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Pack & Paddle

VOLUME 2, NUMBER 12

Features

- 14 "BEARLY" ESCAPING ATTACK
Bryn Beorse
- 15 TRACKS IN THE SNOW
Croil Anderson
- 16 RESCUE EPICS: A Fatal Fall on Chair Peak
Deborah Riehl
- 17 VALHALLA—SKIERS' HEAVEN
Shari Hogshead
- 18 WINDY CROSSING
D. Lowell White
- 20 THE HIGH ROUTE ADVENTURE
Bakkar, Marshall and Rostad
- 23 THE WINTER PHONE BOOK
Pack & Paddle Staff
- 24 ON THE PCT: WASHINGTON
Karl Ullman
- 27 GRIZZLY BEAR REPORT
Ann Marshall

Departments

- 4 LETTERS TO THE EDITOR
- 5 BACKCOUNTRY NEWS
- 28 PANORAMA — News from All Over
- 30 REST STOP — Equipment, Recipes, Tips
- 31 EDITOR'S JOURNAL
- 32 BOOKS You'll Be Interested In

RANDOM VIEW—



Big Heart Lake Shelter, August 1953.

Robert M. Kinzebach

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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COVER PHOTO:

Eric Wilson, age 10, on the bridge across 22 Creek. Mount Baker-Snoqualmie National Forest, Washington. Photo by Shirley Haley.

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MEETING NEXT WEEK ... ALL BEARS INVITED

Good people, bad people ... what makes the difference? [November, page 31.] Bear with us; this is a grizzly story!

Earlier this month Mama Bear and her toddler Baby Bear were on the PCT near Glacier Peak when all of a sudden they were approached by two dirty, smelly, ratty looking humans!

Mama Bear was quoted as saying, "It all happened SO fast—there we were, one minute enjoying our berries and a beautiful day, and then BAM, there they were ... like to have scared the fur right off me!"

It seems these humans were out of their proper domain and in Mama Bear's territory and approached her acting strangely ... yelling things she couldn't understand, waving their arms wildly and displaying strange, erratic behavior.

Mama Bear believes they must have been deranged ... bad water or mushrooms or something! What they were doing out of their cities heaven only knows.

Mama and Baby Bear left the area but, lo and behold, that very same evening those two hikers were seen taking off large parts of their backs, setting them down, and constructing some sort of colorful dome.

They then emitted some very tantalizing smells and when Mama Bear attempted to be friendly and see what her new "neighbors" were up to, they got VERY excited.

This sort of thing and others like it seem to be happening more and more often and it is a growing problem. Where can a bear find peace and quiet any more? The humans are everywhere, eating berries, cutting down trees, fouling the water.

It has to stop, I tell you! They're a nuisance to all bears and now, we understand, the cougars are beginning to feel the same way.

Bears unite! Stop this flow of humans with their Snickers Bars and peanut butter before it's too late!

Before we bears have nowhere to go and are forced to live among the humans in their strange nests and unfriendly cities!

Before clear mountain mornings and starry skies are gone forever for yourselves and for the cubs of future generations!

There will be a meeting one week from tonight, in the meadow near the

second lake just beyond the old silver snag, to discuss our options. We encourage all bears to attend.

M.H. Bear
Granite Falls, Washington

MAIDEN OF THE WOODS

Maybe we can track down the Maiden of the Woods referred to in the Letters to the Editor in November's *Pack & Paddle* (page 4). I checked it out along with the Ice Caves on November 11, 1980.

About two years ago I decided to go back and found the same destruction described. Someone told me the owner cut the carving down and took it to his home. When I saw it, any evidence indicating it was a maiden was obscure, mainly because the tree had been scorched by fire.

In the event anyone wants to look for

the stump, my 1980 notes are as follows: "checked out Benson Creek including Maiden of the Woods; parking at .4-mile; trail distance .1-mile." Good luck.

Robert M. Kinzebach
Federal Way, Washington

Pete Selvig, Darrington Ranger Station, called Pack & Paddle with more information on Maiden of the Woods:

"I met Dudley Carter [who carved the tree] 4 or 5 years ago," said Pete. "He must have been 85 or 90 then. Dudley owned that one tree; he bought it from the landowner.

"After it was hit twice by lightning, he had Rankin Brothers take it down in 1987. It was pretty well ruined by the lightning and he said he was going to carve something else over it. I don't know if he ever did."



John Steveley

Before the lightning and the clearcut—Maiden of the Woods.

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



LAKE CONSTANCE (*Olympic Natl Park; USGS The Brothers, Mt Deception*)—Larry and I were on the road at 5:30 that Thursday morning, heading for the steepest trail in Olympic National Park—elevation gain 3250 feet in 2 miles.

Robert Wood (*Olympic Mountains Trail Guide*) describes this trail pretty accurately with the exception that there is no thick brush to fight through and there are other possible not-hard ways to get up the one section that he describes: "at one point the only possible way necessitates walking in the edge of the creek bed."

The trailhead sign has been removed but the trail is clearly visible—if you are paying attention (we weren't). One other car was parked at the gate.

The trail is indeed steep and at times it was helpful to grab a tree root or branch to hoist ourselves up. There are

some magnificent enormous boulders to observe and climb on the way.

Sometimes the trail is a little confusing. We stopped to look up for the familiar orange tags attached to the trees. We rested a couple of times and made it up to the lake in 2½ hours. The privy that I used was almost totally full (why me?) and the sign inside said that it cost \$650 an hour to helicopter it away, so please don't throw in garbage!

We walked half-way around the 11-acre lake (using the pamphlet provided at the trailhead) and ate lunch. After an hour of resting, the east wind came up and the coolness of it reminded us that we had better start back down. We finished hiking around the lake, watching it turn from blue to emerald green, depending on where we were.

We had been hearing about this trail for 4 years but keep putting it off until we felt we had more experience under our feet. We now know that anyone who hikes regularly and uses common sense along with caution doesn't need to wait 4 years.—Kerry Gilles and Larry Schoenborn, Westport, 10/21.

ROYAL BASIN (*Olympic Natl Park; USGS Mt Deception*)—To celebrate our 20th anniversary, we decided to explore Royal Basin. I had often dreamed of going there, but 7 miles in is a long way for someone with a bad hip.

With all of our gear in Steven's pack we set off shortly after noon and kept up a good pace on the well-graded trail. The moss gardens, deep forest, and milky cascade of Royal Creek made for an enjoyable first 4 miles. Steven con-

tinued his search for blister-rust resistant white pine. He did not find any mature healthy trees, but was pleased to find several young ones.

After 5 miles or so I was limping badly and we thought we had surely passed the lake. (Our 1946 map did not show a massive avalanche chute, and we got confused as to our exact location).

By the time we reached the lake after 4½ hours I could barely walk. Nonetheless, it was an awesome experience to be surrounded by the stark beauty of all that rock and to feel the heavy silence of the high country.

We were totally alone, the weather was flawless, and everything was tinted with the muted hues of late autumn. We saw a herd of goats on a distant shale slope, and heard two owls talking to one another.

The night was very cold, and we awoke to ice around the lake. After a great breakfast we continued up the trail to the head of the basin, and explored the tarns at the base of the ice field on Mount Deception. A solitary duck swam in circles and quacked in the milky water.

As we faced a 9 mile hike that day, we made our way back to the lake and started out. Going down, we were amazed at how consistently up the trail had been on our way in! I relied more and more on my cane, and after 4 hours was relieved to drag myself into the car. My body gets harder to move with each year, but I keep making wonderful memories!—the Barnowe-Meyers, Olympia, 10/8.

BACKCOUNTRY NEWS DEADLINE: December 21

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

BACKCOUNTRY NEWS

NORTH FORK QUINAULT (*Olympic Natl Park; USGS Bunch Lake, Mt Hoquiam, Kimta Peak, Mt Christie*)—Made it to Three Lakes on a beautiful October 6. Then up the next morning for a surprisingly hard pull to Kimta meadow. Looked up. Looked down. Went to bed.

Got up, looked up at the meandering trail marked only by cairns, looked down at sore feet. Looked up at clouds. None. Another beautiful day all alone. Better judgement seized me and I turned and walked back to Elip Creek, surprising a bear going after the last of the berries on the uphill side of the trail.

The bear turned, stood and looked down at me and then spun off, going uphill. Continued down the awful Elip Creek trail, again marvelling at the speed of a bear when I surprised another one and he lumbered off in the brush, snorting.

Made Elip Creek before the shadows settled and marvelled again that I have seen not a soul for four days. The next morning I came out and walked 6 road miles to Quinault until a VW van (natch) carried me into town. 40 miles, beautiful weather, all alone. Does it get any better than this?—Bill Hoke, Kingston, 10/6-11.

SAND POINT, CAPE ALAVA (*Olympic Natl Park; USGS Ozette Lake*)—We used to come every winter and have explored most of the coast but somehow we got out of the habit. We decided it was time to get back into it. It hadn't changed all that much.

By the time we got going and caught ferries and did the drive it was mid-afternoon. The walk out to Sand Point was pleasant and quick—3 miles on the boardwalk. No problem except those boards *do* get slick when wet!

The beach in front of our campsite was covered with seagulls—thousands of them (no exaggeration). We were sitting on a log looking at them and I said to Mr. Maphead, "Wouldn't it be fun to run down the beach and scare them all up?" Minutes later a deer came running down the beach, along the surf, and did just that. It was wonderful to see.

We spent four days out there, walking to Cape Alava one day, down as far as we could get at high tide to Yellow Banks the next and spent lots of time gazing out at the ocean and into a roaring fire.

Few people this time of year, no bugs at all. Though we were warned about raccoons and bears we kept a clean camp and always hung our food and had no problems.—Mystery Hiker and Mr. Maphead, Granite Falls, 10/25-28.

WELCH PEAKS (*Buckhorn Wilderness; USGS Mt Townsend*)—I arrived at the Mount Townsend trailhead (about 3500 feet) at about 11am. The parking lot which is frequently full during the summer contained only two vehicles.

As I proceeded up the switchbacks, the large firs provided a canopy for the wild rhodies which grow on both sides of the trail. The sky was almost cloudless with only very thin wisps of cirrus as I emerged from these tall firs into the large broad alpine meadows on the south side of Mount Townsend.

All of the alpine flowers were now gone and the leaves of several low growing deciduous plants were various hues of yellow and red. In less than an hour I reached Windy Camp (about 5300 feet) with its small shallow ponds known as Windy Lakes.

At about 1/3-mile above Windy Camp I turned left onto the Silver Lakes trail and arrived at the saddle between Welch Peaks and Mount Townsend about ten minutes later.

I then turned south (left), following the ridge for about 1/2-mile. I noticed several fresh elk tracks and also some large cat tracks along the ridge. After a short section of Class 2 scrambling I arrived at the summit. The summit afforded me excellent views of Mount Constance and Mount Jupiter along with many other peaks. After eating my lunch and taking several shots with my camera, I carefully began retracing my steps. I even took shots of Mount Baker and Mount Rainier.

I arrived back at my car having seen nary a soul. Total round trip time for this very scenic work-out was 3 hours and 2 minutes; one hour and forty-five minutes up and one hour and seventeen minutes down.—BRN, Bainbridge Island, 10/29.

MOUNT TOWNSEND, from the north (*Olympic Natl Forest; USGS Mt Zion, Mt Townsend*)—I arrived at the Little Quilcene trailhead at a little after noon. Although the ground was still frozen, I started out in my usual shorts and t-shirt. I quickly crossed the clearcut at the beginning, traversed through the tall firs and overtook a couple with their three dogs (I saw no one else on the entire hike) just as I crossed to the west side of the ridge.

From there the trail mainly traverses with some climbing, crosses Sleepy Hollow and then climbs to an intersection (at about 2 miles) with the Mount Townsend trail which comes over Mount Townsend from the south.

At this point I turned left and went up for another 1.5 miles to the summit

(about 6280 feet) By the time I came out of the trees onto the north ridge, the sun was out providing excellent views of the twin Mount Buckhorn peaks as well as Mount Constance.

Because of the chilling wind I spent only enough time at the summit to don my new plastic sweater which is, I'm proud to say, made of 80% recycled plastic.

The sun was still shining when I returned to my car. The entire trip took only 2 hours and 26 minutes and again provided an excellent work-out.—BRN, Bainbridge Island, 11/14.

AVALANCHE HAZARD—Some particular spots on the east side of the Olympics have definite avalanche hazards. Here is a *partial* list; check with Hood Canal (206-877-5254) or Staircase (206-877-5569) before going out.

Mount Washington: chutes all the way up to the summit. **Tunnel Creek trail:** upper end near the Quilcene boundary. **Putvin trail:** upper end of trail and all around Lake of the Angels. **Mildred Lakes:** chutes come all the way down to the upper end of the lake. **Dry Creek trail:** chutes from Lightning Peak from state land to Forest boundary.

Flapjack Lakes: an area halfway up Donahue Creek. **Wagonwheel Lake:** chute just before lake outlet on trail. **Upper Lena:** from last stream crossing after Park boundary to the lake. All **passes**, including Constance, LaCrosse, Greywolf, Hayden, Lost and O'Neil.

DOSEWALLIPS ROAD—Gate is now closed on road at Park boundary.—Ranger, 11/22.

HURRICANE RIDGE—Snow is accumulating. Road is not always open. Call the Visitor Center for current conditions: 206-452-0330.—Ranger, 11/22.

SOUTHWEST



LEADBETTER POINT (*State Park; USGS Oysterville, North Cove*)—Leadbetter State Park, near Long Beach, has excellent hiking possibilities for those who like exploring a nature preserve of salt marshes, dunes, and scrub trees, eventually reaching a remote scenic spit between Willapa Bay and the open Pacific.

On our excursion to the place, we had amazingly good weather for the

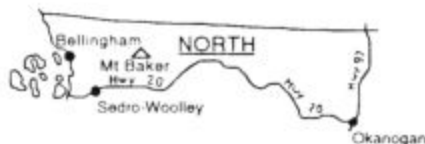
BACKCOUNTRY NEWS

last weekend of October: fair skies, light breezes, and temperatures in the 60s. Any thoughts of possibly making it all the way to the point were short-circuited, however, by an extraordinary find—hundreds and hundreds of unblemished specimens of *boletus auranticus*, a choice large mushroom with reddish-brown caps and black-flecked white stems.

An equally beautiful, but poisonous, mushroom, *amanita muscaria*, known for its story-book red, yellow and orange caps with white warts, was also growing in unbelievable, photogenic abundance. The unusual conditions this autumn had produced a display of nature which might not again be seen for decades.

Jackets became harvest sacks of convenience as we gathered a supply of gourmet ingredients for slicing and drying at home, hardly making a dent in the source. A stag stared at us from the bushes, then bounded out of sight. Herons watched from mud flats while gulls cried war at each other. We shouldered our makeshift bundles and headed back with the bulky treasure.—Terry Rockafellar, Seattle, 10/30-31.

NORTH



TRAPPER PEAK (*North Cascades Natl Park; USGS Mt Triumph*)—Recently did Trapper Peak on a lovely fall day with great views.

We were curious about the rather elegant outhouse that the Park/Forest Service has constructed at the Thornton

Lakes trailhead. It is a handicapped-accessible outhouse. There are no other facilities that a wheelchair-bound person could use here and the trailhead is a good distance off the highway.

What is the justification for the added expense? Could anyone enlighten us?—Michael Andreoni and Valerie Brown, Arlington, 10/93.

NORTH CASCADES—Sherrie and I took two short but very pleasant hikes on our North Cascades loop. First was to the bridge across Thunder Creek east of Colonial Creek campground, an easy scenic trail about a half-mile each way.

Next we stopped at Rainy Pass and went north on the PCT about a mile to a beautiful waterfall I remember from my hike south from Manning Park a few years ago. Trees and undergrowth were in multi-colors and the weather was glorious.—Tom Karasek, Stanwood, 9/25-26.

MOUNT HIGGINS (*Baker-Snoqualmie Natl Forest; USGS Mt Higgins*)—Sorry to hear of Laura, Ken and Emmett Wild's non-climb of Mount Higgins due to road closure (*October, page 11*). The trailhead had a sign posted stating the trail was closed, but I decided to hike it anyway.

At the clearcut where logging was in progress the loggers were quite friendly. They not only told me when it was safe to cross, but also pointed out where the trail continued on the other side of the clearcut, since they could tell I was having trouble finding it.

The summit has the best views of the Stillaguamish valley possible, better than even Whitehorse. Took only 45 minutes to go from the west peak to middle peak, but I was lucky in route finding.

The middle peak had the most fun

slab climbing I've ever done! Great picture of it on page 32 of *100 Hikes in Glacier Peak Region*. Stopped at pretty Myrtle Lake on the way down.—Fred Beavon, Edmonds, 11/5.

KEEP KOOL TRAIL (*Mt Baker Wilderness; USGS Mt Larrabee*)—The Keep Kool Trail to the tarns at Yellow Aster Butte is often steep, but the views near and far always make it worth the effort.

Boris, my friend visiting from Michigan, and I climbed the Butte in late afternoon and then set up camp in the soft grassy flat at its base. After our leisurely dinner, in sunset and deepening dusk, the moon was so bright we took another hour-long stroll before settling into the tent for the night.

In the morning we followed the way trail up Tomyhoi Mountain, climbing

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BACKCOUNTRY NEWS

ever higher with North Cascade peaks on all sides, but our outlook thrillingly dominated by Baker and Shuksan.

You'd need to be a mountain climber person to get all the way to the top of Tomyhoi, which wasn't our thing, but there's no problem with getting very high and seeing off into many miles of Canada. This spectacular hike never gets stale with me, although I take it about every other year.—Terry Rockafellar, Seattle, 8/30-31.

CHUCKANUT BAY (*Larrabee State Park; USGS Bellingham South*)—The boat launch at Larrabee State Park near Bellingham has some attractions for sea kayakers. Although no major tour offers itself, unless off toward the San Juans, you can putter nicely along the coast of Chuckanut Bay and circle scenic islets, viewing cliff houses on the way. You have a very good chance of catching Dungeness crabs. And of course you can camp near by.

Our party of four humans, three kayaks and two dogs (with rotating shifts of one human doing beach survey with the dogs) enjoyed a five-star sunset while hauling in the dinner. We boiled

the crabs at our campsite along with farm-fresh corn.

In the morning the hunter-gatherer society proceeded with its work, which led to a repeat meal of the same kind, but even more bountiful, back home that evening.—Terry Rockafellar, Seattle, 9/15-16.

WATSON LAKES (*Noisy-Diobsud Wilderness; USGS Bacon Peak*)—The up-and-down trail to Watson Lakes, across Baker Lake from Mount Baker, is as much fun as ever despite its recently shortened length. Starting this year, fires have been forbidden in the vicinity of the lake basin.

This time three of us camped away from Watson Lakes themselves on a grassy platform in a sheltered cove of rocks higher up. The site, affording fine views, protected us from a shivery breeze which was blowing patches of fog across the cliffs.

There are interesting places to explore around here, and I love coming back to the challenge over and over. Some day it would be fun to get as far as the Diobsud Ponds.—Terry Rockafellar, Seattle, 9/18-19.

MAZAMA PARK, RAILROAD GRADE (*Mt Baker Natl Rec Area; USGS Baker Pass*)—The Schreiber's Meadow trailhead on Mount Baker has been greatly improved. Parking has been better organized, and a virtual log cabin of a toilet facility has been built to serve the masses who frequent this popular place.

The well-made trail now crosses the creek flowing from Easton Glacier on a good suspension bridge—good for humans, at least. My dogs, Gulliver and Mojo, made it across with great displays of courage, which on the return, however, they were unable to remuster, preferring instead the scary ford.

When Morovitz Meadow is reached and the big views begin, the trail splits between "Railroad Grade" and "Park Butte." Most backpackers choose the first alternative, which leads not just to the named geographical feature but to a series of beautifully hardened campsites.

No fires are allowed, so all fire circles have been removed, and there are various raised platforms—bounded by 8-inch logs sometimes in trees, sometimes more in the open. This is really a model that could serve well for the Alpine Lakes, but it must be remembered that this is in the Mount Baker National Recreational Area, not an official "Wilderness."

We, a party of four, were aiming for less crowded terrain in Mazama Park, beyond Baker Pass, where there would still be some water available in this post-snowmelt season. Following routes familiar from the past, we took the Park Butte branch of the trail and continued to the heather flats just before the climb up the ridge begins.

In fact this was a bit of a mistake. Nowadays, you're supposed to take the Railroad Grade branch to a later branch marked Baker Pass, but that wasn't indicated in the signage.

(Afterward, in Sedro Wooley, we learned that a project is actually afoot to reroute access to Mazama Park so as to abandon the Baker Pass Trail, but the people on duty weren't able to tell us much about it.)

Anyway, once you get through Baker Pass or one of the higher gaps you enter gorgeous, wild country. Details ought not be given, or the fun might be spoiled. Let it be said for those who like to explore that there are dream sites for camping.

Besides rugged parkland and the Deming icefall, you can get sunset views out to the Twin Sisters range, the San Juan Islands, the Gulf Islands, and even the backbone of Vancouver Island. From our scenic perch we also spent hours watching the meanderings of a



Don Paulson

BACKCOUNTRY NEWS

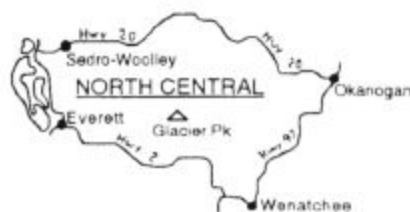
herd of goats on an impossibly steep part of the Black Buttes, an ancestral volcanic arm of Mount Baker. How they ever got there, how they could ever get elsewhere, or find enough to eat, were mysteries.

The next morning we headed up to the limits of the scrambling territory and then descended along the Easton Glacier, peering right into drippy, blue crevasses and eventually following the famous Railroad Grade through its colony of marmots.

Our friend from Manhattan, who gets to do such a thing with us only once a year, really had some images to take home to get him through his long season of only urban adventure!—Terry Rockafellar, Seattle, 8/18-19.

OKANOGAN NATL FOREST—Several inches of snow have fallen in the high country. The North Cascades Highway is still open, but it will be closed by the time you read this.—Ranger, 11/17.

NORTH CENTRAL



CASCADE PASS (*North Cascades Natl Park; USGS Cascade Pass*)—Rain at the parking lot changed to snow on the trail very quickly. We were protected from the wind by the trees. Within a mile or so of the pass, the snow was about 6 inches deep, and when we came out onto the open

traverse below the pass, we waded through drifts 18 to 24 inches deep in a howling wind.

At the pass we found shelter in the trees and put on more clothes. Here the wind had scoured the surface so there wasn't much snow except in drifts. We fired up the stove for tea and enjoyed the view of fast-moving clouds through the peaks.—Ann Marshall, 11/3.

WALT BAILEY TRAIL (*DNR; USGS Mallardy Ridge*)—We had the pleasure of hiking the Walt Bailey trail in early July this year. We found the trail very easy to follow, well marked, and in good condition.

Lots of survey stakes along the way. Apparently trail construction is more of a science than art. We particularly enjoyed the numerous large meadows along this trail with large concentrations of blooming shooting stars.

Hiked up past the lakes and walked the ridge beneath Baldy. Clouds were everywhere so we didn't climb Baldy; however, the area was beautiful and very interesting. We would like to thank Walt and his coworkers for establishing a great trail in a lovely area.—Michael Andreoni and Valerie Brown, Arlington, 7/93.

MERRITT LAKE (*Wenatchee Natl Forest; USGS Lk Wenatchee, Mt Howard*)—We left the clouds behind at Stevens Pass as we drove east to the road to the trailhead for Merritt Lake. About a third of a mile before the end of the road we were blocked by a fallen tree. We were able to roll most of it out of the way.

While putting on our boots we smelled smoke and found a smoldering fire at the base of a small tree. Using some sticks and our hands we dug out smoldering pieces of wood and cleared a circle around the fire. We used a quart of our water to put the fire out.

Finally, we started up the trail. It was a steep climb up Nason ridge. At about 4200 feet we hit patchy snow and a frozen trail. Soon we were walking on a thin layer of snow. At the lake we ate a quick lunch as it was cold.

To warm up we continued on the Nason Ridge trail to the unmaintained Lost Lake trail. At the pass above Lost Lake we turned west on the old(?) Nason Ridge trail. We looked down on Lost Lake as we climbed to a high of about 5900 feet. We soon circled around Merritt Lake, easily climbing over downed trees as we descended to the new Nason Ridge trail going west to Rock Lake. We went east to the

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BACKCOUNTRY NEWS

Merritt Lake trail to return to our car and got back just as it was getting dark at five.—Linda Rostad, Bothell, 11/4.

IRON GOAT TRAIL (*Baker-Snoqualmie Natl Forest; USGS Scenic*)—The Iron Goat Trail officially opened in early October. Nancy went to the opening ceremony, got the \$4.95 guidebook (very useful), and suggested we hike the trail on the weekend we spent at her cabin in Baring.

I wasn't able to leave as early as the rest of the group, so I drove to the trailhead by myself. The casual traveler will have trouble finding the way, because no signs are in place! Ian Ritchie of the Skykomish Ranger Station told me later that signs are definitely coming; they're just not up yet.

I took the Old Cascade Highway to Road 6710 and in about a mile came to the trailhead. If you need more detailed directions, call the Ranger Station, 206-677-2414.

There are two long railroad grades, and two shorter connecting trails. I had no idea where the group was, so I set out on the lower railroad grade. Near the end I ran into two Mountaineers who told me they had seen four women heading to the upper grade. I walked back to the first cut-off trail and headed east on the upper grade.

In a mile or so I heard the voices of my friends. We continued walking nearly to the end—not quite—and Nancy read to us occasionally from the guidebook.

This is a pleasant walk with fine interpretive signs. I expect it will become as popular as Wallace Falls. Hike it now in the winter or next spring, when you can't get to the high country anyway, and let the hordes have it during the summer.—Ann Marshall, 11/6.

KYES PEAK (*Henry M Jackson Wilderness; USGS Blanca Lk*)—A beautiful sunrise drive to the Blanca Lake trailhead—golden sun slanting through misty evergreens and colorful maples.

The trail and conditions were well described in last month's issue (*November, page 8*). I made good time to the climbers' trail turn-off at Virgin Lake despite stopping often for mushrooms and blueberries.

The way to the peak is covered in the climbing guide. There is tread much of the way. Weather was perfect and therefore so were the views. A dusting of fairly recent snow on the higher elevations and an edge to the wind reminded me it was the end of October.

A steam emission on Glacier Peak grew and whirled until the upper peak

was obscured. A fine day for sure.—David Nordstrom, Tacoma, 10/29.

THREE FINGERS LOOKOUT (*Boulder River Wilderness; USGS Meadow Mtn, Whitehorse Mtn*)—Trail 641 is a triple-R trail: rocky, rooty, and rutted. Then from Saddle Lake it was complemented by water ice, frost heave, and compact snow.

The good part was emerging from the fog at about 4500 feet. From Goat Flat on, the trail was snow-covered except a section on the south side of the ridge traversing to a gap. The snow-covered trail was easy to follow as a number of people had come and gone since it had snowed. The only tricky part was the final short around-the-corner to the ladders.

It was wonderful to finally be at one of those places that I had heard much about. I was pleased at my good fortune for weather, another beautiful sunny day. New peaks and familiar peaks from a slightly different view. All islands in a sea of white. It was difficult to leave and descend back into the fog but days just don't last as long as they used to.—David Nordstrom, Tacoma, 11/12.

BALD MOUNTAIN (*DNR; USGS Mallardy Ridge, Wallace Lk*)—I found this trip described in my *100 Hikes in the North Cascades* and thought it would make a better solo trip than Mount Pilchuck by way of Pinnacle Lake (see *November, page 8*) as it was on established trail. Both routes begin just east of Mount Pilchuck.

I enjoyed the trail as it bypassed the Ashland Lakes. Puncteons were constructed over several damp areas. Many of them were covered with wire to provide traction. I thought this was a bit showy but realized their value when I slipped several times on other bare planks.

The trail drops into a "hanging garden," where cliffs block sound on three sides. It seemed to amplify the music of a small gurgling brook. The trail climbed back up to the ridge where I was a bit disappointed. The book describes views of distant summits and of lakes below. I had to bend around trees and stretch my neck over cliffs to find any views on this forested ridge.

The trail dropped again as described, but not 500 feet—it was more like 750 feet. Then it slowly ascended to its correct elevation. I was expecting a 9.5-mile trip, and didn't notice that the book said "one way." The faster I went, the farther my destination seemed to be. Finally I rounded the corner, broke out of the forest and could see my sum-

mit. The trail passes right under the summit block. The last 30 feet required some scrambling.

I had time for only a short lunch. I enjoyed every second of it, though, admiring and naming distant summits and watching the sun throw diamonds into Spada Reservoir below.

I moved fast enough back down the trail to get back to my car before the moon was able to cast my shadow.—Topographic Tom, Seattle, 10/25.

MOUNT PILCHUCK (*Mount Pilchuck State Park; USGS Verlot*)—It was a late start because Craig and Steve had gone to the really big ski show and then had split a bottle of fine Merlot. My lab Cybil and I joined the ne'er-dowells for a hike up Mount Pilchuck.

The trail is in shocking shape with many wet areas, tangled roots, and deceiving side trails. The rock portion of the hike was very icy in places. Near the top there was the lightest dusting of snow on the ground. The day remained clear and cool throughout.

The views from the lookout were outstanding, except the lowlands were shrouded in clouds. The rocks were even more slippery on the way down, even those which appeared to be dry and free of ice. There were quite a few people out hiking but a great day nonetheless.—Neil Gilham, Edmonds, 11/7.

BOARDMAN LAKE (*Baker-Snoqualmie Natl Forest; USGS Mallardy Ridge*)—Bill and I had to 4-wheel to this destination. Boardman Lake is in the Mount Pilchuck area—you take the Ashland Lakes Road 4020 off the Mountain Loop Highway out of Granite Falls. Approximately 6 miles to trailhead. Evan Lake is first about 100 yards from the trailhead, then another .08-mile to Boardman with about 200 feet elevation gain.

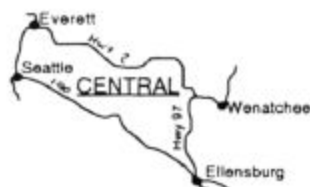
At 3000 feet this third week of November the trail was slushy. About a foot of snow made for solitude. We did have to cross a snow-covered log to reach the stairs that go up to the campsites. Beautiful area. We had a quarter moon until a starry night gave way to misty rain on the next day out. We were the only foot prints in the snow to the lake.—JATO Captain, Seattle, 11/19-20.

MILK CREEK—New bridge is in place at PCT.—Ranger, 11/9.

MOUNT PILCHUCK—Road has a seasonal closure from 12/1 to 4/1.—Ranger, 11/11.

BACKCOUNTRY NEWS

CENTRAL



SKOOKUM (*Wenatchee Natl Forest; USGS Mt Stuart*)—This peak is listed by The Mountaineers as a peak with a summit register. Yet the trip has not been scheduled in the last 3 years. I was hoping to find a forgotten relic entombed in a rocky crevice.

I attempted to approach this peak by way of the north ridge last month, but found the route too cliffy to continue. This time it was almost too easy. I took the Jolly Mountain trail to the Jolly Creek trail and down to the saddle between the two peaks.

The autumn air was brisk and my walking pole snapped in the dry grasses along the trail. The west slope of Skookum is a striking white rock that gives contrast to the reds of the berry bushes. It was a pleasant stroll up the south flank to the summit block. Some rock skill is necessary for the last 100 feet.

You can be secure on the summit platform or, if willing to accept a bit of risk, can go over to the monolith on the end and reach for the rock horn at the apex.

The weathered sign on an old snag informed me that I was indeed on the right summit. But alas! Search as I did I was unable to find my treasured summit register. Probably another bit of mountaineer history just thrown in the wind.—Topographic Tom, Seattle, 10/1.

SNOW LAKE (*Alpine Lakes Wilderness; USGS Snoqualmie Pass*)—Made one of my two annual trips to Snow Lake. Good weather for such a late season hike.

Quite a few day hikers, but no one was "overusing" this area (trampling vegetation, etc.). No need for day hike permits here, in my opinion. It is a great asset to have such a hike so accessible to Seattle residents, and we should keep it accessible.—Les Pennington, Bothell, 10/24.

MILLER PEAK (*Wenatchee Natl Forest; USGS Blewett, Enchantment Lks*)—This last Club scramble was really a trail trip as we drove up the Stafford Creek road and began our hike along the Miller Creek drainage. There was 1/2-inch of hoarfrost on the brush at the trailhead, but as we entered the forest the natural warmth of the tall timber left only the ground frozen.

When we reached the ridge it was sunny and clear. The draft up from the valley brought a light snow that circled our heads. We all thought that this was surely a magical moment. Snow was already accumulating on the north facing slopes of the Teanaway peaks—a wonderful contrast to the brown slopes on the south side.

We encountered only an inch of snow on the trail, and the summit was bare and windswept. While Snoqualmie Pass was socked in this year, Miller Peak made for a great trip to end the season. 9 miles, 3200 feet elevation gain.—Topographic Tom, Seattle, 11/13.

RED MOUNTAIN (*Wenatchee Natl Forest; USGS Davis Peak, Pollalie Ridge*)—Since fall was still hanging around, we decided to try this hike on Veteran's Day. The trailhead is on Cooper Lake Road, 2 miles west of Salmon la Sac Road. The trail starts steep and stays that way, gaining 3400 feet in 3.5 miles.

We encountered an unusual form of crystalline snow: the crystals were long and narrow, resembling pine needles. Every bit of vegetation, including

once-bare branches, now looked like flocked Christmas trees. There were good views of the Snoqualmie peaks and the Stuarts on this sunny day.—John Walenta, Seattle, 11/11.

GRANITE MOUNTAIN (*Alpine Lakes Wilderness; USGS Snoqualmie Pass*)—The onset of standard time gave us the advantage of an early start with extra sleep on a Halloween day. It was threatening to rain this day but we decided to go for it, my friend Mike and I and my chocolate lab Cybil.

There were a few cars at the trailhead. Through the forest we went. Once we broke from the trees onto the open slopes the wind drove us into

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BACKCOUNTRY NEWS

shells, gloves, and head gear. We were briefly pelted with granular snow. We ate some of the last of the wild blueberries—a much more intense flavor than the domestic variety. Mike's front teeth were stained blue.

Near the summit the trees had developed rime ice on their windward faces. The views from the summit were outstanding, with the far peaks to the east showing a little dusting of new snow. The sky was a mix of puffy clouds and blue skies but the chilly wind finally drove us from the summit. We ran into quite a few people on the way down. A lone bald eagle flew by as we re-entered the trees.—Neil Gilham, Edmonds, 10/31.

ENCHANTMENTS—Permits for next season will be accepted by mail on 2/25.—Ranger, 11/11.

SOUTH CENTRAL



MARCUS PEAK, PALISADES (*Mt Rainier Natl Park; USGS Sunrise*)—We set a leisurely start time for this trip, knowing that the Park dropped the entrance fee in October, so we didn't have to beat the ranger to the gate. But when we did see the ranger at Sunshine Point she emphatically announced that the road would be closed after 5pm.

This intempestive remark gave me feelings of dysphoria as I wondered if our trip would be brought to an early conclusion.

We hurried down the trail per saltum to Dick Lakes, and, not seeing the trail to Hidden Lake, took off uphill to find the lake aliunde. We linked up again with the trail at the far end of the lake and proceeded to the saddle between the peaks.

Palisades has a steady, gentle acclivity with some scrub conifers near the apex. We were able to circumvent them on the descent by making a gradual sweep to the north back to the saddle.

The acclivity of Marcus was a concinnity of talus and sand. Not a pleasant thoroughfare, but with perseverance we were able to arrive on the north ridge just below the summit block.

We were impressed with the vertical features of this summit, and were a bit addlepat when we could not visualize an obvious route. We broke the party into groups of three for the ascent. It turned into a very pleasant scramble to the top.

We followed the standard trail back from Hidden Lake and discovered that it intersected the main trail in a small basin. The intersection was blocked by a large rock (probably by the ranger) so that people wouldn't mistake this trail for the one to Dick Lakes.

When we returned to the parking lot we found it full of tourists. (We even saw some of them walking a few feet up the trail.) It was almost 5pm, and not to raise the ire of the ranger we hurried into our vehicles and began down the road. As we reached the gate at the Glacier Basin campground we saw a patrol car ready to stop any up-

hill traffic. As we drove off we wondered how all the tourists on top were going to get off the mountain that night! —Topographic Tom, Seattle, 10/3.

Ed. Note: This report contains all your new vocabulary words for the month. Expect a quiz. (We had to look them up, too!)

MOWICH LAKE ROAD—Now closed for the winter at Park boundary.—Ranger, 11/1.

OREGON

ROCK OF AGES RIDGE (*Columbia Gorge; USGS Bridal Veil*)—The Columbia River Gorge has some of the region's most challenging and scenic hiking all packed into an area located just 45 minutes from Portland.

The Rock of Ages Ridge trail is an unmaintained route that climbs very steeply (2200 feet in 1½ miles) to the rim of the Gorge and then loops back down through beautiful old growth rain forest of the Oneonta Creek Gorge. This loop hike climbs 2980 feet to a high point of 3020 feet for a complete distance of about 10 miles.

Start at the Horsetail Falls trailhead about 2½ miles from Multnomah Falls on the Old Columbia River Highway. Switchback up the side of the Gorge and then traverse over to the west for about ½-mile to where the trail turns into the canyon holding Ponytail Falls.

Just after turning the nose of the ridge, scramble up onto the obvious tread that begins to climb steeply and then very steeply up the ridge. The trail is always easy to follow and breaks out

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BACKCOUNTRY NEWS

of the trees in a few places to provide great views of the surrounding Gorge scenery.

Eventually the trail levels off and reaches an intersection with a trail going to Nesmith Point on the left and the return route down Horsetail Creek trail on the right. The rest of the route is well maintained and crosses through some beautiful stands of low elevation old growth.

We encountered no other hikers on the ascent but did run into the usual crowds after passing Triple Falls on Oneonta Creek.—Matt and Rebecca Whitney, Portland, 10/23.

BADGER LAKE LOOP (*Mt Hood Natl Forest; USGS Badger Lake*)—This easy 8½-mile loop started at Gumjuwac Saddle (5200 feet) about 3½ rocky miles from High Prairie on Bennett Pass road 3550.

According to the Forest Service sign at the trailhead, Gumjuwac is short for "Gum Shoe Jack," a French sheepherder who used to camp in this area and had a preference for rubber boots.

We followed the Gunsight Butte trail for 1.7 miles along the ridge crest with great views of Mount Hood directly across the valley to the west as well as views of Saint Helens, Mount Rainier and Mount Adams to the north.

This was a perfect fall day, crisp and absolutely clear with all of the larch trees blazing yellow. Visibility was so good that we could also see the Three Sisters and Broken Top far to the south as well as the dry plains and buttes of central Oregon to the east.

From Gunsight we continued along the ridge for another 2.2 miles before dropping down to Camp Windy (and crossing the Bennett Pass Road). From there we traversed down to skirt above Badger Lake and then finally crossed into a slice of the Badger Creek Wilderness Area. The lake, however, is definitely not in the Wilderness and is reachable by auto.

The last 2.5 miles climbed 600 feet back up to the ridge and Gumjuwac Saddle.—Matt and Rebecca Whitney, Portland, 11/6.

WILDCAT MOUNTAIN (*Salmon-Huckleberry Wilderness; USGS Cherryville*)—Portland hikers Bill and Maggie were my guides on this balmy day. We reached the trailhead by driving Highway 26 toward Mount Hood. About 11 miles east of Sandy we turned south on Wildcat Creek Road, located between MP 35 and 36. Follow the signs to McIntyre Ridge Trail, about 3 miles.

The trail begins in a new clearcut,

but soon enters the Wilderness. In 2 miles, we attained the ridge and had views at various points of all the volcanoes from Rainier to Jefferson. At 4.5 miles, a trail comes in from the right. Keep left, and find an unsigned spur to the right in 0.5 miles.

This climbs a short distance to the broad summit, a former lookout site. This would be a good rhododendron hike in June. Five miles one way; 1800 feet gain.—John Walenta, Seattle, 10/30.

UTAH

MILL B SOUTH TRAIL (*Twin Peaks Wilderness, Wasatch National Forest; USGS Mount Aire, Dromedary Peak*)—When in Salt Lake City on a job for a few days it looked as though I would be able to squeeze in an evening hike. I pulled into the now-ubiquitous REI to pick up some maps. I wanted a trail that followed a stream and went to a lake.

The hike I selected has its trailhead about 4 miles up Big Cottonwood Canyon. The trail follows a side canyon to Big Cottonwood Canyon known as Mill B South Fork. The sign at the trailhead labels this the "Lake Blanche trail" probably because it ends at a small mountain lake called Lake Blanche. A

Trails Illustrated map calls this Mill B South trail.

I started hiking at 4:45pm. It had rained earlier in the day and was still cloudy with some of the higher peaks supporting a veil of clouds.

It was the height of fall colors in the Rocky Mountains. Aspens, of course, were present in bright yellow. Joining the aspens were maple, birch, and boxelder. Ninebark covered the open slopes with scarlet. Numerous other small shrubs and plants added to the display. All contrasted with the dark greens of fir and spruce. I dallied the first part of the trail collecting fall leaves and tasting wild blueberries. Strongly delicious. Robins were feasting on the autumn bounty. I imagined bears were secretly dining.

I started to pick up the pace as the lay of the land gave me hope that I might yet make it to Lake Blanche. A hairy woodpecker led me higher. There were spectacular mountain views. I finally had to give in and turn around so I could get back to the car before nightfall.

This trail is in very good shape and easily followed. I saw only one other person. There appear to be many other trails in the Wasatch Range within a ½-hour to an hour's drive outside Salt Lake City.—Neil Gilham, Edmonds, 10/6.

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BRYN BEORSE

“BEARLY” ESCAPING ATTACK

—HIKER HAS A CLOSE CALL AT LOW DIVIDE—

A full-grown male black bear was coming at him, but Don Abbott, 49, of Aberdeen, had just discovered his ruined camp and he was mad.

He stood his ground, banging pots together for all he was worth, as the bear stopped, growling, beating its paws on the dirt about 20 feet away.

“I was too scared to run, I guess,” said Don. He came out of the mountains from his solo trek Sunday, September 12.

The bear damage to his equipment in the face-off September 7 at Low Divide, 16 miles from the North Fork Quinalt trailhead, was either repairable or he could work around it, so he finished his 10-day outing on the Skyline Trail by hiking out the North Fork trail from Low Divide in his own good time.

That’s not to say he was as calm as Daniel Boone: “When he charged me, I wasn’t sure what was going to happen.”

As he banged on his pots and pans

and the bear appeared to confront him, Don’s pack between them, he could see “the bear wanted my pack bad.”

As he backed off a trifle, the bear finally hooked the pack with its paw and batted the pack behind it, then dragged the pack off into the dark trees. Don figured it had gotten too dark to go into that stygian forest after that bear.

For some reason the bear had made big holes in his stove fuel container with its teeth, which is why Don had been smelling gas. He poured the gas over the fire pit and lighted a fire, and found his tent was mostly intact—the bear had ripped the mosquito netting in the front zip-shut door to drag the pack out of it, but everything else was basically all right.

His food was hung on a Park bear wire and untouched, although some garbage he planned to burn was strewn all over the camp. His camp was at the other end of the meadow from the ranger station. There was no one

around. He moved over to the Park shelter.

“I only slept about a quarter of the night,” said Don, who is the Hikes Committee chairman for the Olympians hiking club of Grays Harbor. “I kept listening for the bear to come back.”

Next morning he went back and found his pack, which had been all unzipped so all its contents were easily extracted, and it was mostly undamaged. However, his water bottle and the other fuel bottle had bear tooth punctures.

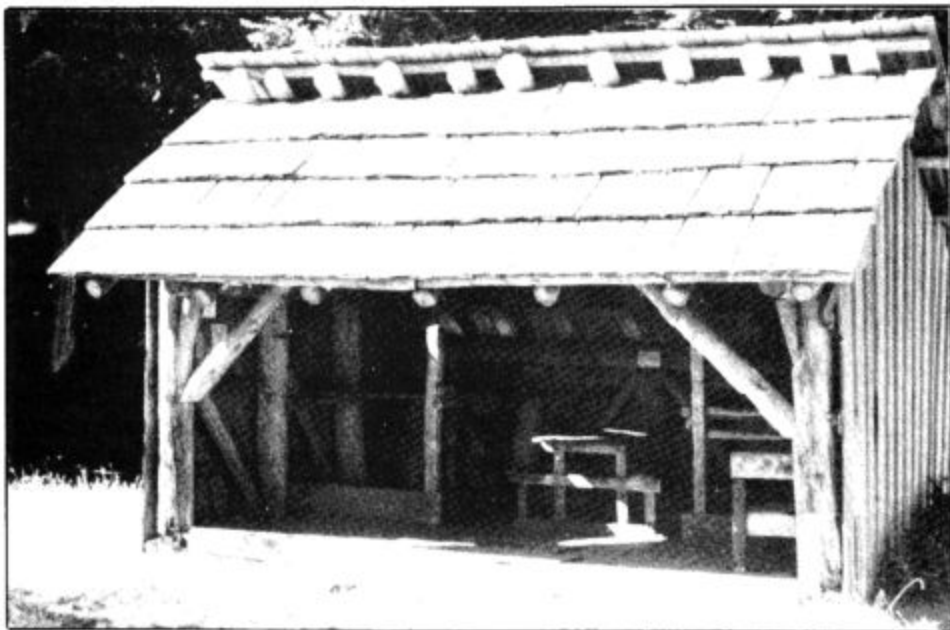
He decided this bear business wasn’t going to immediately drive him out of the beautiful Low Divide area, with nearby mountain peaks, flower-ringed lakes and magical meadows. He went hiking, as planned, his gear hung high on the bear wire, and talked about the incident with a seasonal ranger he met.

But that evening he headed down the trail to camp several miles away, at Sixteenmile. The rest of his trip was without incident.

He had to use campfires to cook his food, and he sewed up the mosquito netting on his tent with needle and thread he had in an emergency kit. He had electrical tape for repairs, and used it to seal up his water bottle so he could use it. A metal part on his pack was bent, and there was a rip in the fabric, but he re-bent the part, and the small rip “was okay,” he said.

Don acknowledged the safer course in his standoff with the bear would have been to simply yield the camp, but he said he was angry that the bear seemed to be bent on destruction more than getting food, since there wasn’t any food in his camp. Why would the bear chew on his fuel bottles, he asked?

This is Don’s first run-in with a bear in 12 years of hiking and backpacking. In recent years he’s averaged 500 to 600 miles annually on trail—most of it



Lee McKee

The shelter at Low Divide where Don spent a sleepless night.

in the Olympics.

Moreover, the bear experience was probably less risky than it appeared, said Bill Pierce, Chief Park Ranger in Port Angeles. Pierce said "Yogi Bear" tactics include fake charges where bru-in attempts to get campers to drop their packs so he can haul them off.

There are no records of injury caused by bears in the Park in recent years, and the sum total of reported bear incidents in an average year is two to five, mostly on the east-side high country, especially the Flapjack Lakes area, said Ranger Pierce. These incidents include any camp raids such as what happened to Don Abbott.

Ranger Pierce said the park plans increased patrols in the Low Divide area, and will post trailheads. Backcountry rangers will inform backpackers and campers of the incident. If there are other incidents, a problem camp area may be closed, he said.

He said Don is the first visitor to report a problem at Low Divide this year, so there will be no closures un-

less there are other problems.

He recommended that visitors avoid any smell of cooking or food in and around their tents, that food and garbage be hung out of reach of bears, and that visitors who encounter bears try to avoid a confrontation. Try not to yield your food—just back off, because black bears are very shy and avoid close encounters with humans, he said.

However, take care of yourself first and drop that pack if you must, he said. In most cases, bears are just on their way somewhere, so backing off lets them proceed. In the case of a sow with cubs, backing off allows them to reunite, and defuses the problem, he said.

Sometimes people think they're charging when they're just trying to get a look at you, Ranger Pierce added. Bears have terrible eyesight. They can't tell what you are, so they walk toward you, then stand up on their hind legs.

In the rare bear-camp-robbing incidents, bears develop smart techniques

for getting what they want without tangling with humans, including the fake charge, he said.

Generally, being noisy, including banging on your pots and pans and yelling, will put off most bears.

△

Bryn Beorse is a writer for the Aberdeen Daily World. This article is reprinted from the Daily World with his permission.

Don Abbott, a Pack & Paddle subscriber, was recently named Member of the Year by the Olympians Hiking Club.



TRACKS in the SNOW

The tracks in the snow were many and varied. They told stories of searches for food, exploration and sometimes death as the animals hunted for life. But then it snowed again and the stories disappeared. No one else could read the signs but I retained their memories and I listened for the sounds that must have been there but are gone forever.

—CROIL ANDERSON



DEBORAH RIEHL

RESCUE EPICS

—A FATAL FALL ON CHAIR PEAK—

On October 9, 1993, I drove into Seattle to the Red Cross for the annual ski patrol CPR refresher. It was a gorgeous day. About half-way there I realized I'd forgotten my pager. I radioed Bill, KC7UW, and told him I'd leave the ham radio on in case a mission came down. He warned me the Red Cross building is in a poor reception area.

Every year some aspect of CPR changes so I first set about learning what's new, then take the written and practical tests.

In the midst of the written test I heard activity on my hand-held radio. I went outside and fired up the mobile unit in the car which has more power. Sure enough, Bill and Rob, KB7RSN, were headed for Snoqualmie Pass to assess a climbing accident on Chair Peak. Bill told me to finish what I was doing while they went in to check it out.

I went back in and quickly finished my written exam, then cornered an examiner, explained the situation, and went through the practical exam at warp speed.

On the way to Alpentel I called the In-town Operations Leader on the ham radio and said I'd take Base Operations because no one was there yet. Our most immediate problem was that the rescue truck and several Seattle Mountain Rescue members were up at a technical ice practice at Big Four Mountain on the Mountain Loop Highway.

No hams were on site and the cell phone and VHF business band radio were out of range. I knew some ham friends were getting together up in Southeast Snohomish County so I called them on another ham repeater and asked one of them to drive up the Mountain Loop to fetch the truck and rescuers. Better yet, they snagged another ham in Granite Falls, Trevor, KI7CA, who was happy to take on the task.

At the base camp in the Alpentel parking lot the sheriff filled me in:

Two experienced climbers were ascending to the right of the exit gully on Chair Peak. The lead person climbed

around the chockstone out of sight. He called down that he'd found an old piton in the flake and didn't really trust it, but he would clip in while he looked for better protection.

The next thing the belayer saw was the leader falling silently past him, still holding onto the flake in a climbing stance. He landed 35 to 40 feet below the belayer on a ledge with the flake on top of him. More rocks rained down.

The belayer was pulled off his stance and fell about 10 feet but was uninjured. He untied and down-climbed to his friend. The leader was still alive but had massive head injuries.

Two ER doctors climbing nearby heard the rockfall and hurried over to see if anyone was hurt. They assessed the injured man and told his friend there was nothing to be done. A half hour later the fallen climber stopped breathing. The two doctors escorted the distraught belayer off the mountain and called us.

Mountain Rescuer Dave was climbing Chair Peak also and was just below the summit. He heard yelling and whistles below. He finished his route, then rappelled down. On the exit route he found a water bottle and a stuff sack. He reached for them and as he did, he looked down—and saw the body of the climber.

In the dwindling daylight a Mountain Rescue team ascended to the body and secured it for the night. They descended back to the Thumbtack, a large boulder in the basin below the exit gully. Dave, who was planning on camping out anyway, said he'd stay on the scene. The rest of the Mountain Rescuers and the Ski Patrollers then walked out pending a recovery effort in the morning.

At 9:30pm a fresh team headed in with a 300-foot rope, two 165-foot ropes, pitons, hammer and a bolt kit. This was to be one of those rare, truly technical missions.

The team went in to the Thumbtack and spent a cold night. Bill and I re-

paired to North Bend to spend a short night in a real bed.

Before dawn a large team of Mountain Rescue and Ski Patrol Rescue Team (SPART) and Explore Search and Rescue scouts (ESAR) headed in. At first light the team at the Thumbtack climbed to the ledge and lowered the body to the bottom of the gully. Guardian One, the King County Police helicopter, flew up to see if they could safely short-haul the body out and save us a long, arduous carryout. They took a Mountain Rescuer, Vera, along to point out terrain features.

They requested we rig a 150-foot short haul line at base and that the body be lowered farther—away from the cliff face and into the clear in the basin. It took several lowers down the steep, loose scree to the designated spot.

Meanwhile, Guardian One went sight-seeing to burn off extra fuel and thus increase their lifting power. Then they returned to base for the short haul rope. All was ready on the mountain and at base nearly simultaneously. Guardian One lifted off and flew up the mountain.

Shortly they returned and gently lowered the litter to the parking lot. We carried the sad burden to the medical examiner's wagon under several news cameras' watchful eyes. A friend of mine from work comforted her son, the belayer.

This was a mission from which not all rescuers escaped unscathed. One Mountain Rescuer broke a finger in a fall on the steep scree.

We rescuers love the challenge of a technical mission. It's also personally meaningful to return a fallen fellow wilderness traveller to their grieving loved ones.

△

Deborah Riehl, AA7RW, is a member of Seattle Mountain Rescue's board of trustees and Ski Patrol Rescue Team board of directors. She lives in North Creek.

SHARI HOGSHEAD

VALHALLA—SKIERS' HEAVEN

—SKIING IN BRITISH COLUMBIA'S BACKCOUNTRY—

It was a dark and rainy Friday night, last April 9, when 10 Mountaineers left Seattle after work and drove to Merritt, British Columbia, on the Coquihalla Highway. The group consisted of Jim and Judy Heber, Shannon and Bryan Bergstedt, Ken Barnes, Les Kramer, Susan McKnight, Carey Gersten, my husband Paul Gauthier, and me as organizer.

Saturday morning, we awoke to sunshine and drove to Kelowna and up to Vernon in the Okanagan. Then, still heading east, we crossed Monashee Pass and took the ferry across Arrow Lake where we turned north to Burton, just south of Nakusp. We purchased last minute supplies at the Burton General Store, changed into our ski clothes, and headed out to the helicopter landing area—a semi-flat plot next to a dirt road at the edge of a clearcut.

It wasn't long until Jeff, our guide, and his wife Josephine arrived, along with Marco, our helicopter pilot. After 4 loads, we were all happily ensconced at the Valhalla Lodge, our home for the next week. It was 4 p.m., but we all hurried out to ski. We had just enough time to climb and ski a run named Mainline before scurrying back to the cabin before dark settled in.

That night nearly a foot of snow fell and the next day we skied through new snow on Cabin Peak in fog. As the week wore on, we found that my prophecy of a week of skiing corn snow in sunshine would not be realized. We had new snow each day, however, and generally it was quite light by our standards. One afternoon, we skied in glorious sunshine—but it only lasted a few hours. With the snow so fantastic, and Jeff leading us to the best of it each day, I heard no complaints!

In the evenings, we had time to heat and enjoy the wood-fired sauna. Several of the gentlemen in our



We enjoyed admiring our tracks on some distant slope.

group even abandoned the sauna in a snowstorm for a snowball fight and streak around the cabin. We all took turns cooking group dinners and each one was unique and excellent. This certainly was not a trip for a dieter. Everyone made their own breakfasts and lunches, but we did have some morning pancake and muffin feeds.

The cabin is well-built and nicely appointed. Sleeping accommodations consist of 3 couples' rooms and one dorm that sleeps 5 on two levels. Jeff and Josephine stay in their own minuscule cabin a short distance away but unobtrusively located in a grove of trees. The woodstove heated the cabin quickly and kept it quite warm. A propane 4-burner stove and oven are available for cooking, plus all pots and dishes. A cold storage room is adjacent to the kitchen.

We skied runs that Jeff and his partners have christened with names like Rolling Thunder, Shear Delight, Valhallaluya, Chico Bowl, and Rumpelstiltskin. Runs varied from 600 to 2500 vertical feet, with many being in the 1000-1500 range. Plenty of skiing is near the cabin so you needn't spend a lot of time touring, but touring opportunities beyond the cabin area are plentiful, too. A

group could easily spend the entire week skiing different aspects each day within sight of the cabin. Some evenings, when the sun lit up the mountains, we enjoyed admiring our tracks on some distant slope.

Too soon our week was over and we helicoptered out while next week's group came in to take over "our" cabin. We said our goodbyes to Jeff and Josephine and their wonderful dog, Chico, and started the long drive home.

Rather than go to the hot springs at Nakusp for a wash and a soak, we decided to try Ainsworth Hot Springs south of the charming town of Kaslo on Kootenay Lake. Ainsworth consists of several pools of varying temperatures plus a system of caves to wade through for a sauna/hot spring combination. We spent the night at Osoyoos and arrived home Sunday evening.

This is a trip that I would recommend to any telemark or alpine randonee skier. Trips can be booked through Mountain High Recreation, Box 1167, Kaslo, BC, V0G 2C0 Canada; telephone 604-353-7179. Our costs ran about \$500 US per person. That included the cabin, the guide, the helicopter in and out, our lodging in motels going and coming, and our Valhalla 1993 T-shirts.

The Burton 1:50,000 quad 82 F/13 covers this area. We have a reunion coming up and I'm looking forward to a great slide show. Cheerio!

△

Shari Hogshead is a member of The Mountaineers who has traveled extensively. She lives in Bellevue with her husband Paul Gauthier and works for the Issaquah School District.

D. LOWELL WHITE

WINDY CROSSING

—TRAVELING WITH A CANOE AND A BABY IN BARKLEY SOUND—

"Did you hear the weather report? A storm is coming in. It's predicting gale force winds."

A woman from another party was trying to be helpful and encourage us to pack and move to Gibraltar Island that day. Debbie and I politely acknowledged her remarks, but we continued to sit near the beach and enjoy the sunshine. We had heard the report on our weather radio—although it said there would be rain and high winds, it did not predict a gale.

This woman's concern was likely due to our paddling an open canoe: her party was using sea kayaks. She was probably also troubled about our 13-month old passenger, Ryan.

This was Ryan's first canoe trip. He rode in the bow with Debbie where he would usually fall asleep with his head in her lap. He wore his own PFD and had a few toys attached to a thwart that he could play with.

We were finishing a six-day vacation on Vancouver Island's Barkley Sound where we had camped on three islands and spent our time exploring the area by canoe. We had enjoyed paddling on saltwater and dealing with tides and swell. Luckily only one day had been too windy to paddle anywhere but in the most sheltered areas.

"Don't you think you should go to Gibraltar this evening?" the woman again inquired. "The report is calling for high winds. Do you think you will be okay?"

Perhaps we were overconfident, or maybe we secretly hoped the conditions would be too rough and we would have to spend two extra days on Dodd Island waiting for the next boat. Whatever the reason, we replied that we would be fine waiting until morning.

The next morning's light rain and moderate wind appeared to contradict the weather report. We loaded the canoe and got underway at 10am. Since the boat would not pick up passengers until 3pm, this gave us several hours to deal with the conditions and stop to rest if necessary. It would also ensure us of getting into the lagoon between Jaques and Jarvis Islands before low tide dried the entrance.

Leaving the shelter of our campsite, we paddled between Chalk and Walsh Islands where it was windier but not extreme. I felt this was a good sign since it appeared on the chart that the fetch was long enough to give us an idea of what was ahead in more open water.

As we rounded the south end of Chalk Island, however, we could see that we were in for a bumpy ride. Before paddling out into the maelstrom we formulated a plan: we would do the crossing in short sections using the islands in the Tiny Group for shelter and rest stops.

The first leg of our crossing took us to the southernmost island of this group. The wind was blowing from the southeast. At first we were quartering, but,



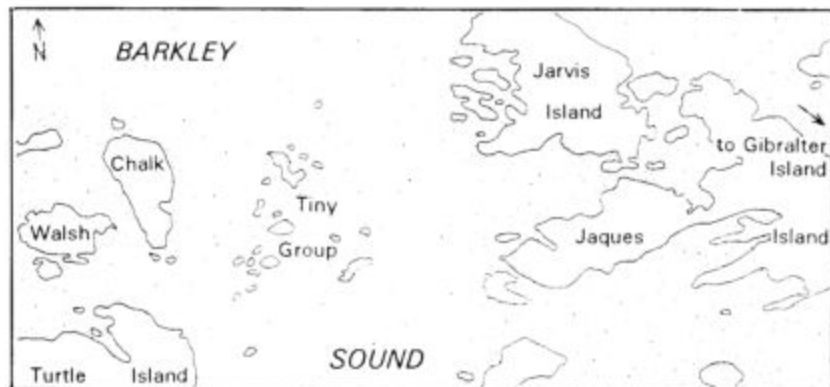
Debbie and Ryan in the bow of the canoe.

since we did not have a spray cover, I was concerned about the occasional wavetop threatening our windward gunwale, so we headed more directly into the wind.

This gave us a bouncier and slightly drier ride. As we stopped on the lee side of the island to rest a short while before continuing, we couldn't help contrasting the conditions with those of a few days earlier when we had visited it and walked its carpet of seashells in the warm sun. Also, unlike that day, no other canoes or kayaks were in sight.

It was a short distance to the next island. When we arrived, we each had a drink and discussed the next leg of our crossing. So far all was going well. We were able to ride the waves in unison with the canoe. Even Ryan was holding up.

Our next stop, Marchant Island, required paddling a gauntlet of two-foot waves. By now it was raining harder and the wind made it difficult to converse. To avoid being blown beyond our goal, we paddled more directly into the wind. We feathered our paddles as we brought them out of the wa-



ter so we would not lose momentum.

About halfway across, as we were turning the canoe to take the opposite tack, a large wave slammed into the side of the canoe. Debbie screamed and over the tops of my raindrop-covered glasses I could see her lurching sideways, out of sync with the canoe. We recovered and warily made our way to the shelter of the island. We had had a close call and we knew it.

During our break, Debbie tended to Ryan. He had been standing in the bow the whole time, hanging on to the gunwale. Fortunately, he was not frightened, just a little wet. The trash bag he was wearing kept most of the rain out, although it did not help much when a wave hit him in the face.

Hugging the shore, we paddled along the lee side of Marchant Island until we could see what remained of our crossing. We still had roughly half the total distance to go, but with no more sheltering islands.

We would begin by paddling into the wind and then swing around and let it push us while we rested. By a series of these switchbacks we would eventually reach the protected water between Jaques and Jarvis Islands.

Cautiously, we nosed the canoe out into the most exposed section so far. After several minutes of paddling I looked over my shoulder and noticed that our progress was minimal. We kept at it. The waves marched toward us in a fairly regular pattern: two three-foot waves followed by several two-foot waves.

Paddling in them required keeping

the canoe in the best possible position for the larger waves, then maintaining our momentum through the smaller ones.

It was important to complete our turns before the three-foot waves hit us. Conversation was out of the question; we were concentrating on the task at hand.

When it was time to make a turn I would bark a command to Debbie to sweep or draw. The canoe responded sluggishly due to the weight of being fully loaded, the weight of rain and sea water that it had collected, and the resistance of the wind.

As we slowly approached calmer water, the frequency of three-foot waves increased, making our turns more hazardous. We would often have to wait for a break in the waves before we could turn.

Finally, we made our last turn into the wind. After a few minutes, we swung around into our final tack and Debbie relaxed as I ruddered us into the shelter of Jaques Island.

We were relieved; we had made it through the heavy stuff. Now it was just a matter of passing into the lagoon, and then along Jaques Island's north and east shores to Gibraltar Island. Our only concern was whether we had beaten the tide and would be able to paddle through the opening into the lagoon. If necessary, we would portage across rather than head back into the wind and waves.

Our worries were unfounded. We were able to paddle into the lagoon with no problem. Once inside, the water was calm with a slight breeze blowing. It was a relief to drift and eat without

concern about finishing our trip.

Ryan was getting cold so we cut our break short and made our way to Gibraltar Island. The *M.V. Frances Barkley* had just dropped off several paddlers on its outbound trip. It would return for us on its way back in a few hours.

As we pulled up to the float, several kayakers stared at us in disbelief. One asked how conditions were. "It was pretty rough" was our laconic reply. The kayaker was trying to make up her mind whether to camp at another island that night or not.

As I unloaded all but a few essentials onto the float, she noticed the three inches of water we had taken on. She and her party decided not to attempt the crossing.

Leaving the float, we paddled over to the island to await the boat's return. We ate lunch in the shelter of some trees and finally under another party's tarp. Three hours later, the boat arrived.

As the boat pitched and rolled in Imperial Eagle Channel, we changed clothes and drank hot drinks. The concerned woman from the previous day was on board. She and her husband asked us about our crossing.

As Debbie was pointing out on the chart what we had done, the woman had a look on her face that said, "I can't believe you made it!"

△

D. Lowell White has been canoeing since the '70s. He and his family live in Seattle.



Debbie, Ryan and Lowell on an island beach in Barkley Sound.

LINDY BAKKAR, ANN MARSHALL and LINDA ROSTAD

THE HIGH ROUTE ADVENTURE

—FIVE DAYS IN THE RAIN ON THE CLARK MOUNTAIN HIGH ROUTE—

DAY ONE

Lindy—It began as a desire to get into the high country, to travel on a route so seldom used that crosscountry skills would be required. We had envisioned hours of meadow exploration, ridge walking, a climb of Clark Mountain, sunny days and starry nights.

The Clark Mountain High Route follows a vague sheepherders track across four cirques between Boulder Basin and Thunder Basin, on the eastern edge of the Dakoped Range in Glacier Peak Wilderness.

It was to be five days of high-country bliss. But what we envisioned and what really happened were quite different. I won't easily forget this trip.

Linda—Lindy, Ann and I started up the White River trail under dry cloudy skies on July 12. Two hours after our start we were at the junction of the Boulder Pass trail. The easy part was over. A big log over the trail was difficult to cross (Lindy thought it was no big deal).

Our next obstacle was Boulder Creek, with its three stream channels. We changed into fording shoes and waded across the streams. As we continued, crossing more streams, we could see up into the basin ahead.

Ann—At 4pm and 7.2 miles we stopped at the bottom of Boulder Basin and set up camp at about 5000 feet in a protected spot close to water, but no views. I walked up into the basin and spotted the beginning of the High Route taking off to the west. It started to rain.

Linda's JanSport tent holds the three of us just fine, although I find it slightly claustrophobic when I turn to face the tent wall.

DAY TWO

Ann—Rained during the night. Decided

this morning to go up to Boulder Pass for a view into the fabled Napeequa valley, since we are so close.

Lindy—But at the top of the pass, heavy rain doused all our hopes of seeing anything below, and sent us scurrying back down the trail to pack up our gear.

Linda—Packed and ready to go, we started on the Clark Mountain High Route. We found the crossing of Boulder Creek a bit tricky. After tossing in a few rocks for steps, we finally got across.

The trail switchbacked through wet bushes and soon it was raining again.

Ann—Then the wind picked up. It was horrible—the kind of weather that has me heading for home. At a stream crossing we had a quick conference. I said I was miserable enough to turn around.

Linda said how about camping just on the next ridge, not too far away. Lindy was agreeable (but I knew she wanted to keep going).

Lindy—We set up our tent in the rain on a flat spot just down from a grassy knoll. As soon as our gear was stowed, we dove into the tent to read, sleep, wait out the rain.

Every once in a while the sun peeked out for a few minutes to fool us into trying to dry our clothes on small clotheslines we set up. But when the clouds boiled back, we returned to the tent for cover.

Linda—We read with hot drinks in hand. Several hours later the marmots started whistling and we heard barking that turned to spine-tingling howls.

Three women rushed to get shoes on and get outside for a closer look at our coyote neighbor!

DAY THREE

Lindy—Day 3 of our hike took us up and over the ridge into an old burn dotted with silver snags. Here the trail hid in the terraced hillside where sheep had once grazed. Downed trees, lush, wet vegetation and beautiful flowers all



A brief lull in Cirque Three—Ann and Lindy fix hot drinks.

came together to make up the landscape.

Linda—It didn't take us long to lose the trail. Too many choices, all looking like the right way to go. We just went straight down, crossed a gully, and turned the corner to start the ascent to Cirque One.

Ann—We had lunch on a shelf of rock just big enough for three hikers and three packs. I found the tiny skeleton of a mouse.

Cirque One is big, with steep brush, meadows and waterfalls. We rounded the corner into Cirque Two which is smaller. In the middle was a snug basin. We took a break here while Linda wrung out her socks.

Linda—Leaving Cirque Two was easy but soon we found we were up too high on the traverse between cirques. We worked our way down to find the entrance to Cirque Three.

Lindy—We set up camp on a grassy spot between two large streams that combined and spilled over the edge into a waterfall that tumbled to the valley below. It was a delightful spot.

Of course, we had to cross one of the streams every time we had a nature call, or even to brush our teeth.

Ann—The rain was steady all afternoon. During brief lulls we ran out to cross the stream, light the stove, or get stuff we forgot from the packs.

During the pouring rain we sat in the tent with our books and steaming drinks, nibbling on mint cake.

DAY FOUR

Ann—Looked out the tent door about 6:30am to find clouds settled completely on top of us. No way we would climb Clark in this weather. We decided to stay in camp a few hours this morning.

Linda—We were on our way to Cirque Four at 11. As we entered it, we could look all the way across and speculate where we would exit. This is the largest of the cirques.

Lindy—Thirty years ago, the guidebook called this a "vague" trail. Now it seemed nonexistent. We crossed



Ann Marshall

Lunch was on a rock during the only sunny period of the day.

streams and small snowfields, picked our way across gullies, through brush, rocks, and slippery mud. Patches of trees gave us variety.

Lunch was on a rock during the only sunny period of the day. When rain started again we moved on.

Linda—We spent an hour crossing several streams only to return and try a route higher up.

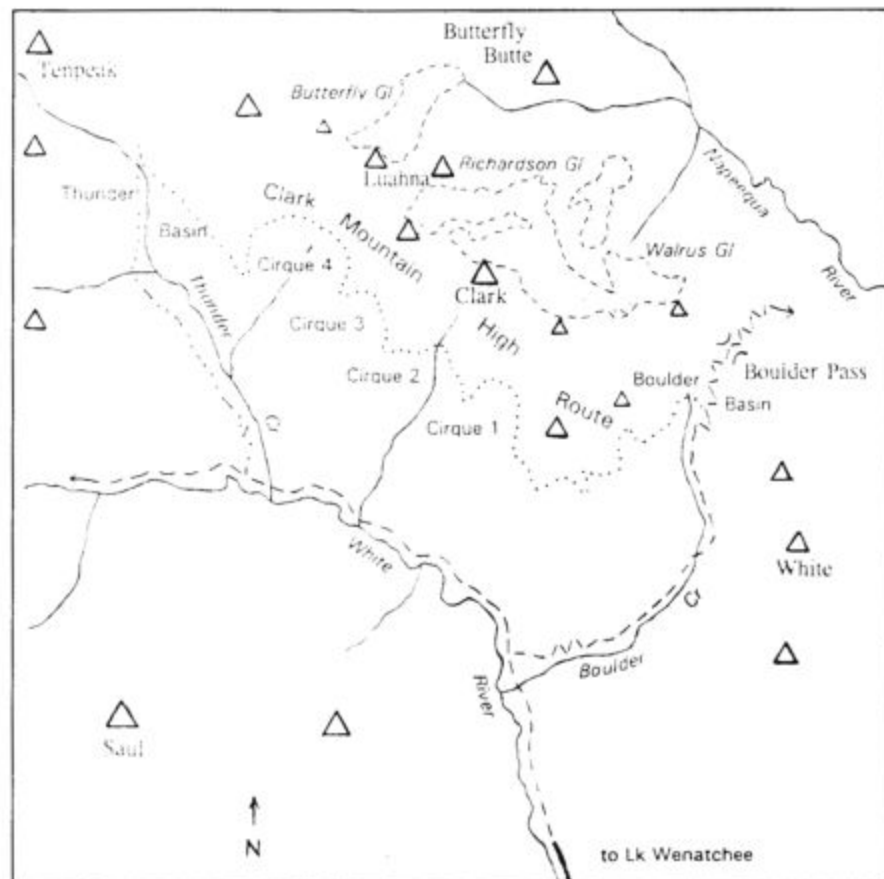
Lindy—We knew *where* we were, but not *how* to cross the cliffs and enter Thunder Basin.

Up? Steep cliffs awaited us. Down? Cliffs were everywhere. We tried to follow game trails, hoping they would show us a way across.

The book had directed us to cross at a certain elevation, but we were too high. And so, our destiny became set as we chose to descend through a great forest on a game trail, hoping it would be the one to lead us to the correct elevation.

Ann—In hindsight, we should have stayed high. The path we were on led us into steep forest. We went down backward hanging onto roots.

Lindy—At one point large piles of droppings announced that a couple of talus caves along our chosen path were homes for bears. Some of my deepest



fears lurched forth at that fact, and I had to push them back.

Linda—I slipped and grabbed a fir tree. Falling backward, my foot got caught. The knee went *pop* as the foot broke loose to join the rest of my body. Luckily, I could stand and continue.

I slipped again and lost my glasses in a tree. I was definitely having a hard time. Ann took the lead and I followed behind Lindy.

Ann—We kept expecting the route to cut over to Thunder Basin. Finally topping the ridge that separates Cirque Four from the basin, we looked down on more cliffs.

It was here I got worried. At 4pm, it was too late to struggle back up that steep forest and even if we did, we might not find the right way.

Lindy—All of us concluded that our search for the way to Thunder Basin had to be aborted. We needed to descend the face we were on to the river far below.

We might even be faced with a bivouac. We decided we should stop, eat something, discuss our situation, and make a plan.

Linda—We agreed it was important to stay close together, and not to take off our packs to check out a route (for fear of not finding them again). We would start looking for a place to bivouac at 7.

Lindy—We would need to go slowly, avoid accidents, stay calm—the usual rules you read about in books in the safety of your warm living room with a cup of tea, and the dog sleeping at your feet.

The descent was slow, and sometimes painful, where the steepness tortured the knees. We tried to keep a positive mental attitude. When one of us flagged, the other two shored her up. We became a close-knit team.

There were rocky outcrops here and there, not huge, but big enough to maim or severely injure one who carelessly missed a step. We were aware of our slow progress.

Ann—We came to a set of bad cliffs. Working our way through, we came upon a finger of slide alder and vine maple. It was easy to rappel down through it and, with Lindy going first, we lost about 500 feet quickly.



We picked our way across streams and through brush.

Linda Rostad

Lindy—As it started to rain again, I remember realizing I didn't care. It was just one more thing to deal with.

Leaves and branches brushed our faces, grabbed our clothes, and stuck in our packs. Our attention was riveted on the ground—obscured by the swishing leaves—to make sure it didn't run out and send us over a cliff.

We were soaked with water from rain and wet brush. Our hair bristled with pieces of vegetation. I bet we were a sight, if anyone had been there to see us. We had seen no one for four days now.

Where the vine maple ended, we came to a stop to confer. Linda noticed another game trail, this one heading toward the ever-noisier river below. Following it, we finally arrived at Thunder Creek in thick river-bottom brush.

Linda—About 10 feet from the creek the ground dropped out from under my feet. I sat down and then dropped another foot. Now we were level with the creek.

I found that we could cross here, so—boots, gaiters and all (so different from our careful fording the first day!)—we waded through the fast-moving, knee-high creek to the game trail that took us up the steep bank on the other side. We were now on a forested plateau that looked mighty fine.

Ann—In a hundred yards or so we found a spot to pitch a tent. It was 7:30. We were relieved to have made it here.

Going over every detail of the descent, we tried to figure what we should have done to find Cirque Four.

Linda strung a line and we piled our wet stuff onto it. Boots were turned over to drain. We had a warm bath, hot drinks, and dinner.

Linda—In dry clothes with coffee in hand, I strolled about two minutes to the west and found the abandoned trail we would take out the next day.

DAY FIVE

Linda—My right knee was so stiff and sore that I could hardly walk when I got up. Ann gave me an Ace bandage and I wrapped the knee up. With the aid of two pain pills I started out slowly ahead of the others.

The trail was crossed with downed trees which caused lots of detours. Then it led into brush over our heads making it impossible to see the path. I walked very deliberately trying to protect my knee from twisting too much.

Back on the White River trail again, we stopped at Boulder Creek for lunch, where we were found by three friends—Nancy, Gert and Manita—who had hiked in to meet us.

Lindy—I learned much on this trip. Though I was relieved that we were safely out, our adventure had made us a close team.

Dreams of future high routes dance in my head as I sleep in my comfortable warm bed these nights.

△

Linda Rostad, of Bothell, is a former mountain guide who now works for Metro.

Lindy Bakkar, of Lynnwood, is a climber, hiker, and skier. She has been an instructor for Scouting programs for 15 years.

Ann Marshall is the editor of Pack & Paddle.



THE WINTER PHONE BOOK

PLACES TO GO

Looking over maps and through guidebooks is part of the fun of planning any trip. Snow-touring reports and stories in Volumes 1 and 2 of *Pack & Paddle* are a great place to start.

Indices for just snow-touring trips in these volumes are available by sending a self-addressed, stamped long envelope to Pack & Paddle, PO Box 1063, Port Orchard WA 98366 (request "Snow-Touring Indices").



WEATHER / CONDITIONS / SNO-PARK

Avalanche Info

206-526-6677 (Olympics & Washington Cascades)

503-326-2400 (Oregon Cascades & Southern Washington)

Mountain Pass Report, Washington
1-900-407-PASS

Sno-Park Information

206-586-0185

503-378-6528

Washington Weather Forecast

206-526-6087



DESTINATIONS

General

Northwest Destinations Report

206-634-0071

Washington

Bear Mountain Ranch

509-682-5444

Cascade Ski Report

206-634-0200

Echo Valley Cross-Country Ski Area (Lake Chelan)

1-800-424-3526

Lake Easton State Park & I-90

Sno-Parks

509-656-2230

Leavenworth Bedfinders

509-548-4410

or 800-323-2920

Methow Valley Ski Association

800-682-5787

Methow Central Reservations

800-422-3048 (in-state)

509-996-2148 (out-of-state)

Mount Tahoma Trails Association

206-569-2451

Ski Acres & Hyak

Cross-Country Center

206-434-6646 (lodge)

206-236-1600 (skier info line)

Stevens Pass Cross-Country Center

206-973-2441

Washington Ski Report

206-634-2754

White Pass Cross-Country Center

509-453-8731

Oregon

Ashland Winter Recreation Association

503-482-8707

Cooper Spur, Hood River

503-352-7803

Mount Bachelor, Bend

503-382-7888 (ski report)

800-829-2442 (cross-country ski center)

Mount Hood Meadows

503-337-2222 (business)

503-227-7669 (ski report)

Elsewhere

Big Mountain, Montana

406-862-3511

Blackcomb, British Columbia

604-932-4211

Colorado Cross-Country Ski Association

800-869-4560

Izaak Walton Inn, Montana

406-888-5700

Mount Shasta, California

916-926-5555 (conditions)

916-926-3606 (general information)

North Rim Nordic Center, Arizona

602-526-0924

or 800-525-0924

Sun Valley, Idaho

208-622-4111 (information)

800-786-8259 (reservations)

Tenth Mountain Trail, Colorado

303-925-5775 (Tenth Mountain Trail Association; information)

303-926-5299 (Paragon Guides; tours on the trail)

Whistler, British Columbia

604-687-6761 (ski report)

Yellowstone, Wyoming

307-344-7311 (reservations & information)



FOREST SERVICE AND PARK SERVICE NUMBERS

Washington

Baker-Snoqualmie National Forest

206-775-9702

Colville National Forest

509-684-2877

Gifford Pinchot National Forest

206-750-5000

North Cascades National Park

206-856-5700

Rainier National Park

206-569-2211

Okanogan National Forest

509-826-3275

Olympic National Forest

206-956-2400

Olympic National Park

206-452-0330 (general info)

206-452-0329 (Hurricane Ridge road & weather)

Outdoor Recreation Information Center, Seattle

206-220-7450

Snoqualmie Pass

206-434-6111

Wenatchee National Forest

509-662-4335

Oregon

Crater Lake National Park

503-594-2211

Deschutes National Forest

503-388-2715

Mount Hood National Forest

503-666-0700

Malheur National Forest

503-575-1731

Rogue River National Forest

503-776-3600

Outdoor Recreation Information Center, Portland

503-326-2877

Elsewhere

Bitterroot National Forest, Montana

406-363-3131

Kootenai National Forest, Montana

406-293-6211

Sawtooth National Forest, Idaho

208-737-3200

Banff National Park

403-762-4256



These are numbers we've found useful here at Pack & Paddle. If you have others you can add to make this a complete reference for backcountry travellers, please let us know what they are.

This list may be photocopied.

KARL ULLMAN

on the PCT: WASHINGTON

—I DECIDED TO EXTEND MY JOURNEY FOR
ONE YEAR ... AND TO TRUST THAT MY SUPPORTERS WILL UNDERSTAND THE REASONS—

"And the world cannot be discovered by a journey of miles, no matter how long, but only by a spiritual journey of one inch, very arduous and humbling and joyful, by which we arrive at the ground at our feet and learn to be at home."—Wendell Barry

But a journey of miles has its benefits, too. Without walking 2300 miles on the Pacific Crest Trail I would not be prepared to extend my journey by staying in one place.

On September 27, with 400 miles of trail between myself and the Canadian Border, I headed ... south.

THE CROSSING

After crossing the Columbia River, the northbound hiker has two options: hike 35 miles of hilly, viewless terrain (says the guidebook), or walk 20 miles of road along the Columbia River through the towns of Stevenson and Carson. Being ever aware of my schedule, and aware that I'd lost a day to climb Mount Hood, I chose the "scenic" road along the Gorge.

Just as I had felt when I crossed the California/Oregon border, I felt no special thrill as I crossed into Washington. If anything, I was feeling the anxiety of my journey coming to a close, and found myself thinking of ways to extend it. I was excited, however, by the prospect of climbing Mount Adams, the next Cascade volcano.

Spectacular views of the Gorge unfolded as I followed the highway along the river. After walking on mountain crests for months, the low elevation river route was an intriguing change.

To gain a better view of the Gorge, I crossed to the right side of the road and soon approached a blue four-wheel

drive vehicle parked on the shoulder. The driver rolled down the passenger side window as I passed.

"Where are you headed?" Wendy asked.

This wasn't in my plan.

"Up to the PCT," I replied.

Wendy told me that she was going to the Carson Hot Springs and offered me a ride. I paused. I hadn't broken my chain of steps since way back in the California days, and I was on my mission to walk from Mount Hood to Mount Adams.

After talking with Wendy for a while longer, however, she told me that she taught Tae Kwon Do—one of my secret interests. That did it—I jumped into her truck. This would be my second and last gap in my march north. I'll have to go back to complete the chain.

CARSON

Three hours later, Wendy delivered me to the PCT, about 10 miles up the road, but not before I enjoyed the magic of the Carson Hot Springs.

"Take off your clothes and hang them on the hook," the attendant instructed. "Tub number seven is running for you. Use the cup to drink the hot mineral water."

So I set off to the male section of the bath house. The tub I was given was extra long and allowed me to stretch out in a tub for the first time in years. As I lay in the hot water, I mused at my good fortune.

I drank the hot mineral water that flowed into the tub ... that *is* what he said, wasn't it? Drink the hot mineral water? It tasted like sulphur. It tasted like the steam vents near the summit of Mount Hood smelled.

After downing several cups of nature's

hot mineral concoction, I felt as if I were truly in the heart of the volcanoes, with its sulphur coursing through my body.

After 30 minutes in the tub, I next was wrapped in steamy hot towels and covered with blankets while lying on a bed. As I lay sweating and immobile, my mind zoomed through my PCT past, present and future.

I saw myself carrying water through deserts, climbing snowy Sierra passes, and walking many miles each day on the well-groomed Oregon trails. I saw myself summit Mount Hood, then transform into a person-sized marble which gained momentum as it rolled down the mountain and all the way up Mount Adams, then down its backside, headed toward Mount Rainier. Was this my PCT future?

Before I knew it, my pack was on my back, and Wendy drove away as mysteriously as she had arrived. I shook my head incredulously and began walking toward Mount Adams.

THE APPROACH

Next, the trail weaved through the Indian Heaven Wilderness, offering occasional views of my new companion, Mount Saint Helens. The terrain was scenic, but I had to remind myself to notice; I was constantly meditating on what I hoped to accomplish on my journey.

Before I left Cascade Locks, I had arranged for a friend to meet me near Mount Adams with my climbing equipment. Strangely, he didn't arrive at our agreed upon meeting place.

As I waited for him, however, a couple approached on horseback. Doug and Jean were especially kind, and they seemed to understand my thoughts as I

told them of my journey. As they rode off, Doug said that I could come stay at his rustic ranch—no electricity or phone—when I finished. A good omen for Trout Lake.

The next day, as I drew closer to the mountain, the North Ridge appeared to be free of snow. Perhaps I could climb the mountain without my equipment, after all.

As the trail climbed higher, the lush vegetation that had been with me since the Gorge gave way to volcanic rock and glacial ice. Mount Hood disappeared to the south, and suddenly Mount Rainier was in full view. Just days before it had seemed so distant.

My journey was speeding toward its conclusion, and I pondered my options as I drank the milky waters of the mountain's glacier-fed runoff streams. Once again, I was drinking the volcano.

THE NORTH RIDGE

As I turned off the PCT and headed for High Camp on the volcano's north ridge, all of my options were open. If I kept walking north, I would arrive at White Pass only one day behind my original schedule. My body felt great, and the Indian Summer that I'd hoped for had arrived with its sparkling clear 75-degree days. And I had packed three extra days of food.

The next morning, I left High Camp at 4:30am. The moonset and sunrise greeted me with their spectacular regularity. I managed to climb to 10,000 feet in my running shoes, but the loose talus got the best of me. No summit today.

So I sat on my perch for about three hours, burning the view of Glacier Peak and the North Cascades into my memory, intent on not rushing down without noticing my surroundings as I had on Mount Hood. From my perch, I decided to extend my journey for another year.

THE DECISION

My decision to interrupt my walk was difficult. After all, my goal to walk to Canada in one season had brought me on this magnificent journey. As I walked through Oregon and southern Washington, however, I realized that my purpose for undertaking this trek was far greater than crossing borders.

If I kept walking, I would soon accomplish my "formal" goals: to walk to Canada, to document the trail condi-

tion of the PCT for the Forest Service, and to write articles about my travels.

I realized that I could accomplish these goals regardless of when I crossed the last border of my trek. I was not certain, however, if finishing this year would allow me to accomplish my *purpose*: to learn from my journey and to simplify my life.

So, I was faced with a decision: was my trek to be a "summit" that I'd reach at any cost, or would it be a journey that I'd allow to take a new course in search of my elusive hopes. One thing I did know was that I had to walk far enough to prove to myself that I *could* walk the whole trail in one year, as I originally intended.

My mind became a battleground: the Gladiator and the Journeyman waged war. The Gladiator is my competitive, extremely motivated side. He told me to finish what I had started and to make proud the people who supported me. I wondered, if I didn't finish this year, would my resolve to complete new goals in the future weaken?

The Journeyman is my intuitive, internally motivated side. He advised me to accomplish my personal goals and to trust that my supporters would understand the reasons for my change in plans.

From high on Mount Adams while looking at the PCT far below, the Journeyman, realizing that my trek would end with simple steps, prevailed. I de-

ecided to extend my journey for one more year so that I could incorporate my PCT lifestyle into my everyday life, to learn more about the land over which I travelled, and, most importantly, to break my habit of pursuing goals without acting on the lessons of my experiences.

LIFESTYLE CHANGES

One former hiker wrote, "finishing the PCT will be like waking up from a nice dream." Recently, I truly came to understand this thought. One month after I stopped walking, my miscellaneous belongings that I'd scattered along the West Coast during my walk converged on the Trout Lake Post Office. As I packed the last of it away, I felt a sense of remorse that I was finished. Suddenly, however, I remembered that I was still on my journey and that the remainder of the PCT lay ahead. What a relief!

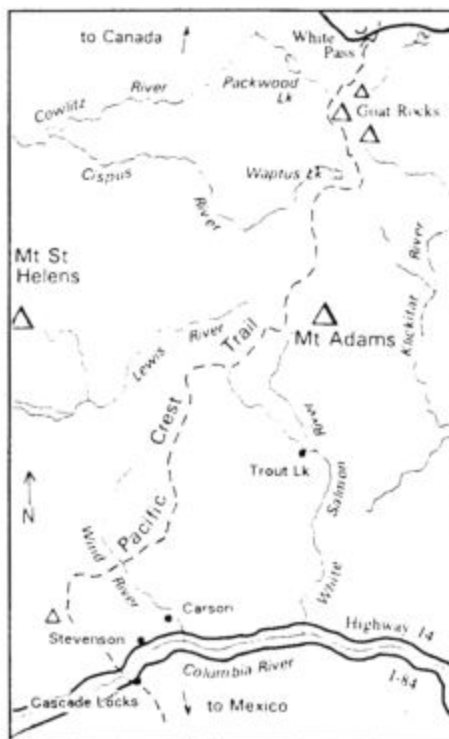
That remorseful feeling arises because hikers realize how wonderful the trail lifestyle was; my plan is to incorporate the lifestyle that we distance-walkers so cherish into my everyday life by, in part, doing the following:

I will keep walking. The car is out. I like the pace of life when I walk, and I'm so used to walking now that I'll just keep it up; my McHale pack and I will remain best friends as I carry the essentials. Come spring of next year, I shall be physically fit and ready to walk the trail again.

I will continue to eat well. The natural, nutritious foods that I ate on the trail will remain my staples. Eating these foods makes me feel good. I'll avoid the unhealthy foods of my past and will continue to eat many small meals instead of three glutinous feasts each day. My gut tells me that this way is better.

I will stay outside as much as possible. My spirit feels best when surrounded by sunrise and sunset, stars and clouds. Returning to insulated buildings feels less than appealing. The alertness that I feel after being outside for so long is too good to lose.

I don't mean to sound like a civilization basher. Civilization is where I am from and is where I'll return. To return now and immerse myself into the world of modern convenience, however, would jeopardize my choice of incorporating the best of trail life into my everyday life.





Ann Marshall / Lee McKee

PCT hikers walk past this sign when they cross the Columbia River into Washington.

LEARNING THE LAND

As the number of miles I walked each day approached 30, I sometimes felt akin to the recreational vehicles hurtling along the highways that I crossed. The occupants were in a mad rush to reach their destination, and they brought their homes with them.

I, too, was in a rush to reach my destination, and I carried my house with me as well. I wish not to discount the value of hiking through such amazing terrain over the course of four and a half months. I only wish to take some time to see what happens when I'm not moving. I'm now searching for a suitable location and dwelling to watch from.

BREAKING HABITS

This reason is the big one. As I made my way north, I too often found myself thinking about everything except what was happening now. I was obsessed with attaining my goal: reaching Canada. I found myself making plans for my next trip before I was even halfway through this one.

In the past few years, before I set out on the trail, I have felt the need to make changes in my life. Too often, however, I found that while I would *think* about these changes, I was always so busy pursuing goals that these thoughts seldom translated into action.

I'd figured that hiking the PCT would change all of that. To my chagrin, I found myself in the same rut on the trail that I'd been in back home.

Soon, I realized that my experience had prepared me to make the changes that I'd hoped for, but it wouldn't make the changes for me.

In my last article I described the four mental quarters of my journey. The first quarter is fun because I'd left town and the whole adventure awaited. The second quarter is the grind; the finish is nowhere in sight, and my mind is consumed with thoughts of anything that may stop me.

The third quarter is the best. My mind relaxes when I realize that I will make it. Great ideas and thoughts come. The fourth quarter is the end. Life speeds up, and those third quarter ideas get lost in the crowd.

I often found my trek from Mexico to be a metaphor for my life. I am 28 years old; I'm in the second quarter of my life. How fitting that recently I've felt my life zooming ahead without me. Just as I was obsessed with my destination during the second quarter of my journey, so have I been obsessed with "making it" in my real life. The obsession of attaining goals has come at the expense of awareness of the present.

So, I stopped my trek during the third quarter, during the quarter of clarity, to learn to incorporate its ways into my life. I know that if I don't do this I will look up many years from now and wonder what happened.

Now, I have the burden of the journey upon me as I pursue these changes. I feel the immediacy. Who knows how much time we really have?

FINISHING

So, I've decided to keep my journey mentality as I consciously choose to incorporate the lessons of the trail into my life.

Come next spring, I will return to Southern California and work my way north as I climb the highest peak in each mountain range that the PCT traverses. I wanted to climb the peaks when I first saw them but didn't have time as I pursued the Canadian Border.

Going back will allow me to revisit these great places and the wonderful people that I met along the way. Next, I shall return to Mount Adams to continue my journey on the PCT.

A part of me would like to sprint across the finish line this year. I've sprinted before, however, and know that the mental high is temporary. This time I will try a new approach.

Finally, a quote that I read as I walked: "Be as careful at completion as you were at the beginning." I spent months preparing for a successful trek. Now, I will use my intermission to learn to be at home while I also enjoy the benefits of being on the move.

UPDATE

After Karl left the trail, he went to Trout Lake, where he spent some time at Doug and Jean's ranch.

For the winter, he'll be a Forest Service volunteer, staying at a couple of backcountry cabins.

△

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

GRIZZLY BEAR REPORT

—DRAFT RECOVERY PLAN FOR NORTH CASCADES IS RELEASED—

The long-awaited recovery plan for the North Cascades grizzly bear was released November 12 by the US Fish and Wildlife Service. The 27-page document lists actions to be taken to increase the number of grizzlies in this area.

PUBLIC INPUT

Although the public has been invited to many information meetings during the 6-year course of the grizzly bear study, public input was not welcome during the initial phases.

Now, however, the Draft Plan is open for public comment until February 12.

No matter how you feel about the bears, take time to write a few sentences stating your viewpoint and send them to Fish and Wildlife Service, address below.

INFORMATION MEETINGS

In addition, another series of information meetings is scheduled for early December. At these meetings, you'll be able to ask questions and learn more about the Draft Recovery Plan. The dates are:

December 6: in Seattle, at The Mountaineers, 300 3rd Avenue North.

December 7: in Mount Vernon, at the Best Western Cottontree Inn, 2300 Market Street.

December 8: in Wenatchee, at the North-Central Washington Museum, 125 South Mission.

December 9: in Okanogan, at The Cedars Inn, Highway 97.

These meetings will be held between 4pm and 8pm and will have an informal, open-house format. You may deliver your written comments to the meeting you attend, if you wish.

DRAFT PLAN

A copy of the Draft Plan is available from the Fish and Wildlife Service, address below, or you can read it at your local library.

The recovery zone is almost 10,000 square miles of land from the Canadian



border to I-90. Federal land makes up 85% of the zone, state land 5%, and private land 10%. Bears are expected to appear outside the official zone, but they will be "managed" only within its boundaries.

The Draft Plan states that final recovery goals are not set at this time because so little information is available for grizzlies in the Cascades. According to the Plan, the bear population would be considered "recovered" when it reached 200 to 400 bears—which will take decades.

Because the Cascade grizzly population is so small, the Draft Plan recommends assuring recovery by "enhancing recruitment" of bears. Several methods for "enhancing recruitment" are (a) natural recovery; (b) putting grizzly bear cubs with black bear foster mothers; (c) artificial insemination; and (d) transplanting bears from another area.

The process for evaluating bear transplanting should begin immediately after the Draft Plan is approved, according to the document.

A large part of the Draft Plan emphasizes education not only for those of us who travel in the backcountry, but also for the general public.

Posters in campgrounds and bear

identification cards will continue to provide information for outdoor users, while educational programs will be developed for schools, libraries and organizations, according to the Draft Plan.

Human-caused mortality is also a concern, not only from poaching and accidents but also due to disruption of habitat from development and activities. The Draft Plan recommends continued studies to determine the effects of human activities on grizzlies.

The North Cascades Recovery Plan, once approved and added to the already-existing Grizzly Bear Recovery Plan, will be reviewed every 5 years.

For a free booklet describing the grizzly bear recovery process, write for a copy of "Grizzly Bear Recovery in the North Cascades: Questions and Answers," from:

Fish and Wildlife Service
3704 Griffin Lane SE
Olympia WA 98501
or ask at any Forest Service headquarters office.

△

—Ann Marshall

PANORAMA

NEWS FROM ALL OVER

MAJOR CYANIDE LEAKS AT MINES—Ten years ago, 19 million gallons of cyanide-laced water seeped into the ground at Place Dome's Golden Sunlight mine near Whitehall, Montana after a tailings pipe broke. Two nearby wells were polluted and cyanide has recently been detected in a wetlands several miles from the mine.

In 1990, after calling itself "probably the most environmentally safe operation in the United States," the Blue Range mine near Lewiston, Montana, began to use a cyanide vat-leaching process. Less than three months later, high levels of cyanide were detected in a nearby stream. A pipe carrying tailings from the mill to the disposal site had ruptured, contaminating both the creek and the groundwater. The mine was shut down by the state.

In September 1991, 18,000 gallons of water containing about fifty-three pounds of cyanide escaped from the Hecla gold mine in Republic after an employee forgot to turn off a valve.—*from The Mountaineers' "Conservation Newsletter."*

OREGON STATE PARKS OPEN DURING WINTER—Most Oregon State Parks have closed for the winter, but 17 of them will remain open all season for camping.

They are Fort Stevens, Nehalem Bay, Cape Lookout, Devil's Lake, Beverly Beach, South Beach, Beachside, Washburne, Honeyman, Bullards Beach, Cape Blanco horse camp, Harris Beach, Loeb, Champeog, Valley of the Rogue, Farewell Bend and Hilgard Junction. Fees range from \$9 (primitive) to \$16 (full hook-up).

Nearly all day-use parks will remain open, although restrooms may be closed and water systems off.

NEW RULES FOR THE BWCA—May 1 is the date new quotas go into effect for the Boundary Waters Canoe Area (see *April, page 21*).

Now, the regulations allow 382 groups of up to 10 people each to enter from 86 access points each day. The new regs will allow only 280 groups per day during the permit season, which runs from May 1 to September 30.

Since the average number of groups now entering the BWCA is 203, Forest Service personnel expect that the new limits will only be felt during peak-use times in mid-summer.

Starting in 1995, stricter year-round restrictions will take effect: party size will be reduced from 10 to 9; no more than three canoes may travel together or be beached together, and permits will also be required for the off-season.

Boundary Waters reservations may be obtained by writing
BWCA Reservations
Superior National Forest
PO Box 338
Duluth MN 55801.

Or call 218-720-5440. A \$5 processing charge (not refundable) may be billed to a VISA or Mastercard.

ADOPT-A-WHALE—A chance to "adopt" a whale in the J, K or L pods of our local waters is being offered by the Whale Museum in Friday Harbor.

For a tax-deductible contribution of \$35, you receive an Orca Adoption Package containing an adoption certificate, photo of "your" whale, its biography, and a small book about whales. Membership in the Whale Museum is included.



Adopt an orca.

Adoption funds support research and educational programs of the museum. Particularly suggested for adoption are the young whales Oreo (J-pod), Splash (L-pod), and Panda (L-pod), and mother-of-two Blossom (J-pod).

For more information, contact:

The Whale Museum
PO Box 945
Friday Harbor WA 98250
206-378-4710.

BEAR SEMINAR—Bears are the topic of an all-day seminar at the Seattle Mountaineers Club on Saturday, December 11.

Sponsored by the Great Bear Foundation, the meeting will focus upon

issues affecting bears in the Northwest.

"We want to concentrate on the threats to bears in our region and the possible measures which could be taken to protect them," says Wayne Buchanan, GBF president and one of the featured speakers. "For example, I'll be discussing the recovery zone created for grizzly bears in the North Cascades," he added.

Registration begins at 8am and costs \$35 for non-members and \$25 for members. A dinner program is included. For more information, call **Virgil Palmer, 206-283-1336.**

LOOMIS FOREST AND LYNX—Jennifer Belcher, Public Lands Commissioner, has decided to begin ecosystem planning on the state's Loomis Forest.

Loomis Forest is part of the Okanogan Meadows area and contains important lynx habitat. For several years, the Friends of the Loomis Forest and the Greater Ecosystem Alliance pressured the DNR to plan at the landscape-level on the Loomis. In the past the DNR responded with more timber sales.

The DNR now has plans to pursue a cutting-edge process. They will suspend all major timber sales and involve the public and technical experts in substantial ways.

This may be the best attempt to implement ecosystem management for any land area in Washington—or perhaps any other state. If done right, the plan will benefit all species, including grizzly bear, wolf, marten, wolverine, Cascade fox, goshawk, salmon, flammulated owl, three-toed woodpecker and others, along with the lynx.

Drop a note of thanks to **Jennifer Belcher, Commissioner of Public Lands, Department of Natural Resources, Olympia WA 98504.**—*excerpted from an article by Mitch Friedman in "Northwest Conservation," Fall 1993.*

COLUMBIA GORGE PRESERVE—The Department of Natural Resources is hoping to purchase the 6123-acre Dalles Mountain Ranch.

Owned by Don Bleakney, the ranch is north and east of Horsethief Lake State Park, with excellent views of the Gorge. If the purchase goes through, DNR would keep the northern half as a preserve, and transfer the southern half to State Parks.

PANORAMA

NEWS FROM ALL OVER

The Dalles Mountain property would provide better access for hikers heading for Horsethief Butte.



Mount Baker from Table Mountain.
Watercolor by Ramona Hammerly.

HAMMERLY EXHIBIT—An exhibit of watercolors by Ramona Hammerly will run from November 11 through December 31 at the Husted Gallery in Seattle.

The showing is titled "Alpine Views" and features mountain terrain and scenery familiar to Northwest hikers.

At the same time, Gretchen Daiber will exhibit sculptures of wildlife in marble, granite and bronze. (If you're wondering why that name sounds familiar, it's because Gretchen is the daughter of famed mountaineers Ome and Matie Daiber.)

The Husted Gallery is located at 9776 Holman Road NW, Seattle (206-782-3477). The gallery opens at 9am Monday through Saturday and is open until 6pm every night except Thursday and Friday when it is open until 8pm. Closed Sunday.

CLAYOQUOT SOUND—The ancient forests of Vancouver Island's Clayoquot Sound drew international attention this summer when plans to clearcut were revealed. Demonstrations drew 9000 people, the largest civil disobedience in Canada's history.

The campaign to stop the logging is still underway. Write **Friends of Clayoquot Sound, Box 489, Tofino BC V0R 2Z0 Canada**, for information.—from "Northwest Conservation," Fall 1993.

PLUM CREEK PERMITS INVALID

—The Alpine Lakes Protection Society has won the lawsuit it filed against Plum Creek Timber Company and the Forest Service over access to Plum Creek's land in Boulder Creek and several other areas in Kittitas County. (See October, page 29.)

"The failure to even consider whether there is a potential for cumulative impact ... as a result of these projects cannot be characterized as a 'truly informed exercise of discretion,'" the court said.

The access permits granted to Plum Creek are now invalid.—*excerpted from an article in "Alpine," the newsletter of ALPS.*

FIRE IN WINTHROP—One-quarter of downtown Winthrop burned in a fire of suspicious origin on November 5.

The fire started about 6:30pm and burned the buildings on the northwest side of the main intersection, including the old bell tower.

Although shopowners were insured and will rebuild, it is still a loss to the

community, Winthrop resident Don Portman told *Pack & Paddle*. Employees of the businesses will be out of work until they reopen.

HIGH CAMP CLOSED—Bill and Peg Stark have put the Scottish Lakes Cross-Country Ski Area on the market and, in a recent conversation, Bill said neither the trail system nor the huts will operate this ski season.

For over 10 years, sturdy winter campers have made the 8-mile trip into the area, either by hiking and skiing, or riding in by truck, snowcat, and snowmobile to the cozy cluster of huts known as "High Camp."

Peg and Bill have wanted for several years to sell the ski camp, but always kept it running while they looked for buyers. Now in their late 70s, they have decided this year to make a serious effort to find new owners.

Scottish Lakes' High Camp sits at the edge of the Alpine Lakes Wilderness and offers wonderful skiing, challenging exploring, and good snow.




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PO Box 1063
Port Orchard WA 98366

Questions? Call us at 206-871-1862

12/93

REST STOP

EQUIPMENT, RECIPES, TIPS

FLOORMATS—We keep a couple of extra car floormats in the back of our Jeep. They make a good place to set wet or muddy boots, and also can be placed on the ground to make a dry spot to sit or stand to change boots and clothes in the snow or mud.

If you're stuck in ice, snow, or mud they may also be used for a little added traction although they will never look quite the same after this!—*Michael Andreoni and Valerie Brown, Arlington.*

TENT FLOORS—Regarding the question from Mystery Hiker about wet tent floors (*October, page 28* and *November, page 30*): our wonderful, 20-year-old Crestline Expedition tent lost its floor waterproofing long ago but is in fine shape otherwise.

We take a piece of 2-mil plastic big enough to fold double as a ground cloth under the tent. It works great, is cheap, and weighs almost nothing.

Paint stores sell 2-mil plastic as "drop cloths." Ours is 10 feet square.—*Nancy Sosnove, Everett.*

BIRDS—What a great fall for hiking!! Although we have not read anything to substantiate this, we saw more grouse and ptarmigan this year than ever before, by far!

We have hiked mostly North Cascades, Olympics, and Glacier Peak areas and I would have to say that we have seen an average of at least 5 to 10 birds per hike without even trying. We're wondering if others have noticed this.—*Michael Andreoni and Valerie Brown, Arlington.*

FAVORITE TRAIL MIX—One part "Fibre-One" cereal, one part raisins, one-half part chocolate chips.

Mix in Zip-loc bag, toss into pack. Quick and easy.—*Toivo Perala, Seattle.*

SEAL-A-MEAL—One of our best tools for keeping our loads as light as possible is a Seal-a-Meal machine. My mother-in-law gave me hers and it's super. It seals everything completely

air- and water-tight.—*Mystery Hiker, Granite Falls.*

CONTAINERS—Over the summer we've eaten several large plastic jars of nuts from Costco, the 2.5-pound size. We saved the jars and used them to pack our food for our ocean trip recently.

They're light weight, cheap (even with the nuts in them!) and are enough to protect food from smaller animals. I doubt they'd stop a bear but they do contain odors very well.—*Mystery Hiker, Granite Falls.*

MEDICARD—The Emergency Medicaid is a set of two cards to carry with you in case of emergency. One is the size of a credit card for your wallet, the other is small enough to go on your bootlace. They are laminated and totally waterproof.

Each card contains information about who you are, who to notify, blood type, last tetanus shot, brief medical history, and allergies.

In addition, there's room for a baseline EKG, if you want, and your signature and the signatures of the required witnesses for life support directives, organ donor elective, and permission for treatment for a minor.

All this information is microfilmed twice and inserted into the two cards. Although the eye can't read the microfilm, it is easily read with a magnifying glass or microscope.

In large type, the cards contain your name, who to call, medications, and allergies. This information can be read by anyone at the scene.

Lee and I have each ordered a set—he runs for miles on our county roads and can tie the small card onto his shoe; I am allergic to bee venom and will put the small card on my hiking boot.

The cost is \$19.95 for a basic 2-card set (\$25.95 to add an EKG). Extra shoe cards are available for \$9.95. For information and an order form, write to **Emergency Medicaid Inc**
808 SW 328 Court
Federal Way WA 98023.

PEANUT BUTTER CORNFLAKE COOKIES—Pack up the ingredients and make these in camp!

1½ cup sugar

¾ cup dark corn syrup

1½ cups peanut butter

7½ cups cornflakes (one large box)

Combine sugar and syrup in sauce-

pan and bring to a rolling boil. Remove from heat; add peanut butter and cornflakes. Mix well, working quickly. Put mixture into a well-greased 6"x10" pan. Press down. Cut into squares while still warm.

(If you make these in camp, remember to take a bowl big enough to hold 7½ cups of cornflakes, and suitable clean-up materials.)—*Sharon Cline, Vancouver.*

SLIP WITHOUT THE GRIP—Even no-wax ski bases will stick and "ice up" under certain ski conditions. Investing in a bottle of Maxi-glide can restore your kick-and-glide.

Scrape away the built-up snow (a credit card works great) and squeeze a little Maxi-glide on your ski bases, then rub evenly where the snow is building up.

Another (cheaper) method is to rub the ski bases with a piece of old candle or paraffin.

HOSTEL TIP—If you're planning a ski trip to Bend this winter, check out the AYH Hostel in downtown Bend.

It's a no-smoking facility with 40 beds—and at \$12 per person per night, it's a great bargain. You get a free map to local Sno-Parks, too.

Write or call for a brochure:

Bend Alpine AYH Hostel
19 SW Century Dr
Bend OR 97702
503-389-3813.

SLEEPING BAGS—Sleeping bags should be cleaned every couple of years, and right now is a good time to get it done.

You can wash the bag yourself, following manufacturer's directions carefully. Down bags need special care because the wet down gets so heavy it can rip the internal stitching in your bag.

A bathtub is the best place to wash a down bag; gently work suds into bag, then rinse in several changes of water, pressing bag against tub to squeeze water out. When the bag can be lifted, stretch it out on a lawn chair to dry. Turn and fluff it frequently to break up the mats of wet down. If the manufacturer approves, you can even put it in the dryer for the final drying.

And always store your bag loosely, not packed in a stuff bag, to avoid compressing the fill.

WIN FAME & ADMIRATION!

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

PACK & PADDLE
PO BOX 1063
PORT ORCHARD WA 98366

EDITOR'S JOURNAL



Waiting for the kettle to boil at Cascade Pass.

ARTISTS—Among its diverse readership *Pack & Paddle* has at least two very talented artists.

Ramona Hammerly, of Anacortes, and Dee Molenaar, of Burley, are both "mountain people" who make alpine scenes come to life with their paintbrushes.

We have one of Ramona's watercolors as well as one of Dee's in our "corporate headquarters," and we're hoping to visit Ramona's new exhibit this month (see page 29).

Although we don't see Ramona very often, we do occasionally run into Dee and Colleen at the grocery, since they live nearby.

40TH ANNIVERSARY OF K2—In fact, I talked to Dee just recently. He told me he'll be in Colorado for the annual meeting of the American Alpine Club (which now shares office space with the Colorado Mountain Club) over the first weekend in December.

This meeting will also serve as the 40th anniversary reunion of the members of the 1953 K2 expedition and Dee will take along some of his paintings of that trip for a small display.

Although the 1953 team did not reach the summit, they have nevertheless gone down in mountaineering fame. *K2, the Savage Mountain* tells the story.

Or better yet, read Dee's and Pete Schoening's interviews in *Cascade Voices* (by Malcom Bates; Cloudecap Press) for a look back at K2.

APEC—When I heard all the hoopla being made over the Asia-Pacific Economic Cooperation meeting taking place in Seattle in mid-November, I was glad to be over here in peaceful Kitsap County, far away from a city clogged with VIPs, the news media and the Secret Service.

But when the President comes to town, there's nowhere to hide. As Lee and I were preparing to set off for a kayak trip from the tiny little boat ramp in nearby Manchester, I was approached by a young man who wanted to know "which island is Blake?"

Seems he was with a news service that was having a couple of motor homes barged over to the island for the Very Important Meeting that would be held there as part of APEC. The news staff would be staying in them.

I expressed surprise that they wouldn't be camping out. He replied that State Parks had indeed offered them wall tents with heaters, but that the reporters would feel more comfortable in the RVs.

As Lee and I watched from the kayak, a barge came up to the boat ramp, loaded up the RVs and headed off to Blake Island with them.

CHANGES—I talked to Mike Krohn the other day—he is one of the hikers in the photo on page 4; the other is his wife Jean. (John Steveley, the photographer, is his father-in-law.)

Mike and I used to work together in the old Signpost barn in the late '70s. He told me he had driven by the old place a couple of weeks ago, wanting to show his kids the historic farmhouse and the big red barn where Signpost was produced for years.

What with all the traffic and all the new houses, he said, they didn't recognize where they were, and must have passed right by it.

He was at the right place, I told him—it's just that the farmhouse and barn are gone.

The City of Lynnwood purchased the property a couple of years ago, and are going ahead with their plans to make the acreage into a community park.

CREDIT—In the October issue (page 20) we reprinted a poem without giving credit because we didn't know its history.

We still don't know who wrote it; however, we have learned that it is

called simply "Memorial" and was written for Bernie Whitebear and family after the death of their mother, Mary Hall Wong, a Colville Nation elder killed in a traffic accident.

BOOKSHELF—Two just-released publications deserve such a wide audience that we are going to offer them by mail (for a limited time only).

They are the new book *The Smiling Country* by Sally Portman and the 1994 *Women Climbing* calendar.

The Smiling Country was produced right here in the offices of Pack & Paddle Publishing Inc., supervised by Yellow Cat herself, who is very proud of the finished book.

The book is a history of the Methow Valley and is published by Sun Mountain Resorts. Sun Mountain's owners, the Haub family, are donating part of the proceeds from sales of *The Smiling Country* to the Elizabeth Haub Foundation, which is dedicated to protecting the environment.

The *Women Climbing* calendar was not supervised by Yellow Cat, but she feels certain that cats must have been involved, somehow, with such a beautiful, practical calendar. (She is especially pleased that one of my own photographs appears in it, for the week of February 14.)

To make ordering simple for those of you who are interested, a form for *Women Climbing* appears on page 7 and a form for *The Smiling Country* appears on page 13.

HAS ANYONE been skiing yet?

See you in the backcountry,

Ann Marshall

BOOKS

YOU'LL BE INTERESTED IN

THE AVALANCHE HANDBOOK, by David McClung and Peter Schaerer (The Mountaineers, 1011 SW Klickitat Way, Seattle WA 98134), 1993; 272 pages. \$19.95.

Although this is not technically a second edition, it is based on the Forest Service's original *Avalanche Handbook* of 1975. Completely rewritten, revised and updated, the new handbook contains chapters on weather patterns and snow characteristics, types and properties of avalanches, methods of observation, and evaluation and prediction.

The new book has several ties to the old: many of the same excellent illustrations are used, the book is organized in roughly the same order, and of course co-author Peter Schaerer was involved in the production of the original book, also.

"... good avalanche safety does not just happen. It is the result of logical thinking and action," state the authors in their introduction. Thus, *The Avalanche Handbook* is a highly technical reference work. It is designed for anyone involved with snow recreationally or professionally.

David McClung heads the avalanche research group at the University of British Columbia and studied with Ed LaChapelle at the UW. Peter Schaerer is a former senior research officer and head of the Avalanche Research Center in Canada. Both authors live in Vancouver, BC.

The foreword is written by Ed LaChapelle.

SEA KAYAKING IN BAJA, by Andromeda Romano-Lax (Wilderness Press, 2440 Bancroft Way, Berkeley CA 94704), 1993; 168 pages. \$12.95.

Baja California has become one of North America's top sea-kayaking spots. Flanked by the Gulf of California on the east and the Pacific Ocean on the west, Baja is an 800-mile strip of desert with over 2000 miles of stunning coastline. Much of it is inaccessible—except by boat.



Sea Kayaking in Baja details everything the independent traveler needs to know for a paddling trip. The first three chapters cover the basics of planning, equipment, and getting to and around the peninsula, and special paddling information for the area.

The remainder of the book details fifteen different routes, with sketch maps, on both east and west coasts. Besides thorough directions and descriptions, the author includes anecdotes of her own trips.

Andromeda Romano-Lax is originally from Chicago. Her interest in Mexican politics and culture brought her south, where she discovered Baja and kayaking.

WINTER CLIMBS: One Day Ascents, by Dallas Kloke, 4012 M Avenue, Anacortes WA 98221, 1993; 128 pages. \$6.50.

This book is written for experienced winter travelers (who else would go out in the mountains in winter for fun?), but even so author Dallas Kloke includes a few pages of cautions. As he writes in the introduction: "Climbing in the mountains is a risk anytime but winter climbing is even more hazardous."

That said, the book then lists eight

climbing areas from the Canadian border to just south of the Snoqualmie Pass highway, and gives information to climb, in one day, over 100 mountains west of the Cascade crest.

Each description includes how to get there, how to find the route, the estimated time, the potential avalanche hazard, and often includes alternate routes. Sketch maps are helpful in locating little-known summits that have informal or "unofficial" names.

This book is self-published and will be difficult (maybe impossible) to find at stores. We suspect, however, it will be a coveted item among backcountry explorers and climbers.

Dallas Kloke was born and raised in Skagit County. He has been mountaineering for 33 years. In 1971 he wrote *Boulders and Cliffs*, a climbing guide to Skagit and Whatcom counties. He is a contributor to *Pack & Paddle*, as well.

WASHINGTON STATE PARKS, a Complete Recreation Guide, by Marge and Ted Mueller (The Mountaineers, 1011 SW Klickitat Way, Seattle WA 98134), 1993; 288 pages. \$14.95

Well over 150 state-owned park sites are described in this very useful volume, from the San Juan Islands in the far northwest to Fields Spring in the far southeast.

Many State Parks offer some of the most comfortable car-camping around so their locations are handy to know for vacationers. Other State Parks are great for cross-country skiing, for paddling, for birding ... the authors detail the sights, facilities, and attractions of each one.

As with all guidebooks, however, situations change and information becomes obsolete. Perhaps the most useful section of *Washington State Parks*, therefore, is Appendix A, which lists addresses and phone numbers for the individual Parks.

Marge and Ted Mueller live in Seattle and are also the authors of the *Afloat and Afloat* series.