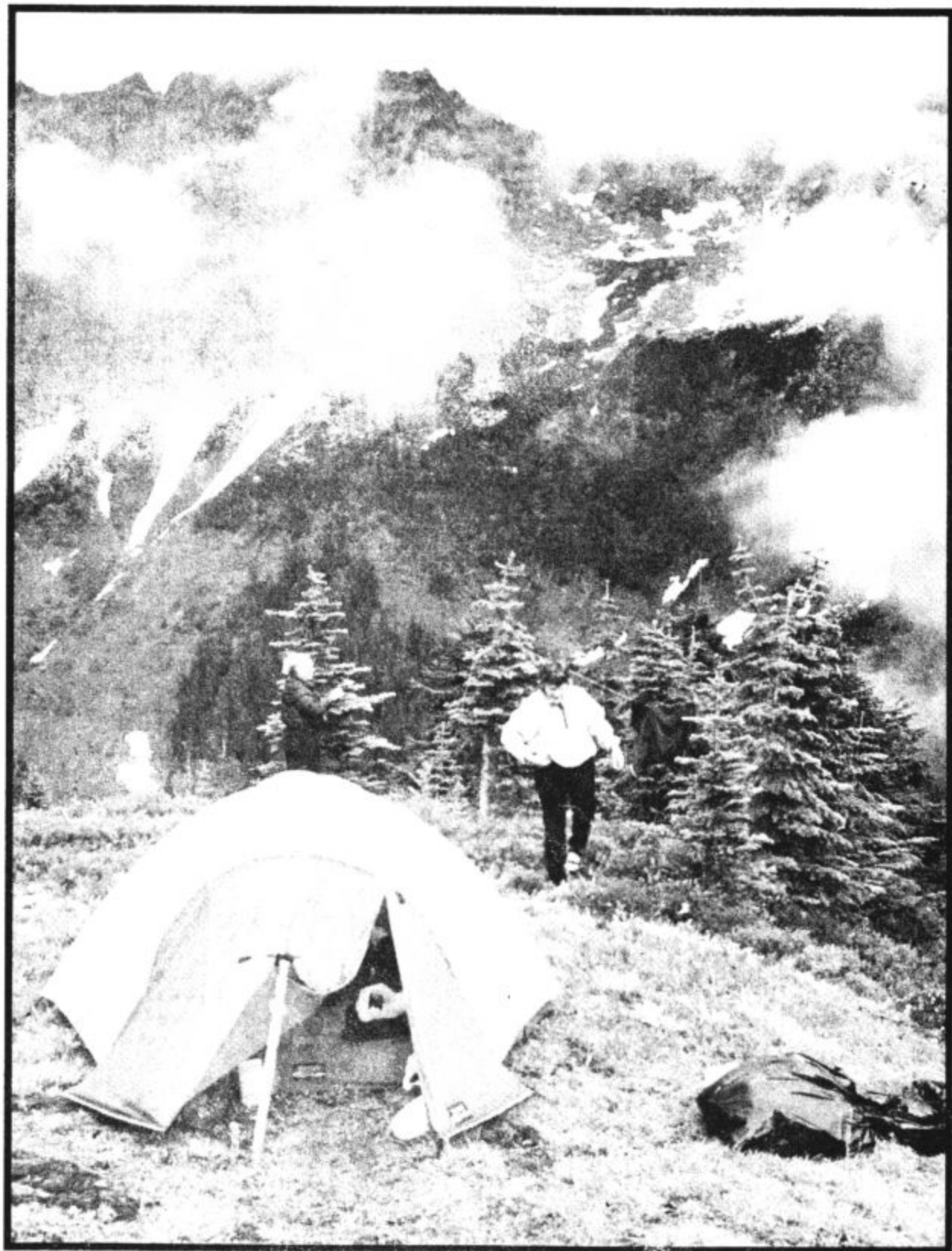


PACK & PADDLE

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

SEPTEMBER 1993
\$2.00



WHY CARE ABOUT WILD SALMON?

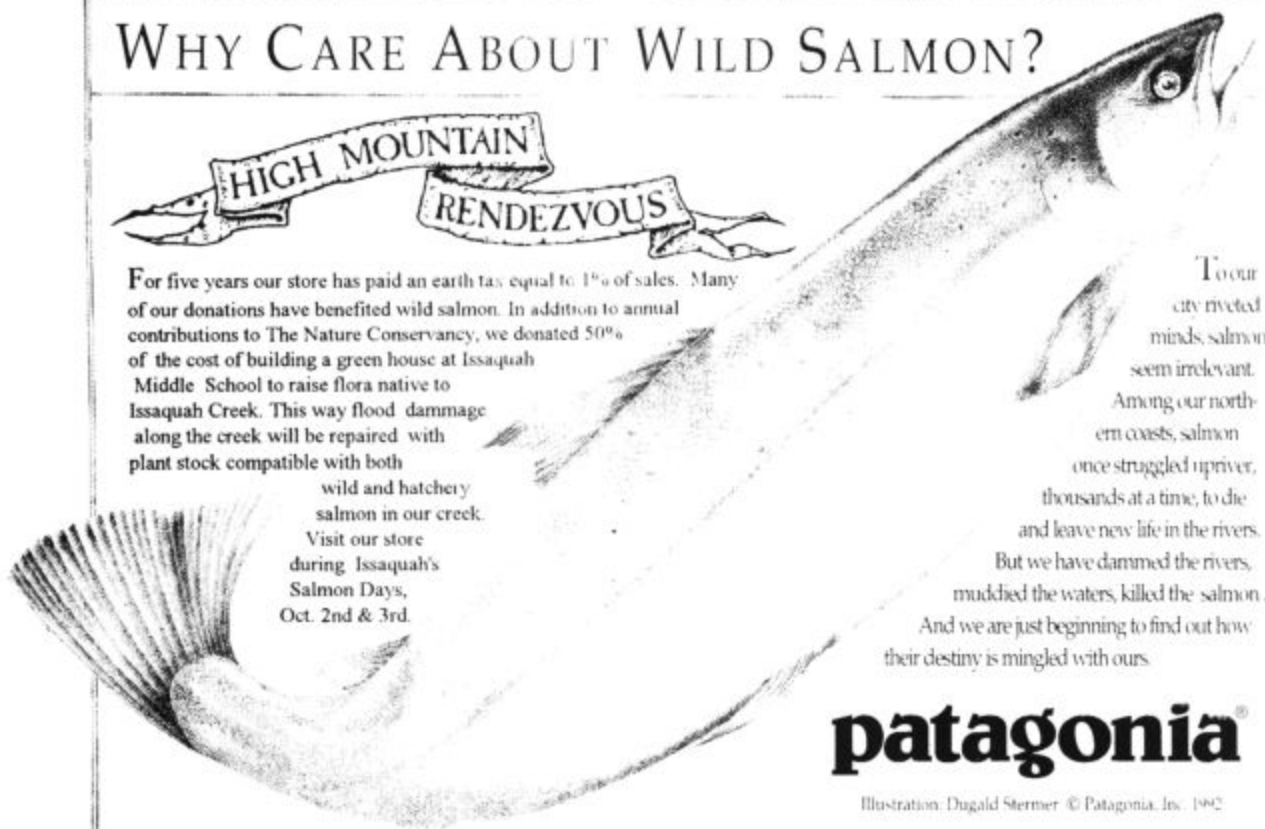


For five years our store has paid an earth tax equal to 1% of sales. Many of our donations have benefited wild salmon. In addition to annual contributions to The Nature Conservancy, we donated 50% of the cost of building a green house at Issaquah

Middle School to raise flora native to Issaquah Creek. This way flood damage along the creek will be repaired with plant stock compatible with both

wild and hatchery salmon in our creek.

Visit our store during Issaquah's Salmon Days, Oct. 2nd & 3rd.



To our city riveted minds, salmon seem irrelevant.

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But we have dammed the rivers, muddied the waters, killed the salmon.

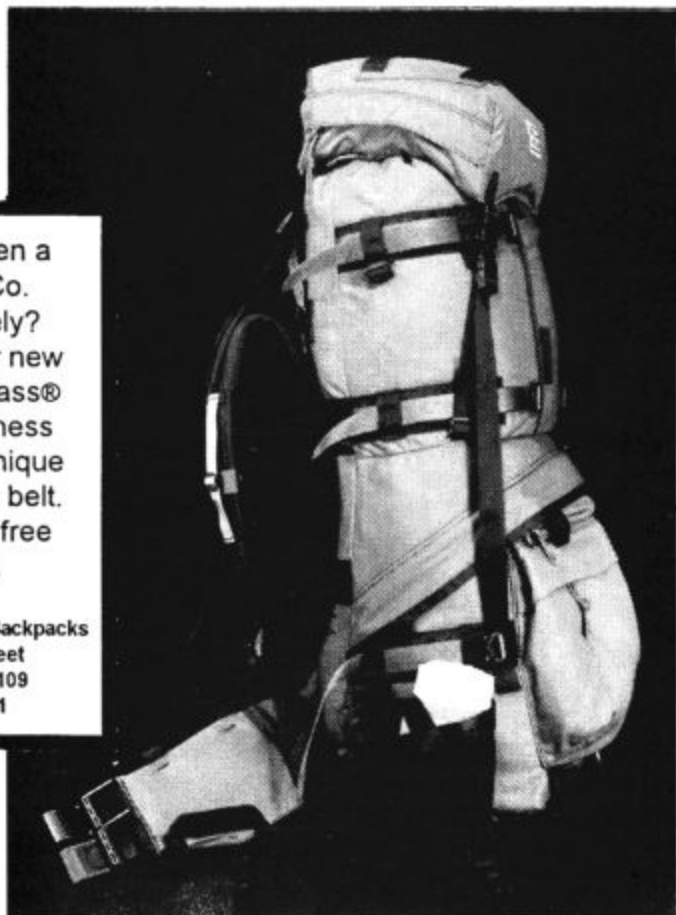
And we are just beginning to find out how their destiny is mingled with ours.

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Pack & Paddle

VOLUME 2, NUMBER 9

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Bear grass on Granite Mountain.

Ken Hopping

SUBMISSIONS:

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

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

BACKCOUNTRY NEWS: See information on page 5.

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

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

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

• • •

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

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COVER PHOTO:

Linda Rostad and Lindy Bakkar between squalls on the Clark Mountain High Route, Glacier Peak Wilderness, Washington. Photo by Ann Marshall.

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LETTERS to the EDITOR

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

MOUNT HOOD CLIMB

A man from the Mazamas read "Mount Hood: an 1896 Ascent" (*July, page 20*) and phoned me. The Mazamas had a few of the pictures I have, but most of theirs were badly faded and they were excited about finding new ones.

He came out to our place and brought some scrap books and their collection of pictures. He was very pleased with my pictures and is having them copied.

I got some new information as a result of his visit. We had always thought my grandmother had said she was on the first climb of Mount Hood, but when we found the letter dated 1896 we decided we had been mistaken.

It turns out that she had gone on both climbs. The man from the Mazamas brought lists of names to prove it. He also had a newspaper article that men-

tioned that Mary Collins had given a recitation at a camp picnic in 1894.

He said the "hair-combing picture" had to have been taken in 1894 as they were on the wrong side of the mountain for the 1896 climb. He said the lady in the striped dress was Ida McElvain—he had another picture of her from 1894 in the same dress. ...

He also thought the studio picture was from 1894 as it looks like the dress in the hair-combing picture. In the 1896 pictures she was wearing a white blouse.

I've learned a lot!

Mary Watts
The Dalles, Oregon

SIDE HILL GALLYNIPPER

I was fascinated with Warren Clare's "Rare But Dangerous" animals found

on Boy Scout hikes (*August, page 19*).

In the early 1930s when Bob and I were attending Camp Cleland, our Boy Scout camp on Lower Lena Lake, our leader, Tom Martin, told us a lot of similar stories around the campfire. At 12 years old, we were very impressed.

I only remember one. It was the Side Hill Gallynipper that inhabits the steep hillsides of the Olympic Mountains. The animal has a great advantage over deer as its left legs are shorter than its right ones so it can graze the steep slopes.

There is a problem, however. If the Gallynipper turns its head and sees a greener meadow behind that it wants to graze, it has to walk all the way around the mountain to get there.

Ira Spring
Edmonds, Washington

WILDERNESS USE A REPORT OF SPECIAL INTEREST

A series of four public meetings on the Alpine Lakes Wilderness was held in mid-August. I attended the Seattle meeting, along with almost a hundred other interested folks.

We were there to hear the Forest Service talk about its Environmental Assessment on Alpine Lakes Wilderness use.

The report lists ten alternatives. No alternative has been chosen yet. We, the users, have until September 24 to tell the Forest Service what we think of the alternatives.

The Forest Service would like to choose Alternative 9, so they especially want to know what we think of this one.

Here's what #9 would do:

It would put in place a *Wilderness-wide* reservation system for *all overnight use*, and a reservation system for *day-use* at 19 popular trailheads. The permit season would run from 5/15 to 10/31.

These trailheads are Lake Dorothy, West Fork Foss, Tonga Ridge, Surprise Lake, Snow Lake (Snoqualmie Pass), Pratt & Granite, Denny Creek, Talapus, Mason, Gold Creek, Rachel Lake, PCT North, Lake Margaret, Stuart & Colchuck, Snow Lakes (Icicle), Eightmile Creek, Icicle Creek, and Teanaway.

The Forest Service is considering having the permit system handled by a contractor, which means that a permit could cost you in the range of \$6 or \$8.

Not all permits could be reserved ahead

of time; about 25% would still be available for those nice summer evenings when you decide to run up Granite after work.

#9 also designates campsites at nine destinations; closes 165 miles of trail to horses; prohibits campfires at 105 destinations; designates 190 horse camps; closes ten camps to horses; and prohibits hikers from camping in horse camps.

#9 wants over 300 miles of new trail construction outside Wilderness. (New trails, however, might conflict with the grizzly bear recovery program—an entirely different consideration.)

"With the new system, use Wilderness-wide would be expected to drop by 20%," said Bob Stoehr from the Leavenworth District. "North Bend day-use might drop 50%, while Leavenworth day-use could increase 10% and still meet the standards."

Many people in the audience felt that a Wilderness-wide system was just plain over-regulation. Some suggestions were to regulate only the high-use areas, only overnight use, only weekends, and to make 50% of the permits available for day-of-use. Many of these ideas were met with applause.

After the week of meetings concluded, I spoke with Ron DeHart of the Baker-Snoqualmie headquarters. "We heard a clear message that the folks who showed

up for the meetings are not excited about permits," he said. "The study team will look at all the input from these meetings and all the written comments."

"Nothing is cast in concrete," he continued. "We haven't made any decision, and we were glad to get some really good suggestions. We might still consider some other approach."

In Oregon, where use in the Three Sisters Wilderness has doubled in the last 10 years, the same discussion is going on. A two-year study of use levels prompted the Forest Service there to form a focus group of citizens from all over the state to recommend some ways to protect the Three Sisters, Mount Washington and Mount Jefferson Wilderness areas.

"We hope to have a program in place to restrict use by 1995," said Steve Sorseth, Wilderness manager for Willamette National Forest.

For more information on the Oregon Wilderness permits, call Steve Sorseth at 503-465-6521.

To comment on the Alpine Lakes plan, send your letter to:

Dave Redman
Baker-Snoqualmie National Forest
21905 64 Avenue West
Mountlake Terrace WA 98043.

—AM





BACKCOUNTRY NEWS

INTRODUCTION

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

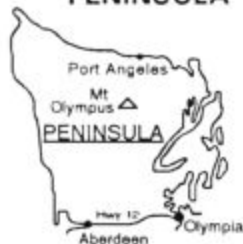
Space is limited; we may have to cut your report to fit available space. Typing is not necessary; we can read just about anyone's handwriting. We're interested in ALL trips, easy and hard, ordinary and exotic.

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

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



PENINSULA



SKYLINE TRAIL, ELIP CREEK LOOP (*Olympic Natl Park; Mount Hoquiam, Mount Christie, Kimta Peak*)—Doug Johnson and I planned our annual Olympics trip together to start on the Sunday of what historically is supposed to be the driest weekend of the summer in Seattle, July 24-25. Of course, anything can happen in the Olympics, but this trip caught three consecutive days of good weather before the next front of this soggy summer moved in. We decided to do a clockwise loop trip over three days by way of the Big Creek, Skyline, Elip Creek, and North Fork Quinault trails.

The first leg of the trip was the Big Creek trail to Three Lakes and the junction with the Skyline trail. Notable sights included two log "tunnels" where the trail passes under huge fallen

trees, and the bridge over Big Creek. The elevation gain is 2700 feet, two-thirds coming after the Big Creek crossing. Because the mosquitos were thick at Three Lakes and another party had already taken the best campsite, we camped .2-mile beyond the lakes at a meadow along the abandoned Tshletshy Creek trail. Exploring the next morning, we found an even better, relatively bug-free campsite with views of Mount Olympus and the Valhallas on the ridge above the junction of the Tshletshy trail with the remnant of the even more obscure Finley Peak trail. This latter trail totally peters out beyond the ridgetop meadows.

On the second day in clear weather, we hiked the Skyline trail and set up our tent at Three Prune Camp. We enjoyed spectacular vistas of Mount Seattle and the upper Quinault valley. We dayhiked about 2 miles up and down on the Skyline toward Kimta Peak. This part of the Skyline looked little visited and was rocky where it wasn't a quagmire.

We started out about 9am on the third day under hazy skies on the Elip Creek Trail, a path of rocks, roots, and mud during the first 2 miles until we started the steep descent to the North Fork Quinault trail. A few light rain showers encouraged us to finish this 12.5 mile day by 5:30pm.—Jack Lattemann, Portland, 7/23-25.

ELK MOUNTAIN TRAIL (*Olympic Natl Park; USGS Maiden Peak*)—We had limited time but wanted to get high to see the Delta Aquarid meteor shower if the clouds lifted.

The Obstruction Point road has some washboard, but not many potholes. The wind was blowing hard and dark clouds were massing on the southern horizon as we started off.

The flowers were wonderful! We packed in water; the ridge is dry except for unreliable snow patches.

When the alarm went off at midnight, we stuck our heads out to see nothing but clouds above us. We reset the clock for a couple of hours later, but before it went off, the rain started.

No meteors. We'll hope for better weather for the Perseids.—Ann Marshall, 7/27-28.

QUINULT RIVER (*Olympic Natl Park; USGS Bunch Lake*)—Having never had the experience of hiking or backpacking alone, I decided to pick a spot that Larry & I had visited once and promised to return to but had yet been unable to.

The 20-mile drive in from Highway 101 is worth taking slow, not only because of the elk, waterfalls, and moss hanging from trees, but also on-coming traffic. Though this is a high use area the road is relatively in good shape, with only minor potholes. At the parking lot I counted 30 cars. Estimating 4 people per car (120 people!) I figured I wouldn't be experiencing much loneliness. Also at the trailhead is a warning of cougar sightings as well as a picture of that woman who has been missing since May.

The campsite is on the trail that goes to Enchanted Valley, a mile up from Pony Bridge, which is 2.5 miles from the trailhead. The trail leads down to

BACKCOUNTRY NEWS

DEADLINE: September 21

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

BACKCOUNTRY NEWS

the right about 200 feet and roughly 3 to 4 campsites are available that overlook the Quinault. The beautiful (not so hidden anymore) spot that Larry and I stumbled upon 3 years ago is well used now.

I set up my camp in the only spot left, a one-tent site, and proceeded to get comfortable. Looking up the gorge, with rocky cliffs on both sides, the river is the most crystal-blue, clear water that I've seen.

On this trip I tried out my new ultralight hanging lamp that I purchased from Campmor. It holds 2 ounces of citronella oil that will burn 6 to 8 hours per ounce. It worked great.

At dusk the bats flew about for awhile, and I finally saw some fish in the river. I don't think I was ever alone for more than two minutes. People coming and going ranged from age 3 to 73.—Kerry Gilles, Westport, 8/7-8.

UPPER DUCK SHELTER

(Olympic Natl Park; USGS Mount Steel)—The old shelter, damaged by a fallen tree, has been completely removed by the Park Service, Joe Weigel tells us. There's not a trace of the structure left.—AM, 8/9.

(Mount Skokomish Wilderness; USGS Mount Skokomish)—I started out in a drizzly fog but after only 15 minutes up the ridge trail, I broke out into sunlight. Just as the trail neared the base of the gully which is the popular winter and spring route, I found that it had been re-routed to the south.

The trail continued up with several short switchbacks over benches, through boulder fields and meadows brilliantly clothed in a variety of alpine flowers. In only 1 hour and 12 minutes I was at the summit which I shared with a mother goat and kid.—Bill Nickell, Bainbridge Island, 8/8.

(Mount Skokomish Wilderness; USGS Mount Skokomish)—The lower trailhead is the place to start. You can save a mile or so by using the upper starts, but you'll miss a truly beautiful stretch of wooded ridge. The trail is smooth, and at one point is like climbing a long staircase. After reading Robert Wood's description, we wondered if he was talking about the older trail.

As we climbed past the upper two trail junctions, an outrageous flower display began. We stopped to study the bees—their buzzing at times was so loud we thought our ears were ringing.

At the top we were alone with a 360-degree view, the clouds below filling all the valleys to the south. Other



Lee McKee / Ann Marshall

Camp near Mount Elk Lick.

people arrived, ages ranging from 9 to 70—about 20 in all by the time we moved on. We decided to follow the branch creek drainage down off the mountain, for some adventure. After about 20 minutes into the descent we came upon the skeletons of two goats. A wood-wise friend later explained that goats and elk often get trapped in deep snow and die.

We've decided this route is very similar to being 8 inches tall and climbing down 40 flights of stairs. We walked the 2 miles down the road to the truck, eating huckleberries along the way and talking about doing Mount Washington next.—Larry Schoenborn and Kerry Gilles, Westport, 8/12.

UPPER MAYNARD BURN TRAIL, MOUNT BALDY

(Buckhorn Wilderness; USGS Tyler Peak)—I arrived at the trailhead at noon; this was a deliberate late arrival since the weather forecast was for a sunny afternoon. I had just looked at Robert Wood's description of the trail which indicated that one must travel over 1.7 miles of forest road by foot in order to reach the real trailhead.

It took me about a half hour to reach the original trailhead. The trail was just as steep as I had remembered (I did this hike 11 years ago with my then 9-year-old son), climbing straight up unrelentingly. Most of the trail follows an old cat track which is now covered with 4- to 6-foot firs and all of these small trees generously dumped their rain-laden needles onto my shirt, shorts and shoes.

I kept waiting for the sun to come out but skies darkened and gradually turned to heavy mist. By the time I

reached the summit (6500 feet—I didn't travel the added 1/2-mile north to the true summit), the mist had turned to a drizzle which kept a steady patter all the way down. I understand that the views from the summit are supposed to be fantastic.

When I arrived back at the Forest Service road (the original trailhead), I noticed that the trail continued down just across the road. I decided to take this short-cut and was delighted when it dropped me off on the road just about 200 yards from my car and required only about 10 minutes. This short-cut is very faint at the bottom but otherwise better than any of the upper trail. Someone has attempted to mark its start with a single bread-box-sized rock.—BRN, Bainbridge Island, 8/15.

QUILCENE LOOP

(Buckhorn Wilderness; USGS Mount Townsend, Mount Zion)—My wife dropped me off at the Upper Big Quilcene trailhead at about 7am. I started out under cloudy skies which continued to look more menacing with each step up the trail. About 1 mile, the trail was rerouted for several hundred yards to skirt a washed-out segment. This new trail is pretty rough. As I moved through Camp Mystery, the weather was still holding and I felt pretty confident as I glided through the alpine meadow to Marmot Pass.

I turned north onto the Tubal Cain Mine trail. After a traverse of about 1 1/2 miles and across two small but steep snowfields (which I circled since I was not carrying my ice axe), I arrived at Buckhorn Pass. The sun finally broke through and since it was now almost noon, I decided this was a very pleasant place for lunch.

As I enjoyed my fig bars and gorp, I noticed several white spots near the summit of Mount Buckhorn. Just as I gained the saddle immediately below the summit, I spotted a billy, four nannies and two kids. As I scrambled to the summit, the seven goats moved up a short distance ahead of me and disappeared around the corner.

I then retraced my steps down the ridge to Buckhorn Pass. I continued down the 7+ miles through acres of alpine meadow and brilliant flowers past the Tubal Cain Mine to the Tubal Cain Mine trailhead.

During the last 2 1/2 miles, I was struck by the hundreds of wild rhododendrons on both sides of the trail and extending back under the evergreen canopy as far as I could see. The sun's rays filtering through the thin layer of clouds created an eerie effect as they reflected off the brilliant blooms. The whole forest seemed to be aglow with

BACKCOUNTRY NEWS

pink neon lights.

At the Tubal Cain trailhead, I turned right onto a Forest Service road for about 200 feet and found the Little Quilcene trail. I headed up Dirty Face Ridge toward Mount Townsend. This trail was actually in better shape than I expected.

By the time I reached the long ridge of Mount Townsend I was so tired that for the first time ever (I usually hike up Mount Townsend six or more times each year) I didn't bother to walk the added 50 or 100 feet to the highest point. I continued down the Mount Townsend trail and at 6pm was happy to find my wife waiting for me at the trailhead.—Bill Nickell, Bainbridge Island, 7/4.

▲▲▲ **LAKE CONSTANCE, MOUNT CONSTANCE** (*Olympic Natl Park; USGS Mount Deception, The Brothers*)—The Trail: Reservations and permits required. Steep. Big Boulder! Moderate. Really steep. Wet. The Lake!

The Lake: Small. Trees to shore. Goat hair everywhere. Pretty. Many tiny fish. Full moon. Bats.

The Ranger: Adrian.

The Climb: Scree. More scree. Views. Steep scree. Notch. Snow. Scree. Notch. Snow. Scree. Terrible Traverse. Scree. Mellow lava. Summit. 3 hours 15 minutes to lake; 2 hours 20 minutes up top, 1 hour down.

The Epilogue: More snow would be better. Adrian gave the climb an "official" feeling (he went with). Fred from Hallock got the "Mr. Olympus" award. He went from car to summit in one day (joined us below chute's notch).—The Postman and Shirley, Seattle, 7/31-8/1.

▲▲▲ **HOPE ISLAND** (*State Park, NOAA Chart 18448*)—We all met at Percival Landing in Olympia, shuttled cars to Arcadia, and about 9am set off up Budd Inlet.

Although most of the boats were kayaks, Lee and I were glad to see two other canoes in the group. Lots of harbor seals were out splashing around near us, and lots of jellyfish made it seem like we were stirring jello.

At Hunter Point, the outgoing tide picked up speed. We stayed close to shore on the south side of Squaxin Passage, then cut across at its narrowest point, paddling steadily against the current.

At Hope Island we had a huge pot-luck lunch and a sunny afternoon. Leaving the island, some of us paddled around the east side. The feeling here is much more wild, as Squaxin Island is not developed at all.—Ann Marshall, 8/21.

▲ **NORTH FORK SKOKOMISH** (*Olympic Natl Park; USGS Mount Skokomish*)—We picked a loop hike of 17.6 miles. Starting at Staircase we hiked up to the turn-off to Black & White Lakes.

A lone hiker returning from Gladys Divide informed us he was able to watch (through binoculars) three cougars playing in the meadows around the divide—how exciting! When crossing Madeline Creek, Larry was stung twice by wasps.

At Black & White Lakes the flies were out in full force, as well as the mosquitoes. We headed down to Smith Lake, then back to Black & White (good campsites). After a dip in the lake we took the 2.3 mile way-trail (read Wood's description) down to Big Log Camp. This trail is full of blue huckleberries, worth picking to bring home. The path is well used but has no outstanding characteristics and our knees were sore from the constant downhill.

Big Log (North Fork Skokomish River) is a great place to camp, with a hollow tree for kids, beautiful campsites, and privacy. The hike out (5.3 miles) is an easy stroll with numerous campsites along the way, plenty of water.—Kerry Gilles and Larry Schoenborn, Westport, 8/19.

▲ **WEST FORK DOSEWALLIPS** (*Olympic Natl Park; USGS The Brothers, Mount Steel*)—The Dose Ranger said High Bridge will probably be replaced next year, either closing the trail or limiting use for a short period of time. Not allowing horses across the rotting bridge for the last couple of years has greatly improved the trail, mainly above Diamond Meadows.

Watched a hiker hang this enormous bag of food. We wondered what was in it and got to talking to him. Turns out it was P&Per DW. Swapped a lot of stories; we could have talked all night.

Next day we did a day hike up to LaCross Pass. In the open meadows was a mud slide that had traveled quite a distance down the hillside. A very active bear in the area peeling bark on many of the trees. Great views from the pass.—SB, Silverdale, July.

▲ **HAPPY LAKE** (*Olympic Natl Park; USGS Lake Sutherland, Mount Carrie*)—We've been up this trail many times but always as a day hike; this time we carried full gear up.

What a difference—it took us almost 5 hours to go 5 miles with 3000 feet to gain in the first 3 miles. Met two other groups who said it had taken them 5 hours too, so we didn't feel so bad.

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BACKCOUNTRY NEWS

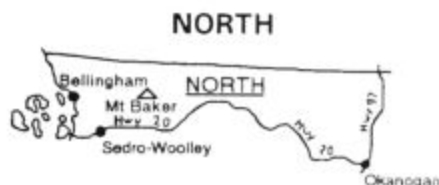
Clouds were in and out all weekend long and for July it was COLD. Next day we day hiked 9 miles just so we could connect 2 miles of new trail to Aurora Divide. From the intersection where the trail up Boulder Lake and from Happy Lake meet with Aurora Divide, which now has a new sign, the tread becomes fainter.

Across one of the small open meadows it is hard to tell which direction the trail goes. Within a few seconds you'll pick it up again. This area does not see a lot of people. We continued to the next intersection with Aurora Ridge. Trail follows the ridge line with a few minor ups and downs.—SB, Silverdale, July.

HAMMA HAMMA ROAD—Work continues on the Cabin Creek bridge through 10/18. Follow detour signs to reach the Lena, Mildred and Putvin trailheads.—Ranger, 8/20.

FLAPJACK LAKES—Bear closure has been lifted; see this issue, page 26.

DUNGENESS ROAD 2860—Bridge over Silver Creek is out. Tubal Cain, Upper Gold Creek and Little Quilcene trailheads are inaccessible from this side.—Ranger, 8/20.



CRATER MOUNTAIN (*Pasayten Wilderness; USGS Crater Mountain*)—Walk in by way of the Canyon Creek trailhead off Highway 20 or use the Ross Lake Resort water taxi to the Ruby Creek Trail. Ascend

3400 feet from Canyon Creek using a 4-mile switchbacking trail.

Reach a junction and go left to Crater Mountain or right to continue on the Devils Loop Trail. It is less than a mile to a couple of ideal campsites. This is an amazingly beautiful area!

The sharp face of Crater Mountain has several dark paths where the water streams down to a shallow clear pond called Crater Lake. The wildflowers such as columbine and heather are a joy to see in the cirque.

There are two summits, each about a 2-mile hike away and one the site of a former fire lookout. Both offer incredible views as you rise above the marmots' valley and into the realm of the mountain goats.

My preference is the eastern peak of the mountain at 7054 feet. This trail doesn't need the rock climbing skills advised for reaching the 8128-foot western summit of the mountain. The site of the former lookout is easily identified due to the debris left in the rocks. The view of Jerry Glacier melting into a green pool as vivid as a cartoon frog was the highlight of the hike.—Allyson Oakley, Ross Lake Resort, 7/9-10.

PARK BUTTE LOOKOUT

(*Mount Baker Natl Rec Area; USGS Baker Pass*)—This is a wonderful hike of about 3.5 miles to the lookout and 2100 feet up (and down!) most of which is done in one stretch. It's meadows, up, then more meadows and moderately up.

The views are dramatic and in my opinion hiking doesn't get much prettier. Still plenty of water to be had, lots of bugs out, and lots of people on this beautiful sunny day. The trail is in excellent condition.—Mystery Hiker and Mr. Maphead, Granite Falls, 8/3.

CHOPAKA MOUNTAIN (*DNR; USGS Hurley Peak*) and **CADY PASS** (*Okanogan Natl Forest; USGS Slate Peak*)—Two trails in the present edition of *100 Hikes in the North Cascades* are no longer available to hikers.

Hike 78—Cady Pass (not to be confused with the *other* Cady Pass in Wenatchee National Forest). The historic, narrow gauge road over Cady Pass has been bulldozed into a full-sized mining road. The scenery is the same and hikers have a legal right to walk the road, but most of what made this hike worthwhile is gone.

Hike 95—Chopaka Mountain. Those who have been there are aware of the unique and fragile nature of the plant life and the need to protect it from years of cattle grazing.

With the help of the Nature Conservancy, 2600 acres of Chopaka Mountain have been turned over to the Department of Natural Resources as Chopaka Mountain Natural Area Preserve. Instead of creating public interest in preserving the area, the DNR has chosen to forbid *all* recreational use, period.

From my viewpoint, closing the area to hikers is a mistake. While hikers going every which way would create almost as much havoc as the cows, a designated trail minimal impact and could create public support for more natural preserves.—Ira Spring, Edmonds, 8/5.

METHOW VALLEY—A damp report on some Winthrop area trails. Sunday, started from Winthrop in sunshine, arrived at Bernhardt Mine trailhead to spot an auto for a one-way trip on Tiffany Mountain. Cold rain, new snow visible on Freezeout Ridge. Maybe another day.

Hiked trail to Black Lake, wind and showers at the lake, lots of moist vegetation. The Winthrop ranger is seeking information on major vandalism done to the camp area during second half of June.

Monday, started in sunshine on the Twisp Pass trail. Very wet and brushy on lower part, lots of exposed south-facing slopes on upper part, but it was now very cloudy. The wildflower display in the rocky areas was very impressive; our pace slowed way down in admiration. Cloudy, windy and showers at Twisp Pass; only partial views to the west. Still sunny and warm on lower part of trail.

Tuesday. Hard, steady rain in Winthrop all day.

Wednesday. Started out to hike to Stiletto Vista trail by way of Bridge Creek. Sunny in Winthrop, new snow on mountains at Washington Pass. Bridge Creek trail was wet and muddy



On the northeast shore of Clark Island; Lummi Island in background.

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at start. At first junction, we met a group of Scouts drying out from rain and snow of the previous day. At second "junction" on trail to Stiletto, turn left—that downed log was *not* missed by trail crew. If you reach the old mine, you're on the "old" (wrong) trail! Past third junction, Copper Creek must be crossed. No boulder hopping today; the stream is everywhere. It's getting cloudy. We decide to abandon the trip.

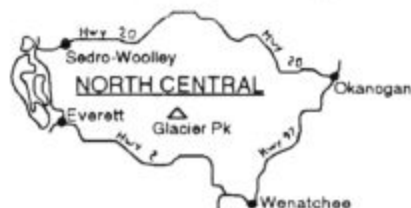
Drove and then hiked to **Goat Peak Lookout**. Short and steep walk through a nice flower display including western pasqueflower. Partly sunny at the lookout. All the mountains to the west are enveloped in clouds. It starts raining as we leave the lookout.

Thursday. Steady, hard rain—let's go home.—SHA, Seattle, 7/18-21.

PARK BUTTE—Lookout will be closed from 9/8-15 and 9/22-29 for repairs.—Ranger, 8/17.

NORTH CASCADES NP—Many bears. Nasty yellowjacket nest in ground ¼-mile from Easy Pass trailhead, just past first switchback.—Ranger, 8/16.

NORTH CENTRAL



MEADOW MOUNTAIN (*Glacier Peak Wilderness; USGS Pugh Mountain, Lime Mountain*)—We spent two days doing the length of Meadow Mountain, going in by way of Crystal Creek and out to the White Chuck River Road. This was a long hike, really too long for me in two days and I think it would be much more enjoyable done in three.

It begins with a 4.5-mile road hike to the trailhead and then up, up to the meadows. We stopped at a little over the 7 mile marker as I was pooped and it began to rain. It poured all night and rained lightly the entire next day. The meadows are pretty but we've seen them much more ablaze with color, as if the flowers are also waiting for sun.

The trail through the meadows is easy enough to follow but is really becoming grown over and will be gone in spots before long. Going out on the Fire Creek trail was one huge mud bog after another. The bugs weren't too bad, very few people out there, and plenty of water.—Mystery Hiker and Mr. Maphead, Granite Falls, 7/27-28.

PIRATE PEAK, aka SPURR PEAK (*Henry M. Jackson Wilderness; USGS Monte Cristo, Bedal*)—This peak is at the southern end of Addison Ridge and overlooks the townsite of Monte Cristo.

Since there are many differences in the terminology used by Beckey (*Cascade Alpine Guide*) and Majors-McCollum (*Monte Cristo Area: a Complete Outdoor Guide*), let's set up a dictionary before giving an account of the climb.

Start at the north: Everybody agrees that Sheep Mountain is Sheep Mountain. The gap at its southern terminus is called Pearsall Pass by B and Sentinel Gap by M-M.

Next, what B calls the North Peak of Gemini is referred to as Gemini by M-M, and what B calls the South Peak of Gemini is referred to as Coney Peak by M-M.

In addition, what B calls Pirate Peak is referred to as Spurr Peak by M-M, its southerly neighbor being unnamed by B but referred to as Eagles Nest Peak by M-M.

Finally, what B calls Sentinel Gap is referred to as West Seattle Pass by M-M.

To compound the confusion, the 1986 Green Trails map (Monte Cristo) mistakenly calls this pass Ida Pass which, of course, is on the other side of Foggy Peak. [Ed. Note: the 1991 Green Trails map shows the pass correctly, as does the Pic-Tour Monte Cristo map.]

The approach to Pirate Peak is simple. Leave the road a couple of hundred yards south of the Monte Cristo campground and, as Beckey suggests, ascend the "thin talus gully" to heather and open trees, emerging on rubble a few hundred feet below the summit.

It is not a good idea to continue to the col (hindsight and all that). Instead, climb the wall defining the north side of the col, aiming for the line of scrub trees about halfway up (Class 3—blocky and loose). Top out on the ridge just below the peak. The compact summit block is a bouldering problem. The crux is a power mantle move off of rock of questionable integrity (Class 5). Time: 5½ hours.

(Note: The description of the summit of Eagles Nest Peak by M-M is really that of Spurr Peak.)—Garth Warner and Mark Owen, Carnation, 8/8.

SILVER and TWIN LAKES (*Henry M. Jackson Wilderness; USGS Monte Cristo*)—Lew, John and I headed up the Monte Cristo road from Barlow Pass at 9am Saturday in light rain. The road is in good shape, except for one bridge. About five cars passed us on the way to the town. Walking

was pleasant: flat with some views blocked in part by fog.

The 2-mile/2-hour trail from town up to Silver Lake (and on a mile to Twin Lake) is not in wonderful shape. It is mostly loose and fixed rock, exposed slippery roots, steep, muddy, a river, overgrown with wet brush and lacking switchbacks to rest and enjoy the views blocked by the dense fog.

We came upon a total of seven people on the trail and at the lake, so the trail did serve to filter the crowds. The area around the lake was very heavily signed for plant recovery to the point that it was difficult to find a spot to pitch a tent for people recovery.

The lake was beautiful, when we could see it through the fog, and the

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fog lifted for two 15-minute periods so we could see all the way across it! Our tents were close enough we could talk and, although difficult to explain to non-backpackers, we actually enjoyed the day in our tents.

A ranger from South London came by with a survey. It helped pass the time and we enjoyed the questions about adequacy of the RV facilities and restaurants at our campsite.

The hike out was steeply down so care was required not to slip or strain knees and the fog was still with us. We saw a few glimpses of peaks on the road out and were at the car by noon when it, of course, began to clear.—Tom Karasek, Stanwood, 7/24-25.

MARTEN CREEK (*Boulder River Wilderness; USGS Silverton*)—Once again (what a summer!) the weather was not so good so we chose Marten Creek. We thought it would be a low, easy hike along the creek.

It's not high, never above treeline, but it's quite a bit steeper than we anticipated. Basically this hike is several miles through forests and swamps heading toward Granite Pass. It ends at a now destroyed "cabin" just after crossing Marten Creek itself.

Though everything we'd read or heard warned of lots of brush, this trail has been maintained and wasn't brushy at all till the very end.—Mystery Hiker and Mr. Maphead, Granite Falls, 8/9.

WALT BAILEY TRAIL (*DNR; USGS Mallard Ridge*)—This was a Sierra Club hike led by Randy Patterson and Lisa Darling on the first nice weekend of the entire summer. Walt Bailey was along, too.

The Verlot Ranger Station has a helpful handout for the WBT; stop in and pick one up since the trail is not in any guidebook or on any map yet (officially opened just last year).

Road 4032 to the trailhead is in fairly good shape, although narrow once pavement ends. Since ours was a fairly large group, we left most of the cars back at the wide spot about ¼-mile from the road-end.

The first part of the trail goes across a very wet hillside. In ¼-mile the trail crosses a tiny rivulet, then climbs. In 1½ miles we entered the Big Meadow, and reached the upper Cutthroat Lake at 3½ miles.

The elevation gain is 1500 feet in and 300 feet out—sounds easy, but expect narrow, rough tread, roots and rocks, and lots of mud. The meadows and views were delightful.—Ann Marshall, 8/1.



Bonanza Peak from Lyman Lake.

Linda Rostad

NORTH LAKE (*Baker-Snoqualmie Natl Forest; USGS Helena Ridge*)—We left the Lake Independence trailhead (3600 feet) at 5am for a planned two night stay at North Lake (4100 feet).

Jeff, Fred and I soon reached Lake Independence (3700 feet) encountering only large trees and a good trail. There were four other camps at the lake, most of them still asleep. We took the North Lake trail at the end of the lake for the 1200-foot climb to the ridge above both lakes. Views were incredible!

Dropping into North Lake was eventful because of lots of snow and no former knowledge of the trail direction. We did lots of exploring. The weather was hot till about 9pm when the rain hit like there was no tomorrow.

Next day we packed up wet and headed out through fog and snowflakes at the ridge above the lake (4800 feet). The rain followed us all the way out to the Verlot Ranger Station.—J. Bingham, Marysville, 6/28.

BARLOW POINT (*Baker-Snoqualmie Natl Forest; USGS Bedal*)—The 1-mile hike starts from the parking lot at Barlow Pass, where the Mountain Loop pavement ends and the gated road to Monte Cristo begins. Barlow Point evidently once had a lookout, and the prospect of views to the Monte Cristo peaks was attractive, as was the fact that the route up to the lookout site would be mainly in shade.

The trail is in fine condition on soft forest duff with very little undergrowth, except for a sidehill trek around a cliff. Three other trails branch mysteriously off the left.

This would have been just the right

hike under the circumstances, if not for the fact that when you get to the top you're standing on a rock inside a green box! The minor views are only in the dull directions. The trees have grown up around the lookout site and there's hardly anything left to see.

Are we such purists that we couldn't stand to see a little trimming here or there? The same degree of exercise can be had in other, much more rewarding ways.—Terry Rockafellar, Seattle, 8/4

[Barlow Point is a trail that I hiked as a child. I remember the old lookout and the wonderful view across to Sheep Mountain and down the Sauk valley. Hard to believe it's the same trail!—AMJ]

SULPHUR CREEK (*Glacier Peak Wilderness; USGS Downey Mountain, Lime Mountain*)—From the Sulphur Creek campground, we walked across the road and up an unsigned trail. The map said the trail was 1.6 miles long, and *Routes and Rocks* gives the mileage as 4 miles.

The trail has not been cleared of downed trees, but has been brushed. It is a beautiful path above Sulphur Creek through virgin forest. Most of the log crossings were easy to get over or under. About 2 miles in, however, was a huge downed cedar that was a real challenge. When we got over it we found more trees down and, a short way farther, no sign of the trail.

We decided it was time to turn back. My knee is not quite healed from a fall 3 weeks ago and was protesting over some of the obstacles.—Linda Rostad, Bothell, 8/5.

SUIATTLE RIVER TO CANYON CREEK (*Glacier Peak Wilderness; USGS Gamma Peak, Lime Mountain*)—We walked from the Sulphur Creek campground to the end of the road. The parking lot was at least half full—lots of folks are making good use of the re-opened road.

The trail is in excellent shape. Trees have been cut away and minor trail repairs have been made.

This trail goes up and down along the muddy Suiattle River through a beautiful forest. It was pleasant and cool on a hot, sunny day.

At Canyon Creek we marveled at the suspension bridge. A huge campsite is on the north side of the creek. We had lunch down at the creek before returning the 6.5 miles out.—Linda Rostad, Bothell, 8/6.

MINOTAUR LAKE (*Henry M. Jackson Wilderness; USGS Labyrinth Mountain*)—Lee and I decided to take another shot at meteor-watching

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from Minotaur Lake.

The trailhead is a little over 7 miles from Highway 2 on the Smithbrook-Rainy Pass road. Ours was the only car at the trailhead. It is a steep climb.

We camped on the heather benches well above the lake. At sunset we began to look for stars but saw instead waves of fog rolling over the crest.

A couple of hours before dawn, however, Lee announced that there were definitely meteors out there. We hauled our pads and sleeping bags out and watched a good meteor show for an hour before the sun dimmed the stars.—Ann Marshall, 8/12-13.

GREEN MOUNTAIN (*Glacier Peak Wilderness; USGS Downey Mountain*)—The marine air was predicted to cover only the lower west slopes of the Cascades with cloudiness. Getting off to an early Sunday start, we headed up to Darrington and then out the Suittle River Road, which had reopened only a few weeks earlier (see August, page 9).

The side road to the trail was without problems. We entered the cloud layer near the end of it, feeling encouraged because with 3000 feet of climbing yet to go to the lookout we could be sure of emerging from the clouds to grand views. But we found the entire mountain to be under the blanket. Still, it was beautiful.

I've taken this hike many times, but always early in the season, when snow blocked the higher reaches. This time the famous green meadows were in their fully lush state. The top of the mountain, a small rocky patch at 6500 feet, had a population density exceeding that of Manhattan, as everyone hung around in hope that the fog would lift.

We seemed very near the surface of the layer, and the sun shone through on us from time to time. Eventually, after almost two hours of lurching and napping, the curtains did part in some crucial directions, such as toward nearby Glacier Peak. Everyone felt rewarded for the climb and wait. In coming down, we found the meadows increasingly in sun. It turned into a fine afternoon.—Terry Rockafellar, Seattle, 8/8.

ROCK MOUNTAIN (*Baker-Snoqualmie Natl Forest; USGS Mount Howard*)—Ruth, my daughter, especially likes substantial trail hikes to mountain tops, so we aimed at Rock Mountain by the Snowy Creek route. This requires driving up Smithbrook Road and over Rainy Pass to the north side of Nason Ridge. Sure enough, the clouds did open up, although scenic wisps continued to float by.

Generally I'm not as fond of the dry

forests of the east slopes as I am of the green tangle on the west, but the first couple of miles of relatively level trail up the Snowy Creek drainage go through a lovely garden of trees and streamside vegetation. Then there's a dramatic basin at the creek's source, an open stroll through grass.

The next part is hard work. This trail gains 3350 feet of elevation in its 4.5 miles to the peak, most of the gain starting here. At least the trail is well graded and in excellent condition. After a while you come into the open on a wide, steep hillside which seems to stretch upward forever, the perspective exaggerated by the small size of the trees clinging to the upper slopes.

This is one of the richest flower meadows to be seen in the Cascades, and you get to view it from all angles as the trail switches back and forth.

The summit ridge is rocky but flavorful too, as well as sheltered in places by sprawling tree-bushes. This was very welcome as an escape from fast-moving fingers of fog that were intermingled with the sunshine. Below was pretty Rock Lake, all melted out, and to the left was a solitary goat climbing the crags.

After a brief lunch we ascended the last few hundred feet to the lookout site itself, surrounded by tundra. The lookout is now gone, so nothing obstructs the views from this point at 6852 feet, the highest on Nason Ridge. The whole hike was bugfree.—Terry Rockafellar, Seattle, 8/13.

MOUNT PILCHUCK (*State Park; USGS Verlot*)—Last year Kate and I, speculating on the possi-



Below the summit of Mount Saul; Airplane Lake below.

bilities for extended roaming, decided to try to reach the "picturesque tarns" mentioned in *100 Hikes in the Glacier Peak Region*. We thought we might skip the summit entirely, finding a way to the east part of the ridge by way of Frozen Lake. On the appointed day, however, the mountain was socked in, making route finding very dubious.

We ascended to the summit in the ordinary way. At the top we rested, wishing the sun would break through. The fog shifted and thinned, but always closed back in again.

The book says this trail is 2 miles (one way) and the Green Trails map I use says it's 3 miles. How can either of these be THAT far off? How far is it? Does anyone know?

From the summit, we dropped very sharply down to the southeast in a green gully, then cut back northeast to the ridge top. The route is plainly marked with yellow paint, like the excessively splattered upper part of the main trail.

We reached the tarns; a sign designated them the "Bathtub Lakes." And they were not, certainly, as cold as most lakes. They are lovely, set in the fractured rock typical of that ridge, many of them. We were not sure of their number in the fog. As we returned, the fog thickened, and we carefully "followed-the-(yellow)-dots" back up the summit, and down again.

A word of caution: I can't think why Ira and/or Harvey described this route as "an easy way-trail." It is easy to find, but I wouldn't describe any of its other qualities as "easy." It is very steep in places, and precipitous in others (like many ridge routes), and requires hands and feet to scramble over some of the rock piles and roots of the twisted ridgetop trees.

We thought it was really fun, though, and I don't doubt that the views in the clear weather are magnificent. It seemed to us that a route might be found that comes out at Pinnacle Lake—has anyone ever tried that way? The paint dots continued past our stopping point. What can they lead to? The pot of yellow paint at the end of the rainbow? Very mysterious.—Peg Ferm, Monroe, 8/17.

HIGHWAY 2, Smithbrook road to Stevens Pass (*Wenatchee Natl Forest; USGS Labyrinth Mountain*)—An odd hike, you say? Why would we do this?

We were on our way to Lake Wenatchee and a day hike up Dirty Face. We decided to take the scenic route over Rainy Pass and turned onto the Smithbrook road. Two or three miles later our car died.

We spent some time peering into the

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engine (hoping to see an obvious problem), then coasted downhill to the highway. From there we hiked up to the pass and a phone.

We called several towing companies and learned they all charge about the same. We finally chose Josh's Towing out of Skykomish because they were close. They charged us \$42 to come get us (they go anywhere to pick you up) and \$2.50 a mile to tow—\$229 later we were in Everett.

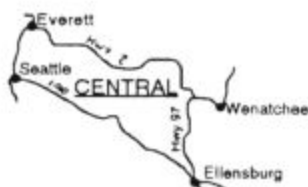
An expensive hike and I do not recommend it. Maybe there should be a "Ten Essentials" list for your car; at least extra food and water, and don't forget to leave information with a friend or family member about your destination and expected return home. —Mystery Hiker and Mr. Maphead, Granite Falls, 7/12.

SUIATLE RIVER ROAD—Although the road is open, some repairs still need to be made. At the 5-mile point, a bridge will be replaced sometime soon, and the road will be closed for a day, as yet undetermined. Call the Ranger Station to find out: 206-436-1155.—Ranger, 8/21.

PCT, Suiattle Pass to White Pass—Generally in good condition and snow-free, but bridge is out at Milk Creek.—Ranger, 8/21.

GLACIER PEAK—It's your basic September conditions: bare ice, wet snow above 11,000 feet, and freezing level around 10,000 to 11,000 feet.—Ranger, 8/21.

CENTRAL



TRAP LAKE (*Alpine Lakes Wilderness; USGS Scenic*)—A beautiful hike, a little muddy in spots. The bugs are definitely coming out, but so are the flowers! I did this hike with some of my Stevens Pass friends including our youngest member, Hannah, who though only 1 year old is in the middle of her second hiking season!

We all had a great time. I've done this hike twice and neither time have actually been to Trap Lake. No one wants to drop down to it only to have to come back up. It is a wonderful hike anyway with plenty of pretty spots to stop for lunch or camp.—Mystery Hiker, Granite Falls, 8/2.

ANDERSON LAKE (*Alpine Lakes Wilderness; USGS Mount Phelps, Lake Philippa*)—On the spur of the moment, and despite relatively poor weather forecast, we decided to hike in to Anderson Lake at the head of Lennox Creek.

We left the car at 7pm and began the strenuous hike up the muddy and steep trail. The trail description in *100 Hikes in the Alpine Lakes* does not accurately describe the first 2 miles of this trail. The trail does not contour around the side of Dog Mountain, but instead switchbacks steeply up nearly 1000 feet per mile. Several ugly blowdowns require a bit of gymnastics to get around. In the dark we found a tiny, dry square of ground in an open heathery bog.

The next morning we discovered the sunshine and a lovely view and after an early breakfast, we stashed our packs and entered the immense, beautiful, granite-slabbed basin at the head of the valley. Otter-slide waterfalls, lovely flowers, and moss-banked rivulets graced the basin. We meandered to the pass and dropped through beargrass and rock slides to beautiful Anderson Lake. Though Treen and Garfield Mountains were mostly covered by clouds, the interplay of wispy fog and distant cliffs was entrancing.

We left the lake early, knowing we faced the 2 miles of switchbacks. Sure enough, with all the mud, root scrambles, and logs, it took me the same amount of time going down as it did climbing up. I just kept visualizing that wonderful basin and ignoring my pitiful, wobbling legs.—The Barnowe-Meyers, Olympia, 7/17-18.



Big Heart Lake, West Fork Foss.

UPPER WILDCAT LAKE (*Alpine Lakes Wilderness; USGS Snoqualmie Pass*)—Dave and I started up the Snow Lake trail at 1:15pm on Friday. The trail was pretty muddy the entire way to Upper Wildcat Lake. At Snow Lake we followed the trail around the lake to the junction with the Rock Creek trail, and went left to Gem Lake.

The trail to Gem Lake (4800 feet) meanders up the ridge, gaining 850 feet in 1.5 miles. From Gem Lake the trail gains 100 feet to a saddle, then drops 1000 feet to Lower Wildcat Lake (3900 feet). This section had a few large trees across the trail and some parts through the scree/boulder fields were marked by cairns.

The official trail ends at Lower Wildcat Lake, which is rather unappealing: marshy with no views. A boot-beaten trail gains 300 feet in half mile to Upper Wildcat. We arrived at Upper Wildcat Lake at 6:30pm where we joined 3 others from our party who started in at 9am.

Upper Wildcat is a beautiful lake set in a cirque. The cliffs around the lake prevent you from walking completely around it. There are a couple of campsites just as you reach Upper Wildcat. The mosquitos were horrible.

On Saturday we scrambled up the ridge to the north and then rambled the ridge west to Lake Caroline (4700 feet). Other than the couple who showed up Friday night and left the next day, we saw no one else at Upper Wildcat lake. We watched ospreys hunting for fish at Caroline and Snow lakes. On the way out Sunday we encountered a few people between the Wildcat Lakes and Gem Lake, a fair number between Gem and Snow, and hordes from Snow Lake to the parking lot.—Joe Buoy, Kent, 7/30-8/1.

CRAWFORD LAKE (*Alpine Lakes Wilderness; USGS Big Snow Mountain*)—The ridge above Crawford Lake looks south across the Middle Fork Snoqualmie to the glaciers of Chimney Rock and other impressive peaks, even Mount Rainier. The strangely shaped lake itself glistens with its half-dozen nearby tarns, some ideal swim tanks.

The view to the north into the upper Foss basin is dominated by Lake Angeline and, higher and smaller, Azure Lake. Glacier Peak, the Monte Cristo Peaks, and others rise in the distance. The scene was no less thrilling on my third cross-country tour through the area, this time with René, a friend from Alberta.

The Middle Fork Road is again "open" all the way to the end, the wash-out at mile 9 just having been repaired,

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but the last 13 miles of it are as bad as ever—pretty much the worst entry to the Alpine Lakes Wilderness.

The hike got off to a surprise when, on the way in, we followed the wrong branch of Crawford Creek and ended up for the first night not at Crawford Lake but a cirque ¼-mile to the west. The real outlet stream from the lake had been too small to seem right.

It's not easy to tell, when deeply whacking bush, and I was trying to reach the lake by a different route than the previous times. But surprises can be pleasant. The cirque, with its stream, pond, heather humps and grassy flats, was a totally untouched piece of wild nature, a wonderful place to spend the night.

The next morning we easily climbed over to the basin of Crawford Lake and circled behind that to the ridge already mentioned. Dropping to the other side, we followed a high bench around Iron Cap Mountain to get a view of the weird green-brown lake in its hollowed out, rubbly center, and to look down on inaccessible Azurite Lake (deep blue) and Otter Lake (greenish).

We camped near a tarn in a high pocket from which we could see out to Chetwoot Lake. The next day we crossed the pass back to Crawford Lake and went downbush by the originally intended route, which still was plenty of trouble.

The weather was cool and mostly sunny the whole trip, perfect for such efforts. Mosquitoes were terrible in the heather country, but no longer faze me since I've learned how to cope. Gulliver and Mojo, my pack dogs, did their usual skilled job of crashing through brush and endlessly jumping from rock to rock. There's hardly anywhere they can't go, and they sure do love a good roll and slide in the snow.—Terry Rockafellar, Seattle, 8/10-12.

KALEETAN (*Alpine Lakes Wilderness; USGS Snoqualmie Pass*)—I picked up two would-be Mountaineers who failed to make the cut for a Club trip and headed for the Denny Creek trailhead. We made fast going all the way to Melakwa Lake. The trail was quite muddy and we were glad to get an early start as we knew it would become quite a quagmire later from all the traffic that would surely come on this rare sunny Sunday morning.

We rounded the upper lake and headed for Melakwa Pass. We chose the first gully instead of the second; it certainly seemed do-able as we surveyed the route from the boulders below.

The lower portion turned out to be mud and very loose rock. Much steeper than we had calculated. My ski pole

turned out to be a great traction aid. The final 30 feet was a shoulder-wide chimney on sound rock and posed the fun kind of challenge we were looking for.

Once on the final ridge the route again was familiar and we continued to scramble straight up to the summit. The view of Chair Peak Lake was refreshing with its floating chunks of ice. If only I had a long enough straw! We were a bit disappointed to find that someone had dropped the pencil deep between the rocks so that we could not sign the register.

We decided to take the boot path back to the outlet of the lake to avoid our steep gully, but we lost the path as we crossed a boulder field. (Actually we lost it before that as the path stays on the ridge!) Rather than look for the path we decided to traverse around the ridge. It couldn't be that far, could it?

Three hours after leaving the summit we humbled out of the forest and into the lake. We were quite a bedraggled sight for the picnicking families sunning around the shore. We took a long, foot-soaking break before heading back down the trail to the cars. 12 miles, 4000 feet.—Topographic Tom, Seattle, 7/31.

LAKE ETHEL (*Alpine Lakes Wilderness; USGS Lake Wenatchee, Big Jim Mountain, Chiwaukum Mountains*)—Having read about this hike in the guidebook we decided to give it a try. It's an okay hike.

The trailhead is off Highway 2—turn at Merritt and drive the dirt road over the railroad tracks and under the power lines. It's clearly marked but parking is very limited. It's up and up through pine forests.

We were surprised to cross a road fairly soon into the hike, not so surprised the second, third and fourth times! The area has been severely logged. The lake itself is pretty enough. Camping is limited to one wooded area; the yellowjackets and mosquitos were thick.

The only water available was the lake itself and there was garbage in it. Even I wouldn't drink it. The outlet is barely running as the lake is low. If we'd had more time we would have gone on to Larch Lake which looks more to our liking on the map.—Mystery Hiker and Mr. Maphead, Granite Falls, 8/17.

YELLOW HILL & ELBOW PEAK (*Wenatchee Natl Forest; USGS Teanaway Butte*)—Driving is no longer allowed on the road to the trailhead. There is a barricade and a new trailhead sign a few yards up the road after the turnoff from the Middle Fork

Road. We couldn't figure out why the road had been permanently closed. The tread is excellent for driving.

The road and especially the trail are very steep most of the way to Yellow Hill. Views of Mount Rainier, Mount Stuart, and the Snoqualmie peaks (Overcoat, etc.) are spectacular. The wild flowers were abundant on the open sidehill of Yellow Hill.

We met a guy camping in the trees between the two peaks. He had a climbing rope and said he was exploring the nearby canyons.

The 1½-mile walk from Yellow Hill to Elbow Peak is a delight along an open ridge much of the way.—Jim and Ginny Evans, on the road, 7/27.

SASSE RIDGE TRAIL (*Wenatchee Natl Forest; USGS Cle Elum Lake*)—After yesterday's steep and hot trip to Elbow Peak, we were anxious for something easier, so we drove road 4315 east from the Salmon La Sac Road 3000 feet up to the ridge top where it intersects the Sasse Ridge trail at about 5100 feet. Excellent road except for the last few miles where it gets a little rough.

We headed south on the trail, and in about 2 miles reached the top of Sasse Mountain. The summit is tree covered, but just to the north is a rock outcropping affording plenty of views.

After the hike, we drove uphill on road 4315 1+ miles to its end at 5500 feet. At the road end there is a new-looking sign proclaiming:

SASSE RIDGE TRAIL

West. Fork Teanaway Trail 1 mile;
Jolly Mountain 2½ miles.

—Jim and Ginny Evans, on the road, 7/28.

CLE ELUM DISTRICT—Campers spotted a young red-tailed hawk hanging from a tree, hopelessly tangled in fishing line. They reported it to the Ranger Station and wildlife biologists Jo Ellen Richards and Charles Phillips went to the rescue.

The bird, which Richards estimates had been hanging for two days, exposed to full afternoon sun, was 50 feet in the air. It was still alive when they reached the scene, but they couldn't reach it.

Stan Sovern, a researcher studying spotted owls, climbed the tree and cut the line. CWU student interns Ray Angeles and Matt Pruzan caught the bird as it dropped.

After giving the hawk a drink, the two students took it to Mike Fuller, a wildlife rehabilitator in Ellensburg. It is now expected to survive.

Says Richards, "Fishing line should be discarded only after it has been cut into tiny pieces."

BACKCOUNTRY NEWS

In less exciting news, road work continues on the North Fork Teanaway road 9737, Highway 903 from French Cabin Creek to Salmon las Sac, and on the south side of Highway 97.—Ranger, 8/17.

SOUTH CENTRAL



FIFE'S WEST PEAK (*Norse Peak Wilderness; USGS Goose Prairie*)—It was obvious the trail had been recently modified to accommodate stock travel (flat grade). It went through a lovely open forest then followed the ridge overlooking the American River drainage and Highway 410.

From the trail, I could see the South Peak with its magnificent sheer cliffs shooting straight up into the clouds. Cannonhole Pinnacle winked at me as if to show me the route.

At the saddle I went cross-country through a fragrant alpine meadow up to the ridge. I followed a well worn trail on the north side of the crest that seemed to gently lead farther down into the valley. As the path disappeared before me I realized that I was following a game trail, and sure enough, about 100 yards in front of me were two small deer laughing at their prank!

I made my way back up to the ridge crest just below the cliffs of my summit. I carefully surveyed the gullies and chimneys until I found one to my liking and up like Saint Nick I was on the lower summit plateau. The last 100 feet was a fun scramble.

The register reports people camping on the summit. This I believe as the summit is long with several natural wind breaks. I sat on the top for lunch and admired the three goats lounging on a shoulder below.

On the way back down I made two startling revelations. As I viewed south over the long valley and beyond I realized that not a clearcut was to be seen, only what appears to be an ever-expanding forest. This is certainly a novelty so close to MRNP.

Second, what was a muddy trail in the morning had, by late afternoon, turned into a veritable dust bowl.—Topographic Tom, Seattle, 7/21.

MYSTIC LAKE (*Mount Rainier Natl Park; USGS Sunrise, Mowich Lake*)—This trip was prompted by the view of the Winthrop Glacier from

Third Burroughs. I thought I could get good photos of the Winthrop from the Wonderland Trail. Turned out that I got great views of Carbon Glacier instead.

Anyhow, as preface: Distances and elevations are approximate. Found at camp that six parties each had one guidebook and a minimum of two maps which yielded a total of 19 different mileages for distance between points if the sign mileages are included. I think I will go with the wheeled mileage.

Left Sunrise at 8:20am. People who know get their permits at White River Ranger Station; it opens at 7am. Mystic was full so I was assigned a cross-country camp. This is a well written up trail so suffice to say it took me 7 hours with the big pack. Trail generally in good shape but segments between Granite Creek and Winthrop Glacier are lousy: very steep pitches, mud, roots and rocks make for treacherous footing.

On arrival at Mystic Camp I asked the ranger for directions to the cross-country camp area. The ranger had never been there so we figured out where it ought to be.

An hour later I emerged from the avalanche trails, talus slopes and rock faces of Old Desolate bloodied and bowed. There wasn't a spot big enough for a deer bed. I managed to get assigned to another area by an understanding ranger.

The next morning I was up to the ranger cabin at 7am for photos of the mountain. Thence up to approximately 6400 feet on the west ridge of Old Desolate; easy walk up to headwall. Nice views of the mountain but Winthrop Glacier in line with the sun and hazy.

From there to Curtis Ridge Trail and about 6800-foot overlook of Carbon Glacier. Good spot, nice views and cool breeze.

In the morning, out to Sunrise. I must have looked like quite a character: two people stopped me to take my picture but in accordance with Park rules did not attempt to feed me.—Paul Schaufler, Olympia, 8/1-3.

COUGAR LAKES (*William O. Douglas Wilderness; USGS Chinook Pass, Cougar Lake*)—Headed south on the PCT from Chinook Pass. In 1½ miles we came to the loop trail junction, and shortly after that, the new Wilderness register box. It had no pen, so we dug one out of a pack to fill out our permit.

Then we started the descent on an open south-facing slope that was heating up rapidly in the morning sun.

From Dewey Lake the PCT meanders gently up and down between 5200

and 5600 feet, through beautiful wildflowers and with wonderful views.

When Lee and I traveled this section 10 years ago, it was in rain and fog; today there wasn't a cloud in the sky.

At 3 miles from Dewey Lake we turned east and in ½-mile or so came to American Lake. Past here the trails become confusing because they have been rerouted and the maps haven't caught up. The new trail 958A to Cougar Lakes crosses several old trails, blocked off with logs.

At Little Cougar we set up camp at the west end above the lake on a level bench below the talus slope. It would have been a perfect spot except it was in full sun with no shade. Like a couple of weary coyotes, we collapsed in the false shade of our tarp and growled at each other until the sun went behind the ridge and the cool evening made life bearable again.

Our camp caught the first brilliant rays of the morning sun. The talus bowl became a reflector oven and we were out of camp with day packs before 8am, vowing not to return until sunset.

First we went over to Big Cougar Lake. We had already explored the west end the previous afternoon, so we went to the east end, crossed the outlet on a log jam and explored several old, unused camps in pretty meadows.

Then we made our way, bushwhacking, to Wildcat Lake. Once we were at Wildcat Lake, it was easy to find the actual trail that leads to it, which we followed practically in a straight line back to the main campsite at the east end of Little Cougar.

Then we headed for the PCT connector trail at the upper end of Big Cougar. We sat in the cooling, bug-chasing breeze on the ridge above the PCT for a long time, then headed slowly back to camp.

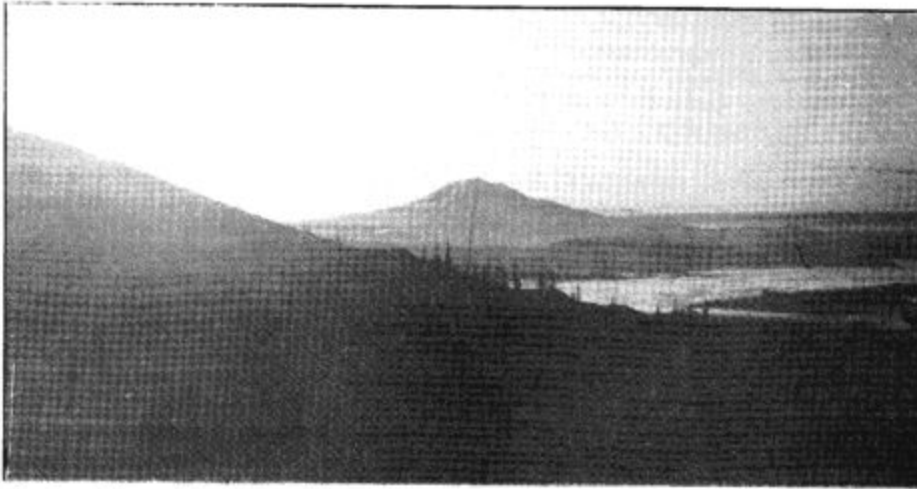
Next morning we were up extra early to hike out in the cool air. At the first main intersection of new 958A with old 958A, we took the old trail, finding it no more muddy or chewed-up than the new trail, and a lot more scenic.

Just north of Anderson Lake we met a party of four with light packs going at a good clip: they were doing Chinook to White in a single day, about 27 miles.

We donated our pen to the register box on the way out.—Ann Marshall, 8/5-7.

CARBON RIVER (*Mount Rainier Natl Park; USGS Mowich Lake*)—Dave and I had to retrieve a car left at Ipsut Creek by some friends who were doing the Wonderland Trail, so we decided to take a short hike up the Carbon river. We got to the trailhead at 6:30pm. The cool mountain air was refreshing compared to the 90-degree

BACKCOUNTRY NEWS



Sunrise—Mount Adams from Mount Saint Helens.

Ann Marshall / Lee McKee

trails are open, and mosquitoes are plentiful.—Ranger, 8/6.

TRACT D, Bird Creek Meadows—This area is administered by the Yakima Nation and is now open to the public for the season. It includes Mirror, Bird and Bench Lakes and Bird Creek Meadows.

Entry permits are \$5 per vehicle for day use; \$10 per vehicle for overnight camping. Fishing permits are \$5/person for one day; \$10/person for 7 days. Flowers in Bird Creek Meadows are just starting to bloom.—Ranger, 8/6.

OREGON

▲ ANEROID PEAK (*Eagle Cap Wilderness*)—

Four years ago I saw what looked like a pleasant loop of trail and cross-county and now I had the opportunity to find out.

From the end of the road I took trail 1804 up a fork of the Wallowa River. It climbs, with a few views of the lake, for several miles then passes a small rustic diversion dam. Here the trail goes through meadows and lots of flowers. Beautiful meadows between high peaks lead first to a small pond then, a little higher, to Aneroid Lake.

At the pond I left the trail and started an ascending traverse to the top of Aneroid Peak (9700+ feet). Clouds parted and views of most of the Wilderness Area were visible along the Hells Canyon and the Seven Devils areas in Idaho. From here the route was directly down the ridge up and over Hidden Peak, East Peak, and Howard Peak.

Howard Peak is the terminus for a gondola—a welcome lift back after a long day.

My original thought was to do this loop the other way and would next time.—David Nordstrom, Tacoma, 7/16.

BEND DISTRICT—Most higher elevation roads are still closed by snow. Road 370 from Todd Lake to the junction with 4601 looks like it will remain closed until perhaps the end of August of early September—just in time for it to snow again.

Snow level is about 6500 feet, with patches remaining in the shade at lower elevations. Several bridges along the PCT near Irish Lake are in hazardous condition; crews will be out repairing them.—Ranger, 8/10.

IDAHO

▲ **CRATERS OF THE MOON**—A windy place reminiscent of parts of the Big Island of Hawaii.

Erik and I hiked the 1.5-mile North Crater Trail from the campground, a

temperatures in Kent.

About 1.5 miles up the trail we heard a loud bang. We guessed it was a gun, or someone blew up a stick of dynamite. We shook our heads—crazy tourists. We hiked the Carbon River trail up to the junction with the Northern Loop trail, taking this trail down to the Carbon River. At the river we took a break, enjoying the views of Mount Rainier and listening to the boulders crashing down the Carbon River.

On the way back to the car we discovered the source of the loud bang we heard earlier. A tree, 4 feet in diameter and partially rotten, had snapped at its base and fallen across the trail into the river. The force of the tree hitting the trail created a large fault line in the trail. We were counting our lucky stars today—we had passed this spot less than a minute before we heard the loud bang. We got back to our cars at 8:30pm.—Joe Buoy, Kent, 8/3.

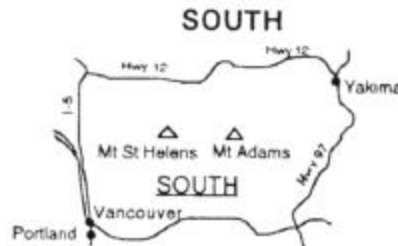
▲ **MINERAL MOUNTAIN** (*Mount Rainier Natl Park; USGS Mowich Lake*)—This Mountaineer trip would have left the Ipsut Campground promptly at 7am had not one of our vehicles been stopped by the friendly police in Wilkeson.

The Carbon Glacier is quite dirty by summer but I'm always struck with awe when I see it. The long expanse of lifeless rubble snakes its path down the mountain to become the muddy river below. The trail was still cool as we hiked mostly in the shade, but as we moved into the meadows by afternoon it certainly began to warm up. The breeze was refreshing and also helped

to keep the flies and mosquitoes away.

The alpine meadows from Moraine Park to Mineral Mountain to Curtis Ridge rolled from one into another. We had a delightful afternoon exploring the whole area. The summit of Mineral Mountain is an easy scramble on large boulders. We looked straight down on Mystic Lake and the ranger cabin in the clearing. Across the valley we sized up Old Desolate and imagined the difficulty we would have on the loose rock there. We were all glad we settled on our lovely peak.

I was glad to be returning to the trailhead by late afternoon. Several backpackers and day hikers were wilting beside the trail in the heat of the day. Even the Carbon Glacier softened up a bit and we watched rockfall plummet down its snout and into the river. It was a long day and we all had pretty tender feet when we returned. We had a good visit and a good dinner at the 410 Cafe before heading home. 16 miles; 4400 feet.—Topographic Tom, Seattle, 8/4.



GIFFORD PINCHOT NATL FOREST—Permits are now required for anyone to pick edible berries in this Forest. There is no charge for a personal use permit. Anyone over the age of 16 must have a permit in their possession when gathering berries. It can be obtained from any Ranger Station or the headquarters office in Vancouver. Snow level is above 6500 feet, all

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BACKCOUNTRY NEWS

nice hike that gave us a good sample of the area: pumice, across the sharp and broken pahoehoe, along the lip of the cinder cone vents and down to the road where there were several splatter cones. Nice views from the high points.—David Nordstrom, Tacoma, 7/5.

CANADA

MOUNT GARDNER (*Bowen Island*)—The first sunny day of the summer! Quick, on with the hiking boots, check the ferry sailings (604-669-1211) and off to Bowen Island from the Horseshoe Bay ferry terminal north of Vancouver. We caught the 9:50 sailing; next time we'll take the 8:55 to allow more time. It's a fabulous 20-minute ride to Snug Cove. (Park at Horseshoe Bay and walk on the ferry.)

We decided to "cheat" by thumbing a ride to the starting point 2 uphill miles from the ferry. Look for pole number 490 and take the gravel road going left. Pink tape lures you up the gravel road (beware of taking the South Trail that takes you left along the east side of the mountain—see *Easy Hiking Around Vancouver*.)

After 20 minutes' walking, ignore the pink tape and follow the red metal markers as you climb past a pond and across a bridge. The path you see to the right is your return route. There are tremendous views as you crest a treed ridge out into an open bluff overlooking Keats and Gambier Islands and the Sechart Peninsula beyond. This was our turn-around point. We had hiked up for 2 hours (elevation gain 1650 feet) and were ready for a picnic.

The trail continued for another 40 minutes to Mount Gardner's north peak. The trail down is steep and requires careful footwork.

Yes, we thumbed back to the snug pub in Snug Cove and sat outside with a well-earned pint.

Two days later I put my ocean kayak in at Horseshoe Bay and paddled across in leisurely fashion and walked around Killarney Lake (2 hours round trip

from the dock). This was a fine trip: 5 hours paddling, 2 hours walking.—Garath Hill, Vancouver, 8/9.

ELSEWHERE

TAFT TUNNEL (*Montana*)—We hiked and waded through the Taft Tunnel, 5 miles into Montana on the Idaho border near Lookout Pass. This 1.8-mile tunnel is scheduled to be "sealed" this fall.

We encountered large ice formations near the entrance, mountain bikers, and numerous stalagmites caused by the constantly dripping mineral laden water. A good camp is on the west entrance beside a large meadow among large trees and a nice stream.—James Keenan, Spokane, 6/5.

MOUNT TEEWINOT (*Grand Teton National Park, Wyoming*)—This was my consolation hike after finding out that my climb of "The Grand" was cancelled. Storms had plastered the upper mountain with ice and dangerous loose snow.

Find the Apex trailhead near the north end of the Lupine Meadows parking lot (near Jenny Lake). The trail is not marked. It goes a short way across a meadow, through a scrub/boulder field, then climbs. All of the east side of the Tetons rises quite abruptly from the valley floor.

The trail disappeared under snow above 9000 feet. From here I followed the steps of others whom I had seen another 1000 feet above. Past the Two Spires the snow became steep and slushy.

After I struggled to 11,000 feet, a person appeared just above. He descended and stated he turned back 800 feet below the summit due to continued wet rock and the steep slushy snow.

That was enough for me and soon Don from Seattle and I were quickly descending.—David Nordstrom, Tacoma, 7/9.

JENNY LAKE (*Grand Teton National Park, Wyoming*)—The five of us took the boat across Jenny Lake

to hike up to Hidden Falls. Beth, Erik and I went ahead and Grandpa and Grandma Hamborg were left to make their way at a more leisurely pace.

The falls themselves are hardly worth the hike. While pretty, they are not spectacular. Erik and I went back on the 1.5 mile trail around the south end of the lake. The trail is shared by horses on various sections so it is broken up and dusty (or muddy).

This is one end of a popular loop trail that goes up/down Cascade Canyon to the west side then up/down Paintbrush Canyon.—David Nordstrom, Tacoma, 7/11.

SWAN LAKE, HERON POND (*Grand Teton National Park, Wyoming*)—We were told about these two small lakes, a short (mile or less) hike from Coulter Creek campground, by fellow campers. We went in the evening both times. On the two trips we saw bull, cow, and calf moose, a pair of trumpeter swans, deer, beaver, and osprey.

This was the best short hike we have been on.—David Nordstrom, Tacoma, 7/10 & 13.

GATES OF THE ARCTIC (*Brooks Range, Alaska*)—All of July was beautiful summer weather in the Brooks Range until I showed up. I spent three days in Bettles weathered in, then managed to get in to Lonely Lake for several days.

I followed the advice in *Pack & Paddle* (January 1993, page 21) and took with me one of the Kodak panorama disposable cameras. I was very impressed by its ability to take such wide-angle photos in what are really quite tight quarters. The upper Easter Creek/Lonely Lake valleys are quite broad—over a mile wide—yet a 28mm lens just isn't wide enough to do justice.

There was only one arctic tern on Lonely Lake, therefore I presume it was a bad one. Everyone knows one good tern deserves another!—Dale Graves, Kent, 8/93.

BULLETIN BOARD

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INTERESTED IN HIGH LAKE FISHING? Washington State Hi-Lakers meets third Wednesday of each month at Mercerview Community Center, 7:30pm. For information,

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EASY RIDER two-person touring kayak. Yellow with white cowling. Includes 2 life vests, 2 paddles, flotation system, and roof rack saddles. Used only 4 times. \$800 OBO. 206-639-3020; can leave message (Snohomish).

DEBORAH RIEHL

RESCUE EPICS

BOARDMAN LAKE: *DEJA VU*

This summer is one of the nicest Northwest winters I can remember. On Saturday, July 24, we were lying around the house while the rain pounded down. We were hoping for nicer weather on Sunday for hiking.

At 10:30pm the pagers erupted. We looked at the rain running down the windows and called back anyway. The report was a lost 40-year-old woman at Boardman Lake on the Mountain Loop. A year ago we had found and rescued a lost little girl at Boardman Lake in what I consider one of the highlights of my 20+ year rescue career (see *Pack & Paddle*, August 1992, page 26).

We got a few hours of sleep, rising at 3:30am for a 5am rendezvous at the Swamp Creek Park & Ride.

One of the sleepy rescuers commented that he'd rather be looking for a little girl than a 40-year-old woman.

I said, "Watch it, buster—I'm a 40-year-old woman!"

By the time we arrived at base camp it had stopped raining but was still heavily overcast. Snohomish County man-trackers had been out looking since the day before and had painstakingly followed her trail down the Boardman Lake outlet drainage.

We were driven down an old logging road to a point 400 vertical feet above Boardman Creek and downstream from the outlet. The road was extremely rough and overgrown. One truck lost a side mirror to a low-flying tree branch. No cushy (but scary) helicopter rides this time!

Our mission was to sweep down to the river and then work our way up the banks. I peered over the edge down very steep logging slash, deadfall and all manner of thorny vegetation and wondered about my sanity in actually returning voluntarily to this terrain. I pulled on leather gloves, helmet, and

rain gear.

We took a tracker with us who was going to try to intersect the trail. We spread out and began the laborious process of swimming downhill through Class 5 brush.

The laws of gravity are very strict. Most of the time we couldn't see our feet. The few solid footholds were wet and slick. The terrain steepened to vertical just above the river.

The first rescuer to drop out of the brush and land on the river bank was greeted by the sight of a bedraggled figure on the opposite bank attempting to get up and lunge into the river to get to him.

Her frantic screams could be heard in the background when he shouted into the radio those electrifying words, "We have voice contact!"

The rest of us picked our way down to the river and shinnied across an extremely slippery log. We found a soaking wet, chilled (96.1°) woman dressed in parka, slacks and size 4 sneakers. Her unusually small feet had made it easier for the trackers to follow her.

She was soon dressed in dry clothes, had hot packs at prime heat loss points, and was sipping hot cider bundled with me under blankets. That way I could not only monitor her medical condition but also share body heat. When she began to warm up and rehydrate she developed a need to urinate. One of the Tacoma Mountain Rescuers, Franci, produced an ingenious funnel-and-hose device that saved the chilled patient from having to undress and stand on her sprained ankle.

In addition to the sprained ankle she had bruises and abrasions on her face, and her hands were a mass of scratches and thorns. Her buttocks were raw because she'd spent part of the last two days scooting down the steep hill on

her rear. The seat of her pants had worn through the day before, so she'd turned them back to front to try to protect her tender hind end.

I asked her how she had ended up on the far bank of the river from where she had started. She had fallen in the river the day before, she said, and noticed the far bank appeared more sheltered from the weather, so she waded on across.

She looked at me and her eyes filled with tears: "I thought I was going to die here."

She had accompanied her son on a hike to Boardman Lake. He was staying overnight but she left to hike back to her car at dark. Partway back her flashlight failed and she was reduced to feeling her way along the path with her feet.

She stumbled, fell off the trail, and couldn't regain it. As most lost people do, she headed downhill until she reached the river, and was trying to follow it out to civilization.

Reinforcements carried in a litter and we packaged her up. The weather appeared to be improving so we decided to wait an hour and see if a helicopter could make it in. This would save the patient (and us) a long and arduous carry out. Looking upriver as we waited, I could see the spot where the helicopter dropped us off last year to search for the lost little girl.

In an hour we heard the welcome thump of the helicopter rotors. We carried the patient across the river, getting soaked in the process. We huddled on the bank under the rotor wash, waiting for the helicopter to drop the short haul rope.

Bill yelled, "Look out, Deb!" I flattened myself against a boulder, wondering if the helicopter were crashing.

continued page 19

KERRY GILLES and LARRY SCHOENBORN

ESCAPE TO THE WILDS

-- TEN DAYS IN THE OLYMPICS --

Our spring escapade was a cross-sectional study of "the wilds"—from valley to mountain top, rain to sun, hot to cold, from the misery of the shelter, to the intense bliss of evenings on a mountain pass. We spent June 11 through 20 hiking up the Dosewallips River, climbing to Lost Pass and Graywolf Pass, and exploring Cameron Creek and Cedar Lake, all in Olympic National Park.

We spent the first four nights of our trip moseying up the Dosewallips to Dose Meadows. One particularly beautiful campsite is at lower Twin Creek, about 3 miles in, where a little waterfall, a fallen tree (for hanging a bear bag), and pink rhododendrons made a perfect camp.

The third night, at Bear Shelter (waiting for the rain to stop), and fourth night, at Dose Meadow (still waiting for the rain to stop), were spent reading, sleeping, writing our daily journals, and listening for future weather reports.

Bear Shelter was our first and last shelter. Besides the sensation of being in an insect and rodent zoo, and the claustrophobia, the discovery of pounds—of hundreds—of fat nightcrawlers clumped under all the log-round seats gave a fever-dream quality to our second night.

At Dose Meadow we had set up camp down on the creek but by the third day it had risen to a height that encouraged us to pack up and find a meadow camp on higher ground. Monday evening we walked up toward Hayden Pass to just past Camp 3 (see *Olympic Mountains Trail Guide*), to the second crossing of the Dose before the trail climbs. Too snowy for us beyond that.

Snow cornices overhung the pass and Mount Fromm. The south-facing slope was entirely snow free, however, as we found out on Wednesday, when we climbed Lost Pass.

Dose Meadow had five deer that



Gunsight Pass.

checked out every move we made, and a marmot that let us know of approaching hikers. With binoculars it was fun to scan the mountain tops, get a close-up of the marmot, study the trees blowing in the wind, and look at the

sky and clouds.

The high area between Lost and Cameron Passes is achingly beautiful, a sensory overload, with Three Sons camp as the focal point. Lots of marmots whistled at us on our hike up, and we saw one mother bear who sent her two cubs climbing the nearest tree. The snow had just melted, and all the flowers were getting ready to bloom.

Returning to Dose Meadow, packing up for our hike back to Bear Camp, we ran into Lee and Ann (from *Pack & Paddle*) but because of the biteness of the day we were not able to stay and chat with them as much as we would have liked to.

Thursday morning, the 17th, we started up Graywolf Pass. Because of the amount of brush, we went up the creek bed a little way before we realized we were not on the trail. The real trail is a nicely graded incline that took about three hours to hike.

There were three blowdowns, one grouse, lots of pine cones, and many



Looking down on Cedar Lake from near Graywolf Pass.

Larry Schoenborn

Larry Schoenborn

interesting tree abnormalities to observe. The flowers were farther advanced than at Lost Pass, making the hike a colorful picture-taking event. We camped right on top of the pass, in the lee of a little saddle near a huge (at least 9 feet deep) snow bank.

Water was lugged up alternately by Kerry from the south side, a 600-foot climb, and by Larry from the big tarn on the north side, about a 500-foot climb. Melting snow on a space blanket worked, but it was a slow process and millions of bugs went swimming and drowned, adding an unusual flavor.

Billions of ants (all varieties) crawled around, but as soon as the sun set, they magically disappeared. The wood there has turned white, and the grains, holes, and texture of it made some beautiful pictures, especially since we were into blue skies and hot weather by this time.

It was an awesome experience to sit

there, looking at the snowclad peaks, with our headset on listening to classical music, feeling the heat of the day, being the only ones there, and having a cup of tea. At night we had the joy of watching the sunset fade, and the stars appear. The birds seemed to feel the twilight was a wonderful time to visit their relatives on the other side of the valley, and would sometimes beeline straight across. There were also sights of fog wrapping itself around the lower parts of the mountains. The clouds were always turning into something you could put a name to, with a little bit of imagination.

We spent two nights of beautiful lookarounds and day-hikes, climbing the slopes to the east and west, cross-countrying it to Cedar Lake, which still had some ice on it, and scrambling on some shale that made us think twice.

Plant life was abundant and we made

a game of counting how many different varieties we could see in a square yard. Prime time is lying on your belly in a meadow and examining everything in lazy range—plants beneath plants under plants.

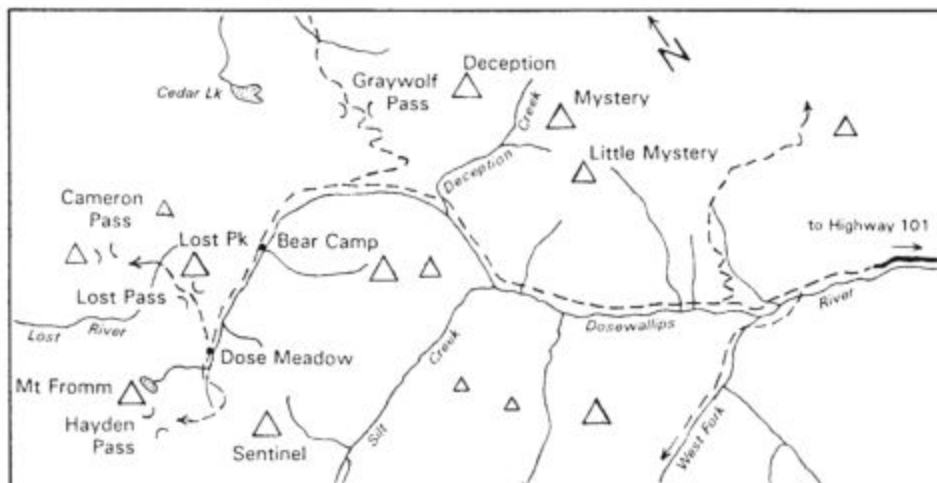
When we climbed the slope to the east, we had a good view of Gunsight Pass. We noted a flat stone in an up-right angle that has what looks like an arrow (in stone) right next to it.

Saturday, the 19th, we hiked back to Deception Creek, another wonderful campsite right by the water, making another game of listing our favorite ten campsites, as well as our least favorite (with a shelter being at the top).

At Deception creek two deer ate my motel-size bar of soap and the sandwich bag lying next to it. They didn't seem to have any ill side effects from it, but we told the ranger anyway.

We have yet another game we play on our final hike out. We start listing what foods we are craving the most. This trip, for Larry, it was peanut butter and rye tack; for Kerry, it was a crunchy apple and a crisp green salad. The nine nights and ten days went by all too quickly and though we were sad to see it end, we are already planning our next adventure. As all you hikers know ... so many trails to hike—so little time!

Kerry Gilles and Larry Schoenborn live in Westport.



BOARDMAN LAKE: DEJA VU

continued from page 17

There was a loud thud ten feet from me—the rope bag. It slid off the bank and into the river.

Then Bill yelled, "Grab it, Deb!" I plunged into the river, thrashing downstream until I caught it. I carried it back, feeling like I was leading the helicopter on a leash.

The litter and attendant were quickly tied in. The helicopter slowly lifted until the slack was out, then they were off the ground and on their way to the logging road.

"Short haul" is a technique where rescuers and/or victims are carried sus-

pending on a fixed rope of varying length under a helicopter. It's very dangerous, but so is a lot of rescue work. When rescuers practice the technique we call it "dope on a rope."

When we heard the patient and attendant were safe on the ground, there were high-fives, elated cheers and hugs. Going back uphill was actually easier—we were tunneling up under the brush and could see the terrain hazards. There was much happy chatter despite the arduous climb.

The drive home was livened up by the pagers going off two more times—

one for a broken leg on Mount Adams, the other for a broken leg on Mount Washington in the Olympics. A ham radio patch provided the details. Both of these rescues were also facilitated by helicopters.

I woke up the next morning a mass of bruises. I don't remember specifically acquiring any of them, but I know how they happened. And once again, it was worth it.

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

CANOEING THE RIVER of GRASS

When my friend Steve Hinchman picks me up at the Florida airport, he reminds me that I've sworn I'll never canoe with him again. Those words were spoken just two years ago, after we made a desperate trip down the North Fork River outside Paonia, Colorado.

During that trip, we wrapped a borrowed aluminum canoe around a rock. When the canoe's owner found out that we'd used his canoe (meant for quiet stream fishing and lake paddling) in whitewater, he was furious; and rightly so. Memories of that disastrous trip come back to me: capsizing in the rapids, almost losing Steve's dog Gypsy, the two of us and Gypsy close to hypothermia when we finally dragged ourselves and the gear from the water.

Well, it hadn't been my fault, I remind myself, still feeling guilty about the canoe. I hadn't known a thing about canoeing. I had just followed Steve's instructions.

Now Steve, his brother-in-law Todd Liebler, and I plan to canoe the Everglades' Wilderness Waterway. At least, I think, there isn't any whitewater in the Everglades, just alligators and snakes. We have the requisite old aluminum canoe, this one patched up by Steve and his father, who expresses the hope that it "might be water-tight" and who simultaneously insists we borrow his hand pump for the trip.

We pile our gear into Steve's pickup truck and tie the canoe on top, and then we drive for three hours down to Everglades City at the northernmost edge of Everglades National Park. Here, we unload the canoe and gear. Todd and I are going to plan the trip's route while Steve continues driving south to Flamingo Visitor Center, where he'll leave the truck and then hitchhike back up. We hope to set off early tomorrow morning.

The Park Service doesn't have campgrounds, so Todd and I pay for an overnight camp spot behind the only

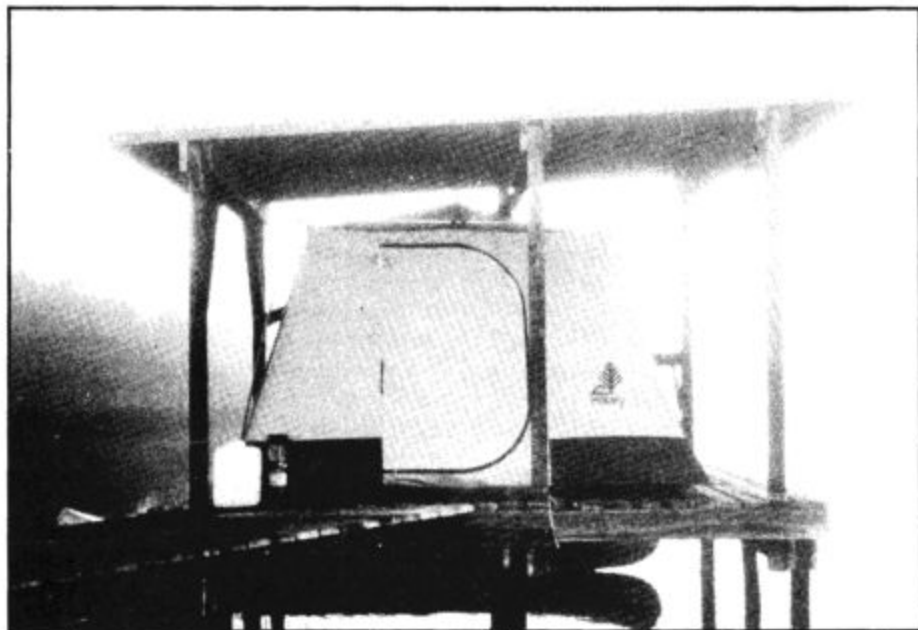
store in Everglades City.

Here, among campers and motor boats, we pitch our tent. Brown pelicans hover above a man gutting fish. Insistent, hungry gulls dive-bomb the pelicans. A little blue heron, its fine yellow legs thin as chopsticks, patiently stalks the waters of the opposite shore. Turkey vultures sit in thick, jungle-like growth, drowsing in the sun. The Everglades.

Chatting with rangers, Todd and I discover that most people allow ten days to paddle the Wilderness Waterway, a 99-mile route with numbered markers running sequentially from Flamingo to Everglades City. In the fine print on the National Park hand-out map, we read: "The route requires a minimum of six hours with outboard motor or seven days by canoe."

Steve has told us that the trip will only take seven days, so I've booked my non-refundable return flight home seven days from now. We're going to be paddling hard. Then a ranger mentions that the last time a person tried to hitch-hike from Flamingo, it took him two days. Todd and I look at each other: Yup, this trip might be a killer, especially if Steve turns up late.

Before the Park Service will issue a backcountry permit, canoeers and kayakers must map a route picking out each night's campsite. There are twenty-eight primitive sites near the Wilderness Waterway—both ground-sites and chickees. Chickees are open-sided, roofed, wooden platforms big enough for a four-man tent and gear. The canoe is tied up alongside the chickee, leaving enough rope to allow for tidal ebb and flow. The modern chickee's design is derived from the open-sided, thatched-roofed huts the Everglades' Indians used to use.



Tent on a chickee.

Todd and I spend an hour trying to map our route. Because we have to cover a lot of territory, it's important to plan perfectly. Once we've finally established our time-table, a ranger radios the station in Flamingo for verification.

"No," the answer crackles back, "South Joe River chickee will be full up that night." Back to the drawing board.

An hour later, we've come up with a new route and this one checks out. The only really difficult day will be the last: a 21-mile paddle to take-out. Todd and I figure that the canoe should be light by then and that visions of restaurant food and clean clothes dancing in our heads will keep us paddling.

We return to camp and begin preparing dinner. Clouds roll in, their soft bellies turning orange and golden. Still no sign of Steve. It's 150 miles from Flamingo to Everglades City. If Steve makes it back tonight, we'll put in here tomorrow morning.

Inside the local store, a guide offers to ferry us to Chokoloskee for a fee, thus saving us 3 miles of tedious paddling in waters plowed by motor boats, which would still leave us with 16½ miles to paddle our first day.

I tell him we'll consider his offer, then look again at the multi-colored Park Service map, each color representing a different vegetation zone, and follow the red line marking the Wilderness Waterway with my finger.

Everglades National Park encompasses 1.4-million acres of marshy land. It is a freshwater river 6 inches deep and 50 miles wide that creeps seaward on a sloping riverbed, finally emptying into Florida Bay.

The Park has seven vegetation zones: marine and estuarine, mangrove, cy-



Tara Waters

On the beach.

press, coastal pine, fresh water slough, pinelands, fresh water marl prairie, and hardwood hammocks. Every zone is environmentally threatened. Large scale draining and damming for such varied uses as city drinking water, sewage dilution systems, irrigation, flood control, frost protection, pest control, and the creation of arable land has brought the Park to the edge of extinction.

Water, the life-blood of the Everglades, is being siphoned off: the salty ocean is making inroads into freshwater estuaries; and pollution is destroying habitat. An aerial view of that region known as the Everglades (which is far larger than the Park itself) reveals a watery landscape cut by a nightmare of canals, air-boat paths, and two asphalt roads—the Tamiami Trail and Alligator Alley.

This mess was created under the supervision of the Army Corps of Engineers and Florida's water managers.

Now these same people are trying to undo the havoc they have wreaked.

The federal government, the Army Corps of Engineers, the South Florida Water Management District, and environmentalists have finally united to try to rescue the endangered Park. Everglades National Park is only a small piece of what was once a river of grass stretching 100 miles south from Lake Okeechobee to the Gulf of Mexico.

Mike Finley, Park superintendent from 1986 to 1988, called the Park's decline "a death spiral." Since 1930, its wading bird population declined by 93 percent. Since 1980, only half the roseate spoonbills remained. Endangered wood storks had not nested in the park for two years. Six Florida panthers remained. 50 to 90 percent of the alligator hatchlings were killed in 1988 by prematurely elevated water levels.

In the saltier Everglades coastal waters, only a score of female American

PLANNING A VISIT?

The major visitor season for Everglades National Park is from mid-December through mid-April. This is the dry season and it is generally clear with moderate temperatures.

Wildlife is abundant and concentrated around available water sources. Although they appear to be slow and awkward, alligators can move with amazing speed.

They are in their natural habitat and they eat anything they can catch. Keep a respectful distance.

A year ago Hurricane Andrew struck south Florida and caused extensive damage to the Everglades. The Park was closed for a while but most facilities have reopened.

The Park's ecosystem was dras-

tically affected by the storm. Highland Beach lost 85% to 90% of its mature mangroves. Birds, alligators and freshwater fish were also affected.

For information, contact:
Everglades National Park
PO Box 279
Homestead FL 33030
305-242-7700.

crocodiles continued to breed. And manatees, those gentle sea cows who had no defense against motor boat propellers, are expected to become extinct, but no one dares set aside areas where motor boats can't be used. You can even drive a motor boat right down the Wilderness Waterway as long as you obey a few speed-limit signs that have been put up along waterways known to be frequented by manatees.

But there is hope that the Everglades, designated by the United Nations as a World Heritage site and International Biosphere Reserve, may survive.

Steve arrives in Everglades City shortly after sunset, having been picked up by two German tourist couples, a Park ranger, and a state trooper. The trooper regaled him with stories of pulling dead bodies from the canal running alongside the Tamiami trail.

"It's rough out there at night," he warned Steve. "Drug runners, drunk drivers. People get killed along this road all the time. You're lucky I picked you up." The Tamiami trail runs through the Everglades alongside part of the Miccosukee Indian Reservation.

We rise before dawn the next morning and are ferried to Chokoloskee, where we pack our canoe, placing a large cooler in the middle of the boat that will serve as my uncomfortable seat for the trip's duration. We also pack a gallon of water per person per day, totalling over 21 gallons. Then there are sleeping bags, tent, clothes, lantern, stove, kitchen and other odds and ends.

When the canoe is packed, it resembles one of those overpacked cars photographed in the days of the dust bowl exodus from the Midwest to California. It is entirely unsafe. The three of us climb in. Water immediately rises to within four inches of the gunnel. Entirely unsafe. I look out across choppy Chokoloskee Bay, thinking, "We're going to sink."

The guide looks at our overloaded canoe, laughs, tells us he set out on his first Everglades canoe trip twelve years before in a similarly overloaded canoe and then recommends that we rent a larger three-person canoe from him: "If you were my clients or children," he told us, "I wouldn't let you paddle like that, but you're adults, so you can make your own decisions."



My heart sinks into my stomach. What if the wind comes up our third day out and we sink? Would anyone find us out there among the mangrove swamps and hordes of hungry mosquitoes? Steve insists we'll be fine. I remember that he insisted we'd be fine paddling the North Fork river in an aluminum canoe.

We paddle. After an hour or so, I became less concerned that the boat is going to sink immediately. At least, it isn't leaking. Everything is up to the gods of wind and rain. We paddle through Lopez River, across Sunday Bay, across Oyster Bay, Huston Bay, and Last Huston Bay and pull up at our first campsite, a double-chickee on Sweetwater Bay.

Along the way we see white pelicans,

snowy egrets, white ibises, anhingas, cormorants, and two dead baby sharks. Three bottle-nosed dolphins swim with us for a while. We unload the canoe at the chickee and then paddle up a narrow river looking for alligators, finding five black, rough-skinned, water-shined alligators almost immediately. I am failing in love with the Everglades.

After an early breakfast next morning, we paddle 11½ miles through Chevalier Bay, Cannon Bay, Alligator Bay, and Dad's Bay to Plate Creek Bay chickee, nestled next to an island, facing east toward the rising sun.

Today's pace is more leisurely. Flocks of vultures loudly flap their wings as they fly from branch to branch, keeping their beady eyes on us as we paddle narrow rivers. We pass a dead manatee.

That same night, I discover that the navigational map we have for the middle part of the trip does not have any chickees marked on it. All we have for chickee locations is the Park Service's generalized map. It is pretty much useless.

After conferring, we decide to ask any canoeists we run into where the chickees might be located. But it's hard to worry beneath the stars and waxing moon.

The third day is a 13 mile paddle to Roger's River chickee. We meet a woman from Michigan and a man from West Germany in a canvas two-person sea kayak who tell us where our next chickee will be located. The chickee is clear across the bay from where we'd guessed it would be.

We cross Lostman's Five Bay, Two Island Bay, Third Bay, and Big Lostman's Bay. Along the way two dolphins swim beside us for half an hour, their curved gray backs arching above the water and then vanishing.

After setting up camp at Roger's River Bay chickee, Steve and I decide to swim. Fifteen minutes after we crawl out of the water, an alligator swims by not twenty feet from where we were bathing. We laugh—after all, alligators, unlike crocodiles, are not supposed to be aggressive. Nevertheless, our laughter is uneasy.

The following day—day four—we paddle through a narrow unnamed river to Broad River.

At Broad River the current runs against us as we canoe westward toward the gulf. Three-quarters of the

way down the river, we reach our only ground-site campground. The mosquitoes and sandflies are vicious. We quickly unload the canoe, set up our tent, pack dinner, and then paddle down Broad River to the sea.

After negotiating around some mangrove islands, we run north along the shore hugging Highland Beach, finally wading the canoe to shore. Here we discover a sandy highway imprinted with raccoon tracks. Later, we pass several raccoon families out combing the beach for dinner.

As the sun sets upon the gulf's watery horizon, we eat avocado-tofu spread sandwiches, then wait for the almost-full moon to rise and guide us back upriver to camp.

The next morning we face what we have been told by the rangers can be the most difficult part of the trip—The Nightmare. The Nightmare is a dense mangrove area cut by small rivers that can be negotiated only at high tide.

Slow, painful death-by-mosquitoes awaits those who miscalculate the tides and are left stranded in the black muck until high water. We have our tide chart. We have planned a thorough and thoughtful assault.

At 7am, we awaken and pack. The mosquitoes and sandflies are so bad that we breakfast in the canoe and then decide to paddle early to the entrance of The Nightmare to check it out. Once there, we discover that the tide has already begun to rise—our tide chart must have been off.

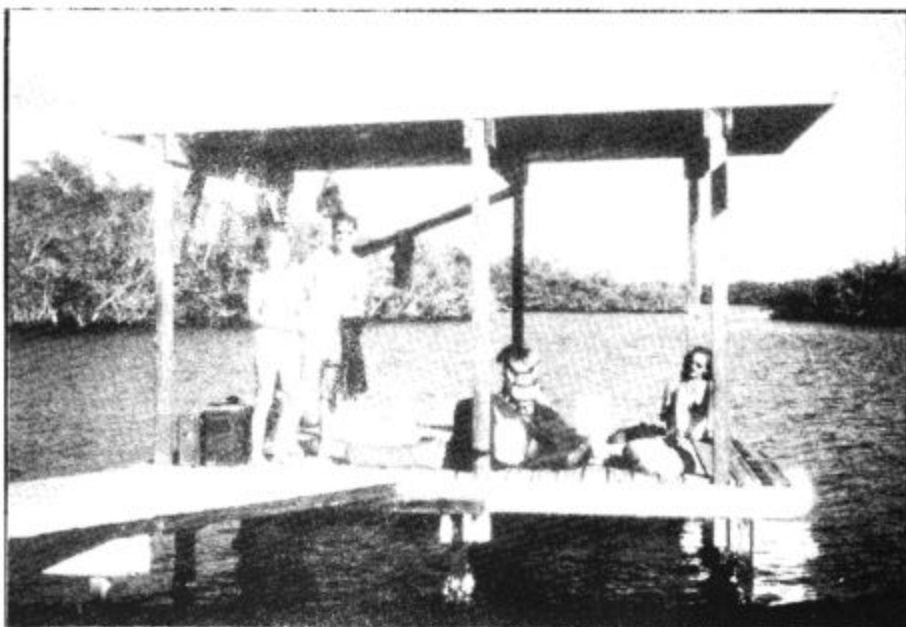
The Nightmare, however, turns out to be sweet dreams. We wind down the meandering rivers, mangroves closing in above our heads filtering out sunlight. In only 2½ hours we reach Harney River.

On the way we've seen the usual



Alligator.

Tara Waters



At a chickee. Tara, Todd and Steve.

Tara Waters

great blue herons, least blue herons, and white ibises, as well as a more unusual green-backed heron and kingfisher. As we paddle up Harney River to our chickee, we pass a pair of osprey protecting their nest.

The chickee, although still unmarked on our map, is easy to locate along the river bank. At camp we lounge, eating hummus on tortillas with moldy green spots. Then we swim, talk, read, eat a leisurely dinner, and fall sleep.

The following day is our second to last day. We paddle 15 miles inland up Harney River to Tarpon Bay and then southwest down Shark River to Oyster Bay. Fortunately, we have a different navigation map for the last part of the trip that marks the chickees, because today's chickee is hidden behind an island. Oyster Bay seems enormous after the close river banks. It seems civilized as well—we meet up with a houseboat.

We wake up early on our last morning with a 21 mile paddle ahead of us. We have planned our route to run down Joe River, rather than across the large open Whitewater Bay.

When planning, the bay appeared dangerous for a canoe riding as low in the water as ours. It would have been dangerous, we thought, to capsize in an expanse of water as large as Whitewater Bay. But today, shoulders and necks aching, we decide to navigate Whitewater Bay and hope for the best.

We follow the Wilderness Waterway markers exactly, cutting straight across

the huge bay. The wind is strong, blowing sideways, making steering and paddling difficult. Once we've made it to our first island, there is no turning back, but we are worried and wonder if we've made a bad judgement call.

The three of us are tense and nervous. One mistake and the boat will swamp. Somehow we make it across the bay without mishap. Then we paddle through Tarpon Creek into Coot Bay and down the Buttonwood Canal to Flamingo, 18 hard miles.

We unload the gear and tie the canoe up on top of the truck. Tired and thirsty, we check in at the ranger station and let them know we've completed the trip safely.

Then, back in the pickup truck, reggae music blaring, we head north. We don't talk much, just experience that quiet, tired happiness of a trip well done.

It isn't until night falls, the white lines of the highway lit up by Steve's headlights, that I wonder: What will Steve come up with next year? Perhaps paddling the Hawaiian Islands ... in an old aluminum canoe, of course.

△

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

WARREN CLARE

RARE BUT DANGEROUS

—a unique series of wildlife observations, part two—

We now continue our study of some of the ferocious animals of the Pacific Northwest. Most of them are very rare; all of them can be dangerous. Scouts on 50-Milers are especially prone to encounters with these creatures (see August, page 19 for Part One).

THE SPLINTER CAT (*Felynx arbordiffisus*)

A widely distributed and frightfully destructive animal is the splinter cat. It is found from the Great Rain Forest on the Peninsula, through Mason and Thurston counties, and parts of King and Pierce counties in the heavier forest lands.

The splinter cat inhabits the parts of the forest where wild bees and raccoons are found. These are its natural foods, and the animal puts in every dark and stormy night shattering trees in search of raccoons or honey.

The splinter cat doesn't use any judgment in selecting raccoon trees or bee trees, but just smashes one tree after another until a hollow one containing food is found. The method used by this creature is simple, effective and very destructive.

It climbs one tree, and from the top-most branches it bounds down and across toward the tree it wishes to destroy. When it has reached maximum speed it strikes the target tree squarely with its hard head; the splinter cat passes on, leaving the tree broken and shattered as though struck by lightning or snapped off by the wind. In some parts of Thurston County, appalling destruction has been created by the animal.

Mason Manning, Scoutmaster of Troop One, has been trying to take pictures of a Splinter Cat for years, but it moves so fast, his negatives only show the streaks and flashes of the creature.

THE SLIDE-ROCK BOLTER (*Macrostoma saxiperrumptus*)

In the central mountains of Washington, where the woods are becoming infested with tourists, a good deal of uneasiness has been caused by the presence of the slide-rock bolter.

This frightful animal lives only in the steepest mountain country where the slopes are greater than 45 degrees.

It has an immense head, with small eyes, and a mouth somewhat on the order of a Scoutmaster, running back beyond its ears. The tail consists of a divided flipper, with enormous grab-hooks, which it fastens over the crest of the mountain or ridge, often remaining there motionless for days at a time, watching the gulch for tourists.

It can hang head down for days at a time. It recognizes tourists by their polo-shirts and cameras, and Tender-

foot scouts when their uniforms are not complete.

At the right moment after sighting a victim, the slide-rock bolter will lift its tail, thus loosening its hold on the mountain. With its small eyes riveted on the unfortunate, drooling thin skid-grease from the corners of its mouth to accelerate its speed, the bolter comes down like a toboggan, scooping up its victim as it goes. Its own impetus carries it up the next slope, where it again slaps its tail over the ridge, hangs head-down and digests its dinner.

Whole parties of tourists and unaware Scouts (out of uniform) have been gulped at one swoop by the slide-rock bolter, and Scoutmasters are becoming cautious about taking parties far back into the hills.

The animal is a menace to the woods as well. Many pine-covered slopes have been destroyed, the forest trees knocked out by the roots or mowed off as if by a scythe where the bolter has crashed down through the woods from the peaks above.

THE AGROPELTER (*Anthrocephalus craniofractens*)

Leading a vengeful existence, resenting the intrusion of the logger, the agropeleter deals misery to the Boy Scout who fails to keep a sharp eye on the trail ahead. The Scout who attempts to pass a hollow tree in which one of these creatures has taken up its home may be flattened to a pancake.

The unfortunate Scout is usually found smashed by a dead branch and reported as having been killed by a falling limb. So unerring is the aim of the agropeleter that despite diligent searching, I have been able to locate only one Scout who has been the target for one of their missiles and survived to describe the animal.

Old Dr. Clare, when cruising on a fifty-miler with Troop One, was

continued next page



The Whirling Whimpus
Turbinocissus nebuloides
see August, page 19

ROBERT M. KINZEBACH

ELUSIVE TRAPPER LAKE

—TRIPS FROM THE '50s—

I can't remember exactly when I first heard of Trapper Lake located in the upper Stehekin above the head of Lake Chelan. I believe it may have been from hearing about the great fishing experienced by those transported in by air from Chelan in the early fifties.

It was reported that, though costly and sometimes dangerous because of erratic winds and turbulence, this was the way to go. The land routes were supposed to be difficult, if not almost impossible.

I managed to become acquainted with some of the local seaplane pilots, especially the new owner of the local airways. I was especially interested in getting photos of the route, as well as landing at Trapper Lake, but did not have the money required.

After hanging around the place off and on ("hanger flying") for some months, coming all the way over from Seattle, I was finally promised a reduced rate (maybe free) during a slack period. The day finally came, and we headed uplake on a clear morning. This was the day I had been waiting for.

In the next few minutes, however, I had an experience I hadn't anticipated that set the tenor of the flight. Although alive with expectations, I felt something tickle my right ear. I didn't think much about it, but it happened

again—so I turned and looked ... right into the eyeballs of a dollar-sized spider, struggling for a position on my ear.

Snakes I don't mind, but I never liked spiders. With probably the fastest reflex known to man, I brushed it down into the lattice floorboards. Between photos I anxiously watched for its re-emergence. About thirty minutes later, it made an appearance, and I dispatched it with relief.

By the time we were opposite Trapper Lake, the pilot, sitting up front, indicated the air was too rough for landing. It didn't seem all that bad to me. Maybe he had noticed my gyrations and thought I was going berserk. He didn't know about the spider.

We circled near the higher peaks near Park Creek Pass and McGregor Mountain, and returned to base. That was the only chance I had. These days, aircraft are not allowed to land at Trapper Lake.

But this was not the end of my attempt to reach the lake. On August 11, 1952, two of us decided to find whatever way-trail there might be from the Stehekin River. We drove up in my old 1935 Dodge stored at Stehekin.

We had to pile logs in the proper position for walking across the river. Once across, we had a fair view of

Horseshoe Basin as we crossed rock slides before delving into the brush-infested way-trail the rest of the way up to the lake.

Fortunately, I had just replaced a roll of film that showed three photos of the lake and route before I slipped crossing the outlet and put an end to photo-taking.

I could see where landing an airplane at the lake could easily become critical. Boats and other fishing equipment had been cached for use when landing was possible.

As an anticlimax, I discovered an easier, and just as spectacular, route. Nine days later, I took a solo one-day trip from Seattle over Cascade Pass, and soon was enjoying an open ridge view just above Trapper Lake. I had to return to Seattle by early evening, so I had no time to go down to the shoreline.

Though reaching Trapper Lake was ultimately accomplished, I had been deprived of the experience of a landing at the lake by aircraft. Maybe it was all for the better. Who knows? It could have become my nemesis.

△

Robert Kinzebach, of Federal Way, is the owner of Pic-Tour Maps and the author of many high lake and back-country articles.

RARE BUT DANGEROUS *continued from previous page*

knocked down by a partly rotten limb thrown by an agropelter. The limb was so punky that it shattered on Doc's head, and he had time to see the rascally animal before it bounded from the trees and whisked off through the woods.

According to Doc, the animal has a slender, wiry body, the villainous face of an ape, arms like muscular whip-

lashes. It can snap off dead branches and hurl them through the air like shells from a cannon. It feeds upon hoot-owls and woodpeckers, the scarcity of which will always prevent the agropelter from becoming numerous.

△

Warren Clare was Scoutmaster of Olympia's Troop 1 for fourteen years. During his tenure, he re-wrote these myths of the West not only to entertain, but also to teach about dangers of the wilderness. These stories, he says, are as much fun to tell as to hear.

LEE MCKEE

the BEAR

—AN UNEASY ENCOUNTER—

The bear, like a big black dog on a rug in front of a fire, lay with its head on outstretched paws, staring at me from a meadow about 200 feet off the trail.

Travelling solo in June of '92, I had shortly before reached a flat about ½-mile from Black and White Lakes in Olympic National Park. When I first spotted the bear it had been standing in the trail ahead seemingly unaware of my presence. Making some noise, I fully expected the bear would high-tail it into the forest.

Instead, the animal glanced in my direction, then continued to slowly wander in the general vicinity of the trail. Being late June no berries were ripe, so I couldn't figure why the bear was staying around.

I tried talking aloud, tapping rocks with an ice axe, and generally making noise—all the while expecting the bear to move on. It didn't.

Dropping my pack and digging into it for extra clothes I could don to keep warm, I pondered the situation. When I glanced at the trail ahead again, I could

no longer see the bear. *Aha*, I thought, *it finally got the message and moved on.*

Shouldering my pack, I started up the trail, alert for where the bear might have gone. I had no desire to get between a mother and a cub if such were the case.

I had taken only a few steps when I saw the bear again, this time off to the left in the open meadow. It had positioned itself on the ground about 200 feet off-trail with its head on its paws and looking directly down the trail I was on.

I've encountered many other black bears but none like this one. Others have run off as I approached, or, if feeding on berries, have continued feeding while totally ignoring my presence. But not this one. This one was studying me.

I stopped again. Heavy brush to one side and cliffs to the other made trying to bypass the situation undesirable. The angle of the trail ahead would actually bring me closer to the bear before I was past.

As I weighed my choices, I heard a cry from somewhere in the distance ahead. Another bear? Another animal of some sort? A bird? Now my imagination was in full swing. Alone, with a bear brazenly sizing me up, and an unrecognizable sound in the distance, I decided to backtrack to an alternate destination.

As I turned and headed back from where I had come, I nervously glanced over my shoulder several times wondering if I were being followed. It wasn't until I was down the trail a ways that I fully relaxed.

Did I make the right choice? Who can say? Given the circumstances, I made the safest one. But I can't help wondering what would have happened had I pushed ahead.

Perhaps the bear was only being sociable—or perhaps it was thinking the grocery man had just arrived. I'll never know.

Lee McKee is Pack & Paddle's business manager.

BEAR CLOSURE LIFTED

At the end of July, Olympic National Park closed the Flapjack Lakes, Gladys Divide, and Black and White Lakes trails because of several hiker-bear encounters.

The bears in question are a mother and cub. The mother bear has learned over a couple of years that backpackers provide food, according to Francis Kocis, Hoodport Subdistrict Ranger. In fact, it's possible that the bear in the 1992 story above is the same bear that caused the closure.

The closure lasted about 2½ weeks and was lifted in mid-August. Most hikers understood the reason for the closure, and were willing to accept the restriction, said Ranger Kocis. Backcountry rangers spent the closure time installing three new bear wires at Flapjack Lakes, and one each at Big Log and Camp Pleasant on the Skokomish River trail. The wires allow campers to

hang their food and garbage bags about 15 feet off the ground.

Earlier in the summer, the bears fine-tuned their raids. They took food from camps and packs, climbed trees to get at food hung on limbs, and "cleaned up" kitchen spots where food had been left.

The area is thick with wildlife, observed Ranger Kocis. Besides bears, elk, goats, deer and cougars live in the drainage. Two cougars, he told *Pack & Paddle*, were seen recently at Gladys Divide.

The bear and cub are still in the region—after all, they live there—but they are finding other foods. The berry crop is getting ripe, said Kocis, which encourages the bears to forage naturally.

Bears are present in all backcountry areas of Washington. At Hannegan Pass in the Mount Baker Wilderness, camping is now prohibited because of hiker-bear encounters. Other spots such

as the Stehekin apple orchards and Honeymoon Meadows are known for frequent bear encounters.

Tips for Camping in Bear Country

1. Hang your food, garbage and toiletries. A bear wire is best; a high, sturdy tree limb is okay. Don't camp right under your hanging cache.
2. Avoid smelly foods such as sardines, salami and peanut butter (ask me how I know!).
3. Keep food odors from contaminating your pack. A paddling dry bag works great for food storage, or wrap in plastic.
4. Keep a clean camp—don't be sloppy. Spilled food should be picked up and packed out as garbage. Never, ever leave food or wrappings in a fire pit, or scatter leftovers in the woods.

—AM

KARL ULLMAN

on the PCT:

MEXICO TO YOSEMITE

August 11, 1993, turned out to be a landmark day, as I'd walked halfway to Canada from Mexico on the Pacific Crest Trail—about 1320 miles.

A trail marker proclaimed this near the North Fork Feather River just south of Mount Lassen, the first Cascade volcano that marks my journey northward. Here I sit reflecting on the first 950 miles of my trek: Mexico to Yosemite.

To be certain, the PCT led me to some remote areas of Southern California, giving me the feeling of being in the wilderness. In addition to a wilderness experience, however, my trek has been a people experience, stamped with the personalities of those who have helped me along the way.

During my walk, I have chosen to follow the PCT almost exclusively, as opposed to taking an alternate trail or a road, and I have also chosen to be sociable and accept the hospitality that people have offered along the way. My experiences reflect these choices.

The Border

Nervous. I was hard on myself for being nervous. After all, I was only backpacking, a relatively safe outdoor activity compared to other things I'd done.

But, as I would soon learn, nervousness on the PCT stems from two sources: the long-term pressure to walk to Canada before the winter, and the one other issue that the mind decides is most pressing (Will that seasonal spring be flowing? Am I on the trail? Will that pain in my feet go away?).

I found it remarkable that as soon as the pressing issue is resolved, my mind would immediately seize the next issue, as if waiting in queue.

At the border on May 14 my pressing issue was twofold: protect myself from the sun and find water. This indeed was foreign land, devoid of trees



and rivers, and complete with a new set of critters.

Later, I would find water to be relatively plentiful, thanks to a wet winter, and the days were never terribly hot. But off I walked with these thoughts, away from my friend who had delivered me to the border, and away from the fences and guard towers that mark the border of nations.

The Prophet

The first two days seemed long, even though I walked only about 12 miles per day. I learned the ways of rattlesnakes, grappled with the guide book and topo maps, and became familiar with chaparral, the dominant Southern California vegetation.

All activity, however, was overshadowed by an ankle injury that I'd had several months before that refused to heal. After all my preparation and training, I truly feared that this injury could prevent me from making my trek.

The third day brought increased pain deep in my ankle. More concern. Later that morning, I crossed a swollen creek on a road bridge. At the far end of the bridge, literally before he'd had time to see me around a bend, an older man

had pulled his pickup to my side of the road.

The weathered, foreign-accented man offered a brief greeting and quickly pointed in the distance. "Over by the oak tree, near the cows, you'll find a path. From there, you go to Canada."

I hadn't even introduced myself, let alone told him what I was doing. I felt that I was only supposed to listen. Strange for me, usually talkative with strangers.

After he finished talking, I offered my thanks, then scrambled down the banks of the highway to the creek. As I followed his directions, I looked back to see that the man was still there, backing his truck slowly so that he could see me through the trees.

I then realized what a strange meeting we had had. He didn't ask what I was doing, he knew. We didn't have a conversation—he spoke and I listened. And he addressed the two issues heavy on my mind: 1) refinding the trail (the easy one) and 2) will I be able to walk to Canada with this injury?

Indeed, he showed me how to find the trail and he said "... then you go to Canada."

Soon after, I soaked my foot in a strangely cold creek, hoping to ease the pain. While I didn't get immediate relief, by afternoon the ankle felt better, and each day it improved.

Often, I think back to the meeting with the strange man in the truck ... "And then you go to Canada." He seemed to *know* that I would heal.

Gracious Hosts

Through the Southern California desert I walked, from creek to spring, worrying about water. I soon learned that dividing by four the number of miles between water sources gave me the number of liters of water to carry (approximately 2mph, drinking ½ liter

per hour). The most I ever carried was eight liters.

I carried these eight liters over the San Felipe Hills, an infamous section with northbound PCTers because it is the first long stretch (23 miles) without water.

As I lumbered along with the burdened pack, I saw something about 12 miles into the section: two 1-gallon plastic water jugs. Immediately I thought someone had stashed them and would be along shortly.

Then I noticed that a date, along with a message, was written in pen on the plastic; the date on the jug was 5/3/93, and it was now the end of May.

Closer inspection revealed that a sympathetic resident of the next town had left them there for thirsty PCTers. Wow! "Was it safe to drink?" I then saw the peace sign drawn on the jugs ... must be.

One jug was empty, one half full. I guzzled a quart, left a quart, and carried the empty back to the owner as requested on the jug. This earned me a shower and a night at the owner's house. Just an example of many people who help along the way.

Terrain

A quick note about Southern California terrain for those who aren't convinced that mountains do exist near Los Angeles and San Diego.

The general trend from the Mexican border to the Sierra Nevada on the PCT is to walk through some desert, climb into some mountains, descend back to desert, then ascend back into mountains, and so on. The mountain ranges from south to north are: Lagna, San Jacinto, San Bernardino, San Gabriel and Tehachapi; some of them are quite impressive.

Also, I should clarify the term "desert." Most of the desert that the PCT traverses consists of chaparral-clothed rolling hills, with water sources 10 to 25 miles apart.

Seldom do you find yourself in a stereotypical sandy, shadeless desert, but when the chaparral does give way, often it is to intriguing cactus and Joshua trees. Often, shade can be found (just a bit) if you look hard enough. Astonishing variety in the southern part of the Golden State.

Summer in the San Gabriel

As I grew accustomed to the terrain and weather, and after I decided that a rattler or a scorpion probably wouldn't



crawl in with me for the evening, I began sleeping without my tent. My next thought, of course, was to get the tent out of my pack. Why carry what you don't use?

So I sent it home from Big Bear City and asked my parents to send my bivvy sack to Wrightwood, the next town. I would have only my sleeping bag for four days.

As you probably guessed, Mother Nature called my bluff. On June 5th, typically hot summer season in Southern California, low clouds accompanied the fog that had been rolling in every day.

By 3am a light mist was falling. I figured it would clear by morning and I'd warm up. Wrong again.

After walking through a cold, windy rain for a couple of hours, I was in trouble. Starting to get the Big Shakes. Once I decided that I needed shelter, I turned a switchback only to see houses below me.

Down the ridge I scrambled, picking my way through dense chaparral, only to find the houses locked and unoccupied.

Soon, I found a dilapidated old structure that was more dry than wet, and I studied my maps. A nearby road paralleled the trail all the way to Interstate 15 and Cajon Pass, my original destination for the day. So I put on all of my clothes and set off, to arrive at the pass, complete with a warm, dry restaurant, as it began to snow.

Lesson? Be wise and carry the gear you need.

Artificial Water

Sandwiched between the sometimes smoggy San Gabriel and Tehachapi Mountains is Antelope Valley, a far western arm of the Mojave Desert. As I ambled into the valley at 5:30am for my crossing, my senses seemed to be extra perceptive, as they usually are in a foreign place.

Surprisingly, the most feared place on the Southern California PCT is one of the most developed, having some houses and relatively busy roads, although spread far apart. It also contains two huge man-made rivers, the California and the Los Angeles aqueducts.

The PCT follows the LA aqueduct through the Mojave, providing water to hikers through the previously forbidding land.

After walking several miles, I had my first opportunity to lift a small

manhole from the cement-covered aqueduct and try my skills at dangling my water bottle down three feet to the rapidly flowing water. Success!

Off to the next manhole I hurried, a critical one because it would be 12 miles of hot walking to the third. On the way I noticed a crack in the aqueduct's cement cover that I could fit my bottle through. I remember wondering if I should tank up here, in case the next manhole was defective.

I pressed on, only to find the next manhole covered with a steel plate that was bolted into the cement. Surrounding the steel plate was evidence of futile attempts to pry it open. Perhaps the faint, illegible note at the first manhole warned of this.

I was in no mood to walk 3 miles back to the last manhole through the midday Mojave heat. I then looked east and saw an old car approaching on the aqueduct service road (in the middle of *nowhere!*). I hurriedly explained my situation to the aged man at the wheel and asked for a ride back to the first manhole. He told me that he didn't pick up hitchhikers and drove off.

He must have seen me shake my empty water bottle in frustration, for he then stopped the car and asked if I were out of water!

He searched through the rubble in his car for the water he thought he had but didn't. Reluctantly, he told me to get in the car. He must have thought that I was crazy to be out there.

The crack that I had seen earlier was big enough to squeeze my bottle through, and my new friend Frank brought me back to where he'd found me. On the way, I asked him why he was driving around the Mojave.

He told me that he was looking for things to collect and sell at the market. Figure that!

Sierra Spirit

Finally, the tall mountains. The big boys. The springs and Joshua trees yielded to rivers and pines. No river ever looked so good as the South Fork Kern River. In the distance, from the ridge tops, I could see the snow-covered High Sierra. Finally, time to use the axe and boots.

I stumbled into Kennedy Meadows two days after my 28th birthday, glad that friends would arrive that night from LA for a southern Sierra celebration. From Kennedy Meadows north to Yosemite my good friend and climbing partner Jon Fleming would accompany

KARL'S SCHEDULE

Although Karl was running a few days behind, he managed to do 84 miles in 3 days coming into Castela in mid-August—moving like that he should be back on schedule in no time.

The following timetable is Karl's *planned* itinerary. If you happen to be hiking on the PCT this month and see a hungry guy with a big pack heading for Canada, offer him a granola bar ... it might be Karl.

August 29: Hyatt Lake
 September 2: Crater Lake
 September 6: Cascade Summit
 September 13: Ollalie Lake
 September 18: Cascade Locks
 September 26: White Pass
 October 1: Snoqualmie Pass
 October 6: Stevens Pass
 October 12: Stehekin
 October 16: Manning Park

me for 250 miles.

The ascent from the desert of Mojave to the 13,200-foot Forrester pass is spectacular. I found the mountains surrounding Big Horn Plateau near Mount Whitney the most scenic of the whole trip.

The amazing mountains, in addition to having company (left Kennedy Meadows with three friends, two of whom split off after three days), revitalized me. Hiking in a group is a completely different experience than hiking alone, and I was ready for the change.

Fishing for Poles

After Forester Pass we resupplied, picked up a fishing pole, and then clambered back into the Sierra and glissaded through mucky snow on the backside of Glen Pass. Time to try out that new pole—first cast, first fish. Easy.

With my usual sense of urgency, I

say we must push on, cook and fish at the next lake, then hike some more. After dinner and fishing, I hoist my pack only to see a big problem. No tent poles where they usually are strapped on my pack.

My first reaction was to push on. Then I thought about the hoards of mosquitoes and possible Sierra storms. I change my mind. We must find them. I set off with my headlamp to the foot of Glen Pass. No luck.

At 6am the following morning, Jon makes the Herculean effort of climbing back up Glen Pass, finding the poles lying in the snow. They came off on the glissade. Although now half a day behind schedule, we are happy to sleep comfortable.

The rest of the trip through the Sierra was uneventful, but spectacular. Difficult physically, requiring more food. The wonderful terrain, views and mountaineering sense that we enjoyed provided plenty of incentive to push on.

Quiet Violence

We arrived in Tuolumne Meadows on July 15. We were almost observant enough to wonder why no one was on the trails in this summertime cathedral of granite.

Upon arriving at the Park road, we were greeted by police and soon had TV news microphones in front of us with reporters asking us how we felt about gunmen in the Park. A ranger had been shot the night before.

Because the Park was closed, we probably had the quietest walk in Tuolumne Meadows since John Muir's days. Never know what you'll run into in the wilderness.

Thanks

Now that I've carried it halfway to Canada, I'd like to thank Dan McHale for loaning me a wonderful pack for this trip. It fits perfectly and looks new after three months on the trail. Many thanks.

Look forward to sending stories from the next segment—Northern California. △

Karl Ullman, of Orinda, California, set out on a 5-month PCT hike in the spring. This is the second in his series of articles written on the trail about his experiences.

REST STOP

EQUIPMENT, RECIPES, TIPS

WET BRIDGES—Be extra careful on wet wooden foot bridges in the Olympics. The ones on the Bogachiel trail have large spikes sticking up in several places where the bridge side rails are missing. I took a hard fall there and just missed landing on one of these spikes.—*Ralph Turman, Seattle.*

GAITER SAVER—The weak spot in most gaiters is the neoprene strap that fits underneath the boot. About 5 inches of tubular webbing from a retired sling will act as a sleeve and slide right over the strap to protect it from wear and extend its life!—*Topographic Tom, Seattle.*

VAL'S RAISIN OATMEAL COOKIES—These are our current favorite cookie. They hold up fairly well in the pack as long as they last (not long).

There is no flour in this recipe.

1½ cup raisins
½ cup butter or margarine
1¼ cup peanut butter (I use Adams Crunchy)
1 teaspoon vanilla
1 teaspoon dark or light corn syrup
1 cup white sugar
½ cup packed brown sugar
3 eggs or egg substitute
2 teaspoons baking soda
¼ teaspoon cinnamon
¼ teaspoon nutmeg
4 cups old-fashioned rolled oats
½ package peanut butter chips

Steam raisins in veggie steamer for approximately 10 minutes; set aside to cool. Use a very large bowl. Beat butter until soft, add peanut butter and mix until blended. Add vanilla, corn syrup, white and brown sugars. Add

eggs one at a time. Mix spices and baking soda, breaking up any lumps, then add to dough. Stir in oatmeal, then cooled raisins and peanut butter chips.

Use a quarter-cup measuring cup to scoop up dough. Pat into rounds approximately ½" thick and 2¼" across. Bake at 350 degrees for 15 minutes. (I use insulated cookie sheets.) Cool a few minutes before removing to wire rack. Makes about 24 large cookies.—*Valerie Brown, Arlington.*

PIC-TOUR MAPS—A whole set of color maps has been produced by Pic-Tour Maps. They cover most popular areas of the Cascades and include topographic maps with road, trail and cross-country route information. For ordering information, contact Pic-Tour, 29118 23rd Ave S, Federal Way WA 98003.

PANORAMA

NEWS FROM ALL OVER

CLIMBING ACCESS—The Park Service and Forest Service are proposing new regulations to control climbing. The Park Service has issued an "Advance Notice of Proposed Rule Making," and the Forest Service will soon issue draft regulations for climbing in Wilderness Areas.

According to a Climbers' Alert, climbing in designated Wilderness is threatened by these proposed regulations. The Alert points out that 90% of the climbs in Yosemite, 85% in Joshua Tree, and many in the Cascades, including Snow Creek Wall and the Enchantments, are in Wilderness Areas.

The issue common to both the Park Service and Forest Service is the use of fixed anchors in Wilderness. The Access Fund, based in Colorado, maintains that use of fixed anchors predates the Wilderness Act, and that climbers should be allowed to replace and upgrade fixed anchors. The Fund supports the use of power drills in Wilderness under a special use permit for this specific purpose.

Another issue is the regulation of climbing equipment, such as chalk, aid hardware, and removable protection. The Access Fund maintains that equipment should not be the subject of national regulations, but that certain practices such as gluing and chipping holds, "gardening," and fixed ropes

should be addressed in new regulations.

The Park Service comment period for the Advance Notice ends on September 14. Climbers' responses are needed! Send to:

National Park Service
Division of Ranger Activities
Attn: Climbing Docket 1
PO Box 37127
Washington DC 20013.

While you're at it, make a copy of that letter and send it to the Forest Service (you don't have to write a different letter):

US Forest Service
Director of Recreation
Attn: RCR & WM
PO Box 96090
Washington DC 20090.

For more information on local climbing issues, call Elden Altizer at 206-643-5175; leave a message or call in the evening.

MOUNTAINS TO SOUND GREENWAY—Mountains to Sound Greenway Trust President Jim Ellis has announced the appointment of Nancy Keith as Executive Director of the project. Keith was the founding manager of a new public radio station in Everett, KSER-FM, in 1990.

The Greenway's original Executive Director, Donna McBain, is returning to her position as vice president with

the Trust for Public Lands. The Trust has been a major supporter and facilitator of the Greenway effort.

WHITE RIVER STAYS OPEN—Last spring the Forest Service considered closing the White River Ranger Station and merging its functions with the North Bend District (*June, page 20*).

In early August, Baker-Snoqualmie National Forest acting supervisor Walt Weaver announced that the White River District will remain open in Enumclaw. Due to a shrinking timber program and diminished funds, however, the staff will be reduced. In the future, the office may change locations to smaller quarters.

FRANK CHURCH LAC—The Frank Church-River of No Return LAC (Limits of Acceptable Change) citizen's task force was formed during a public meeting May 15 in Boise.

The new task force met for the first time on June 12 to refine their issues and concerns. The task force is now working on developing the most important or most pressing issues. You can assist by contacting the following representatives and sharing your ideas.

Hiking/Backpacking: Margaret Fuller, Box 148, Weiser ID 83672.

Private Float (Main Salmon): Larry

continued on page 32

EDITOR'S JOURNAL



On the PCT above Dewey Lake.

WORST PLACES TO CAMP—We got a laugh out of Kerry and Larry's story (page 16) where they list most and least favorite places to camp.

It reminded Lee and me of our 1000-mile PCT trip in 1983, where we made a similar list of "Places Not to Camp." This included windy passes, shelters with porcupines, camps next to youth groups, and motel rooms next to ice machines.

On a recent trip to Cougar Lakes, we added another to the list: talus basins in full sun.

BACKCOUNTRY COOKING—I was a judge again at the Backcountry Cooking Contest held in August by the Peninsula Wilderness Club. Some terrific recipes were submitted.

I learned from last year's contest not to eat dinner first because sampling all the dishes adds up quickly to a full meal!

My three fellow judges were Jennifer Lowden from the Mountain Constance Mountain Shoppe, Ron Judd from the *Seattle Times*, and Brad Albro from Olympic Mountain Rescue.

Judging was done by awarding points in four categories: taste; ease of preparation and clean-up; weight; and nutritional value. It was *not* easy but it was definitely fun.

MYSTERY HIKER—After hiking the Walt Bailey Trail one day, I stopped in Granite Falls to meet Mystery Hiker and Mr. Maphead.

Mystery Hiker runs the Edgewood Hill Herb Farm during the summer (works at Stevens Pass Ski Area in the winter). She and Mr. Maphead gave me a tour of their gardens, accompa-

nied by their horticultural assistant Boots the cat.

Boots supervised the picking of a large bunch of catnip for Yellow Cat.

ROUTES AND ROCKS—I got a call from a subscriber who had noticed my reference to *Routes and Rocks* in the last issue.

"My bookstore has never heard of it," he said. "Where can I order a copy?"

R&R, by Dwight Crowder and Roland Tabor, was published in 1965 by The Mountaineers. It is out of print. If you or someone you know goes to garage sales, keep this title on your shopping list and grab it if you see a copy. The book was produced with three accompanying 15-minute topographic maps: Glacier Peak, Holden and Lucerne. Grab these, too, with or without the book.

WHAT A WAY TO CELEBRATE—

I talked with Karen Sykes at a meeting recently. She happened to mention her birthday was coming up soon.

Guess how she's going to celebrate? By running the Seattle marathon in November!


CRUNCHEd—Most of you will find your reports have been shortened to fit this month—an unpopular but effective editorial technique for fitting material into the allotted pages.

I apologize if I deleted your favorite part.

The "Rest Stop" and "Panorama" sections were reduced to make room for more "Backcountry News." We'll do a "catch-up" of those pages in the fall.

See you in the backcountry,

Ann Marshall



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PANORAMA *continued from page 30*

Remaklus, 2001 W Boise Ave #7, Boise ID 83706 (208-342-1318).

Private Float (Middle Fork): Joe Conrad, 6502 Robertson Dr, Boise ID 83709 (208-375-5191).

You are also welcome to attend the next task force meeting on 9/11 at the Smokejumper Base in McCall. For more information, call Kurt Becker, Payette National Forest, 208-634-0691.

TRUST FOR PUBLIC LAND

TRANSFERS—ITT Rayonier has transferred almost 900 acres along the Bogachiel River to Olympic National Forest, with help from the Trust for Public Land. The transfer should help

buffer the National Park, which previously had no public land next to its boundary at this point. It will also protect access to the Bogachiel trail.

In Oregon, 40 acres of private land within the Mount Hood Wilderness have been transferred to the National Forest through a TPL purchase. The transfer of one remaining piece of land at the end of 1993 will consolidate public ownership in the Wilderness.

MEETINGS—The following public meetings have been scheduled.

Eagle Lake—A proposed new trail would go from Barclay Lake past Eagle, Simms, Sunset and Boulder

Lakes and come out near Jacks Pass. A public comment meeting will be held September 1, 7pm at the Forest Service office, 21905 64 Avenue West in Mountlake Terrace (west of the 220th Street exit on I-5). For more information, call the Skykomish Ranger District, 206-677-2414.

Hope Island—State Parks wants public input on the future of Hope Island, currently a day-use park in south Puget Sound. A public meeting has been scheduled for September 7, 7pm at Griffin Elementary School, on Steamboat Island Road between Olympia and Shelton. For more information, call Jarrell Cove State Park, 206-426-9226.

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