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Pack & Paddle

VOLUME 2, NUMBER 11

Features

- 16 KIWI EXPERIENCE
Wendy Prohl
- 18 WINTER CAMPING SEMINAR
Lindy Bakkar
- 19 OUR WORST CAMP
Nikki Nickell
- 20 ON THE PCT: OREGON
Karl Ullman
- 24 THE SISKIYOU WILDERNESS
Kim Hyatt
- 25 UTAH HIKES
Charles Bagley and Martin Greene
- 26 NORTH LAKE RIDGE
Terry Rockafellar
- 27 RESCUE EPICS
Deborah Riehl

Departments

- 4 LETTERS TO THE EDITOR
- 5 BACKCOUNTRY NEWS
- 14 BULLETIN BOARD
- 28 PANORAMA — News from All Over
- 30 REST STOP — Equipment, Recipes, Tips
- 31 EDITOR'S JOURNAL

RANDOM VIEW—



Kellan Newberry, age 7, does a little bouldering at Big Four.

Dot Newberry

SUBMISSIONS:

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

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

BACKCOUNTRY NEWS: See information on page 5.

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

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

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

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Putting ashore on the south side of Blake Island State Park in Puget Sound, Washington. Photo by Ann Marshall / Lee McKee.

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LETTERS to the EDITOR

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

FOR YELLOW CAT

Here's a poem I wrote when I was in eighth grade:

I wish I had a yellow cat
To sit before my fire
If I could only have just that
'Twould be my heart's desire.

I wish I had a yellow fire
To warm my yellow cat
And a yellow house with a yellow
spire
Who could want more than that?

Nikki Nickell
Bainbridge Island, Washington

MAIDEN OF THE WOODS

Bad news from the Ranger at Verlot. I asked about the Maiden of the Woods as we were planning an easy hike in the area. Was told that "the Maiden" is no more. The area was clearcut and she was in the way of the chain saws.

The carving itself was apparently returned to Dudley Carter, the originator of the lady, in Edmonds.

You would think that a few trees such as this could be spared in a small grove but dollars beat deities every time.

A comment on the subject of "working cats" (July, page 31)—there are a couple in our area, too: Nails, who

works at the local hardware store, and MacMillan who is in charge of customer service at the local bookstore. Several years ago I knew a cat named Free Round that hung out in a tavern in Everett. The way he came by his name is quite a tale but I'll save that for another day.

The Animal from Maltby
Maltby, Washington

TRANSPLANTED GRIZZLIES

Winston knows where he belongs, even if the government officials had other ideas originally. (I wonder if they still do.)

[See this issue, page 29. Also see Pack & Paddle, April 1993, page 18, "Looking for Mr. Goodbear," for Winston's story. And June 1993, page 17, "Where's Winston?," for an update.]

If the planned grizzly transplants into the North Cascades National Park, Pasayten Wilderness, and other areas are carried out, what reason do we have to believe that the transplanted grizzlies will behave any differently from the way Winston behaved?

I hope that while they are on their ways back home, neither they nor people come to harm.

Plot Winston's path on a map, and then do the same for Washington State

areas. Your transplanted grizzlies are not going to have as easy a way to get home (avoiding people) as Winston did.

David Ryeburn
Burnaby, British Columbia

CHECK IT OUT

Regarding the Massie Lake High Route report, *October 1993*, page 8, it seems to be necessary again to point out that statements like "no map since gives it even a dashed line" should be checked out on ALL maps before making written comment.

Pic-TOUR has had the route printed on its maps from the beginning. It is currently shown on "Cascade Mountain Foothills-3B-1990," marked NM, (not maintained). I checked this area out on October 6, 1951.

Please give proper credit to others in your reports. Pic-TOUR has likely been there before you.

Robert M. Kinzebach
Pic-TOUR Maps
Federal Way, Washington

[Realizing that not everyone has extensive map libraries, Pack & Paddle does try to provide extra sources for map information, especially for such things as abandoned trails and high routes.

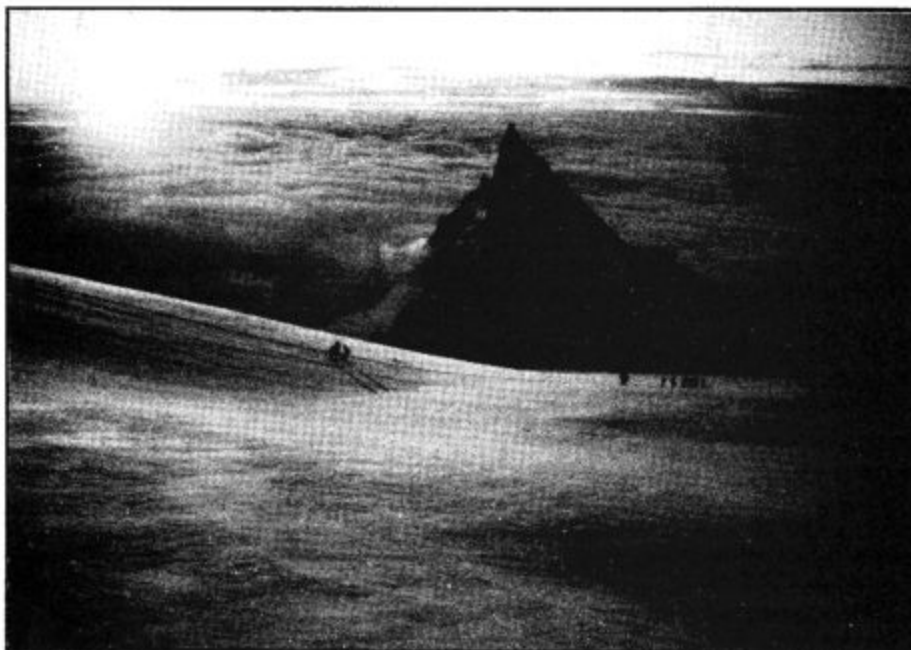
In the case of the Massie Lake High Route, we checked our files and found it on only one map, which we listed. But even our files are not complete. We didn't have Pic-Tour's "Cascade Mountain Foothills-3B" so we missed that source of Massie Lake High Route information. —AM.]

LOST

Once *Pack & Paddle* arrives I can kiss the afternoon good-bye! Out come the maps and hiking books and away we go—lost in the pages of the great outdoor northwest.

Thank you for being such a dependable guide.

Don Wallace
Seattle, Washington



Ken Hopping

Sunrise over Ingram Flats and Little Tahoma, from Mount Rainier.





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



 **QUEETS BASIN** (*Olympic Natl Park; USGS Bunch Lake, Mount Hoquiam, Kimta Peak, Mount Christie, Mount Queets*)—We went in over Low Divide, 10 miles shorter than the trudge up the Elwha. Between Trapper and Twelve-Mile Camps is a nest of yellowjackets right in the trail. Watch for a small paper flag that marks the hazard.


The trail from Chicago Camp to Elwha Basin is in good condition. Cairns and visible tread mark the route through some recent river re-alignment.

Tread through Elwha Basin is hard to spot in the grass. Beyond the "No Fires" sign the tread is distinct but the route is *difficult*.

Just before the route drops back to the Elwha, Lee spotted a giant yellow-jacket nest hanging from an alder branch about pack height. We detoured around (me in raingear for insurance).

The Snowfinger was completely melted out except for a few hundred yards at the Snow Hump. Dodwell Rixon Pass was snowfree, as was the upper Queets Basin except for a few patches below Mount Barnes.

Good camping at several places in the lower basin. Lots of well-mannered bears.—Ann Marshall, 9/28-10/4.

 **UPPER ROYAL BASIN** (*Olympic Natl Park; USGS Mount Deception*)—Upon arriving at the Upper Dungeness River trailhead, I learned that the road to the Tubal Cain Mine trail was now open after being closed most of the summer.


I started out on the Dungeness River trail but after about 10 minutes it crossed Royal Creek and continued on a fork to the right up the Royal Basin trail which climbs a minor ridge before starting a long traverse to the left. I observed no tents in the lower basin below Royal Lake nor was anyone camped at or near the lake. It seemed that I had the whole valley to myself.

As I was leaving the meadow just below the upper lake, a glance out of the corner of my eye revealed what appeared to be a dead marmot. I was incensed to think someone might shoot one these animals. I approached the boulder to get a closer look and was pleasantly surprised when this "dead" marmot slowly drew himself up on his haunches, whistled and then scampered into one of his escape holes.

The upper basin is as beautiful as ever with clear views in every direction. Looking up at the saddle between Mount Deception and Mount Fricaba, I noticed that the snowfield I had crossed

to get to our campsite (a few years ago) on a climb of Mount Mystery was still loaded with snow and was probably now nothing but ice. I had incorrectly assumed that this snow melted during the summer.

I started back down the trail, feeling somewhat smug at having all this scenic valley to myself, and was startled when another hiker suddenly appeared behind me out of nowhere. I found out that he had hiked up toward the Fricaba-Deception saddle and had turned back after encountering a very firm snowfield without an ice ax.—BRN, Bainbridge Island, 9/18.

 **RICH PASSAGE** (*NOAA chart 18449*)—Our local paddle club met in the little town of Manchester at 9am. A small boat ramp gave us just room enough to launch our boats; we parked the cars uphill a couple of blocks next to the library. We were joined by Jack and Ingrid, who came all the way from Redmond to paddle with our little group.

We decided on a one-way trip of about 8 miles north around Point Glover to the town of Port Orchard, which would take us through narrow Rich Passage. The outgoing tide wouldn't be unmanageable, we decided.

Lee and I were in our brand-new Eskimo double kayak. It handled wonderfully and we felt very secure through the eddies and tide rips in Rich Passage.

When paddling through the passage, it's handy to know the ferry schedule. Although the big boats slow way down going through here, it could be unnerving to have one sneak up on you. We were just opposite Point White when the Bremerton ferry lumbered into the

BACKCOUNTRY NEWS DEADLINE: November 22

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

channel. We had plenty of room to wait in a small cove while it passed. As we neared Port Orchard we saw several large motorboats with racing numbers—a time-lapse race, apparently. The day was cool and cloudy but we all enjoyed the trip.

We took out in mud flats so deep I nearly lost my boots and I had a heck of a time trying to walk and haul the bow end of the kayak. Lee said the trick was to step quickly. So I tried stepping quickly and ended up on my nose in the mud. The others came to my aid and I finally reached solid ground.

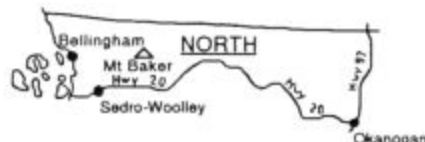
We brought the kayaks up to the east end of the large parking lot by Puget Sound Bank, then Bert drove three of us back to Manchester to get the cars. This trip could also be done in the opposite direction.—Ann Marshall, 10/16.

HAMMA HAMMA ROAD—Bridge repair is completed and road is open.—Ranger, 10/1.

DOSEWALLIPS ROAD—Gate at the Park boundary closes mid-October.—Ranger, 10/1.

HOOD CANAL DISTRICT—Many roads are gated through 4/30 for wildlife habitat. Trailheads affected include Church Creek, Upper South Fork Skok, and Wynoochee. Call 206-877-5254 for more information.—Ranger, 10/1.

NORTH



HIGH PASS, GARGETT MINE (Mount Baker Wilderness; USGS Mount Larrabee)—We drove through thick fog up the Mount Baker Highway to the Twin Lakes turn-off and into brilliant sunshine!

As Jane reported last month on their hike to Winchester Mountain (October, page 6) the last 2 miles of the road to the lakes are rough. We didn't feel 4WD was a must but high clearance is essential. Our Jeep did fine.

Twin Lakes is an absolutely beautiful spot. The 2.6 mile trail (750 feet elevation gain) to High Pass is in fine shape though somewhat sheer in spots. The blueberries were thick, as were the biting gnats which seem to be everywhere this fall.

The only water is at a small stream just below High Pass near the Gargett Mine. The views are tremendous. We couldn't help but wonder who Gargett was and what made him choose this scenic spot for his mine? He had quite a set-up up there and some heavy equipment; yikes ... someone's aching back!—Mystery Hiker and Mr. Maphead, Granite Falls, 10/4-5.

WATSON LAKES (Noisy-Diobud Wilderness; USGS Bacon Peak)—The trailhead is reached by crossing Baker Lake at the dam and driving north. The drive itself provided good views of Mount Baker and Baker Lake.

The up-and-down trail reaches Watson Lakes in 2½ miles. The camp areas have been well-used over the years, and the Forest Service is trying to revegetate and close down some of the social trails that have sprung up.

The two lakes were surrounded by blueberries, which were at their brilliant peak. There are two side trails. One heads south ½-mile to Anderson Lakes (I saw only one lake). This spur takes off about 1½ miles in from the trailhead. A meadow just beyond the lake provides an unobstructed view of Mount Baker.

Another spur 1 mile in from the trailhead ascends north very steeply for ½-mile to Anderson Butte. Here you'll see



Don Paulson

Hughes Creek, in the Elwha Valley, Olympic National Park.

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BACKCOUNTRY NEWS

north to the Pickets, Shuksan and beyond, and south all the way to Rainier.—John Walenta, Seattle, 10/2.

PCT, Harts Pass to Canadian Border (*Pasayten Wilderness; USGS Pasayten Peak, Shull Mountain, Castle Peak*)—We arrived at Harts Pass on Friday afternoon in a downpour. We made arrangements to leave our car across from the ranger station; marmots have been known to chew through electrical wires of cars left higher up on Slate Peak.

We left Harts Pass on Saturday. Just before Benson Basin the clouds lifted and the sun came out. As we rounded the basin we met a young couple with a baby traveling with two llamas going south. We thought of them often on this trip when the weather was bad.

Not until Windy Pass do you leave behind the scars of mining and roads. The trail enters a larch forest on the way to the pass on Tamarack Peak. There is camping in both basins on either side of this pass, the east side being the best choice.

We got as far as Oregon Basin with our heavy packs. We camped just below the trail and had to descend even lower for water.

On day two the sun burned the low clouds away by ten. As we traversed over to the Devil's Backbone, we were passed by three runners with no packs. We did not see them again so they must have returned on the West Pasayten Trail. We enjoyed a lengthy lunch at Shaw Creek. By the time we got to Holman Pass it was raining. We headed east and dropped to a sheltered camp on Holman Creek just before the West Fork Pasayten River trail.

It rained *hard* all night and most of the next day. We were finally able to go for a short 3-mile walk north on the Pasayten River trail. We found the trail to be very muddy from high horse use and the wet summer.

On Tuesday we went back up to Holman Pass. The way up was easier as a passing mule team of trail workers had cut out several logs that had been across the trail.

We continued up the PCT to Goat Lakes Basin, climbing about 1100 feet in 3 miles on a well-graded trail. The rain turned to periodic snow showers. At the basin we did our best to get out of the cold wind for lunch. A few sun breaks helped.

We passed several groups of people going south on our way to Rock Pass. Many were dressed only in cotton even in the snow showers. The trail crew has also worked this section of the trail. At the pass, we looked at the old trail that

stays high over to Woody Pass. This beautiful new trail drops down and under the rocky cliffs, then up again.

At the Rock Creek trail we left the PCT again for a sheltered camp. It is about 1/2-mile over to Coney Basin to a nice camp in the trees with lots of good water nearby. It was 33 degrees at dinner time.

The sun came out in the morning to warm and dry us. The traverse around Three Fools Peak was a wet one with more rain. At the top of Lakeview Ridge the sun came out for a short time. We finally reached our high point of 7100 feet before we descended to Hopkins Lake 700 feet below.

Day six started out cold, with frost on the ground and finally a clear sky with no clouds. We put on our fanny packs and headed for the border. Just before Castle Pass, we took a side trip up to Frosty Pass on a brand new trail.

We made quick work of the last stretch of the PCT to the border. We had the border—and the flies—to ourselves. After lunch and pictures, we hiked back to camp.

The good weather lasted only a day. Moving camp a short way to Mountain Home Basin the next day, we enjoyed a few sun breaks in the afternoon while we read and rested from the 18-mile trip of the previous day.

Maybe we should have gone farther—we left camp on Saturday in a snow-storm! We had snow and rain showers all the way over to Goat Lakes Basin. This basin is open to south winds, so we decided to drop to Holman Pass for more protection from the weather.

We found a waterless camp just west of the pass. It rained all night. The sun was out again as we climbed on the well-graded switchbacks out of Holman Pass. We finally made it to our best camp just east of Tamarack Peak. We watched the full moon come up and enjoyed the sunset glow.

It was hard to leave in the morning. We got to hike in shorts and actually got too hot! At Benson Basin we passed several families out for day hikes.

Our original plan was to restock and go south on the PCT, but the bad weather had drained us. We heard the good weather was going to continue, but we had already made up our minds. What we wanted was real food and a hot shower, which we found in Winthrop.

It is a real challenge hiking in wet weather with two dogs. Once the tent went up, they wanted to get inside. Their sleeping pad went in next. By the time we were ready for bed, they were dry and fairly clean. Their packs helped to keep them warm and dry. They did not like the snow either!

We found the PCT to be in excellent shape. Trail crews have cut out trees and done minor trail repairs—especially in places where the trail crosses scree slopes. The section north of Castle Pass does need to be brushed.—Linda and Steve Rostad, Bothell, 8/20-30.

GOAT PEAK LOOKOUT (*Okanogan Natl Forest; USGS McLeod Mountain*)—This is a long drive up several rough roads for a very short hike (5 miles roundtrip; 1400 foot gain). At this time of year, after driving up from Seattle and setting up the tent, there isn't enough daylight for anything much longer.

This appears to be a popular trail for casual hikers; most people did not have packs. One hour's modest effort put us on top with a pretty good 360 degree. With my binoculars, I could pick out the next lookout east (on North Twentymile Peak) and west (Slate Peak).—John Walenta, Seattle, 10/9.

GRASSHOPPER PASS (*Okanogan Natl Forest; USGS Slate Peak*)—While it's another clear and sunny day, the air is quite cool. The puddles in the parking area have a coating of ice.

Take the road to Hart's Pass from Mazama (paved 10 miles, then 10 miles of very good dirt); turn south at the pass on the road signed "Meadows Campground," and go a short distance to the end. There is just a dusting of snow in some of the shaded areas.

Follow the PCT 5 1/2 miles south to Grasshopper Pass (unsigned). You'll know you're there—just beyond the flat, open pass the trail drops steeply, switchbacking down to the valley of South Fork Slate Creek. Mount Ballard will be right in your face, and, if the sun is right, two turquoise tarns at the foot of Ballard will be winking at you.

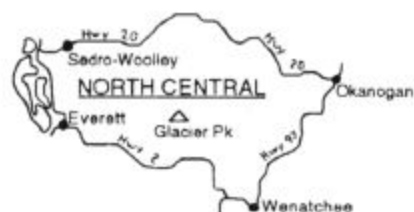
At the point where the trail begins to drop, you can locate a way-trail and follow it about 1/4-mile to knoll 7125. If everyone else has already departed, as they had on this day, you can sit down and wonder if you want to spend the rest of your life here.—John Walenta, Seattle, 10/10.

NORTH CASCADES NATL PARK—Lots of bears, fall colors and cold nights. Highway 20 is still open. Cascade River road is open. Stehkin shuttle service has ended for the season.

Although Ross Lake and upper Lake Chelan are part of the National Park System, they are designated "National Recreation Areas" and hunting is allowed here.—Ranger, 10/18.

BACKCOUNTRY NEWS

NORTH CENTRAL



**▲ GOAT FLATS, THREE FIN-
GERS** (*Boulder River Wilderness; USGS Whitehorse Mountain, Meadow Mountain*)—We'd planned this trip for over a month and decided to go in spite of the iffy weather report. It was raining when we got to the trailhead and rained steadily all day. We started out anyway. The trail was incredibly muddy with lots of puddles and running water.

We decided to put down at Saddle Lake and see what developed on our second day out. As we were beginning to make our way around the lake on the very muddy trail we saw the shelter in a meadow just left of the lake—such a welcome sight. We immediately made ourselves at home.

Day two was foggy but not rainy so we headed out once again. More mud, more water, and lots of clouds. We were very surprised to see how little snow was between Tin Pan Gap and the summit. No need for our crampons and almost no need of an ice ax.

The last bit of going up the ladders to the summit is still a thrill. We enjoyed seeing 16 ptarmigans, almost totally white by now.—Mystery Hiker, Mr. Maphead, Cousin Laurie and Rick, Granite Falls, 10/15-17.

▲ TWENTY LAKES BASIN (*Mount Pilchuck State Park; USGS Mallardy Ridge, Verlot*)—I read Peg Ferm's report on her hike to Mount Pilchuck (*September, page 11*) with interest as we've been out to the "group of picturesque tarns" in years past by way of Frozen Lake and by way of the cut-off near the summit but never by way of Pinnacle Lake.

The 2-mile trail to the lake is in okay shape, fairly muddy in spots and with plenty of twisted roots to trip you up, but on the whole this part of the hike is easily done.

Once at the lake we crossed the outlet on boulders (it's barely running now) and skirted the lake to the west side. At a small campsite we headed up the obvious gully to the ridge of Mount Pilchuck and the "lakes," most of which are quite small and no more than a foot deep. This is called "Iodine Gulch."

Though the route is very clear, no real trail exists and this is not an easy hike. It's straight up, at times very steep and loose. I agree with Peg about the information in *100 Hikes in the Glacier Peak Region*. Having done all the routes now I think the Pinnacle Lake route is the most difficult but ALL of them are a challenge.

The route following the yellow paint dots (near the summit) is very steep in spots and has some sections that are downright dangerous. The paint dots (who did that anyway?) lead out along the ridge to the top of Iodine Gulch (the name also painted on a rock) and down to Pinnacle Lake.

The views are nice but not as good as from the lookout on top. The ridge cuts off half (to the north) and—I feel compelled to repeat—this is a very steep, dangerous area! The little biting gnats were thick and very much a nuisance.—Mystery Hiker and Mr. Maphead, Granite Falls, 9/27.

**▲ ASHLAND LAKES, TWIN
FALLS** (*DNR; USGS Mallardy Ridge, Verlot*)—It's getting harder and harder for us to find a hike in our "back yard" (the Mountain Loop) that we haven't already done.

Though we'd been to Ashland Lakes a couple of times I'd never been to Twin Falls. The hike to the lakes is not a difficult one. Just about every map or book states a different mileage and elevation gain but it's around 2 miles (one way) and 500 to 700 feet up.

The lakes are low, in the trees and marshy. Bug city in the summer. The falls are another 1½ miles from lower Ashland Lake and 700 to 900 feet down. They're really very pretty—a chain of falls, pools, and more falls, reminding me somewhat of Hawaii.

No bugs at all as we've had several hard freezes. This area is closed to camping from October 15 till June 15 as they pull out the sanicans for the winter.—Mystery Hiker and Mr. Maphead, Granite Falls, 10/11.

▲ BLANCA LAKE (*Henry M. Jackson Wilderness; USGS Blanca Lake*)—We arrived at the Skykomish Ranger Station early in the morning to obtain information on the Evergreen Mountain hike, but were told the road was washed out, and would not be repaired for at least 3 years. Since we did not want to add an additional 6 miles each way to the 3 mile round-trip hike, we opted for Blanca Lake.

This being a sunny Sunday in October, we anticipated crowds at the trailhead and on the trail. We counted 6 cars in the parking lot, and met a few small groups of folks, which did not

seem bad. The trail was in good condition for the first 3 miles to Virgin Lake, and the boundary of the Henry M. Jackson Wilderness. We averaged 1000 feet of elevation gain in those three miles, with thirty-something switchbacks.

At the lake the trail began to deteriorate, and the last ½-mile to Blanca Lake was a mess. We stumbled 600 feet downward, clutching tree roots and crawling over rocks.

We had lunch overlooking the lake from the south shore, bypassing the outlet stream crossing, which roared in the distance. While we ate, we watched a couple with a hefty-sized video camera film their hike back up the hill to Virgin Lake. Perhaps they'll give a copy of the tape to someone in trail maintenance as evidence of need.—Laura, Ken and Emmett Wild, Marysville, 10/10.

**▲ SUIATTE RIVER/MILK
CREEK LOOP** (*Glacier Peak Wilderness; USGS Lime Mountain, Gamma Peak*)—Steve and I loaded up our gear and our two dogs for a fall backpack on the north side of Glacier Peak. The trail up the Suiatte River is in great shape. It was high hunt time so we were passed by several groups on horses. We camped at Canyon Creek the first night.

Day two was more of a challenge. We continued up to the PCT where we headed south to cross the Suiatte River on a sturdy bridge. We climbed up the "big fill" and then traveled on fairly level ground to Vista Creek. Gamma Creek was dry so we camped at Vista.

Our good weather was gone on day three. We left our camp dry, but as we gained elevation we were in mist, which turned to rain, and then snow. On our ascent we disturbed a bee's nest and I ended up with lots of bees on both my ankles and I got a few stings! We found shelter from the snow in a stand of trees next to the long-gone Dolly Vista Shelter. The trail was well-graded, but we knew we had climbed 2900 feet with full packs.

It snowed all night and most of the next day. I got bored reading in the tent and took the dogs for a 3-mile walk over to the Grassy Point trail. I went part way out before turning back.

A surprise on Tuesday morning—clear skies! The views east were spectacular with fresh snow down to about 5000 feet. We moved our camp about 3 miles to the Milk Creek High Camp. The trail was mostly snow free, but slippery. As we set up camp we met five hikers who had started in Mexico in April. One couple was from Spain.

On day six we took a day hike over to Fire Creek Pass and back. Lots of

BACKCOUNTRY NEWS

down and up, but the trail is well-graded and in good shape. At Milk Creek, we talked with a couple of bridge construction workers (see *October*, page 9). Boards made the crossing easy. At Fire Creek Pass we found 5 to 6 inches of snow. We had a dry camp so we carried a bucket full of water up from Milk Creek. That night we enjoyed a beautiful sunset while we ate dinner.

Our final day was a real challenge going out Milk Creek. Because we had not read the bulletin board, we did not know about the 65+ trees down across the trail. (I stopped counting at 65.)

There were several tricky washouts to get across also. At the last stream crossing we followed flags and soon discovered these marked a new trail to be built to the bridge across the Suiattle River. Hopefully this trail will be logged and fixed early next year.—Linda and Steve Rostad, Bothell, 9/17-23.

WOLF CREEK TRAIL—When you ski the 15-mile trail from Sun Mountain to Mazama this winter, you'll notice some improvements. Just about half-way along, you come to the Wolf Ridge Resort, and now you can stop for snacks and hot drinks, a blazing fire, and rest rooms. You don't need to be a paying guest at Wolf Ridge; all you need is your MVSTA trail pass.

Wolf Ridge's 40 acres of trees and pasture is about six miles up the Wolf Creek Road. For information call them at 800-237-2388 or 509-996-2828.

For Methow Central Reservations, call 800-422-3048 or 509-996-2148.—MVSTA's *Trails*, Winthrop.

MAPLE PASS (*Okanogan Natl Forest; USGS Washington Pass, Mount Arriva, McGregor Mountain*)—This hike was a perfect end-of-summer trip to the heart of the North Cascades. With blue skies all around, we saw more peaks than we ever thought existed.

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

The trailhead is located at the Rainy Pass Picnic Area off Highway 20, elevation 4855 feet. The first 1½ miles to the Lake Ann turnoff are well worn; many folks stop at the lake. The real rewards lie ahead.

The trail contours above the lake, climbing through rocks and meadows to Heather Pass, 6200 feet, at 3 miles. Side trails lead to Lewis Lake, shimmering green and visible in a cirque to the south, and Wing Lake, not visible from the pass. The trail climbs another mile to Maple Pass, 6600 feet.

From there, side trails lead east and west to views all around. We ate lunch sitting face to face with Corteo Mountain, and admired the glaciers of Black Mountain. Glacier Peak gleamed to the south.

We took our time coming down, as our two-year-old chose to walk rather than ride. We saw only four other folks at Maple Pass, and encountered four more at Heather Pass.—Laura Wild, Marysville, 10/3.

POE MOUNTAIN (*Wenatchee Natl Forest; USGS Poe Mountain*)—We chose this hike because we expected a short, steep climb to panoramic views, and that's exactly what we got. Road access is on the Little Wenatchee River Road 65. The trailhead is at the road's end. An alternate route to the summit is mentioned in *100 Hikes in the North Cascades*, but road 2817 wasn't signed, and we didn't plan to take that route anyway.

The trail gains 3000 feet in 3 miles; I really felt I was fighting gravity the whole way up! Several spur trails lead off the ridge top between 2 and 3 miles. We stayed on the most boot-worn track and had no problems finding the former lookout site at 6015 feet.

Four Mountaineers were eating their lunch when we arrived. Considering it was a beautiful day, we were glad we had chosen a hike that hadn't attracted more people.

Views from the summit were the most far-reaching I had ever experienced. We could see the Olympics, much of Glacier Peak, Rainier, the Goat Rocks and out into the flatland of Eastern Washington.—Laura Wild, Marysville, 9/26.

DARRINGTON DISTRICT—The Pugh Mountain road will be closed 10/15 to 6/1 to protect mountain goats. The Suiattle River road is open, but construction continues in the area.

Ice Caves have formed at Big Four. The caves are dangerous to enter because they collapse without warning.

Perry Creek trail now has an outhouse at the falls; please use it.

Downey Creek trail is in good condition for 3 miles; then brush with mud, and cross-country beyond 6 miles.

Due to overuse, Goat Lake, Saddle Lake and Image Lake are closed to camping.

On Glacier Peak, crevasses are open; conditions are icy with new snow above 6000 feet. Please use outhouse at Boulder Basin.—Ranger, 10/18.

LAKE WENATCHEE DISTRICT—Some roads will be closed this winter for wildlife protection and to prevent road damage. Call the Ranger Station (509-763-3103) for closure information.—Ranger, 10/18.

CENTRAL



LITTLE SI (*DNR; USGS Snoqualmie*)—The Little Si trailhead has experienced a significant increase in use this year for a number of reasons. The most significant was the closure of the Mount Si trail and the restrictions at Tiger Mountain for trail reconstruction.

Another reason for the increase in hikers has been the publishing of articles listing Little Si as one of the best low mountains, or "blobs." Finally, rock climbing activity has increased since a guidebook was published for the area.

The Little Si trailhead is unique since the parking area and the trailhead are separated by a residential neighborhood and the increased use has had a very negative impact on the people who live here.

As users of this wonderful resource, the climbing/hiking community has a responsibility to respect the rights of this neighborhood. All users of Little Si are encouraged to observe the following guidelines:

1. Park in the lot adjacent to the bridge. There is no parking right at the trailhead or along the street. If the parking area is full additional parking is available along Mount Si Road, away from the trailhead. Please observe all "No Parking" signs.

2. Walk on the side of the street, not down the center.

3. There are no litter or sanitation facilities at the trailhead. Please keep this in mind during your visit.

4. The cliffs near the trailhead are on

BACKCOUNTRY NEWS

private property. Please avoid these areas or ask permission before climbing near the street level.

5. Avoid loud and profane language in the residential area.

Anyone interested in becoming involved with this or any other access issue in Washington, please contact Elden Altizer at 206-643-5175 or by mail at 5639 126th Avenue SE, Bellevue WA 98006.

MOUNT SI (DNR; USGS Mount Si)—The Mount Si trail is used heavily by Seattle mountaineers and others for conditioning. I have been up this trail many times but I was curious about the changes that had been made to the trail this summer. I therefore left work a couple of hours early on my way to the Meany Ski Hut to check it out.

On the way up I was looking for differences but had difficulty detecting anything I considered major. However, as I neared the top and started climbing through the boulders, I discovered that little steps had been chiseled or cemented to form stone stairs for several feet. After experiencing the clearest view of Mount Rainier and surrounding terrain that I ever recall seeing from the top of Mount Si, I headed back down.

It was on my return trip that I began to appreciate the changes to the trail. It was much smoother than before. The portion of the trail that crossed one of the lower benches and was perennially a swamp had been rerouted to what appeared to be drier terrain. We'll find out for sure when the rains come.—BRN, Bainbridge Island, 10/1.

RATTLESNAKE LEDGE (Cedar River Watershed; USGS North Bend)—A new trail from Rattlesnake Lake to Rattlesnake Ledge was built this summer by the Seattle Water Department in cooperation with the Issaquah Alps Trails Club and the Mountaintops to Sound Greenway.

The new trail climbs quickly, gaining 1300 feet to the turnaround. It winds through the forest west of the ledge and provides several excellent views of the Cedar River Watershed, which is managed and maintained by the Seattle Water Department.

Because it is part of the watershed, access to the ledge is permitted only along the established trail. The old trail, hewn by users, was steep, heavily eroded and unstable, and had become a safety and environmental hazard.

The trailhead at the east end of Rattlesnake Lake is 4.5 miles south of I-5 (Exit 32 at North Bend) on the Cedar Falls Road.

JACK CREEK, TROUT CREEK (Alpine Lakes Wilderness; USGS Cashmere Mountain)—After spending the morning at Bruce's Boulder practicing rock climbing (actually, I only belayed), we wanted to grab a hike before starting the long drive back to Seattle. We'd never been here before.

My edition of *100 Hikes* has the trailhead in a different place, so I won't confuse you with driving directions. Get a more recent edition or call the Leavenworth Ranger Station (509-782-1413) for directions.

When we got to the trailhead a couple of young guys drove up and in a few split seconds were ready to hit the trail with full packs. They seemed to know the area so we asked their advice about which trail would be the most scenic given our late start (11:45am). They recommended taking the Trout Creek fork and hiking to Trout Lake—about 5 or 6 miles away.

The trail is in good condition and is well-signed at junctions. The trail mostly goes through semi-open pine forest and traverses the upper edge of some clearcuts. At about 2 miles we reached the junction with Jack Creek. We turned left for Trout Creek.

Other than the two young men we didn't encounter anyone else all day. Fall has definitely come to Leavenworth—the vine maples are turning and the grasses are getting that deep golden look.

We climbed about 2000 feet before we reached the traverse above the clearcuts, splotted with lots of fall color. We caught up briefly to the young men who were taking a break. I couldn't resist asking them what they did for a living because they were in such incredible shape. One of them ran a tree-service in the area and the other one was merely "along."

We had established a turnaround time of 3:30 but at 3:20 we still hadn't reached the trail junction for Trout Lake, so we did what people usually do—we moved up the turnaround time because we just knew we were close to the lake. In 10 minutes we reached Trout Lake.

Trout Lake is beautiful and we had it all to ourselves. Camps are plentiful. It was cold enough that we had to put on hats and gloves. Ten minutes later we were on our way back out. We scurried as fast as we could down the trail and reached the car at 6pm. We estimated we hiked 10 to 12 miles round trip with an elevation gain of 2000 feet.—Karen Sykes, Seattle, 9/17.

COLCHUCK LAKE (Alpine Lakes Wilderness; USGS Cashmere Mountain, Enchantment Lakes)—It's great to be hiking again after a series of orthopedic misadventures.

I had never been to Colchuck Lake and I was surprised at the scenic qualities of the area. I had thought it was just a staging area for getting to the Upper Enchantments. The many campers were well-dispersed among the rocks, so while there is no solitude here, it's also easy to locate a niche for yourself.—John Walenta, Seattle, 9/17.

CHATTER CREEK (Alpine Lakes Wilderness; USGS Jack Ridge, Chiwaukum Mountains)—There's parking for a few cars up a short spur road just beyond Chatter Creek campground on the Icicle Creek Road. This trail quickly becomes very steep and stays that way.

It's supposed to be 3½ miles to the shoulder of Grindstone Mountain, but I felt like I'd gone twice that distance. I dropped down into meadows which were experiencing a population explosion of pikas and marmots. The trail becomes very sketchy and the cairns are too small to be of much help.

This was my first really strenuous hike of the year; I was running out of time and energy, and the trail began to head east—away from my intended destination, Lake Edna. Maybe another year.—John Walenta, Seattle, 9/18.

LAKE STUART (Alpine Lakes Wilderness; USGS Cashmere Mountain, Enchantment Lakes, Mount Stuart)—Most of the traffic heads to Colchuck; I saw only two other parties above the trail junction.

Although a sunny, warm day, the meadows along Mountaineer Creek were brown and dead, making it really feel like fall. Good scenery along the trail and at the lake; it's simply overshadowed by Colchuck.—John Walenta, Seattle, 9/25.

FOURTH OF JULY TRAIL TO ICICLE LOOKOUT (Alpine Lakes Wilderness; USGS Cashmere Mountain)—Parking is alongside the Icicle Road; the first ½-mile is deceptively easy, but then it takes off on the way to a 4600-foot gain. Another hot day and the trail is mostly exposed to the sun.

I encountered only one other party; they "speedwalked" past me and were already heading down by the time I reached the lookout site. Good isolation up here—there weren't even any animals, probably due to a lack of water: the springs had dried up.

BACKCOUNTRY NEWS

There was no wind and no sound except the occasional twitter of a passing bird. I was reminded of the deafening silences I have felt in the Great Basin deserts.—John Walenta, Seattle, 9/26.

MOUNT MARGARET (*Wenatchee Natl Forest; USGS Chikamin Peak*)—I arrived at the trailhead parking lot (4 miles from the Hyak exit off I-90) at 10am and found that 5 or 6 cars had arrived ahead of me. From the parking lot I walked about .9-mile on road 4934 to the real trailhead.

For about the first 1.25 miles the trail switchbacks through a fairly recent clearcut which is now densely refreshing itself with mostly 2 to 5 foot noble firs. On every switchback to the right I had spectacular views of Mount Rainier.

At about the 1.25 mile point the trail entered a forest of tall firs which continue to the ridge. At 1.8 miles the trail forks with trail 1332a dropping over the ridge to Margaret Lake. I continued on the main trail for another .25-mile.

At this point a hiker's trail branches to the right and follows the ridge over one minor hump to the top of Mount Margaret. I arrived at the summit at noon.

The top is above the tree line with an elevation of just under 5600 feet (the trailhead parking lot is at just under 3600 feet) and provides excellent views to the west of Margaret Lake, Stonethrow Lake and Swan Lake. To the north I could see many lakes and a fantastic view of Mount Thompson.

I retraced my steps down the trail to my car. The entire roundtrip only took 2 hours and provided an excellent workout plus unsurpassed scenery. The parking lot was overflowing.—BRN, Bainbridge Island, 10/10.

LEAVENWORTH DISTRICT—The larch should be in full color by the end of October. Watch for log trucks on the Icicle Road Monday through Friday. Permits *not* required for the Enchantments from 10/15 until next spring.—Ranger, 10/12.

TEANAWAY ROAD—Reconstruction and graveling will continue on the North Fork Teanaway road 9737. Expect delays of up to 20 minutes.—Ranger, 10/12.

SALMON LA SAC—Expect rough roads and minor delays as work continues between French Cabin Creek and Salmon la Sac. The road may be closed for 2 hours between 10am and noon on blasting days.—Ranger, 10/12.



Bill Lynch and the Thorp Mountain Lookout, Wenatchee National Forest.

Jane Habegger

SOUTH CENTRAL



NOT-NAMED-PEAK (*Mount Rainier Natl Park; USGS Mount Rainier West*)—This day hike is an excellent spot to get above the crowd and have a spectacular view of Adams, Saint Helens and into Oregon.

The peak, which looks more like a green-topped haystack, looms above Van Trump Park on the south slope of Mount Rainier. The scramble up from Van Trump Park is on a moraine, largely on loose sand and rock. The top, at 6624 feet, is a great place to spend mid-day, unless the wind is blowing. Almost no bugs there this late in the year.

The way to make this a spectacular trek is to start at the trailhead about two hours before sunrise. Take the Comet Falls/Van Trump Park trail, up a few miles from Longmire. The lower trail is mostly in woods, so even under a full moon, as it was for me, you will need flashlights. Watch out for the shadow monsters that you will cast with your light—there's one behind every

rock and shrub.

You will get well into Van Trump Park by the time the sun comes over the Cushman Crest, giving you some beautiful color to capture. (Take a tripod because the early light will give you a long exposure, especially if you stop your lens down to get the needed depth of field.)

When you approach Van Trump Park, don't take the left to Mildred Point. Instead, head uphill through Van Trump Park straight for the summit. The peak is easy to recognize since it is round topped and heather green, in contrast to the more rugged surroundings. This is a great place to take off your shirt, read a book and soak up some UV.

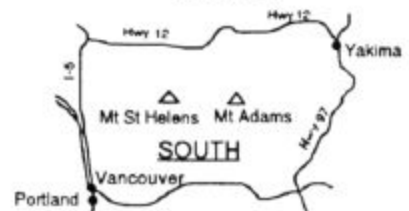
On your way down, you will hit a real crowd at and below Comet Falls. And, because of the crowd, the trailhead parking lot fills quickly on a nice day.—Bill Wallick (*aka Billy Butler*), Marysville, 10/2.

DEWEY LAKE (*William O. Douglas Wilderness; USGS Chinoook Pass*)—The Naches District trail crew has just finished the Dewey way-trail reconstruction project with the assistance of the excellent Northwest Youth Corps crew.

This project used llamas to pack dirt for turnpike construction. The trail crew says the llamas were very effective and figures they were a cheaper method than using wheelbarrows.

Hikers on the way-trail in 1994 will find that the tread looks a little harsh the first year; this area will revegetate quickly and the trail will look natural by the fall of '94.—Ranger, 10/12.

SOUTH



MOUNT ADAMS—The Yakima Nation asks that climbers please not go up Mount Adams from the Reservation side after 9/26.

The Adams Glacier is reported to be unpassable above 10,000 feet because of many crevasses.—Ranger, 10/1.

PETERSON CABIN—You can rent the Peterson Prairie Guard Station cabin! It's a great destination for a winter hike, ski or snowshoe trip. Call Mount Adams Ranger Station: 509-395-2501.—Ranger, 10/1.

BACKCOUNTRY NEWS

IDAHO

SAWTOOTH LAKE (*USGS Stanley Lake*)—My first day hike in the Sawtooth Range began with a greeting from the "Sawtooth Welcoming Committee" 7 miles north of Iron Creek trailhead on Highway 21. The greeters were thirty head of elk trotting across the road with one large bull stumbling in the ditch.

Only 2 miles of dirt road driving is required to reach this trailhead. The first 2 trail miles climb gently through forest sparse enough to expose continuous views of precipitous chalk-colored peaks.

Alpine Lake appears a little beyond 3 miles, a very scenic destination in itself. However, anyone who declines the additional mile to Sawtooth Lake misses out on one of the West's best backcountry adventures. The steepest ½-mile of the journey follows with ever-changing views of Alpine Lake always in sight toward the east. Then, abruptly, the climb ends leaving a final level stretch past another pretty unnamed lake.

While marveling at Sawtooth Lake's majestic 8400-foot setting, I noticed the trail forking toward two obvious passes each with magnificent possibilities. Regretfully my schedule did not permit further exploration. This 1700-foot elevation gain is spread painlessly over 4 miles on a well graded but sometimes rocky trail.

Later, down along autumn colored Iron Creek valley, I found myself quoting a famous American general: "I shall return!"—Henry Wyborney, Nampa, 9/27.

CANADA

MOUNT SEYMOUR—The route up to Mount Seymour is well signposted; even a stumblebum could find it in the dark. We only got lost twice on the 30 minute drive from the centre of the city (Vancouver).

The hikers' trail from the parking lot is equally well marked (orange-topped poles). You skirt up past the ski-slopes, to the left of the chair lift. En-route for the Suicide Bluffs(!) a stationary (but small) black bear blocked our path between the bluffs and Brockton Point to the east. He eventually moved off but in no apparent rush.

This episode gave us the opportunity to take in the scenery. Tremendous views all around as we easily picked out Crohn, Cathedral and Garibaldi Mountains.

The first and second peaks are 40 minutes apart, but the summit involves a scramble over, around and up rocky slopes. Once atop the mountain, you



Margaret Yates on the Paradise Ice Caves trail, Mount Rainier National Park.

Rick Yates

are further rewarded with huge views of Mount Baker (south) and even of Active Pass to the southwest.

The round trip took us 5 hours. The map at the trailhead told us that Mount Seymour was 4766 feet and the elevation gain was 1500 feet. Local hikers do not need to be warned that sudden cloud-cover makes this a hike to be wary on.

I strongly recommend a fine fall day for Seymour. Do *not* attempt this one on a cloudy, windy winter's day!—Garath & Norma Hill, Vancouver, 9/25.

OREGON

CHAMBERS LAKES (*Three Sisters Wilderness; USGS South Sister*)—The Chambers Lakes are situated on a rocky 7000 foot high plateau between South and Middle Sister.

We started from the Pole Creek trailhead (5200 feet) and hiked 1½ miles to the junction with the trail to Green Lakes which we followed for ½-mile south before heading off on the Chambers Lakes trail proper. The trail climbed steadily for another 5 miles before breaking out of the forest for some excellent views of Broken Top, Middle and South Sister.

On this day before the first day of hunting season the trailhead was full of massive RVs and some of the biggest wall tents I have ever seen. Once on the trail, however, we saw no one else until we reached the first and biggest of the Chambers Lakes (Camp Lake). This trail can be very dry and dusty and it certainly was churned to a fine powder on this weekend.

We set up camp to take advantage of

the impressive views and enjoyed a very pleasant evening. The Chambers lakes are notorious for being an extremely windy place and all of the trees are severely flagged but we were blessed with complete calm and sunny weather for our 3-day stay.

The next day we skirted two other nearly dry lakes and hiked to the top of the pass where we were able to look down on the Husband and the locale of the PCT as well as extensive meadows on the west side of the range. It's possible to do an interesting loop around the Sisters by cutting through this pass and using the PCT to the north or south.—Matt and Rebecca Whitney, Portland, 10/1-3.

WHITE RIVER—Several agencies (USFS, BLM, ORDFW) are coordinating for evaluation and protection of Oregon's White River as a designated Wild and Scenic River. Surveys and studies of biological assets, visual-aesthetic diversity, cultural resources, and other aspects are continuing in the study area generally from the White River and Highway 35 junction near Government Camp to Tygh Valley.

The White River is primarily a scenic river. The water is permanent, but very bouldery and shallow. On foot, follow wildlife trails or Oregon Trail remnants from White River crossing (near Bear Springs Ranger Office), at Keep's Mill, at Deep Creek, and along the Boulder Ditch to reach rugged and wild sections of the White River.

Upstream from White River crossing locate unusual gravel flats, which will be better protected by Wild and Scenic River protection. Look for an unusual narrows, or "crevices," near the Deep Creek mouth.

The entire area has many chapters of history—trail routes, camps, medicinal plant areas, berry fields, culturally modified trees, and other sites, as well as many tumbling side creeks dumping into the White River. An interesting old "trestle" with water conduit can be seen below Keep's Mill. It was apparently a portion of ditch systems for channelling water to drier areas near Tygh Valley.—John Lashelle, Port Angeles, 10/14.

UTAH

LAKE POWELL (*Glen Canyon Natl Recreation Area*)—Twelve of us from Weyerhaeuser visited Lake Powell in Southern Utah. We rented a 50-foot houseboat and carried our kayaks on it (6 singles and 3 doubles).

This worked well as the houseboat is a great way to travel and makes a good base camp. Kayaking up the canyons

BACKCOUNTRY NEWS

was super. The water was about 75 degrees in early October, and we did have some heavy rain. The resulting waterfalls were pretty.

The only way to find solitude is to hike and the hiking is great. Even in October it's busy—expect a houseboat around every corner and loud music from about every third boat. Food in marina stores is limited and costly. But worth a trip for sure.—Murray Hamilton, Tacoma, 10/93.

HAWAII

KOLE KOLE PASS (*Mount Kaala, Oahu; USGS Schofield Barracks*)—A recent development has been the "opening" of Schofield Barracks army base. Now civilians can get through the gate and up to historic Kole Kole Pass.

There are two short walks at the pass—one to a "sacred stone" said to have a boundary marker or sacrificial altar and the other to the big white cross marking the place where the Japanese crossed the mountains to attack Pearl Harbor. You can climb up inside the cross and through a trap door in the top. There is also a scenic overlook a short way up the hill above.

Beyond that is a long "interesting" route winding up and down the crest of Waianae Mountains, to the summit of Mount Kaala. At 4020 feet it is the highest peak on Oahu. It is a steep, hot scramble to the top of the first high point on the ridge, Puu Kalena, 3500 feet. It is an all-day affair to get to and from Kaala. The views and thrills start as soon as you gain the crest.—Debby Riehl, North Creek, 9/18.

KULIOUOU RIDGE TRAIL (*Oahu; USGS Koko Head*)—This is a hike not listed in the guide books. I found it in an article in a Honolulu newspaper, saved by my parents, who live in Hawaii in the winter.

This hike offers fabulous views of the eastern end of Oahu—Waimanalo, Kaneohe, Kuliouou Valley, Hawaii Kai and Diamond Head.

The hike starts at 350 feet and rises to 2000 feet at the summit of the Koolau Range, in 2½ to 3 miles. It took us 1½ hours up at a moderate pace in the tropical heat, and 45 minutes down. Take *lots* of water; there is none on the trail. I went through a liter-and-a-half. Hiking in paradise is tough—but *someone* has to do it!

How to get there: From Honolulu head toward Diamond Head (east) on H-1. H-1 becomes Kalaniana'ole Highway.

Turn mauka (toward the mountains—left) on Kuliouou Road. There are a

couple of tricky meanders. Pass a park and tennis courts on the right, then turn right on Kalaaui Place. Drive to the dead end and park.

The trail begins up an access road to a water pumping station. Take the left pavement fork, then a right up a dirt road past a hunters' register. In 1/8-mile the trail forks. The left fork is the Kuliouou Valley trail. Go right.

Shortly after gaining the ridge you pass an improvised lean-to, then a picnic shelter. Beyond this the trail gets steeper and prettier, at times traversing a knife-edge ridge. Go as far as the wide spot—or as far as your skill, daring or foolishness take you. Bring lots of film.—Debby Riehl, North Creek, 9/20.

AIEA LOOP (*Keaiwa Heiau State Park, Oahu; USGS Waipahu and Kaneohe*)—This hike has several attractions: great views, incredibly varied flora and a beautifully restored heiau (Hawaiian temple).

The park is open 7am to 7:45pm April 1 to Labor Day—after Labor Day until March 31 it closes at 6:45pm. To get there: take H-1 ewa (westbound) out of Honolulu. Take the Aiea (Highway 78) exit.

Get off Highway 78 on Moanalua Road. Turn right on Aiea Heights Drive. Follow it as it twists and turns up into the hills, to the park. Stop at the heiau either before or after you hike. Take the one-way drive to its highest point and park at the signed trailhead.

This trail is another ridge run, but wider with kinder, gentler ups and downs. The cumulative gain is about 1000 feet in 4½ or 5 miles.

The walk begins under swamp mahogany past a wooden water tank. After a gentle dip you climb into lemon-scented eucalyptus trees. Here and there the ridge provides you with views down into the city, airport, the H-3 tunnel construction, and best of all, jungled mountains, hills and valleys. The trail is mostly in very good shape—packed ubiquitous Hawaiian red dirt—but it gets very slick when wet. There are guava, strawberry guava and raspberries to nibble on. There is also ironwood, Kou, Kukui, paperbark, ohia and the weird and sacred ieiie vine. In damp ravines are tree ferns.

At one spot in the trail are several ti-leaf-wrapped bundles tucked into the rocks around a small cave: offerings at a sacred spot. The high point is at Puu (hill) Uau. After that you begin a gentle descent. When you come to a fork in the trail go right (signed) on what is now called Keaiwa Meiau Loop.

Descend another half mile to a fragrant yellow-ginger-lined stream. From there you complete the loop by climbing back out to the park campground which you passed on your drive up. Walk past the restrooms up to the one-way road and walk back (less than ¼-mile) to your car.

Keaiwa Meiau was dedicated to the healing arts. It was tended by a herbalist kahuna (priest). The rock walls, shrines and altars are surrounded by medicinal plants. Nowadays the temple is inhabited by several semi-feral cats. Wrap a small stone with a ti-leaf and place it on the wall, altar or at one of the shrines, if you wish to honor the old ways. And bring a treat for the kitties.—Debby Riehl, North Creek, 9/23.

KEALIA TRAIL (*Oahu; USGS Kaena Point*)—This hike is right around the corner from Kaena Point and the leeward (arid) side of the island. Hence, it's dry. And hot. And you gain 1850 feet in 6 to 7 miles. I took 1½ liters of water and it wasn't enough.

The hike starts at sea level at the Dillingham Gliderport and climbs a pali (cliff) to the crest of the Waianae Mountains. The airfield closes its gates at night, so be out by sunset.

To get there head ewa (westbound) on H-1 to H-2. H-2 takes you across Oahu between the two mountain ranges—the Waianaes and the Koolaus. The freeway ends at Wahiawa. Stay on the two-lane to Waialua (Highway 99).

Go through Waialua on Highway 930 to the Dillingham Airfield. At the far end of the airfield turn left through the signed gate. Cross the end of the runway. Turn left at the far side. Park by the control tower in the lot provided.

Cross the perimeter road and start up the dirt road (signed) toward the pali. The route begins in grass and dry scrub. At the end of the road go through a gate, close it, and begin to switchback up the pali on a good tread (a little slick on descent). The views begin early: the gliders, parachutists and stunt bi-planes coming and going from the airfield, the surfers and fisherman offshore, and a water-filled quarry at the base of the pali.

At the top of the pali you meet up with a 4WD road in an ironwood grove (they look like limp pine trees). From here on in the route is fairly well marked with ribbon.

Presently you merge with the Kuaokala Trail which ascends the ridge from the other side. The combined trails/road end in a eucalyptus grove, but you can continue to run the ridge for quite a way for better views. *Stay on the ridge.*

BACKCOUNTRY NEWS

From here on you're hiking above Makua Valley—a military firing range. There are wonderful views of Dillingham, Waialua, Mokuieia, Haleiwa, Kaena Point Tracking Station, Mount Kaala, Makua Valley and the leeward coast between Makaha and Kaena Point.—Debby Riehl, North Creek, 9/26.

THE MAUNALAHA-MAKIKI-MOLEKA-MANOA-NAHUINA-KANEALOLE LOOP (*Oahu; USGS Honolulu*)—This area is Honolulu's Tiger Mountain. All these trails (and more) are available minutes from town. They can be done as shorter segments, or as a grand loop of about 6 miles, as we did. Gain/loss is about 1300 feet.

To get there: from Honolulu/Waikiki or H-1 make your way to Wilder Avenue. We used the Punahou exit from H-1 coming from Makiki Street. At the Y take the left fork on Makiki Heights Drive. At a hairpin turn go straight (mauka) on a narrow access road. Just

past the Hawaiian Nature Center park in the lot on the right, or on the road.

Walk past the nature center's restrooms and onto a bridge that crosses Kanealole Stream. This is the start of the Maunalaha Trail. You ascend to a broad ridge, partially on an old coffee plantation carriage road. Besides wild coffee bushes there are bananas, Cook and Norfolk Island pines, and ti. The views start on the ridge, back toward Honolulu.

In a grove of kukui is a four-way junction. The abundant kukui nuts make a nice cobbled trail surface. Turn a gentle right on the Makiki Valley trail. The *hard* right is the Ualakaa trail. The dense forest here is highlighted by big banyan trees. Turn left at the junction with the Moleka trail.

In less than a mile of slimy mud (I think it gets that way because it's mixed with squished rotten guavas) you arrive at Round Top Drive. Cross the street to the Manoa Cliffs trail.

This segment is the highlight. The views and interesting green creatures are non-stop. Appreciate the small (tiny white wild begonias) as well as the grand.

At a Y, turn right. Here be the less slimy and more flavorful strawberry guavas. The palm-tree-on-a-vine is called *ieie* (eeyay-eeyay). Its orange

flowers are as strange as its growth habit. Ohia, sacred to the volcano goddess Pele, starts here, too.

Though you're traversing a pali (cliff) it doesn't seem nearly as exposed as some of Hawaii's trails due to the abundant vegetation. Another delightful green creature is the only fragrant white hibiscus, native to Kauai. Follow trail markers that keep you on Manoa Cliffs trail. Now the views switch to the west (ewa).

The constant chatter of the white-rumped shamas accompanies you as you emerge on to Tantalus Drive. Cross the street and walk a short way downhill to the Nahuina trailhead. Immediately you plunge into twilight-dark forest.

Here mango and avocado are added to the tropical potpourri. Don't stomp the rotten avocados, however. Bill did and I got sprayed with smelly green goo.

Shortly you begin paralleling Kanealole Stream. Turn left again onto Makiki Valley trail, then right on Kanealole trail. You're now ¼-mile from your car. This wide, gently sloped grand finale leads you past a chlorination plant and to the end of the road you're parked on to close this outstanding loop.—Debby Riehl, North Creek, 9/28.

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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.

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1. **Ross Lk, Western Pasayten, Upper Lk Chelan, Winthrop Rec Area**—Plan, 26 scenic photos, WX; 1986.
- 1A. **Eastern Pasayten (Horseshoe Basin), Loomis, Conconully, Okanogan, Loup Loup, Twisp, Winthrop Rec Area**—Plan, 1 aerial/17 scenic Photos, WX; 1986.
2. **Lk Chelan Basin Rec Area**: Chelan to Rainy Pass, Twisp/Cascade Passes, Stehekin—Plan, 2 aerial/50 scenic, WX; 1986.
3. **Alpine Lks Wilderness East**: Enchantments, Lk Wenatchee, Chiwawa, Entiat—Plan, 48 scenic Photos; 1986.
4. **Alpine Lks Wilderness West**: Pacific Crest Trail (Stampede Pass, Snoqualmie Pass to Stevens Pass), Foss River, Salmon La Sac, Keechelus, Kachess, Cle Elum Lks, Mid Fk Snoqualmie River, Pratt River—Plan, 20 scenic Photos WX; update 1988.
5. **Greenwater/Naches Rec Area**: Nrnth Mount Rainier, White and Greenwater Rivers, Crystal Mtn Resort/Ski Area—Plan, 17 aerial/15 scenic photos, WX; update 1988.
6. **Chinook/Naches Rec Area**: Naches/Little Naches, American, Bumping Rivers, Crystal Mtn Resort/Ski Area, Manastash, Taneum, Wenas, Rattlesnake Creeks—Plan, 8 aerial/8 scenic photos; 1985. Update 1989. 20 scenic photos; WX.
7. **White Pass/Goat Rocks Rec Area**: Upper Rattlesnake Creek, Bethel Ridge, Conrad Meadows, Tieton River, Twin Sister Lks, Indian Creek, Rimrock Lk, Klickitat River—Plan, 2 aerial/1 scenic photo; 1985. Update (Side 1) 1989. 3 aerial/13 scenic Photos. Side 2: Yakima Indian Reservation, Ahtanum Creek, Glenwood, 2 scenic photos, WX; 1989.
8. **Packwood/Randle Rec Area**: Glacier View, Tatoosh, Goat Rocks Wildernesses, Cowlitz, Cispus Rivers—Plan, 1 aerial/4 scenic photos; 1985. Side 2, Mt Rainier NP, Crystal Mtn—Topo, 14 scenic photos, WX; 1989.
9. **Wenatchee Mtns**: Wenatchee to Ellensburg, Mission Ridge, Colockum, Liberty, Enchantments, Teanaway River, Mt Stuart, Ingalls Crk—Plan, 4 aerial/16 scenic photos; 1985. Update Teanaway side; 1987. Both sides updated 1990 (July): expanded area & new features added.
10. **Cascade Mtn Foothills 1**: North Bend to Gold Bar, Lower Snoqualmie River (all three forks), Tiger Mtn—Plan, 9 scenic Photos; 1984. Update 1991: expanded area to include Spada Res, east to Skykomish & south to Maple Valley.
11. **Olympic Peninsula: General Road Approach**—Plan, 7 scenic photos. Olympic Mtns West—Topo/Plan, 22 aerial/12 scenic photos. Olympic Mtns East—Topo/Plan, 26 aerials/5 scenic; 1982.
- 12A. **Cascade Mtn Foothills 3A** (Northern Puget Sound): Near Sedro Woolley/Lk Cavanaugh/Darrington/Marblemount to Cascade Pass, includes topographic map & aerials of the Ptarmigan Traverse, Glacier Peak Wilderness—Plan/Topo, 10 aerial/7 scenic photos, winter/summer WX; 1990.
- 12B. **Cascade Mtn Foothills 3B** (Northern Puget Sound): Granite Falls/Lk Roesiger, Mt Pilchuck, Spada Res, Monte Cristo, Mtn Loop Hwy, Boulder River, Henry M. Jackson, Glacier Peak Wilderness, Glacier Peak, Image Lk area to Holden. Buck Cr and Pass, Chiwawa River, Napeequa River valleys—Plan/Topo, 5 aerial/17 scenic photos, WX; 1990.
13. **Supplement to Cascade Mtn Foothills 3** (Nrnth Puget Sound): Stevens Pass Hwy, Startup to Smith Brook/Mill Creek, Lk Isabel, Ragged Ridge, N Fk Tolt River, Mt Fernow, Foss/Deception Creeks—Plan, 4 aerial/2 scenic, WX; 1988. Side 2—Everett, Marysville, Arlington, Lake Stevens, Granite Falls, Snohomish, Monroe, Woodinville Rec Area—Plan, 3 aerial/4 scenic, WX; 1989.
14. **Glacier Peak Wilderness Photomap** with Plan index—Skagit, Cascade, Stehekin rivers, 40 pages, 26 aerials/32 scenic photos. 1978; update 1990. 4 additional pages detailing the Granite/Jordon Lks area & Cascade Pass South (Ptarmigan Traverse). Corrections & latest road/trail numbers have been added.
15. **Mt Baker, North Cascades NP** (North units): photomap with Plan index. Topo/Plan 32 pages. 21 aerial/14 scenic photos (includes Mt Challenger Area); 1979.
16. **Alpine Lks Packet** of 20 USGS 7½ minute Topo maps with 119 cross referenced aerial/41 scenic photos, plus 1985 appendix update of roads/trails & 78 scenic/2 aerial photos, WX; 1980.
17. **Mt St Helens** (before/after May 18, 1980). Pictorial maps, 5 aerial/7 scenic photos; 1980.
18. **Cascade Mtn Foothills 2** (South Puget Sound): near Yelm to Mt Rainier, Morton, Eatonville, Elbe, Auburn, Orting, Puyallup River/Kaposwin area, Golden Lakes—Plan, 8 scenic photos, WX; 1987.
19. **Easton/CleElum/Liberty/Greenwater/Cliiffdel**, near Ellensburg (map area unbroken over Cascades)—3 aerial photos, WX; 1987. Update 9/91, added 5 scenic photos.
20. **Mt Adams/Mt St Helens Rec Area**: Lewis, Cispus, White Salmon Rivers, Mt Adams/Indian Heaven Wildernesses—Plan, 4 scenic photos; 1988.
21. **Monte Cristo & Vicinity**: Lk Isabel, White Horse Mtn, Mt Index—Plan, 19 aerial/9 scenic photos, WX; 1979.
22. **Snoqualmie Pass**—Plan, 38 local trips, 3 scenic photos; 1983.
23. **Naches Pass (Historical Wagon Road)**—Plan, 1 aerial/4 scenic photos; 1983.
24. **Mt. Rainier/adjoining Cascades**: Mt. Rainier NP, Cougar Lakes, Twin Sister Lakes—Topo, 11 aerial/3 scenic photos; 1982.
25. **Mt. Rainier Touring/Hiking Guide**: in color; 8 pages, pictorial maps. 35 scenic photos, WX; 1976.
26. **Mt Baker, Twin Sisters Mtn, Lk Cavanaugh, Roesiger Lk, Bellingham, Sedro Woolley, Mt Vernon, Stanwood, La Conner Rec area**—Chuckanut Mtn, Samish Lk, Lk Whatcom, Mid & S Fks Nooksack River, Mt Baker Wilderness, Deer Creek/Big and Little Deer Peaks—Plan, 6 aerial/12 scenic photos, WX; 1988.
27. **Bellingham, Sumas, Mt Baker, Mt Shuksan, Mt Challenger, Baker Lk, Newhalem Rec Area**—incl Nooksack (N, S, Mid Fks), Chilliwack, Little Chilliwack, Baker Rivers, Noisy-Diobsud, Mt Baker Wilderness, western portion N Cascades NP. Twin Sisters Mtn.—Plan/Topo, 5 aerial/8 scenic photos. WX; 1989.
28. **Alpine Lks Wilderness** featuring Enchantment Lks & vicinity—1-5/8 inch mile topo map of Enchantments/Eightmile Lk area, 6 aerial/107 scenic photos, road approach map. WX; 1989.

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WENDY PROHL

KIWI EXPERIENCE

—A THREE-WEEK ADVENTURE ON NEW ZEALAND'S NORTH AND SOUTH ISLANDS—

After reading *Mystery Hiker* and Mr. Maphead's reports on New Zealand in the December 1992 issue, I followed *Mystery Hiker's* advice and booked a trip there for three weeks last February.

I had wanted to visit New Zealand for many years and especially to experience walking one of the many "tracks" which are famous throughout the country. As an over-50 female traveling alone for the first time, I had some misgivings about the difficulties of getting around by myself with a bulky pack and staying in "youth" hostels, but as soon as I actually arrived there, everything fell into place and the entire experience turned out to be a wonderful adventure!

New Zealand has a highly organized infrastructure for tourism in general, and in particular for the mobile, adventurous, budget-limited traveler, making it easy to get around and find places to stay. Upon arriving in Auckland, for example, I found—right at the airport—brochures and literature about the many budget hostels, a free phone to check availability, plus a free shuttle bus waiting to go to some of the hostels.

On the subject of transportation, in addition to the main bus companies such as InterCity and Newmans which offer daily service to all parts of the country, there are also several "alternative" bus companies specifically catering to "backpackers"—a term used by the Kiwis to mean that you carry your own luggage and stay in budget "backpacker" hostels (the average price for a bed/bunk in each hostel was between US \$7-9 per night).

I was fortunate to run into the "Kiwi Experience" bus company and traveled with them from Auckland down through North Island to Wellington, across on the ferry to Picton, and then down through the West Coast of the South Island to Queenstown, with a side trip to Milford Sound, and eventually back up to Christchurch where I



The author on the Routeburn Track.

flew home.

Every day in the season, a Kiwi Experience bus departs from Auckland, following a set itinerary over a 3-week period (this can be stretched out to 3 months by breaking the journey at different points). The bus stops at a different place each night on its way down through the North and South Islands.

You can get off the bus and break the journey at any place for independent activities, and catch another bus when you're ready to continue (reservations need to be made to ensure a seat). On my trip, each day a list was passed through the bus with the name of each backpacker hostel (with a description of each hostel's facilities) in the town for that night.

Each person signed up individually for the hostel they preferred, and our bus driver phoned ahead and made reservations for everyone. In this way, no one had to worry about getting a bed for the night. Another nice feature of the trip was that the bus stopped at

fruit stands and supermarkets each day so everyone could purchase their food for lunch and dinner.

Since the "Kiwi Experience" is geared specifically to young, outdoor-oriented travelers, many adventure activities were offered along the way—white- and black-water rafting, tandem skydiving, jet boating, horse riding and bungy jumping. Each morning on the bus, lists were passed out to sign up for the specific activities available during that day. The majority of the people on my bus did most, if not all, of these things!

Along the route, each day our driver/guide provided lots of interesting information about the region we passed through. We also stopped frequently at places of interest for scenic views, wildlife, and hiking excursions.

Since most passengers on the bus were together for several days, a friendly camaraderie developed among us which made the journey very enjoyable.

My 19 days in New Zealand went by far too quickly and due to time constraints I had enough time to hike only one of the main tracks. I chose the "Routeburn Track", a 3-day/2-night hike in the Fiordland National Park area.

This is a very popular track and there were many people on the trail from all over the world. Both huts during the two nights on the trail were very full, although I arrived early enough on the first day to get a bunk, but on the second day, since it rained heavily all day long and I stopped a little too long at the warm-up hut to eat my lunch and dry out a bit, by the time I arrived at the next hut at about 4pm all the bunks were occupied. So I slept on the floor using one of the spare mattresses which the huts usually have on hand.

The huts on the more well-used tracks have gas stoves and bunks and extra mattresses (some even have flush toilets!) so it isn't necessary to bring a

sleeping pad or stove which makes for a lighter backpack.

When purchasing a hut permit for each night from the Department of Conservation, everyone is given a plastic bag to carry out your garbage, including food scraps. Consequently, the trails were devoid of any litter and were a pleasure to walk along.

During the entire second day, it absolutely poured with rain and I have never been so soaked in my life, but on reaching the hut, I and all the other hikers dried out around the coal-fired stove, surrounded by rows of boots and drapes of soggy clothing hanging overhead. Next morning everyone's boots and clothing were dry again and the hut was ready to receive the next batch of visitors.

The Routeburn Track is a beautiful hike in spectacular mountain terrain with wonderful vistas (when the weather is clear!). The sub-tropical vegetation is particularly impressive, including many different ferns and tree-ferns as well as forests of red, mountain and silver beech trees heavily laden with mosses and lichen.

I remember especially black-water rafting in Waitomo to view the glow-worms hanging from the ceiling of the underground caves as we floated through on inner-tubes with our headlamps turned off (in darkness the glimmering worms looked like stars in the sky).

Another highlight was the Franz-Josef Glacier—since the Kiwi Experience bus spent two nights here, we had time for several outdoor activities. I went "heli-hiking" where we were outfitted with hobnail boots and an ice-axe before taking a helicopter ride up over the glacier and surrounding area. We then landed on the glacier and hiked around among the ice caves and crevasses for a couple of hours with a guide before being picked up again by



Suspension bridges of varying scariness.

helicopter and brought back down to the village.

Also memorable was a 5-hour round-trip hike on the Roberts Point Track. This track winds up the east bank of the Franz-Josef valley over ice-carved rock and across many side streams to a viewpoint high above the glacier terminal.

Although it was still the tourist season, I met only three other parties during the hike which surprised me since it was a beautiful trail with many interesting features, including three different suspension bridges of varying scariness.

Another high point was an adventure called "The Siberian Experience" which was offered in Makarora (Mount Aspiring National Park). Three of us went up in a 4-seater plane for a breathtaking, scenic 25-minute flight over the mountains and lakes before landing in the remote, beautiful and grassy Siberian Valley tucked in between mountains.

There the plane took off and left us alone to make our way back. We crossed the knee-deep stream which coursed through the middle of the valley and followed a trail contouring the valley, descending gradually through forest for 3 hours until we reached a designated point in the river where a jet boat had been sent to pick us up for a 30 minute, exhilarating ride back to the campground. This was a fantastic experience!

Upon arrival in Queenstown, I also enjoyed the overnight "Milford Sound Wanderer" package offered by the Kiwi Experience people. We departed in the morning from Queenstown and crossed beautiful Lake Wakatipu on a launch, then traveled on the back roads through sheep and cattle ranches to Te Anau, continuing through the Homer Tunnel to Milford Sound where we boarded a sleek 30-meter rigged ketch, the *Milford Wanderer*, for a magnificent evening cruise through the Milford Sound out into the Tasman Sea.



Mountain scenery in Fiordland.

We overnighted on board in very comfortable accommodations. After a hearty breakfast the next morning, we disembarked and boarded our Kiwi Experience bus for the return journey to Queenstown. En route I was dropped off for the beginning of my Routeburn Track. At the end of the track, I was again picked up by a shuttle bus (along with other trampers) to take us back to Queenstown.

Other areas I did not have time to visit myself but which were highly recommended by other travelers who had been there were the Bay of Islands and the Coromandel Peninsula in the North Island; the Abel Tasman National Park; and whale-watching in Kaikoura in the South Island.

In summary, I found the "Kiwi Experience" a great way to get around New Zealand and a really fun way for a single person to travel. It was especially convenient being dropped off right at the hostel door and not worrying about having a place to stay each night.

△

Wendy Prohl, of Seattle, works for Wildland Adventures. At press time, she was off on another trip—to Africa this time.

LINDY BAKKAR

WINTER CAMPING SEMINAR

—WHAT THE COURSE IS LIKE AND HOW YOU CAN DO IT TOO!—

Snow. It is a magic word that brings cheers from school kids and brings out the kid in many of us adults. But snow is fickle. On one side is beauty and fun. On the other, there can be hardship and even death, whether by avalanche or exposure. Nature forgives no mistakes.

Those of us who love the outdoors and nature must also respect it. If we choose to take to the backcountry in winter, we owe it to ourselves to learn as much as possible about safe snow camping and winter survival techniques.

So, when I had the chance to participate in the Winter Camping Seminar out on jointly by the Everett Parks Department and the Evergreen Area Council Boy Scouts of America, I jumped right in.

In four evening sessions, I learned what makes winter camping different from spring, summer, or fall.

The course covered everything—clothing, sleeping equipment, cooking equipment and food, first aid and emergency response in winter conditions, and specifically how to build an igloo or snow cave.

I learned the critical steps in snow shelter construction that can mean the difference between life and death in an emergency. For instance, the entrance must be lower than the sleeping platform to trap warm air inside.

The four evening sessions contained information and support for everyone from novice to expert. Visual displays were set up around the room, and the staff members were helpful in answering questions.

At the end of each session, participants broke into smaller groups to have more intense help from “crew advisors” who would support them through the whole adventure, including the field trip to Paradise on Mount Rainier.

That field trip was the climax of the course. We went to “the Mountain” on a Saturday morning to spend the day building our own igloos or snow caves. We tested ourselves on what we had learned. The staff gave advice or pitched in to help when needed.

In the evening we all filed down to the Visitor Center to learn about avalanche safety, have snacks and hot drinks, and generally warm up. Later, as we wound back up the trail to our waiting snow shelters, Mount Rainier shone in the moonlight, with all its magnificence, seeming close enough to touch.

I was exhausted from the toil of snow building, though, so I crawled through my entrance, fought the claustrophobic feelings that one can get inside such a shelter, and slept.

In the quiet morning, I was greeted by sparkling beauty. Our shelters had frozen and set. Inside, we were warm enough—though the air was stuffy. All we needed to do to freshen the air was to poke a hole in the ceiling with our snow saws, then smooth over the hole to seal it again.

After a breakfast cooked on the backpacking stove at the igloo, we attended a non-denominational church service. Then came ski tours or snowshoe hikes for varying ability levels, led by our faithful crew advisors.

Last of all, we got to jump on top of our igloos and break them down to close the holes we had dug and make the area safe for future snow hikers.

It was a fun experience. But it also gave me information that could help me survive in the snow if I ever need it.

And here is the exciting part! This year will be the 20th year the course has been held. The course is limited to



Building snow shelters at Paradise.

Jane Lewis

200 participants, so if you are interested, be one of the first to show up at the registration tables.

This year's course dates are Wednesday evenings—January 5, 12, 19, and 26, plus the field trip on the first weekend of February, the 5th and 6th.

Registration on January 5th begins at 6pm at Mariner High School, 200 120th SW, Everett. (Take the 128th Street exit from I-5.)

Participants must be 16 or older, unless you are registered with a Scout

troop. Then you have to be 14 and hold a leadership position. You provide your own transportation—or find another participant who can share the ride.

The cost is \$7—pretty inexpensive considering what you get in return! Have a great snow season!

For more information, call Jane Lewis, 206-259-0300 (Everett Parks Department) or Bob Turcott, 206-778-9207 (Boy Scouts of America).

△

Lindy Bakkar, of Lynnwood, is a climber, hiker, and skier who has been a Scout leader and instructor for about ten years.

NIKKI NICKELL

OUR WORST CAMP

—THE FLIES COVERED US SO THICKLY WE LOOKED LIKE BLACK BEARS—

Now it can be told! About 10 years ago, Bill and I and our ten-year-old son Kelly trekked up the Dosewallips trail through Diamond Meadows and camped just below Anderson Pass on the first night of a two-night trip over the pass and out the Quinault.

Since Kelly was working toward the Boy Scout 50-miler, he and I would ferry our gear down to the Enchanted Valley cabin then go back up the pass to retrieve Bill's backpack so that Bill could run (he's a marathoner and mountain trail runner) back to the Dosewallips Ranger Station, drive our car around to the Quinault side and run back in to meet us for the second evening's camp at the cabin.

It promised to be a warm day. Bill knew he would be moving fast, so he dressed only in his running shoes and shorts. Carrying only a water bottle he took off on the trail.

In about 15 minutes he passed a group of Boy Scouts (I believe they were from Tacoma) who were just beginning to stir. There was a lot of brush between the trail and the Scouts and because he was intent on his run, Bill did not notice the startled expressions on the boys' faces.

Later in the day we met up with them on our way back up to ferry our tent and Bill's backpack to our new camp. They were keeping a wary eye out for the "wild mountain man" running "naked" through the woods. Who was I to spoil their excited fright? That

evening, however, when their Scout Master came over for a chat, I disclosed to him the identity of their wild mountain man.

He laughed and said it would be impossible to dispel their belief because for dinner the Scouts had baked a blackberry cobbler and put it by the creek to cool. When they returned from a late evening explore, someone had taken a piece of the cobbler and left a quarter in its place.

Since Bill did not reach us until almost midnight (he hadn't figured on a four hour delay while crews worked on the highway) we know *he* didn't get the pie. I wonder if that part of the mystery was ever solved?

That camp below Anderson Pass was a beautiful spot. We admired the sunset on the peaks, watched the moon rise and slept soundly. Breakfast was a treat and Kelly and I took our time since we had all day to make the 5 miles down the Quinault, up and down again (15 miles altogether).

So what made it horrible? On our trip back up to get the tent, which we left standing, and Bill's pack, I kept Kelly with me until the last mile. As I paused on the trail to visit with one of the Scout fathers, Kelly champed impatiently, so I let him run ahead—although with some trepidation, because the father was telling me they had observed a bear on the hill above our tent early that morning.

Ten minutes later I stopped to talk

with another Dad and Scout when Kelly came tearing down the trail. His face was white and he was so frightened he could barely gulp out the words, "It's awful! They're TERRIBLE!"

"What?" I said. "Bears? Did they wreck the tent?"

"No!" he sobbed (he never cries!). "Flies!"

I was so embarrassed—my wimpy kid—afraid of flies! I beat a hasty retreat up the trail herding Kelly before me. "How in the world could you be such a baby about flies?"

In five minutes we came to the tent and were engulfed by a literal cloud of big black biting flies. They covered us so thickly we looked like black furry bears. It was by far the worst and fastest breaking of camp we've ever done.

We just stuffed everything into that pack and dove down the trail, grateful we weren't pursued very long and even gladder that we had abandoned plan A where Bill would have met us back at *this* spot. I don't think he ever did get to do that part of the Enchanted Valley trail.

I've encountered flies on other treks in the Olympics, but never like that swarm near Anderson Pass!

△

Nikki Nickell, of Bainbridge Island, was a participant in the "Walk for Wilderness" several years ago.

KARL ULLMAN

on the PCT: OREGON

—REACHING THE GOAL IS EASY ... ACCOMPLISHING THE PURPOSE IS ELUSIVE—

Oregon was fun. I hesitate to say that my walk through North California (see *October, page 16-19*) wasn't fun, but the difference between the two was dramatic.

The trail in Oregon is a fast one; it is relatively flat and well maintained, making it possible to cover 25 to 30 miles per day. Also, it usually heads due north. After three and a half months in California, I was in Oregon for only 22 rainless days—how time flew.

Another big difference in Oregon was the number of people on the trail. Compared to the quiet trail in Northern California, Oregon sometimes felt like a hikers' convention.

Finally, as I started walking past volcano after volcano, I got the feeling that I was rapidly making progress toward my final destination. I was no longer "in the middle."

OREGON?

On a selectively logged, nondescript hillside, I crossed the Oregon border on August 30. Like most of the man-made things on the PCT, our arbitrary borders seem insignificant compared to nature's borders: mountain ranges, deserts, rivers and oceans.

My steps in Oregon felt the same as they did in California, and the things I thought about were the same as well. I guess the border was not one of my motivational landmarks.

I must admit, however, that it did feel good to be in a new state. Also, that night I was rewarded with one of the more spectacular sunsets of the entire trip; I threw my sleeping bag out on a rocky point in preparation for some star-gazing.

Lined up in a row to the north, the Cascade volcanoes turned red in the sunset. Although I knew some of their names, I didn't know which peaks I was looking at.

But the fact that they were there, in sight, was exciting. Here is where I found the Oregon motivation, not back at the border.

The following day I began the eastward traverse from the Siskiyou Mountains back into the Cascades, which I had left way back at Mount Lassen in Northern California.

Here, I thought, water would be plentiful. As I continued walking, however, the terrain looked suspiciously like Southern California, and the vegetation resembled its chaparral.

Water proved to be scarce; the guidebook confirmed this. Only views of snowy Mount Shasta to the south proved my location in Southern Oregon.

Soon, I happily reached Hyatt Lake Resort, my first Oregon resupply stop. A happy place indeed: the people at the resort were very friendly, and there was a note in the register from local residents offering assistance.

The register itself was full of entries by excited hikers just beginning their PCT hikes. To top it off, it was Taco Night at the resort!

THE MILLER EXPEDITION, Part 1

Since the beginning of my trip, I had planned to meet Mark Miller, a friend from Seattle, for a week of walking in Oregon. Originally, we were to meet at Cascade Summit, but since I was three days behind schedule, we decided to meet at Crater Lake instead.

I call my walk from Hyatt Lake to Crater Lake "Part 1 of the Miller Expedition" to illustrate the realities of meeting a friend who is escaping from the working world to the unpredictable trail world.

The first problem is that phones are few and far between. As I first entered Oregon, I knew that I needed to talk logistics with Mark.

Fortunately, at Mount Ashland, the trail passed close to a bed-and-breakfast that had a phone. My first problem was solved.

The second problem is the time that it takes to coordinate trail rendezvous. It may seem silly, but when I need to walk 25 to 30 miles per day, each hour counts.

Luckily, Mark was at his desk when I called. Here's how the logistics worked out:

- 1) The only road that we could meet at was Highway 62, near Crater Lake.
- 2) The earliest I could reach Highway 62 was on Sunday morning, or possibly Saturday night.
- 3) The Crater Lake post office, where my supplies had been mailed, would close at 2pm on Saturday and would not reopen until the following Tuesday after Labor Day.
- 4) After calling the post office, we found that my supplies hadn't arrived yet, despite being mailed two weeks earlier.
- 5) I asked Mark to bring one of my boxes of food, originally intended for Washington, in case the Crater Lake box didn't arrive.
- 6) Mark would drive to the Crater Lake post office with his wife before 2pm on Saturday and pick up my supplies.
- 7) I would hustle up and attempt to reach Highway 62 by 4pm on Saturday so we would have a full week of hiking.

An hour and a half later, I was walking again. When time starts to get tight, you realize that an hour and a half on the phone means that you'll be an hour and a half later to your destination. That means you walk in the dark.

Now, back to Hyatt Lake. I resupplied and prepared for the rest of the Miller Expedition, Part 1. I had 80 miles to cover in two and a half days.

The first day didn't go so well: a late

start and problems finding water helped me cover only 23 miles. At nightfall, I found myself walking through a lava bed, making it difficult to camp. The mosquitoes were out. Tomorrow had to be better.

I got an early 5:30am start, for I had 57 miles to cover by 4pm the following day. As I walked up the slopes of Mount McLaughlin, my old shin problem that I'd had in California made itself known.

Walking 50 miles in a day and a half would be difficult if it got worse.

Then, I got lucky. I turned a corner and met a couple who were just beginning their Oregon trek. Their feet hurt. I soon carried on, still concerned about my shin, thinking that I wouldn't see them again.

To my surprise, they caught me on my next rest break. The three of us set off; they were the first strangers that I'd hiked with since leaving Big Bear City, California, 1500 miles back!

Before we knew it, we'd covered 15 miles together. They hadn't noticed their sore feet, nor I my sore shin.

As soon as we parted company however, I felt my shin again. This was one of the most dramatic examples I had of the power of the mind. When we walked together, our minds were concentrating on our great conversation, and our bodies felt fine. Back on our own, our minds were free to examine our bodies' problems once again.

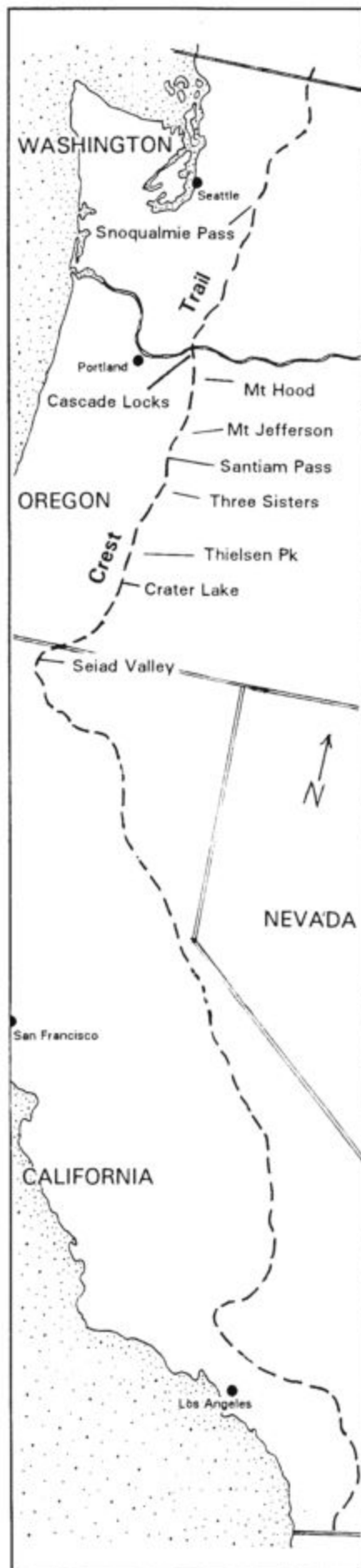
As my hiking partners made camp, I continued walking. The sun set, and my headlamp illuminated the trail. Soon the nearly-full moon rose, and the trail climbed higher as I walked on the shale-covered crest.

Walking by moonlight, I no longer needed my lamp. At 9:30pm, I found a great place to camp, right on the trail. The sharp crest dropped steeply on both sides, and the views in the moonlight were spectacular.

I inspected my guidebook: 33 miles for the day! Only 25 more miles to meet Mark. I could camp here.

I awoke at 5am the next morning with the moon setting. Thankfully my legs felt strong and my shin didn't hurt. After walking only 15 minutes, I saw a person standing near his tent. It was Dave Shimek from Houston, the only other Mexico hiker I'd met. He had left Seiad Valley in California a day ahead of me.

I'll never forget the incredulous look on his face as I approached. All he could say was, "How did you do



that?" He was sure that I was a day or two behind.

I told him to hurry up, that I had an appointment at Crater Lake at 4 o'clock. We arrived at Highway 62 at 5:45. Close.

Mark, his wife Connie and his 3-month-old son Bryce were waiting, along with my supplies.

THE MILLER EXPEDITION, Part 2

Thankfully, the terrain around Crater Lake at the beginning of Mark's PCT walk was flat. He would not have to climb through canyon after canyon as Chris Fenyo had back in Yosemite.

Mark, however, would have to walk 25 miles per day, a lot of steps for someone coming straight from the business world.

The first day we walked 23 miles. Mark felt great. The second day we covered 27. Again, Mark felt great, usually walking ahead of me.

He asked when it would start to hurt; I told him that most people feel it on the third or fourth day.

Just as I was beginning to think that Mark was going to skip along ahead of me all week, the third day proved to be the tough one.

To complement his sore feet and legs, it was hot and humid, and the mosquitoes were thick once again. But he toughed through it and felt fine on the fourth day.

As we traversed around the west side of spectacular Thielsen Peak, we saw the Three Sisters rising to the north. Our destination was on the other side of those peaks.

I exclaimed about how close they looked. Mark, on the other hand, lamented about how far off they were. I knew we'd be there before we knew it.

Soon we were at Cascade Summit, where we once again met Dave from Houston. He was comparing his progress to those who wrote in the register in past years.

He decided that people tell fibs about their mileage. I'd decided a while back to stop comparing my progress to others. If I kept walking, I would be on schedule, no worries.

Meanwhile, Mark had called his wife and asked her to meet us at Santiam Pass instead of closer McKenzie Pass, our back-up plan. Another push, but you had to admire Mark's enthusiasm.

So, after taking only three hours to resupply and rest at Cascade Summit, we headed off to Rosary Lakes, 5 miles

distant, where we arrived after dark.

My stomach will be forever thankful that we made that march in the dusk, for at Rosary Lakes we met an inspirational character named Jim Jack, actor and Italian chef.

We told Jim to be ready to walk at 6am the following morning, but we found him still asleep at that time. So we woke him and told him to meet us at the next lake, thinking we probably wouldn't see him again.

He appeared out of nowhere, however, as we paused to eat breakfast. He came clanking down the trail, heavy hiking boots, huge pack and all. The hikers' convention was in session.

I say Jim was inspirational because he was really pushing his limits. He had never backpacked before, but he decided that he wanted to walk the length of Oregon and continue through Washington to Snoqualmie Pass.

He learned about backpacking and borrowed or bought the equipment that he *thought* he needed. He left Siskiyou Summit with a 90-pound pack!

He soon sent some unnecessary equipment home; when we met him his pack weighed 60 pounds, but his feet were still in rough shape from the heavy boots. He was learning things every day, however, and he loved his new trail life.

Jim proceeded to walk 25 miles with us that day, his biggest effort yet. Soon we discovered one reason his pack was so heavy: despite being only one day from his next resupply, he was carrying 20 pounds of food! Leave it to a chef.

That night, Mark and I did the only honorable thing—we ate as much food out of his pack as we could.

Several helpings later of fresh mashed potatoes with butter, onions, garlic and who knows what else, followed by pots of pasta with an olive oil, herb and fresh tomato sauce, I lay on my back, staring at the stars, unable to move.

One of the best meals of my life had just been prepared on a backpacking stove in the wilderness, and I didn't have to carry the food or do the cooking. Long live the Pacific Crest Trail.

The next day we bid farewell to the chef as he detoured to get more food. As we headed toward the Three Sisters, still three days from our rendezvous with Connie, Mark showed signs of sickness. Most likely he picked up something from the water.

Our pace slowed a bit, but the spectacular scenery around the Sisters made Mark's sickness bearable. Give him

credit for walking 50 miles on a few sips of water and an occasional cracker.

As we rounded the North Sister, Mount Hood burst into view. I couldn't believe it—I was almost to Washington!

On our last night, we camped in a lava bed 17 miles south of Santiam Pass. We awoke the next morning to a brilliant moon above the Sisters, and a bright sunrise on Mount Jefferson.

One of the benefits of through-hiking is that it forces you to rise early and walk late ... the moon, stars, sunrise and sunset are your everyday companions.

As we approached Mount Washington, a friend from Portland, Jon Kissick, came roaring down the trail toward us. I hadn't seen him since before my trip, but he found out that we planned to be at Santiam Pass on Sunday and gambled that he'd find us.

A great surprise, and the hikers' convention was back in session. As we reached Santiam Pass, we found Connie and Bryce, and the Miller Expedition suddenly came to a close.

QUARTERS

After walking 14 consecutive days from Seiad Valley to Santiam Pass, I decided to take two days off to visit the towns of Bend and Sisters and, more importantly, to rest my legs.

After meeting some incredibly nice people in both of these towns, I was back on the trail at 6am. The two days off seemed like an eternal rest, and I began racking up mileage like never before, steaming toward Mount Hood.

As I walked, I pondered an idea that I had way back in Northern California. I call it "Quarters." After making 15 resupply stops through California, I realized that I repeated the same mental cycle between each town and that the cycle can also be applied to the trail as a whole. The cycle has four components, or quarters.

The first quarter begins when I leave town and set foot on the trail. Things are good. I've taken care of all logistical concerns (I hope!), made any necessary phone calls, written post cards, and rested my legs.

Now, time is my own. The whole adventure lies before me. My mind is clear. I've "gotten out of Dodge."

This escape mentality seems to last for the first quarter of each trail segment as I make my way north.

The second quarter sets in as the escape mentality wears off. I no longer have the relief of getting away from town, but the next town is still a dis-

tant goal, too far to see.

Usually, I have to arrive at my destination by a certain day: "Someone is meeting me;" "I only have so much food;" or "I have to stay on schedule."

Here, I find that I attack the trail, anxious that something may prevent me from reaching my goal on time. This anxious second quarter mentality comes at the expense of being aware of and enjoying what is happening in the present. This is my least favorite part of each segment.

The third quarter is the best. At some magical spot midway into the segment, my mind realizes that I am going to reach my destination on schedule. I relax. I see things. The days seem longer, and the whole experience is more intense.

I am aware of what is happening now. And my relaxed mind gets some of its best ideas.

The fourth quarter always appears out of nowhere. Suddenly I realize that I'll be in town soon. Time starts speeding up. I start thinking about logistics.

As my mind starts the fourth quarter wind-up, it loses its third quarter clarity, and—whap! There I am in civilization.

As I reflect on my entire trip, I see that the first quarter lasted from Mexico to Tuolumne Meadows. I'd gotten out of Dodge, and I was focused on the present: walk through the desert, then through the Sierras. I wasn't preoccupied with the future.

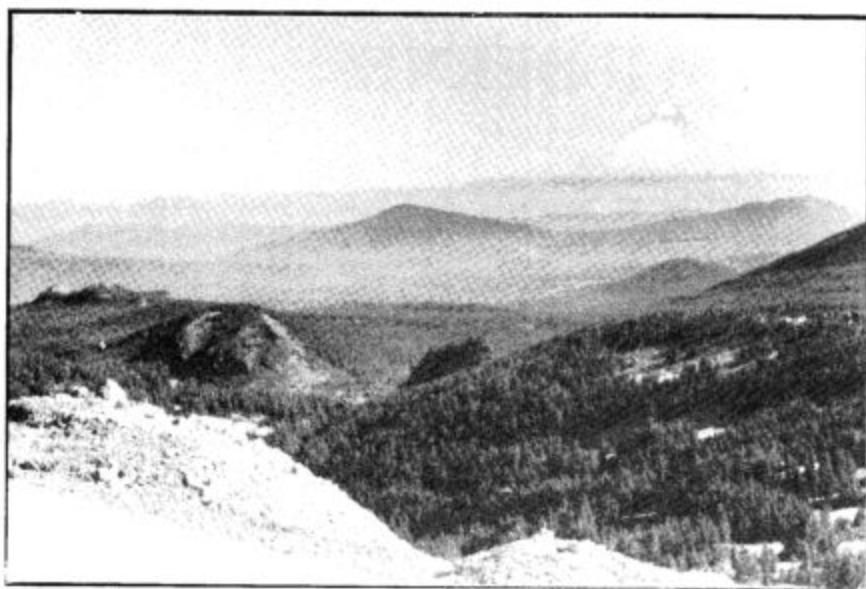
The second quarter lasted from Tuolumne Meadows until the beginning of the Miller Expedition, a long quarter. I was preoccupied with my schedule and anything that might cause me to deviate from it. A difficult time, but I would not trade that experience for anything. Pushing through it was very rewarding.

The third quarter began after my 33-mile day. I was basically on schedule, and I'd walked nearly 2000 miles. I knew I could finish the last 700.

As I left Santiam Pass, I was well into the third quarter, heading toward Mount Jefferson and Mount Hood. What fun. But as I walked, I realized that the fourth quarter lurked ahead, and with it my destination—the end of the trail.

I had learned, while I walked, that while my *goal* was to walk to Canada, my *purpose* for this journey was to incorporate third quarter clarity and awareness into my everyday life.

Originally, I thought that simply hiking the trail would do this. After my



Ann Marshall / Lee McKee

I realized Mount Hood was one of my major landmarks.

repetitious encounter with the fourth quarter, however, I wasn't sure this would occur.

A friend had sent me an article from the Los Angeles Times about a through-hiker from last year. The quote that stuck in my mind was this: "I didn't realize how great the lifestyle was until I got back to civilization."

As I continued, I wondered how to avoid this happening to me.

WY'EAST

I had decided to climb Mount Hood on the day I first saw it on the horizon from North Sister. From its summit, I wanted to look north and survey the land I would soon walk through.

I also hoped that diverting my attention from the PCT would give me insight on how to incorporate the third quarter into my life.

As I began the 100-mile walk from Santiam Pass to Timberline Lodge, I bypassed the first and second quarters and dropped immediately into the third. Perhaps this was because I was now so deeply entrenched in the third quarter of my whole journey from Mexico to Canada.

Midway through my fourth day from Santiam Pass, I rounded a ridge, headed east, and became aware of something large to my left. I drew my eyes from the trail, and there was Mount Hood—Wy'east, directly across the valley.

Timberline Lodge, 20 trail miles away, was in sight. I could see the Palmer ski lift. I now realized that Mount Hood was one of my major landmarks, just as Lake Tahoe had been. I knew where I was in relation to other things.

Canada was not far.

As I started to climb Wy'east's south slope, I realized that this would be the first time I would climb a volcano from bottom to top, instead of driving half-way up first.

I also realized that I would be only *one day* behind schedule if I pushed straight through to Cascade Locks. My competitive, goal-oriented side was tempted. My third quarter mentality, however, prevailed; a day here or there wouldn't make any difference, and I wanted to climb.

We rose at 4:30am to start climbing. Jon Kissick had brought a mutual friend Daemon Anastas, who had recently moved to Portland. He also brought my climbing gear. Two women, Heather and Karen, also joined us.

We rose above the thick, cold fog of Timberline into glorious sunshine at 8000 feet. I really enjoyed walking up the mountain, focusing on something other than my relentless pursuit northward. The lively company was fun as well.

At 11am we reached the Hogsback, a saddle near the summit, where we put on our crampons. The standard route to the right looked difficult; the bergschrund was wide, and the usually snow-packed final pitch was all bare. A rock fell down the chute ... the day was warming as the noon sun rose. We were late.

We climbed the snow to the left, steeper but with fewer rocks. At the summit, the view was overwhelming: Rainier, Saint Helens and Adams. I nearly felt dizzy. We didn't spend much time up on top, for the day was

warming markedly and we were paranoid about rockfall.

As we descended I had a strangely hollow feeling inside. I wondered what could possibly be the problem. We'd accomplished our goal, the summit. Then, I realized that in our rush to attain the summit and then descend, I had forgotten to look north and really absorb the terrain that lay ahead. I'd forgotten my purpose for climbing in the first place. I wanted to go back, but it was too late.

I then realized that this hollow feeling would be magnified if I reached the Canadian border without accomplishing the purpose of my journey.

THE DESCENT

I awoke the day after the climb, excited to complete my Mount Hood experience by descending to the Columbia River. To add to the magic of the morning, there was a quarter-inch of snow on the ground, and snow was still falling.

For 15 miles or so, the PCT coincides with the Timberline Trail that circles Mount Hood. It was great fun to walk in and out of its big river drainages, especially after having climbed to its summit the day before. How lucky I had been with the weather!

After turning off the Timberline Trail, the PCT traverses the foothills of Mount Hood and descends into the Gorge. As I continuously lost elevation, wintery Mount Hood weather gave way to summertime temperatures.

In the past seven days I'd walked 100 miles, climbed to the summit of Mount Hood, and descended 50 miles to the Columbia River, an 11,000-foot drop. My body felt great, and I felt that I'd really accomplished something.

But, as the sounds of the trains and freeways of the Gorge filled the air, the fourth quarter of this wonderful segment was now upon me. As I walked into Cascade Locks at dusk, I again began to wonder how to incorporate the third quarter into my post-trail life ... how to accomplish my purpose.

How does Karl solve his dilemma? He'll let you know in the next installment.

△

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

KIM HYATT

THE SISKIYOU WILDERNESS

— BEAUTIFUL, REMOTE ... AND STEEP! —

The 153,000-acre Siskiyou Wilderness lies just east of Crescent City, California. Within this rugged, mountainous area granite cliffs and summits contrast with miles of unspoiled forest. There are streams, waterfalls, and a dozen lakes in glacier-carved cirques. Elevations range from 600 feet to the 7309-foot summit of surprising Preston Peak.

The entire Southwest Oregon/Northwest California area is famed for its unusually diverse flora and fauna, including several threatened and endangered species. The geology, as well, is incredibly diverse and complex.

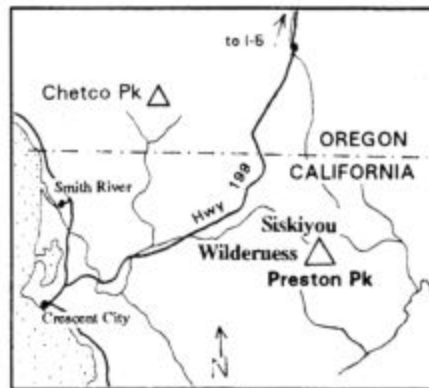
The Siskiyou Wilderness is remote, far from population centers, and little known. It tends to be lightly visited. One source warns the user to be careful and self sufficient. "You cannot expect to see many people," it sermonizes. I could not think of a more delightful endorsement!

July 11 through 17 of last summer I led a Chemeketan Club trip to this little known area. I advertised the backpack as being a leisurely, easy trip with distances not to exceed 5 to 6 miles per day and modest elevation gains of 2000 feet or less.

As it turned out I oversold the easiness. The trails were rugged and sometimes horrendously steep. Bridges were non-existent and some creek crossings, particularly of Clear Creek, required wading. Most access is over poor roads. None of these are reasons to stay away. It is a charming, beautiful, rugged, lightly used area. Do see it but scale back a bit on your normal daily standards.

On Sunday the 11th we drove the 270 miles from Salem on I-5 to Grants Pass and Highway 199 to a car camp at Grassy Flat. Monday morning we went east on Road 16 (about 12 miles south of the Oregon border). Road 16 was mostly "paved" but extremely narrow and a bit "spectacular" in a couple of places.

At about the 10-mile point we went left on Road 16N02 and drove 5 more miles to the Doe Flat trailhead. Over this last 5 miles we were very happy to be driving a van with good clearance. One does not want to be in a hurry. There is a campground of a sort (no water) at the trailhead.



Parts of the Wilderness have been previously roaded. This is particularly true in the Youngs Valley area. We entered the Wilderness and walked down 2 miles of old abandoned road before reaching a trail proper. We dropped 1 more mile to Trout Camp where we had intended to spend our first night.

Trout Camp turned out to be in two parts. One part was on the other side of Clear Creek, the wrong side for us. We were not going that way and to camp there would have required wading every time we went anywhere. Our side was occupied. We decided to continue north and see what we could find.

It was a beautiful canyon but campsites were all but nonexistent and level places to set up our tent-heavy expedition were rare. About 2 miles from Trout Creek we were forced to wade Clear Creek and on the other side we made the best of things and stuck our tents here and there wherever we could cram them.

Tuesday morning we hiked north for another rugged mile and then headed right on the Rattlesnake Meadow trail. There were several expressions of concern about the name. I soon decided that there was no way for a rattlesnake to get up there unless he had wings. Then about 1½ miles up our elevator shaft we found ourselves entangled in virtually impenetrable brush!

Persistent souls might be able to force their way through. We talked later to Forest Service rangers who told us that they would not mind if a backpacker were to bring a machete or saw to do his own clearing: "As long as it doesn't have an engine." I was very sorry we weren't able to make it; Rat-

tlesnake Meadow was my principal destination. Lying just under the final battlements of Preston Peak, it should have been a beautiful place.

We hiked back down (I bruised a couple of toes) and found a fairly decent place to camp about ¼-mile north and across a feeder stream from the Rattlesnake trail junction.

Wednesday we hiked into Youngs Valley for a look. The side trip was not a part of my original plans but was well worth the effort. It is a beautiful place. There are many views, numerous good campsites, and splendid vistas of the sheer battlements of El Capitan.

A few of our party took off to see Raspberry Lake but were turned around by deteriorating weather (thunder and lightning). Two of our party learned why us old timers always button up our camps and put everything under cover before heading off on a day trip. Luckily they had polyester filling for their sleeping bags and sleeping damp was not all that bad.

Thursday we hiked back to Trout Camp where we found our preferred site unoccupied. Friday we climbed up the "trail" to Devils Punchbowl. And we thought the Rattlesnake Meadow trail was steep! Yes, there were switchbacks but they only served to change the slope from "you need a ladder" to "you almost need a ladder!"

The last mile was over rocks following cairns. The route around the first lake was "interesting." In one place a projecting ledge tried to shove us off the trail. A few people were camping up there! This was a gorgeous, gorgeous place but—oh my—what a place to try to get into with a backpack! Luckily we were day hiking. After enjoying the breathtaking view of sheer cliffs above a sparkling lake and legions and legions of wildflowers we descended. Well bandaged toes came through this time almost unscathed.

All that was left Saturday morning was to climb back up the hill in the cool of morning and drive home.

Try it. You might like it!

△

Kim Hyatt is a long-time member of the Chemeketans Club. He lives in Salem.

CHARLES BAGLEY, JR, and MARTIN GREENE

UTAH HIKES

—THE CHEESEBOX AND CHIMNEY CANYON—

Off to Utah again. After an overnight in the Fry Canyon Motel (\$38.00 a night for two, no phone, write ahead for reservations, no credit cards accepted), we headed into the Cheesebox Wilderness Study Area, this time for three days.

We parked off the road on the north at milepost 75 on Highway 95 just west of Natural Bridges National Monument. A quite easy trail leads to the bottom, but it switchbacks dramatically.

We walked straight toward the Cheesebox to the canyon rim, then started angling downward to the left to try to find and follow tracks.

We saw a large hiking party in the White River Canyon below us, but we crossed upstream of them on ledges and were not within shouting distance.

Water running in all the canyons! April 1993 was the wettest spring on record in Southern Utah.

We had a splendid campsite above

the narrows of Cheesebox. One of us tried to wade the 46-degree water of the narrows with a 3-mm wet suit on, which was satisfactory, but when it came to swimming, it was just too cold!

We found a hiking route on ledges to the upper canyon relatively easy to follow. The north branch of the canyon contains a small natural bridge not reported by the BLM in its assessment of the area. We found some cattle tracks, but no signs of cattle or other humans in the upper WSA.

The mines on Lone Butte seem to be completely abandoned, and there was no sign of recent passage on the Lone Butte Road.

This whole area should be designated Wilderness, not just the canyon bottoms, since the human intrusions from the uranium mining era are no longer really noticeable.

Quite cold at night, as low as 44 degrees.

Then, off for five days of hiking up Muddy Creek and Chimney Canyon of the San Rafael Swell. Steve Allen's new guidebook (*Canyoneering—The San Rafael Swell*, University of Utah Press, 1992), is just terrific with great detail on the hikes. Again, running water for the considerable length of this canyon system, most unusual. Also, ice on the stream one morning—that's cold!

We found a Class 4 route into the upstream extent of the North Branch of Chimney Canyon above the falls, much easier than the 5.4 route that Allen had described in his book.

Apparently, a few cows are illegally loose in this canyon system. We saw lots of fresh hoofprints but no sign of the wary critters.

Later we ran into Steve Allen himself with the Sierra Club group that he was guiding. They had come through the narrows of Muddy Creek during the 40-degree weather and rain, yet seemed undaunted—what a tough group!

This is another great area in Utah to hike. I hope Northwest hikers will get down there and visit these sites, then write to our congressmen and urge them to pass a wilderness bill for these federal lands of ours in Utah.

Fry Canyon Motel
Box 200, Fry Canyon
Lake Powell UT 84533

△

Charles Bagley, of Seattle, is a physician at the Northwest Cancer Center. Martin Greene, also of Seattle, is a gastroenterologist.



Martin Greene

Charles Bagley hiking in Utah.

TERRY ROCKAFELLAR

North Lake Ridge

—THE BEAUTY OF EXPLORING ON A MID-SUMMER DAY—

With 92 degrees predicted in Seattle on the first weekend in August, 1993, it was time to head for the hills. Gulliver and Mojo, my dogs, couldn't contain their enthusiasm as we packed up the van and drove off toward Granite Falls and the great beyond.

Where exactly should we go? It shouldn't be too hot and long, nor too ordinary. North Lake Ridge presented itself as an ideal destination.

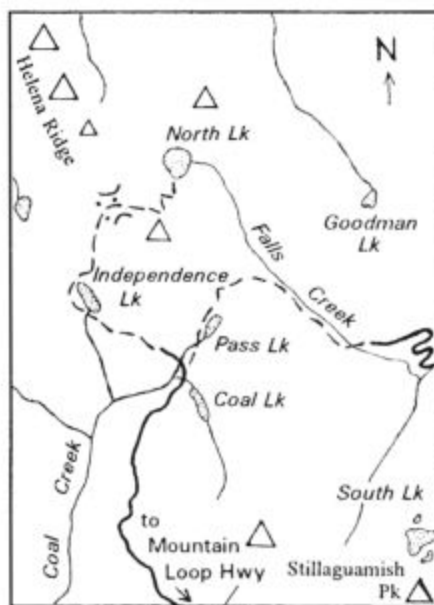
There are so many popular hikes on the Mountain Loop, but this one seems hardly known. It starts with the ¼-mile trail to Independence Lake, reached by the Coal Lake Road, which turns north from the highway shortly after the Big Four Ice Caves turnoff, and shortly before the Perry Creek Road.

On this day all signs for the road were missing, so these details were important. The trailhead is at the very end of the road, which is the most spectacular in the area for its grand views. There's room for many cars, and on weekends many are there, as Independence Lake is a fine place for families and little kids. The start of the trail is obvious, yet this day the signs again were missing. A note posted on a log did warn of a bees' nest ¼-mile in, which children might accidentally disturb.

A forest service employee at the parking lot said he had brought his boss to look the recreational situation over; she was somewhere up the trail. It seems there has been talk of closing this road.

On the other hand, there has been talk of putting in something like a handicap access path to Coal Lake, which the road passes near its end. Another possibility might be some kind of circuit for mountain bikes, using the mostly-obliterated Pass Lake Trail (from near here as well) to go back over to the Darrington side of the mountain.

Independence Lake, at 4100 feet, is a



modest but pretty lake which seems well able to handle the crowds who visit its shores. The trail reaches it on rocky-rooted tread through charming forest. There are ups and downs but no significant elevation gain.

The far end of the lake has a kind of gravelly meadow and an encampment area nicely located in adjacent trees. But the real treat lies ahead on the trail to North Lake, found by skirting through the meadow as if the aim were to circle Independence Lake, but then following instead a path that climbs up the hillside, leaving most of human-kind behind.

Gulliver and Mojo, both wearing packs but carrying only token gear on this day outing—such as water, food, clothing and the emergency extras especially advisable on a solo hike—trotted up the switchbacks through patches of forest, meadow, and brush.

This section of the trail was delightful with its rapid changes. The cool parts in trees, graced with Canadian

dogwood and foam flower, were so welcome in the day's heat, yet so too were the open parts with their patriotism of red columbine, white valerian, and blue lupine. In between were episodes of waist-high thimbleberry, salmonberry, and giant cow parsnip, a tunnel for canines.

The way was steep, but after some 700 feet of gain it eased and re-entered full forest, passing a great yellow cedar with a double trunk. A pond with grassy accompaniment was visible through the trees down off to the left.

The trail continued its 1000-foot climb to the ridge from which it would drop to North Lake. Gulliver, 11-year veteran that he is, was in top spirits with that special prance and gleam he only gets in the "real world." (The same could be said of his master.)

Mojo, only in her third season and not yet so experienced in the ways of the woods, stuck closer by, carrying most of the weight in her solid, working-dog manner.

Shortly before the ridge the trail arrives at Frog Egg Pool and a confusing juncture. To continue in the direction of North Lake you need to head leftish up through some rocks.

You can see the trail quite well if you know about this and are looking for it. Otherwise you are likely to follow the more obvious path going rightish through vegetation and then gradually down into an attractive basin.

No doubt most of the hikers who get this far think they are now about to arrive at North Lake, but instead they will be treated to Tepidium and Frigidarium Lakelets, always good for a quick dip. (These names are made up, but no one else has offered any, so why not?)

What a beautiful spot—Tepidium is shallow and elongated, while Frigidarium is

to next page

DEBORAH RIEHL

RESCUE EPICS

—HAWAIIAN STYLE—

This Rescue Epic has a *slightly* different flavor! We did the Keaiwa Trail the day before so we were taking a day off and being quite slothful on September 27. We spent the morning snorkeling and sunning on the beach. There are more reef critters in front of the condo than I can ever remember—brilliant fish, rare green sea turtles, stingrays, moray eels and sea urchins.

In the afternoon we visited my old homestead in Ewa Beach, then drove out past Makaha to check out beaches in that direction. We're always sure to be back to the condo to watch the sunset and—we hope—a green flash from our west-facing beach. The green flashes were few this trip however—too much vog (volcanic smog).

As we strolled down the beach we noticed something new in the water since that morning—a row of floats near the breakers on the beach. They

looked like part of a net but it was unmarked and no one was tending it. Clearly, it shouldn't be on a swimming and snorkeling beach.

I swam out and gave it a tug, but it was firmly snagged on the reef. Without being able to see what I was doing I was in danger of becoming enmeshed myself. Bill returned to the condo to get my prescription goggles, a snorkel, and something to cut the net with.

Now able to see I swam back out to study the problem. I was dismayed to find the net was approximately sixty feet long—most of it under water. The mesh was translucent and nearly invisible in the fading light.

I freed the far end from the reef and began swimming in with it. Bill waited on the beach. Being a North Bend native he doesn't have much ocean swimming experience. A young man with snorkel and fins began to pull in the

shore end.

I dove repeatedly to free up parts of the net which hung up on the coral. It was the most exertion I'd put forth this vacation!

When the young man got his end ashore, Bill and two other people pulled it the rest of the way in. We used the kitchen shears I had stashed in my bikini hip band to cut the one remaining victim (an ornated wrasse) free and throw it back in the sea.

It took two of us to drag this representative of the infamous drift net species the rest of the way up the beach to the garbage can. I guess we rescue types are never *really* on vacation.

△

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

North Lake Ridge *continued from previous page*

arium is deep, lobed, and nestled in rock and heather. Frigidarium has two pretty camp sites.

The true trail soon hits the ridge in one of those abrupt shifts of scene so common to the Cascades and so endearing about them. You exit from the forest and move out into heather bench country with high drama: cliffs with snow patches, pinnacles and striving evergreens; granite outcroppings with meadowy pockets; Glacier Peak looming in the distance and, way down below, glimpses of green-blue North Lake.

To get to North Lake, you'd need to descend more or less as far as you came up, the total distance from the trailhead being some 3 miles. The lake is sizable but, as I recall from visiting it in years past, sparse in camping sites. The slabby slope that comes down to it has only one reasonably level patch for a tent, although there might be others farther on—we didn't investigate the

whole lake in those times.

For today, the secrets of the higher terrain offered more reward. The path snakes back and forth through numerous little surprises. There are many ponds, small and not flowing in this season, but nice places to be. With some planning, a party could camp in such a location with good views and the potential for a visit to North Lake the next day. What a perfect way to spread out.

You'd need to carry enough bottles of water for drinking, but the pools would be good, with a filter, for cooking. And it's such fun to explore in this kind of country. The enterprising may even be able to find Cozy Flat, up against a major high-rise and graced with impressive furniture, tub and running water, and wall-to-wall carpeting.

Our return after a scenic munch included the compulsory Frigidarium dip. Gulliver and Mojo loved it too, so

much so that Gulliver jumped the schedule and got the towel wet before I had removed his pack. Oh well, the sun could do as well as a towel.

The dogs cavorted through water and boulders and squirmed their itchy backs on huckleberry twigs. Then it was time to go.

We ambled back to the vehicle with satisfied smiles on our faces, all three of us.

△

Terry Rockefeller, of Seattle, is a professor at the University of Washington.

PANORAMA

NEWS FROM ALL OVER

LOGGING COMPLETE ON LONG ISLAND—Weyerhaeuser log trucks rolled off Long Island at the end of September for the last time.

They would have been logging one more year, but the federal government wanted to extend the buffer around the Ancient Cedar Grove and purchased the cutting rights. (See *Pack & Paddle*, May 1992, page 21.)

The ferry (not open to the public) will remain in place probably until January. Long Island is part of Willapa Bay National Wildlife Refuge and is a wonderful place for walking and paddling.

According to assistant Refuge manager Kevin Sittauer, the island will be allowed to "go back to its natural state."—*Information from an article by Amy Wold in the Chinook Observer.*

CARIBOO MOUNTAINS—The Cariboo Mountains Wilderness Coalition will continue its fight to protect the land between Bowron Lake Provincial Park and Wells Gray Provincial Park. Combined, this area is the largest contiguous undeveloped old-growth forest ecosystem in BC's Columbia Mountains.

The wet western slopes of the Cariboo Mountains are drained by the Bowron, Quesnel and Clearwater rivers. The headwaters of the Bowron and Clearwater are already protected in Bowron Lake and Wells Gray provincial parks. Only the headwaters of the Quesnel River remain unprotected.

This interior rainforest region provides a rich home to high densities of grizzly bear, woodland cariboo, rainbow trout and sockeye salmon—all species that depend on pristine wildlands and waterways.

Lobby efforts last year failed to convince Cabinet to reconsider its "log-around" decision, and logging continued in the Blue Lead Creek watershed. Last winter, West Fraser Mills clearcut three blocks in the Blue Lead.

The 20-month logging deferral placed on the remaining unprotected watersheds in the Cariboo Mountains expires in December 1993. The clock's ticking. We must show the government that we support a stop to the barely profitable logging that will cause irreversible damage to the headwaters of the Quesnel River.

If you are interested in participating or want more info, please contact the

Cariboo Mountains Wilderness Coalition, PO Box 34293, Station D, Vancouver BC V6J 4N8, or call us at 604-685-8269.—*excerpted from an article by Doug Radies, BC Mountaineering Club newsletter.*

SCOTT PAUL DIES—Scott Paul, 39, manager of the wilderness and trails program for the Mount Baker Ranger District of the Mount Baker-Snoqualmie National Forest, died in late September after a 100-foot fall. He was assisting in construction of a trail bridge in the Siuslaw National Forest east of Lincoln City, Oregon.

Scott had worked for the Forest Service since 1976. A native of New Jersey, he was first employed as a summer worker on the trail crew at Mount Baker while earning a degree in Ecosystem Management at Huxley Environmental College in Bellingham. Later he became crew foreman and was hired into his present position in 1987.

Among the trails Scott helped create is the new system at Heather Meadows near the Mount Baker Ski Area. It consists of a series of short interpretive paths that cover several miles and provide access to many areas of awesome beauty. Much of the treadway is suitable for wheelchairs.

One of the centerpieces of the system is a stone arch bridge which Scott conceived and built. The bridge was featured on the cover of a recent edition of *Architectural Digest* magazine.

At the time of his death Scott was working on plans to construct a suspension bridge across Baker River. The bridge will complete a new route along the east side of Baker Lake. His reputation was so widely known that he often was called upon to assist with trail projects across Washington and Oregon. The bridge project that resulted in his death would have been similar to the Baker River bridge.

Scott is survived by his wife, Debra, who is an information assistant for the Mount Baker Ranger District, and two young daughters.

HUT SITTERS WANTED—To prevent vandalism to the Mount Tahoma Trails System huts this fall, volunteers are being sought to stay in the buildings during the weekends.

No reservations or deposits needed, plus you can drive right to the hut past the locked gates. The only catch is that

you'll be asked to perform some simple chores around the hut. Call Bob Brown or Ted Keeley at the DNR: 206-492-5031.—*from the Mount Tahoma Trails Association newsletter.*

MOUNT TAHOMA TRAILS SYSTEM—If you would like to arrange a slide show about the Mount Tahoma Trails System for your group, write the Mount Tahoma Trails Association, PO Box 206, Ashford WA 98304.

GOATS IN THE OLYMPICS—Here's the opinion of four leading outdoor and conservation groups about the Olympic goats:

"In 1923, twelve non-native mountain goats were introduced to the Olympic Peninsula. By the mid-1980s the goats numbered 1200.

"Alpine areas that had evolved for millions of years without mountain goats now have to contend with their intensive cropping, trampling and wallowing. Numerous rare plant species, some of which occur nowhere else, are being destroyed. An interagency team (Park Service, Forest Service and Department of Wildlife) was formed to address the problem.

"A Draft Environmental Impact Statement on Non-Native Goats is expected to be released early this winter. Unfortunately, it is already known that the DEIS will list management alternatives only for lands within the Park, not the adjacent National Forest lands. Goats will continue their destruction of delicate alpine plant communities in the Forest, and will be allowed to repopulate Park areas at will.

"The Mountaineers, Olympic Park Associates, Washington Native Plant Society, Seattle Audubon and other organizations believe that a timely and complete elimination of non-native goats from the Olympic Peninsula is the only feasible solution to this problem.

"Mountain goats are not a threatened species in Washington state, while the alpine plant communities of the Olympic Mountains are irreplaceable.

"To further sacrifice this area's ecological integrity in order to supply goats for trophy hunters on National Forest lands is unthinkable, but that is the position of a vocal constituency of sport-hunters and animal rights advocates."—*From The Mountaineers' "Conservation News."*

PANORAMA

NEWS FROM ALL OVER

TELLURIDE CANYON—The town of Telluride, Colorado, has agreed to allow climbing on Bridalveil Falls and Ingram Falls, two of the most spectacular and sought-after ice climbs in the US.

Attorney Steve Johnson, from Telluride, and climbing guide Charlie Fowler were instrumental in initiating negotiations between Telluride and the Idaho Mining Corporation to address the problem of access to Telluride Canyon.

Johnson and Fowler, assisted by the Access Fund, developed a plan for managing climbing in the Canyon. The plan satisfies concerns about liability and limitations on recreation use; provides for protection of private property and natural resources; and establishes an easement for recreation in Idaho land.

The management plan takes effect in November and applies to the entire ice climbing season. Climbers wishing to ascend Bridalveil or Ingram Falls this winter must sign in at one of several self-registration sites around Telluride, and sign a waiver at that time.

For more information on the Access Fund, a national climbers' conservation organization, call 303-938-6870.

BOYCOTT ALASKA—The Alaska Board of Game has approved a plan, effective October 1, that will substantially increase the killing of wolves in Alaska. The trapping season will be extended one month, into April, when improved flying and snowmobile conditions make the killing of wolves substantially easier.

Same day land-and-shoot hunting will be allowed, making it nearly impossible to enforce laws prohibiting aerial kills and aerial pursuit of wolves to exhaustion.

Approval of a government sponsored wolf "control" effort within 10 miles of Denali National Park will reduce the size of the wolf population from an estimated 150 to 200 down to about 35.

Wolf advocates ask you to do the following:

- Do not spend a single tourist dollar in Alaska.
- Ask your local tourist agency not to promote travel to Alaska.
- Urge your Representative to support HR 1391 which would make it illegal to use aircraft to kill wolves and ask your Senators to support a similar bill being introduced by Senator Barbara Boxer.

—Ask Interior Secretary Bruce Babbitt not to permit wolves to be killed on federal lands in Alaska, or to allow any form of land-and-shoot on federal lands; ask that a buffer be created next to Denali National Park to prevent public hunting and trapping of wolves that move in and out of the Park (18th and C Streets NW, Washington DC 20240).

—Ask Jim Baca, Director of the BLM, not to permit any land-and-shoot on the bureau's lands in Alaska (same address as Babbitt).

—Write to Governor Walter Hickel with your objections to his state's plans (PO Box 110001, Juneau AK 99811).

—From *The Mountaineers' "Conservation News."*

WINSTON REPORT—Winston the wandering grizzly has gone home.

BC government wildlife biologist Tom Burgess says the big bear, which authorities want to relocate away from people, was last heard from in August, when a signal from his radio collar indicated he was near Pemberton.

That's about 250 kilometers away from the forest east of Manning Park where the government tried to relocate him in the summer of 1992.

And it's just about where he was before the wildlife branch got on his case.

"I expect he's back up in his home range, happily eating skunk cabbage and other natural foods, thoroughly enjoying himself," Burgess said in an interview this week.

Winston's saga began last summer, when the 200-kilogram bear was spotted roaming around Pemberton-area farms instead of staying in the forests and the mountains. (See *Pack & Paddle*, April 1993, page 18.)

Wildlife officials tracked him down, tranquilized him and took him by helicopter to a forest in the North Cascades. Before Winston was set free, biologists put a radio collar around his neck, intending to track his movements in the mountains there.

By January, the radio signal was originating from the Chilliwack area. Sometime within the next few weeks, Winston crossed the Fraser River and made his way halfway up Harrison Lake. To get there, he had to cross mountain ranges, highways, rivers and farms.

"We never expected he would return to the Pemberton area," Burgess said.

"That's a long way to go."

Winston, however, is a seasoned traveller. But wildlife managers should be able to track him for another two or three years, until the batteries in his radio collar die out.—*Excerpted from an article by Glenn Bohn in the Vancouver Sun.*

GRIZZLY TRACKS CONFIRMED

—Last June a UW student surveying birds on the Kapowsin Tree Farm made plaster casts of bear tracks in the mud. In September, those tracks were confirmed as those of grizzlies.

The tracks were made by at least two bears, according to Jon Almack, grizzly bear biologist for the Department of Wildlife.

The Kapowsin Tree Farm is 112,000 acres adjacent to the west side of Mount Rainier National Park. Although the land is roaded and intensively logged, it is considered fairly remote because access is controlled by the owner, Champion International.

Pack & Paddle was also told by Loren Foss, a member of the Citizens' Involvement Group of the North Cascades Grizzly Bear Steering Committee, that grizzly tracks were confirmed this summer at a location 5 miles out of Leavenworth, as well.

A grizzly sow with cubs was also reported this summer in the Saint Helens area, according to Loren.

SUBSCRIBER DIES IN CLIMBING ACCIDENT

—Joel Blumhagen, of Redmond, died on October 9 from severe head injuries after an 80-foot fall on Chair Peak near Snoqualmie Pass. He was an experienced climber and both he and his companion wore helmets. His companion suffered minor injuries. Apparently a belay anchor gave way, according to Seattle Mountain Rescue.

Joel was director of radiology services at Evergreen Hospital in Kirkland.



REST STOP

EQUIPMENT, RECIPES, TIPS

CAR CARE—For the 10 Essentials for your car (*October, page 27*) I would add, most emphatically, to check your spare tire **BEFORE** starting out!

I didn't and were it not for a Good Samaritan of the roads I would have had a long lonely time in the Gifford Pinchot forest.—*Dale Graves, Kent.*

WATERPROOF TENT FLOOR—Mystery Hiker wants to know of a good way to waterproof a tent floor (*October, page 28*). Use a plastic ground cloth cut about 6 inches smaller than the floor of your tent.

Four-mil thickness works well and lasts a long time. This keeps the outside of the tent floor clean also. When breaking camp, shake the plastic clean if you can, otherwise fold it so the damp and dirty part is to the inside.

By careful folding you will avoid dirt and moisture getting in your pack. When setting up camp the next night if the plastic isn't dry, put the wet side down. This is all much easier than treating the tent floor every few years.

It is what I have done for over 30 years and I am still using the same piece of plastic! When you get home from a trip, hang it out to dry and brush off any dirt.—*Dale Graves, Kent.*

MORE TENT FLOOR—For Mystery Hiker's wet tent floor: paint on "POLYCOAT" (available at Sports Replay in Lynnwood).

I have had mine on for five years and my tent has never leaked. Polycoat is made by Trondak, a local company.—*Don Wallace, Lynnwood.*

STILL MORE—For Mystery Hiker who wanted to know a good way to waterproof a tent floor—line the *inside* of your tent, the entire floor and up the walls a few inches on all four walls. You are guaranteed to stay dry.

As for plastic underneath the tent, it usually seems to collect a pool of water on top of it during rain. However, we still put a thin sheet underneath our tent to protect the floor from sharp

stones and twigs which seem to pierce the plastic coating and be the main cause of the tent losing its waterproofing ability in the first place.

Also, don't forget to seam seal around the edges of the floor. Good luck.—*Don and Val, Edmonds.*

AND FINALLY—I remember some advice given years ago by Warmlite's Jack Stephenson.

He maintained that most waterproof tent floors are just that—waterproof. Moisture that you see collecting on your tent floor is probably condensation because most tents have very poor air circulation and ventilation.

To help keep the tent interior dry, he recommended keeping wet clothes out of the tent, don't cook or eat in the tent, and open front and rear doors and windows for maximum ventilation.

If your tent floor is *still* wet, maybe you really do have a leaking floor. Jack's solution is to use carton-sealing tape to tape a lightweight painter's dropcloth to your tent floor, on the inside, I think.—*AM.*

FOOD STORAGE—Does anyone know where we can get a lightweight aluminum box, about the shape of a fishing tackle box, suitable for carrying food in on a backpack trip?

We've had a number of experiences with wild animals getting our food, even when hung up. The only thing we've ever found is an old fashioned bread box we got at an antique store.

Surely, there must be something available. What do kayakers and canoers use when camping in bear country? REI didn't seem to have any answer, nor did a couple of other outdoor stores we enquired at, and fishing tackle boxes are only made of plastic nowadays.—*Don and Val, Edmonds.*

STORAGE SUGGESTIONS—Here are a few ideas for Don and Val, above. One, a paddler's "dry bag" works pretty well for keeping odors contained, it has a built-in "handle" for easy suspension on a bear-wire, and some of them are made of very sturdy materials that would discourage most small critters. Lots of paddlers we know also use small ice chests, which are not practical for backpacking but which work very nicely for food storage in a canoe or kayak.

Two, some National Parks (Denali, Glacier Bay, Sequoia) require back-

packers to use bear-resistant containers. In fact, rangers issue them to hikers when they check in. A company in California makes them and although they are (1) not light and (2) not cheap, they *do* protect your food.

Write for a brochure to:

Garcia Machine
14097 Avenue 272
Visalia CA 93277
(209-732-3785).

Owner Richard Garcia tells me his containers are well-tested by the grizzly and polar bears at the Fresno zoo, then by "a couple of huge Kodiaks" at the San Francisco zoo. These bears chew on them, swat them, and sit on them.

The small "Backpacker" container is 8"x12", weighs 3 pounds, and costs about \$75. The "Basecamp" model is 8"x18", weighs 5 pounds, and costs about \$85. The containers are completely smooth cylinders and must be placed inside something with loops or straps—such as a stuff sack—for hanging.

Three, Lee and I have discovered a plastic screw-top container made by Nalgene of tough Lexan polycarbonate that really masks odors. We have bought several in the wide-mouth style and they are great for storing our smelly things—garlic, jerky, and moth balls. They are raccoon-, crow-, and mouse-proof. We don't know about bears yet.

We're interested in hearing what other *Pack & Paddle* readers do to protect their food. What other suggestions can you give Don and Val?—*AM.*

BEST FOOT FORWARD—This software program gives you guidebook-like information, but it also lets you take advantage of a computer's flexibility. List your preferences—distance, area, elevation gain—and you'll see a complete rundown of all the trails in the state that meet those preferences.

The "Notes" section lets me update the trail information or put in details of my trip. Now that I have Windows 3.1, I can create the notes separately and paste them into BFF, and also upload the file to the Mountaineers Bulletin Board.

For a brochure, contact:
Grizzlyware
16837 NE 176 Street
Woodinville WA 98072
(800-258-HIKE).

—*Jim Cavin, Seattle.*

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EDITOR'S JOURNAL



On the Elwha Snowfinger, trying to figure out how to get off.

MY FATHER, Bill, died in early October after a stroke. He was a patient and kind man who encouraged my adventures and supported my projects—not the least of which is this very magazine.

He was a man of many talents: a champion axe-thrower, a portrait photographer and a gourmet cook, to name just a few. One of the things he was proudest of was having attained the rank of Eagle as a Boy Scout in the 1920s. He always had a pair of pliers in his pocket and could fix anything from a child's toy to huge United jet-liners (which he did for a living).

Six years ago, at age 75, he went with Lee and me through the Bowron Lakes, something he had wanted to do for years but figured that by now, at his age, the opportunity had passed. Lee's two boys and my son went along. The two older boys were sturdy teenagers and portaged more than their share so Opa could take it easy. He had a great time.

Because of his teaching, I can light a pretty good fire even with wet wood, tie knots, read a map, identify birds, hum along with Bing Crosby, and change the oil in my car.

MAPS—We list USGS quads with "Backcountry News" reports to assist you in locating the described trip. If you don't have a USGS index, you

ought to write for one. They are free and invaluable.

Request "Washington Index to Topographic and Other Map Coverage" from US Geological Survey
Box 25286, Federal Center
Denver CO 80225.

This reference is especially helpful when a trip is NOT included in a guide-book and you don't have a clue where it is.

With the Index, you can locate the quad listed for a particular trip, and then decide if you want to use one of the several other maps available—such as Pic-Tour, Green Trails, Pargeter, Custom Correct or Trails Illustrated.

CULTURE SHOCK—My sister Liz Ferguson recently returned from a month in Ecuador. She found the country beautiful and the people friendly, and she was able to spend a brief period in a jungle village—a wonderful experience.

She reports that she became a vegetarian for much of the trip. Her mind was not willing to make the dietary leap required to obtain protein from insects and other invertebrates. Her traveling companion, however, ate the unfamiliar foods with gusto and doesn't seem to have suffered for it.

BIG NEWS—Yellow Cat gets so many news releases here at the office that sometimes her in-basket overflows. But *this one*, she said, was *really important*: ROPER HOUSEHOLD UNDER NEW MANAGEMENT.

"Bellevue—After 7 years of shared management, control of the John Roper/Karen Kerruish Roper household ... has undergone a dramatic change. **Aaron Zane Roper**, a recent graduate of the University de Utero, has succeeded his parental co-managers as boss-in-charge and CEO of the previously quiet household," reads the first paragraph.

Continuing, the news release quotes the happy parents. Aaron himself, however, declined to be interviewed.

The important information: 8 pounds, 7 ounces; October 7.

John is a Cascade range explorer who grew up in Marblemount with the Pickets in his back yard. In 1991 he held a memorable party on the summit of Cedar Butte to celebrate his one-thousandth ascent of a named summit in this state. He is also a contributor to *Pack & Paddle*.

Congratulations to the Ropers!

COUGARS AND BEARS—Oh my! It seems to get worse every summer. Accounts of cougar and black bear attacks seem to be getting more frequent.

Cougars used to be the never-seen shadows of the forest. Now they pop up in the suburbs (probably their former habitat).

And black bears—I recently read about their shenanigans in Colorado and California last summer.

A Colorado wildlife agent is quoted, in an article by Alston Chase, as saying, "This summer we have bears coming out our ears." The bears have been attacking livestock and breaking into houses, killing one man.

In California, according to the same article by Chase, a bear mauled two boys; others damaged dozens of cabins.

All the cougar and bear alerts make me nervous when I head into the backcountry. I have yet to see a cougar, but I'm on the lookout.

And when we encountered several emphatic "Aggressive Bear" warnings at Low Divide recently, we changed our plans and didn't camp there.

A day after passing through Low Divide, we reached Queets Basin, where we saw many bears. Their exemplary behavior caused us to reflect on the "bad bears" we've been reading about. How can there be a "bad bear" at Low Divide, and so many "good bears" in Queets Basin a few miles away?

Where are all the "good cougars" and what has happened to make some of them be "bad cougars?" What do you think?

NEW KAYAK—Between the two of us, Lee and I have three canoes and—as of a few days ago—one brand-new kayak. We had been shopping for a kayak for well over a year.

We already knew we wanted a double instead of two singles, but it took a long time to decide on the finer points—length, beam, hull shape, hatch design ... well, we'll let you know how we like it.

See you in the backcountry,

Ann Marshall

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