out. Lots of deer. Only two people (Wilderness Rangers) above Camp Handy. Little-visited peaks (8 to 10 people a year!) and good weather.—Dave Nordstrom, Tacoma, 7/11.


 **HOME LAKE from Big Quil** (*Olympic Natl Park; USGS Mount Townsend, Mount Deception*)—On the trail at 6:30am. Stopped at Camp Mystery spring to fill water bottle and reached Marmot Pass before noon.

Trail down to Boulder Shelter drops about 1100 feet in 1.4 miles, with good tread and moderate grade. Too early in the day to quit at Boulder Shelter so headed for Home Lake. Between Park boundary and Home Creek is a blowdown I had to squirm and crawl through. The trail from Boulder Shelter to Home Lake appears to be abandoned. No problem following it, but the tread is disappearing. It's about 4 miles from the shelter to Home Lake. Up and down for the first 3 miles, then lose about 200 feet to the Home Creek crossing, then gain about 1000 feet in the last mile to the lake.

There's a nice campsite overlooking the lake with a new stainless steel "comfort station" nearby. By 6pm the lake was in shadow.

Next morning, headed to Constance Pass, about 300 feet above the lake. Saw two deer along the way; surprised not to see goats. Back to camp for supper, then back to pass for late afternoon photos.

Up early the third day, and hiked out over Marmot Pass and Big Quilcene.—Paul Schaufler, Olympia, 7/25-27.

 **UPPER LENA LAKE** (*Olympic Natl Park; USGS The Brothers*)—John and I were on the trail by 8:30 this cool, cloudy morning. The trail to Lower Lena is virtually a highway, an easy walk any time of year. At Lower Lena we turned off on the trail to the upper lake. The first part of the trail was tolerable—a bit rooty and boggy but not bad. You've heard of false summits. Well, we learned there are also false saddles. We were fooled many times by a fringe of trees against the blue sky and thinking the climb was nearing conclusion we would heave a sigh of relief, only to be faced with yet another saddle—higher, of course, and farther away.

The trail by now was steep and a mess of slippery rocks, roots and mud. In the worst section our flagging spirits were buoyed by the salmonberries which were so luxuriant you could almost graze by walking along with your mouth open.

Finally, the lake! And no one there! Faint fingers of mist crossed the face of Mount Bretherton and the lake was a blue-green glint below. John rested while I walked about with the camera. Several campsites are closed for an overdue rest.

Going down was more of a challenge for John, who is recovering from an injury, so we took it easy. We met a large, happy group coming up from Lower Lena—so we had timed our visit well.

We stopped at the Hungry Bear in Eldon for seafood before driving back to the ferry. Only a half-hour wait at the dock, but it still made a long day and we didn't get home until 10:30 (my day starts at 5am!).—Karen Sykes, Seattle, 7/12.

BACKCOUNTRY NEWS DEADLINE: September 22
Submit your trail reports by this date for the next issue. (Deadline for other departments is earlier; check with us for details.)

BACKCOUNTRY NEWS

BLUE GLACIER, Hoh River (*Olympic Natl Park; USGS Mt Tom, Mt Olympus*)—We camped near Lewis Meadow, 1 mile past the Olympus Guard Station, at a wonderful site on the river that looks like it might not be there after the next flooding on the Hoh.

We dayhiked from there up to the glacier, a wonderful place with sights and scenes not normally seen by trail hikers. The weather was sunny and cloudless. The trail was in great shape. We saw two black bears swimming across the Hoh, and a family of otters playing in the eddy in front of our campsite.

One of the things we like about this trail is the profusion of "casual walkers" we see in the first couple of miles of the trail. There are all kinds and we enjoy stopping and talking to some, especially the kids.

We noticed a track made by a wheel on the way out. At first we thought it was a nifty mountain-bike rider, but looked like a single wheel, not two. Talking to a Park Service person later, we learned they had to take someone out on a wheeled stretcher the day before.

Good weather, and the bugs weren't too bad.—Fred & Wilma, Sequim, 7/24-26.

SOL DUC LOOP (*Olympic Natl Park; USGS Mount Carrie, Bogachiel Pk*)—Even in the rain, this is a popular area. Most of the designated camp spots were already taken. Getting a spot at Heart Lake is very hard unless you just happen upon the Ranger Station at the right time. One night it was over-booked (sounds like a motel), but someone shared their spot with a confirmed reservation-holder.

Best to try this loop in the *off* season or during the week. There was no snow, even in the recessed pockets that normally have supplied us with snow. Trail is in great shape, saw

bear, deer, 40 elk, and very few people.—SB, Silverdale, 7/25-26.

ELWHA SNOWFINGER (*Olympic Natl Park; USGS Hurricane Hill, Mt Angeles, McCartney Pk, Mt Queets*)—Several of the bridges that were destroyed or damaged in the last few hard winters have been repaired. Trail crews were in the area but we didn't run across them.

We checked out the crossing of the Elwha at Chicago Camp. It can be made, carefully, on logs: the old log bridge just hangs in mid-air a few feet from the bank's edge.

We were headed for the Elwha Basin. We found the river has cut through the trail in several spots, so look for flagging. There are two spots to cross the river to enter the basin. For one you'd have to be a long-jumper, and the other is the footlog Robert Wood talks about in *OMTG*. These logs are placed over a narrow rocky spot where the water rushes through and you can't even see the bottom of this small waterfall! We handed over the packs, then crossed.

After fighting our way through the trees we were in the Elwha Basin. We found a slope to camp with a wonderful view of Mount Christie. The next day we headed for the Elwha Snowfinger. The way-trail from the basin leads over a bench and back down to another crossing of the river, and was very steep.

The Snowfinger was melted through in spots, with collapsed snow bridges. It was hard work to reach the snow hump. We did locate a game trail that took us to the bench above the snow hump. Look for it just below tree line and aim for the Golden Horn, a large yellow rock. This game trail will save considerable trouble if the lower finger is broken up.

We could see clouds pouring out of Dodwell-Rixon Pass and descending on us. Since the weather was changing, we decided to turn around. We spent the next three days in the rain.

Hiking over 60 miles on the Elwha was not our idea of a vacation, but the Bailey Range will just have to wait for another time.—SB, Silverdale, 8/1-6.

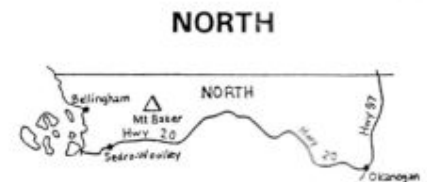
BEARS—Active at Flapjack, Smith, and Black and White Lakes, and North Fork Skokomish at Big Log and Seven Stream. Also on West Fork Dosewallips.—Ranger, 8/18.

SHI SHI BEACH—No access from the Neah Bay side. Shi Shi can still be reached by hiking north from Ozette; ford about 2½ feet deep.—Ranger, 8/15.

TUBAL CAIN MINE (*Buckhorn Wilderness; USGS Mt Deception*)—Bill, his brother Pat, and I hiked to the junction with the trail to Buckhorn Lake. We had a lunch stop in the meadows above Copper Creek. There were still some wildflowers left, though most had faded. Some small patches of snow remained on the surrounding peaks.

The views from this stretch of trail above Copper City are some of my favorites in the Olympics. Someday Bill and I intend to get to Buckhorn Pass, but we never seem to get an early enough start to fit it into a day hike.

The 22.7 miles of driving to reach the trailhead from Highway 101 are slow going.—Jane Habegger, Olympia, 8/14.



SHAW ISLAND (*San Juan County; USGS Shaw Island*)—Our plans to hike up Lost Creek Ridge were put on hold because of all this rain. We chose instead the San Juan Islands.

We walked on the ferry with our packs, got off on Shaw Island and "hiked" about 2 miles to the county campground. It's small, only 12 sites, and sits on a lovely stretch of beach.

Except for the store at the ferry landing this island is completely without any of the commercialization of the other islands. Very peaceful, quiet and scenic.—Mystery Hiker & Mr. Maphead, Granite Falls, 7/21-22.

SKYLINE DIVIDE (*Mt Baker Wilderness; USGS Mt Baker*)—This is a beautiful hike with great views of sweeping meadows and both Mount Shuksan and Mount Baker.

The drawback is that it is very popular and even mid-week we saw far too many people.

Drive east on the Mount Baker highway to about a mile from the town of Glacier. Turn right; the road is signed "Skyline Divide Trail." Cross the river and turn left. Follow this road to the trailhead; about 12 miles or so (we lost track).

The trail is in great shape. No mileage indicated, but we were above treeline in less than an hour and from there we were free to hike along the ridge or climb any number of unnamed peaks. The entire area was wide open and beautiful.

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

BACKCOUNTRY NEWS

Plenty of biting black flies and, for all practical purposes, no water.—Mystery Hiker & Mr. Maphead, Granite Falls, 8/4.

SNOWY LAKES (*Okanogan Natl Forest; USGS Washington Pass*)—The round trip is listed as 23 miles, 2600 feet in, 600 feet out.

Okay, it's long, but it's pretty easy. The Crest Trail is smooth, well-maintained, and the trip can be done in 9 hours (not counting stops) from Rainy Pass.

If you want something shorter, turn around about 1½ miles past Cutthroat Pass, just after the drop to Granite Pass begins. Here you'll have views of The Needles, Tower Mountain, Golden Horn, and the Methow Valley. Otherwise, after 10½ miles turn right on the way-trail just short of the hitch rack and go steeply up to the lakes.

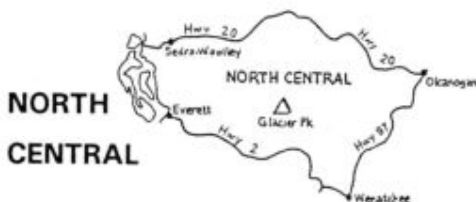
It's just as well this area is back in a ways, or it would be overrun. If I'm really good, maybe I can come back here as a marmot in my next life.—John Walenta, Seattle, 8/15.

ROSS LAKE (*North Cascades Rec Area; USGS Ross Dam, Pumpkin Mtn, Hozomeen Mtn*)—Our party of five canoes paddled Diablo Lake and paid the \$10 per canoe for the truck portage up to Ross Lake.

We had four gorgeous days on the lake and were fortunate to encounter calm waters every day. The picnic tables and latrines at every campsite were a nice surprise.

Highlights of the trip were the canyon walls of Devils Creek, the schools of fish at Lightning Creek, and the beautiful campground of Lightning Creek. This was a first trip on Ross Lake for most us, and a very pleasant one it was.—Reebach, Mukilteo, 8/9-12.

HANNEGAN PASS—Bear problems! Closed to camping for 1 mile either side of pass.—Ranger, 8/17.



NORTH FORK SAUK (*Glacier Peak Wilderness; USGS Glacier Peak West, Glacier Peak East*)—It had been a long time since Gene and I had been on this trail. Back in the early 70s we had backpacked to White Pass with our two daughters, Judy and Cathy. That

time we camped the first night near Makinaw Shelter and did the switchbacks and traverse to the junction with the Crest Trail early in the morning.

This time we didn't leave the trailhead until 11:30. This is typical when you're using horses. We had our pack horse, Red; Gene was on Stormy and I was riding Dancer. We hit the climb in the heat of the day. I remembered there was water part way up, down a short side trail, and it was much appreciated by the horses.

The trail climbs 3000 feet mostly in the open. Hot, dusty, and beautiful. From the junction with the Crest Trail we headed south for 3 miles to the junction with the White River trail coming up from the east. Camped near here off the PCT near a very small unnamed pond—grass for the horses and people-water nearby.

The horse flies were worse than I've ever encountered before. We went through a 9-day supply of fly repellent (for the horses) in three days! The flies, however, were just as happy to eat us.

The second day we took a side trip back to White Pass, then over Red Pass and down into the headwaters of

the White Chuck. It was a beautiful day and the scenery was magnificent.

As the day grew hotter the flies returned with a vengeance. Imagine riding a horse along a steep trail while that horse is trying its damndest to get away from the flies. Not fun! Or very safe, either.

The third day we ran out of fly repellent and decided to head for home to buy some more and then try somewhere else. Saw two bears (or the same bear twice), and lots of deer and marmots.—Mary Sutliff, Arlington, 7/31-8/2.

PASS CREEK to PCT (*Henry M. Jackson Wilderness; USGS Benchmark Mtn, Blanca Lk*)—Armed with lots of fly repellent, Gene and I drove up the road behind Index to the West Cady Ridge trailhead, where we left the truck. We then rode the horses to the North Fork Skykomish trailhead and started up the trail in fog.

We turned right at the Pass Creek junction and followed that trail to the PCT. The Pass Creek trail has recently been rebuilt and is in good condition. A lot of new puncheon bridges are very slippery when wet; be careful. This route to the high country



Summit of Trapper Peak: Yves Nievergelt, CAT, Randy Varga, Jay Naylor and Ken Habeck.

Ken Habeck

BACKCOUNTRY NEWS


is through beautiful old forest.

We turned north on the PCT, still in fog. As we passed Lake Sally Ann the fog began to break up and we saw that the lake was very crowded. Horse parties are not allowed to camp here, but who'd want to? It's an overcrowded, loved-to-death lake. I would like to see all camping banned and the lake given time to recuperate.


We went on to one of my favorite camp spots just below the PCT out Cady Ridge. This camp has a magnificent view of Glacier Peak and, so far, the bugs weren't bad.

The next day the fog was gone and we explored to Indian Pass. Good camping here west of the pass. This is a beautiful piece of the PCT and we did a lot of looking around. In a basin east of the PCT we found a hat with the name "L Hagan" inside. Pretty weather-beaten but still wearable. (Call Pack & Paddle if it's yours.)

Woke up the third morning to very interesting clouds. Packed up and headed south on the PCT, intending to camp near Fortune Ponds and ride back to the truck on the West Cady Ridge trail. But by the time we reached the Pass Creek junction it was pouring so we went home instead. We've become fair weather mountain travelers!—Mary Sutliff, Arlington, 8/4-6.

 **INDEX TOWN WALL (USGS Index)**—I knew there were mud puddles on this walk, but I was not prepared for this: *big* puddles, one of them almost a lake!

Also, the road was blocked about 2 miles before that last ¾-mile of mud. There might be a way around the barricade, but I did not check on it. (See description in *Footsore* 2).—Archie Wright, Seattle, 7/11.

 **NORTH FORK SKYKOMISH, WEST CADY RIDGE (Henry M Jackson Wilderness; USGS Benchmark Mtn, Blanca Lk)**—We knew it was going to be warm, but didn't know about the other treats awaiting us on this loop.

After dropping our car at the West Cady trailhead (where a pickup had had its window smashed) late one afternoon, we headed up the North Fork trail. The campsite at the North Fork crossing was occupied by the trail crew repairing the washout mentioned in last month's issue (*August*, page 9).

A mile farther we camped about 2 miles below Dishpan Gap. The next morning we reached the gap, grabbed our fanny packs and lunch and headed out trail 650 a mile to the Blue Lake High Route (trail 652A). This goes to the shoulder of Peak 6562, which

appears to be the highest peak in the North Fork valley. The walk to the summit from the trail is only about 15 minutes through a marmot meadow. The summit is broad with some fairly flat spots and a couple of large depressions that still had enough snow for a water source. A very Blue Lake is just north and below and beautiful.

Then back down and off to Lake Sally Ann, where the pikas and marmots were in their glory, as were flies and mosquitoes. A marmot *menage à trois* turned into a battle with two clenched marmots tumbling down a rock slope, creating a small rockfall and one winding up in the lake, swimming ashore. What a show!


The next morning we headed cross-country toward Skykomish Peak. Beckey says it's an "alpine stroll." The nontechnical approach to the summit is from southwest of the summit block, but you can get to it traversing either the east slope (primarily slippery vegetation just below the rock) or the west (possibly less steep, though it's looser than I liked). We are not climbers!

On the way down we found what must be the old PCT, traversing closer to Skykomish, and possibly the best approach. That night we camped at the PCT/Pass Creek junction, and the next day hiked up to Benchmark Mountain.

On the way down West Cady Ridge a large black bear was munching berries; a mile farther a blondish mom-bear and two cubs were doing the same. They didn't notice us though we were only 200 or so feet away.

We kept looking at their shoulders wondering if they could be grizzlies, figured probably not, and of course didn't have our camera. A treat nonetheless.

Lots of berries on the way down the ridge but hot and no water. Beautiful old growth forest near the bottom which is not included in the Wilderness, and must be remedied since we can't rely on the courts to fend them off forever.—Mark Miller & Sue Samuelson, Seattle, 7/28-31.

 **SILVER CREEK (Baker-Snoqualmie Natl Forest; USGS Monte Cristo)**—I parked at a log landing on Road 6335, 10.5 miles from the Index Cafe. The slide, the bus, and the cabin were all where an earlier report of the Silver Creek hike had said they were. I would classify the hike as cool (on a hot day), tranquil, and with great views of very rugged terrain. The side creeks, the gorge, the crystal-clear water of Silver Creek, and the mines along the way make it a walk back into the Old West.

Unfortunately, it became a little too far back for me. I hiked to the fourth


bridge and turned around. At Bridge 2 I stopped to talk with two fellows about the gun fire we could hear down the trail. A well-armed party of four miners had gone in to their claim down on the creek at the same time I had hiked in.

As I continued, I saw two of the miners ahead of me, shooting. When they saw me, they slipped down a side trail. Five minutes later, I nearly jumped down the 75-foot embankment into the creek when a .22 rifle started firing just above me in the trees.

I yelled, "Hiker below! Watch where you are shooting!" A rock kicked up near my feet. Then a pistol started blasting away. By that time I was moving at a pretty good clip. Then two other guns started firing and it sounded like a war.

Someone's going to get hurt. I wrote down all the license numbers of the vehicles parked at the Y in the road, and also got the number of the miners' car. I hope the authorities will stop that nonsense.

I was so shook I didn't even stop at Zeke's for a burger. That's being plenty rattled.—Robert DeGraw, Kirkland, 8/1.

 **DEL CAMPO (Baker-Snoqualmie Natl Forest and Morningstar Recreation Area; USGS Monte Cristo)**—This scramble was led by Dean Thetford. We met at Barlow Pass at 7am and it's a good thing we started early because it was already very hot.

I suffer in the heat and so does my friend Susan so we went at a slower pace than the rest of the group. We caught up to them under a shady clump of subalpine firs near the end of the trail. A way-trail ascends to the base of Del Campo, near Foggy Lake (which Beckey refers to as Crater Lake). The way-trail leads to a talus slope below the peak. From here are several routes and a lot of loose rock.

We all got to the top within 5 minutes of each other and stayed on top an hour. The views were the best. The only unpleasantness was a horde of flying ants—they didn't bite but they liked to land on you and meander.

We descended in groups of three as carefully as possible, but even so there was the occasional cry of "rock!" followed by an ominous clatter.

There were a lot of people camped in the basin and even more coming up as we descended. This is a very busy place; I'd advise going mid-week in summer.

We were glad to reach the cars and the relief of tennis shoes. We did the usual—a mass stampede to the Timberline Cafe in Granite Falls. Several pitchers of water and pieces of pie later we were heading back to the city.

BACKCOUNTRY NEWS

I had planned to do Vesper the next day but reality set in and I spent Sunday on the porch with a novel. Del Campo is an excellent scramble (Beckey says it's Class 3) with some exposure but plenty of actual scrambling. It's 4500 feet of elevation gain so it makes a hefty outing. I'm glad I went but, gee, I envy those young people who can do a trip like this on Saturday and go out again on Sunday. —Karen Sykes, Seattle, 7/18.

GLACIER BASIN, Monte Cristo (Henry M. Jackson Wilderness; USGS Blanca Lk, Monte Cristo) —My husband Rick and I took our mountain bikes up the Monte Cristo road. This is definitely the way to get up to the trailheads quickly and have fun doing it!

We hiked up to Glacier Basin, our first visit, and it was gorgeous.

The only bad note to the day was when we came back down to Monte Cristo. Someone was in the woods back beyond the cabins shooting off many rounds of ammo with an assortment of guns.

This was about 5:30pm. All the other parties we met wondered what the heck was going on. Is this a common occurrence?

One couple said they passed an older man on the road as they were coming in who was carrying a gun and sort of talking and singing to himself.

Anyway, we saddled up and rode out of town ASAP. —Katie Swanson, Seattle, 8/2.

WALT BAILEY TRAIL (DNR; USGS Mallardy Ridge) —I met my group of Mountaineers at Verlot to lead the first official club hike on the new Walt Bailey Trail. Because "trailhead" parking is limited we managed to squeeze together and leave two cars at Verlot. It works best to drive to the road-end, turn around, and drive back a few hundred yards to a wide spot in the road where several cars can pull over.

The Verlot Ranger Station has a flyer on the WBT with directions; stop and pick one up, or call them at 206-691-7791 for information.

I had talked with Walt just a few days before this hike, so I knew the trail was in good shape and there were still plenty of blueberries.

We had lunch at the upper lake. Kay spread out her bandana and we all exclaimed over it—it depicted realistic sketches of various animal droppings, tastefully arranged on a colorful background.

Several of us said we had to have one, but Dorothy (who had given it to Kay) couldn't remember where she got it.

Joan, who is a ranger at Discovery

Park, sang us the "Scat Rap" from her children's nature study program at the park.

On the way down we stopped frequently to pick berries. We were surprised to meet fellow Mountaineer Warren Jones coming up the trail; he was scouting the route for a possible one-way Bald Mountain hike later.

The group had so many questions about Walt Bailey that I've invited him to join us when I lead this hike again for the Mid-Weekers in September.

PS: In a day or two Dorothy sent me a card saying the bandana was made by Pangraphics, and I was sure surprised when I realized Pangraphics was advertising in this issue! So, to all of you who wanted one of Kay's bandanas, see their ad on this page! —Ann Marshall, 8/2.

WALT BAILEY TRAIL (DNR; USGS Mallardy Ridge) —We finally got to explore the Walt Bailey Trail. This is a beautiful area, though highly used.

The lakes are warm, the bugs not too bad (mostly flies), and the blueberries are thick. —Mystery Hiker & Mr. Maphead, Granite Falls, 8/17.

GOAT LAKE (Henry M. Jackson Wilderness; USGS Sloan Pk, Bedal) —By picking a day during the week we had the area all to ourselves. We chose the abandoned road; it's very wide in some areas, but nature is taking some spots back and it's a near-trail.

The hike is easy with good views both on the way to and at the lake. Winds and clouds were picking up so we headed out sooner than we had planned. —SB, Silverdale, 8/12.

GOAT FLATS (Boulder River Wilderness; USGS Whitehorse Mtn, Meadow Mtn) —A great hike. The trail is in very good shape. There's still water to be had. Plenty of black flies but no mosquitoes to speak of. Beautiful views and lots of blueberries. Take a water filter. —Mystery Hiker & Mr. Maphead, Granite Falls, 8/14.

LOST CREEK RIDGE (Glacier Peak Wilderness; USGS Sloan Pk, Glacier Pk West) —The first 4.5 miles and 3500 feet are not easy. It was a strenuous climb on a hot, muggy day, but well worth the effort. The views of Sloan Peak and Glacier were great. Only the first 1/2-mile of

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BACKCOUNTRY NEWS

this trail is rocky and muddy. After that it is in good shape.

We saw several black bears eating berries, and one swimming in a tarn. And we saw a rather unusual bear: long tannish-blond fur, with a cocoa-brown face, long large body and very business-like attitude. It was down-slope from us so we watched it for a long time.

Has anyone else seen this bear? It was seen two or three weeks earlier in the Monte Cristo area. The Rangers haven't seen it but are wondering about it. It sure didn't look like a black bear to me (a grizzly?).—SB, Silverdale, 8/11.

▲▲ FIRE MOUNTAIN (Glacier Peak Wilderness; USGS Lime

Mtn)—Lots of cars at the White Chuck trailhead, but most people were going to Lake Byrne. We headed up to the site of a former shelter below Fire Mountain and had the area pretty much to ourselves. Gorgeous views of Glacier Peak and Lime Ridge from the top of Fire Mountain.

The next day we went on to Diamond Lake and saw a bear in the distance and two coyotes along the ridges. After leaving Diamond and Emerald Lakes we followed the Meadow Mountain trail on to Owl Creek.

After climbing Meadow Mountain we carried water west over the 5850-foot pass to meadows just begging for campers. We had the trail and area pretty much to ourselves for 3 days.

We ended our trip in a 2½ hour descent down a hogback to our car. It was a good compass and altimeter exercise that brought us out of the woods 60 feet from our parked car.—Reebach, Mukilteo, 8/15-19.

▲▲ MOUNT STICKNEY by way of Rose Lake (Baker-Snoqualmie

Nail Forest; USGS Mt Stickney, Wallace Lk)—We started at the end of a fork in the Olney Creek logging road, at 3500 feet in the very southwest corner of section 11 on the topo. From there we headed due south to Rose Lake, then east to a saddle, then over the gentle ridge to the summit basin, and then up to the summit ridge.

Most of the terrain was easy and pleasant. From the starting point to the saddle there was a lot of moist ground. Saw a frog and what I think was a skunk.

At about 4140 feet (due west of One Acre Lake) is a beautiful open plateau with a stream. At Rose Lake bugs were biting.

On the steep slope leading from the summit basin to the summit ridge we had a short rock scramble. One party member decided to stay behind rather than tackle this (August, page 17). This slope is easier when completely

snowcovered.

On the summit we snacked, swatted flies, took in the view and marvelled at the presence of butterflies. Ours was the third party on the summit this year.

We rejoined Karen in the basin and headed back by way of the tarns (.5-mile north-northwest of Stickney), One Acre Lake, and the logging road extension in Section 11 (not shown on USGS Mount Stickney).

Driving route: From Sultan drive north on Sultan Basin road about 11 miles, cross the bridge over Olney Creek and soon turn right onto the Olney Creek logging road. Follow this to a right fork at 3500 feet. Drive 100 yards down the fork and park.

We noticed from the summit that a "new" logging road comes to within a half-mile or so of Rose Lake on its west side. It seems to end in the vicinity of the 4360-foot contour line in Section 22 of USGS Wallace Lake. Might this be an even shorter approach to Stickney?

Scrambling route: Head south into the forest and ascend in easy open forest on the east side of a stream canyon.

At 3800 feet, where you reach the edge of the canyon, angle left and ascend about 100 feet. Then traverse briefly and descend to the stream and cross it to gain easier terrain.

Continue ascending to an open plateau at 4140 feet, then hike over the west ridge of Point 4800 to Rose Lake. Hike southeast, then east to the saddle, then over the gentle ridge to the summit basin.

Scramble up to the ridge notch just in front of the summit cliff. Continue scrambling to the catwalk (15 feet of stimulating exposure) and then to the summit. Beautiful day. 4.5 hours up; 3 down.—Dave Beedon, Renton, 6/20.

▲ SPIDER MEADOWS (Glacier Peak Wilderness; USGS

Trinity)—This is a very popular hike in the Lake Wenatchee area and with good reason: the trail is very well maintained, smooth going, and gains only 1700 feet from the trailhead to the meadows.

We rose early on a beautiful Thursday and got almost to the trailhead when we realized we'd left a portion of our food sitting at home on the kitchen counter. Taking stock, we decided to go back to a small grocery we'd passed along the way to re-supply. So much for our early start.

Lots of people at the trailhead; lots of people at the meadows, which were still in bloom and very beautiful. We hiked on, heading up to the headwaters of Phelps Creek. We found a nice campsite above and beyond the people. Lots of deer and marmots.

We'd planned to drop our packs next morning and zip up to Spider Glacier to look over to Lyman Glacier but the next day dawned rainy and wet so we headed out. A very pleasant hike.—Mystery Hiker & Mr. Maphead, Granite Falls, 7/18.

▲ NORTH FORK ENTIAT, PYRAMID MOUNTAIN

(Wenatchee Natl Forest; USGS Pyramid Mtn)—As Crag and Mark Courtney from Cascade Corrals in Stehekin prepared to load their pack horses for a "Hike and Like It" week-long trip with nine guests, Bruce and Sandy Wick from Icicle Outfitters & Guides in Leavenworth headed up the trail with four riding guests.

Bruce and Sandy first visited the North Fork in 1960 as a 9-year-old. He and Sandy now share their love for the valley with guests on hiking and horseback riding trips during the summer.

We rode 6 miles up a gentle forested river trail to our camp at the head of the North Fork where the hiker's trail leads steeply up the glaciated valley wall to Fern Lake (trail closed to stock, 1.5 miles, 1700 feet). While guests hiked to the lake, stock was highlined in trees across the river, unsaddled and turned out to feed. Camp was set up and dinner prepared for the enthusiastic return of hikers from the lake.

On Day Two, we packed and saddled up for a 9-mile ride to Pyramid Mountain Meadow camp on the south shoulder of the mountain. The ride was beautiful. One log blocked our way and had to be chopped out of the trail, but we saw where the trail crew had removed over a hundred downed trees before our arrival.

Day Three was the highlight of the trip with a ride to the summit of 8245-foot Pyramid Mountain, the highest maintained trail in the state. The unobstructed 360-degree view was spectacular, with the snow-clad mountains of the North Cascades, and blue waters of Lake Chelan hugging the mountain's eastern cliffs 7100 feet below.



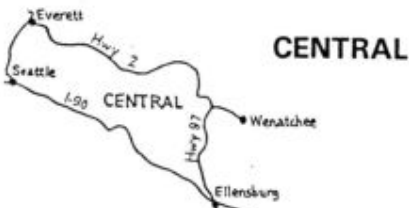
BACKCOUNTRY NEWS

Let's hope the courts support Forest Supervisor Sonny O'Neal's decision to return the quiet solitude which is so appealing in this wonderful area. (They did; see page 29.—AM) The only obvious sign we saw of past ORV use was long, deep ruts in wet spots on the mountain.

The uncrowded trails are all in good shape and well-signed. There are no bridges but creek crossings are easy from mid-July on.—DW, Snohomish, 8-14-17. (With editing by Kiki the cat.)

STEHEKIN—For shuttle bus reservations, write: Shuttle Bus, National Park Service, PO Box 7, Stehekin WA 98852.

For Lake Chelan boat info, call 509-682-2224.—Ranger, 8/17.



MIDDLE FORK SNOQUALMIE ROAD—The contract has just been awarded to make the repairs at MP 14, according to the North Bend Ranger Station. If all goes well, the road should be repaired by the end of September.—Dave Beedon, Renton, 8/25.

MOSSY SLAB PEAK (*Alpine Lakes Wilderness; USGS Chikamin Peak*)—This was an exploratory scramble for The Mountaineers. I had been up once before (1987) by way of a climbers' route and wanted to find an easier way.

Mossy Slab is the unofficial name for the southern of two peaks lying just southwest of Hibox Lake. You can see it clearly (but only briefly) from the forest road while approaching the Rachel Lake trailhead. You can also see it from high up on the Rachel Lake trail, looking down the valley: it's one of two peaks that look like inverted saw teeth. The topo's contour lines show its elevation as 5480+ feet.

From the summit you look straight down to Hibox Lake and straight across Mineral Creek valley to Three Queens (amazing red mineral color).

Ours was only the second party to sign the BOEALPS summit register (placed in 1987). You won't run into crowds here.

Route: leave the Rachel Lake trail just before the first stream (2800 feet) and head uphill into the forest.

Keep south of same stream to about 3300 feet, then cross to north side. Follow a north-trending stream (south-east quadrant of Section 12) to about 3400 feet, then turn east, crossing it.

Now a tributary stream should be south of you. It flows down from the east side of our mountain's south ridge.

Stay parallel to this tributary stream. After passing through a band of vine maples (about 3600 to 3800 feet), turn counter-clockwise with the stream and ascend the south ridge to summit.

The trip is almost entirely cross-country and in forest. There aren't any views until you get onto the south ridge. It's mostly Class 1 travel, but you do have to contend with some exposure near the top. The upper portion of the ridge (open, sloping, exposed rock) would be treacherous when wet. This would be a great winter trip if you could drive close to the trailhead.—Dave Beedon, Renton, 7/19.

PADDY GO EASY PASS TO ROBIN LAKES (*Alpine Lks Wilderness; USGS The Cradle, Mt Daniel*)—Skip and I did one of my favorite short backpack trips: a loop to Paddy Go Easy Pass, north along the ridge to Robin Lakes, then back by way of the Hyas Lake trail. The trailheads are only ¼-mile apart.

Our first night's objective was a pass above the upper French Pothole, chosen because it provides a reliable water supply. I try to stay as high on the ridge as I can, dropping to the west when necessary.

This trip, however, we tried going east of Boulder Top Spire (the name Beckey gives for the peak north of Point 6564). Stay west! After much time and more effort we finally extracted ourselves by crossing to the west just north of Boulder Top.

The second day's objective was Robin Lakes. After dropping from our camp to avoid some cliffs we re-climbed the ridge just before the south peak of Granite Mountain. Then we passed two especially pretty tarns on the way to climbing Granite.

As we followed the way-trail high above Robin we checked a side trail and stumbled upon a beautiful campsite. It had a small meadow, a view of Glacier Peak, and a pond not shown on the quad. After supper six mountain goats joined us for dessert. They wandered around our tents munching flowers for an hour or so. They also returned about midnight, when they seemed to play tag, stomping around making quite a racket for a couple of hours.

On previous trips the trail down to Tuck Lake was difficult to follow, but is now clearly marked by numerous cairns.

This was such a good trip we even had a strong breeze to suppress the Hyas Lake mosquito population.—TG, Skyway, 8/1-3.

CAUTION!

Fire danger is extremely high in all areas of the Northwest. Don't build a campfire unless it's pouring rain. Use a stove for cooking with rock, sand or bare dirt as a base.

ENCHANTMENTS—Here are changes in the permit system for 1993:

1. We will begin processing applications (postmarked after 2/25) on March 1. Applications postmarked prior to 2/25 will be returned unprocessed. After March 15, walk-in applications will be taken.

2. Season Pass Day Use Permits are due back at the Ranger Station by 10/25. Those not returning them will not be issued another pass the following year.

3. Permits will not be issued to any party larger than 8 people.

4. Limit of one permit per year.

For more information, contact the Leavenworth Ranger Station, 600 Sherbourne St, Leavenworth WA 98826 (509-782-1413).—Ranger.

LAKE JOSEPHINE (*Alpine Lakes Wilderness; USGS Stevens Pass*)—Our once-a-year, 4-day volunteer work party, sponsored by the Leavenworth Ranger Station, came off this year August 6 through 9.

We drove in the Mill Creek road (about 6 miles east of the Stevens Pass summit) until we connected with the Cascade Crest Trail. Then we walked to Lake Josephine and made camp. Now, since Lake Josephine is the source of Icicle Creek, the Lake Josephine trail is the beginning of the Icicle Creek trail. Our job was to move the trail back from the lakeshore and start some revegetation; the area is getting quite stomped down.

We had 13 people: 2 Forest Service employees and 11 of us volunteers. But the weather did not cooperate. It rained most of Thursday and all of Friday. On Friday night, Rusty Thompson (who has led all of these work parties for us since 1982) said "Enough!" We packed up and went home Saturday. But we got a lot done Thursday afternoon and Friday, even in the rain. Such is life.—Archie Wright, Seattle, 8/6-9.

RACHEL LAKE (*Alpine Lakes Wilderness; USGS Chikamin Pk*)—This was the Silverman Annual Three Generational Backpack. Sarah and Daniel, now 9 and 7, have become such sturdy little hikers that we decided we could challenge them this year.

We reached the Rachel Lake trail-

BACKCOUNTRY NEWS

head at noon. I promised the kids we'd set up camp in time for supper. They really dragged across the valley floor, with numerous stops to rest, drink water, and eat snacks, but when we "hit the wall" they hit their stride and took off. (By this time, their packs had been transferred to Dad and Grampa, who were, of course, beginning to slow down.)

I had to keep calling to them, "Stop right where you are now and wait until you see me." Altogether it took us 6 hours to reach the lake.

Next day we left our tents and climbed to Rampart Ridge, where we explored the lakes, waded, and played. On Saturday evening we thought we heard violin music; we looked over the ridge to the next camp and saw three women sitting in a circle, all bowing away!

The uneventful trip down on Sunday took only 4 hours. Daniel decided that canned smoked salmon pate for lunch is much better than "devil meat" (Underwood's spreads). Sarah thought the waterfalls were best of all, but next time would like to go to a place without mosquitoes. Lots of people—Jeff counted 30 tents at the lake during his twilight walk.—Goldie Silverman, Seattle, 7/17-19.

MYRTLE EDWARDS PARK

(USGS Seattle South)—The south end had limited parking and some very expensive parking meters. So we drove around to the north end and found plenty of parking and no meters.—Archie & Margie Wright, Seattle, 8/18.

SOUTH CENTRAL



SNOWSHOE BUTTE, BEARPAW BUTTE

(USGS Blowout Mtn)—There are only ten named summits precisely on the Cascade Crest between Snoqualmie Pass and the next paved pass south, Chinook Pass: Silver Peak, Tinkham Peak, Snowshoe Butte, Bearpaw Butte, Blowout Mountain, Pyramid Peak, Norse Peak (the highest at 6856 feet), Crown Point, Pickhandle Point, and Yakima Peak.

Abiel Peak, Meadow Mountain, and Arch Rock are all very close, but miss the hydrologic boundary a bit to the west in all cases.

Snowshoe and Bearpaw Buttes are two of the easiest summits on this list. Take Exit 62 off I-90 (Stampede Pass/Lake Kachess).

Turn right, south, on Road 54. At 3.6 miles turn left on Road 41. At 8.4 miles cross a 4000-foot pass into Cabin Creek. At 8.7 miles are good views of the objectives with Rainier looming in the background.

At 10.5 miles turn right on Road 4111 and follow to the headwaters of Cabin Creek. At 14.3 miles the road ends at 4600 feet, .2-mile east of Snowshoe Butte, a broad meadowy summit. It took 15 minutes to climb cross-country to the scattered remains of the old lookout site, 5135 feet. Good views of vast clearcuts and soft summits and the Big Guy (Rainier) to the south. Chimney Rock rips the sky to the north.

I dropped back to the car and drove 1/2-mile east along the crest between Puget Sound (by way of the Green River) and the Columbia River (by way of the Yakima River), parking almost on top of the PCT.

Running the trail (with great vistas courtesy of your friendly tree faller), then a logged hillside to the top of Bearpaw Butte (4800+ feet) took another 22 minutes.

The rest of the morning I spent motoring over to Tacoma Pass and then up to a stone's-throw walk to Sheets Pass which by some quirk of fate still sports a lovely stand of old growth.—John Roper, Bellevue, 8/18.

PCT: Windy Pass, Mirror Lake, Twin Lakes Loop

(Wenatchee Natl Forest; USGS Snoqualmie Pass, Lost Lake)—The guidebook *100 Hikes in the South Cascades* says that this loop (starting at Cold Creek trail instead of Windy Pass) can be done from either direction and suggests going clockwise. No! The trail from Twin Lakes to the PCT is a terrible trail; if we had known its condition, we would not have done a loop at all.

Fortunately, we did it in the other direction, so we were spared the steep uphill through mud and head-high brush—it was bad enough coming down.

We followed Robert DeGraw's instructions (*August, page 11 & 12*) to drive to Windy Pass near Olallie Meadows. The PCT south was cool and breezy on this very hot day. We looked for but didn't find the turn-off to DeGraw's "Zoe" and "Carolyn" lakes, but we did find and file for another day the trail marked "Abandoned" to Silver Peak.

Lunch at Mirror Lake, where we saw two tents and two yellow rafts on the blue water. Homeward bound, we came to the junction with the Twin Lakes trail and should have known by the "hikers only" sign to go back the way we had come. Be forewarned!—Goldie Silverman, Seattle, 8/12.

GOAT PEAK (William O. Douglas Wilderness; USGS Old Scab Mtn, Goose Prairie)—This is the highest Point on American Ridge. Bill and I reached it from the Goat Creek trail 959 off Bumping River road.

This route is 10 miles round trip, gaining 3400 feet elevation. The Goat Creek trail climbs 3100 feet, reaching American Ridge at 4 miles. At the ridge the trail is well-marked at an intersection directing you to Goat Peak, 1 mile farther.

The former lookout site provides stunning views. The trail is well-maintained, the grade is good, and there are lots of switchbacks to make the steady climb humane.—Jane Habegger, Olympia, 8/5.

CORRAL PASS LOOP

(Norse Peak Wilderness; USGS Noble Nob)—I've had it in the back of my mind to do the Greenwater Lakes/Corral Pass loop for some years. When The Mountaineers asked me to lead some mid-week hikes in the "very strenuous" category, this is one I decided to do. Then I sat down and looked at the mileage—oops! over twenty!

So when the group rendezvoused on that hot morning I presented the possibility of three shorter hikes. One of my stalwart group pointed out that if we started at Corral Pass and eliminated the 4 miles down the Greenwater we'd still have a loop of nearly 20 miles. So...

We began at the Noble Nob trail because it's the first trailhead you encounter as you drive up Corral Pass road 7174, off Highway 410, 30 miles east of Enumclaw. The trail is about 6 miles up the road, numbered 1184.

The trail contours around an old burn with lots of wildflowers and views of The Mountain. The magenta paintbrush lurks here. Part of the trail is jeep-wide but no longer ravaged by them. After a couple of miles of meandering there is a quick climb, then switchbacks down past the Deep Creek trail 1185. At 3 miles, in a large meadow, is an intersection. Turn right on the Lost Creek trail.

At Lost Lake we lunched and waded, until some "plinkers" showed up, guns in hand. We moseyed down past tiny Quinn Lake in deep, cool forest. One hiker tripped and fell, skinning her knee and bumping her head on one of the few rough sections of trail.

Three miles down from Lost Lake is a cool creek crossing and the intersection with the Greenwater Lakes/Echo Lake trail. Turn right and begin to gain back your elevation. Just before Echo Lake you pass the intersection with Maggie Creek.

We paused at Echo Lake for

BACKCOUNTRY NEWS

afternoon snacks and were treated to the sight of an Osprey nest with fledgling chicks. The trail passes right under the nest—watch your step!

There are lush, boggy meadows between Echo Lake and Hidden Lake, which is hidden. It's a 6-mile gradual climb from Echo Lake back to Corral Pass. From the top you get glimpses of the buttresses of Castle Mountain through the shading trees. When it flattens out, you're at Corral Pass. It's a short stroll to your car.

Do the loop clockwise. The trail bed is mostly in fabulous shape.
—Deborah Riehl, Bothell, 7/30.

SURPRISE LAKE (*USGS Bearhead Mountain*)—Wanting to "escape the crowds," we followed instructions in the August P&P (page 12) to a wonderful little lake we had never before heard of. Thank you, J. Dixon.

We didn't see anyone on this trip. The water level of the lake is obviously down, and there are many sandy beaches. Someone has built a driftwood shelter up against the root pad of a fallen tree. This would be a great destination for a hike with children.—Goldie Silverman, Seattle, 8/5.

MILDRED POINT (*Mount Rainier Natl Park; USGS Mt Rainier West*)—It's about 2 hours from beautiful downtown Olympia to the Comet Falls trailhead. I was on the trail just before 7am. Long, rocky switchbacks led past Comet Falls. Steep steps were rough on knees, both ascending and descending!

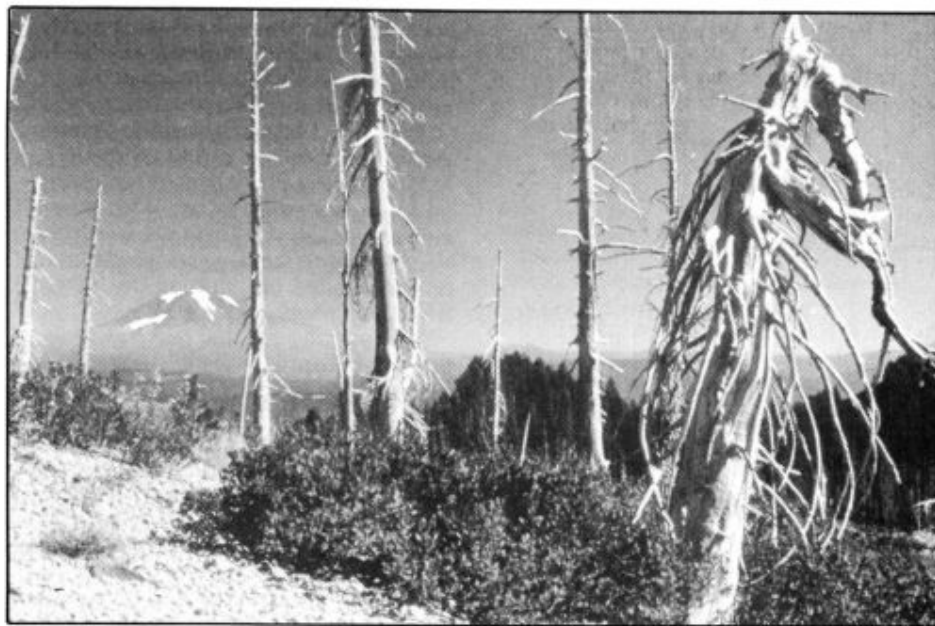
In about 2 hours, I reached the trail junction sign for the Van Trump and Mildred Point trails. I crossed the creek on nice flat-topped logs. Last time I crossed here it was a tangle of waterborne debris.

Not many wildflowers, but fringed grass of Parnassus and gentian made up for it in quality. The ascent to Mildred Point is steep, in a rut that goes straight up the fall line. This view of Kautz Glacier and the washout directly below is both awesome and ugly—but hey, it did give us that great view of the Mountain from the road between the Nisqually entrance and Longmire.

I heard frequent rockfalls, talked to hikers from Canada, took pictures (hauled the 4x5 all the way up here).

Nice views, Van Trump Park looks very green, lots of cascades off the mountain. Photogenic clouds moved in around noon, but turned to haze about 2pm, so it was time to leave.

Back at the trailhead at 5pm. Kind of slow going on the steep rocky steps.—PGS, Olympia.



Devastation zone at Mount Saint Helens, with Mount Adams in the distance.

Terry Woodburn

WONDERLAND TRAIL, Box Canyon to near Indian Bar (*Mt Rainier Natl Park; USGS Mt Rainier East*)—Started out about 9am; switchbacked up to the Cowlitz Divide by 11. This marks the change from low- to high-elevation forest and shortly thereafter to subalpine. The rolling grade here soon becomes steep again.

Just before noon, got the only view of The Mountain I would have on the whole trip; clouds moved in.

After a steep downhill, had lunch. From here on it's steep with steps up and down again. This is what trails used to be before people learned to build trails. I call this a fall line trail since that's what the trail does—follow the fall line. If you like archaic trails you gotta love this one. If high steps are hard on you, this is a killer.

Several points gained and lost. Finally reached the high point (5930 feet) at 2pm. Met charming Canadian couple who have been hiking Olympics and Rainier for a couple of weeks. They had been to Indian Bar and were on their way back already.

Camped about 300 feet below the high point near a good spring. A stretch of outwash gravel provided tent space so I didn't squash any lupines. Lots of elk beds. Goat wool and a grouse. Lots of blue lupine, magenta paintbrush and meadow spirea. Very patriotic.

In the morning, sky to the west was black. I bugged out in under 4 hours. Rain hit hard about 10 minutes from Box Canyon.—PGS, Olympia, 8/5-6.

INDIAN HENRY'S HUNTING GROUND (*Mt Rainier Natl Park; USGS Mt Rainier*

West)—This trail is not one of my favorites. It is steep in places and lacks enough switchbacks to make the elevation gain comfortable. In addition, there are a number of series of stairs straight up. These are tiring going up and really hard on the joints going down.

Despite my dislike of the trail and the fact the flies were really bad, Bill and I are glad we finally got to see Indian Henry's. The meadows were blue as far as the eye could see, filled with lupine.

The book says this gains 2300 feet. We calculated it at 3300 and on this very hot day it felt all of that.—Jane Habegger, Olympia, 7/25.

GRAND PARK (*Mount Rainier Natl Park; USGS Sunrise*)—I had always wanted to do this hike, but didn't know how to find the alleged trail into the park. Here's the secret: drive east on 410 past Greenwater and Crystal Village to Road 73. Turn right and follow Road 73 for 10 miles—not for the faint-hearted.

Watch for a sign that says "Eleanor Creek" on the left, with a small gravel parking area for about 4 cars on the far side of the creek. The trail takes off into the forest near the sign and follows the creek. Soon you pass many white rectangular signs on the trees indicating that you have crossed into National Park territory, but the trail is not NPS quality. It's not difficult, but there are many blowdowns.

You come out at the group campsite at Lake Eleanor, with an outhouse that had been vandalized. From that point, a fine, wide trail, clear of impediments, leads over a ridge and down into a small meadow, and then up

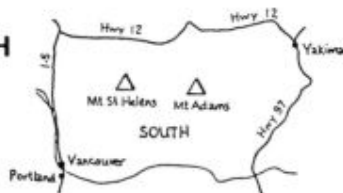
BACKCOUNTRY NEWS

again through forest until you reach Grand Park. What an amazing meadow. It goes on and on and on. We went as far as the silvery remnants of an old fire.

Streams were low and the little lakelets were dry. We could see the Mount Fremont lookout high above us. Saw only one other party, two persons.—Goldie Silverman, Seattle, 7/31.

MOUNT RAINIER NP—A permit is required throughout the year for overnight camping in the backcountry, and may be obtained at any Park Ranger Station. Rainier NP permits are also available at the White River Ranger Station in Enumclaw.—Ranger, 8/7.

SOUTH



BEAR CREEK MOUNTAIN (Goat Rocks Wilderness; USGS Pinegrass Ridge)—The directions in *100 Hikes in the South Cascades and Olympics* are good. The last 2.6 miles approaching the trailhead are very rough and we would not have wanted to try it without a 4WD vehicle.

The trail climbs a little in the first few hundred feet, then is nearly flat until you reach the intersection with the trail from Conrad Meadows at 2 1/4 miles.

From the intersection the climbing begins, switchbacking up Bear Creek Mountain. At 3 3/4 miles is the summit and the view is one of the most spectacular in the Cascades. The Goat Rocks look close enough to touch! Bill and I wished we had a wide angle lens to try to capture the whole view.

The hike is 7 1/2 miles round trip, gaining 1400 feet.—Jane Habbegger, Olympia, 8/8.

SNOWGRASS FLATS (Goat Rocks Wilderness; USGS Walupt Lake, Old Snowy Mtn)—We had long wanted to come here and finally made the trip. We backpacked in to a camp on the By-pass trail, with good views of Mount Adams. Quickly setting up camp, we continued up south on the PCT to Cispus Basin, through beautiful meadows and gardens below a brooding and black Gilbert Peak.

We dayhiked north on the PCT the next day and were delighted and astounded by how great it was. We haven't come across too many places in Washington with so much great

alpine terrain. For several miles we walked above timberline, with mind-boggling views of Mounts Adams, Saint Helens and Rainier, and the nearby Goat Rocks.

We turned around near Elk Pass and arrived back at our campsite about 3:15. A horse party had set up camp within a few yards of us! With no ambient noise, we knew we would be very unhappy staying, so we packed up and headed out, cutting our planned trip a day short.

The parking lot that had 3 cars in it the day before now had 30. We drove down to the separate horse parking lot 1/4-mile away to see how many cars were there. Some horse people flagged us down to tell us they rode out the wrong trailhead and needed a ride to their truck and trailers at Walupt Lake 11 miles away!

As we took one of them there, he told us of his harrowing adventures that day: one of his horses fell several hundred feet on a narrow section of trail, and the other half of his group was still out on the trail waiting for him to show up with the gear. What a mess.—Fred & Wilma, Sequim, 7/31-8/1.

JUNIPER PEAK (Gifford Pinchot Natl Forest; USGS McCoy Peak)—As we entered the first clearing approaching Juniper Ridge, I saw a brown furry animal, maybe 20 feet ahead of Bill near the trail. My first thought was "marmot" ...no, too large. Then "dog." Then "BEAR!" It was a bear cub.

Our group of four stopped, made lots of noise, and watched the cub scamper off into the woods. We never saw the mamma bear, but when we reached the ridge we pulled out the binoculars to look intently.

We had a gloriously clear day with great views of Rainier, Saint Helens, and especially Adams. On our way down the trail we wore a "bear bell" and sang lots of songs.

This was an investigative hike—I'd already written a Grumbler's letter (see page 29) to the Forest Service protesting the proposed rebuilding of the trail to make it more conducive to motorized use.

We hiked to Sunrise Peak 5 or so years ago and were disturbed by the buzz of motorbikes below. This time we encountered none but certainly did see evidence of their use: deep ruts in numerous places.

I was surprised to see only one other hiker on this hot Saturday—maybe others avoid hiking here because of machines on this mixed-use trail. The Ranger in Randle told us there are more ATVs on the trail to Blue Lake.—Jane Habbegger, Olympia, 7/18.



Mr. Maphead on the PCT near Old Snowy in the Goat Rocks.

LOST LAKE LOOKOUT, Bluff Lake trail (Goat Rocks Wilderness; USGS Packwood Lake)—The new second edition of *100 Hikes in the South Cascades and Olympics*, by Ira Spring and Harvey Manning, contains some interesting additions. Lost Lake Lookout is one of these. Although the distance (14+ miles) and elevation gain (3400 feet) make this a strenuous day hike it is well worth it.

Jane and I were greeted at the trailhead by three elk, a sign of good things to come. The trail gains 800 feet in the first 1 1/2 miles to Bluff Lake. The trail is wide and well-maintained up to this point. The lake is frequented by fishermen, but we had it to ourselves this day.

After leaving Bluff Lake, the trail climbs steeply. On the ridge, the route flattens out through the woods (several blowdowns). A herd of elk thundered past us here, sounding more like a herd of elephants.

The final switchbacks to the lookout are not well-defined among the flowers, but they can be followed. The lookout is not named on the map we used (Green Trails Packwood), but the point is well-marked.—Bill Lynch, Olympia, 8/3.

OREGON


PCT, Timberline (Mt Hood Natl Forest; USGS Mt Hood South)—From Timberline Lodge we hiked northward on the PCT for a 2-mile day hike. The next day we headed southbound on the PCT.

This is a great place for dayhiking on the PCT to get high and have great

BACKCOUNTRY NEWS

views and mountain flowers. Trail is in good condition. One mile down from the lodge is Alpine Campground. —Nancy South, Brier, 7/27-28.


BRITISH COLUMBIA

 **ELFIN LAKES** (*Garibaldi Park; Squamish 92G/11, Cheakamus River 92G/14*)—A day-hike to Elfin Lakes provides a broad view of southern Garibaldi Park, but the close-ups are reserved for those who take another day to go on to Opal Cone and Mamquam Lake.

This is a road-walk, except for a trail segment leaving the road on the right about 20 minutes into the hike. The trail cuts off about 2 miles, making a round trip of 12 miles with 2400 feet gain. The trail is in dark forest and then meadow, where views of Atwell Peak commence.

Once back on the road, views open up to include ranges west and south of the Park. The lakes are uninteresting (aside from being the only water source), but serve as a base camp for the area. There is a ranger station, an old lodge that was operated year-around until the 1970s by some hardy Scandinavians, and a fully-enclosed shelter that could probably sleep 20.

From this perspective, Mamquam Mountain and its glaciers are most impressive, while Garibaldi Mountain appears to be a minor spur hiding behind Atwell.—John Walenta, Seattle, 7/31.

 **"MUSICAL BUMPS"** (*Alpine Whistler; Alta Lk 92J/2*)—This hike opens with a 3900-foot gain in 20 minutes—up the Whistler gondola to the Roundhouse below the summit. Cost is \$15 CDN. Don't wear your sneakers, however, thinking this is a stroll because the lift has done all the work.

The trail is primitive, quite steep in spots, and perhaps not suited for small


children or the inexperienced. I was strongly discouraged from attempting the route in the *103 Hikes* guidebook. Resort personnel say there is no longer a path to the summit or to Piccolo, and that the area is closed in summer due to the fragility of the terrain.

Instead, I was instructed to take the Harmony Lake loop, and continue past the lake to a junction signed "Singing Pass." This trail leads to Flute and Oboe.

I estimate a 4 mile round-trip to Flute with 1000 feet gain in and 1000 feet out. After Flute, you're on an open ridge and difficulties end. I spent six hours on this short trip, ogling the views.

Be sure to return before the lift closes for the day; the descent by foot to the Village looks pretty nasty. —John Walenta, Seattle, 8/1.

MAINE

 **MAINE ISLAND TRAIL** (*Portland and east*)—I spent a week on the Maine Island Trail with six other paddlers from Seattle, all board members of the Washington Water Trail Association. There are 3000 islands off the coast of Maine, and this unique trail runs through 325 miles of them.

The put-in is Portland, which is not a large town, and with Boston 250 miles away, the area is not impacted by a large population. Except for the lobster pots, the islands have a very pristine character.

The pack-it-in, pack-it-out ethic is the rule here, and that applies to human waste as well: 80% of the islands in the trail route are privately owned.


We had beautiful summer weather and the islands are gorgeous. For information on the MIT, write:

Maine Island Trail Assoc
60 Ocean Street

Rockland ME 04841.

—Sandi Nelson, Seattle, August.

MONTANA

 **HUB LAKE** (*Lolo National Forest*)—The trailhead for this pleasant 6 mile, 1720-foot-gain hike is just 6½ miles south of I-90 (exit 26 in Montana) on an excellent gravel road. As Jim said, "This road is in better shape than the freeway!" We were on our way to Yellowstone with some extra time and, using *100 Hikes in the Inland Northwest*, decided to give Hub Lake a try.

As usual, we got behind schedule and started out on the hike at 3pm. As we were walking up the trail, I remembered we'd gone through a time zone and it was actually 4pm.

The grade is gentle as it passes alongside Ward Creek and then gets somewhat steeper as it goes through open forests and eventually into meadows near the lake. About ¼-mile before Hub Lake, we could see pretty Hazel Lake on our left. Beyond Hub Lake, the trail continues up an open rock and grass slope to a saddle between Ward and Eagle Peaks. It looked so inviting, but by then it was after 6pm and time to turn around.

At Hub Lake we encountered the same dog we'd met on the way in. He and his owner were almost out when we passed them so we couldn't figure out what he was doing back at the lake. His owner was nowhere around.

We decided we'd better take the dog back with us. At first he was reluctant to come with us so we put a cord leash on him and carted him off. Soon he was pulling us down the trail.

Sure enough, his owner was at the trailhead. He said he'd taken the dog, Sinopah, off the leash after we went by. Sinopah took off after us and the guy couldn't catch him. He was very thankful that we'd brought Sinopah back. It was fun having a dog along, if only a borrowed one. —Ginny Evans, Renton, 7/25.

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.

LOST CAMERA—Red Minolta 35mm camera. Lost it on a trip

to Kennedy Hot Springs 9-11 August. I think it fell out of my pack right around the springs. This is my wife's camera and she is *not* happy with me! Please call Mike, 206-391-0130 days (Issaquah).

BACKPACKER—Back issues of Backpacker magazine, 1987-1992. Free. Call 206-747-4958 (Bellevue).

WANTED—Lowe Contour IV and III packs, or similar. Call Mark, 206-522-3882 (Seattle).

KENNETH HOPPING

MOUNT STUART, INCIDENT 916916

---CARELESS MOMENT RESULTS IN HELICOPTER RESCUE---

PART 2

In last month's Pack & Paddle, we read how Ken Hopping, on a solo trip to Mount Stuart, fell on the way down from the summit. In spite of his injuries he struggled back to his camp ...

I was very relieved to find that my spare food cache had not been disturbed by any pesky creatures. But there was no time to relax. I had to prepare a meal and melt snow to replenish my water supply.

The stove started without a hitch and soon I was enjoying the best chicken stew I've ever tasted. My foresight in camping near a water source was paying big dividends. Working by flashlight, I melted three quarts of drinking water before shutting off the stove. The fuel bottle was nearly empty.

I laid out my bivvy sack and sleeping bag. It took at least 15 minutes to lower myself to the ground and slide in. Each movement seemed to locate a new sore spot or aggravate a known injury. The swelling in my knee made it difficult to find a comfortable sleeping position.

I woke several times during the night. The sky was clear with the Milky Way directly overhead. Even without my glasses, I counted another dozen meteors and made a visual sighting of the Andromeda galaxy. Far to the east, I could see the lights of Wenatchee.

On Wednesday morning it was a tremendous effort for me to get up. Every part of my body was sore from either injury or exertion.

Hourly, starting at 6am, I blew my rescue whistle hoping that someone camped in the valley would hear, but the roar of Ingalls Creek easily drowned out my feeble calls for help.

As soon as the sun peeked above the ridge, the local population of bees, flies and mosquitoes came out in full force. I was glad I had netting to cover my head. Most annoying were the flies that landed on my bloody knee. The natural urge to smack them as hard as possible did not go over well with my knee.

To replenish my water supply, I mixed snow with the remaining water and set the bottles out in the sun.

My food reserve was down to one bagel. I decided to eat half today and save the rest for tomorrow. Surprisingly, I never really got very hungry. A few sips of water were usually enough to kill my appetite.

I slept most of the day, disturbed only by a hummingbird that occasionally buzzed around my head. The

weather was partly cloudy with moderate temperatures. A large rock provided shade. Only late in the afternoon did I receive any direct sun.

My camera was not damaged in the fall. I set it on a tripod and used the timer to get a shot of my injured leg. It was fortunate that I put the camera inside my pack before starting down from the summit. It surely would have broken some ribs if I had carried it strapped to my chest.

By 8pm it was clear there would be no rescue today. As I prepared for another night, I worried that Rick might have started his Thursday fishing trip a day early. I was supposed to hike with some friends today after work. Would they be concerned when I failed to show up?

But Rick had done his job. He



Waiting for the helicopter with Mike Banner (left) and Fritz Klein (right).

immediately notified the sheriff on Wednesday morning. An officer from Kittitas County found my car at the trailhead. Since Mount Stuart is located in Chelan County, any search operation was their responsibility. The case was logged as Incident 916916.

Due to the frequency of overdue parties in the Mount Stuart area, there is a 24-hour wait before initiating a search. Rick faxed a copy of my route map to the sheriff's office. They were pleased to have such specific information for planning their helicopter search.

My hiking friends had not been idle either. When Kolette learned that I was missing, she immediately organized a ground search party and coordinated with the sheriff's office. Fritz, Mike and Don volunteered to participate. Don's wife Sue served as a central telephone contact.

The rescue party left Bellevue at 10:30pm. After a 3-hour drive to the trailhead, they hiked in the dark to arrive at Long's Pass at 3:30am. There they waited for daylight.

I found it difficult to sleep on the second night. Every position was uncomfortable for some part of my body. I finally got a few hours of rest by sitting up with my back against a rock.

Rising at 6am, I finished off my bagel. I didn't feel as sore and exhausted as the day before. Should I risk trying to climb farther down the mountain? Maybe then someone would hear my whistle.

Testing my mobility with a short excursion around camp, my movements were shaky even without a pack. I decided to stay put and wait for help. I occupied myself with melting snow for drinking water.

Around 9am I heard the sound of a helicopter coming up the valley. The search was originally scheduled to start at 11am, but Kolette had convinced the sheriff to start earlier.

I spotted the helicopter about 2000 feet below my position. It appeared to be searching the ridge. I waved my shirt but the helicopter went around to the other side without seeing me.

A few minutes later it was back for a second pass, this time higher up. I grabbed the lid from my cooking pot and tried to flash a reflection of the sun to attract the searchers' attention. Again they failed to see me.

The helicopter returned for a third pass, now only 500 feet below. I pulled up the space blanket I use for a

ground cloth and waved the silver side like a flag. My injured shoulder protested these movements.

Finally, they spotted me and the helicopter rose up to my elevation. I opened the side zipper on my wind pants and pointed to my bloody leg. The message was clear.

Activating an external speaker, the sheriff said that an Air Force rescue helicopter equipped with a hoist would fly in from Spokane. It would arrive in 3 hours and take me to Central Washington Hospital in Wenatchee.

After I nodded understanding, the helicopter flew away. The search had taken less than 15 minutes.

I was grateful for the extra time to get my gear stowed. The weather was sunny with almost no wind, ideal for a helicopter pickup.

After packing my gear, I dumped out all except one last quart of water. Nothing to do now but sit and wait. Glancing downhill, I was amazed to see Fritz approaching, followed by Mike and Don. What a happy surprise!

Mike was in radio contact with Kolette back at Long's Pass. The joy of the occasion was tempered by my regret for having created such a disruption to their normal schedule. I gladly accepted the offer of some food and began relating the details of my accident.

At noon, two rescue helicopters arrived. One acted as a spotter while the other hovered close to the ridge. Downwash from the rotors kicked up an incredible amount of dust and grit as the hoist lowered a paramedic to the ground. His job was to check my condition and make sure I was capable of riding up on the rescue hoist. He rebandaged my knee. My own application had restricted circulation in the leg. I resolved to sign up for a first aid course. Recuperation from my injuries would eliminate the traditional excuse of being too busy.

Satisfied that I was not dehydrated, starved or incapacitated, he instructed me how to ride the hoist. The key was to remain passive and not grab the hoist operator or the helicopter.

The rescue helicopter moved back into position and lowered the pickup cable. The end consisted of a metal shaft with a small hinged seat. Folding it down, I sat with my arms and legs wrapped around the shaft. The paramedic fastened a strap around my shoulders, then signaled the hoist operator to lift.

The ascent was smooth with very little pendulum motion. I could see my friends crouched in the rocks below. Don was busy with his camera. This must have been a great show for anyone watching down in the valley.

When I was even with the helicopter door, the hoist operator swung me on board. Releasing me, he pointed toward an empty seat.

Next the paramedic was hoisted up. The ground rescue team had encouraged him to take along my 45-pound pack. There was a slight problem when the ice axe got hung up on the helicopter skid. After a few extra pushes and tugs, he was safely inside.

As we flew down the valley toward Wenatchee, the paramedic checked my pulse. If it was abnormally high, the cause must have been the spectacular view out the window. The rapidly changing perspective of peaks and valleys along the Stuart Range gave a tremendous sense of depth to the scene.

The helicopter was running low on fuel, so we landed at the airport. An ambulance took me to the hospital (\$280). I received preliminary treatment in Wenatchee (\$759), then transferred to Bellevue for a followup examination (\$397).

The surgeon used 14 stitches to close my leg wound and antibiotics were required to control an infection (\$815). This easily qualified as my most expensive hike.

I was very fortunate that my injuries were not more serious. Being properly equipped for an emergency helped prevent the accident from escalating into a life-threatening crisis. Responsible action by my friends, along with professional work by the sheriff's department and the Air Force, produced a quick rescue. At the hospital, I received very sympathetic treatment from the emergency room personnel, many of whom were hikers themselves.

△

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

MYSTERY HIKER

a trip in the Goat Rocks

We were married on September 11 (15 years ago) at a small outdoor wedding, and spent our honeymoon hiking in the North Cascades. Every year since our major hiking expedition has centered around our anniversary. We've had many wonderful trips.

In 1991 we chose the Goat Rocks and once again it was a beautiful hike. We spent Sunday night in Packwood, arriving in the pouring rain, glad that we'd splurged on a room at the Cowlitz Lodge.

We were snug and dry all night and woke to—glory be!—blue skies! Two happy hikers. We drove to Berry Patch and found four cars in the lot, two of which were claimed by hikers going home while we were packing up to head out. Would we have this popular area almost to ourselves? We were hopeful.

The hike in on trail 96 was very pleasant. The trail is in excellent condition and the miles flew by. We took the bypass trail over to the PCT, also in great shape, though wet going through the meadows.

We turned south on the PCT and hiked to Cispus Basin and our base camp—an absolutely gorgeous area with dramatic views in all directions and

Mount Adams on the horizon.

It had snowed down to about 6000 feet the night before. People we met that day on the trail were wet and heading out, telling tales of storms, clouds and rain. We had brilliant sunshine.

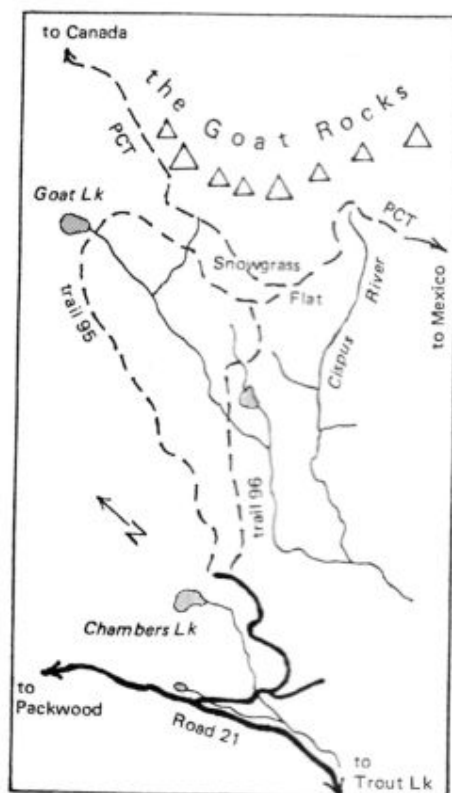
The next day we headed north on the Crest Trail toward Elk Pass and the much-talked-about high stretch of the PCT at the Packwood Glacier. It's definitely worth the hike, not as sheer and scary as I'd been led to believe.

The "glacier" is melted out to two short crossings. The first (most southerly) was rock-hard in the morning and gave me the heebie-jeebies, but had softened considerably in the afternoon.

The second crossing was pretty well boot-worn with a nice wide path kicked in and not nearly as thrilling.

The views are incredible in every direction: Rainier, Adams, Saint Helens, Packwood Glacier—one of the most astonishing places we've ever hiked.

Day Three we set our sights on Goat Lake. Even at this late date the flowers were thick, the air rich with their fragrances, mountain brooks gurgled, elk grazed on nearby ridges, goats wandered the higher reaches. Two

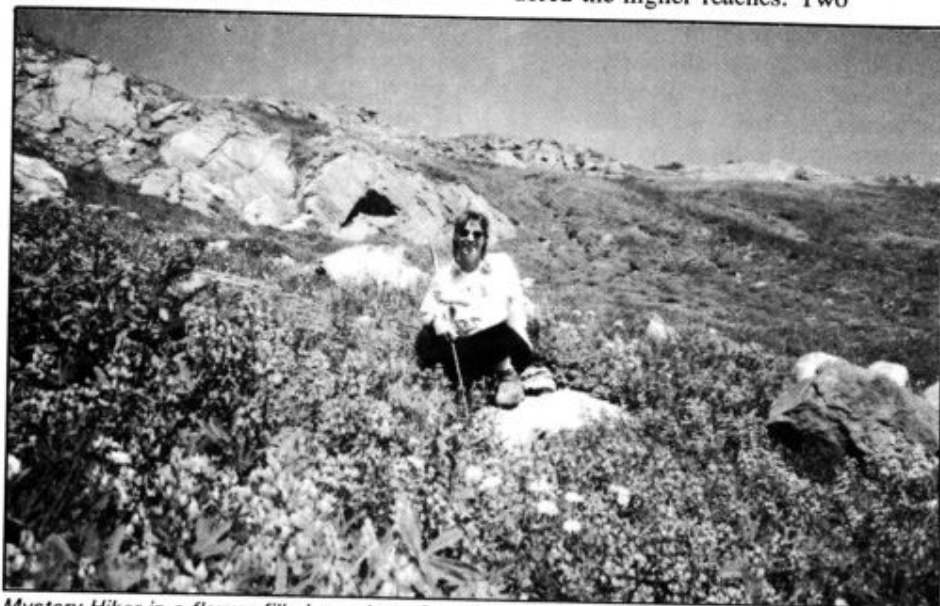


dramatic, well-used campsites are at Goat Lake.

On our last day we lingered, hating to pack up. We decided Goat Rocks is a very special area in a state full of beautiful hiking. Solitude is far too much to hope for. We saw a lot of people camping, a lot more passing through on the PCT. People, horses, llamas, dogs—they all come to the Goat Rocks.

We're glad we went. This place will live in our hearts and minds as truly wonderful. I hope everyone who goes takes very good care of it.

For a really good burger, fries and beer on your way out, try the Blue Spruce Tavern. △



Mystery Hiker in a flower-filled meadow, Goat Rocks Wilderness.

Mr. Maphead

Mystery Hiker can be found most of the winter loading skiers onto chairlifts at Stevens Pass. She lives in Granite Falls with Mr. Maphead.

JENNIFER STEIN BARKER

IN SEARCH OF WILD PLACES

—A DAY WITH A BOTANIST—

I've been spending the summer working as a botanist for the Forest Service. Most of my work consists of surveying timber sale areas for Threatened and Endangered, or "T-and-E," species.

If we find a T-and-E, the Forest Service either cancels the timber plan, or just "mitigates" (works around) our plant population. If we don't find one, it's like giving the loggers a green light.

This can understandably get depressing, since we see a lot of beautiful and biologically unique areas that don't happen to have an endangered species resident. I try to enjoy the beauty of the old growth yellow pines without thinking too much about the fate in store for them.

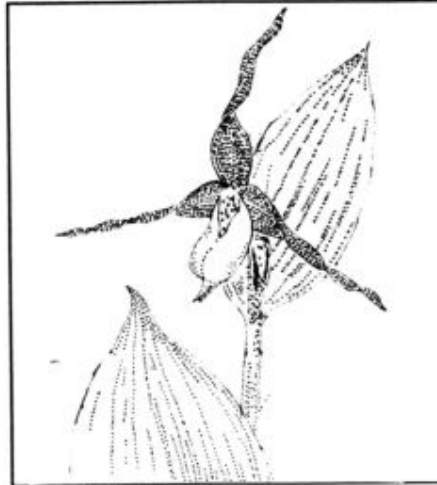
That's why it was so wonderful last week to get to an area marked on our map as "dedicated old growth." That means that, for the foreseeable future, the management goal of this area will be to maintain it in as natural a condition as possible.

When Bruce (my boss, who has a real degree in botany) and I arrived at the closest spot we could drive to, Duncan Creek hardly looked like "old growth." We parked the jeep on an almost treeless scab, under an ancient juniper. Countless cattle had also sought this lone tree's shade, and hardly a plant grew in the beaten earth. In the hot sun just beyond, cheat-grass (a weedy annual grass) waved ripe seedheads.

We started walking toward the deep cleft we could see in the shimmering plain. We scanned the bare gravelly soil for Henderson's ricegrass and Deschutes milkvetch. Nothing. So we started listing all the plants we *did* see, common or otherwise. This is a botanist's exercise to help recreate the habitat later in our minds. We walked to the edge of the deep cleft and looked down.

Below us were the tops of the trees. The surface became grassy at the break, and slid down the north slope at an angle that looked uncomfortably slippery to me. We followed a game trail and dropped straight down into the creek.

Here was a different world. Fir trees offered deep shade to the cool water cascading at our feet. The game trail we stood on crossed the creek, and both



Mountain lady's-slipper.

upstream and down the water was hidden by the tangle of shrubs: chokecherry, willow, alder, syringa, wild rose, currant and red-osier dogwood defied our desires to see what was growing under them.

The walking was easier only a few yards away from the thicket-covered creek but, being botanists, we *had* to see what was growing in the shaded nooks at the water's edge. We peered through the roses and poked through the syringa, and our species list grew long with plants not usually found in our dry climate.

We had progressed at our botanist's pace (something akin to a snail's) for a few hours when Bruce suggested we traverse up over a ridge into the next drainage and see if we could find any different plants over there.

The transition from cool creekside to blistering desert took only a few feet, and soon we were sweating our way up a steep rocky wall on which the dry grasses rattled in the hot breeze.

We stopped at the top under the shade of a juniper tree, and gulped at our water bottles as we surveyed the country. In the distance, we could see the corner of a dirt road as it wound down a far canyon. A rough track wound up the side of a hill across Dry Duncan Creek, our new destination.

It was as dry as its name. Not even a seep glistened on the surface of the rocks, polished by cascades of spring snowmelt and then left bare in the baking summer

sun.

A traverse down Dry Duncan Creek back to wet Duncan Creek turned up no new treasures, but when we re-entered the tunnel of green, we were greeted by the graceful blossoms of the mountain lady's-slipper. The white lower "lip" petal curved heavily underneath the spiraling brownish sepals.

This find sent us peering under the shrubbery again to see if we could discover a clustered lady's-slipper. None have yet been found in the Malheur Forest, but we keep hoping ...

Our time was running short, and soon we resigned ourselves to the climb back out to the "real world" from our hidden paradise. The shimmering plain was still baking. The lone juniper's shade had moved, and our jeep was no longer in it.

We opened the doors and stood back from the blast of heat. Then we got in and began the long, slow drive back over the rough road.

Every Forest has its old-growth set-asides. These are reserved as habitat for old growth dependent species such as wolverines, pileated woodpeckers, and spotted owls. They are not mapped like Wilderness or Scenic Areas, but they offer many of the same attributes, and much more solitude.

The drawback is the small scale. A pileated woodpecker set-aside is only 300 acres. You have to do as we did, hunker down and peer under the bushes, search out the species found only in un-trampled natural areas, to appreciate these areas. Here the scale of the scenery is minute. But when you are right down in it, the ancient forest is all there is.

Ask at your closest USFS ranger district office for locations of some old growth.

△

Jennifer Stein Barker, formerly of Garrison Springs Lodge, is the publisher of Morning Hill News. She lives with Lance and several cats on a solar-powered homestead south of John Day.

This article appeared originally in Morning Hills News and is reprinted here with permission.

JIM MILLER

HAVASUPAI: hiking in Shangri-la

From the cliffs at the top of Mooney Falls, a green and beautiful valley was visible in the canyon far below.

How to get down the falls? A scrawled sign nearby said "Trail." But the alleged trail ended in a short way at vertical cliffs. No way down!

Disappointed. Started to leave. A hardbodied young woman was coming down the trail. Says I, "It's no use. There's no way you can get down."

She smiled and said, "Oh, yes, there is! If you've got the nerve. Follow me and I'll show you the secret of Mooney Falls—and maybe tell you the whole weird story!"

The Havasupai Indians live in the valley of Havasu Creek, a side canyon off the Grand Canyon of Arizona. No road goes to the Indian village, but there is a trail.

Pai means people and the tribal name means *people of the blue-green water*. A closely related tribe, the Hualapai, hold the land on top of the plateau; their name means *people of the pine forest*.

The Havasu-pai welcome tourists to their little Shangri-La. Tourists generate an income and enable them to survive in their beloved canyon. While planning a vacation trip to Arches

National Park and Mesa Verde, it occurred to me that I could include a long-overdue hike to Havasu Canyon in my plans.

I picked up the phone and dialed 1-602-448-2121. A gruff voice from Supai village said, "Yes?"

I explained that I wanted to spend two nights camping in Havasu. The Indian said, "Camp fee is nine dollars each per person per night, plus twelve for entrance fee. Thirty bucks each. That okay? Pay in the village when you get here."

"How do I get there?" I asked.

"Go east of Flagstaff to Arizona Road 18. Drive 65 miles to end of road at Hualapai Hilltop."

"Then what?" I asked.

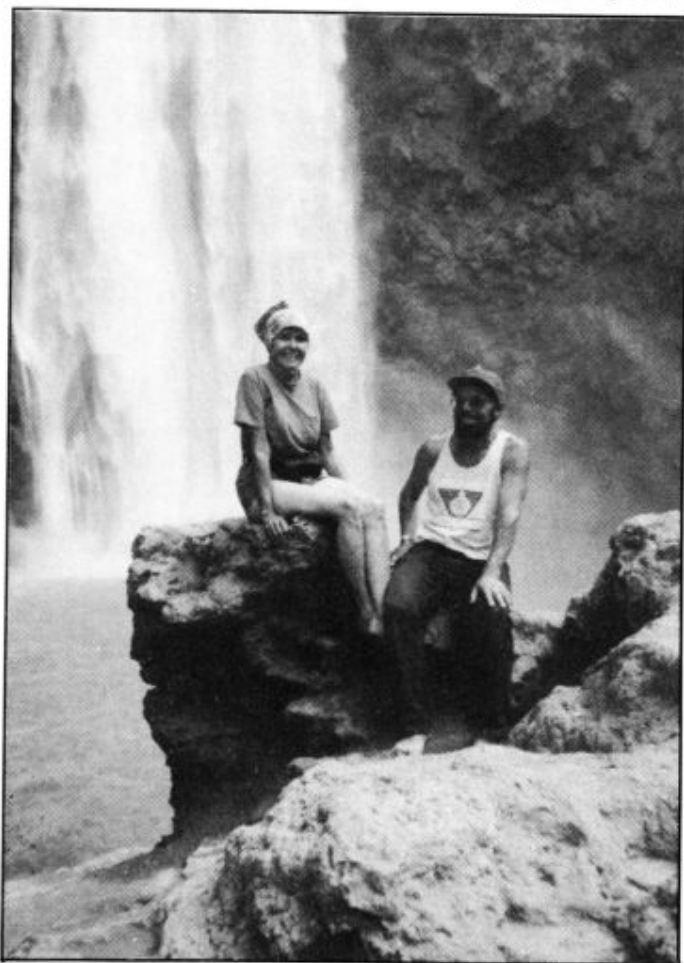
"Start walking," he replied.

Much later I arrived at Road 18. A sign warned: "You are on the Hualapai Indian Reservation. If you are caught on Indian land without a permit you will be fined." (No permit is needed if you drive straight to road's end without stopping.)

About fifty cars, pickups and motorcycles were parked at Hualapai Hilltop. A corral and heliport were nearby. It seemed that lots of tourists must be down in the canyon, but someone informed me: "Most of these cars belong to the tribe. They ride their horses up the trail, put them in the corral, and drive off."

We looked over the awesome rim. It looked like the Grand Canyon! The trail looped in tight switchbacks downward a thousand feet in a half-mile. Indians herded pack strings along the trail. A few hikers plodded upward in the heat and the dust, looking exhausted.

Lori and I slept in the van. Next morning we hoisted packs and started down the switchbacks. After a mile or so the trail settled down to a reason



Lori and me at Mooney Falls.

Diana Henry

able grade. Soon we were in a narrow canyon about a hundred feet wide, with beautiful walls of red rock rising vertically. Sage and juniper and occasional prickly pear grew in the canyon. Shaded by the high walls, we were cool and comfortable.

At 6½ miles our canyon joined another one (Cataract Canyon) coming in from the right. Havasu Creek springs right up out of the gravel not far above the junction. In 1975 a tourist took a wrong turn and wandered for 20 days in Cataract Canyon until found. Hard to understand, but it explains the prominent direction signs the tribe has placed at the junction.

From this spot is only 1½ miles to the village. The valley opens into a flat plain which is planted and irrigated. Houses sit on small ranches.

Soon the trail became a cottonwood-lined village street. We went into the tourist office and paid our fees. The grocery store was so well stocked that we needn't have carried any food with us. On the other side of the street was an excellent restaurant.

Many of the Havasupai sat on benches and passed the time. They ignored us unless we spoke first, but if addressed were polite and helpful.

The many horses galloping through town gave a wild-west atmosphere. The illusion was quickly dispelled when the helicopter landed in a field and unloaded supplies.

Down the street was a clinic, a grade school, a library, and a lodge for tourists. Many visitors arrived on horseback. This "Supai Taxi" costs \$90 roundtrip from Hilltop. Helicopter rides are about 3 times the horse fees, we were told.

The campground was 2 miles farther down Havasu Creek. But a lovely 2 miles! Navajo Falls was off the trail to the left, then came Fifty Foot Falls. Too much to resist on a hot day—we put on bathing suits and jumped in.

Refreshed, we hiked on to the campground. Just before we reached it we saw—could it be? Yes!—the famous Havasu Falls of the calendar picture, pouring its turquoise waters into successive tubs! Several people were swimming, and we soon joined them.

The water color and the tubs are caused by travertine (limestone powder) that coats everything. Even after one swim you can detect a very slight coating on your body. It incorporates twigs and branches, making them look like fossils. The cliffs around the falls

Havasupai Falls.



Diana Henry

have dark gray travertine deposits shaped like petrified cascades of falling water.

After swimming we entered the campground. An Indian Ranger checked our tags and gave us flash-flood instructions. We saw flood debris stuck ten feet high in the branches along the creek!

Quickly we set up camp, eager to explore. The campsites stretched for a mile along the creek. At the lower end was the stupendous drop of Mooney Falls.

Diana Henry of Phoenix, she who had volunteered to reveal the "secret" of Mooney Falls, led the way down the cliff trail and entered a dark sloping cave about 20 feet long. Presently we emerged onto a viewpoint that overlooked the falls. Then another sloping cave. Then we used chain "handrails" attached to spikes embedded in the rock. The spray from the falls made for very slick footholds.

As the "secret" unfolded, Diana related the story of Mooney: "He was a miner back in eighteen-something," she said, "and there was no way down the falls. His friends tried to lower Mooney on a rope, but the rope broke and the fall killed him. The body laid there a year. His friends returned and blasted these caves out to get down.

The body was encased in travertine after only one year! They buried him at the base of the falls."

From the base of Mooney it is 3 miles and 3 river crossings to Beaver Falls, the lower limit of Havasupai land. From Beaver Falls down to the Colorado River is 4 miles and 5 river crossings, due to Havasu Creek swinging from one canyon wall to the opposite one. The fords can be any depth from knee-high to a swim. Wading sneakers and a swimsuit are the uniform of the day. The "day-pack" we saw people carrying was a plastic bag with camera and food separately zip-locked inside.

From the campground to the Colorado and back is a long, hard day. So they say. Due to our late start we didn't make it all the way.

We dreaded the hike back up to Hilltop, thinking it would be a killer. Actually it was not bad at all. We made the 8 miles out from the village in three hours. The canyon walls shaded the hot trail.

This trip is an excellent adventure and highly recommended. △

Jim Miller has recently retired from the phone company. His new job is to seek out all the best places to go in the whole outdoors. He lives in Portland.

CHARLES M. BAGLEY, JR.
DAVID M. BAGLEY

climbing the brothers

—including a traverse between the two peaks—

We left "the Forks" of East Lena Creek before 6am with two quarts of water apiece and (we thought) plenty of Gatorade and food.

At Lunch Rock—8am and 5200 feet—we were already sweating profusely, however, and the day looked like a hot one. The upper couloir toward the summit showed its usual loose scree, but we found a patch of snow to speed our ascent.

We reached the South Summit at 10am. Here, in blazing sun, was only a gentle breeze from the south which dispelled neither the heat nor the mosquitoes and black flies. In addition, the summit was infested with winged ants, apparently performing their mid-summer mating festival. They occupied all the highest points of rock and ignored us completely.

We did not stay long to share their bliss, but after a second quart of Gatorade headed along the ridge crest toward the North Summit. This was mostly a Class 3 route with short stretches of Class 4.

It was rendered more interesting by considerable exposure, especially on the west side, where there is a precipitous drop for several hundred feet. The east side is likewise a series of

steep couloirs and arretes, falling to the Great Basin. Since even many of the Class 3 areas had such exposure, we wore helmets and roped for the entire distance.

We descended first a steep scree slope north of the South Summit and just east of the crest to a notch, Class 3 or low Class 4. We were unable to find a rappel site described to us by a veteran of this climb, nor did we see any need to rappel along the way.

Next, climbing into the first notch, we discovered an 8-inch-wide ledge leading above sheer space around the west side of a thin blade gendarme. Then, back to the east side, up a steep rock and some heather slopes around the east side of the central hump between The Brothers.

This small hump is easily ascended from the south but has an 8-foot drop from its north side. Bypassing the hump, we descended to the major notch at about 6550 feet. This was perforated by a funnel-like hole in the ridge, dropping nearly vertically onto the west face.

Then we reached a series of gendarmes south of the true North Summit. These were easily bypassed with occasional belays until the final 10 feet of Class 4 yielded the summit with considerable exposure on the east side.

This North Summit spire was also encased with ants. As we now represented the highest point of the mountain, they immediately swarmed upon us instead of the rock. We took time only to pat the summit and quickly jot our names into the register, which still has about five pages left out of some 50 or 60, then quickly descended to a shady ant-free nook for lunch. The traverse from south to north had taken two hours.

Descending the steep couloir south of the summit to the Great Basin, we made one 50-foot rappel to the moat at the head of a steep snowslope in the couloir. We belayed each other until we were below the moats on each side of the snowfield, then had an easy



Charles Bagley

David Bagley on The Brothers traverse

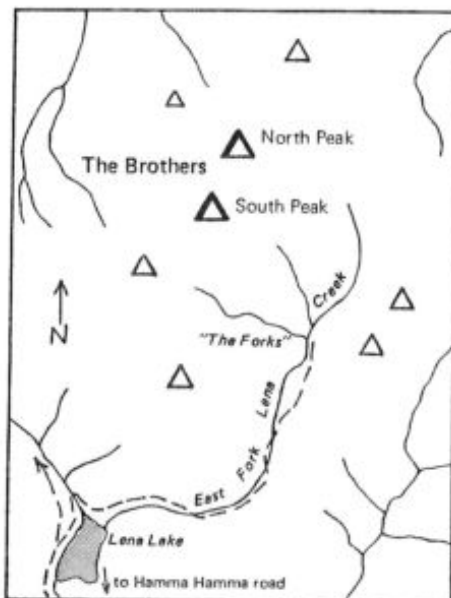
descent down snow and rubble to the center of the Great Basin.

Here we looked diligently for the "trail" which supposedly leads into the valley 2000 feet below and ultimately back to the Forks. No trail was evident.

We decided to go to the south end of the basin, and down, trying to find a route through timber from the 5000-foot level to the valley bottom at 3400.

Now, having finished three quarts of Gatorade and many additional quarts of water, and having depleted our entire supply of peanut butter and most of the candy, we were beginning to feel the effects of the heat, heavy sweating, and the consequent hypovolemia.

Descending steadily through blinding brush and cedar, we suddenly



DEBORAH RIEHL

RESCUE EPICS

—UFOs, Rockfall and Helicopter Pedestals—

Back in the 70s, we'd put two Mountain Rescue people on standby with MAST on summer weekends. On August 14, 1979, my partner and I were just getting ready to leave Grey Field at Fort Lewis when a call came in regarding two hikers stranded on Bryant Peak, on a ledge above Melakwa Lake.

MAST declined to go because there were no apparent injuries. "However," they said, "the 315 Air Cavalry Search and Rescue Battalion would probably love to go!" So we drove down the field to their hangar.

We were flown to Melakwa Lake, near Snoqualmie Pass, in two helicopters, a Huey and a smaller Bell. We landed at dusk. The crew decided to spend the night with their craft while my partner and I tried to reach the stranded pair. The hikers signalled us with their flashlight. We climbed the loose scree to the base of the cliff.

From there we could talk to the hikers. They were cold, hungry, uninjured, and thoroughly stuck, unable to go up or down.

With me belaying, my partner tried to climb up to them in the dark without success. While I was belaying and looking out over the lakes I could see a mysterious, silvery leaf-shaped object flitting about the peaks. It flew very erratically and was unlit except for what it reflected from the half-moon. I watched it for a good half-hour before it disappeared.

After our attempt we bivvied at the base of the cliff. Occasionally, we dozed. I was awakened once by the sound of small rock fall which went tickety-ticking by me and *whapped* into my partner's helmet. His snoring didn't even pause.

At first light we reached the subjects in two pitches. We lowered them under tension in sit harnesses.

When we walked back into the basin we were astonished to find the Bell helicopter perched on top of a six-foot boulder. The pilot explained that's indeed where he had landed it. After all, he couldn't see much at dusk—his landing spot *felt* solid.

But when he climbed out of the cockpit he promptly fell off the edge of the boulder into a creek. The bonfire we'd seen the night before in the basin had been an attempt to dry the pilot out.

We flew the hikers, their camping gear, and arriving ground teams from Melakwa Lake out to Bandera Air Field. There the rescued pair presented us with the wine they had been going to have in camp. △

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

The Brothers, continued

found ourselves at the top of a cliff, somewhere below 4000 feet. It was at least 200 feet high, but not evident on the topo map! A rappel was out of the question. The only sure route seemed to be to return across-slope to the very head of the valley, where we could see a forested descent route. There seemed to be little other place the trail could be.

We worked our way northward for nearly an hour through steep and nasty brush and trees. Still, even at the very head of the valley, there was no evidence of a trail. Knowing we could descend somehow here, however, we plunged downward through alder, cedar, and finally great oceans of salmonberry to the valley bottom at 3600 feet.

Still no trail, although we found one tantalizing plastic trail marker tied to a twig in the middle of the stream. It

was now 6pm and we were still on our feet, although struggling to keep moving.

We headed southward through the alder and plunged back into the pine at the west side of the stream. Here, about 100 yards from the stream bottom, we found the first clear-cut evidence of a trail through the pine needles of the valley floor. Thereafter, we followed trail remnants hither and yon downstream. No part could be followed more than 100 yards. We reached our campsite at 7:30pm.

In retrospect, I assume the exit trail lies somewhere near the northernmost of the two stream branches shown on the topographic map at the head of the valley. Anybody ascending by this route will probably need to take a special bearings fix from several landmarks once you're at tree line, to find your way again successfully.

Alternately, had we pursued horizontally southward at about 4200 feet, we probably could have bypassed the lower cliffs in much less time and descended a timbered rib, which was only evident from below. On this day, however, when we found ourselves above the cliffs, we knew our strength would not permit us a second chance.

Last climb of The Brothers for us! △

Charles Bagley is a physician at the Northwest Cancer Center; he lives in Seattle.

MIKE HILER

in the HEAD of the SNAKE

"In fact, the conceptual environment may be more influential than the external environment because it affects all aspects of our lives." Rene DuBos from "Celebrations of Life."



There are, for all of us, fictions which help bring the earth into focus. One of the most contrived of these images is the landscape we travel and pretend to know, where our experiences have created for us a home.

From this terrestrial geography we select places from which to define ourselves: places of memory where we once fished or shared an afternoon, or a hillside, or a friend.

These mythical places, though based on an actual geography, are changed by us as we change, and they become different as we take from them our own definitions. And then their meaning to each of us stands in contrast to the map and we find ourselves coming back to them as if to test the complete

ness of earth and mind.

To me such a place is the headwaters of a creek called the Snake in the central Pacific Northwest. This is not the big Snake, which twists into the Columbia, but one of the many "little" Snakes which comes crawling out of the Cascades to flow into another unknown river.

I have tried to remember where I first heard of this stream. My earliest memory of the Snake is a trail-crew foreman's casual mention of the fishing there: not spectacular but of a quality different from any of the other four or five dozen creeks he could have named. It wasn't so much what he said as how he said it.

Like most lasting associations, ours—the creek's and mine—began

slowly. As I became more aware of the boundaries that stream defined, as I hiked and fished the area, I soon learned that the Snake was usually that drainage just over the ridge. I circled it; it eluded me: too difficult to enter, too remote, too distant.

Looking into it was easy, if that was what I wanted. The view offered steep walls and promised little beyond hard work.

The nature of the mind is such that it lets experience creep up on it from many sides unnoticed. Then, when that thing has taken us in, it sets itself apart from the ordinary and becomes the place which is personal myth.

With no real purpose, and little awareness of the Snake, I one day found myself looking down into its

headwaters from a butte I had climbed mostly out of boredom. I didn't know what I expected on that peak—probably just a place to read and forget the poor fishing of the day.

Looking down onto those slopes and the corresponding map on my lap, however, I saw something entirely different than I expected: there was the true source of the Snake, a twisted jumble of avalanche chutes, a gnarled and rocky upper basin and, in July, still a patch of snow.

Perhaps because no trails entered the area, it interested me. It seemed so remote, so lost from the trailed back-country I had come to know, so wild and mysterious, not unlike that magic stone one selects among many on the beach to carry in a pocket as a talisman.

I returned home intent on visiting "down into" that place one day.

Someday wasn't as soon as I imagined, although with my view of those headwaters I took a proprietary interest in the Snake's head. Over the next few years I hiked the lower reaches of the Snake, fished it some, ate a few berries along its course, but just never found the path or the reason to return to the headwaters.

But the head stayed with me. When I spoke with friends of "wild places," the head of the Snake was my trump, the wildest of the wild, a symbol of all that hasn't yet been explored ... or couldn't be explored, or wouldn't.

Like most ideas, good or bad, this one finally became an index to itself. I had thought about it so much and mentioned it so often that to complete the matter I finally returned.

From an anonymous lake, a hundred yards up a steep forested slope, through an unnamed saddle on an unnamed ridge and over into the head I plunged. Before I had gone 50 yards down its steep bank I saw a grouse and a deer.

But farther down into the basin I could move only by lowering myself from swaying cedar limb to cedar limb. The avalanche chute opened quickly, then closed around and below that mass of confused boulders and twisted trees, like the head of innumerable avalanche chutes from here to

Alaska.

Actually being there was ordinary, so back out over the ridge I labored to spend the rest of the afternoon coaxing the small trout in the adjacent basin.

Now that I had visited the "wildest of the wild"—and returned—I knew it wasn't what I had thought. We change the largest or smallest areas with our minds every day, increase or decrease them in size by contrast, twist them this way and that for the point of a story, color them to fit the picture we need at the moment, fill the gaps of memory with wish, and mold them to fit the geography of the mind.

After I returned that day, the Snake had changed. I had seen it closer, but many features still eluded me and I found its mystery had deepened.

Were those really granite boulders pitched over the alluvial rice? Was the dark patch in the cliffs sedimentary or igneous? Was the adjacent slope more gentle and did it promise a good camp spot?

Imagining I had "conquered" the Snake, I was surprised to find its myth had instead deepened with my visit.

How had my visit changed the Snake? As I reflected over this ordinary basin I came to understand that I had missed something. This something was quicker than I and allowed me to enter but not to see. It got away

somehow and became, for me, larger.

With places like the Snake I find myself trying to take the mystery out faster than it closes, to capture what that place offers, or to add mystery by simply looking closer to answer its questions. There are other special places of mine. They are all different.

Those other places reach out to us for their own reasons. They interest us where others do not for no logic beyond the sound of their name or their view from unfamiliar angles.

Place is as much a part of our minds as the capacity toward accumulating possessions or the ability to feel pain or joy. Place provides a setting to return to in our thoughts, a background to other places, a foundation on which we build ideas, as well as that space we inhabit when the parameters of the immediate surround us too closely.

Back home the small river stone I pocketed has become a talisman.

For the hiker or fisher, the acts themselves are simply symbols or rehearsals for the most exciting, the most mysterious, the most unknown moments of all—those which challenge us and nurture our minds. The creek is itself a source of rivers, like the source of the river in our minds.

△



Mike Hiler has explored a good deal of the Cascades in the last 15 years. He works for the Forest Service and lives in Yakima.

MURRAY HAMILTON

Bailey Range Traverse

...a week in the heart of Olympic National Park

This is a fantastic trip for hearty backpackers. Actually, those with climbing experience will enjoy it more.

I led a group from Weyerhaeuser on an eight-day traverse from Sol Duc to the Hoh Ranger Station by way of the Bailey Range, Queets Basin and Mount Olympus from July 11 to 18 this summer.

The route is quite obvious; indeed, a rough trail exists most of the way to Cream Lake and sporadically thereafter. Contrary to the guidebooks, this way-trail contours at about 5100 feet once beyond Mount Carrie, rather than 5500 feet.

The way to Cream Lake isn't terribly tough, but it's not easy, either. People need to be in *good* shape. Footing is precarious in spots and a mistake could lead to disaster. I even set up a belay on one steep gully where a slip on the rotten mud-rock stuff would have been fatal.

The way drops to the Cream Lake elevation, then contours toward the lake. We found a myriad of trails through the trees. It looks as though people have been confused at this point. Tip: don't drop too low; rather contour until you find Cream Lake Creek, then follow it to the lake.

Careful and regular map work will take you there, no bother.

The meadowlands near Cream Lake are superb. From there, we headed up an easy gully to Lake Billy Everett, an awesome place. Beyond the lake, we climbed around the east side of Pulitzer, along the ridges and peaks to Bear Pass, then dropped into upper Queets Basin.

This is an incredibly beautiful area with superb views in every direction. We were blessed with good weather. It would be tough in the rain, and I'd suggest building in enough time on your trip to wait out a nasty day or two.

Queets Basin can be tricky if you drop too low. We contoured high along the northern side, dropping

gradually to a meadowland that is home to two very big black bears!

From here, you have to drop into a gully that holds the runoff stream from the Humes Glacier. We hit it just right, which was great as I've heard friends talk about getting messed up in this area. It's best to drop packs and scout around for this way-trail that leads to the gully. If you miss it ... well, don't.

From here, follow the stream up, branching left a bit past the wreckage of the Navy A-6, on up to the Humes. We needed crampons on the snout but easy glacier travel was the rule to Camp Pan.

Camp Pan is an incredible camp located atop a rock prow that overlooks the Hoh Glacier and the Olympus Massif.

From there, it's back on rope and through Glacier Pass to the Blue, or on up to the top and out by way of Snow Dome or Glacier Pass.

Care must be taken on the glaciers. The Hoh had lots of crevasses and bridges. We found it was best to traverse as high as possible and contour to Glacier Pass. Even the

upper Blue was more broken than I've ever seen it.

After the Baileys, the trail from Glacier Meadows seemed like Interstate 5. The last 5 miles of concrete-hard, flat trail were perhaps the toughest of the trip!

We saw 39 elk, 6 bears, 9 goats, numerous deer, marmots and birds. It's the best hiking I've done in the Olympics, but it is not a trip for beginners or folks who aren't in excellent shape. If your navigation skills aren't sharp, it could be a real struggle. Although much weight could be saved by dropping down into the Elwha and hiking out that way (no climbing gear), you'd miss a lot.

I think the trip would be easier with more snow. It could even be a super ski trip for expert backcountry skiers.

MAPS: USGS Bogachiel Peak, Mount Carrie, Hurricane Hill, Mount Queets, Mount Christie, Mount Olympus, Mount Tom, Owl Mountain.

ACCESS: Both the Sol Duc and the Hoh trailheads are reached on Highway 101.

△



Mike Neary near Lake Billy Everett in the Bailey Range.

Murray Hamilton

MARY SUTLIFF

WHEN HORSES AND HIKERS MEET . . .

Some of your readers probably know that Gene and I have given up backpacking and do all of our travel in the mountains on horseback now.

We usually take one pack horse, sometimes two, plus our two saddle horses. They are a lot of fun and really add to our trips. We see a lot more wildlife and a lot more scenery—perhaps it's because we're not watching our feet all the time.

The horses are a big responsibility, however, and a lot of work. About half the items on that pack horse are horse-related, both necessary gear and feed for the animals. Coming from a hiking, backpacking and climbing background we try to be sensitive in our horse-camping practices and I think most backpackers enjoy meeting us and our horses.

There are a couple of things that really worry me when we meet hikers on the trail, however. Most hikers, being urban people, have no idea how to relate to horses, either individually or in a pack string.

First of all, horses do not see the same as people. It's a fact that their eyesight is different. To help the horse "see" you, talk to the horse and rider. That helps the animal figure out that you're not a horse-eating monster, but just another person with a backpack.

Horses are prey animals. Their primary defense is to flee. The horses you'll meet in the mountains are well-trained, but even though they *know* they are not supposed to run, they can become very agitated.

So, first, talk to the riders. Then, step off the trail on the *downhill* side if at all possible. Legally, the pack train has the right-of-way, and that's because it is harder to maneuver a horse, especially if the rider is leading a pack horse or two.

When you step off the trail, be sure



Ann Marshall / Lee McKee

Meeting a horse on a gentle Indian Heaven trail is easy: just step well to one side.

to give the horses enough room. A loaded pack horse is wide!

As an example, the horse we usually use as a packhorse is experienced and very good at carrying his load. He doesn't run his boxes into rocks or trees and he is extremely sure-footed. I really don't know how he managed recently to bump two hikers who had stepped off the trail.

I was leading him and had asked the hikers to watch out because the load was wide, and to please talk so the horse would see them. Fortunately the grade was flat: they only got bumped into some bushes and nobody was hurt.

Most people admire the horses and want to pet them. Please ask the rider if it's okay, then pat the horse on the neck, while talking in a friendly tone. If you try to pat the horse on the head

from the front, it can't see you very well. It could easily be startled and jerk away.

Also stay away from the back of the horse. Most won't kick, but you don't want to test them.

Our horses are gentle and friendly. They're used to being fussed over, and they think you might have a treat. They like carrots, apples, crackers, molasses cookies—and Dancer especially likes gumdrops.

If you see us on the trail, we'd love to meet you. Stop and talk to Gene and me, and meet Dancer, Red, Stormy and Tamar.

△

Mary Sutliff is the author of Teanaway Country and Entiat Country. She lives in Arlington with several cats, several horses, and Gene.

PANORAMA

NEWS FROM ALL OVER

WASHINGTON WATER

TRAILS—The WWT has a new office, says president Fran Troje. Not only that, WWT has an official executive Director, and has received 501(c)3 non-profit status.

WWT intends to establish a designated water trail on public land from Olympia to the Canadian border. For membership and other information on the Washington Water Trails Association, contact executive director Sandi Nelson at WWT, 1731 Westlake Ave N, Suite 203, Seattle WA 98109 (206-283-4960).

SEA KAYAK SYMPOSIUM—

September 18 through 20 is the weekend this year for the West Coast Sea Kayak Symposium at Port Townsend.

If you are considering purchasing a kayak and related equipment, this is an ideal event. Manufacturers, retailers, and designers will be here to answer your questions. Special Symposium prices and "try before you buy" options are too good to pass up.

The Symposium includes lectures, workshops and demonstrations directed both to the novice and the seasoned paddler. Some of the topics are: *Family Kayaking*, *Folding Kayaks*, *Demolition and Repair*, and *Wind/Wave Dynamics*.

Advance registration is recommended, as space is limited. Cost is \$70 per person (16 and up) for admission to all events and includes a t-shirt. Lodging and meals are available at the Fort Worden site for an additional charge.

For more information, and to request a registration form, contact the Trade Association of Sea Kayaking, PO Box 84144, Seattle WA 98124 (206-621-1018).

HIKER DIES NEAR PRATT

LAKE—At the end of July a young woman died when she left the Pratt Lake trail to get closer to a waterfall and fell 150 to 200 feet. The rocks were wet and covered with slippery moss and she lost her footing.

A young man in her party of five hikers attempted to climb down to help her, but he also fell and was injured. He was airlifted by helicopter to a Seattle hospital.

ALPINE LAKES MANAGE-

MENT—The Forest Service continues to analyze a wide range of



options for dealing with the problems of overuse and damage in the Alpine Lakes Wilderness.

Ten different alternatives were summarized and sent out to nearly 1000 individuals and organizations in mid-August. These alternatives have been based on the ideas the Forest Service received in a series of public meetings last year.

Although three of the alternatives have been discarded or merged with other alternatives, all ten are available for review in the "Alpine Lakes Alternative Summary."

The summary is available from:
Baker-Snoqualmie NF
21905 64 Avenue West
Mountlake Terrace WA 98043.

Here is a review of the remaining seven alternatives:

- (1) Current management, or "no action" alternative.
- (2) Dropped from further consideration.
- (3) Repair and reduce resource damage by implementing and enforcing site-specific restrictions, such as "day-use-only" areas and a 6-person party limit for some areas. Would make Wilderness access more difficult by closing some currently open roads.
- (4) Dropped from further consideration.
- (5) Eliminate social standards set by the Alpine Lakes Plan in several specific areas which currently have heavy use due to easy access. Outside these areas would be a high level of site-specific restrictions similar to those in (3).
- (6) Dropped from further consideration.
- (7) Permit system for overnight use only. This would restrict the number

of overnight users, but the number of day users.

This alternative calls for recreational development outside Wilderness, high levels of Wilderness education and law enforcement, closure of some roads to make access more difficult, and improvement of sanitation facilities.

(8) Permit system for overnight and day use, but only in high use areas.

Site-specific restrictions similar to (3) would be in effect outside the high use areas. This alternative would meet Alpine Lakes Plan social standards.

(9) Wilderness-wide permit system for day and overnight use. After spending the first night in the zone of entry, the overnight user would be free to travel anywhere in the Wilderness.

(10) Wilderness-wide permit system for day and overnight use. But overnight users would have assigned destinations each night.

Public comment will be solicited on the analysis sometime this fall. The Wenatchee and Baker-Snoqualmie Forest supervisors will make a decision in time for the new options to be in effect for the 1993 hiking season.

SUIATTLE ROAD TO OPEN—On August 14, Baker-Snoqualmie Supervisor Doug MacWilliams announced the decision to re-open both Suiattle River Road 26 and Tenas Creek Road 2660.

On the Suiattle, the road at the site of the main washout (13 miles in) will be reconstructed about 80 feet to the north; this will move the route out of the river channel.

Six separate flood washouts will be repaired by July, 1993, and the road will be drivable to its end when reconstruction is completed.

In addition, the Green Mountain road will also be repaired and opened to vehicle traffic at the same time.

"Wilderness use, developed campground use, and river recreation are near capacity on the Darrington District and the entire Forest, and this alternative will restore access for this type of use in the Suiattle drainage," reads the decision notice. "This alternative has the highest benefit return for the costs."

The Tenas road is used mainly for logging, although it does provide boot-track access to the Boulder and Pear Lake areas. It should be reopened by the middle of next summer, as well.

PANORAMA

NEWS FROM ALL OVER

WOLVES IN GIFFORD PINCHOT

—According to an article by R. E. Dalrymple in the Vancouver Columbian, August 16, a wolf sighting was made in mid-July on Bluff Mountain, 14 miles north of the Columbia River.

Wildlife officials say 11 credible wolf sightings have been reported in the Gifford Pinchot since 1989. But 74 other "wolf sightings" are *not* credible, the article says. Coyotes, stray dogs, and wolf-dog hybrids are frequently taken for "wolves."

To report wolf sightings anywhere in the state, call the US Fish & Wildlife Hotline at 800-722-4095.

CLIMBER DIES ON THE

BROTHERS—Robert J. King, 33, of Mountlake Terrace, died in mid-August when he apparently fell about 700 feet from near the summit of The Brothers into the Great Basin.

Friends reported him overdue when he failed to return as scheduled. His body was spotted during a helicopter search and recovered. He apparently was an experienced hiker and familiar with the area.

SAINT HELENS RESCUE—Daniel Lavik, 41, of Seattle, collapsed at 6000 feet on the way down from the summit of Saint Helens in August.

Emergency crews helicoptered in and treated him for dehydration and exhaustion. He and his friends were then flown off the mountain.

COMMANDO CAMP—Three young men stole some guns and headed for the Nooksack River at the end of July. They set up a "commando" style camp and started building a cabin near Price Creek, on the north side of Mount Shuksan.

They were spotted by a Forest Service trail crew the first week of August and reported to the Whatcom Country Sheriff. All three were arrested and face various charges.

NEW GIFFORD PINCHOT MAP—

The Gifford Pinchot National Forest has released a new forest map which will replace the 1984 map.

The map includes Glacier View, Tatoosh, William O. Douglas, Goat Rocks, Indian Heaven, Trapper Creek, and Mount Adams Wildernesses.

The map price is \$2 and can be ordered from Gifford Pinchot NF, PO Box 8944, Vancouver WA 98668.

BILL LESTER LEAVES NORTH CASCADES—After 30 years in Washington National Parks, Ranger Bill Lester is leaving. His new position is Chief Ranger at Pinnacles National Monument, Arizona.

A native of Port Angeles, Bill grew up with Olympic National Park in his back yard. In 1962 he started working for the Park, and moved to Marblemount and North Cascades National Park in 1978.

A wonderful tribute to Bill Lester appears in the June 1992 issue of "The Wild Cascades." Written by Joseph Miller, the 6-page article relates many of the contributions made by Bill and his wife Kathy, as well as lots of great behind-the-scenes stories.

"The Wild Cascades" is the publication of the North Cascades Conservation Council. Write to them for membership information:

NCCC
PO Box 95980
University Station
Seattle WA 98145.

MOTORBIKE LAWSUIT—A decision by the Forest Service to ban motorbikes from the North Fork Entiat trails has been upheld in US District Court. A lawsuit filed by the Northwest Motorcycle Association and others sought to regain use of the trails (*June, page 22*).

EMERGENCY TRAILS COMMITTEE

—Known as "Grumblers," members of the Emergency Trails Committee are busy hiking and writing letters.

P&P subscriber Ira Spring formed the new committee last spring as a "quick response team" to the problems that threaten backcountry trails—logging, bureaucratic closures, poor land management, and ORV use.

There are two membership categories:

1. Grumblers who write letters of attend meetings or make phone calls. For this category, membership is free, but Grumblers must vow to write or otherwise contact land managers or legislators a minimum of four times a year, or once at each change of season.
2. Grumblers too busy to write but who are very unhappy and wish *somebody* would do *something*. For this category, membership is \$1000 a year.

Any potential Grumbler who would like more information is invited to contact:

Emergency Trails Committee
Ira Spring
18819 Olympic View Drive
Edmonds WA 98020
206-776-4685.

IRON GOAT TRAIL WORK—The Iron Goat trail follows an abandoned stretch of the Great Northern Railway over Stevens Pass. This section of the route was abandoned in 1929 and is now being converted to an interpretive hiking trail.

Work parties on the 10-mile-long route are scheduled for September 2, 12, 16, 19, 26 and 30. To sign up call Dennis Evans, 206-243-5314.

CLOSE CALLS WITH FIREARMS—If you read closely the Backcountry News section in this issue, you'll notice a couple of reports of gunfire and bullets whizzing distressingly close.

These reports seem to be isolated incidents, however, because neither the Skykomish District nor the Darrington District were aware of any firearm problems in their areas.

Not so in the White River District, though, where close calls on the Greenwater Road 70 prompted the District to request a Forest Supervisor's order to close 9 miles of the road to shooting.

The closure would have extended from Highway 410 to the Pyramid Creek crossing. Over 200 unofficial campsites are located in this 9-mile stretch of road and many "plinkers" just don't realize how close they are to other people, according to Donna Palmer, in the White River District's Public Affairs office.

After a series of public meetings in July and August, the District decided to implement an education and signing program instead of the shooting ban, Donna told Pack & Paddle. Local sporting and shooting clubs were interested in being involved in the education effort, she said, and the Forest Service would rather use education than restriction.

REST STOP

EQUIPMENT, RECIPES, TIPS, ETC

TEMPERATURE & ELEVATION

TEMPERATURE & ELEVATION—The average temperature drops about 3 degrees F for every thousand feet of increased elevation.

TROWELS—Swallows' Nest's Stan Reeve thinks that Wilma didn't look hard enough in her search for a backpacking trowel (*July, page 24*).

"Swallows' Nest has carried backpacking trowels for years," Stan told Pack & Paddle. The store, at 2308 6th Avenue in Seattle, tries to keep such environmentally correct items in stock at all times.

VISION—Trout have a horizontal vision of 300 degrees below the surface of the water—almost a complete circle.

PADDLE SIGNALS—Although it's best to stay in voice contact with everyone in your party, sometimes different paddling speeds and weather can separate even the most careful paddlers.

Wind and water noise can easily muffle shouts and whistles; air-horns carry farther.

These paddle signals can be used to communicate at a distance:

- › **Stop**—With your paddle horizontally over your head, move it up and down. Frequently used to mean "re-group," "wait," and "let's talk."
- › **Help or emergency**—Wave your paddle vertically overhead.
- › **Come ahead**—Hold your paddle overhead. If you are directing other paddlers—as through surf—hold paddle to one side or the other to indicate course.

NO-WATER DINNER—This corn-and-potatoes meal is a good one to plan when you know you'll be camping on an island with no fresh water.

Potatoes travel well, but be sure to keep them dry. Corn is more fragile, but will keep several days stored in a cool place in the bottom of the boat.

Build a fire from charcoal or wood. When coals are ready, place foil-wrapped potatoes on cooking grill. Turn frequently and cook for about an hour.

Meanwhile, soak corn, husks and all, in a pail of sea water for 45 minutes or so. Cook corn on the grill about 20 minutes, turning frequently. With luck, corn and potatoes will be done at the same time.

WIN FAME & ADMIRATION!

Send us your favorite recipes for hiking and paddling; a review of your newest (or oldest) piece of gear; a safety tip; or tell us about modifying or making your own gear.

PACK & PADDLE
PO BOX 1063
PORT ORCHARD WA 98366

COFFEE—A new product backpackers should know about: Folgers Coffee Singles. Real coffee, either decaf or regular, in a bag like a teabag, ready to be steeped in boiling water.

Each bag comes in a foil packet. Much better than instant coffee.

—*Goldie Silverman, Seattle.*

WATER CARRIER—My version of a water carrier is the mylar lining from a box of apple juice (wine box liners work equally well).

Remove empty liner from box, unscrew the pouring shut-off and rinse well. Replace the pouring shut-off. Fold into a tiny packet that weighs only an ounce or two.

We use a water filter and pump to fill the bag and carry it back to camp.—*Goldie Silverman, Seattle.*

Gear Review—your most favorite / least favorite equipment

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

Dog and dog-pack. My husky is a cheerful companion willing to follow any trail as far as it goes—while carrying part of the load!—*Gail Roberts, Snohomish*

Camp coffee pot. The percolator bubble melted when exposed to heat, and since it had to be strapped to the outside of the backpack, I felt like a pack mule going down the trail! It swung back and forth making noise and slapping me on the backside.—*Gail Roberts, Snohomish.*

JanSport packs. I own two JanSport packs, a day pack and a larger version for overnights. I dearly love them both. They are very well thought out:

the U-shaped zippers eliminate the problem of always having what you want on the bottom. The extra water bottle pocket on my larger pack is convenient and frees up all my other pockets. The curved shoulder straps cannot be beat for comfort.—*Mystery Hiker, Granite Falls*

Fleece clothing. My fleece clothing always goes along. It's snuggly warm even when wet, great pillow material and easy to care for. Down can't touch fleece in my book.—*Mystery Hiker, Granite Falls*

Ski pole. My stainless steel ski pole is my favorite walking stick ever. It's lightweight yet strong enough to hold my weight (a lot of poles are aluminum and not very strong at all). It's great for helping me keep my balance, for flicking branches off the trail, and irreplaceable when crossing rushing

streams.—*Mystery Hiker, Granite Falls.*

Toys. I include a bottle of Wonder Bubbles in my favorite hiking toys. They're beautiful, fun, and provide endless entertainment.—*Mystery Hiker, Granite Falls.*

Boots. I purchased a pair of Asolo AFS ridge boots recently. Eight days in the Bailey Range and on Mount Olympus took their toll.

The insoles are garbage, the rand around the boot is already pulling away and my feet were soaked on the glaciers. They were quite comfy and light, but I'll no doubt destroy them in a year or two.

For \$270, there's better values out there. Best boots I ever owned were Fabianos.—*Murray Hamilton, Tacoma.*

EDITOR'S JOURNAL



On summit of Rimmel Mountain.

CORRECTION—We don't often make errors, but the map accompanying the Mount Stickney article last month (*August, page 17*) was incorrect.

Trip leader Dave Beedon called to let me know the road is on the *north* side of the mountain, not the south.

The mistake was not author Karen Sykes' fault, but mine. If you go to Mount Stickney, better not go with me!

DETAILS—Dave Beedon was kind enough to submit a very detailed description of the *correct* roads to reach Mount Stickney.

It's in "Backcountry News," in the North Central section.

TALKING—Many of you have called in the last month to comment on the latest issue, to ask a question, or just to say, "Hey, I just found out about Pack & Paddle! It's great!"

Remember, if you have a hiking pal who hasn't seen a copy, we'll send a sample free. Just phone or mail in their address.

IMPRESSED—Readers from Hillsboro write, "Our yellow cat is impressed that *your* yellow cat is on the P&P staff!"

We're impressed, too! In fact, YC receives an inordinate amount of Pack & Paddle's mail, from such correspondents as "Animal from Maltby."

HOLDING THE FORT—The state Interagency Committee for Outdoor

Recreation (IAC) had a major funding session in August and I was asked to sit on one of the half-dozen or so advisory committees.

These committees review dozens of projects for outdoor facilities and score them. The scores are then used to rank the projects to determine which ones will actually be funded.

Although I was asked to serve on a couple of committees, I could choose only one because of time restrictions (I *do* have a deadline to meet!) so I chose Water Access projects.

Serving on the committee meant driving to Olympia for three days during the *hottest* weather of the summer, but it was fun and interesting and I was happy to oblige. Yellow Cat was left to hold the fort. She supervised the answering machine, as usual, and sorted papers on my desk.

At the IAC meeting, we sorted papers, too, and made sense of all the projects presented by many city, county and state agencies. Since our review is just one step in a long process, we won't know which projects will finally be funded until the legislature meets for its next session.

BIGGER—Due to happy circumstances, we're able to offer you another expanded issue. Enjoy!

SLIDE SHOW—If you've admired SB's varied backcountry travels over the years, you might want to plan to attend the September 14 meeting of the Peninsula Wilderness Club in Bremerton.

SB will be presenting a collection of her slides. It should be a good show, and you'll get a chance to meet one of Pack & Paddle's "initialed" contributors.

The PWC meets at 7:30pm at the Unitarian Church on Perry Avenue in East Bremerton. All are welcome. Call Joe Weigel, 206-871-0291, for more information.

PHOTOS—We are able to use color prints, color transparencies (slides) and black-and-white prints.

If you have some photos we might be able to use, send them to us at PO Box 1063, Port Orchard WA 98366.

We'll return them unless you specifically say we can keep them on file for future use.

ON FILE—Many people don't get around to developing January's film until July. That's okay. If you're just getting back prints from your skiing trips, send us a couple. We're already thinking about December!

FAME AND FORTUNE—Occasionally someone will say to me, "Boy, it must be a lot of work to write that whole magazine!"

Actually, I do very little writing for Pack & Paddle; *YOU* do most of it! I just put it together.

You may get famous by sending in your trail reports, stories and photos, but you sure won't get rich—if payment is requested, it will be a small amount. You *can* get extra copies of the issue your story or photo appears in, however, if you let us know how many you want.

JANSPORT—This is JanSport's 25th anniversary year. They've come a long way in a quarter of a century. We'll tell you more about the company in an upcoming issue.

I was invited to tag along on a tour of the new JanSport headquarters recently, thanks to Nancy South of Olympic Sports, who arranged the tour for her company's store managers. We had a grand time.

Is there really a "Jan" at JanSport? Yes—we met her!

See you in the backcountry!

Contact us at
Pack & Paddle
PO Box 1063
Port Orchard WA 98366
206-871-1862

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR *continued from page 4*

them "two tarns north of Tinkham Peak."

I don't think it is prudent to tack names on physical features indiscriminately, even if only in fun, when the Board of Geographic names in Olympia has to assemble and spent days deciding whether to change an I to an E on an already approved name.

Robert M. Kinzebach
Federal Way, Washington

APPRECIATED

Yes, I did appreciate the expanded August issue—it was a standout!

Thanks for the enjoyment you bring to us.

Jane Habegger
Olympia, Washington

CAROLYN SEDY

I just learned that a fellow outdoor enthusiast, Carolyn Sedy, died this morning (August 12).

Carolyn and I had lost touch with each other the last couple of years but she was an unforgettable person—in or out of the mountains. She suffered a long, brutal war with cancer but fought valiantly every inch of the way.

The last time I spent with Carolyn was three years ago on Labor Day weekend. She and her friend, Robert DeGraw, joined some other friends and me for a weekend of backpacking and scrambling in Gothic Basin. Due to recent surgery Carolyn had slowed down a little, but she made the summit of Gothic Peak.

Here's an image of Carolyn: on a ski outing in the Methow a few years

ago, several of us attempted to ski to the top of Washington Pass from Mazama on a day when it was about 7 degrees above zero. As we struggled onward up Highway 20 toward our unrealistic goal, we suddenly saw Carolyn go shooting by—she had hitched a ride on the back of a dogsled and waved merrily at us in passing. She looked about 10 years old!

Carolyn was given the ability to live life to its fullest, and she passed that love of life to those fortunate enough to have been around her.

Karen Sykes
Seattle, Washington

Advertisement

PIC-TOUR GUIDE MAP ADVANTAGES

Pic-TOUR MAPS HAVE EXPERIENCE—Washington state born Robert M. Kinzebach traveled the backcountry in the Cascades & Olympics from the 1930s to the 1990s with record-breaking, accurately recorded trips —EXAMPLE ----- October 8, 1951, Lyman Lake & Glacier, Solo, Wea.-Clear, warm, COMMENTS— "Left Chiwawa River Rd at Phelps Cr Trail 8 Miles to Spider Glacier at head of Phelps Cr to pass into Lyman Lake. Portion of lake could be seen, and after passing Lyman Glacier, walked around right side til Hart Lake came into view. Returned to car on Chiwawa River. Shadows were lengthening, covering Spider Glacier, and was almost dark by time car was reached. Good trail, tricky rock slide above Lyman Lake. Total: 20 miles."

Pic-TOUR MAPS HAVE QUALIFIED, ACCURATE WEATHER INFORMATION (on most maps)—an important feature that could determine the amount of enjoyment, modification or possible cancellation thru increased knowledge of the current or forecast weather. Robert M. Kinzebach, several years civilian Chief Forecaster at McChord AFB, WA, and Airway Forecaster at Sea-Tac for many years, also produced local weather studies, one in 1955, American Met. Society Bul., that is, in part, currently broadcast repeatedly on 24-hr NWS Weather Radio. This information is not dry text-book data, but is objective, "nitty-gritty" Pacific NW weather forecast information. The Winter & Summer weather shown on the maps is summarized and all that is really needed to be known about Wash. State weather forecasting. Learn the importance of wind direction (Onshore & Offshore flow), Upslope cooling/Downslope warming except when inversion present, besides constricted areas causing increased circulation, and vice versa a decrease. Furthermore, stability (clouds usually dissipating from the base upwards with daytime heating); or the opposite of instability (clouds building at convective condensation level into puffy cumulus with daytime heating). Know critical temperatures for rain or snow, or fog formation. A close, objective weather watch is not difficult, and will pay off. Watch TV broadcasts. The main problem is sometimes difficulty with proper timing of the weather event that could produce opposite results.

Pic-TOUR MAPS ARE UPDATED AS REQUIRED BY PERSONAL RECONNAISSANCE—Up to 3000 driving miles monthly, and 500 hiking miles yearly, thru 1990.

Pic-TOUR MAPS HAVE NUMEROUS, SUPPLEMENTAL, CROSS-REFERENCED AERIAL & SCENIC PHOTOS TO REFINE EACH MAP—about 20,000 or more scenic photos (mostly 3D) on file.

Pic-TOUR MAPS ARE MORE ECONOMICAL—Six 15 min. area coverage most maps.

Robert M. Kinzebach, 6/92.

Pic-TOUR MAPS 29118 23rd Avenue South Federal Way WA 98003 206-839-2564