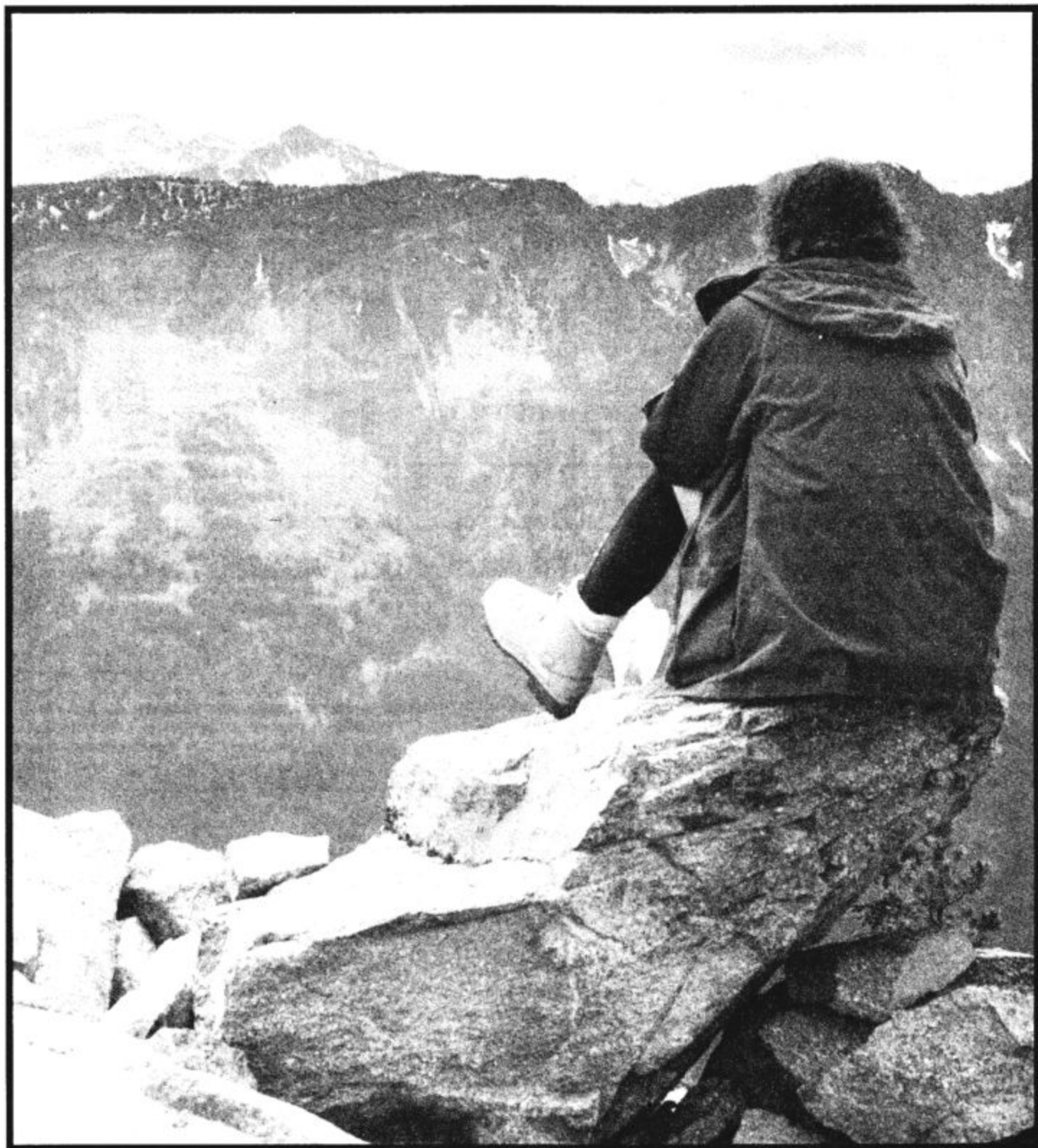


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RANDOM VIEW—



Steve Rostad fords a stream on the White River trail, Glacier Peak Wilderness.

Linda Rostad

SUBMISSIONS:

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

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

BACKCOUNTRY NEWS: See information on page 5.

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

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

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

• • •

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Bettye Hensel looks south from Dirtyface Lookout, Wenatchee National Forest, 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.

SPENDING MONEY IN THE WRONG PLACES

Jim Cavin's directions are good (*May, page 9*): pass High Point east-bound, exit I-90 at Preston, turn right twice, park on southeast Preston Way opposite the first bit of chain link fence (500 feet elevation), hike south to the power line on the signed trail, go west $\frac{3}{4}$ -mile, then left off the power line (south, uphill) to the Preston Trail (940 feet).

Go right at that junction. Dwight's Way branches right in about $\frac{1}{3}$ -mile (1100 feet), the Bootleg Trail goes left in about another mile (1500 feet). Go a further $\frac{1}{2}$ miles on the Bootleg to the wooded north end of the Fifteen Mile Railroad Grade (2000 feet; not named on the map at that point).

To get to West Tiger One (2948 feet; 1 mile) take a right, turn immediately and in about a hundred yards take another, leading first up an eroded track and then up a trail westward.

To get to East Tiger (3004 feet), on the other hand, continue southeast and then south on the Fifteen Mile Railroad Grade for about $\frac{1}{4}$ -mile and then turn left across an old wooded causeway between swamps which drain to opposite sides of the mountain. An unmapped and very lightly beaten, but distinct, trail will take you from there to East Tiger summit in about $\frac{1}{2}$ miles, of which the first $\frac{1}{2}$ -mile is another old railroad grade at about 2000 feet.

There are very few trail signs on the Preston side of Tiger Mountain, and the junction between the upper and lower Bootleg Trails and the Fifteen Mile Railroad Grade is further confused by an old circular track built across the railroad grade there to race motorbikes on when they still had access. Carry a compass and use it, and make an attentive 360-degree rotation at each trail junction so you will know it again.

The point of all this is that these trails have not been shut down this spring to be prepared at great expense to accommodate even more traffic than they already carry. They are trails which are very lightly used and which pass gently through woods which, except for that motorbike circuit, have been pretty much undisturbed since they were logged earlier in the century.

We have all been working hard for years to get more money for trails. That is fine, and it is good to see it

coming. However, some perverse political imperative requires that such money be spent, whether by the DNR, the Forest Service, or another agency, to tear up and convert to freeway all of our busiest trails, whether on Tiger, Mount Si, or out of Snoqualmie Pass.

The trails served by the Preston trailhead will remain pleasant for a while because the DNR doesn't own a trailhead there and thus must not spend money on them. Of course the trailhead there may get sold off for house lots sometime—one older Preston trailhead actually suffered that fate. In any case the volunteer maintenance effort there seems to be petering out because most of our people think the DNR has taken over more completely than it really has.

More money for trails is great, but contract trail work is sinfully expensive whereas volunteer work and maintenance is for free and, because it avoids overused trails, gives us a more pleasant product in more interesting places.

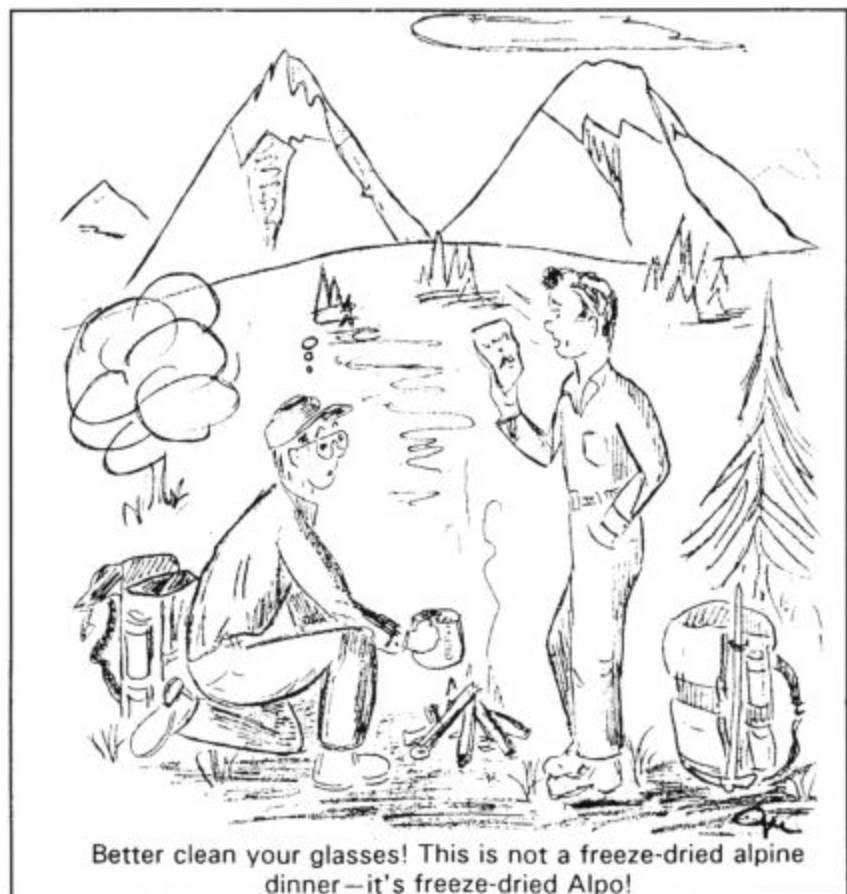
Some of us have had lots of fun there during the last few decades building what the DNR now calls "bootleg" trails. The Tiger Mountain State Forest actually came into existence only be-

cause Bill Longwell and his friends got public attention by building 11 miles of "bootleg" Tiger Mountain Trail from one end of it to the other. Weyerhaeuser owned most of the land then but they didn't protest very vigorously and suffered no harm.

Would it be too wildeyed-radical to suggest that the DNR and other land management agencies, and big private owners of wild lands also, should be persuaded as forcefully as possible that volunteer, or even "bootleg," trail-building can do their domains no harm and may even serve the health, happiness, and stability of the community and improve their public relations?

The state is supposed to be short of money at the moment. Let's ask the DNR to encourage rather than repel volunteer trail workers (and not supervise them too rigorously). They might save something that way, yet nevertheless spend some of the money they have quite properly dedicated to trails on things like trailhead parking lots in places other than High Point!

Will F. Thompson
Bothell, Washington



Better clean your glasses! This is not a freeze-dried alpine dinner—it's freeze-dried Alpo!





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.


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PENINSULA



 **CONSTANCE PASS** (*Olympic Natl Park; (USGS The Brothers, Mount Deception)*)—Friday, after work, we drove up to the Dosewallips, and by 8pm had grabbed the river campsite at Dose Forks, 50 yards above the bridge, with enough light left to gather firewood.


After a great roaring river sleep, we backpacked up to Sunnybrook Creek, meeting a totally fearless grouse that granted us a noisy, full-display photo session. We had the feeling of being the first people on the trail this spring, judging from the leaf litter and lack of tracks.

We hit snow at 4400 feet and solid snowpack at 5200 feet. We returned to a nice bench at 3300 feet to camp. We packed water down from Sunnybrook Creek, as the "spring" at 3600 feet was just damp. We passed 18 people going up while we were going down, and the

trail still looked untrodden.

Our trailside camp was a warm, leisurely event made up mostly of wandering around to the many hidden look-around points on the ridges, and observing the amazing tennis-ball sized mushrooms that literally burst out of the ground, first looking like an egg yolk, then turning white. Sunday we went down to the main trail, dayhiked upriver to Burdick Creek for lunch.

Coming back out, we went through the beautiful little nature loop by the trailhead. We saw a large (3-foot) snake with a red stripe full length on each side. I don't ever recall seeing a snake in the Olympics before. There was a little black bear in the camp area by the station, grazing. He seemed more curious than fearful, and we hope he doesn't become a problem. The meadows should be mostly snowfree by mid-June. Couldn't say about the pass.—Larry Schoenborn and Kerry Gilles, Westport, 5/14-16.


 **COLONEL BOB** (*Colonel Bob Wilderness; USGS Quinault Lake East, Colonel Bob*)—Colonel Bob should be campable at the flats by the first week in June. The snow is still 2 to 3 feet deep now. Campbell Creek campground could use some TLC.

At the Colonel Bob trailhead, work is being done on the opposite side of the road so that people using wheelchairs can go down the trail to about 1000 feet.

A large tree has fallen directly on the Colonel Bob trail about 1/4-mile from the trailhead, with large limbs sticking up. You can walk the tree with a little maneuvering, however. There are

about 3 creeks to cross and you can count on getting your feet wet.

The work that has been done on the trail up by the slide area is real nice and an improvement. Up by the slide, when we looked back, we saw a huge cloud of pollen coming off the trees. When we returned to our campsite, we had to shake our things as they were dusted with pollen.—Kerry Gilles and Larry Schoenborn, Westport, 5/21-22.

 **FLAPJACK LAKES** (*Olympic Natl Park; USGS Mount Skokomish*)—Since we weren't able to leave town until late (we had to get *Pack & Paddle* in the mail!) we started up the trail about 3:30pm. It was easy going on the 4 miles of old road—except for the 13 downed trees across the trail in the last half-mile before the Flapjack Lakes junction.

We camped just past the Madeline Creek bridge and the next morning hiked the remaining 2 or so miles up to the lakes. One was completely thawed; the other about half.

We continued up the trail toward Gladys Divide, running into solid snow at about 4400 feet. Returning to the lakes we had lunch and enjoyed the view.

There are several camps along the trail that aren't mentioned in the guidebooks. Three are located between 3300 and 3400 feet, with another just beyond and below the junction with the Black-and-White trail—plus the one we used at Madeline Creek.

On the way out we looked for the Lincoln waytrail, but saw no sign of it. We stopped at the Hood Canal Ranger Station to ask about it and were told that the trail had been so badly dam-

BACKCOUNTRY NEWS DEADLINE: July 20

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

damaged by the Beaver Fire in 1985 that the remaining bits had been abandoned. We also found out that the large number of blowdowns was from a recent windstorm and would probably be cleared soon.—Ann Marshall, 5/25-27.

NORTH FORK SKOKOMISH RIVER (Olympic National Park; USGS Mount Skokomish, Mount Olson)

—We started up the trail around 10:30am. The parking lot was about half full, but we encountered very few people on the trail.

The trail is in good shape. Yellow violets, salmonberry, trillium, vanilla leaf, and calypso orchids lined the trail. A few small trees were across the trail in the Beaver Fire section. About a half a dozen trees have fallen over the trail between Flapjack Lakes junction and the bridge over the North Fork Skokomish river. There were about 5 tents set up at Camp Pleasant.

We continued on a little way past Camp Pleasant and found a less populated place to camp. Later that afternoon we hiked the 3 miles up to Nine Stream. Just past the camping area we came upon a dozen Roosevelt elk.

On the way out Sunday, we crossed over to the Staircase trail to finish the last mile. A lot of people were out walking this portion of the trail. We visited the big cedar, 43 feet in circumference.—Joe Buoy and Barbara Kirkevold, Kent, 5/15-16.

MOUNT CONSTANCE (Olympic National Park; USGS The Brothers; Tyler Peak)

—The trail to Lake Constance is not as bad as the descriptions make it out to be. Yes, it is steep, and we wouldn't recommend it as a first trip with a new sweetheart, but it is well marked. It gains 3300 feet in 2 miles. We arrived at the lake in two hours.

We admired the glacial blue lake from under the trees while it rained. When it stopped, we camped on the snow just above the lake.

Clear skies greeted us in the morning. We left camp at 7am and hiked up the valley to the North Chute. The chute is located about 300 yards before Crystal Pass. It has a steady, steep grade and was filled with hard snow. We carried our crampons up, but they would have been more useful on our feet.

The way then follows the ridge crest. The route description was very useful, as were the footprints of an earlier party. The route alternates between rock and snow. At the top of one snowfield we crossed a ledge we mistook for the "Fingertip Traverse." We were disappointed because no fingers

were required.

The *real* Fingertip Traverse, however, was all it was cracked up to be. It is a 20-foot lieback around a corner with not much underneath it. Most parties will want to set up a fixed rope.

The route then drops down to a snowfield and then ascends Class 3 rock to the summit. The view is superb. It is always fun to look back home after admiring the mountain view for so many years. Time to the summit was 4.5 hours.

We returned the same way. The snow in the chute had softened perfectly. We were back in camp in 2.5 hours.

After breaking camp it took us 1.75 hours to hike back to the car. About halfway down, at 4pm, we passed a man and his girlfriend (obviously a novice hiker) going up. She asked, "Are we almost there?"

We should have told them to go back.—Don Schaechtel and Dave Collins, Seattle, 5/22-23.

LOWER DUNGENESS LOOP (Olympic Natl Forest; USGS Mount Zion)

—Lou and I started up the Gold Creek trail across the Dungeness River at 1200 feet and on up to the parking lot for the Tubal Cain Mine trail at 3300 feet, the high point of our loop hike.

It used to be one continuous trail to Tubal Cain until the road to what is now the Tubal Cain trailhead was put in. The 6-mile trail is in excellent shape with winter blowdowns cleared and trail damage repaired. Some good views but largely in forest. Trail bikes have been on the route but haven't caused any damage. About half way up, an unmarked trail (not on our maps) branches to the north. Be interesting to know where it goes.

Once up to the Tubal Cain trailhead, we walked down the road to the washed-out Silver Creek bridge where we crossed on a 16-inch-wide, 40-foot-long steel beam temporarily placed across the new foundations.

Within a few minutes of our crossing, the first of three large trucks with steerable trailers arrived with the new massive concrete spans. Seems like overkill. Workmen said it will be months before you can drive to the Tubal Cain trailhead. The road is closed about a mile before the bridge so you have to walk over 2 miles uphill from the closure to the trailhead.

On down the road we came to the Dungeness River bridge which is also being replaced. Here the old wooden bridge is still in place (and evidently strong enough for those trucks with the concrete spans).

Once across, we turned down the

Lower Dungeness trail which is interesting and surprisingly varied with some ups and downs but also in good condition with good tread and very little mud. There is a good viewpoint two-thirds of the way with 180-degree views. The trail comes out on the road about a mile from the Gold Creek trailhead. Loop distance was about 17 miles and elevation gain, with ups and downs, was about 3000 feet. One of the nicer early season Olympic loops.—Tom Karasek, Stanwood, 5/21.

BOGACHIEL RIVER TRAIL (Olympic Natl Park; USGS Hunger Mountain, Indian Pass, Reade Hill)

—Wet and mucky this Memorial Day weekend, but pleasantly warm.

I have only two recent references to this trail, Wood's *Olympic Mountains Trail Guide* (second edition, 1991) and Spring & Manning's *100 Hikes in Washington's South Cascades and Olympics* (second edition, 1992). Both would have you believe there are a Guard Station and shelter 6.1 or 5.75 miles (respectively) from the trailhead, but don't believe them.

The station and shelters (there were two of them) were dismantled when it became apparent the river was going to wash out the meadow in which they were situated, which it did in 1990. They exist now as piles of lumber among the trees back from the trail. A similar fate befell Flapjack Camp up the trail a few miles, but earlier, and much more meadow and good camp spots remain there.

At the old guard station site, just past the junction with the Indian Pass trail to the Calawah River, two or three camp spots are immediately adjacent to the trail, and others can be found a few hundred feet farther by wandering off the trail toward the river through the lush oxalis carpet.

A bit before this junction a short, unmarked trail leads to a long, meadow-lined beach along the river where there is room for numerous tent sites. This was monopolized by a party of five or six llamas accompanied by professional guides and I don't know how many people while we were there.

Who should appear out of the forest after we had set up our tent but Beth Rossow, who did all the measurements for Bette Filley's *Discovering the Wonders of the Wonderland Trail*.

We told you about meeting her pushing her wheel on Mount Rainier last August (see *Pack & Paddle*, October 1992, page 4). This time we met her as a volunteer backcountry ranger for the National Park Service. She patrols the Bogachiel every year from before Me-

BACKCOUNTRY NEWS

morial Day until after the Fourth of July, and has the neatest hideout back in the woods you ever did see and never would locate unless she showed you. But even with all her ditch and well digging, the weekend rain (and the llamas) made her trail a quagmire.

Incidentally, I met Bette herself autographing and selling copies of her book at the Pacific Northwest Booksellers' Association show in Eugene last September. Would you believe that these two ladies first met drawing and coloring Halloween cartoon faces for Safeway years ago? And Beth told us that Bette breeds llamas and one of the llamas in the party on the Bogy had been raised by Bette.—hmk, Albany, 5/29-31.

DOSEWALLIPS, Main Fork
(Olympic Natl Park; USGS The Brothers, Mount Deception, Wellesley Peak)—Through sheer luck, Lee and I hit the prime rhododendron bloom and walked through a pink-and-green garden on much of the trail below Burdick Creek.

We took note of the many campsites along the way, marking them for future reference on our map. Besides the main ones at Deception Creek, Camp Marion, Bear Camp and Dose Meadow, camp spots are available at nearly every little creek crossing along the way. We stopped for a late lunch at Camp Marion, then continued to Dose Meadow, 13 miles and 4450 feet, where we set up camp.

The next morning we set off with day packs. Lots of lilies, paintbrush and violets blooming. After the sturdy bridge across the upper Dose, we ran into snow patches but the route was easy to follow to the flats below Hayden Pass. The trail up to the pass looked partially melted out, with steep snow remaining on most of it.

We left the trail and went northeast over to Thousand Acre Meadow. The little tarn at its upper end was still snow-covered, and the lower meadow was about a third snowfree. Too early for flowers here. We climbed the ridge on the southwest side of the meadow to the top of Point 6150 and views into the depths of the backcountry.

Back at our Dose Meadow camp that night we watched the three resident deer, a marmot or two, and a doe with a tiny fawn. About dusk, a good-sized bear made its way through the meadow. Next morning we were up early to hike out.

I found the nettles in the meadows a big problem; Lee didn't even notice them. Except for a few blowdowns over the trail, the hiking is easy and the tread soft. A brand new outhouse has been installed at Dose Meadow.—Ann Marshall, 6/16-18.

MOUNT PERSHING (Mount Skokomish Wilderness; USGS Mount Skokomish)—This climb started out as a flesh-ripping, creek bottom bushwhack. Even my sense of adventure was shredded by the time I got to the "pond" and started up in open timber.

At 3000 feet I came upon a faint but definite tread heading the same direction as I was. It failed in slide alder below a basin at about 4200 feet. From the basin I went west up steep heather, rock and patchy snow to a broad snow bench/basin at about 5100 feet.

I chose a notch from here thinking I was somewhat on route. On gaining the ridge I found a curious mountain goat and that the summit was off to the north. A traverse on steep snow took me to a likely exit on the south ridge. Another traverse on a rock ledge and a short scramble and I was on top to spend a pleasant hour and forty minutes there with the views and the curious goat who settled in a few feet away.

The Olympic climbing guide says 7

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BACKCOUNTRY NEWS

hours up, but despite my initial bush-whack and feeling like I wasn't hurrying I was up in 3.5 hours; 1.5 down, following the "trail" all the way, which came out about 10 feet from where I had started.—The Postman, Seattle, 6/13.

SLAB CAMP to DEER PARK

(Olympic Natl Forest & Park; USGS Mount Zion, Tyler Peak)—We broke through the thick marine cloud layer on the way to the trailhead only to find high gray skies. We hiked sandwiched between the clouds.

Rhodies were starting to bloom on the lower trail. We could see where someone had recently taken a horse up, breaking up the sides of the trail. It was too early and wet for horse traffic.

At the 4000-foot viewpoint we could see up the Grey Wolf and Cameron drainages. Clouds descended and a veil of rain headed our way.—SB, Silverdale, May.

MOUNT WALKER

(Olympic Natl Forest; USGS Mount Walker)—We hit the peak of bloom for rhodies. Rosy pink cascades were everywhere; best at the top of the mountain.

This is a good solid climb of around 2000 feet in 2 miles. Views were hidden today.—SB, Silverdale, May.

BOULDER LAKE

(Olympic Natl Park; USGS Mount Carrie)—Reading the trail report at the Elwha Ranger Station could have scared us away—route finding problems, snow bridges weak. But a lot happened in the two weeks since that report was made: we found the trail in good shape and the lake clear of snow. One of the streams has some debris that makes crossing awkward.

Saw two fawns only a few weeks old, really tiny.—SB, Silverdale, June.

HAMMA HAMMA ROAD—On 7/19, Cabin Creek bridge replacement begins. Traffic to the Lena, Mildred and Putvin trails will be rerouted on road 24 (south of Eldon) and road 2480. Detour will be in effect until 10/18.—Ranger, 6/13.

ELWHA RIVER—Trail clear of large trees to Hayes River. Some patchy snow at Low Divide. Ford at Remann's cabin is too high this time of year.—Ranger, 6/10.

SHI SHI BEACH—Access from the Neah Bay side remains closed. Have patience.

SOUTHWEST



LEWIS AND CLARK MUSEUM AND TRAIL

(Fort Canby State Park)—We visited the museum—very interesting, showing info about the end of the L & C trip to the West Coast—then hiked the trail from there to Cape Disappointment Lighthouse.

The trail is rough in spots, roots and such, and also a little muddy, but very hikeable. After going downhill from the museum, you then hike up the other side on a paved service road. Lots of ocean birds observable from the high points. The circuit from the parking lot is only a little over a mile but worth the trip.—Paula Hyatt, Salem, 5/19.

LEADBETTER POINT

(State Park; USGS Oysterville, North Cove)—Trails through the woods are in fine condition and we made an enjoyable 3+ mile loop on a warm May day. As signing is minimal, either get a park sketch map (don't ask me where) or do a good job of memorizing the map on the big signboard at the trailhead.

This area is a bird watchers' paradise, both on the Willapa Bay or the ocean side, so enjoy! There is more trail available than we hiked on, but do keep track of what the tide is doing, regardless of which side of the peninsula you are on.

Our party: one from Seattle who has been there before, one from New York state who was on a 3-week excursion

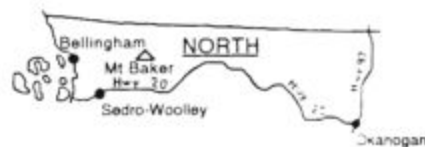


Sitting Bull Mountain and Lyman Lake from near Spider Gap, Glacier Peak Wilderness.

with her friend, and I from Oregon, who had been on the peninsula before but never hiked except on the beach near the Columbia North Jetty many years ago. We three have been friends since 1936.—Paula Hyatt, Salem, 5/18.

(For information on Leadbetter State Park, write Washington State Parks, 7150 Cleanwater Lane, Olympia WA 98504. You can also stop at the Willapa Wildlife Refuge office on Highway 101 about 10 miles out of Long Beach; call 206-484-3482 for hours.—AM)

NORTH



ROBINSON PASS (Pasayten Wilderness; USGS Robinson Mountain, Slate Peak)—Our group of four arrived at the trailhead (2500 feet) around noon. The skies were clear and it was about 80 degrees.

The trail gained several hundred feet at first, then the grade leveled out with an occasional short section of moderate steepness. The first 4 miles the trail was lined with Indian paintbrush, false Solomon seal, white rhododendron, and balsam root.

Between 4 and 6 miles several unbridged streams, running high from snowmelt, cross the trail. Some have logs to use while others test your ability to rockhop while trying to keep your boots dry. The log across Robinson Creek at 6 miles is a challenge when it's wet and the middle section is underwater.

We camped two nights in a meadow at 6.5 miles (4900 feet). Unfortunately many of the campsites here have been brutalized. By our camp two dozen small trees had been cut down. Near Robinson Creek two trees two feet in diameter were cut down by a chain saw, sectioned for fire wood, and then stacked nearby. Also near the camp was a garbage pit with empty 10-40 oil cans, propane bottles, tin cans, glass jars, and much more scattered around in the woods.

On Sunday we day hiked up to Robinson Pass (6200 feet). A couple of blowdowns across the trail near 7.5 miles require crawling over and under. The last mile before the pass was quite muddy with many small streams.

The trail was snowfree except for a few small patches right at the pass. Glacier lilies, spring beauties and marsh marigolds covered the meadows ap-

BACKCOUNTRY NEWS

proaching the pass.—Joe Buoy and Barbara Kirkevold, Kent, 5/29-31.

NORTH CASCADES NATL PARK

—Silver-Skagit road is open to Hozomeen; two bears in area. Many flowers in bloom but snow remains over 5000 feet.—Ranger, 6/14.

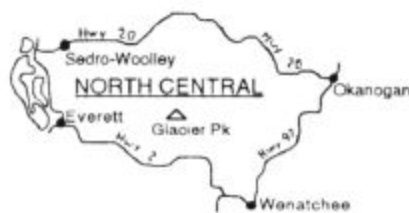
OKANOGAN NATL FOREST—

Andrews Creek, Cedar Creek, Chewuch, Driveway Butte, Early Winters, Hidden Lakes, Tungsten, Wolf Creek and Goat Peak Lookout trails are snowfree and most have been maintained. Others are snowfree for a few miles. The PCT is about 40% snowfree.

Eagle Lakes trail has a major rockslide on trail 431 above Lower Eagle junction.

Hart's Pass road is drivable to the pass; patchy snow remains to Slate Peak.—Ranger, 6/16.

NORTH CENTRAL



CRYSTAL LAKE (*Glacier Peak Wilderness; USGS Pugh Mountain*)—Depending on which map you look at this is a 3- to 4.5-mile hike which looks simple enough. A good choice for our first outing with full packs, not too far, not too steep. Right.

Drive the Mountain Loop Highway to the Whitechuck River Road. Drive this road to the Meadow Mountain turn-off. The trailhead is clearly marked several miles down this road. The map shows two routes, one along an abandoned road, one on a trail just paralleling the road.

We never did find where the trail took off from the road but did see it where it connected to the lake end of the trip. We explored it a little on the return trip. It had several blowdowns in the first 20 feet and grew all too faint. As we'd thought the road route was brushy enough we didn't attempt the trail. It will be gone in a few years if not brushed out.

The last section connecting the old road to the lake is very steep and brushy. The trail wasn't snow covered until we were almost to the lake and the route was quite clear. The lake itself was mostly frozen over. We found an exposed campsite with a nice view and set up camp. A very pretty spot.

Oh yes—coming in we encountered a "herd" (nest, gaggle, flock?) of snakes! Big ones. I wasn't counting—I was busy screaming and moving my feet—but Mr. Maphead said there was a group and, yes, they were big.—Mystery Hiker and Mr. Maphead, Granite Falls, 5/25-5/26.

JACK PASS LOGGING ROADS

(*Baker-Snoqualmie National Forest; USGS Evergreen Mountain*)—Free of snow, although some rock slides on part of the roadway. Apparently, Road 65 is permanently closed for through traffic, but the entire Beckler River area is accessible from either Jack Pass or from Highway 2 near Skykomish. The interruption occurs shortly after the takeoff of the Rapid River Road.—Warren Guntheroth, Seattle, 5/22.

EL CAPITAN (*Baker-Snoqualmie Natl Forest; USGS Evergreen Mountain*)—Although Beckey's Guide has no specific information about this mountain (5327 feet), it has a spectacular view, and involves only hiking.

Take Road 65 up to Jack Pass from Road 63 (North Fork Skykomish). From the pass, take Road 6570, then 6574 to end at approximately 3500 feet. Go cross-country to Boulder Lake (4381 feet). Ascend ridge northwest of lake, then head northwest on the gentle ridge. (The formidable-looking cliffs south of the lake, 5206 feet, are not the objective.)

We did not descend to the lake, but stayed 300 to 400 feet above its north side as we contoured to the ridge. Time required to summit approximately 4 hours, mostly on snow in late May.

For the record, there is an inviting, open and scenic ridge that connects El Capitan to the north side of Spire Mountain that appears to be infinitely better than the Howard Creek approach, and saves 2500 feet of the ascent compared to the Lost Creek approach. (Spire is a roped climb.)—Warren Guntheroth, Seattle, 5/22.

"SECRET" TUMWATER CANYON RIM TRAIL (*Wenatchee Natl Forest and private land; USGS Winton*)—The abandoned trail goes up Spromberg Ridge from Highway 2. Park at Tumwater picnic- and campground, walk across the Highway 2 bridge, then look sharp for old trail switchbacking up right off the Highway.

This is a wonderful little trail this time of year when we're weary of snow and longing for grassy meadows, sun-drenched ponderosas and flowers. It has them all, plus great views to snowy peaks where we will get a lot



Calypso orchids.

more of this kind of hiking in another month or two.

Flower lovers will find this trail a delight—many varieties! Trail is in fine enough shape for walkers to the ridge-top and a little beyond before it is decimated by logging.—Gail Roberts, Snohomish, 5/15.

HELENA PEAK (*Baker-Snoqualmie Natl Forest; USGS Silverton*)—Gail Pritchard, Mark DesVoigne and I had hoped the weather would improve for our climb but it didn't clear up until we were back at our car.

We parked at 3000 feet, a few hundred yards from the parking area for the Kelcema Lake trailhead. We followed a trail to Deer Creek Pass (3400 feet) and then ascended northeast up an easy, timbered ridge to a high point at 4960 feet.

A short descent leads to the south ridge of Helena which we followed a ways on the crest. Because it is steep and brushy in places, we traversed below the west side on soft, steep snow, but it was faster in the long run than staying on the ridgeline.

Visibility was poor but we were able to locate the 400-foot gully that leads to the summit (5401 feet). The gully does require some Class 3 scrambling on slabby rock. The ascent from the car took 3 hours.

Helena is a good spring climb as well as offering a winter ascent if you can drive the Deer Creek road a couple of miles.—Dallas Kloke, Anacortes, 5/13.

BACKCOUNTRY NEWS

DEVILS THUMB (*Baker-Snoqualmie Natl Forest; USGS Silverton*)—After our Helena Peak trip, we decided to try Devils Thumb two days later. The morning was nice in Anacortes but the weather was the same in the mountains—a complete whiteout.

Parking our car along with ten other vehicles at the turnoff for the Coal Creek road, we hiked the over-grown road for about 3 miles to where the road completely deteriorates into a "trail."

Following a party of 40 climbers from BoeAlps helped us to negotiate our way through the muddy and sometimes brushy terrain to a 3800-foot basin. From the basin, we headed north on consolidated snow to the southwest flank of Devils Thumb.

We climbed a snow gully and then scrambled up solid rock to the south ridge and the final scramble to the summit. It took us 4 hours and we were joined later by 18 climbers from the BoeAlps party. We couldn't see much but it was warm and still great to get out.—Dallas Kloke, Anacortes, 5/15.

WHITECHUCK BENCH TRAIL (*Baker-Snoqualmie Natl Forest; USGS Whitechuck Mountain, Mount Pugh*)—This is a long, low hike through forest the entire way. We drove to Darrington, headed out of town on the Mountain Loop and turned left just short of the Whitechuck River Road.

The trail begins either at the campground or a little farther down the road. We parked at the campground and headed out. If you do this look for orange tape and a sign indicating the trail, we saw (and took) several "sucker bait" trails before finding the real thing! This was a pleasant hike, almost flat the entire way (6.7 miles one way), but a good workout for us this time of year. Plenty of forest flowers, moss, trees, birds and of course the Whitechuck River. The Mountain Loop is open and the snow is melting fast.—Mystery Hiker and Mr. Maphead, Granite Falls, 5/18.

SLOAN CREEK TRAIL (*Baker-Snoqualmie Natl Forest; USGS Glacier Peak West, Sloan Peak*)—Sherry and I were looking for a place to go where we could hike from a remote but suitable "camping" place for our new-to-us motorhome. We settled on Sloan Creek about 7 miles east up a good but pot-holed road off the Mountain Loop Highway between Darrington and Granite Falls.

We hiked the Sloan Creek Trail, which goes up to the PCT to Red and White Passes south of Glacier Peak. The trailhead campground and the trail have had very heavy horse use and are

pretty well torn up and also muddy wherever water couldn't drain. We parked west of the road just south of the Sloan Creek Bridge in a beautiful stand of old growth.

We met some friendly horse folks who had volunteered to haul large rough cedar planks (about 6"x12"x5'), two per horse, up to where rangers were repairing trail damage. We got off the trail several times to let the loaded horses by.

Other than the mud and horse by-products, the trail has some good views and is in good shape with no blow-downs and even some of the brush whacked down. The only bridge we found to cross the Sloan at the junction to the Blue Lake Trail (confusingly only signed "Pilot Ridge" at the junction) was a large log only slightly slippery but with no handrail or cable. The river was very high and fast at that point. I have been down that way from Blue Lake later in the year and had to ford the river.

Two good loops are possible from the Sloan Campground: 1) up the road south about 2 or 3 miles and up to the ridge south of Pilot Ridge (with some great views of the Monte Cristo Peaks), along the ridge to where it meets Pilot Ridge at Blue Lake, then west along Pilot Ridge and down (very steeply) to the log crossing and out the Sloan Creek Trail; or 2) up the Sloan Creek Trail to the PCT, south to the trail to Blue Lake and west on one of the two ridges. There is a very steep short-cut trail which goes east from Blue Lake over a ridge (with really great views west and south) and meets the Blue Lake Trail a half-mile or so west of the PCT.—Tom Karasek, Stanwood, 6/6.

DIRTYFACE LOOKOUT (*Wenatchee Natl Forest; USGS Lake Wenatchee*)—Linda, Lindy, Bettye and I drove over to Lake Wenatchee, stopping for dinner at the Squirrel Tree and car-camping several miles up the White River.

The next morning was clear and cool. We filled our water bottles at the trail-

head (2000 feet) and started up. We saw evidence that bicyclists had slalomed down the lower part of the trail, cutting many switchbacks and leaving deep ruts in the soft forest floor.

At about 3400 feet the trail intersects an old road and follows it for one long switchback. Where the trail leaves the road again is a large campsite; water is available where a spring crosses the old road on the lower arm of the big switchback.

Now the trail *really* climbs, passing a huge, ancient Doug fir at 4500 feet and reaching the northeast ridge at about 5600 feet. Here we chose to follow a faint trail north over the ridge and down to the basin on the other side. We lost the path just after it crossed the stream in the valley bottom.

Heading northwest we made our way up to a beautiful bench on the knoll between our basin and Dirtyface Lake, then scrambled to the rocks on the very top for lunch and grand views. Retracing our steps, we dropped into the basin and climbed up to rejoin the main trail, which we followed another 400 feet to the 5989-foot high point and the site of the old lookout.

After we had spent another hour on this summit, we headed down a little after 2pm. Bettye and Lindy took a side trip to a spectacular rock outcrop just south of the lookout site. Lindy reported that the top was covered with coyote droppings and wondered if they sat there at night to howl.

We were back at the car, with aching knees, in a couple of hours.—Ann Marshall, 6/12.

WHITE RIVER (*Glacier Peak Wilderness; USGS Mount David, Clark Mountain, Glacier Peak East*)—Backpacking in late May is a real challenge because of snow and high water. On this trip the snow turned out not to be a problem, but there was lots of water.

The White River road was open to the end. After loading our packs, we started up the trail. There were a few trees down across the trail, but they were easy to get over or around. With slight ups and downs we made it to the Boulder Creek camp for our first night.

Day two was a sunny clear day in the seventies. What a treat! We continued up the river past the Boulder Pass trail and finally out of the forest. We had grand views up the valley to White Pass and enjoyed lots of waterfalls coming down the ridge to our right.

In places the trail was a stream, forcing us to walk through the vegetation on the sides. We were wearing shorts and there were nettles! Stream crossings were tricky in places. The two bridges across Thunder Creek allowed



Yellow Violet.

BACKCOUNTRY NEWS

us to continue.

Lightning Creek was a problem. We had to ford the first channel but couldn't find a way across the second. We made camp near the first crossing.

The next morning we found a log we could cross downstream. We discovered that our sunny camp was much better than the dark, snow-covered site that had been our goal along Lightning Creek.

We hiked through a burn to another stream, which we forded. At the White River crossing we stopped. The bridge was gone and the log across was on the thin side. After lunch we returned to camp. At dinner, a two-minute rain shower had us scurrying to get our things into the tent.

Day four was another hot, sunny day. That night we camped at the Boulder Pass trail on the banks of the White River. We went up this trail the next morning under overcast skies. As we climbed out of the trees we got a great view up the White River valley. The trail was snowfree to the creek crossing and beyond.

We returned to camp for lunch, then hiked out the last 4 miles. We drove home in the rain!—Linda and Steve Rostad, Bothell, 5/23-27.

INDEPENDENCE LAKE, NORTH LAKE, PASS LAKE

(Baker-Snoqualmie Natl Forest; USGS Silverton, Helena Ridge)—I've done it finally—hiked every trail in the Monte Cristo area that appears in the Monte Cristo Guide, published by Northwest Press, now out of print. (Well, to be technically correct I would still have to hike the remnant of the old Deer Pass trail and the Maid of the Woods but since both of these wisps of tread are less than 1/2-mile I am not including them.)

I've come a long way since my very first hike in the Monte Cristo area to Sunday Falls 13 summers ago (yikes, I was still smoking cigarettes then). But I have not run out of things to do in the Monte Cristo area. There are still many abandoned trails to explore and several scrambles and cross-country adventures ahead of me.

This was a Mountaineer hike and I was leading it "blind." We drove 6 miles to the end of the Coal Lake road, which is in good shape. We passed the Coal Lake parking area (Coal Lake is just off the road) and the unmarked short trail to Pass Lake.

Nobody else was parked at the Independence Lake trailhead. We hiked about 1/2-mile through deep forest to the lake. The trail goes around Independence Lake then crosses a meadow

(lots of marsh marigolds). A trail to the left goes to campsites. We took the right branch and began switchbacking up the side of Rucker Peak, named for the Rucker Brothers who purchased the Monte Cristo railroad as transportation for tourists who stayed at Big Four Inn.

We startled a baby rabbit who took refuge under the lush vegetation. The wildflower display on this mountain-side was the best I've seen in the Monte Cristo area. Yellow violets, glacier lilies, bleeding heart, phlox, trilliums, Solomon's seal were everywhere. I'd read in the guide about the common butterwort (not so common to this area) but didn't find it. This small violet flower is carnivorous and traps insects on its sticky leaves.

We soon came to a small, scenic waterfall that pours into a pool—a perfect place to stop on a hot day. Beyond the waterfall we began to hit serious patches of snow and I wondered if we'd be able to get to the pass above North Lake. As a hiking group we were not equipped with ice axes. The snow was not very steep so we made it to the pass without any problems. At the pass we looked down to still-frozen North Lake. It was starting to cloud up but it was warm enough that we could linger over our lunch and the good views.

We finally pried ourselves from our perches and, retracing our route down the snow, stopped at Pass Lake. Unfortunately debris and broken glass scattered about the lake shore made it less than a wilderness experience. The prettiest section of the trail was just before the lake: a large meadow was full of marsh marigolds and braided with small rivulets.—Karen Sykes, Seattle, 6/13.

SCHAEFER LAKE (Glacier Peak Wilderness; USGS Schaefer Lake)

—From the parking lot the trail drops to the Chiwawa River. A route across the log jam had been flagged. The trail follows the river valley for a mile, then starts a steady climb. At 3.5 miles you cross Schaefer Creek (4100 feet). The next 1.25 miles gain 1000 feet.

The trail finally levels off as you approach Lower Schaefer Lake; a few minutes later you arrive at Schaefer Lake. We encountered 25 trees across the trail, the majority in the first 2 miles. The last half-mile was mostly covered with snow.

There was snow around the lake but several campsites were snowfree. A steady wind blew the whole time we were at the lake. Two dayhikers showed up in the afternoon, the only people we saw the whole weekend.—Joe Buoy and Barbara Kirkevold, Kent, 6/12-13.

WEST CADY RIDGE (Baker-Snoqualmie Natl Forest; USGS Blanca Lake)—Steve and I got about 5 miles out the ridge. The lower part of the trail has been brushed and drained. We ran into snow around 4800 feet, patchy at first, then solid at about 5300 feet, which is where we turned around.

One meadow was thick with lilies and buttercups. It was just gorgeous and is going to be even better when more of the snow melts.—Linda Rostad, Bothell, 6/17.

DARRINGTON DISTRICT—The Mountain Loop Highway is open and in good condition.

At Big Four, one small ice cave has formed already. Avalanche danger is high near the ice fields. The Mount Higgins trail is closed due to logging until September.

The Milk Creek trail is badly damaged by flooding. Lower 3 miles are difficult to follow. Bridge is out at PCT junction.

The White Chuck trail has two major slides blocking it due to the '90 floods. Snowfree to Kennedy. A major construction project will begin 6/15 and last through the summer—your patience is appreciated.—Ranger, 8/18.

SUIATTLE ROAD—Repairs are underway. Road should be re-opened in July or August. Call Ranger Station at 206-436-1155 for current conditions.—Ranger, 6/18.

CHELAN DISTRICT—Ticks and rattlesnakes are out in abundance.

The bridge to Hart Lake (Holden) has washed out; the crossing is being reconstructed now.

The Lady II and Lady Express are making daily runs from Chelan to Stehekin. Hikers may arrange for special stops if arrangements are made in advance with the boat company. Call 509-682-2224.—Ranger, 6/15.

ENTIAT DISTRICT—The main Entiat Road is snowfree to Cottonwood Campground.

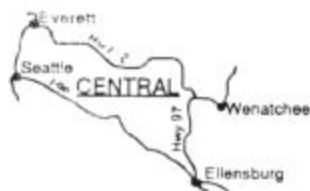
The Upper Mad River trail is closed to motors and stock until 7/15.—Ranger, 6/15.

TRIP TIP

The **Delta Aquarid** meteor shower peaks this year on July 28. The spectacular **Perseid** meteor shower peaks on August 12. Schedule an overnight trip to an open campsite and set your alarm between midnight and 2am to watch the show.

BACKCOUNTRY NEWS

CENTRAL



MALACHITE PEAK (*Baker-Snoqualmie Natl Forest; USGS Skykomish*)—Took trail 1064 to just below Malachite Lake. Snow here at 3900 feet. Headed on a slight contour to basin. Up slopes to summit rock. Scrambled around and found a way to the summit. Beautiful day, views too. Trail fine. Flowers. Big trees, big falls.—The Postman, Seattle, 5/23.

MIDDLE FORK SNOQUALMIE RIVER ROAD—According to the North Bend Ranger Station, the Middle Fork Snoqualmie River Road is now open. The damage due to slumping has been repaired.—Dave Beedon, Renton, 6/1.

KATRINE RIDGE (*DNR; USGS Devils Slide, Mount Phelps*)—The former road to this area washed out several years ago at Sunday Creek. However, an extension off the Phillipa Ridge road now provides access.

Drive the North Fork Snoqualmie county road 2 miles beyond Wagner Bridge (perhaps 16 miles from North Bend) to a side road right, parking left.

The flat footroad, gated and motor-free, proceeds easterly 1 mile across Phillipa Creek to a fork. The right branch leads to upper Phillipa valley and Phillipa Ridge; go left, swinging around the base of Katrine Ridge and then beginning a long climbing traverse. (Because this was an after-work jaunt, I mountain-biked this far to allow more walking time.) Elevation 1600 feet.

In 1/3-mile from the nose, the old Katrine road comes in from the left. The sidetrip is mandatory, leading downhill in 5 minutes to Katrine Creek, spanned by a firm footlog, boiling and foaming in multiple cataracts during spring flood.

I continued up the main road 1 1/2 miles to Loch Katrine before turning around for the evening. The peaceful twilight spreading over the North Fork valley was a heavenly balm. Thank you again, Mr. Manning.—Andy Carr, Bellevue, 5/17.

GARFIELD MOUNTAIN:
"South Outrigger Spire" (*Alpine Lakes Wilderness; USGS Snoqualmie*

Lake, Lake Phillipa)—For the purpose of this report, I shall call "South Outrigger Spire" what Beckey refers to as the northern summit of the two East Peaks of Mount Garfield, using the term "North Outrigger Spire" for what Beckey refers to as the Outrigger Spire. This nomenclature is logical since the two spires are the southern and northern terminal high points on a short rugged connecting ridge.

Approach: Drive the Middle Fork road to the twin-culvert drainage (roughly a mile west of Dingford Creek). Park and walk 100 yards or so west and locate an old trail. Take it to where it levels off and veers to the right. Continue upslope (some tread and tape).

Top out and hike easy open terrain to a tarn, then drop to Upper Garfield Lake (stay on the south side), and continue to Lower Garfield Lake. Locate the gully in the cliffs at the southeast end of the latter, ascend it to the trees, and continue up to the base of the North Outrigger Spire. Climb the gully on its left (east) to the low point on the ridge, then south and up to the summit.

We found no evidence of a previous visit so it's possible that this is a "first." Rating: Class 3 to 4 plus steep snow (take a rope). Time: allow 8 hours (one way).—Garth Warner and Mark Owen, Carnation, 5/23.

INGALLS CREEK (*Alpine Lakes Wilderness; USGS Blewett, Enchantment Lakes*)—Several people cancelled because of the rain, but five of us still showed up at the trailhead. Although the others were going out for two nights, I was just along for the day.

In spite of the continuous rain, the Ingalls Creek flowers were out in profusion—Bev and I even saw two beautiful lady's-slipper orchids. I was unfamiliar with many of the flowers. On a sunny day, it would be pleasant to tote along a field guide and study the new ones.

Camps are located about every mile along this gentle trail. The farther up you go, the nicer the camps get.—Ann Marshall, 6/9.

STAFFORD CREEK to COUNTY LINE TRAIL (*Wenatchee Natl Forest; USGS Blewett*)—Snowfree to ridge top and for less than 1 mile in each direction along the County Line trail. Camped in the nice meadow at about 5500 feet.

This area is obviously used as a high cow pasture. Old cow pies everywhere. Much of the area shows the effects of overgrazing at high altitudes. Barren except for trees. Saw no wildlife all

weekend, despite much cross-country wandering. It's no surprise. There's nothing for browsers (deer) to browse on.

This isn't to say the whole area is barren, but there are definite large stretches of it. Hardly enough for the two ground squirrels we did see. Therefore, saw no predators either. The few spring flowers pioneering amid the rubble were out. The views between rain showers were lovely.—Gail Roberts, Snohomish, 5/29-31.

EASTON RIDGE (*Wenatchee Natl Forest; USGS Kachess Lake*)—I parked off the Kachess trail access road, at a spot 1/2-mile from the powerline road where a short trail heads off right to creek side. A small downed fir tree provided a precarious, slightly bouncy crossing over swollen Silver Creek. On the far side, a 4WD road coming in from the south rapidly turns into the lower Easton Ridge trail terminus, elevation 2300 feet.

A clearcut at 2900 feet bisects the trail. There was one blowdown below this point and one above, both difficult to pass. Calypso orchids were unusually abundant in the forest shade; red flowering currant edged the clearcuts.

At the 3500-foot saddle is a signed intersection: Domerie Divide trail 1308.2 left; Easton Ridge trail 1212 right. The righthand choice splits again after a few yards: to the right the level path leads to the upper clearcut landing (3640 feet), while the left route climbs steeply to the ridge crest.

Midway along the ridge (between the two high points), glacier lilies and spring beauty burst forth from carpets of moss. Ineffable!

Just a few snow patches left around the South Point, from which I enjoyed views of Mount Stuart beyond Cle Elum Lake.

Easton Ridge visitors should by all means travel the Domerie Divide trail 1/4-mile to the Silver Creek gorge overlook—it's a zowie.

I was surprised to observe a pickup truck parked at the 3640-foot landing, since last year the road leading into the clearcut was gated, locked, and bermed just beyond the old quarry (see *Pack & Paddle*, July 1992, page 9). At hike's end I checked out the quarry one more time, and found the road re-opened; however, the road is signed beside the quarry entrance: "DANGER—HAZARDOUS AREA—NO TRESPASSING."

In the same vicinity I found what I'll describe as "the current best road access to the Easton Ridge lower trail terminus," an approach which avoids the treacherous Silver Creek footlog.

The following directions embellish

BACKCOUNTRY NEWS

on Bob Kinzebach originals (*Signpost, May 1986 and August 1988*): "Take the frontage road past RV Town and go east about 1/2-mile to a junction. Follow left fork straight ahead less than 1 mile to powerline where road deadends. Drive south to the next power pole and turn left. At an immediate unsigned junction, the right fork leads to the quarry and upper clearcut; take the left fork 1/2-mile through a recent Plum Creek valley-bottom clearcut to road-end. Walk north on a jeep trail ... in 100 yards pass the creek log crossing on the left. Onward and upward...."—Andy Carr, Bellevue, 5/16.

JOLLY MOUNTAIN (*Wenatchee Natl Forest; USGS Davis Peak*)—

To get away from the rain we drove over to Salmon la Sac. The trail is excellent and the wildflowers were beautiful. The first couple of miles go up through an old clearcut.

We easily made the creek crossing and soon after encountered snow patches. Just below Sasse Ridge we stopped for lunch. After lunch we lost the trail in the snow and ended up going straight to the top up a steep slope.

Back on track we headed east along the ridge. Jolly Mountain was in a cloud and the last mile was under lots of snow. We settled for a 3600-foot climb to the start of the Jolly Creek trail. Below we watched five elk feed in a snowfree basin to the northeast. Low clouds occasionally blocked our limited views.

Our trip down was easier on the part of the trail we earlier missed.—Steve and Linda Rostad, Bothell, 6/3.

BEAN and EARL PEAKS

(*Wenatchee Natl Forest; USGS Enchantment Lakes*)—I joined Howard, Judy and Gayle for a scramble of Bean and Earl. It's up the North Fork Teanaway Road, 1 1/2 miles past 29 Pines Campground, then up Beverly Creek road 112 as far as you can go.

Follow the Bean Creek trail. The crossing of the creek was on minuscule slippery branches. At least one foot stayed dry. In the basin, the flowers were out and gorgeous. We went up a scree and rock slope to the ridge, turned left to the summit of Bean.

After photos and, as Howard said, the typical activity of misidentifying every peak in sight, we descended back down the ridge. Then we "ran" the ridge to Earl. There were a few snow patches (knee deep) on the way up Earl. We kept going over the top and turned right when we figured we were past the cliffs and descended into the basin.—Jim Cavin, Seattle, 5/22.

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

JOHNSON CREEK TRAIL (*Wenatchee Natl Forest; USGS Teanaway Butte*)—

The North Fork Teanaway road was in terrible condition beyond 29 Pines. A road crew was working on the road but it had been raining so hard there was no way they could provide immediate relief for the likes of us.

The mud was thick and deep and because of the roadwork in progress there were many large rocks in the road in addition to the usual bumps and holes and dips. We walled about and finally reached the Johnson Creek trailhead (the unsigned Johnson-Medra trail which starts a short distance beyond the Beverly Creek campground).

About a mile along the Johnson-Medra trail we reached the junction to Johnson Creek. From the junction it is a steep series of switchbacks to where the trail intersects the Jungle Creek trail. Johnson Peak, an easy Class 2 scramble, is a short distance farther, but both trail and hikers were soggy.

It began raining about the time we reached the switchbacks. At the junction it was raining harder so we huddled under the dripping trees for a snack and made a decision go back. Despite the rain we found this a pleasant, pretty hike. Everything is in bloom and fresh and green. The rain made everything smell sharp and sweet.—Karen Sykes, Seattle, 6/4.

MILLER PEAK (*Wenatchee Natl Forest; USGS Red Top Mountain*)—

Last year I did this as a solo hike with a light pack so I was left with the erroneous memory of a short and easy hike. This year I returned with The Mountaineers, a heavier pack and as Robert Frost would say, "that has made all the difference."

Could I blame my inertia on the 1800 feet I had done the previous day or is my impending birthday to blame? In

any event, my body felt like a Volkswagen as I "led" the group up the Miller Peak trail (at the end of the Stafford Creek road). The trail is open to motorbikes but I have yet to see them—perhaps they come later in the year.

And yes, it was still raining and the road from 29 Pines to Stafford Creek was still a mess. We made several stream crossings—none of them more serious than getting the feet wet. Beyond the stream crossings the trail begins to climb rather steeply. I led on but as the trail steepened the hikers behind me continued to talk, which gave me the suspicion I was not going as fast as some of these hikers could have gone.

Once we passed "Mary's Tree" I let them go ahead. (Mary's Tree is near the ridgeline, a tree that has wrapped itself around the rocks in a tenacious and artistic manner. It's named after Mary Sutliff, who described it in her guide *Teanaway Country*.)

It had stopped raining and we got intriguing glimpses of nearby ridges. The snow was as good as gone, too (don't tell the hikers). By the time we were on the summit it was sunny but cold and windy. After a brief lunch we headed back down. This is a pretty trail no matter what the weather holds—balsam root is blooming on the ridge.—Karen Sykes, Seattle, 6/5.

BEAN PEAK (*Wenatchee Natl Forest; USGS Enchantment Lakes*)—

Once again Bean Basin was the setting for the Alpine Scrambling Field Trip and as usual, I took my students up Bean Peak (my favorite peak in the basin).

The day got off to a good sunny start. The rain gear went into the bottom of the pack. Almost all the snow is gone from the basin and instructors and students were hard-pressed to find adequate amounts of snow for ice axe arrest practice. There was more snow on the north sides of the ridges, especially behind Mary Peak.

We ascended to the saddle between Bean and Earl. Bean Peak was easy for everyone. We were soon on the summit with other groups of students—it was very crowded but very friendly. Clouds were moving in, however, and before I finished lunch the squall we had been watching roared into the basin throwing hail at us with accompanying thunder.

A descent was in order. We left the summit and practiced techniques lower down. It rained on and off the rest of the day with thunder and lightning from time to time. It seems we all have to keep relearning that lesson—NEVER put your raingear in the bottom of your pack. Despite the storm and the soupy

BACKCOUNTRY NEWS

WILDLIFE

The Lake Wenatchee Ranger Station reports that in the last two weeks, two fawns have been brought in by well-intentioned but ignorant people.

Such a "rescue" is the worst possible thing humans can do for wildlife. Baby animals are not abandoned. Their mothers are nearby foraging, and may be watching helplessly as their young are taken.

PLEASE don't remove or touch any baby animal!

road, all went well and it was a successful field trip.—Karen Sykes, Seattle, 6/6.

TEANAWAY DIVIDE (*Wenatchee Natl Forest; USGS Teanaway Butte, Mount Stuart*)—This trail atop the ridge dividing the Middle and North Forks of Teanaway River is open to ORVs, but often offers solitude with grandstand views of the County Line peaks and Mount Stuart. In separate day hikes we have reached it from the pleasant trail up Johnson Creek and the road up Jungle Creek.

Johnson Creek access is by way of a footbridge over the North Fork Teanaway ¼-mile up the road from Beverly Creek campground.

Access from Jungle Creek requires parking where the road becomes deeply rutted just before it turns south toward Liars Prairie. Walk straight west up the road 100 yards to its junction with an old spur road coming down the hill from the right.

Follow that spur north straight up the ridge. Left over from an old partial cut timber sale, this spur is in poor condition. If it ever had any waterbars they are long gone due to motorbikes. It is a deeply rutted and eroding scar that is only getting worse—a bad case of Forest Service neglect.

The trail, mostly obliterated by this spur, contours around some of its steepest pitches and provides a welcome respite from the loose gravel. Horseback riders have also preferred it over the spur road. We took the time to brush out those segments of the trail that still remain.

After .3-mile of this, the spur ends and the trail continues through unlogged timber. In another 1.3 miles it tops out on an open ridge with the first of many great views west into the Middle Fork Teanaway and north to Stuart.

For the next 6 miles this trail, which is not shown on the Alpine Lakes Wilderness map, stays on the ridgetop except where it climbs over the shoulders of Malcolm and Koppen Mountains. ORVs use parts of this trail, but one stretch ½-mile south of Koppen Mountain is too rough for them and tricky even for hikers where the tread has disappeared on a loose gravel sideslope. At its north end, the trail drops steeply into DeRoux Creek.

This area offers loop options, especially for parties with two cars. Wildflowers abound in spring and early summer. Later in the year the ridge becomes fairly dry.—Dave Knibb, Bellevue, 6/13.

MOUNT SI (*DNR; USGS Mount Si*)—The DNR expects to have trail construction finished on schedule at the end of June, according to Shirley Shuttle of the DNR's recreation office.

Some vandalism of the construction site and new facilities has slowed the work, Ms. Shuttle told *P&P*; ribbons have been removed and new steps put into the rocks at the top were taken out. The work has had to be re-done, but they hope to finish on time anyway.

The DNR has learned, she continued, that the hiking public needs to be informed in advance of trail closures.—Ann Marshall, 6/22.

PCT—Stevens Pass Ski Area is constructing a new chairlift in Mill Creek. Construction will mess up about 200 feet of the PCT on the ridge between

Tye and Mill creeks between 6/1 and 7/31. Expect delays.—Ranger, 6/15.

LEAVENWORTH DISTRICT—All district roads are snowfree; Eightmile Road has been graded.

Reservations for the Enchantments are full for July, August and September. Many dates are still available for the Snow Lakes, Colchuck or Stuart areas, however. Call Ranger Station for information: 509-548-4067.

CLE ELUM DISTRICT—Road work and paving will be taking place this summer on the North Fork Teanaway road. Expect rough roadways, dust, and delays of up to 20 minutes. Similar conditions can be expected during road work on Highway 903 from French Cabin Creek to Salmon la Sac.

Our recent warm snap speeded up the snowmelt on many trails, especially those with south-facing aspect. Cathedral Rock and Waptus Lake trails are snowfree and maintained, but still a bit soggy and wet. Deep Lake and Squaw Lake are thawed, but campsites are not completely melted out.

The PCT north of Snoqualmie is snowfree about 3 miles; an ice axe is strongly recommended for the Catwalk. The Mount Daniel ford is extremely high this time of year. The PCT south is snowfree to Olallie Meadows, and snowfree between Blowout Mountain and Silver Peak.—Ranger, 6/15.



Camp at Indian Henry's.

BACKCOUNTRY NEWS

SOUTH CENTRAL



PAUL PEAK LOOP (*Mount Rainier Natl Park; USGS Golden Lakes*)—Never mind what the weather was—we didn't need sunscreen. We knew the Mowich Lake road was closed, but since we were taking the Paul Peak trail, that wasn't a problem.

The trail requires a mental shift: you go down on the way in and up on the way out. The trailhead was about at the "slush line." Heading down the trail, we had to don raingear because the snowmelt from the trees was simulating a rainstorm.

When we reached the Wonderland Trail intersection, Judy and I both thought that simply following the trail down to the Mowich River, eating lunch and heading back was too easy. Besides the weather was looking brighter. We could almost see our shadows. So we headed up the Wonderland Trail. Quite a ways up, we hit snow. Losing the trail was no big deal; Crater Creek was there to be followed the last few hundred feet of elevation. Mowich Lake looked awesomely flat and white.

Faced with the choice of 7 miles back down (and up) or five miles down the road, we chose the road. Taking turns breaking trail, we found that the deep snow extended farther than I had anticipated. We took the cutoffs between the road switchbacks, but it was still a lot of work to get back to the car.—Jim Cavin, Seattle, 5/8.

CRYSTAL LAKES (*Mount Rainier Natl Park; USGS White River Park*)—Megan and Daisy joined Bill and me for a hike to Crystal Lakes. We had a perfect day with a nice clear view of Mount Rainier on the way up and warm weather for lounging at the upper lake. It was a little early for the flowers. Upper Crystal has beautiful meadows with white anemones in bloom after the snow melts. It looks like they might be out in a couple of weeks.

Quite a few people were on the trail, many with children. We found patches of snow on the way to the upper lake but there were many dry spots to sit and eat lunch around the shore. This was the most snow we'd seen on the surrounding peaks and it was a beautiful site. We were also treated to the sight

of some mountain goats on one of the tall craggy surrounding mountains. The hike to the upper lake is 6 miles round trip and gains 2300 feet in elevation.—Jane Habegger, Olympia, 6/13.

VASHON and MAURY ISLANDS

(*nautical chart 18474*)—I led a

hearty group from Weyerhaeuser, along with some friends, on a long paddle from Browns Point (northeast Tacoma) around Vashon and Maury Islands and back to Browns Point.

We left Browns Point at 7am and headed for the south end of Vashon and Dalco Passage. Once around the point, instead of fighting the ebb in Dalco, we caught it in Colvos Passage. We blasted up Colvos, stopping a couple of times for short stretches. Off shore the ebb was strong and before we knew it, we were at the north end of Vashon.

It's often bumpy up here, but we hit it at slack and cruised through the kelp under the ferry dock and started south. Shortly thereafter we pulled ashore for lunch. Everyone was tired, but knew they'd make it. Lunch was long enough for muscles to cool and tighten, so the first half hour back in the boats was sore for a few.

We were fortunate to catch a following sea all the way to Robinson Point on Maury Island. This stretch proved tough for some as the following sea required a bit more concentration and people were getting tired. At the lighthouse, we could see home and celebrated with stretching, liquids and food. Calm waters and the last of the flood made our final crossing to Dash Point easy. The short blast from Dash Point to Browns Point was a mental fog for a few, but everyone made it.

Our total time was 10 hours, with 8 hours paddling time. Calculating some contouring and wavering, I figured the distance at approximately 33 nautical miles. This is a great challenge that really isn't as bad as everyone thinks. There's lots to see and the feeling of accomplishment is nice.—Murray Hamilton, Kent, 6/19.

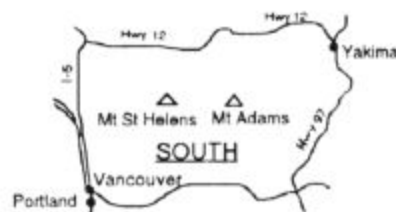
NACHES DISTRICT—Chinook, White and Cayuse passes are all open.

A permit is required for entry into the Goat Rocks and William O. Douglas Wildernesses. Much of the Crest still has lots of snow, but sections are snowfree—and very wet. Remember that snowmelt is followed immediately by mosquito season.—Ranger, 6/15.



The Yelverton Shelter, Goats Rocks Wilderness—in its better days.

SOUTH



MOUNT SAINT HELENS (*Mount Saint Helens NVM; USGS Mount Saint Helens*)—When you have secured a permit and assembled 9 climbers at Climbers Bivouac (one flew in from the Bay Area), you feel like you have to give it a go even though it rained all night and was raining steadily at 6am.

The party was well equipped and ranged in age from 27 to 58; four were carrying skis. The climb turned out to be a test of perseverance as it rained, hailed, sleeted and snowed the entire day. The fog never let us see more than 200 feet at a time and the wind gusted to at least 40mph. The view from the rim was worthless, but there was a definite sense of accomplishment for succeeding under tough conditions.

Three observations from the climb seem worth sharing. One: despite the absolute crummy conditions the entire day, several members got bright sunburns on the little of their faces that was exposed. One or two even got a mild case of sunburned eyes. It didn't occur to us to put on sunblock in the rain. The bill of a baseball cap seemed to protect one member's face.

Two: the Ptarmigan Hiking Club has done an excellent job of marking the trail below timberline which saved time in the patchy snow. The posts marking the route above timberline are very visible even in considerable fog and were easy to follow to 7100 feet. Above there wands greatly aided our descent—those ridges take on great similarity

BACKCOUNTRY NEWS

in the fog and fresh snow covered tracks.

Three: a small mishap on the descent occurred when a member slipped and went into a slow sitting slide on a moderate slope. K tried a partial arrest, which only twisted her position. By the time she got serious about the self arrest she dropped 8 feet into a rock well and bruised a hip. There were no complications, but self-analysis concluded that the original slip had been treated too casually.

We felt adequately prepared with two shovels, but I wondered afterward if we could have found deep enough snow to dig a cave. The snowfields had a lot of thin spots and you could waste a lot of energy digging, then running into rock before the cave would shelter nine people.

Think most of the party are also reworking their equipment lists. I am adding a second pair of dry gloves and a second wool shirt to mine.—JP, Bellevue, 6/7.

GRASSY KNOLL (*Gifford Pinchot Natl Forest; USGS Big Huckleberry Mountain, Willard*)—After spending the night in Portland with our friends Steve and Linda we headed off to the Columbia Gorge for three days of hiking.

The first day we went to Grassy Knoll on the old PCT northeast of the town of Carson. Bill discovered this hike in a new book we purchased, *100 Hikes in Northwest Oregon*, by William Sullivan (Navillus Press, 1958 Onyx Street, Eugene OR 97403). The wildflowers were spectacular—balsamroot, paintbrush, lupine, phlox, smilacina, vanilla leaf, trillium, beargrass ... unfortunately the weather was not. It was rainy and quite foggy all day.

We hiked as far as the Knoll, 3648 feet, an old lookout site. It was blowing and raining so hard that we decided to turn around there. We could not see any of the surrounding peaks due to the poor weather. The hike was 4.4 miles round trip and gained 900 feet to this point. One mile farther is Grassy Pass and 3 miles from Grassy Knoll is Huckleberry Mountain at 4202 feet. The latter is 10.8 miles round trip and gains 2300 feet.

The accolades describing the views from this hike—Mount Adams to Mount Hood—sound great. We will definitely return to do this on a clear day.—Jane Habegger, Olympia, 6/6.

DOG MOUNTAIN (*Gifford Pinchot Natl Forest; USGS Mount Defiance*)—The weather cleared on our last day hiking in the Gorge but Bill

and I had to get back to Olympia for an appointment, so our time was limited.

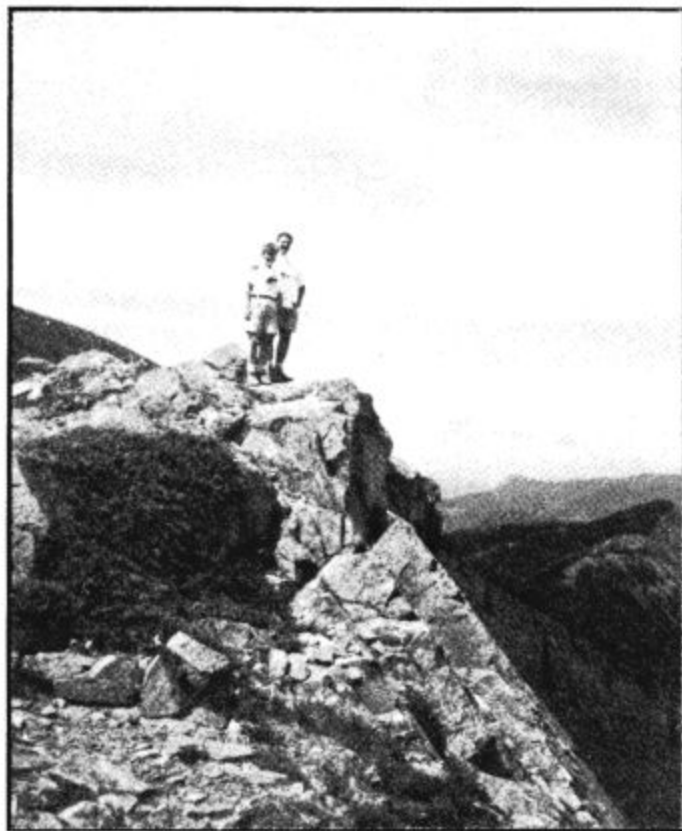
We hiked to the lower viewpoint on Dog Mountain—3 miles round trip and 1,500 feet elevation gain. The wildflowers were beautiful—at their peak. As always, the famous Gorge wind was present. Despite the sunny day we wore lycra tights, polypro tops and Gore-tex coats on the exposed ridge.—Jane Habegger, Olympia, 6/7.

MOUNT ADAMS DISTRICT—A contract to pave from the 23/8810 junction to the 23/90 junction will continue this spring as soon as the contractor can begin work. Gates will block this portion of the 23 road. Follow signs for the detour. Baby Shoe Pass is open.

Tract D / Bird Creek Meadows will open 7/1.

Beargrass is blooming between 3000 and 3500 feet.—Ranger, 6/4.

SAINT HELENS—Climbing permits are required from 5/15 to 11/1. Call 206-247-5800 for info.—Ranger, 6/4.



Jane Habegger and Bill Lynch on the Juniper Ridge trail, Gifford Pinchot National Forest.

Lori Patton

NORTHEAST



HORSE LAKE MOUNTAIN TRAVERSE (*Wenatchee Natl Forest; USGS Monitor, Cashmere*)—This is probably one of the best hikes in the Wenatchee foothills. It combines mixed forests of pine, fir and aspen, vast open flower fields, views of Glacier Peak, the Enchantments, and nearby Wenatchee, and the lure of a one-way route with new terrain always ahead. Some of the route is traveled by motorcycles, but on a perfect Sunday, we encountered only one all day. Since the route is always on roadways of varying widths, it is also suitable for experienced mountain bikers able to handle steep ups and downs.

After staging a vehicle near the Yaksum/Mission junction in Cashmere, we drove up the Number Two Canyon from Wenatchee. There are a number of parking spots. At the end of

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pavement is room for a few cars; 2500 feet. The road from here is best for high clearance vehicles.

At the first gate (2800 feet; open April 1 to fall) there is room to turn around and park a few vehicles. We parked here and began walking. A few hundred yards ahead is room for perhaps half a dozen vehicles.

At the second gate (2947 feet), where the main road heads left away from Horse Lake Mountain to access the East Fork Mission Creek Road, there is room for one or two vehicles.

From here, the route to Horse Lake Mountain (known to locals as Twin Peaks) is signed as a non-motorized route. Behind the gate the route ascends the south slopes of Horse Lake Mountain, passing pleasant meadows, views to Wenatchee, and yellow slopes of balsam enroute.

Near the top the road cuts between the summits through a broad saddle. Both high points are only 5 to 10 minutes in either direction and both offer pleasant views. The lower east summit has the best combination of views of Wenatchee and the surrounding mountains.

From the saddle between the summits, the road continues in a northerly direction following the north ridge of the mountain as it begins to descend. At 3700 feet the road drops off the ridge and begins switchbacking down the forested hillside. There are more roads than the topographic map shows. It is possible to stay in Section 34 and descend to Point 2998.

Here the character of the route changes dramatically, as an open ridge with many ups and downs slowly descends toward Cashmere. For several miles are many fine views of distant peaks and also the valleys of Yaksum Canyon and Fairview Canyon on either side of the ridge.

When the route reaches the first orchard near Cashmere, watch for a tiny bridge on the left crossing an irrigation canal. Cross and walk left on the irrigation frontage road. Shortly, descend right on a steep track to reach Butler Road. Here pavement leads into Cashmere.

The distance may be 12 to 13 miles or so, depending upon where you stop and start. Allow 5 to 8 hours, depending upon hiking speed and number of stops.—Charlie Hickenbottom, Wenatchee, 5/23.

OREGON

EAGLE CREEK / RUCKEL CREEK LOOP (*Columbia Wilderness; USGS Bonneville Dam*)—On a showery Tuesday morning in Portland, I decided to chance the weather and make a day hike up the popular Eagle Creek trail 440 with a possible side trip into the Columbia Wilderness. Leaving I-84 at Exit 41, I arrived at the trailhead and found only four cars in the parking lot.

As clouds gave way to hazy sunshine, I walked up the easy grade along Eagle Creek, admiring the waterfalls, the high steel footbridges crossing the creek, and the way the trail in places had been blasted into the volcanic cliffs. I passed only seven other hikers in 5 miles.

Encouraged by the sun's appearance, I decided to make my outing more challenging by taking the Eagle-Benson Trail 434 to the Benson Plateau, then returning in a loop by way of the Pacific Crest Trail and Ruckel Creek trail 405. The Eagle-Benson trail left the Eagle Creek trail about 5 miles from the trailhead, just beyond 4½-Mile Bridge.

Immediately, I climbed four steep switchbacks to an open traverse of wildflowers on top of a cliff, with views up the Eagle Creek drainage to higher country beyond. I then followed the trail away from the cliff and boulderhopped a vigorous little creek, which was the last water I saw until Ruckel Creek.

The next 3 miles climbed steeply uphill mostly in forest, only sometimes with switchbacks, for a gain of about 2700 feet. About two-thirds of the way up, I contoured a level portion around an open hillside covered with lichen, beautiful blue larkspur, and lupines just beginning to bloom. I admired the views but noticed clouds beginning to roll over ridges to the south. By the time I attained the camp at the junction with the Pacific Crest Trail at about 3700 feet, a brisk wind was blowing wisps of fog across the ridge.

Following the trail sign to Ruckel Creek, I turned left and proceeded in solitude on mostly level Crest Trail for about 1½ miles over a flat and windy Benson Plateau. I ignored a branch trail signed "Benson Way" and kept to the right. The next mile had snow patches on the trail, but they were easily surmountable.

Reaching the junction with the Ruckel Creek Trail, I stopped to put on my rain poncho as a steady rain began to fall and the light grew dim (once again I appreciated carrying my Ten Essentials!). Now on Ruckel Creek trail, in

about ½-mile I passed a camp and crossed the namesake creek, which was running high enough that I had to ford without benefit of rocks or logs. This was the last water I saw along the trail.

After another ½-mile gradually downhill, the trail dropped off the plateau—and I mean *dropped*. According to my map, the elevation loss was about 3200 knee-busting feet in 4 miles. After the first grueling downward stretch, I contoured two grassy, flower-covered meadows, where the grade was not as steep.

By this time, the rain had stopped and the clouds had lifted, and I was able to glimpse the Cascade Locks and the Columbia River. This interlude was short-lived, for the rest of the way plummeted relentlessly downward. I spent three hours descending the Ruckel Creek trail, and was relieved to reach the unsigned junction with Gorge Trail 400, leading back to Eagle Creek campground and the road to my car.

Altogether my 17-mile day hike took nine hours, and was solitary after leaving the Eagle Creek trail. If I were to do this loop again, I'd do it in reverse, tackling the Ruckel Creek trail first and leaving the easy Eagle Creek trail for last.—Jack Lattemann, Portland, 5/25.

WAHTUM LAKE, PCT (*Columbia Wilderness; USGS Bonneville Dam, 15'*)—While staying in Hood River, we decided to go south for the next day's hike. We chose Chinidere Mountain, above Wahtum Lake. Although it was pouring rain when we started, we put on polypropylene, wool and Gore-tex and headed off in the trees toward Chinidere Mountain anyway.

When we reached the tip of Wahtum Lake where the trail branches off toward Chinidere, we discovered that we had to ford a stream about 20 feet across and 3 to 4 feet deep. The water level was way too high to use the few logs scattered about to cross. We aborted our plans.

Instead we hiked on a stretch of the Pacific Crest Trail heading southwest toward Indian Springs for a few miles until we were so wet that our boots squished. Then we turned around and headed back to our car to get some hot coffee and a cookie and dry out.—Jane Habegger, Olympia, 6/7.

THREE MILE LAKE LOOP (*Oregon Dunes National Recreation Area; Siuslaw Natl Forest*)—The trail through the woods from Tahkenitch campground was in excellent condition. Rhodies were in full bloom now but will be gone by the time this is published. Several benches along the

BACKCOUNTRY NEWS

way for those who need a rest.

Above Three Mile Lake, on the sandy ridge, were at least two good campsites. Since both were occupied, we searched first on the deflation plain below and toward the ocean, then part way up the hill in the woods just south of the wide sandy hill and found something reasonably suitable there. We "forced" Nancy, youngest and strongest, to go down to the lake for water. The return is an uphill struggle on the steep sandy bank. No matter; she did fine. After setting up camp we ate supper, then sat out on the dune just out of the woods from our camp and watched the sun set. The wind, very pleasant, kept the bugs away.

Second day, with no wind, we hiked the Oregon Coast Trail through the dunes, following the posts (grey with a blue band at the top) north to Tahkenitch Creek.

Across the creek toward the ocean, on the sand flats, was an area of "voluntary closure" because it is nesting area for the snowy plover. We did hike across the posted area (we saw the sign when we returned) but saw no birds or nests.

Following the remainder of the loop trail, going almost due east through the desert-like dunes, we were in soft sand, easily followable, but slow going. Beautiful area here. Once into the woods, the trail was again in excellent condition.

While we did this as a backpack, this 7-mile loop also makes a really great day trip.—Paula Hyatt, Salem, 5/22-23.

IDAHO

SCOTCHMAN PEAK (*proposed Scotchman Peaks Wilderness, Panhandle National Forests; USGS Clark Fork*)—Peg, Meg, Tim and I hiked up Scotchman Peak on this cool and cloudy day. All things considered, the clouds were welcome. Scotchman Peak is a long, steep hike to beautiful views of the Cabinet Mountains Wilderness in Montana, Lake Pend Oreille, the Selkirks, and peaks in all directions.

The trailhead is a little tricky to find. If you follow the directions in *101 Hikes*

in the *Inland Northwest* to the letter, you should get there. The trailhead is about 70 miles from Coeur d'Alene, with 4 miles on dirt roads.

The trail gets down to business quickly. The elevation gain is 3700 feet, and it seems like much of it is gained in the first 1.5 to 2 miles. After that, things get more reasonable. The forest opens up, meadows appear, and the views begin.

These mountains have lots of big cliffs and deep valleys. The country is a lot more rugged, alpine, and stark than much of North Idaho. All in all, a place well worth checking out.—Steve Thornton, Coeur d'Alene, 6/6.

CRYSTAL LAKE and REED'S BALDY (*BLM*)—Tim, Meg and I took advantage of a rare sunny June day in North Idaho to explore some high country near home.

Crystal Lake and Reed's Baldy are located on a high north-south ridge which anchors the west end of the St. Joe Mountains. Much of this country has been roaded, logged, mined, or burned over the last 100 years, but many miles of good hiking still remain.

There are two trails to Crystal Lake. The first (and newest) is reached by heading east from Coeur d'Alene on I-90 for about 25 miles to the Cataldo exit. At the end of the exit ramp, go right. Follow the main road as it becomes the Latour Creek Road, and then the Rochat Divide Road, for about 13 miles until you come to a saddle, spring, and small campground. This is marked by a large BLM sign.

The trail takes off to the south, side-hilling with a few minor ups and downs, crossing a small stream, and eventually reaching Crystal Lake in about 2 miles. Views are good most of the way, looking down Latour Creek and to the Panhandle Forest to the north and surrounding ridges.

Crystal is a pretty subalpine lake with several camp spots, small trout, and a nice feeling of remoteness for a spot so easy to reach.

From the lake, we followed the

original trail west, up and out of the lake basin to the ridge top, and down to a saddle. From here you have several options. You could follow the trail down to the road (about 1.5 miles away), and walk the road back to your car, or follow the ridgeline back to your car (great views), or continue up the other side of the pass.

The third option leads through open, old and beautiful forest to Reed's Baldy (about .75-mile from the pass). Reed's Baldy is a high rocky knob with views to St. Maries, the St. Joe River, the Clearwater Mountains, and Coeur d'Alene.

Many years ago, a trail led north and east along the ridge all the way to Latour Peak. The trail is mostly gone now, but this would still be a good hike of about 6 miles one way.—Steve Thornton, Coeur d'Alene, 6/5.

SOUTH FORK SALMON RIVER ROAD—Road 476/676 will be closed 6/21 to 9/15 due to road construction. Use Johnson Creek or Lick Creek roads to go around.—Ranger, 6/10.

SAWTOOTH NRA—Trails are still snow-covered and stream crossings are fast, high and hazardous. Redfish Lake Lodge is open for the season. The boat shuttle is running on a request basis until the hiking season really begins.—Roma Nelson, 6/14.

USEFUL PHONE NUMBERS

Olympic National Park	206-452-4501
Mount Rainier National Park	206-569-2211
North Cascades National Park	206-856-5700
Crater Lake National Park	503-594-2211
Denali National Park	907-683-1266

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Easy Rider two person touring kayak. Yellow with white cowling. Includes two life vests, two paddles, flotation system, and roof rack saddles. Used only four times. \$800 OBO. 206-639-3020; can leave message (Snohomish).

Outdoor Recreation Information Center

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915 Second Ave Room 442
Seattle WA 98174



CHRIS MILLER

TAKU HARBOR —a great place to explore in southeast Alaska

Juneau, Alaska's capitol city, is beautiful and well known as a base for outdoor activities. From downtown, a trip south down Gastineau Channel, across Taku Inlet, around Circle Point (revealing southern Stephens Passage) and into Taku Harbor is a good trip for any level of kayaker.

I took this trip, about 20 miles in length, in the latter half of August, but it is possible from late spring to early fall. Knowing the current weather report and tides and being properly prepared are still necessities, since this country can be unforgiving. It helps to leave at highwater slack to catch the ebb tide south, out of the channel.

Starting from Harris Harbor, you pass along city and state floats and man-made breakwaters, then enter Gastineau Channel. Douglas Island bridge, overhead, spans the width of the channel.

Passing under the bridge, Taku Inlet and Stephens Passage come into view. To the left lies the rest of downtown Juneau, with some of the buildings muraled with pictures of humpback whales, Alaska natives, and gold rush scenes.

Also to the left, rushing into Gastineau Channel, is the concrete-bedded Gold Creek. Hundreds of humpback salmon try to get past the rocky mouth of this concrete creek and farther upstream, where Joe Juneau discovered gold many years ago.

To the right lies Douglas Island and the city of Douglas with its harbor and large Sandy Beach Park.

Continuing south down the channel, following the eastern shoreline, you'll see huge mounds of sand, silt and rock, dumped by several mining companies and independents over the years. Juneau drops behind, and now only a few houses skirt the abrupt hillside that rises out of and above the channel.

The Sheep Creek Hatchery lies along the shore now, where chum salmon crowd the mouth. The road along the shoreline ends soon after the hatchery. The small group of houses here and a little way beyond are known as Thane.



The channel now widens, continuing down the rock- and conifer-clad hillside. Some pilings from an old fish plant, one of hundreds in this region that have rotted away, protrude along this deep-water shoreline, approximately a mile from the channel's mouth.

The opening of the mouth reveals Taku Inlet to the east (and northeast, as it winds around toward Taku River and Glacier), and Stephens Passage, which runs south between the mainland and Admiralty Island, and northwest between Douglas Island and northern Admiralty Island.

Cutting straight across the mouth of the inlet toward Circle Point will take approximately three hours, as it is about 10 miles.

From flat calm to mild chop, Taku Inlet is fairly good traveling. Also, there's a good chance of seeing humpback whales, orcas, sea otters, porpoises, seal, bald eagles, and the occasional iceberg if large tides are occurring. It is a very scenic trip. In the summer months, the waters are often mild, except for the occasional "tidal waves" created by the wakes of the many cruise ships that convene on this region from spring to fall.

Once you reach Circle Point and the eastern shoreline, the waterline lies along rocky, tree-capped walls. Rounding Circle Point exposes southern Stephens Passage, where it can be a different world compared to the protected inlet. If you've been careful to

check the weather reports and keep an eye on the weather, you might be in luck with smooth water.

Sticking to the shoreline and continuing around Circle Point, you'll see the mouth of Taku Harbor come into view. A well-kept state float, some scattered houses and cabins, and rotting pilings from another old fish plant adorn the harbor. Heavy machinery and other processing equipment now rust away on the beach as years of tidal movements attack them with corrosive power.

At the state float, fresh water and garbage facilities are available. A minimal boardwalk, which turns to trail, leads around the harbor shoreline in both directions. The trails pass the few houses and cabins and a couple of small warehouses used for fishing or trapping gear.

The trail to the north (left from the end of the float) is longer and more suited to walking than the trail to the south. It takes in one-quarter to one-third of the harbor, going past the old processing plant, through a wooded area, and opens up at a nice little creek. Farther, the trail passes a summer cabin, then, off to the right where an old home has long since collapsed, a lonely grove of apple trees, a rarity in these parts. If you're not too full of salmon berries eaten along the trail, a Taku Harbor apple is a real treat.

You can head back the same day, if the weather and tides are right, or you can pitch camp here. I have stayed many nights in and around the harbor and, except for the occasional mosquito swarm, it's very comfortable. There's also the chance to see bear (brown and black), wolves, otter, deer—and great fishing.

The paddle to Taku Harbor is a great way to see this beautiful area of southeast Alaska.

△

Chris Miller lives in Shelton.

MARY COLLINS

MOUNT HOOD: an 1896 ascent

In 1896, Mary Collins wrote a letter to her fiance Elmer Watts, describing her climb of Mount Hood. She was a young teacher, about 20, probably just out of school, and made the climb with her sister Ednelle and friend Nellie. Elmer saved the letter, and after he and Mary married it was stored away for years. Recently Mary's niece, Mary L. Watts of The Dalles, made copies of the letter and old photographs for family members. Donna (Mary L. Watts' niece) and Earl Burt, of Bremerton, recognized a historical gem when they saw it, and passed on a copy to *Pack & Paddle*. We are pleased to be able to reprint it.

Letter to Elmer E. Watts
Valparaiso, Indiana
from Mary Collins
Dallas, Oregon

Steamer *Altona*
Willamette River
July 24, 1896

My own Sweetheart:

I have so much to tell you about that I don't know which to tell first. I have not forgiven myself for letting you go back before next fall. I should have kept you here and sent you off on such expeditions as we have been taking till you would hardly know yourself you would feel so well and rested. ...

But as you persist in working yourself to death, I shall stop scolding if you will promise to make good use of what vacation you can have. My dear boy, I wish I could give you a great big kiss and you would not think I am cross, but as I can't do that, and as I didn't start this letter with the intention of giving you a lecture, I shall tell you something about the fun I have been having though I can give you but a vague idea of it. I know you will be proud of me when I tell you that I have developed into a woman tramp, having made about 70 miles in five days. How's that for a beginning?

We three girls spent a very quiet day at Hood River until we were joined by President Campbell. We went down to meet the three o'clock train and bore him in triumph to the hotel. He said he had met Miss Cooper in The Dalles and that she would come on the 6 o'clock train next morning.

We had a very pleasant afternoon

and evening planning and making arrangements about provisions, chatting and walking. The train from Portland brought Professor Hutchinson, Mr. Lewis (our photographer), Mary and Francis Gallaway, Ella Currin and Anna Powell and Professor Weatherby of Eugene. President C. had met them at Gladstone two days before and got them to join us on short notice. The men went and purchased the provisions we had planned.

The next morning Miss Cooper arrived and about 7 o'clock we started to



Mary Collins in a studio photograph showing off her hiking dress.

walk to Cloud Cap Inn, a distance of about 30 miles. We were all teachers excepting Mr. Lewis, and a jollier crowd it would be hard to find.

You would have laughed to see our procession start: seven of us girls in short skirts and one in bloomers, the men in rough suits and slouch hats with a bicycle loaded beyond recognition. Our blankets and most of the provisions were sent on by stage to the toll bridge.

It was a hot day and the road was steep and dusty. Pretty soon our voices no longer resounded in song and the foot races ceased to be attractive. At the end of the first 9 miles we reached a little house on a hill with the yard full of trees and flowers.

An old man lived there by himself and as we came trooping into his yard, tired, dusty, hungry, hot and jolly he surrendered without a murmur, and we made lemonade under his trees and ate lunch on his lawn to our entire satisfaction.

After we had refreshed the inner man (and woman) he brought out some quilts for us girls to lie on. We took them to a shady hillside and had a most delightful nap in the shade. About two o'clock we resumed our way through dust and heat. At one house we bought some butter and the lady gave us all the milk we could drink, both buttermilk and sweet milk. That evening a weary party gathered around the campfire having made 18 miles to begin with.

The next morning we were off, fresh as ever and ready for anything. Within 2 or 3 miles of camp we began to climb old Hood himself. The road followed the top of a ridge and it was up, up, up—steeper, hotter, dustier than ever.



C. C. Lewis

Combing hair in camp. The women in the dark dresses are Ednelle and Mary. The woman in the striped dress is Nellie—she made her dress out of bed ticking to be sure it was sturdy enough for the climb.

After about 6 miles of such work, we came to a most beautiful spring, clear and cold and pure from the melting snows above. After a protracted rest we again took up our march. Steeper, hotter, dustier still. On, on, up, up, no sign of water, hungry, tired, thirsty.

The party had become separated, one gentleman and four of the ladies being far ahead. We got hungrier and more weary; still we did not come in sight of them. At last, we sat down by the roadside and ate some bread & butter and drank the vinegar from the pickle bottle. This revived our drooping spirits and on we went again.

When we began our tramp we picked out the cleanest places to rest, but now we utterly were regardless of dust and dropped down anywhere to rest. We finally concluded that the others must have kept on and reached the Inn when we came upon Francis, given out, lying at full length upon a shady bank.

We all stopped for another rest and began to eat lemons. A more drooping, tired lot of people you need not wish to see. Mr. Hutchinson took a cup and went down into a ravine to hunt for water. At a joyful shout of "Whoop la Mazama," we looked up to see him bearing a cup piled high with snow.

His shout was joyfully echoed and we eagerly took portions of the prize. President had just opened a can of peaches and we put them into our cups

with the snow. Luxury, bliss unallayed! Never again do I hope to taste anything so delicious. Hot as it was, in the dusty road a short distance below in the shadowed ravine lay the treasure of snow.

They looked around for something to get some more in. "Take the wash pan," I suggested.

No sooner said than done, and in a few minutes we were in possession of a miniature Mount Hood. You would not have recognized us for the same people who sat down so forlornly a few minutes before. Having exhausted our peaches we took slices of lemon with sugar and snow. If you want to know what pure happiness is I advise you to try this on a hot day.

When we started again we were cool and climbed sturdily on with our cups of iced lemon in our hands. A few miles now brought us to the Inn where we found the others waiting, hungry as wolves. The tent was soon up and after a quick bath we girls were equal to the task of getting supper and you may be sure that all were equal to the task of eating it.

That night we got everything ready for the climb in the morning. We were up by five getting breakfast and blacking faces, and by seven we proceeded joyfully on our way. For a short distance we climbed on the snow and then we had to follow a ridge of rock and sand. This was warm work and hard climbing.

Another party was climbing at the

same time, making about twenty-five in all. The ladies of this party were riding and the guide insisted that we girls should take hold of the horses' tails as it would help us along.

At first I refused with dignity but at last, won by the novelty of the situation and charmed by its picturesqueness, I yielded to the voice of persuasion and how I got over those rocks I shall never tell for it is utterly beyond the comprehension of ordinary minds. At last I relinquished my grasp and resumed my alpine staff wondering how I should have been so beguiled.

When we came to the end of this rocky ridge, the horses were left behind and the steep climb over the snow was begun. Taken slowly, be it ever so steep, the snow climbing is comparatively easy and up we went a few steps at a time with long rests between.

I was thirsty and in spite of warnings began to eat snow. I didn't take it straight, however, for I had some blocks of chocolate in my pocket which I ate with the snow. I ate it until I was no longer thirsty.

At last we reached a ledge of rocks where we could get water. Here we ate dinner and were tied together for the last steep climb. Steeper, steeper, steeper the climbing grew until we reached the life line. This is 1000 feet of rope fastened to a huge rock near the summit.

Slowly and carefully we crawled upward until the effort was crowned with



At Cloud Cap Inn. Ednelle and Mary are in the middle row at the left; Nellie is at the right, holding her sunbonnet.



C. C. Lewis

With faces blacked to protect themselves from sun, the group poses in their summit garb.

success and we scrambled over the edge and stood upon the top. Here we were untied and lost no time until we stood upon the very highest point and gave a yell, our shout of victory and achievement.

Had it been clear, the day would have been perfect, for it was warm and little wind was blowing, but the smoke lay like a pall over everything below, pierced only by the peaks of Jefferson, Saint Helens, Rainier and Adams.

Hood himself rose above the dusty shroud and the view we got of the magnificent old mountain might well repay a harder climb. For two hours we enjoyed the scene, indescribable and intoxicating in its grandeur. With regret we heard the call that it was time to descend and meekly we submitted to being tied again.

In going down we realized more vividly the steepness of the slope for we could stand straight in the snow steps and be almost leaning against the snow behind us. After reaching the life line again, I held to it and slid most of the time.

It was delightfully scary to look down and see the crags and slopes and crevasses, below our very feet, but far down the mountainside. When we got to where we could be untied with safety we rejoiced openly, for it is not the most comfortable mode of traveling—that of having a rope round your waist stretched taut by the impatience of those below and held back by care of those above, leaving you dangling in space for indefinite periods, then to

start with a slide and stop with a jerk, till you expect to see half of your body go rolling down to repose peacefully in a deep crevasse and the remainder of your anatomy slide to a resting place against the crags on the other side of the slope.

But, ah, the delight to follow compensates for former sufferings of mind or body. Free once more, we sat down in the snow and such a *coast!* We fairly flew, screaming and laughing till we turned sideways and stopped with a roll and flounder only to straighten up for another “go.”

We found, much to our disgust, that had we used our eyes instead of holding to the horses' tails we might have gone a short distance to one side and had almost all the climb on the snow. Rest assured that we came *down* that way. When the slope became less steep we lay flat on our backs on our alpenstocks and down we flew once more.

Draggled, woebegone, comical-looking stragglers came into camp in ones and twos, tired, but triumphant and jubilant. With our faces scrubbed and suppers eaten we sat around the campfire recounting the day's experiences.

The next morning Miss Cooper and Mr. Weatherby left on the stage as they had to catch the train that day, but the rest of us rested till about 2pm (having sent the baggage on in the morning). Then we started bravely out on our return trip.

When we reached camp that evening we were rather footsore and our knees felt as if the hinges weren't oiled very

well. We had a jolly camp that night though our songs and conversation took rather a sentimental turn.

Wednesday morning we began our final tramp. I will spare you the details as you must be getting weary, but could you have seen us as we straggled into Hood River that evening triumphantly dirty or dirtily triumphant, jolly and tired as we could be, with blistered feet and the regular tramp gait, utterly regardless of personal appearance—with a stray dog following us to complete the picture—you would have gazed upon us with awe and admiration and have said to yourself, “They have surely done it.”

After we had combed our hair and put on our long skirts we descended to the hotel parlor with stately dignity but we girls hardly knew each other in civilized garb. We felt strange and formal and when President came in, shaved and clean with his black suit and speckless collar we gave a gasp of astonishment. Two hours before he had been the very personification of “Weary Waggles” and, lo, here was the well dressed gentleman, the college president.

A few minutes later, in came a waiter with trays of ice cream, just one of President's pleasant little surprises. This was our last evening together as one of the girls left on the train that night and some of them on the early train the next morning. We three girls left on the boat, leaving Mr. Lewis & Mr. Hutchinson to follow on their wheels.

We were in Portland last night and reach Independence this evening, but I fear it will be too late to go on home. The river is so low now that the larger boats cannot run very far up, so at noon we transferred from the *Altona* to the *Gray Eagle*. The latter is a tiny little boat that can go up the river nearly all summer. ... Today I have occupied myself eating, sleeping and writing to you. ...

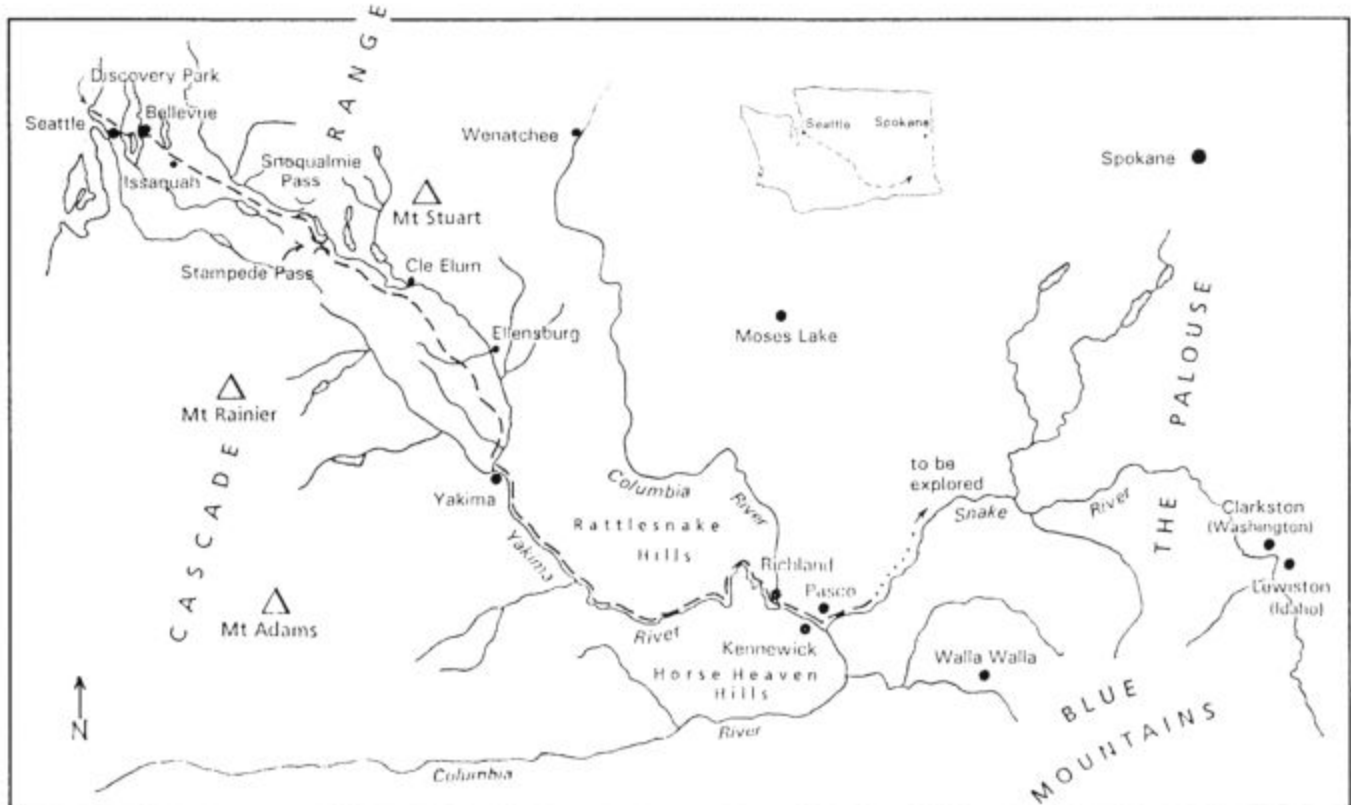
Goodbye, sweetheart—

Mary

GUS NELSON and JACK HORNING

THE TRANS-CASCADIAN PACK AND PADDLE TRAIL

—A Preliminary Outline of a Cross-State Route Dedicated to the Memory of
the late Justice William O. Douglas—



INTRODUCTION

We propose, and are actively scouting, a Cross-State Trail leading from Puget Sound at Seattle to the Idaho Border. This route, threading through the central and southern part of the State and conveniently accessible to most of the State's population, is primarily a foot and canoe trail, although there are numerous sections where horses would also be appropriate.

The path traverses much of the geographic diversity of the State and visits territory as beautiful as any in the United States. It is intended not just as a through route, but to be used in sections for shorter seasonal trips with periodic access points.

Much of the trail builds on and connects the work of others; some is of our own devising. Future articles will

report details on various sections together with acknowledgments of work already done by private and public parties. Needless to say, it is our intention to cooperate with public agencies and private owners respecting special land use policies.

THE ROUTE: EASTWARD HO

Seattle: From West Point in Discovery Park, the route follows the Ship Canal to the University Arboretum, then takes the Olmstead Route along Lake Washington to the I-90 Bridge to Mercer Island and Bellevue

Issaquah Alps: The trail follows the 1990 Mountains-to-Sound Route over Cougar and Squak Mountains, visits Issaquah, the Trailhead City, and then crosses Tiger, Taylor and Rattlesnake

Mountains to Rattlesnake Lake.

West Cascades: A new route is being scouted along the high ridge to the south of I-90, following closely the northern boundary of the Cedar River Watershed.

Cascade Crest: After intersecting the Pacific Crest Trail, our route follows the PCT south to the vicinity of Stampede Pass.

East Cascades: We hope that this yet-to-be-fully-scouted section will swing to the southeast from Blowout Mountain and continue on Manastash Ridge.

Yakima Folds: Picking up the Umtanum Ridge at its northwest end, the
to next page

DARRELL SCATTERGOOD

CLARK ISLAND

—overnight in the San Juans—

The day before a Mountaineers trip to circumnavigate Hartstene island in south Puget Sound, our trip leader, Keith Martin, called. He had read in the newspaper the previous night that the State had closed Squaxin Island State Park, where we were to spend Saturday night (*June, page 20*).

While Jarrell Cove State Park on Hartstene Island was a possibility, he didn't like the stench of diesel fumes from the boats anchored and running their auxiliary power units.

He was still eager to go camping so his first thought was a trip to Clark Island, east-northeast of Orcas Island,

launching from the north shore of Guemes Island, a trip I reckoned at 13 miles one-way, not too different from the original trip but over much more exposed water.

We launched (free) from tiny Young's County Park at the northeast shore of Guemes Island. You drive through Guemes Resort to get to it. (For \$6.50 you and your kayak-carrying vehicle can catch a round trip from the Guemes ferry dock at 6th Avenue and I Street in downtown Anacortes, usually on the hour.)

You can also launch from Washington Park in Anacortes, beyond the

State ferry terminal, but tides and winds had better be favorable or it will be a long day.

Loaded and launched by 10am, we headed north, then west, rounding the tip of Guemes Island, passing Sinclair Island to the north and Cypress Island straight ahead. The little Cone Islands dotted the south as we barely felt the northerly flow of Bellingham Channel.

In an hour's time, we landed at Pelican Beach, located just south of the north tip of Cypress Island, a delightful camping area (many picnic tables, two toilets and one shelter) developed by the DNR and the Pelican class sail-

TRANS-CASCADIAN TRAIL *continued from previous page*

trail courses atop the high desert country and within the canyons of the L.T. Murray Wildlife Recreation Area, finally following the famous Yakima Rim Skyline Trail and descending to the Yakima River just north of Yakima's suburb of Selah.

Yakima Valley: Although there are foot routes possible along the service roads of the Roza Canal or perhaps even along the Yakima River, we think that this "Garden of Eden" agricultural valley of our state is best travelled by canoe on the gentle Yakima River all the way to the Tri-Cities area where it empties into the Columbia River.

In fact, the Yakima may be entered for canoeing farther upstream at Easton.

The Palouse: At Tri-Cities, the Snake River, now a series of dammed-up lakes, enters the Columbia and offers a potential water route right to the Idaho border. Hiking alternatives might be public rights-of-way along the river. Or the old abandoned Scablands Railroad Grade might be followed northeast to where it connects with the old Milwaukee Railroad

Grade leading to Idaho.

West Cascades Water Routes:

From the base of the Western Cascades, two rivers lend themselves to canoe routes leading to Puget Sound—the Cedar River at Landsberg and the Snoqualmie River just downstream from Snoqualmie Falls. It seems to us astonishing that except for a stretch of less than fifty miles in the Cascades, much of the state may be traversible by canoe!

HOW THIS FITS WITH NATIONAL TRAIL PLANNING

The only presently Congressionally authorized transcontinental east-west trail is the North Country Trail, beginning in the east at the New York-Vermont border and presently terminating halfway across North Dakota.

It is our hope that our proposed trail will someday connect with, be part of, and complete the North Country Trail, perhaps by means of the Lewis and Clark Route or, alternatively, the historic Chief Joseph Nez Perce Trail.

Readers having detailed, firsthand knowledge of these routes are invited

to contact us.

We should also point out that we do this work as volunteers, at our own expense, and at the statewide level we do not represent any organization.

Our dedication of the route to the late Justice William O. Douglas is not done casually. In the hills above Yakima we walk where Washington's great native son himself hiked as a youth to overcome weakness from polio. His love for canoeing was reflected in his moving farewell talk to the Supreme Court. He was equally at home camping with hoboes or playing poker with the President. He campaigned effectively for both the environment and the rights of the underdog. It is our fervent hope that with the blessing of his survivors, our trail might eventually be known by his name.

△

Jack Hornung (206-545-9122) owns a carpentry business and lives in Seattle. He was an organizer of the 1990 Mountains-to-Sound March.

Gus Nelson (206-392-7428) is a retired Boeing engineer and past president of the Issaquah Alps Trails Club; he lives in Issaquah.

boat fleet.

We saw several Pelicans and their crews gathering. Our mutual cordiality could not hide our common curiosity over whether their 6x12-foot, almost-square plywood vessels or our 18x2-foot vessels with virtually no freeboard were less seaworthy in the Sound.

Leaving Cypress and tiny Towhead Islands to the south, we paddled across Rosario Strait where we expected currents and winds to be higher but in our favor today. We headed for Peapod Rocks off Doe Bay southeast of Orcas Island. We then headed northeast a mile to round Lawrence Point, the easternmost tip of Orcas Island.

While there was tide rip where currents intersected east of the point, the water at the rips marked on the charts slightly to the north and west was calm as we picked up a breeze from the south.

I broke out my kite to take advantage of the free tow offered. My fellow paddlers easily outpaced my moderate wind power. Within a half hour, my companions reached The Sisters, a cluster of mini-islands at the south end of Clark, while my wind shifted to the east, leaving me to haul in my kite and resume paddling.

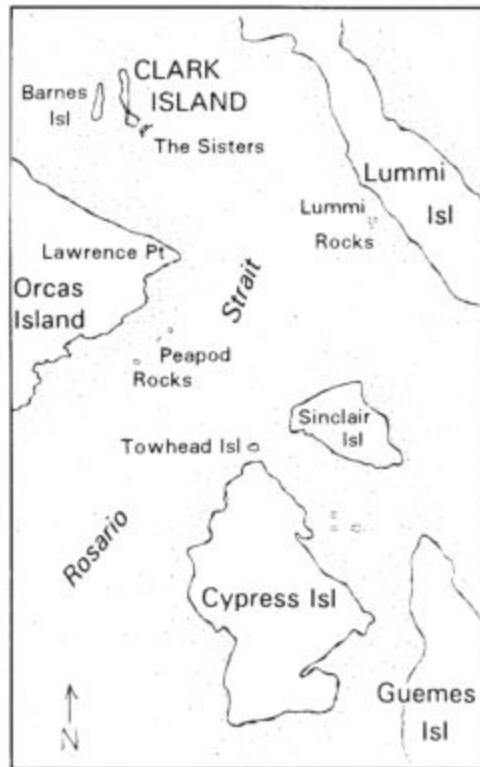
Let me contrast our ride with a quote from Washburne: "The 1.5 mile crossing to Clark Island from Lawrence Point can expose you to hazards created by strong currents. On both flood and ebb tides, large eddies form around Lawrence Point and powerful rips may occur at the boundaries with the main current streams."

He warns to be careful of a rip over a shoal just east of a line connecting Lawrence Point with Clark Island. My current guide confirms two rips in the area. Keep his warning in mind but don't let it scare you away from the trip.

On one of the Sisters a fluffy bald Eagle perched, more intent on looking for a food source than concerned with my presence as I floated quietly past. Seals bobbed up to watch from 50 feet, mostly gray-whites with those big, round, shy black eyes.

Here on Clark Island we landed before 2pm on the east shore to spend Saturday night. Our group began to erect tents on the upper reach of the gravel beach but was stopped by a non-resident ranger who asked that we set up tents on either of the inland campsites or in the narrow grassy areas he just mowed.

One inland site is in the middle of the woods but the other, a spacious



split level site, has a gorgeous view to the north and is, in my estimation, worth the short hike to reach it. Our crew of six was a bit too large for it, however, and we elected to stay close to our kayaks just off the beach, as did everyone else that weekend. Six picnic benches set along the edge of the beach form camping sites. Two inboard motor runabout groups camped on shore as well while the buoys were tied up with sailing and power yachts.

After lunch, we paddled around nearby Barnes Island and had the good fortune of meeting the owner scaling the boulder-strewn shores looking for a lost goat. He cordially offered help should we need it (he monitors channel 73 of VHF) and expressed his fear for kayakers on these waters despite (or because of?) a lifetime in fisheries.

After dinner, we hiked about Clark Island, crossing over to the fine sandy beach on the west side and then through the madrona trees overhanging the cliff along the south shore looking into tide pools, and back to our gravel beach. Four little girls pranced on the beach and dabbled in the bay under the gaze of watchful parents enjoying an illegal beach fire.

It's not a big island but it's a pretty island as are the views from it. Evening revealed lights from Blaine and Cherry Point to the north and even a bit of Point Roberts showed as the haze cleared from the water.

The tides suggested a moderately early departure the next morning. Bright sun and low winds encouraged rising early and we pushed off by 8:30am. The ride across Rosario Strait to Lummi Rocks provided some lumpy seas with a south wind bucking a current coming from the north.

The crossing took an hour and Keith led us to the gravel beach on the southern rock. He pointed out that there are beaches on both sides of this rock allowing one to find a sheltered landing no matter the current or wind direction. The rocks are owned by Western Washington University but they only caution visitors that this is a fragile area.

One of our group busied himself cleaning up after a careless visitor as we enjoyed the remarkable views all around. A WWU trawler dawdled by, apparently skimming the shore's surface with a net.

Our next goal was Sinclair Island, less than an hour's paddle away. Initially we headed for a small enclave on the north coast where we could sight in on the picturesque wooden water towers.

The Sound is shallow on this side of the island, with white scallop shells showing against the tan sand. The east shore of Sinclair offers a rock garden giving way to coves. Around the southeast corner, an empty gravelly beach offered our last respite before returning to Guemes Island, now directly south of us.

Our leader advised us to be certain our spray skirts were sealing our cockpits for the final crossing where tide rips can reach 3 feet high, something he personally experienced years ago with a group of neophytes.

Our crossing was almost disappointingly calm, the high point being a big sight-seeing catamaran passing through at high speed. We found ourselves back at the park on Guemes by 1pm and easily caught the 2pm ferry back to Anacortes, bringing to an end one of those special weekends when the weather, lack of unpleasant incidents, and a grouping of affable people make kayaking much more than a sport and the San Juans more than a cluster of islands.

△

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

DEBORAH RIEHL

RESCUE EPICS

—A MEMORABLE MEMORIAL DAY WEEKEND—

I lived out a favorite fantasy by taking a ride in a ham friend's 18-wheeler. He even let me drive it from one end of a parking lot to another, turn it around, and honk the air horn.

As we were northbound from Portland on I-5 I tuned into the search-and-rescue radio repeater frequency when we got within range. I heard a flurry of activity. During a rainstorm that evening residents of Cumberland had heard a plane crash on Enumclaw Mountain. An Emergency Locator Transmitter had immediately triggered.

I retrieved my car, always loaded with rescue gear, and drove to rescue base at Lake Youngs, where they were plotting direction-finding hits. We were sent into the field along with the Guardian One police helicopter.

The helicopter used its Forward Looking Infra-Red sensor and its Night Sun spotlight. Leaf shadows shifted eerily as it flew back and forth.

A team rappelled from above on near-vertical, rotten terrain. One rescuer called it "70-degree ferns."

Teams also clawed their way up from below. The helicopter spotted the wreck about 1:30am but teams couldn't reach the nearly inaccessible site until about 5:30. The wreck was visible only from the air, and then only with difficulty through dense vegetation and deadfall.

Guardian One returned later in the morning to help recover the three bodies with a ticklish short-haul liftout.

As we left base camp the sheriff mentioned a Good Samaritan from Cumberland who had heard the crash had loaded a backpack and headed up the

mountainside to try to locate the wreck. He had not returned. The sheriff said, however: "You have all been up all night and most of today. I order you to go home and get some rest. I'm calling in fresh personnel."

He called in bloodhounds, German shepherd search dogs, and man-trackers. We dutifully drove home. Bill, KC7UW, fell asleep at the wheel—fortunately at a red light. He was awakened by the car behind him honking its horn.

As I crawled into the sack at 3:30pm came word of a hiker on the Snow Lake trail with a broken leg. Defying orders, two rescuers on their way home and close to the scene ran up the trail to direct a MAST helicopter to effect the evacuation. By the time I got up four hours later *that* rescue was over!

When I got up the Good Samaritan was still missing. A renewed search was scheduled for early Sunday morning. I figured after a couple of more hours of sleep Saturday night I could go back up Sunday.

On Saturday, a Cumberland citizen and a Snohomish County helicopter had spotted a red backpack suspended in a tree at the base of a cliff band, just south of the plane crash.

The Sunday search focused on the backpack. Being an artist, I was asked to go with the Cumberland citizen to a vantage spot in front of the cliff to sketch on a topo map relevant terrain features, and where the backpack was in relationship to the crash site. Once I was there, teams in the field asked me to remain as a spotter to guide them in.

Due to the rotten and vertical terrain, it was nearly impossible for anyone to climb up to the pack from below. It was also extremely difficult, however, for the upper team to navigate along the cliffs, then rappel to the pack.

Once at the top of the cliff bands, the team could see me, but through the thick vegetation I couldn't see them. We shot compass bearings; they shot flares. Finally they waved a fluorescent orange banner and I was able to guide them to a spot directly above the pack.

While that team was preparing to rappel, a team farther to the north and closer to the crash site was exploring lower cliff bands. They discovered a battery lying on a ledge, and what a man-tracker described as an "impact zone." A Snohomish County searcher tried to rappel farther down the fall line but ran out of rope. That terrain was saved for later.

The first rappeller, Rob, KB7RSN, reached the pack with difficulty. Rocks and logs knocked loose by his descent scattered searchers below. His inspection of the pack's contents verified the pack belonged to the Good Samaritan.

Once the debris quit raining down, the lower teams crept out to resume searching. The north team was soon immediately below where the battery was found—and they found the body of the Good Samaritan.

Strangely, the body was about 300 feet north of where the pack was dangling. Speculation was that the victim lost his pack *before* he fell.

The evacuation was a straight-forward lower through Class 5 brush. The ter-

rain was so rotten the team asked everyone to clear the roadway below so no one would be struck by falling debris.

While I was doing my spotting in a Cumberland backyard, various neighbors brought me lunch, and coffee, because my car was back at base camp. They even set up a picnic table!

Meanwhile, three teens in a group of six went scampering ahead of the adult leader on a trip to Melakwa Lake. They eventually ended up at My Lake. They had camping gear but no food.

One of the kids remembered hearing somewhere cooked nettles are edible. His tummy ache and a twisted ankle were the only party injuries.

The next morning the lost boys and the other three did manage to find each other. Bill was sent up the trail by Randy, N7Y0Q, a SAR deputy, to verify all was okay, and to radio back.

Bill encountered another Mountain Rescue member who had been climbing Kaleetan and together they checked on the party. All was indeed okay and they were headed out. The formerly lost three again ran away from their group—some people are slow learners.

That evening I actually got eight hours of sleep! When I got up I took a long run, then went out with Bill and Rob to check out helicopter landing zones near Bandera for an upcoming training exercise. Later that day I anticipated a Memorial Day picnic.

As we bounced down a logging road, however, a strained voice came over the search and rescue repeater saying, "This is KG7XX near the summit of Bryant Peak and we've just had an accident in our party."

Randy, the SAR deputy, had the mission underway within seconds. (It's a lot quicker—and safer—to radio out a

request for help than to send two people out, which can take hours or days.)

Near the summit, a woman had fallen on snow and had slid into rocks. She had an injured hip. Bill, Rob and I went back to North Bend to collect our rescue gear, then ran for the summit.

I changed out of my picnic clothes and into polypro and raingear. The weather was foggy and rainy. Bill and I started out up the Snow Lake trail and I was instantly tired ... I couldn't figure out *why*. Bill felt the same way. We chalked it up to the lack of sleep, physical exertion and strain of the multiple missions.

We, and all the other tired rescuers, walked up the Snow Lake trail, across the Source Lake Overlook, and up the steep snow chutes to Great Scott Basin.

The first teams reached the patient, put in a fixed line and got her to a safer place. They started an IV and gave morphine. Her vital signs remained stable. There were three doctors and an ER nurse (me) on the mission.

Rescuers accompanied the majority of the accident party out. Four of us bivouacked in Great Scott Basin on a snowfree hummock. The rain and cold were relentless.

As I lay there in my bivvy bag shivering against Bill I saw stars begin to pop out. I wasn't the only one who noticed. Over the radio came, "The MAST bird is flying in to assess the situation." The pilot came on the ham radio to tell us what he wanted in a nighttime landing zone.

At 4:30 in the morning we saw the most beautiful sight—that helicopter, lit up like a Christmas tree, flying up the valley. He circled cautiously, then eased himself behind a flake of rock onto the ledge the patient lay on. Min-

utes later he lifted off with the injured woman and another accident-party member who'd become hypothermic.

As we hiked out, we stumbled a bit in our weariness. I took a fall in the scree above Source Lake. Soon we switched off our headlamps and enjoyed the dawn. The trail was lined with spring wildflowers. We picked up evacuation gear scattered in the trail. The Salvation Army wagon was in the parking lot with hot breakfast.

As I staggered into the parking lot, Randy, the SAR deputy, said, "AA7RW! Somebody just radioed from the top of Denny Mountain—they've had an accident—I want you to climb up there quick and check it out!" He said it, however, with a tired grin on his face.

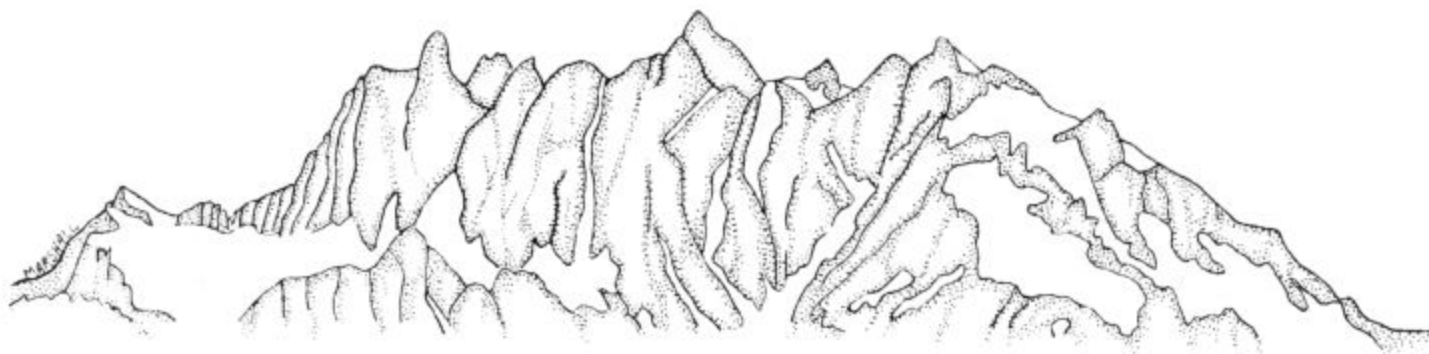
It was the first time I ever threatened a police officer with an ice axe. He also pointed out the tabs on the rescue truck were expired.

Postscript

The victims from the Snow Lake and Bryant Peak missions both turned out to have broken legs—and ended up in the same room at Harborview.

△

Deborah Riehl, AA7RW, is a member of Seattle Mountain Rescue's board of trustees. She lives in Bothell.



PANORAMA

NEWS FROM ALL OVER

HIKERS DISAPPEAR—Two hikers have disappeared in separate incidents in Olympic National Park in the last month. At the end of May, a woman disappeared while hiking on the Graves Creek trail. She dropped behind her hiking partner and did not reappear. After an extensive search, no trace of her has been found.

In mid-June, a man from Pennsylvania was reported overdue by friends. Park personnel found his rented car parked at Hurricane Ridge, with his backpack and gear inside. Searchers were using dogs and a helicopter in an effort to locate him.

Also in mid-June, another woman disappeared on the North Fork Quinault trail—only a few miles from the first disappearance. Although she was an experienced hiker, she was equipped for only a day hike and carried no map or compass. On June 22, after three days, she walked out from the Queets drainage. She told Park rangers she missed a trail junction and was caught by darkness on the Skyline Trail.

MAROON BELLS MINING—Two Aspen area miners plan to start core drilling next fall for cutting 9-ton blocks of marble from an outcropping near Conundrum Creek in the Maroon Bells-Snowmass Wilderness Area.

The Forest Service reported that it does not have regulatory authority over the mining and timber rights on the 472-acre parcel, nor can it acquire the land by condemnation. However, the Forest Service plans to monitor the project for flagrant abuse of the environment.—from "Trail & Timberline", Colorado Mountain Club.

PACK IT OUT—Mount Rainier National Park has been experimenting with a "carry out" technique. Climbers are given plastic bags, and asked to pack out waste to disposal containers at trailheads. The collected waste is then incinerated. If successful at Rainier, this technique might be adapted at North Cascades in the future.

Would you be willing to pack out your waste? Do you have any other solutions to this problem? The Wilderness District is interested in your comments. Write North Cascades Wilderness District, 728 Ranger Station Road, Marblemount WA 98267.

NATIONAL PARK BUDGET CUTS—Olympic National Park actually will save \$100,000 by not collecting entry fees at the Hoh, Sol Duc and Elwha entry stations in a budget-cutting move.

That's because, while the Park must pay the salaries of the people who staff the booths, the money they collect goes back to the federal treasury, Assistant Superintendent Roger Rudolph said.

In other cost-cutting moves, \$22,000 has been trimmed from the interpretation program's budget. Campfire programs at the Fairholm and Sol Duc campgrounds will happen only on weekends. Fewer tidepool walks will be scheduled at Kalaloch and Mora beaches.

The seasonal interpretive staff, 34 a few years ago, is down to 24. There won't be a ranger on duty at Hurricane Ridge.

Only a dozen rangers will patrol—and only until late August instead of September. Trail maintenance spending has been cut by \$80,000.

At North Cascades National Park, interpretive programs at Stehekin, Colonial Creek and Newhalem will take place only if rangers volunteer their time. Last summer, evening programs were held five nights a week.

Fewer rangers will be assigned to Ross Lake and none at all to Copper Ridge or Lightning Creek. A maintenance person will work at Hozomeen only in July and August.

The Park Service van that shuttles hikers to and from trailheads in the Stehekin Valley above Lake Chelan will charge \$10 per trip, up from \$3 last year.

Much trail maintenance work has been deferred, and visitor center staff-

ing has been reduced.

At Mount Rainier National Park there won't be as many interpretive or law-enforcement staffers this season. There will be fewer interpretive programs scheduled, although volunteers might fill part of the gap.

Some trails will open later because maintenance crews are understaffed and spread thin. And visitors probably won't see rangers in the back country as often.

GRIZZLY HEADED FOR HOME—A grizzly bear who escaped from a wildlife rehabilitation center in Oregon is still at large and may be headed back to her home range in Montana, says Dave Siddon, head of the center.

She escaped from a fenced enclosure May 4 by climbing 7 feet up a chain link fence, putting pressure on weak welds, clamping her teeth onto an overhanging tree limb and pulling herself through a small hole.

Then the bear headed into heavy brush around the Kalmiopsis Wilderness Area. She hasn't been spotted since.

YOHO HYDRO PLANT—Yoho National Park is proceeding with construction of a controversial micro-hydro electric plant on Boulder Creek, a tributary to the Kicking Horse River. Output from the plant will be used to service the park maintenance compound adjacent to the creek. Construction of the micro-hydro plant is imminent.

The Boulder Creek micro-hydro project is not an isolated issue affecting only one creek in one National Park. Such plants have been proposed for at least 14 locations in the five Rocky Mountain national parks.

Two outlying commercial accommodations (OCAs)—Lake O'Hara Lodge and Maligne Lake Chalet—have already pursued studies, with encouragement, respectively, from Yoho and Jasper National Parks. Approval-in-principle has been granted to Lake O'Hara Lodge to construct a plant on Cataract Brook, and a pilot project was installed in the winter of 1990-'91, despite the fact the brook supports fish. The proponent shelved the project because economics favored generation by propane. Should the economics change, however, the matter will likely be reconsidered.

If you would like to see the plug pulled on micro-hydro in the national parks, express your concerns to: Hon. Jean Charest, Minister of Environment, House of Commons, Ottawa ON



PANORAMA

NEWS FROM ALL OVER

K1A 0A6.—from the BC Mountaineering Club newsletter.

"SURF & TURF"—What was originally going to be a sea-kayak race among friends from a state park to a waterfront saloon has mushroomed into an epic triathlon sponsored by Jefferson County Search and Rescue.

The event will include paddling, bicycling and running and will be held at Fort Worden State Park in Port Townsend on August 7.

For complete information, write for a race packet from JSAR, PO Box 761, Port Hadlock WA 98339. Or call Dennis Cowals, race chair, at 206-437-0563.

JIM CREEK FOREST—Would you believe the Navy owns an old-growth forest? And has a Navy Forester to manage it? True.

Southeast of Arlington, the Navy owns the 4800-acre Jim Creek Naval Radio Station Reservation. Of that, 225 acres is what Navy Forester Walter Briggs believes is the last original stand of Sitka spruce in the Puget Sound lowlands. He estimates the oldest trees at between 1500 and 1700 years.

Although the Navy owns the land, it didn't own the timber rights until recently, when it purchased the timber from Scott Paper. Now the old growth forest is protected under the Defense Department's Legacy Resource program.

Groups can arrange a visit to the old growth forest by calling John Hawkins at the Naval Radio Station, 206-435-2161.

FRIENDS OF THE FRANK—Modeled after a similar support group for the Bob Marshall Wilderness, Friends of the Frank began in 1986. Its prime objective is to provide a link between the public and the Forest Service to keep the Wilderness an enduring resource.

With renewed interest in the future of the Frank Church-River of No Return Wilderness, membership in the organization is growing.

For more information, contact Friends of the Frank, PO Box 1026, McCall ID 83638.

NEW TRAIL CLUB—A new club for hikers and bicyclists is forming in the Methow Valley. The group will build and maintain local trails in cooperation with the Forest Service and MVSTA, in addition to scheduling regular activi-



ties.

Call or stop by to see Tim at Winthrop Mountain Sports, 509-996-2886.

OLYMPIC GOATS—Development of a Draft Environmental Impact Statement for management of mountain goats will now be focused only within the boundaries of Olympic National Park. The concern for a goat population management plan for the entire Olympic Peninsula began in 1991 with an interagency team from the Park, Olympic National Forest, and Washington State Department of Wildlife. Research over the last 15 years has concentrated on the mountain goat population and ecological impacts largely in the Park.

Park Superintendent Maureen Finnerty said a new DEIS will be released this fall. It will analyze a full range of alternatives from no action to reduction to elimination of mountain goats, as well as the methods by which these objectives might be accomplished. The Final EIS will be completed in the spring of 1994.

Questions or comments may be addressed to: Goat Management Team, Olympic National Park, 600 East Park Avenue, Port Angeles WA 98362.

NACHES TRAIL & WILDERNESS GROUP—The Naches Ranger District invites people interested in trails and wilderness to attend meetings held on July 12 and August 2 in the Naches Ranger Station conference room at 7pm.

The purpose of the meetings is to promote the exchange of ideas and information; help to identify and track projects; and present informative programs. Call the Ranger Station for additional information: 509-653-2205.

GUIDEBOOK CORRECTION—Wilderness Press has just discovered that the line indicating the John Muir Trail is missing on many of the maps in their July 1992 printing of *Guide to the John Muir Trail*.

If you send them your copy of this edition (look on the copyright page to see if it says "July 1992") they will send you a correct copy and reimburse you for book-rate postage.

Wilderness Press, 2440 Bancroft Way, Berkeley CA 94704 (415-843-8080).

IRON GOAT TRAIL—Volunteers are needed for work parties on the Iron Goat trail. Call Sam Fry, 206-232-3829 (Seattle).

PAUL CLEMENTS—Cascade Designs, makers of Therm-a-Rest mattresses, has named Paul G. Clements as Product Development Specialist. Formerly with Outdoor Research, Clements will work with Cascade Designs' New Product Development team to continue to create and produce special gear and equipment for the outdoor recreation market.

Paul has wide experience in product design, manufacturing and engineering. One of his major accomplishments as Project Engineer for Outdoor Research was to co-design the Bivvy Sack.

His passion is fly fishing, but he also enjoys backpacking, kayaking, canoeing, rafting, and mountain biking.

ALPINE LAKES PERMIT SYSTEM—The Environmental Analysis for the proposed Alpine Lakes permit system will be released probably in early July, according to Bob Stoehr of the Leavenworth Ranger District.

Because the EA is being released in the middle of summer, when many people are on vacation and organizations have fewer meetings, Bob anticipates that the standard 30-day comment period will be extended to accommodate the season.

A series of public meetings will be scheduled. At *Pack & Paddle's* press time, details were not available. Watch your local paper and club newsletter for the date and time of a public meeting near you. If you have any thoughts on how the Alpine Lakes should be managed and regulated, this is your last chance to provide input before the permit system is installed.

REST STOP

EQUIPMENT, RECIPES, TIPS

TRAILHEAD SHUTTLE—Recently Evergreen Inn called to say their trailhead shuttle will run as usual this summer.

Evergreen Inn specializes in Enchantment trailheads (which have high vandalism), but will shuttle you to any trailhead in the Leavenworth area.

The price to go in and out from Snow Lake is \$30 for up to four people. To go in from Stuart/Colchuck and out at Snow Lake (or vice versa) is \$40 for up to four people. To go in and out at Stuart/Colchuck is \$60 for up to four people.

Your car is parked in Leavenworth at the Inn. When your hike is over, the Inn drivers will ferry your own car to the trailhead so there is no worry about hurrying out to "catch the bus."

For more information on the trailhead shuttle service, call Evergreen Inn at 800-327-7212, or write 1117 Front Street, Leavenworth WA 98826.

PRACTICE SELF ARREST—The leading cause of accidents in 1992 was slipping on snow and ice, especially on sun-softened slopes. Judgment is critical in deciding whether to stepkick, plunge step, traverse or glissade. Remember the limitations of holding the ice axe in a cane position. If you are unsure of your ability to self-arrest due to the steepness of a slope, self-belay or rope up.

Self-arrest is a skill that requires quick reaction and practice. Practice in all positions (including head down on your back) on varying slopes and hardness of snow. Your life and that of your team members may depend on your ability to self-arrest.—from "Climbing Notes," North Cascades National Park.

ICE POINTS—Vibram lug soles are at their best for traction in mud and snow. They are okay on ordinary trail, but are sadly inadequate on wet wood, wet stone, icy wood, and ice itself. I remember years ago being startled to read on the wall at Ozette: "No Vibram

soles on the boardwalk." At that time I thought Vibram was infallible. Now, many falls and bruises later, I know better. But the odd thing is that the bootmakers never seem to see any reason to improve the old sole.

When I hiked the West Coast Trail of Vancouver Island last year, I could have certainly used a better sole. There are miles of mud and logwalking on that trail: logs over chasms, and slick slanted logs. We took several nasty falls as a direct result of the inadequate lug sole.

Last spring I visited northern British Columbia. The ice on the lakes was 14 inches thick, and smooth. You could walk anywhere—except that a confident step on your lug soles was sure to land you flat on your back, looking at the sky!

Loggers use caulks (often pronounced "corks") to walk wet logs. I entered my local "shoe findings" store and asked to see some caulks. The clerk looked at me blankly. I tried to explain what I wanted and he brightened. "Oh," he said, "You mean ice points." He left and returned with several.

"Yes!" I said, "That's exactly what I want."

The "ice points" were sharp stainless-steel tacks designed to screw into nuts and be removable. I soon found that there was no way I could get the nuts mounted on my Vibram soles, so I gave up that idea. However, by drilling one shallow hole and screwing the ice point directly into the sole, it worked fine. I unscrewed it, applied some Liquid Nails glue and reinserted it. A couple of small metal screws completed the job.

I installed five in each Vibram sole. After installation I tried it out and found myself stuck to the wooden garage floor! I had to shorten and re-sharpen each point. The ideal distance seems to be about 3/16-inch protruding past each lug.

I can report to you that I have hiked the wet and icy boardwalk with my modified boots and never took a fall, although others in my party did fall; and that I can now step confidently on ice or a wet beach log and not slip. I can never again, however, cross the kitchen vinyl with my Danners, nor wear them into the Hungry Bear Cafe. Yet I am very happy that I added that small measure of traction, and I pass the hint along to you. I also hope that some bootmakers and cobblers take notice. It would certainly be nice to be

able to purchase hiking boots with the ice points already installed.—Jim Miller, Portland.

THERM-A-REST—For the last 17 or 18 years I have used my yellow Therm-a-Rest mattress and have gotten good, warm sleep from it. Sunday night, it let me down and I spent a hard night at Climber's Bivouac on Saint Helens. I wasn't able to tell what the problem was and figured it was just old age.

The *Seattle Times* recently ran a good article on Cascade Designs, the manufacturer of Therm-a-Rest. I called them to see if my mattress could be repaired. They encouraged me to bring it to them on 1st Avenue South, so I did. They marveled at its age, said it was a very early model and gave me a brand new irregular replacement with full warranty!

While the Therm-a-Rest used to have a 2 year warranty, the company has changed its policy to a lifetime warranty on material. Needless to say I was very impressed and thought your readers should know that this company is truly standing behind its product, no matter how old.—JP, Bellevue.

Cascade Designs wants to see mattresses stay in use and out of overflowing landfills. If you have a problem with your Therm-a-Rest, or can't get a leak fixed, call them at 800-531-9531.—AM.

MORE THERM-A-REST—For years I slept on a plain old blue foam pad and it worked fine. I couldn't see carrying all the weight of a Therm-a-Rest. In the last couple of years, however, the ground got hard and uncomfortable. A good night's sleep in the backcountry became a thing of the past. I began seriously to consider buying a Therm-a-Rest.

When Cascade Designs came out this year with the new Deluxe LE (see April, page 23) at 1½ pounds for the 3/4 length, I got one. It rolls into a compact bundle that fits completely inside my pack, and 1½ pounds is a small price to pay for a really comfortable bed. I like it!

Cascade Designs recommends that the mattress be stored inflated to avoid permanent compression of the foam core. From Linda Rostad I learned a space-saving tip: just slide your Therm-a-Rest under the bed to store it. It's out of the way and stays inflated.—AM.

WIN FAME & ADMIRATION!

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

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EDITOR'S JOURNAL



Staying dry on the Hoh River trail.

SURPRISE—During intermission at The Mountaineers' Forest Theater, I stood to stretch and look around. After a minute I noticed a man in the row behind me and a few seats over—he was reading something that looked really familiar.

My jaw dropped in amazement as I realized he was reading the latest copy of *Pack & Paddle!*

KAREN SYKES—In one of Karen's reports this issue, she mentions having hiked all the trails in the Monte Cristo guide. Congratulations! That's a lot of hiking.

I remember Karen describing her very first Mountaineer club hike many years ago. She was "in terror" of that first hike, she recalled. She just knew she wouldn't be able to keep up and would spoil the trip for everyone—even though she had purposely picked Dungeness Spit for her first hike because she knew it was flat.

As it turned out, she had a great time. She is a graduate of The Mountaineers' Winter Travel, Scrambling, and Basic Climbing classes, and currently is chair of the Scrambling Committee.

EXPANDED ISSUE—It's that time of year when it seems all of us are out in the backcountry. The *Pack & Paddle* mail box is stuffed with reports so we've added several pages to this issue to accommodate the extra material.

ON THE TRAIL—Way up the Dosewallips River last week we ran into Kerry Gilles and Larry Schoenborn, subscribers from Westport. It's really fun to meet *P&P* readers on the

trail and put faces with the names.

Kerry and Larry were spending about a week in the Dosewallips drainage. They had been up to Lost Pass and were headed for the Grey Wolf when we met them in Dose Meadow.

WORKING CATS—Yellow Cat is always delighted to learn of other offices with cat employees. When I stopped in at Gig Harbor's Wild Birds Unlimited, I found *two* working cats (they weren't working very hard at the time, however).

In case visitors think that cats at a bird store are incongruous, a little sign tells you that these cats are mousers!

PHOTOS—Besides sending in your written reports, you're also invited to send us photos. Color prints and slides are just fine—we convert them to black-and-white.

Generally, the 3½"x5" or the 4"x6" size works really well for color prints. Anything larger gets to be expensive for you.

Of course we like black-and-white

prints, too, but most people take color these days.


See the "fine print" on page 3 for more information on sending material.

BACK ISSUES—Recently a new subscriber signed up for two years *and* ordered all the back issues! I have all the back copies available just for folks like that. The stock is so low for April '92, May '92, June '92 and July '92 that those magazines are photocopies and are \$3 each, but all others are \$2 each.

If you're interested in back issues, just send a check with a note saying which ones you'd like.

See you in the backcountry,


Ann Marshall



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