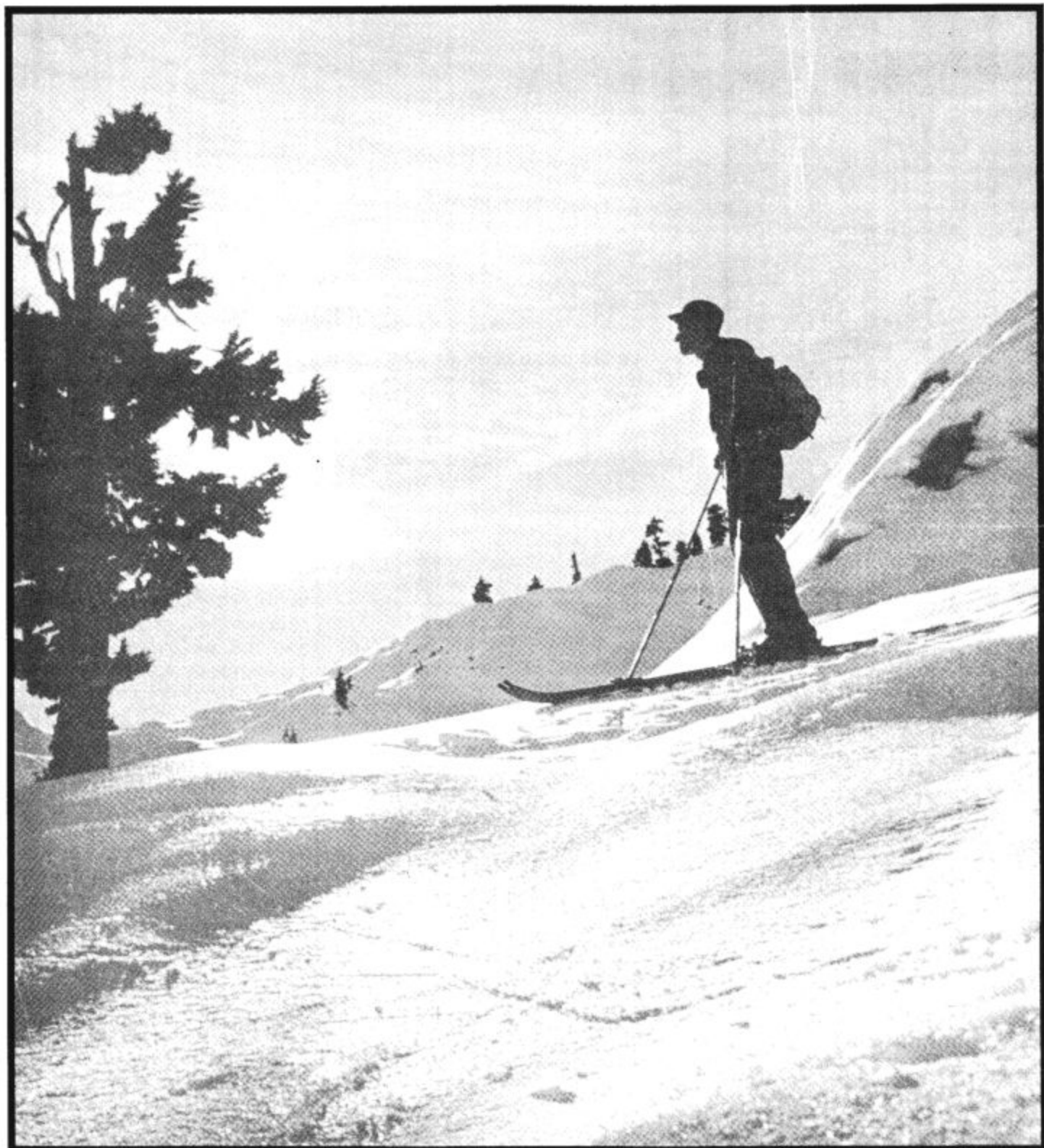



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Pack & Paddle

VOLUME 3, NUMBER 2



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Skiing on Mount Gladys, about 1939. Olympic National Park (then Forest), Washington. Photo by Bob and Ira Spring. See story page 16.

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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.

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PART OF THE FOOD CHAIN

Your publication is my favorite in the whole world. It is good to find out differences in philosophies as well as places to go.

We have done some hiking in grizzly bear habitat in Canada where we were not allowed to go to certain areas because of active bears.

We have hiked in the North Cascades when we became very aware of the presence of an unusually large bear.

It is just beyond me why anyone would want to encourage more grizzly bears in my favorite places [December, page 27; January, page 29]. I am part of the food chain, and flies, mosquitoes and ticks are bad enough.

Also I live in the country and have a few sheep. So maybe I have a strange attitude about predators like bears, wolves and mountain lions. Or maybe city-folk who enjoy the "wilderness experience" have a narrow focus.

If we all share love of the outdoors, we do have some common ground. Frequently *Pack & Paddle* reminds me of that.

Sally McFarland
Hubbard, Oregon

IMPACT OF RECREATION IS MAJOR ISSUE

Being so close to a bear population in Canada, I have for years assumed there were grizzly bears in the Cascade Mountains, so I am not surprised that some evidence of grizzlies has been found.

The proposed grizzly bear recovery in the North Cascades [December, page 27; January, page 29] is unique, for nowhere in this country has there been an attempt to enhance the population of a large wild animal such as the grizzly in the middle of such a densely populated area.

In preparing my response to the Draft North Cascades Grizzly Bear Ecosystem Recovery Plan (due February 12), I was dismayed to find nothing in the entire document that said anything about the impact hiking will have on the bears, or the bears on hikers. Unless, that is, education is considered the whole solution.

The Forest Service estimates there are annually 900,000 visitations to the Alpine Lakes Wilderness. There is no Forest Service estimate on the rest of

the recovery area but it must be another 500,000 to 1,000,000 for a total of 1,500,000 to 2,000,000 visitations on backcountry trails in the recovery zone.

Added to this are a million or more visitations by fishermen, picnickers and sightseers on primitive Forest Service roads. It is obvious the impact of recreation on the grizzly bear recovery program is a major issue.

While the success of recovery in Yellowstone and Glacier National Parks is impressive, the use of backcountry trails and primitive forest roads in those areas is only a fraction of the use in the North Cascades.

The heavy recreational use in the recovery area has been pointed out to the Grizzly Bear Commission many times, but has been ignored. The present draft of the recovery plan gives some details of the impact and possible solutions from hunting, logging, and farming.

Except for hunting, however, it avoids evaluating the impact recreation use on primitive roads and backcountry trails will have on the bears.

Although page 22 of the "Question and Answer" booklet says impact on recreation will be minimal, what do they mean? Will trails be closed to provide the solitude a bear requires? In Alaska the Forest Service urges hikers to carry rifles. Will that happen here (not in the National Park, but elsewhere)?

The Cascade Wilderness areas are all overused, so what will become of the 29 percent (1990 Washington Trails Association survey) of users who will not enter a known grizzly bear habitat? Will education alone be able to resolve the recreational impacts?

Granted, firm answers cannot be given at this time; however, the Draft Plan must include the impact of recreation on the grizzly bear recovery and possible solutions as it did with logging, hunting, and farming.

Ira Spring
Edmonds, Washington

SERIOUS PROBLEM

Your readers need more information regarding the serious problem which has arisen regarding the future safety and freedom for many outdoor enthusiasts.

This problem is being created by the US government's Grizzly Bear Recov-

ery Plan [see December, page 27; January, page 29].

This Plan would dedicate about 10,000 square miles in the north central region of the state for grizzly bear habitat.

The proposed area includes the entire North Cascades National Park Service complex; the Mount Baker-Snoqualmie National Forest north of I-90; and the Okanogan National Forest west of the Columbia and Okanogan Rivers. This includes the Glacier Peak and Alpine Lakes Wildernesses. It would surround the towns of Index, Concrete and Twisp. Also included in this grizzly bear habitat is about 10 percent of the private lands surrounding the federal lands.

Two government agencies—the Interagency Grizzly Bear Committee and the Fish and Wildlife Service—made the decision to designate the North Cascades a grizzly recovery area. They claim this is required by the Endangered Species Act.

The grizzly bear is *not* an endangered species at all. Thousands of grizzly bears live in Alaska and Canada. It is estimated that 10,000 grizzly bears live in British Columbia alone, and the grizzly population outnumbers human residents in the Yukon Territory.

This government proposal to introduce additional grizzly bears into this area will restrict the human use of this region. The goal of the Grizzly Bear Recovery Plan is to make this area the habitat of over 200 and possibly 400 grizzly bears.

In the event a person is injured or killed by a grizzly bear in this Recovery Area, these government agencies have stated that they would assume no responsibility and would accept no liability for having re-introduced the bears. The well-being, and even the lives, of all hikers and outdoor enthusiasts in this area would be subordinate to the well-being of the grizzly bears.

To try to restore this region to the ecological balance that existed before the white settlers came here is impossible as well as ridiculous. It cannot be restored, and should not be attempted.

A special subcommittee, the "Education and Information Subcommittee," has been established by the Interagency Grizzly Bear Committee to convince the public that this plan is good for us. Such a propaganda committee cannot

continued page 32

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.

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-  —Canoeing, kayaking and water trips.
-  —Snowshoeing and cross-country skiing.



PENINSULA



STAIRCASE RAPIDS

(Olympic Natl Park; USGS Mt Skokomish)—We arrived at the Staircase Ranger Station expecting to make the east loop hike along the North Fork Skokomish. An early December storm had changed things, however.

The ranger told us the area had about a foot of rainfall over a two-day period resulting in high water that drove a driftlog into the trail bridge that spans the river about 1/4 miles upvalley from the trailhead. While the bridge is still in place, it is closed until a replacement span can be installed.

We hiked the foot trail up the west side of the river to its crossing of Four Stream, with a short side trip to view the damaged span.

The trail is a delight for winter and wet-weather walks. No mudholes, just

quiet forest walking with changing views of the river. The trail passes through a portion of the 1985 "Beaver Fire" that affected the valley.

While we encountered a few winter blowdowns, the trail is in excellent shape up to Four Stream, where we decided to forego December wading to ford the creek!—Cleve and Marty Pinix, Olympia, 12/30.



GRAVES CREEK and COLONEL BOB

(Olympic Natl Park & Colonel Bob Wilderness; USGS Mt Hoquiam, Quinault Lk East, Colonel Bob)—In a place where they measure rain in feet per month, we got barely a heavy misting in three days in January at Lake Quinault, staying at the still-beautiful lodge.

On Saturday after a very late breakfast, I parked at the bridge where a barricade barred the way to Graves Creek. I left in a very slight mist. The road is heavily washed out and muddy in spots.

It was quiet and overcast. I walked upstream with the river at my left shoulder. Sometimes a rock got picked up and rumbled along the river. Sometimes you think you hear voices. (Frank Shaw deserves continued credit for apparently originating the phrase "river voices.")

I had my choice of picnic tables at Graves Creek. A crow joined me for dessert and let me move on (quickly in the fading January light) without a single scolding. I made it to the car just as it went black.

A perfect NOP (no other people) hike. Those days are still possible.

Day Two, Sunday, noon. I never

wanted to climb up what Bob Wood says is a steep trail that is named Colonel Bob. But I've done the other local trails so I started up. Yes, it is steep, rough in spots, and the dogs do bark below.

Fortunately, after an hour or so, the trail begins to level and just bump along for 1 1/2 miles of very pleasant walking. You can scramble over or around several major windfalls.

Ground fog and a low ceiling made it hard to see if there were any vistas.

After crossing the dry creek bed it was time to go back. But what's that on the trail up there? Someone's left a black garbage bag with some butter and a container of pepper. I picked it up and headed down.

I passed three teens, bare-chested, shirts tied around their waist, caps on backwards, coming up—time only for a hello and they were past.

I stopped at a large, handmade bridge (milepost 1.98). The river was dry but that's not what caught my eye: two empty pop cans had been thrown and were now looking up, insulting me. I could swear those cans were not there when I came up. Could those three teens have just tossed them? Would they?

NMP (no more people) the rest of the way. At the trailhead, I look around: bottles, cans, a fresh orange peel, pop cans, beer cans. All goes into my black plastic garbage sack. (I'm really a lot of fun to take to the ocean—I take a supply of garbage bags on every beach walk.)

There is more garbage at the trailhead than on the rest of the road. Trail users (I won't call them hikers) still need lessons in manners.

Now that we have to worry about be-

BACKCOUNTRY NEWS DEADLINE: February 19

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

ing shot it's probably not wise to say to someone, "Excuse me, sir, but I think you accidentally dropped thirteen beer cans and two potato chip bags."

No, you don't say anything. You get a big bag and you pick up the trash and think back over how much you enjoyed that hike, and how little a price it is to pay to pick up garbage for ten minutes. You even feel a little self-righteous about it.

There's a postscript: when I got back to the lodge, I thought they wouldn't mind if I dumped my trail garbage into their dumpsters. So I did. And then I noticed how many cans and bottles they're not recycling. I separated my trash and set it apart, next to the dumpster and hope that ARA, the people who manage Quinault, and Kalaloch too, will start a recycling program.

All this in the rain forest, on the trails, one NOP and one FOP (few other people) and, in all, another very good time to be alive.—W. Hoke, Kingston, 1/15-17.

OLYMPIC NATL PARK—High winds and rain from December storms caused extensive damage on the west side of the Park.

Hoh River trail: at least 25 downed trees. A portion of the Spruce nature trail remains closed because three fallen trees are snagged in a standing tree.

Beaches: A sandladder was destroyed by high surf and mud slides at North Taylor Point near Third Beach. A hand-line remains, but the ascent/descent of the bluff may be tricky at best and impossible for some.

The Mosquito Creek shelter collapsed, and all that remains is a pile of rubble. The debris will be removed later this spring and the shelter will not be replaced. Although not an historic structure, it was built before the era of lightweight tents and hiking equipment. The shelter was about 50 yards from



Sarah Creveling shares lunch with the gray jays on a ski trip to Reflection Lake, Mount Rainier.

Jane Habegger

the ocean and stood near the sandladder that leads to the trail over Hoh Head.

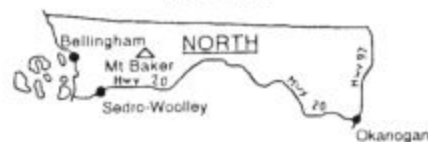
Numerous trees are down along the coastal trails and some campsites have been washed away at the edge of the forest by erosive big surf.

Quinault area: The Graves Creek road has five major washouts that will require extensive repairs. The road is closed at the Quinault River bridge. The North Fork road is open, however, to reach Irely Lake and the North Fork trailheads.

The North Shore road remains closed at milepost 9 due to a washout several years ago.

For current information, call 206-452-0330.—Ranger, 1/21.

NORTH



OAKES PEAK (Baker-Snoqualmie Natl Forest; USGS *Damnation Peak*)—Larry Lazzari, Cec Thomas, Mark DesVoigne and I made the ascent of this summit on a beautiful day: clear and sunny with no wind.

From the Bacon Creek road 1060, we turned right onto road 1062 (no sign, but first right). We followed the narrow road with numerous dips to the 4-mile marker (2400 feet). We could have driven farther with chains or snowtires and 4-wheel-drive.

The road switchbacks several times and then heads northwest toward the peak. We left the road at about 3600 feet near a stream and ascended through a clearcut to the southeast flank of the peak.

The timbered slope is steep in spots with a few cliffs. We encountered deep powder snow but didn't use snowshoes. We reached the summit (5696 feet) in 4 hours from the car. The top offers a fantastic panorama view of the Cascades, especially Bacon, Blum, Despair and Triumph peaks.—Dallas Kloke, Anacortes, 12/19.

THE ROOST (North Cascades Natl Park; USGS *Mt Triumph*)—Somehow I got the name of this place as "The Roost" and it kind of makes sense. [See *Beckey's Red Book*, page 76. John Roper made first ascent, 1966.—AMJ]

At Newhalem on Highway 20, go up to the group campground on Goodell Creek. Follow the abandoned logging road in the direction of the creek. In a couple of miles is a washout by one of the side streams which come down the gullies.

Cross the washout and you can find the (road) trail again. Watch for a cairn. From this cairn is a way-trail with some flagging which switchbacks up the mountainside to the northeast. (It's comparable to going up Sourdough.)

When you gain enough elevation you will come to timber line. The open country above has many fine places to lie about. If you climb up to the ridge you'll get a great view, with Terror and the Southern Pickets, of course, right in your lap!

Be careful about choosing the wrong gully down. You will either have to double back or sacrifice some. I slid down a peeled log in the stream, flipped under an ice-cold waterfall, and fin-

NEW ALPINE LAKES MAP

Pic-Tour's latest color map (18) printed yesterday is almost beyond words to describe, but I will try. It is a composite, huge area of color vertical and oblique aerial photos interspersed with 33 color scenic photos covering the almost complete choicest area of Cascade mountain peaks, lakes and scenic traverses beginning at Chikamin Peak north past Chimney Rock to Necklace Valley, then west past Foss Lakes to Gold and Dorothy Lakes, then east to Mount Daniel, curving northward past Marmot Lake to Fisher Lake with oblique aerial photos, continuing west to Lake Dorothy again. Eight of the 9 pages can be joined making a massive aerial section of "millions" of lakes and mountain peaks accessible from normal entry points.

Normal price of color maps—\$15 plus \$1.50 WSST/handling—is already a special; in fact, the price will likely rise. Junior colleges and some USFS ranger districts have been purchasing these color maps, introduced this year by Pic-Tour, for possible display to the public. Order now! RMK 1/20/94.

Pic-Tour Guide Maps 29118 23rd Ave S Federal Way WA 98003

BACKCOUNTRY NEWS

REPORTS AND CONDITIONS

ished the descent soaked through. I am sure I looked like a half-drowned otter.

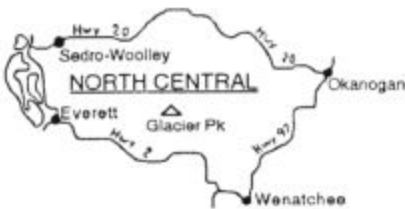
I didn't see anyone and I didn't see any litter—old fire rings and flags being the exception.

The Newhalem Rangers are real unfriendly about the group camp—no exceptions. You can use the walk-in camp at Newhalem campground for 7 bucks the night.—DF, Mount Vernon.

OKANOGAN NATL FOREST—Skiing is good in most of the county. Trails in the Methow and North Summit areas are groomed. For up-to-date groomed trail information in the Methow, call 800-682-5787.

Trails adjacent to the Highlands Snow Park near Havillah are groomed and have good skiing at higher elevations. This area could use more snow.—Ranger, 1/12.

NORTH CENTRAL



ISLAND COUNTY HIGH POINT (*USGS Camano Island, Juniper Beach*)—The latest interesting list to me is that of the *High Points of the 39 Counties of Washington* by Andy Martin.

From his home in Tucson, Arizona (actually, the map room at the U of Arizona library), he has figured out the high points of all counties in all the western and northeast states.

He tells me that our Island County (which consists of Whidbey and Camano Islands) has the lowest high point of any county in the western US. The other peculiar thing about this county is that it has four points—four different 580+ foot closed-contour lines—that could qualify as the high point.

With Karen and our 2-month-old, Aaron, I set off to conquer these four giants in December. Aaron essentially made it to two of the summits in his car seat. Cross Island Road accesses short spurs off the crest of Camano Island (Sequoia Place to the south, Ezdazit Road to the north) which puncture two of the 580+ contours.

I thrashed a few feet through blackberry bushes and salmonberry to the other two laughable summits.—John Roper, Bellevue, 12/93.

IRON MOUNTAIN (*Baker-Snoqualmie Natl Forest; USGS Day Lake*)—This forested mountain is located on the south side of the Skagit River about 4 miles southeast of Hamilton.

From Sedro Woolley take the South Skagit Highway and drive about 11 miles; just past Loretta Creek, take road 17 (Finney-Cumberland). I drove 4.5 miles to the intersection with road 1755 and followed it for about 3 miles. The snow-covered road was well-packed because of heavy snowmobile traffic.

I hiked to the 6-mile marker (about 4000 feet), taking a left branch which leads around a hill to the northeast flank of the mountain. The final climb is up the northeast shoulder through open timber. The summit is tree-covered but is open on the northeast for good views of Mounts Baker and Shuksan.

This would be a good cross-country ski ascent through clearcuts with views of the Skagit River valley as well as the Twin Sisters Range and other peaks.—Dallas Kloke, Anacortes, 12/28.

WHITE CHUCK BENCH (*Baker-Snoqualmie Natl Forest; USGS White Chuck Mtn*)—We drove out of the fog and into the sunshine as we left Everett heading for Darrington. The Mountain Loop highway was frosty in places.

South of Darrington we turned left on the White Chuck River road 23 and continued 5.5 miles to the bridge over the river. On the other side we found the parking area for the east end of the White Chuck Bench trail.

The trail follows the river westward and started out with a couple of steep ups and downs. Flat, slippery logs cross the streams, except for the third crossing. Here the log has fallen into the stream, making for a tricky crossing. On our return we had to negotiate this in the dark.

For several miles we hiked along an old railroad grade. We were rewarded with views of Glacier, Pugh and White Chuck.

There are trees down across the trail, but it was easy to get over or around them. Because of our late start, we had to turn around before we got to Black Oak Creek. Two women going east told

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BACKCOUNTRY NEWS

REPORTS AND CONDITIONS

us that there is a bridge across and not to worry about having to ford.

This is a great winter hike. Steve especially liked the huge cedar trees in a stand of old-growth timber.—Linda Rostad, Bothell, 1/20.

NORTH FORK SKYKOMISH (*Baker-Snoqualmie Natl Forest; USGS Blanca Lk, Benchmark Mtn*)—We drove up the North Fork Road 63 to the old Blanca Lake trailhead. Snow was on the road from Troublesome Creek Campground.

We were able to walk about a mile before having to put on our snowshoes. Fresh snow covered the trees and dark clouds hung on the ridges around us. The sun would break through a hole and highlight areas as we walked up the road.

We went as far as the North Fork trailhead. Snow was about six inches deep where we turned around. We enjoyed the sunset as we returned to our car just as it got dark.—Linda and Steve Rostad, Bothell, 1/7.

PCT, Upper Whitechuck crossing—A tree fell across the bridge last summer causing breaks in the bridge supports and shattering several handrail sections. Use of the bridge by hikers or horses is considered extremely hazardous. No other crossing is available at this spot. Funding is being sought for repairs.—Ranger, 1/14.

MOUNTAIN LOOP HIGHWAY—Open and snowfree except for some slush at Barlow Pass.—Ranger, 1/14.

MOUNT PILCHUCK—Road is snowfree 7 miles, to within 2 miles of trailhead. Seasonal motor vehicle closure to 4/1.—Ranger, 1/14.

SUN MOUNTAIN—It's 35 degrees and yes, the snow is mushy, but grooming helps keep it in good shape. The diagonal stride tracks are very nice for waxless skis.

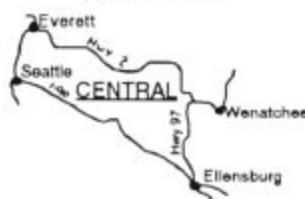
Just like everywhere else, the snowpack is thinning, especially on south-facing slopes, but all trails here are open except for the route right across Patterson Lake. Keep your fingers crossed for more snow!—Jo at the Sun Mountain Ski Shop, 1/25.

STEHEKIN—The *Lady Express* is on its winter schedule (*Lady of the Lake* is resting until spring). The *Express* leaves Chelan at 10am, Field's Point at 10:50; arrives Stehekin at 12:25pm. It leaves Stehekin at 12:40pm, arrives Field's Point at 2:15 and Chelan at 3, Monday, Wednesday and Friday. For fares and other info, call 509-682-2224.

LAKE WENATCHEE DISTRICT—No new snow has fallen for several weeks, and temperatures have been above freezing. Snow depth at the ranger station was 10 inches on 1/14. Ski tracks at the state park are still being groomed, but rocks and bare ground will appear without new snow. There's still plenty of snow at the Stevens Pass Nordic Center.

The Lake Wenatchee cross-country ski guide is available at the ranger station for 50 cents.—Ranger 1/18.

CENTRAL



GREEN MOUNTAIN (*Weyerhaeuser property; USGS Mount Si, Chester Morse Lake*)—This is one of 14 Green Mountains in the state, just up the Si ridge, the next summit beyond Mount Teneriffe.

This name is the most common name for a summit in Washington, beating out Red, Goat, Huckleberry, Iron, and tying with Bald.

About 2.2 miles past the Mount Si trailhead, Bruce's Suburban began echoing with groans from Chris and Jim. Weyerhaeuser had gated our access road here at 1300 feet. This left us an extra, unwanted 2+ miles each way of dirt-road walking.

Staying on the main drag (the old CCC Road), we found ourselves actually enjoying the stroll and its sweeping views up the Snoqualmie Middle Fork, once we were on top of the perfectly-flat, 1600-foot Puget moraine and old lake bed.

As we stepped off the Chester Morse map onto the Mount Si quad, it helped to have the old 15-minute Mount Si map to show the Green Mountain road. It's pretty obvious though.

The soon undrivable road basically switchbacks up just inside the east boundary of Section 4. We followed it up (north) across a stream at 2300 feet and on to the crest of the east-southeast ridge of Green at 3000 feet and expansive views.

This ridge offered a good direct x-c route with a bit of old-growth walking and minimal brush to the 4824 foot summit. The December dry spell made snowshoes unnecessary.

The views from the summit were unobstructed to the north, east, and south, though a fringe of trees screened the views west. The four highest volcanoes

were clearly visible, and the cliffs of Garfield and Russian Buttes, impressive.

Looking to satisfy loop requirements, we climbed the 4760 foot south summit for clear views west, then continued south along the ridge crest toward Teneriffe before being stymied by a short class 4 section.

The next hour-plus was spent worrying a way down treed cliffs into the southeast basin of Green to a spur road that connected back to our up-route. 3 hours 50 minutes up from the car, 3 hours 25 minutes down a bad route.—John Roper, Bellevue, 12/26.

GRANITE CREEK (*Weyerhaeuser property; USGS Banderaj*)—I chose this for my annual Christmas hike (*Footsore 2*, page 86): a tree-farm road-walk off the Middle Fork road out of North Bend.

On a gloomy grey day like today, the width of a dirt road meant more light and seemed more cheerful than a footpath through thick woods. The road starts .3-mile from Valley Camp, and rises to the right.

At first the road, surrounded by beginning grow-back of a clearcut, was covered by a thick crystalline frost that crunched underfoot. The road soon curved around to a Y: I tried the left road.

Bittersweet views to the left were clearcuts and uncut, snow-tipped mountains. The gravel road turned to a leaf-mulch-covered one, and in 1 mile was swallowed by saplings. I pushed through, but the trail ended at a cliff overlooking deep woods.

Back at the Y, I went right. This road entered a second-growth wood and made for very pleasant walking. I heard scurrings under heavily frosted undergrowth. Mice, I think. A crow cawing high overhead seemed good company.

Every few minutes I reached another creek; later I glanced to the side of the road and saw a cold green pool, white bits of frost on top, and part of the surface of the water laced with almost-ice. Birds hopped under the ferns, and the winter sun rode the ridges.

At a T, I tried the left turn (it ended quickly) and back at the T took the right road around to the 1½ mile point, with great views across the valley, then to the 2-mile point, for even better views. There I turned back.

Is it worth it to hike on tree-farm roads? The up side is that you can walk fast and get good exercise: they're often not muddy or snowy, and they get more light on dark winter days than forest trails.

On the down side, trudging along a gravel road counting shotgun shells



Terry Woodburn

Skiers above the clouds (during a better snow year than this one!), Mount Adams Wilderness.

and beer cans and overlooking clearcuts may not meet your hiking needs.

I liked it okay. It made for a pleasant afternoon of trudging.—Lisa Bliss Darling, Seattle, 12/26.

KENDALL PEAK (*Alpine Lks Wilderness; USGS Snoqualmie Pass*)—Mark DesVoigne and I enjoyed the continued good weather by doing this small peak 2 miles northeast of Snoqualmie Pass.

We parked near the Sahale Ski Club on the Alpentel Road, and hiked north up the road which reaches the homes below Guye Peak. From the deadend road, we hiked across a sort of brushy slope and then into the forest leading up Commonwealth Basin.

About 1½ miles from the car, we climbed up steeper, timbered slopes to the beginning of the large snow slope below the south face of Kendall (4800 feet). This slope is avalanche-prone but was in good condition.

We ascended a wide, shallow couloir up the face; one small section of ice and about 40 degrees in steepness.

Just below the summit, we traversed left and then up easier ground to the top. Summit is corniced.

The climb took 3¼ hours and we didn't use snowshoes. Several route possibilities exist from the snow slope below, the easiest probably being up the southeast side.—Dallas Kloke, Anacortes, 12/23.



STEVENS PASS NORDIC CENTER (*USGS Labyrinth Mtn, Stevens Pass*)

Starting early beats the crowds. I went with two of my fellow Norski Alpine ski instructors who had never been on cross-country skis.

The tracks are well groomed and are on interesting terrain. The mileage has been increased by having many loops on the "valley" side of the Main Line.

The Main Line is the original Sno-Park trail. The loops take the skier away from the power lines. There are great tracks on either side of a nice wide skating area. More difficult terrain is on the eastside hill of the valley.

The trail pass is \$6 and a ski rental package is \$14. They are open 9am to 4pm Friday, Saturday, Sunday and holidays.—Nancy South, alpine & nordic instructor, Stevens Pass, 1/15.

SKYKOMISH DISTRICT—Foss River road is drivable for 4 miles, then road closed. Tonga Ridge road is drivable for the first 2 miles.—Ranger, 1/18.

NORTH BEND DISTRICT—The Snoqualmie Pass Visitors' Center is offering the popular Snowshoe Ranger Walks every weekend until March 20. Sign-up is first-come, first served, or call the Visitors' Center the morning of the hike to reserve a spot: 206-434-6111.

There's about 3 feet of wet, soggy snow on the ground at Snoqualmie

Pass. Call 206-236-1600 for downhill skiing information; call 509-656-2230 for I-90 Corridor Snow-Park information.—Ranger, 1/18.

LEAVENWORTH DISTRICT—The Tronsen Meadow/Blewett Pass ski touring area has been signed and is a great place for non-tracked skiing. A map of these trails is available at the ranger station. The Leavenworth Winter Sports Club maintains three groomed tracks; pick up a brochure at the Ranger Station.

Permit applications for the Enchantments will be accepted 2/25 (do not postmark them earlier!). The permit season begins 6/15.—Ranger, 1/18.

COULTER CREEK ROAD—The road is being plowed this winter for logging.—Ranger, 1/18.

CLE ELUM DISTRICT—New this season is a snowshoe and ski area on the east side of Highway 97 from Hurley Creek to the Swauk Sno-Park bordered by roads 9711 and 9716.

Other ski routes off Highway 97 include Iron Creek, Old Blewett, Hovey Creek and Wenatchee Ridge. All are ungroomed except Pipe Creek and Wenatchee Ridge which have been groomed and track-set once.—Ranger, 1/18.

BACKCOUNTRY NEWS

REPORTS AND CONDITIONS

SOUTH CENTRAL



SUGARLOAF MOUNTAIN

(private; USGS Cumberland)

—This hillock provides a pastoral alternative to the citified Issaquah Alps for 4th-season dayhiking.

My source for directions was John Roper's February 1992 *Signpost* article (page 8). To summarize, the hike begins 2.7 miles east of Ravensdale Market on Kent-Kangley Road, at gated logging road right, across from 320th Avenue left.

Walk the gravel road south under power lines and 200 yards farther to a Y. (John's "bullet-riddled washing machine" is long gone.)

Taking the left fork, the road appears to have been re-graded since John's report, and is no longer his "grassy lane" as it contours around the south side of the hill. But after one-third mile it ab-

ruptly reverts to his "rock path."

John described two routes to the wooded summit: a forest road left where main trail flattens at .8-mile, and 100 yards farther a sidepath on left.

A third alternative is earlier—300 yards from the end of graded road a trail enters obliquely left. It swings around the western prow of the hill. I ran out of time to pursue it upward from there.

The main trail, continuing straight ahead from the third lefthand junction, gently descends from the saddle, crosses a creek, and emerges on the rim of a sand quarry. The scarp is a great lunch spot, looking south down the Kanasket valley to Grass Mountain and Rainier.—Andy Carr, Bellevue, 12/25.



GRAND PARK (Mt Rainier Natl Park; USGS White River Park, Sunrise)

—I have always wanted to go to Grand Park in the winter and I finally made it. After we got Christmas out of the way and a kid on the recovery from chicken pox, the weather forecast cooperated with three days of dry weather before the long cold spell broke.

Tom and I couldn't convince anyone else that this would be three great days

of snowshoeing and/or skiing, so we went alone.

We were quite pleased to find the road drivable to Huckleberry Creek (2960 feet), eliminating 4 miles of road approach. With a high clearance 4-wheel drive (which we don't have), you could have driven at least 2 miles farther; others had. Eventually we followed snowmobile tracks on the road for the last mile to Eleanor Creek (4480 feet).

Once we left the road we had to put on snowshoes. It's about 3 miles to Grand Park and not very difficult terrain to route-find through. Tom did a great job and soon we were crossing the Lake Eleanor/Grand Park trail.

We arrived in Grand Park 4½ hours from the car and very tired. It was heavenly: a huge meadow of pristine snow with the Mountain taking up the whole field of vision.

We stomped out a large tent platform, then put on our skis for a tour of the park while the snow consolidated. The meadow is enormous. It took us two hours to circumnavigate the park. Lots of interesting animal tracks to figure out and a couple of little hills to run down.

Returning to our packs we set up the tent and went about the business of preparing dinner as the sky colored and the sun set. The nearly-full moon rose almost at the same time.

We had everything done at 5:30. This is one of the drawbacks of winter camping—the long cold nights, but what a night this was. A moon, no wind, and ski tracks already set in the snow around the meadow. So soon we were skiing in the moonlight, doing our loop in reverse. Never needed my headlight. Only took an hour and 45 minutes this time around.

Our destination for day two was Sunrise. A red sky in the morning was picturesque, but as a cloudcap settled on the Mountain most of our sunshine was filtered for the day. We took the skis with us and made good time to the southern end of Grand Park. We put on our snowshoes there. From previous experience we knew we would make better time with snowshoes the rest of the way.

No other tracks went to Sunrise but we were able to follow the trail by map and compass and cut logs. The snow in Berkeley Park was fantastic.

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BACKCOUNTRY NEWS

REPORTS AND CONDITIONS

The snow crystals were huge. I picked up several 3 inches across (no exaggeration!). It was like walking through broken glass.

Frozen Lake was frozen and we found the traverse along Sourdough Ridge to be so firm and crusted that we took off the snowshoes and put on crampons. This should have told us that the skiing in Yakima Park was going to be lousy but I wanted to see it anyway.

Skiing on the slopes above Sunrise was too icy, but the parking lot and the service road to Shadow Lake were just fine. We put snowshoes back on for the climb up to Frozen Lake and the return trip to Grand Park.

Following our snowshoe tracks in the dark was not too hard. Reaching Grand Park at 6pm, we put skis back on for the glide back to camp.

Refreshed after a meal, and with the moon coming out, we built an igloo just for the fun of it, and had it capped off in about two hours.

We awoke to a sunny day and after a leisurely breakfast we broke camp. Took a side trip over to Lake Eleanor on the way out. I had never been there.

We saw no one the whole three days, but someone had come in on the middle day as there were ski tracks over our snowshoe tracks in Grand Park.—Sara Matoi, Kent, 12/27-29.

REFLECTION LAKE (*Mt Rainier Natl Park; USGS Mt Rainier East*)—Bill snowshoed and I skied down the Paradise Valley road to Reflection Lake on December 5, 18, and 26. We had varying conditions, skiing in just sweaters on two of the days and bundled up on the third. The snow varied from very good to poor.

I returned with our friends Jenni and Chuck and Sarah (7) and Cole (2) on New Year's Eve. Cole tried his hand at toddler-sized skis and seemed to enjoy the experience. Later he was transport-

ed by his dad in a Gerry pack. Sarah did well on the trip down. Skiing is old hat to her—she broke in the skis that her younger brother is using now.

When Daisy and I returned to do the same route on January 9, winter had really arrived. Above Narada Falls chains were required and the wind was very strong, with snow falling all day.

We skied to the lake but were nearly blown off the mountain. We ate some lunch at a sheltered spot by the lake. On the trip back up to Paradise, the wind was at our backs most of the way. It was so strong that it blew us both uphill at one point. This is not an exaggeration. I don't know how strong the winds were but I would guess 50 to 60 mph.

With such severe weather, the trip was much more tiring than I ever would have imagined. We were happy to get to the car, take off our snowy gear and munch on the rest of our lunch on the trip back.—Jane Habegger, Olympia, 1/9.

MOWICH LAKE (*Mt Rainier Natl Park; USGS Mowich Lk, Golden Lks*)—Our friends Leslie and Craig joined Bill, Daisy and me for our first ski trip of the season on the road to Mowich Lake.

When we arrived at the trailhead for the Paul Peak loop where the road is closed in winter, there was no snow. So we decided to hike the road.

We reached the snow line in about 20 minutes so the group consensus was to return to the car and get our skis and snowshoes. Leslie, Craig and Bill snowshoed. Daisy and I skied.

It rained pretty steadily the whole day and the snow was not real great.—Jane Habegger, Olympia, 1/9.

MIMA MOUNDS—Tip for spring: a couple of years ago the Mima Mounds south of Olympia were logged by helicopter to help keep the meadows open.

They were burned in '92 and '93 and we have it on good authority that this

spring—about May—those burned-over meadows will be full of blooming camas.

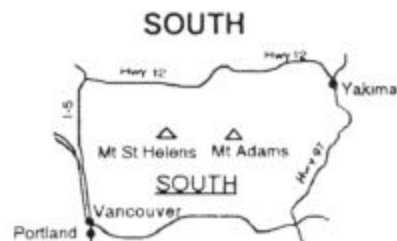
WHITE RIVER DISTRICT—Lack of snow is keeping the Greenwater Sno-Park up high this year. It is located at Meadow Creek and is bare of snow.

The Huckleberry Sno-Park has snow patches for about 3 miles, then it is okay for skiing. The lower route is worse—4 miles to skiable snow. Silver Creek Sno-Park at the entrance to Rainier on Highway 410 has patches of snow through the timber until you reach the highway; decent skiing from there on into the Park.—Ranger, 1/13.

NACHES DISTRICT—Skiing and snowshoeing have not been outstanding. Although there is plenty of snow over 4000 feet, below that it is thin.

During the last week, access roads have melted out to dirt and gravel. It looks like spring. But the roads are saturated and soft and will collapse if driven on.

An eagle survey is being conducted above the junction of Highways 12 and 410. If you see an eagle, note the type (bald or golden), the time, and the place you saw it. You can mail or drop off your observations at the Ranger Station, 10061 Highway 12, Naches WA 98937.



MOUNT ADAMS DISTRICT—The Mount Adams area has 27 miles of signed ski trails, 13 from the Atkisson Sno-Park, and 16 from the Pine Side and Smith Butte Sno-Parks.

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BACKCOUNTRY NEWS

REPORTS AND CONDITIONS

and Bench Lakes and Bird Creek Meadows, is closed to the public until 7/1. The Yakama Nation requests that climbers please not climb Mount Adams from the Reservation side until Tract D opens again.

For Peterson Prairie Cabin rental information, call the Ranger Station, 509-395-2070.—Ranger, 1/5.


SAINT HELENS—Permit season runs 5/15 to 11/1. Call 206-750-3900 for permit information.—Ranger, 1/5.

WIND RIVER DISTRICT—We really need a temperature drop to help out the skiing. The snow we got last week is gone.

For paddling, the rivers are out of control and way too high. For those wanting information on the East Fork Lewis at Sunset Campground, just call the caretaker, Ken Bidwell, 206-868-3489. He'll be happy to check the stream levels for you.

A drive in the Gorge on a rainy day is great for birding. The tundra swans are in at Franz Lake.—Ranger, 1/5.

OREGON

 **MOUNT HOOD** (*Mt Hood Wilderness; USGS Mt Hood South*)—The high gusty winds of Fri-

day night gave way to a calm, clear and cold Saturday morning.

The sun reddened the sky as twelve OSATers headed up from Timberline Lodge. Snow conditions were great and before long we took a rest at the top of the lifts.

Passing around Crater Rock brought the steaming vents into view and the source of the nauseating, for some of us, sulfur odor. Ascending the famous Hogsback led us up to the cliffs of the summit ridge and the exit chute. The cliffs, beautiful from below, are exquisite up close, with their delicate rime formations.

The descent was uneventful for us, but a lone skier with his dog was having a hard time. Having skied from the ridge, a little farther north, down to the Crater Rock area, the skier discovered his dog was still near the summit ridge. He was still headed back up coaxing his dog as we headed down.—David Nordstrom, Tacoma, 12/18.

IDAHO

SAWTOOTH NATL REC AREA—The January thaw is settling in. We'll just wait for the good snow storms of February.

The North Valley trail system has about 80km of groomed trails. Dogs are

allowed on North Fork trail, Boulder Mountain trail from NRA Headquarters to Easley, Billy's Bridge and Titus Lake.

When you go over the summit into the Sawtooth Valley, you have your choice of two scenic groomed ski trails: Alturas Lake (10km) and Park Creek (5.9km). Dogs allowed on both trails.

Conditions are great for backcountry skiing, too—just watch for rocks and stumps. Call the Avalanche Hotline at 208-622-8027 for the latest report.—Roma Nelson & Kathy Kempa, Sawtooth NRA, 1/17.

ELSEWHERE



SALT CREEK HILLS

(*Death Valley Natl Monument; USGS Grotto Canyon, Beatty Junction*)—This hike leads to some of the only flowing surface water to be found inside Death Valley.

Salt Creek has a 1½-mile nature trail that can be reached from a .2-mile dirt road off Highway 190 about 15 miles north of Furnace Creek.

This hike follows a path across the valley floor several miles, past stands of mesquite and creosote, to a spring and then eventually to the seep forming the headwaters of Salt Creek.

Great views of the surrounding

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.

SKI RACK—Thule ski rack for sale. For vehicle with gutters. Locking version holds four pairs skis plus 3 more pairs without lock, plus kayak attachment. \$90. 206-462-6089 (Bellevue).

SKI RACK—For 10 pairs of skis. Specially designed Barrecrefter for full-size vans. \$95. Nancy South, 206-483-5037 (Lynnwood).

SKIS—200cm telemark skis with bindings. \$95. Nancy South, 206-483-5037 (Lynnwood).

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

CLIMBING GEAR—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).

BIVVY, SKIS—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).

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

A GUIDEBOOK ON WINTER CLIMBS—Is out of print until fall. At that time, author Dallas Kloke expects to have a supplement with new peaks, changes, and corrections. We'll let you know when it is available again.

OSAT—A clean and sober climbing and mountaineering club. 206-236-9674.

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).

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 weed eaters, 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.

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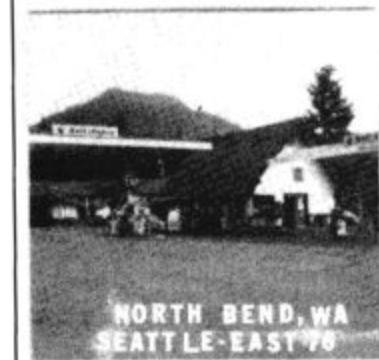
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BACKCOUNTRY NEWS

REPORTS AND CONDITIONS

mountains are visible the entire way. Waterfowl can usually be seen in the larger pools of Salt Creek, along with the famous desert pupfish.

Start this hike 6.2 miles east of Stove Pipe Wells on Highway 190, directly across from the south entrance to the Sand Dunes road. Look for a faint road heading south and follow it. The road soon fades out.

Take a bearing on the hills to your left, several miles away, and head in their general direction. As you approach these hills in about 3 miles, you will notice a large thicket of mesquite trees. Head toward these and look for a 2-inch pipe marking the site of McLean Spring, a very brackish pool of water.

From here, you can go west a few hundred feet to a sign marking the reported site where the main party of '49ers known as the "Jayhawkers" burned their wagons and smoked the oxen so they would have meat for their trip out of the valley and on to civilization.

From McLean Spring, follow a path southwest, staying above the cattailed wetlands on your right. Soon, Salt Creek will appear, flowing at several gallons a minute. Ducks should be seen on the several pools that form.

Continue on this path for another 2 miles until you arrive at the attractive boardwalk built by the Park Service for the Salt Creek nature trail. Here in some of the shallower pools you should be able to see the desert pupfish.

Retrace your steps the 5 miles back to your car. It will now be several hours later in the day, and the lighting will make much of the landscape look new.

Though this hike passes lots of water, none of it is readily drinkable; carry your own—at least 2 to 4 quarts per person, depending on the weather. You will be in the direct sunlight the whole trip, so wear a hat too.—Fred and Wilma, Death Valley, 11/28.



ASHFORD CANYON AND MINE

(Death Valley Natl Monument; USGS Shoreline Butte)—Though this hike is only about 6.5 miles and 2200 feet, we decided to make it an overnight. There is much to explore here and we did not want to be rushed by the short winter days.

Drive about 47 miles south of Furnace Creek on the Badwater road to the site of the old Ashford Mill. Directly across the highway from these ruins is an obvious dirt road heading off to the east.

The Black Mountains here are very rugged and form an enticing backdrop. Follow this jeep road east and then northeast as it contours along some low hills on your left. Stay left at about 1/4 miles where the road splits. The jeep

path climbs steadily up the alluvial fan, and in about 3 1/2 miles drops into the canyon.

Follow up the canyon floor and watch for a faint road climbing the north canyon wall. Take this now-closed road up as it bypasses a dry waterfall blocking the canyon. Should you miss this faint road, you will soon come to this dry fall, and will be forced to backtrack down the canyon to search for the path.

The route now enters the canyon floor again and continues to climb. The walls of the canyon are several hundred feet high, and in several places narrow to just a few feet. You will encounter two more detours up and around some dry falls as you climb.

At about 6 miles, you will come to an old bed springs and other old junk, and there will be an old road switchbacking up to the left (north). Follow this path up 1/2-mile to several old buildings and the site of the Ashford mine.

Most of the mine shafts and tunnels have been closed over by the Park Service, but be very careful anyway. Search southeast for the old outdoor privy perched above a steep vertical chute on the side of the mountain. Scary but, we suppose, effective. Lots of old mining equipment lying around to check out. Park Service regulations say you leave it all there, though.

There is no water on this hike. We leave our stove home on these waterless overnights, and take food that does not need cooking (fruits, sandwiches).

On the trip back down the canyon, we had great views of a framed valley, as well as snow-capped, 11,049-foot Telescope Peak looming to the northwest.—Fred and Wilma, Death Valley, 12/6-7.



KIT FOX CANYON, GOBLIN WASH

(Death Valley Natl Monument; USGS Shoreline Butte)

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

Valley Natl Monument; USGS Stove Pipe Wells)—As with most hikes in Death Valley, this one has no trail. It does, however, follow parts of a long-closed dirt road that ran between the early 1900 mining towns of Rhyolite and Skidoo.

Most of the hike follows a wash or canyon up and then back down Kit Fox Hills. Chances are extremely good you won't see another person. About 1 mile of paved road walking is required to close this 8.5-mile loop.

Drive north 2.4 miles on the Scotty's Castle road, past where it intersects with the Daylight Pass road. Park off the road, just opposite of where the Sand Dunes road goes off to the west.

Scan the low Kit Fox Hills to the east, and notice the only obvious gap slicing back into them. Head off for 1/2-mile across the sloping desert floor to it.

Once at the gap, you will see you are now entering a broad canyon. Go east up the canyon, bearing right in about a mile where a major side canyon comes in from the left. Great views of prominent Corkscrew Peak are to the northeast.

Watch for old telegraph poles up on the canyon walls to the right. These linked the towns of Rhyolite and Skidoo in conjunction with the old road you are about to meet.

At about 2 1/2 miles, watch for an obvious old road coming steeply down a low ridge from the right. Follow this up and onto the top of the ridge. Though this road was built around 1906, and probably hasn't been used for 50 years, this section is in remarkably good shape.

The road follows the low ridge for about 1/2-mile, then drops back down into a wash, where it temporarily disappears again. Sections of the road will appear as you continue east up the wash. In about another half-mile, the wash widens and flattens and a faint path leads off to the right just past the last high hill on the right.

Now heading south, with a series of low hills on the right (west), go about 1/4-mile and watch for the first large canyon opening on your right. This is Goblin Wash.

Enter, and follow it a very scenic 3 miles west, with great views of the Sand Dunes and the Valley floor. Also notice the strangely eroded rock and mud formations lining the walls as you travel down the wash.

Upon leaving the wash, head in a northwest direction until you intersect the Scotty's Castle road, and follow this back up about 1 mile to your car. There is no water on this trip, so bring 2 to 4 quarts per person, depending on the temperature.—Fred and Wilma, Death Valley, 11/29.

TERRY ROCKAFELLAR

CIRCLE LAKE

—CROSS-COUNTRY IN THE ALPINE LAKES WILDERNESS—

Surprisingly big for being perched on the south side of Mount Daniel over 6000 feet high, Circle Lake is rimmed with sparse vegetation and just a few groups of alpine firs.

My son Mickey and I reached it on a bright but chilly August day last summer. Streaks of fresh snow from an unseasonable storm lingered in sunless locations along the Pacific Crest Trail and its side path to Peggy's Pond.

The cross-country traverse from there, passing through just the right notch at about 6500 feet, gave us great views of Deep Lake in its green valley far below.

This was Mickey's first visit to Circle Lake, and he set off to research the waters while I set up camp—in preparation for him to make the dinner. I put the tent on a sand patch and arranged our gear on rocks, where we could avoid stressing the tundra.

Sadly it appeared that a large party of campers had recently trampled down an entire bowl of heather, and besides had littered private places on the cliff-top overlooking Deep Lake with innumerable pieces of toilet paper.

This can be a windy location to spend an evening, but we managed to shelter ourselves comfortably enough with our packs. The next morning, August 26, was calm and clear, and we contemplated the planned adventure of the day: a scramble for a possible look at Spade and Venus Lakes, beyond the ridge to the west of us.

A previous trip to the area suggested this might be worth a try, and homework with the topographic map didn't reveal any definite obstacles. Still, you never can tell until you get there.

In fact, as we hiked in this time we could see already from a distance that any optimism about us mere scramblers getting over this ridge was unfounded. Steep slopes that might have turned out to be boulder staircases looked to be no better than granite slabs and gravelly slides.



Anyway, we could certainly get some of the way up, and this would be fun in itself. Gulliver and Mojo, our pack dogs, volunteered to carry everything for us on their backs, so we all could be four-legged where needed.

Well, one thing led to another, and without doing anything risky we did get all the way to the panoramic high point of the ridge. From there we could see Spade Lake, but not Venus Lake down in its narrow cirque. This wasn't a way to cross the ridge, either. Too cliffy on the other side.

We backtracked a bit and next tried to follow the Circle Lake side of the divide toward its far end, so as to reach a half-frozen lakelet we could see perched up there. This didn't turn out to be hard, and the dogs got to cool off by slithering their undersides down old snow fingers (their favorite version of skiing).

Lunch at the lakelet-side was time for a good rest. The dogs gulped down their "lamb cookies." Mickey entertained Mojo by skipping stones across the glazed surface where she couldn't retrieve them, just yearn and whimper. Gulliver, with the perspective of his years, had no use for such antics.

Starting to head again toward camp, we spotted a possible gap in the ridge's defenses that might yet allow us to cross to the other side. Sure enough, a faintly visible trail did carry us over, although not without some very careful stepping. (I was glad not to have a pack on.)

We were next able to descend through boulders and steep, stony meadow to heather benches several hundred feet above Spade and Venus—all glory country.

Time was running out, so we didn't go all the way to the shores, nor did we even get to convince ourselves it definitely was possible. Some cliffy spots remained out of full sight, and they would have had to be scouted to be sure. But we did get some fine pictures of both lakes and the surrounding terrain.

Our second night at Circle Lake was as nice as the first. We hiked out the next day feeling very satisfied. A couple of miles from the end we met a couple backpacking in, who said they were being nagged by the feeling they might have forgotten to lock up their car. Would we check it for them?

They turned out to be right. It was good we could do the locking and they could enjoy their mountain night without worrying.

One unpleasant note was the frequent overflights by military jets. Over and over in the three days we were there, a pair would scream out of the south, slice just a couple of hundred feet above Peggy's Pond, passing along the side of Cathedral Rock and then exit north through Deception Pass.

Juvenile thrill seekers playing with multimillion-dollar toys we bought for them? How can this be permitted in a designated Wilderness?

The truth is that visits to the Alpine Lakes, especially, are regularly being marred now by such intrusions. △

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

IRA SPRING

FLAPJACK LAKES SKI CABIN

—IT COULDN'T HAPPEN TODAY!—

Today's hikers have little concept of just how much development took place in the Olympic Mountains.

Back in the 1920s and 1930s, three-sided shelters were scattered throughout the Olympics and a system of fire lookouts circled the mountains—all strung together with miles of telephone wire.

I remember using shelters up the North Fork Skokomish River at Big Log, Camp Pleasant, Nine Stream, and Flapjack Lakes, and I found a school-

mate's name with a 1936 date carved on a shelter that is still standing on the South Fork Skokomish.

The Antlers Hotel was destroyed when a dam flooded Lake Cushman. A small resort with 15 to 20 cabins was located at Staircase. A two-story building was located across the North Fork from Eight Stream, probably a dormitory for miners.

There was a resort and large swimming pool at Olympic Hot Springs,

and the historical two-story Enchanted Valley Chalet is still something to marvel at, 13 miles from the nearest road.

Up the Hamma Hamma valley was the Putvin Cabin. At Lena Lake was a three-sided shelter, nine buildings belonging to the Boy Scouts, and a prospector's cabin. There was also a tiny cabin at Milk Lake, a short distance from Upper Lena Lake.

I did not see them, but I understand there were buildings at the Black and White Mine near Smith Lake, reached from the Flapjack Lakes trail. 14 miles up the Dungeness River valley were extensive buildings at Tubal Cain Mine. A warming hut, bunkhouse and ski tow stood at Deer Park.

There were probably other buildings throughout the mountains I did not know about.

During WPA and CCC days, great plans were made to crisscross the Olympics with roads. You can drive from Hurricane Ridge to Obstruction Point on a road that was supposed to reach Deer Park.

The first 2 miles of trail to the Enchanted Valley is on the proposed Lake Quinault-Duckabush valley road. Road building was stopped and lightweight tents and sleeping bags have replaced the three-sided shelter, and the other buildings were either removed or covered over by the rain forest jungle.

There is no trace left of the two-story ski hut I helped build at Flapjack Lakes in 1940. It was a cabin complete with glass windows, stove, and even a chemical toilet.

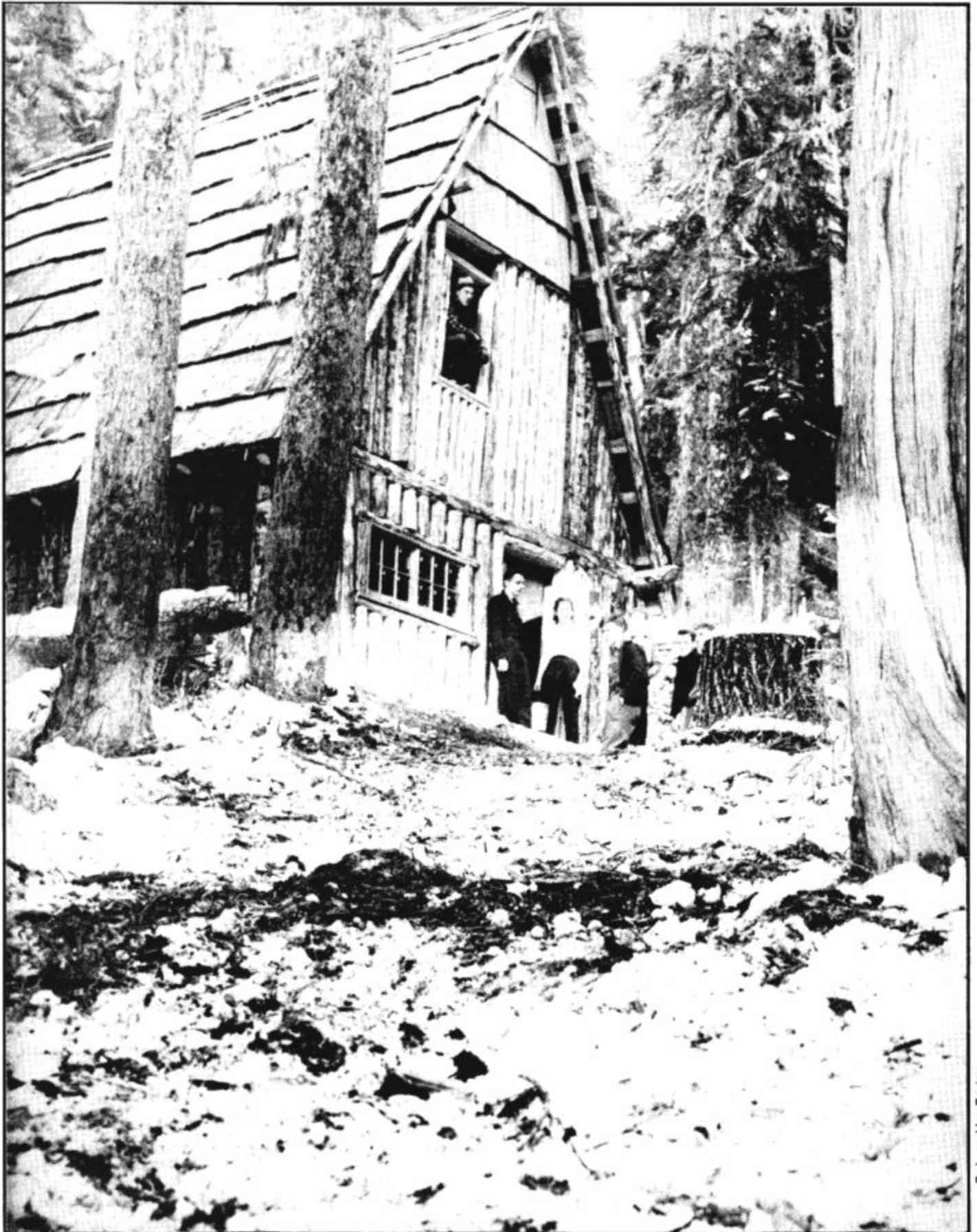
Before World War II, organized ski areas were in their infancy. There were a few rope tows at the Cascade passes, one in the Olympics at Deer Park, two rope tows at Paradise, and maybe a rope tow at Mount Baker.

From Shelton, where I lived, all of these areas were long drives on slow roads. Wanting something closer, in the winter of 1939-40 the Shelton and Bremerton Ski Clubs worked together to



Bob and Ira Spring

Skiing on Mount Gladys, about 1939.



Bob and Ira Spring

The ski cabin at Flapjack Lakes, 1940.



Bob and Ira Spring

The slopes of Mount Gladys.

raise \$500 to build a ski cabin. Thinking Mount Gladys would make a good ski area, the clubs chose Flapjack Lakes for the cabin's site.

In 1940 Flapjack Lakes was still in the National Forest, as was the whole North Fork Skokomish Valley. The Forest Service gave its approval and even indicated they would build a spur road to Flapjack Lakes from the road that was being built from Staircase to the Duckabush valley.

The road had already reached the Flapjack Lakes trailhead and the right-of-way was cleared another half-mile toward Big Log. We can all thank the "radical environmentalists" of that period who understood the value of wilderness and were able to stop the roads before they permanently changed the character of the Olympic Mountains.

The summer was spent designing the cabin and choosing the construction site on Upper Flapjack Lake. The actual work started in September. \$500 was a lot of money in 1940. Besides the necessary hardware, the \$500 paid a month's wages to two unemployed loggers and the services of a packer with two mules for ten days.

In addition to the hired help, there were a lot of enthusiastic volunteers. Several of the men timed their vacations to help the loggers, and the rest of us spent every weekend at Flapjack

Lakes throughout the fall until the road was closed by slides.

The Bremerton bunch drove to the trailhead early Saturday morning, but one or two carloads of Shelton skiers left Friday evening after work and hiked in by flashlight. Until the new cabin had a roof, we stayed in the three-sided Forest Service shelter that stood between the two lakes.

Generally when we arrived at the trailhead it was raining, and as we climbed higher the rain turned to sleet. Most of the fellows brought their wives or girlfriends. I was the youngest of the Shelton Ski Club members and with

another boy, who was also unaccompanied by a girl, we shouldered our packs and took off while the others were still getting ready.

The two of us would hike ten minutes and then stop, strip down to our underwear, and put our still somewhat dry clothes in our packs. Free of wet clothing and urged on by cold rain or flakes of snow on bare skin, we hiked the 4½ miles to the shelter in record time.

At the shelter we put our clothes back on and started a fire. When the others arrived cold, wet and tired an hour or so later, they marvelled at how fast our clothes dried. We never told.

The packer was able to carry everything up to the cabin site in the allotted time—hardware, flooring, windows, stoves, and even the chemical toilet.

But we did have an accident with the fuel for our Coleman lanterns. The ten gallons of fuel we ordered came in two five-gallon cans inside a wooden crate. In nailing the crate together, some workman had driven a nail into one of the cans and all the fuel was gone. The replacement had to be carried in on our backs.

During the week the two hired loggers, with axe and crosscut saw, cut trees to proper size. On weekends the volunteers dragged the logs in and helped nail them in place. Most of the

time there were a few inches of snow so dragging the logs even a quarter-mile was relatively easy.

With such an enthusiastic crew, the work went fast and the cabin was habitable in November.

A separate room was built for the chemical toilet and one volunteer, a banker by trade, named the room "the bank." In mid-winter, when the cold became more intense, the banker reported the bank had frozen assets.

The winter of 1940-41 was hard on the road which was often blocked by slides along Lake Cushman and floods that washed out the road beyond Staircase. When we were able to reach the trailhead, heavy snow on the trail made it difficult to reach the cabin.

In April and May, however, the road stayed open and spring skiing was wonderful. Although we had some great ski tours, we realized that with the avalanches we had witnessed, the limited ski opportunities, and road problems, Mount Gladys was never going to make a good ski area.

We made good use of the cabin during the spring, summer and fall of 1941. But in December came World War II and many of us were scattered around the world. Gas rationing curtailed the travels of those left at home so was cabin was deserted.

Sometime during the war a tree fell across the roof and broke the rafters. With no one to repair the damage, the cabin deteriorated and became unsafe.

When Flapjack Lakes became part of Olympic National Park, the rangers tore the remains down along with the three-sided shelter. No trace is left of either building.

Due to the frequent washouts at Slate Creek, the road from Staircase to the trailhead was turned into a pleasant 3½-mile trail.

The conversion was so well done many hikers do not even realize they are walking a road. (The trail, like the old road, is frequently washed out at Slate Creek.)

In spite of the extra miles, Flapjack Lakes has become such a popular area that hikers must now get a permit to camp there.

△

Ira Spring, of Edmonds, is a well-known outdoor photographer and guidebook author.

DEBORAH RIEHL

RESCUE EPICS

—A 20TH ANNIVERSARY EPIC—

As I sit here in the ski patrol shack during a blizzard, I think I'll dredge up a rescue epic from the archives.

This was one of my first Search and Rescue missions. It was an avalanche incident from an era when we actually used to get enough snow to have avalanche problems early and consistently throughout the winter.

Back in the "good old days," Snoqualmie and Stevens Passes would have 100 inches by December and Mount Baker would have 200 inches. (Today our total was 72 inches.)

On Sunday, January 27, 1974, nine people went snowshoeing into the Source Lake basin above Alpentel. They walked right by a 4-by-8-foot sign warning of avalanche hazard in the

area.

There were children in the group. The weather was beautiful. Picnicking and snow play proceeded until a huge avalanche roared off Chair Peak.

Two little girls were a hundred yards from the main party when all were flattened by the wind blast from the slide. The two girls disappeared under a 30-foot wall of snow.

The rest of the party picked themselves up and ran to where the girls had been and began frantically digging. Two boys snowshoed out for help.

The remainder of the group continued digging until they were hit by a second slide. One man was partly buried and another man was thrown up into a tree.

All Ski Patrols in the Snoqualmie Pass area were notified. The Ski Patrol Rescue Team was on the scene within an hour of notification. Eventually members of Seattle Mountain Rescue, Explorer Search and Rescue, German Shepherd Search Dogs, the Kittitas County Sheriff's office and the Alpentel Pro Patrol were involved.

The search continued that night until 10:30pm when a third avalanche narrowly missed the search party.

The next morning avalanche control was supposed to be performed before search parties went back into the field. The avalanche hazard was so severe, however, control teams could not safely get into the area.

Bad weather grounded a helicopter that was going to assist. At 5pm the search was called off by the Forest Service Snow Ranger due to high winds, heavy snowfall and extreme avalanche hazard.

Two hundred and eighty people participated in this search.

Every August the Northwest Division of the National Ski Patrol has a sum-

mer convention somewhere in the region.

The summer of 1974 it was in Spokane. As we held seminars on snow rescue techniques in 90-degree heat, word came that Source Lake had thawed and the girls' bodies had finally been recovered.

△

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



Then ...



... and now.

JIM CORSON

BELLA BELLA

—PADDLING A LOOP ON BRITISH COLUMBIA'S INSIDE PASSAGE—

Four of us set out from Seattle August 8th on a marathon stint of driving and ferries and fear of the unknown (mostly about the ferries) for Port Hardy on Vancouver Island.

August 9th found us on the Canadian ferry heading for Bella Bella. From the maps you will find a large island archipelago, quiet channels and exposed ocean. Paddle trips can be put together here in almost unlimited ways.

We opted for a large circle route taking us west out the Seaforth channel, then south through Gale Passage and out to Goose Island. Then we went east to the Simonds Island Group, south to Cultus Sound and Spider Island, and back through Nalau Channel to Fitzhugh Sound. To finish we went north up the sound to Lama Passage and Bella Bella.

DAY 1

Arrived at Bella Bella at 1pm and off-loaded the kayaks and all the gear. Found water at the Bella Bella dock, but it had to be boiled. Instead we got five gallons of bottled water at the store just up from the dock.

The store had somewhat limited supplies, but adequate for our needs. We finally got off about 2:30pm and headed for Seaforth Channel with light winds and calm sea.

For the first evening we stopped about 5 miles out at Kynumpt Harbor. Later that evening we met Larry Campbell and his wife, who were out from Bella Bella berrying. Larry is a native artist and we saw some of his beautiful prints at the end of the trip.

DAY 2

Got an early start and crossed Raymond Channel. Went on to Dundivan Inlet where we found water. From here to Dennison Point the wind kept rising and turned the channel to soup against the tide.

We decided on an extended lunch (read: nap). About 4pm the wind went



Jim Corson

We paddled through a protected network of channels.

down and off we went to the mouth of Gale Passage where we found a nice campsite. We had our first fish dinner here—Mark caught a nice coho salmon.

DAY 3

Down through narrow channels and into a beautiful silent cove with almost no sound. The rapids here were non-existent at slack. Farther on we saw sandhill cranes, a multitude of sea birds and a flock of Canada geese.

Through more narrow channels and then open ocean with Yokohama to the west. It was still early and the sea was only rippled so on to a 2-mile crossing to McMullin Island and a beautiful sand beach for a camp.

DAY 4

With a wind coming up and a 3-mile exposed crossing ahead we promptly went back to sleep and stayed the day. Fishing was good for rock cod, but due to resting my eyes while fishing in the warm afternoon I missed the only whale of our trip. It came up and blew

in back of me. Figuring it was just another seal, I didn't even look.

DAY 5

Seas were calm this morning although it was threatening rain so off we went. Halfway across we found that the threat was not idle. With all of the sunny weather someone had been saving up buckets, and we got them.

The seas remained calm with only a moderate swell and we made the crossing in good but wet form.

Surprise! A house on the north end of the island. A short while later we were having tea and cookies in a Heiltsuk longhouse.

The longhouse had been built as part of a rediscovery program for the people along the coast. They teach subsistence living and expose young people to the life their ancestors lived. It was a pleasant and interesting treat for us.

We headed around the east side of Goose Island where we found a campsite with a rocky beach, water, and sandy tent sites.

DAY 6

With a 5-mile crossing ahead we again got a 6am start and crossed in about 1½ hours. We now found ourselves in a protected network of channels between islands in the upper regions of Cultus Sound, and eventually another beautiful sand beach for camping.

DAY 7

Our first fog. We could see the beach but that was it. We spent some time plotting compass bearings, and then off we went. About 3 miles later the fog began to lift and we could see Spider Island ahead.

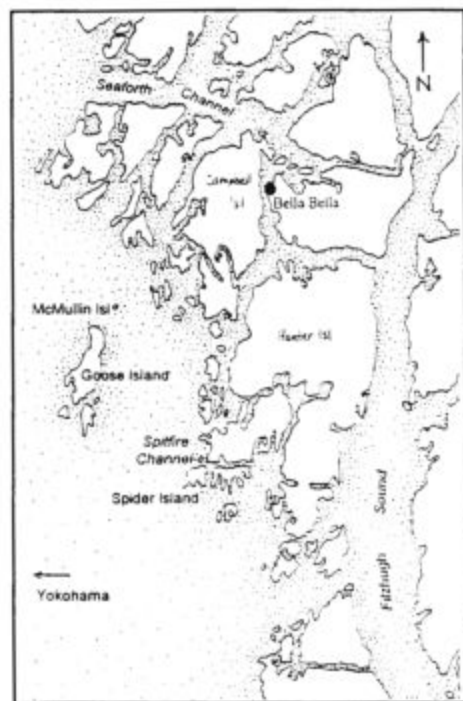
We attempted to find a World War II gun emplacement here, but had no luck. We then headed east through Spitfire Channel where we came across my first reversing falls.

At a rising tide the water flows through a narrow river into a hidden lagoon. As the tide reverses the water flows out in rapids. We were tempted to run the rapids, but a 5-foot drop and problems getting out convinced us not to.

We finally found a very marginal camp in Leckie Bay just above the high tide. This area had very rocky shores with few breaks. It was also exposed in bad weather.

DAY 8

On through Nalau Channel and into Fitzhugh Sound, and another marginal campsite on top of an island. Nice view,



Jim Corson

It was still early and the sea was only rippled ...

but my back still has a funny bend in it.

DAY 9

A short day into Sea Otter Inlet. We added another coho to the dinner table—as well as the next day's lunch and following dinner. With very high tides, camps here are limited, but there are some.

DAY 10

The shallow bay we were camped in was dry this morning which meant a quarter-mile carry to the water. The good side of this was we found two Dungeness crabs stranded in the eel grass which we kept for dinner.

This was our longest day and took us up Fitzhugh Sound, then west through Lama Passage. It was in this area we began to see the cruise ships as well as the Canadian and Alaskan ferries. About 12 or 13 miles later we found a nice campsite at Serpent Point and settled in for a salmon-crab dinner.

DAY 11

Fog again! Crossed Lama Passage as fast as possible with stops to listen for cruise ships but made an uneventful crossing. The fog began to clear about an hour later but it also brought a headwind and chop. Found our last campsite at another reversing rapid and settled in for our last night out.

DAY 12

Late start but were in Bella Bella by 10am, in time to hunt for some petroglyphs on a nearby island. We couldn't find them but enjoyed looking.

At Bella Bella we prepared for load-

ing on the ferry by stuffing everything we owned into large duffels for easy hauling. When the ferry arrived we found that we had to carry the kayaks up a gangplank, hang a right into the boat, hang a left into the cafeteria, and then out to a rear deck.

I'm not sure what the fellow eating his soup thought as we hefted a 21-foot double kayak over his head to get out the door, but he didn't look happy. Unloading took place at 1am at Port Hardy where we lowered the kayaks down ropes to the car deck in the rain.

All told this trip was about 90 miles and covered some very beautiful, wild country. Fresh water was plentiful but campsites were difficult to find in many areas. Campsites were either fantastic or marginal on rocky shores.

Padding conditions ranged from dead calm to headwinds and heavy chop but basically we had no problems. I should emphasize that this is no place for beginners. While we had only a half-day of rain in two weeks, this was not normal. You should always be prepared for the worst.

The area is remote and you must be self-sufficient in food, safety and survival. I'd recommend a VHF radio and good route-finding skills. △

Jim Corson, of Seattle, is an avid hiker, cross-country skier, and sea kayaker. He earns his keep as a pharmacist and fills stray hours with gardening.

KERRY GILLES AND LARRY SCHOENBORN

ESCAPE to the WILDS

—PART 2: EXPLORING LA CROSSE BASIN—

Starting a backcountry trip by staying a night in a big car-campground is a good way to emphasize exactly what you're seeking on the trip. In the morning we were packed and on our way in record time.

We headed up the North Fork Skykomish trail last September 11, stopping to rest at the Flapjack Lakes junction, and arrived at Big Log at noon. The almost-6-mile hike is an easy, get-comfortable-with-your-10-day-pack distance, and Big Log makes a good place to set up camp.

We picked one of the campsites by the river with great deep spots to swim. There are more campsites (about 15) than meet the eye when you first come into Big Log; a bear line has also been set up.

We enjoyed seeing huge old logs as we wandered around the area. With lots of high-bush huckleberries, a light breeze, solitude, and not too many mosquitoes we had a fun day.

On Sunday, we walked leisurely from Big Log to Nine Stream (4.1 miles, elevation 500 feet) on a trail covered with fall leaves and half-eaten cones.

We usually communicate very well for two cantankerous people, but at Two

Bear Camp we sat, each assuming the other needed rest, for an hour! When we finally figured it out, we headed for Home Sweet Home.

When we reached First Divide (12.9 miles; 4688 feet), we stopped to catch our breath, and looked around at White Mountain and Mount LaCrosse as well as down to the shelter.

Descending 500 feet to Home Sweet Home, we stopped to look at Mount Hopper and Mount Steel, and also to capture scenic shots and give our knees a rest. We saw our first big black bear here.

Larry actually slept *in* the shelter, to Kerry's complete amazement—both of us having sworn off shelters. The Home Sweet Home shelter is very well constructed and sits up from the ground in a huge meadow with the Duckabush right there. Campsites here are few, however.

Too tired to climb trees, we hung our food in the outhouse!

Before leaving the next morning we scouted the woods and found the ladder (for building the outhouse) and used it to get a good height for stashing two days of food.

We then hiked the 6.7 miles to Heart Lake. The first 2 miles are a downhill

stretch with switchbacks leading right to the Duckabush. Someone did an excellent job of cutting brush on both sides of the trail up the Duckabush to Marmot Lakes. (A ranger later told us that elk had done that!)

Arriving at Marmot Lakes we took in the scenery, dropped our packs and nosed around the perimeter of the lake to check out possible campsites. Billions of tadpoles and frogs were at the lake's edge.

Leaving there we climbed the mile-long trail up to 16-acre Heart Lake (see Wood's description, *Olympic Mountains Trail Guide*, 2nd edition, page 154). We were awestruck with the scenery. We set up camp on the north side between the lake and an inlet and directly below what looked like a bear cave to us.

Arriving in camp, Larry felt ready for the taxidermist, but within a couple of hours was meandering around picking low-bush huckleberries—the *best* fruit on earth, as far as he can tell.

We stayed here for two days and saw people coming and going from every direction. Our view of the north ridge allowed us to watch deer and bear grazing constantly. Purple and yellow flowers added color to the already beautiful landscape.

Day 4, we woke to yet another gorgeous blue-sky day and went to check out the cave. It was a steep scramble up to it and though it only went back 10 feet, with its jagged rock, bats, and frogs for occupants it was nifty, and gave us a good view for photographing our campsite.

We then took Wood's advice and hiked up the north ridge for some pictures, all the while keeping our eyes open for the bears that seemed to be everywhere.

Upon arriving at the top we could see the O'Neil trail down below and decided to descend to it. The only rain of the trip, 30 minutes' worth, parked us under a tight group of evergreens, obviously a choice bed for bears, considering the droppings all around (but not inside).



Looking down on Lake LaCrosse.

Kerry Gilles

From the trail we hiked the 7 mile loop around, back to Marmot Lake and again "up" to Hart Lake. We counted 17 bears on this loop, saw one lone elk, mushrooms of all sizes and shapes, meadowland, rock slides, and creek beds among the trees.

At night the wind brought an avalanche of fog over the ridge. Amazingly, we could see stars through it, and an occasional meteor, always headed northbound, zipped by.

Wednesday, day 5, we hiked over to Lake LaCrosse, .8-mile distant. Though LaCrosse is half the size of Heart, it is far more beautiful. The blue-green water is surrounded by meadows, slopes, cliffs, and rock slides. We watched two bears there; one of them went swimming and afterward sat on the bank cleaning himself ... what a sight!

We saw about three times as many bears, just in the vicinity of LaCrosse Basin, as both of us had seen *total* in our four years of hiking!

We learned to assume that every blind corner had a bear eating blueberries, and we often could still see the last bear when the next one popped into view.

While not for a moment forgetting that people are a nuisance to bears, we were comforted by their presence. Seeing bears means that nature's machinery is running smoothly.

We went back to our camp, packed up and hiked down to Marmot Lake to camp. The 6th morning we set out day-hiking to Lake Ben. It's roughly a 6-mile round trip from Marmot Lake, with plenty of up, down, and across. Lake Ben is actually three lakes divided by high spots of gravel.

The meadow-land surrounding the lake was rich in autumn colors—those bright reds, striking yellows, three or four different shades of greens and browns, all intermingling with the rocky cliffs above.

After soaking up the scenery, and filling up on lunch we departed. Almost back at the camp site we came around a corner and there was yet another bear.

Kerry had got in the habit of clapping her hands to let them see us. This one had his back to us, however, so upon hearing the clap he turned his head around to look—and fell over right on his back with his legs up in the air. We laughed so hard, the bear just got up and went back to eating berries!

Packing up, we headed back to the

Upper Duckabush camp (the shelter is no longer there, just the remnants of nails, bolts, and ashes, and rocks). Upper Duck is a big place with an outhouse, bear line, and great tent sites as well.

The old shelter was done in by a tree. We were told later by a ranger that the whole lower Duckabush trail is blocked by downed trees, and purposely left that way to allow the elk herd to recover from "over-harvesting" at the Park boundary. We don't mind climbing over trees.

Friday the 17th, we climbed for an hour to reach Home Sweet Home where we picked up our stash of food, then climbed to First Divide where we set up camp. We were able to get water from a little tarn down the trail.

We day-hiked to Mount Hopper. This trail is full of blow-downs that you either go over, under, or around. The trail is sometimes hard to find or follow. In some places cairns have been placed to help out; when passing one we would always add another rock to it.

The views once on top make the hike worthwhile: Mount Skokomish is in full view; Mount Henderson can be seen looking right. Hiking up the south ridge gave us views of mountains in all directions.

A plane flying overhead scared the bear coming up the trail, and we scared the bear by coming down the trail at the same moment, so the bear went over the ridge where it didn't look possible to go.

Saturday morning, after eating instant oatmeal with fresh blueberries tossed in, we watched the sun rise. The gray jays joined us.

We started hiking out, thinking about some of the spots we had seen coming in where we could spend our final night. Stopping at Nine Stream for our tea break, we were already discussing what our three big hikes for next year would be.



The incoming crowd had taken all the spots we had thought of, so we ended up at a nice little trailside camp just above the Flapjack junction.

We picked huckleberries, fed the fire, and felt the mixed sense of loss and relief that comes at the end of a fine journey. If we smelled any worse, we'd probably explode, but if somebody air-dropped another ten days of food and fuel, we'd risk it.

On Sunday, we hiked out the last 3.4 miles, taking in the smells of the forest, watching the leaves drop, hearing civilization get closer, and leaving with sadness.

Kerry Gilles, originally from Port Townsend, now lives in Westport where she is assistant manager at the Red Apple Market.

Larry Schoenborn is a carpenter by trade, and also lives in Westport.



Lake Ben.

LEE MCKEE

CABIN in the WOODS

—VISITING THE PETERSON PRAIRIE CABIN—

"Which is worse," I debated with myself, "hiking in the rain or skiing in the rain?"

Ann and I were skiing into Peterson Prairie Cabin west of Trout Lake in early January. The "we're-here-we-might-as-well-go" argument had won out moments before as we considered the alternatives prior to donning our packs and skis for the trip in.

Peterson Cabin has served a number of functions since it was built in 1926. Most recently the Forest Service has provided it for rent during the winter for periods of up to seven nights.

Before snowfall, you can drive directly to it. After the road is closed by snow, the cabin is accessible by ski, snowshoe or snowmobile—although it apparently is not much used by snowmobilers.

With Jennifer Stein selling Garrison Springs Lodge several years ago and most recently Bill and Peg Stark deciding not to open High Camp this year, ski-in winter cabins have become an endangered species in Washington.

That is unfortunate since such spots provide a special destination for back-country travelers in the winter. You can enjoy the remote solitude of the woods without having to resort to snow camping.

Rain and mist continued as we made our way along snow-covered road 24 from the Atkisson Sno-Park. The shortest and most direct route to the cabin is along this road. The distance is about 2½ miles with a modest elevation gain of about 200 feet.

This is part of a groomed snowmobile route so be prepared to share the road. On this midweek day, we had the road to ourselves. The rain, although soaking us, provided a slick surface on the packed snow for effortless skiing.

Thoughts of a cozy cabin and a warm fire helped to brighten this otherwise dismal skiing. Shortly we came to the turnoff to the cabin. Ann, who had the



The Peterson Prairie Cabin.

Ann Marshall/Lee McKee

key, reached the porch as I made my way down the path. Glancing up I noticed that she did not have the door open yet.

"Problems?" I called.

"The key doesn't fit!" she answered. "The lock is old but this key is for a modern lock."

Happy thoughts were replaced instantaneously by dark ones as we stood there dripping wet. It was not pleasant to think we had the wrong key and would have to ski back out.

Maybe this wasn't the right cabin—but it was the only one in the area. Maybe there was another door. Post-holing around to the back, we were relieved to see a lock here that fit the key.

Having gained entrance, we explored what would be our home for the next two nights. A good stack of wood on the covered back porch would provide fuel for our fire. The kitchen had an air-tight wood stove, counter space, a two-burner propane stove and a propane wall lamp.

Walking into the living room we saw a stone fireplace with a full box of kindling next to it, two well-used sofas, a well-used reclining chair, several other pieces of furniture and a propane wall lamp.

In the bedroom, we found a bed frame with springs. Its mattress was rolled up and hanging from the ceiling.

It was approaching 3:30 in the afternoon, we were wet, cold, and had chores to do before darkness. The first was getting a fire started.

Operation of the stove was straightforward. A damper on the lower right side provided a good supply of air to ignite the kindling and small pieces of wood from the supply in the living room.

After opening the propane tank valves on the back porch and lighting the stove in the kitchen, our next task was to melt snow for water. Although the Forest Service handout about the cabin discusses carrying in your own water, this is really only practical during the times when you can drive in.

We designated an undisturbed plot of snow a short distance from the cabin as our "water" source and proceeded to melt snow on the stove. We stored the melted snow in our 2-gallon water bag. Before long the bag was full—we would either boil it or treat it later before drinking it.

By now the small kitchen was getting warm and our ski clothes suspended from a line above the stove were drying. With darkness beginning to swallow the cabin and surrounding forest, we lit the wall lamps.

We were safe, warm, and dry and had the most immediate chores complete. Time now to think about dinner. We kept things simple, but there is no need to do that. The two burner stove works very well. Cooking possibilities are only limited to what you can fry, boil or sauté and what you are willing to carry on your back. Although you may find some cooking utensils left by others, you should bring in everything you

need to prepare and eat your meal, and clean up.

To help warm the living room and to add sparkle to the shadowy areas, Ann started a fire in the stone fireplace. A note left by earlier guests said to build the fire in the back of the fireplace to avoid getting smoke in the living room.

As evening grew late we found ourselves relaxing on the living room couch with books, warmed by the fire, and enjoying our surroundings.

Judging from entries in the cabin log book, others, too, have equally enjoyed being here. An entry from early December said: "Snowshoed in with two kids in sled—we all had a super weekend."

Another was: "Skied to the top of Peterson Ridge trail—saw Adams at sunset!" And a third at Christmas was: "Saw lots of little elves around midnight on the 24th. They ate everything and left only Santa."

As the cabin warmed, the quiet evening was occasionally broken by the sounds of snow sliding off the roof followed by a loud thump when it hit the ground. Making one last trip to the outhouse out back (complete with an oil lamp if you have matches and plan to stay there awhile) we called it a day. We turned in with hope the rain would turn to snow.

Such was not the case, though. We awoke the next morning to the sound of rain dripping from the roof. So, instead of major exploring, our day would be spent reading with some minor exploring.

For exploring, a number of opportunities exist. You can follow any one of

the many forest roads in the area, several of which are part of a marked and groomed snowmobile network. Or you can follow one of the two marked, but not groomed, ski trails.

The Peterson Ridge trail, according to Forest Service information, climbs up a snow-covered road to a viewpoint looking south to Mount Hood. Or you can try the Natural Bridges loop which follows snow-covered roads and trails to a collapsed lava tube.

We chose the short trip out to the Natural Bridges between rain showers. Although not shown on the Forest Service trail map, you can reach the Natural Bridges loop by a marked trail beginning just east of the cabin.

The route follows the campground road, then branches off on a side road which ultimately connects to the Natural Bridge loop trail. The going is easy and well marked. After reaching the collapsed lava tube, we headed back the same way we came rather than completing the loop since night was approaching and so was another rain shower.



Ann Marshall/Lee McKee

The cabin's interior, with Lee's pack hanging on the wall.

We awoke the next morning to improving weather and over six inches of new snow! After breakfast, we busied ourselves with preparations for leaving. Part of the agreement you sign when renting the cabin is that you will leave it clean and restock the wood supply.

A wood shed is located a short distance from the cabin. It took several trips to resupply the wood on the back porch. The next job was to split some of the large pieces into kindling and smaller pieces to refill the box inside by the fireplace.

I enjoy splitting wood, but it was with trepidation that I swung the cabin's double-bitted axe over my head (I much prefer a single bit). Shortly, the box was full, and we moved on to the last steps of rehangng the bedroom mattress and sweeping the floors.

With the cabin tidied up and restocked with wood for the next occupants, we shouldered our packs, put on our skis and headed back toward Atkisson Sno-Park. About a half-mile down the main road, we branched off onto the Ice Caves loop trail. This provides an alternative to the main line road for access to and from the Sno-park.

The trail follows a narrow forest road as it winds its way through the woods. It adds a little distance to the trip, but the aesthetics are better.

Before long we were back at the car. The trip, begun in the rain, ended with skiing on fresh snow under intermittent blue sky and clouds.

△

Lee McKee is Pack & Paddle's business manager.

TO VISIT

Arrangements for **renting the cabin** are made through the Mount Adams Ranger District (509-395-2501). The fee is \$20 per night for two, \$5 extra per person up to a maximum of six people. The minimum stay is one night and the maximum is seven consecutive nights.

The cabin is available **December 1 to May 1** on a reservation basis. Weekends are the most popular times, with weekdays generally available.

This is a rental, so don't be taken aback by the rather formal **rental contract** that is required to be signed. With today's complicated world, nothing is as simple as it

used to be.

If your party is more than two and needs the extra **sleeping space**, you may find the two couches (one is a hide-a-bed and the other folds down) a little uncomfortable to sleep on. You might want to bring foam pads to allow sleeping on the floor. The next time we will also bring a sheet to cover the old mattress.

Cabins and shelters usually have **mice**. We include a mouse trap in the equipment we carry to such places. We eliminated several mice during our stay but others will move in. We protected our food by hanging it from hooks in the ceiling.

If you don't carefully latch the lock

on the back door, you can easily **lock yourself out**. One of the first things we did was to unbolt the front door to preclude getting accidentally locked out.

Trout Lake can be reached from the Portland vicinity in about two hours by way of I-84 and from Puget Sound in 5 to 6 hours.

If coming from the Puget Sound area, the quickest way is to travel I-5 to north of Vancouver, then branch off on I-205 to cross the Columbia and head east on I-84 to Hood River. Trout Lake is about 25 miles north of Hood River.

—LGM

DALE GRAVES

LONELY LAKE

—A FEW DAYS ON THE ARCTIC TUNDRA—

I finally have arrived at Lonely Lake after being weathered in at Bettles for three days. Weathered *out* would be a better term, as the storm prevented all flying over the central Brooks Range. Bettles Air Service brought me in on Friday, August 6.

So here I am at Lonely Lake in Gates of the Arctic National Park, just a few miles south of the 68th parallel, and just a few yards east of the Continental Divide; elevation approximately 2700 feet.

Lonely Lake flows east into Agiak Creek which eventually becomes the John River.

From the mountains to the north and crossing the entire valley floor to the south side before swinging west is Easter Creek which will eventually empty into the Killik River.

In between, the divide is made up of a half-dozen small knolls maybe 25 feet higher than the lake. I plan to "summit" on each of them while I'm here.

I set up my camp on the second highest knoll just east of the top in what I assume will be the lee side from the prevailing winds coming up Easter Creek valley.

This was my first mistake. Had I paid attention to the lay of the sparse vegetation on the top of the knoll I would have noticed that it had a decided list toward the west!

I will note over the next few days that early morning and again for about 2 hours starting at 11am the air is still and quite pleasant. This is the lull before the winds shift. During the morning hours gentle winds come up Easter Creek. In the afternoon and into the evening hours a stiff wind comes out of the east over Lonely Lake. Around 7 in the evening it is uncomfortable to be outside and I retreat into the tent to spend the evening listening to the tent flap in the wind until the wind dies again around 1 or 2 in the morning.

Only once, however, will I have to

re-set a tent peg—not bad considering that the ground is permanently frozen at a depth of about 6 inches.

Low-bush cranberries grow in profusion although they are not quite ripe. Blueberries are very common, also growing very close to the ground.

Scattered herds of caribou roam throughout the broad open valleys. As far as I know I am the only person to visit this place this season. The caribou are curious enough to come quite close. When I was setting up my tent I looked around to see a magnificent young bull not 50 feet away! He went through considerable inner turmoil, torn between fear and curiosity. I remained as still as possible until he decided he would rather be somewhere else.

I spent the day close to camp watching caribou and searching with binoculars for bear, wolves and birds without success. It is the time of year in the arctic between summer and fall. Most of the wildflowers are gone, but then so are the mosquitoes.

At the end of my first day I retreat into the tent when the wind comes up about 7. Storm clouds gather in the mountains over upper Agiak Creek, moving east.

I awaken around one in the morning. The wind has stopped. A very bright moon is out, so bright it sparkles! I suppose it is the latitude and the pure air that helps, but it is quite a sight! I see some rain drops on the tent fly from a brief shower that passed through earlier. Heavier storm clouds still hang in the east.

I go back into the tent and sleep until morning, when I wake to light breezes and ground fog. The fog will burn off in a few hours and after breakfast I spend the day going west and north along the divide photographing arctic ground squirrels and caribou.

I am looking for an easy approach to Easter Creek so I can ford and explore

farther west. But it turns out I will have to go north along the divide to the edge of the valley floor and then ford the creek. It means quite a detour but such is walking on the tundra—what looks easy from the air is not so on the ground. Tussocks, standing water and muskeg all torment foot travellers.

At lunch atop the highest knoll I lie on my back in the still air and look into a very blue sky with cotton-candy clouds. Edna St. Vincent Millay said it best:

But, sure, the sky is so big I said
Miles and miles above my head.
So here upon my back I'll lie
And look my fill into the sky.

For dinner this evening I make some bannock bread to go with my freeze-dried dinner. I do very little cooking out here so as not to attract unwanted attention from bears.

In a few moments, within a few feet of camp, I am able to gather a handful



of blueberries to go in the bannock.

Storm clouds in the east again tonight, and stiff winds. Inside the tent is cool also. I regret my second mistake—leaving my Thermarest mattress at home. I brought one ensolite pad and a space blanket, but I need more insulation from the frozen ground.

When I got up early Sunday morning to answer nature's call, I stayed outside for some time observing six caribou quite close to camp. I kept a low profile behind the tent; they seemed unaware of my presence.

When I got up later in the morning, there was a ring of low clouds and some fog in both valleys. This is the coolest day yet. I spend much time watching a family of red-necked grebes on one of the ponds. Besides the adults, there are 11 chicks spending their day on swimming and diving lessons. As their down turns to feathers these next few days, soon there will be flying lessons!

After picking up some lunch at camp I go east along the divide toward the southeast pond. A pair of pintails are here. They may have a nest in the willows on the far side, but it seems a bit late to be having young ones. I spend the rest of the day here admiring this beautiful and peaceful country and the animals that inhabit it.

Beginning around 3 in the afternoon I attempt to call up some wolves as I have not seen or heard any so far. I took one "singing" lesson at Wolf Haven so consider myself an expert!

Cupping hands around mouth I let go



Dale Graves

I spotted two bears, but no wolves.

with about as mournful a howl as I can muster. I try a few more, then look around with binoculars and listen closely for responses. Nothing. Not even the caribou are impressed.

Howl. Listen. Look. Nothing. Finally around 6 o'clock on the south side of the valley, with binoculars, I find two bears! Must be something wrong with my technique. I watch them for some time as they move slowly down Easter Creek.

Midnight. Wind from the east is still strong. Temperature is dropping. Cold sleeping.

Up at 7:30am to clear, bright sunshine. I discover a layer of frost on the tent fly. I begin some packing while I have breakfast and wait for the frost to dry.

My pickup is scheduled for noon so I

have lots of time to get packed and haul my gear to the lake shore. The midday hours are warm and pleasant. First I hear the airplane—the "Canary," as Don, the pilot from Bettles Air Service, calls his bright yellow float plane—then it comes into view at the east end of Lonely Lake. In moments my gear is aboard and we are off on the one-hour flight back to Bettles.

It is always difficult to leave such a lovely place. Will I do it again? You bet your bivy-bag! See, there's this other place farther down Easter Creek near the confluence with the Killik River

△

Dale Graves, of Kent, is a retired TV cameraman.



Dale Graves

Looking east over Lonely Lake from camp.

Alpine Lakes Wilderness Regs

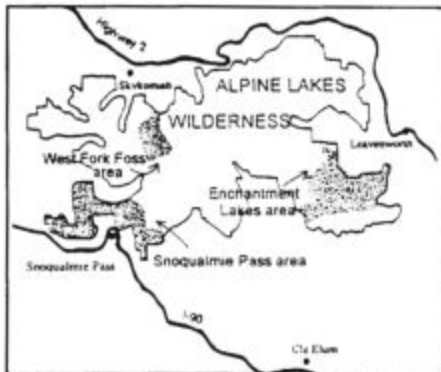
As promised, here's information on the Forest Service's plan for Alpine Lakes Wilderness permits (see *September 1993*, page 4, and *January 1994*, page 29). The decision was released December 29, and reflects the public opposition to the initial proposal.

Three areas in the Wilderness will have overnight access restricted by permit: the West Fork Foss, Snoqualmie Pass, and an enlarged Enchantment Lakes basin.

The **West Fork Foss** area includes the entire drainage within the Wilderness, except the area from Malachite Peak north to Evans Lake. The limit is eight groups per night.

The **Snoqualmie Pass** area includes the entire section of wilderness between I-90 and the Middle Fork, then running over to Huckleberry Mountain and down Box Ridge. The limit here is 96 groups per night.

The **Enchantments Lakes** area (which already requires permits) would be expanded to include the Eightmile Creek drainage to north of Windy Pass and Cashmere Mountain; also Mount Stuart and upper Ingalls Creek, including Ingalls Lake and Headlight Basin.



The limit is 39 groups per night.

The permits will be in effect seven days a week from May 15 to October 31. A zone system will be used: backpackers will be required to stay in the zone of their choice the first night of their trip, but then would be able to travel anywhere in the Wilderness except for the Enchantment Core.

To allow hikers to plan in advance, but still go on spur-of-the-moment trips, one-fourth of the permits will be available 4 to 6 months in advance; one-fourth will be available 1 month in advance; one-fourth will be available 1 week in advance, and one-fourth will

be available the day of the trip.

The permit system will be administered by the Forest Service and not by a concessionaire, as had been discussed earlier. A reservation fee of \$5 per group per trip will be charged for advance reservations; no reservation fee will be charged for day-of-trip permits.

Permits will be available at ranger stations in Skykomish, North Bend, Snoqualmie Pass, Cle Elum and Leavenworth. Other locations may be added as needed.

Free, non-regulatory permits will be required of all hikers in the ALW outside the restricted areas beginning in 1994. These permits will be self-issue and available at all trailheads, like the permits already required for the Goat Rocks and William O. Douglas Wildernesses.

Additional restrictions on campfires, dogs, horses, and camping near lakes will be put into effect.

More trails will be built outside Wilderness as funds allow.

Pack & Paddle will keep you informed and reminded of the new regulations as hiking season approaches.—AM.

LEARNING A FEW THINGS—our own "Rescue Epic"

It was a rainy day, but cabin fever won out in the end. Caroline joined Steve and me for a short hike in the woods ... only it didn't turn out as planned.

We got a late start. It was 11:10 when two young men flagged us down about 12 miles up the North Fork Skykomish River Road. They were wet and tired.

At 8am Jeremy and Patrick had left their truck stuck in the snow just below Jack Pass. Their friends Becky and Denise were still in the truck waiting for help. All four had spent the night in the truck with no food.

We rearranged our gear, loaded the guys up and took them to Index to phone the parents of the two girls.

Family and friends were out looking for them over by Lake Wenatchee. State and county authorities were going to start looking at noon. We left the guys at the General Store to wait for their family and friends to arrive.

At 12:20 we left our car at about 2400 feet at a good turn-around spot. We felt

we could return for the car once we knew what the road was like up ahead.

It took us about 20 minutes to get to the truck just over a mile up the road. The girls were glad to see us. We fed them and got them into more warm clothes and rain gear to walk back down to our car.

We soon met one father with a friend and the two guys. The girls waited in their car while we returned with the others to the stuck truck. We shoveled snow and did a lot of pushing to get the truck out.

It would not start, so we kept pushing it down the road to the other car. More family and friends arrived and there was a happy reunion.

By 2:30 we were back at our car feeling pretty good about being able to help. Our dogs were a little disappointed with the short outing, but were glad to get out of the rain. It was not the hike we had hoped for, but we did climb 500 feet and got in a couple of miles.

We learned a few things too. Always go out prepared. We had extra clothes and food to share.

Let someone know where you are going and be sure to go there. If you are looking for someone, be sure to go past the obvious. Searchers the night before came within 2 miles of the young people, but turned around because of the snow on the road thinking a two-wheel drive vehicle could not have gone farther.

The young people were from Texas and did not have a good understanding of or experience in our mountains.

They used exceptionally good judgment, however, in the decisions they made and the actions they took once they knew they were stuck in a bad place. They stayed together during the night keeping warm by turning on the engine for heat. Once it got to be daylight, two walked out for help while the other two stayed in the truck and waited.—Linda and Steve Rostad, Bothell, 12/30.

PANORAMA

NEWS FROM ALL OVER

TRAINING—You know you need training when:

- your favorite trail is deteriorating and nobody seems to be doing anything about it.
- you don't know how to use a McLeod.
- you took a shortcut between two switchbacks.
- you don't know what a switchback is.
- your last trail repair didn't solve the problem.

Lend a helping hand on our trails by learning to do trail maintenance through a series of workshops sponsored by Volunteers for Outdoor Washington and land managing agencies.

Sessions are scheduled through the spring and summer for a modest fee. Contact VOW for registration information: 4516 University Way NE, Seattle WA 98105 (206-545-4868).

MOUNT TAHOMA HUTS—To stay at one of the Mount Tahoma Trails Association's huts this ski season, request a hut reservation form by sending a self-addressed, stamped envelope to:

**MTTA/Hut Reservation Program
PO Box 206
Ashford WA 98304**

or stop by the headquarters in Ashford on weekends during the winter from 9am to 4pm.

CONFERENCE—The Methow Valley will be the site of the annual Cross Country Ski Areas of America membership and board of directors meetings this spring.

The Methow Valley is a model of a successful cross-country center; it is the only major trail-based cross-country area that attracts crowds without a major downhill ski area close by. The event is planned for April 19-23.

BC WATER TRAIL—An article by Peter McGee in the January-February

issue of "Wave-Length" announces the formation of a BC Marine Trail Association.

"Our hope is to establish a paddling trail from Vancouver to Prince Rupert over the next few years," writes Peter McGee. "Following the lead of such groups as the Maine Island Trail Association in the eastern US and the Washington Water Trails Association to our immediate south, we are attempting to secure both public and private lands for site-use along the proposed BC route."

"Over the years there has been much talk of such a trail and we feel that its actual creation is long overdue," he continues.

The fledgling association welcomes thoughts and ideas from all paddlers. Contact:

**BC Marine Trail Association
3390 W 44th
Vancouver BC V6N 3K8
Canada.**

Phone: 604-263-7737.

STEHEKIN LODGE—The venerable old lodge at Stehekin is about to change hands, to the benefit of hikers and skiers.

The Park Service contract to manage the lodge has been awarded to the Lake Chelan Boat Company, the same folks who take you uplake on the *Lady of the Lake* and the *Lady Express*.

According to Chris Raynes, of the Lake Chelan Boat Company, the lodge will undergo more than \$200,000 in renovation to update heating and other systems. Work will start in early February with general clean-up and overhaul.

"The big news," Chris told *Pack & Paddle*, "is that the lodge will be open year around now, starting next winter." The addition of year around operation will be great for those who like to visit Stehekin in the fall, winter and spring.

LESTER GONE—The historic "town" of Lester, at the headwaters of the Green River just below Stampede Pass, lost its last remaining house to a fire the day after Christmas. No one was injured in the fire, but the house burned to the ground.

Lester was developed by the railroad in 1891, topped out with a population of 300 in 1927, and began its final decline in 1978 when Scott Paper left.

PAYING FOR RESCUE

When you get stuck on Denali, the Park Service comes to rescue you. The cost is high, especially if they have to use the high-altitude helicopter designed for rescues over 17,000 feet.

The money comes out of the funds the Park Service sets aside for rescues each year. But rescues on Denali draw that fund down alarmingly, leaving less for rescues elsewhere in the Park system.

Although the Park Service has not decided on a new rescue policy, several things are being considered. At a meeting in Seattle on January 8, representatives of the Park Service met with members of the climbing community to discuss the problem of high rescue costs.

The Park folks from Denali would like to see rescue costs borne by the climbers who generate the rescues. An insurance or bonding program would work; however, the funds generated would not go to the mountaineering fund, but to general government coffers.

An up-front use fee, though, would support the entire mountaineering program and could be used for maintaining high camps and for education as well as rescue.

The suggested fee was \$500 per climber, which caused murmurs of indignation throughout the climbers in the audience. "Outrageous" was heard more than once.

Denali's fee program could start as early as 1995, after going through a public hearing process.

Although Mount Rainier National Park has no pay-for-rescue plan, it will probably adopt one based on the program Denali National Park chooses.

Nearly all of the climbers who spoke at the meeting were opposed to a pay-for-rescue policy. By percentage, hikers, boaters and swimmers are the biggest users of the Park Service's rescue fund; climbers come in fourth.

Dunham Gooding, of American Alpine Institute, does not want to see climbing become the domain of the wealthy if costs for the average climber become prohibitive. Doug Sanders, of Washington Mountain Rescue, feels that climbers in trouble would delay seeking help because of the cost factor.

The Park representatives emphasized that the intent is not to charge individuals for the cost of their rescue, but to spread the cost among all climbers.

—AM

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**

REST STOP

EQUIPMENT, RECIPES, TIPS

TEN ESSENTIALS—

1. Chocolate
2. Pesto
3. Cognac
4. Walkman and tapes
5. Mystery novel
6. Lawn chair
7. Second lawn chair, so I can use first lawn chair
8. Flip-flops
9. Salsa
10. Directions for changing digital watch to new time zone

—from the 1994 *Women Climbing Calendar*.

OLYMPIC PENINSULA SHUTTLE

—For planning your two-week backpack through the interior of Olympic National Park, consider the service offered by Olympic Van Tours & Shuttles.

If you're flying in to Sea-Tac, they will come get you and deliver you to the Olympic Peninsula—no need to rent a car and then have it sit at a trailhead while you're hiking.

If you're driving you can leave your car safely in Port Angeles and have the Shuttle take you to the trailhead.

These arrangements require advance planning and reservations, of course. Call or write Olympic Van Tours & Shuttles, PO Box 2201, Port Angeles WA 98362; 206-452-3858.

OAHU GUIDE—I recently got a copy of the new book *The Hiker's Guide to Oahu*. It is excellent! It gives specific information on how to get to the trailhead and to find and navigate 53 hikes on Oahu.

The only problem is that the book is expensive! I got mine, \$16.95 including postage, from:

University of Hawaii Press
2840 Kolowalu St
Honolulu HI 96822

(Phone 805-956-8255 or FAX 988-6052). With postage to the Mainland it could possibly be more. It's also available in bookstores on Oahu.

If someone plans to take several hikes while visiting Oahu, it would be well worth the price.—*Dick Booth, Aiea.*

EURAIL—If you're on the mailing list for "Europe Through the Back Door," you already have your 1994 *Backdoor*

Guide to European Railpasses.

If you don't have one and you're planning a trip to Europe this year, get one quick. You'll learn a lot. Call or write ETBD, 120 Fourth Ave N, Edmonds WA 98020 (206-771-8303).

TAKING THE KIDS—Skiing with very small children often means you don't go skiing at all. Have you tried a pulk, the sled especially designed for pulling children safely and easily?

Take the family skiing in the Methow Valley: two places there rent pulks and you can give them a try. Cost is about \$20 a day. Call Sun Mountain Ski School (800-572-0493) or Winthrop Mountain Sports (800-719-3826) for rental information.

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

CAVES AND BATS

The volcanic country in the south part of the state contains many caves. The most famous of these, Ape Cave, attracted 85,000 visitors last year (1993).

That may seem like a lot, but according to Forest Service Cave Management Specialist Jim Nieland, visitors in 1992 totaled well over 100,000. (Perhaps the cold, wet summer of '93 kept people home.)

"Caves are neat things," Jim told *Pack & Paddle* recently. "People should know about them. When people understand caves, they are more likely to understand why we want to keep some of them undisturbed."

Ape Cave, located a few miles out of Cougar in the National Volcanic Monument, is available for exploring year around. In the summer months, the Forest Service staffs a small interpretive booth at the cave and rents lanterns.

In winter, the access road is gated but visitors are welcome to explore on foot. "Vandalism of the caves has always been a problem, even in winter," said Jim. By restricting winter access to self-powered travelers, the Forest

Service is able to eliminate a lot of damage.

Caves are categorized into three types, Jim explained: Directed Access Caves (a developed cave like Ape); Wild Caves (a relatively natural cave like Ole's); and Sensitive Caves (caves that provide critical habitat or that are fragile).

Ole's Cave, said Jim, has had visitors for almost a hundred years and the cave is in remarkably good shape. The Forest Service does not intend to develop Ole's Cave and encourages hikers not to go there in winter, when bats use the cave for hibernation. Exploring the cave during other seasons is fine, Jim said.

Bats use many caves in this area for winter hibernation, according to Jim. They are dormant but not really "asleep," and they are aware of your presence.

"When hikers shine their lights around and talk, the bats are very disturbed. It may take them 30 minutes to come up to speed and fly out, and by that time the people may be gone thinking they haven't bothered the

bats," said Jim. "After a series of disturbances the bats' winter fat supply is depleted and they don't survive. That's why we suggest that people stay out of the caves in winter."

One of the sensitive caves in the area is a place where the female Townsend's bats gather to have baby bats. "We don't know why they like that particular cave," Jim commented, "but we want to make sure it is available for them to use undisturbed."

In the future the Forest Service may post signs to help visitors learn about bats, Jim added.

Caving clubs help work on trails and protect resources just as hiking clubs do. For those who would like to learn more about caves and caving, here are two places to start:

Cascade Grotto
1731 S Lake Stickney Dr
Lynnwood 98037

Oregon Grotto
912 NW 50 St
Vancouver WA 98663

—AM.

EDITOR'S JOURNAL



Out for a winter paddle.

CARDS & LETTERS—Some of the nice notes you've sent us recently:

"Pack & Paddle has joyously filled many hours throughout the past year." (*Index, Washington.*)

"Black cat 'Nick' sends greetings to Yellow Cat." (*Everett, Washington.*)

"I subscribe to a number of magazines but this is the only one I read cover to cover as soon as it arrives." (*Seattle, Washington.*)

KARL ULLMAN—While Lee and I were in Trout Lake recently, we took the opportunity to visit PCT hiker Karl Ullman, who is wintering over at the foot of Mount Adams in a tiny cabin.

When Karl was faced with the imminent and inevitable finish of his Mexico-to-Canada hike, he decided he wasn't ready to have it all end just yet (see *December, page 24*). He was able to find a volunteer position with the Forest Service as caretaker for a cabin at the edge of the Wilderness, and here he is spending the winter months.

With nothing more than his backpacking gear, Karl has made himself at home. It is a 3-mile ski to the closest road, and an 8-mile hitchhike into town (although by using a shortcut he can reduce the distance and ski most of it).

He has no electricity and no running water, but a little wood stove, a kerosene lamp and a roof over his head are luxuries to someone who has lived "on the trail" since last spring.

A foot of new snow had fallen the night before we made the trip to his

cabin. Karl skied out to meet us and break trail. At his cabin, he put the pot on for tea, and we snacked on fruit and nuts, and some brownies that we had packed in.

As the day came to a close, we had to leave. But we envy Karl his little cabin and his peaceful winter.

INDEX—The Index is very popular this year. I use it all the time, so I'm glad to see others like it too.

Readers from Wenatchee wrote to say they've punched all their back issues to fit in a 3-ring binder, and add the Index for each year in front.

The Index is free (stamps are always appreciated!) so you can request one by just calling (206-871-1862) or sending us a postcard (*Pack & Paddle*, PO Box 1063, Port Orchard WA 98366).

BE PREPARED—Linda and Steve Rostad and their friend Caroline Thibodaux found it really paid to be prepared when they were able to help four stranded teenagers recently.

Linda said they were tempted to take just a few things since they were only going out for a short day. But they ended taking their full winter day packs, as usual, so they had plenty of warm, dry clothes and lots of food to share with the young people.

"We're so glad this story had a happy ending," said Linda. See their account on page 28.

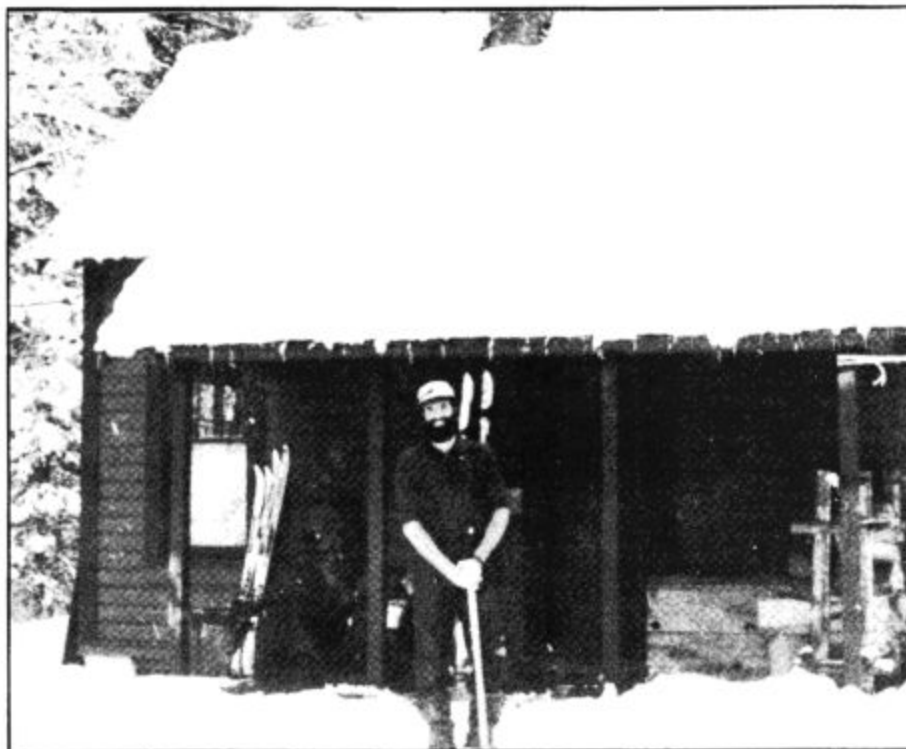
PHOTO OPPORTUNITY—The *Pack & Paddle* staff has been discussing the details of a Photo Opportunity, to be held early this summer. (We decided we don't want to call it a "contest"—much too structured for our taste.)

The theme will be "Any Outdoor Subject" and the format will be color slides, color prints, and black-and-white prints. All entries will go into one category. Maybe there will be some prizes for the several best photos. We haven't figured that out yet.

The reason we've decided to do this is to give you a chance to show off your photographic work. We'll print as many of the top shots as we can fit onto four pages. More details next issue. Load your cameras!

See you in the backcountry,

Ann Marshall



Karl Ullman in front of his home for the winter.

LETTERS continued from page 4

make this bad project acceptable.

This plan is no good. It is an absolute waste of taxpayers' money. If implemented, it would also put our outdoor safety in danger and rob us of our recreational freedom.

The deadline for comments to the Fish & Wildlife Service (3704 Griffin Lane SE, Suite 102, Olympia WA 98501) is February 12.

We hope you will inform your readers of this terrible situation and encourage them to notify the IGBC and the Fish & Wildlife Service of their objections to this plan. Also, encourage them to deluge their Representatives in Congress for their help in stopping this plan.

Duane and Mary Acheson
Edmonds, Washington

CLOSED AREA

How can you support taking a group into an area that is closed to protect a rare species [*January, page 12*]? I am appalled!

Paul Schaufler
Olympia, Washington

You're right. As editor, I should have realized that information about this particular sensitive trail should not have appeared in print, but it went right by me.

You may be interested to know, however, that Hans Castren, Backcountry Ranger for the Volcanic Monument, told us that the Forest Service doesn't consider the trail "closed" because it was never "open." The trail was never a maintained trail but was user-built. Although entrance into the caves is discouraged, it is not forbidden.

*No signs are posted to tell visitors about the bats, the "closure," or anything else. Karen Sykes didn't learn any of this until she got home and, out of curiosity, read about the area in **Mount Saint Helens**, by Chuck Williams.*

We learned some interesting things about bats and caves. See page 30 for more.—AM.

TENT LEAKS

In response to an item on page 30 of the November '93 issue, enclosed is a copy of the note I've sent out to customers for many years about leaks, also our tent instruction sheet, and a note on avoiding condensation.

Contrary to what AM thinks she recalls, I've always told our customers to keep vents *open* and doors *closed* to maximize ventilation in our Warmlite tents.

Of course, many other tents don't have proper vents, so opening doors may or may not work in them.

And, as you'll see in instructions, I suggest plastic on *outside*, so tent floor stays clean and dry.

AM does have the first part right: It is mighty rare for anyone to set up his tent in a spot where water can have pressure to push up through a floor.

We found *porous* fabric works great for tent floors, but plastic under it was nice for keeping tent clean and blocking ground humidity from condensing under pads and packs.

Jack Stephenson
Gilford, New Hampshire

We enjoyed reading all the information Jack sent. It is much too long to reprint here, but for \$1 you can get a copy of the Stephenson Warmlite catalog and read it yourself. Send a dollar to:

*Stephenson Warmlite
22-p Hook Road
Gilford NH 03246*

—AM

KEY PENINSULA PARK

As a supporter of the proposed new park on Key Peninsula I do hope readers of *Pack & Paddle* are aware of how

important this would be for those who use canoes or kayaks. I lived near there and it is the best water to play in.

It would be a boon to boaters and RVers alike. The volunteer host program works well to keep a handle on things. Our Good Sam chapter is one of many who carry plastic bags to pick up trash wherever we stay. I'm sure *Pack & Paddlers* share our concern for things we use, be it park or trail.

Marian Mae Robison
Wapato, Washington

HUNTING SEASONS

I was prompted to write after reading Jane Habegger's letter in the Backcountry News section of the January issue [*page 12*].

She was concerned about hunters being in a Wilderness Area. As you noted, yes, hunting is allowed in Wilderness Areas. May I recommend to all hikers that they pick up a current copy of the Washington Department of Wildlife Hunting Regulations? These booklets are printed every year with updated information and are free of charge.

In the WDW Hunting Regs booklet you can find out what areas are open to hunting and when they are open.

I would also suggest wearing bright or fluorescent colored clothes, as opposed to more neutral gray, brown or tan colors if you are going to be hiking in an open area during a hunting season. It is a regulation that hunters wear "hunter orange" during "modern firearm" or rifle seasons to make them more easily seen.

Getting a copy of the WDW Hunting Regs will not only aid the hiker in deciding where and when, but also in reading and studying the booklet, the un- or mis-informed non-hunter may become better informed about hunting in Washington.

Laurie Clevinger
Olympia, Washington