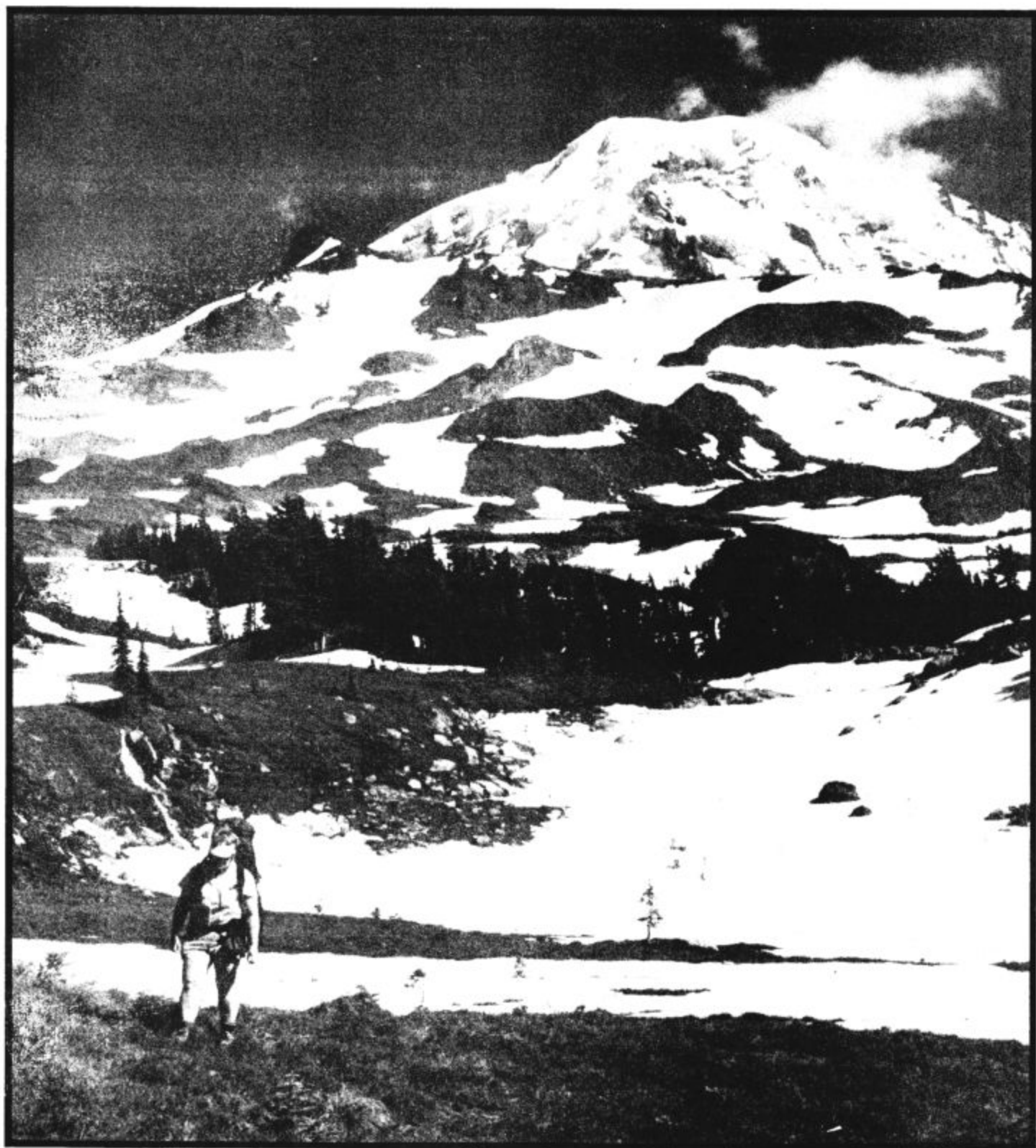


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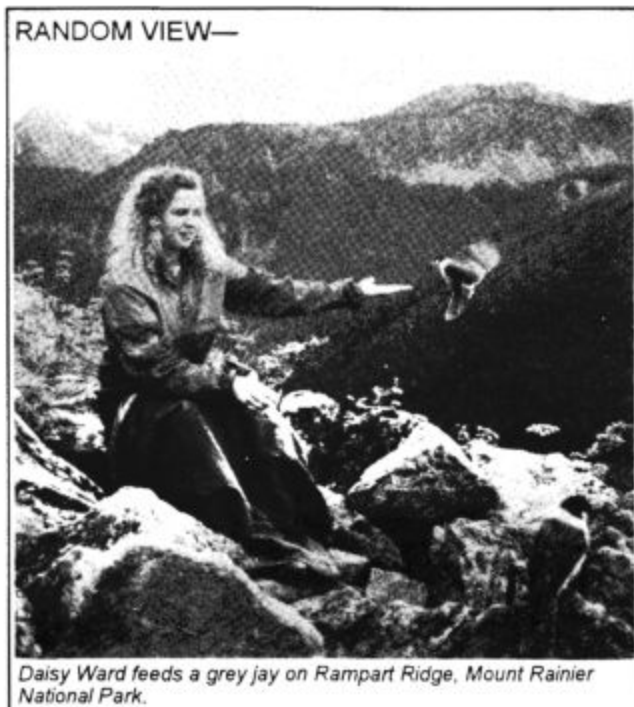
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# Pack & Paddle

VOLUME 3, NUMBER 8



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Backpacker in Spray Park, Mount Rainier National Park, Washington. Photo by Lee McKee.

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### Staff

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

With help from: All Readers

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Walt Bailey  
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 Margaret Farley  
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 Louise Marshall  
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 David Ryeburn



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# LETTERS to the EDITOR

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

## LOCK GLOVE COMPARTMENT

I read with avid interest (and horror) Mark's "Scary Trailhead Story" (July, page 4). Good grief.

Mr. Maphead has some advice on this situation. The first year I worked at Stevens Pass, he did too—weekends on the parking crew.

They "break into" dozens of cars every ski season to help people who have lost their keys, locked them inside, or whatever. Mr. Maphead says to simply lock your glove compartment.

It's no big trick to Slim-Jim your car open; it's another game altogether to get a lock open.

Mystery Hiker  
Granite Falls, Washington

PS—Thanks to everyone for the "not too strenuous" hike suggestions!

## RETRACTION

The November issue of *Pack & Paddle* published an article by Tim McNulty that had previously appeared in the October 1993 Mountaineers Conservation Newsletter and, originally, in the August 1993 Olympic Park Associates Newsletter.

Following receipt of the August article, the Fund for Animals sought and received a retraction of McNulty's libelous claim that The Fund for Animals was in any way seeking to "supply goats for trophy hunters."

[We are compelled] to formally request that you publish a retraction.

Cathy Sue Anunsen  
The Fund for Animals  
Salem, Oregon

*The offending sentence reads:  
"To further sacrifice this area's ecological integrity in order to supply goats for trophy hunters on national forest lands is unthinkable, but that is the position of a vocal constituency of sport-hunters and animal rights activists."*

*Let it be known that The Fund for Animals is against sport hunting and trophy hunting of any kind.—AM*

## CLOSE ENCOUNTER

What prompted me to write this was Ira Spring's great article about—and pictures of—the Boy Scout Camp Cleland on Lower Lena Lake (July, page 22).

Ira started at Cleland at the time I started attending Camp Parsons, which I did for several summers. It was there that I was introduced to hiking and took several four- and five-day hikes throughout the Olympics.

One of those hikes started at Cleland, went up to Upper Lena, then to the headwaters of the Duckabush and the Dose and then down the Dose. It's possible we went through Cleland when Ira was there.

In the ensuing years I revisited Upper Lena at least a half dozen times. Like Ira, I love the place. On my last visit to Upper Lena, with my son Martin in October 1984, there was only one other tent to be seen.

We were surprised when we woke on the second day to find that it had snowed considerably during the night, and it was beautiful. Although we were prepared for cold weather we decided to hike out that afternoon.

Later when I read your report in the *Signpost*, I realized that the other tent at the lake belonged to you and Lee! Then I was sorry we had not paid you a visit.

My thanks to Ira for the article and to you for publishing it. It is one I'll never forget.

Richard Robb  
Seattle, Washington

## MAKE A DIFFERENCE

Letters to the Forest Service complaining about unpleasant encounters with ORVs can make a big difference.

This spring the federal court of appeals in the North Entiat case ruled that letters to the Forest Service from trail users were very persuasive proof of user conflicts between hikers and ORVs.

Indeed, the court said, such letters may be the best way to show user conflict. The court relied on such letters to uphold the Wenatchee National Forest closure of North Entiat trails to motorbike use. The Northwest Motorcycle Association had argued that hiker letters should be disregarded.

The Cle Elum Ranger District is starting to evaluate trails in the Teana-

way drainage to decide which ones should continue to be designated for ORV use.

One of the questions the district will be addressing is how much present and potential conflict exists in the Teanaway between hikers and ORVs.

From my own experience and observation, I'd say there's been plenty, and more is likely if the Forest Service starts limiting entry into the Alpine Lakes Wilderness.

I hope readers will report their own unpleasant encounters with ORVs to the **Cle Elum Ranger, 803 West 2nd, Cle Elum WA 98922**, and keep a copy in case this becomes another lawsuit.

David Knibb  
Bellevue, Washington

## CAMANO ISLAND SITE

I was interested in the article about the WFTA Cascadia Marine Trail campsite on Blake Island (July, page 32) because our group recently helped build a WFTA campsite at Camano Island State Park.

Our group is the Friends of Camano Island Parks (FOCIP). On April 4, a work party developed seven tent sites at the designated Cascadia Marine Trail campsite under the direction of park ranger Howard Adams. Two of our members who are also members of WFTA, Howard Shuman and Gwyn Triplett, have volunteered to maintain the site throughout the year.

FOCIP, a volunteer organization, originally was formed in 1992 as Friends of Cama to support the state acquisition of Cama Beach, a pristine 428-acre parcel which includes over 1 mile of beach front on Saratoga Passage as well as an inland lake and wetlands area. Once the state purchased the Cama property, the organization changed its name to FOCIP to open the way for public participation in all the state and county parks on Camano Island.

We have participated in several work parties at Camano Island State Park this spring. FOCIP members also assisted the park rangers during clam season in June.

Our address is **FOCIP, PO Box 1385, Stanwood WA 98292**.

Pam Pritzl  
Camano Island, Washington



# BACKCOUNTRY NEWS





REPORTS AND CONDITIONS

## INTRODUCTION

See "How to be a Pack & Paddle contributor" on page 3. All readers are encouraged to contribute to *Backcountry News*. Information that is particularly helpful includes: distance & elevation gain, condition of trail or route, hazards such as tidal currents, rockfall, avalanche danger, washouts, bees' nests, etc. and pleasant or fun things you encountered.

Space is limited; we may have to cut your report to fit available space. Typing is not necessary; we can read just about anyone's handwriting. We're interested in ALL trips, easy and hard, ordinary and exotic.

We use the following symbols to help you plan your trips.

-  —Climbing, scrambling, mountaineering, off-trail and cross-country travel.
-  —Hiking, backpacking on trails.
-  —Canoeing, kayaking and water trips.
-  —Snowshoeing and cross-country skiing.



## PENINSULA



**GENERAL CONDITIONS**—Roads and trails open and snowfree.



### LOWER QUILCENE TRAIL

(Olympic Natl Forest; USGS Mt Walker, Mt Townsend)—Departure time was 6am from Aberdeen and straight to the trailhead with just one little coffee and donut stop in Brinnon.

We were about a mile up the road from our turn off when Kerry spotted a big doe with two very small fawns. One of the fawns got scared and ran the wrong way so I stopped and Kerry got out and got it pointed in the right direction. I think she knows their language.

We had no trouble finding the trailhead which was empty when we got there. It was lightly raining so we started out with umbrellas over our heads.

This 6 miles of trail starts at 1300

feet and ends at 2500 feet. For the first 2.4 miles you're hiking on the old Bark Shanty road which leads to Bark Shanty camp, a very nice site with tall evergreens surrounding it and the Quilcene River noise to enjoy.

The two sturdy bridges on this stretch of trail come in handy for the mountain bikers who would come up behind us and yell, "Coming through!"

We had been hiking for a short time past Bark Shanty when a lone hiker coming from the other direction asked us if Marmot Pass were this way. We hated to tell him that he was going the wrong way. After a brief explanation and a look at the map, he was off and running toward Buckhorn Mountain.

We had planned to camp at Camp Jolly, but it's anything but jolly, possibly a two-tent site. After hiking another 1.5 miles, passing lots of devils club and coltsfoot, we came out to the Upper Big Quilcene trail, where the parking area was full of cars. Kerry began to wonder where we were going to camp. Don led the way up an unmarked path to Ten Mile Shelter, with Wet Weather Creek running beside it. As we stood inside the shelter trying to make up our minds about staying or not, it started pouring rain. We stayed.

This is a good shelter, with a little counter to cook on. Someone left newspapers and a sack of wood for which we say "thank you."

After lunch, we left our gear (with fingers crossed) and day-hiked to Shelter Rock Camp 2.6 miles up. The camp is at 3650 feet: no fires allowed here. Returning to the shelter we found the

only two level spots and pitched our tents. The next morning Don slept in until 7, and found Kerry already at the shelter, sitting in a lounge chair reading a paper!

After breakfast we packed up and headed back down the trail. We had to get out of the way a dozen times for the mountain bikes.

When we got to Bark Shanty Camp, we stopped for a lunch break and some tea. Although Don thought a nap was in order, we decided to head on out to the trailhead. A 17-mile round trip hike.

One more thing we would like to add: both the Lower Quilcene and the Big Quilcene trails are in excellent condition. We would like to extend a *big pat* on the back for a job well done to the Quilcene trail crew.—Don Abbot, Aberdeen, and Kerry Gilles, Westport, 6/11-12.



### RAFT AND CUTTS ISLANDS

(NOAA 18449)—The inconspicuous launch site at the end of the dead-end street in Rosedale (described in *Kayaking Puget Sound, The San Juans and Gulf Islands* by Randel Washburne) is a far cry from wide-open public sites.

Struggling only a little to get the kayaks over the block bulkhead, the four of us were soon passing through the channel between Raft Island and the mainland. On this sunny Tuesday evening, there were only a few power boats—a couple with skiers—in the channel. They were easy to dodge, but I imagine on a weekend day the channel can be quite busy.

## BACKCOUNTRY NEWS DEADLINE: August 23

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

# BACKCOUNTRY NEWS


REPORTS AND CONDITIONS

Passing under the bridge joining Raft with the mainland, we were headed toward Cutts Island. The smooth water turned slightly choppy as we lost the protection from wind afforded by the mainland.

Cutts is just a tiny cupcake island with a nice beach on one end and a steep bluff on the other. On this evening several power boaters were using a portion of the beach area as the launching point for water skiing.

Circling Cutts, we headed back toward Raft, this time following the outside shoreline to complete a circle of it, too. Many very nice looking homes fill the shoreline of Raft.

An incoming tide left only a 1-foot-wide beach at the takeout, making for some wading to get the kayaks over the bulkhead. As noted in Washburne's book, consulting a tide book is good advice if you plan to launch in the Rosedale area.—LGM, Port Orchard, 6/28.

 **ANDERSON PASS** (*Olympic Natl Park; USGS The Brothers, Mt Steel*)—My hiking partner and I both had Friday off so we decided to spend three days up the west fork of the Dosewallips. We left town about six and were on the trail by nine Friday morning.

We were a little unsure of the weather but it turned out to be quite nice. We decided to go as far as Diamond Meadows and camp so we could still have a campfire.

When we arrived at the meadows we had the pick of the camp spots and chose one next to the river and away

## CLOSURE LIFTED

Flapjack and Black and White Lakes are now open to camping,

but only when the Backcountry Ranger is on duty, according to the Hoodsport Ranger Station.

The bear is still in the area and is being watched carefully by Park Rangers. The bear not only swipes food hung from tree limbs, but also chews through the hanging ropes of food hung too high for him to grab, and will approach campsites to search for food. Call Hoodsport for current information if you plan to travel in this area:  
**206-877-5256.**

from most of the others.

The next morning we had what was supposed to be an omelette for breakfast. Boiling water she can do, frying egg omelettes she can't. We ate it anyway and decided that I cook the next one.

The next morning, with our day packs loaded, we headed for Honey-moon Meadows and Anderson Pass. As the trail nears Honey-moon Meadows, the river is in a gorge with a series of large rapids and falls which make it quite scenic. While taking a break at Honey-moon Meadows, we talked to the resident ranger and found out that a foot of snow still remained on the pass and the trail was almost snow free all the way to the Anderson moraine.

After leaving Honey-moon Meadows, we hiked on up to Anderson Shelter,


more commonly known as Camp Siberia. The shelter is still in good shape and someone put the door back on the out house.

We took a short rest at the pass and took a few pictures, then headed on up to the moraine. We knew there were some climbers doing Mount Anderson so we got out the binoculars and looked for them.

We found them coming down Fly-paper Pass and watched them for quite a while. After eating lunch and seeing the climbers were safely across the glacier, we headed back to camp.

Sunday morning we headed back down the trail, taking our time, and not in any hurry to end the trip. When we were almost back to the trailhead, we took the Terrace Trail as I had never been on it before.

On our way back home we decided to stop at a new restaurant called The Bent Fork, just a little north of Hoodsport. The food as well as the service was great. We highly recommend it.—Sunshine and the Bearman, Grays Harbor, 6/24-26.

 **MOUNT JUPITER** (*The Brothers Wilderness; USGS Mt Jupiter, Brinnon*)—Would the Mount Jupiter road be open to the trailhead? Sometimes the road is gated and even without the road being gated, the hike is long (14 miles!) with plenty of elevation gain (3600 feet or so).

The road was open—and it didn't even seem to be in bad shape. Only one other vehicle was at the trailhead. The Mount Jupiter trail is never crowded,

## PACKERS SPOT A COUGAR

Thursday June 16, 1994, we stopped to water the llamas at Idaho Creek as we crossed it on the Elwha River trail, about 3 miles from the trailhead at Whiskey Bend. After drinking, the llamas kept looking up the bank and stretching their necks to hold their heads as high as possible.

They showed no excitement, just curiosity. I kept expecting to see a chipmunk, squirrel, bird or some small critter but saw nothing. When the last llama finished drinking we proceeded up the trail to the terrace with its frail forest and four foot salal brush.

Fifteen minutes later, at 10:15, a cougar jumped onto the trail about 15 feet in front of Aaron and the three llamas

she was leading. The cougar did not seem to notice Aaron but proceeded to follow the four llamas Kit was leading.

Aaron yelled, Kit turned around and met the cougar as he rounded the corner in the trail about 30 feet away. The cougar looked at Kit, turned and looked at Aaron then jumped into the salal brush and was gone.

On the return trip, Sunday June 19, we found cougar tracks on top of the boot prints of two hikers who were about half an hour ahead of us, at about 11 am. The cougar followed the hikers from just above Lillian Creek to Idaho Creek, about 1 mile of mostly flat, glacier-cut terrace that drops down on both ends to the creeks.

The cougar was small, about the size of a black lab dog. I believe it was a

yearling, with a dark brown, fluffy coat that looked a size to big for him (presuming it is a he).

At no time did this young cougar present a threat to anyone except himself. His lack of fear of humans may well cause his downfall—a true cause of concern for all of us who thrill at the sight of the free and wild in nature.

—Kit Niemann

*Kit Niemann is the owner and lead guide for Kit's Llamas, a commercial packing & guide service operating in the Olympic Mountains. Aaron Veach is Kit's 16-year-old granddaughter; she has been an assistant guide for several years.*

but perhaps the cool, cloudy day helped.

The next question—was I too late to see the rhododendrons? At first I thought so—the flowers along the early part of the trail were dry and stale. The trail stays mostly in the woods with moderate elevation gain until about 5 miles—then the views and the hard work begin.

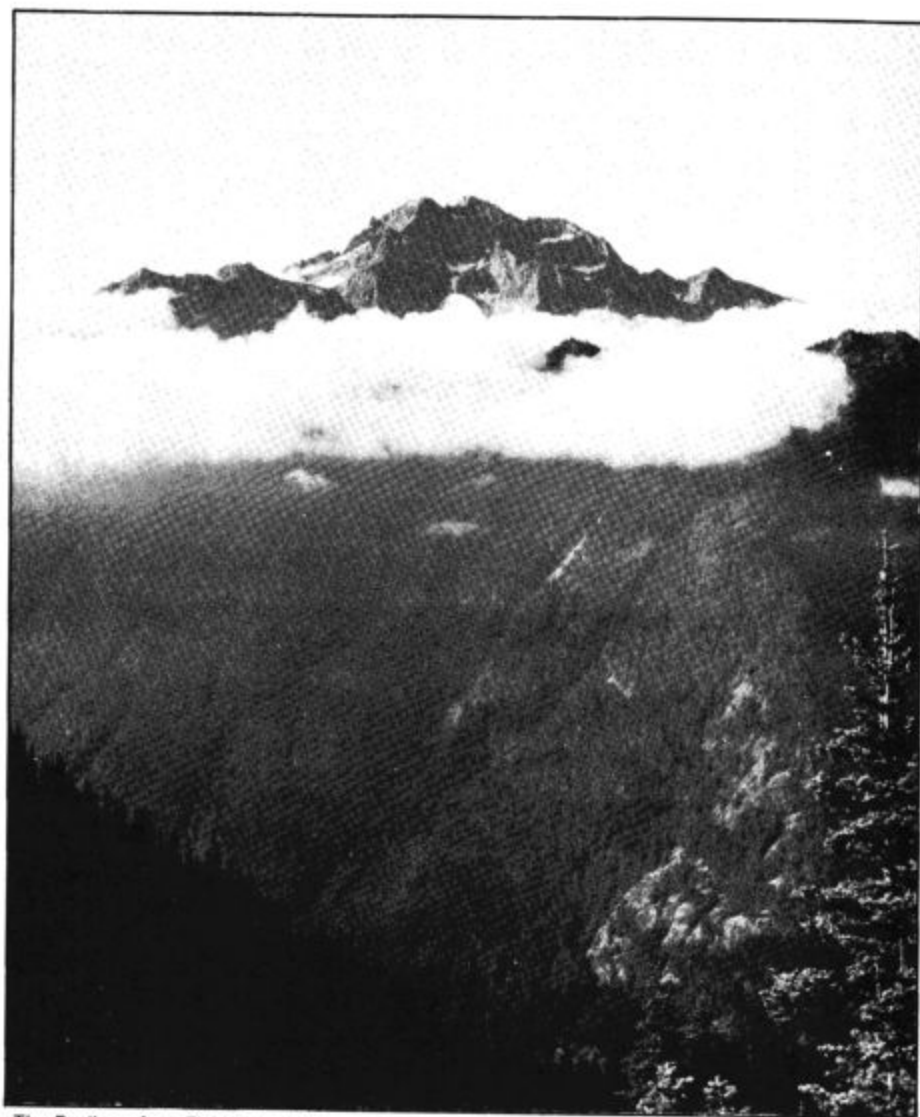
Today I was grateful for the cool weather on the way up. I also enjoyed the solitude—encountered two young fellows coming out (with ancient packs). Flowers were everywhere: paintbrush, lupine, rhodies (at a higher elevation), asters, columbine, penstemon, bear-grass, phlox ... At times I was walking through scented clouds of perfume from the flowers.

There was a forest fire here once many years ago—but only the bleached snags along the trail can tell the tale. The combination of rocks, white snags, and clumps of flowers held my attention the whole way up—until the last merciless switchbacks squeezed out the last of my energy. The last 1000 feet were tough. But once on the summit, I enjoyed the tired peace that comes from sitting on a summit after a work-out. The clouds refused to lift, but I was happy.

The way down was enjoyable—there are a few uphill on the way out, but they are relatively mild. My knee hurt on the way out. When I get an ache or a pain now I often wonder—is this the beginning of the end? So far, the aches and pains have gone away. Rain on the last mile out. I stopped at the Hungry Bear for seafood on the way home.—Karen Sykes, Seattle, 7/4.

**ROYAL BASIN** (*Olympic Natl Park; USGS Mt Deception*)—Royal Basin is one of my favorite places to go. I've been going there every year on 4th of July weekend for the last four years and three different years before that. The 4th of July weekend is usually the best time because the snow is melted out around the lake and camp area and the mosquitoes are tolerable. By the end of July, you might think that Royal Basin is the breeding ground for all the mosquitoes in the world.

I left home Friday after work and camped at the Royal Fork about a mile in from the trailhead. The next morning I packed the rest of the way in and selected a camp spot behind Royal Lake and near Shelter Rock. After setting up camp, I took a hike up to the upper basin to see how much snow there was. The first big meadow had some snow patches and the rest of the upper basin was covered in snow. While up there, a marmot whistled at me and I got close



*The Brothers from Del Monte Ridge.*

Paul Schaufner

enough to get some pictures.

Sunday was the best day for clear weather. The morning was beautiful but by noon the fog would roll up the valley and cover things up and then clear up again. I have already climbed almost every peak up there, so this time I decided to climb the east ridge above Royal Lake and run it to peak 6981. This is one of the best times of the year to get up high and get some nice pictures of the peaks with snow still on them.

After I finished dinner that evening, I visited with Dave, a fellow I met on the trail. We swapped a few stories and traded some ideas on backpacking equipment.

The next morning I headed back to the upper basin to climb another mountain. I was within 300 hundred feet of making a summit when the fog rolled in and I had to give it up.

I decided to move my camp to the lower meadow where there are design-

nated campfire sites so I could have a campfire on my last night. As I was getting ready to set up my tent in one of those spots, it started to rain. I waited a while in the trees hoping it was just a shower but it didn't look like it was going to let up. I packed up and headed down the trail and didn't stop until I got to my truck. I was at my mother's house by 10 o'clock, watching the 4th of July fireworks on TV.—Don Abbott, Aberdeen, 7/1-4.

**WYNOOCHEE LAKE-SHORE TRAIL 878** (*Olympic Natl Forest; USGS Wynoochee Lk*)

—In 1978, 1980, and 1981 I worked with Youth Conservation Corps teens to construct this trail around Wynoochee Lake, just south of the Olympic National Park boundary.

I had not been back to visit since then, and wondered if anyone was using the trail, and if it had been main-



# BACKCOUNTRY NEWS

REPORTS AND CONDITIONS

tained. When we were building the trail, recreation at the lake had seemed limited to fishing and powerboating.

A trailhead at Coho Campground, on the west shore, was our starting point, as we circled the lake clockwise. The trail followed the lake shore, passing in and out of the trees, 5.5 miles to the mouth of the Wynoochee River.

No bridge has been constructed over it, so we chose to ford it. The water was hip-deep and cold. We picked up the trail immediately, and headed south, dropping to cross several creeks feeding into the lake, then climbing out again.

The trail was in good shape, with a few spots needing some brushing. We didn't see any other hikers until we had almost reached the dam at 12 miles from the campground. The constant drone of power boats on the lake reminded us where all the visitors were.

The complete circle back to the campground is 13 miles. We were impressed with the beauty of this place, and at the amount of solitude we could find on a busy Fourth of July weekend.

Until the Forest Service decides to publicize the trail it will remain a special place for those of us who know about it.—Laura, Ken and Emmett Wild, Marysville, 7/2.

**SPoon CREEK FALLS TRAIL 25** (*Olympic Natl Forest; USGS Mt Tebo*)—This 1/3-mile trail leads to a pristine waterfall that tumbles 50 feet into a pocket of stone.

Our YCC kids built the trail in 1981, and we often spent hot summer afternoons swimming in the pool at the base of the falls. Even now, the trail is in good condition, and when you gaze at the water cascading down Spoon Creek, you can almost imagine that you are the first visitor here.

Drive the Wynoochee Valley Road and Forest Service road 22 north from Montesano 37 miles to the 23 road.

Turn right, and follow it 3 miles to the trailhead, on the right side of the road. The pullout will accommodate 2 or 3 cars. This is a good hike for families with small children—our 3-year-old could have spent hours here if we had let him.—Laura, Ken and Emmett Wild, Marysville, 7/3.

**BLAKE ISLAND** (*State Park; NOAA 18449*)—Launching from a wide spot in the road at Yukon Harbor, we did a quick exploration of Curley Creek before heading out for a spur of the moment trip to Blake Island. It was just over a month ago (see *July, page 32*) that our group had helped establish the Cascadia Marine

Trail campsite on Blake, and we decided to check its condition.

After a pleasant crossing with the evening sun to our backs, we landed on the west side of the island. A short walk through beach debris brought us to the Marine Trail campsite. Some re-arrangement of logs and numbering of sites had occurred.

On our way back, the setting sun to the west caused Rainier to stand out with a purplish glow to the southeast. An almost-full moon completed the setting. Next time we'll throw in overnight equipment and spend the night.—LGM, Port Orchard, 7/19.

**CABIN RENTALS**—The Hamma Hamma and Interoorem cabins are available for rent.

The Hamma Hamma cabin was built in 1937 by the CCC; sleeps six.

The Interoorem cabin was built in 1907; sleeps four.

Rental is \$25 per night for each cabin, including propane heat, lights, cook stove and refrigerator. Bring your own water. To rent, contact the Hood Canal Ranger Station, PO Box 68, Hoodport WA 98548 (206-877-5254).

**RESTRICTED AREAS**—Reservations are now required between 7/15 and 9/5 for camping between the north side of the Ozette River and Yellow Banks. Call 206-452-0300 for information. (See *June, page 5* for details.)

Campsites at Flapjack Lakes and Lake Constance can be reserved by contacting the Staircase Ranger Station, 206-877-5569. Unreserved permits are available on a first-come, first-served basis.

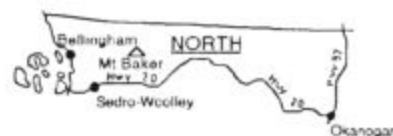
Camping on the Seven Lakes Basin loop is restricted to designated sites only. There are no advance reservations for this area; permits are available ONLY first-come, first-served at the Sol Duc Ranger Station.—Ranger, 7/17.

**OLYMPIC NATL PARK**—206-452-0300. Roads are open. Trails are snow-free except for highest elevations.

Staircase Rapids loop bridge is repaired. Duckabush trail has severe storm damage. The ford at Remann's Cabin on the Elwha is currently high and hazardous; river running 3 to 3 1/2 feet deep. Routefinding is difficult to Semple Plateau. Chicago Camp to Elwha Basin hasn't been maintained in several years.

Hoh trail is snowfree but muddy between miles 3 and 6. North Fork Skokomish trail is washed out 1/2-mile below Camp Pleasant.—Ranger, 7/11.

## NORTH



**GENERAL CONDITIONS**—Roads and trails open.

**GOLD RUN PASS** (*Mt Baker Wilderness; USGS Mt Larrabee*)—Got a late morning start from Silver Fir campground about 12 miles east of Glacier on Highway 542.

Discovered that directions to the Gold Run Pass trailhead as described in *100 Hikes in North Cascades* are slightly incorrect. Instead of watching for an intersection, which is really a Y, just keep to the obvious, well-travelled road on the left. The Tomyhoi Lake trailhead is 4.2 miles from the highway at a switchback.

The first 1 1/4 miles gains 1200 feet through forest and subalpine meadow, which then opened up into snow covered alpine meadow at 4800 feet.

Spectacular views from here of Shuksan, Baker and the snow-mottled slope of Yellow Aster Butte. Flowering at the meadow was just starting, with lupine, paintbrush, phlox, and others. The month of July should see the wildflowers at their peak.

We reached Gold Run Pass (2 miles) in a leisurely 3 hours. Panoramic views of American Border Peak, Mount Larrabee, The Pleiades, Winchester Mountain, as well as Baker greeted us. We could not see Tomyhoi Lake to the north-northwest, but a fisherman we met had hiked the long, steep snow slope down to it.—Ray and Sue Berg, Tenino, 6/22.

**SCOTT PAUL MEMORIAL TRAIL** (*Mt Baker Natl Rec Area; USGS Baker Pass*)—Western trailhead is 2.1 miles from parking lot on the Park Butte Lookout trail. Eastern trailhead is 50 yards from the Park Butte Lookout trailhead.

I started at noon at the western end 12:05, crossed a small creek. 12:15, top of west lateral moraine of Easton Glacier; profusion of yellow flowers for 1-mile as footpath descends northward. Impressive view of the excavation carved out by the Easton Glacier with Mount Baker rearing above.

12:25, bridge site. Hanging bridge not yet in place. Crossed by boulder hopping about 50 feet downstream from bridge site; trail switchbacks up after crossing.



# BACKCOUNTRY NEWS

REPORTS AND CONDITIONS


12:40, boulder hop a small creek and have a 10 or 15 minute lunch stop.

1pm, reach highest point by railroad grade; footpath turns east here. 1:10, cross two creeks; back up to about 5400 feet. Trail muddy often with many snow patches to be crossed. On one or two, refinding the trail is not easy. Trail winds in and out of multiple gullies.

1:45, cross creek; start down about here. 2:15, top of Skagit Alpine Club trail to ridge, now upgraded (and still being worked on). 3:15, reach parking lot.

I estimate the elevation gain west to east as 1000 feet; east to west, 3000 feet. Mileage is about 6½ or 7 miles. No campsites. With no snow or mud, probably could be walked a little faster.—Fred Darvill, Mount Vernon, 7/17.

*Scott Paul was the wilderness and trails program manager for the Mount Baker District. He was killed in a fall last September (see Pack & Paddle, November 1993, page 28).—AM.*

 **GRASSHOPPER PASS, PCT** (Okanogan Natl Forest; USGS Slate Pk)—Arrived at Hart's Pass at 11:30am, turned left, drove 2


miles to Meadows campground, the end of the road. From the trailhead took a short connecting trail uphill to the PCT, and headed southeast. The trail starts in meadows and travels through stands of larches.

Had to cross some snow patches that were steep and exposed. The way the snow is melting, though, the danger will be gone in a week.

Beautiful wildflowers throughout the trail. In a couple of weeks this area will be bursting with color. We had hoped to get to Grasshopper Pass, but after only 2 miles the PCT runs along a ridge which provided a perfect place for a lunch stop. Views of many rugged peaks to the south and west.

While lunching, we spotted a deer in the emerald green meadow below us. Soon we also spotted a brown colored bear a short distance from the deer. We did our best to try to identify him as a grizzly, but his shape was that of a black bear.

Sue wimped out and decided she didn't want any closer bear encounters, so we turned around.—Ray and Sue Berg, Tenino, 6/24.

 **PACIFIC CREST TRAIL, Rainy Pass to Harts Pass** (Okanogan Natl Forest; USGS Washington Pass, Mt Arriva, Azurite Pk, Slate Pk)—Ken and I had hiked the PCT through Oregon and Washington in 1987, but had run out of time as we neared the Canadian border. We skipped the 30 miles between Rainy

## 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

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Mount Baker from the Lake Ann trail.

Pass and Harts Pass, vowing to do it in the near future. Seven years later we were finally finishing that last section.

The trail register at Rainy Pass had been removed by vandals the previous weekend, so we could not fill out a permit (not mandatory), which the backcountry ranger asked to see the next day.

The climb to Cutthroat Pass, 5.1 miles, was mostly snow-free, with a few patches blocking the trail. No need for ice axes or detours. The next 2.4 miles to Granite Pass was around the north side of Cutthroat Peak, and there were a couple of large snow bowls to negotiate, again, nothing serious.

We camped at the pass, and had two young men camp nearby after we had gone to bed. They had started in Canada, and were heading for Mexico. We obtained water only by melting snow from a dwindling bank nearby. However, we filled our bottles the next day at a stream ¼-mile north of Granite Pass.

The next morning we began a steady climb to Methow Pass (3.1 miles from Granite Pass), enjoying the early morning shade. From the pass, we began a long descent to the West Fork of the Methow River, crossing it on a sturdy bridge 4.9 miles later. The route down was entirely in trees, with no views.

We had lunch on the bridge, near a large campsite complete with backcountry toilet. Following the river, we stumbled over a baby owl in the middle of the trail. We couldn't identify it, but it had no fear of us, and appeared to have immature plumage. Perhaps it had fallen from a nest?

After crossing Brush Creek (2.9 miles from our lunch stop), we began our final push of the day, toward Glacier Pass, some 2.8 miles up the valley. The trail was seriously overgrown, with foliage at chest and shoulder height.

As we pushed through it, stumbling

over rocks and roots in the trail we could not see, batting away flies and mosquitoes in the late-afternoon heat, we began to wonder if we should not have stopped to camp at Brush Creek.

In a short time, however, we had arrived at the pass to find a wonderful campsite replete with gurgling stream and flowery meadow, just west of the main trail.

Our final day of the trip began with a long climb to Grasshopper Pass (2.6 miles from Glacier Pass), where we saw whole colonies of marmots at work. The trail climbed around Tatie Peak, where several pockets of snow lay melting in the shade.

As we approached Hart's Pass (6.7 miles from Grasshopper Pass), we ran into several groups of day-hikers, and three backpackers heading south.

Our car, parked in front of the Hart's Pass Guard Station, hadn't been touched. We drove to the new store at

# BACKCOUNTRY NEWS

REPORTS AND CONDITIONS

Mazama for cold drinks, marveling at how developed this part of the world had become.—Ken and Laura Wild, Marysville, 7/6-8.

**COPPER GLANCE TRAIL 519** (*Okanogan Natl Forest; USGS Billy Goat Mtn*)—Stayed at Honey-moon Campground, one of four on Eightmile Creek with few amenities and no fee. Pit toilets, no water or garbage collection, bring your own toilet paper in case.

Only one site left when I arrived, empty when I got back from Copper Glance. Although there had been multiple users at each site, no garbage was left behind, surplus cut firewood was stacked for convenience, and some sites had even been raked. Says something for the folks in that part of the country.

Trail starts immediately off Eight-Mile road. Start elevation approximately 3900 feet; lake elevation approximately 6050 feet. 11:45, leave trailhead. Steep up old cat road to mine.

12:00, cross Copper Glance Creek on sturdy bridge. 12:22, rocky viewpoint and lunch. (About time, left Olympia at 5am).

12:45, resume. Crawl under log. There are several down trees on the trail, most can be stepped over or walked around; two require slither under. Five switchbacks brought me to end of road and mine adit at 1:08.

Trail from here on—foot trail, not horse trail. 1:25, up fall line next to meadow. 1:35, in big meadow with view. This meadow can be seen from the Eight-Mile road, a light green patch plastered on the hillside. Normal complement of lupines, paintbrush, plus forget-me-nots.

2pm, second crossing of Copper Glance Creek. Pass more diggings. 2:15, small pond with talus slope to south. Up slope to 2:30, great view of

Copper Glance, lake and surrounding peaks, Sherman among them. Rather than drop short way to lake went up ridge to north for photos. Trail was snowfree.

Out in one hour and forty minutes. Times are appropriate for elderly curmudgeon packing a 4x5 camera.—Paul Schaufler, Olympia, 7/5.

**BURCH MOUNTAIN TRAIL 538, off Larch Creek trail 532** (*Pasayten Wilderness; USGS Billy Goat Mtn*)—From Billy Goat trailhead to Billy Goat Pass, this is a horse trail. As much as some people resent the occasional encounter with horse-processed hay, the grade required for dragging a string of mules at a constant 4mph is very, very easy to handle. Sure beats the 36-inch steps on the Kautz Creek trail! Also noted all stock had been slick shod, no cleats, very little tread disturbance.

Billy Goat trailhead elevation about 4800 feet. Top of Burch Mountain, about 7800 feet.

Leave trailhead 7:45am. 8:00am, junction with trail to Lost Lakes. 9:30, Billy Goat Pass—entrance to Pasayten Wilderness. Snow patches easily passed. Lots of glacier lilies mixed with low buttercup, almost solid mats of yellow.

9:35, up Burch Mountain trail, big patch of marsh marigold. 10am, rest. Load up on water and sunscreen. Surrounded by lupine, paintbrush, veronica, penstemon, wallflower, pearly everlasting, erigerons and crigogonums plus more.

10:25, stop for b&w photos of Craggies and Isabella Ridge from granite boulder pile. One of the many faults associated with the main Eight-Mile fault is evident here. Fault block.

11:00, resume. 11:20, drop to saddle between the unnamed knob and Burch. Alpine larch covers south face of Burch

here. 11:30, in bouldery saddle. Trail indistinct in places but followable. Larch just budding out. New leaves (needles) feel like feathers. Trail levels after leaving larch patch and traverses sloughy raveling slope. Maybe old glacial debris that had been plastered on the hillside. Anyhow, poor footing and frame pack I use for heavy freight not the best for scrambling.

Several boot tracks including one pair of corked boots. 12:00, unmarked intersection and trail to summit. None of the maps I have seen have this part of the trail shown correctly. The trail goes where it makes sense for a trail to go!

12:15, lunch at summit. This had been a lookout site. Burned down during time when that was what they did. Fantastic panoramic view of North Cascades, from Silver Star to high peaks west of Lost River and north to that huge chunk of country, Remmel Mountain.

Head down around 1:40. 4:35, at trailhead. Met one bear halfway down. He ran.—Paul Schaufler, Olympia, 7/6.

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# BACKCOUNTRY NEWS

REPORTS AND CONDITIONS



## BURCH MOUNTAIN

(Okanogon Natl Forest; USGS Billy Goat Mtn)—The trail from Billy Goat Pass begins by switchbacking upward through vibrantly colored flower meadows dominated by lupine.

Waving in the morning breeze, the hues blended into an Impressionistic shimmering, like stepping into a Van Gogh garden. The tread is narrow and rocky but well-defined. At first you are faced by the rock walls of Billy Goat Mountain across the valley floor, but as the route contours southeastward, Billy Goat drops behind and Big Craggy Peak becomes the dominant feature.

Rounding a 7697 foot knoll, the trail drops to a 7200 foot saddle. This larch-filled meadow must be stunning in autumn. At the far end of the saddle, tread becomes indistinct.

The trail swings farther east (above Drake Creek drainage, and on Burch's north slope) than the map shows. It then returns to the west slope and crosses a rockslide; caution is recommended here.

The final ¼ mile climbs the south slope to the former lookout site. This is a great place for lunching and long-distant viewing. The resident pika was quite bold, pecking (and squeaking) up out of the rock crevice right between my knees.

I would add an hour to the hiking guide's 5-hour travel time estimate, based upon trail conditions.—Andy Carr, Bellevue, 7/16.

**MOUNT BAKER DISTRICT**—206-856-5700. Roads snowfree and open except Canyon Creek 31 and Canyon Ridge 3140; bridge out. Some roads very rough. Trails are snowfree and flower-filled except snow patches at highest elevations.—Ranger, 7/12.

**MOUNT BAKER**—Snow has stabilized and some crevasses have begun opening. A large one is forming at Roman Wall and the adjacent snowbridge is weakening.—Ranger, 7/12.

**NORTH CASCADES NATL PARK**—206-856-5700. Roads open. Trails snowfree except patches in high country. Permits are required for overnight stays in the backcountry. Trail crews are out but watch for thistles and nettles. Bears are active in Fisher Basin and on East Bank trail.—Ranger, 7/13.

**OKANOGAN NATL FOREST**—509-826-3275. All roads are open except Chancellor road 5400-700. High elevation lakes are nearly all ice-free. Spectacular alpine flowers are begin-



Steve Rostad, at the bottom of Lyman Glacier, looking back at Spider Gap.

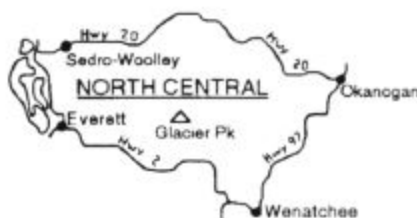
Linda Rostad

ning the blooming season.

Horseshoe Basin will have grazing sheep from 7/24 through 9/17.

Tours are given by jumpers at the North Cascade Smokejumper Base near Winthrop. Although based in the Methow Valley, this elite group of firefighters serves the entire nation. For tour information call 509-997-2031.—Ranger, 7/14.

## NORTH CENTRAL



**GENERAL CONDITIONS**—Roads and trails open and snowfree.

**WHITE CHUCK CROSSING, PCT**—Repairs on this damaged bridge will begin by 7/20 and are expected to be completed 9/1. Call the Darrington Ranger Station for updates: 206-436-1155.



## WHITE CHUCK BENCH TRAIL

(Baker-Snoqualmie Natl Forest; USGS White Chuck Mtn)—Thanks to Lisa Bliss Darling's directions in the January '94 *Pack & Paddle*, we arrived at the trailhead without taking any side trips. I brought along two

friends who hadn't been out hiking yet this year, and this was a great trail for all of us to enjoy, regardless of hiking ability.

It is mostly level hiking along the White Chuck River, with views of the mountains and river from high bluffs. For a sunny Memorial Day, we were surprised to discover we were the only hikers. We hiked between 3 and 4 miles, ate our lunch on the banks of the river, and hiked out. The trail was not difficult to follow, although it is in need of brushing.

The ferns, grasses and shrubs were waist-high in places. Lots of nettles; not a good place to wear shorts.—Laura Merkel Wild, Marysville 5/30.



## NORTH FORK SAUK

(Glacier Pk Wilderness; USGS Glacier Pk West)—We enjoyed this hike through lush, old-growth forest, along a rushing river, on a Tuesday morning when we were the only visitors.

The trailhead is reached by driving the Mountain Loop Highway from Granite Falls or Darrington to North Fork road 49 (7 miles north of Barlow Pass if coming from Granite Falls, or 18 miles south of Darrington). Drive east on road 49 approximately 7 miles until you see the large, signed parking area.

Within ½-mile, we entered the Glacier Peak Wilderness. From there the trail follows the river upstream, ending in 9 miles at the Pacific Crest Trail just south of White Pass. When we hiked this section of the PCT in 1988, I remember seeing the trail junction, and thought its steep grade would be a difficult climb.

On this trip, we hiked the first 2 miles to a junction with the Blue Lake trail, and found it delightfully level. The huge cedar trees and plenty of blooming vegetation made it a particularly scenic hike. Nettles abound in the sunny areas—wear long pants!—Ken, Laura and Emmett Wild, Marysville, 6/21.



## PERRY CREEK and STILLAGUAMISH MEADOWS

(Baker-Snoqualmie Natl Forest; USGS Bedal)—Knee felt okay so went at it again—this time a lazy stroll up toward Stillaguamish Peak. Pack full of camera gear—I could poke along as I pleased.

I ran into a couple of fellow Mountaineers who were out for a scramble of Mount Forgotten. We hiked together to Perry Creek Falls in the golden early morning light. We stopped for the usual rapt glance down the precipice of Perry Creek Falls, then crossed the stream on a friendly, fat foot-log. There I stopped

# BACKCOUNTRY NEWS

REPORTS AND CONDITIONS

and let them go on.

I was not summit-bound today. I took the time to enjoy the walk through the deep green forest. Once I got to the ridge I battled a moderately strong desire to climb Forgotten after all but I was going out again tomorrow and needed to keep something in reserve.

So I turned left, and ambled toward Stillaguamish. There were a few snow patches along the ridge—not enough to matter. The flowers are just starting up—not as many as I hoped to see. I could tell by the look of the ridge that the snow has not been gone very long.

I hiked along the ridge toward Stillaguamish until I could get a good view of it and stopped there for lunch. On my right was Glacier Peak and Mount Forgotten and on my left, Stillaguamish. Again, I battled the desire to get a summit (this time the desire was fainter), and headed back down.

There were still people climbing up the trail as I descended into the warm valley. As usual, the trolls had been out and added rocks to the trail on the final stretch to the trailhead. Stopped at the BP for coffee and an ice-cream bar. Only 85 cents and ALMOST as good as the pie at the Timberline.—Karen Sykes, Seattle, 7/9.



## CARNE BASIN TO LEROY CREEK

(*Glacier Pk Wilderness; USGS Trinity*)—Road to Phelps Creek trailhead is in good condition. Trail to Carne Basin has a couple of trees down. A few small snow patches below Carne Mountain.

The intersection with Rock Creek trail is signed. Some nice campsites in the Box Creek drainage (see *Routes and Rocks*); also a few snow patches here.

Our group of seven women stayed

two nights in Chipmunk Creek basin, climbing Mount Maude on our layover day. The bowl above Ice Lakes was full of snow, but Maude's south ridge was snowfree. There is an easy route around the band of snow just below the summit. No summit register.

The old trail between Chipmunk Creek and the next basin north was vague (we lost it, in other words). Snow on the north side of the pass into Leroy Creek basin. A wash from the west side of Maude has created a deep gully.

We spent two nights in Leroy Creek basin, climbing to the pass just east of Seven-Fingered Jack on our layover day.

The trail down Leroy Creek back to Phelps Creek loses 2000 feet in 1.6 miles. The Leroy Creek crossing is now several hundred feet higher than *Routes and Rocks* says—about 5600 feet instead of 5200; stay on the most traveled trail. A few downed trees.

Joan fell and injured her ankle on the Leroy Creek trail, 500 feet above Phelps Creek. She hobbled out painfully; took many hours. Turns out she has a fracture. Except for this accident we had a great trip.—Ann Marshall, 7/10-15.

**DARRINGTON DISTRICT**—206-436-1155. Roads are open. Some are very rough. Green Mountain road (Suittle) has large rocks on roadway.

Trails are snowfree except patches in highest elevations.

Big Four Ice Caves trail is maintained, but 15 feet of avalanche debris remains in the basin. Caves may not form this year (see "Rest Stop," page 37). Three Fingers trail has been maintained to Goat Flat; lots of bugs. Image Lake is thawed; snow above lake. Snow on PCT at Fire Creek Pass. Mount Pugh is snowfree to Stujack Pass, then

snow patches above.

No-fires restrictions in effect within ¼-mile of these lakes:

Silver, Twin, Goat, Saddle, Bryne, Box Mountain, Rivord, Milk, Lime, Image.—Ranger, 7/11.

**GLACIER PEAK**—Good climbing conditions; crevasses not open yet. Boulder Basin partially snowcovered.—Ranger, 7/19.

**SKYKOMISH DISTRICT**—206-677-2414. All roads open, except Evergreen, Bolt Creek, East Beckler and Lowe Creek (all washed out). Trails snowfree except patches in highest elevations.—Ranger, 7/11.

**CHELAN DISTRICT**—509-682-2576. Roads are snowfree but may be soft or have loose rocks on the surface.

Trails are mostly snowfree, but have patches in higher elevations.—Ranger, 7/12.

**STEHEKIN**—The shuttle bus is running all the way to Cottonwood; reservations required—call 509-682-2549.

The *Lady of the Lake II* is on its summer schedule, leaving Chelan at 8:30am and Fields Point at 9:45am. The *Lady* returns to Fields Point at 4:45 and Chelan at 6pm.

The *Lady Express* is running daily, leaving Chelan at 8:30am and Fields Point at 9:20am. The *Express* returns to Fields Point at 1:20pm and Chelan at 2pm. For fares and other information, call the Lake Chelan Boat Company, 509-682-2224.

For air service, call Chelan Airways, 509-682-5555.—Ranger, 7/14.

## TRAILHEAD ALERT

LISTING OF TRAILHEADS WHERE VANDALISM HAS BEEN A REPORTED PROBLEM

Here's our updated list (see June, page 4) of trailheads where car break-ins have occurred in the last month.

### OLYMPICS

**Shi Shi**—Some break-ins.

**Quilcene District**—Big Quilcene and Tubal Cain trailheads.

### CASCADES, WEST SIDE

**North Cascades Natl Park**—On the Cascade River Road, Monogram Lake and Hidden Lakes trailheads.

**Darrington District**—Barlow Pass and Independence Lake trailheads. Also

campground thefts every weekend; mountain bikes, rafts and kayaks are the targets.

**Skykomish District**—Trout Lake and Dorothy Lake.

**North Bend District**—Pratt Lake, Annette Lake and Talapus Lake trailheads have been hit the worst. The whole I-90 corridor has had problems.

**Packwood District**—Clear Fork trailhead on north side of Goat Rocks.

**Mt St Helens NVM**—No trailhead problems, but attempted theft at Vanson Meadows; see "Backcountry News—South" this issue.

### CASCADES, EAST SIDE

**Tonasket District**—Cathedral Driveway trailhead.

**Chelan District**—13 cars parked at Fields Point (the Lake Chelan ferry parking lot) had their windows smashed.

**ENTIAT DISTRICT**—509-784-1511. Roads are snowfree but watch for log trucks. Beginning 7/11, major reconstruction and paving will begin on the lower portion of Tyce road 5700. The road will be closed while the work is underway and open during off times. The project should be completed by 8/20. The Entiat River road is open up to Cottonwood. Mud Creek road is open from the Entiat road to Navarre Coulee. Shady Pass road is open to Chelan.

The Entiat River trail is open to its end. Cow Creek trail has been maintained to the meadow. Ice Creek trail has been maintained to Ice Camp. Larch Lakes trail is open to the lakes.

The Mad River trail is now open to motorcycles in spite of wet spots remaining on the trail.—Ranger, 7/12.

**LAKE WENATCHEE DISTRICT**—509-763-3103. Roads are open.

All trails are snowfree, except for the portion of the PCT between Lake Sally Ann and Kodak Peak, which has snow patches. A large log-and-debris avalanche is blocking the Buck Creek trail at 7 miles; hikers can get through but stock can't. Trail crews are out brushing and cutting out downed trees.—Ranger, 7/12.

### CENTRAL



**GENERAL CONDITIONS**—Roads and trails open and snowfree.

**LONGS PASS TO TEANAWAY PEAK** (*Wenatchee Natl Forest; USGS Mt Stuart*)—The entire unpaved portion of the North Fork Teanaway road was being gravelled and graded—could this be the start of the

long-promised paving project?.

Longs Pass to Teanaway Peak (point 6779) was the only major ridge in the Teanaway that I had never run, mainly because I thought it was beyond my capabilities. I decided, however, that I should at least see how far I could get.

JH and I started for Longs Pass on a beautiful sunny day. We soon arrived at the pass, and started south along the county line. The flowers were quite spectacular the entire trip, but especially along the ridge. The snow Douglasias were particularly nice; they fade rapidly, but here were still a bright magenta.

In less than a mile we came to point 6494, the rocky monstrosity that sits directly above the Esmerelda trailhead. I expected it to be the crux of the trip, thinking we would go around it on the northeast side of the ridge.

But when we got there we couldn't see if there was a route back up to the ridge—we later saw that there was. In any case we saw a reasonable route starting around it on the southwest. So we just followed our noses, and every time we went around a blind corner we found we could go a little farther. And so it went all day until we found ourselves eating lunch on Teanaway Peak. The biggest problem was that the rock is rotten; at one point I was testing a handhold when 20 pounds of it just broke off.

From Teanaway Peak we picked up the Iron Peak trail, followed it down, crossed the road, and picked up a trail that parallels the road back to the Esmerelda trailhead.—TG, Skyway, 7/6.



### LONGS PASS (USGS Mount Stuart)

—The flowers were so nice on the Longs Pass to Teanaway Peak trip that I came back on a leisurely trip to photograph them. The Douglasias were past their peak; but the Davidsons penstemon were great and the alpine springbeauties were starting to bloom.

While I was in the area I decided to see if I could climb "the rocky monstrosity" which I discovered is not Point 6495. The latter is just a gentle bump on the ridge just north of Rocky. I took the first gully up Rocky and quit about sixty feet from the top.

It looked like there was a pretty good chance I could get to the top, and about no chance that I could get back down. I'm a cross-country hiker, not a true scrambler. I suspect a good scrambler could have made it.—TG, Skyway, 7/12.



### GOLD CREEK TRAIL

1314 (*Alpine Lks Wilderness; USGS Snoqualmie Pass, Chikamin Pk*)—On a very warm and sunny day, we went for a backpack along the Gold Creek trail, which follows the river much of the entire distance.

My two daughters Anna and Wendy and their friends really enjoyed the trip. Trail conditions are very good. The tread is drying out quickly from the snow. Elevation gain is approximately 400 to 500 feet in 3 to 3½ miles along the river, then climbs steeply as the trail goes to either Alaska Lake or to Joe Lake. Very good river camping along Gold Creek; campfires are allowed under 4000 feet, which is the entire river valley area—and good supply of firewood here.

Water is clear and cold, but boil it, just in case. Lots of wildflowers, berry bushes, and tall trees along the trail—great for a day hike or overnight stay.

To get there, take I-90 east to Exit 54; drive under the freeway, and turn right onto roadway (paved) which is marked and parallels I-90. Turn left at the sign for Gold Creek and follow road past development and homes, staying to the right, and drive until you reach a gate with a trail sign: Gold Creek Trail / Alaska & Joe Lake (note: you must pass by one gate which is closed before reaching the trailhead).

Park along roadway in safe area and walk through gate and along a cleared road for approximately ¼-mile until you reach trail and permit register.—Rick Eisen, Seattle, 7/7-8.

**NORTH BEND DISTRICT**—206-888-1421. Roads are open except the Lennox Creek bridge on the North Fork road is closed. The approaches to the bridge have been pulled, the road is gated, bermed and signed. Bridge will be replaced in August. Middle Fork road is extremely rough.

Permits are required for hikers in the Alpine Lakes Wilderness along I-90. Call the Ranger Station for information.

PCT to Gravel Lake has patches of snow before Katwalk; Katwalk itself is snowfree. Flowers blooming; patches of snow at campsites. Pratt Lake trail is snowfree, lake is melted out. Lots of wildflowers and LOTS OF BUGS! Williams Lake trail is very brushy, wet and muddy. Snow on east side of lake, but lake is thawed. Lots of flowers and mosquitoes are thick.—Ranger, 7/12.

**CLE ELUM DISTRICT**—509-674-4411. Most roads are open. Watch for log trucks weekdays, especially on road 3350.

Work is continuing on Highway 903

### HOW TO CONTACT US

Write:

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PO Box 1063

Port Orchard WA 98366

Phone:

206-871-1862



up the Cle Elum valley toward Salmon la Sac. You may be delayed up to half an hour. The road is rough, and some flat tires have occurred from the sharp rocks. The contractor works Monday through Thursday, and occasionally on Friday, from 7am to 5:30pm.

Work on the Cooper Bridge is beginning in July and may continue as late as December. Travelers here may experience delays of up to **TWO HOURS**. A bypass will be constructed during the first phase of this project, but it will be rough riding.

The North Fork Teanaway road 9737 is being gravelled from Twentynine Pines campground to the Esmerelda trailhead, about 11 miles. Work will continue throughout July and August on weekdays. The trucks are hauling rock from Jack Creek road 9738—watch for log trucks **AND** rock trucks!

Lake Lillian and Mount Margaret trails will be **CLOSED** in late August due to helicopter logging by Plum Creek.

The PCT South is snowfree from the pass to Ollalie Meadows; there's a little snow below Silver Peak, then the trail is open again from Silver to Blowout Mountain. There are large patches of snow at Spinola Meadows and lots of snow on the north side of Cathedral Pass heading north. Deep and Deer Lakes are snowfree.

Permits are required to hike in the Wilderness. Self-issue permits are available free at the trailhead this year. Next year reservation permits will be required for three of the high use areas. —Ranger, 7/12.

## SOUTH CENTRAL



**GENERAL CONDITIONS**—Roads and trails open and snowfree.



### ANNETTE LAKE (Baker-Snoqualmie Natl Forest;

UNGS Snoqualmie Pass)—On a sunny day last Thursday, my three children, Erich (9), Wendy (7), and Elizabeth (6), and myself hiked into Annette Lake—elevation approximately 3600 feet.

Trail is in great condition, with very little mud, and no snow up to the lake



## Pack & Paddle Photo Event

Sharing photos of backcountry trips is always a pleasant pastime.

This year *Pack & Paddle* readers have a great opportunity to do so in our first Photo Event.

Here are the details:

**THEME:** Backcountry travel—any outdoor scene relating to hiking, backpacking, climbing, skiing, snowshoeing, canoeing or kayaking.

**CATEGORIES:** Initially all photos will be grouped together. Subsequent breakdown into specific categories may be done depending on the types of photos received.

**FORMAT:** Any color slide, color print or black-and-white print is acceptable.

**RECOGNITION:** A portfolio of photos will be selected and published in a fall issue of *Pack & Paddle*. Also, several photos which best typify the theme will be chosen to receive \$25 gift certificates at a local outdoor store.

**ENTRIES:** Include your name, address, and scene description for each photo. If you want us to return your entry, please include a self-addressed envelope with correct return postage.

Send entries to Pack & Paddle Photo Event, PO Box 1063, Port Orchard WA 98366.

**DEADLINE:** To let you take advantage of trips this summer, entries can be submitted anytime until September 15, 1994. Call if you have questions: 206-871-1862.

**HANDLING:** While *Pack & Paddle* will handle all submissions with care, we are not responsible for loss or damage.



Pack & Paddle Photo Event  
PO Box 1063  
Port Orchard WA 98366

# BACKCOUNTRY NEWS

REPORTS AND CONDITIONS

—good views along the way; do bring your camera. Several good camping locations along the lake and very quiet, too. Campfires are allowed here, which is great for children.

Nice and peaceful surroundings here. A great place for a day-hike or even an overnight trip for 1 or 2 days! Elevation gain approximately 1700 feet from trailhead to lake—even a small waterfall on the southeast area of Annette Lake, which is quite nice!

The trail is 1019 and is located across from Denny Creek/Pratt/Granite Mountain trailheads on I-90 at Exit 47. Exit on 47, stay right and follow the signs to the large parking lot, which is the start of the trail, and which is next to Asahel Curtis nature trail.—Rick Eisen, SeaTac, 6/23.

**NISQUALLY DELTA** (*Natl Wildlife Refuge; USGS Nisqually*)—Six canoes and 16 Seattle Aquarium supporters departed Luhr Beach at 10:30am heading north toward the Nisqually National Wildlife Refuge on an outgoing tide.

Our NWR use permit no longer allowed the group to make an exploration stop on the mud flats so we made our way to the jetty in the northeast corner of the Refuge. Once there, we were to stay on the gravelly parts of the beach, not the soft mudflats and we were to remove no plants or animals.

Enroute we passed several eel grass meadows, noting many small schooling perch and individual sculpins darting about. We also found purple rock crabs, sand dollars and "fried egg" jellies. Once reaching the east side at 11:30, our Seattle Aquarium naturalist, Noel Condon, introduced us to many marine life forms, and we carefully spaded the gravelly flats for bamboo and spaghetti worms and other fascinating polychaets.

Red Salmon Creek was not high enough for us to explore and we were back to Luhr Beach by 4pm with the incoming tide, being careful to not overshoot the beach on currents moving southward toward Mackenzie Creek.

Other Seattle aquarium naturalist guided trips to Nisqually Delta will be held on August 6 and 7. Call the Aquarium at 206-386-4329 for details. (SEAS membership not a requirement). —David Watness, Seattle Aquarium Naturalist, 7/10.

**MINERAL, OLD DESOLATE, CRESCENT, and TYEE** (*Mt Rainier Natl Park; USGS Mowich Lake*)—Ever since reading Charlie Hickenbottom's great *Signpost*

article, "Three Peak/Three Park Loop" from July of '88 about climbing Crescent Mountain, Sluisin Mountain (both The Chief and The Squaw) and Old Desolate in one day. I've wanted to do something similar. So on June 23, I summited Mineral Mountain, Old Desolate, Crescent Mountain and Tyee Peak in a marathon 14½ hour day.

Almost gave up after taking 4½ hours just to reach the first peak, Mineral Mountain, but it was only 11am so I continued. Banged up both legs going up all the loose rock from Mystic Pass to Old Desolate's rocky ridge. Old Desolate had a cute (I think that is what he wrote) wall to hop over that separated its two highest points.

It was a long slog down and up peak 6996, then down to Elysian Fields and up to Crescent. Thankfully, there was plenty of water to drink from snow melt on this sunny day. Unfortunately, the snow melt made it quite hazardous descending the steep slope from Crescent to Windy Gap. I was glad it was late in the day for the snow had softened somewhat.

After dragging myself up easy Tyee Peak at 6pm, it was a steep descent to the valley by way of the Northern Loop trail and I arrived at my car at 9pm.

5700-foot Mystic Lake was snowfree, but 5565-foot Crescent Lake was snowed in. Moraine Park was snowed in, but Elysian Fields had just patches of pretty snow. Mystic Pass is a gorgeous wonderland with patches of snow and many marmots. The long narrow suspension bridge over the Carbon



Mike Banner (center) toasts 30 consecutive years of climbing Mount Rainier. Joining him for the summit celebration are Scott Miller (left) and Larry Clum (right).

River was quite wobbly and fun.—Fred Beavon, Edmonds, 6/23.

**DARK MOUNTAIN** (*Gifford Pinchot Natl Forest; USGS McCoy Peak*)—On a sometimes sunny but mostly rainy, foggy and snowy day I followed a brushy climbers' path up the northwest ridge of Dark Mountain. This short ascent to a locally prominent point was fun, and, had the weather not enshrouded the summit, the views should have been wonderful.

Dark Mountain, 5283 feet, is one of many small peaks along the ridge dividing the Cispus River and Lewis River watersheds. The Boundary Trail runs the length of this ridge, passing each of the peaks and lending ready access.

Pick a better day than I did and drive to Randle on Highway 12. Turn south and follow roads 23 (was 123), 28, and 29 (was 111) about 18 miles to the Boundary Trail at 3900 feet. Hike east, climbing along the south side of Peak 5317. Leave the trail just after it crosses the saddle between Peak 5317 and Dark Mountain and begins its descent to Dark Meadows.

Whenever the path is completely obscured by shrub, just keep to the ridge apex, passing to the right of all rocky buttresses. After only 600 feet of vertical gain from the trail you'll be on top. Total gain is 1400 feet, all class 1, with about 5 miles round trip distance.

The top is a confluence of ridges. I couldn't see well, but got the sense that the east ridge, which begins as the trail leaves the south side of Dark Meadows, may be a less brushy route, albeit a slightly longer trek.—Mick Campbell, Puyallup 6/15.

**PEAK 5317** (*Gifford Pinchot Natl Forest; USGS McCoy Peak*)—This unnamed twin-topped summit anchors the southern end of Juniper Ridge to the Cispus-Lewis Divide, and is slightly taller than nearby Dark Mountain. The Boundary Trail offers easy access.

Drive to Randle on Highway 12. Turn south and follow roads 23 (was 123), 28, and 29 (was 111) about 18 miles to the Boundary Trail at 3900 feet.

Hike east about 1.8 miles, always ascending, until the trail begins to drop a few yards, elevation about 4600 feet. On your left see a rocky gully, usually dry. A few yards farther, the trail turns left around a rocky outcrop and a weathered snag and ascends again past an ash-covered slope.

Either scramble up the gully or hike steeply up the pumice slope just beyond. From the top of the gully, about

Ken Hopping

# BACKCOUNTRY NEWS

REPORTS AND CONDITIONS

300 feet above the trail, follow the ridge northward, keeping brush to your left and steeper slopes to your right.

Cross the first top, at just over 5200 feet, and see the true summit about 0.2-mile to the north. Descend slightly to a col, find your way past several small rock outcroppings, and gain the summit.

Look farther north along the ridge to Jumbo, Sunrise and Juniper Peaks. Dark Mountain is only one mile to the southeast, and Hat Rock and McCoy Peak are nearby as well. And, of course, Mount Adams, Saint Helens and Rainier are always there.

The round trip from the car is about 5 miles, with just over 1400 feet of gain, all class 1. For a more energetic day, do Dark Mountain as well.—Mick Campbell, Puyallup, 6/15.



## EAGLE PEAK SADDLE

(*Rainier Natl Park; USGS Mt Rainier West*)—Did Rampart Ridge and Comet Falls Monday and it looked like south side of Tatoosh Range was relatively snowfree so decided to haul 4x5 camera to the saddle for another try. Clouds have obscured summit all previous attempts. 3.6 miles and about 2950 elevation gain. Nice thing about this trail is that it don't fool around, just keeps going up!

Time, three hours. (I don't have the Spring in my step that Ira does.) In terms of time, halfway at the two small bridges,  $\frac{2}{3}$  when break out into meadow to begin steep rubby ascent. Snow at "flat" in trees just below last pitch up going fast.

Cloud covered summit again! Waited two hours, just got worse.

Pleasant visit with young woman from Switzerland who spoke our language better than most people in Olympia with very little accent, and better knowledge of geology of Cascades and Rockies than most.

1½ hours down to Longmire. Ques-

tion, "How much farther to the Saddle?" was heard more frequently the nearer I got to the bottom!—Paul Schaufler, Olympia, 6/22.



## REDSTONE PEAK, SLUISKIN CHIEF, SLUISKIN

**SQUAW, TYEE PEAK** (*Mt Rainier Natl Park; USGS Mowich Lake, Sunrise*)—I headed to Windy Gap which was windy and foggy, so I continued up in elevation till I could see my first objective, Redstone Peak, above the fog. Seeing I'd climbed too high, I retreated, then tried to reach the peak by way of a straight line, but it was slow going over snow and many steep gullies. Saw remnants of a trail which would make it easier going after all the snow melts.

Upon reaching Redstone, I immediately went halfway up one gully that was too difficult, so I retreated. It's best to descend and wind around its backside (east) until finding an easy way up. I went up too early again, up another difficult gully, but it got me past Redstone's first peak and I could then see a route to the true summit. A really fun scramble (more so than it appears from Windy Gap) that is quite steep on its west side.

Followed ridge to the Chief; didn't see a route up its north side so I wound around it and tried going up its west ridge, but ended up in a big gully that dead-ended. Somehow, I got out of it into a crack on the left, surmounted it, then easily went onto the summit.

Should've found and gone down the easier north ridge, but saved time by down climbing the same route I went up, which was exposed and definitely not class 3. Besides that, it was not windy!

Went up and down the Squaw quickly, then had great glissades on way back to Windy Gap. Made a detour to Natural Bridge and got halfway across it before deciding that was a dumb thing to do. Have any climbers ever crossed it?

Back to Windy Gap, still full of fog and found my way to Tyee Peak which still had its resident marmot sunning himself (herself?) on its uppermost rock. Great views of a cloudbank below and all around me. Only Rainier and a few other peaks popping up through the clouds into glorious sunshine. Finally, made it back to the car near 9pm, ending another 14½ hour non-stop day.

(PS—Went up Tyee Peak "again" because on June 22 when climbing Mineral Mountain, Old Desolate and Crescent (see report this section), I only went to the high point of Chenuis Mountain ridge. Only after getting home did I realize Tyee Peak is a rock outcropping lower down on the ridge, confirmed on June 29 when I found its register.)—Fred Beavon, Edmonds, 6/29.



## SPRAY PARK

(*Mt Rainier Natl Park; USGS Mowich Lk*)—This trip started with a stop at the White River Ranger Station in Enumclaw to obtain an overnight camping permit. The cross-country designated area (XSOU) southeast of Spray Park trail is open for two parties and was available. Marking the boundaries of the area we could camp in on our map,

**GREEN TRAILS**

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# BACKCOUNTRY NEWS

REPORTS AND CONDITIONS

Ann and I left for the trailhead at Mowich Lake.

The parking lot was half full when we got there—mostly with day hikers and people enjoying Mowich Lake.

The hike into Spray Park is relatively short and easy. The trail starts at just over 4900 feet, descends a bit, then has some ups and downs before reaching a spur trail to Spray Falls at just over 2 miles.

Since this was a leisurely trip, we took the short spur trail to the falls. The falls are quite spectacular and a rough way trail lets you climb to almost the base of the falls. Surprisingly, there is no pool at the base.

Continuing, the trail switchbacks its way up to Spray Park, gaining about 600 feet to the lower meadows. We continued to 5800 feet, then headed cross-country toward the Mountain. Patches of snow limited the spots that were level enough to set up camp in. We were careful to meet the Park rules for camping in this area since it is fragile meadow.

Meadows that were snow-free were full of avalanche lilies, with some paintbrush just starting to show. A clear sky, unobstructed views of Mount Rainier, and fields of flowers made for an idyllic spot.

Breaking camp the next morning as the sun came over the ridge, we made our way out, meeting several parties on their way in. This would probably be a heavily used area on summer weekends.—LGM, Port Orchard, 7/7-8.

**MOUNT ARARAT** (*Mt Rainier Natl Park; USGS Mt Rainier West*)—Ararat again? I'd already been up once this year! I signed up for a Mountaineer scramble of Pyramid but two days before the trip I got a call from the leader who was ill.

Would I lead the trip? Yes, I said, of course. The route should be fairly straightforward—follow the Kautz Creek trail to Indian Henry's, bypass Iron and Copper and climb Pyramid. A long day to be sure—14 to 15 miles with 4500 feet gain.

Though the weather was cool, I established a moderate pace right at the start. We made good time up the Kautz Creek trail to the switchbacks and found the snow mostly gone. I'd never been to Ararat in the summer and though we had no big views, I was enjoying the profusion of avalanche lilies that were carpeting the ground. Rock gardens were on display—in the winter, of course, they are buried under snow. About a half mile before Indian Henry's we were in snow (and we still



Bear grass.

could not see—visibility was poor).

We followed old tracks to Indian Henry's and planned to take a break at the Patrol Cabin to discuss our options. The weather was getting worse—wind and sleet. Cold.

By the time we reached the cabin most of us had lost the desire to climb Pyramid but it was time for lunch. We clumped up onto the porch of the cabin and were pleasantly surprised to see the door swing open wide in a welcome gesture—the ranger invited us in to warm up.

We spent a very grateful hour or so in the Patrol Cabin chatting with the young ranger—she even made us hot water for tea.

There were a couple of students on the trip who needed a summit so we climbed Ararat on the way out. Ararat is only about 600 feet above the cabin—it was a very easy summit to reach from Indian Henry's.

We were all a little disappointed we didn't get to climb Pyramid but we had a good time and plenty of exercise anyway. Good sports, everyone. Strong party. Mexican food in Eatonville and lots of coffee.—Karen Sykes, Seattle, 7/2.

**SUMMIT LAKE** (*Clearwater Wilderness; USGS Bearhead Mtn*)—Do not go to Summit Lake this year!

Three of us started up road 7810 to Summit Lake on a beautiful day. The road immediately became much worse than we had ever remembered. There is a heavy layer of large crushed rock with many sharp points sticking straight up.

We hoped the road would get better, but it didn't. Partway up we met a road grader—churning up rocks and dirt. When we parked at the trailhead, we got out of the car and heard a hissing sound from a front tire.

Fortunately, Mary had a can of a most wonderful invention—Heavy Duty Puncture Seal. A young man helped us attach the tube from the canister to the tire, which sends a chemical under pressure into the inside of the tire. The directions call for immediately driving at least 3 miles.

So, we all piled back in and drove very gingerly all the way back down the 6.9 miles to the paved road. A very helpful Forest Service employee in a truck followed us back down to the main road in case we had further problems.

# BACKCOUNTRY NEWS

REPORTS AND CONDITIONS

We made it all the way to the garage in Wilkeson. Needless to say, we will never go anywhere without a canister like that in our trunk!—Anne Dowd, Mercer Island, 7/12.

**WHITE RIVER DISTRICT**—206-825-6585. Roads open. Trails are snowfree except patchy snow in highest elevations.—Ranger, 7/12.



**GENERAL CONDITIONS**—Roads and trails open and snowfree.

**VANSON MEADOWS** (*Mt. St. Helens NVM; USGS Cosmos*)—Hikers and backpackers camping in the Vanson Meadows area in the extreme north portion of Mount Saint Helens Volcanic Monument should not leave their campsites unattended.

On June 25, an unknown teenage male entered a friend and mine's campsite just off the Vanson Ridge trail and was in the process of going through my pack when I heard him and scared him off. He didn't realize I was in the campsite as I was in my tent napping.

The boy appeared to be about 16, slim build, about 5-11 or 6 feet tall with shaggy blonde hair. He was wearing baggy, torn blue jeans in the current style of teenagers.

Apparently this boy and two others (who I never saw) had walked in from a roadhead a mile away, supposedly to fish. My friend saw the three of them with fishing rods and lures, but no other gear. I believe the boy who entered our campsite may have done so on a dare or on a lark.

Nothing was taken, as I surprised him as soon as he had started rifling my pack. Still, the incident was very aggravating. In more than 20 years of backpacking, it's the first time I've ever been the victim of attempted theft in the backcountry.

I reported the incident to the Monument office in Amboy on June 29. This area is lightly patrolled by the backcountry ranger.—Lehman Holder, Vancouver.

**MOUNT ADAMS DISTRICT**—509-395-2501. Road 23 (the Randle road) is undergoing reconstruction from the 23/8810 junction to the 23/90 junction. The work should be done by the end of July. Gates are blocking this portion of the 23 road and a detour is in place.

All other roads on the district are open, but many are not recommended for passenger cars.

Trails are snowfree to at least 5000 feet. Trail crews are out clearing downed trees. The Thomas Lake trail (Indian Heaven) will be closed beginning 8/1 for reconstruction.

Permits are required to enter Wilderness Areas. The purpose of the permits is to collect user information. There is no charge, and permits are available at all trailheads leading into Wilderness, or at Ranger Stations.

If you are picking berries for personal use, you must have a Forest Product Permit. Ask about these permits at Ranger Stations.—Ranger, 7/1.

**TRACT D**—Tract D opened 7/1. It includes Mirror, Bird and Bench Lakes and Bird Creek Meadows. Permits for entry are issued at the site only. Rangers are stationed at Bird Lake.

An entry permit is \$5 per vehicle for an 8-hour period. Overnight camping is \$10 per vehicle. A season camping permit is \$25 per person. Fishing requires a permit also: \$5/person/day or \$7/10 days or \$15/season.

If climbing Mount Adams from the Yakama Nation side, they request that you register with the Rangers in the area or at the Mount Adams Ranger Station.

Road conditions are poor; wildflowers are spectacular in mid-August.—Ranger, 7/1.

**PETERSON PRAIRIE CABIN**—Reservations to rent the cabin can be made for the '94-'95 winter season beginning 10/1. The fee is \$20 per night for two



Tiger lily.

adults, with a \$5 additional charge for each adult up to six maximum. Call 509-395-2501 for information.—Ranger, 7/1.

**SAINT HELENS NVM**—206-750-3900. Roads are open. All trails are snowfree except for patches at the very highest points.

Climbing permits are required 5/15 to 11/1; call Ranger Station for information. Monitor Ridge is snowfree on the climbing route, but snow remains on either side for glissading.

The Ape Cave Lantern Rental Station is open daily from 10am to 5:30pm through the summer. It's cold in the caves; bring warm clothes.—Ranger, 7/1.

**PACKWOOD DISTRICT**—206-494-5515. Roads are open. Crews are out clearing trails. Permits are required to enter Wilderness Areas; free at trailheads and Ranger Stations.—Ranger, 7/1.

**RANDLE DISTRICT**—206-497-7565. Road 23 has a construction detour; all other roads are open except road 2306 which has a rotten bridge. Roads can be very rough.

Trails are snowfree except snow in the highest elevations.—Ranger, 7/1.

**WHITE RIVER DISTRICT**—509-427-5645. Roads are snowfree but many are rough. Trails are snowfree. Wildflowers are at their best now in the Wind River valley.—Ranger, 7/1.

## IDAHO

**SAWTOOTH NATL REC AREA**—Fire hazard is critical. With the high fire danger, please use only backpack stoves and avoid building campfires.

We are receiving reports that bears are cruising the campground neighborhoods. Once bears have found a site where careless campers have left out food, they will continue to return. This is hard not only for the campers but also, ultimately, for the bears.

A major accident happened near Stanley where nine people were injured in a head-on crash. Speed on a bumpy dirt road was one of the major contributing factors. We keep urging people to slow down on our roads, yet accidents still occur because of speed.

For information write Sawtooth National Recreation Area, Star Route, Ketchum ID 83340, or call 208-726-7672.—Roma Nelson, Sawtooth NRA, 7/17.

Ken Hopping

# BACKCOUNTRY NEWS

REPORTS AND CONDITIONS

## OREGON

**OREGON BEACHES**—In late May I visited the coast using *Exploring the Wild Oregon Coast*, by Bonnie Henderson (The Mountaineers; 1994; \$12.95). It proved accurate and most helpful as all the trails along the coast are included. A guidebook or local knowledge is needed as signage is minimal, usually limited to the beginning of the trail.

Oregon State Parks has completed the Oregon Coast Trail. Their *Oregon Coast Trail Guide* is available from:

State Parks & Recreation Dept  
525 Trade St SE  
Salem OR 97310  
503-378-6305

State Park campgrounds cost \$16 to \$18 a night. Tent sites are a dollar or two less than electric, and, if available, are closest to the highway, farthest from the ocean. Next time I'll take a hot plate.—Ramona Hammerly, Anacortes, 5/94.

**CAPE SEBASTIAN STATE PARK**—Turn off 101 is narrow and inconspicuous, 5 to 7 miles south of Gold Beach. At junction, go south to small parking lot. Trail goes through brush and trees barely knee-high to reach the cape's summit in about ¼-mile.

The view is good and the botanizing is great. From the top, the trail goes south, switchbacking down through coastal forest of shore pine and spruce to the beach at Hunter's Cove. Before reaching the beach, the trail follows a shelf just above rocks which the waves



Jane Habegger

Bill Lynch at the rock shelter on the Cooper Spur trail, Mount Hood.

were pouring over.

It was a sunny lunch spot, with lots of action as the tide was high. Among the botanical delights was one specimen of poison ivy that went 15 to 20 feet up a tree near the bottom of the trail.—Ramona Hammerly, Anacortes, 5/94.



### DARLINGTONIA WAYSIDE

—In Siuslaw National Forest, south of Yachats and north of Florence, east of 101 just south of Sutton Lake, and north of Sutton Beach road.

*Darlingtonia californica* may be viewed from a boardwalk. The pitcher plants were up to 2 feet tall, were blooming, and filled the small bog quite solidly.—Ramona Hammerly, Anacortes, 5/94.



### HOBBIT TRAIL

—Trail begins just across 101 from a wide turnout on the east side of the road, just south of the southern border of Washburne State Park and north of Devil's Elbow State Park (north of Florence). This is a short, easy beach access through twisted, moss covered shore pine and 15-foot rhododendrons.—Ramona Hammerly, Anacortes, 5/94.



### YAQUINA HEAD LIGHT

—North of Newport. Designated "Yaquina Head Outstanding Natural Area" in 1980, it allowed close observation of seabird colonies on rocks, a stone's throw from your cliff-top vantage point. Also, tide pools.—Ramona Hammerly, Anacortes, 5/94.



### SOUTH SISTER (Three Sisters Wilderness; USGS South Sister)

—Take the highway from Bend toward the Bachelor Ski Area. Go past the ski area to Devils Lake. The trailhead is not well marked, the only identification being a small sign with a picture of a climber on it.

If you go more than 100 yards west of where Devils Lake comes closest to the road, you've gone too far. Parking is on the south side of the road and the trailhead is on the north. The first 1½ miles of trail and 1400 feet of elevation gain are through pleasant forest on a well maintained trail.

After this section the trail breaks out into a level open area of meadow and pumice field with some spectacular views. Straight north is South Sister, and to the east is the steep and jagged face of Broken Top. All about are cinder cones, lava fields and glacial moraines. The rocks of the mountains are colored with a wild palette of reds, grays and black.

The USGS map does not show the

current trail arrangement in this area. It shows the trail to South Sister joining the trail between Wickiup Plain and Moraine Lake and then branching off in ¼-mile. The trail now crosses straight over the Moraine Lake trail and continues due north.

After this flat area the trail climbs to the terminal moraine of the Lewis Glacier. We did not follow the trail as there was still a significant amount of snow in this area. A trail is not really needed as the area is very open and the route obvious.

The terminal moraine curves to the west and joins a rib that climbs most of the way to the summit. The rib flattens to a broad steep slope several hundred feet from the summit. From here are multiple paths on loose pumice that pick the way between rocks up to the top.

The paths crest the summit at the south side of the summit cone. The actual summit is on the east side of the cone. The views from the summit are about as good as they come. It was a bit hazy so we couldn't pick out Rainier or Adams, but from Mount Hood to the high peaks around Crater Lake, all the Oregon volcanoes stood out and all seemed close enough to touch.

At 5½ miles and a little under 5000 feet of elevation gain (most of which come in the last 2 miles), this climb is definitely a grind and not technically challenging, but well worth it.—Paul Kramlich, Bothell, 7/2.



### EAGLE CAP WILDERNESS (USGS Eagle Cap)

—The bad news was the Forest Service woman warned us the mosquitoes had just begun. The good news was there were only 7 cars in the parking lot—one of the Eagle Cap Wilderness Lake Basin trailheads in northeast Oregon beginning at 5675 feet.

We chose the East Fork of the Lostine River to enter this spectacular area. The valley is long and glacier covered reaching Mirror Lake, 7595 feet, at 7.3 miles. More than 3 miles of this lush valley trail are highlighted by a view of Eagle Cap Peak at 9572 feet. The basin reminds us of our Enchantment Plateau in the Washington Cascade range.

The Wilderness Area boasts a total of 58 lakes. When we hiked up the namesake peak we counted 18 lakes that could be seen from the summit.

Exploring the lake basin area gives the option of crossing three passes to enjoy a variety of vistas. Several loop trips are possible.

We camped among the granite slab benches above Mirror Lake on the south. Our tent opened to an Eagle Cap



# BACKCOUNTRY NEWS

REPORTS AND CONDITIONS

vista as well as the lake. Many of the granite slab benches still maintain the high gloss of glacier polish and gleam in the sunlight.

The area is vast enough to disperse many campers.

We commend the Forest Service for reconstruction of trails in sensitive area and permitting camping and grazing at least 200 feet from water sources.—Pat Siggs and Joan Trunk, Seattle, 7/11-14.

## ELSEWHERE

**ENGLAND**—I recently had a very pleasant series of hikes in England.

I visited three different areas, traveling between them by train and bus.

First I hiked about half (50 miles) of the South Downs Way, later did day hikes in the Peak District National Park and ended with part of the Cotswold Way.

With only an 11-pound day pack, I had all I needed to stay in Bed and Breakfasts and youth hostels, both of which are plentiful in England. I seldom had reservations, except in London, as at first it was hard to estimate how far I could expect to hike in a day.

Because the trails are so easy compared to the North Cascades trails I usually hike, people often cover 18 to 20 miles per day. It turned out that my longest day was about 13 miles, as I am a senior citizen ... very senior. Your destination is usually governed by the location of villages, many of which are 12 to 20 miles apart.

The scenery was very green in May and early June and weather much as in Washington, occasionally sunny, frequently cloudy and yes, alas, sometimes rainy.

Most of the time I was on private

lands, walking through lovely rolling—not mountainous—pastures full of sheep.

There are many thousands of miles of public right-of-way trails all over England. It is only necessary to be a good citizen, stay on the trails and carefully close all gates, of which there are many.

I would recommend this type of trip, especially for people who are not vigorous enough for back packing or who simply want a less strenuous vacation.

The people I met along the way, and there were fewer by far than I expected, were very friendly and helpful, often giving me needed information I couldn't obtain before the trip, such as local bus times and the best pubs.

I found this an excellent way to visit rural England.—Virginia Walsh, Concrete.

**UTAH**—Peg and I and two other couples visited Arches, Bryce and Zion National Parks in late May. At Arches, most hikes are modest, less than ½-mile to 5 miles. At Bryce, hikes are down into the canyon and are short—less than 2 miles to about 4—but have good elevation change down and up.

Zion was our favorite. Here you are down in the bottom of the canyon. There is a little of everything—desert, massive rock forms, waterfalls and many great hikes from short to long.

Lodging is available at Park facilities at Bryce and Zion; both also have motels close by and restaurants. Arches has no lodge, but there are plenty of places in Moab. Best time to go is May or September to avoid crowds and heat.

For a brochure about Utah's National Parks and Monuments, write **Utah Travel Council, Council Hall/Capitol Hill, Salt Lake City UT 84114** (801-538-1030).—Randy Patterson, Mill Creek, 5/94.

## CLASSIFIED ADS

40 cents a word. Payment must accompany classified ads. Deadline first of month.

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Commercial advertisers are welcome to contact the Pack & Paddle office for ad rates.

**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).

**VOLUNTEERS NEEDED**—to help maintain the Park Butte and Hidden Lake Lookouts in the North Cascades. Carpentry skills desired; porters also useful intermittently. Contact Dr. Fred Darvill, 1819 Hickox Road, Mount Vernon WA 98273; phone 206-424-5854.

**FOUND**—Sleeping bag at Maverick Saddle. 206-789-8660.

**TREK CZECHOSLOVAKIA**—Join a small group of Pacific Northwesterners going on a two-week trek of this formerly Communist nation in late

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LARRY SCHOENBORN  
KERRY GILLES  
DON ABBOT

# An Elwha River Sampler

—WHISKEY BEND TO HAPPY HOLLOW—

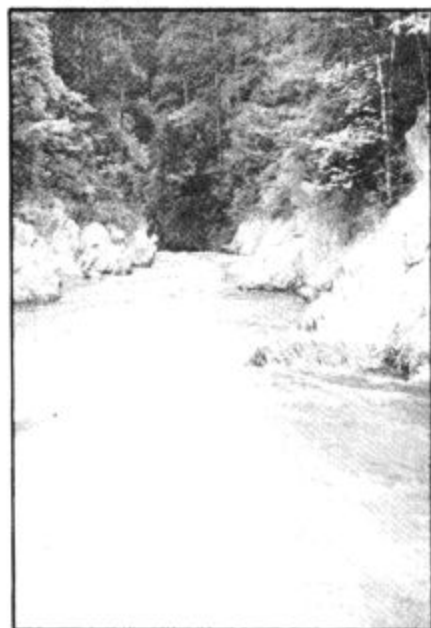
We left Aberdeen at 2:45 Friday afternoon, May 13, and camped at Goblin Gates, 2 miles out of Whiskey Bend trailhead at 8pm that night.

Looking across the Elwha from the awesome switchback of the gorge, we saw a herd of elk grazing in Anderson Ranch meadow. A very nice first of nine nights, capped with tea, fire and—best—river music.

The next morning, we did the leisurely loop down the bottomland of Geyser Valley to Humes' Ranch, through grand fir, cottonwoods, and bigleaf maple.

Then we cut up to Michael's cabin, where we hit the main trail and started upriver, Don and Kerry occasionally trading leads, Larry in the back, puffing his pipe.

Staying up away from the river, we



Goblin Gates

Kerry Gilles

travelled through a new kind of forest (for two of us), with big-needled pines, very broad-leafed low ground cover, and madrona.

Through the tightly packed, spindly trees, we searched in vain for a yew tree, none of us knowing quite what this valuable plant looked like, and not realizing we had all stood next to one the night before while we looked at the elk.

We descended to Lillian Creek for lunch. The campground would serve nicely for a quick stop, but unless you planned a dayhike up the Lillian Creek trail, it wouldn't do for a long stay, oriented east-west and having little sun exposure.

After lunch, we set out for Mary's Falls, crossing over the only moderately physically challenging part of the Elwha, the "hump." Climbing up over the Grand Canyon of the Elwha, we descended to Mary's Falls, a single pretty campsite set about 1000 feet off the trail, by the river.

After setting up, we went to see the falls, the elaborate full-wall drawings in the outhouse of a backpacker and of a mountain landscape, and gathered firewood. Don was intrigued with how his two partners like their firewood, and pointed out that Kerry and Larry had enough stacked up for a week.

We watched two harlequin ducks drift-fishing the river, then had to set up a community tarp when it started to rain during dinner. Speaking of tarps, while Don and Kerry like proper tents, Larry rigs up a tarp into a three-sided shelter so he can watch the stars at night when it's not raining.

Sunday morning we sat around chatting. Don had to go back to work Mon-



day and wouldn't be back till next weekend to pick us up. Two ducks came floating by, and Don got some good shots, then we broke camp, said goodbye to him, and hiked up to Elkhorn, 2.6 miles away.

Set in a big meadow by the river are a barn and a good shelter, both facing away from the river because of the



Larry Schoenburn

Kerry on a log at Canyon Camp.

wind. One hundred yards back, on a slight rise, are the Ranger Station and outhouse. Seven deer and a slightly belligerent bear, and two beautiful red-headed and raucous woodpeckers came by, and two volunteer rangers strolled past while Larry was taking one of his great one quart spitbaths. Fast bath.

In the morning we set out for Camp Wilder, Kerry with a very sore foot and at Remann's Cabin, a very sick heart when she discovered she'd forgotten to put film in her camera last Friday.

Puttering along the river, we discovered Tipperary Camp washed away, and Chateau Camp about half gone. We scouted Hayes Ranger Station for a returning campsite, and then the only real rain of the trip started.

The next 3 miles of beautiful river-trail was slightly tarnished by a boot-sucking mud and Kerry's increasingly sore foot until we came upon a happy young man standing knee-deep in a creek. His enthusiasm for the fishery study he was doing cheered us up. After a very long, overflowing .8-mile, we found Camp Wilder.

Although it looked like the downtown Sheraton in the condition we were in, I must warn readers that the "shelter" is really a leaky-roofed stable for Shetland ponies. It smells so bad that mice don't even live in it.

Larry, who was so tired he didn't care, threw his tarp and two space blankets over the roof, and slept inside. Kerry braved the elements and pitched her tent on the hardest ground we've ever encountered, then we built a great fire and dried out.

Toward dark we saw an animal trot past that Larry claimed was a wolf and Kerry claimed was a coyote. Oh, and the outhouse has been sideswiped by a tree and the door won't close and the floor bounces up and down ominously and—has anyone of you ever been in an old outhouse that has *no* graffiti? (All the graffiti on the shelter is on the outside, understandably).

Tuesday morning, refreshed, we ran—I mean, we left—for Happy Hollow.

The trail from Wilder on is very beautiful but often blocked by blow-downs and washed out foot-bridges since the repair crews had only come as far as Hayes River by mid-May.

Chicago Camp was in fairly good shape. The trail to Happy Hollow suffered the most severe damage and the last 200 yards to the shelter is gone in a huge washout. The shelter itself, a beautifully constructed thing surrounded by nettles and wild roses, is sited facing the river, and in a couple of seasons will be *in* the river. It's worth taking apart and moving (to Camp Wilder, Kerry says).

We set up camp, Larry opting for his third shelter in three days, Kerry for the only flat spot, 40 feet away. We

both bathed, ate, and collected about two cords of wood, and then went exploring upriver, following the still very strong-running Elwha up to snowline at 2500 feet.

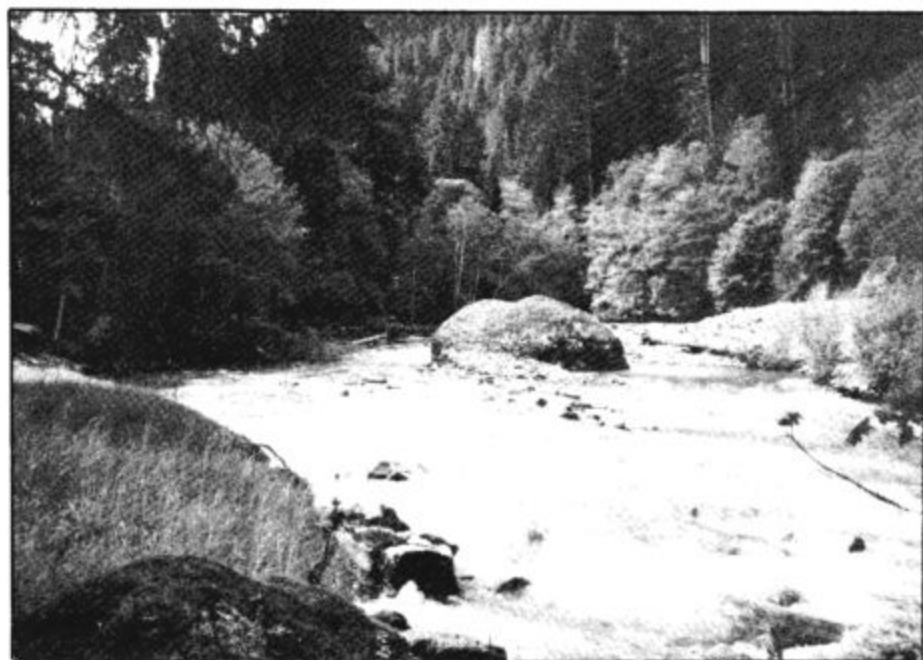
Wednesday morning we started out early, deciding to get to Hayes River and skip Low Divide because of the snow level. Again, it's such a beautiful trail, with vanilla leaf and maiden hair ferns poking everywhere out of very deep moss.

Crossing the Elwha footbridge we surprised a herd of elk standing underneath in the two-foot-deep water. They ran away right down the middle of the river, an incredible commotion of spray and churning.

We stayed at Hayes River Ranger Station for two days, at a secluded river site with lots of sun and beauty. Laundry, baths, and layback—perfect for mid-journey.

In the evening, the elk came out and whistled, each in tune, as if to reassure each other. A big raccoon went through camp very carefully (and noisily) while we tried to sleep.

Thursday morning we checked that our laundry was hung up securely, then dayhiked up toward Hayden Pass. The trail is in good shape, but a massive number of those big-needle pines are down, with the bark and limbs completely knocked off. We could have made a log cabin anywhere along the first 2 miles of trail.



Kerry Gilles

At Elkhorn.





Kerry Gilles

At Happy Hollow.

We hiked another 3 miles up into a beautiful view of the whole basin and the north side of Mount Anderson and started to get into meadow when we ran into snow at 4500 feet.

We had lunch in a meadow that was just waking up from winter, then slowly returned home like meandering window-shoppers. Our laundry was dry, the raccoon let us sleep, and in the morning we set out for Canyon Camp, to the sound of elk whistling to each other.

Wandering down a trail even more beautiful the second time by, we stopped at Remann's Cabin for lunch, and Kerry began to fill in where her empty camera had missed.

From the cabin on down, we had to step around the wake of a horse with an awesome digestive track. Very irritating.

Canyon Camp is truly beautiful, maybe the best on the whole river. There are six sites, well spaced (50 to 100 yards apart!) so you wouldn't even know you had neighbors.

The downstream three last ones have a common rocky beach that leads down to a big logjam in the bend of the river, which was an excellent view of how wild the river is, and a wonderful source of firewood. The river boils by camp in constant eddies and whirl-

pools.

Seven Canadians showed up near dark, and we gave them two strap-bundles of firewood. As usual, we had collected enough for a small winter.

Saturday morning we hiked to Lillian Camp where we were supposed to meet Don, but we just didn't like that place, so we went on down to Michael's Cabin and put flags and a note to say we were staying below Humes' Cabin in the big field.

Don met up with us before we set up camp and showed us where a beautiful camp was on a bluff below the Long Ridge Bridge. After an afternoon of exploring around and an evening around the fire, Sunday morning we set out for Anderson Field, where we had watched the elk our first night of the trip.

The Long Ridge Bridge (or "Iron Bridge") is spectacular, a mini-version of the Tacoma Narrows bridge. Crossing it, we went a few hundred feet to a side trail leading to the river. Then we went cross-country, up, down, over and under for 2½ miles to the field.

A black bear saw us as we entered and tore off without ever looking back. We went down to the Goblin Gates and explored and climbed all over, finding where the old bridge had crossed years before.

Filling up on that, we went to explore the meadow and maybe find the old homesite. As we crossed the north end of the meadow, a mother bear and two cubs walked out into the middle of it.

We were down wind, and had the privilege of watching them play, feed and wrestle for an hour. The cubs were so cute standing up and sniffing the air.

Not wanting to disturb them, we went back down to the river and looped around before catching our trail and heading back. A ranger came by camp later and said he had watched us watching them.

We packed up and headed home on May 21. We only had 8 hours total rain in 10 days and did 73 total miles.

*Kerry Gilles, of Westport, is assistant manager at the Red Apple Market.*

*Larry Schoenburn, of Westport, is a carpenter.*

*Don Abbot, of Aberdeen, rides his bicycle to work at the Weyerhaeuser mill.*



© 1989 MOLENAAR

*From the mountain gallery—by Dee Molenaar.*

JIM MILLER

# COMO SE LLAMA?

—YOU DON'T HAVE TO LUG YOUR OWN PACK ... MEET SOME LLAMAS—

While out there hiking the trails you must have encountered those curious South American natives, the llamas.

And maybe it even occurred to you that it might be fun to do a llama pack trip.

But having no such creatures very handy, you probably forgot about it and continued to lug your own pack. That's how it has been with me ... until one day I received an invitation to join a commercial llama trek from south to north across the Wallowa mountains of northeastern Oregon.

My friend Gerry postscripted the invitation with: "I know this trip may seem easy to you, Jim, but a little leisure is good for the sole." Ho ho.

As to the Wallowas, if you ever go to Enterprise and see these bright-green and dark-green peaks soar right up into the clouds from level cow pastures ... well, if you don't say something like "Mein Gott, I have simply GOT to get up into those mountains" ... well then, you're no hiker.

We arrived on Sunday at the Wallowa Llama Ranch in the town of Halfway. We met our packer, Laurence (Raz) Rasmussen and his wife Louise. As more hikers arrived, packs and baggage were strewn all over the back yard. The llamas peered curiously over the fence.

A modified school bus was parked in the yard. It had the rear portion partitioned off and seats removed to accommodate the llamas. The front part held the people and their baggage. After the animals were loaded, we took off for the high Wallowas along steep and narrow mountain roads.

Our ride ended near the top of a 7000-foot mountain (Summit Point). The llamas were led over to the hitching post to be loaded.

First came the packsaddle frame. Each llama has his very own pack frame and bags. The saddlebags were in matched pairs which attached to the right and left side of the pack frame. A llama can carry a maximum of about



Raz leads a string of llamas.

100 pounds which must be evenly weighed and balanced in the two saddlebags. Each camper was allowed 20 pounds to be carried by llama, composed of sleeping/clothing bags of a size which could easily be stuffed into the saddlebags. The packer furnished dome tents. Hikers carried only their standard daypacks.

On the trail Raz led five llamas, tied together with short leadlines. Louise also led a string of five animals close behind the front group. Together they seemed straight out of the Andes. The ten hikers usually tried to get an early start on the llamas to avoid the dust.

On this trip Raz and Louise would furnish and cook all the food. We would be out a full seven days and hike 32 miles across the Wallowa range from south to north, emerging at the Lostine River near Enterprise.

The female llamas do no packing. They are full-time mothers, either pregnant or nursing. They almost always give birth during daylight, insuring a better chance of survival against predators and the freezing night of the Andes. The cria (newborn baby) can rise within minutes and follow mom in an hour or less.

Our pack animals let us know that they preferred minimal petting. They

stood head-high and their large soulful eyes looked directly at us with a disconcerting gaze. This coupled with their serious camel-face clearly said, "I am an intelligent being and expect to be treated as such."

Our oldest llama was Moose. He was fifteen and showed his age by lying down every time he had a chance to stop. Sometimes he would lay his long neck flat out on the ground! His packing days are nearly over. He will probably be put out to pasture for his remaining five to ten years of life.

By contrast Henri was a young fellow with brown and white markings. His place was at the end of the string behind Miles, who was a veteran of the trail. Henri was forever getting into trouble. His nickname was "Houdini," for his versatility at getting out of pastures.

Old-hand Miles had little tolerance for the flighty youngster and would spit a green cud at Henri when displeased. Like most llamas, Miles rarely spits at people; except once Louise accidentally intercepted the projectile meant for Henri!

On our first day in mountain-land the motley llama-train wound over Summit Ridge toward Crater Lake, 6 miles away. We stopped for a picnic lunch on the ground under a spreading tree in a meadow. The llamas folded their knees and rested. Occasionally a knot of food rose up their long neck from stomach to mouth. Thereupon it was leisurely chewed and re-swallowed.

Our party proceeded uneventfully toward Crater Lake. Just before reaching the lake, Raz turned off the trail and led the pack string up a creek to his secret hideaway camp.

He handed each couple a dome tent. Thus began a scene of chaos and cursing as we tried to solve the secrets of assembly. Raz and Louise unloaded their folding box of many compartments, which seemed to contain all the necessary accessories to feed twelve people.

Jim Miller



Monday morning all gear was packed soon after breakfast and we headed down the Cliff Creek trail. A major memory of this trail was the mountain scenery and discovering the beautiful sego lily. In about 4 miles we reached the crossing of the South Fork Imnaha River. It seemed a long hungry wait here for the hikers until the llamas caught up! There had been some minor hitches in the get-along of the pack train.

After lunch we headed toward the source of the Imnaha. The trail crossed lush flower meadows and skirted marshy tracts in the shadow of a white granite peak named Cusick Mountain.

At last we came to a cirque under Hawkins Pass where Raz led the group to another of his secret campsites. These camps always had grass and water and were exceedingly pleasant places. The group was becoming more efficient at setting up camp.

We usually had the luxury of a campfire which, together with the kitchen scene, became Action Central. Dinner preparation often ran into darkness during these shorter autumn days.

Louise told us how she and Raz had met. Only three years earlier Raz had been a bachelor raising llamas with his partner Steve. Unknown to him, Louise was on the East coast attending a Vermont college. When a trip to Costa Rica fell through, she decided to go to Montana to see old friends and to visit Yellowstone Park.

A strange thing happened in Montana. Her friend, who was also Raz's friend, perceived in this young woman the perfect mate for the llamerito Raz. In what must be the long-shot of the century, he tried persuading Louise to go to the obscure town of Halfway in far Oregon ... instead of Yellowstone. Louise agreed, and she and Raz hit it off. She never did get to Yellowstone!

On Tuesday the hikers plodded slowly in a long line switchbacking upward toward 8400-foot Hawkins Pass on the rocky exposed trail. Our front runners met a horse party and warned about the oncoming llamas. The horsemen wisely pulled off the trail and waited.

Raz had said, "Horses are scared of llamas, and sometimes we have some unintended rodeos!" The llamas, for their part, mostly ignore the equine family, bespeaking a calmer disposition and (arguably) greater intelligence.

From the pass we hiked down past snowfields and Little Frazier Lake to the West Fork Wallowa River. We

turned left and climbed up to Glacier Lake. This truly beautiful place appears on the cover of the old Eagle Cap topog map. Across the lake rose a beautiful mountain with a snowy cap. But to our surprise, this was not Eagle Cap but Glacier Peak. Eagle Cap was the less striking peak over to the right.

In our peaceful camp the young llama Henri was unsaddled and loosely tied to a packsaddle on the ground. He grazed a bit, and then tossed his head to get rid of a fly. The attached saddle seemed to leap at his flank like an attacking wolf.

This panicked Henri, and he tore across the meadow. The saddle-wolf followed, matching him bound for bound! The nearby hikers tried to keep clear.

Finally the offending saddle caught on a bush and tore loose. Henri figured he had cleverly eluded his attacker and stopped. For long moments he gave the quavering llama alarm call, which warns of predators. The other llamas disdainfully looked down their long noses at him. Their expressions clearly said, "O Henri! Stop being ridiculous!"

Glacier Lake is almost Times Square in the Wallowas due to its scenic beauty. Fame, however, has its downside and here it has brought on a party limit of eight. We had to split up; but Raz had obtained permission to feed both groups at the same kitchen-camp.

While at this camp I asked Raz how the llama got its name. He told me that he had heard that the early Spaniards questioned Inca natives about the name of the unfamiliar animal that seemed a cross between a goat and a camel: "Este animal—como se llama?" The uncon-

prehending native said, "Llama? (like—What's that?)" "Aha!" says the Spaniard. "They call it the same word we use for a NAME!"

Wednesday was a layover day at Glacier Lake; a day for swimming, clothes washing, exploring and reading. But next day the leisure was over and it was pack-up time. Some of us gained a little proficiency in the fine art of llama-packing.

Then it was up and over Glacier Pass and on to Mirror Lake. Our camp was established about 200 feet above the lake and gave us a panoramic view of the Lakes Basin and towering Eagle Cap. Huge granite boulders were everywhere, some of them large and flat enough to hold a dance for a hundred people.

Friday was our second layover day, programmed into the itinerary so that the party could climb the popular trail up to Eagle Cap; however ours was not a high-energy group and only four of our number elected to ascend the 9595 foot peak. We climbed very slowly and were up in just over two hours. We used another hour soaking up the wonderful view from the top.

Saturday morning was our last day. We began the long hike down the Lostine River to Two Pan Campground where our shuttle bus waited. An uncanny thing happened as the llamas were waiting to be loaded into the bus. Recognizing that they were nearly home, they began to sing!

This sounded very much like humans humming and blended into a beautiful harmony. It was a pure sweet music, an ancestral memory passed down from a thousand years in the Andes. My hair stood on end at this strange bit of fantasy blending into real life.

The llamas are indeed unique and wonderful animals, just as the Wallowas are unique and wonderful mountains.

△



Llamas file past resting hikers.

Jim Miller

*There are several varieties of llama-packers in the Wallowas. Some only pack hikers in and pick them up later, which is of course a cheaper trip.*

*The all-inclusive trip described costs about \$100/day. A trip to Hell's Canyon is also available. Wallowa Llamas in Halfway, Oregon, can be reached by phone at 503-742-4930.*

AL COHEN

# A Bailey Range Trek

—A TEST OF STAMINA, WILL POWER AND ENTERPRISE—

We are all members of the Chemeketa Outdoor/Hiking Club from Salem. Pete Bond, age 50, is our leader. I'm 72. Joe Kuehn, Jr. is 58, and Pam Otley is 30-ish.

This account is taken from my log of our trip through the Bailey Range in August of 1993.

## Monday, 8/23.

Day 1: We start from the Sol Duc trailhead on the north side of the Olympic mountains at 11:45am, hike 8 miles and climb 2500 feet to an elevation of 4500 feet in occasional light showers.

We make camp at Lower Sol Duc Park about 4:30pm. Dark at 8:30pm. Sound of dripping water from trees bouncing off the tent fly is sweet music.

## Tuesday, 8/24.

Day 2: Up at 6am. Broke camp at 8:45am and started for High Divide. We're keeping to 5000 feet elevation on gradual up and down grades.

Pete's altimeter is essential for a fix on location. Our destination is Boston



Pam above Cream Lake.



Camp at Boston Charlie's—a postage stamp.

Charlie's Camp at 5200 feet. The trail and good progress ends a short distance beyond Cat Basin.

There the "Catwalk" requires a difficult rock negotiation; too tough for our group. We drop down 300 feet on the west side over steep slopes and loose rock and then back up, all very tough going.

This scramble, hiking in the clouds, and falling wet snow is our introduction to the Bailey Range. Boston Charlie's is a "postage stamp," an area large enough for two tents only. Tents are up at 7pm. A "critter" starts making a racket, like rasping on wood. The noise awakens all of us, and we go to hang our packs on a tree.

## Wednesday, 8/25.

Day 3: Awake at 6am to a frosty morning. While breaking camp two bucks approach from the south. One was an eight pointer. A goat observes us curiously from the trail we will be taking.

Broke camp at 9:15am with the goat about 50 yards ahead leading the way. Pete finds that his shoulder strap is chewed halfway through by the "critter." He reinforces the critical strap. The critter apparently liked the body salt on the straps.

This day is partly sunny, and we lunch in a meadow of alpine flowers

and exposed flat rocks. This is ideal to lay all our equipment and clothes out to dry in the gentle breeze.

Other animals we saw today included five black bears grubbing in huckleberries, and a herd of ten mountain goats, about 400 yards away and several hundred feet up.

Our goal tonight is to camp above Cream Lake, elevation 4237 feet. However, such is not the case and we end up going down through rough terrain and thick forest, sliding or grabbing branches on the way, to an elk meadow at 3000 feet.

Have to use a head net and "jungle juice" because of mosquitoes. Make camp at 7:30pm, hang our food in a tree and bring our backpacks into the tent. Day is done at 9:45pm.

## Thursday, 8/26.

Day 4: Up at 6:30am. On to Cream Lake, our missed campsite. After a steep climb we find the clear lake situated in a beautiful meadow, fed by a good stream flow.

Before starting off, four young NOLS (National Outdoor Leadership School) hikers come upon us. We exchange trail information—such as the world's largest subalpine fir nearby.

The hikers are from North Carolina, New York, Maryland, and New Jersey.

More climbing. Our next objective is Bear Pass at 5500 feet. Though good weather provides a chance to dry clothes and equipment, gathering clouds now bode visibility problems should we delay. The decision is to get through the pass now despite the late hour.

It is a tough climb, requiring ice axes (we have two) and a strong flow of Pete's adrenaline helping and urging us on. Camp is about a half mile short of the pass on scree and loose rock debris.

At 8:30pm we need lamps to do our chores in the dark. We gather water from a snowfield.

Tent stakes won't go into the scree so rocks suffice for anchors. The howling wind makes me wonder if my Cocoon

Joe Kuehn

Joe Kuehn



Pete snacks and dries his clothes in the sun.

and sleeping bag will keep me warm. They do, and the inflated Thermarest keeps me off the scree. This day ends at 10:30pm.

#### Friday, 8/27.

Day 5: Up at 6:30am to a fair day, good visibility and partly sunny. Some fog forming before we start off. By 9:30am we cross over Bear Pass and search for Dodwell-Rixon Pass at 4700 feet.

We find the welcome cairn at noon. Hiking over many large snow fingers, with the Snow Hump ahead, our route is a zigzag over snow, ice, and the Elwha's rocky stream bed as we make our way down a moderate but not easy grade.

The thought of heading down is a comfort to us. En route we chance on a

lone backpacker. He informs us the developed trail is a mile ahead. A climb up a "gut busting" hill makes that mile seem to last forever. We reach the developed trail at 5pm. Pam and I kneel, and symbolically kiss the trail.

After a 33 mile trek, the North Fork Campground is still 22 miles away. We drop to Happy Hollow Camp at 2200 feet over hard up and down terrain.

Weather is improving. Thoughts now focus on when we'll finish. We need to do it by Sunday noon, so as to be ready for work next week. Today we descended 3300 feet and hit the sack by 8:45pm.

#### Saturday, 8/28.

Day 6: Up at 6am. On the trail by 8:40am. Passed a buck resting about 100 yards off in a forest glade, watching us. We are still on a yo-yo trail, up and down, but moderate grade that's improving by the mile.

Yellowjackets nip at Pete and me for the tasty spices in our skin and clothes; an itch stays with us through the day.

Climbing up again to Low Divide at 3600 feet, the next objective. Over the divide and past two fine lakes, Mary and Margaret, each in an attractive meadow with snow covered peaks for background. Were I only an artist, I'd not leave till I had it down for the world to see.

There's a Ranger Station and a fenced horse pasture at Low Divide. At Sixteen Mile Camp, we come by a 50-foot-wide, knee-deep creek, with a fair



Joe (left), Al and Pete by the world's largest subalpine fir.

current, rocky bottom, and a 3/4-inch new yellow nylon cord strung across the creek to be forded.

We use thongs to ford and keep our shoes dry. Passage is easy. Joe manages well in bare feet. Elip Creek at 1000 feet is our campground tonight.

We make it by 6pm. Tomorrow the forecast is for good weather, and the final 6.5 miles to the North Fork trailhead. Asleep by 9:30pm.

#### Sunday, 8/29.

Day 7: Up at 5:45am and with a hasty breakfast, depart at 7:30am. The trail continues to improve with each mile, fewer rocks and roots, more gradual ups and downs.

We pass hikers and backpackers; one group of three young men are going to do the Bailey Range.

At 11:05am we arrive at the North Fork trailhead. The van parked and waiting was a wonderful sight. We unload our packs, change into comfortable clothes and are ready to meet civilization. Next stop, a restaurant in Hoquiam for a fine salmon dinner.

Salem at 6pm. Conclusion? A great adventure. A test of stamina, will power, and enterprise, as well as a source of sore muscles and blisters.

*Al Cohen, of Salem, Oregon, is a retired FAA Project Engineer. He has been a member of the Chemeketans since 1988. His interest in the outdoors began in 1960, and in the last five years has taken up climbing. Al was born and reared in New York City.*

*Joe Kuehn assisted by editing this article.*





DEBORAH RIEHL

# RESCUE EPICS

—E.T. (ERRANT TRAVELER), PHONE HOME—

We've had a recent rash of "customers" who have telephoned in for their rescues.

On June 5, 1994, a young man from Virginia was dropped off at the north-bound trailhead of the Pacific Crest Trail at Snoqualmie Pass. His goal was to hike solo from Snoqualmie Pass to Stevens Pass. He was well equipped but lacked local knowledge. Ah, but he *did* have his cell phone with him!

He camped overnight at the trailhead and departed the next day. All went well until he encountered a local phenomenon unfamiliar to him—snow.

A slip on last winter's leftovers without an ice axe ended 40-50 feet below on steep dirt and rocks and stopped serendipitously enough on a small ledge above a cliff.

The near-sighted backpacker's glasses were shattered in the fall. He also gashed his head, injured his ribs and bruised up his knees. He squinted at the unfamiliar peaks and tried to correlate them to his map using his compass.

Unfortunately, he'd failed to set the local declination into his east-coast-purchased compass. He remembered he'd been able to see I-90 not long before he crashed and burned. Then he pulled out his trusty cell phone.

The cell he accessed (tenuously) happened to be in Ellensburg, so he spoke to Kittitas County 911.

From the hiker's guesstimation of where he was the sheriff decided he was probably on King County turf, so he notified our SAR duty officer. He sent out the page at 4:30pm.

By 5:15 Mountain Rescuer Bill from North Bend was at the trailhead. Shortly thereafter the SAR deputy arrived at the pass. He has lights and a siren but Bill has a BMW. The deputy called the subject on his cell phone and set up a schedule of brief contacts so we

could check on his welfare and glean clues as to his whereabouts. However, we wanted him to preserve his batteries. Calls were frustrating because his hold on the cell was tenuous—if he moved even a few inches, we lost him.

During his 6:45pm contact he mentioned passing two short switchbacks shortly before falling. At 8pm Bill encountered some bow hunters camped in the trail where it swings into Commonwealth Basin who reported seeing a person fitting the description.

At his 8:30pm check-in the subject reported his breathing was shallow and he felt like he had fluid in his lungs. He couldn't stand or crawl back up the slope he'd fallen down. In his sleeping bag, wrapped in a space blanket, he felt like he was "maintaining."

At 8:45pm it was reported over the radio that one of the Explorer Search and Rescue Scouts 1½ to 2½ miles up the trail was suffering a severe asthma attack. A Ski Patrol Rescue Team doctor farther in turned around and headed back out to aid the stricken boy.

ESAR and SPART personnel started in with oxygen and asthma medication. The Scout was treated and escorted out—and returned the next day to search again.

When it began to get dark a squad car went to Alpentel and a 4x4 rescue truck went to Gold Creek and turned on their lights and sirens. It was unclear whether our man was in Commonwealth Basin or had gotten beyond the Kendall Katwalk. In any case he neither saw nor heard the lights and sirens. But, then again, he was having a hard time hearing *anything* due to the waterfall he'd landed next to . . .

The SPART and SMR teams began to consolidate in two camps to bivouac. One team was near our bivvy of two autumn's ago where the Crest Trail swings

out across the face of Kendall (*Pack & Paddle*, November 1992, page 17).

This area is also known as the "Moon Boot Slide" after an ill-shod customer from a previous mission. The other bivvy site was near the Katwalk.

At base we planned for the morrow, calling our in-town OLS to put together fresh teams for the morning. Before turning in for the night the field teams tried some final "voice checks" (shouts).

At 11pm the subject called again—he thought maybe he'd heard a whistle. An ESAR team on the Commonwealth Basin trail had used a whistle. We considered trying flares or turning on the ski area lights, now that it was dark. Neither idea worked out. We looked forward to the Red Cross bringing up hot breakfast in the morning.

At 45 minutes after midnight we got our last call from the lost man. He thought he'd be okay for the night though his space blanket had blown away. Everyone settled down for a few hours of fitful dozing before it got light again.

At 4:30am base was up and planning the day's mission. More pages went out. The field teams reported it had snowed overnight and some personnel were wet but all were okay.

The weather appeared to be improving. We requested out-of-county backup from Olympia, Tacoma, Snohomish County and Central Washington. More technical gear was sent into the field.

At 6:20 the team near the old bivvy site was following a single set of footprints. Below they spotted a space blanket in a creek. Then they spotted an inert green sleeping bag "in a waterfall."

There was no response to shouts. It was difficult to get to the sleeping bag through clifty terrain. By 6:43 the team was within 40 feet of the sleeping bag—and the man inside it finally heard

them. He sat up, began waving his arms and yelling.

Shortly thereafter Mike from the rescue team called us on the subject's cell phone to confirm he was on the scene. The patient was reported to be "one inch from the creek."

When the water rose later in the morning due to snow melt, he would have been *in* it. The ledge he was on was tiny and his position precarious. There was nowhere else he could have gone. Below his ledge was another cliff.

Calls came in from around the state from teams assembling for a potential carryout. Snohomish County, however, was occupied by their own rescue on the ever-popular Mount Pilchuck.

The other team set up a camp by a small tarn. The team on scene set up a raise to get the injured man to the tarn camp. We called NOAA to get an updated weather report.

The rescued man's injuries included possible rib fractures, possible punctured lung, lacerations above his left eye and ear, and bruised knees. Three of the rescuers were soaked from rappelling down the waterfall.

By 10:10am the victim was at the tarn camp. His temperature was 97 degrees. He was given oxygen. The camp was also a splendid helicopter landing zone but the west side of the pass was soaked in. The ITOL had the bright idea to call MAST in Yakima.

At 11:20 MAST landed at the pass. The weather at the tarn was still marginal. MAST launched to fly over the LZ and check it out.

At 11:35 the sun broke out but the rescuers at the tarn still couldn't see or hear the helicopter. The bird returned to the pass to confer. At 11:51 they lifted off again. Two minutes later they got a visual on the tarn! By noon the patient was on his way to the hospital.

Addenda: Two other missions this summer were initiated and aided by party members who'd toted along their cell phones.

1. A club scramble class of 13 was descending from the summit of Red Mountain near Snoqualmie Pass. One student slipped on the snow and tried to "dig her heels in." That failed and so did her self-arrest attempt.

She knocked another student off and they tumbled together 200 feet down the steep snow and scree. The student who was knocked off sustained bruises

and sprains. She was wearing a helmet. She walked out.

The rest of the party stabilized the woman who fell first. Her injuries included a bruised head, lacerated elbow and knee and numerous other assorted rotten spots. One of the party members had his cell phone with him and called us.

In the middle of *this* rescue, facilitated by the King Country Guardian One helicopter, another rescue came down on McClellan Butte. . . .

2. On the weekend of June 25-26 I was in Eastern Washington for an emergency ham radio exercise called "Field Day." As I topped Snoqualmie Pass on my way home my pager went off.

A repeat customer, who we'd rescued on Tiger Mountain the previous fall

with a blown-out knee (sounds familiar), now needed rescuing from Guye Peak. This time it was his ankle.

He pulled out his cell phone and called us again. He'd just gotten the clearance to head for the hills again after his knee healed. I think I'll be *real careful* when I get clearance to hit the trail again.

△

*Debby Riehl, AA7RW, lives in North Creek and is a member of Seattle Mountain Rescue's Board of Trustees and Ski Patrol Rescue Team Board of Directors.*

*She is spending the summer recovering from knee surgery.*



DARRELL M. SCATTERGOOD

# SIDNEY ISLAND

—GOOD TO KNOW WE HAD A WISE LEADER—

Memorial Day Weekend—three days of kayaking in the south Gulf Islands. Eleven of us through the Washington and Seattle Kayak Clubs, under the leadership of Mickey Molde, caught the Sidney ferry at 8am at Anacortes.

That's 90 miles from Seattle, a holiday weekend, and a detour around the landslide covering Highway 20. That's a 4am awakening.

It's a long walk from the upper level parking lot after dropping off gear near the terminal. Bicyclists were understandably unhappy with our wheeled kayaks impeding traffic as we packed them in the only space available near the terminal. \$12.90 is a lot cheaper than taking cars and we go to the head of the line.

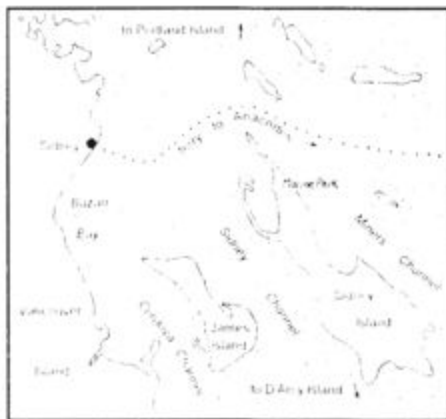
The weather report was not optimistic but tourists packed the ferry. The breeze was fresh and the sun intermittently poked through the clouds. The three hour cruise was pleasant and, toward the end, allowed us to study our paddle routes from the upper deck.

The plan was to launch at the park adjacent to the ferry terminus on Sidney, paddle the 2.5 miles to Sidney Island Marine Park. We would set up camp, and then paddle to D'Arcy Island, returning for dinner on Sidney Island. The next day we would paddle to Portland Island to visit Princess Margaret Park, also returning for dinner. Monday would be a leisurely paddle back to Sidney town to catch the noon ferry home.

The wind was strong as we debarked the ferry. The sun was still visible but surrounded by darker clouds. Those of us with stern wheels discovered the folly of saving a few dollars.

Stern wheels may be acceptable for a short, empty, and light kayak, but with three days of camping gear the paddler's shoulder, arm, and sore hand carries the burden. One set of inexpensive mid-wheels failed along the path to the ramp although the trail is virtually all paved.

Sprinkles greeted us at the ramp but



whitcaps covered the span of sea between us and Sidney Island. Several group members felt that the sea was too rough to attempt a crossing that long. At least one felt that we should go. Many sat on the fence. A leader's dilemma.

We moved to the picnic shelter while some of us gathered information for alternatives. The InfoCentre by the ferry terminal was open and the elderly couple proved to be very helpful in obtaining phone numbers of hotels within walking distance and a kayak rental firm that might move our kayaks to the nearest campground, over a mile inland. One hotel had room and was on the waterfront. The Hotel Sidney at the foot of Beacon Street offered us two rooms at \$60 Canadian each, including locked storage for our 10 kayaks.

The wind was becoming stronger. A local resident, Pat, with a new kayak, had been contemplating a trip from the same ramp and quietly accompanied us to the shelter. He admitted to uneasiness about going out in such waves and wind and was allowing himself to be swayed by our group consensus.

One member was feeling queasy, perhaps from concern over whether she would refuse to go. The leader made the only reasonable decision she could—cancel the crossing for today and take the hotel for the night.

Pat eased the trek to the hotel im-

mensely by offering to transport supplies from the stern wheeled kayaks that would fit in the back of his pick-up. Some of us planned to try out our surf launching skills once we had registered and unpacked. The rest, including Pat, watched.

Our fearless leader disappeared downwind in winds gusting to 30 knots and under the public dock 100 yards away before the second kayak launched.

Wind and surf promptly swept a new Kevlar double kayak into a nearby barnacle-studded piling leaving a permanent kiss as a reminder of its maiden voyage. The owner was the person who advocated going to Sidney Island despite the stormy seas.

My launch and paddle farther out and downwind allowed me to test the difficulty of handling an unloaded 18.5 foot long single in such winds and seas. I was glad for my extra seat and knee padding that allowed me to balance the hull on the waves. With a steady, albeit slow, pace, I worked myself back upwind to the launch beach. I gratefully accepted a jerk on my bow line from a fellow kayaker on shore to get me beyond broaching while disembarking.

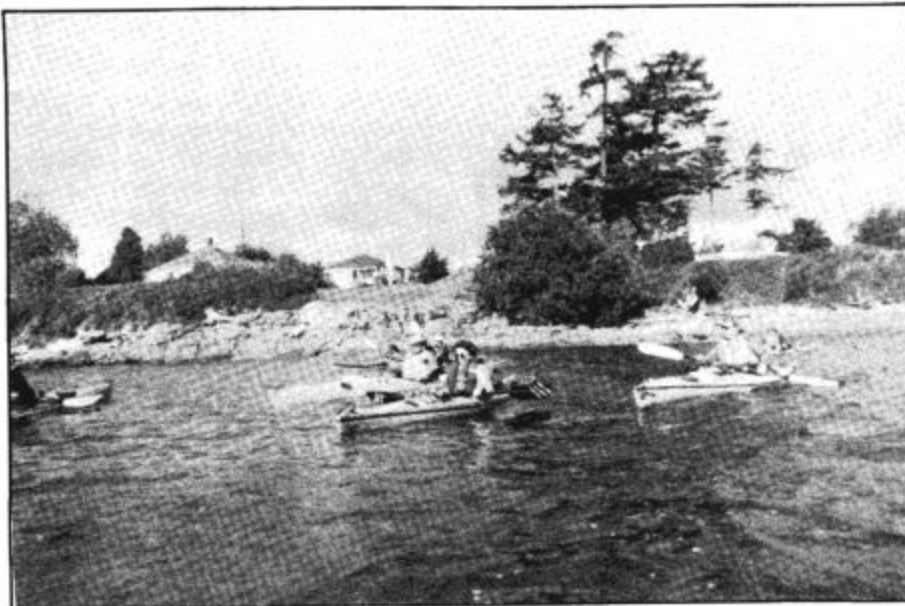
Our advocate for leaving earlier owed up to the greater wisdom of the leader and we all felt that the short paddle that day was adequate. Noting Pat's continuing interest in our group, I invited him for refreshments at the Rum-runner restaurant.

Most of the group ended up there and an order for nachos and cheese for \$6.50 (Canadian) resulted in a mountain a foot high, enough to completely dull most of our appetites for dinner.

Exploring town on foot and more food and drink in one of the bedrooms rounded out the evening. The stories that three nurses can generate are amazing. The length of the day took its toll and we wandered off to sleep at some late hour.

The next morning looked promising.





Darrell Scattergood

Launching from Sidney Hotel beach, heading to Sidney Island on Sunday.

Several establishments were serving complete breakfasts by 7am, allowing our group to hit the water by 9:30am. The wind was still strong, perhaps 20 knots, but the sun made everything look better. The whitecaps were not as intimidating but enough to keep us from paddling directly for D'Arcy.

The seas, as they often are, were rougher than they appeared from land. Loaded boats took the sea motion well and no one got into real trouble. We were splashed with spray several times. One wave caught me at neck level and sent a trickle of freezing water down my shirt.

Pulling into the bay at the north end of the island cut the force of the wind. We pulled into the park behind the floating dock. The ranger told our leader we could camp at the top of the hill as a popular guide book suggests.

After she and two others started to erect tents, the ranger informed them that they had to hike down the path some distance south to camp in the group site. He offered to carry loose gear down in his tractor. It would have been much easier had he told us to simply kayak down to the dock and beach at the southernmost part of the bay, some quarter-mile from the main dock where power boats moor.

The so-called group site is not marked but, not surprisingly, only one of over 20 sites was occupied, by a couple. Five of our tents clustered around a mini-grove of trees while two stood under a near-by grove at a second site.

One couple of our group camped more

inland out of the wind. That evening, the ranger wanted \$9.50 per site, with four people, his standard family size, per site.

Our leader convinced him that 11 people should be accommodated by just three campsites, which we did occupy. Grudgingly, he accepted her argument and provided ample dry firewood chopped to size.

The Sidney Island campground was once a brick manufacturing plant. Large black circles where coal had been piled complemented piles of bricks and remains of brick buildings all around the huge park. Most remarkably, we discovered a World War 2 style bomb shelter at the southern end in the woods.

We came across a group of about 7 from Seattle, camped in a large covered shelter equipped with a stove. This facility is great for groups caught in the rain. It is located in the heavily wooded center of the park. The previous day, the group had been kayaking east of Sidney Island and one had capsized and wet-exited.

They were lucky to be able to have landed on the almost beachless and steep slope of that side and find the shelter. They paid \$50 for one night's use and counted themselves lucky. The reader can understand our feelings about our similar per-person investment in hotel rooms without getting soaked and placed at such risk.

Almost everywhere in the campground, deer droppings were as thick as goose droppings on young grass in Seattle. A sign indicated the population of

fallow deer to be around 1500 just in the park. Fears of overgrazing were tempered by the obvious joy of visitors in spotting and photographing the little Bambis.

We were not pestered by raccoons or ground squirrels but crows made short stuff from an unwatched lunch bag. The bay dried almost completely at low tide, giving the 100 blue herons a better view of the bottom upon which to feed. An eagle stirred them into the air more than once.

Evening dinner was a shared affair by generosity rather than by design. From 10 small boats came all the meals and snacks for two lunches and evenings. The evening bore fair skies and light winds. The lights of Sidney town were only somewhat brighter than the night's stars.

Monday morning was bright and fair. Breakfasts were relatively modest (except for my orange, corned beef hash, chocolate pudding, and coffee) allowing us to get on the water before 9 am. I asked and received permission to depart from the group heading for the park ramp by the ferry terminal to investigate the bays north of Sidney.

Wayne and Sue joined me for a pleasant tour of the yacht basin and two residential inlets where we discussed the merits of various mansions and the remarkable stonework bulwarks. We arrived at the ferry terminal in time to buy tickets, pass through customs pre-screen, and park our kayaks to the side that would allow us to load in front of all the cars (and bicycles).

A ferry worker remarked that, on Sunday, they had great trouble landing their vessel at Anacortes because of the wind and high surf. At Anacortes, the chief loader allowed us to use the ferry ramp to load our kayaks onto our vehicles rather than drag the kayaks into the parking lot much farther away. The Customs inspector generously waved us through after a brief conversation with our leader.

If there was a worst part of the trip, it was the overlong detour for Highway 20 heading east and the flaggers who ignored the needs of the ferry traffic.

The best part was knowing we had a wise leader and good friends with whom to share the trip. △

*Darrell Scattergood, of Bellevue, is the administrator for the Physics department at the University of Washington.*

CHARLIE MCGUIVER

# The Walking Stick

—THE EQUIPMENT GUY HOLDS FORTH—

I'm Charlie McGuiver, the Equipment Guy.

Since before Moses' time the walking stick has aided people as a tool, a weapon and just plain support for the weary. Now, you or I won't be able to turn our stick into a snake, or make the Nile River red, or part the Red Sea.

I guess all that our magical selves can hope to perform is preventing a sprained ankle or helping to displace some of the weight we shouldn't have put in our packs.

I try to encourage all of my Boy Scouts to use their walking sticks when they remember to bring them on a hike. Usually they drag the sticks on the ground behind them.

No matter how much you try to teach and help them, kids will be kids.

Anyway I have found a walking stick a great outback friend. I've mentioned support already, but there are other benefits.

You know those berries that are just out of your reach? I have a berry hook at the end of one of my sticks for just this occasion.

I am sure you have cussed to high heaven when that tarp you put up in front of your tent for a cooking area didn't stay up well enough under the beautiful weather conditions we have in the Northwest. You don't want to cut the surrounding flora so a good no-trace camper can use his or her walking stick to solve the drooping tarp syndrome.

When crossing a stream on a log, your walking stick can help you keep your balance. When there's no log and you have to ford, your stick can keep you upright in the current.

For taking better photos in the deep forest, steady your camera on top of your walking stick—it helps to cut down the wobble when you spot that

black bear or elk at dusk.

If you're the first one down the trail in the morning, you can clear all the spider webs out of the path by swinging your stick out in front of you.

A walking stick is great for whacking stinging nettles out of the trail early in the season.

From a secure stance, you can help a friend over a gully, washout, creek or snow patch by extending your stick for

him or her to grab.

In camp, your stick can prop up your pack to keep it off pitchy trees, or out of the mud.

And your stick can dig a handy cat-hole so you don't have to carry one of those little orange trowels.

Walking sticks, adjustable ski poles, non-adjustable ski poles and canes come in a vast selection. For those of you who like the latest in technology, you can get an adjustable-length, compass-knob, spring-shock, tungsten-pointed gizmo with optional rubber end for about \$80.

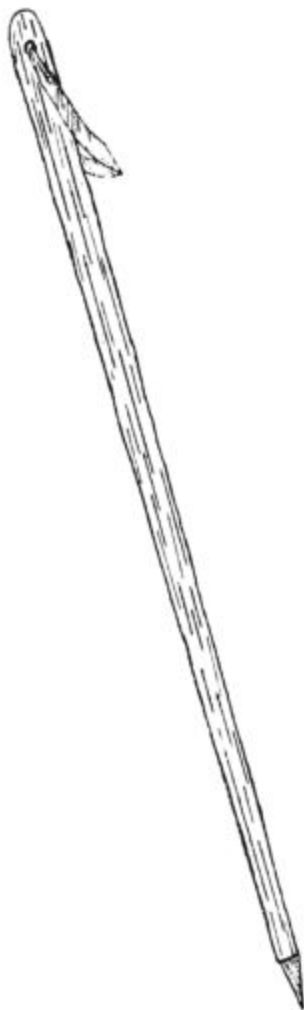
For the two-fisted techno-trekker, you can get a matching set of two- or three-section adjustable ski poles for about \$95.

For myself, all of this fancy stuff is too complicated to operate. But the main point is that using a walking stick of some sort will aid you in many varied ways. All of the local outfitting stores carry a selection of staffs and poles with names like Sherlock, Climb High, Leki and Tracks.

The only store in the area that carries plain old walking sticks is Sports Replay. They carry the Great Northwest Cane and Walking Stick brand. For about \$15 you can get a decent staff and not have to read the owner's manual before turning on the switch.

I have always used some sort of staff or shorter stick for my trekking. I have found many uses for them and so will you.

△



*Charlie, the Equipment Guy, is a repairer, modifier, and builder of gear. He is assistant Scoutmaster with Troop 19 in Everett.*

# PANORAMA

NEWS FROM ALL OVER

**PLANTS CLIMBING**—In response to earth's warming temperatures, plants in the Alps are seeking higher ground, according to a study comparing today's flora to vegetation earlier in the century.

In 1992, researchers at the University of Vienna counted the number of species and estimated the abundance of primarily flowering plants above 3000 meters on 26 mountains in western Austria and eastern Switzerland. They compared their data to the same figures from the early and middle 1900s.

Nine common species have ascended the mountains at the rate of 1 to 4 meters per decade—somewhat slower than the researchers had expected. The mean annual temperature has increased 0.7 degree C since the early 1900s; because mountain air cools about 0.5 degree C every 100m, the vegetation should have moved 8 to 10m per decade. Why it didn't is unclear.

If global temperatures continue to increase, some mountain plants may have nowhere to go, the researchers point out.—*excerpted from Science News*

**SEA KAYAK SYMPOSIUM**—It's Symposium time again. The 11th Annual West Coast Sea Kayak Symposium is scheduled for September 16-18 at Fort Worden State Park in Port Townsend. The 2½-day event is an ideal time to attend lectures and classes about all aspects of kayak touring and is the best place to shop and "test-drive" all kinds of kayaks (see *P&P, April, page 16*).

Registration is \$80 per person for the full Symposium; a one-day beach pass is available but does not include any lectures. Registration is limited so sign up early.

For information contact Trade Association of Sea Kayaking (TASK), PO Box 969, Mukilteo WA 98275; 206-348-4912.

**VOLUNTEER DOWNTOWN**—The downtown Seattle Information Center

has lots of volunteer opportunities.

The center, operated jointly by the Forest Service and National Park Service, is staffed weekdays to provide walk-in visitors and telephone callers with current information about trails, roads and campgrounds in the Pacific Northwest.

Volunteers should enjoy helping the public and have an interest in hiking and camping.

Contact Joanne Conrad (a *P&P* reader) at the Information Center, 915 Second Ave #442, Seattle WA 98174; 206-220-7450.

**NISQUALLY DELTA**—Seattle Aquarium naturalist guided trips to Nisqually Delta will be held on August 6 and 7. Call the Aquarium at 206-386-4329 for details. SEAS membership not a requirement. See "Backcountry News" in this issue for a report.

**WHITE CHUCK BRIDGE**—The Darrington Ranger District has received funding for repairs of the Upper White Chuck crossing on the PCT. A contract was awarded for replacement of the existing truss bridge with a log stringer bridge.

A waiver for the use of a helicopter within Glacier Peak Wilderness was approved by the Regional Forester. Use of the helicopter will be restricted to transport of materials and supplies and will not be in use on weekends or holidays. Repairs are expected to begin by 7/20 and be completed by 9/1.

The crossing is currently closed to hikers and stock and is considered extremely dangerous. No alternative crossing is available.

A tree which fell across the bridge during the summer of 1993 broke the bridge trusses and shattered several handrail sections. Additional damage from snow occurred over the winter.

The Upper White Chuck bridge spans a narrow gorge approximately 6

miles south of Kennedy Hot Springs.

**SKY WATCHERS NEEDED**—Military overflights are in incessant problem to hikers, backpackers and even horse packers in National Parks and Wilderness areas.

You can help the North Cascades Conservation Council identify the extent of the problem by reporting the following information to the NCCC office:

- 1—Where seen in Wilderness or National Park?
- 2—What military service was involved?
- 3—Was it possible to identify type of plane or even numbers on plane?
- 4—What elevation were you?
- 5—Estimated distance above or below you that the military plane was flying?
- 6—Extent of disruption to you?

Call the North Cascades Conservation Council at 206-343-2312.—*from "The Wild Cascades," newsletter of NCCC.*

**ALPINE LAKES CHECKERBOARD LAND**—The Alpine Lakes Protection Society has been meeting with officials from Plum Creek Timber Company and Wenatchee National Forest to discuss a major land exchange.

No deals have been made, but if this effort succeeds, it could save the last big block of checkerboard lands in the Alpine Lakes.

This checkerboard legacy of last century's Railroad Land Grant Act has dominated the Alpine Lakes for 100 years and made this area unique among Pacific Northwest controversies.

Now the area has become a national priority under the Clinton Forest Plan because of its importance as a connecting link for wildlife north and south of the I-90 corridor.

Plum Creek Timber Company, a limited partnership, owns most of this land as a successor to Burlington Northern Railway. The Forest Service bought

# ISSUES

A LISTING OF CURRENT BACKCOUNTRY ISSUES OPEN FOR PUBLIC COMMENT

Let us know about public meetings and comment periods so we can list them here.

**GIFFORD PINCHOT**—Public meetings will discuss the President's Forest Plan and the changes it will bring to the Gifford Pinchot. August 2 at the Randle Fire Hall, 7pm. Au-

gust 4 at the Skamania Lodge in Stevenson, 7pm. August 17 at the New Student Center of Lower Columbia College in Longview, 7pm. More info: 206-750-5007.



# PANORAMA

NEWS FROM ALL OVER

BN's lands within the Wilderness shortly after Congress passed the Alpine Lakes Management Act in 1976.

But Plum Creek has continued to own lands adjoining the Wilderness and within the Teanaway Recreation Area designated by the Wenatchee National Forest for unroaded, unlogged management.

For an in-depth discussion on the proposed exchange, see the July 1994 issue of "Alpine," the newsletter of ALPS.

For information on ALPS membership, contact Gloria Lindstrom, 1831 Hanson Road, Ellensburg WA 98926 (509-925-1807).—*excerpted from "Alpine," the newsletter of ALPS.*

**HELP THE IRON GOAT**—The Iron Goat trail, currently 4 miles of historic railroad grade converted to a beautiful walking path, will be extended this summer with the help of volunteer work parties. In addition to trail construction and maintenance, volunteers are also needed to help with revegetation and interpretive hikes.

Work parties are scheduled on Wednesdays, Fridays, Saturdays and Sundays throughout August and September. Call the Iron Goat Info Line at 206-283-1440.

**OLYMPIC COAST SANCTUARY**—The new 3300-square-mile Olympic Coast National Marine Sanctuary was dedicated July 16 during ceremonies at Kalaloch.

Sanctuary regulations prohibit oil or mineral exploration and discharge of most materials. They protect all historical and cultural resources. Air traffic must stay above 2000 feet over the sanctuary, which stretches 23 miles off the coast.

Management of the sanctuary is by the National Marine Fisheries Service, with enforcement by the Coast Guard.

**LONG ISLAND CEDAR GROVE**—In early July, Weyerhaeuser deeded 435 acres of climax forest to the Fish and Wildlife Service. The site includes the ancient Cedar Grove on Long Island in Willapa Bay in southwestern Washington.

Weyerhaeuser originally planned to log the cedar but agreed in 1979 to a land exchange that transferred 119 acres to the Fish and Wildlife Service

—the first of the deals leading to the final July transfer.

Last year, Fish and Wildlife and Weyerhaeuser completed a series of exchanges and purchases to protect the Cedar Grove and 161 acres of surrounding mature forest as a buffer against high winds.

The Cedar Grove was long known for its huge trees, but only in the early 1980s did it become evident that they were a rare remnant of the forest found by the first white explorers to the Pacific Northwest coast.

Within the oldest stand, sunlight filters through cedar and hemlock trees, and salal on the forest floor grows taller than a person. Some of the huge trees are as much as 15 wide at the base.—*excerpted from "The Chinook Observer."*

**FIRE LOOKOUTS**—The Everett Mountaineers maintain two fire lookouts in the Cascades: Three Fingers and Pilchuck. (Pilchuck was completely restored several years ago.)

This summer a new roof will go on the Green Mountain lookout. The work is coordinated by Jeff Lacey and the Friends of Green Mountain.

Work is continuing on the restoration of the Evergreen Mountain lookout. This project is sponsored by King County ESAR and coordinated by Bill Rengsdorf.

**KAYAK CLASSES**—Washington Kayak Club's Intermediate Trip Leader Classes will start in September. A special session is scheduled for those who paddle doubles. Call Dede Chinlund for information: 206-935-3960.

**DARRINGTON ROADS**—Several Forest Service roads in the Darrington Ranger District are being "decommissioned." This involves removing bridges and culverts, restoring natural drainage, removing slide materials, and revegetation. The roads are:

In the Falls Creek area, road 2080 (2.4 miles); road 2080 A (.1-mile) and road 2060 B (.1-mile).

In the Mount Forgotten area, road 2087 (1.5 miles).

In the Conrad Creek area, parts of roads 2512 and 2515 and spurs.

In the Big/Grade Creek area, road 2640 (2.8 miles), road 2640-051 (.4-mile), and road 2641 (1.3 miles).

**BLACK BEARS RETURN TO TEXAS**—Black bears recently returned to their historic range in Big Bend National Park, and are making inroads into other parts of western Texas.

Using strategies developed in Parks and protected areas over the past century, the National Park Service at Big Bend has the opportunity to implement state-of-the-art bear and human management policies prior to the onset of traditional conflicts.

Originally inhabiting most of the state, bears had virtually vanished from Texas by the early 1940s due to hunting, trapping and habitat loss. In contrast, bears persisted, even flourished, in the isolated Mexican mountain ranges to the south of Big Bend.

For 40 years, rare sightings of migrant bears occurred in the Park, established in 1944, but none became permanent residents. Park managers and visitors were encouraged when 26 observations of bears occurred in 1988.

The bear population has steadily increased and in 1993 at least a dozen individual bears were sighted by 500 visitors. As expected, high visitor use in bear habitat led to undesirable encounters. On June 4, 1993, Big Bend National Park entered a new era: a black bear entered a campsite in Boot Canyon, frightened campers into abandoning a backpack, and consumed their food supply.

Planning to make Park facilities bear-resistant was already well underway. By summer's end all backcountry mountain campsites were outfitted with bear-resistant food boxes. Chisos Basin has bear-resistant dumpsters and trash cans. New food storage rules went into effect and educational programs helped teach the public about the new way of life at the Park.

For once, a Park has the opportunity to do it right the first time, avoiding mistakes of the past—and the Tex-Mex bears are counting on it.—*excerpted from an article by Raymond Skiles, Big Bend National Park, in "International Bear News."*

# REST STOP

EQUIPMENT, RECIPES, TIPS

**TRAIL BREAD**—This recipe for Trail Bread originally came from *The Backpacker's Food Book*, by Hasse Bunnelle and the editors of *Backpacker* magazine. We have taken it on long trips, and find it will last two to three weeks without molding if it is not kept in an airtight bag. We even mailed it to ourselves while through-hiking the PCT. And it tastes good, too.

**2½ cups whole wheat flour**  
**1 cup white flour**  
**2 teaspoons salt**  
**2 teaspoons sugar**  
**1½ teaspoons baking powder**  
**1½ cups milk**  
**2 tablespoons butter**  
**5 tablespoons honey**

Sift dry ingredients together. Heat milk with butter and honey. Add milk mixture to flour mixture and knead until dough is formed but not sticky. Shape into flat loaves ½" to ¾" thick, square or round. Place on greased baking sheet. Score for easy breaking on the trail. Coat lightly with oil and sprinkle lightly with flour. Bake in a 450 degree oven for 15 minutes. Do not overcook. Cool, store in plastic bags, and refrigerate. Will keep several months if frozen.—*Laura Merkel Wild, Marysville.*

**INSTANT OATMEAL**—This is another recipe I've used a great deal. It tastes better than the store-bought stuff, and costs much less. It also reduces the amount of disposable packaging you carry, which helps when you're hauling many days' worth of food. I adapted this from *The Well-Fed Backpacker* by June Fleming.

Use quick-cooking oatmeal (cheapest bought in bulk). Whir **1 cup of oatmeal** in a blender or food processor until powdered. This will become the thick "glue" that holds the rest together.

Mix oatmeal powder with **2 cups quick-cooking oatmeal**, **1 cup instant dry milk**, a dash or two of **cinnamon or nutmeg**, and sweetening to taste (white or brown **sugar**). Dried fruit, sesame seeds, wheat germ or bran can also be added.

For the average appetite, pack ¾ cup of this mix per serving in a bag. In camp, place that amount in a cup, add boiling water (about 1 cup), stir, and eat. It doesn't require cooking, and leaves no dirty pot to wash.—*Laura Merkel Wild, Marysville.*

**GOOD BOOK**—I like *Barney's Book on the Olympic Peninsula* by Barney Arender. It has up-to-date road numbers and highway distances, elevations at a glance, great directions.—*Kerry Gilles, Westport.*

**CLIMBING MOUNT HOOD**—Columnist Terry Richard offered these tips in *The Oregonian* for a safe climb of Mount Hood:

Before you start, register in the climbing room of Timberline's Wy'East lodge. A separate Wilderness permit is required this year.

Bring along a locator unit, which can be found by rescuers in the event of a storm or accident. Units are available at REI stores, Oregon Mountain Community and the Val-U Inn at Government Camp.

Bring and know how to use all appropriate gear—rope, ice axe, crampons, map, compass and altimeter.

Don't hurry. Be flexible with your climbing schedule. Wait for good weather.

Start early, between midnight and 2am. By mid-morning the sun melts snow and sends loose rocks hurtling down from the mountain's upper ridges.

Pack out waste. Pick up a blue bag at Silcox Hut and use it as instructed to remove solid waste.

When you return, sign out at the register.

**WHAT HAPPENED AT BIG FOUR**  
 —*Pack & Paddle* reported last month (July, page 8) that due to an avalanche,

the Ice Caves would probably not open this summer.

The details of the story are fascinating: Normally, the steep north face of Big Four sheds snowfall easily to accumulate at the bottom, making the permanent snowfield that forms the Ice Caves.

Last winter, however, was unusual. Imagine a clear, cold moonlit night in December. Under these conditions, needles of hoarfrost grew like white grass. Then layer upon layer of snow settled on the weak frost layer.

The weather was too cold for regular small avalanches to occur as they would in a normal winter, so the snow deepened.

Suddenly, one day in early February, a tension fracture ripped across near the top of the huge snowfield. The weak frost layer collapsed with a "whump," and a monster avalanche was born.

The massive snow slide accelerated rapidly down the slope. When it reached the base of the mountain, thousands of tons of snow speeding at 100 mph traveled across the alluvial fan on an air cushion that formed under the avalanche.

At the forest edge, a blast of wind in front of the avalanche snapped trees like matchsticks, ripping bark away and breaking branches. The avalanche finally lost momentum, leaving debris about 25 feet deep and trees toppled over the last 100 yards of the trail.

Judging from the age of the now-broken trees at the base of this well-worn avalanche track, the last such



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# REST STOP

EQUIPMENT, RECIPES, TIPS

monster avalanche occurred about 60 or 70 years ago.

In May, the trail was cleared of the downed trees to make access easier. The hard avalanche snow at the forest edge may not melt completely this summer, and the Ice Caves will probably melt out very late this year, if at all.

Hike the trail anyway—don't miss this opportunity to see what a monster avalanche can do.—*from information in the "Verlot Press."*

**FOAM PADS PACKAGING**—Cut off one leg of a pair of nylon panty-hose and use it to stuff your foam sleeping pad into. This keeps it rolled up without using straps, which can leave indentations in the foam. Works for Thermarest pads, too.

The panty-hose will last several months before it needs to be replaced.

**CURRENT MASTER**—One of the steps before heading out onto the salt-water should be to check on tide and current.

I had been using the current and tide tables published by Island Canoe of Bainbridge Island. I found it tedious to manually calculate the tide and current for a particular location.

To alleviate the drudgery, I decided to invest in the Current Master computer program also sold by Island Canoe. All you need is a PC that runs DOS. You

don't need to be a computer whiz to use it. It really makes the whole tide/current determination very easy.

Just enter the current/tide station and date, and it does the rest. It will even give you the average tide and current so you can compare the conditions you will be facing with the average conditions for the location.

You can also print out the information (in graph form too, if you want) so you can refer to it on your paddle. It has taken the drudgery out of the process for me.—*LGM, Port Orchard.*

**SUN SHADE**—For additional sun protection for your face, drape a large bandanna over your head and hold it in place with your sun visor or baseball hat. The bandanna will hang down to provide shade for your ears, neck, and face.

**BEEF JERKY**—"Jerky" comes from the Spanish "charqui."

Trim off all fat from **1½ pounds of flank steak** or beef brisket (or any inexpensive cut of beef). Put in freezer until the surface is frozen firm, then slice in  $\frac{1}{8}$ " to  $\frac{1}{4}$ " strips, with the grain, long ways.

Mix together:

- 1 teaspoon seasoning salt**
- ½ teaspoon garlic powder**
- ½ teaspoon black pepper**
- 1 teaspoon onion powder**

- ¼ cup Worcestershire sauce**
- ¼ cup soy sauce**

Cover bottom of a 9x15x2 inch glass pan with sauce mixture. Place layer of meat on bottom of pan. Paint top of layer with sauce. Alternate layers of meat and sauce until all the meat is used, then pour remainder of sauce over the top. Marinate overnight in refrigerator.

Lay meat strips across racks in oven. Put a pan under meat to catch drippings. Turn oven to low (140 degrees) with door closed. Cook for 6 or 8 hours. Sample meat after about four hours, and occasionally thereafter until done.—*Roger Gray, Bremerton.*

**WALKING** on a rough but level trail requires 50% more energy than walking on a paved road.—*from Fitness Walking for Women.*

**IT'S IN THE BAG**—Regular weight plastic food storage bags can be used to reconstitute dried dinners, instead of the heavier and more expensive heat-seal bags. This is useful if you package your own dried dinners instead of using the store-bought freeze-dried ones.

It helps to place the bag in something to support it (*not* your hand!) when you pour the boiling water in. A small bowl or large cup works, or you could use a boot. Some friends experimented with regular weight bags recently and discovered that boiling water does not melt the plastic.—*AM.*

**EXTRA POCKET**—A small fanny pack worn back to front can serve as an extra "pocket" when backpacking.

Use it to hold sunscreen, extra film, bug spray, altimeter and lemon drops and you won't have to take off your backpack to reach those small things. Get one a little bigger and you can also carry sunglasses, bandanna, and a small camera.

Put the fanny pack on and adjust it *before* you put your backpack on.—*YC.*



The main ice cave at Big Four, as it looked several years ago.

Ann Marshall

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# EDITOR'S JOURNAL



Below Hayden Pass, Olympic National Park.

**FROM THE MAILBOX**—"Love your mag!"—*Tenino*.

"I enjoy the publication and feel a little bad I haven't sent you trail reports!"—*Bellingham*.

"Thanks for *not* being a politically motivated publication."—*Tacoma*.

"My favorite publication! I read every word of every issue."—*Grayland*.

**40 PAGES!**—This is another big, summertime issue. *Pack & Paddle* will be back to its regular size next month.

**QUESTIONNAIRE**—A few months ago we began mailing a brief questionnaire to randomly chosen readers after each issue went out.

The form asks what you think of the particular features and departments of that issue, with space for additional comments.

Although we realize that many people don't have time to do this sort of thing, we really do appreciate the response we've received, with many thoughtful comments and suggestions. We plan to continue sending them out.

Thank you!

**PHOTO EVENT**—Hope you're all out taking pictures to send in for our Photo Event. We've extended the deadline to September 15 so you can include your mid-summer trip photos.

They can be slides or prints, black and white or color, and any size. We have a wonderful pile of entries so far,

and are looking forward to seeing what everyone sends in.

See page 15 for details.

**ZIP CODES**—For those of you who have received new ZIP codes recently, please drop us a postcard or phone the office (206-871-1862) with your new address so you won't miss any issues of *Pack & Paddle*.

**BROCHURE**—Inspired by Mr. Maphead's current (temporary) need for high-but-easy trails (*July, page 21*), we've put together another in our series of modest brochures of hiking information, "A Dozen High-Country Hikes."

Although these brochures are intended for those who are inexperienced hikers or new to the area, we have found that experienced *Pack & Paddle* readers like them, too.

If you'd like a copy, just phone or send us a note. It's free (stamps always appreciated).

Our other brochures are "Six Loop Trips on the PCT" and "Ten Good Hikes for Spring." We still have a few left.

**INDEX**—We also publish a free index for each year of *Pack & Paddle*. If you'd like one, call or send us a note.

**BROKEN ANKLE**—As our group was descending the very steep Leroy Creek trail (Glacier Peak Wilderness) in mid-July, Joan slipped and fell. Lindy was right behind her and called to the rest of us, then helped Joan get out of her pack.

Joan couldn't stand. She said she heard something give in her ankle, but we all hoped it was only sprained. We discussed carrying Joan down the remaining steep 500 feet of the Leroy Creek trail to the main Phelps Creek trail, but the terrain was just too treacherous.

After securing her ankle with a wrap, Joan ended up scooting down those 500 feet on her rear, an exhausting trip that took an hour and a half. The rest of us ferried her pack down in stages. When we got to Phelps Creek, she soaked her ankle in the cold water.

Lindy and Bettye, two of our fastest, hurried out to the cars to drop their packs and come back in to assist.

Linda and I fashioned a "walking splint" for Joan using two ice axes, one

on each side of the injured leg, tied on with bandannas and bandages and padded with a foam pad. Joan's boot wouldn't go back on her foot, so she wore one of her camp shoes on that foot.

We weren't sure how the splint would work, so we were pleased when we lifted Joan to her feet to see that she could stand and actually hobble, using two walking sticks for support.

After making sure that Joan was going to be able to move under her own power, Gert and Manita loaded up their packs with portions of Joan's gear and headed out with heavy loads. (Manita forgot her sandals by the creek!)

Linda and I stayed with Joan, who was able to move along remarkably well, considering. She needed help only through the rocky creek crossings. When we were about half-way out, Lindy and Bettye met us. They stayed to escort Joan while Linda and I headed out to the cars.

At home, Joan went to the hospital, where x-rays showed she had a broken ankle. The medical people were impressed that she had come out 4 miles on her own, with an ice axe splint.

Yes, we could have asked for help from the county sheriff and Mountain Rescue—Linda carries a cellular phone—and if Joan had been injured more severely we wouldn't have hesitated. But this was something we could handle ourselves, so we did.

## FRED AND WILMA ON THE PCT

—As we mentioned last month, Fred and Wilma are spending most of this summer hiking a chunk of the PCT in California. We got a postcard from them this week:

"... Except for almost being gored by a wild range steer, everything is going great. We have climbed 18,700 feet in 9 days, with a lot more ahead of us. With the help of a friend, we are 'out' for 1½ days, resting, getting re-supplied, and checking on construction of our house ..."

**YELLOW CAT** is on vacation. She says she'll come back to work when the weather cools off.

See you in the backcountry,

Ann Marshall



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