

# *PACK & PADDLE*

...covering the backcountry in  
Washington and the Pacific Northwest

OCTOBER 1992  
\$2.00



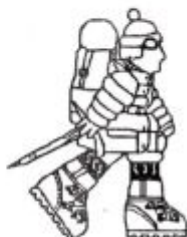
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10/92

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Robert M. Kinzebach, 9/30/92.  
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# Pack & Paddle

VOLUME 1, NUMBER 11

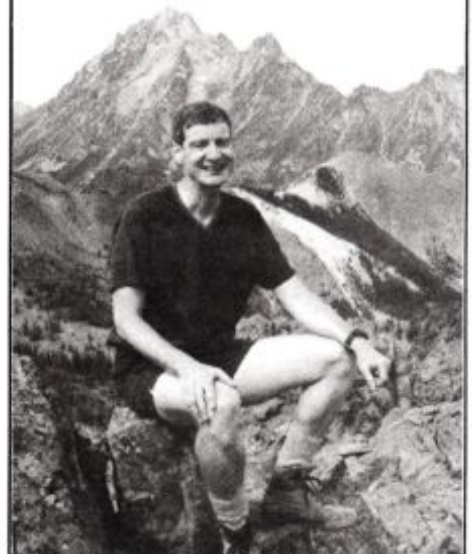
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*Ken Hopping on summit of Earl Peak.*

Ken Hopping

### 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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### COVER PHOTO:

Mountaineers pick blueberries on the Walt Bailey trail.

Photo by Ann Marshall

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# LETTERS to the EDITOR

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

## HORSE OVERUSE IN EAGLE CAP

Very much appreciated Mary Sutliff's article regarding meeting horses on the trail (*September, page 27*). Her guidelines are standard practices for me; it never occurred to me to attempt to touch the horses as they pass and I don't intend to start now!

Am always glad to share the trails with horses and riders, but I do wish it were possible to teach them (the horses) to control their body functions!

Case in point: In August of this year I was visiting Wallowa Lake and the Eagle Cap Wilderness of northeast Oregon. The south end of Wallowa Lake is over-commercialized and overrun with people. I decided, however, to do a dayhike up the West Fork of the Wallowa River into the Wilderness.

About 2 miles was all I could take. The trail is, at the lower end, several inches deep in horse poop! There is a corral where horses can be rented for day trips into the Wilderness and they run at least two trips a day that I know of (I also passed one other private pack string).

It appears to me that this trail is overused by horses. It is a pity, too, as the canyon reminds me somewhat of the Icicle here in Washington, minus the road. I would think also that the Forest Service would be concerned about pollution—yes, it is *that* deep!

Like I say, 2 miles was all I could take. My olfactory senses were numb to any other smell for days after. I guess I don't love horses enough.

Dale Graves  
Kent, Washington

## CANOE COUNTRY

We are moving to *canoe country*: northern Minnesota, not far from the Boundary Waters Canoe Area. Rick will be working at Grand Portage National Monument. We hope to send you reports from our new area.

Margaret Yates  
Grand Marais, Minnesota

## STEVENS PASS

How exciting to receive the September Pack & Paddle and see my name in print ... sort of (*page 18*).

There was one error which is not a big deal, but I thought I'd set the record straight. I'm not a lift operator

at Stevens Pass; I sell tickets. If anyone comes looking for "Mystery Hiker" they'll find me in a ticket window or hanging out in guest services — a job I love.

Mystery Hiker  
Granite Falls, Washington

## QUIET GROUP AND MEASURING WHEEL

Kudos to the Olympia Parks and Recreation group that camped at Cataract Valley camp on Mount Rainier the night of August 17, and to its leadership.

We were camped for three nights in a site next to the group site, and at dinnertime on our last night we were congratulating ourselves that no Boy Scout or other group had appeared when we heard the telltale shouts coming up the trail.

But once they got into camp and saw they had neighbors the shouting ceased and they were no noisier than the couple camped on the other side of us. For a group of 12, that's quiet!

On our way out from Cataract Valley camp on August 18, at the intersection of the Carbon River trail with the trail to Seattle Park, we met Beth Rossow, measurement verifier for Bette Filley's *Discovering the Wonders of the Wonderland Trail*. She was giving her little yellow box a ride on its big wheel, measuring new mileage because of a trail change.

She was about to head up to Seattle Park and we asked her if going uphill on a rocky, rooty trail wasn't something of a problem. "Nothing compared to scree," she said. "That really makes my wrist tired."

She told us that Bette hopes to get out a new edition of her book each year so the information will be current, and to make this possible plans to limit her printings to 5000 copies.

hmk  
Albany, Oregon

## AN EXCITING AFFAIR

After being rained out of our hike, we were setting up our car camp (we sleep in our car a lot) in the parking lot of the Lake Wenatchee Ranger Station when some people came to ask if we were with the Forest Service. Their two kids and their kids' spouses were overdue on a hike.

The parents and the four kids had

started out on the Twin Lakes trail about 3:15 that afternoon. The parents turned around about 3:30. The Pargeter map they had showed the trail going to the lakes and continuing on the east shore to a road coming in from near Fish Lake. The parents drove to the other trailhead to meet the kids coming through, but the kids hadn't shown up, and that road was gated off about 2 miles before its end.

It had been 32 degrees the night before, and was already getting cold this night. We told them to call Chelan County Sheriff, and we waited with them for a while at the Cougar Inn.

I got my Green Trails map out; it did not show a trail along the east side of the larger lake. The parents drove to one trailhead and we drove to the other to see if they had showed up. Nothing at either one. They were wearing only sweaters and of course had no gear.

When the sheriff arrived, he decided to have people stay at both trailheads in case the four came out, and if not, the searchers would go out in the morning. We stayed at the White River trailhead, and set up a "booby trap" so we would hear them if they came out.

The Ranger showed up at 6:30 in the morning. He said he had sent two guys in from the other side, and he would go in this way when his partner showed up. We went ahead on the trail to help look. We called and called their names. When we got to the end of the trail at the bigger lake, we heard voices coming from both sides of the lake. In a minute, two searchers came out from the west side of the lake. They had spotted the lost people on the east side and were heading over to them. They acted like they didn't want our assistance, so we left.

We found out later the four kids were cold and hungry, but otherwise okay, thank goodness. I can't imagine how miserable I would be, shivering in freezing temperatures for hours on end.

Though we really didn't do much, it was an exciting affair for us. My Pargeter map of the Central Cascades (1984 edition) *does not* show a trail on the east side of the large Twin Lake. I wonder what edition they had.

Fred and Wilma  
Sequim, Washington





# 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.

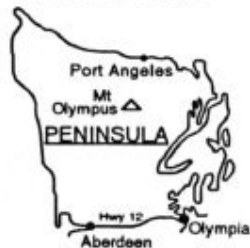
Space is limited; we may have to cut your report to fit available space. Typing is not necessary; we can read just about anyone's handwriting. We're interested in ALL trips, easy and hard, ordinary and exotic.


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



 **MARTINS LAKES** (*Olympic Natl Park; USGS Mt Hoquiam, Kimta Pk, Mt Christie*)—I can't imagine anyone going to Low Divide and missing the tremendous views from Martins Park and Martins Lakes. The trail is in great shape all the way from the North Fork Quinault Ranger Station. The sign says Martins Lakes trail is not maintained, but the Park has done a bit of work on it cutting out small blowdowns. No large ones on the trail.

Lots of snow on the glacier on Mount Christie and I shot a lot of film sighting in on its waterfalls from Martins Lake #2. A short way north of this lake are good views of the Elwha valley and the burn near Mount Claywood.

Met two groups from Connecticut, otherwise the Low Divide was surprisingly empty of campers. Lots of bears.—Jim White, Hoquiam, 8/19-20.

 **GRAND VALLEY, BADGER VALLEY** (*Olympic Natl Park; USGS Maiden Pk*)—Trail is in good shape; only a couple of easily-passed blowdowns near Emergency Camp which have probably been cleared by now.

Lots of wildflowers, and Badger (marmot) Valley is still living up to its name. Saw several bears up high on the open slopes.—Jim White, Hoquiam, 8/22-23.

 **LAKE SUCCESS** (*Olympic Natl Park; USGS Mt Olson, Mt Hoquiam*)—Heading to our first camp at Lake Sundown, we found the upper South Fork Skokomish River trail to be nice and in pretty good condition.

When we crossed the Forest/Park boundary, though, the trail immediately deteriorated into a steep root-bound waytrail. About this time we also met about 10 zillion flies that were a major nuisance for most of the trip.

This trail ends at a junction with Graves Creek trail. Following that trail for 1½ miles brought us to Six Ridge Pass, where the route becomes Six Ridge trail, which we followed (or tried to) for its entire 9½ miles.

*Olympic Mountains Trail Guide* describes this trail as one of the most strenuous routes in the Olympics. A recent ONP trail report stated: "The Six Ridge trail is buried under dozens of downed trees and route finding is extremely difficult." Indeed, we were



Martin's Lake #2 and Mount Christie.

Jim White

## BACKCOUNTRY NEWS DEADLINE: October 20

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

# BACKCOUNTRY NEWS

discouraged from attempting our route when we checked in at the Ranger Station in Hoodspert. Actually, we only "lost" the trail for any appreciable time when we crossed a large side-hill meadow.

We spent two nights at our second camp at Camp Belview. We used the extra day to hike out to Lake Success on the faint tread of the Mount Olson trail. With temperatures in the 80s, a swim in the cool waters of the lake was a welcome midday break from the heat and the flies.

Our fourth day brought us down off Six Ridge to our last camp at Madeline Creek on the North Fork Skokomish trail. Camps in the immediate area of the Six Ridge trail and Seven Stream have been closed lately because of a troublesome bear. Since our route had traversed hundreds of acres of berry fields, we had seen 7 or 8 bears on this trip. They all immediately vacated at our intrusion. But be forewarned: you can walk right up to *this* bear. It knows about people and what they have.

Our last evening of the trip was very pleasant. We had no flies and almost no mosquitoes.

As we worked our way down the numerous switchbacks at the east end of Six Ridge, we began to hear a strange noise coming up from the valley floor. I figured my odds of seeing a Sasquatch to be far better than my odds of seeing what we encountered: a trail crew! Two men cutting logs and two cutting brush.

They were almost as shocked to see us as we were to see them. I doubt if this trail had been touched in the last 20 years. They themselves were incredulous when they got the work order. I am delighted that someone decided to clean up a trail that isn't a main corridor route or a trail to a popular destination.—Joe Weigel, Port Orchard, 8/10-14.

**ROYAL LAKE and BASIN** (*Olympic Natl Park; USGS Mt Deception*)—Despite gaining a fair amount of elevation, the grade stays mostly moderate and the trail is in good shape with a smooth tread. It follows the Dungeness River and then Royal Creek for the first few miles.

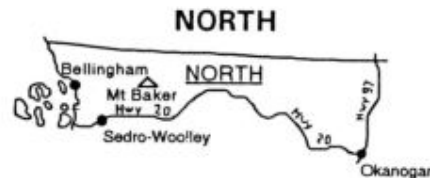
We got a good idea how much water is being pulled out for irrigation down lower in the Sequim valley. There is a pitifully small amount of water flowing in the Dungeness where it passes under Highway 101, yet up here there was a lot of water. Royal Creek itself looked bigger than the lower Dungeness!

We had mostly clear skies and pleasant temperatures to hike in. Determined to see the basin this time, we continued past the lake to camp. We weren't disappointed. The scenery

was stupendous, with Deception, Fricaba and the Needles looming ominously. The lateral moraines left by retreating glaciers are quite obvious. There are many little basins to explore, with good camping all around. Water was plentiful.—Fred & Wilma, Sequim, 8/29-30.

**FLAPJACK LAKES**—Stoves only; no open fires. Bear problems.—Ranger, 9/3.

**OLYMPICS**—All open fires prohibited in Park. Unusual amount of bear activity and cougar sightings in several areas. Vandalism at Lena and Mildred Lakes trailheads.—Ranger, 9/12.



**SPANISH CREEK, ASHNO-LA RIVER** (*Pasayten Wilderness; USGS Mt Barney, Billy Goat Mtn, Ashnola Pass, Rimmel Mtn*)—I went in at the Lake Creek trailhead and came out at Andrews Creek.

Lake Creek trail is mostly deep forest hiking with few views, but nice and peaceful. About 5 miles up lies Black Lake, so named because of its depth. Only two blowdowns were across the trail but huge swaths of downed trees all along the way were evidence of past major windstorms.

The trail climbs from 3200 feet to about 6200 feet. This proved a major trauma to my poor out-of-shape body, weakened from going back to college for almost 3 years, but it felt good to be back in harness again. On top of the pass sits tiny Fawn Lake. Nice. No other people, but also no streams nearby for safe drinking water.

The Ashnola River is very beautiful and quiet: I saw no other people, but

lots of deer. An old camp built by the CCC where Peepsight Creek joins the Ashnola can still be seen, complete with furniture. Only one blowdown on an otherwise well-maintained trail.

The no-longer-maintained Spanish Creek trail now lies decorated with lots of glorious blowdowns (I like 'em. Keeps crowds out.). The trail is almost overgrown in places. Some stretches of the path are carpeted with grass and other stretches are covered with clover. Moose tracks and droppings are everywhere.

One stretch of trail in deep forest along the creek was scoured by overflow waters: it's now laced with exposed roots and looks almost magical, like something from *The Hobbit*. At the eastern end of the trail are lots of sunny, open meadows hunted regularly by hawks.

To get out I took the Andrews Creek trail, a major horse route. Almost all downhill so it went fast. The 4½-mile road hike back to Lake Creek trailhead was uneventful. The entire loop took me 4 days but I dawdled a lot. This part of the Pasayten is not spectacular but very nice. The Spanish Creek drainage is a special place.—Bill Gildon, Wenatchee, 8/25-29.

**DESOLATION PEAK** (*Ross Lake NRA; USGS Hozomeen Mtn*) and **SOURDOUGH MOUNTAIN** (*North Cascades Natl Park; USGS Diablo Dam, Ross Dam*)—By staying at Ross Lake Resort, you can reach both trails and have a great place to come back to at night.

The resort consists of cozy floating cabins on Ross Lake. You can get there only by boat or by walking in. The boat trip starts at Diablo Dam. If you plan to stay at the resort for a few days, boating is the safer method for your car because the parking area at Diablo Dam is away from the highway.

To walk in, park at the trailhead at milepost 134. The parking area is right next to the highway and car break-ins have been a problem.

The proprietor, Abby Frankenfield, is trying to build up more hiking business for the resort. Currently the heaviest use is for fishing. You can get information from the Outdoor Information Office in the Federal Building in downtown Seattle. Ask for the brochure; it isn't displayed. Or call the resort at 206-386-4437.

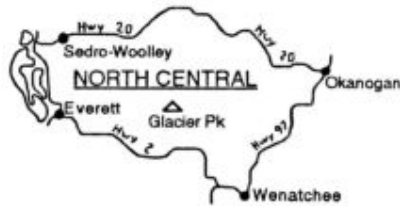
**Desolation Peak:** The description in the 1988 edition of *100 Hikes in the North Cascades* is out-of-date. The water taxi fare to the trailhead is \$90 round trip. The charge is per boat ride, not per passenger. The trip takes about 25 minutes.

A better way is to rent a small boat from the resort for \$40 per day. It



# BACKCOUNTRY NEWS

## NORTH CENTRAL



takes about an hour to get from the resort to the trailhead. Look for a trail sign on a point just beyond Cat Island camp.

The trail is in great shape. Allow extra time for berry-picking. The views from the top are just as advertised: peaks everywhere.

Crystal and I left our cabin at 7:30 am. Even with an hour ride each way, two hours at the lookout, and at least an hour picking berries, we were back at our cabin by 7:15pm. If you plan to walk in and rent a boat for a day trip, the office opens at 8am. If you stay the night before, you can rent your boat on the previous afternoon to get an earlier start (no extra charge).

**Sourdough Mountain:** If you stay at the resort, you can get to the lookout on the Big Beaver and Sourdough Mountain trails in one long day. If your cross-country skills are good, take off directly up the ridge above the resort and intersect the Sourdough Mountain trail at about 3500 feet, just on the other side of the ridge crest. This cuts off about 3 miles of trail walking each way.

The trail is well-maintained. The lower portion climbs through old growth forest, follows the ridge through an old burn and then breaks out at about 5000 feet among meadows. Above Pierce Mountain camp, the trail disappears; follow cairns to the Sourdough Lookout. Nothing but peaks in every direction. It is about 7 miles from the top to the resort by the trail route.—Bill Upton, Crystal Wilson, Seattle, 9/10-11.

**NORTH CASCADES NATL PARK** — 206-856-5700. Snow fell as low as 5500 feet over the first weekend in September. Bears are active.

**Hannegan Pass** closed to camping for 1 mile either side of the pass due to bear problems. **Chilliwack trail** has some trees down; north ford about 2 feet deep and 20 yards across. **Easy Pass/Fisher Basin trail** has several trees down and a large mudslide between Fisher and Cosho camps. Bears. **Monogram Lake/Lookout Mountain** has yellowjacket nest next to trail 2.5 miles up.—Ranger, 9/7.

**MOUNT BAKER DISTRICT**—206-856-5700. **Twin Lakes** has bears; road horrible. **South Fork Cascade trail** open to glacier. **Glacier Creek road 39** (Coleman Glacier trail) repaired and open to end.—Ranger, 9/8.

**OKANOGAN NATL FOREST** —509-826-3275. Snow has fallen at higher elevations. Frost will eliminate mosquitoes and black flies. High lakes should remain ice-free until mid-October.—Ranger, 9/9.

**CASCADE PASS** (*North Cascades Natl Park; USGS Cascade Pass*)—Lew and I were pleasantly surprised at the quality of the road almost all the way from the Highway 20 turnoff up to the last mile or so. The trail was equally pleasant as it climbed in many—but gradual — switchbacks with some good views.

As we neared the ridge and pass, the trail opened to some real nice views. I can see why this is such a popular hike.

We rested a moment at the pass but the flies were pretty annoying when we were stopped. We continued to the north up the Sahale Arm trail. It goes up steeply in some loose rock. Not a great trail but you sure gain altitude in a hurry. Views were different around each bend and worth the effort. Flies continued to be a nuisance so after a brief stay to enjoy the views, we headed down.—Tom Karasek, Stanwood, 7/30.

**BALD MOUNTAIN** by way of the **Walt Bailey Trail** (*DNR; USGS Mallardy Ridge*)—Took your advice and tried the Walt Bailey Trail approach to Bald Mountain. Walt's trail winds through old growth and meadows to Cutthroat Lakes. Keep climbing to a junction with the Bald Mountain trail, a short climb to a saddle and then great views out over Spada Reservoir.

The trail goes just under Bald Mountain, a good spot to stop for a dayhike. My guess is about 5½ miles each way using the WBT. Nice job and thanks to the volunteers who built the trail.—Crystal Wilson, Bill Upton, Seattle, 9/2.

**WALT BAILEY TRAIL** (*DNR; USGS Mallardy Ridge*)—I invited Walt to come along on this Mountaineer Mid-Week trip to sort of give us a tour of "his" trail.

Warren brought along his measuring wheel because of differing opinions about trail length. I pushed it for half a mile or so, then handed it back to Dick, who handed it to June, who handed it to Connie, and so on.

The official mileage is: 1.56 miles to the Big Meadow; 3.48 miles to the north end of the upper lake; 3.63 miles to the south end of the upper lake.

Cumulative elevation gain was

recorded by CAT. His altimeter gave us 1460 feet elevation gain going in; 350 feet gain going out.—Ann Marshall, 9/10.

**MOUNT HIGGINS** (*Baker-Snoqualmie Natl Forest; USGS Mt Higgins*)—How so much old growth so close in survived is a miracle. There are timber sale signs on the lower portions of the trail—better do this one soon. The early edition of *100 Hikes in Glacier Peak* is incorrect: the DNR road you want is .1-mile west of milepost 38, not 39 (this error corrected in the new edition). Just as you cross the railroad tracks look for a small brown sign just below a Smokey Bear poster with SL-0-0550 on it.

If you try for the shortcut off the upper road, be prepared to walk the road. There are some deep washouts and a tree down. If you have a small 4-wheeler, there is room to drive under the tree.

The shortcut boot-trail drops quite a bit of elevation before joining the Mount Higgins trail. The trail up to the old lookout goes through old growth forest, a long flat meadow and finally a steep climb. The views from the top are well worth the climb.—Bill Upton, Seattle, 8/18.

**WEST CADY RIDGE** (*Henry M Jackson Wilderness; USGS Benchmark Mountain, Blanca Lake*)—Tried for the lookout site on Benchmark Mountain by way of the West Cady Ridge trail 1054. Because of a late start we made it as far as a nice ridge shown as Point 5375 on Green Trails map 144.

The lower trail has some great—but non-Wilderness—old growth. One tree had fallen over the trail. We stopped counting rings at 350 and still had a lot to go. The ridge itself is full of beautiful meadows and berries. We saw one bear.

The road out of Index up the North Fork Skykomish is paved. The last 5 miles to the trailhead is gravel but in

### 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

good shape.—Crystal Wilson, Bill Upton, Seattle, 9/3.

**NAPEEQUA VALLEY** by way of Little Giant Pass (*Glacier Peak Wilderness; USGS Trinity, Clark Min*)—Pictures of the "fabled" Napeequa Valley have fascinated us for years. But we never expected to see it mantled in snow on Labor Day.

We got a head start on Friday afternoon, taking three hours to get to the trailhead on the Chiwawa River road. After fording the river (which is challenging in early summer) we hiked 2.5 miles to a camp just past Little Giant Creek.

The next morning we continued up the trail, passing two other campsites. The last one, 4 miles from the trailhead, may be the best. It sits on a rise overlooking the huckleberry-covered slope below the pass. Snow began falling about this time. The ground wasn't cold enough for the snow to collect, but it stuck to the pasqueflowers, which made the hillside look like a cotton patch.

From the pass at 6409 feet we had our first view of the valley. Its size and perfect U-shape are truly inspiring. While hiking down the 2000 feet to the valley floor we daydreamed about running a pub here in the summer.

The trail is much better than the guidebooks led us to believe. Heading up the valley we found the junction with the Boulder Pass trail. It was marked with a cross-like sign and was located a little farther north than our Green Trails map showed. We met two other parties Sunday who gave up looking for the crossing. Their USGS maps showed the junction 1.5 miles farther south!

We camped at Louis Creek at a site with room for several tents. We admired the nearby falls while warming up with some hot tea. Soon it began to snow.

Awakening Sunday to more snow, we abandoned our own plans to visit High Pass (7000 feet). We retreated the way we came, admiring Clark Mountain and the celebrated valley when the clouds parted.

Near our first camp we met a retired couple heading up the trail. They too had admired the valley (in a calendar picture), and searched their maps until they found it. Now they were on their way to see it for themselves. What great customers they'd be for our pub!—Don & Ann Schaechtel, Seattle, 9/4-6.

**CARNE MOUNTAIN** (*Glacier Peak Wilderness; USGS Trinity*)—We saw the Carne Mountain trail cut-off when we went to Spider Meadow earlier in the year. We returned last week to give it a try. It's a very

beautiful hike. Three miles to a very pretty basin, and then not much farther up to the ridge and spectacular views in all directions.

No bugs. Water in the basin still running. Trail is in great shape.—Mystery Hiker & Mr. Maphead, Granite Falls, 8/31.

**BOULDER PASS** (*Glacier Peak Wilderness; USGS Glacier Peak East, Mt David*)—We had 4 days off over this Labor Day weekend and decided to make the fabled Napeequa Valley our destination. The weather forecast wasn't very good, but we decided to give it a try; we could always turn around.

Beautiful old growth lines the White River for the first 4 miles of this trip, with such a profusion of giant cedars you might think you were in the Olympics. Turning off the White River trail, we headed up toward Boulder Pass. It had drizzled most of the morning, the wind was picking up, and it was cold.

A little more than 2 miles up, at the first campsite after leaving the White River, we came across a 3-foot diameter hole about 6" deep and smoking pretty good. Someone had apparently built a fire outside the firings, and did not make sure it was out! It had burned through the duff on the forest floor. With our 1-gallon water jug and 1-gallon ziplock bags, we got water from nearby Boulder Creek and dug with a stick. Much more had burned than just the exposed surface hole. We kept digging and finding more and more burning duff. After we had worked on it for about 15 minutes, a Backcountry Ranger showed up with his shovel. We helped him finish putting it out, and he stayed to fill in the now-huge hole we had dug. It scared us to think how easy it could be to be caught in the backcountry with a forest fire starting up.

At Basin Camp we called it a day with wind and rain picking up. The camping here is pretty limited and we ended up sharing the cozy confines with another hiker and his dog. What views we were able to get were impressive. We hoped the weather would improve Saturday, but it didn't. We awoke to more rain and could even see a fair amount of snow higher.

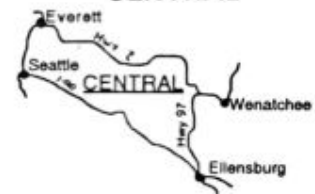
We have read so much about the beauty of the Napeequa Valley that we didn't want to see it in clouds. We decided to leave and try it again some other day. The hike to Basin Camp alone was great, and just made us even more anxious to return.—Fred & Wilma, Sequim, 9/4-5.

**STEHEKIN**—509-682-2549. Shuttlebus runs from Stehekin to Cottonwood, two trips daily, until 10/15. Fee charged; reservations required.

For *Lady of the Lake* schedule and fares, call 509-682-2224.—Ranger, 9/7.

**DARRINGTON DISTRICT**—206-436-1155. Suiattle River road closed at 13 miles; hikers and bicyclists can cross on planks. Road scheduled for repair in '92-'93. Mount Dickerman trail under construction until 10/30. PCT bridge gone over Milk Creek; ford in early morning. White Chuck trail has two major slides blocking; difficult with full packs. Please be considerate of others, especially families, if bathing nude at the hot springs.—Ranger, 9/15.

## CENTRAL



**DECEPTION CREEK** (*Alpine Lakes Wilderness; USGS Scenic*)

—Trail is in pretty good shape to about 4 miles, then several trees are down across the trail. When you get to the stream crossing at 4½ miles, the trail has been washed away so you have to climb a steep bank, then drop to the creek. Three successively narrower logs and a tilted handrail would make this a difficult crossing with a full pack.

We noticed flags along the creek which made us think maybe a new trail is going in to avoid this creek crossing, and maybe that's why the downed trees aren't cut out.

This is a real pretty forest hike. It isn't heavily used—the trail is thick with duff and we didn't see anyone else all day. We really enjoyed it.—Linda Rostad, Bothell, 9/17.

**NORTH SCATTER CREEK TRAIL 1328.1** (*Wenatchee Natl Forest; USGS The Cradle*)—This is an old, old miners' trail that was almost lost. It is being reworked by the Forest Service.

Drive up the Fish (Tucquala) Lake Road from Salmon la Sac and cross the cement slab at Scatter Creek. Turn right (east) into the selective cut at the bulletin sign for Scatter Creek campground (west of the road). Park in the open space in the flat.

The trail begins at the yellow "temporary trail" sign. The tread has been worked through the selective cut until it meets the old trail above Scatter Creek. The worst deadfalls have been cut for about 1½ or 2 miles. From that point it becomes a route-finding challenge. Watch for fresh axe-cut logs, new blazes, old blazes, trail




# BACKCOUNTRY NEWS

tread and temporary red flags.

The trail goes steeply up through old forest, open mineral slopes and, finally, lush meadows (possible water). After a final steep pitch, the trail ends on the divide, joining the Meadow Creek Spur, the new sign so reads.

This is a very scenic area. Some scrambling possible. Let's get some people on this trail.—Bill Arundell N7YEJ (yes, I've joined Deb Riehl with those funny letters and numbers), Renton, 8/10.

 **RED MOUNTAIN** (*Wenatchee Natl Forest; USGS Polallie Ridge, Davis Peak*)—For a trailhead marked by a large sign on the very busy Cooper Lake road, this one seems to get very few hikers. It had been about 15 years since I had done it, and my recollection was one of a brutal trail overgrown with brush. To my surprise, the trail has had a bit of maintenance. It is still steep, rough and knee-wracking, but brush isn't the problem it used to be. And this valley is really beautiful! The views from the old lookout are great, and fall colors are blazing already.

A few hints to keep hiker and trail from parting company:


1. At the fork at about 2960 feet, turn *left* and cross the creek (I'm told the right fork is a snow-scramble route).

2. From the firering on a rocky knoll at about 4560 feet, drop off to the *left*, cross a faint drainage, enter the alders, and turn up-valley to regain the tread.

3. At the small meadow at about 5260 feet cross directly, aiming for the small trees just to the right of the tall timber.

4. At the ridgetop turn right. The old lookout site is now just a few hundred feet out the rocky, airy ridge top.

Round trip distance is listed at 7 miles, and my instrument registered 3280 feet of elevation gain. In the first mile, the trail crosses two roads that I didn't remember. One looks new and ominous. Perhaps the time to do Red Mountain is now!—Warren Jones, North Bend, 9/12.

 **EARL PEAK** (*Wenatchee Natl Forest; USGS Enchantment Lakes*)—Earl Peak is a good choice if you want to avoid crowded trails. To get there take the Teanaway River Road from Highway 970. Continue straight ahead at a junction where the name changes to North Fork Road. A mile and a half before the 29 Pines Campground is an excellent view of Earl Peak. It looks deceptively close.

At the campground bear right on Road 9737. Just after the bridge crossing Stafford Creek, turn right on Road


9703. Less than a mile farther is a signed turnoff to the Standup Creek trail. The side road is in poor condition with many deep ruts. Mercifully the trailhead is reached at a sharp bend after just 1 mile.

The Standup Creek trail begins on an old logging road. The first mile is maintained by resident cattle so watch for slippery spots. Take the well-worn path even when it does not seem to be the logical direction; it is easy to be misled into following the abandoned route.

At 4 miles is a junction with the Bean Creek trail. Turn right and in a short distance make the final crossing of Standup Creek. The stream must be spring-fed because no snow remained. This is your last opportunity for water.

Three-quarters of a mile from the junction is a saddle with great views of Navaho Peak. Here you must leave the trail and go north up the ridge. Vegetation quickly becomes sparse and the trees shrink to wind-tortured miniatures. While lacking in glamour, the summit redeems itself with excellent views.

The summit register was on its last page. Based on recent entries, Earl Peak is visited by one party per weekend. A nice place to enjoy solitude and good views.—Ken Hopping, Bellevue, 8/29.

 **JOLLY MOUNTAIN** (*Wenatchee Natl Forest; USGS Davis Peak*)—I had done this trip once before in 1984. I was working from old notes and hadn't checked on activity in the area.

I started out at the bottom of Jolly Mountain trail 1307 by the horse camp at Salmon la Sac. The first ¼-mile was just like before. The next 1½ miles up to 4000 feet received a "view enhancement" courtesy of hiker-friendly Plum Creek timber company.


At 4000 feet the trail crosses a dead-end road spur and enters the uncut forest. The trail continues to a junction with the Paris Creek trail. There are sale markings all around here; don't know how long this part of the trail will remain.

Above Paris Creek, the trail climbs steadily to a junction with Sasse Ridge trail. After climbing 3100 feet to get there, I met some other hikers who informed me a new logging road now goes to within ¼-mile of where we were standing.


The rest of the way to the old lookout is a beautiful ridge walk and a small climb to the summit. For those who were not able to get to this lookout site before, the new road access makes this an easy ridge walk, about 1200 feet or less in gain. No telling how long before this area is completely scalped.

The trails in the area are open to motorcycles, but I didn't see any and it was Labor Day weekend. Much of the area around Sasse Ridge and Hex Mountain is now logged. New roads are pushing over the top of Sasse Ridge. These must be part of the roads mentioned in June's Panorama section (*Yup.—AM*), which I didn't read until after this trip.

It is sad to see such a beautiful and accessible area cut.—Bill Upton, Seattle, 9/6.

 **RIDGE & GRAVEL LAKES** (*Alpine Lakes Wilderness; USGS Snoqualmie Pass*)—No water after the avalanche path where the downed trees have been cut out.

Saw probably 20 people—a lot for a Thursday after Labor Day. Had the lakes to ourselves for two hours.—Linda Rostad, Bothell, 9/10.

 **AASGARD PASS** (*Alpine Lakes Wilderness; USGS Cashmere Mtn, Enchantment Lks*)—After getting rained out of the Napeequa the day before, we headed farther east looking for better weather, and found it around Icicle Creek. We picked up our permit at Leavenworth in the morning and headed off.

We had entertained the thought of going this route the next time we backpacked to the Enchantments, so this dayhike gave us the opportunity to scout it out. We were surprised to see only 12 cars at the trailhead on this long weekend.

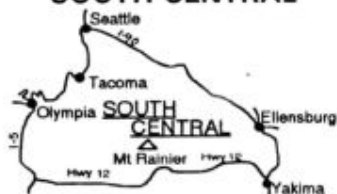
We quickly made it to Colchuck Lake and headed around to pick up the path over Aasgard. At any given time there must be four different routes you can follow; we think we tried parts of all of them. Though the path is very steep and rubbly, there weren't any real exposed sections. The scenery improves with every step, with the vertical walls and spires rising on both sides making us feel very small.

A great hike, but we're unsure about backpacking over it. We think we'd make this a one-way trip, only doing Aasgard Pass uphill, and going down by way of Snow Lakes.—Fred & Wilma, Sequim, 9/6.

**ENCHANTMENTS**—Permit season runs from 6/15 through 10/15. Permit area includes Colchuck, Stuart and Snow Lakes trails, and entire Enchantment basin. We will begin processing applications postmarked *after* 2/25 on 3/1. Applications postmarked *prior* to 2/25 will be returned. After 3/15, walk-in applications will be accepted. Permits will not be issued to any party larger than 8 people. Limit one permit per year. Call 509-548-4067 for info.—Ranger, 9/15.

# BACKCOUNTRY NEWS

## SOUTH CENTRAL



**MCCLELLAN BUTTE** (*Baker-Snoqualmie Natl Forest; USGS Bandera*)—Even though it was Labor Day weekend, very few people were on this trail. I imagine the removal of the McClellan Butte trail sign from I-90, and the trail description in *100 Hikes in the South Cascades* rather than the *Alpine Lakes* keeps the number of users low.

The elevation gain and distance from Seattle are about the same as Mount Si. The added bonus is a nicer trail through old growth forest and fewer people. On the way down we ran into some survivalists just below where the trail crosses the old railroad. They had made a camp by the culvert under the railroad and were shooting shotguns and semi-automatic rifles across the trail. One of the reasons we did this hike was to stay away from the bear hunters on the east side!—Crystal Wilson, Bill Upton, Seattle, 9/5.

**MOUNT BELJICA** (*Glacier View Wilderness; USGS Mount Wow*)—Lisa, Roger, Bill and I started off on this short, steep hike (gaining 1000 feet in 1½ miles) not sure where we'd stop. After Mount Beljica the trail continues to Goat Lake and Gobbler's Knob, but we were all so taken with the beautiful view at the top of Beljica that we decided not to continue. The pay-off is amazing for fairly little effort on this hike.—Jane Habegger, Olympia, 8/29.

**HIGH ROCK** (*Gifford Pinchot Natl Forest; USGS Sawtooth Ridge*)—This 2000-foot-prominence mountain features a staffed lookout that is in better shape even than Mount Pilchuck's lookout cabin.

George Gorveatt, his daughter Jennifer, Eric and I drove down through Eatonville and Ashford to Road 52. Here we took a right and headed south 6 miles on paved Roads 52 and 85, following the High Rock signs, until we came to dirt Road 8440. We veered left at this point and then drove 5 miles to the 4300-foot trailhead.

From the trailhead we could look upward to see the doll-sized lookout cabin precariously perched atop the brow of High Rock (5685 feet). The hike is only 1.6 miles and 1400 feet elevation gain, so we got High in about an hour.

The kids enjoyed watching a band of mice scurry from underneath the cabin to nearby rock crevices. High Rock's sheer 900-foot northern wall and precipitous eastern cliff also captured our attention.

Some hikers who, the previous day, had befriended Bud Panco, the USFS fire lookout, returned today with a large birthday cake. Bud repaid his guests by playing country songs on his guitar while the group sang along.—Steve Fry, Edmonds, 8/16.

**PARADISE GLACIER and Ice Caves** (*Mt Rainier Natl Park; USGS Mt Rainier East*)—It had been 25 years almost to the day since I last visited here. Although I had read all the reports of receding glacier and collapsed caves (*July, page 11*), I was not prepared for what I found.

Where 25 years ago I had to traverse a large snowfield to get to the snout of the glacier and the cave entrances, the snowfield is so small now that the trail goes up around it, and the "glacier" itself has retreated about 500 yards up the valley, hardly more than a snowfield itself now.

While it does have small openings at the snout and two larger openings at the upper end, none appears to be safe to enter. Indeed, the Park Service has signs posted all along this trail to that effect.

It is still a nice trail for a dayhike. I enjoy seeing the glacier-polished rock in the upper basin and, just to the right of the glacier as you face it, some yellow monkeyflowers, dwarf fireweed and sprigs of heather are making a valiant effort to revegetate the barren landscape.—Dale Graves, Kent, 8/26.

**KAUTZ CREEK TRAIL** (*Mt Rainier Natl Park; USGS Mt Rainier West*)—My 1971 topo map says it's 2407 feet at the trailhead and about 5360 at Indian Henry's Cabin. That would be a gain of approximately 2950 feet in 5.7 Park Service miles. Switchbacks are steep but preferable to steps.

Near Mount Ararat, Fred B from Edmonds caught up with me. He had left the trailhead an hour later than I had, which gives you an idea how fast that man moves! Enjoyed talking to this long-time Signposter and current Pack & Paddle subscriber.

Mount Rainier popped into view as we neared Indian Henry's and yes, the view is every bit as great as advertised. A skiff of new snow had softened the harsh contours resulting from the low snowpack of last winter. Fred continued to Pyramid Peak while I stopped to do the classic "Reflection of Mount Rainier in Mirror Lake" photo. (I have been away from the Adirondacks for over 40 years but still can't get used to calling ponds "lakes!")

On the way out stopped to loan Ace bandage to young man from Illinois with sore ankle. He avowed that 5.7 miles on the Kautz Creek trail was farther than 5.7 miles in Illinois.—PGS, Olympia, 9/16.

**PLUMMER PEAK** (*Mt Rainier Natl Park; USGS Mt Rainier East*)—Most of the dozens of hikers stopped at the end of the maintained trail at Pinnacle Saddle. We continued to the top of Plummer Peak. For very little extra effort the reward was solitude.—Jane Habegger, Olympia, 9/5.



Margaret Yates at Owyhigh Lakes.

# BACKCOUNTRY NEWS

**TOLMIE PEAK** (*Mt Rainier Natl Park; USGS Mowich Lake*)—Lots and lots of people on this cool fall day, many of whom were not dressed for the weather.

The trees surrounding the lookout looked like they had snow on their branches. Windy and wintry at the top. It was a pleasant surprise to find the volunteer Ranger still there. He said he could remain at the lookout as late as October. He also said it hadn't snowed: the white on the trees was frozen moisture!—Jane Habegger, Olympia, 9/12.

**SNOW LAKE** (*Mt Rainier Natl Park; USGS Mt Rainier East*)—Adnan and I had been working on a meadow restoration project at Paradise on Saturday, so on Sunday we needed to stretch out our muscles on a trail that would not be too strenuous. The weather was perfect and the trail was well-maintained.

Fall colors were outstanding—reds, yellows, oranges, mixed with the deep greens of the evergreen trees. We heard pica and a few marmots. At the end of the maintained trail, beyond Snow Lake, is an unmaintained one that we explored. A family of marmots watched us skirt the bowl where rock slides surrounded an island of green and gold.

A lovely little stream fell from the island to join several others that fed Snow Lake from the south.

We hiked out feeling well-satisfied at having taken in some of the beauty that feeds the soul.—Adnan & Lindy Bakkar, Lynnwood, 9/13.

**NACHES DISTRICT**—There is no raft portage operation at the Tieton Irrigation Dam this year. The diversion dam was modified prior to the 1991 season to aid rafts going over the dam. In the past, the best location to go over the dam has been just left of mid-channel. As always, passing the dam is at your own risk.

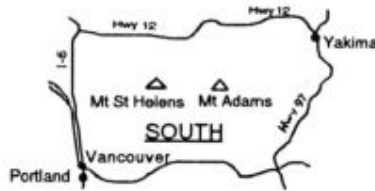
Yellowjackets have been especially bad in some areas. A few frosts should take care of them.—Ranger, 9/15.

**MOUNT RAINIER NATL PARK**—206-569-2211. All roads remain open. The Westside road is open 3 miles. Sunrise Road is closed nightly as of 9/21.

Permits are required for all backpacking; available at any ranger station.

Paradise Inn will close for the season after breakfast 10/5. Sunrise Lodge closes 9/13. Longmire Inn open year round.—Ranger, 9/9.

## SOUTH



**INDIAN HEAVEN TRAIL 33** (*Indian Heaven Wilderness; USGS Lone Butte*)—Using Cultus Creek campground as a base, I followed the trail into the Wilderness. It began an ascent almost straight up with never a true switchback until at about 1 mile it makes a definite turn to the right and in a few more yards brings you to an open point with a view of Mounts Adams and Rainier.

The trail soon reaches meadows, ponds, lakes and more lakes. At a junction I chose the right fork which joins the Pacific Crest Trail at Bear Lake. Since I made better time than planned, I took the side trail out to Elk Lake and stayed long enough to have a very leisurely lunch.

This is fine walking with delights at every turn: ponds, lakes, deer grazing in meadows, no bugs, a few wildflowers still remaining. And in spite of the lack of a berry crop in the Gifford Pinchot this year I did find one small patch of blueberries still firm and sugared just right.

I "liberated" three cups of them and as we speak am enjoying blueberry muffins.—Dale Graves, Kent, 8/18.

**KILLEN CREEK TRAIL 113** (*Mount Adams Wilderness; USGS Mt Adams West*)—No water at the trailhead. First water available at about the 3-mile point in a large meadow with remains of an old cabin.

Trail starts out wide, dry and dusty. Many feet have traveled this trail in the past and it is much abused by those who would carve a new path rather than walk through snow or mud. (Time out here to pass on to all the Parks Canada trail ethic: don't walk around those mud and snow patches in the trail; walk through them. If you are wearing the proper footwear and it is properly treated, you need not worry—the mud and snow will dry before you reach camp anyway. Save the meadows!)

Trail ascends steadily for the first 2 miles, then climbs four short benches before breaking out into a long, pleasant meadow (the one mentioned above), then up to another bench with more meadow walking, and shortly the junction with the Pacific Crest Trail.

My original destination was Adams Glacier Meadows; however, when I was about ½-mile up this trail a stiff wind came up and the clouds that had

been gathering all day suddenly looked very ominous. My first two rules of backpacking have always been "safety first" and "use common sense" and I decided, reluctantly, that this may not be the place to be this night.

So I backtracked to the meadow at the 3-mile mark and found a bare campsite under a tree, right by the trail. By the time I had camp set up the wind had died down and the skies cleared. Oh well, I spent a lovely evening here with deer and hawks and gray jays for company. And after sundown, a clear, dark, twinkling sky! It wasn't my original destination, but it was an excellent second choice!—Dale Graves, Kent, 9/1-2.

**SUNRISE PEAK** (*Gifford Pinchot Natl Forest; USGS McCoy Peak*)—Bill and I didn't see any motorbikes this time, although we did on a previous hike to this old lookout site. Some other hikers at the trailhead told us an ORV they had seen going up the trail was unable to come back down because of the steep and narrow route; it had to continue to Juniper Ridge and a less-steep way down.—Jane Habegger, Olympia, 8/22.

**MOUNT ADAMS DISTRICT**—509-359-2501. Tract D opened 7/1. A permit to enter is required and may be obtained near Mirror Lake. Cost is \$5 for 24-hour use per vehicle of six people. This has been one of the worse huckleberry seasons ever. The Indian Huckleberry Feast has been cancelled due to lack of berries.—Ranger, 9/11.

**LOOWIT TRAIL**—This is in the "most difficult" category. Hard to follow in some areas; narrow tread in canyons. Worst sections have been reconstructed.—Ranger, 9/11.

## NORTHEAST



**MOUNT SPOKANE** (*State Park; USGS Mt Spokane*)—Fortunately, my dad and I were armed with Steve Fry's detailed route description on the tricks of scaling that hazardous enigma, Mount Spokane (*August, page 14*), a peak whose very name strikes fear in the hearts and a shake in the knees of even the most cold-blooded rock jocks.

# BACKCOUNTRY NEWS

We left Bellevue at 7:08am, feeling more than a little silly, actually, about our "climbing" agenda for this day-before-Labor-Day. Being honest, there is not only a road to the virtual top of Mount Spokane, but a paved road even. The 311-mile journey took 5 hours and 20 minutes traveling straight through.

This was an important summit to us both. My dad was sure he'd climbed this peak (and back) on his 11th birthday from his home in Spokane, and he wanted to be on top again. When this round trip added up to about 70 miles, though, he was quick to agree that maybe he'd reached an intermediate point.

For me, it was another summit to check off Steve's list of the state's highest hundred peaks that rise at least 2000 feet above all surrounding territory (see *The Mountaineer Annual 1983-1990*, page 40). And from just past Ritzville on I-90, we spotted Mount Spokane popping over the horizon.

We Western Washington chauvinists generally think of Spokane, the city, as being out there in the middle of the Eastern Washington Desert, when in reality it is on the edge of a wonderful series of mountain ranges that we rust-belters generally don't appreciate. The northern third of the eastern part of our state will surprise and delight all of you lovers of soft but genuine mountains and rural America. If you've never laid eyes on this place, Mount Spokane (5883 feet) gives a good overview.

We made good use of the day by submitting not only on Mount Spokane, but also on Bald Knob, Linder Ridge, Quartz Mountain, Horse Mountain, and Shadow Mountain (all on USGS *Mt Spokane*) before returning home the same day by 8pm, 630 miles round trip.—John Roper, Bellevue, 9/6.



**MISSION PEAK** (*Colockum WRA; USGS Mission Peak*)—

Rising over 6000 feet above the bustling city of Wenatchee, Mission Peak (6876 feet) is the alpine climax of the nearby Mission Ridge Ski Area. In fact, Mission Peak is the highest point of the mountain mass that rises east off 4100-foot Swauk Pass, and therefore qualifies as a noteworthy 2000-foot-prominence mountain.

My 9-year-old son Eric, his friend Paul Scisocoe and I drove to Wenatchee and then followed the infrequent signs that directed us toward Mission Ridge. At 3340 feet, before we neared the ski area, we took a right on an essentially unmarked dirt road #9712. We followed it until we reached the 5868-foot spot where a very rough spur begins the final ascent of Mission Peak.

We parked our car at this intersection and hiked 2 miles and 1000 feet elevation gain on the spur road to the top. There is a rocky trail for the last 50 yards.

I brought my rock hammer and was surprised to discover that Mission Peak is apparently an old shield volcano. Fractured, distinct basaltic lava flows appear to exist on the upper northeast and southwest slopes of the peak. Volcanic dike-like pinnacles form the summit ridge, and vesicular basalt exists on the slightly lower southeast summit.

The view from the crest was unimpaired and splendid.—Steve Fry, Edmonds, 9/6.

## OREGON



**BATTLE AXE MOUNTAIN** (*Willamette Natl Forest; USGS Battle Axe*)—Twenty-something of us left Salem, with the plan to converge at Elk Lake. Our vehicles were Suburbans, vans, and trucks because the last 2 miles into Elk Lake are rutted, potholed, and full of large rocks.

We parked at the junction where the side road goes down to the Elk Lake campground and hiked up the road toward Beachie Saddle, then hiked the trail to the top of Battle Axe. The faster group got a head start but we slower people did just as well, even though we arrived on top some 20 minutes after the others.

The trail is in reasonably good condition. Brush has been clipped. After lunch, the faster group descended the main trail. We amblers chose to return by making a loop down the back side. We followed the ridge, switchbacked down on the northwest side with a great view out over the main part of the Bull-of-the-Woods Wilderness, crossed over the ridge until our trail intersected the Bagby Trail. We turned right and contoured around the back of Battle Axe until we reached the road. At *this* point we found a register where we could sign

into the Wilderness. So we signed in and out all in one move. We were delighted to find some wildflowers along the trail even this late in a very dry year.

While the loop makes the trip about a mile longer, we actually arrived back at the cars only a few minutes after the first group. Fact: it is not nearly so steep coming down this way.—Paula Hyatt, Salem, 8/30.



**SALMON RIVER ESTUARY** (*Siuslaw Natl Forest; USGS Hebo*)—Four canoes and one inflatable kayak put in at the County Park on the Three Rocks Road off Highway 101. It was just after low tide and the river was narrow and shallow but we had no trouble following the channel as it winds through the reeds and grasses.

Fisherpeople of all ages and varieties lined the banks as we went under the 101 bridge. We met a few in boats along the way. Because we were going upstream and into woods, the stream width didn't seem to increase even though the tide was coming in. Just past the Old Highway 101 bridge we encountered a non-navigable riffle, so we turned back, soon found a nice bank for a lunch spot, and took advantage of it.

Starting down about 12:30 even though the tide was still coming in, we found the stream much wider but had no difficulty paddling. Reaching the estuary we encountered a lake-sized river and some wind (from the west, of course) which caused us to work a little harder. No problem pulling into the landing, except two canoes—or rather, their paddlers—decided to go to the mouth of the river.

By now the tide was on its way out. We paddled the short distance, beached our canoes on the sand spit, then walked across to watch the ocean for a bit. The wind was almost nonexistent and the breakers very low. No trouble paddling back up against the tide. Our biggest problem of the day was the congestion at the ramp with fishermen and their boats and trailers; however that was a minor inconvenience. Nice day, nice people, pleasant paddle!—Paula Hyatt, Salem, 9/12



**SAND MOUNTAIN** (*Willamette Natl Forest; USGS Three Fingered Jack*)—It's possible to drive almost to the top of Sand Mountain by taking the turn off Highway 20 at Santiam Pass onto the Big Lake Road, following that to the Old Santiam Wagon Road (a good sand and gravel road), then turning west, until you come to the spur road to the mountain.

Being hikers, however, we chose a different route. Going east from Salem we took Highway 22 to Santiam Junction, then turned back west on High-

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# BACKCOUNTRY NEWS

way 20, went a mile or so, then turned south at the sign to the Little Nash Crater Sno-Park (Road 2676). We followed this narrow forest road 3 or 4 miles (we failed to measure) to where it crosses the Old Santiam Wagon Road. It is visible on the east side of the road but there is no sign to assist you.

We left the cars on 2676 and walked the OSWR. Underfoot was a wide track, sometimes rock, often sand, occasionally some gravel. The wood-corduroy sections are all gone now. We turned up the Sand Mountain spur and followed it to the parking area. Just above here we picked up the trail to the lookout (rebuilt several years ago by the Sand Mountain Society). Staffing the lookout was Dave, who gave us some information about the area and described the use of the fire-finder to those who had not seen one before.

The view from this spot is spectacular—Jefferson, Three Fingers Jack, Washington, North, Middle and South Sisters, and farther along, Diamond Peak.

We figured our total hiking mileage was about 7 miles and we did it at a very leisurely pace.—Paula Hyatt, Salem, 9/13.

**HAWK MOUNTAIN** (*Mount Hood Nail Forest; USGS Breit-enbush Hot Springs*)—We've been using the trail from the south end, from Cachebox Meadow. It is not marked in any way nor is it maintained. Since we have figured out how to find it, and at least half or more of it is open enough to be easy hiking (long pants recommended for the brushy parts), we have enjoyed going this route.

Finally, we have found the way in from the north. From Road 46, either coming from Detroit or from Estacada, take Road 6350 to its junction with 6355. From the south this is just south of Cachebox Meadow. From the north, this is near Graham Pass. Take 6355 to the junction with 120, where a large sign says "Hawk Mt Trail #564." Follow 120 to its end. On your right is a large clearcut. At its left edge, and clearly marked with cairns, is the firebreak, looking like a shallow ditch or a trail, depending on your mood. Follow this to its conclusion at the south end of the clearcut. There you will find the well-kept trail with soft tread and no brush.

It was a lovely day and four of us ambled along until we reached the spur trail (on your left) near Round Meadow. The best view of Mount Hood is from an open spot on your left about two-thirds of the way up. At the top is the old ranger cabin and a stupendous view of Mount Jefferson. The cabin is on the historic register.

We hope all visitors will treat it well.

On the return we found that the trail has a bit of uphill, but the grade is good and we got back to the car in good time. We had a thought—and will probably follow through with it next time—that we will make a through trip with just the drivers returning to the cars and stopping to pick us up at the beginning of the south trail (we come in from Detroit). —Paula Hyatt, Salem, 9/3.

**BEND DISTRICT**—503-388-5664. Snow level is 8000 feet so all trails are snowfree—earliest in many years!

Trails in the Bend Watershed are now closed to mountain bikes, dogs and horses. These include the Bridge Creek trail from the 370 road to Tumalo Falls and a portion of the Swampy Lakes trail from the South Fork trail north to the Middle Fork Tumalo Creek.—Ranger, 9/1.

**SISTERS DISTRICT**—503-549-2111.

Snow level is about 10,000 feet. Campfires with wood or charcoal are not allowed; use only campstoves with liquid fuel.

Wilderness permits are required until 10/31.—Ranger, 9/1.

## IDAHO

**PAYETTE NATIONAL FOREST**

—Rivers are very low, making it easy to watch the kokanee. Be alert for rattlesnakes.

For Hells Canyon water levels, call 800-422-3143 in Idaho, or 800-521-9102 in other states.—Ranger, 9/15.

**SAWTOOTH NRA**—The aspens are gold and the temperature is freezing at night. Elk and deer migrations have begun. Many campgrounds and visitor facilities are shutting down. Call us at 208-726-7672 for current info.—Roma Nelson, Sawtooth NRA, 9/14.

## CALIFORNIA

**POOPOUT HILL**, San Gorgonio Mountain (*San Gorgonio Wilderness; USGS San Gorgonio Mtn,*

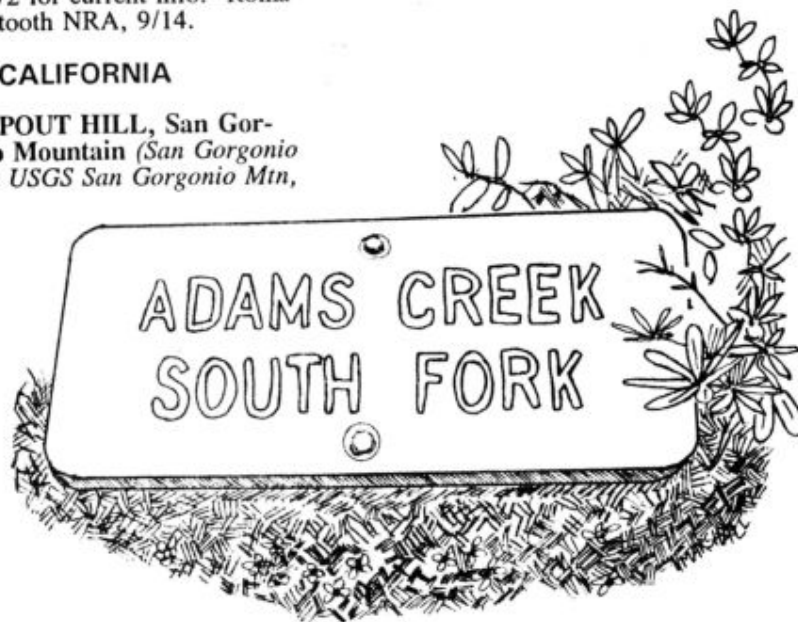
*Moonridge, Big Bear Lake*)—Wanting to escape the somewhat smoggy air of Los Angeles and also climb 11,499-foot San Gorgonio Mountain (the 49th highest ultramajor mountain in the US), my family and I headed east from Disneyland in a rental car. We drove about 80 miles, mostly by way of I-91, Highway 38 and Jenks Lake road to the new 6900-foot South Fork trailhead in the San Bernardino Mountains, just north of the San Gorgonio Wilderness.

The former trailhead was at 7741 feet. The new trailhead provides a needed buffer for the Wilderness, and thus adds about 2 miles of trail and nearly 1000 feet elevation gain. This additional mileage, however, was enough to thwart us from reaching our day-hike goal of Dry Lake, and also dashed my plans to ascend San Gorgonio.

Car sickness had taken its toll on 5-year-old Stephanie, so we hiked slowly up the warm, but often shaded, dusty trail. We walked beside many large pines, past grassy meadows, and were rewarded with views of Sugarloaf Mountain and bright blue skies.

After 2 miles we reached 7860-foot Poopout Hill. A spur trail led us east for a short distance to a nice vantage of San Gorgonio Mountain. This viewpoint features historical and environmental exhibits, and is situated at the edge of the Wilderness. Entry permits are required for day or overnight use of the Wilderness.

Appropriately, we pooped out at Poopout Hill, so we enjoyed a leisurely lunch before heading back down. Happily, our abbreviated hike allowed us to get back to LA in time to soak our feet in the Pacific Ocean while we watched a glorious sunset at Newport Beach.—Steve Fry, Edmonds, 8/29.



DON PAULSON

# BACKPACKING IN THE GRAND CANYON

The view from the South Rim is impressive, but it wasn't until I hiked into the canyon that I began to appreciate the vastness my eyes had taken in.

My sense of distance, developed from years of hiking in the Northwest, was suddenly out of whack. The cliffs were actually much higher than I had judged from the rim. Distances to points along the trail turned out to be farther than I had imagined. This was only one of many adjustments I had to make for a five-day backpack into the

Grand Canyon.

Luckily the organizer of this trip, Dave Cossa, had made the journey into the canyon twice before. Our group of eight Peninsula Wilderness Club members were all experienced backpackers, but we were new to desert hiking. Dave did a great job of telling us what to expect, but it still took a short warm-up hike down the Bright Angel Trail to convince us to shed some of our traditional Northwest backpacking gear and stock up on

more sunscreen and water containers.

Our destination was the site of the old copper claim of Louis Boucher, the hermit of Hermit's Rest. The trail we were to take was made by Boucher himself during the 1890s, but had not been maintained by the Park.

Dropping over 4300 feet in about 10 miles, the "trail" is considered one of the most difficult but scenic routes down into the inner canyon.

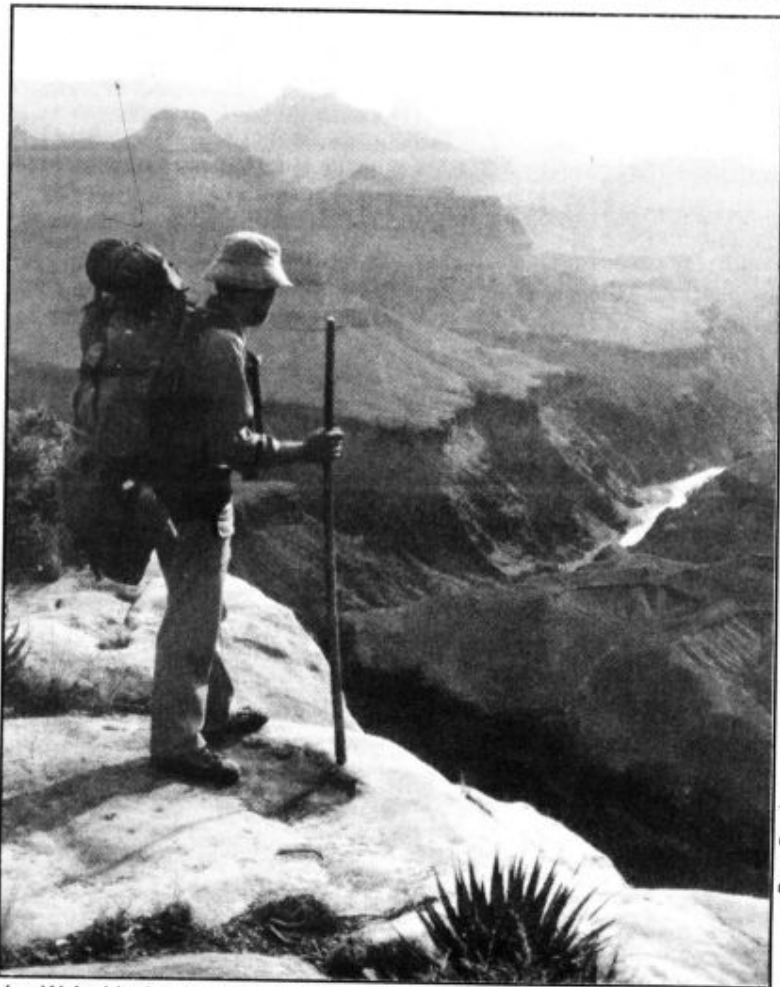
Boucher found mining unprofitable and made his living guiding tourists down to the area until 1920. We found several large bolts anchored in the rock, the only remaining evidence that bridges and stairs had once existed here. The route traversed above cliffs along ledges for miles at a time and then would drop abruptly through a break in the otherwise unbroken precipice to the next lower ledge.

The temperature steadily rose as we descended. We had the unfortunate luck of arriving during a record-breaking heat wave at the end of April, 1992. The temperature the day before was reported at 103 degrees at Phantom Ranch near the bottom of the canyon. Normal April temperatures in the inner canyon range in the 80s.

We each carried four or five quarts of water as no water was available until we reached our campsite on Boucher Creek. Our strategy was to stash two quarts at about the half-way point for use on the way out. But we found that we would need most of the water just to get to camp and we left behind less than half what we had planned.

Shade became harder to find as the terrain changed from piñon-pine-and-juniper-woodland to blackbrush-scrubland. The last mile was steep and the temperature had risen to over 100 degrees.

Each of us straggled into camp hot



Joe Weigel looks down on the Colorado River from the Boucher trail.

Don Paulson



*Hedgehog cactus in bloom.*

and tired. One member of our group arrived showing symptoms of heat exhaustion. We cooled her down with wet towels. At first she had a difficult time holding down food and water but by morning was fully recovered.

Our original plan for the second day was to backpack an additional 5 miles west on the Tonto Plateau and camp at Slate Creek. Lynn and Joyce moved on as planned, but the rest of us decided to stay camped at Boucher Creek.

For the next three days we day-hiked and explored the area. We traveled in the morning and late evening but lounged by the creek during the hot midday. We even spent time in Boucher's old mine shaft to escape the heat.

A large variety of lizards seemed to enjoy the oven-like temperatures. I photographed several cactus species in bloom and watched as a black widow spider dispatched a large insect.

The majority of the group decided to hike out of the canyon in two days instead of one. So Thursday morning Doug and I carried water up our return route and stashed it on a saddle

where we would camp.

On Friday morning I day-hiked to Slate Creek to meet Lynn and Joyce returning to the main camp. Meanwhile Dave accompanied Rose and Alice to our campsite on the saddle, dropped off an additional supply of water, and returned.

That evening after dinner, several of us, carrying as much water as possible, joined Rose and Alice on the saddle and spent the night.

Early the next morning, May 3, we began the long climb to the rim. We left a stash of water for Dave, Lynn, and Joyce who had decided to hike out from the main camp all in one day.

The hike out was pleasant. We took time to enjoy and photograph the splendid scenery. The water we had stashed on the way in seemed like a real bonus. We all took long drinks from our now-

plentiful supply.

While climbing through the Supai and Hermit Shale formations we admired the numerous fossils of plants and marine life that were 265 to 330 million years old. The smooth slabs of Coconino Sandstone displayed beautifully-preserved amphibian and reptile tracks that were 250 million years old.



*Our group from the Peninsula Wilderness Club.*

We reached the trailhead at Hermit's Rest all too soon. I wasn't quite ready for our trip to end.

That evening we all gathered at the Arizona Steak House on the South Rim for dinner. The long journey home the next day went smoothly. Much of the time on the plane we spent reflecting on our experiences in the canyon ... which now seemed a little unreal as we sat in the comfort of the air-conditioned jetliner.

△

*Don Paulson, of Silverdale, has been hiking for 25 years. He works at Puget Sound Naval Shipyard.*

Don Paulson

Don Paulson

TARA WATERS

# SONG of THUNDER

—Paddling in Quetico Provincial Park—

*"Song of Thunder" (an Ojibway song)*

*Sometimes*

*I go about pitying*

*Myself*

*While I am carried by the wind*

*Across the sky.*

**ARISE YE WRETCHED**— every day for nine months I walked past this graffito written in red spray-paint on the science building. The command never failed to stop me, to amuse me, and to depress me (in that order).

John and I had just been married, and, as these things somehow always seemed to work out, it was I who had reluctantly tagged along after him rather than the reverse. We had moved to south Chicago so he could attend the university there. The Southside was a wasteland: block after block of housing projects and slums, swirling trash, police sirens, shrieking ambulances, noxious industrial pollution from Gary, Indiana.

It was a place without hope for the millions who lived there. Most would be born, live, and die in the same original squalor. Here, the chief cause of death among young men and women was murder. Amid this sordid unhappiness was the university, an ivory tower, mocking it all. At first, I had hoped the Southside would be all right, but my hope dissipated. I was mugged riding my bicycle in broad daylight. I could not walk alone at night. I felt trapped, stuck, caged.

June finally came, summer vacation. By then John and I were hardly speaking to each other—speaking turned quickly to fighting. Something had to change. A reconciliation was in order. But how? Where? I suggested we get outdoors, go canoeing. John agreed.

After contacting an outfitter, we drove north in our little car, holding our breath waiting for it to break down. When the odometer clicked past 100,000 miles and started over without mishap, John and I relaxed. It seemed an order had come out of nowhere—our luck had changed. We even dared to exchange a few words with each other

From Chicago to Ely, Minnesota,

was a long drive. We stopped and camped the first night in a campground, bumbling around at midnight setting up our old tent. Although it was a run-of-the-mill campground, I felt as if I were already in the wilderness. Pine forest was all around us; its sharp scent jostled my brain, taking me back to happy times—camping in Colorado, hiking in northern New Mexico. For a moment I swore Chicago had been merely a nightmare.

Minnesota (in Sioux, "milky blue water") was a state I hadn't visited before. It was beautiful, made up of water and pine, of fish and moose, and had the only substantial (if you can call it that) wolf population in the lower forty-eight. L. David Mech had been studying the wolves there in the Boundary Waters area for some time.

I wanted to see a wolf. It was unlikely I would. Wolves travelled in packs only in winter, and it was then they were most visible. By early summer the packs would have broken up and the individual wolf families would be busy raising their pups, for in summer it was safest for them to be quiet and invisible.

Quiet and invisible, that's how it seemed I'd been for these last nine months. Quiet and invisible, slinking along dark city streets hoping I was safe, at least for the moment. I had gone underground; I had been in hiding, and now I was going to come back up into the light. The following morning John and I stepped into our Mylar canoe, waved goodbye to the outfitter, and paddled away.

## Day 1

A crescent moon rises over still water. We have camped on a small island in Lost Bay and sit on a rock promontory looking out across the water. The mosquitoes are "so big they wear baby doll clothes," just as

the canoe outfitter warned us, and we wave them away from our faces.

Fishermen paddle two canoes along the opposite shore casting near marshy grass for bass, walleye, and northern pike. **PLUNK**—the sound of their lures carries across the water and disappears into the boreal forest. Quetico Provincial Park is a fishermen's paradise, but we are not here to fish. We have come to get away from the noise of the city, to enjoy the wilderness, to rediscover each other.

The dusk is lavender. Loons call. John and I get into our canoe, he with his new, cheap fishing rod we bought on the drive up and I with my camera, and we go for a slow paddle around Lost Bay. In the forest we hear an animal breaking branches. I wait expecting to see a moose, but instead see a green, leafy branch skimming across water. The branch moves quickly. I wonder if a strange current is pulling it along.

As the branch passes us, I see a head emerge from the water behind it. A beaver. I've never seen a live beaver before, though I've seen a stuffed one in the Natural History museum in Chicago.

This one is a fine fellow—sleek, a powerful swimmer. As he swims the water breaks into a V behind him. John and I are silent, watching him, letting the breeze blow the canoe downwind toward his mud and stick home. Suddenly he senses us, slaps his tail loud as a rifle crack, then dives. Water bubbles around us.

From inside his partially submerged wattle hovel come cooing-grunting sounds. Young beaver pups. The wind blows us down past the beaver family. We take up our paddles again, paddling away from a rock face through yellow waterlilies back to camp.

In camp we pop popcorn over an open fire then sit back and listen to



night sounds. The rush of the city has begun to leave my veins. I live only in the present. I am a part of nature now. Tree-like, I send roots into the ground, calm yet aware. In Sigurd Olsen's words:

This inner world has to do with the wilderness from which we came, timelessness, cosmic rhythms, and the deep feelings men have for an unchanged environment. It is oneness and communion with nature, a basic awareness of beauty, and earth wisdom which since the beginnings of man's rise from the primitive have nourished his visions and dreams.

John and I talk as the fire burns down to glowing shards.

### Day 2

I awaken early and start a fire, placing a full frying pan of bacon on the grill. Our outfitter has provided us with real eggs and bacon, enough to feed four people though we are only two. The aroma wafts across the campsite awakening hunger pangs which we temporarily still by drinking black coffee.

Looking over the map John counts the number of portages we will need to make today to get from Lost Bay to Kahshahpiwi Lake. Seven.

Kashahpiwi is our first mutual goal in months. The lake is specific, tangible. If we do reach it, I will take this to be an omen—things will work out between us. After eating breakfast, packing up, and making peanut butter and bacon sandwiches for lunch, we

set off. Today our arms, necks, and shoulders are stiff.

Within half an hour we come to a small bay which is home to two bald eagles. The female is in her nest. The male perches high on a tall tree branch. We stop and gaze at them for several minutes. The male cocks his head staring back at us. Then we paddle up through a creek, which snakes through thick grasses, and come to our first portage of the day.

It has begun to drizzle. The mosquitoes are the worst I've ever encountered, worse even than those I remembered being in the Ecuadorian jungle. They attack, forcing us to cover every part of our body except our hands and faces. Bites on my scalp swell into mini-mountains. My hands swell to twice their normal size.

Not speaking to each other, John and I persist—portaging the canoe, camera gear, fishing gear, and three fifty-pound packs. Because there are only two of us each portage requires two trips. At the end of this day I will write in my journal: "Most miserable day in my life!" But for now the day has just begun.

When we reach Isabella Lake, rain is pouring down. We are exhausted, grimacing. We paddle, portage, paddle, portage. In the middle of Side Lake, far from the shoreline and mosquitoes, we eat our sandwiches in the rain. Finally we reach the last lake before Kahshahpiwi.

It is narrow and so small that on the map it is nameless. It is already 5:30 in the afternoon. The portage to Kahshahpiwi is over a mile long, and our outfitter has warned us that we will probably get lost. We do just

that—wandering among the bogs crisscrossed by moose trails, bushwhacking through heavy brush until finally we give up. Darkness is falling.

We return to the canoe and paddle back down no-name lake to a campsite not marked on the map. There is a blackened campfire ring here and a smooth sheet of rock upon which I pitch the tent. I dub this spot "Last Chance Campsite" as I'm sure it has served others like us who were unable to find the portage to Kahshahpiwi.

The rain lets up. John tries unsuccessfully to start a fire with wet wood, then brings out the camp stove. The heavens open again—rain, thunder, lightning. He sets up a tarp, crouching beneath it and stirring a pot of something.

With the rain and lightning he resembles a witch stirring a brew. But I'm too tired to wait for dinner. The mosquitoes are eating me alive and all I want is to get out of the rain. I crawl into the tent and squirm into my half-wet sleeping bag. I pray that the tent will stay up all night. A mosquito bites my eyelid. In minutes my eye has swelled shut.

Outside in the rain John eats an entire chicken and rice dinner for two, then comes to bed. We spend fifteen minutes pulling ticks off one another then fall sound asleep, exhausted, oblivious to the thunder crashing around us.

### Day 3

The morning is sunny and bright. There are no mosquitoes. I decide it is not an ill omen that we did not make it to Kashahpiwi yesterday. The weather is too nice, this lake too beautiful to care about what lies beyond. Goals only drive people insane, I realize. Better to sit back, to wait and watch, to take life as it comes.

I think of the Indians who once lived here. Originally, this was the home of the Dakota-Assiniboin Sioux. They were notoriously fierce and are remembered for their raids on white settlements in their efforts to retain the central, southern, and western portions of Minnesota.

They lived in teepees made from large animal hides and were principally big game hunters. Surprisingly, they were poor canoe builders, able only to build dugouts, and they stole lighter, more versatile birch bark canoes from their Indian neighbors.

When the border lakes region underwent a change in forest ecology, most of the big game was forced to leave the area. The Sioux followed the



Tara Waters

The city is behind us now.

big game, thus abandoning the region except for occasional hunting parties. By 1750, it was the peaceful Ojibway (Chippewa) who had come to dominate the border lakes.

The Ojibway were master birch bark canoe builders and knew how to live off fish, berries, and wild rice. It was they who named the red berries whose stems resemble crane's necks: crane berries or cranberries.

They lived scattered throughout the region in small family units and gathered in larger groups from April to July. In winter they survived the freezing arctic winds sweeping down from the north. I realize they were probably thankful for these summer months filled with mosquitoes and thunderstorms. I am thankful, too.

The sun is strong. I have eaten breakfast. Still there are no mosquitoes—it is the rain that brings them. I feel as if John and I are Ojibway, as if we have adapted to this watery landscape.

We decide to backtrack and set up a basecamp. The route we planned to follow (traced in red magic-marker on the map) seems too strenuous. We could do it, but I would prefer to have time to relax and melt into the scenery. I am tired of pushing and battling; wilderness need not be a bootcamp.

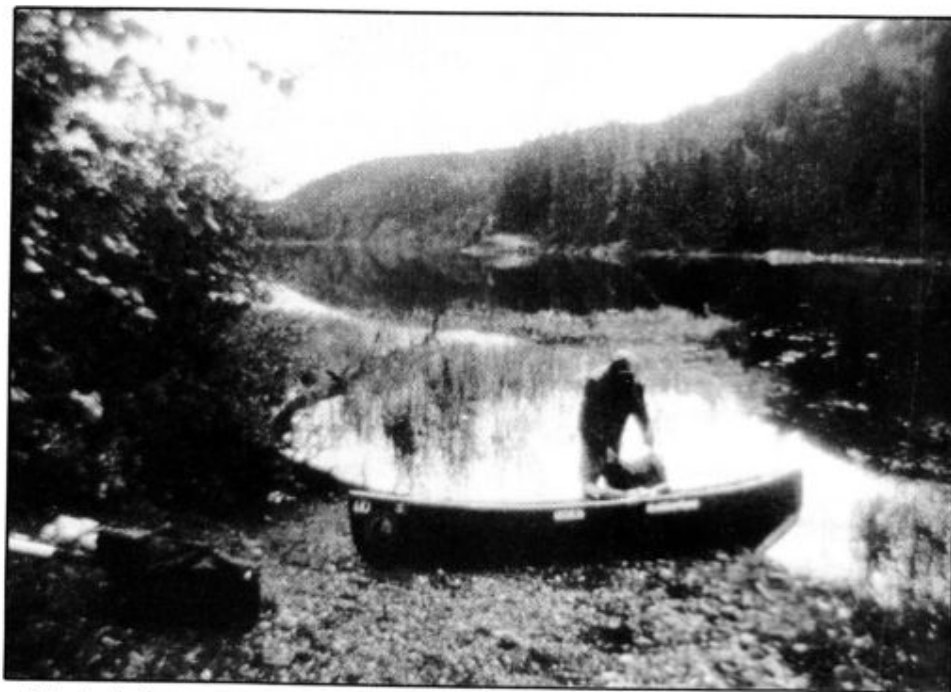
Back we go, partially retracing our route. Without rain the same country appears different; only the lay of the land is the same. Today the portages are quick and light. We skim across the lakes. By early afternoon we find a campsite near the eagles' nest we had previously seen. The site is surrounded on three sides by water. All afternoon we see beaver swimming.

#### DAY 4

Another bright, cloudless day with a fine breeze. In the wilderness I feel free to ignore the childhood injunction against eating cookies for breakfast—John and I wash our oatmeal trail cookies down with coffee.

We pack lunch and set off in the canoe to explore. Without our heavy gear we flash across the lakes, fly over the portages. By lunchtime we have reached Shade Lake.

The city is finally past, behind us now. John fishes. I lay out a picnic: cheese, stale bread, mustard, two apples, dried apricots. Then I swim. I float on my back looking up at the blue, empty sky. Life is a great mystery; it has swirled me around, brought me here, and I am happy. It



John loads the canoe at Side Lake.

has been a long time since I've been happy.

The guidebook says there are two abstract thunderbirds on rocks at the end of the lake. John and I find what might be the pictographs; however, the forms could just be blotches of rust or red algae.

#### DAY 5

Tonight will be our last night sleeping out. I say farewell to the eagle pair and to this spot which I've already come to think of as home. John and I paddle back toward civilization.

Mid-afternoon, we have stopped early and set up camp on Sunday Island. We are slower now, in tune with nature, and sit for hours on a rock overlooking Bayley Bay watching loons swim and dive. The sun lowers toward the horizon.

A light-yellow canoe flies by us, skimming across the bay like a swooping swallow. Plaintive loon calls carry across the water.

#### DAY 6

Today is our last day. It is as beautiful as the day before, but I see it differently. Because it is our final day, I pay closer attention to what nature has to show me. The lake water seems deep with meaning. It tries to tell me something but I am too callous, still too human, to understand.

It would take months in these pine forests to begin to understand. I give up and lean back against a tree trunk.

From out of the underbrush comes a mother mink, long and brown, walking through camp followed by three kits. They have fat, round faces and stumble as they walk.

The mother sees me, turns and runs back to them. She grabs one in her mouth, runs away with it, depositing it a safe distance from me, then comes back for the others.

The canoe has to be returned. The trip has to end. We paddle across Bayley Bay, reaching customs at noon. I do not want to see the city again. I do not want to spend my time in commerce and trade, toiling for dollars.

At mid-afternoon we reach the canoe outfitter. We turn in our gear and canoe, and as a reward for making it back the proprietor hands us each a cold beer. *Pop*—the sound of cans being opened brings me suddenly back to civilization.

John and I sit on the porch drinking our beers, looking out over Moose Lake. I say a silent goodbye to the lakes and woods. The beer is cold and good. I have another. Already I have left the wilderness.

△

*Tara Waters now lives in Maryland and teaches at Loyola College, Baltimore. She is an enthusiastic paddler and also enjoys many other outdoor recreations.*

DEBORAH RIEHL

# RESCUE EPICS

—the games kids play—

Just after midnight on August 2, 1979, our in-town operations leader was contacted by Snohomish County regarding two boys who were lost on Mount Pilchuck. Rendezvous was set for 5am in Woodinville.

We arrived at the now-defunct Mount Pilchuck Ski Area at 7am. An hour later we started up the rough, muddy trail in fog and drizzle.

The two boys, 16 and 11, had been hiking with several other boys and two adults. They were independent, adventuresome ... and had behavior problems.

The group had summited in heavy fog. The missing two had started down ahead of the group, in 40-foot visibility. They weren't seen again after the first switchback.

When the main group arrived at the parking lot, the two boys weren't there. We started to comb the area from parking lot to summit.

At 9:30am a logger reported seeing two boys in a clearcut about a mile

from the parking lot. A Border Patrol tracker was called in and traced the boys to the parking lot.

Because of this information, police began to question people in nearby campgrounds. We began to concentrate on the lowlands and pulled our teams off the summit. We still had no trace of them by 6pm.

The search continued the next day, and the boys were eventually found alive down the south side of the mountain.

They admitted they'd indeed made it to the parking lot on the first day, August 1st, as determined by the tracker. They had then gone back up the trail and hidden in the brush to watch the rest of the group go by. Then they went on up the trail, constructed a shelter, and spent the night.

When rescue parties arrived in the morning, they again hid. About noon, they decided to go back to the parking lot, but this time they *really* got lost

and ended up in dense underbrush on the south side of the mountain. Here they spent their second night.

The weather was mostly warm and dry, and water and blueberries were plentiful. The boys were found in good condition, at least until their folks got hold of them!

△

*Deborah Riehl, K17GC, is a member of Seattle Mountain Rescue's board of trustees. She lives in Bothell and is assisted in her writing endeavors by copycats Penny and Rudy.*

## Two Days Travel from Roads

In the ruins of a CCC shelter  
Cooking stew  
Rain on the broken shakes  
Gorge a low roar, rain and creeks

A doe in the meadow  
Hair plastered to steaming flanks  
Hoofprints down gullies  
Wind whipping rain against cliffs

The trail fades in the meadow  
Cairns at each rise to the pass  
Ash-scars, a ring of stone  
We camped here one other summer

Rainsoaked and shivering  
Knee-deep in squawgrass  
Two days travel  
From roads

Anonymous. found tacked to a trail sign deep in the Olympics

From the National Park Service Archives

## Some Correspondence on the Question of Blasting Open the Paradise Ice Caves

... An interesting glance at history, considering the condition of the Ice Caves today

July 16, 1932  
The Director  
National Park Service  
Washington, DC  
Dear Mr. Director:

Your advice is requested on the matter which involves the National Park policy in connection with the blasting of an opening in the Paradise Glacier in order to permit guide parties to enter to view the glacier from within.

It has been the practice of the Rainier National Park Company Guide Department during years when the season is late and the ice caves of the Paradise Glacier do not open up until late in the season to chop or blast with dynamite openings sufficiently large to admit parties of sightseers under guide direction.

Formerly, there was little or no attempt to hasten the opening of the ice caves by artificial means, but during the last few years more and more pressure has been brought about by the Guide Department to open the caves earlier. In fact, they now want access to the ice immediately upon opening their department for summer season activities.

Once the ice caves are open so that guided parties may enter, there is difficulty in preventing the general

public from entering without guides. This, of course, is dangerous and we do everything possible to discourage entrance without proper guide service.

There has been some comment on our "forcing nature" by our blasting or cutting away of the ice before it would naturally melt out. In fact, there has been criticism that we were interfering with the natural course of things.

Undoubtedly, blasting or other artificial opening of the ice caves is hastening the recession and final disappearance of the Paradise Glacier. On the other hand, the ice caves are a source of some revenue to the Guide Department.

This year, when business is extremely limited, the pressure is greater than ever for hastening the opening of the Paradise Ice Caves.

Very truly yours,  
Owen A. Tomlinson  
Superintendent

♦ ♦ ♦

July 20, 1932  
Dear Mr. Tomlinson:

The question you bring up in your airmail letter of July 16, concerning the blasting of an opening in the Paradise Glacier in order to permit guide parties to enter to view the

glacier from within, involves a matter of policy, and is rather a perplexing one to answer.

If I were to answer at this time for the Director as a matter of policy, and without consulting him, I would deny the request as a regular thing, because we feel that chopping out the opening to the glacier to allow visitors to enter the ice caves is forcing things unduly, and could rightly be subject to criticism. On the other hand, the point might be taken that we should not be permitted to work snowplows on the snow-covered roads into the parks to provide access to them before Nature in her good time permits it.

As I say, this is a matter which we want to have the Director's decision on, and for that reason we will hold the decision for the future in abeyance.

As, however, the company doubtless is pressing you for your approval, judging by your airmail letter, and, as you say it has been their practice for years when the season is late to make such artificial openings, I will take the responsibility of approving the chopping out of the opening (but not dynamiting it) for this season, with the understanding that it is done under your supervision or that of one of your representatives.

Sincerely yours,  
Arno B. Cammerer  
Acting Director

♦ ♦ ♦

TELEGRAM  
F WASHINGTON DC  
JULY 22 1932  
SUPT MT RAINIER  
NATIONAL PARK  
RE LET SIXTEENTH AND CAM-  
MERER'S REPLY TWENTIETH  
TELEGRAM JUST RECEIVED  
FROM DIRECTOR AUTHORIZ-  
ING BLAST TO OPEN  
PARADISE GLACIER  
DEMARAY



Bob and Ira Spring

Caverns in the former Paradise Ice Caves.

Thanks to Margaret Yates, recently of Longmire and now of Grand Marais, for submitting this.

ANN MARSHALL

# Endangered Species—the PeganBill

*1991 was the first year in 31 years that a particular species was not sighted in the Enchantment Lakes basin. This rare species of migratory bird, the PeganBill, has been occasionally sighted in the Enchantment Lakes basin for 30 years, for the last 10 years or so mostly during the first week of October.*

*The male is somewhat larger than the female and in recent years has been observed to have a brighter plumage. Occasionally when separated from each other, their call can be heard — a "coo-ah." If you want to see them, the likeliest time is early October in the vicinity of Lake Viviane.*

*Perhaps they are not totally extinct yet.*

— Peg Stark

In the 1930s a young Greenwich Village couple moved to Baltimore — not a big move in terms of distance, but it took them one more step closer to the Enchantments, which at that point Bill and Peg Stark had never heard of and didn't know existed.

In Baltimore they met people who worked for Boeing, and listened to stories of life in the state of Washington. They read about the Northwest and saw pictures of the country. By the summer of 1941 they had decided to move to the West Coast.

"We bought a trailer and decided to drive up and down the coast until I found a job, but I was hired right away at Boeing," recalls Bill. "We've never regretted it, except for leaving family behind."

Bill and Peg found a substitute "family," however, in The Mountaineers club. "Our four kids were raised at The Mountaineers' Meany Lodge," Peg remembers.

The oldest three — Leslie, who now lives in New York; Willi, of Anacortes; and Peggy, of Bellevue — were serious climbers and took the club's Climbing Course. The youngest, Jean, who now lives in Port Townsend, started to do some climbing, too. But when a friend was killed on Johannesburg, they were shattered and disillusioned and gave up serious climbing. "They had the feeling, you see, that you went to the mountains to get well, that being in the mountains could not hurt you," explained Bill.

In the late '50s, the Starks "discovered" the basins and lakes in the headwaters of Snow Creek. Climbers, who call this area the Cashmere Crags, had been exploring and climbing here for about 20 years already.



Peg & Bill in the Enchantments, 1982.

(Although the Enchantment Plateau is only a small area in the upper basin, with time the entire section from Aasgard Pass to Snow Lakes has become known as "The Enchantments.")

Bill and Peg made their first trip to the upper Snow Creek lakes in October, 1958. "We didn't even know what larch *were!*" they remember now with amused smiles.

They did know, however — and their opinion hasn't changed — that the Enchantments is one of the outstanding places in the world. "A special place," Bill avers. "I can't explain why. But Peg can."

Peg can, indeed. The Starks have put together a slide show from their 50,000 slides of the Enchantments. Peg's narration is beautiful as she describes the peace, tranquility and healing that come from a visit to the

6000-foot basin. They present it a few times a year at various locations in the state, and for the Forest Service.

That first visit turned into a yearly pilgrimage. The Starks have snowshoed in during the dead of winter, skied in on sparkling spring snow, trooped in with hordes of backpackers in mid-summer — but their favorite time remains the fall, when the larches turn gold.

"For years it was our practice to go in on the first of October; we always had good weather," remembers Bill. "After about 10 years of that we went up on September 30 in beautiful weather, but the next day was a howling blizzard. The spell was broken."

One of the most memorable trips was probably Labor Day weekend of 1966, when Bill Stark led a Mountaineer outing. This was in the old days, before restrictions: a 7-horse string packed gear for the large group as far as Snow Lakes!

A participant on that trip, Dick Wetmore, wrote in *Signpost* (Volume 1, Number 5): "The trail up to the plateau isn't a trace any more. So many people have been going up this summer that the trail is firmly worn and easily seen."

Another trip to remember was a few years ago, when Post-Intelligencer reporter Joel Connelly accompanied the Starks for their 25th anniversary trip to the Enchantments. About six groups of friends converged on the Starks' camp for an impromptu celebration, and in the hubbub they never had a chance to give Joel an official interview.

A couple of friends had brought some musical instruments, another *continued on page 23*

Jennifer Stein Barker

# REST STOP

EQUIPMENT, RECIPES, TIPS, ETC

**SAVE YOUR GUIDEBOOK**—You can cut down on weight as well as wear and tear on your hiking guides by xeroxing the pages you need. You then have a trail description without carrying the whole book, and the copy is handy for writing notes about the hike.—*Bill Upton, Seattle.*

**HANDY RESOURCE**—The Forest Service and National Park Service operate an outdoor recreation information office on the fourth floor (Second Avenue entrance) of the Jackson Federal Office Building in Seattle.

They have a complete supply of Forest, Park, Green Trails and Custom Correct maps, and a TRIS computer terminal. If you work downtown it's a great resource.—*Bill Upton, Seattle.*

**KAYAKS FOR KIDS**—An Ohio company has designed and produced a line of kayaks for children to let young people develop paddling skills without being hampered by adult-sized equipment.

The pint-sized kayaks, paddles and spray-skirts are built for kids 70-100 pounds, and will be in stores this fall.

For more information, contact Englehart Products, 18008 Owen Road, Middlefield OH 44062.

## FANNY PACK TO DAY PACK

—Rosie Bodien has an REI fanny pack which converts to a small day pack that she wears on backpack trips.

Admiring it, I decided to purchase one (sells for around \$25) and used it on our recent North Loop backpack. What a great idea!

First of all, it is so handy to have a camera, snacks, and water at the ready without having to take off a huge backpack. Wearing it in front (which you have to do when carrying a pack), I discovered the top of the pack to be a convenient shelf on which to lean my arms while trudging along.

For side trips out of camp, it converts to a daypack large enough for a lunch, water, camera, first aid kit and jacket. I won't backpack without it now. Thanks, Rosie!—*Ginny Evans, Renton.*

**ANOTHER FANNY PACK**—When I got my McHale pack last spring, I got a fanny pack built in. The top flap of the pack is a large zippered pocket, big enough for rain coat, foam pad, lunch, water, map and other essentials. It also has an inner zippered envelope for car keys so you always know where they are.

This whole top flap is removable

and has its own attached waist belt and buckle that fold up out of the way. It is very handy, comfortable to wear, and convenient.—*AM.*

**WATER CARRIERS**—I read Goldie Silverman's suggestion in Rest Stop (*September, page 30*) for using wine box liners as water bags. An excellent idea, but I find the valves hard on my thumb for any period of time.

My pack has a strap with a snap designed to carry an ice axe, which I rarely carry. Instead I carry a gallon milk bottle with the strap. It has to be empty but it is equally light as Goldie's bag, and the size is not a concern on the outside. One or two bottles usually get me through the hiking season.

In addition to the cap on the bottle, I carry another cap, in which I have drilled several small holes, in my ditty bag. A teakettle of boiling water plus enough stream or lake water to half fill the bottle and I can have a very pleasant shower.—*Tom Karasek, Stanwood.*

**UMBRELLA**—For day-hikes in the rain, carry an umbrella. Those small collapsible ones fit nicely in a pack. And an umbrella held by a companion keeps your camera dry.

## Gear Review — your most favorite / least favorite equipment

*Write up your most favorite/least favorite pieces of gear. We want to hear about it!*

**Camp Trails pack.** My favorite backpack is a Camp Trails (Phoenix, Arizona) model called the Horizon #560L. I bought it in 1971, and it has walked with me some 1400 miles in the Sierra Nevada, the Appalachians, and the Cascades. Its welded alloy frame has taken a lot of beating in 22 seasons. It may be on the smaller side (the tag I still have does not state the volume), but that is actually an advantage considering the principle: "Whatever space you have (at home, in the office, or in the pack), you will fill, needed or not."

I made a pair of removable extensions for longer than 3- or 4-day trips to fit over the top of the vertical tubes to hold my tent.

In 1988 I considered replacing it—some seams, a zipper, and the

waterproofing were failing from old age. Being the dinosaur I am, I would not consider a frameless pack—a monolithic sausage whose bottom I would always have to dig into for the one thing I needed quickly.

The frame packs I saw, however, weighed a ton, and hardly any of them had the inside divider and the four side pockets I need to keep myself organized.

But it was finally my chief technical advisor, my son, a professional mountain guide from Donner Pass, California (Alpine Skills International), who, with ice-cold logic convinced me: "Dad, don't the sentimental values of this pack mean anything to you?"

Dave Feinberg of Hemigear (Fremont Avenue in Seattle) fixed for me what had to be fixed. Now my favorite old pack is like new, and it may last for another 22 years. Alas, I won't ... —*Bela Vadasz, Bellevue.*

**JanSport pack.** I agree heartily with Mystery Hiker that JanSport makes a great backpack (*September, page 30*). A couple of years ago, I bought a Kelty pack. Before long, the shoulder strap detached at a most inconvenient time: smack in the middle of a 98-mile hike. REI cheerfully replaced the shoulder strap. But after another summer of light use, the new strap started developing the same problem.

This year I've been using a JanSport Nepali backpack. It carries a surprising amount of gear, and the hip belt system is the best I've ever used. Like Mystery Hiker, I really appreciate the U-shaped zipper opening, which lets me quickly get to everything in the main compartment.

JanSport makes its packs in the USA, and the quality really shows. I'm sold.—*Richard Buck, Bellevue.*

# EDITOR'S JOURNAL



On top of Rimmel Mountain.

**BACKCOUNTRY FISH**—Knowing that Lee is an avid fisher, a reader recently asked us, "How do you deal with fish in the backcountry for minimum smell and mess?"

The truth of the matter is, Lee has become a follower of the catch-and-release philosophy. I can hardly remember the last time we actually cooked trout while backpacking. He has filed down a lot of his lures so they are barbless.

We have seen so many streams and lakes fished out by the pressure of so many people that catch-and-release seems the best thing to do.

## COMPUTER SUBMISSIONS

—"Could you include directions for submitting articles on a computer disk?" another reader asks.

Well. Hmm. I suppose we could do that. I'm still not wild about this computer stuff.

We can accept both 3½" and 5¼" disks (I think the smaller ones go through the mail better). We use a PC and can read files in ANSI text, ASCII text, RTF, and WordPerfect 4.2, 5.0 and 5.1 (we really don't know what we're talking about, but that's what our book says).

Might as well give it a try. Send along a return envelope if you want your disk back.

**HORSE LEGALITY**—"I would appreciate it no end," writes a reader from Oregon, "if you would provide us the legal citations for the statement 'the pack train has the legal right-of-way' (September, page 27)."

Perhaps that phrase should be tempered somewhat, because nowhere

could we find any legal basis for it.

Monty Heath, Wenatchee National Forest, tells us that the practice is a *tradition* based on common courtesy, not a law in any legal sense. It is simply easier and safer for small human beings to step off the trail than for huge horses to try to find a wide spot.

This point of view was echoed by Jim Spotts, Okanogan National Forest, and Dale Wick, Snohomish horse packer. (Mary Sutliff is out on the trail and I couldn't reach her before press time.)

**YELLOW CAT** has celebrated her first anniversary with us. She certainly has changed from the skinny, scared, abandoned half-grown cat she was a year ago.

Although she is still very shy, Yellow Cat is now an accomplished office worker who has gained increased confidence from knowing she is contributing to such a worthwhile project as the production of Pack & Paddle.

## ENDANGERED SPECIES—the PeganBill *continued from page 21*

friend fired some emergency flares, and a third had packed in a bottle of champagne, which they split 21 ways.

But Joel produced a story anyway. When Peg and Bill got back from their trip, the first person they ran into was Leavenworth Ranger Steve Morton. They asked him if he had happened to see the story. His answer was a stony "Yes." It had appeared on the front page of the P-I, and described the "jazz concert, fireworks, and champagne bash!"

Although others have made the first ascents, done the first explorations, and written the guidebooks, the Starks will always be remembered for bestowing on the area names that are so ... well, *enchanting* that most people use them rather than the official names.

Brisingamen Lakelets, the Black Dwarves, and Gnome Tarn are examples of the names they chose from mythology and fantasy.

When Bill left Boeing in the early 1970s, he and Peg moved to Leavenworth. Their projects include Family

Adventures, Inc, which runs the Scottish Lakes Cross-Country Ski Area, and the Extended Family, a non-profit corporation. "When we started Family Adventures," says Bill, "we discovered there were so many interesting things that weren't money-makers, and that part became the Extended Family, which now has several groups — Toddlers, Writers, Talking Stick, Folk Dancers. It's a very low-key organization that gets money by selling sausages at Leavenworth festivals, and having auctions."

The Starks were also influential in starting Upper Valley Arts several years ago. This group is devoted to bringing in high class performing arts and spectator concerts — the opposite end of the Extended Family, which emphasizes involvement.

Now married 55 years, the Starks are looking at ways to reduce their involvement in some of their high-intensity projects, particularly the Scottish Lakes camp. Without indoor plumbing, electricity, and other modern conveniences, running the

camp is a labor-intensive job they are more than willing to turn over to others.

They are reluctant to halt their yearly treks to the Enchantments, however, and applied for a permit last spring. "We couldn't get one for October 1 this year; all the permits were taken. We had to settle for October 3," says Bill.

Their friends the Two Jims (Jim Eisely and Jim Snyder) have helped them pack in the last few years, along with family members and other friends.

"The Two Jims are letting us down," sighs Bill. "They've always carried our gear, but they won't carry us!"

Watch for two people in their 70s with bright smiles and sparkling eyes roaming the Enchantments in early October. You will have spotted the PeganBill.

△

*Ann Marshall is the editor of Pack & Paddle.*

# PANORAMA

## NEWS FROM ALL OVER

**MONT BLANC**—An average of 40 people die on Mont Blanc each year, and 500 are rescued by helicopter. This year, however, is worse: 24 climbers have died and 79 have been injured since July 1, compared to 8 last summer. On July 19 alone, 7 tourists died in five accidents.

Every day in the summer, about 300 climbers set off from Chamonix to scale Mont Blanc, Europe's highest peak at 15,780 feet. Half of those fail because they are not properly prepared.

Conditions are particularly dangerous this year because of several unusually hot summers that have melted ice, loosened rocks and caused avalanches.

As a result, the gendarmes of the Chamonix mountain rescue team have been flying up to 12 helicopter missions day to rescue injured and exhausted climbers.

**EARLY WINTERS**—The Forest Service has decided to postpone the release of the Revised Draft Supplement to the 1984 Early Winters EIS. The reason for the postponement relates to the recent acquisition of the Early Winters property by the R.D. Merrill Company of Seattle. The Merrill Company has indicated an interest in pursuing a resort at Early Winters but at a smaller scale than previously proposed. The Forest Service wants to be sure the Revised Draft Supplement covers the Merrill Company's new proposal.

The Okanogan National Forest will work closely with the Merrill Company as it finishes its resort proposal in the next 2 or 3 months.

The Revised Draft Supplement will be open to a 45 day public comment period.

**BUCKHORN MOUNTAIN**—A Supplemental Plan of Operations for the Crown Jewel mine has been filed with the Forest Service, Bureau of Land Management and the Department of Ecology. The proposed mine would remove the entire summit of Buckhorn

Mountain (*May, page 22; August, page 30*).

The modifications in the Supplemental Plan include changes in the waste rock disposal sites, tailings facilities, mill site, and water system.

The Supplemental Plan can be reviewed at over a dozen public sites in Washington and British Columbia, including the Seattle Public Library, Main Branch. Call the Ranger Station in Tonasket, 509-486-2186, for other locations.

**LAND ACQUISITION FOR WENATCHEE NF**—The Forest Service has purchased nearly 2700 acres of private land within the Alpine Lakes Management Unit, using funds earmarked by Congress for the task.

Just over 1000 acres of the land are distributed among 20 parcels adjacent to Icicle Creek, which has been proposed for classification as a Recreation River under the Wild and Scenic River Act. Purchases were made only from willing sellers, Forest Supervisor Sonny O'Neal said.

The 20 parcels include popular riverside camping, picnic and rock climbing sites.

In addition, 1280 acres on Icicle Ridge were purchased from Longview Fibre. The lands are crossed by the Fourth of July and Icicle Ridge trails in a popular hiking area which is an important part of the scenic backdrop for the drainage and the town of Leavenworth.

Another key purchase was of 318 acres, including Tucquala Lake, at the head of the Cle Elum River north of Salmon la Sac. The parcel was acquired from Plum Creek Timber "in one of the most beautiful settings on the forest," said O'Neal.

The Riverlands Conservancy, Trust for Public Lands, Alpine Lakes Protection Society, Cascade Chapter/Sierra Club, and Icicle Coalition all played key roles in the purchases.

The Forest Service has an option to purchase two additional Longview Fibre sections on Icicle Ridge in 1993. Funds for that purchase have been

given tentative approval in budget subcommittees.

A ribbon-cutting ceremony to celebrate the acquisitions will take place at Bridge Creek campground on the Icicle at 1pm, October 17. The public is invited to attend.

**BARKLEY SOUND QUOTA?**—Pacific Rim National Park will decide this winter what to do about increasing recreation pressure on Barkley Sound. Paddlers continue to come to Vancouver Island in droves; in the Broken Group, the number of visitors has increased from 9600 in 1986 to 21,000 in 1992.

A quota/reservation system is being considered.

**GREEN TRAILS**  
**TOPOGRAPHIC**  
**MAPS**



P.O. Box 1932 Bothell, WA 98041