

PACK & PADDLE

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

OCTOBER 1993
\$2.00



WEATHER ALERT!!!**CLIMBING K2, RAINIER OR MOUNT SI?**

You can now have access to the best weather information available for ANY LOCATION, any time.

Windsurfing, skiing, hiking,
fishing, camping.

RELIABLE FORECASTS**REASONABLE RATES**

Forecasts starting at \$10.00

CALL**THE WEATHER CENTER****1 800 992 6875****SPORTS
REPLAY**

NOW IN OUR 10th YEAR!
NEW • USED • SECONDS
• CONSIGNMENTS •

TENTS

6'x6' SQUARE DOME \$49.95
10'x12' 6-MAN DOME \$119.95
8'x10' CABIN TENT \$69.95
7'x7' SQUARE DOME \$59.95
1-2 MAN WALRUS 3.2 LBS \$129.95
400 TENTS IN STOCK

ALL FISHING GEAR

40% OFF

PACKS

NEW-USED / INTERNAL-EXTERNAL
Dog Packs \$39.95

HIKING BOOTS

NEW & USED

FREEZE DRIED FOOD

Best Price in Town

WIGGY SLEEPING BAGS**CLIMBING GEAR**

C&S Engineering on site til 9pm Thursday
Large selection of webbing and Perlon
White tubular webbing 19c a foot

5421 196th Street SW
Lynnwood WA 98036
206-775-4088

**SEVERAL GOOD REASONS TO USE
PARGETER MAPS**

- *They provide an economical BIG PICTURE for mountain travelers!*
- *They are beautiful bird's eye view oblique angle images illustrated in full color from USGS quads.*
- *They are large, info packed formats averaging 24" x 32" covering the Olympic Mountains, North Central Cascades, North Cascades East and North Cascades West - Thousands of square miles!*
- *Richard Pargeter's popular pictorial relief maps delightfully portray our mountains more quickly for most users.*
- *They are excellent planning tools - find hundreds of lakes, peaks, streams and valleys across the breadth of the ranges in their uncut relationships.*
- *Copious overprinting gives road and trail locations, ID numbers, trail point-to-point distances and elevations.*
- *Great quantities of really usable info for less money. Don't be without them.*

Please ask for **PARGETER MAPS** at map and sporting goods stores or at stores along the Cascades and Olympic highways.

Or send 6.50 each (ppd) for quick delivery, to:

R.A. Pargeter, POB 844, Kent, WA 98035. Thank you!

**CLASSIFIED
ADS**

MORNING HILL NEWS—Read about self-sufficient living in the pine woods of eastern Oregon: wilderness exploration, homestead management, public land information. Published bi-monthly; \$9/year. Checks payable to Jennifer Stein Barker:

Morning Hill News
Izee Route
Canyon City OR 97820.

JUST OUT—Revised June '93: *Discovering the Wonders of the Wonderland Trail Encircling Mount Rainier*. \$12.95 plus \$1.05 tax, plus \$1.50 shipping (\$15.50 total). Wonderland, Box 321, Issaquah WA 98027.

Rates—50 cents a word (address, city, state and ZIP count as ONE word). Payment must accompany all classified ads.

Deadline—First of month for next month's magazine (October 1 for November issue).

Send to—Advertising Manager, Pack & Paddle, PO Box 1063, Port Orchard WA 98366. No classified ads taken over the phone.

Non-commercial—For non-commercial subscriber ads, see Bulletin Board in this issue.

Pack & Paddle

VOLUME 2, NUMBER 10

Features

- 16 ON THE PCT:
YOSEMITE TO THE OREGON BORDER
Karl Ullman
- 19 AUTUMN RAIN
Croil Anderson
- 20 RICK RAY
Mike Mouat
- 22 A HIKER'S DREAMSCAPE
Jack Kendrick
- 24 THE ELDERS AND THE ROGUE
Mary M. Watson
- 26 RESCUE EPICS
Deborah Riehl

Departments

- 4 LETTERS TO THE EDITOR
- 5 BACKCOUNTRY NEWS
- 27 REST STOP — Recipes, Equipment, Tips
- 29 PANORAMA — News from All Over
- 30 EDITOR'S JOURNAL

RANDOM VIEW—



At the Kayak Symposium, Port Townsend.

Lee McKee

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.

• • •

PACK & PADDLE (ISSN 1059-4493) is published monthly by Pack & Paddle Publishing, Inc., 4450 Lakeview Dr SE, Port Orchard WA 98366. Mailing address is PO Box 1063, Port Orchard WA 98366. Telephone is 206-871-1862. Subscription rate is \$15 (US funds) for one year. Second Class postage paid at Port Orchard WA 98366. Printed by Little Nickel, Lynnwood WA.

POSTMASTER: Send address changes to Pack & Paddle, PO Box 1063, Port Orchard WA 98366.

COVER PHOTO:

Hiker climbs up the way-trail from Jade Lake to No Name Lake, Alpine Lakes Wilderness, Washington. Photo by Ann Marshall.

Staff

Publishers: A. Marshall and L. McKee

Editor: Ann Marshall

Business Manager: Lee McKee

Administrative Assistant: Yellow Cat

With help from: All Readers

Editorial Advisory Committee:

D. Beedon CAT

J. Cavin TG



printed on recycled paper
with soy-based ink

©1993 Pack & Paddle Publishing, Inc.
All rights reserved.

LETTERS to the EDITOR

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

IT'S GREAT

Pack & Paddle is great. It's full of wonderful news and tips that are really worthwhile. I've moved from backpacking with my family to climbing and, with a body wearing out from overuse, I'm now returning to hiking and backpacking. I find something interesting and useful in every issue.

But most important, I like the personal, homey touches. I kind of feel like I'm part of a big family. Keep up the good work.

Suzanne Follis
Seattle, Washington

A PLEASURE

Your September issue was certainly a pleasure to read. Deborah Riehl's "Rescue Epic," as usual, was well worth reading. I certainly admire her willingness—and ability—to engage in these hairy rescue operations. We are all indebted to her and others in the Mountain Rescue.

The 10-day Olympic trip described by Kerry Gilles and Larry Schoenborn sounds wonderful. I spent a few alternately rainy and sunny days in much of that same territory in late July, so it is all very familiar. More important, I really appreciate their ability to capture the essence of such a trip in writing. From their account, I know I want to return to this part of the Olympics. And I am sure I would enjoy meeting these two someday.

Your magazine continues to entertain and inform. Keep up the good work.

Richard Buck
Clyde Hill, Washington



Paul G. Schauflier

ECHO LAKE REVISITED

To the Chief Seattle Council, Boy Scouts of America:

Pop cans, candy wrappers, ribbons and especially string—miles of it—are everywhere on the trail to Echo Lake (see *May*, page 6 and *June*, page 4). It is not only unsightly, but also dangerous. What would happen if an animal dragged some of that string across the trail and a biker caught it on their neck? Or what about a little animal that might get tangled in the stuff? There is

no doubt that it is Scout string because it had tags on it indicating practice search and rescue exercises.

I was a Scout and Cub Scout Leader. Scouts know better. I realize that the trailhead is not the Scouts' fault. The gravel pit to the left of Explorer Falls is a "shooters' pit." It is a dump and a lead mine. It would be nearly impossible to patrol that mess. Up the trail is another story.

The major litter and its location are the cans and candy wrappers on the trail. The string, ribbons and cans are along most of the railroad grades in the deep woods. Near Echo Lake is the worst.

Robert DeGraw
Kirkland, Washington

HIGH MOUNTAIN
RENDEZVOUS

1000 MAPS

U.S.G.S. • GREEN TRAILS • FOREST SERVICE
GEO-Graphics • INTERNATIONAL • CLIMBER'S CARDS

670 NW GILMAN BLVD • ISSAQUAH • 391-0130

**Outdoor
Recreation
Information
Center**

206-220-7450
maps-books-info
915 Second Ave Room 442
Seattle WA 98174





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




 **MOUNT JUPITER TRAIL** (*The Brothers Wilderness; USGS Mount Jupiter, Brinnon*)—To get to the trailhead, you turn west off Highway 101 onto Mount Jupiter Road and immediately turn left. At about 5.4 miles take the left fork. The road is in the best shape I ever seen, having been recently graded probably because of all of the new lots developed in this area.

The trail follows the ridge, with several ups and downs, for about 5 miles. While there are several view spots, there were no views for me because of the fog. At 5.5 miles I entered The Brothers Wilderness and started to climb. There were so many switchbacks in the last 1.5 miles that I lost count. The trail winds through several minor cliffs with numerous berry bushes and wildflowers.

I arrived at the summit at 2pm just as it began to mist. As I ate my lunch, the

drifting fog gave me glimpses of cliffs below and the west ridge but no views of The Brothers or Mount Constance on this trip.—BRN, Bainbridge Island, 8/21.

 **SUNDOWN LAKES** (*Olympic Natl Park; USGS Mount Tebo, Mount Olson*)—Another adventure for Troop 70! We drove Highway 101 and followed the driving directions to the trailhead (*Olympic Mountains Trail Guide*). Road 23 is in fairly good shape and so is Road 2361 (the trailhead is at the end). Incidentally road 2361 is gated from 10/1 through 5/31 (per the Department of Wildlife).

There was one sinister-looking van at the trailhead and a sign warning of recent vehicle break-ins. We put on our packs and hoped for the best.

Round trip mileage from the trailhead to Sundown Lakes is about 16 miles with 3000 feet elevation gain.

After the third crossing of the Skokomish we began having unpleasant encounters with bees (John says they are *NOT* bees—they are hornets and wasps). By the time we had gained our 3000 feet to Sundown Pass most of us had been stung at least a few times.

It was very, very hot. John and I hiked moderately but steadily and waited at the Pass for the rest of the group to catch up. Most of the boys started out fast then ended up taking long rest breaks—a perfect example of the tortoise and the hare.

Once the trail entered Olympic National Park it deteriorated rather quickly. The trail is easily lost where it passes through several meadows—look for

flagging when in doubt. Just below Sundown Pass are a couple of tarns where you could camp.

John, Mark (the fleetest Scout) and I reached Sundown Lake, expecting that the others would show up within minutes. We set our packs down near the shelter (the campsites at the end of the lake were full) and scouted about for places to pitch our tents.

After a suspiciously long time we gathered that the Scouts had missed the turn to the lake. John set out to turn them around so by the time they all reached camp it was well past 6pm. They were tired and grumpy, but by the time everyone had dinner moods had improved.

In the morning, the plan was to day-hike to McGreavy Lakes—about 2.5 miles away. John had been there 30 years ago when he was a Scout and remembered jumping from a large rock into the lake. The trail is not maintained but is easy to follow.

We climbed about 700 feet to Six Ridge Pass then dropped to the lakes which don't seem to get a lot of use. John's large rock was still at the lake as he remembered it and since the day was warm soon everyone was in the water.

Monday was another warm day. We broke camp early to avoid the heat and were on our way by 8:30. Again, we were all stung by bees on our way down. We tried various strategies to avoid getting stung but none are fool-proof (or bee-proof).

What seemed to minimize the chances of getting stung were to hike in pairs and at the first sight of bees to run as

BACKCOUNTRY NEWS

DEADLINE: October 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

quickly as possible down the trail. Matt got the most stings—9. I got stung twice. Fortunately no one in the party was allergic.

John and I brought up the rear and as we descended the switchbacks we could hear the howls of agony as the boys ahead of us got stung. Then it was our turn to howl!

We enjoyed a long lunch by the first bridge we came to and encountered no bees the rest of the way.

All in all it was a successful weekend—the weather was good, the scenery was lovely, the berries were plentiful.—Karen Sykes, Seattle, 9/4-6.

GIG HARBOR (NOAA chart 18474)—Our local club has week-night paddles, and this one was great for what will probably be our last week-night outing of the season.

We put in at the public boat launch at the end of Randall Drive on the northeast edge of the harbor. *Afoot and Afloat* has good directions as well as interesting information about the town.

The outgoing tide carried us easily out of the harbor past the little lighthouse and into Colvos Passage, where we headed north for a little way. The early sunset cut short our explorations, however, and we paddled against the ebb to return to the harbor.—Ann Marshall, 9/14.

BUCKHORN WILDERNESS AREA (Olympic Natl Forest; USGS Mount Townsend)—I started at the upper Big Quilcene trailhead, hiked in about 1½ miles and then went cross-country up and over the ridge to Silver Lakes.

It's fairly steep but there wasn't much underbrush so it actually went pretty well. I was also able to use game trails on part of it. I saw one rhododendron still in bloom.

For some reason I decided to take the Silver Lakes/Mount Townsend trail back out. I thought I might be able to hitch a ride from the Mount Townsend trailhead to the upper Big Quilcene road. I ended up walking the road all the way back to the upper Big Quilcene trailhead, where my car was.

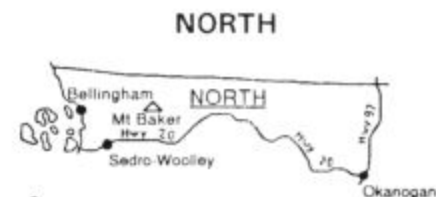
There were a large variety of flowers in the Silver Lakes and Mount Townsend area. The paintbrush was especially pretty.

There is a great view of Mount Constance from the top of the pass between the Quilcene and Silver Lakes but not on this day.—Craig Mecklenburg, Bremerton, 8/24.

COUGAR—A hunter on the Greywolf River was rushed by a cougar in mid-September. He was not hurt.

DOSEWALLIPS ROAD will close in mid-October.—Ranger, 9/18.

HAMMA HAMMA—Bridge replacement is almost finished. Road will re-open soon.—Ranger, 9/18.



SOURDOUGH MOUNTAIN (North Cascades Natl Park; USGS Ross Dam, Diablo Dam)—The trail starts behind the swimming pool in Diablo, and climbs from 900 feet to 4000 feet in the first 2½ miles, before “leveling out” just inside the National Park border, and climbing an additional 1500 feet in 2 miles. I took my time, and managed to reach the lookout, 6200 feet, in exactly three hours.

The trail was in good shape, and appeared to have been brushed this year. A small spring emanates from above the trail at about 1 mile, the only water source before a creek at 4.2 miles (Sourdough Camp).

The last ½-mile of the hike follows a ridgetop, with glorious views of Ross and Diablo lakes, and many of the North Cascade peaks, including Mount Baker.

The lookout was not only open, but staffed by a very warm volunteer host, who supplied the six other hikers assembled there with soup, tea, and hot chocolate.

It began to rain as I left at 2pm, having promised my family I would meet them in the parking lot at 4. Halfway down the mountain, the skies let loose with giant peals of thunder cracking directly over my head for a full hour. When I met my family at 4:10, I was very wet, but exhilarated at having had the chance to visit such a special place.—Laura Wild, Marysville, 8/14.

WINCHESTER MOUNTAIN (Mount Baker Wilderness; USGS Mount Larrabee)—Bill and I parked at the Tomyhoi Lake trailhead and hiked up the road to Twin Lakes for the first half of this hike. The road climbed steeply and it was hot and dusty with cars passing us. The biting flies were the worst we'd encountered. Over 30 cars and trucks at Twin Lakes.

Despite that poor beginning, we really enjoyed the trail to Winchester Mountain and the views from the top were great—especially of Shuksan and the Canadian peaks. The cute, cozy lookout at the top is available—first come, first served—for overnight stays.

It is maintained by the Mount Baker Hiking Club.

The road is badly rutted between the Tomyhoi trailhead and Twin Lakes—we may have been able to drive it in our 4WD Subaru, but most of the vehicles at the lakes were trucks and high clearance type cars. Starting at the Tomyhoi trailhead, the elevation gain is 3000 feet and 9 miles round trip.—Jane Habegger, Olympia, 9/4.

SKYLINE DIVIDE (Mount Baker Wilderness; USGS Mount Baker)—After only a little over an hour of climbing we reached the ridge with one of the most beautiful views of Mount Baker. Although there were too many cars to count at the trailhead, the long ridge and meadows at the top absorbed the people well. The trail has a phenomenal pay-off for the effort expended.

We did register a written complaint with the District Ranger about the damage from horse use on the trail itself.—Jane Habegger, Olympia, 9/5.

PARK BUTTE (Mount Baker Natl Rec Area; USGS Baker Pass)—Like Skyline Divide, you reach fantastic panoramas after about 2 miles, climbing to Morovitz Meadow.

The trail begins at Schreiber's Meadow, which was filled with blueberries. After about 1 mile is a neat suspension bridge over a creek. The trail then enters forest and begins fairly steep switchbacks to Morovitz Meadow. At the meadow, which is huge, continue either to Park Butte Lookout, or to Railroad Grade and close-up views of the glaciers on Mount Baker.

From the junction at Morovitz Meadow it is about a mile and 1000 feet elevation gain to the lookout. Park Butte is maintained by the Skagit Hiking Club and is available first come, first served for overnight. We were treated to sights of steam rising off Mount Baker.—Jane Habegger, Olympia, 9/6.

LAKE ANN (Mount Baker Wilderness; USGS Shuksan Arm)—The trail drops about 600 feet in the first mile then meanders up and down for the next mile. At approximately 2 miles is a junction with the Swift Creek trail and the second crossing of the creek.

The trail then begins a climb to the saddle above Lake Ann. This portion of the trail is completely exposed and was quite warm on this hot day. It also provides glorious views of Mount Baker.

After this hike we treated ourselves to dinner at Innisfree Restaurant, just west of Glacier. John Munroe, at the Bellingham Visitor Center, had told us this was the World's Greatest Restau-

BACKCOUNTRY NEWS



Jane Habegger

Daisy Ward shares lunch with a Canada jay.

rant. It was delightful and delicious.—Jane Habegger, Olympia, 9/9.

PTARMIGAN RIDGE (Mount Baker Wilderness; USGS Shuksan Arm, Mount Baker)—From the crowded parking lot at Artist Point near the Mount Baker ski area, this trail branches off the popular Chain Lakes trail. After the intersection the trail drops, then gradually climbs. One short stretch is quite steep, bringing you to the ridge and 2½ miles of ridge walking to Camp Kiser near Coleman Pinnacle and Rainbow Glacier on Mount Baker.

Being on a ridge above treeline on this trail provides beautiful, continuous views of Shuksan, Baker, and surrounding Cascade peaks. Because of the exposure, it was quite windy and despite it being a warm day we were glad to have jackets at our lunch stop.—Jane Habegger, Olympia, 9/10.

LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN (Okanogan Natl Forest; USGS Twisp West)—Another day, another lookout. Finding ourselves in Twisp, Ken, Emmett (age 2¼) and I took advantage of mostly sunny skies to hike to another staffed lookout.

The road begins off Highway 20, across the street from the pizza/video store, and turns to gravel at 4 miles. Immediately we were slowed by a number of cows on the road, all very placid and in no hurry to go anywhere. We made our way through several more herds before we arrived at road's end, 4500 feet.

The hike follows an old road for 500 feet, then begins to climb steadily around the mountain, giving views across grass-covered hills to ponderosa pine-dotted mountains. The Forest Service staff at the office in Twisp had told us it was about a mile to the look-

out building, 5692 feet, but we thought it more like 1½ miles. When we arrived, we found the lookout was not home, and probably was enjoying a day off.

The views were, of course, stunning, with Gardner Mountain dominating the horizon to the northeast, and Twisp, Methow and Winthrop below in the valley. The lookout building is in pretty good condition, with the cleanest outhouse we've ever seen tucked in the trees to the east.

The trip back to the car took 40 minutes, where, to Emmett's delight, we found lots of cows grazing nearby. To our two-year-old, cow-gazing beats hiking any day.—Laura Wild, Marysville, 8/16.

NORTH TWENTY MILE PEAK

(Okanogan National Forest; USGS Coleman Pk, Spur Pk)—The trailhead begins just off the West Chewuch River Road, 20 miles north of Winthrop. The trail description recommended hiking ½-mile up a logging road, but when we did so, we found the road was passable, and another vehicle had parked at the real trailhead. We left the car at 5pm, Kenny carrying Emmett and me carrying everything else. With a sleeping bag towering above the pack and resting on top of my head, the arrangement wasn't ideal, but it did work. We hiked the 2¼ miles to the first campsite along Honeymoon Creek.

The next morning we left our campsite at 8am with daypacks, and climbed 3000 feet and 4 miles to the lookouts, at 7437 feet. We surprised two backpackers who had camped in the cupola building, built in 1923. One was the last lookout stationed at North Twenty Mile.

Randy said it had been 9 years since it had last been staffed. He makes a yearly pilgrimage to spruce things up. The buildings looked in pretty good shape, considering they had received no maintenance other than Randy's annual ministrations. The larger tower was built in the mid 1940s, and was shuttered and locked.

Back at our campsite we packed up our things, and were at the car at 2:30. The Forest Service Receptionist in Winthrop had told us there were a number of blowdowns on the trail; it hadn't been maintained in more than five years. We counted 7 blowdowns, but only two which required a climb over a tree.—Laura Wild, Marysville, 9/4-5.

NORTH CASCADES NATL PARK

—Numerous bear sightings, new snow, fall colors, and ripe berries.

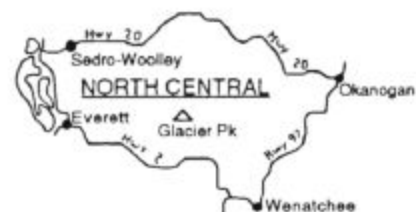
Wasp nests at these spots: Hidden Lake trail, 1/2-mile from trailhead;

Easy Pass, several nests in ground along forested sections of trail; McAleser Lake, watch out; Whatcom Pass trail, between Graybeal and Whatcom camps.

Stehekin shuttle bus goes to fall schedule; call 509-682-2549 for info.—Ranger, 9/13.

PARK BUTTE LOOKOUT—Closed for restoration through November. Call Ranger Station for more info: 206-856-5700.—Ranger, 9/14.

NORTH CENTRAL



CASCADE PASS (North Cascades Natl Park; USGS Cascade Pass)—After seeing a beautiful picture from this trail on the front of *Sunset Magazine*, I added it to our list of must-do hikes. Even on a Tuesday there were lots of cars in the lot.

The list of superlatives to describe this hike is long! The trail has a nice grade. It climbs in over 30 switchbacks to the last long but mild traverse to the pass. On this last stretch the outlook is beautiful—rugged peaks with snow patches dominate. We heard two avalanches break loose on Johannesburg Mountain on our way up the trail.

We got a late start this day so stopped at the pass. The trail continues up Sahale Arm for more and more views.—Jane Habegger, Olympia, 9/7.

SAHALE PEAK (North Cascades Natl Park; USGS Cascade Pass)—

The Marblemount Ranger Station said there were already 16 people on the mountain and that we could only have a permit for off-trail camping (in other words, the rocks).

Who hasn't counted the switchbacks on the way to Cascade Pass? And who hasn't loved Cascade Pass to death by now? So we follow the crowd up the trail to the pass, grateful for the cooler shadows from the trees.

It is very, very hot and I am very, very tired after a few near-sleepless nights in the city. The trail steepens from Cascade Pass and the wind lessens.

When we finally arrive at the moraine we expect to see 16 people sitting around lighting stoves or coming off Sahale. Instead we see only two campsites taken. What happened to those 16 people?

We cautiously move into one of the

BACKCOUNTRY NEWS

"established" campsites since several are empty but we are too tired to set up the tent. We spend a couple of hours sipping hot drinks and looking out to the peaks around us. Sahale is 1000 feet above us and every time I look at it, it seems to change in the fading light. A full moon crawls slowly across the burgundy-colored sky and the rocks grow cool as night comes on. No rain-fly tonight.

In the morning the sun wakes me. I find a good sitting place in the rocks and watch Sahale's changing moods. The snow is still soft. No crampons. The face of the summit block is still inscrutable. Sahale is known as an easier climb, but even so, my friends know I am not a "real" climber. Finally my partner awakens and our day begins.

The Sahale Glacier hardly seems like a glacier at all; we don't rope up. Near the summit block the snow is steep, but soft. Now we rope up at the base of the climb—two roped pitches, supposed to be only Class 3 (I read later that Becky says maybe Class 4), but a challenge for the likes of me.

The holds are not terribly difficult but some of the moves are exposed. A man and his son are also climbing. It is the son's first climb. They, too, rope up. Soon the four of us are on top. The teenage boy and I congratulate each other. There's just enough room on the summit for four.

Then we head back down and soon we're on the snow. Three hours, up and down, from base camp to summit. Back in camp we fire up the stove for a philosophical cup of coffee. We are mostly silent as we drink our coffee and look at Sahale. Already it looks far away.

Other people are coming up the trail. It is time to pack up and leave. As we hike down Sahale Arm I am astonished at the vivid beauty of the flowers—I hadn't even noticed them on the way in. Had they all bloomed overnight or was I blind?

I was hoping that Sahale might prove to be a mere scramble but ... for the average person, it isn't. For climbers, however, it is a short and spicy climb, well worth the struggle.—Karen Sykes, Seattle, 8/4-5.

MASSIE LAKE HIGH ROUTE
(*Glacier Peak Wilderness; USGS Trinity, Clark Mountain, Suiattle Pass*)
—The theme for The Krystad Brothers Third Annual Labor Day Hike was "Vague Tread," from Sutliff's description of our intended route (*Entiat Country*). This was an improvement over last year's theme: "Certain Peril." Elder brother and new father Eric was excused this year, while Byron the

Younger and Peter the Middler continued the tradition. Friend Shannon came along to keep us out of trouble. She should have brought heavier boots.

We got an early start up the Buck Creek trail after the long and dusty drive up the Chiwawa to Trinity. The first half-dozen miles went quickly as we ogled the looming black mass of Buck Mountain. The foliage had started its pleasant decline from the green plateau of summer down the yellowing slopes of fall.

We moved slowly, unable to resist for more than a few minutes the cranberry-stained bushes with their wonderful black huckleberries.

The final few miles to the pass ascend open and south-facing slopes to cook our brains, but a few streams provided headsoakings that made it bearable. We found an isolated and exposed campsite with a stunning view of Glacier and a fresh, fly-clearing breeze.

After dinner we went up the Flower Dome for sunset views: a giant panorama of the Tenpeak Range, the glaciers at the headwaters, the big cone itself, and many lines of black-forest ridges receding to the northwest. It was very hazy, and the sun blinked out with a modest show. But as the light faded the giant ridges on Glacier seemed to rise toward us as they became better defined, while the Suiattle valley seemed to sink, its true depth now exposed.

In the morning the snows of Glacier were a stunning gold, while no other mountain yet had light. We slowly coffee'd ourselves and then went back up to the pass, amazed that probably thirty people spent the night in the area, yet we were hardly aware of it.

We backtracked a mile to the meadows below Pass No Pass to begin the theme day. The Massie Lake trail is shown clearly on my 1944 Holden quad, but no map since gives it even a dashed line.

[*Ed. Note: The "Holden Quadrangle" map, 1965, that accompanies Routes and Rocks (Tabor and Crowder; The Mountaineers; out of print) shows the Massie Lake High Route.*]

From the meadows we followed game trails up a few hundred feet and found the tread at about 6000 feet. The next several miles the track never gave out and we had fine walking. Passed several old camps, and got that great "things happened here long ago" feeling.

Walking due east away from the Cascade crest the vegetation grew drier and woodier; as the temperature and dust rose the plants shrank to hardy grasses. We lunched in a meadowed but nearly waterless basin directly across from Buck Mountain, no longer towering above us but instead display-

ing its giant bulk. Peeking over its shoulder were the shimmering glaciers of Clark Mountain.

The trail now truly became vague tread. We broke through a short cliff band and continued to traverse, finally turning the end of the ridge, the bare sunbaked rock and grass slope suddenly becoming a heathery larch-filled basin.

We cooled off in the shade, peering downvalley at Trinity and across at Phelps Ridge with Mount Maude rising up behind it. We dropped quickly to lovely Massie Lake, a rare alpine pocket of water in these parts. The sun was still with us so a few quick swims refreshed us greatly. Long meals and wanders followed through the evening and morning.

The descent to the Chiwawa River trail is on a poor path, dropping 1800 feet in 1.4 miles. Happy to be going down we stopped and began to fill our polys with berries. Picking was quick and the promise of several pies was realized. The walk out grew very hot, but we were not glad to end the trip.—Peter Krystad, Seattle, 9/4-6.

SQUIRE CREEK (*Boulder River Wilderness; USGS Whitehorse Mountain*)—On the day that it was 95 degrees (you remember that one day), we wanted to go for a hike.

We knew it would be too hot to go far with the boys, so we decided on Squire Creek. It was perfect for a hot day. We put the boys in a small raft and towed them a mile or so up the creek!—Julie Newberry, Lynnwood, 8/1.

GOthic BASIN (*Baker-Snoqualmie Natl Forest; USGS Monte Cristo, Bedal*)—The trail to Gothic Basin is about 3 miles in length, and add another mile of road-walking from Barlow Pass to the trailhead, for about 8 miles round trip. Not a great distance but the trail itself is rugged, lots of ex-

ALWAYS CARRY THE TEN ESSENTIALS

1. extra food
2. extra clothing
3. map
4. compass
5. knife
6. matches
7. fire starter
8. first aid kit
9. sun protection
10. flashlight

BACKCOUNTRY NEWS

posed roots and loose rocks. The Basin is absolutely beautiful.

In spite of the crowds (bikers, kids, dogs, half-naked women—really, she was topless!) we enjoyed this hike very much. Plenty of water, no mosquitoes but a lot of biting flies.—Mystery Hiker and Mr. Maphead, Granite Falls, 9/6.

MILK CREEK BRIDGE, PCT (*Glacier Peak Wilderness; USGS Lime Mountain*)—The Darrington District began work on the replacement of the bridge at the Milk Creek crossing in September. A twin span steel stringer bridge will replace the single span Glu-Lam stringer bridge previously located at the site.

A waiver for the use of mechanized equipment in a Wilderness Area was approved by Regional Forester John E. Lowe last July. All materials, supplies and equipment will be flown to the project site from the Suiattle trailhead by helicopter. Hikers may encounter helicopter activity Monday through Thursday with possible minor delays at the trailhead or at the crossing site. Work is expected to be completed by the first week of October.

The crossing will remain impassable to stock until that time.—Ranger.

ALPINE LOOKOUT (*Wenatchee Natl Forest; USGS Wenatchee Lake*)—While staying at the Sky River Hotel in Skykomish for the weekend, we did the hike to Alpine Lookout. This lookout is one of two in the area still staffed by Forest Service lookout employees; Hugh told us it was his second summer there. Not only does he spot for fires, he acts as a relay station between wilderness rangers for communications.

The trail is quite steep in the first 1½ miles climbing to Nason Ridge. In the next 3 miles it is up and down but mostly a moderate climb. Along the ridge the views of the Stuart Range are good.—Jane Habegger, Olympia, 8/29.

LAKE VALHALLA, by way of Smithbrook (*Henry M. Jackson Wilderness; USGS Labyrinth Mountain*)—The trail starts on the Smithbrook Road and goes up to Union Gap in about a mile. The trail is steep in places and the meadow portion needs to be brushed. Once on the PCT the trail traverses over to the lake, climbing gradually.

Two friends joined me on this hike. We sat for several hours on the shore reading and wading. A new trail to the lake, a designated day-use area, designated campsites and other restoration work has done wonders for this heavily used area.



Granite and blueberries.

On our way out, we met the couple with the baby and llamas that I had met two weeks earlier at Benson Basin just north of Slate Peak. They were going to get supplies in Skykomish. We wished them luck. The llamas will get a much needed rest while they go to town.—Linda Rostad, Bothell, 9/9.

THREE FINGERS (*Boulder River Wilderness; USGS Whitehorse Mountain*)—The trail to Goat Flats must be muddy all year long. The Mountaineers always lead this as a pretty serious scramble so I was quite disappointed to find a trail all the way to the summit block. I was looking forward to the "steep snow where crampons would be required," but for this trip I found barely enough snow to require attention from my ice axe. I still would not want to attempt this trip without having proper equipment at hand, because conditions can be so different at other times (see *P&P*, May 1993, page 20).

Our small party of three still had to muster our courage to ascend the summit ladders. They moaned and twisted every so slightly under our weight and we took each step as a trial from the lookout gods to test our resolve. We were rewarded with views in heavenly portions as we basked in radiant sunshine from our summit perch.

The lookout itself was in great condition—maintained, in part, by the Everett Mountaineers. There were directions for opening the windows (hint: the locking pins are in a cup nailed to the wall inside the front door); a summit register; a firefinder left over from the lookout's working days; and overnight

supplies to survive in modest comfort.—Topographic Tom, Seattle, 9/1.

MOUNT HOWARD, MOUNT MASTIFF (*Wenatchee National Forest; USGS Mount Howard*)—Fourteen people were interested in this Mountaineer trip so I decided to split the party into two teams and do a key exchange. One team started up Rock Mountain and the other started from Merritt Lake trailhead.

The trail to Merritt Lake was shady and cool in the morning and we steadily worked our way to the Nason Ridge trail. When this trail crossed the ridge and began to head down, we followed the boot trail up the crest. It was very pleasant with a cool breeze and we had glimpses across Nason Ridge to Alpine Lookout. The ridge narrowed to a knife edge, and we scrambled on ledges about 1/4-mile toward Mount Mastiff. Just below the summit the ridge broadened and we coasted in, enjoying the alpine flowers and spectacular views across Wenatchee Lake.

As promised, we gave a whistle blow to alert the other team of our location. Everyone laughed, not only because of my attempt to be organized, but also because my whistle gave such a pathetic toot! Ike broke into his first aid kit and found a "real" whistle, giving a blast that surely could be heard across the valley. There was no sign of the other party yet, so we continued.

We dropped to the saddle, where, again as promised, we signaled, but this time with two whistle blows. As we looked up to Mount Howard we could see members of the other team waving frantically and hooting back at us.

BACKCOUNTRY NEWS

Paul, who led the other team, thought they had the tougher route to the summit. The Rock Mountain trail was exposed and very hot that morning, and besides starting out 300 feet below us, they had to lose 800 more feet along the trail and regain it before finding their way through a cliff band above Crescent Lake to reach their first summit on Mount Howard.

As we returned on their up-route I would have to agree that Paul was right.—Topographic Tom, Seattle, 9/5.

ALPINE LOOKOUT (*Baker-Snoqualmie National Forest; USGS Lake Wenatchee*)—To find the trailhead, drive east from Stevens Pass 17 miles to the rest area, and turn left at the road ¼-mile past it, signed 6910. The road is well signed to the trailhead, 8 or 10 miles from the highway. We parked next to the only other car in the parking lot, and proceeded up Round Mountain Trail 1529.

The first 1½ miles were steep and mostly shade-covered, rising from 4100 feet to Nason Ridge at 6000 feet. We had great views of Lake Wenatchee just after the junction with trail 1583. Kenny, carrying toddler Emmett, thought once we had attained the ridge-top, it would be a pleasant stroll to the lookout. Was he ever disappointed to find that the trail dipped and climbed a number of times. We arrived at the lookout, 6200 feet, in need of lunch and rest.

Hugh, the lookout staffing the building, invited us in. We met his dog, Dusty, who, being an opportunist, wolfed down Emmett's sandwich when our backs were turned. We were glad that we had brought plenty of food. Emmett was pleased to know that other beings could do things that would bring cries of "No, No."

The views from the lookout were, of course, dramatic, with most of Lake Wenatchee in sight, as well as a stretch of Highway 2, and Mount Hinman.

Under dark, foreboding skies, we left the lookout at 2pm, walking quickly to beat the rain. We endured some large drops, but the clouds seemed to pass to the east of us. We were thankful and tired when we arrived at the car at 4, having hiked 10.4 miles round trip, and gaining who knows how much elevation.—Laura Wild, Marysville, 8/28.

SQUIRE CREEK PASS (*Baker-Snoqualmie National Forest; USGS Helena Ridge, Whitehorse Mtn*)—We drove 8 miles from downtown Darrington to one of the two trailheads to the Pass, on Clear Creek road 2060. The other trailhead, on Squire Creek road

2040, is 1½ miles longer, but not as steep.

The trail appeared brushy and unmaintained. Undeterred, we began our ascent of 2500 feet in 2½ miles. At about 1 mile, the trail crossed a boulder field, and somewhere in the middle of it, we stumbled upon a climber's route to some beautiful rock faces, complete with climbing hardware.

After an hour of scouting, we realized we had lost the trail, and went back to the boulder field, where we sighted a small cairn. The trail beyond it became increasing steep, muddy, and unmaintained. We struggled until we found ourselves in meadows of heather and huckleberry. Shortly thereafter we came to the pass, at 4000 feet.

The views from the pass were magnificent. To the west of us, the lookout on Three Fingers was so close we could see people standing next to it. Whitehorse looked like a completely different mountain from this vantage. Two hikers reached the pass from the other trailhead while we soaked in the scenery, and with a spotting scope they pointed out a huge bear in a field of huckleberries across the valley.—Laura, Ken and Emmett Wild, Marysville, 9/12..

FIRE CREEK PASS (*Glacier Peak Wilderness; USGS Lime Mountain*)—Five whole days in the mountains! We got an early start up the Kennedy Hot Springs trail, in great shape except for two washouts, both of which have been temporarily repaired but involve some scrambling and use of a makeshift ladder.

From the cutoff to the PCT the trail is fine and (as usual) no problems with the Crest Trail in this area. We spent the first night at Pumice Creek—several nice camp spots and views galore. Day two we had planned to go on to Mica Lake but it was not to be. The clouds were coming in and we debated over breakfast what to do, finally deciding to pack up and go on as planned. We got maybe a mile up the trail when we came around a corner and saw two black bears in the huckleberries. We stopped and immediately let them know we were there. They both stood up and looked us over, then one (the smaller of the two, a yearling cub we guessed) moved on and away from us and the trail. The larger one must have been really enjoying those berries and wouldn't move. We sat down to wait and see.

I sang some loud verses of "Thunder Road" but even that failed to move her (it usually clears the area for miles!). We waited and watched. Finally she began to follow the younger bear and then it began to rain. More debate. Fi-

nally we went back to Pumice Creek to spend the day tent-bound in the rain.

The next day we decided to leave our camp intact and day hike to Fire Creek Pass. This is an absolutely beautiful area. No water except at the major streams and lots of marmots everywhere.

Day four dawned clear and sunny so we once again day hiked, this time up the ridge between us and Glacier Creek toward Kennedy Peak. Very, very nice. Day five we had to go home. A wonderful trip!—Mystery Hiker and Mr. Maphead, Granite Falls, 9/13-17.

CANYON LAKE (*Baker-Snoqualmie Natl Forest; USGS Malardy Ridge, Verlot*)—This relatively level hike along permanently (hooray!) closed logging road 4111 was perfectly suited to two of our group: me, 41½ weeks pregnant; and David, 9 weeks post-op after his femur fracture (see *August, page 24*). Our friend Deb and Ben, her 9-month-old, came along to keep us company.

We guessed it at about 2½ to 3 miles one way. It seemed to qualify as the "long walk" that had been recommended to start my tardy labor.

The Forest Service has done a nice job of rehabilitating the washout here, planting alder and Douglas fir on the slopes and grasses and clover in the roadbed. They've taken steps to turn the road back into a trail, with footbridges over streams. Unfortunately, street-legal motorbikes are allowed, as confirmed by a call to the Darrington Ranger District. This is already eroding some stream crossings.

I had to rest several times on the way out, and commented, "I'll sleep good tonight!" Little did I know ... I went into labor at 8pm that evening and didn't get any real sleep until after I gave birth to Heather at 2:25 Tuesday morning!—Kathy Johnson and David MacFarlane, Granite Falls, 8/29.

MOUNT HIGGINS (*Baker-Snoqualmie Natl Forest; USGS Mt Higgins*)—We had planned to climb Mount Higgins, but found the road gated at the bottom. At the Darrington Ranger Station we were told the road is on DNR land, and logging was in progress. The road was gated to prevent vandalism to the contractor's equipment.

It did not seem fair to me that a private party's use of public land should override my right as a citizen to use (and not destroy or alter) the same property.—Laura, Ken and Emmett Wild, Marysville, 9/12.

BACKCOUNTRY NEWS

CENTRAL



ARROWHEAD MOUNTAIN (Wenatchee Natl Forest; USGS Wenatchee Lake)—We found a different way to climb Arrowhead than previous write-ups (see *P&P*, April 1993, page 8).

Park at Highway 2 near the beginning of the railroad tunnel on the east side of Stevens Pass. This is a private road (gated) that starts at 2950 feet and ends at 4250 feet. From the end of the road (3 miles) we hiked through a small portion of clearcut and entered the woods. We aimed for the left side of a rocky promontory the whole time.

From the rocky thumb, 5600 feet, we stayed left and ascended easily upward to the summit. Fresh snow had fallen two nights earlier at the 6000 foot level on the Chiwaukums and Bull's Tooth. Great views to everywhere. We could hear the railroad tunnel ventilation system working all day long. 3+ hours up; 2½ coming down.—Reeback, Mukilteo, 8/25.

INGALLS LAKE AND LONGS PASS (Alpine Lakes Wilderness; USGS Mount Stuart)—With questionable (what else is new?) weather on the west side, Judy and I bypassed Mount Ruth for the second week in a row. Fresh from the meeting on the Alpine Lakes Wilderness permit proposal, I thought we'd check out if this trail was worth \$5.

The trailhead is at the end of the North Fork Teanaway road. The trail has a signed junction in a short distance. Right (and up) is the way to Ingalls Lake. There's another signed junction farther along: right to Longs Pass, left to Ingalls Lake. We had lots of company on the trail. It was one of those clear, coolish, glorious eastern Washington days. It took us about three hours to get to the lake. The view of Mount Stuart was brief, as clouds were moving in.

For variety, we went back through Headlight Creek Basin which is the camping area. We contemplated going cross-country to Longs Pass, but our thoughts were turning more to dinner menus than to route-finding.

So we went back down the trail. Finding more energy to burn, we hiked up to Longs Pass. Because of the

clouds, we had a great view of the bottom two-thirds of Mount Stuart.—Jim Cavin, Seattle, 8/21.

FISHER AND HUMMINGBIRD LAKES (Alpine Lakes Wilderness; USGS Skykomish, Scenic)—Fisher Lake is written up in *100 Hikes in the Alpine Lakes*.

USGS Scenic accurately shows the lay of the land from Tonga Ridge to Fisher Lake and beyond but doesn't show a trail. *GT Stevens Pass* shows a trail from Tonga Ridge to Fisher Lake but it is incorrectly shown. [The trail to Fisher Lake is also shown on *Pic-Tour's planimetric map, "Alpine Lakes Wilderness West."*—AMJ]

The trail really goes between the two minor summits at 5100 feet when it crests the final hill before dropping down to Fisher Lake. The map shows it swinging to the east of both summits.

Hummingbird Lake is not named on any map. Warren Jones told us that fishermen just call it that. The way to the lake is to turn right off the Fisher Lake trail onto a way-trail at the top of the final hill before dropping to Fisher Lake.

The trail disappears from time to time, but using *USGS Scenic* as a guide, it is not difficult to find. It is about ½-mile due west of where you leave the Fisher Lake trail and is part of the Jewel Lakes chain.

Our 10 month old Dalmatian, Shadow, had fun swimming in both lakes as we cooled off our feet.—Jim and Ginny Evans, Renton, 9/8.

LAKE CLARICE (Alpine Lakes Wilderness; USGS The Cradle, Mount Daniel, Scenic)—When Lee and I did our through-hike on the PCT, we looked across the valley on that long traverse north from Deception Pass at the perfect deep-blue circle of Lake Clarice and said, "Look at that lake! We've got to go there some day!" Lake Clarice finally made it to the top of our list.

The trail past Hyas Lake is through beautiful forest with many campsites and views of Mount Daniel and Cathedral Rock. After the lake, the trail climbs steeply to Deception Pass, where we crossed the PCT and continued on the trail to Marmot and Clarice lakes.

We stopped at Hozzbizz Lake to find the best blueberries of the summer. At the Marmot Lake junction we went straight ahead for the final ½-mile to Lake Clarice. The trail is nearly level but is little used. Alders grow in the moss-covered path.

Camping is marginal at the lake because of the steep cirque and thick brush. We found three established

campsites: one on the south side of the outlet, and two on the north side on a rib of rock. We took the uppermost site on the rib.

The next day we walked up to Marmot Lake, a huge blue lake, well-used, with lots of campsites. Continuing, we found the cairned route up to No Name Lake in beautiful alpine meadows, and from there walked down to brilliant turquoise Jade Lake.

We headed out the next morning, with a long stay at Hozzbizz to pick and eat blueberries.—Ann Marshall, 8/31-9/2.

RIDGE LAKE, PCT North (Alpine Lakes Wilderness; USGS Snoqualmie Pass, Chikamin Peak)—Despite hiking for 46 years I had never been on this part of the PCT.

The trail was in excellent shape, the grades were gradual and there was a sparse but good variety of flowers in the meadows. A tiny weasel crossed the trail in the forest. At 5000 feet we were enjoying the hawks' eye view of Snoqualmie Pass ski area, when I became aware that Mount Rainier was floating dramatically beyond the nearby peaks.

The trail is exposed as it cuts through the ridge, but on this day it was a delight to hike and to gaze at so many spectacular views. We stopped at Ridge Lake (6¼ miles) to enjoy lunch and a

GREEN TRAILS
TOPOGRAPHIC
MAPS

P.O. Box 1932 Bothell, WA 98041

BACKCOUNTRY NEWS

swim for my daughter.

We met Glen Callender, a solo hiker from Eugene. He is running the PCT from Canada to the California/Oregon border. He hopes to establish his credentials so that next year he can take on a similar challenge and attract sizeable pledges for leukemia research (his sister died from it).

He is trying to average 25 miles a day, but finding it difficult where the trail is rocky and steep. He said his pack was about 30 pounds at that point. He was planning to re-supply at Snoqualmie Pass and have that last until Mount Hood!

The hike back to the car was long and tiring, but the overall day was really enjoyable.—JP, Bellevue, 9/14.

PCT, Snoqualmie Pass north (*Alpine Lakes Wilderness; USGS Snoqualmie Pass, Chikamin Peak, Big Snow Mountain, Mount Daniel*)—Last year Micky and I were treated to a Boundary Waters canoe trip by her brother and his wife (see *November 1992, page 13*). They had never backpacked so we chose to return the favor by giving them a royal introduction to the sport.

They arrived at Sea-Tac on Tuesday, August 24, and by ten the next morning we were at the PCT trailhead at Snoqualmie Pass. Our plan was to come out at Tucquala Meadows at the end of the road above Salmon La Sac.

The 2700-foot climb from Snoqualmie Pass was slow and arduous. Late in the afternoon we reached the catwalk and shortly thereafter we reached Ridge Lake where we camped.

Later in the evening a couple came through with two llamas. I learned they were capable of packing 70 to 100 pounds and did far less environmental damage than a horse.

Next morning we started the long traverse along the ridgeline by Joe Lake and across the high talus slopes to Park Lakes. The scenery was breathtaking on all sides and our companions from Minnesota were awe-struck.

We were accompanied by our dog Nahanni, an 8-month-old, 30-pound wirehaired terrier. He was kept on a leash the first three days until he became trail-wise, and he slept in our tent. On the morning of the third day I awoke and said "This dog smells like tent." It wasn't exactly what I intended to say, but nevertheless the statement contained a lot of truth.

Leaving Park Lakes on the third morning we climbed the few hundred feet to the ridge where panoramic shots were taken by all. After tightening our boots we started the steep 3-mile drop to Spectacle Lake. We ate lunch at this pristine spot and then moved down into

the valley. At Lemah Creek we left the PCT and took the trail to Pete Lake. I was thoroughly disgusted by the numerous piles of horse manure and pools of urine (some as close as fifty feet to the lake) at the campsite.

The next morning we had a 1200-foot climb up to Waptus Pass and then several miles downhill to Waptus Lake. We crossed Waptus River at the horse ford and made camp along the lake edge. Many backpackers and horse people came and went throughout the remainder of the day. This, for the most part, was the weekend crowd.

The next morning we hiked about a mile down Waptus River and then crossed to pick up Trail 1322. A 1400-foot climb connected us with the Cathedral Rock trail which dropped into Tucquala Meadows, thus ending a five-day, 36-mile trip. The weather had cooperated, the scenery had been superb and our flatland, neophyte backpackers were delighted.—Jack Kendrick, Edmonds, 8/93.

ENCHANTMENTS—Permits required until 10/15.—Ranger, 9/14.

SOUTH CENTRAL



SKYSCRAPER PASS (*Mount Rainier Natl Park; USGS Sunrise*)—Carrying a flower identification book gave us a good excuse to dawdle and seemed to spark as many discussions as it settled questions. We ate some lunch at the pass and vaguely considered going over to Skyscraper Mountain, but it was so socked in that the purpose of the trip would have been a navigational exercise rather than view finding.

Back to Frozen Lake through the drizzle and then, feeling a little low on mileage, we made the left turn to Mount Fremont Lookout. In the valley below Frozen Lake leading to Berkeley Park, it was dry and cloudy (not foggy). Judy spotted two mountain goats on the Mount Fremont ridge above Frozen Lake. On the way out to the lookout, the fog and heavier drizzle returned.

On the way back, I tried to one-up Judy by spotting the first marmot. It was right under my nose at the fence around Frozen Lake. Nice try, Jim.

We went back to the car on the abandoned road to the campground. It was

raining pretty good at Sunrise.—Jim Cavin, Seattle, 8/14.

PYRAMID PEAK (*Mount Rainier Natl Park; USGS Mount Rainier West*)—In my opinion, this trail into and the views in the vicinity of Indian Henry's are about the best of Mount Rainier.

Beautiful moonlight and entertainment by a young coyote. Bugs usually don't bother me but deer flies on the way out were fierce.—Paul Schaufler, Olympia, 8/29-8/31.

BEARHEAD MOUNTAIN, EAST BEARHEAD (*Clearwater Wilderness; USGS Enumclaw*)—The trail is at the end of road 7810 which is a left turn across the Carbon River just outside the Mount Rainier National Park boundary. The road up is in poor shape if you're driving a subcompact.

When we got to the end of the road, the Tacoma Mountain Search and Rescue people were out. One of them said it was a drill, but that a lot of people get lost up there. ("I thought you had the maps." "No, dummy, you were supposed to bring the maps.")

The trail climbs for a mile, then at Twin Lakes splits at a signed intersection. The left goes to Summit Lake; we went right on Carbon trail 1179. There were some muddy spots on the trail. Farther on is another split, also signed.

This time we went left and up to the summit of Bearhead. I'd comment on the views, but we were in the fog. Great flowers though.

We went back to last intersection and followed the Carbon trail to where we could see upslope to a rocky formation at the top. This turned out to be one of the summits of East Bearhead. We went steeply upslope.

When we got to the top, there still were no views of Rainier. We could make out Sluiskin Chief and Squaw, through the clouds. Speaking of which, behind us some dark ones built up. One clap of thunder and down we came.—



Margaret Yates on the Paradise Ice Caves trail.

BACKCOUNTRY NEWS

Jim Cavin, Seattle, 8/28.

▲▲ **MOUNT RUTH** (*Mount Rainier Natl Park; USGS Sunrise*)—The White River entrance to the National Park was free on Labor Day.

The way is to hike into Glacier Basin, cross the creek, go past the mining relics and up the slope. The way-trail is pretty obvious. The view from the ridge top is amazing: Little Tahoma is front and center. The Emmons Glacier is a fascinating study in texture. Mount Ruth looks tantalizingly close.

We stayed to the ridge line. I kept looking for a way to go right to go up the more gradual slope and bypass the snowfield. We worked our way around at 7900 feet. At 8200 feet it was our turnaround time. Disappointing not to be at the summit, but all things considered we decided not to push on.

We followed a more constant descent back to the ridge, hitting it at about 7580 feet, just west of some large rocks to the north.—Jim Cavin, Seattle, 9/6.

▲▲ **CENTRAL COWLITZ CHIMNEY, BANSHEE** (*Mount Rainier Natl Park; USGS Mount Rainier East, Chinook Pass*)—The trail to Summerland by way of the White River Entrance is very popular. As a result, the Park keeps it in very good condition. It ascends gently beside Frying Pan Creek then sharply ascends to Summerland. Before this trip I had seen Summerland only from a distance. It looked like a barren gravel pit.

At closer inspection, however, I found, much to my surprise, a truly secret garden—naturally landscaped rock gardens complete with flower-lined streams and hidden waterfalls.

From Panhandle Gap we followed a boot trail east around a small hill then proceeded up the flank of Banshee. We tip-toed over the fragile arctic-tundra surface of pumice and wildflowers. A herd of 31 goats occupied the lower flat!

As we traversed around Banshee at approximately 7000 feet the South Cowlitz Chimney came into view, and the ridge connecting it to the Central Chimney. We attained the saddle to the right of the summit and pondered our route from there. The entire summit block was nothing but loose rock and rubble. We wandered out, keeping the party together, and slowly picked our way up the block. The last 30 feet of climbing was on large sturdy boulders. We were glad our party numbered only 5 as a larger group would certainly create a greater rockfall hazard.

On the way back we took a good break on the summit of Banshee. There was a stiff wind and we all huddled near a few scrub conifers that provided

a great wind barrier.

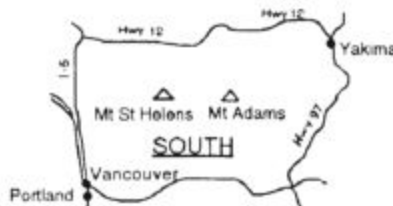
Our leaders were anxious to head home after the trip. The compromise one makes, when the kids are home with baby-sitters!—Topographic Tom, Seattle, 8/22.

MOUNT RAINIER NATL PARK—Entrance fee collection has ceased at Carbon River. Mowich Lake road open through 10/12, or until snow, whichever comes first.

Paradise Inn open daily through breakfast 10/4. Sunrise Lodge closed for the season 9/12. Beginning 9/25 the Sunrise road will be closed nightly through 10/18 or until snow, then closes for the season.

Stevens Canyon road open through 11/15, or until snow.—Ranger, 9/16.

SOUTH



▲ **SLEEPING BEAUTY** (*Gifford Pinchot Natl Forest; USGS Sleeping Beauty*)—From Trout Lake we obtained directions to this former lookout site. We followed well-signed paved and graveled roads for 30 minutes to arrive at the trailhead, and were amazed to find that on a Sunday afternoon, under sunny skies, we were the only folks there.

The trail begins in a shady, old-growth forest, and climbs steadily about 1400 feet in 1.5 miles. The lookout building once perched on top of this dramatic rock outcropping, 4907 feet, with views of Saint Helens, Adams, Hood, Rainier, the Goat Rocks, and everything in between.

At 1 mile, the trail reaches the base of the outcropping, and begins a series of short switchbacks past some intricate and beautiful rock walls, built without benefit of mortar by former lookouts.

The lookout building was removed some years ago, but old nails, bits of glass, and telephone cable pitoned into the rock provide evidence of its existence. We could only imagine how incredible it might have been to have witnessed the eruption of Mount Saint Helens from this site.

We took 40 minutes to climb to the lookout, spent 45 minutes there, and returned to the trailhead in 30 minutes—a wonderful short hike with impressive views.—Ken, Laura and Emmett Wild, Marysville, 8/22.

▲▲ **MOUNT SAINT HELENS** (*Mt St Helens NVM; USGS Mount Saint Helens*)—This is definitely one of the most spectacular “hikes” I’ve ever done! A real huffer-puffer but worth every bit of effort it takes to get to the crater’s edge.

We drove to Cougar on Sunday and spent the night at Merrill Lake, at a small but free campground. There are two other campgrounds in the area: Cougar, which is a tent only area, costs \$8.00 per night but does have free showers; and Beaver Bay, also \$8.00 per night. You can also camp at the trailhead, a spot called Climber’s Bivouac, which is very beautiful, with Mount Saint Helens right there, but no water available.

On Monday we “climbed.” It’s 4.5 miles and 4500 feet to the top. The first 2 miles (only 1000 feet gained!) are on a very well maintained, almost level trail through forests. The next 2.5 miles are nothing but up, up, up. The way is clearly marked with wooden poles but this is no easy adventure. It’s long, steep, hands-and-knees over lava and then slogging through gravel, sand and ash to the top.

And when you do get to the top? It’s incredible ... Hood, Adams, Rainier all right there and the crater and lava dome spread out at your feet. A truly wondrous sight.—Mystery Hiker, Mr. Maphead, Cousin Laurie and Rick, Granite Falls, 8/30.

▲ **GOAT RIDGE** (*Goat Rocks Wilderness; USGS Packwood, Old Snowy*)—We started our two-day trip on the Snowgrass, Lily Basin, and Goat Ridge trails on a drizzly morning that turned partly cloudy and windy.

After claiming our campsite in the Goat Creek basin early in the afternoon, we made a side trip up to the Pacific Crest Trail and Packwood Glacier, which was socked in by the time we reached it.

At sunset, I watched the drama of rapidly moving fog and clouds whipping over the ridge above us from Jordan Basin. The wind was so cold that I donned my wool parka and gloves. That night was very windy, and the flapping of the tent kept us awake at times.

We awoke the next morning to clear skies and a cool breeze, and took advantage of the weather to make another side trip from the Lily Basin trail to Hawk-eye Point. The lupine and paintbrush were in full bloom. While passing Goat Lake, we saw three white mountain goats on the ridge above the lake.

From the Point, we saw more goats, about twenty on two distant saddles adjacent to Johnson Peak. In contrast to my solitary hike on Goat Ridge last

BACKCOUNTRY NEWS

summer, we encountered four different parties as we hiked the Ridge trail back to the parking lot.—Jack Lattemann, Portland, 8/29.

NACHES DISTRICT—This is yellow-jacket season, and they are abundant in the Naches District. The variety living in the ground are particularly sensitive to vibrations such as those caused by footsteps. Usually, the first person walking by a nest doesn't get stung as often as the second person in line.

Once you are stung, or once you squish a yellowjacket, a scent marker is released by the insect, acting as a signal for other yellowjackets to attack.—Ranger, 9/14.

CANADA

NAHANNI RIVER (Nahanni Natl Park; Northwest Territories)

—Micky and I returned to the Northwest Territories to canoe the Nahanni for a second time. Last year our companions were forced to fly out one day after flying in due to a medical emergency. They were eager to return, especially after hearing our enthusiastic description of this river (see *November 1992, page 15*).

We drove the 1200 miles to Fort Liard in the NWT and on August 1 flew 290 miles up the Nahanni. There are no roads into this Canadian National Park; access is by air only.

The Otter was so heavily loaded it could not gain the elevation needed to clear the mountains so we flew up the river canyon. The Nahanni once flowed in meanders on a plain and then 65 million years ago an uplift occurred. The downward erosional forces equalled the uplift so the meanders are still intact. In places the canyons are deeper than the Grand Canyon and certainly as spectacular.

The flight was extraordinary for at times we were only a few hundred feet from the canyon walls. When we reached Virginia Falls the pilot circled twice which gave us an unforgettable sight. The falls are 92 meters in height and are magnificent.

We flew another 135 miles upriver from the falls and landed in a small lake adjacent to the river. This particular lake was chosen for it was close to the cabin built by the Moores. In 1978 this newlywed couple came to this remote spot, built a cabin and spent one year in complete isolation. They subsequently wrote the book *Nahanni Trail Head*. Our first night out was spent at their cabin.

The next fifteen days we covered 290 miles of this unique river. We experienced everything one could imagine

in weather, but in general we were never uncomfortable.

The river offers everything anyone could wish for in a wilderness experience. Grand vistas, deep canyons, white-water, hot springs, tufa mounds, fossils, wildflowers, game (sheep, bear, moose), fishing and abundant hiking opportunities. Commercial guide services charge \$2500 for a two week river trip. Our trip cost us about \$600 each for everything.

Once you have experienced the Nahanni you are never quite the same. I am sure I will return for a third trip sometime soon.—Jack Kendrick, Edmonds, 8/93.

OREGON

PERMITS are required until 10/30 for the Three Sisters, Mount Washington, and Mount Jefferson Wilderness areas.—Ranger, 9/3


ELSEWHERE

 **SWIFT CREEK, GROS VENTRE DIVIDE, SHOAL CREEK** (*Gros Ventre Wilderness, Wyoming; USGS Granite Falls, Crystal Peak*)—After going on two very beautiful and VERY busy day hikes in the Grand Tetons, we were looking for an area a little more peaceful for a three day backpack trip. We found it in the small (87,000-acre) yet wild Wilderness Area located about 25 miles southeast of Jackson on Highway 189, then northeast on the Granite Recreation Area road about 9 miles.

A Forest Service campground is at 10 miles, and a hot springs pool, also operated by the FS, another mile farther (\$5 fee).

From Swift Creek trailhead, the route climbs steeply through a mixed forest of lodgepole spruce and fir. At about 4½ miles, 2800 feet up, we entered a series of alpine basins with great views of numerous 11,000-foot peaks looming above. There are many possible campsites with lots of small creeklets. We topped a divide at 10,020 feet, and contoured to Gros Ventre Divide at 10,260 feet. The trail (mostly a cairned route) again contours at about 10,000 feet to the divide into Shoal Creek. From the divide out of Swift Creek to the divide into Shoal Creek is about 3½ miles and the way continually stays above 10,000 feet. This is high timberline country with craggy summits and vertical walls. At Gros Ventre Divide, we could look northwest to see the Grand Tetons. The route down Shoal Creek drops quickly past Shoal Lake, with equally impressive views of


surrounding 11,000-foot peaks. The junction with the trail back over to Swift Creek trailhead, near Shoal Falls, is unsigned, but obvious if following the map. This last 6-mile stretch is an up and down route in high meadows with fantastic flower gardens most of the way. We saw only two groups of people on this 3-day, 22-mile, 5700-foot total elevation gain trip—it was wonderful.—Fred and Wilma, Sequim, 8/19-21.

 **PUNCHBOWL LAKE** (*Misty Fjords National Monument, Alaska; USGS Ketchikan B-3*)—This is a steep, rough little trail only .75 miles long, rising about 550 vertical feet. It takes you to more of the spectacular Yosemite-like scenery Misty Fjords is famous for.

You need a float plane or boat to get to Rudyerd Bay and then to the south end of Punchbowl Cove. A mooring buoy is provided. Cliffs 3150 feet high plunge into the east side of Punchbowl Cove.

The trail starts out tamely if soggly through southwest Alaska Panhandle rain forest. (The Monument receives 150 inches of rain a year.) It then rises on tight switchbacks past talus caves augmented by slippery wood boardwalk. August is blueberry season! There are nice views of the cove and the outlet waterfall.

At the outlet of the lake is a three-sided shelter and an aluminum boat, provided by the Forest Service. We took the boat out onto the lake. We pulled up below a waterfall and enjoyed its cool splashing on this warm summer day. Sightseeing planes out of Ketchikan flying over every few minutes were an irritant.—Debby Riehl, North Creek, 8/18.

 **NOOYA LAKE** (*Misty Fjords National Monument, Alaska; USGS Ketchikan C-3*)—After our walk to Punchbowl Lake, we took our boat, the *Fawn Bluff*, a 42 foot diesel trawler, to the far north end of Rudyerd Bay and anchored at the river mouth. There we watched an incredible variety of wildlife, including eagles, sandhill cranes, migrating salmon and several seals, who made rude remarks from a sandbar all night.

The next day we took a stroll to Nooya Lake, in a setting reminiscent of Yosemite, the Enchantments, Princess Louisa, and/or Enchanted Valley. We were dropped off by dingy at the trailhead. By radio we'd notify the mother ship when we were out.

This trail is 1.1 miles and 350 feet gain, again bog and slick boardwalk paralleling the outlet stream. The stream was alive with spawning

BACKCOUNTRY NEWS

humpies.

This trail was decorated by a reminder that this area is inhabited by *Ursus horribilis*—brown (grizzly) bear—and that they enjoyed the blueberries as much as we did.

Speaking of brown bears we (1) wore bear bells, (2) carried high-powered pepper oil spray available in Alaska for discouraging bears, and (3) packed a .44 magnum, if all else failed.

The irritant factor of the sightseeing planes increases at Nooya. They land on the lake, then float around and gawk for awhile. One after the other.

We arrived back at the bay just as the trail was being submerged by high tide. —Debby Riehl, North Creek, 8/19.

DEER MOUNTAIN TRAIL (*Revillagigedo Island, Alaska; USGS Ketchikan B-5*)—This is Ketchikan's Tiger Mountain or Mount Si. The trail begins at Granite Basin watershed road junction with the road to the town dump. We took the municipal bus from the marina we were staying at to an intersection about ¼-mile and 300 vertical feet below the trailhead. Where the dump road branches off is a sign saying: "Do Not Harass, Pursue or Annoy the Bears."

The trail climbs to the summit of Deer Mountain at 3001 feet in about 3 miles. It begins with a brief jaunt through muskeg on boardwalk. Then it gets down to business switchbacking steeply above the town on wooden steps. About 1½ miles in it traverses south above the Tongass Narrows, with the first taste of spectacular views down to town and out to Gravina, Prince of Wales and dozens of other islands.

Timberline begins at about 2000

feet, the trees becoming sparser, low and scrubby. There is also a fascinating type of shale with angular, mostly square holes, apparently due to some type of crystal which oxidizes or dissolves as soon as it's exposed to air. The trail breaks out into alpine meadows and becomes increasingly exposed to chilly breezes. In mid-August, it was already fall up there—vegetation was changing color and the gentians were blooming.

From the summit we briefly ogled the Fairweather Range and island peaks closer in. We quickly retreated to a sunny meadow in a sheltered spot just below the summit. Ravens flew noisily back and forth. Noisier still was the float plane which buzzed the party which summited immediately after us—all friends from Ketchikan.

On this Friday afternoon we also passed a gaggle of tourists from Australia, a local Boy Scout troop and a pilgrim from Minnesota carrying a hundred pounds of his life possessions on his back.—Debby Riehl, North Creek, 8/20.

NAHA RIVER TRAIL (*Revillagigedo Island, Alaska; USGS Ketchikan C-5*)—The trail begins at Naha Bay, where there is a small mooring float. This is a CCC trail (1937). The highlight of this walk was the tremendous number of spawning salmon heading up river. They were sneaking, one by one, through a riffle above the church camp at 2 miles.

There is also a saltchuck tidal race at the outlet of Rooseveltd Lagoon, between it and the bay. A wooden tramway adjacent to the race for small boats bypasses it when it's at full bore. At

high tide small craft can sedately promenade into the lagoon.

The trail is mostly boardwalk around the lagoon and up the river as far as the camp. The water spigot at the camp is now gone. The unusual double buttercups were finished blooming.

The rough, boggy trail continues relatively level to Jordan Lake (Forest Service cabin there), and around the shore and on to Heckman Lake. Another cabin there. The trail only gains 150 feet, with minimal up and down.—Debby Riehl, North Creek, 8/16.

SHELOKUM HOT SPRINGS TRAIL (*Cleveland Peninsula, Alaska; USGS Ketchikan D-5*)—I hiked this summer before last and returned this year to enjoy its spectacular scenery and delightful natural hot tub. The trailhead begins at Bailey Bay, where a mooring buoy is provided.

The trail is 2.3 miles one way, with a gain of 350 feet. The trail begins on puncheon steps, climbs to the falls, then up to the lake at .9-mile. It then traverses the length of the lake, with some boggy and slippery spots. No bear sign this year. The trail then hangs a left into a fabulous alpine valley, complete with a Half Dome replica. At trail's end is a 3-sided shelter, and up on the hillside, the hot springs.

To soak, stop up the outlet from the basin with the provided plug. Someone has also now provided a hose for cold water to moderate the very hot spring water. Further lower the temperature by diverting some of the hot water with temporary damming.—Debby Riehl, North Creek, 8/15.

BULLETIN BOARD

Notices on this Bulletin Board are free to subscribers and may be "posted" for up to three months. You may list your used equipment for sale, post lost-and-found announcements, locate partners for trips, or other non-commercial items. Commercial advertisers are welcome to contact the Pack & Paddle office for ad rates.

FOR SALE—Pile Jacket: Teal, full zip; adult XS (fits 10-12 year old); \$10. **Snow Pants:** Two pair navy nylon; child size 10-12 and adult size 10; \$5 each. **Wool Sweater:** Heavy beige with gray-brown designs on yoke; adult XS (fits approximately a 12 year old); \$3. **Duofold Underwear Bottoms:** White; worn once (fits approximately a 12 year

old or small adult); \$2. 206-226-5825, Renton (leave message).

A GUIDEBOOK ON WINTER CLIMBS—one-day ascents for the Western Cascades. Available now. The self-published guide by Dallas Kloke is 8½x5½ inches in size, 127 pages and contains over 100 mountains. About 50 of these peaks are not found in Beckey's guidebooks. The format for each mountain includes: location, access, route or routes, time, avalanche hazard, and some drawings on approaches and routes.

The price is \$6.50 a copy (includes mailing), which is just a little

over what each copy cost to be printed. Send check or money order to:

Dallas Kloke
4012 M Ave
Anacortes WA 98221.

OSAT—A clean and sober climbing and mountaineering club. Call 206-723-9864.

INTERESTED IN HIGH LAKE FISHING? Washington State Hi-Lakers meets third Wednesday of each month at Mercerview Community Center, 7:30pm. For information, call George Bucher, 206-821-5752 (Kirkland).

KARL ULLMAN

on the PCT:

YOSEMITE to the OREGON BORDER

A solo expedition is what I planned and, despite being joined by friends twice in North California, a solo expedition is what I got during most of this segment.

The majority of the 800 miles of trail from Tuolumne Meadows to the Oregon border is lightly travelled, providing ample opportunity for me to walk for days on end without seeing another hiker. This quiet time coincided with the mentally difficult "middle" of my trek.

When I was a long way from Mexico and a long way from Canada, I spent many hours questioning my goals and motivation as I learned more about myself with each day in the wilderness.

The New Yorker

I set off from Tuolumne Meadows in Yosemite's backcountry with Chris Fenyo, a friend from my collegiate rowing past.

Chris is from Long Island, New York, and before this trip had never been camping, let alone walked 20 miles per day with a backpack.

But he wanted to be part of my trek, so he bought some equipment and walked the streets back east to prepare.

The first 15 miles were fine: relatively flat valley walking surrounded by the remarkable granite of Yosemite. Chris was obviously relieved that the walking was easy, but as he tromped along in heavy mountaineering boots "broken in" on New York concrete, I wondered how long the smiles would last.

To stay on schedule we had to cover 20 miles per day through this section. After walking 15 miles the first day, we rose early to make up a few miles and quickly climbed 1500 feet up a canyon wall, only to walk a mile and lose



the 1500 feet down into the next canyon.

After two more canyons, I peered into the guidebook and learned that we had many more "vertical" miles in the next couple of days. This is where the glaciers of the Yosemite did some of their mightiest work.

Soon the smiles disappeared from Chris' face as the constant climbing and descending took their toll on his feet through those heavy boots.

I was thankful that I insisted on his bringing a good pair of running shoes which he used after the first two days. Some things must be learned by experience.

Unfortunately, Chris chose to join me on what I feel was the most physically demanding section of my entire trip. The New Yorker turned in a gutsy performance, however, still cracking jokes through the canyons and through the thick mosquitoes.

After two and a half days we were through most of the canyons, but it was apparent that Chris' time on the trail would be shorter than expected. Worse than his feet were his knees.

We decided it would be best for him to stop at Sonora Pass, a very respectable 75 miles for his first backpacking trip, where we could put him in a car and get him off his feet. Thankfully, the scenery on this section was spectacular, so the New Yorker got some great views as rewards for his efforts.

He saw the dramatic transition from glaciated, granitic canyons to the brilliant red volcanic peaks around Sonora Pass, used his ice axe on some steep snow, and learned some valuable lessons about preparation for time in the wilderness.

I learned about the responsibilities of bringing people there.

Alone

With Chris heading west in the safety of an understanding motorist's car, I scrambled up the trail toward Sonora Peak.

Clouds had rolled in and I wanted to get over the peak's 10,000-foot east ridge before any lightning storms developed. As I checked my maps and water, I suddenly realized that I was alone for the first time in over 300 miles. I felt very alert, and I felt relieved that I didn't have to worry about anyone except myself.

And what a place to be alone! The volcanic landscape around the Sonora and Ebbets passes is some of the most spectacular on the entire PCT.

The red rock pinnacles, lush green meadows and dark thunder clouds made for dramatic landscapes and a wonderful arena to rediscover the magic of walking alone in the wilderness.

As I would learn over and over, there is a great difference between walking with others and walking alone. When I

am with others it is fun, the time goes by faster, and it is usually less stressful because safety is less of an issue. But when I am alone I learn the most.

Desolation

While I was in Southern California, the land through which I passed was unfamiliar and I constantly had to pull out a road map to get a sense of where I had walked and where I was headed.

I looked forward to walking in Northern California where I had grown up and where I knew the landmarks.

As I traversed the surreal slopes of the volcanic peaks north of Ebbs Pass, the landscape became somewhat more familiar and I realized that I was on the backside of Kirkwood Ski Resort. Fifteen miles later I had my first glimpse of Lake Tahoe. Success! I knew where I was.

The excitement of reaching Tahoe and of meeting my parents at Echo Lake Resort made me press on quickly, but the 23-mile days I had been walking since Chris left began to take their toll as I limped into Echo Lake with a sore knee.

This caused some worry, as I have always been susceptible to tendinitis, and the last time I had this particular pain (years before) it took weeks to clear up.

My day with my parents at Echo Lake went all too fast as I resupplied and tried to let my knee rest. Suddenly it was time to walk again, heading north into the popular Desolation Wilderness on the west side of Lake Tahoe.

Thankfully, the tendon in my knee recovered after a couple of days, but my body still felt fragile for some reason.

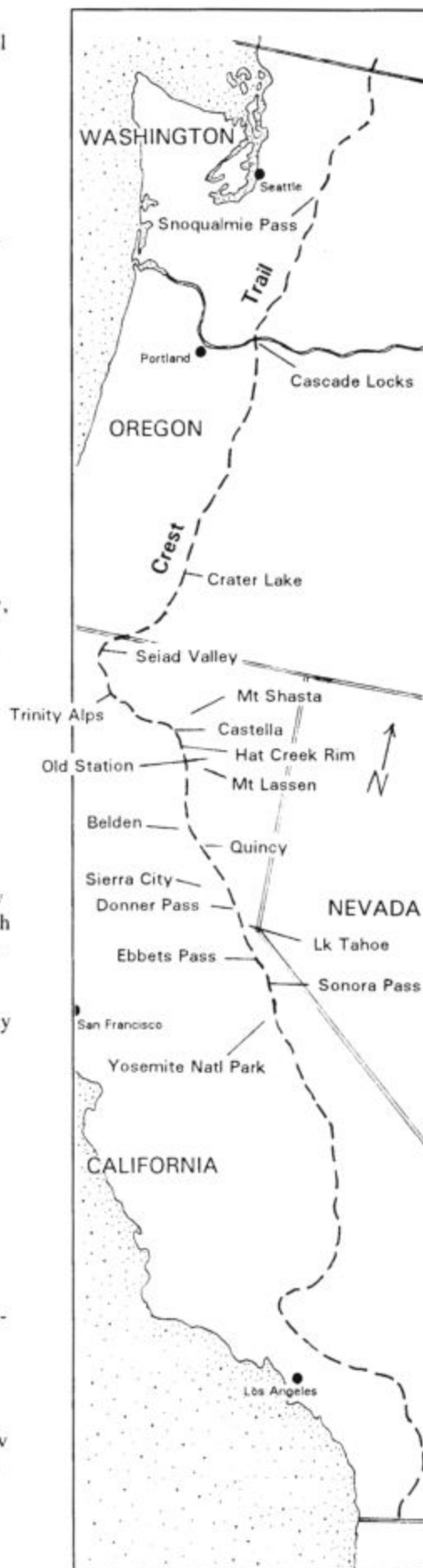
This time was the low point of my trip. I think it arose because I had reached a major goal—Tahoe—and I was now searching for a new goal. Canada was about all I could come up with at the time, but it seemed so distant that it caused more worry than positive energy.

Also, despite the presence of other backpackers, I felt lonely for the first time on the whole trip. For me, the Desolation Wilderness was aptly named.

The Donner Party

Soon I found myself traversing the slopes of the Alpine, Meadows, Squaw Valley, and Sugar Bowl Ski Areas, all familiar places that looked radically different without snow.

My curiosity about these old haunts



provided motivation to push up and down their slopes, but I still felt a little lonely as I approached Donner Pass.

As I reached the old road where I'd spent many days in the past, I met a couple from Germany who now live near San Francisco. They were classic Bavarian mountaineers, complete with high-top leather boots, walking staffs and Bavarian-looking caps.

They took an interest in me and my trip and invited me to their cabin for the night where they cooked me a lavish dinner and breakfast and provided excellent company.

Although stopping at this point put me a few miles behind schedule, their company marked the end of the Desolation. As I continue north, I am constantly amazed at the number of times when I need a little help ... and help comes along.

The Missing Link

The snowy volcanic peaks around Tahoe gave way to granitic ridges as the PCT continued northward up the Sierra.

As snow disappeared from the trail in late July and early August, I felt the land becoming drier as I knew it would in Northern California. Time to start carrying water again!

Finally, it happened. I'd been blessed with an injury-free trip, but on the day that I first saw the snowy tip of Mount Shasta far off in the distance, my left shin exploded in pain.

I'd had this pain several days earlier but it faded in a few hours. This time I could feel the tendon that runs along the front of my shin creaking as I walked. Not good.

So, once again I limped into town. This time the town was Sierra City. And once again I took a day off to rest.

When I set out again, the injury felt good for about three hours, but soon felt just as it did when I arrived in town two days before.

I remember almost nothing about this part of the hike except trying to walk and also that I was entering North California logging country.

After three days of limping I realized that my optimistic hope that I could walk through this injury was unrealistic. To complicate matters, in two days at Belden I was to meet a friend who had taken vacation from work to walk with me.

As I approached a logging road, I pondered catching a ride out of the

mountains. When I reached the road, I didn't even think, but just set my pack down and waited.

A loaded logging truck came by and I just watched it pass. Ten minutes later a second truck came by and I flagged the driver down. I felt as if I were deciding to jump off a cliff or not.

My mouth asked the driver if he'd take me to Quincy, the nearest town. He told me to hop in.

What an odd feeling I had as I climbed in. I hated to break my chain of steps from Mexico, but I knew that to walk farther would be ruinous.

Two more rides got me to Belden, where I would have a day to ice my shin and to wait for my friend.

Unfortunately, logistics prevented me and my friend from returning to the spot where I'd been picked up by the logging truck and still stay even remotely on schedule. So the 50 or so miles from the Quincy-Laporte Road to Belden remain untrod by my feet.

Now, when I get to a spectacular vantage point and look south, I think about my trek all the way from Mexico ... almost.

Sally's Time

Sally arrived in Belden that afternoon. My wonderful new friend who I'd met by chance in Los Angeles, who delivered me to the Mexican border in style, and who had provided amazing support during my trek through Southern California had come to walk with me through Lassen Volcanic National Park to Old Station, about 90 miles.

The timing couldn't have been better because we planned to hike 10 or 12 miles per day; if my injury couldn't heal at that pace, I would have to look for a new line of work.

It was great to have company on the trail again as we plodded along at a snail's pace, trying not to aggravate my shin. I doubt that I would have had the patience to walk so deliberately if I were alone and I'm grateful for Sally's patience with me.

I was amazed that at the end of the second day I was still shuffling along, without pain. Each day I got more confident and began to enjoy the volcanic scenery around Lassen, complete with geysers and boiling mud pits.

One curious thing did happen. Since I was cutting my mileage per day in half, I carried less food. I was surprised to find myself eating *more* than before. I think my body was busy mending it-



Ann Marshall / Lee McKee

I spotted a small wooden sign ... and walked into Oregon.

self during this "break" and it wanted all the fuel it could get.

We ended up having to hitchhike to a town midway through, stock up on more food, then return to the trail.

Roadwork

Sally and I parted company in Old Station—Sally headed back to Los Angeles, myself headed back to the woods, I thought.

The next section of trail was the notoriously dry Hat Creek Rim, a 30-mile long ridge with no lakes, creeks or springs. Some hikers bypass this section by way of roads or hitchhiking.

Once again my uncanny luck prevailed, and I met a man from the Sierra Club who was scouting the rim for a Sierra Club hike the following year. He was looking for a place to do a water drop. Ever the opportunist, I asked him if he'd leave some water for me on the rim!

My water worries over, I slept well dreaming about how light my pack would be while walking the rim. I awoke, however, to a thunder storm.

As I approached the exposed rim, thunder heads continued to build and my concern about lightning built with them. So, despite two gallons of water waiting for me on the rim, I decided to walk the busy road to Burney Falls through Hat Creek Valley, thus avoiding any lightning.

I'd walked some roads before on this trip, but never this far. It did provide the opportunity, however, to make it to Burney Falls a day earlier than I would have by trail, so I took to the road accompanied by cars, RVs and logging trucks.

The storm continued all day and through the night. I was happy with

my choice, but after about 15 miles on the road I became weary of the traffic.

I came to a road junction. And to a decision. I could take Highway 89 to Burney Falls for 10 more miles. Or I could turn off on pastoral Cassel Road, visit the small town, write my Southern California *Pack & Paddle* article (see *September, page 27*), and then hook up with the PCT and walk the trail to Burney Falls. This route was 15 miles.

The PCT journey is always a metaphor for life. Here I had a choice between a fast, unpleasant route solely to reach a destination, or a more pleasant yet more difficult route to the same destination, on which I could enjoy the journey as well as the destination.

It was just about this time when I was truly realizing this fact about the PCT through-hike: many times the push for the destination comes at the expense of awareness of the present. So I decided to make the change here at this junction, and I took the long way.

In the end, I still got to Burney Falls that day, and I enjoyed the journey. I try to remember this as I press onward, always trying to maintain my schedule, but wishing I could be more aware of the present.

Testing

From Burney Falls to Castella the PCT leaves its northward course and heads west, travelling well to the south of Mount Shasta, but affording great views of my favorite peak.

It is this section that tends to discourage through-hikers, and I think it's because the trail once again diverts from its northward course as hikers begin to feel the need to reach Canada before winter.

In the register at Castella are many

comments by people stopping their treks for various reasons. Happily, many return in later years to continue!

This is the "middle." I found myself struggling here as well. My time alone in the wilderness had lifted the shields from me that I have in civilization: friends, work, recreation ... all good things but also things to distract us from getting too involved with our own thoughts.

It was during this difficult time that I learned much about myself, my goals and my purpose for undertaking this trip: to break old habits and change direction.

One other comment. This section used to have hundreds of blown-down trees across the trail. The Forest Service had just finished cutting *all* of them out when I went through. I can't imagine what it would have been like if they were still there.

Milt Kenney

I must say a few words about Mr. Kenney, the "Mayor" of the PCT.

Milt has been greeting hikers in Castella for fifteen years since his wife passed away. It seems he was placed there by supernatural powers because he is needed there.

He provides love, laughs and rides to town to resupply for PCT hikers as they enter tiny Castella. He is one of the finest examples of giving people who live along the PCT, and I will always be grateful to the help he gave me and all the other hikers.

Pacific Crest Interstate

The majority of the through-hikers,

KARL'S SCHEDULE

Karl reached Mount Hood on September 18. With several friends, he climbed to the summit of the volcano the following day. Just before *Pack & Paddle* went to press, we heard Karl had reached the Columbia River and was heading into Washington.

The following timetable is Karl's *planned* itinerary—he's running a day or two behind schedule. If you happen to be hiking on the PCT this month and see a guy with a big pack heading for Canada, stop and say "hi" ... it might be Karl.

OCTOBER 1: Snoqualmie Pass

OCTOBER 6: Skykomish

OCTOBER 12: Stehekin

OCTOBER 16: Manning Park

of course, continue walking after reaching Castella, and after being treated to many calories by Mr. Kenney.

They start hiking with a sense of urgency. This is when the 25-mile days become the rule, not the exception.

Seiad Valley, the next resupply

town, is California's last stop. Reaching Oregon provides motivation. Also, with the increase in latitude, hikers start to sense fall coming. Better get moving.

Perhaps, also, it's caused by the crossing of Interstate 5, with its vehicles hurtling along toward Canada at amazing speeds. Looking at the river of cars from the peaks above Castella is a strange sight.

So, I put on my left blinker, moved out onto the "interstate," and started the 25-mile-day regimen myself. I've continued this pace through central Oregon from where I write.

Amazingly, my body feels great. While each day is always a challenge, I no longer get tired. I just keep walking.

The "interstate" took me through the Trinity Alps area and the Marble Mountains, some of my favorite spots in Northern California. Then, on a selectively logged slope, I spotted a small wooden sign: "Oregon/California."

At 2:30 in the afternoon on August 30 I walked into Oregon. Funny, my first steps there felt no different from before, but my experience in Oregon would turn out to be vastly different from that in California.

△

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

AUTUMN RAIN

Croil Anderson

The beginning of the rain touched the dry leaves with gentle drops. It was like the quiet moment at a symphony just before the music comes into our conscious hearing. A small frog greeted the sky's flow of water with a thin croak. He echoed the sound of the rain with measured resignation as he faced the coming of winter and a long sleep.

MIKE MOUAT

RICK RAY

—CLIMBER WITH A ZEST FOR LIVING WILL BE MISSED—

To get beyond the pain of loss, they say it's good to talk about that loss. So I want to talk about Rick Ray.

I met Rick in March of 1975. How do I remember the date? Because for the last 18 years I've been backpacking with Bill Lovy. From the start I realized backpacking was something we'd like to do often, and I kept a chart of all our trips. Trip number 3 started with Bill and me, but later in the afternoon Warren Johnson, John Ferguson and Rick Ray came into camp and into my life.

Backpacking and climbing became a near religion for a group of us. We called ourselves JATO—for "Jet Assisted Take Off." It brought us together in many different ways: Monday night football, poker games, Rick and me with season tickets to the Seahawks, to name a few.

Rick was special. Special in his strength, his quiet leadership, his professionalism, his cool. Back in 1975 you didn't see many black hikers. Rick possessed a quality of humanity that transcended race, and he gave it to us.

The years rolled by. Bill and I managed to backpack together every month. Some of our buddies couldn't get out with us as often, but when they did, it was memorable: number 6 in June '75—upper Baker River with Mike, Bill and Rick.

Number 19 in July '76—the Bicentennial Hike to Lake James in Mount Rainier National Park.

Number 47, November '78—snowball fights in the Kennedy Hot Springs tub.

Number 49, January '79—Reflection Lake on the south side of Mount Rainier. We chose a flaming stove as the JATO symbol.

Number 61—Miller River with Tom



On the summit of Mount Saint Helens, 1987: left to right, Al, Bill, Mike, Rick, Warren, with the JATO flag.

Olson. Minus 5 degrees; oranges and eggs frozen.

Number 100 was the Sand Point-Cape Alava loop, where 18 people celebrated the JATO progress into uncharted territory.

After that it got more difficult to get out. Illness, injury, work ... it can be tough to just pack up and leave at a moment's notice.

Rick, as a professional stage actor and also an employee of REI, would be hard-pressed to meet us once a month, but whenever possible he would be there. Sometimes at 1 or 2am he would come in with Warren Johnson, who also had to work late at his video store. Bill and I would leave a light on or, on

ski trips, trail markers in the snow.

Rick Ray was an accomplished actor who had the lead in "Othello" at the Intiman Theater in 1980. His last performance was on the Group Theater Stage in a production titled "You Can't Take It With You."

I remember him best in the late '70s when he was featured in "A Midsummer Night's Dream" in Cedar City, Utah. He had ridden his motorcycle there, and since I had vacation time, I met him in Cedar City. Under the stars, I was lucky enough to see him perform.

We got together after the play and I remember he marveled at the "groupies" he had gathered. We were amused—after all, he was "just Ricky."

Before Mount Saint Helens blew its top, the JATOs tried to get in for a view of the mountain. We were on the back side of Mount Juniper in search of views on trip number 64, April 1980—one month before the eruption.

After postholing up the side of this mountain, we got stuck. Rick was in the lead, as usual, and Bill was on his heels. We were on very steep terrain with no ice axes.

Rick was going on—such balance he had—but Bill froze. Rick turned around and brought him back. Warren and I, well behind, watched and howled as Rick escorted Bill down.

In June of 1987, trip number 150, Rick, Bill, Al, Warren and I went up Saint Helens to look inside. I took my video camera along to document the event and it was fun.

Starting from the parking lot where we had camped the night before, it was cloudy with drizzle. But once we got up to the summit, all was clear—we were above it. It was fascinating to look over the sea of clouds and see only mountain tops—Rainier, Adams, Hood and Jefferson—and down into a steaming crater dome.

Rick and the JATOs tried Mount Rainier on several occasions. Rick made it to the summit five times. It was a triumph shared by all of us even if only one succeeded. We gloried in him as he did in Bill and me for keeping the consecutive string of monthly trips alive.

August 1990 saw the JATOs taking a week off to go up to Royal Basin in the Olympics. It was the first time I could join the group for a week-long trip.

By coincidence it was the same time as the Perseid meteor shower. We counted over a hundred shooters in two nights.

As I look back I realize that it was the day before this trip that Rick had seen a doctor and been diagnosed with AIDS. He never told us about that.

In 1989, number 179, Rick and Warren went to Nepal to climb and camp at Mount Everest Basecamp. It was the accumulation of *all* our desires and dreams after all these years of back-packing and climbing—to get higher than anything around here.

But Rick fell ill, probably due to the altitude, his sinuses and, now we know, his disease.

The past few years were tough on all

of us. Once the leader on the hikes, Rick began to fall back. He always carried the heaviest pack, so we figured he was just slowing up because of that lung problem from Nepal. We wouldn't admit to our suspicions, and Rick never let on. He'd just say he was working on it; "I'll get better soon."

In May of this year we lost Ed Given, a good friend, to suicide. That was a tragedy. Now, the tragedy was in Rick. He was very tired and slow to respond. It hurt to look at him and he wouldn't seek our help.

We wouldn't—couldn't—admit our worst fears, but they were there.

After Ed's death, we had a barbecue at my place. Rick seemed very frail. We were in the house at the time watching my daughter Tarsi, about 7 months old then, entertain us with her coffee-table-walking.

When she tried to take a step away from the supporting table, she crashed on her face. The first person up—from across the room, before anyone else could react—was Rick. He picked Tarsi up and gave her to Peggy, my wife. It was a touching moment.

Two years ago when Peggy and I were married, Rick gave us a hand-carved wooden fertility doll from Kenya. We laughed at the thought. At 43, I had no children, and no way would I start now.

Surprise! The doll worked and I got what I've always wanted in my life. Tarsi doesn't know Rick now, but I'll make sure she'll never forget him.

When Rick finally admitted his illness to us three months ago, I guess we were relieved. We had prayed that whatever it was would go away, but now that we knew it was AIDS, we all could face it together.

Those last few weeks were difficult for everyone. Rick wanted visitors, and he got them. Tom Olson often would sleep in the hospital room just in case Rick needed something during the night. Tony Schueler was so compassionate as were Bill, Warren, and Peggy.

REI presented him with his 10-year pin. He received cards, flowers, videos from all over the country. He had touched many lives. After nearly 20 years of hiking and climbing, and 25 years of acting, he died on August 24th. He was 46.

He wasn't here long enough, but he won't be soon forgotten. For those who knew Rick, this is something he would say—of course, in that low, earthy voice of his:

Do not stand at my grave
and weep,
I am not there, I do not sleep.
I am a thousand winds
that blow,
I am the diamond glints
on snow.
I am the sunlight on
ripened grain,
I am the gentle autumn's rain.
When you awaken in the
morning's hush,
I am the swift uplifting rush
Of quiet birds in circled flight.
I am the soft star that shines
at night.
Do not stand at my grave
and cry;
I am not there, I did not die.

△

Mike Mouat, of Seattle, is a printer for Graphic Advertising Services. He is also a very good golfer.



JACK KENDRICK

A HIKER'S DREAMSCAPE

—A WEEK IN THE PASAYTEN WILDERNESS—

On June 18, our party of eight met at the Buzz Inn restaurant in South Everett at 6am. After a quick breakfast we were on our way over the North Cascades Highway to Winthrop. There we took the Chewach river road and up Eight Mile Creek to Billy Goat Corral, the end of the road.

We left two vehicles there and all piled into a van headed for the Canadian border. A few miles west from Keremos, British Columbia, we turned onto the Ashnola River road and drove 35 kilometers to the Centennial trailhead in Cathedral Provincial Park.

We shouldered our packs and hit the trail at 5:30. After four and a half hours of constant uphill, we reached Red Mountain Meadows where we spent the night. The next morning we climbed slowly up through Red Meadows, gradually leaving the tree line below.

Soon we left the trail and climbed straight up the open slopes to the ridge by Red Mountain. The view was spectacular from the ridge top. It looked as if the whole world were composed of mountains stretching forever in all directions. Even though the elevation was close to 8000 feet, there was little or no snow.

Several thousand feet below we could see the Cathedral Lakes Resort on Quiniscoe Lake. This exclusive resort caters to people with more money than I have. A two-night, three-day stay runs about eight hundred dollars. For fifty dollars, however, you can be brought in by jeep, and for an additional fee use the resort's camping area.

We now headed southeast along the open Cathedral Ridge, threading our way through rock-strewn fields. Very little vegetation grew among the igneous and plutonic rocks.

Footing was often tricky and uncertain. Hopping across a boulder field my



Stand of larch in Upper Cathedral Lake basin.

left foot landed on a rock which moved, and in trying to catch myself I spun 270 degrees to the right.

I landed face down wedged tightly between several large rocks, unable to move except for my legs. My companions pulled me free and were concerned about my right shin which had a bloody gash.

My concern was for my camera, which was now beyond use. The lens had sheared from the camera body. My shin looked bad, but was not painful, so the hike continued.

The route, marked by rock cairns, required scrambles over scree and passed rock formations called Stone City, Devils Woodpile and Smokey the Bear.

We stopped for lunch at Stone City. The elevation here was 8600 feet. We had climbed over 6000 feet since the night before. Soon the hiking became much more difficult as we were forced to drop below the ridge, down steep slopes, around granite slabs and into long stretches of sidehill gouging with unsure footing.

Ten miles and eleven hours of grueling hiking later, we finally stumbled into camp on an exposed ridge at 7500 feet. It was the most strenuous day of hiking I had experienced since my teenage years.

The next morning started with a 400-foot elevation gain over less than a quarter of a mile, which took over one and a half hours to do.

Depending on your age and point of view, it was either a scramble or a rock climb. For me it was definitely a rock climb. In any respect it was not an easy matter to climb up and over huge exposed slabs of granite with a 60-pound pack.

We were now on the summit of The Deacon and the view was superb. Baker and Glacier gleamed in the sun to

the west. After a brief rest we descended 500 vertical feet down an open slope, encountering numerous springs along the way.

At the bottom of the descent we crossed the international border clear-cut and moved into a pine and larch forest.

It was slow going as we attempted to follow the contour around Cathedral Peak. The terrain was open enough to allow easy hiking, but we often had to skirt around rocks outcrops, downed trees and springs.

Our destination was upper Cathedral Lake which we reached after seven hours, for a average hiking speed of about a half mile per hour. The lake is tucked in a cirque between Cathedral Peak and Amphitheater Mountain and is about an acre in size.

After setting up camp I pumped up the fishing raft and set out to catch dinner. Fish, for me at least, was not on the menu that night, although some of the others in the group caught some nice ones from the shore with flies.

The next morning I was awakened by the sound of the wind blowing through the trees. The sunshine and the blue skies of the past few days were rapidly disappearing. We prepared breakfast quickly.

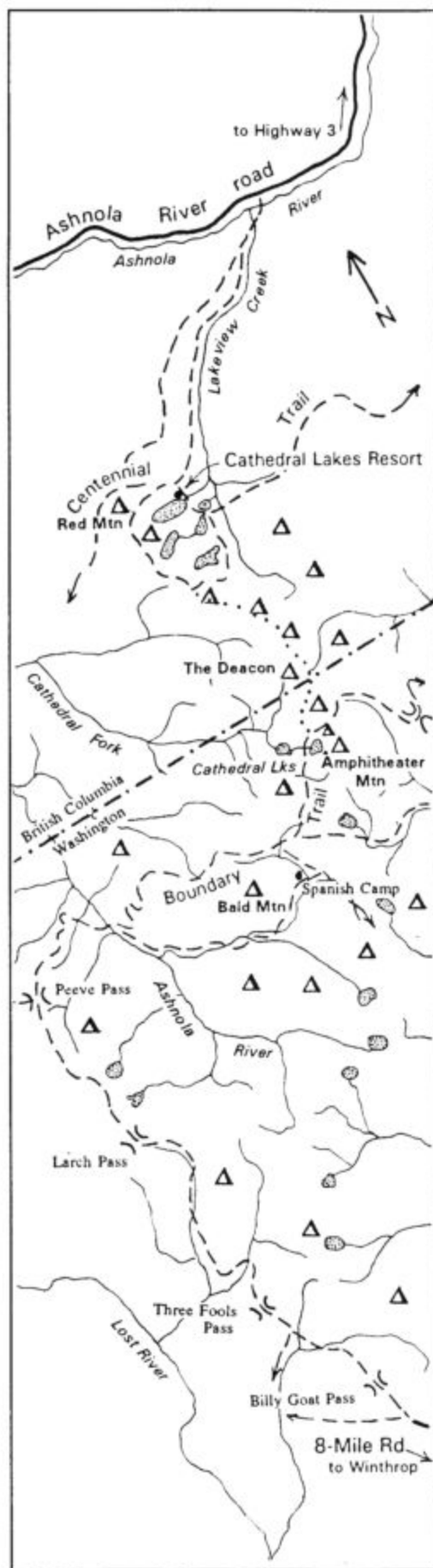
Today we had a real trail to hike upon. At Cathedral Lake we had intercepted the Boundary Trail. The next few miles it meandered through open meadows filled with glacier lilies and marsh marigolds. We saw deer frequently.

The trail gradually lost 400 feet in four miles to Spanish Camp where there was a forest service cabin. We all crowded under the porch roof as rain began to fall. Pots of pasta and Top Ramen were soon bubbling away and we all ate our fill. After two hours the rain stopped and we were on the trail again.

We gradually climbed to about 7400 feet just below 7900-foot Bald Mountain, then through several miles of open country. Eventually, the trail entered the forest and started a rapid descent to a camp on the Ashnola River.

I had not been in camp long before I saw what I took to be ash falling from the sky. It was not ash, but snow!

Our camp was at 5000 feet. The next morning we awoke to a grey, cold day—a day for wool hats and gloves. The day's hike began after crossing the riv-



er on a bridge consisting of a single log supported by a cable. The trail climbed steeply through a fir and hemlock forest for about 3 miles.

At that point we emerged from the trees into open meadows and at 4 miles reached 6800-foot Peeve Pass. We proceeded to the west $\frac{1}{4}$ -mile and made camp in a protected meadow. Soon a large fire warmed our cold bodies as snow flurries came and went.

Our tents were set up under the protection of a stand of large trees at the meadow's edge. A salt or mineral lick in the center of the meadow attracted a group of five deer off and on throughout the day. Later in the day the weather moderated somewhat so we hiked 1 mile to Quartz Lake.

The next morning we awoke to a half inch of new snow and a cold biting wind. We were on the trail by nine and began the slow, arduous climb to 8000-foot Larch Pass.

As we gained elevation, the snow became deeper and the wind more fierce. At one point a pack of coyotes (or wolves) began to howl in the distance. It was the 23rd of June. Even in the adverse weather the beauty of this high, open country was breathtaking. It was a hiker's dreamscape.

Finally, we reached Larch Pass, and started a long descent to Diamond Creek where we made camp. We were now at 5400 feet, snow-free and much warmer. It had been a long 12 $\frac{1}{2}$ mile day, but we were now only about two hours from the cars.

The next morning we climbed 600 feet up Three Fools Pass and another 600 feet up Billy Goat Pass. From there it was all downhill to Billy Goat Corral and the cars.

We lost no time heading for Winthrop, and Mexican food at the Duck Brand Restaurant.

In seven days and 55 miles we had hiked through some of the most rugged and beautiful areas in the state. In that time we encountered only two other people and they were day hikers out of Cathedral lakes Resort.

Jack Kendrick, of Edmonds, is a retired school teacher. He joined The Mountaineers about 1944 (his REI number is 818) and has been climbing, skiing, hiking and canoeing all his life.

MARY M. WATSON

the Elders and the Rogue

—AN ELDERHOSTEL TRIP IN SOUTHERN OREGON—

My telephone rang last February with an invitation to hike the Rogue River trail in Oregon the last week in April as part of an Elderhostel group. Negative images immediately arose: slow, regimented walking, lots of "nature study," bored young guides, canned meals, rainy days, cold nights.

My trusty right brain soon replaced those images with these: hearty, elder outdoors persons swapping hiking tales around the campfire, enthusiastic young folks toting all the gear and doing the cooking, sunshine (it was southern Oregon after all!), and, best of all, a 5-day hike before the snow leaves the high country.

You should know, first of all, that the right brain pictures won by a landslide—more about a real landslide later. And my companions must be introduced.

Besides my old hiking friends Winnie and Irene (and to her I owe unending gratitude for the invitation), there were: Tommy, our southern belle steel magnolia; Tom, the handsome charmer who let us women know early on that he had a wife at home; Joe and Audrey, natural comedians who didn't fool us with their Bickerson's act; experienced hikers, helpers and inspirers Dick and Norma; Gay, who met every challenge with a beautiful smile, and her husband Jack-the-Knife; the other Jack, whose first tent site was directly in front of the single, doorless privy.

Nor will I soon forget the dauntless Kitty, friendly Frank, witty Daphne, insightful Marie, glamorous Elsie May, intrepid Clarice in her Easter bonnet, or gentle Rosemary and her riddles.

So there we all were at the trailhead at Graves Creek on a Monday morning. I knew it would be a great hike on the first day because my Indian name is Start-in-the-Rain. We did, along an easy section of trail right beside what we were to learn is this country's first Wild and Scenic River.



At the first night's Booze Creek campsite: Irene Reed (Tacoma), the author (Gig Harbor), and Winnie Becker (Seattle).

Three rafts bearing our gear swept past us with three of our guides womanning and manning the oars. Our patient, gallant, ever-anxious tour leader joined us on foot.

There were no problems those first 4.7 miles and the skies gradually cleared. And there were the flowers! Unbelievable! Elizabeth, our naturalist, was overwhelmed as we all were. We soon stopped caring *what* we were looking at as the spell of sheer beauty was cast.

In the course of our five days we were to pass meadows of larkspur, lupine, paintbrush, daisies, iris, camas, spirea, blue dicks, many more which we couldn't name, and great walls of moist, hanging monkey flowers. The blue star tulip, which we northerners had never seen, we named bloom-of-the-trip. This natural garden show alone made walking 40 miles worthwhile.

The second day, after a clear night with fog melting to sun, took us 9 miles. They were not flat. The first

symptoms of revolt by the faster-paced hikers were seen as our youngest guide, whom I called Romeo because he lives in Ashland, ran back and forth trying to keep us together. Ha!

At last we reached the trail leading to the campsite. It was actually a non-trail heading down a very steep bank through a field, a *mass*, of poison oak. We'd been well aware of this menacing plant along the trail, but this density seemed quite unnecessary.

When we reached camp we found that some of us has been invaded by the other threatened menace, ticks. This brought out the intriguing question, "Why me?" because out of 19 possible meal providers the little suckers chose only 5 bodies to latch onto repeatedly. The critters were dispatched with applications of petroleum jelly to smother them, then removed with tweezers.

Now we come to the third, the BAD, day. There were 9½ miles to hike, 5 to the lunch stop, and we struggled with blowdowns, mud and difficult creek crossings far into the morning.

(The section of the Rogue River trail from Graves Creek to Mariel Lodge is under the Bureau of Land Management. There was no indication that any maintenance had been done at the time of this hike. The Forest Service *had* cleared the trail section under its jurisdiction, from the lodge to Foster Bar.)

It was decided to cancel the tourist stop at Zane Grey's cabin and head straight for Quail Creek where the rafts were to meet us with lunch.

We set off at a determined trot only to find a major mud slide around the first corner. Some foolhardy folk tried to climb up an unstable shale hillside to go over it, but most demurred. Anarchy prevailed. Chaos reigned.

Another look at the slide revealed footholds, narrow and insubstantial considering the sheer drop below, but possible with helping hands and stout

hearts. (My heart felt very frail and thin. I hate this stuff!) Slowly, painstakingly, we made the crossing.

Soon after this trauma we found ourselves strung out along the trail in approximately three different groups according to pace and inclination.

The staff leader-of-the-day had been held back by the slide crossing, and we (alas, yes, I was one of the rebels) in the advance pack strode on ahead propelled perhaps by appetite—it was about 2pm.

Suddenly another staff person appeared before us with the news that lunch was to be served at Zane Grey's cabin after all, not Quail Creek. We followed him through the woods to the beach leaving an arrow for those behind us.

Yes indeed, you guessed it—they missed it, misinterpreting the signal for a direction around a big blowdown. The tail-end group was intercepted and joined us for lunch, but seven hikers, who thought they were last if not lost, arrived lunchless at the night's campsite about 4:30pm to find two rafts and staffers but no other hikers looking disdainfully down their noses.

Many mutterings and explanations later, humor prevailed. We all came together for a sumptuous spaghetti dinner (the food, which I haven't even mentioned, was superb at each and every meal!) followed by early retreats to sleeping bags. This was just as well because it rained all night.

So, did the hike end soggy, stressfully, disorganized and fretful? Not so. The sun arrived on schedule for our 4th morning and stayed with us for the breathtaking trek through Mule Creek Canyon. I can't describe it, only urge you to do it!

Lunch that day was a special treat because we took our picnic to the deck of Paradise Lodge, a wilderness oasis with bathrooms, souvenir tee shirts and a warm welcome which is open year-round but can be reached only by boat, floatplane or foot. (It's here that Wild and Scenic River status ends and jet boats appear. We felt fortunate to be there in the pre-season.)

Our last night's camp was at Solitude Bar where, in 1856, Captain Tichner and his troops were defeated by clever Indians who rolled boulders down on them. Is that why some of our tents were pitched high on the hill above the beach?

After another gourmet meal featuring

cherry cheesecake for dessert, Joe accompanied me with his harmonica in the following version of the "Battle Hymn of the Republic." Sing along.

Oh, please call the Boy Scouts
to the Rogue River Trail!
There are fallen trees and poison
oak
And lots and lots of shale.
We really need their services,
especially if we're frail,
On the Rogue River Trail.

Chorus:

Glory, glory to us hikers!
We make the boaters look
like pikers.
So come on, Boy Scouts, if you
like us,
Fix the Rogue River Trail!

With lots and lots of Boy Scouts
they could do it in a day.
They'd make the trails all level,
Spraying ticks along the way.
We'd really like to see it, and we
wouldn't have to pay
To fix the Rogue River Trail.

Chorus

Our leaders found we were a
bunch who often liked to stray.
Smooth trails would make it
easier
For them to win the day.
So call out the sturdy Boy Scouts,

It's the best and only way
To fix the Rogue River Trail.

Chorus again.

Oregon River Experiences sponsored the Elderhostel Rogue River Hike, which ended with a day of perfect weather, waterfalls, a cliff trail high above this truly wild and scenic river, flowers in every meadow, nook and rocky cranny, high good spirits, and a great reluctance to say goodbye.

The final mile was through a gloriously green farm field, over stiles and along the wooded road to Foster Bar. From there, vans carried us back to Galice where we fell to the frantic sorting of belongings in the dark.

All too soon the prevailing sound was of many cars pulling away toward eventual destinations like Illinois, Nebraska, California and Puget Sound. I don't think anyone regretted a single mile.

Glory, glory to us hikers.
Nobody dares to call us pikers!
So come on, readers, if you
like us
Do the Rogue River Trail.

△

Mary M. Watson, a retired nurse, has been hiking and backpacking for over 30 years. She lives in Gig Harbor.



On the trail to Meadow Creek high above the river: Elsie Mae Cary (La Mesa), Norma Jackson (Whidbey Island), staffer "Romeo," with Tommy Bennett (Hiwassee) in front.

DEBORAH RIEHL

RESCUE EPICS

— YOU NEVER KNOW WHAT YOU HAVE UNTIL YOU GET THERE —

This summer my weekend with “the duty” was July 29 to August 4. Each weekend from Memorial Day weekend through Labor Day weekend we have three people on standby—an In-town Operations Leader, a Base Camp Operations Leader and a Rescue Truck Driver.

Bill, KC7UW, was the truck driver and I was Base OL. My fellow rescuers always stay extra alert when I have the duty because I have a reputation of always getting a mission.

Sure enough, at 3am August 1st, I was awakened by a peculiar noise. As I regained consciousness I realized I heard the Blackhawk paging interface dialing.

I poked Bill: “The Blackhawk’s dialing!” We lay in the dark and listened to the voice message.

“Aha,” said Bill, “they’re paging ESAR (Explorer Search and Rescue—Boy Scouts) and 4X4 (the four-wheel-drive rescue group).” We rolled over and dozed off again. Our renewed rest was short lived. At 3:30 the sheriff decided he needed Mountain Rescue, too.

We bypassed the polypro for base-camp clothes, powered down the oatmeal and high-octane coffee and met the troops at the North Bend substation at 5am.

The story was a constantly-changing one. First it was: “Lost woman off the Spur 10 road.”

Then: “Her location is known, she just needs rescuing.”

Then: “She fell down a 40-foot cliff, but she’s not hurt.”

We headed out the North Fork Road sipping more Kona coffee in a beautiful dawn that promised a hot, sunny day. We met a new SAR deputy at the Spur 10 gate.

The story had evolved to the victim had been located, was uninjured, but was down a 40-foot embankment and couldn’t get back up. Before we could

depart up the Spur 10 road, a report came the woman had made it up the cliff on her own but may have some broken fingers.

The deputy said we didn’t need to go on up, a 4X4 could bring her down. Bill and I looked at each other—with all the confusion, we wanted a first-hand look.

We got directions from a 4X4 but they turned out to be inaccurate. After wandering around a while in the big blue Rescue Truck we got on the right road.

After several miles of grinding uphill (and squeaking past a jeep parked in the middle of the road) we came across a person lying by the side of the road, being attended to by a couple of 4X4 drivers. As we pulled up Bill looked out the driver’s side window, then slammed on the brakes. “That lady is *washed!*”

At that moment I changed hats. Since the patient was indeed located, I didn’t need to be a search base Operations Leader anymore—but she definitely needed a trauma nurse!

Her face was a mass of congealed blood and dirt, riven by a couple of nasty lacerations. One cheek bone was caved in.

I asked her name and her eyes flew open. She complained her left arm hurt. She couldn’t remember how she fell or how she got back up.

Clearly she was concussed. In addition she had scalp lacerations, a sore neck, back and chest, a broken left upper arm and an open fracture of her right thumb. I’d love to know how she got back up that cliff!

We began to bandage and splint her hurts. I also requested the MAST helicopter. An aid car arrived and the EMTs on board provided more first aid gear and oxygen.

While I was busy attending to the patient, and against my wishes, the fire

department officer on scene cancelled MAST (who was already in the air) and called a private helicopter. He also rejected the landing zone 4X4 had selected.

We had to load up the patient in the aid car and take her to the new LZ, which was rife with loose debris. All this delayed evacuation of the critically injured woman.

When the helicopter arrived the two nurses on board and I started an IV in the patient’s foot and attached her to a monitor.

After the helicopter lifted off I realized I was being eaten alive by clouds of biting insects and badly needed to recycle all that coffee!

While driving back down, we learned other aspects of the story. The evening before the patient had apparently been taking pictures while hanging onto the outside of a jeep as it was being driven down the road.

She fell off and tumbled down the hillside. Her boyfriend, the driver, was unable to climb down to her. He took off for North Bend to get help.

Part way down the Spur 10 road, he ran out of gas. He continued on foot and fortunately was intercepted by a county policeman on backcountry patrol.

We arrived back in North Bend about 8:30am. After a second breakfast I put on my bikini and flaked out in the lawn chair to read. Two-and-a-half hours later, I woke up.

△

Deborah Riehl, AA7RW, is a member of Seattle Mountain Rescue’s board of trustees. She lives in North Creek.

REST STOP

EQUIPMENT, RECIPES, TIPS

CAR KIT—Mystery Hiker's "report" of their "hike" along Highway 2 after their car broke down (*September, page 11*) prompts us to print this list of essentials for your car:

1. A few simple tools such as different sizes of screwdrivers and a pair of pliers. And a jack for flat tires, of course.
2. First-aid kit.
3. Spare bottle of engine oil, and a funnel if you need one.
4. A flashlight.
5. A white rag to tie to your antenna to signal for help, or one of those window banners that says "call police."
6. Flares or reflectors to warn traffic.
7. Jumper cables. Your battery can go dead any time, not just in winter.
8. Electrician's tape and duct tape. Will hold just about anything together.
9. Piece of plastic or old blue-foam pad for scooting under the car.
10. Wool blanket in case you're stranded in cold weather or overnight.

Regularly check windshield washer fluid and other vital fluids; tire pressure; hoses and belts.

PADEN'S TEN ESSENTIALS—The following is the Ten Essential list of Paden Newberry (age 4, of Lynnwood), submitted by his mom, Julie.

1. marshmallows
2. wiener-doggies
3. knife, to cut sticks to cook the above
4. Band-aids, in case you cut yourself with above
5. Dr. Pepper, two cans
6. umbrella, if the sky has that rain-look
7. bow and arrow (wild animals)
8. bug spray (mosquitoes and june bugs)
9. soap (all those marshmallows are sticky)
10. toilet paper, obviously.

GOING HIGH—Climbing at altitude (over 8000 feet) can be hazardous to your health. The stresses on your body trying to work with less than its usual

oxygen supply are considerable: shortness of breath, nausea, insomnia and headaches.

High altitude can lead to fluid retention in the brain (cerebral edema) or fluid in the lungs (pulmonary edema), both of which can cause coma and death.

Lack of oxygen can lead to poor coordination and faulty judgment which in turn can cause accidents and falls that probably wouldn't occur at lower altitudes.

Much is written about "acute mountain sickness," but what causes AMS is not precisely known. There is no means of predicting whether a person will be susceptible or not.

Generally speaking, the higher you go, the less oxygen you have available to breathe. Your body can adapt to thin, cold air, but you have to allow time for it to do so—this is called acclimatization.

Altitude-related problems, including AMS, pulmonary and cerebral edema, can show their effects as low as 8000 feet, but most cases begin between 12,000 and 14,000 feet. Most problems are caused by going too high too fast.

If you plan to climb, say, Mount Rainier, you may have some discomfort with AMS. Its early symptoms are bad headaches, loss of appetite and continued sleeplessness.

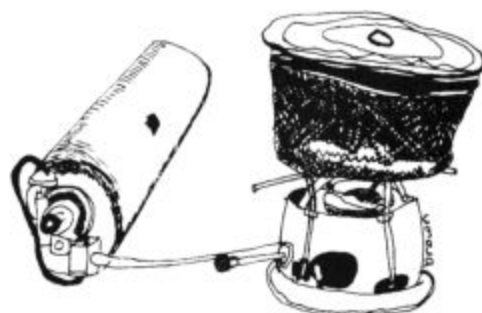
A good night's rest at altitude should allow you to acclimate and set off again in the morning. If there is no improvement, you will have to descend to a lower elevation or remain where you are.

If you are unable to continue, you should be emotionally prepared to forego the summit. While there is no guarantee that everyone will acclimatize, unless you disregard your health and ignore the warning signs, you should have little to worry about.—*excerpted from "Rescue Rucksack," the newsletter of Tacoma Mountain Rescue.*

WINNING RECIPES—Two recipes took first place prizes at the Peninsula Wilderness Club backcountry foods contest in August. Winner in the Breakfast/Dinner division was:

Cashew Rice

- 1 1/4 cups Minute brown rice
- 2 cups water
- 1 packet tangy coconut ginger soup mix ("Taste of Thai" brand)
- 1/4 cup flaked coconut
- 1/4 cup cashews



Cook the rice with the soup packet. Toss in the coconut and nuts.—*Judy Guttormsen, Poulsbo.*

Winner in the Lunch/Snacks division was:

Gorp

- 1 pound raisins
 - 1 1/2 pounds plain M&Ms
 - 1 pound lightly salted peanuts
- Mix and eat.—*Joe Weigel, Port Orchard.*

MORE RECIPES—Two of my favorite dishes from the PWC contest lost points because they are more complicated and/or are heavier than the winners. But they ranked high in taste! Both of these were submitted by *Doug Savage.*

Campside Chicken and Stuffing

- 4 cups water
 - two 5-ounce cans of chicken
 - 1 package brown gravy mix
 - 1/2 cup freeze-dried corn
 - 1/2 cup freeze-dried peas
 - 3 cups stuffing
 - 2 tablespoons margarine
- Mix water, chicken, gravy mix, corn, peas and butter. Bring to a boil. Add stuffing mix. Let stand 5 to 10 minutes. Serves four.

Peanut Butter Dream Bars

- 2 cups quick oats
 - 1 1/2 cups flour
 - 1 cup chopped peanuts
 - 1 cup packed brown sugar
 - 1 teaspoon baking soda
 - 1/4 teaspoon salt
 - 1 cup margarine
 - one 14-ounce can condensed milk
 - 1/3 cup peanut butter
 - 1 cup plain M&Ms
- Combine oats, flour, peanuts, brown sugar, baking soda and salt. Add margarine and blend until mixture resembles coarse crumbs. Set aside 1/2 cups of crumb mixture; press remaining mixture into greased 15 1/2" x 10 1/2" pan.

WIN FAME & ADMIRATION!

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

PACK & PADDLE
PO BOX 1063
PORT ORCHARD WA 98366

REST STOP

EQUIPMENT, RECIPES, TIPS

Bake at 375 degrees for 12 minutes.

Combine condensed milk and peanut butter in small bowl. Spread over partially-baked crust to within 1/4" from edges. Mix reserved crumb mixture with M&Ms and spread over condensed milk, pressing in lightly. Bake another 20 minutes or until golden brown. Cool thoroughly; cut into bars. Carry in crush-proof container for hiking.—AM

BET YOU DIDN'T KNOW—Hindoo Creek (William O. Douglas Wilderness) was named in the 1890s for a man who was probably the only Hindu shepherd in the Cascades.

In 1896, "Hindoo John" was herding a band of sheep for the Cameron Brothers Sheep Company and was smothered under his band when they piled up after running over a cliff.

When another shepherd found the

pile-up he thought Hindoo had skipped off, but in 1897 his remains were found under the huge pile of sheep bones.—*Naches Ranger District.*

VISAS FOR THE BALTICS AND RUSSIA—The three Baltic states have very sensibly united into a "common visa space." A visa from any one country is also valid for the other two.

If you plan to arrive in the Baltics by ship or by plane, you can just pick up a single-entry visa at the border. Do not arrive visa-less by train or bus.

Russian visas are more difficult, but the Saint Petersburg Youth Hostel is the best simple and reliable option, combining a low per-night price and efficient visa support.

The hostel's US office is at 409 North Pacific Coast Highway, Building 106, Suite 390, Redondo Beach CA

90277 (310-379-4316).

Call or write the California office and they will mail you an information package. You should work at least four weeks in advance; faster processing is possible but not calm.—*from "Europe Through the Back Door" newsletter.*

RECALL—REI is recalling more than 21,000 On-Sight and Alpinist seat harnesses sold between 1990 and 1993. If you've got one, or think you do, take it to your nearest REI store or call 800-626-4734 for more information.

WET FLOOR—Does anyone know a really good way to waterproof your tent floor? Our tent is in fine shape except that every time we move off our pads, we get wet.—*Mystery Hiker, Granite Falls.*

Gear Review—your most favorite (or least favorite) equipment

Preferences on equipment are a very individual choice. What works well for one person may not meet the needs of another—which is why I usually keep my opinions to myself. Over the past couple of years, however, I have been so favorably impressed by four items I think they are worthy of note.

The first is the Expedition Series Arctic hat by Northern Outfitters, a company in Orem, Utah, which specializes in extreme cold weather gear. Their clothing basically consists of foam surrounded by a fabric selected for high moisture vapor transfer and low air permeability.

Features of the hat include earflaps and a visor which can be positioned up to provide unrestricted vision. I find the hat has a snugger fit and keeps my head warmer when I'm active than the wool hat I previously wore.

(Catalog is available from Northern Outfitters, 1083 N State St, Orem UT 84057; 800-944-9276.)

Next is the new shoulder harness system and double buckle belt on my McHale & Company backpack. Last year I traded my old McHale pack in for one with the new design. The shoulder harness is easier to adjust, and the shoulder straps don't need to be loosened to take the pack off. This

means the setup I fine-tuned over the last hour of hiking won't get messed up when I take the pack off for a break.

The feature that has really added to my comfort, though, is the double-buckle belt. The double-buckle feature allows the belt to better conform to my hips. Gone is the soreness I used to get over my hip bones from carrying heavy loads.

(McHale & Co, 29 Dravus Street, Seattle WA 98109; 206-281-7861.)

Third is a lightweight jacket made of a fabric called "Silmond" by Lowe Alpine Systems. The fabric is very light, soft, breathable, windproof and water resistant. I wear it over the polypro shirt I normally backpack in when I need extra warmth.

It also serves as my "raincoat" when I'm on the trail. Rain will soak through the jacket since it is only water resistant; however, the heat I generate when I'm carrying a backpack keeps me warm and will quickly dry the jacket when the rain stops. I do carry a conventional lightweight Gore-tex raincoat for use in extreme weather and in camp.

I've found two stores in the Puget Sound area that carry Lowe's Silmond clothing: Feathered Friends (1516 11th, Seattle WA 98122; 206-324-4166) and Marmot (827 Bellevue Way NE, Bellevue WA 98004; 206-453-

1515). For other outlets, contact Lowe Alpine Systems, PO Box 1449, Broomfield CO 80038; 303-465-0522.

Last are mukluks made by Outdoor Research. These have made snow camping extremely comfortable. They are knee-high with the upper part made of coated nylon and the foot made of an abrasion resistant fabric. Warmth is provided by a foam sole and by a fleece stocking.

When snow camping, I immediately replace my ski boots with these mukluks after I've set up camp. They keep my feet warm and comfortable when walking around on the snow. The fleece stockings are removable so they can keep my feet warm even inside the tent.

While the Lowe Alpine jacket and McHale pack are available in the Seattle area, I have seen neither the Northern Outfitters hat nor the Outdoor Research (OR) mukluks in Puget Sound stores. I came across them in Fairbanks two winters ago. Since OR products are found everywhere, ask at your local outdoor store about special orders.—*Lee McKee.*

Tell us about your favorite gear. Send equipment reviews to: Pack & Paddle, PO Box 1063, Port Orchard WA 98366.

PANORAMA

NEWS FROM ALL OVER

WOMEN CLIMBING CALENDAR—

The 1994 *Women Climbing* engagement calendar is hot off the press! Following Women Climbers Northwest's successful 1992 calendar, this new edition is packed full of information covering highlights in women's climbing events worldwide, holiday listings and lunar phases, and 54 full-color photos of women climbing everywhere from Joshua Tree to the Grampians, from Denali to Patagonia.

Begun as a memorial to climbers Kathy Phibbs and Hope Barnes, who died in a fall on Dragontail Peak in 1991, the calendar project has received praise from women and men alike who have been moved by the writing and inspiring photos in the first edition.

Proceeds from the 1992 calendar are being used to promote women's climbing endeavors and to offer training in climbing skills and first aid. Profits from the 1994 calendar will go into this memorial fund and continue to make climbing and enjoyment of the wilderness more accessible to all women.

Calendars may be ordered directly from WCN. Send \$12.95 per calendar (Washington residents add \$1.06 sales tax), plus \$2.50 for postage and handling (add \$1.50 per additional book) to:

Women Climbers Northwest
PO Box 20573
Seattle WA 98102.

SEA KAYAK SYMPOSIUM—Two and a half days seems like a considerable amount of time, but after attending the recent Sea Kayak Symposium in Port Townsend September 17-19, I thought it was hardly enough to fit in all that was available to do.

Kayak manufacturers' exhibits on the beach allowed me the opportunity to try a large variety of designs making for easy "comparison shopping." In some cases, I was able to gain insight into a particular design (such as the new Nootka, by Necky Kayaks, a 22-foot-long double with a 27-inch beam) by talking with the designer himself.

Saturday and Sunday were filled with a variety of classroom sessions and beach or water demonstrations. Six or seven choices for each 75-minute time slot made for some difficult decisions—which to see and which to pass up. Each session was helpful or informative.

"Wind, Waves and the Paddler" emphasized the need to be always aware

of the environment you're in. The interaction of wind, waves and land creates changing situations to which a paddler must be ready to respond. The "Emergency Signal Demonstration" vividly showed the effects of various signalling devices. I learned some helpful things; such as to expect a recoil equivalent to firing a .38 pistol when igniting a Sky-blazer flare, and that the exhaust gases from the flare can cut the fingers that pull out the igniting chain unless you take special care.

The classes conducted on the beach provided the opportunity both to learn and practice techniques from basic paddling to self rescue. All in all the Symposium provided a setting for gaining lots of information on sea kayaking.

For information on next year's Symposium, contact the Trade Association of Sea Kayaking, PO Box 84144, Seattle WA 98124 (206-621-1018).—LGM

PRICES GO UP—Prices for Forest Service maps will go up to \$3 on October 1.

The increase is due to requirements that maps be sold at a price that reimburses the cost of printing and distribution. Until now, these maps have been priced based on printing costs alone.

TIMBER SALE BOUNDARY ERROR

—A recent Forest Service survey to establish Wilderness boundaries discovered that about 1½ acres of the 1990 Pine Bluff Timber Sale had been mistakenly located within the Goat Rocks Wilderness.

"Although a 1½-acre encroachment may not seem significant to some, I regard any incursion into a classified Wilderness Area with grave concern," said Wenatchee Forest Supervisor Sonny O'Neal.

O'Neal has formed a task force to review all current and proposed timber sales to ensure Wilderness boundaries are secure.

Major portions of seven Wildernesses are located on the Wenatchee Forest. Of more than 500 miles of boundary, nearly 350 miles must be surveyed through rugged and remote areas. A FS survey team has been accomplishing that task at a rate of about 15 miles per year since 1989. There are 270 miles remaining to be surveyed.

CHECKERBOARD BATTLE—Most of the energy of the Alpine Lakes Pro-

tection Society recently has been devoted to its struggle with Plum Creek Timber over the last major checkerboard land left in the Alpine Lakes.

ALPS has been engaged in an increasingly desperate race with Plum Creek to acquire critical sections before they are logged, while pleading with Congress for funds to buy Plum Creek out.

Lands scheduled for logging are Scatter Creek, Silver Creek (water supply for the town of Easton), West Fork Teanaway, Boulder Creek and Mineral Creek.

For more information, contact Gloria Lindstrom, Route 1 Box 890, Ellensburg WA 98926 (509-925-1807).

MOUNT HOOD CORRIDOR—A study has begun this summer to determine the future of the Highway 26 corridor between Rhododendron and the 26/35 junction. Once a wagon track, Highway 26 now transports thousands of vehicles every day and must meet the diverse needs of both local and through traffic.

Public input and involvement is encouraged. Some already-expressed concerns include: congestion and safety; environmental, cultural and historic resource preservation; involving mountain communities in the planning process; reducing dependence on the automobile for travel; and developing long-term solutions.

Meetings this fall will be held in Welches on the following dates:

October 9: 2pm to 4pm at Welches Grade School. An open house for public comment.

October 11: 7pm to 9pm at the Lions Club. An open house for public comment.

November 8: 7pm to 9pm at the Lions Club. A Citizens' Advisory Committee meeting, with time for public comment.

For more information, contact: Donna Robinson, Project Manager Oregon DOT
9002 SE McLoughlin Boulevard
Milwaukie OR 97222
503-653-3121.

OKANOGAN PLANS CLEARCUTS

—Several timber sales are planned for the most extensive remaining roadless lands on Okanogan National Forest, some including old growth.

For more information, see the sum-

continued page 32

EDITOR'S JOURNAL



On the Bald Eagle trail, Henry M. Jackson Wilderness.

MILEAGE AND ELEVATION—A reader suggested that mileage and ele-

vation be included in all reports to make them more useful.

I think that's a good idea and I'm going to try to remember to put that information in my own reports. (Yellow Cat has checked back through this summer's issues and tells me I am far from consistent.)

ADVERTISERS—Besides being great people, our advertisers are outdoor folks just like you. We encourage you to visit their businesses and use their services—and be sure to mention where you saw their ad!

Readers in the Gig Harbor area especially will want to take advantage of the coupon for Wild Birds Unlimited on page 32. Say hello to WBU's feline employees for us.

JATO—In early September I was heading south through Seattle on I-5. A license plate in the next lane caught my eye: "JATO4X4." Could it be, I thought to myself, someone from the JATO climbing group?

When I talked to JATO member

Mike Mouat about his memorial to Rick Ray (page 20, *this issue*), I asked him if someone in the group had such a license plate.

He said that a couple of them had "JATO" on their license plates, and the one I had seen belonged to him. So not only am I running into *Pack & Paddle* readers everywhere in the backcountry, I'm also spotting them on the freeway in Seattle!

GOALS—I am following with great interest Karl Ullman's trek on the PCT (page 16, *this issue*). When Lee and I did our thousand-mile PCT trip, we also found that setting goals was important—and that we had to have two or three goals in mind, because when we reached the first one, the next goal had to be ready and waiting or else we lost psychological momentum.

Because distances on the PCT are so vast on foot, we found that looking at state road maps helped us appreciate how far we had come.

LETTERS—We want to say "thanks" for all the nice letters you folks send us. Two of the longer ones appear in the "Letters" section this month. Most of the short notes are stuck on my bulletin board. Yellow Cat is especially appreciative of the ones addressed to her.

EARLY—Even though we think it's too early to get into the holiday shopping routine, our mail shows us that other magazines don't think so.

Take this as a gentle reminder that we are happy to send gift subscriptions to your hiking-paddling-skiing friends. We will even send the lucky recipient(s) a card.

See you in the backcountry,

Ann Marshall

subscribe to
PACK & PADDLE

every month read about ...

- the entertaining exploits of other backcountry people
- interesting outdoor information from all over
- helpful hints & tips so YOU can have successful backcountry trips!



sign me up for the following:

- 1 year at \$15
—2 years at \$28

yes

name _____

address _____

city, state, ZIP _____

return with payment (check or money order) to:

Pack & Paddle
PO Box 1063
Port Orchard WA 98366

Paid Advertisement

Pic-TOUR Color Maps

Pic-TOUR Topographic/color maps now total 14—a good number to summarize the Cascade trails for public use.

Each map series consists of five to seven 8½ x 14 inch pages of maps and scenic (15 per page) and aerial photos. These include one or two customized color USGS maps of selected sections of the Cascades with two to five color aerial photos and two to four pages of color scenic photos. Component parts of each map also sold separately. Write for info.

This is the ultimate in maps, with accuracy gained by personal exploration and well worth the \$15 price. With fewer roads and trails being built today maps will last a lifetime.

Mailing address:

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

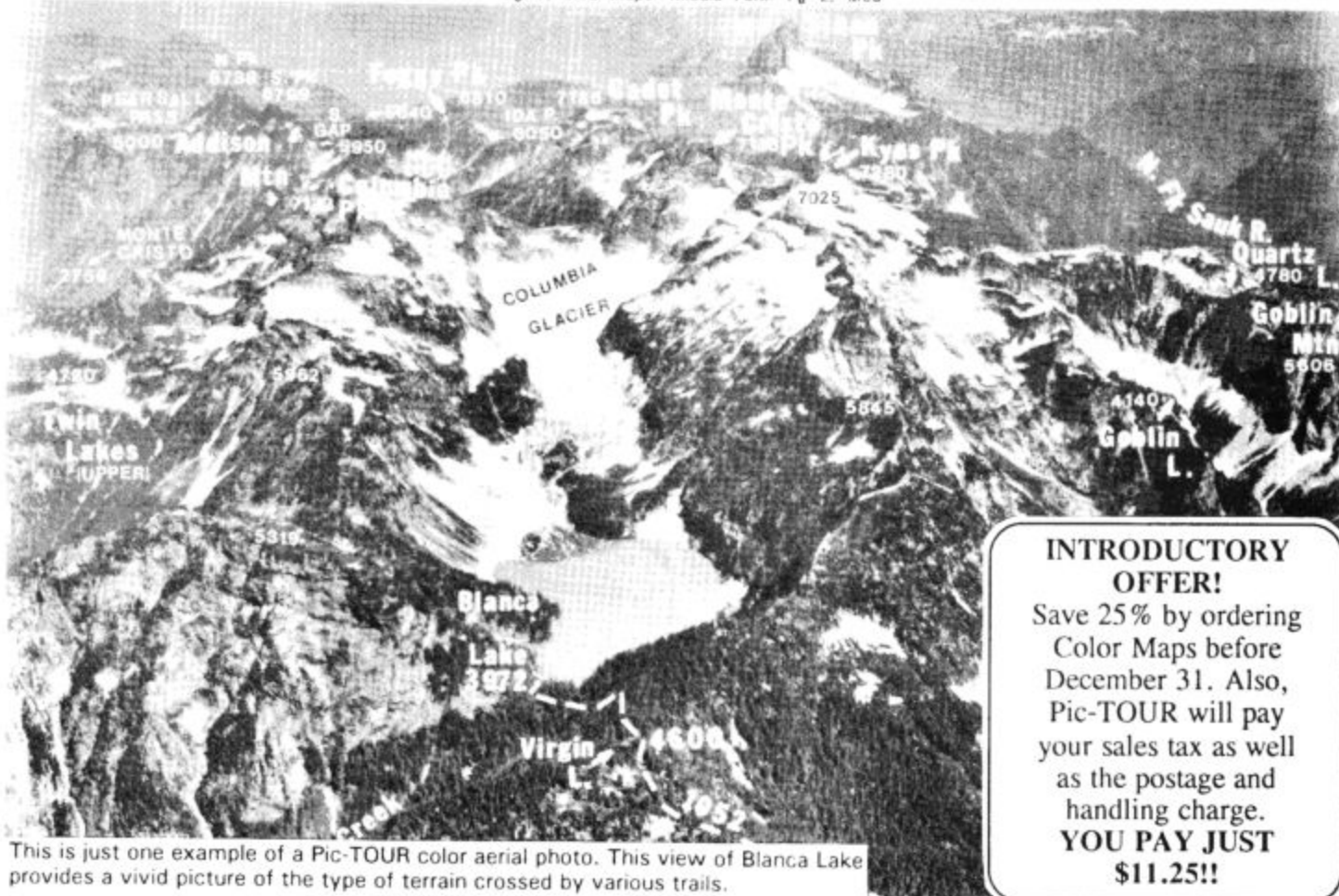
1. **Alpine Lakes—Enchantments**
Pg 1, aerial of Enchantments, 2 scenic. Pg 2, area maps. Pg 3, aeriels of Enchantment Plateau, Icicle Creek. Pg 4, aeriels of Mt. Stuart & vicinity, Enchantment Lks, Snow Lks overlook. Pgs 5-7, 42 scenic photos.
2. **Alpine Lakes—Snoqualmie Pass area**
Pg 1, aeriels of Snoqualmie Pass north, Rachel

Lk area. Pg 2, area maps with road & trail updates. Pg 3, aeriels of Snoqualmie Pass south, Snow Lk area. Pg 4, aeriels of Pratt Lk area, Kaleetan Lk. Pgs 5-7, 46 scenic photos.

3. **Greenwater, Naches Pass, Crystal Mtn**
Pg 1, area maps. Pgs 2, aerial of Crystal Mtn area. Pg 3, aeriels of Crystal Mtn, PCT south. Pgs 4-6, 45 scenic photos.
4. **Alpine Lakes—Stevens Pass area**
Pg 1, aeriels of Stevens Pass. Pg 2, area maps. Pg 3, aeriels of Eagle Lk area, Foss River including Maloney & Evans Lks. Pg 4, aeriels of Foss River, Surprise Crk. Pgs 5-6, 30 scenic photos.
5. **White Pass, Goat Rocks, Rimrock Lake**
Pg 1, area maps. Pg 2, aeriels of Cowlitz Pass, North & South Fks Tieton, McCall Basin. Pg 3, aeriels of White Pass, PCT: Cougar Lks to Chinook Pass. Pg 4, aeriels of Sand Ridge, Turner Mtn areas. Pgs 5-7, 45 scenic photos.
6. **Ross Lake, Pasayten—Winthrop, Okanogan**
Pg 1, area maps—Slate Peak to Canadian Border. Pg 2, area maps—Rainy Lk to Slate Peak. Pgs 3-6, 60 scenic photos.
7. **Mountain Loop Highway, Monte Cristo**
Pg 1, aerial of Monte Cristo area. Pg 2, area maps. Pg 3, aeriels of Twin and Blanca lks areas. Pg 4, aeriels of southern Monte Cristos. Pgs 5-7, 49 scenic photos.
8. **Mt. Baker, Shuksan, North Cascades Nat'l Park**
Pg 1, area map—Mt. Baker, Shuksan. Pg 2, area maps—The Pickets. Pg 3, aeriels of Ptarmigan Traverse, Snowing Mtn. Pg 4, aeriels of Mt. Baker (Kulshan Cabin & Schriebers Meadow areas). Pg 5, more aeriels of Ptarmigan Traverse. Pg 6, 15 scenic photos.
9. **North Bend Area, Middle Fork Snoqualmie**
Pg 1, area maps—Middle Fork. Pg 2, area

maps—Snoqualmie Lk area. Pg 3, aeriels of Derrick Lk & Preacher Mtn areas. Pg 4, aeriels of Nordrum Lk area. Pg 5, aeriels of Snoqualmie Lk & Gold Lk areas. Pgs 6-7, 30 scenic photos.

10. **Wenatchee Mountains, Columbia Basin**
Pg 1, Liberty area road update, 1 scenic photo. Pg 2, area maps—Mission Peak. Pg 3, area maps—Colocolum Pass. Pg 4, aeriels of Mission Ridge ski area, Table Mtn area. Pgs 5-6, 30 scenic photos.
11. **Easton, Cle Elum, Teanaway River**
Pg 1, area maps—North Fk Teanaway River. Pg 2, aeriels of Easton & Kachess Lakes, Goat Peak. Pg 3, aeriels of Buck Mdws, Miller Peak, Mt. Stuart area. Pg 4, Liberty area road update. Pgs 5-6, 30 scenic photos.
12. **Mt. Rainier National Park**
Pg 1, 7 scenic photos, 2 aeriels of West Side. Pg 2, area maps—West Side road, Mt. Wow. Pg 3, area maps—Golden Lks area. Pgs 4-6, 46 scenic photos.
13. **Icicle Creek, Chiwaukum Mtns, Nason Ridge**
Pg 1, area maps—Icicle Crk, Chiwaukum Mtns. Pg 2, area maps—Nason Ridge, aerial of Icicle Crk. Pg 3, aeriels of Chiwaukum Mtns. Pg 4, aeriels of Hatchery & Icicle crks. Pgs 5-7, 45 scenic photos.
14. **Olympic Nat'l Park (Mt. Olympus, Seven Lakes Basin, Bailey Range Traverse)**
Pg 1, area map & aerial—Sevens Lks Basin, 1 scenic. Pg 2, approach routes Olympic Peninsula, 1 Scenic. Pg 3, aeriels of Mt. Olympus. Pg 4, aeriels of Bailey Range. Pg 5, aeriels of Bailey Range. Pg 6, area map—Mt. Olympus & Bailey Range. Pg 7, 15 scenic photos. Pg 8, aeriels of Mt. Seattle, Lk Constance, Grand Lk, Mt. Anderson, Mt. Olympus.



This is just one example of a Pic-TOUR color aerial photo. This view of Blanca Lake provides a vivid picture of the type of terrain crossed by various trails.

INTRODUCTORY OFFER!

Save 25% by ordering Color Maps before December 31. Also, Pic-TOUR will pay your sales tax as well as the postage and handling charge.
YOU PAY JUST \$11.25!!

PANORAMA *continued from page 29*

mer issue of "Northwest Conservation," PO Box 2813, Bellingham WA 98227.

MOUNTAINS TO SOUND—The Mountains to Sounds Greenway map is now available. The map shows existing and proposed features of the Greenway, and is intended to be a draft. Your comments and ideas are welcome.

The Greenway concept encompasses a corridor from Puget Sound to Cle Elum.

For a free copy of the draft Greenway map, write to Mountains to Sound Greenway Trust, 506 Second Avenue, Suite 1502, Seattle WA 98104; or call 206-382-5565.

WATER TRAIL—The primary project of the Washington Water Trails Association is the formation of the Cascadia Marine Trail from Olympia to the Canadian border.

WATA has successfully passed legislation for a permit system (based on the Sno-Park permit system) to go into effect in January. An advisory committee will be formed this fall to determine the amount of the permit fee (probably in the range of \$5 to \$10 a year), and other details to get the Cascadia trail operating.

The permit fee will go directly into a special State Park fund to help maintain the trail and acquire additional sites.

Presently 19 campsites have been of-

ficially designated for Cascadia Marine trail use. For information on the trail, contact WATA, 4649 Sunnyside Avenue North, Suite 345, Seattle WA 98103 (206-545-9161). Regular membership is \$25 a year.

IRON GOAT—The 4-mile-long Iron Goat trail will be dedicated and formally opened at a ceremony at 1pm on October 2 at the trailhead.

Because of limited parking, shuttle buses will carry people from Skykomish Town Park to the trailhead every 15 minutes beginning at 9am. You may hike the trail before or after the ceremony. Bring a lunch and be prepared for the weather.

For more information, call the Skykomish Ranger Station, 206-677-2414.

SANDY BUTTE SKI AREA—The Sandy Butte project has been under litigation ever since 1986, with some points taken to the US Supreme Court.

Current developers, the R.D. Merrill company, recently relinquished their special use permit for a lift-served alpine ski resort. Says Winthrop District Ranger Laurie Thorpe, "It is now recognized that ... 8200 skiers at one one time would not be desirable."

Although a resort could still be built at Sandy Butte, it is likely to be based on the Nordic skiing and hiking systems that already exist.



Have you seen a
McHale & Co.
Alpineer lately?
Check out our new
patented Bypass®
shoulder harness
system and unique
double buckle belt.
Send for our free
brochure.

McHale & Company Backpacks
29 Dravus Street
Seattle WA 98109
206-281-7861

Binoculars • Spotting Scopes • Field Guides

Suet • Nature Gifts • Chimes

Wild Birds Unlimited
**Save \$2.00
off a purchase
of \$15.00
or more**

Valid with this coupon only

**We bring nature
and people together**

3711 Harborview Drive
Gig Harbor WA 98332
206-851-2575

Bird Houses • Bird Baths • Feeders • Bird Seed

Windssocks • Stain Glass Sun Catchers