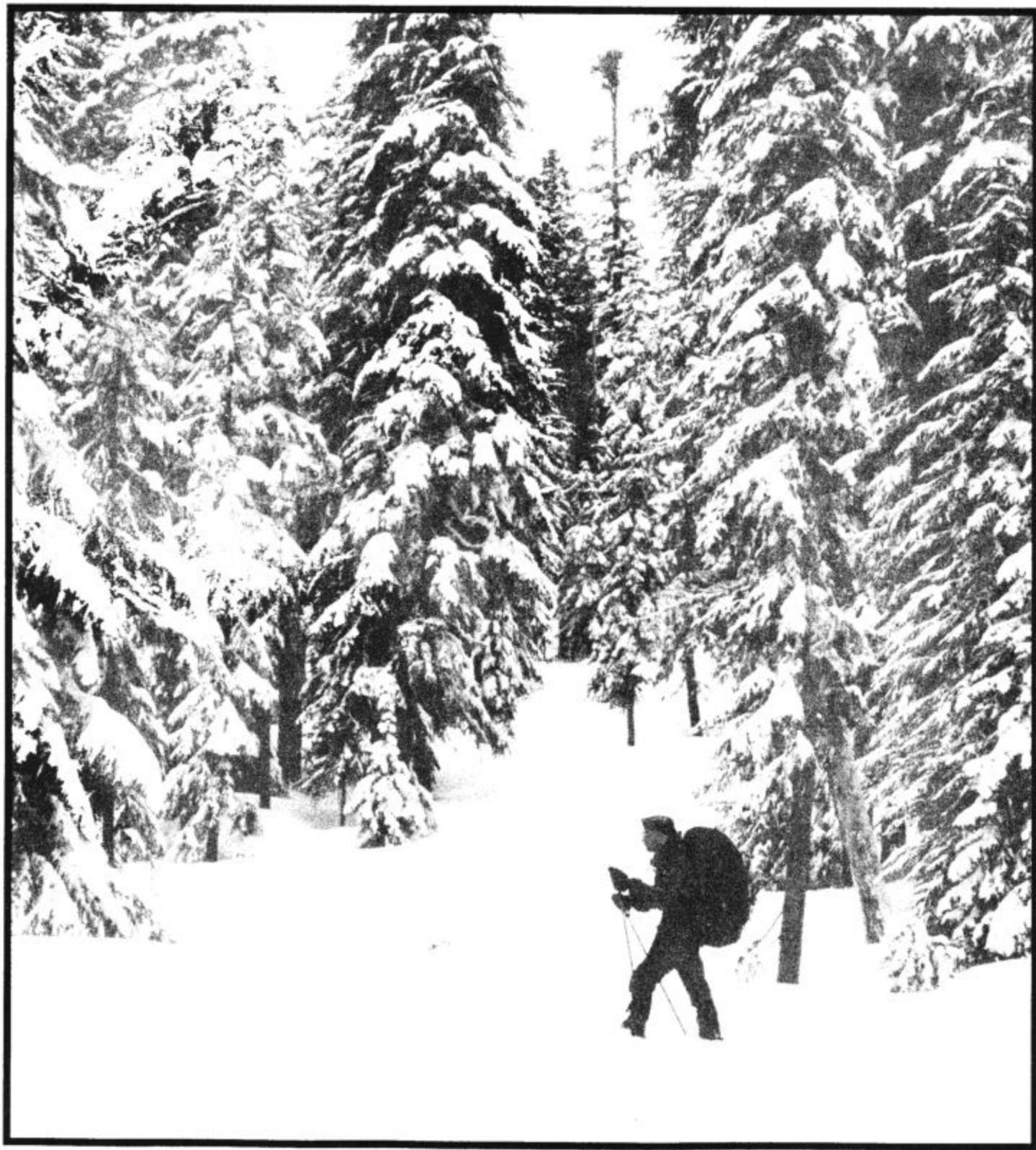


# PACK & PADDLE

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

**JANUARY 1994**  
**\$2.00**



## INTERNAL FRAME SPECIALISTS

*The Northwest's premier pack builder for serious backpackers and mountaineers.*




- Women & tall men our specialty.
- 7075-T6 frames keep their shape.
- Patented Bypass shoulder harness.
- Original Bayonet breakdown frame.
- Travel covers for all packs.
- Gortex-down sleeping bags.

**McHale & Company**  
**281-7861**

29 Dravus Street, Seattle  
Intersection of Nickerson & Dravus, 4 blocks west of southside Fremont Bridge.

## Outdoor Recreation Information Center



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



# WE RENT SNOWSHOES!

ALL BRAND NEW TUBBS® SNOWSHOES THIS WINTER  
THREE MODELS TO CHOOSE FROM  
WE TAKE RESERVATIONS!!  
670 NW GILMAN BLVD • ISSAQUAH • 391-0130



a subscription to  
**PACK & PADDLE**  
makes a great gift  
...any time of year! Give a subscription to your favorite backcountry person to let them enjoy good outdoor reading and information year-around.



enter a subscription for the following:

yes

1 year at \$15  
 2 years at \$28

name \_\_\_\_\_

address \_\_\_\_\_

city, state, ZIP \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_ This is a gift; please send a card to the recipient announcing the gift. (Note: Please be sure your name and address appears on your check or a separate piece of paper. Thanks!)

Return with payment (check or money order) to:  
Pack & Paddle  
PO Box 1063  
Port Orchard WA 98366

1/94



### PIC-TOUR GUIDE MAPS

**Pic-Tour announces, besides #15 Olympic Mountains East, #16 and #17 as follows:**

**#16 Glacier Peak/Entiat River/Lake Chelan:** Page 1: USGS topographic map Lyman Lake to Lucerne (and Ice Lakes). Page 2: black and white aerial Glacier Peak/Napeequa valley, 3 color photos of Glacier Peak. Page 3: aerials Lime Ridge/Sitkum climbing area. Page 4: photos Lower Ice Lake/Schaefer Lake. Page 5: Photos Bonanza Peak/Lake Chelan. Page 6: fifteen photos. Page 7: ten photos including large Stehekin valley.

**#17 Mt Saint Helens/Mt Adams (Indian Heaven Wilderness)/Columbia Gorge/Mt Hood:** Page 1: map, south half Mt Saint Helens; aerial photo north half. Page 2: photos Mt Saint Helens before & after. Page 3: aerials Spirit Lake before & after. Page 4: map south half Mt Adams/ Indian Heaven Wilderness, aerials Mt Adams/ Indian Heaven. Page 5: composite aerial both halves Mt Hood; photo Mt Adams. Page 6: 10 scenic photos.

Return to normal price December 31:  
\$15 for each map.  
Please add 10% for shipping and WSST.

**Pic-Tour Guide Maps**  
29118 23 Avenue South  
Federal Way WA 98003  
Phone: 206-839-2564

# Pack & Paddle

VOLUME 3, NUMBER 1

RANDOM VIEW—



Dave McCormack, Jim Werle, and Ed McCormack at the Arctic Circle. See story on page 16.

Ed McCormack

## Features

- 14 BACKCOUNTRY SKIING AT PURCELL LODGE  
Martin Kaatz
- 15 EXCERPTS from an UNCOMPLETED MANUSCRIPT  
Will F. Thompson
- 16 OVER AKSHAYUK PASS  
Edward McCormack
- 18 HAVEN'T GOT TIME FOR THE PAIN  
Lisa Bliss Darling
- 22 SHOES  
Karl Ullman
- 24 PADDLING THE CASCADIA TRAIL  
Larry Lewis
- 27 RESCUE EPICS  
Deborah Riehl
- 28 SNO-PARK NEWS  
Glenn Eades

## Departments

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

### COVER PHOTO:

Winter camping: Lee skis on the PCT south of White Pass. Goat Rocks Wilderness, Washington. Photo by Ann Marshall.

### HOW TO BE A *PACK & PADDLE* CONTRIBUTOR:

Send us your stories, reports, and photographs. *Pack & Paddle* is written by its readers and we welcome your ideas, input, and material. Submissions are considered contributions—if payment is requested it will be a modest amount. We take great care in handling your work, but we cannot guarantee against damage to or loss of materials. Please don't be offended if we can't use your stories or photos.

Need more guidance? We'll send our Writers' Guidelines; just ask. And we're always happy to discuss an idea with you on the phone: 206-871-1862.

• • •

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

• • •

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

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

### STAFF

Publishers: A. Marshall and L. McKee  
Editor: Ann Marshall  
Business Manager: Lee McKee  
Administrative Assistant: Yellow Cat

With help from: All Readers

Editorial Advisory Committee:

D. Beedon CAT  
J. Cavin TG



printed on recycled paper  
with soy-based ink

©1994 Pack & Paddle Publishing, Inc.  
All rights reserved.

# LETTERS to the EDITOR

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

## GARGETT MINE

The mention of the Gargett Mine by Mystery Hiker and Mr. Maphead (*November, page 6*) brought back memories to me because I grew up in Sumas living next door to Roy Gargett.

He was one of two brothers who owned the mine (Clyde was the brother). At that time—early 1940s—the mine was no longer operating so the Gargetts concentrated on operating their grocery store in Sumas.

The principal mine that we heard about in those days, however, was the Lone Jack Mine. This gold strike had been discovered in 1897 by Jack Post, also of Sumas, who found gold on Bear Mountain. Jack had partners Russ Lambert and Lyman Van Valkenburg from Sumas.

This find had sparked a gold rush in the area and the Gargett Mine on Red Mountain (now Mount Larrabee) was another of the gold claims. Both mines were worked from the early 1900s until about 1930.

A good reference on this mining activity near Mount Baker is *Chechaco and Sourdough* by P.R. Jeffcott, published by Pioneer Printing, Bellingham (1963). This book also mentions the origin of many place names in the area, such as Dead Horse Creek, Anderson Creek, Winchester Mountain and others.

Bill Easterbrook  
Bellevue, Washington

## INEVITABLE CONFLICTS

To the US Fish and Wildlife Service:

We would like to comment on the North Cascade grizzly bear project. ... We most emphatically *do not support* active enhancement of the existing population.

It is our belief that if the bear population is viable in this area it will re-establish itself without active intervention and should be left as such. Previous well-meaning tinkering with nature has caused plenty of problems, the mountain goats in the Olympics being just one example.

... If the population is increased, especially artificially, it seems inevitable that there will be conflicts as the increasing numbers of bears spread into new areas. Education of all Park and Wilderness users including hunters, ranchers, hikers and casual visitors is a noble but impossible goal, and the un-

fortunate soul who gets mauled or killed is not likely to be the cause of the problem.

This area may at one time have supported much larger numbers of bears, but this is not 1850 or 1950, and changes in the environment have taken place and will continue to take place.

Let's leave the existing population alone and concentrate efforts on maintaining or increasing existing Park and Wilderness areas so that enough room exists for species to be self-sustaining without our active intervention.

Michael Andreoni and Valerie Brown  
Arlington, Washington

## UNNECESSARY DANGER?

I read with interest D. Lowell White's account of crossing Barkley Sound in an open canoe (*December, page 18*). I marvelled at the skill with which Debbie and Lowell countered the wind and waves. Risk is the ingredient that makes adventure such as this exciting.

Can we assume the PFD Ryan was wearing is a life jacket and not a dry-suit or even a wetsuit? How long would Ryan have survived, even with the best efforts of his parents, if the canoe had swamped or capsized in the center of the Tiny Group-Jaques Island channel (as it almost did earlier)?

I do not want to stir up a controversy. I only want to make a point: toddlers and young children should not be put in danger unnecessarily.

Reader A  
Edmonds, Washington

*This is a good point that everyone who participates in backcountry activities must consider. Each family must make its own decision.—AM*

## CLARK MOUNTAIN

I read your Clark Mountain High Route article (*December, page 20*) with great interest.

Over the years I have scouted out most of the trails in this area, and little tread exists today. I am still looking for the route from Cirque 4 to upper Thunder Basin.

Over this past Labor Day, Tom and Sara Matoi, Keith Wilson and I set out to do a day trip of Chalangin Peak and Luahna Peak from our base camp in

upper Thunder Basin. Our goal to get maximum summits with shortened days proved interesting.

After reaching both summits, I tried to find the High Route from Cirque 4 to upper Thunder Basin. I was not successful. The others mutinied and I found myself following them.

We went up the ridge 700 feet and found a gully which got us within 1000 feet above camp before darkness fell. The party was not a happy group.

We managed to find our way back in an hour with headlamps, escaping a bivouac. No problems encountered with the darkness except we ran into a bear grazing.

Despite how the rest of the group felt, it was a good trip.

Mike Torok  
Seattle, Washington

## KEEP OPEN DEVIL'S TOWER

Devil's Tower in Wyoming is the oldest National Monument in the US. It has a strong tradition as a mecca for rock climbers, who add local color and interest for the crowds of tourists. The climbing community has respected the integrity of the rock, and continues to do so in a responsible manner.

But within the last year several Indian tribes local to the Devil's Tower area have requested that the Department of Interior close the monument to all rock climbing, probably because the Tower had a prominent place in certain ancient Indian legends, so that they now feel climbers are desecrating an object that represents a religious monument to them.

While respect for and sensitivity to Indian beliefs and customs is certainly an important consideration, we believe the request to close Devil's Tower to climbing is completely unwarranted.

Climbers were not a part of ancient Indian legend, so they are neither good nor evil in their usage of Devil's Tower. Climbers respect the Tower and wish to preserve its integrity.

In a democracy, it is not right for a vocal minority to impose its will on the majority; the Tower should remain open for responsible rock climbers.

Gene Mickle  
Bellevue, Washington





# BACKCOUNTRY NEWS REPORTS AND CONDITIONS

## INTRODUCTION

See "How to be a Pack & Paddle contributor" 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



 **TUNNEL CREEK**, from the north (*Buckhorn Wilderness; USGS Mt Townsend*)—There was (surprisingly) one vehicle already at the trailhead (about 2600 feet) when I arrived at noon.

This trail crosses an east-west ridge of Mount Constance and can be approached either from the south by way of the Dosewallips or from the north by way of Penny Creek road just south of Quilcene.

For the first 2.7 miles, the trail travels basically along or just to the west of Tunnel Creek through dense forest. At 1pm I arrived at the shelter (the 2-mile point), having passed the two people from the trailhead vehicle. Light snow covered the trail except under a few large firs.


Just above the shelter the old trail crosses the creek but this summer the crossing was moved about 100 yards upstream and new trail was built which

travels from the creek to about half of the distance to the first lake. I had been on the new trail in late summer and was curious about the reason for the reroute. I thought the old trail was quite good with no erosion.

I therefore crossed the creek to the old trail noting that the old footbridge had been sawed into sections to prevent its use. But the creek didn't have a lot of water so it was easy to cross on the rocks. I traveled the old trail uneventfully and found it to be quite good, providing me with no rationale for the reroute.

The trail around Karnes Lake had also been changed and improved. The trail from the upper lake (Harrison) has also been rerouted and greatly improved over the old trail which traveled up a steep gully. As I approached the crest of the ridge (4.1 miles in) the snow increased to 4 or 5 inches deep. The close-up views of Mount Constance were spectacular as usual.

I retraced my way down the trail and used the new portion between Karnes Lake and Tunnel Creek. I found it in horrible condition. Horses had recently been over the trail while it was quite muddy leaving large holes with every step, and these were now all frozen hard.—BRN, Bainbridge Island, 11/25.

 **BLAKE ISLAND** (*State Park; NOAA chart 18449*)—Nine of us from our local paddle club met at the boat ramp in Manchester for a noon-ish start. The fog was lifting, the water was calm, and the crossing was mild.

After stopping at the west point of the island, we decided to continue to

the south side, and set up camp there. Although the camp area was small, it was out of the wind. Three of our group didn't stay for the night, but headed back after lunch.

Darkness came early. We sat by our little fire and watched a parade of brightly-lit boats motor past—this was the night of the "Christmas Fleet" and we had ringside seats.

In the morning the ranger came around. Since we had noticed some severe impacts at the longhouse as a result of the big government meeting there in November, we asked him about this.

He said the worst of the torn-up areas would be re-seeded in March. The steel grids used for landing vehicles will probably remain on the beach for State Park use. And a big pile of garbage still has to be taken off the island. Sounds like the APEC meeting was pretty hard on the park.—Ann Marshall, 12/18-19.

**HURRICANE RIDGE**—Barring heavy snows or winter storms, the road will be open 9am to dusk, Saturday through Monday. Road crews will work each Friday to prepare for the scheduled Saturday openings.

On Tuesdays, Wednesdays and Thursdays, the road will be open only if sufficient patrol personnel are available and no plowing or sanding is needed. With the continued money crunch, staffing remains limited.

Even when the road is scheduled to be open, winter conditions such as storms, drifting snow or avalanche danger may delay or prohibit the road from opening, or may force an early

### BACKCOUNTRY NEWS DEADLINE: January 25

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

closure.

The road is scheduled to be open every day from 12/24 through 1/3. For current conditions, call 206-452-0329.

The Visitor Center on the ridge will be open whenever the road is open.

Snowshoe walks will be offered on weekends and Mondays beginning 12/25 at 2pm for the general public and 11am for organized groups with reservations. Call 206-452-0330.

In a continuing effort to reduce sliding-related injuries, tubing and sliding will be permitted only at the Sunrise tubing hill, about 1 mile north of the ridge Visitor Center. It will be closely managed by Park staff.—Ranger, 12/16.

**HOOD CANAL DISTRICT**—Wild-life closures are in effect on several roads until 4/30. These closures can hinder access to trails in the Wynoochee, upper Skokomish and Lake Cushman areas; call for specific road information: 206-877-5254.

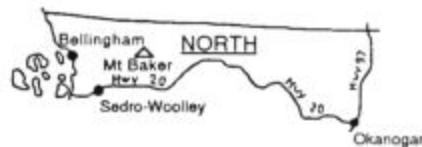
Hamma Hamma bridge replacement is complete and road 25 is open. Road to Mount Jupiter trailhead is in bad condition.—Ranger, 12/1.

**DOSEWALLIPS**—Road is gated closed at Park boundary for the winter. The Dosewallips Campground at road-end is open for walk-in campers; primitive services (no water, vault toilets).—Ranger, 12/1.

**QUINULT DISTRICT**—Colonej Bob trail has one large log down at 4.1 miles. Snowfree at lower elevations. Willaby Creek trail 860 has no bridge at 1.2 miles.—Ranger, 12/1.

**SHI SHI**—Shi Shi and Point of Arches remain closed from the north. Only approach is along the beach from Cape Alava. Ford of Ozette River is hazardous, as is travel around headlands this time of year. Logging roads north of Ozette are gated and closed to the public.

## NORTH



**BAKER HOT SPRINGS, SWIFT CREEK** (*Baker-Snoqualmie Natl Forest; USGS Welker Peak, Shuksan Arm*)—Since I'd heard from the Sedro Woolley Ranger Station that the 3-mile stretch of road to Baker Hot Spring will soon be closed to cars, Buddy and I drove up on Veterans' Day to hike nearby and soak.

We took Highway 20 to the Baker Lake road, thence north to Park Creek campground across from the Baker

Lake Resort. There we turned left on road 1144 (soon to be closed) and drove up almost 3 miles to park at a wide spot in the road where a bare post marks the abandoned Swift Creek trail.

The Sedro Woolley rangers have decided to relocate this trail, but the existing trail is in as good shape as most trails, winding down through open woods, over puncheon and quickly meeting Rainbow Creek. The high bluff above the creek is a moss garden, a great picnic spot.

The bridge over the creek is gone, but if you go right down the bluff to the bank, you'll find trees spanning the creek. From there, bushwhack back to the trail by the ruined bridge.

The mostly-flat trail continues through woods, but meets Swift Creek twice and as the bridges have washed away, you must, for now, face a dangerous crossing or turn back.

It's a shame, because this trail is a gem and rarely used. If you explore it, or any other trail in this ranger district, take along clippers and a small saw to help keep the trails open as the district has no money at all for maintenance of existing trails and, according to Jon Schiller, would be quite grateful for the help.

Back at road 1144, we drove up to the 3-mile point, parked and walked into the woods about half a mile to the large hot (actually warm) spring. There are a few hotter vents of water near the middle of the spring. On this holiday, every public employee in Western Washington was here soaking.—Lisa Bliss Darling, Seattle, 11/11.

**METHOW VALLEY**—Ski conditions are great: a solid base with a day's worth of powder on top. There's enough snow now so you can even ski off-track if you want.

It's cold—blue wax—and the weather is pretty, with morning fog burning off about 10am to a sunny day.

Mazama has 40km of trail open. Rendezvous has 50km open. Sun Mountain has everything open except Patterson Lake and Rader Creek, about 50km so far.

For Sun Mountain information, call 800-572-0493. For general Methow Valley ski information, call 800-682-5787. For Central Reservations, call 800-422-3048.—Sally Portman, Winthrop, 12/19.

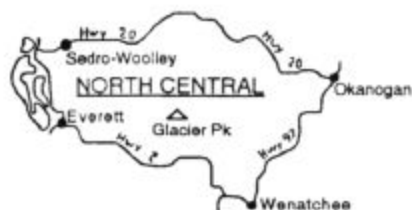
**NORTH CASCADES HIGHWAY**—Closed.



Sunrise near Sand Point.

# BACKCOUNTRY NEWS REPORTS AND CONDITIONS

## NORTH CENTRAL



**WHITE CHUCK BENCH TRAIL** (*Baker-Snoqualmie Natl Forest; USGS White Chuck Mtn, Mt Pugh*)—I read about this hike in *Pack & Paddle* and decided to give it a try. The first trick is finding the trailhead. From Darrington, take the Mountain Loop Highway to just before the White Chuck River road and turn east (the sign for this turn says "Beaver Lake trail.") Go over the bridge, turn left on the road, rather than right into White Chuck campground, and drive past the riverside parking area to the first right turn. Go uphill as the road curves around to trailhead parking at the hill-top and an obvious trailhead sign. This long (13.4 miles roundtrip), mostly flat trail combines lush forest with occasional sweeping views from bluffs and approaches to the river. Except for a few foot-sized mountain bea-

ver holes and one tree over the trail (that can be walked around), the trail is in beautiful condition. We met few other hikers, saw many more birds and mushrooms.

The signed Beaver Lake trail (3 miles roundtrip) starts from the left side of the above-mentioned parking area, and you can also explore along the banks of the river. This would be a good spot for a car camp with dayhikes.—Lisa Bliss Darling, Seattle, 11/6.

**CASCADE PASS, STEHEKIN, GOODE RIDGE** (*North Cascades Natl Park; USGS Cascade Pass, Mc-Gregor Mtn, Goode Mtn, Mt Lyall, Stehekin, McAlester Mtn*)—After a soggy July week hiking out of Winthrop (*September, page 8*), we decided to chance another cabin/dayhike combination in "sunny" September.

A friend dropped us off at the Cascade Pass parking lot on a sunny September morning. We were both a little anxious as our link with possible help and rescue drove off to Marblemount. It's much different than parking and hiking, knowing you can turn around and go back and out. Easily.

Cascade Pass was beautiful in sun and fall colors. The switchbacks down and out of Pelton Basin had been re-

worked and brushed and they seem gradual going down. We noted the tall flagpole-style pack wires at Cottonwood hikers' camp; pretty nifty.

We met the NPS shuttle bus for a bumpy ride down the Stehekin road to our cabin.

A hot shower, freeze-dried lasagna with wine, a hottub soak under a silvery moon by Lake Chelan, a real bed to sleep in! Yes, this is *not* roughing it!

After a day of leisure, I hiked up the Goode Ridge lookout trail on our third day, with a NPS shuttle to and from the trailhead. Drop-off times in the morning are in the 9:30 to 10:00 range, so an early start is difficult on a possibly long day hike with a late afternoon pickup.

The trail starts up among large ponderosa pine and at about 2½ miles breaks out into meadows. Lots of sunny views, brilliant berry bushes and golden larch. A 270-degree summit view from northeast to southwest, much of the terrain rarely seen by day-trippers from this perspective.

Trail times—2½ hours up, 2 hours on top with lunch, map and compass, 2

## SEVERAL GOOD REASONS TO USE PARGETER MAPS

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

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

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

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

## SPORTS REPLAY

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

### SKI EQUIPMENT

ADULT SKI PACKAGE — USED  
FROM \$100

JR. PACKAGE — USED  
\$85

NEW & USED XC GEAR

**NOW ACCEPTING WINTER  
CONSIGNMENTS**

### PACKS

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

### HIKING BOOTS

NEW & USED

### FREEZE DRIED FOOD

Best Price in Town

### WIGGY SLEEPING BAGS

### CLIMBING GEAR

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

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

# BACKCOUNTRY NEWS

REPORTS AND CONDITIONS

hours down including berry picking time, 45-minute wait for the shuttle back to Stehekin.

On the final day, we hiked out by way of Bridge Creek to the North Cascades Highway. A 7:30am pickup by the NPS shuttle got us to the trailhead about 9:30; clear and warm. We still have uncomfortable feelings as the shuttle drives away.

The first 3 miles of PCT from the Stehekin road to Bridge Creek crossing are smooth, shaded and relatively "flat." Upon crossing Bridge Creek, two "out in the open sun" switchbacks start gaining altitude. These two switchbacks can be clearly seen from the Goode Ridge trail for reference.

The next 6 miles alternate between Douglas fir woods and avalanche chutes; all are sunny, dry and warm. In some areas is a brilliant yellow willow canopy to walk under.

The last 3 miles gains 400 feet. Vegetation is now spruce and true firs, a much cooler environment. Along the way, the old miner's cabin has collapsed and the Park Service is trying to revegetate the area.

Lots of bear scat at 1 mile intervals on the entire length of the trail. We encountered one backpacker headed south. We estimated an arrival at the highway at 4pm; actual was 4:10 with a 45-minute lunch stop. The sun was below the ridgeline at the end. It was getting quite cool after having been so warm earlier.

An enjoyable, memorable and different season finale for a generally wet hiking year.—SHA, Seattle, 9/28-10/1.

## ALWAYS CARRY THE TEN ESSENTIALS

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

## STILLAGUAMISH RIDGE

(*Baker-Snoqualmie Natl Forest; USGS Bedal*)—The hike up Perry Creek to Forgotten Meadows is very popular and in no danger of being forgotten, but few know of a truly forgotten side trail to an equally rewarding destination on the western part of the same ridge.

This trail, with once-well-constructed switchbacks, traverses through high forest before emerging into stunning heather-and-flower country.

On our day hike in perfect, warm autumn weather, we rambled amid views of jagged local peaks and three volcanoes. South Lake and Pelican Lake gleamed on benches beneath the north-facing cliffs.

The trick is to get onto the forgotten trail in the first place. You can do this by keeping to the main trail until it

first attains the ridge, and then following what seems to be a people-path leftward. This section of the route is relatively faint and may look doubtful, but after crossing a patch of rocks you will be reassured.

A more efficient strategy, however, avoiding an unnecessary up and down, is to leave the main trail as soon as the ridge top really comes in sight, a further clue being the rock patch already mentioned, which should be distinctively visible a couple of hundred feet right above you. Head straight up to the rocks and, when more or less in the middle, find the desired path going off to the left.—Terry Rockafellar, Seattle, 10/9.

## DARRINGTON DISTRICT

—Most roads are snowcovered. The county was still plowing the Mountain Loop Highway at the end of November. When plowing stops, the road will be closed until spring. Call the Ranger Station for current road info: 206-436-1155.—Ranger, 12/8.

## SKYKOMISH DISTRICT

—Foss River and Miller River roads are plowed for the first 3 miles, then snow covered. Money Creek road is plowed for the first 4 miles, then snowcovered.

Cross-country skiing is available on Maloney Mountain road 68, Miller River road 6410-12, and West Fork Foss road 6835.

Snowmobiles use Tonga Ridge road 6830, Beckler Peak road 66, North Fork road 63 and Smithbrook road 6700.—Ranger, 12/8.

**STEHKIN**—The *Lady Express* is on its winter schedule. The ferry makes one run a day on Sunday, Monday, Wednesday and Friday only. It leaves Chelan at 10am, arrives in Stehekin at 12:25pm, and is back in Chelan at 3pm.

For Fields Point parking fees, fares, and other information, call the Lake Chelan Boat Company: 509-682-2224.

**CHELAN DISTRICT**—Echo Ridge is getting geared up for cross-country skiing. There is a suggested donation of \$3 for all Lake Chelan Nordic Club members and \$6 for all non-members. Fees are used to clear snow off the roads and for grooming the ski trails.

Keep an eye out for bald eagles on the Columbia and also on the lake.—Ranger, 12/7.

## LAKE WENATCHEE DISTRICT

—The following roads are now closed to 4-wheeled vehicle traffic and open to snowmobiling [and, we assume, skiing and snowshoeing]: Chiwawa road 62,



Lee McKee

A Canada jay joins a skier for lunch at Reflection Lake, Mount Rainier National Park.



# BACKCOUNTRY NEWS

REPORTS AND CONDITIONS

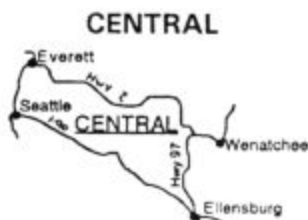
Meadow Creek road 6300, roads 6100, 6106, 6120, and 6121.

Although the Little Wenatchee road 6500 and the White River road 6400 have not yet been closed, they are snow-covered and not recommended for driving.

Cross-country ski trails are groomed at Lake Wenatchee State Park and Kahler Glen Golf Course. Sno-Park permits are required for parking at these trailheads. The Stevens Pass Nordic Center is open. The Chiwawa Sno-Park is open.

You may use campgrounds for winter camping if you can reach them in the snow (except for Goose Creek and Nason Creek campgrounds, which are closed until spring).

Trails are snowcovered.—Ranger, 11/23.



**HESTER LAKE** by way of Dingford Creek (*Alpine Lakes Wilderness; USGS Snoqualmie Lk*)—It had been quite a while since I had subjected myself to the drama of a Bulger trip so I figured it was about time, especially with the extra treat of an Arctic front thrown in. Bruce never cancels and usually the trip is not over until all of the daylight hours have been used up.

We were down to three by the time we met at Bruce's house in wind and rain. We met at 5:30am so the trip could begin at the first hint of light. Bruce, Chris Weber and I set off to the Dingford Creek trailhead. It was a long, dark, bumpy, muddy ride. It was just getting light when we pulled into the parking lot and got into our boots. It was cold and it was raining.

The first mile of the trail climbs through old growth forest and shortly beyond where the trail begins to level off we hit snow. About 2 miles in we were having to break trail. Conditions were pretty awful. Even Bruce said so. Once beyond the ford of Goat Creek, the trail was harder to follow.

It took us four hours to reach the lake and, though it is beautiful, we were too wet and cold by then to appreciate the beauty. I was on my last pair of dry gloves and my second hat.

We stayed all of five minutes and even Bruce did not want to continue to

Price Peak (his original goal). We retraced our steps through the snow and discovered it took as long to go down as it did up. Snowshoes would have been useful. We were tired and happy to get back to the car. With little daylight to spare, it was dark by the time we reached North Bend.

We hiked about 12 miles with 2500 feet gain. We felt like we had done much more—slogging through the snow made it a difficult trip.

In a conversation with Dave Beedon, a route-finding expert, I learned that the Middle Fork Snoqualmie River trail, which is unmarked, takes off from be-

hind the parking lot across from the Dingford Creek trailhead. Dave said it is a lovely lower-elevation trail and opens up many high-country ramblings. We both wondered why it is not marked.

We agreed that it is undoubtedly the rough road that keeps a lot of hikers away from this area—the road, while passable, is not kind to passenger cars and in the winter especially this makes for a long day and short hiking hours. —Karen Sykes, Seattle, 11/21.

**MOUNT SI** (DNR; USGS Mount Si)—Since I was the one who reported to *Pack & Paddle* the sudden

GREEN TRAILS  
**TOPOGRAPHIC  
MAPS**

P.O. Box 1932 Bothell, WA 98041

**THE  
PACK & PADDLE  
INDEX for 1993  
IS READY!**

Get an Index—look up backcountry information, make trip planning easier, have the entire year at your fingertips and ... *its free!*

In addition, we've prepared two special indexes for Snow Touring and Paddling—this information is included in the Main Index; we've just made it handier to use. Just check what you want below—mail it in:

- \_\_\_ Main Index 93
- \_\_\_ Snowtouring 93
- \_\_\_ Paddling 93
- \_\_\_ Please send info on ordering back issues.

name \_\_\_\_\_

address \_\_\_\_\_

city, state, zip \_\_\_\_\_

send to:  
Pack & Paddle  
PO Box 1063  
Port Orchard WA 98366

Binoculars • Spotting Scopes • Field Guides

Wild Birds Unlimited

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

*Valid with this coupon only*

**We bring nature  
and people together**

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

Bird Houses • Bird Baths • Feeders • Bird Seed

Suet • Nature Gifts • Chimes

Windssocks • Stain Glass Sun Catchers

# BACKCOUNTRY NEWS

REPORTS AND CONDITIONS

closing of the Mount Si trail for 3 months of improvements last spring, I decided to go see what they did.

There is a nice loop wheelchair path across the rebuilt bridge. Saw a new corrugated culvert a ways farther. The boardwalk across the muddy place was repaired.

Brush was dumped on the short-cut paths between switchbacks. Some new signs and new benches. Logs along some places to guide people.

Some trees and stumps cut out and some nice little concrete steps over the first rock before the Haystack Basin, which will break out with the freeze-thaw cycle.

I checked the outhouse at the Haystack Basin (yup, there is one). It had not been worked on. The south wall is missing. Breezy.

That's all I could see for three months' worth of improvements. The tax payer

**AVALANCHE HOT-LINE**  
for Washington Cascades and  
Olympics: 206-526-6677

is ripped off again.—Bill Arundell, N7YEJ, Renton, 12/5.

▲ **KENDALL PEAK** (*USGS Snoqualmie Pass, Alpine Lks Wilderness*)—Happily a break in the weather coincided with our planned Sunday outing so we headed to Snoqualmie Pass for a snowshoe hike on the PCT.

Rain the previous week had consolidated the snow pack and a drop in temperature on Saturday provided a fresh layer of powder. The snow conditions seemed to good to be real.

Hiking in on the Crest Trail toward Commonwealth Basin we were treated

to occasional breaks in the clouds that spotlighted snow-covered Red Mountain. The fresh white snow against deep blue sky was superb for photography.

At 2 miles the trail passes below some steep cliffs. We saw evidence of avalanche activity from earlier in the week. The rocky terrain above seemed clear of any snow so we decided to proceed.

At 4 miles the trail intersects the track of a big avalanche that occurred 3 years ago. Here we left the trail and proceeded directly uphill, staying in the trees along the avalanche track boundary. At 5000 feet the terrain levels out somewhat and we traversed below the summit peaks of Kendall.

We stopped for lunch at a tree line that marks the boundary of some serious avalanche terrain. The views of Snoqualmie Mountain and GUYE Peak were excellent.

On our return hike we selected the old trail that follows along Commonwealth Creek. We were fortunate to encounter a group of 12 Mountaineers who had broken an excellent trail for our return. Roundtrip travel time was 6½ hours.—Ken Hopping, Bellevue, 12/12.

▲ **RED TOP LOOKOUT** (*Wenatchee Natl Forest; USGS Red Top Mtn*)—Sometimes exploring Forest Service roads in the car yields wonderful discoveries like this fire lookout.

Neal and I took I-90 just past Cle Elum to 970, to 97 just past Mineral Springs campground. We turned onto road 9738, then onto 9702 to the picnic and parking area near the fire lookout.

On this last of warm autumn days the road was golden was tamarack needles. The views from the picnic area and the sense of peace there made me decide to come back and car camp at this spot (if it's allowed)—no water; bring your own. But the best views were waiting up the short trail at the lookout itself—360 degree views of the Enchantments and everything east, south and west!

On the way back we filled one grocery bag with roadside apples and another with elderberries, and felt rich in many ways.—Lisa Bliss Darling, Seattle, 11/13.

**NORTH BEND DISTRICT**—State Parks has removed the snowsheds along the Lake Keechelus portion of the Iron Horse trail. The trail is now open and groomed for cross-country skiing between the Lake Keechelus and Crystal Springs Sno-Parks.

Snowshoe walks are scheduled for Saturdays and Sundays, 1/8 through 3/20 at 2pm at Snoqualmie Pass. An additional hike is available for organized groups by reservation only at 10am. The



Ann Marshall / Lee McKee

Near the top of Amabilis Mountain.

# BACKCOUNTRY NEWS

REPORTS AND CONDITIONS

walks will last between 1 and 2 hours and will cover about a mile through the lower Commonwealth Basin. Snowshoes are available; a \$3 donation is asked to cover costs of repair and upkeep. A Forest Service staffer will lead the hike and explain the mysteries of winter.

Groups are limited to 15 people, ten years old and older, on a first-come, first-served basis. Sign-up sheets are available at the Snoqualmie Pass Visitor Center the day of the hike, or call in the morning to reserve a spot: 206-434-6111. Remember parking is difficult at the pass; get there early.—Ranger, 12/8.

**ICICLE ROAD**—Logging is underway in the area of the Jack Creek trailhead road. Be very cautious of logging trucks and snowplows on the Icicle at all times.—Ranger, 12/7.

**CLE ELUM DISTRICT**—Highway 903 will be plowed only to French Cabin Creek exit this season, and a snow parking area put in place there due to road construction on the section up to Salmon la Sac.—Ranger, 12/7.

## SOUTH CENTRAL



**KNAPSACK PASS (Mt Rainier Nail Park; USGS Mowich Lk)**—The unofficial trail to Knapsack Pass, near Mowich Lake on Mount Rainier, climbs through lovely parkland to a sudden view of the great mountain from the north.

The view is even better when the ridge to the left is followed up a short distance. By dropping down through the pass (the trail peters out) and continuing over meadows and some rocks, you can eventually reach Spray Park for a loop back, if a long day's hike or backpacking trip (under the blessing of an off-trail permit) is desired.

To locate the Knapsack Pass trail, follow the official path along the shore of Mowich Lake to the ranger's cabin,

then step through the trees and just keep going.—Terry Rockafellar, Seattle, 9/10.

**NACHES DISTRICT**—Chinook and Cayuse Passes are now closed for the season.

Boulder Cave and trail 962 are closed from 11/1 to 4/1. Naches River road 1704 is closed to 4-wheeled vehicles from Camp Roganunda to the whout during the same time period. The reasons are to discourage vandalism and to protect a sensitive species of bat (Pacific western big-eared bat). The bats use the cave for winter hibernation. Humans within sight or sound of the bats will cause them to abandon the cave, causing the species to decline further.

The Naches District Trails and Wilderness Interest Group is taking a two-month vacation so there will be no meetings in December and January. This group is open to all folks who are interested in local backcountry issues. It usually meets at the Ranger Station the first Monday of each month. We look forward to seeing you at the next meeting in February. Call 509-653-2205 for more information.—Ranger, 11/23.

## BULLETIN BOARD

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

**FOR SALE**—Feathered Friends Snow Bunting sleeping bag. Gore-tex shell, 700 fill down, long, barely used. \$160. 206-244-2978 (Seattle).

**FOR SALE**—Assorted Chouinard Hexentrics, \$5 each. Two down REI parkas, men's medium, unused, \$75 each. One set Jumars, unused, \$70. Carabiners, \$4 each. Chouinard Supergaiters, used, size 29, \$15. 206-852-1718 (Kent).

**FOR SALE**—1 couch, 2 chairs, modern black metal frames with foam cushions; couch doubles as twin bed; chairs pushed together make bed for child; very sturdy; \$100 for whole set.

Two small lightweight weedeaters, like new, \$15 each. Four little

metal plant stands, \$2.50 each. Freestanding swing with canvas seat, \$35. Two 15" wheels (rims, no tires), \$10 each. Self-propelled, rear-bagging lawn mower, \$120. Two wood clothes drying racks, \$2.50 each. Two large plastic yellow blinds and two small wood slat blinds, \$2.50. One king (with dual controls) and one twin electric blanket, each in excellent condition, \$15 and \$10.

Call Lisa or Dennis, 206-325-3465 (between 7am and 7pm only); Seattle.

**FOR SALE**—North Face waterproof bivvy: used once; original carton; \$50. Trak Spirit 1000 series cross country skis: 190cm and 195cm; no bindings; \$25 each. 206-337-6118 (Everett).

**FOR SALE**—Old Town Discovery 158 canoe: red in color; molded seats; three Sawyer wooden paddles; \$450; 206-674-2780 (Bremerton).

**FOUND**—A pair of men's size 10½ Vasque boots at the Esmerelda-

Ingalls trailhead on October 17. Call 206-283-5511 (Seattle).

**A GUIDEBOOK ON WINTER CLIMBS**—One-day ascents for the Western Cascades. Self-published guide by Dallas Kloke is 8½x5½ inches in size, 127 pages and contains over 100 mountains. About 50 of these peaks are not found in Beckey's guidebooks.

The price is \$6.50 a copy (includes mailing). Send check or money order to:

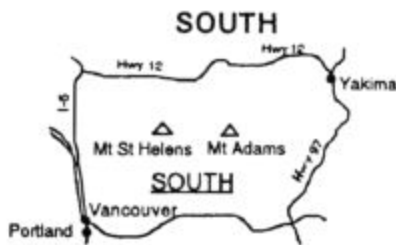
Dallas Kloke  
4012 M Ave  
Anacortes WA 98221.

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

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

# BACKCOUNTRY NEWS

REPORTS AND CONDITIONS



**GOAT RIDGE** (*Goat Rocks Wilderness; USGS Walupt Lake*)—Bill and I hiked to a former lookout site at 6240 feet on Goat Ridge on a glorious sunny fall day. The Goat Ridge trail 95 originates next to the Snowgrass Flat horse trail 96.

After approximately 1.5 miles, stay left at an unmarked junction. The left fork in trail 95A. The trail then traverses the west side of Goat Ridge—eventually climbing to the high point at 6240 feet. The panorama is fantastic—Mount Rainier, Adams, Saint Helens, Hood and the Goat Rocks.

We encountered small patches of snow and ice on the trail; it's probably snow-covered now. We estimated the hike to be about 6 miles round-trip and it gains 1610 feet in elevation.

Several groups of hunters were in the area which made me nervous. We examined our Goat Rocks Wilderness map to see if hunting is allowed. There isn't anything in the map indicating it's prohibited. That seems odd to us—hunting in a Wilderness Area?—Jane Habegger, Olympia, 11/7.

*Hunting is allowed everywhere on National Forest lands, including Wilderness Areas. Hunting is even allowed in the heavily-restricted Enchantments, except that the prohibition on dogs and horses in the area makes it unattractive to hunters.*

*Only in National Parks is hunting forbidden. But—talk about odd—National Recreation Areas (managed by the National Park Service) allow hunting!—AM*

**APE CAVE, OLE'S CAVE** (*Saint Helens Natl Volcanic Monument; USGS Mt Mitchell*)—According to the Saint Helens guidebook, the trail to Ole's Cave has been "officially obliterated" to protect a rare species of bat. It you are persistent you can find it, but I won't tell you where it is.

There aren't a lot of campgrounds in the area, but we found a DNR site at Merrill Lake, off road 81. The weather was good—cold, but clear.

John and I had been to Ape Cave before, but it was new to the boys of Troop 70. The trail is a short distance from the 81/83 road junction and is

well-signed.

There were a lot of cars, and quite a few people preparing to enter the caves. Many hikers were without packs, wearing jeans and tennis shoes, but everyone seemed to be equipped with sturdy lanterns—an absolute must. We were dressed as if for any hike in November and had our Ten Essentials. Caves are often cold, damp, and windy.

The main cave is about 1½ miles long and it is mostly easy walking. These caves are lava tubes formed from eruptions eons ago. A few sections involve some scrambling, but I found only one stretch difficult (many hikers wouldn't find it difficult at all). It involves climbing an 8-foot stretch of lava—it's steep with small nubbins for holds. A group of friendly teenagers were helping others up and I was glad to accept a hand.

At one point, John didn't duck low enough and bumped his head on the ceiling of the cave, acquiring a gash in his scalp. Like most head wounds, it bled profusely, but no real damage was done.

Once we emerged from the cave we hiked back to the cars along the pleasant trail (views of a very dry Saint Helens glimpsed through the trees). We returned to our campground. John had brought firewood and Robert Service—a good combination for a frosty November night.

The next morning we drove to the gated road which marks the beginning of the route to Ole's Cave. We followed this road for about a mile, then turned left. The trail to the cave is unsigned and is about half a mile long. The topography is interesting with moss and lava flows.

The cave itself is about a mile long and we found it more interesting than Ape Cave. There are a few low passages where you must either duck-walk or slither to pass through, but nothing very technical.

There was one mishap—John bumped his head again on the ceiling which caused him to lose his balance and fall sideways. The lantern struck a rock which shattered the glass. Within 5 minutes the lantern had gone out and wouldn't relight, but we had enough extra lights that we were okay without the lantern. John was not injured except for another lump on his scalp.

The entire hike, including the cave, turned out to be around 6 miles round-trip. It was about 2pm by the time we returned to the cars and the long drive back to Seattle.—Karen Sykes, Seattle, 11/6-7.

**MOUNT ADAMS DISTRICT**—As much as a foot of snow has fallen at

4000 feet. Most roads are snow-covered.

Reservations can be made to rent the old Peterson Prairie Guard Station. The fee is \$20 per night for two adults with a \$5 additional charge for each adult up to 6 maximum party size. The cabin is a couple of miles from the Atkisson Sno-Park and makes a great ski, snowshoe or hiking trip, depending on snow conditions. Call the Ranger Station for details and a rental agreement: 509-395-2501.—Ranger, 12/3.

**MOUNT SAINT HELENS**—Permit season begins 5/15. Call 206-750-3900 for info.—Ranger, 12/3.

## IDAHO

**SAWTOOTH NRA**—Snow depth is 15 to 18 inches on the valley floor, 20+ inches at 9000 feet. We really need another two feet or so of snow. Avalanche hazard is low; for updates call 208-622-8027.

Cross-country trails: North Fork, Lower Boulder Mountain. Galena Loop, Gladiator and Northwood trails are all groomed. Alturas Lake and Park Creek trails have been packed. The rest of the Boulder Mountain trail will be groomed soon. For updates, call the North Valley Trails grooming hotline: 208-726-6662. Fees are being charged on all groomed trails.—Ranger, 12/13.

## OREGON

**BONANZA TRAIL** (*Salmon-Huckleberry Wilderness; USGS Rhododendron*)—This is a little used trail that climbs steeply to the top of Huckleberry Mountain in the heart of the Salmon-Huckleberry Wilderness. The round trip distance is 11.2 miles with a loop possible by using the Boulder Ridge trail and arranging a car shuttle for the 4 miles of road separating the trailheads. Total elevation gain is 3100 feet to the 4300 foot summit viewpoint.

The trailhead is poorly marked with hardly any parking and is located at the end of the Welches Road near the town of Wemme. It is recommended that hikers park at the north end of a single lane bridge over the Salmon River approximately 200 yards from the start of the tread.

The trail is marked by a single small sign and a cable across the old logging road. The old road climbs over a small ridge to avoid some private land and then regains the old trail along Cheney Creek. The entire Cheney Creek watershed is within the Wilderness Boundary and as the trail climbs you get


# BACKCOUNTRY NEWS

REPORTS AND CONDITIONS

**AVALANCHE HOT-LINE**  
for Oregon Cascades:  
503-326-2400

plenty of views of the immense forested valley. Not a clear cut in sight!  
About 2.7 miles in the trail passes the remains of the old Bonanza Mine. All that's left is a straight 100 foot tunnel and twisted ore car rails.  
Climbing higher the trail goes through a few large areas of rhododendron bushes, so keep this area in mind for next spring. It should be a good show. We also saw a few 30 foot tall Golden Chinquapin trees interspersed with the rhodies.  
Once on top, the Bonanza trail intersects with the old Plaza trail. Turn right and hike another 1/2 mile to a good view spot. Here we were engulfed by our first snow flurries of the season so we quickly turned around and retraced our route.  
The Forest Service should take note

that the Plaza trail once continued along the ridge for another mile or so after the intersection with the Boulder Ridge trail and then descended steeply down to another trailhead somewhere alongside the Salmon River not far from the Bonanza and Boulder Ridge trailheads.  
It would be a very good idea if the FS reopened the Plaza trail and linked the three trails with a low elevation connector along the Salmon River. This would create abundant loop opportunities allowing for a sharp increase of visitors within the Salmon-Huckleberry Wilderness yet avoid over use of any one trail because a loop has the tendency to disburse use.—Matt & Rebecca Whitney, Portland, 11/11.

 **SADDLE MOUNTAIN** (*Saddle Mountain State Park*)—We did this hike while staying in Cannon Beach for 4 days. The trailhead is only about a half-hour drive from Cannon Beach.  
A lively group of Boy Scouts had spent the night near the trailhead and were hiking on this Saturday. When we reached the top (a former lookout site) they, along with a large group of adults, took up most of the space available.  
We've done this hike numerous times in the fall and spring. This was

the most people we've seen. We have read, however, that it is very crowded in the summer.  
Oregon State Parks has made numerous improvements to the trail since we hiked it last. There are new railings in exposed areas and many new stairs. They fenced in the summit—no doubt for safety. With the crowd at the top we found it a little confining.  
It cleared enough for us to see the coastline and Astoria but not enough to see Mount Rainier.  
The trail is 6.8 miles round trip and climbs 1900 feet.—Jane Habegger, Olympia, 11/13.

**BEND DISTRICT**—Most ski trails are cleared and marked with blue diamonds. At each trail junction where signs are placed, a blue skier symbol denotes nordic trails.  
Highway 46 and Road 370, Todd Lake/Broken Top road, will be closed for the winter as soon as snow makes travel hazardous. During the winter months, these roads become trails for skiers and snowmobilers.  
Nordic trail maps are updated this season to reflect changes made in the last year. Pick up a map at the Ranger Station or call 503-388-5664.—Ranger, 11/18.

**CLASSIFIED ADS**

**USED TOURING KAYAKS**, single and double, \$850 to \$1900. **Eddyline Kayak Works**. Days 206-757-2300. 1344 Ashten Road, Burlington WA 98233.

**MORNING HILL NEWS**—Read about self-sufficient living in the pine woods of eastern Oregon: wilderness exploration, homestead management, public land information. Published bi-monthly; \$9/year. Checks payable to Jennifer Stein Barker:  
**Morning Hill News**  
Izee Route  
Canyon City OR 97820.

Rates—50 cents a word (address, city, state and ZIP count as ONE word). Payment must accompany all classified ads.  
Deadline—First of month for next month's magazine (January 1 for February issue).  
Send to—Advertising Manager, Pack & Paddle, PO Box 1063, Port Orchard WA 98366. No classified ads taken over the phone.  
Non-commercial—For non-commercial subscriber ads, see Bulletin Board in this issue.

**THE SMILING COUNTRY**  
a history of the Methow Valley

A brand-new book by Sally Portman brings together stories of the Methow Valley in an exciting portrait of this historic area. Read about Native American life, the early white settlers, and the many changes of the last 50 years. Paperback, 320 pages, 111 photographs—many historic. A delightful book about one of Washington's most popular places!  
Available now from the Pack & Paddle Bookshelf.

**\$12.95** plus \$1.05 WSST and \$3.00 shipping ISBN 0-9636921-0-0

Please send me *The Smiling Country, a history of the Methow Valley*, for \$12.95 plus \$1.05 WSST and \$3.00 for shipping.  
Enclosed is a check or money order for a total of \$17.00

name \_\_\_\_\_

address \_\_\_\_\_

city state ZIP \_\_\_\_\_

Send to: Pack & Paddle Bookshelf  
PO Box 1063  
Port Orchard WA 98366  
Non-Washington residents may subtract \$1.05 WSST.

MARTIN KAATZ

## backcountry skiing at PURCELL LODGE

In late March last year, two couples from the Ellensburg Cross-Country Ski Club (plus a relative) headed toward Golden, BC. We were to board a 12:30pm helicopter flight to Purcell Lodge for some high, early spring skiing.

It was pouring rain when we arrived in Golden at 2600 feet the night before. Some of us began to have doubts about what conditions would be like at the lodge. We needn't have.

As our helicopter quickly rose above town, clouds were left behind and we headed directly westward toward a series of knife-edged corniced ridges.

It seemed like the helicopter barely cleared the summits. When our eyes grew accustomed to the brilliant sunshine reflected off the new snow, we could see fresh avalanches, some still cascading down the slopes. The rain in Golden had been new snowfall in the mountains, more than the steep slopes could handle. The array of avalanches seemed endless.

Now a new worry—was the avalanching going to limit our touring at the 7200-foot-high lodge? Not to worry.

As we broke over the last ridgetop, the lodge came into view, nestled in a slight dip on Bald Mountain, an aptly-named, undulating, glaciated plateau-like surface with scattered lines of trees. These slopes were mostly too gentle to avalanche.

Farther to the west were the towering

Selkirks in Canada's Glacier National Park, separated from Bald Mountain by the deep glacial valley of Beaver River. East of us was the ragged ridgeline of the Purcells that we had just flown over.

The early afternoon arrival left plenty of time, after a quick hearty lunch, to put on our skis and test the 6 inches of new snow from the night before.

Russ Younger, one of the lodge's co-owners, led us to the rim of the Beaver valley and a breathtaking panorama in full sunshine of the Selkirks with their hanging glaciers. Crowning it all was Mount Sir Donald, a huge horn more than 10,000 feet high.

It wasn't just the view and excitement that was leaving some of us breathless. The quick change in altitude from Golden was also taking its toll.

The lodge layout and accommodations are impressive, with flush toilets, electricity and hot water to meet all our needs. The rooms have hot and cold running water, plenty of hooks for our layers of garments, a closet and comfortable beds.

Obviously, Purcell Lodge was designed by people who understand the needs of skiers and hikers.

We had five days of marvelous skiing, two in brilliant sunshine, one during an all-day snowfall, and two with a mix of overcast and sun. The snow was about 4 to 5 feet deep (much less than normal, we were told). There was a light

sun crust on some southern exposures.

Early morning temperatures were 18 to 20 degrees, but soon rose to about 30. It was mostly no-sweater skiing, especially when the sun shone. For waxers, extra-blue did the trick.

The terrain is rolling, averaging about 500 to 600 feet of local relief—some of it steep enough to satisfy the avid telemarker. The summit of nearby Copperstain Mountain at 8561 feet was the second day's destination for those guests who were die-hard telemarkers.

I enjoy telemarking but am no expert, and I was still feeling the altitude, so I joined the tour group exploring a few of the many hills and hollows of Bald Mountain.

While lunching during our tour, we could see the Copperstain Mountain skiers reaching the summit. Later in the afternoon some of them, apparently not entirely satisfied with the quality of the daisy chain and sitzmark patterns left during their descent, ascended a second time to repeat the nearly-1000-foot uninterrupted telemark run.

The touring at Purcell Lodge is really excellent with a variety of knolls, some steep and some gentle, basins, small groves of trees, an old burn, and always the grand vistas.

Avalanche conditions and stamina permitting, longer day tours into the more rugged terrain of the Purcells east of the lodge are also possible.

But the undulating rim overlooking the Beaver valley across to the dramatic panorama of the Selkirks, the glaciers and fresh-looking moraines could be toured daily without fear of boredom.

We'll go again.

...

For information contact:

Purcell Lodge  
PO Box 811  
Golden BC V0A 1H0  
Canada

See also the *February 1993 issue*, page 15, for summer at Purcell Lodge.

Δ



Martin Kaatz

Looking across Beaver valley to the Selkirk Range.

*Martin Kaatz, of Ellensburg, is an instructor at Central Washington University.*

WILL F. THOMPSON

## Excerpts from an Uncompleted Manuscript

*No, it isn't that way you'd go visiting a god. What you do is, you go out from your house and walk straight away in any direction, with your shadow behind you, so long as it is toward a mountain, for the gods will not stay in a valley or a level plain, but only in high places.*

—James Stevens, *The Crock of Gold*.

Mountains have been called eternal, which they are not, any more than we are ourselves, yet we feel the weather of the moment, whereas they respond to slow centuries and millennia of climate.

They are more than a third of the world's land area and are home to some hundreds of millions of us, yet it may mean even more to you and me that high peaks combine awesome dimensions and dynamism with an entirely serene natural equilibrium.

On their time scale our lives are only a brief moment of thought. The magnitude, complexity, and power of reality impress themselves upon us nowhere more fully and directly than in high mountains—not in the unimaginable depth of space seen in the night sky or through a great telescope; not even on the sea in storm.

We are all aware that geology shapes mountain landscapes, but such landscapes on very different bedrocks and geologic structures still seem alike in



many significant ways if in recent geologic time they have been subject to a similar sequence of climates.

Mountains respond to climatic change relatively rapidly. That dynamism enlivens their serenity. It is only the brevity of our lives which obscures their changefulness.

An hypothesis put forward by geographer Ellen Churchill Semple (1911) underlines the significance of the land-

scapes studied here.

She argued that the preeminence of European civilization, then unquestioned, was due to the topography of that continent, which is divided into many defensible compartments and corridors, in some of which, at least, high culture has always survived and served to re-seed the wastes left by repeated spasms of widespread war.

I find that argument even more com-



PELLING if we consider the fate of one petty empire after another in sub-Saharan Africa, which except in Ethiopia has almost no such compartments and corridors.

On a continent topographically similar to Africa, people of European stock would presumably have remained just as tribal, as disorganized, and as disadvantaged as Africans have long been.

If that argument in favor of mountains as human habitat is not sufficiently sweeping, consider this one: We encounter reality in many forms, but only through our imperfect senses. Consequently we can never measure it absolutely or understand it quite completely. In science, some degree of probable error is always either stated or implied.

In daily life, however, it is always easy to accept perception as reality. Some religions and philosophies even argue that theological concepts are the ultimate reality, and that the seeming realities of daily life—even mountains—are illusion.

All our various creeds have always believed, however, that godhead, of whatever kind and however human some of its supposed attributes, has powers and knowledge beyond the reach of human minds.

The proper word, whether in religion or science, for that which is beyond the farthest reach of human minds is infinity. The experience of science is that the

stuff of everyday life, what we walk on, breathe, drink, plow, or hammer on, is only measurable or understandable, with or without the fantastic instruments of science, within certain limits imposed by our senses.

That is to say, nothing real is ever quite finite. Infinity is indeed inseparable from, and synonymous with, reality whether of the everyday or the extraordinary kind.

Is that, then, what godhead is made of? We have generally made a distinction between everyday stuff, which we would like to think we understand completely, and godhead.

Mountains are everyday hard, factual, stuff, yet dealing with them, especially the big ones, stretches our minds and our senses to their farthest limits and maybe a bit beyond.

People all over the world, for as long as we have memory or record, have considered mountains to be either gods or the home of the gods.



It seems to me that in big mountains we are as close to godhead as we can ever get. They may be impersonal entities (infinity has to be impersonal, doesn't it?) but walking among them is a more valid form of worship than some others. Δ

*Will F. Thompson, of Bothell, is a retired geographer, and also one of the founding members of the Ptarmigans (the adventurous climbers of the '30s).*

(The study in process is a restatement for a wider audience of an earlier publication on climatic landscapes in mountains: *Zeitschrift für Geomorphologie, Supplementband 78*, 1990. The reference to Semple is to *Influences of Geographical Environment*, New York 1911).

EDWARD MCCORMACK

# OVER AKSHAYUK PASS

—A BACKPACK IN CANADA'S AUYUITTUQ NATIONAL PARK—

My first impression of Auyuittuq Park was spectacular. The small airplane that we flew to the town of Pangnirtung on Baffin Island last July was full so I rode in the copilot's seat. Listening to the radio, I heard another pilot wishing for a camera. I then knew the weather and the views were uncommonly good.

Little did I realize that this same good weather would cause problems during our backpack over Akshayuk Pass in Canada's Auyuittuq National Park on Baffin Island.

Our plans for visiting this rugged park were simple. We would fly into the Inuit town of Pangnirtung and travel 15 miles by boat to the start of the route, spend a week and a half backpacking the 60 miles over the pass to the far side of the island, take a 24-mile boat journey to the community of Broughton Island, and fly back to Seattle from there.

The attraction of the trip was that we would be able to travel through magnificent Arctic scenery without requiring expedition level resources. The area is accessible by scheduled airline and, being a National Park, has some emergency facilities as well as suspension bridges across several of the larger rivers.

Immediately after landing in Pangnirtung we headed to the Park office. We went through a mandatory orientation and learned how to use the radios in the eight emergency huts the Park had spaced across the pass.

We were told that the park had minimal rescue capabilities; that polar bears and river crossings could present risks to hikers.

When we returned to the Park office the next day to set up boat transportation, the Park Wardens had some bad news. The warm weather had greatly increased runoff from the glaciers and had washed out one of the three bridges necessary to cross the pass. The Park officially closed the middle section of the route.



Dave McCormack

*Crossing the Weasel River just before Summit Lake—the chair is big enough for a person or a pack, but not both.*

There was no question, however, that we would go even if we had to stay in the more-visited southern half of the valley and return to Pangnirtung.

That evening, after a cold boat ride, we were dropped off under Overlord, the precipitous peak that rose out of the fiord at the start of the Pass. When we finally set up camp, it was after midnight. Since July had endless daylight, we quickly adopted a worry-free attitude about time.

The next morning, July 23, was misty as we hoisted heavy packs and headed down the broad glacial valley. There was a rough trail but navigation by inukshuks (human-shaped cairns traditionally used by the Inuit) was easy.

As we hiked along the Weasel River, the mist lifted and we immediately wished we had brought more film. We were surrounded by hanging glaciers, moraines, and sheer cliff faces. High among the jagged peaks above the valley, we caught glimpses of the permanent ice cap that dominated the Park.

This ice cap was a remnant of the ice sheet that covered most of Canada 18,000 years ago. My companions, my brother Dave McCormack and friend

Jim Werle, both geologists, often had to stop to study the forces at work.

This first day set the pattern for the next four days of travel. Each day we had many stream crossings—some just boulder hops and other numbing thigh-deep wades through glacial meltwater. We hiked among fields of house-sized boulders, over desert-like sand dunes, and occasionally loose moraines.

Flowers such as bright yellow arctic poppies and purple broad-leaf willow herb added color to the gray-brown landscape. At times we walked through a forest of arctic willows—none more than a few inches off the ground.

As we walked and waded up the valley toward the missing bridge and our supposed turn-around point, we crossed the Arctic Circle and approached Thor Peak. With the largest vertical rock face in the world—over a half-mile straight up—this mountain was as impressive as any I had ever seen.

By the fourth day we reached the bright-orange emergency cabin located directly below Thor. There we met John and Theresa from Vancouver, British Columbia. They were also stymied in their plans to cross the pass and had hiked up the day before to examine the washed-out bridge.

They thought it would be possible to cross the river without the bridge and invited us to join forces (and arms) for the crossing. We ended up hiking together for the rest of the trip.

We called the Park office on the hut radio and received cautious permission to continue. Being optimistic, we also asked the Wardens to make tentative arrangements for us to be picked up by boat at the far end of the pass.

Much to our relief, the river crossing was easy. The last few days of cloudy, cool weather had greatly reduced the river's volume. We then had the two large lakes (Summit and Glacier) at the top of the pass to ourselves and camped



in the rain next to the Summit Lake emergency hut. The lakes were unique with rivers draining glacier water both north and south.

Our plan next was to walk the 11 miles along the lakes and camp before crossing our next major obstacle, the Rundle River. The Rundle had a reputation for being a hard river to cross.

Travel along the lakes was exhausting. We averaged less than one mile an hour partly because the high water had covered some of the easier walking along the lake shore—but mostly because the route required 11 miles of boulder hopping.

It had started raining early in the day and, as the lichens soaked up water, the boulders became increasingly slippery and dangerous. To complicate our travel, a fog developed, making route-finding even more difficult. At one point, we stopped briefly to examine some ancient Inuit house pits surrounded by bones so old they were rubbery.

At 11 in the evening, with no end to the lake in sight, we decided to camp at the nearest flat spot. Luckily we found a moraine that was suitable. Soggy and tired, we cooked a minimal supper and crashed into our bags.

Next morning, we were pleased to find the weather had improved and that we had camped less than a mile from the Rundle River. While making the short hike to the river we had our first look at Mount Asgard. This surreal mountain, a large cylinder with a flat top, was a world-class mountaineering goal.

The Rundle River, while swift and

cold, was no more than knee deep and we found good camping shortly after the crossing. We had time to day hike up the Rundle glacier for views above the valley. During the hike we found numerous caribou antlers.

For the rest of the trip we would be following the Owl River down the valley. The north portion of the pass was much less traveled than the south and there were no bridges or inukshuks.

The walking was slow because of tussocks and spongy ground. The tussocks required that we hop from mound to mound. We quickly learned to avoid the boggy areas marked by fluffy white clusters of cotton grass.

Several times, along the river's bank, we encountered quicksand where at one point I sank to the tops of my gaiters. The scenery, while less vertical than the south part of the pass, had unusual views up the broad glaciers that flowed down to the valley. Occasionally ice and rock crashed down from the walls above and gave us an excuse to rest while trying to spot the movement.

We arrived at the end of the pass ten full days after we had started. Our last concern was the boat ride out of the Park because we had heard horror stories of the sea ice pack shifting in the wind and blocking boat access to Broughton Island.

This would require returning the way we had just come, arriving overdue and without much food. When the boat came chugging up the fiord we were both relieved and sad to be heading back.

The boat journey back was a nice fi-



Along the Owl River, Day Two.

Dave McCormack

nale to the trip. The weather was sunny and many dramatic ice floes dotted the glassy seas.

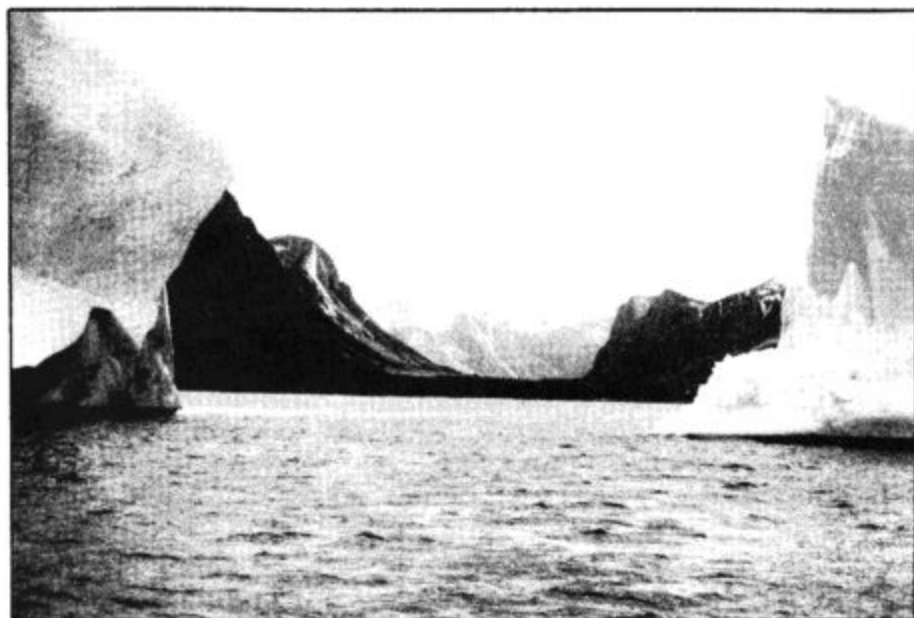
Our Inuit captain, Pauloosie, spoke no English but his daughter was along to translate. Midway through the six-hour journey to Broughton Island he pointed out a small rocky point where he was born over 50 years ago.

Seeing our interest in traditional Inuit life, Pauloosie anchored his boat and took us on a tour. He pointed out the tent-sized depression in the ground that was once his family's skin house and showed us where the seals were butchered and the sled dogs were raised. He also led us to a rock covered box that was his grandmother's grave.

While waiting for our flight south, we camped outside the village of Broughton Island and celebrated a successful crossing by cooking a large arctic char on our camp stoves.

For more information write:  
 Auyittuq National Park Reserve  
 Eastern Arctic District  
 Pangnirtung NWT X0A 0R0  
 Canada

△



Dave McCormack

On the way to Broughton Island on North Pangnirtung Fiord, looking up the valley we had just hiked down.

Ed McCormack, of Seattle, is a graduate student in geography at the University of Washington.

LISA BLISS DARLING

# HAVEN'T GOT TIME FOR THE PAIN

—BACKPACKING AFTER A BACK INJURY—

"I roll over on my side and think of the last day's events. It's no crime to be unexperienced. Everyone is a beginner sometime ... If there is any rule at all out here, it is to be ready for anything, for any change."  
—Cindy Ross, *Journey On The Crest*

Every year, by doing a long-distance backpacking trip, I learn a little more about how to backpack comfortably. This was a special challenge on my 1992 week-long trip when my husband's back had finally recovered enough for him to backpack with me.

Having lived with Dennis through ten years of severe back pain to get to this point, I was cautious about the idea of him schlepping a 50-pound pack on his back and starting out for Fire Creek Pass.

He was more than cautious, but we both hated being separated during the summer. I had romantic visions of the two of us hiking through alpine meadows, sun glinting off our hair, while music soared in the background.

After a frenzy of food drying, provision buying and cramming our packs full, we wedged them into our friend Gail's car and headed toward the Kennedy Hot Springs trailhead. She walked in with us for about a quarter of a mile, then turned back to her car and was gone.

The 5½-mile trail to the hot springs is smooth, wide and well-cleared, through cool, mossy forest that shaded us from the heat. Having gone to the springs many times, my only twinge of anxiety about the first day was The Ladder.

When a portion of the trail washed down the hillside, the trail crew improvised by installing steep steps and a crude but sturdy ladder about ten feet down to the temporary trail.

With a twenty-pound daypack and a fear of heights, going down this ladder was unpleasant; for months I had been wondering what it would be like with a fully-loaded backpack pulling me down as I descended.

Dennis, who is fearless about heights, went down the ladder first. As I climbed down, I felt an endorphin calm settle over me that I've felt when weight-lifting. Suddenly my fears about the trip left me. I thought, *We can do this. No matter what happens, I know we're going to be able to meet the challenge.*

"You okay?" Dennis asked, lighting a cigarette.

I nodded, and he started up the trail.

Dennis is not your typical granola hiker. Born in Texas and raised in Oklahoma, he wears cowboy boots back in the city and likes to joke that his idea of roughing it is when room service is ten minutes late at the Waldorf-Astoria.

After an extended backpacking trip in Viet Nam in the late sixties, he was slow to warm up to anything more primitive than car-camping. Now he sails along on the trail, his back pain (from a shipyard injury) mostly gone, gamely wearing flexible knee and ankle braces (protecting other old injuries) to share his wife's backpacking dreams.

Within a mile of the springs, the trail descends to a broad, dry riverbed and disappears in the sand. Here we picked our way over river rocks and guessed from footprints where the trail resumed in the woods.

We passed the sign for trail 639, which I thought would link us with the Pacific Crest Trail, and crossed the two log bridges over to the Kennedy Hot Springs horse camp. Dinner that night was one of our best: oven-dried turkey polish sausage and cabbage (sealed packaged cole slaw).

After dinner, we cleaned up camp and sat around, me lying against a log

writing in my journal and Dennis engrossed in his paperback. It was comforting to be at a backcountry campsite I'd visited so many times before, on the brink of ascending to 50 new miles north on the Crest Trail.

That night I slept outside the tent on my Thermarest with my new Gore-tex-covered down bag draped over me. Rated to 10 degrees F, I find it too hot to sleep zipped into unless there is frost on the tent. A few mice skittered over my bag, the wind swayed in the dark trees overhead and I was soon asleep.

The next morning we broke camp, recrossed the log bridges and hiked the quarter mile down to trail 639. It switchbacked up through the woods to the Crest Trail, I hoped, and the part of our trip that was new and unexplored. As we hiked I was nagged by the worry that it was the wrong connector trail, that it wasn't really the trail 639 shown on the map; why hadn't I checked the trail sign more carefully, blah, blah, blah.

(This is the ceaseless whisper of insecurity in the back of my brain, the snake that slithers up when I start out on each long-distance backpacking trip. It hisses that I'll never make it—not strong enough to lift my pack, too slow a hiker, too goofy, didn't plan well enough: don't even bother to try.)

Grind the head of the snake of self-doubt under your heel and hike the rest of the way up to the glorious view. Stand there, panting, the wind cooling your sweaty, imperfect, triumphant frame and know that you have within you whatever it takes to hike the trail.)

It was the right trail, rejoining the Crest trail on a high catwalk above forested slopes that fell away steeply on either side, a magical and silent place.

As we hiked downhill the forest levelled off. By noon we had emerged from the woods to a sunny, open hillside and were greeted by hordes of friendly mosquitos.

The strong memory I have of that break is of the brilliant flowers crowding the edge of the trail, the clouds of bugs, me trying to eat dried pineapple under my bug net and Dennis in his trail uniform, a ballcap, beige teshirt, and lightweight Army pants, scowling in thought, blowing cigarette smoke at the bugs. I passed him his ashtray, a metal bandaid box, hoping he wouldn't crush the butt into the dirt of the trail.

We hefted up our packs, which seemed much heavier in the afternoon heat than they had in our living room, and hoofed downhill to Glacier Creek. There we dipped our water bottles into the creek and started switchbacking uphill. This is where things turned ugly.

The mosquitos really loved our slow ascending pace and quickly learned which body parts I couldn't reach to swat. In every line of shade across the trail we would hesitate to pant and to cool off. Over and over.

After about an hour, Dennis asked, "Exactly how many miles are we going today?"

"About nine."

"It seems like we've gone that far already. What's the elevation gain for the day?"

"I forgot to check."

He groaned.

"I think we'll get to two cairns at Fire Creek Pass, and then it's not too far after that. Downhill."

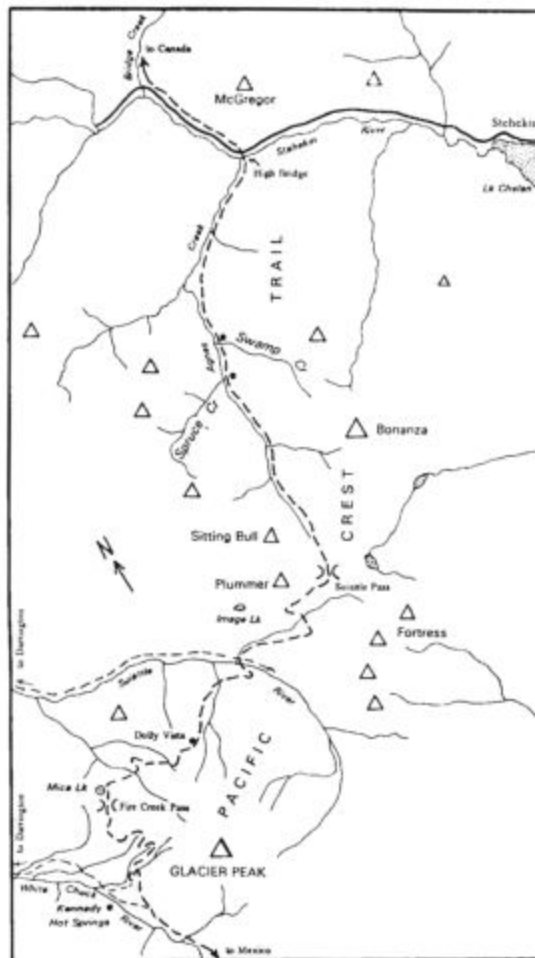
"Maybe that's the pass up there."

I didn't think it was, but as we trudged, we tried hard to see the cairns up there. When we reached the high point and looked over the edge, we saw the trail snaking downhill for quite a ways, then climbing up a stark hillside to two small cairns.

Somewhere before we reached those cairns, every reserve of energy I had was history; even my speech no longer made sense.

Dennis hiked behind me, talking more than usual to keep me going. He offered to just stop there, or at the small tarn we passed, but by that time I was determined to force myself to hike the extra half mile and camp on soft meadow instead of rock.

When we finally stumbled over the rise into the meadows we saw two other tents. Camping there were Joe, a



sixty-five-year old triathlete, and Signe, a young competitive bicyclist. They had hiked farther than we did, but looked well-rested.

By comparison we felt like two grubby, exhausted trail dudes. We crawled into our tent as soon as we could put it up and hang our food. We both took aspirin and laid awake listening to our leg muscles whine in the darkness.

Morning, coffee and a little spiritual reading by the creek turned me into an optimist. Breaking camp took an awfully long time, but I was sure that on our third trail day we would hike quickly on strong legs to Dolly Vista camp, get there before 4pm and enjoy the Cajun dinner I had planned for that night.

The day started with easy, downhill hiking through forest for almost 3 miles, heading toward infamous Milk Creek. It's the kind of roaring torrent that deserves a big, sturdy, expensive bridge, and when it gets such a bridge, the creek knocks it right down in the storms of the next bad winter.

So, no bridge. Just the broken remnants of it on each side. To our surprise, we did find a crossing over the

river rocks made of planks and small logs that tipped slightly under my feet as I made my way across, my heavy pack making it hard to walk the "tight-rope."

We had been revved up for the crossing of this creek since the day before. The whole point of pushing so hard to get over Fire Creek Pass the day before was to get to Milk Creek in the morning before it crested.

From there we had thirty-nine switchbacks uphill in the afternoon heat, trudging across the hot open ones to our next patch of shade to pause and pant, swilling Gatorade.

Dennis was struggling with a mild case of diarrhea and I was practicing positive thinking by counting the switchbacks and singing "Thirty-nine Switchbacks" (my adaptation of "Thirty-nine Reasons," a Crosby, Stills and Nash classic).

When we finally made it to the alpine meadow at the top, as beautiful as any I've seen, we were too tired to enjoy it. The mental postcard I have of this last stretch before we staggered into Dolly Vista camp is this: Dennis sitting in a flower-choked cirque waiting for me to catch up. I am pushing myself to hike faster and am grumpy and stumbling from tiredness, but am still stunned by the loveliness of the scene. When I catch up to Dennis, he points uphill. "Look! A marmot!" Throughout the trip, each animal we saw enchanted him.

Dolly Vista camp has nice enough sites, a pit toilet and a barely trickling stream from which we had to cup water into the cookpot. Dinner was a recipe I hadn't pre-tested, consisting of a horrid-tasting spice packet, dried vegetables and rice.

Dennis donated his share directly to the pit toilet, but I tried to choke it down rather than have my hunger keep me awake all night. Feeling that we had been skunked two days in a row, we read ourselves to sleep in the tent.

The next morning we enjoyed going *down* the thirty-nine switchbacks—until we got to the blowdowns. Halfway down we ran into the first of over twenty huge horizontal trees, some across the trail as high as my shoulders. We would stop, figure how to get around or over it safely, and usually clamber over with each other's help.

I'd generally get whacked in the face by my food bag, which was supposed

to be securely fastened to the top of my pack, but liked to bungy-jump down. After getting whacked by the food bag I would swear profusely and then feel guilty until we got to the next tree. It provided the morning's entertainment.

Another exciting aspect of the hike down was that we crossed Vista Creek twice, but were distracted by the presence of a hiker from Florida at the first crossing and didn't realize it was Vista.

For the next 2 miles, downhill into warm, riverine woods I kept thinking, "Where is that creek? We must be the slowest hikers in the world!"

When we made the second crossing and I reread my photocopy of the guidebook, the light dawned. My faith in our hiking prowess was restored, humility vanished and with cheerful cockiness we hiked another mile and a half to Lyman camp.

Arriving by two-thirty was exactly what we needed to relax and enjoy ourselves after two hard days. Lyman camp along the Suiattle River has a long stretch of roomy, flat tentsites.

We scrubbed ourselves and our clothes and Dennis wandered off to make friends with some nearby mules. I settled back on my Thermarest to read, catch up on my journal and enjoy some solitude.

We shared a dinner of spaghetti and M&Ms with another backpacker and had a great conversation until we turned in for the night.

The next day's hiking, through magnificent forest, was one of the two most beautiful of the trip. Massive boulders and lush woods all to ourselves made us feel like knights-errant in a fairy tale.

We broke out of the forest to new views of Glacier Peak, looking as huge and white as Mount Rainier, and behind us, Fortress Mountain. The hot spell seemed to have broken; we hiked in cool sunshine up to Suiattle Pass.

Just before the pass we met up with a young wilderness ranger who had hiked up from Stehekin and who told us that he'd seen three bears in the last hour. We didn't see the bears, but we did find the most beautiful camping meadow I've ever seen, described by the guidebook as simply "a hemlock/meadow campsite." The meadow is large, laced with creeklets and rich with wildflowers. A mule deer nibbled around the edges of our camp, and down the trail a few steps was a small, rush-

ing creek where Dennis saw a badger.

Dinner was one of the best of the trip: potato and fish flake chowder, which we shared with two cold and tired women who struggled up to the meadow just as the soup was getting ready.

Letting the chowder warm us against the gathering fog, we traded stories about the ups and downs of our trips. I told them about our travail over Fire Creek Pass and one of the women exclaimed, "You did that in one day? You guys are animals!" It made me feel wonderful.

They wandered back down to their tent to collapse after their hard day; we retreated into our tent and the warmth of our down bags. From inside I watched the fog blow across the meadow, leaving shining drops on each blade of grass.

The next morning was wet with the fading fog. I wandered through the meadow, tracing around the creeklets, trying to fill my mind with the memory of the brilliant flowers and this rare, beautiful place.

We hiked down through the hemlocks into a huge cirque. I was lagging behind, not wanting to miss a single view, enjoying the warmth that followed the fog, and beginning to feel tender spots on my feet. When I caught up with Dennis, I took my socks off to air out my feet.

"Blisters?" he asked.

"Oh, no," I denied, ever the positive thinker. "Just letting my feet breathe." I put on moleskin and changed my socks to a different pair of dirty socks with holes in different places. "Does your back hurt?" I asked.

"Nope. It's really been fine the whole trip, amazingly enough." He waved at the panorama of granite around us. "This is fantastic. I can see why you love to come up here so much."

We climbed up and down again into another cirque, crossing many creeklets and a few bridged creeks, one of which was collapsed but still supported our weight. The trail switchbacked and wound downhill until we finally reached Hemlock Camp, a lush creekside spot much like Lyman camp, and chatted briefly with a ranger on litter patrol.

It was just as we left, with 2.7 miles to go to our projected goal of Spruce Camp, that I realized how far we had to go in the last three days.

Our next day was fine, 9 miles gradually downhill to the bridge over Agnes Creek, where a bus would pick us up to take us to our precious reserved room at the Stehekin lodge.

The next day I was privately hoping to sleep in and eat a leisurely restaurant breakfast before catching the 11am bus out to Cottonwood camp to continue our trip, but that would mean hiking 9 miles (uphill) after noon to get to our camp and then hiking 6 miles (uphill) before noon the next day to get to Highway 20 where our ride home would be waiting for us.

In spite of having gone over the trail guide many times, the mileage was more than I'd thought it would be by 6 miles.

As my late-afternoon fatigue filled me and my blisters became more painful with each step, these details seemed overwhelming. I poured out the story to Dennis, who was as tired and grumpy as I was.

He responded by slipping, twisting his knee. He hinted darkly that this knee injury might force him to catch the boat out from Stehekin instead of hiking the last two days with me. The extra 6 miles infuriated him.

I was soaked in misery over my mistake and our squabbling. We stormed in silence along Agnes creek, me looking around for Spruce Creek camp, which the trail guide praised as "quite a nice camp."

Spruce Creek "camp" is a lumpy, slanted wide spot in the trail crammed up to a fire ring. When we arrived we just stared at it, then tiredly set our packs down.

After our lovely nests in Lyman and Suiattle camps, it was hard to believe things had deteriorated so much.

I checked the trail guide. In 1 more mile we'd reach Swamp Creek camp. I mentioned this to Dennis, uncertainly. Camping in a place called "swamp" didn't sound any better.

"Only one mile, though," I added.

"Are you sure?" he asked sarcastically. "Sorry," he muttered. "But if it's another mile we might as well get going." He slipped his arms into the straps of his pack.

As he started to stand, the weight on the top of his pack shifted to the side and he fell over on his face, crashing into the timber on the ground.

He yelled, "Oh, no! I broke my nose!"



Ann Marshall

Dennis and Lisa—lunch break at a Cascade lake.

I rushed over in horror. He had pulled off his bandana from his neck and was staunching the flow of blood. "Get your first aid kit!"

Digging into my pack, I pulled out my kit. With Wash-N-Dries I disinfected and cleaned his cut and scraped nose. After dropping the first piece of gauze with antibiotic cream into the dirt, I bandaged his nose.

His nose was swelling already and we were afraid that his eyes would swell shut, either before we could hike to Swamp Creek camp or during the night.

We hiked the 1 more mile to Swamp Creek and thankfully arrived at a large, flat camp with a rain forest look to it. Dennis helped as much as he could, hanging the food and setting up the tent, fighting off going into shock. I made up some fish chowder, but Dennis could hardly eat it, because he couldn't breathe through his nose.

Just as it was getting dark another group straggled into camp, two moms and a gaggle of teenagers. Dennis went over and said, "Welcome to Swamp Creek."

One of the teenage girls said, as she set down her pack, "We're sorry to barge in on you, but we're exhausted. We can't go any farther on our blistered

feet." We weren't the only ones having problems that night.

The next morning we broke camp with our usual lightening speed, and as we started to hike, the rain started to fall. As my feet were now two large, puffy blisters covered with hiking boots, I hiked very slowly, shuffling as fast as I could.

Dennis charged along pretty well, just ignoring the rain. The trail turned gently downhill though a silvered wood, above the steep and dramatic Agnes Gorge.

Frustrated as I was with my hurting feet and slow pace, I tried to enjoy the magic of the place. Every so often Dennis would stop, turn and smile at me through his bandaged face and swollen eyes.

All I wanted to do was to stop hiking and stand in the steady rain, not moving my feet, but we had to keep pushing for the Agnes Creek Bridge, down endless switchbacks.

Amazingly, the rain disappeared as we reached it. I've never been so glad to reach any goal, to gaze down at the wild river and to push on a few feet to the bus stop.

Just as we got there, the bus pulled up on an unscheduled run, and the driver, seeing that Dennis was injured, radioed in that she would turn around and take us down to the ranger station.

We gratefully climbed onto the bus after I stripped off my horribly sweaty shirt and replaced it with a clean one.

After a short ride we pulled into the town of Stehekin, which looked very good to us after having had no comforts for a week except what was on our backs, no transportation except our feet and no shelter except our tent.

Denny and I got off with our packs, left them by the edge of Lake Chelan and limped across the road to the ranger station where I made a beeline to a REAL BATHROOM, and with relief took a sponge bath with paper towels.

When I came out, feeling more socially acceptable, I found Dennis on the front porch of the ranger station, with Phil Campbell, the head ranger, who was taking the accident report.

We decided to forego our lodge reservations and the remaining two days of our trip and catch the last float plane out to Chelan, as the boat had already left ... if there were any seats left, which, since the plane was about to leave, we seriously doubted.

It was about that time that our luck turned better. The float plane pilot rearranged his passengers, putting a little girl on her father's lap, so that Dennis and I could both fly out and get to the hospital in Chelan.

The flight was as gloriously beautiful as Stehekin itself: we flew south from forested, rocky cliffs to progressively drier country, large cabins and apple orchards on the sunny brown hills.

We shambled off the float plane with our packs, feeling like grubby refugees, and went into the plane office to pay.

The mechanic there gave us a ride to the hospital, where Denny's nose was X-rayed and rebandaged. The emergency room receptionist found us the only vacant room in town, at a lovely old bed and breakfast called the Brick House.

She then drove us there, where the owner offered to do our laundry for us so we could go out to dinner at the nearby Mexican restaurant!

The next morning we hopped the local version of Greyhound back to Seattle. The pace was slow along the Eastern Washington highways and sunny hills, into the rain-drenched evergreens along Highway 2 near Stevens Pass.

I glanced over at Dennis. From the way he was sitting and the look on his face, I could tell that his back, that we had worried so much about before starting the trip, still wasn't bothering him. I asked about his nose.

"Hurts like heck," he said. "But I kind of like this backpacking. Let's do it again."

△

*Lisa Bliss Darling, of Seattle, is a meter-reader and walks many miles on her job. She is also a poet and a member of the Sierra Club.*

KARL ULLMAN

# SHOES

—WORDS OF ADVICE ON FOOTWEAR FROM A LONG-DISTANCE HIKER—

As I wrote in my last article, I decided to extend my trek on the Pacific Crest Trail by spending the winter near Mount Adams and then finishing the remainder of the trail next summer.

My situation here turned out to be better than I could have hoped for. I live in a Forest Service cabin at 3700 feet on the south side of the mountain, 9 miles from the nearest town and 3 miles from the nearest snowplow.

I've got three cords of wood to keep me warm and enough kerosene to keep the lamps lit—what better way to continue the journey into winter?

This winter I'll share some of the practical lessons I learned about distance hiking. If you are considering a walk of your own, now is the time to start planning, and high on your list should be how to keep your feet shiny and new-looking even after hundreds of miles on the trail.



## Running Shoes

I left the Mexican Border wearing the running shoes that I'd used to train in over the winter.

I'd taken the advice given in *The Pacific Crest Trail Hiker's Handbook* (Adventure Lore Press) and chose running shoes over boots as my primary footwear, but I was still afflicted with the general concern held by most people that these lightweight shoes wouldn't provide enough support for my feet and ankles while I carried a heavy pack.

A day after leaving the border, I changed into my lightweight boots to see how they felt, but after about 5 miles I put the running shoes back on for good.

Compared to the running shoes, the boots felt heavy, hot and clunky. The only time that I wore boots on my 2300-mile (so far) walk was on steep, consolidated snow.

Running shoes are lighter than boots,

allowing you to walk farther each day with less effort. The shoes breathe better than most boots, keeping the skin on the foot more healthy. Finally, the shoes allow a more natural movement of the foot, ankle and knee.

The benefits of running shoes over boots, however, cannot be realized unless you diligently train before you hike, getting used to walking more carefully and strengthening your ankles.

To combat any arguments about the greater chances of twisting an ankle while wearing low-cut running shoes as opposed to high top boots, I offer the following experience.

After reaching Timberline Lodge on Mount Hood, in old and tattered running shoes, I laced up my heavy leather mountaineering boots as I prepared to climb the mountain. As I descended from the summit, I was *tired*. Suddenly, I rolled my ankle all the way over, and I was down for the count.

My ankle hurt a little, but not enough to keep me from laughing at the irony: Mexico to Mount Hood in running shoes without a serious ankle twist, but when I wear my stout boots over I go.

I twisted my ankle because I was tired and walking sloppily, despite the extra support from my big boots.

I believe that paying attention while you walk is the best way to protect your ankles, and I also believe that walking lightly, as you are forced to do in a light shoe, instead of slamming down the trail in heavy boots, leads to better overall walking health, especially in your knees.



## Shoe and Boot Selection

The qualities to look for in a running shoe for hiking are simple: 1) The shoe should be wide at the front to allow excess room for toes that naturally swell after walking many miles; 2) The shoe

should be well cushioned; and 3) The shoe should have a beef heel counter for stability (shoes designed for "training" usually are very stable).

I used Asics Gel-MC for most of my walk. It performed very well. Unfortunately, at about \$80 per pair they are on the expensive side.

The boot that I finally settled on was the Vasque Skywalker, and once on the trail I found that many other hikers had made the same choice. The upper is Gore-tex fabric reinforced with leather, and it proved to be surprisingly water resistant and durable.

Worn with gaiters, the boots kept my feet warm and dry as I scampered over snowy Sierra passes, and the soles (which can be replaced) provided ample traction and edging.

Finally, a note on sizing. My foot measured 12½ when I left Mexico. At that time I wore size 13 boots and size 14 running shoes.

After a couple of months I wore size 14 boots and size 15 running shoes. If you plan to walk a long way every day, realize that your foot *will* expand.

I suggest that you wear a liner sock and the thickest wool sock you can find when sizing your footwear; if there is any question between sizes, choose the larger one.



## Insoles

Quality insoles add essential cushioning to both running shoes and boots. I used Spenco insoles with built-in arch supports in the running shoes, and I used *two* insoles in my less cushioned boots, one regular and one with a built-in arch. The insoles should be washed frequently, for trail grit makes them wear out prematurely.

If you pronate, consider having orthotics made by a podiatrist. I didn't need them, but friends who joined me

found them necessary, especially when wearing their running shoes.



### Durability

My running shoes lasted 400 miles per pair. After those 400 miles, the soles still looked new, and the uppers were usually quite sound as well.

The problem is that lumps formed in the footbed, causing unacceptable pains in my feet. The lump always formed in my left shoe just above the ball of my foot. The right shoe was always fine.

To fight this problem, I inserted a hand-cut insole made of thin, flexible plastic between the Spenco insole and the footbed. If I put this plastic insole in after about two hundred miles, the shoe lasted longer.

Advanced models of my plastic insole had a piece of grip tape placed mid-way between the heel and toe of the insole to prevent the Spenco from sliding on the slick plastic.



### Foot Health

Every morning and every night I did two things to keep my feet happy.

First, I applied lanolin to the calluses on my toes and heels. Instead of having dry, crusty calluses that tended to blister like so many hikers battle with, the skin on my feet stayed soft. The lanolin also worked very well if I applied it to a "hot spot" or a place where I felt a blister may develop.

After the lanolin ceremony, I thoroughly massaged the tops and bottoms of my feet and also the muscles in my shins. I feel this extra effort was essen-

tial in keeping those overworked muscles pliable.

In addition to the above precautions, I also carried an extra pair of running shoes in my pack. Putting on a different model shoe after walking 15 miles gave a welcome variety to my feet for the last 10 miles of the day.

If I happened to be in a section where I expected snow, of course, I carried my lightweight boots instead of the extra pair of running shoes.

Thankfully, I had very few blisters during my trek. The first week, I got one inconsequential blister on the inside of each big toe. I put lanolin on them and let them take care of themselves.

Others who had more blisters found success by running a piece of thread through the blister with a needle and leaving the thread in place. The thread ensured that the blister drained and healed. Rubbing alcohol was sometimes used to dry the blister and promote healing. I didn't try either of these methods.

To prevent blisters from forming in the first place, especially on the heels, I've found waterproof first aid tape to be very effective.

If you put it on in the morning, before your feet are sweaty, it will usually stay on until you remove it. Because the tape is slippery on the backside, the sock and/or boots slip on the tape instead of on your skin.

This method has been the only way for me to prevent heel blisters from forming when I wear heavy boots that I'm not accustomed to.



### Socks

In normal conditions, use a thin synthetic sock (cotton socks = cold feet) with the running shoes. In cold weather, a wool/synthetic blend sock will keep your feet warm in the running shoe, even in the rain.

When I pull on the boots, I wear a liner sock (Z-Dry One brand is great) with the same wool/synthetic blend sock over it. 100% wool socks wear out very quickly.



### Keep it Simple

Before you depart for any journey that will require more walking than you are used to, I suggest you read *The Long Walk* by Slavomir Ramicz.

It's a true story about Mr. Ramicz and several others who break out of a Russian work camp in Northern Asia and walk south across the Gobi Desert and the Himalayas to India and freedom.

Pay particular attention to the "shoes" that they make for themselves from cloth and animal skin. If ever my shoes gave me problems, or if any equipment failed, I remembered Slavomir and realized how easy we have it now.



*Karl Ullman, of Orinda, California, began his PCT journey in the spring of 1993, decided to winter over at Mount Adams, and will continue to write about the PCT from his remote cabin this winter.*

A lot of planning goes into a successful long-distance hike on the PCT. If you're considering a hike of several weeks or months, here are some reference materials you'll find useful.

### Pacific Crest Trail Association

1350 Castle Rock Road  
Walnut Creek CA 94521  
510-939-6111

The PCTA publishes a quarterly newsletter with information and updates on the trail. Membership is \$25 a year.

### *The Pacific Crest Trail: California* *The Pacific Crest Trail: Oregon-Washington*

By Schaffer *et al.* This two-volume set is THE guidebook for the PCT. \$24.95 for

each volume. Call 800-443-7227 to order, or check with your local outdoor store.

### *The Pacific Crest Trail Handbook*

By Ray Jardine. Companion volume to the guidebooks above. \$16.95. 800-443-7227 to order.

### *Journey on the Crest*

By Cindy Ross. Personal experience. Mexico to Canada in two summers. \$12.95. Call 800-553-4453 to order.

### *PCT Video*

90-minute version for \$29.95; 3½-hour version for \$42.95 (postpaid). From Purple Dragon, PO Box 164, Virginia City NV 89440.

### *High Trails*

By Louise Marshall. An old favorite. Covers Washington only. Last revised in 1973 but still much of value. \$5. Order from author: 19019 44 Avenue W, Lynnwood WA 98036.

### *Forest Service*

Maps and other information. For California, contact:

Forest Service  
630 Sansome Street  
San Francisco CA 95111  
415-556-0122.

For Oregon and Washington, contact:

Forest Service  
319 SW Pine Street  
Portland OR 97208  
503-221-2877.

LARRY LEWIS

# PADDLING THE CASCADIA TRAIL

—EXPLORING PUGET SOUND'S NEW PADDLE TRAIL IN A SERIES OF DAY TRIPS—

I am a native of the Northwest. I cut my teeth on the fields and woods just south of Seattle, discovered the waterfront at a fantastic Scout camp on Hood Canal, and bought for my kids (and myself) an ABS canoe in parts from a local manufacturer.

With time, the canoe was replaced by an east coast Explorer. The final thread was an announcement that came in the mail one afternoon of a meeting down at The Mountaineers for any interested parties in a potential camping/paddling system on Puget Sound.

To make a short story long, that obscure little meeting was the start for me of a paddle by canoe the length of Puget Sound—Olympia to Blaine.

From that meeting, Washington Water Trails Association was formed, incorporated, and defined its mission—a network of marine campsites throughout the basin.

I became a member of the WWTAA board and, among other things, served on the Inaugural Paddle Committee. The committee's job was to organize a paddle event for the summer of 1993 to celebrate the progress of the fledgling paddle route, now named the Cascadia Marine Trail.

Being on the Inaugural Paddle committee, and being the token non-sea-kayaker involved from that initial meeting, I mentioned in passing to my wife, wouldn't be a gas to paddle the trail, by canoe? How about in time for the running of the final section of the celebratory paddle? Okay?

Well, okay.

It was late January, 1993. The last segment of the celebratory paddle was scheduled for August 28 and 29. Sure, there was enough time to do it.

Nancy and I decided to do the paddle in day segments launching from public accesses along the east side of Puget Sound, for ease of shuttles. Three items were needed for planning: a detailed map, a beach access book and a tide table/current book. We found the Puget

Sound Edition of "Tidelog" a valuable asset. Select charts to supplement our large area map would have been helpful in a few places.

Our little green boat was very colorful with the bright red air bags lashed in, bright blue dry bags for our extra clothes and food, us in our bright yellow spray jackets, and the flashing of our orange and yellow paddles. We kept our 17-foot open canoe outfitted for river tripping, along with bailers and an extra paddle.

Now came the test—coordinating the tides and currents with the weather and our available weekends. Even though the inaugural paddle route was scheduled from Olympia to Blaine, we selected 19 segments which could be done independent of adjacent ones. This allowed us to better match various stretches to available tides, currents and daylight.

Neither Nancy nor I had previously done more than a mile or two on marine waters, despite our collective 25 years of mostly river canoeing. So our first segment was close to home on a bright and clear Sunday afternoon. A gentle breeze came from the north, with the temperature unseasonably warm for the 7th of February.

Starting at the Fauntleroy ferry landing in West Seattle, we headed south on a flood tide nearing high. At Williams Point we met three sightseeing kayakers enjoying a mid-winter break, as we tried ourselves on a 5-mile leg to Seahurst Park.

Each of the individual stretches had its own moments. There was the squall as we approached the Des Moines marina, our only real rain. Even with the best of plans, the weather can still sneak up on you.

The ebb current ride through the Tacoma Narrows and out into East Passage was great. We were doing our usual three to four miles per hour on top of the current's five knots—such a sense of speed. The eddy shear lines off the bridge pylon demanded respect.

Even without our river canoeing experience, we just knew we wanted to be a ways away.

We saw the greatest number of sea lions in the Narrows, including one that broke the surface without seeing us. It was coming toward us going for air in a big way. On his third surface he was about 25 feet abeam. When he did realize we were there, it really startled him.

Another time, paddling north from the Nisqually Reach, I spotted "drift wood" dead ahead. As we approached within about 30 feet or so, the drift wood woke up. Big eyes fixed on us for a moment, then the seal dove from sight.

Have you ever turned a corner and wondered which trail to follow? Well, one quiet afternoon we left the Nisqually Reach Center at low tide, followed the McAllister Creek bed out into deep water and turned left.

Ahead clouds obscured parts of the Olympics. Behind, the view of Mount Rainier over the expanse of the bay behind us was worth the trip all by itself.

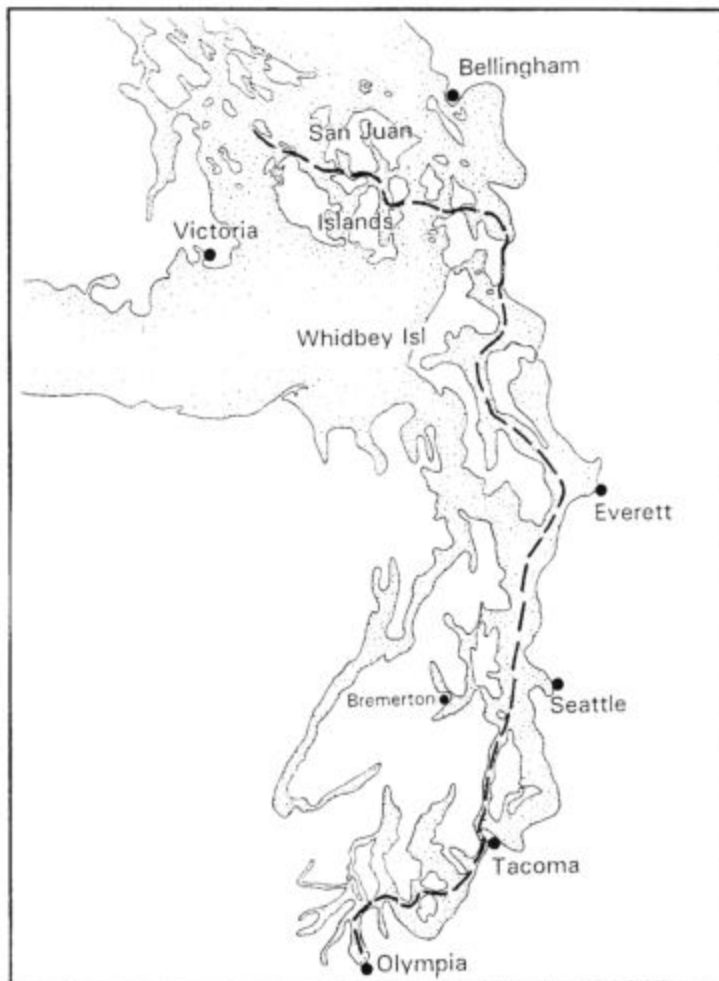
Turning south at Johnson Point, we expected to find Boston Harbor a little way around the corner. The anticipated bay on our left was passed.

But what were these four other openings all about? Which one was Budd Inlet? Should we have crossed the first bay and turned at the second bay? This would have been a good time to rely on more than our collective memories refreshed at the put in.

An hour after Johnson Point, it was beginning to get dark. It looked very much like rain, and questions became serious. We paddled across the bay to a fellow drift fishing. We felt that anyone out here fishing should know where Boston Harbor was located. He didn't.

We pushed on back across the strong flood current. We found big boils generated by the tide pressing past Hartstene Island. Our river bracing experience came in very handy. Around the





The main route of the Cascadia Marine Trail follows a corridor from Olympia through the San Juan Islands. Alternate routes (not shown here) branch off into Hood Canal, the Strait of Juan de Fuca, and Boundary Bay.

very next small point, there was the take-out, and the car, and the rain, and the fall of darkness.

Each weekend trip really started Thursday with a listen to the NOAA weather station, updated on Friday and confirmed on trip day. This habit was very helpful in gaining an idea of the pending weather, the real controlling factor, and the expected wind direction, the major determinant whether we would catch an ebb or flood tide that day. Our goal was to have a following wind and sea. It can only be following if it and you change at the same time.

Leaving from Mukilteo for Mission Bay got us off on a bright mid-summer Saturday morning with a light south wind behind us. About a third of the way across, we met a wind line.

We watched the wind line progress southerly behind us all the way back to our launch point. After 30 minutes or so with this steady head wind, we gave up and decided to retry the next day, but from the north.

On Sunday the winds were holding the same as they had been the day before, from the north. Now heading south from the Tulalip marina, everything went as expected for about two hours.

We should have guessed what was about to happen to us after watching sailboats behind us run before the wind going south and those ahead run north. The infamous Puget Sound Convergence Zone got us. We did finish at the planned take-out only after dealing with a respectable head wind the rest of the way.

After having boated from winter on into late summer, I preferred the winter months. The wind was lighter, the traffic sparser, and the water clearer. We just dressed for the conditions.

Wildlife abounds throughout the Sound. Through the clear waters we could see sea pens and sea stars, anemones and little fishes, eel grasses and bull kelp. We tended to see more sea lions in the late spring.

Arctic terns were plentiful in the northern shallow bays. We surprised a river otter on the rocky headland of Samish Island, spotted a nesting bald eagle just north of Birch Bay on our last leg going into Blaine, and saw harbor seals on each trip.

A real treat was on the day we did the Port Susan to Skagit Bay traverse. The passage under the Stanwood bridge had been sounded the week before to confirm the minimum tide stage for passage. When the tide table indicated the stage to be at eight feet, the tape read eight feet. That made things easy.

After crossing the Stillaguamish River, we tended to the eastern shore. We stayed off shore trying to maintain three to four feet draft. As we neared the head of the bay after an hour of this stuff, we were beginning to doubt if there really was a passage. But having seen one the previous week, we knew it must be there.

Hanging onto a tree-sized pole set in the mud flats, we noticed two other sets of poles lining up, as if channel markers. All to no avail. The water was only three inches deep for several hundred feet in all directions.

Drifting north on the wind, I spotted waves breaking on the north shore. This appeared to be out of place because of the flatness of these mud flats. Concluding it must be the north bank of the desired channel we paddled in the direction of the waves.

Then to our surprise, the waves were moving west toward deeper water. The waves were actually caused by a herd of 25 to 30 seals porpoising in the shallows of the channel. They were coming high out of the water to gain visibility. We had "trapped" them during their passage from Skagit Bay south to Port Susan.

Once in the channel, we found the stragglers, eight to ten females and their pups. The pups were most curious and would strain to look at us. Their mothers would come up behind them and, for their own protection, push them under the water out of our sight.

South Pass, the old river channel that became a slough during a flood sometime around the turn of century, led us right into Stanwood. A block or so from the Twin City Foods storage warehouses, the slough split, right upstream into town and left out into Skagit Bay.

What an unique experience it was drifting out this north channel on an ebbing tide and south wind at our



Ann Marshall/Lee McKee

A mix of kayaks and canoes heads north from Olympia for the Inaugural Paddle, August 21.

backs, taking a late afternoon break and watching the changing vista.

Under the Stanwood bridge we felt very closed in. Beyond, the banks rose high above us leaving us in a reed-lined ditch. Drifting north, the mud flats dropped away, the view expanded until we were in open waters again. All this in a mere ten minutes.

As the bay broadened, off in the distance to the right were unusual pieces of waterlogged driftwood stuck in the tide flats. We had seen lots of those stumps and logs on the Port Susan side. They looked like short logs with their ends up out of the water.

As we drew closer, the "logs" bumped off the sand bar, some swimming toward the open bay while some swam toward us. As we drifted, watching the group of 20 or so larger male seals, we had the distinct feeling this was a defensive move on their part.

Currents were always something to be taken into account. We worked them as much as possible, as well as the winds. We expected high currents in some places like the Tacoma Narrows, and they were a welcome surprise in others like the bay north of Gooseberry Point, near Bellingham.

On this delightful bright and sunny day in mid-summer with a mild southerly wind, we headed north from the ferry landing at the Point. Once out in the passage, the strength of the flood current became very obvious as fishing floats drifted by rather quickly.

North past Lummi Island, Nancy spotted off to the west what looked like a dorsal fin of a large fish near the sur-

face swimming rapidly to the south. We stopped to watch. It must have been a float at just the right angle to flop back and forth with the glitter of sunlight.

As we turned back to the paddling task at hand, my eye caught a glimpse of something white moving fast toward the canoe—in fact, toward my end of the boat. It was one of those startling instances when you first see something and at the same moment a sudden noise is made.

Apparently as the canoe approached a submerged float, it disturbed the flow of the water over it so that a noisy wave formed at the same time my eye first caught sight of it.

If I had had some place to go, or if I hadn't been in my thigh straps, I think I would have jumped right out of the canoe. The float didn't attack me. I was safe, but I sure had my doubts for a moment.

One long-time paddler, a founder of WWTAA, had a vision of paddling the full length of the trail during the inaugural paddle. That meant starting where the Deschutes River dumped into Capital Lake.

A small group of us obliged him by starting with him on inaugural day, August 21. We launched on the lake, paddled to the south end and spirited the bows of our crafts into the falls. The Trail was started.

Later we joined the others at Percival Landing Park on Budd Inlet for the first formal segment north to Hope Island. Of the 24 sea kayaks and canoes that started that Saturday, two kayakers

continued paddling through the week, up the length of the Sound toward Blaine.

Some of the South Sound group, along with a contingency from the North Sound, joined the two long distance kayakers the following Saturday morning at Birch Bay State Park for the final leg. This time we were the only canoe in the crowd.

The incoming swell from the northwest was another new experience for us. It added flavor without becoming a nuisance. We were a little concerned that we couldn't keep up with the kayakers, which proved to be unfounded. In a serious paddle, however, I am sure we would have been like a sea anchor to the group.

Here, everyone was in a festive mood, taking in the sun and sights. The trail celebration continued at Peace Arch State Park over congratulations and food.

To my wonder and amusement, finishing this 190-mile saga was a little anticlimactic. There was a mix of relief from the pressure to finish before a deadline, a feeling of residual momentum from weeks of boating, and the sense of a new-found activity and adventure.

I wonder, would Nancy consider the Inside Passage?

△

*Larry Lewis is a member of Washington Water Trails' board of directors; he lives in Seattle.*

---

## ABOUT THE WASHINGTON WATER TRAILS ASSOCIATION

WWTAA was formed in 1990 to promote the preservation and stewardship of marine shorelines in Washington for camping and recreational use by low-impact boaters with small beachable craft. Regular membership is \$25/year. A basic guidebook to campsites is scheduled for release in 1994 and will be available to WWTAA members.

For more information, contact:

**WWTAA**  
4649 Sunnyside Ave N  
Room 345  
Seattle WA 98103  
206-545-9161

---

DEBORAH RIEHL

# RESCUE EPICS

— AN UNLUCKY BREAK —

November 7, 1993, was one of those sunny, beautiful autumn days that sort of made up for the dreary, soggy summer.

I was sitting on the front porch in the waning sun, feeling sorry for myself because I'd sprained my ankle running (to stay in shape!) a couple of days before.

(I'd turned it on a rock as far as possible—of course—from home. I had to call for help on my mini-handheld ham radio. My brother came and got me.)

Bill was doing another fair weather project—washing his car. He wandered over and said, "You might want to monitor King County North Radio—something's up."

I continued to write letters and pay bills as I listened to cryptic transmissions on the police frequencies, and speculations on the search and rescue ham repeater.

When it broke, it broke fast. The pagers announced, "Fast medical response needed for a broken femur [thigh bone] on Mount Si."

My specialty was badly needed on Mount Si and I could barely hobble around. I swallowed my frustration and called in saying I would take Base Operations Leader. Another rescuer rushing through North Bend swung by to pick me up on his way to take a litter to the trailhead while Bill packed up.

Two Mountain Rescuers, Mike and Vera, were already there. They were climbing on Little Si when the page came in. I sent them up the trail to take charge of the scene and radio back what was needed.

A battalion chief's car was also there with a very frustrated medic on board—all medic units and aid cars in the county were already out on calls so no traction splints were available to be carried in to the scene.

We have one on the Rescue Truck, so I radioed the driver to make all possible haste (lights and siren) from the fire station in West Seattle where it is garaged.

Meanwhile, a Mountain Rescue EMT, Jay, arrived and I sent him up to take charge of the medical aspects of the rescue.

When the truck arrived we pulled out

the splint, IV supplies, oxygen, and the litter wheel. The one Mountain Rescuer left in base, Andy, we enlisted as a pack animal to carry all that gear in. He was saved by the timely arrival of two young and frisky Explorer Search and Rescue kids.

The patient, Marta, had been hiking down the new Mount Si trail when she tripped and fell. It usually takes a lot of trauma to break the femur of a young person. Marta is only 24. She can't remember exactly what happened.

One of the medic units was finally freed up and drove to the trailhead. They stood by patiently while the rescue crew rendered aid to the patient, packaged her, and rigged the litter and wheel for transport.

Despite careful splinting, a well-padded litter, pain medication and a slow, gentle ride down, not all discomfort could be eliminated. A radio microphone keyed at the wrong time transmitted Marta's screams to everyone listening to the SAR ham repeater.

Her vital signs remained stable throughout the evacuation and the medics evaluated her when she got to the trailhead.

Marta was transported to the hospital where a severe fracture of the femur was confirmed and she underwent two hours of surgery during which a metal rod was inserted in her leg. In a few days she was up walking on crutches.

For me this mission was a lesson in

delegation and trusting others. I wanted so badly to go up the trail and provide my expertise on the scene. But instead I remained in base, allowing my sprained ankle to heal, letting others be my hands, eyes and judgement on site.

In search and rescue, every mission boils down to life and death, when you get right down to it (if you leave them out there, they die). Also every mission is different, and that's what has kept it interesting for me for over twenty years. △

*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.*



*I wanted so badly to go up the trail, but I could barely hobble.*

GLENN EADES

# SNO-PARK NEWS

—AN UP-DATE ON WINTER PARKING—

Here's some current Sno-Park information for this winter. Included are Sno-Parks along I-90, Highway 2, and Highway 97 in the central Cascades.

For information on other Sno-Parks, consult your Sno-Park brochure, or call Washington State Parks' Winter Recreation program at 206-586-0185.

## I-90

**GOLD CREEK.** Skier Sno-Park. Exit 54, on the north side. No change from last few years. Access to the local area, plus Kendall Peak slopes.

**LAKE KEECHELUS.** Skier Sno-Park. Exit 54, on the south side. Follow signed route to the Keechelus Boat Ramp. There are two lots, one next to the Iron Horse trail, the second at the boat ramp at the end of the road.

Provides access to the west end of Iron Horse trail and to the old Mill Creek/Cold Creek route that leads to Windy Pass by a connector trail about 1/2-mile south of the boat ramp on the Iron Horse trail.

The deteriorating snow sheds on the Iron Horse trail should be gone, and it will again be possible to ski through to Crystal Springs. The Iron Horse trail will be groomed this year.

**PRICE CREEK EASTBOUND.** Skier Sno-Park. Unused rest stop on south side of I-90, just east of Lake Keechelus. No change. Main ski route out leads across Lake Keechelus dam, connects with Iron Horse trail.

**PRICE CREEK WESTBOUND.** Unused rest stop on north side of I-90. No change. Primarily a snowmobile Sno-Park, but used by many skiers to gain access to the Keechelus Ridge and Mount Margaret slopes.

**CRYSTAL SPRING ROCK PIT.** Exit 62. Joint skier/snowmobiler Sno-Park. This Sno-Park is different each winter because it is an active gravel pit

in the summer.

Provides access to groomed skiing on the Iron Horse trail. Also provides access to the Stampede Pass area and the Roaring Ridge slopes southwest of Lake Keechelus.

**CABIN CREEK.** Skier Sno-Park. Exit 63. Access to the groomed trail system on the north side of I-90, and to Amabalis Mountain.

A loop trail will be groomed on the south side, out of the lower lot. The main road will be plowed, however, due to development in the area, and will not be skiable.

**KACHESS LAKE ROAD.** Joint skier/snowmobiler Sno-Park. No change. Access to west end of Keechelus Ridge, north end of Amabalis Mountain.

**LAKE EASTON STATE PARK.** Exit 70. Skier Sno-Park. There will be groomed skiing on trails within the Park.

**IRON HORSE.** Exit 84. Skier Sno-Park. In South Cle Elum. Skier access to the Iron Horse trail, if the snow gets this low.

## HIGHWAY 2

**LAKE WENATCHEE STATE PARK.** Skier Sno-Park. Extensive groomed trail system, as well as access to east end of Nason Ridge.

More groomed trails this year, plus a new area in the State Park on the north side of the Wenatchee River.

**MILL CREEK.** Now a commercial groomed cross-country ski area, and no longer a Sno-Park. For information on fees and services, call 206-973-2441.

Backcountry travelers intending to use the Lanham Lake trail (ungroomed; not part of the commercial program) or other off-trail routes may still park free. Call number above for details.

## HIGHWAY 97 AND SWAUK PASS

**SWAUK PASS.** Joint skier/snowmobiler Sno-Park. No change from previous years.

**PIPE CREEK.** New skier Sno-Park. About 2 miles southwest of Swauk Pass.

**SWAUK CAMPGROUND.** New skier Sno-Park. About 4 miles southwest of Swauk Pass.

Both of these new Sno-Parks provide access to a non-motorized area south of Highway 97, and are part of a plan developed by the Cle Elum Ranger District, working with the Ellensburg Cross Country Ski Club. Additional Sno-Parks, skiers areas and skier trails are part of the plan.

## SNO-PARK PERMITS

Sno-Park permits cost \$20 for the season. A permit good for three consecutive days costs \$10 and a one-day permit is \$7.

Note that not all permit vendors may choose to handle all types of permits.

## OREGON and IDAHO

Washington Sno-Park permits are valid in Oregon and Idaho, and vice versa.

However, vehicles with Washington license plates must display a Washington Sno-Park permit in Washington Sno-Parks.

## SANI-CANS

Sani-cans at Sno-Parks are normally scheduled for delivery about December 15, and removal about March 15. Efforts are made to adjust this schedule depending on conditions.

△

*Glenn Eades is a member of the Sno-Park Committee.*

# PANORAMA

NEWS FROM ALL OVER

**ALPINE LAKES**—The decision on Alpine Lakes Wilderness regulations is due at the end of December or early January, according to Baker-Snoqualmie and Wenatchee National Forest spokespersons.

Although no details were available as *Pack & Paddle* went to press, we were told that "the Forest Service is responding to what the users told us"—referring to the series of public meetings last summer in which the Forest Service was criticized for its proposed permit system (see *September 1993, page 4*).

Watch your local newspapers for details when the plan is released. We'll have more information in the next issue.

**LLAMA RENDEZVOUS**—A llama packers's rendezvous is scheduled for the weekend of May 14-15.

Organized by "The Backcountry Llama" magazine, the rendezvous will offer demonstrations, slide shows and information on llama packing.

If you'd like details, contact The Backcountry Llama, 2857 Rose Valley Loop, Kelso WA 98626.

**LILLEHAMMER**—The Winter Olympics will be held this February in Lillehammer, Norway, a 2-hour train ride from Oslo. With 8000 of its 23,000 residents volunteering to help out and the government investing over a billion dollars in the games, the little town is busily putting the "it can't be done in Lillehammer" fears to rest.

The Norwegians have found many "green solutions" to the logistical problems presented by holding a world class event in a pristine natural setting. The venues will be within 30 miles of each other (compact by Olympic standards), and beefed-up bus and train ser-

vice will replace regulat traffic for the two-week event.

While 32,000 beds (mostly in schools) have been lined up in the tiny town of mostly 19th century wooden buildings, many visitors will commute from Oslo.—from "Europe through the Back Door," 109 4th Ave N, Edmonds WA 98020.

**GRIZZLY PLAN**—The draft grizzly bear recovery plan has left activists outraged. "This is not a recovery plan, it's a joke," said North Cascades grizzly bear expert and author Greg Mills.

The draft Recovery Plan chapter, released on November 12 (see *December 1993, page 27*), acknowledges that the North Cascades population faces impending extinction but is unacceptably passive in its recommendations.

The NCGB steering committee ignored recommendations from its own biologists that it begin the recovery process by augmenting the population with up to ten imported grizzlies over the next five years.

The draft plan postpones substantive action by calling for continued study of the population. The plan even removed some areas (Loup Loup State Forest and the Colockum State Wildlife Recreation Area), from the Recovery Zone. This hurts the grizzly by shrinking its proposed protected habitat.

Augmentation means importing bears to bolster a critically small population. In the North Cascades, augmentation would involve maybe five healthy females in the first decade and one more each following decade.

Grizzly reproduction is so slow that even with this help the population would still take at least 50 years to exceed 100 bears, and far longer to approach

## REMINDER:

The deadline for comments on the grizzly bear plan is February 12. Send your comments to:

Fish & Wildlife Service  
3704 Griffin Ln SE #102  
Olympia WA 98501.

See the *December issue, page 27*, for information on the grizzly bear plan.

the minimum viable population tentatively estimated at between 200 and 450 bears. A population this size is necessary to protect the population from genetic decline.

The deadline for public comments is February 12. Send your written comments to:

Fish & Wildlife Service  
3704 Griffin Ln SE, Suite 102  
Olympia WA 98501.

—from the *Greater Ecosystem Alliance* (206-671-9950).

## MORE ON BOUNDARY WATERS

—We reported in the December issue (*page 28*) that the new regulations for the Boundary Waters Canoe Area had been released. Ramona Hammerly sent us some more information that you may find interesting and useful:

The Final Plan for the BWCA bans sailboats and sailboards within the Wilderness, since they contain pulleys and other mechanical devices prohibited under the 1964 Wilderness Act. The Final Plan tightened the definition of "sailboat" so that canoeists can continue to rig make-shift sails without violating the policy.

Canoe rests along portages within the Wilderness will be removed by October of 1995. Canoe rests are signs of development placed primarily for visitor convenience and not for protecting the Wilderness resource.

Dogs will be allowed and must be "under control" at all times, by voice command or leash.

The Final Plan does not ban commercial tent camps, but does prohibit the servicing of these camps during the client's stay. In the past, outfitters had brought in fresh food, ice or gas on a frequent basis, contributing to higher motor use levels than otherwise would

continued on page 32



"The snow must've covered his tracks—but I tell you, he was huge!"

# REST STOP

EQUIPMENT, RECIPES, TIPS

**NEXT YEAR'S TROWEL**—Now that the ground and your car windows are frozen, buy yourself a new ice scraper ... and keep the old one as a trowel for next summer's backpacking.

Ice scrapers are easy to find, lightweight, and perfect for digging the requisite shallow trench to bury your waste. (Ever notice how the shape is sort of like a cat paw held for digging?) —*Peg Ferm, Monroe.*

**AVALANCHES**—Avalanches in Washington and Oregon kill more people than any other natural hazard. Even small avalanches are deadly: many travel less than 300 feet and are often triggered by their victims.

A snowy slope can avalanche at any time of the year. The most slide-prone months are January and February, with May a close third.

At an average speed of 80mph, avalanches cannot be outrun. The best defense is to know your enemy.

The Northwest Avalanche Center provides information and forecasting through avalanche season. Call 206-526-6677 for trips in the Olympics and Washington Cascades; call 503-326-2400 for trips in the Oregon Cascades (including southern Washington).

Take an avalanche course to learn about the conditions that cause slides, and what procedures to follow if you or members of your party are trapped in a slide. The Mountaineers, Mazamas and other clubs provide training; outdoor stores and guide services also have classes and seminars.

**SNOWSHOE COMPARISONS**—On a recent snowshoe trip each of us used a different brand of snowshoe, so we were able to make the following performance comparisons.

The springy decking of the Atlas snowshoes had a tendency to flip the trailing end up during vigorous strides forward. This produced a spray of snow against your behind.

The bindings on the Sherpa snow-

## REMINDER:

Registration for Everett Parks' Winter Camping Seminar begins on January 5; fee is \$7 per person.

For information, call Jane Lewis, 206-259-0300, or Bob Turcott, 206-778-9207.

shoes were awkward to lash up and had a tendency to work loose during difficult travel.

A rivet holding the binding on the Tubbs snowshoes failed, causing it to release. Fortunately we were less than ¼-mile from finishing the hike so emergency repairs sufficed to get us back to the car. This would have been a serious problem if it had occurred earlier in the trip since it was impossible to travel without the flotation provided by snowshoes.

The T-shaped frame of the Cole snowshoes tended to grip better when side-hilling than the tubular frames of the other brands.—*Ken Hopping, Bellevue.*

**SNOWSHOE TIPS**—Short snowshoes give you greater maneuverability; long ones are good for walking through powder.

The oval-shaped bearpaw design is a good all-around model, effective in deep woods or for making frequent turns.

The teardrop-shaped models are great for trails and open areas, tracking in a straight line as you walk.

Basic snowshoeing is easy: walk normally, but don't step on the snowshoes' edges. Lift one foot cleanly up and ahead of the other, so you don't trip yourself.

To give snowshoes a try, go on one of the winter ranger walks at Snoqualmie Pass. They are scheduled every Saturday starting January 8, at 2pm. The snowshoe walks go through easy terrain at a gentle pace, with a Forest Service naturalist explaining the hows and whys of winter.

For an organized group, snowshoe walks are available by reservation only on Saturdays at 10am. For more information, and to sign up, call the Snoqualmie Pass Visitors' Center: 206-434-6111

**NORTH CASCADES INSTITUTE**—More than 20 field seminars focusing on natural history are scheduled for

winter and spring by the North Cascades Institute.

For a catalog, contact: NCI, 2105 Highway 20, Sedro Woolley WA 98284 (206-856-5700 x 209).

**BEST-WORST FOOD DISCOVERIES**—The best is hummus mix: just add cold water and it's a delicious spread! Also good are instant beans of various sorts at the local food co-op: just add hot water. And the "Pack It Meal" by Nile Spice.

The worst food tried recently is a falafil mix (for vegetarian "meatballs").—*Ramona Hammerly, Anacortes.*

**BAKEPACKER RECIPES**—The Bakepacker is a metal grid that fits inside your cook pot. In the pot you boil an inch of water, and on the grid you put your batter or dough, in a plastic bag, to bake. It's a wonderful invention. Here are a couple of recipes to mix at home, then bake in camp.

### WHOLE WHEAT & OAT SCONES

- 1 cup fine whole wheat flour
- 1 teaspoon baking powder
- ½ cup (or half that) rolled oats (the old-fashioned kind are okay)
- ½ teaspoon baking soda
- 2 tablespoons powdered buttermilk
- ½ cup chopped dates or raisins (optional)

### WHOLE WHEAT & NUT SCONES

- 1 cup fine whole wheat flour
- 1 teaspoon baking powder
- ½ teaspoon baking soda
- pinch of salt
- 2 tablespoons powdered buttermilk
- 2 tablespoons finely chopped walnuts

### RYE FLAT BREAD

- 1 cup rye flour
- 1 teaspoon baking powder
- pinch of salt
- 1 teaspoon brown sugar
- 1/3 cup instant milk

To prepare, add 1 tablespoon oil and a scant 1/2 cup of water (a bit more for the scones with rolled oats) and mix vigorously by massaging the plastic bag. This takes some persistence.

Then give it the standard 15 minutes of cooking and a 5-minute wait. All these recipes are good eating when the rye crisp runs out or the desire for bread justifies the time it takes.—*Ramona Hammerly, Anacortes.*

### 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



A nice winter day at Windy Pass.

**HAPPY HIKERS**—Every year about this time, the Happy Hikers of Snohomish County get together for a potluck. Every once in a while, they invite me over to show slides.

The potluck this year was wonderful, and everyone seemed to like my slides of the Pasayten Wilderness.

Happy Hikers is a very informal mid-week hiking group that's been around a surprisingly long time—I'd guess about 20 years. They used to hike in the lowland woods and meadows of Snohomish and King Counties, but now have to go farther afield to find places to walk.

Linda Dubick said the group is interested in finding new members. If you can hike during the middle of the week, call her for information: 206-776-8061.

**VOLUME THREE**—No one is more pleased than Lee and I that *Pack & Paddle* is beginning its third volume with this issue.

Yellow Cat has asked for a raise.

**FRED AND WILMA**—You may have wondered what Fred and Wilma were up to, since they haven't sent in any hiking reports lately.

They have been busy moving to Death Valley National Monument, one of their favorite places. The move goes with a change in life-style—they left steady employment in Sequim to take seasonal jobs at Furnace Creek.

"We go hiking or biking every day,"

says Fred. "The humidity is low and the temperature is warm—we love it!"

Death Valley National Monument is 2,000,000 square acres, say Fred and Wilma—compare that to Olympic National Park at 980,000 square acres. Because of the sparse vegetation, they say hiking along the canyons and ridges is almost unlimited.

If you happen to visit Death Valley this winter or spring, look for two smiling people from Sequim.

**FRED BECKEY**—Lee and I enjoyed a recent Hi-Laker meeting at which Fred Beckey was the featured speaker.

He showed some of his spectacular climbing slides and—although he is not a high-lake fisher—included many intriguing photos of alpine lakes.

Among his projects, he told the group, is a history of the Cascades, as well as a revision of the "red book," which he says is almost ready to go to the publisher.

That is good news, indeed. But Kyle Morrison at Mountaineers Books reminded us to be patient—it may be another 12 or 14 months before the red book is at your bookstore.

**INDEX**—The 1993 Index is ready. See the ad on page 9, or just call us—it's free (although we certainly appreciate any stamps you send!).

This year again we have three indexes: the main, all-inclusive one, and two small ones for paddling and snowtouring. You'll find these small indexes

useful when you want specialized information.

**TAKING A BREAK**—That's what we're going to do as soon as this issue goes in the mail.

A ski-camping trip is on the schedule. We're also talking about some paddling in Willapa Bay. And because I like alpine skiing as well as nordic, I hope to get in another trip up to Stevens Pass.

We always enjoy meeting subscribers while we're in the backcountry—we'll be looking for you.

**CHANGE OF ADDRESS**—When you move, *Pack & Paddle* does not follow you *UNLESS* you inform us of your new address.

Just drop us a postcard or even give us a call with your new address.

**GREETINGS** of the season to you all. Yellow Cat says thanks for all the mail addressed to her.

See you in the backcountry,

Ann Marshall



Fred and Wilma at Furnace Creek.

# PANORAMA

NEWS FROM ALL OVER

continued from page 29

occur. Commercial tent camps tend to monopolize the finest campsites at the expense of the public.

—This information has been excerpted from the *BWCA News*, a publication of Friends of the Boundary Waters Wilderness, 1313 Fifth Street SE #329, Minneapolis MN 55414.

**QUIEMUTH PEAK**—The newest named summit in Washington is

—NOW AVAILABLE FROM  
THE PACK & PADDLE BOOKSHELF—

## 1994 WOMEN CLIMBING ENGAGEMENT CALENDAR

- Beautiful color photographs for every week accompanied by inspiring, humorous, and poignant essays.
- Shows holidays and moon phases; highlights women's achievements in climbing.
- A unique historical, literary and photographic testament to the spirit of women in the mountains.

**\$12.95** plus \$1.05 WSSST and \$2 shipping

Please send the 1994 WOMEN CLIMBING calendar. I have enclosed \$16 in check or money order.

name \_\_\_\_\_

address \_\_\_\_\_

city state ZIP \_\_\_\_\_

Send to:  
Pack & Paddle Bookshelf  
PO Box 1063  
Port Orchard WA 98366

Non-Washington residents may subtract \$1.05 state sales tax.

"Quiemuth Peak," christened such at the December 10 meeting of the Washington Board on Geographic Names.

You'd never guess it, but this wooded, elongated, non-descript 2922-foot hill is the highest point in Thurston County. It lies just south of Alder Lake and is best viewed from where the Eatonville-Elbe Cutoff Road hits Highway 7 at the lake.

Stahl Mountain (3716 feet) and Ladd Mountain (3920+ feet) dominate this ridge to the southeast, but are across the line in Lewis County.

Quiemuth (pronounced *Kweye-ee'-mooth*), half-brother of Leschi, and leader of the Nisqually (though Klickitat by birth) will sadly be remembered most for how he died—assassinated by gunshot and stabbing in Territorial Governor Isaac Steven's house in 1856, where he was first brought after voluntarily surrendering for his part in the Indian war precipitated by dissatisfaction over the treaty lands designated to the Nisqually.

In preparation for comments on this name proposal, I climbed Quiemuth at the end of October. The Gifford Pinchot National Forest map came in handy since the 7.5-minute Eatonville quad doesn't show all the roads.

From Elbe, head south on Highway 7 for 2+ miles to Pleasant Valley road, which becomes road 74 as it skirts the south border of Alder Lake.

Spur 075 looked too rough, so I con-

tinued up the Little Nisqually to Mona Creek, then took road 7409 to spur 017 which dead-ends on the southeast ridge of Q at 2550-feet.

A short cross-country woods hike brought me shortly to the summit. Logging on the northwest flank opens up good views to the unusual triple-armed lower end of Alder Lake and the dam and on over to the Olympics.

On a quick review of the names applied to Cascade peaks, I can find only four other instances where an Indian has been honored on a USGS map: (1) *Saska Peak* (chief of the Entiat); (2) *Skadulgwas Peak* (a legendary woman of the Stillaguamish); (3) *Sitting Bull Mountain* (Sioux chief of the Battle of Little Big Horn fame); (4) *Sluiskin Chief and Squaw* (Yakima guide of Hazard Stevens on Rainier in 1870).—*John Roper, Bellevue.*

## THE BACKCOUNTRY AND TELEMAR EXPERTS



Featuring Tva, Karhu, Scarpa, Merrell, Leki, Asolo, Rossignol, Black Diamond and more! For more information call the Swallows' Nest

1-800/676-4041  
or 206/441-4100

2308 Sixth Avenue Seattle, Washington 98121

FINE GEAR FOR GREAT ESCAPES

SWALLOWS' NEST

## Having Trouble?

## We Can Help!



### Sun Mountain Ski School

fun & inspiring lessons and superb rental gear in  
the beautiful Methow Valley

**CALL 1-800-472-0593**

