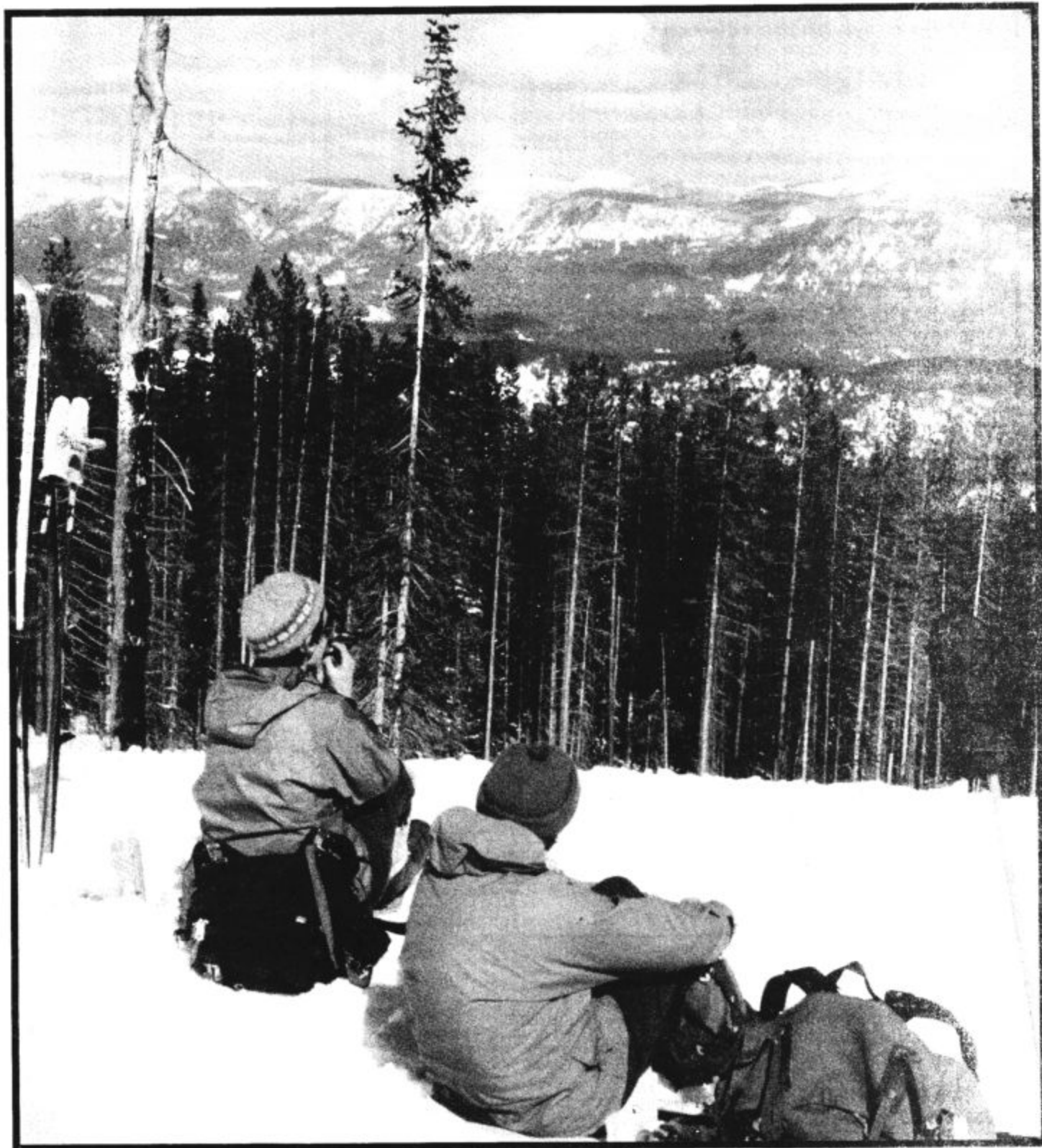


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RANDOM VIEW—



Kayaks in camp on Smith Island, Baja.

Bettye Hensel

SUBMISSIONS:

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

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

BACKCOUNTRY NEWS: See information on page 5.

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

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

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

• • •

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• • •

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COVER PHOTO:

Mary Sutliff and Dick Erwood have lunch during a spring ski trip to Chiwaukum Ridge, Alpine Lakes Wilderness, Washington. 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.

JUST FIGURED IT OUT

Saw a sign that said: Know what the definition of a psychotic is? — Someone who just figured out what the Forest Service is up to in the Alpine Lakes Wilderness Area.

Jim Ledbetter
Seattle, Washington

MORE ON MOUNT PILCHUCK

As a follow-up to the vehicle closure on the Mount Pilchuck road (*February, page 4*):

At the end of January, I enjoyed a delightful trip up the Pilchuck road. The road was closed, gated, signed and locked at Heather Lake parking lot. Even so, the next 2 miles had been trashed by motor vehicles. After that point the snow became deeper. At the road end was a crystal-clear view of Three Fingers. I enjoyed a warm nap on top of my padded skis. The snow on the trail to the lookout was too soft to continue up. With a north-facing road, the ski down was a bit icy.

While walking and cursing the last 2 vehicle-chewed miles, I came across four 4x4s. Apparently they had cut the lock on the gate. Imagine my delight upon reaching the Heather Lake parking lot to find a Ranger writing tickets to the joy-riders. The antics used by the drivers trying to get out of the tickets were even more entertaining!

The Snow Ranger encouraged us to

obtain license numbers and phone a general description to the Darrington Ranger Station (206-436-1155). This is sufficient for them to issue tickets.

Glenn Sanders
Everett, Washington

Along with other alternatives, the Darrington District is considering simply opening the road to vehicles, and setting aside some other road for skiers and snowshoers.

Although this would probably solve the user conflict on the Pilchuck road, it may not be what YOU want. If you'd like to have the road remain closed to vehicles and open to skiers and snowshoers, let them know!—AM

GREAT HORNED OWL

The owl you are hearing in the early morning is probably a great horned owl (*February, page 22*). Great horned owls are very common in this part of the world, while great grey owls are nearly unheard of.

The great horned owl gives a nice series (six to eight, mostly) of deep "hoos." The great grey owl also hoots in a series (or may not), but its voice is unlike any other owl—very deep, booming, resonant.

Other owls around here that also hoot are the barred owl and the spotted owl. The barred owl's call is sometimes translated "who-cooks-for

you?"—very pronounced inflection.

You might see the owl some day if you look: great horned owls and barred owls are not all that shy of people and houses—I've often seen both of these species. I understand great horned owls have been known to live in towns, too.

Peg Ferm
Monroe, Washington

I knew someone out there would know about owls! Thanks.—AM

LLAMA INFO

Can any Pack & Paddle readers supply me with information about llamas—renting them in the north [Seattle] end, purchasing, ownership, experiences, and any other issues?

Nancy South
Brier, Washington

You can call Nancy at 206-775-3535 (Olympic Sports), or send your information to Pack & Paddle, PO Box 1063, Port Orchard WA 98366; we'll make sure she gets it.--AM



Gene Prater works on a pair of snowshoes.

Ann Marshall

GENE PRATER

Gene Prater, of Ellensburg, died February 2 at the age of 64.

Gene was a farmer who worked several hundred acres of land that had been in his family for a century, but he is best known for his snowshoes, his books on snowshoeing, and his climbing adventures in the Cascades and on Mount Rainier.

Gene and his brother Bill designed and built lightweight aluminum snowshoes that became popular for their easy maneuvering in heavy Cascade snow. Bill later sold the Sherpa Snowshoe company, but Gene continued to handcraft aluminum snowshoes in the little shop behind his Ellensburg farmhouse, working mostly in the winter—

the farmer's off-season—and keeping the business intentionally small. ("I don't want to mass-produce anything," he once told me.)

He also wrote *Snowshoeing* (in its third edition) and *Snow Trails*, books which praised snowshoeing and gave the quiet, unsophisticated sport additional followers.

Although Gene did not brag about his mountaineering exploits, *The Challenge of Mount Rainier*, by Dee Molenaar, is full of accounts of Gene's pioneering ascents on Mount Rainier.

He lived in the Ellensburg farmhouse all his life, raised four children, and got into the mountains whenever he could. —AM





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.

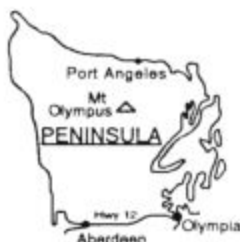
Space is limited; we may have to cut your report to fit available space. Typing is not necessary; we can read just about anyone's handwriting. We're interested in ALL trips, easy and hard, ordinary and exotic.


We use the following symbols to help you plan your trips.

-  —Climbing, scrambling, mountaineering, off-trail and cross-country travel.
-  —Hiking, backpacking on trails.
-  —Canoeing, kayaking and water trips.
-  —Snowshoeing and cross-country skiing.



PENINSULA



 **HALF WAY ROCK / Heather Park** (*Olympic Natl Park: USGS Port Angeles*)—This is the trip that almost didn't leave the car. Our original destination was Royal Basin, a scheduled Mountaineer overnight snowshoe trip. Our leader Cebe found out the road was blocked with new snow and downed trees so we decided to go to Obstruction Point.

We arrived at the Visitors Center about 9am, where we were informed that the road to Hurricane Ridge was not expected to open until 10am. So we patiently waited in line with a mix of skier and family types. True to their word, the road opened at 10am, but *then* they informed us that chains were required—and after we sat there all that time!

So with chains on we slowly drove up the road enjoying the winter scenes. At the top it was blowing really hard, and even with our wind gear on we

were not prepared for its ferocity. I have never had a more difficult time walking across a parking lot.

Cebe got a permit for our overnight stay and arranged with a friend on the ski patrol to help us out with the car shuttle. (You cannot leave any cars overnight at the top of the mountain; you must park them 3 miles down the road.) We piled all our gear in the day lodge while Cebe and the car drivers took the cars down the road to the overnight parking area. Cebe's friend ferried them back up in the back of an open pickup (I hear it was brisk).

This all took about an hour, so now it was after noon. Just about the time Cebe and the drivers got back, a backcountry ranger walked in, saw our packs and asked what we were up to. When we told him our plans he warned us that at the rate the storm was progressing, they very well might not get the road opened tomorrow, and we better be prepared to spend several days up here.

No one wanted to face that possibility, so Cebe tracked down his ski patrol buddy to ferry the drivers back down in the pickup to get the cars. Just carrying the packs across the parking lot to the cars was enough to convince us we had made the right decision. Snow drifted in the parking lot and filled the car when the doors were opened.

Back down to the chain-up area at the bottom of the mountain. Here it was rather pleasant and hard to believe how bad it was on top. It was 2:30 by now. We still wanted to get a little hike out of all this, so we unloaded our overnight gear and headed up the Heather Park trail at a fast pace with a turn-

around time set at 4pm.

We think we made it to Halfway Rock—there was a big rock there at least. Back to the cars for a snowy drive home. Actually the story doesn't quite end there. The first restaurant we stopped at would not seat us—too big a party—so we had to go looking for another!—Sara Matoi, Kent, 1/23.

RIALTO TO OZETTE (*USGS La Push, Allens Bay, Ozette*)—I

had not hiked straight through from Rialto to Ozette in over 25 years, although Lee had done the trip solo a couple of years ago. When friends Phil and Robin Glass decided to come with us, we planned a one-way trip with a car shuttle.

After leaving the Glasses' car at Ozette (a wash-out on the Hoko River road requires a short detour), we took Lee's car to Rialto.

The crossing of Ellen Creek was a non-event—a temporary rearrangement of the beach has sent the creek underground and we stepped across a trickle that seeped through the gravel!

We arrived at Chilean Memorial and set up camp. Lee, Phil, and I explored Cape Johnson, climbing up to the saddle separating the Cape from the mainland. The forest on top is beautiful old growth with a carpet of sword ferns underneath. The route up follows deer trails through brush and swamps.

The next day we rounded Cape Johnson on the outgoing tide. When we got to the little cove on the north side, Lee dropped his pack and scrambled back up Cape Johnson to the point he'd been the day before, and came back declaring that an overland crossing would be possible.

BACKCOUNTRY NEWS DEADLINE: March 23

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

BACKCOUNTRY NEWS

As we strolled on the long beach south of Cedar Creek, I was surprised to hear people calling my name and waving. Coming out of the driftwood were Steve Irby and Kathy Kelleher! We walked with them up the beach to Cedar Creek, where Jon Pollack had found a campsite for them. We were surprised to see so many people camped here.

We continued around the point to Kayostla Beach and found a great campsite about half a mile north of the creek. The sky cleared that evening and Robin told us the bright planets we could see were Venus and Mars.

The next day we ran into Jon, Kathy, and Steve again as they dayhiked north and we headed for our next camp at Yellow Banks. We heard reports from other hikers that every camp at Yellow Banks was full and began to be concerned about accommodations for the night. As it turned out, a little nook that Lee and I have used before was vacant, and we camped there. It is my favorite Yellow Banks campsite. By the way, a chunk from the top of Yellow Banks has slid to the bottom, creating a handy new campsite.

On Monday we hiked north to Sand Point, then took the boardwalk to Ozette, meeting Ranger Kevin McCartney on the way. The trip was a great success, with not a drop of rain, lots of wildlife, and favorable tides.—Ann Marshall, 2/12-15.

LITTLE RIVER (*Olympic Natl Park; USGS Port Angeles, Elwha*)—John and I returned to the Little River in the Olympics for this Boy Scout outing. We were a little short on Scouts (only 3) but we had plenty of sunshine and the weekend started out splendidly.

We left Highway 101 and turned off on the Little River road which branches off the Elwha River road. We parked a short distance down the Black Diamond road in the small parking lot. We had the place to ourselves. We expected to run into a lot of blowdowns (from the Inauguration Day windstorm) and we did. John, Dave and Bill had saws and axes and tackled some of these on our way to camp. I was particularly thankful that none of the fallen trees had knocked out the bridges.

Gnome Rocks was spooky and majestic with black rock and dripping ferns. Chunks of melting ice as huge as elephant tusks had fallen from the rocks and lay beside the trail, but the sun was melting these remains rapidly. We crossed the river three times—the last crossing was rather challenging because it was an icy log without a handrail. I forded rather than risk the log, but everyone else braved the log and did fine.

We set up camp on a level spot next to the river where John and I had turned around on our previous outing. Once camp was made I hiked another

mile or so along the river, then came to the last crossing which was a skinny log without a rail. I forded again.

Beyond this final crossing the trail climbed steeply. I clambered over a couple of blowdowns and gained about 800 feet in elevation before I figured I should turn around. The snow was getting deep enough for snowshoes and my snowshoes were in Seattle. I returned to camp and the cheerful sound of MSR's with water about to come to a boil.

The next day we rose to a sunny morning and broke camp shortly after 9. We took our time going out—me for photography and the three men for trail work. The Scouts hurried on, preferring to climb over the tangles rather than wait. This was a first outing for one of the boys—he was a natural and had a grin on his face the entire time we were in the woods.

We had a snack at Dairy Queen (the traditional Troop 70 stop) and drove to the Kingston ferry. This should be the end of the story ... but it wasn't. Dave and the three Scouts were ahead of us in one car, the rest of us in another. As we drove south on Highway 99 we saw flashing blue lights and heard sirens and were horrified to see that their car had been involved in a crash.

We pulled up, but the ambulances were already there. All three Scouts were injured but fortunately none seriously. The most serious injury was a broken nose, but it upset us all. The other driver was at fault (it turns out he was intoxicated). This was not a good way to end a good trip. Luckily, all were wearing their seat belts. It could have been much worse.—Karen Sykes, Seattle, 2/6-7.

SHI SHI BEACH (*Olympic Natl Park; USGS Makah Bay, Ozette*)—Progress is being made in re-opening the Shi Shi Beach trail from Neah Bay. The Makah Tribe has been awarded a grant from the DNR to purchase rights-of-way from private landowners.

Tribal representatives are now negotiating to secure those rights-of-way—a difficult job when the parcels of land are owned by groups of several people, many of whom live outside the area.

Donna Chapman, Wildlife Biologist for the Makah Tribe in Neah Bay, told *Pack & Paddle* that the trail is still closed to the public; those who ignore the closure put not only themselves but also the landowners at risk because of the legal problems.

"A lot of people seem to think that the Makahs have closed the trail just to keep people away," said Donna. "That's not true. The tribe is very interested in bringing hikers to Neah



Deer on a log, Quinalt rain forest.

Don Paulson

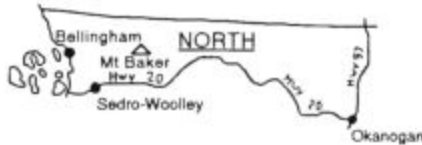
BACKCOUNTRY NEWS

Bay."

She added, "It will take another year before the trail is ready to be re-opened."

So please have patience and stay away from Shi Shi Beach for another year. We'll keep you posted.—Ann Marshall, 2/17.

NORTH



COW HEAVEN / HELEN BUTTES (*Baker-Snoqualmie Natl Forest; USGS Marblemount*)—Mike Bialos led this snowshoe trip to Cow Heaven. I had never been there before and I thought the name sounded lovely.

We met at the Marblemount Ranger Station at 7:30 (oh, these early starts). It is over 4000 feet elevation gain in the winter, and there are no views until the end, so you need an early start and a strong party. We walked from the ranger station down the access road to the trailhead past a bunch of barking dogs. I'm not worried; I have an ice axe.

The trail starts up right away and we were able to follow it for quite a long way. There was snow from the beginning, but we gained over 2000 feet before we had to put on snowshoes. It was quite pleasant hiking in the forest, passing some outstanding icicle formations off an overhang.

We eventually lost the trail but Mike kept us on track until we topped out in Cow Heaven. What wonderful views on this clear, cold day. I don't know if cows appreciate the view, but I suppose after they had hiked all this way up in the summer they would enjoy the meadows.

About half the party wanted to go farther—the original destination had included Helen Buttes. Mike let us go with instructions to turn around by 2pm. His group had a quick lunch and went down to the trees to get out of the wind. We got even broader views and actually got out of the wind as we topped out on the ridge. We could see our objective a very long way off and we all knew we could never make it by our turnaround time, since it was 1:30 already. We sat down and had a very comfortable lunch in the sun with no wind and views forever.

We turned around at 2 o'clock like we promised and hurried down to catch up with Mike and his party. We found

that someone had knocked down the giant icicle. We arrived at the car only 45 minutes after Mike for a very enjoyable day.—Sara Matoi, Kent, 1/9.

SOURDOUGH RIDGE (*North Cascade Natl Park; USGS Diablo Dam*)—Karen Sykes is leading this trip so it should be a good work-out. We drive to the town of Diablo for the start. We leave at 9:15. Karen says she feels a little bit off and gives me assistant lead, saying to turn the troops around by 2pm.

Then we are off. Bob, who is training for McKinley, sets the pace. We gain 2000 feet in just over an hour—my legs are screaming for a break so I take one, then soon catch up with Bob and company who actually stopped to drink water.

We leap-frog like this following the trail and old tracks for another 1000 feet until we decide to put on snowshoes. By this time five of us are kind of keeping together, but after we put snowshoes on we never see one fellow again.

The tracks we are following are going just where we want to go, so we make another thousand feet to stop for lunch and to regroup. We have some great views now of Ruby Mountain and Ross Lake and we can see the lookout on Sourdough Ridge.

After a short lunch (no one catches up) we decide to go as high as we can by our turn-around time and head out just as one of our party appears. He says he will have lunch and come up as time allows and that he hadn't seen anyone else. So Matt, Bob and I go up another 1000 feet for a total of 5000 gain for the day. Great views of the Pickets ... and I am tired.

Matt takes a lot of pictures and I have to remind them that we must head back now. We come down a couple of hundred feet and I am quite surprised to find Karen coming up. Matt doesn't mind accompanying her back to our high spot while I wait for them on a bench in the sun.

It seems that people have been turning around all day and Karen has been checking them out as they descend past her. I get to talk to Karen on the way out and we all get to the cars before dark. A real good workout and a wonderful day to be in the mountains.—Sara Matoi, Kent, 1/16.

PS from Karen—The ridge above Sourdough Camp makes a strenuous but safe trip. There is little avalanche danger on the route as it stays mostly in the trees. Avalanche hazard should be considered if you are pursuing the lookout, however. According to Fred

Darvill's guide to the North Cascades it's 3.8 miles to Sourdough Camp.

OKANOGAN NATL FOREST—Weather in March will determine if the winter was a severely fatal one for mule deer. Right now deer are running on fat reserves. An extended cold spell during March could harm the populations. Deer are being fed in the Chiliwist and Sinlahekin valleys. Late-born fawns are showing a high mortality rate this winter.

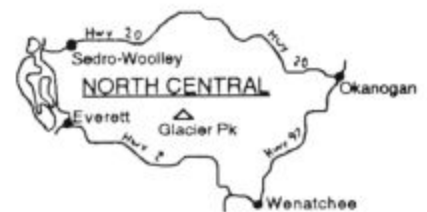
Quail are suffering the most of all birds during this cold winter. Birds cannot get away from wind unless they have good cover. This species was especially hard hit during the sub-zero chill factors around New Year's. Bird lovers have emptied the Department of Wildlife's warehouse in Omak of 8 tons of feed.

For several weeks, bald eagles have been spotted along the Okanogan, Columbia and Methow Rivers, where they usually winter. These birds primarily feed on fish, but may also eat winter-kill and road-killed mule deer carcasses in the lower county.

While bald eagle numbers have gradually increased in Washington, the birds continue to face potential threats to their survival from both loss of habitat and from accumulated chemicals in aquatic food chains. Survey results for this year show an increase over last year's count of eagles.

The North Cascades Highway will re-open in mid-April.—Ranger, 2/10.

NORTH CENTRAL



MOUNT ERIE (*Anacortes City Park; USGS Anacortes South*)—Mount Erie is on Fidalgo Island north of Campbell Lake and is described in *Footsore 3*.

What made it unique this day was that the road was closed due to ice. We parked at "stink pot" bog at the trailhead and walked the 2 miles to the top. We had the mountain all to ourselves. It was warm with no wind. From the top we could see people ice skating on Lakes Erie and Campbell.

A group of hanggliders came up and did their thing, landing on Lake Campbell's ice at the public dock. The ice was 4 inches thick when we stopped to inspect it.

BACKCOUNTRY NEWS

We parked at Bowman Bay and walked Reservation Head the same day. The two made a nice day's worth of hikes. The ice falls were spectacular along the cliffs of Reservation Head and across Deception Pass along North Beach.—Robert DeGraw, Kirkland, 1/15.

WASHINGTON PARK (*Anacortes City Park; USGS Deception Pass*)—*Footsore 3* describes this hike. We did it on a clear, warm day with no wind, and walked the periphery trail and all of the side paths. We saw deer, beautiful views of Canada's mountain peaks, and Mount Baker in her majestic winter coat. Few other people were out.

This hike is only about 80 miles from Kirkland.—Robert DeGraw, Kirkland, 1/30.

FORT CASEY (*State Park; USGS Coupeville*)—From Fort Casey to Parego Lagoon (and bluff) is a great winter—or anytime—walk. Sunny and warm; we wore shorts. About 7 or 8 miles round-trip.

The firm sand was great walking. We saw seals, a bald eagle, a hawk and many sea birds and ducks as well as prickly pear cactus all over the place near Parego Lagoon.—Sally Pfeiffer, Seattle, 1/31.

SKYLINE LAKE (*Baker-Snoqualmie Natl Forest; USGS Labyrinth Mountain, Stevens Pass*)—Like many *Pack & Paddle* readers, I often head for the mountains more for the photographic opportunities than anything else (eg, fishing). With an afternoon free from work on a gorgeous Tuesday, I wanted to snowshoe the route to Skyline Lake to judge whether I could handle it on skis.

I became a little worried about the photo ops when I saw the grey fog and clouds scudding over the crest peaks. Oh well, go for the workout anyway, I decided.

The route is mindlessly easy, and well-described by Kirkendall and Spring under "Heather Ridge" in *Cross-Country Ski Trails*. I had fog and stiff, gusty winds all the way up.

A favorite "hobby" of mine is duplicating as precisely as possible Ira Spring photos published in the various guides. This is sometimes difficult after the passage of 30+ years and subsequent tree growth or logging. A highlight of this otherwise uneventful trek was having the winds blow the fog out for just a few minutes at the exact time I was at the lake, enabling a near-duplicate of Ira's photo in the above reference (sans skiing duo—page 84).

Unfortunately, no splendid views to

the north over Nason Creek, or the south over the ski areas and to the big peaks due to flowing fog. Lots of footprints and ski tracks from the previous weekend crowds, but I didn't see or hear a soul! Great!—Bob Pfeifer, Kirkland, 2/2.

DEER CREEK (*Baker-Snoqualmie Natl Forest; USGS Silverton*)—It was a clear, warm, good-to-be-out kind of day. We started up the road on firm snow with our snowshoes on our packs. An hour later we had to put them on.

Two hours later, we had crossed Deer Creek and found a good spot with a view for lunch. It took us an hour after lunch to get to Kelcema Lake. We followed old ski tracks from the road after we crossed Deer Creek again. Ski tracks also led from the lake to Deer Pass and great views north.

Because of our late start, the last couple of miles out were done with the aid of an almost-full moon.—Linda Rostad, Bothell, 2/4.

DARRINGTON DISTRICT—For road conditions and snow up-dates, call the Darrington Hotline: 800-488-4498. This recording is updated Thursdays and Sundays by Snow Ranger Jeff Lacey.

Mountain Loop Highway is closed from Deer Creek to 1 mile south of the Whitechuck road.—Ranger, 2/2.

CENTRAL



COMMONWEALTH BASIN and beyond (*Alpine Lakes Wilderness; USGS Snoqualmie Pass*)—John and I drove to the PCT parking lot at Snoqualmie Pass, where John checked in to instruct at the avalanche beacon field trip, and I put on snowshoes and headed out for a solo trip. I was able to follow tracks and I was also familiar with Commonwealth Basin from several other winter trips.

Shortly after entering the basin I ran into a party who had camped overnight in snowcaves. Enough snow had fallen to provide good snow bridges across the creek. I trudged rather slowly along the old PCT to the base of Red Mountain, reaching 4900 feet. It seemed there was no avalanche danger to that point.

It was sunny but windy. I nibbled on chocolate, took a couple of photos, and noted recent avalanche activity on the

steeper slopes of Red Mountain.

As I was descending I met a sturdy young pair who were going to climb Red Mountain. I lost the sun as I descended, but I also lost the cold wind.

I dawdled back to the trailhead where the students and instructors were practicing probing in the snow for avalanche victims. Since I still had time before John was finished instructing, I hiked over to the Summit Inn for "breakfast."

The trip turned out to be about 9 miles round-trip with about 2100 feet gain. I don't recommend solo snowshoe trips for everyone—to be safe you need lots of experience in winter travel, and to be very familiar with your destination.—Karen Sykes, Seattle, 1/17.

EXIT 63 SNO-PARK (*Wenatchee Natl Forest; USGS Stampede Pass*)—We gave the young kids a chance to practice their Nordic skills, while at the same time exploring the recent expansions and developments for Nordic skiers just off I-90 in the Snoqualmie Pass area.

From the Sno-Park just south off the freeway, walk across the freeway bridge and begin on routes that vary from beginner-flat (toward Kachess Lake road) to intermediate (a nice loop of a mile or two) to difficult (a short route on Peak 2650 in Sections 23 and 24).

I made a mental note that the intermediate loops, with their roller-coaster ups and downs, are an excellent place to run up to when you have only part of a day to ski. We were impressed with fit oldsters (65+) getting good workouts along with all of the younger folks.—Bob Pfeifer, Kirkland, 1/31.

LANHAM LAKE (*Wenatchee Natl Forest; USGS Labyrinth Mountain*)—During my two-year stint as president of the Washington State Hi-Lakers, the club placed a beautiful memorial at Lanham Lake to honor the lifetime efforts of a husband/wife team who gave countless hours toward maintenance of quality high lakes fishing in the Cascades.

We mounted the plaque in June 1991, and I'd been worried about its condition ever since. (While I'm not one who'd ordinarily support spraying memorials all over the mountains, these two people definitely deserve to be remembered. And, since Lanham was a special place for them, I obtained Forest Service permission for this unobtrusive placement.)

The thermometer read -4 F (that's minus) at the Mill Creek Nordic center parking lot/trailhead. It was completely

BACKCOUNTRY NEWS

clear, with no wind, and the recent heavy snowfalls were undisturbed. The lot was totally empty. Perfect!

Despite the chill, I was very soon down to just knickers and capilene top, chugging on up to the lake, breaking trail in deep powder. At the lake, great photo-ops (see page 86 in Kirkendall and Spring's *Cross-Country Ski Trails*).

After 20 or 25 minutes of excavation with a trusty snowshoe, I uncovered the plaque (very firmly affixed to its large rock). After 17 months it is still in perfect condition.

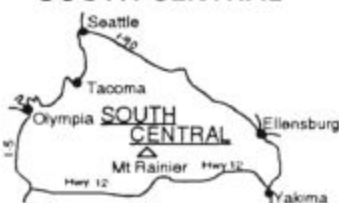
One and a half hours up, but a joyful romp down in 45 minutes.—Bob Pfeifer, Kirkland, 1/6.

ENCHANTMENTS—Permit applications must be postmarked *after* 2/25 and will be processed starting 3/1. Walk-in applications will be taken after 3/15. Party size limit is 8. Limit of one permit per year. No dogs; no horses; no fires. Call 509-548-4067 for more info.—Ranger, 2/10.

SNOQUALMIE PASS—Call the I-90 Sno-Park Report for current conditions: 509-656-2230.

The Visitor Center is sponsoring snowshoe walks every Saturday and Sunday at 2pm through 3/21. Reservations are first-come, first-served. Snowshoes available. Tour goes through lower Commonwealth Basin. Call 206-434-6111 for info.—Ranger, 1/27.

SOUTH CENTRAL



▲▲ **MOUNT KENT area** (*Baker-Snoqualmie Natl Forest; USGS Bandera*)—Mount Kent (5087 feet) is a prominent peak located southeast of McClellan Butte. A prominent ridge is located to the northeast of Kent. This rocky, tree-covered ridge runs north and south and has a high point of 4800 feet at its south end.

On January 29, our party ascended this high point by way of the west side, up a 600-foot gully. We named this summit the "Duke of Kent."

On January 31, Mark DesVoigne, Grant Myers, Larry Lazzari and I climbed the highest summit at the north end of the ridge, 4703 feet, naming it the "Duchess of Kent." Following the McClellan Butte trail to where it crosses road 9020, we followed the road, taking a right fork at 2400 feet, and continued on the road to its end at

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

about 3400 feet.

An ascending traverse was made to the southeast to an open area (3800 feet) northwest of the "Duke." We climbed hard snow up an open slope to the trees below a cliff band. We diagonally ascended right to the edge of the east face and then up soft snow to the open summit. The time up from the trailhead was 3 hours.

In between the "Duke" and the "Duchess" are three small summits we named the "Three Earls." From a notch at 4480 feet below the "Duchess" on the south, we made an ascent up steep snow and some loose rock to the northern and middle "Earls" at 4700 feet. Two rappels were made on the descent.

Besides an ice axe, I recommend carrying crampons and a rope for these peaks. Avalanche danger is fairly low in this area.—Dallas Kloke, Anacortes, 1/31.

▲▲ **SILVER PEAK** (*Baker-Snoqualmie Natl Forest; USGS Snoqualmie Pass, Lost Lake*)—I have always wanted to do Silver Peak in the winter, so I decided to lead it for The Mountaineers with directions from someone who had done it several times by this route.

We met at the Annette Lake trailhead at 8am (actually the road was impassable due to snow, but we were able to find parking just off the bridge out of the Exit 47 interchange). What a beautiful day: clear and cold, just like I hoped for. I made sure everyone brought crampons, and then we were off.

We found the trail well packed down and made good time up the switchbacks to where the trail levels at 3200 feet. Here we left the trail and headed up on a bearing of 120 degrees. It was very crusty snow but we put on our snowshoes because we thought we might punch through. The snowshoes also provided some traction, especially

for those of us who had Tucker bindings.

Soon we were entering the open basin with spectacular views all around. After some discussion we decided to head up to the ridge that would take us to Silver. We found the snow extremely hard and changed into crampons after we got to the ridgetop and could sit down. It was windy up here but the views were even better and soon we were all practicing our French technique as we cramponed our way to the summit.

We made it in a little over four hours and found Bruce Gibbs sitting on top waiting for Kal and Amy. I passed around a box of See's chocolates as a summit treat. We enjoyed the panorama and speculated about doing the Abiel/Humpback traverse, but that was more than our party had signed up for, so we just soaked up the sun and views. We stayed for over an hour. Bruce, Kal and Amy ran off to catch the last half of the Super Bowl.

On the way back we dropped off the ridge sooner and about half of us shed our crampons for a couple of fast glissades to the basin. We never put our snowshoes back on and only postholed a little until we got to the trail.—Sara Matoi, Kent, 1/31.

▲ **CEDAR BUTTE** (*DNR & private land; USGS Chester Morse Lake, North Bend*)—Take exit 32 on I-90. Follow Cedar Falls road southwest 2.6 miles. Turn left and drive .3-mile to the trailhead.

The trail follows a concrete-post barbed-wire fence which is the boundary of the Cedar River watershed. On the way you'll pass Christmas Lake and several other small ponds.

The trail to Cedar Butte takes off from the Iron Horse trail a hundred paces past the first railroad bridge. The hike offers great views of Rattlesnake Mountain, Mounts Washington and Si, and Little Si. We sat in sunshine and 8 inches of snow on top to eat our lunches. It's a nice hike.—Robert DeGraw, Kirkland, 1/9.

▲ **TIGER 3** (*Issaquah Alps; USGS Hobart*)—The trail was icy. Up near the railroad grade, I met an Issaquah Alps Trail Club group that was having ice problems as they went downhill.

The top was beautiful but cold and very windy. Sat in the shelter of trees to eat a sandwich. On the way down I met two women wondering where to go, so I turned around and showed them the way to the top. I left them and headed down. Met 20 people going up. One fellow had a farm goat following him like a puppy. Another was carrying a 45-pound weight tied to a pack

BACKCOUNTRY NEWS

frame—a climber.

Three weeks ago, I did the loop up Tiger 3 to the railroad grade and out to Poo Poo Point to make a loop. A fierce wind, falling trees, and up to a foot of snow made it a long hike. In some places I had to search for the trail. An old-hat hike, but the storm added excitement to my exercise.—Robert DeGraw, Kirkland, 1/23.

❄️ **SUNTOP** (*Baker-Snoqualmie Natl Forest; USGS Suntop*)—

Even with a late start (9:50) there were only two other cars in the lot.

Best part of the ascent is the "short cut" to the lookout (just before the last switchback to the saddle). Had the sunny (and windy) top to myself. Splendid views.

Road down was icy in the shade (most of the road!) and a real leg-shaker. Probably the later folks had even more. Definitely needs another dump of snow.—Sally Pfeiffer, Seattle, 1/30.

❄️ **BUCK CREEK ROAD** (*Baker-Snoqualmie Natl Forest, USGS Suntop*)—In the last issue, (*February, page 9*), Jane Habegger wrote that she and Bill had encountered vehicles on the Buck Creek road, which they thought was closed to motorized use.

Denny Coughlan, Recreation Assistant for the White River District, called to explain the situation to Pack & Paddle readers. A winter *RANGE* closure and a winter *GAME* closure are two different things, he said. A range closure would indeed keep vehicles out for the winter. But a game closure is for the elk hunting season only. Elk season ended in November.

"There is no official closure to keep motorized use out after hunting season ends," said Denny. "Buck Creek road is open for multiple use." He agreed that the terminology was confusing if you weren't familiar with it, but hopes this will clear things up.—2/3.

❄️ **MILDRED POINT** (*Mt Rainier Natl Park; USGS Mount Rainier West*)—This certainly didn't feel like the last day of January. The day was sunny—a perfect day for Mildred Point with its views of The Mountain.

Dean Thetford was the leader of this Mountaineer snowshoe trip. We met at Longmire at 8:30 and were soon on our way on the Rampart Ridge trail and the Wonderland trail. The snow was hard and crusty in the morning and we were able to hike without snowshoes the first mile or so up the trail. When postholing began, it was snowshoe time.

We left the trail about a mile from

Mildred Point and followed the line of the ridge, staying in the trees. The weather was wonderful—warm enough that we could sit comfortably in the sun. As the trees cast lengthening shadows we changed positions so we could stay in the sun.

We returned to the cars with daylight to spare. Elevation gain to Mildred Point is 3000 feet and it's about 9 miles round trip.—Karen Sykes, Seattle, 1/31.

🚶 **FEDERATION FOREST** (*State Park; USGS Greenwater*)—

Our group of eight Mountaineers included one who was on her very first club hike. Federation Forest is a low-elevation old-growth forest walk, nearly all level.

Although the parking lot was icy, the trails were mostly bare. We did a figure-8 on the south side of Highway 410, then crossed the road for another couple of miles on a new section of trail. This area is heavily used in the summer, so winter is the time to visit.—Ann Marshall, 2/2.

❄️ **REFLECTION LAKES** (*Mt Rainier Natl Park; USGS Mount Rainier East*)—

It was one of the clearest sunny days I can remember skiing from Paradise to Reflection Lakes. The snow was very icy but the sun and crisp views made up for the poor snow.

On my return to Paradise I was treated to quite a show—snow kayaking! These guys were crazy—one was even shirtless (it wasn't quite that warm!). They were going straight down a steep chute from Mazama Ridge. They did have on helmets but it looked kind of dangerous to me.—Jane Habegger, Olympia, 1/31.

❄️ **MOUNT TAHOMA TRAILS** (*Champion land; USGS Ashford*)—Karen Daubert called to see if I wanted to go skiing on the Mount Tahoma trail system. Although I'd had the brochure on the trails for some time, I'd never used it.

I met Karen and Jared in Elbe at 9am on Sunday and we proceeded to Lou Whitaker's Bunkhouse, the site of the new office for the Mount Tahoma Trails Association. I had my January *Pack & Paddle* in hand (see page 22 of that issue). After joining the MTTA, we were directed to the Champion Trail.

We drove up Stoner Road to the Champion Trail Sno-Park and skied to a great viewpoint above the Copper Creek Hut. After lunch we skied down to the hut. Round trip to the hut from

the road-end Sno-Park is 6 miles. We probably added another 2 miles onto that. This can be done one-way from Road 92 to the Copper Creek Road Sno-Park (Road 59) if you shuttle cars.

The views of Rainier and surrounding peaks from the ridges above the hut are tremendous. We saw the Olympics, Saint Helens and Adams. The hut is attractive and quite impressive, with two floors: sleeping pads for 12 upstairs, and a couple of couches, wood stove and nice kitchen on the main floor. This is a great new area to discover. We saw around 20 people on the trail this day (and it was quite a bit less icy here than at Paradise the week before).—Jane Habegger, Olympia, 2/7.

MOUNT RAINIER NP—All roads in the Park are closed except the Nisqually to Paradise road. This road is gated at Longmire at 4:30pm and reopened the following morning sometime after 8am depending on weather and road conditions. The Carbon road will reopen as soon as 2WD vehicles can easily drive to the Ipsut Campground.

Wilderness permits are required throughout the year for overnight camping.

The Green Lake trail is snowfree to Ranger Falls; 1 foot of snow at the lake. The Carbon Glacier trail had 1 foot of snow at the trailhead (Ipsut Campground), and over 3 feet at the suspension bridge. Mowich Lake has 6 to 8 feet of snow.—Ranger, 2/11.



APE CAVE—The road to the cave is snow-covered, but you can ski or snowshoe in. Lantern rental is, of course, not available until the summer season, so if you plan to enter the cave, bring your own lantern.—Ranger, 2/5.

MOUNT ADAMS DISTRICT—509-395-2501. The Trout Lake valley has about 3 feet of snow, with 5 to 6 feet at 4000 feet elevation. Road 82 is plowed to the Pine Side Sno-Park, and Highway 141 is plowed to the Atkisson Sno-Park. Road 88 is *not* plowed to the 88 Road Sno-Park, nor is the stretch of

BACKCOUNTRY NEWS

Road 82 which goes to the Smith Butte Sno-Park. Call the Ranger Station for the latest information.

A contract to pave from the 23/8810 junction to the 23/90 junction (along the west side of the Mount Adams Wilderness) will continue in the spring as soon as the contractor can begin work. Gates will block this portion of Road 23. The paving should be finished by next fall. Plan for a detour this summer.

A permit is required to enter Wilderness Areas in the Gifford Pinchot National Forest. There is no charge for the permits and they will be available at all Wilderness trailheads and at Ranger Stations.

Campfires are no longer allowed at elevations above the trails that encircle Mount Adams. These trails include Round-The-Mountain 9, PCT 2000, and Highline 114.—Ranger, 2/5.

PETERSON PRAIRIE—Stay at the Peterson Prairie Guard Station! The Mount Adams District is renting out the old guard station for \$20 per night for a party of two (\$5 for each additional adult up to six maximum).

The cabin rental is available only for the remainder of the winter season. Facilities include running water, an outhouse, wood heat and propane cooking. Park at the Atkisson Sno-Park and ski or snowshoe in about 4 miles.

Call the Ranger Station for more information: 509-395-2501.—Ranger, 2/5.

SAINT HELENS—Permit applications for the '93 season are available now. Permits are required from mid-May through October. Call the NVM headquarters, 206-247-5473, or the Climbing Hotline, 206-247-5800, for permit and climbing info.—Ranger, 2/5.

PACKWOOD DISTRICT—206-494-5515. Many people are under the impression that our trails are hikeable now. Not so! We still have a lot of deep snow everywhere.

Our district has two Sno-Parks, one on Copper Creek road 59, one on Johnson Creek road 21. We also have a cross-country ski area on White Road 1284 that does not require a Sno-Park permit, but trails are not groomed here. Call the Ranger Station for more information.—Ranger, 2/5.

WIND RIVER DISTRICT—There is 5 feet of packed snow at Oldman Pass Sno-Park, making skiing very fast. Sunset is the only campground open during the winter; fee is \$5 per site.—Ranger, 2/5.

NACHES DISTRICT—509-653-2205. Snowpack has settled over the past week due to the warmer weather. New snow on this surface should offer outstanding skiing. It will also increase avalanche hazard. Be sure to check the clipboard by the front door of the Ranger Station for updated weather and avalanche information.—Ranger, 2/2.

OREGON

BARLOW PASS—Heading south on the PCT from the Barlow Pass Sno-Park offers skiers excellent opportunities with 6 to 8 feet of snow here and at Twin Lakes. The Old Barlow Road also has good skiing on about 6 feet of snow. The lower half of the Grave Trail is rutted and washed out.—Ranger, 2/10.

BENNETT PASS—Ski conditions are simply excellent, with a foot of fresh snow on top of a 7- to 9-foot base.

The deep snow and drifting conditions make "The Terrible Traverse" hazardous, however.—Ranger, 2/10.

IDAHO

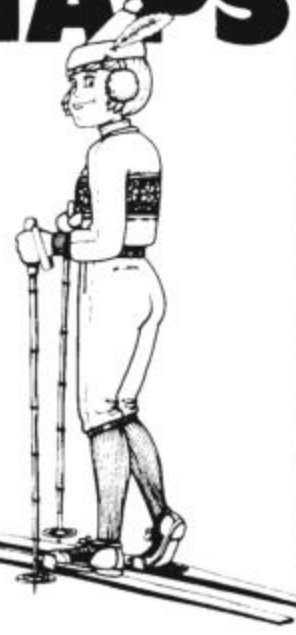
PAYETTE NATL FOREST—Cross-country skiing is excellent on groomed trails. Colder weather has improved the snow conditions and skiing on groomed trails has been smooth and easy.

For information on campgrounds and water levels in Hells Canyon, call 800-422-3143 in Idaho, or 800-521-9102 outside the state.—Ranger, 2/8.

SAWTOOTH NATL REC AREA—Even though there is more snow than we have had for years, we still need more. Galena Summit has 62 inches; Stanley now has 34 inches. For avalanche information, call 208-622-8027.

Backcountry skiing is best on north slopes. The snow tends to be crusty on the sunny slopes. You can pick up a flyer with route information at the SNRA Visitor Center, 8 miles north of Ketchum. Don't forget the sunscreen.—Roma Nelson, SNRA, 2/8.

GREEN TRAILS
**TOPOGRAPHIC
MAPS**



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Ski-tour the Alpine Meadows

△
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- Excellent meals provided - or bring and prepare your own
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CROSS-COUNTRY SKI AREA**
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PO Box 312
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509/548-7330

exploring Sucia and Matia Islands

—a few days in the san juans—

Sucia and Matia Islands are small, uninhabited State Parks 2.5 miles north of Orcas, the largest of the San Juan Islands.

Water is available at Fossil and Shallow Bays only after April 1. Since our trip was in March of last year, we brought containers for 2 or 3 gallons of water.

Kayaking Around Puget Sound warns that this is not a trip for beginners because of the open water and more specifically because of Parker Reef half-way to the islands. Such reefs cause a tidal rip, especially in a contrary (to the tidal current) wind.

The day before our trip, Melanie and I head for Pacific Water Sports to pick up the rented kayak. While we watch the mandatory 20-minute video on kayak safety, a young man mounts brackets on Melanie's little Toyota Tercel coupe (my Previa has no gutters).

Judy Moyer shows us how to load the kayak on, especially how to form the loop in the trucker's hitch, and

finds us the necessary accessories.

We have seven Skookumchuck doubles to select from, and Melanie picks the only one with a blue deck. Judy Moyer reminds us of the \$300 fine for turning left from their parking lot, takes my credit card, and wishes us a safe journey. The Toyota looks dwarfed with a kayak extending 4 feet off both the front and back.

DAY ONE

Melanie arrives at my house 5 minutes early. She catches me still gobbling breakfast although my gear is ready to load. The car seems overloaded; Melanie is certain some gear will have to be left in the car. I don't dispute the point.

The pleasant ferry cruise from Anacortes through the San Juans in sunny but windy weather brought us to Orcas Island about 10am. We drove a half hour to reach the village of Eastsound where Melanie buys a waterproof, disposable camera for about \$14 for 24 exposures. This is espe-

cially fortunate as my camera jams and, trying to clear it, I rewind the film too far to rethread.

Captain Cook's Resort has adequate signing to find the way without error. The restaurant and hotel were closed so I trudged to the real estate office to find the manager at his desk. He asks \$5 of kayakers and requests that they park far away from the restaurant.

He pointed out the islands we intended to visit, now looking closer than I had imagined, much to my relief. He warned me about Parker Reef and of tide rips, commenting that the last kayak group was out six hours and never reached the islands. I asked if he had a local tide chart and he allowed that they all use Blaine as the equivalent. My chart seemed dead on with his, also to my relief.

Melanie, remarkably, made everything fit. Nothing got left behind. It was 12:30pm, on top of a slack high tide. Unfortunately, we had forgotten that the kayak, when we set it down beside the car and loaded it, was half-way up the ramp, about 20 feet from the water. What was 80 pounds of bare boat was now about 200, and Melanie found herself literally staggering, a few feet at a time, to the water's edge.

We were underway at last. We paddled westerly along the shoreline to avoid Parker Reef to the north and to be sure we avoided the easterly-flowing current at that point in the channel between Orcas and Sucia Islands.

My pre-trip plan had been to ferry across the current to Sucia, then go west to Patos Island for exploring. These plans were literally thrown to the wind—winds of 10 to 20 knots from the north opposing the current, gusting higher, causing 1 to 2 foot waves, occasionally larger ones which would wash completely over the decks.



Heading east from Echo Bay; Melanie paddling bow.

After more than two hours of steady paddling, we were abreast of Little Sucia and directly south of the lip of the south entrance to Shallow Bay on Sucia. I asked Melanie if she wanted to stop at Shallow Bay to rest and then decide what to do. It took no convincing as we both considered this a pleasure trip.

As we entered the bay, the wind and waves subsided substantially. Two large sailboats had already found moorage there. We headed for the central beach where we could see a sign. A seal popped his head up to see who we were. His big brown eyes looked sad but kindly while his slender body was silky white with brown spots.

The beach provided an easy landing. There were two campsites and restrooms and a nearby picnic shelter, looking very good for overnight accommodations. Melanie followed the path a bit more to the east, walked over the island crest and discovered the other side of the island—Echo Bay with several marvelous campsites on fresh grass, beautiful scenery including Mount Baker, two huge sailing yachts and completely calm weather.

We decided this was the place for us. We unloaded the kayak and portaged the supplies and boat separately into our new camping area. We established camp, then took off on foot to explore the northern half of the island, hiking through woods filled with trilliums, paintbrush and a myriad of other flowers. We returned to our campsite eager for dinner.

Night quietly arrived, the sky studied by stars except for the night glow from Victoria to the west like a never-setting sun.

DAY TWO

The sun of the next morning both lit up and warmed our dark blue tent. After breakfast we explored the southern half of the island by foot.

After a lunch back at camp we started to load the kayak before we remembered the burden of dragging the loaded kayak from yesterday. Unloading quickly, we portaged the kayak to the water's verge, loaded it, and paddled off to investigate the two Finger Islands, proceeding to Snoring Bay, a lackluster area where kayakers cluster in the summer because of a group camp that only paddlers can reserve.

We then pushed off for Matia Island



Darrell at Chinaman's Rock near Shallow Bay on Sucia Island.

with only modest wind and no discernible current. The views were awesome all around and the trip was completely enjoyable. We landed in the west harbor to look over camping areas and found one very satisfactory and the island vacant.

Returning to our kayak, we cruised around the island clockwise. Seals

jammed a small reef off Matia like humans on Alki Beach. Curious seals followed us around the island. Reaching Rolfe Cove again, we set up camp, then took the 1-mile circle hike of the island.

We watched a mackerel sky obscure the bright sun and decided to erect our rain tarp over the picnic bench, using all the paddles for support along with 50 feet of line and a couple of extra tent pegs. It was no work of art but it did keep the rain away.

We admired the black velvet sky overhead and its many stars. Like yesterday, in the west the sky was white with overflow from Victoria. Once on our backs with vision obscured by the tent, we heard bird sounds we had not heard during the day, including sounds distinctly like frogs.

DAY THREE

Monday came with full sunshine, much to our delight. A fresh wind kept the camp cool to start. The draw of the sea was greater than the temptation to either lay about or explore by foot, so we packed up and launched the kayak for the northeast shore of Sucia. Arriving just south of Ewing Island we cut through the small passage between that island and the north arm of Sucia, barely 20 feet from where we had stood late on our first day.

Although we saw few seals, we did note millions of starfish of all colors and leg counts, many green sea anemones, a variety of colored fungi on the rocks, and fantastic shapes carved into the rock cliffs.



Melanie and the much-photographed mushroom rock in Fox Cove.

Melanie Edwards

Darrell Scattergood

Now and again, little fish perhaps 3 inches long would jump out of the water and splash back in, creating series of rings as from a sprinkle. As we rounded the island to the west, Patos Island loomed ahead of us, sorely tempting us to capture our original goal, but we elected to head south and into Fox Cove.

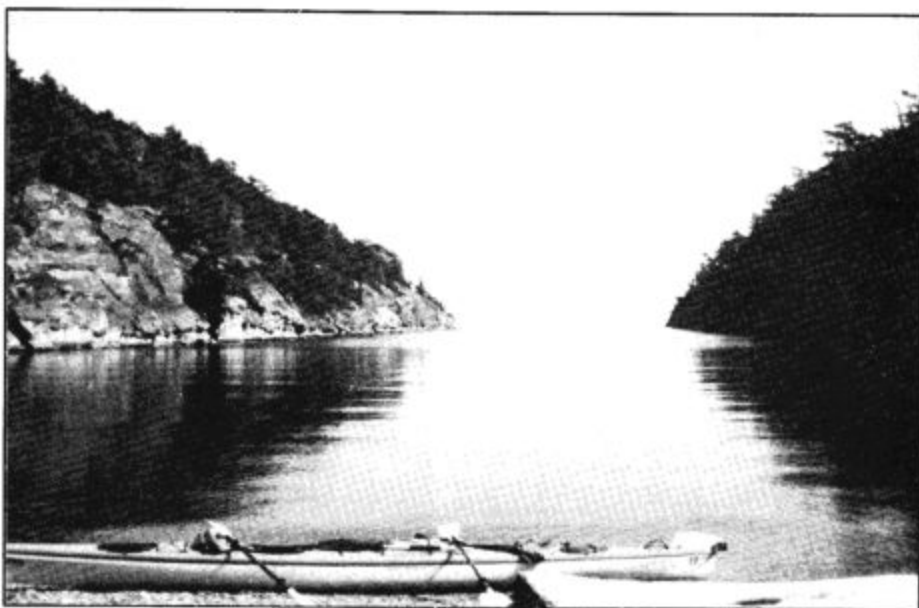
As we entered the bay, I felt a few drops on my head, noted the rings in the water and told Melanie it was starting to rain.

"No, it's not," she asserted, "it's just those little fish." Nevertheless, she held up her hand and allowed, after a while, that perhaps it was. Her luxuriant head of flaxen hair would require a downpour to penetrate.

We had no trouble cutting across the open water to Orcas Island, coming much closer to Parker Reef than before with no problems. Our resort landing was uneventful.

Almost the moment we landed, Melanie's mind became fixed on making the 1:40 ferry. The unloading and car loading went without problem ... and without lunch. What is one of life's necessities to Darrell was an activity, according to Melanie, to be postponed to our arrival at the ferry terminal or even on the ferry itself.

We arrived at the vehicle holding area a half hour before the ferry could be boarded and ate our lunch among the cars and trucks parked on the hill above the bay, the village, and the ferry landing. Now, wasn't this more pleasant than at the beach reeking of rotting seaweed?



Kayak Bay on Sucia Island.

Melanie Edwards

The return voyage to Anacortes on the mainland was warm, sunny, breezy at times, but was especially rewarding because an orca whale surfaced, displaying his huge dorsal fin, blew out his blow hole, and rolled over on his side before submerging, all fairly close to us.

Melanie dropped me off at my house in time for dinner, insisting that she could clean and return the kayak herself. She was off almost before I could say goodbye and thanks for the marvelous adventure and respite from too civilized a life.

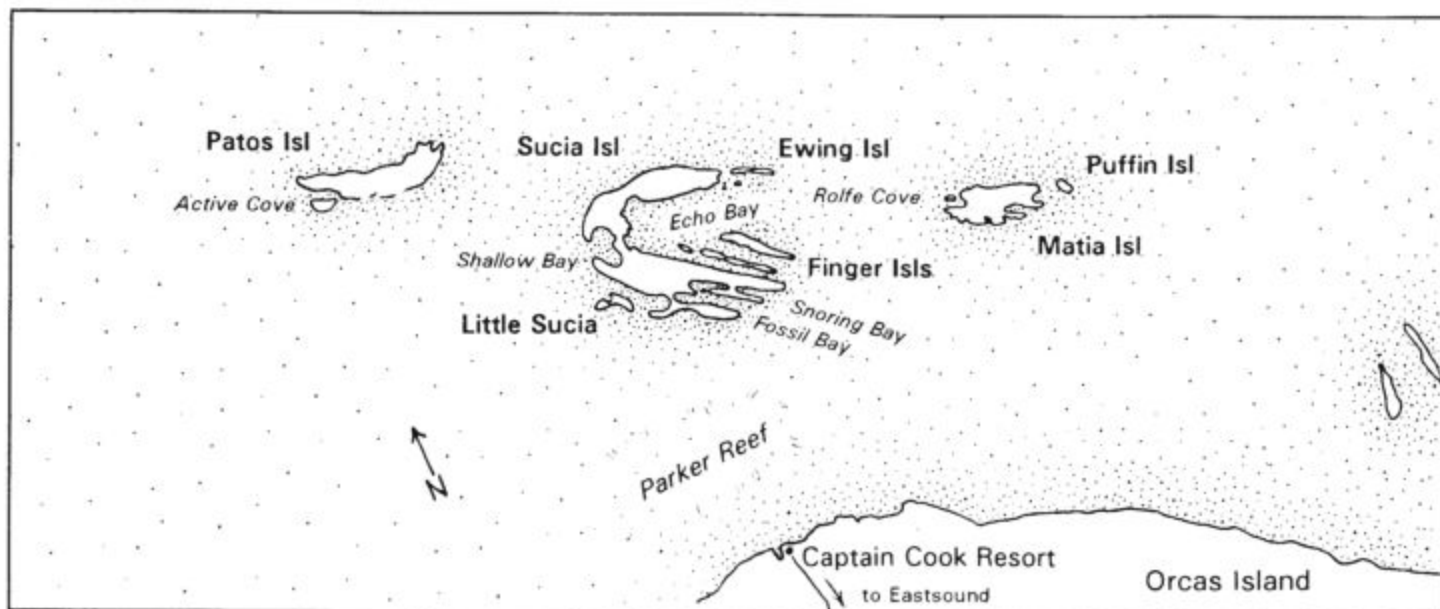
While Melanie would not have taken the trip except for me, I would not have planned the trip except for her. She insists her rewards were adequate

compensation for putting up with me (to say nothing of my snoring) for three days.

In fact, she wrote on my draft of this article, "I had a great time and suspect with anybody else it wouldn't have been as great! Thanks a bundle." The weather, the scenery and the company provided such ample return on my investments that I'm ready to plan another adventure.

△

Darrell Scattergood, of Bellevue, is the administrator for the Physics Department at the University of Washington.



DEBORAH RIEHL

Rescue Epics

—NOT READY FOR AN EXPEDITION—

On March 21, 1976, four Mountain Rescue members set out to climb Mount Olympus. They departed from the end of the Hoh River road, camping the first night at the Hoh River bridge, about 12 miles from the road. They snowshoed most of the way up a trail broken by a group ahead of them.

The following day they pushed on to Elk Lake, arriving about 4pm. Ahead of them was a freshly broken trail toward Glacier Meadows, where the preceding party had apparently gone that morning.

At 6pm they spotted two figures coming down the trail. When the two reached Elk Lake they reported there had been an accident in their party.

Their group consisted of eight teenagers and an adult leader. One of the teens had fallen down a steep avalanche gully 1½ miles above Elk Lake.

He had been crossing the gully on a fixed line, not clipped in, when he slipped and couldn't hang onto the rope. He disappeared over a small cliff into the snowy ravine below. It was 38 degrees and snowing lightly.

The adult and one of the teens searched the first 800 feet of the gully, but retreated due to continuous snow sluffs. The group returned to Elk Lake

intending to resume the search in the morning.

Two people from the Mountain Rescue team left for help at 8:30pm with a written accident report form. They arrived at the Hoh Ranger Station at 8am on the following day, March 23.

The two remaining Mountain Rescue members and the victim's party started up from Elk Lake at 6am, arriving at the accident site at 9am. At that point the adult leader decided not to let his teens participate further in the search due to the weather, steep snow, and their physical condition. They returned to Elk Lake.

The two rescuers descended a steep ridge paralleling the gully. The walls of the gully were sluffing at 15- to 20-minute intervals. Steepness of the ridge forced the rescuers to rappel most of the way.

Near the bottom of the gully, the ridge ended in a cliff. From there the rescuers could see fresh snowshoe tracks going into the trees! The two rescuers rapidly crossed the gully following the tracks. For about half a mile the tracks wandered down Glacier Creek, then ascended the ridge again out of the avalanche track.

At 2pm the rescuers found the young

man, who had bivouacked in a tube tent. Though he had a shovel with him, he was lying on the surface of the snow. All things considered, he was in pretty good shape, with an abrasion on his head and a bruise on his side.

Route finding and map reading had been difficult for him because he'd lost his glasses in the fall. Weather at the time he was found was 40 degrees with 10 to 15mph winds.

The three began to hike out to Elk Lake. At 3pm they were able to reach the Park Service on the radio and told the ranger they could hike out without additional assistance, since the teenager was okay.

They reached Elk Lake at 4:30pm and were greeted by their happy friends. It took two more days to hike out from Elk Lake, arriving at the Hoh River road on the 25th.

A much-publicized Bicentennial climb of Mount McKinley by the victim's party was cancelled when they concluded they weren't quite ready for a major expedition.

△

Deborah Riehl, AA7RW, is a member of the Board of Trustees of Seattle Mountain Rescue. She lives in Bothell.



Mount Olympus

PAT TILLMAN and IVAN SWATER

exploring the Sawtooths

—a loop from Redfish Lake—

We arrived in Stanley, Idaho, the evening of October 5, 1992. The next morning was foggy and dark and, as a result, we overslept. We were told that fog was normal at that time of year and that it would lift by 11am.

We drove to the trailhead at Redfish Lake (6547 feet) and, while we were flinging things into our packs, the mountains began appearing through the clouds.

At 11am we set off on the trail to Alpine Lake. The first few miles contoured above Redfish Lake and then entered a valley sheltered by Grand Mogul (9733 feet) and Braxon Peak (10,353 feet). After a junction at about the 7-mile point, the trail began to climb to Alpine Lake (8331 feet).

The lake was in a beautiful setting, but the sun had already disappeared behind a ridge making it extremely cold. We continued up the trail past several unnamed lakes with possible camping sites and beautiful views.

At about 9 miles, we reached Baron Divide (9200 feet) and more gorgeous views. We lingered as long as possible, but both light and warmth were leaving rapidly, forcing us to finish with our photos and hurry on.

We dropped to Upper Baron Lake, but couldn't find a level area large enough for a tent. As darkness fell, we arrived at a heavily used camping area at Lower Baron Lake (8312 feet).

The fog was back the next morning along with a little hail and a few min-

utes of snowfall. In order to take a few pictures in daylight, I stalled around until the fog cleared.

While I am not usually impressed with lakes, both Upper and Lower Baron Lakes were striking.

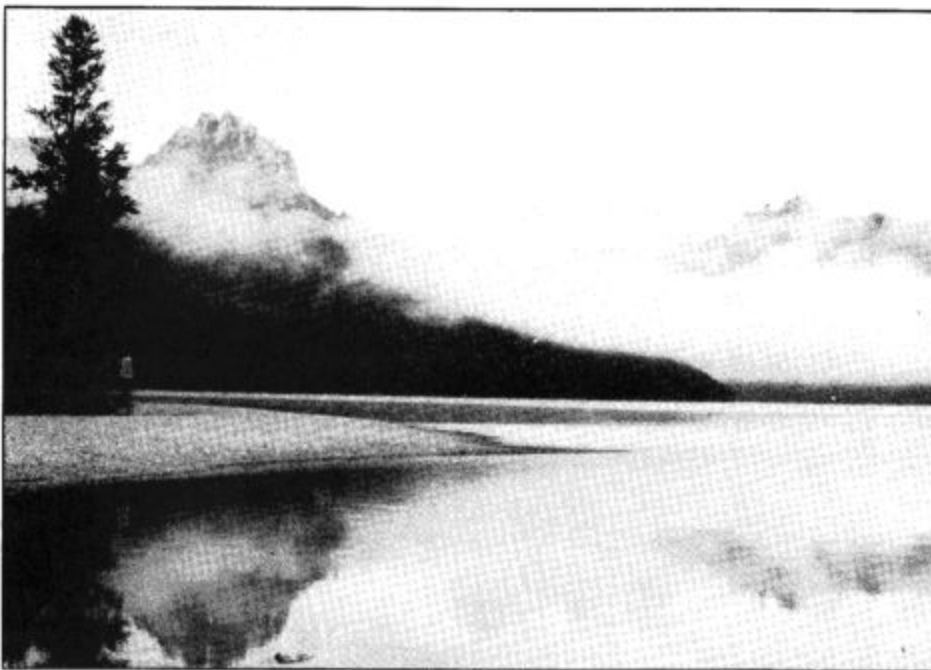
In the sunshine, we headed down the trail about 6 miles to the junction (5700 feet) with the Sawtooth Lake trail. Then we hiked up about 6 miles past a couple of small lakes with good views and camping areas.

Sawtooth Lake (8430 feet) was a disappointment: too large and totally lacking the impressive cliffs of Alpine and Baron Lakes. We opted not to stay at its extremely beaten-up camping area and dropped down to another Alpine Lake (7823 feet). This lake was pretty, but not as impressive as the earlier lakes.

On the third day of our two-day trip, we hiked about 12 miles back to Redfish Lake. It didn't show on my maps, but the trail goes all the way without the cross-country travel I had anticipated. The trail provided unexpectedly nice views of the Sawtooths and a pleasant stop at Marshall Lake (what I call "a typical boring lowland lake").

Our only confusion came on the third day when we accidentally got off the main trail at a switchback and onto an unmarked boot track going to Goat Lake. It probably would have been a nice sidetrip, but we lacked the time. My maps don't show the mileage, but I estimated it before the trip as about 25 miles. In reality, it's more like 35 miles.

I think our next visit to the Sawtooths will be a little earlier in the season—maybe mid-September. Days would be longer and, hopefully, tem-



Mountains began appearing through the clouds

Pat Tillman

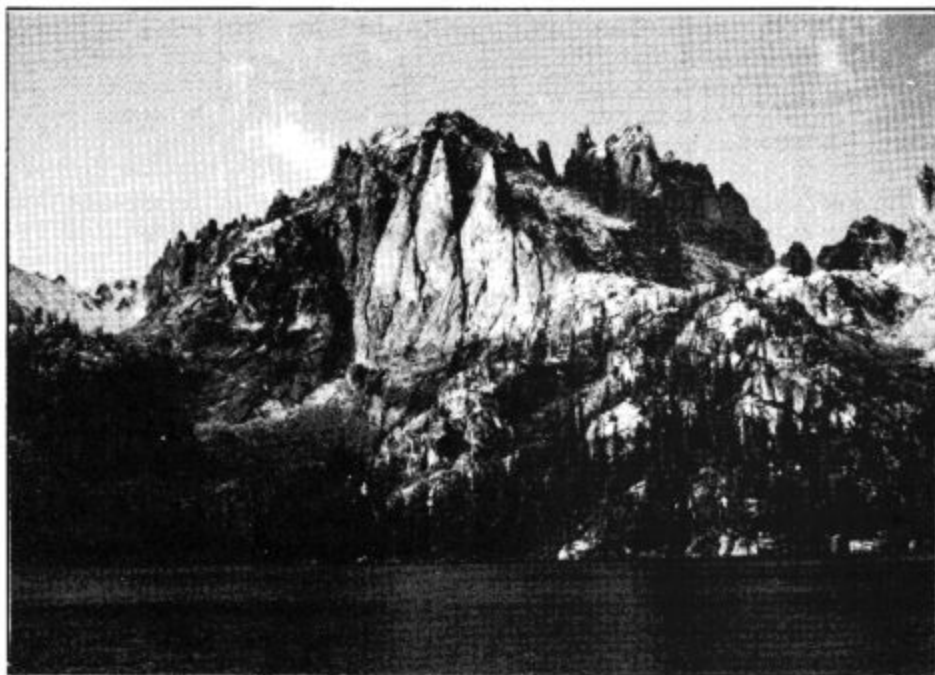
peratures wouldn't be so bitter cold. On the other hand, the area we hiked appeared to be heavily used, yet in October we saw only four other people.

If we ever do this particular loop again, I'd go in the opposite direction and save the best scenery for last. Also, I'd allow enough time for sidetrips. The area was open enough to make travel to valleys without trails look appealing.

On our way home, we stopped for a dayhike to Little Rock Creek Lake in the Bitterroot Mountains of Montana. The trail starts above Lake Como, a large reservoir near Hamilton. The mountains above the lake are similar in height to those in the Sawtooths, but appear to be more spread out. Unfortunately, a dense, stunted forest kept us from having many views until we reached the lake.

We both regretted not having the time to head up toward the peaks from the lake and assume we'll return to the Bitterroots for further exploration.

Δ



Views of Lower Baron Lake are striking.

Pat Tillman

Pat Tillman, a Seattle native, has been hiking for twenty years.

Ivan Swater, originally from Prague, lives in Seattle and has been hiking for four years.

what's up in the **Alpine Lakes**

—permit system on the way—

Forest Service managers are considering some type of Wilderness-wide limited entry permit for the Alpine Lakes Wilderness as a preferred alternative to be released for public comment in April.

"Based on our analysis of the impacts of recreation use in the Wilderness and the bulk of public comment received, we are leaning toward some type of permit system," said Sonny O'Neal, Wenatchee Forest Supervisor.

The 364,000-acre Wilderness is one of the most heavily-visited in the national Wilderness system.

Specifics of the permit system are still being developed. "A key element is the need for a permit system which can reduce use in heavily-impacted

areas of the Wilderness," said acting Baker-Snoqualmie Supervisor Walt Weaver.

The preferred alternative is also likely to incorporate user education and construction of new trails in areas outside the Wilderness as strategies for reducing impacts within the area, Weaver predicted.

A 1990 Forest Service monitoring report showed that standards for solitude and protection of Wilderness resources required by the Alpine Lakes Area Land Management Plan of 1981 are not being met.

The new environmental analysis has considered a wide range of alternatives, several of which do not call for new permit systems.

It appears the environmental analy-

sis with the preferred alternative will be completed by the end of March, with a 30-day public review period in April, O'Neal said. "We would hope to make a final decision in May and begin to implement changes this summer," he added.

We should have more details next month.

Δ

STAN DAVIS

Shasta Spirits

—SKIING WITH THE LEMURIANS—

Two hours earlier we had crouched beneath a rock outcrop at 12,700 feet on California's Mount Shasta to shield ourselves from the thunder and lightning which had suddenly surrounded us. Visibility from under our rock was limited by swirling snow and undulating clouds. Occasionally we caught a glimpse of the summit, just 1460 feet above us, yet it was an eternity away.

As we waited, the air shook from crashing thunder and gusty winds. From our shelter I never saw the lightning, but I could feel and smell it in the air.

Under our rock we were comfortable and never felt very threatened. My nephew, Gary McKenzie, set up the stove to melt snow. He, Alice Walter and I sipped tea as we patiently waited for the storm to pass.

Visibility approached white-out conditions of fog and snow. Sipping my tea, I wondered if this were just another local storm. The volcanic peaks of the West generate their own weather systems. Storms can form on a high peak while the surrounding countryside basks in sunshine.

Or, I wondered, was our storm connected to the mythology of this magnificent mountain? Had we done something to anger its inhabitants and to unleash their fury in a storm?

All we wanted to do was reach the summit, look around, step into our three-pin bindings and ski down with hundreds of telemark turns. We weren't going to take anything with us except a summit photograph and memories.

All of the high western volcanoes have their majestic auroras, yet

Shasta's mystique is unique. In *Fire and Ice*, Stephen Harris calls Shasta the "mystery mountain" of California. He reported that its mystery evolves from the legend that the subterranean hollows are home to the ancient Lemurians, the survivors of the sunken continent of Mu.

In addition to harboring these ancient citizens of the deep, many believe the mountain to be the frequent landing site of modern UFOs. By far, some state, it is the favorite focal point for interplanetary travelers, including extra-terrestrials.

I did not see any Lemurians, extra-terrestrials or space ships, but I did have a distasteful encounter with a very idiotic climber.

Could the anger of the mountain Lemurians have been unfurled by the idiot who blindly raced ahead of us into the storm without a map, compass, altimeter, food, water, or sense of direction?

As he passed he asked, "Have you seen anyone behind me? I haven't seen my buddy for two hours. Maybe he's hurt. He's got the food and water. I've never been up here before. Which way to the top?"

Pointing at Gary, he asked, "Does he know the way to the top?" As he rambled, the weather suddenly changed. Huge tumbling thunderheads rolled over the ridge and thunder soon followed.

I replied, "We are going to wait under that rock until we see what the clouds are bringing; you should wait also." But the idiot kept climbing. As he left he mumbled that his buddy should be able to keep up because they were both ski instructors at a California resort. Besides, he had heard the



Alice Walter and Gary MacKenzie setting up camp at Helen Lake.

Stan Davis



Stan Davis skis below Avalanche Gulch.

weatherman say the sky was going to be clear. I think he was high on something other than the altitude.

All this had started early that spring morning a couple of years ago under a clear, star-brightened sky. During breakfast we listened to the weather radio and cheered as the forecaster predicted clear weather. We congratulated ourselves for waiting an extra day for a "good" weather window.

In the darkness we slowly worked our way up the mountain. Our only light was provided by the stars and by our headlamps. Daylight revealed beautiful blue skies and expanding views. The climb to the rock outcrop was uneventful until the idiot passed us and the clouds rolled over us.

Eventually the storm clouds centered over our little group and the wind died. Engulfed in the calm at the center of the storm, lightly falling snow gently dusted our packs. We were reluctant to go up or down. We had an idiot above us in the clouds and his "lost" buddy below.

Finally the buddy arrived, looked around and asked where his friend was. We explained that the idiot had kept going. Buddy couldn't believe anyone would be so stupid as to continue in the lightning; he thought his friend had holed up with us.

The clouds lifted slightly and we spotted the idiot above us. He was sitting in the open, halfway to the summit and looking back at us. The sen-

sible buddy yelled some choice words and urged the idiot to come down. After a few minutes of frustrated yelling by both parties, the idiot relented and agreed to descend.

With that news we elected to leave also. Alice put on her skis, tried one turn in the flat light, fell, and lost a ski. It shot down the mountain. Gary and I dove for it but to no avail. The ski disappeared into the white emptiness below us.

Disheartened, we strapped the remaining skis to our packs and sat down to glissade. Luck was with us—the Lemurians returned the ski. We found it a few hundred feet down the slope. With a beaming smile Alice strapped the ski on her pack and we continued our glissade.

We quickly dropped 2000 vertical feet from Thumb Rock to Helen Lake. Above our Helen Lake camp I gathered the wands which we had set on our ascent. With an ice axe in one hand, wands in the other, and skis above my head on my pack, I plunge-stepped along the wand line.

Suddenly a buzzing noise came from above my head. The noise was similar to the sound of bubbles escaping from a carbonated soda bottle, but much louder.

As the snapping and buzzing intensified, I remembered that lightning jumps out of the ground to meet the lightning bolt which comes down from the sky. My metal-edged skis were acting as a lightning rod. I fell to the snow and lay flat, nothing projecting upward.

Alice was a hundred feet behind me and heard the same noises, so she also lay down. Gary was far behind, out of sight in a cloud, and I do not

know what he did.

Alice saw the lightning; I didn't—I was facing the opposite direction. It struck very close to us. Thunder shook the air. It seemed to me that the ground moved. Quickly we moved to camp and promptly laid all metal flat on the snow. The Lemurians could take all they wanted.

As we broke camp and packed, the rate of snowfall intensified to an inch every ten minutes. Not flakes, but round, very light graupel balls. A few inches had fallen before we arrived.

When we completed packing, we had four inches of new snow on the ground. We hoisted our heavy packs, stepped into our three-pins and quickly skied out of the clouds into sunshine.

Off came the goggles and on went the sunglasses for an absolutely magical ski descent. In the clear, warm sunshine we cut the untracked snow with yelps and shrieks. At the parking lot we looked back at the cloudless summit. The storm had apparently passed.

An hour later the clouds closed in again. Heavy rains followed. We left the Lemurians and their summit to return on another day.

△

Stan Davis, of Seattle, is a construction consultant and a member of the Trailblazers and the Washington Ski Touring Club.



Gary, Alice and Stan at the trailhead.

Alice Walter

Stan Davis

PANORAMA

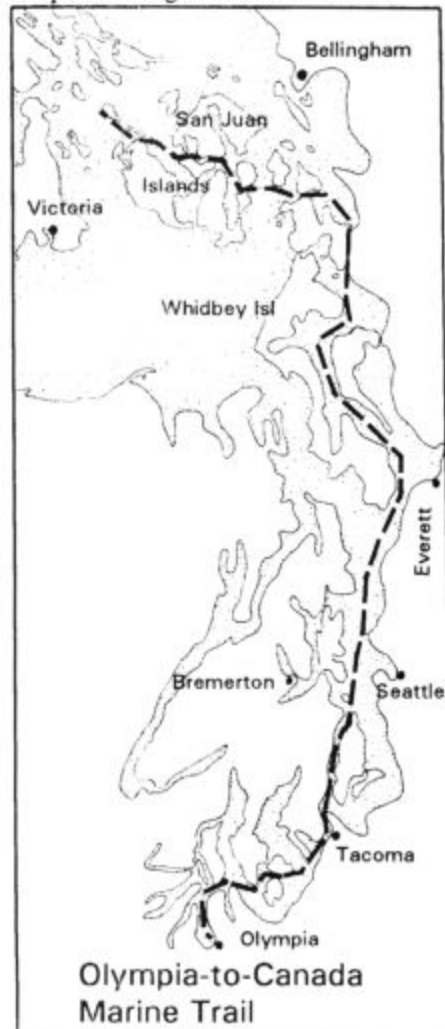
NEWS FROM ALL OVER

NEW WATER TRAIL—The state's first official water trail was created by the Washington State Parks and Recreation Commission at its meeting in Olympia at the end of January. The Olympia-to-Canada Marine Trail is unique because it is a water route for small human-powered beachable craft such as canoes and kayaks.

This water route is a project of the Washington Water Trails Association, which has worked for three years to explore, map, and plan the route.

The Commission also designated certain parts of twelve existing state parks as Marine Trail camping areas and, at the same time, the Department of Natural Resources approved the addition of eight of its recreation sites to the trail system.

"Our goal is to add to these twenty sites so campsites for paddlers will be available every 5 to 8 miles along the trail's 140-mile length," said Tom Steinburn, WWTA's Government Relations chair. "Having a network of campsites along the entire trail will



provide a way for many people to have access to a long-distance paddling route."

For a brochure about the organization and the route, contact WWTA, 1731 Westlake Avenue N, Suite 203, Seattle WA 98109 (206-283-4960).

PACIFIC CREST TRAIL ASSOCIATION—The Annual Membership Meeting of the PCTA will be held March 19-21 at Highland Springs Resort near Beaumont, California. Nearby airports are Palm Springs and Ontario.

The Annual Meeting is a wonderful opportunity to meet trails enthusiasts from California and all over. This year the meeting will be held in conjunction with the California Trails Conference.

The weekend will feature speakers and workshops, as well as working member and board meetings. For registration information, contact the PCT Association, PO Box 2040, Lynnwood WA 98036.

FRED BECKEY RETURNS—After last year's popular appearance, Fred Beckey will return March 12 for an evening of slides, climbing history, and adventure.

Advance ticket purchase is highly recommended (\$6 for members, \$8 for non-members); tickets may be ordered by mail, or with a bank card by phone (206-284-8484).

The presentation is scheduled for 7:30pm at The Mountaineers clubhouse, 300 Third Avenue West, Seattle WA 98119.

RACHEL DA SILVA—On March 11, Rachel da Silva and other authors will read from *Leading Out: Women Climbers Reaching for the Top*.

The presentation will be at the Seattle REI store, 11th and East Pine, at 7pm. Call REI for more information: 206-323-8333.

ROBE GORGE PARK PROPOSAL—Northeast of Granite Falls, the South Fork Stillaguamish leaves the Cascade foothills by way of the Robe Gorge. This steep, spectacular gorge frames 7 miles of whitewater enjoyed by paddlers; hikers walk the historic Monte Cristo railroad.

The Gorge contains natural features deemed "outstandingly remarkable" by the National Park Service. The river

supports deer, trout, salmon, bald eagles and other wildlife.

The land is privately owned, but the owners are willing to sell the land for park purposes. River Network is currently negotiating with the owners, and with State Parks, Snohomish County and other potential park sponsors. River Network needs to show public support for the park proposal, and volunteer commitment for trail improvements. If you are interested, call River Network, 800-423-6747.—from *The Mountaineers Conservation Newsletter*.

MOTORCYCLE TRAIL SCRAPED—Plans to develop the South Fork Skokomish motorcycle trail in the Hood Canal Ranger District of Olympic National Forest have been discontinued because of concerns involving wildlife habitat and traditional uses of the area.

The Skokomish Tribe has identified the area as a place where hunting, fishing, and gathering of forest products occur on a regular basis. The South Fork Skokomish is also an important area for big game habitat.

Other locations are being considered for future motorcycle trails. Preliminary planning will begin this summer in the Bingham, Weatherwax, and Canyon River areas.

CAMPGROUNDS REOPENED—After a fuss was raised about campgrounds being closed in Olympic National Park (see *February, page 23*), Park officials reopened several of them.

The reopened sites are Staircase, Elwha, Mora, Hoh, and July Creek. Kalaloch and Fairholm have remained open. Only limited services are available, and the campgrounds may be closed again if spring crowds overwhelm the pit toilets. Water and sewer systems and garbage pick-up won't be in operation until June. The Park is asking campers to pack out their garbage to reduce their impact.

The campgrounds were closed in early January because of Park Service budget cuts for 1993.

If you're planning a trip to Olympic National Park, call before you go to make sure the facilities you plan to use are operating: 206-452-4501.

REST STOP

EQUIPMENT, RECIPES, TIPS

WOOL OR PILE?—In the January issue (page 21) we listed some comments from people about their preference for either traditional wool clothing or the new high-tech pile stuff. Here are some more opinions:

Eric Burr, Mazama: I use mostly wool because I just like it better. It's comfortable and I like the feel. (I also like leather and cotton.) Filson still makes the best wool clothing around.

I do own some pile and other synthetics, mostly supplied to me by manufacturers because of my job [helicopter ski guide], and I do wear the donated things while I'm working. But on my own time, there's nothing like wool.

Mary Sutliff: I carry pile now—all pile and polypro. Pile feels so much better than wool, and stays warm when its wet. Wet wool is uncomfortable to wear and takes forever to dry.

I do have some Pendleton shirts that I like, and I wear those sometimes in the spring.

Pile pants and polypro longjohns are a good replacement for the wool pants I always used to wear, and for riding I often wear jeans with polypro longjohns.

GORE-TEX CARE—The most common question associated with Gore-Tex garments is, "Why does my garment leak?" The answer is: it doesn't.

This may be difficult to believe, but we have applied 2psi of water pressure to "leaking" garments numerous times without any observable effects. What happens in a heavy rain, and especially a cold one, is that water will coat a garment and effectively seal the fabric, preventing it from breathing.

"I don't sweat that much!" you say, but the moisture (100% humidity during a storm) heated inside your garment by your body condenses on the underside of the sealed fabric leaving the impression of leaking.

To prevent this, wash your garment (¼-cup of powdered detergent, warm water, gentle cycle, warm tumble dry)

and spray it with a water repellency treatment. This will allow the garment to breathe more easily and end the leaking feeling. Skeptical? Try it!—*Rainy Pass Repair, Seattle (this business is one of only three in the US authorized by Gore for Gore-tex fabric repair), 206-523-8135.*

AVALANCHE FACTS—90% of people who die in avalanches trigger them. **80%** of avalanches occur within 24 hours after a storm. **70%** of those buried will die. **50%** of those buried for 30 minutes or less will survive. **42%** of fatal avalanches in the US run 300 feet or less.

Avalanche fatalities this season are: 2 climbers in Colorado; 2 climbers in Alaska; 1 skier in Colorado; 1 snowboarder in California; 1 skier in Wyoming; 1 miner in Idaho; 1 hiker in Montana.

For avalanche and snowpack information, call 503-326-2400 for Oregon and 206-527-6677 for Washington.

PIC-TOUR HAS COLOR SUPPLEMENTS—Pic-Tour Maps has fourteen "color supplement" maps for several areas in the Cascades. The supplements consist of fifteen color photos of peaks and lakes. Used with Pic-Tour's regular maps, the photos give a good feel for the topography and surroundings of the region.

Each Color Supplement is \$4.50 (tax and postage included), and they are available for most of the Cascade Range. See *Pack & Paddle, December 1992*, page 13, for a complete list, or send a SASE to Pic-Tour Maps, 29118 23 Avenue South, Federal Way WA 98003 for information.

FRIDAY'S INN—Last year Debbie and Steve Demarest renovated an 1891 hotel building in Friday Harbor. It is now a 10-room bed-&-breakfast and is located just two blocks from the ferry dock. Debbie is a former United Airlines flight attendant and Steve is a lawyer.

Steve says, "We have accommodated quite a few kayakers at both the start and end of their trips. At the end, especially, the prospect of a hot bath and plush bed is pretty attractive."

Adds Debbie, "Steve's coffee cake and fresh-squeezed orange juice may be the best service you ever get from a lawyer!"

Seven rooms are in the \$70 to \$95

range, and the other three are over \$100. Write for a brochure with details: Friday's, PO Box 2023, Friday Harbor WA 98250.

SKI EQUIPMENT REVIEWS—My custom mountain touring boots from Nils Aas are working beautifully, and are far superior to anything that can now be purchased in the US. Nothing has a glove leather lining anymore!

Troll bindings are no longer available, and only Åsnes is importing a lightweight steel-edged touring ski, the "Viking Mountain." (Last year's model is called "Trysil Knut.")

Bonna's "Micro-tech" lightweight steel edge technology is advertised in Canada, but I haven't been able to go north to see if it's in the shops up there, and the distributors don't answer my letters.

Rossignol's "TMS" is a good light steel-edged ski, but not made as well as the Åsnes, which I got to try last season. I'd buy a pair except that I want to ski the Bonnas first. They advertise a full steel-edged skating/classic ski, called the "Scion" which looks like it might be perfect for conditions here.

Landsem has a steel-edged ski out, about like Åsnes' "Nansen," but the pairs I've seen were purchased on sale somewhere in Spokane.

Three-pin bindings and telemarking skis in the shops now are all as heavy as downhill "alpine" equipment. Does anyone know a source for Troll three-pin bindings?—*Eric Burr, Mazama.*

CAMP MOR—Campmor's Spring 1993 catalog is out. This 144-page book is a good reference for outdoor gear, listing equipment for all kinds of "pack and paddle" sports.

Over the years, folks who have ordered from Campmor report good service and good prices. The catalog is printed in black-and-white on newsprint. Call 201-445-5000 (New Jersey) and they'll send you one free.

GORP—Stands for "Good Old Raisins and Peanuts." Jazz it up with M&Ms or chocolate chips—Trudy Ecob likes to add freeze-dried peas to her mix.

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

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EDITOR'S JOURNAL



Fixing sticky skis on Hogback Ridge.

NEW WATER TRAIL—I enjoyed being present at the State Parks and Recreation Commission meeting in Olympia on January 29, when the Commission finally and formally designated the Olympia-to-Canada Marine Trail.

Since last summer, the Commission has been studying the water trail proposal made by the Washington Water Trails Association. The Commission had lots of questions and concerns which had to be addressed before the official designation could be made.

The trail begins in Olympia and goes north through Case Inlet, Puget Sound, Port Susan, Skagit Bay, and the San

Juan Islands. So far, twenty State Park and DNR sites have been included in the trail system to be used as overnight camping areas by marine trail users. WWTAA plans to continue working to provide campsites every 5 to 8 miles along the route.

CLOSE ENCOUNTERS—While skiing on Suntop a couple of week ago, I was passed by another skier who happened to be Sally Pfeifer. I didn't know that at the time, and didn't realize it until she sent in a report of her outing.

Over the years, we've run into many subscribers out in the backcountry, and I'm sure have *just* missed many more, judging by the familiar names I often see on trail registers of hikers who signed in only a day ahead of us.

I remember once several years ago I missed running into Bob Wood by a matter of a couple of hours. It was in the Olympics, of course, and I had visited a hidden, off-trail, Herb Crisler shelter, leaving my name on a scrap of paper in the jar that served as a register. When I got back from that trip several days later, Bob called to say that he had seen my name in the register, and as we compared dates and times realized he had been there shortly after I left!

DARRINGTON—Recently I spent a weekend in Darrington attending the

State Parks Snowmobile Committee meeting. (I am a member of that committee—one of the three required non-snowmobilers).

Since Jerry Crofoot, another non-snowmobile member, has recently left the committee, I met for the first time his replacement, Paul Kaald from Issaquah. Paul and his wife Pat are ski racers from the Konigsmark Ski Club and they will bring a different outlook to the committee.

Although Darrington has some good ski trails (call the Ranger Station if you want to know which ones are for skiers/snowshoers only) it was raining by the time I set out for a ski. I changed my mind and went to look for eagles instead. And there were plenty along the banks of the North Fork Stilly and its tributary creeks. This is the time of year to spend a rainy day with your field glasses and a thermos of tea, watching eagles.

REI—My mother, Louise, has been a member of REI's board of directors for almost 20 years. She was elected to the board by petition ballot, which once was much more common than it is now, and was the first woman ever to serve on the board.

She decided it was time for someone else to have a turn, so when her term expired recently she did not run again.

My sister Liz Ferguson and I attended the board of directors' annual winter party in February with her, at which she was honored with a plaque for her services. CEO Wally Smith and vice president Bill Britt remembered some of her contributions, among them crafting REI's mission statement, serving on several committees, and always asking "very tough questions."

See you in the backcountry,

Ann Marshall

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My First Trip to the Enchantments

by Robert M. Kinzebach (owner Pic-Tour Guide Maps)

Now that the Enchantments near Leavenworth, WA are being overrun by the multitudes, making the area famous, it seems necessary to scribble a few facts about early history before historians make up their own story that may be mostly imagination.

The person or persons discovering this magnificent plateau of jewel-like lakes and grand peaks, said to be overlooked by early surveyors, may never be known; however acknowledgment of a few names and events of earlier times might be in order to head off probable fictional remarks.

A few climbers frequented the area (also known as the Cashmere Crags) in the late 1940's. One of my fishing partners, H.M. Stellingwerf of Wenatchee told me of his trip from Mountaineer Cr. over Cannon Mtn. about 1949. From this I decided to take a solo trip via Snow Cr. in 1950 but made the mistake of going up the cliffs on the right side of upper Snow Lake and had to give up about midpoint. I returned on August 15, 1951 and found it relatively easy to proceed along the left side and through the lower Enchantments over a pass to Rat Lakes (Shield, Earle & Mesa). I returned via Nada Lake Falls using a frayed fixed rope at the falls that two climbers I met on the lower trail told me about (on later trips the rope was gone, but a narrow ledge was located on the left side of the falls that was passable). Most later trips (11) were via the shorter Nada Lake Falls route, once with Bill Branin of Wenatchee, now in his 90's. One or two persons have died in this area, hence it should be considered only as an alternate route. The trail was rejoined at Nada Lake and the car was reached at 6:00 p.m. — total 10 trail miles, about 5 cross country.

Later a few trips were taken via Toketie Lake about 1-1/2 miles cross country from just below the upper (2nd) switchbacks. As a side note, once coming out via Toketie I had no food left and felt weak. I found a half full bottle of syrup left by campers that reminded me of a Popeye cartoon. My arms and legs gained immediate strength as I downed a few swigs. I made it over the edge to the trail without further difficulty thanks to someone. That may have been the same day that I had to alternately back down the trail to rest my wobbly legs.

On October 4th, 1952, while getting fall photos, shadows were lengthening at the Enchantments. I wondered if I would make it to the car before dark but luck was with me again. Upper Snow Lake had been partly drained and I dropped down to the north side (where I was stranded in 1950) and walked in the loose ground along the shoreline. I stopped once to field strip my flashlight that didn't want to work, but luckily did, as it was dark at about Nada Lake.

I camped at Colchuck Lake with H.M. Stellingwerf on Aug. 7, 1952. We climbed the pass to the Upper Enchantments and as far as Crystal Lake before being driven out by a quick-forming thunderstorm that lasted past midnight after returning to camp at Colchuck. We left early that morning. The route to the pass was later dubbed the Death Route to the Enchantments. We thought it was a piece of cake. The Nada Falls route is more potentially dangerous, but is easy if one is careful.

I also camped twice at Nada Lake on July 21, 22 & June 22, 23, 1953, the latter to Earle Lake where there was plenty of snow but no problem. Another time, Sept. 4 & 5, 1954, climbing the falls route with two companions (H.M. Stellingwerf and Henry Garke of Wenatchee) we caught up with some East Wenatchee folks. We joined up and camped between Earle and

Mesa Lakes with a large bonfire; and after exploring Cannon Mtn. had great fun fishing Toketie Lake on the way out next day, passing my private swimming pond on the ridge above Mesa Lake. I had seen several mountain goats while exploring and a coyote running across a side hill snowfield — also, fresh deer tracks in the white sand at Shield Lake. On all trips from 1951 to 1954 no other persons were encountered on the Enchantment Plateau. Contrast that with today's crowd and permit system. It is not likely that anyone else will ever have it as good as I did because the permit system of alternate years would make it necessary for any one person to go twenty-five years or more to accomplish what was done in just four years.

Besides great memories, I have garnered several hundred 3-D color slides (some shown in this write up and on Pic-Tour Guide maps in black & white). Articles about my Enchantment adventures were printed in the *Wenatchee World* in 1975 and *Signpost* in 1979 in which I predicted the hordes that would likely follow.

It has been fun. Sorry you may not find it the same today. Pic-Tour has maps out for the area, one that covers it so well you don't really have to go.



Summary of trips (from map photo)

*Historical note - Timed self-photo (RMK), Sept. 3, 1952, solo one day trip via Nada Cr. falls (limit of CT Lake Earle, visited Coney - only person in entire area.) First trip Aug. 15, 1951, solo via Snow Lake, return Nada Cr. falls route same day (article *Wenatchee World*, May 21, 1975.) Others (all but one via Nada falls or Toketie Lake): 1952-July 7, July 21, 22, Aug. 6, 7 (via Colchuck Lake), Oct. 4 (fall color); 1953-June 22, 23 (lakes mostly frozen over), Sept. 8; 1954-July 18, Aug. 8, Sept. 4, 5. Robert M. Kinzebach Pic-Tour Guide Maps, January 6, 1993. 29118 23rd Ave. S., Federal Way WA 98003, 206-839-2564.

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