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

NOVEMBER 1994
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nine pages of text and except for the articles and weather, the rest is pictorial. The Alpine Lakes Wilderness is covered thoroughly both before and after the Wilderness began, and also some do-it-yourself weather forecast techniques.

Comments, so far, have been "terrific, a genius writer," etc, such that the author may have to get a larger hat size. The book can be ordered by mail only from

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Until January 1995 an introductory holiday price is in effect—\$14.00 includes tax and shipping. (Regular price is \$14.50 plus 10% WSST/handling: \$15.95.)

A perfect educational Christmas gift for the dyed-in-the-wool hiker ... it may one day be a collector's item. Only 400 copies were printed.

Robert M. Kinzebach, 10/05/94

Pack & Paddle

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Gene Dobson

COVER PHOTO:

Nancy South leads the way up the Mount Townsend trail. Following in the rain are Manita Nery, Linda Rostad, and Bettye Hensel. Buckhorn Wilderness, Washington. Photo by Ann Marshall.

HOW TO BE A *PACK & PADDLE* CONTRIBUTOR:

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

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• • •

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LETTERS to the EDITOR

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

IN SEARCH OF ASPENS

Having recently moved from Colorado, I deeply miss the picturesque aspen groves I frequently hiked (usually about at 8000 feet elevation).

I've talked to several local hikers as to where I could find aspen in Washington, but received only vague information.

Can the readers of *Pack & Paddle* provide more definite information for nice hiking in the aspen?

Don Potter
Bellevue, Washington

Referring to Whitney's Field Guide to the Cascades & Olympics, I learned that aspens do indeed occur in eastern Washington, but intermittently. I have no idea where. There must be some "tree people" out there who can help.—AM.

PARADISE LOST

WANTED: Photographs of Jade Lake, the Jade Lake near Marmot Lake, at the base of Mount Daniel, north side.

Hiked hard with world's heaviest pack to get to Jade Lake. Couldn't believe what we saw when we got there. On a perfectly sunny day were color contrasts that appeared almost surreal; the deep green of the lake, deep blue of the sky, mixed with white from Lynch Glacier, a mix of alpine green trees, and flaming orange/red blueberry fields. This had to be heaven.

Wanted my folks and others to see what heaven was like, so took pictures on flight back East. Big mistake! Lost them, along with the negatives. All that work for nothing.

If anyone has negatives of this marvelous lake that I may borrow, please give me a call. My telephone number in the Seattle area is 206-481-8991. I will

be most grateful.

Chuck Steele
Seattle, Washington

What a tragedy! I hope you get a call from some kind-hearted readers.—AM

HELP WITH SKI TRIPS

If any readers know of short cross-country ski trips suitable for young children from I-90 north, we'd appreciate hearing from them.

Ken and Laura Wild
Marysville, Washington

As above, I'm sure some readers out there can help with suggestions. Write—or phone the office (206-871-1862)—with your ideas. We'll pass them on to Ken and Laura, and print them in Pack & Paddle.—AM.

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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—Snow has fallen in the high country. High roads will close with snow.

 **SYLVIA CREEK TRAIL**
(Lake Sylvia State Park; USGS Montesano)—This is a great little hike if you are coming back from the beach, or from anywhere along the western Olympics, and you have a couple of hours of energy and time.

Drive to Montesano, and follow the signs to Lake Sylvia State Park. As you drive up 3rd Street, note the beautifully kept old homes. Many of these were built by my great-grandfather, with my grandfather helping out during his high school summers in 1916 to 1919. I grew up here.

Follow the winding road at the top of 3rd Street hill to the park boundary. Go across the lake on the bridge and park in the lot by the restrooms and play

BACKCOUNTRY NEWS DEADLINE: November 18

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

area. Follow the lakeshore a couple of hundred yards down to the dam. You can walk out on the dam and view the spillway. Trace back to the lakeshore and follow the 2-mile trail down the creek. This trail crosses and recrosses the creek to form a loop hike.

Hey! You're back in the rainforest! And not even in the National Park! This is a mini-rainforest with all the trimmings.


Some of the vine maple copses are a rival to the luxury of the Hoh. The devil's club grows to 20 feet, with leaves 3 feet across. Check it out! Old



Sylvia Creek trail, Montesano.

stumps in the area are easily 12 feet in diameter, and even the second and third growth is large. Where the loggers missed are beautiful Sitka spruce, Doug firs and cedars. The creek positively bubbles along, and the ground is mushy and lush.

When you get back to the car, go down to Gene's Stop and Go for a great milkshake. Or, if you are really hungry, stop at the Bee Hive. It doesn't look like much, but the food is top notch.—Larry Smith, Port Orchard.

 **SEQUIM BAY** (NOAA Chart 18471)—Sunny and clear in Port Orchard turned to foggy, windy and cold at Dungeness Spit, our original choice. Good sense won out, and Ann and I ended up at Sequim Bay State Park instead. Here skies were clear, with little wind and warm temperatures.

After paying the \$3 launch fee, we set out to explore the bay. We headed up the shoreline and in less than 2 miles came to the John Wayne Marina. Lots of fancy boats, and a nice walkway along the top of the breakwater.

Continuing a little over a mile brought us to The Lagoon on the west side of Gibson Spit. The tide was high enough to allow exploring into the lagoon which can turn to mud on low tides. We saw lots of crabs walking along the bottom of the entrance channel.

Heading back to open water, we ventured out into the Strait and headed northwesterly about a mile to Marlyn Nelson Park. This route follows Gibson

Larry Smith



Don Paulson

Royal Basin trail, Olympic National Park.

Spit which looks like a miniature Dungeness Spit except it lacks the breakers that can build up on the north side of Dungeness. We could see a fog bank still hanging over the Dungeness area farther north, a contrast to the sun we were experiencing. Turning back we landed on the spit for lunch before returning.

With late afternoon approaching, we opted for only a short exploration of Travis Spit before heading back to our takeout point. Round trip distance was somewhat over 8 miles. The protected nature of Sequim Bay makes it a good alternative when conditions are not so good elsewhere.—LGM, Port Orchard, 9/25.

MOUNT OLYMPUS (*Olympic Natl Park; USGS Mt Olympus*)—Signed out with the rangers at 11am. They indicated that the Blue Glacier route was icy, with a lot of cre-

vasse danger. I looked at it another way: the crevasses would be fully visible, no hidden surprises to fall into.

Ray and I kicked leaves up the trail with phosphorescent sunlight shining through the vine maples. Spruce trees lurk in the understory—many are 14 feet through. Set our camp at Glacier Meadows in the twilight. We decided we would start the climb a bit later than usual the next morning to let the sunshine soften things up just a little.

Off at 9am for the moraine. The upper half of the mountain was glowing when we got to the top of the moraine. The lower Blue was the usual mass of concentric and transverse crevasses jumbled together. Many moulins (wells) with water shooting down them into the depths of blue-black inkwells. The crossing took quite some time.

The climb to the Snow Dome was on rock. The snow line has retreated this year clear to the standing ice on the

dome. There is much water ice showing on the dome, but some handy snow corridors allowed perfect cramponing to the crest.

Many crevasses showing on the Snow Dome, and three major openings across the route leading up to Crevasse Pass (standard route). However, they were in the condition we had hoped for: wide open, with easily determined "end arounds" on solid footing. We zigzagged around the ends and thus were able to switchback right up to the gap. Then, up the upper Blue to the false summit, bypassing more easily avoided crevasses. We elected not to climb the snow crest up to near the summit. We instead climbed the south-southeast ridge and face on easy and surprisingly solid Class 3.

We stayed on the summit for only a few minutes, as it was 4:30. We hotfooted-it down the route and made the moraine trail just after dark.

Had a beautiful cruise down the trail the next morning.—Larry Smith, Port Orchard, 10/7-9.



HIGH DIVIDE (*Olympic Natl Park; USGS Mt Carrie, Bogachiel Pk*)—My nextdoor neighbor, Robert McIntosh, organizes long hikes a few times a year. Robert's trips are notoriously long and difficult, like doing three-day hikes in one day.

Surprisingly the High Divide was very enjoyable. We started out at 8am at the trailhead at the end of Sol Duc Road, with the sun just breaking through the fog.

This trail is a loop. I greatly suggest doing it counter-clockwise to take the 4000-foot elevation gain gradually. It'll save your knees. The first 5 miles are beautiful forest, and I felt like a gnome or a hobbit following the single file trail. Then the path steepens and climbs to an alpine meadow, with lots of potential climbing crags up on hills and peaks.

We paused for lunch at Heart Lake, which really is shaped like a heart, and saw deer by the lake. Alpine blueberries were wonderfully ripe and delicious, the best berries you ever tasted. We reached the high point of the trail, 5050 feet, and headed out on the High Divide, the top of a ridge with an impressive view of Mount Olympus to the left and the Hoh River. On the other side you can see all the way to the ocean.

At a saddle on the Divide the trail goes on down to the Hoh River, a few thousand feet below, or switchbacks to go back to Sol Duc though the Seven Lakes Basin. We only had a slight mis-

BACKCOUNTRY NEWS

REPORTS AND CONDITIONS

hap here. Robert thought the group had gone the wrong way, down to the Hoh, and so ran yelling for them all the way to the Hoh and back. Robert eventually made it back to the trailhead and found us. Zac and I had forged ahead, bounding down the 4000 feet like mountain goats, glad we hadn't come up this way. This part of the trail was steep and rocky.

All in all, it was a great hike, cold and windy even in the bright sun. We saw many amazing fungi, coral mushrooms, oyster mushrooms and orange, black and white ones that I don't have a clue about.

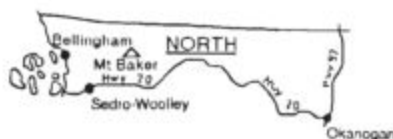
Lots of beautiful campsites are along this trail, and everyone else we saw was doing it in two or three days. We argued how long the trail was. The guide book said 20 miles but Robert thought it was 17.6 miles. Who knows!—Jesse Rogoza, Olympia, 10/2.

SHI SHI BEACH ACCESS—See page 30, this issue.

DOSEWALLIPS ROAD—Gated for the season at Park boundary.—Ranger, 10/3.

CABINS—Hamma Hamma and Interorem cabins are available for rent; \$25 per night. Call Hood Canal Ranger Station for information: 206-877-5254.

NORTH



GENERAL CONDITIONS—Snow has fallen to about 5000 feet. The North Cascades highway usually closes in November.

SOURDOUGH MOUNTAIN (North Cascades Natl Park; USGS Ross Dam)—The trail starts behind the dome-covered swimming pool in Diablo (900 feet), and is an old-style Forest Service trail. It gains 4100 feet in 3.8 miles (through thin forest) to the campsite, and continues for 1.4 miles in meadows to the lookout at 5997 feet.

The views from the top were great and the blueberry bushes blazed crimson in the sun. But, the best part was hiking west along the ridge past pools of water, over glacier polished white rock, and through meadows of heather, blueberry and grasses.

Near the notch where the trail attains

the ridge, climb steep heather using a boot-worn stairway after which hiking is easy cross-country at least a mile. An old trail leaves the trail to the lookout a few feet south of the notch—it traverses very steep meadow before gaining the ridge and bypasses some of the delights of the ridge top. There were half a dozen ponds at the head of Sourdough Creek and the trail appears to go down toward Jeanita Lake, but the ridge is relatively easy going for a couple of more miles. Ponds become fewer and the going gets tougher as dark rock starts to show. I was content to camp and hike along the first two-thirds of the ridge.

I returned to the trail by way of the abandoned trail, and as I maneuvered down onto the lookout trail, two young black bears dove for cover. Mama bear was at the notch, appeared to know that she was bigger than I, and called her cubs back up to feast on the mountain ash. She ate the bright orange berries by the cluster.

This was all fun to watch, but I gave up going back to the lookout, for she waddled along the trail very slowly toward the lookout. I'd been there two days earlier, so did not wait for her to move far enough for me to scramble around her without getting too close.—Ramona Hammerly, Anacortes, 9/20-23.



SAUK MOUNTAIN (Baker-Snoqualmie Natl Forest;

USGS Sauk Mtn)—We stayed at Colonial Creek Campground after our hike to Pyramid Lake and the great trailhead confusion. Devon was sick most of the night (we strongly suspect it was his aversion to possibly having to hike on Sunday that was making him ill), but he felt fine in the morning and seemed willing to give it a try.

We turned off on the Sauk Mountain road, a short distance from Rockport. The road is well-signed though steep. About 8 miles later we reached the trailhead which was already full of cars. Jacob's eyes got very big when he saw the steep switchbacks zigzagging across the slope and the rocky summits of Sauk. Devon just looked depressed.

We went at our own speeds and both of the new Scouts did pretty well. We all assembled on the summit of Sauk and fought John for a decent share of the animal cookies he had stashed in his pack. Jacob seems to be bitten by the "mountain bug" and is already looking forward to the next Troop 70 outing. Devon is having his doubts.

We saw all kinds of people on the trail—including a Mountaineer party lead by Frank Sincock.

This is the most scenic short hike I

know. It's 4 miles round-trip with an elevation gain of 1300 feet. It is potentially very dangerous when there is snow and ice because it is steep and exposed. When the snow is gone, it is a family outing for almost anyone.

On our descent we had more adventures with the cars. John's brakes on the Jeep were burning and smoking and shortly after we returned to Seattle the other jeep lost its fan belt (after making agonizing sounds on I-5). But nothing, absolutely nothing, can stop Troop 70 from heading toward the first Dairy Queen on the horizon.—Karen Sykes, Seattle, 10/9.



COW HEAVEN (Baker-Snoqualmie Natl Forest; USGS

Marblemount)—See 100 Hikes in the North Cascades, page 54 in the Orange Edition, or page 78, Yellow Edition. A club hike to Cow Heaven for fast hikers only was a challenge to me to see if a slow hiker could accomplish the same. I found the answer is yes.

I lost ½ hour waiting for the Marblemount Ranger Station to open at 7am for help in finding the trail. It turns out that the trailhead is blocked by a private house and property.

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(...or maybe STEPPING out)



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BACKCOUNTRY NEWS

REPORTS AND CONDITIONS

It was a good 4000 feet and 4 hours in the forest before I could get some excellent, but hazy and distant views. I continued up the brush and blueberry covered trail, following the Helen Buttes ridge to the north for good views of Baker.

I made an attempt on the nearest Butte from the north side with up to 60° vegetation (ice axe very useful) and steeper rock, but my turn-around time, too much exposure, and down-climbing on dirt-covered ledges convinced me to return.

I took plenty of time to eat and drink, enjoy the alpine scenery, take lots of pictures, pick a quart of blueberries, and descend the trail carefully (bad knees) at 1600 feet/hour. Car to car was 10½ hours.—DLO, Seattle, 9/24.

Editor's Note: According to the Marblemount and Sedro Woolley Ranger Stations, the private landowner at the trailhead has at least one large barking dog chained so it can lunge within inches of where hikers must walk on the public access. The dog(s) can be intimidating. See the *March 1993* issue, page 7, for another report.

The landowner wants privacy, but the hiking public legally has access to the trail. According to the Sedro Woolley office, the landowner does not intend to deny access; he wants only to protect his property.

Hikers are advised to call ahead before setting out on this trail just to check on the current situation. Although the Marblemount Ranger Station is adjacent to the trailhead, it has no jurisdiction over the trail (being a National Park office) but may still have current information. The Sedro Woolley Ranger Station actually has jurisdiction.

The Marblemount phone number is 206-873-4500. The Sedro Woolley phone number is 206-856-5700 x 215 (information desk).—AM.

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



CORRAL LAKE LOOP

(Pasayten Wilderness; USGS Ashnola Pass, Billy Goat Mtn)—This trip was designed to allow exploration and fishing and turned out to provide both. Beginning at the Lake Creek trailhead, the 4 miles or so into Black Lake is easy going, with around 1700 feet elevation gain. Camp spots are at either end of the lake. This is a popular trail. Several other spots can be found ¼- to ½-mile past the lake.

Our first camp was at the north end of the lake. The next morning Ann and I continued up the trail to its junction with trail 514, the start of our loop. We took this trail for a couple of miles, then went cross-country for about ½-mile to get to lower Fox Lake, the larger of the two Fox Lakes. There are a number of established campsites at both lakes. The lay of the land also allows for lots of other possible spots.

We spent a day here exploring before heading out for our next stop, Corral Lake. The trails we followed were a mixture of maintained and unmaintained ones. The unmaintained one between Diamond Point and trail 502 was particularly hard to follow. There were lots of down trees and at times the tread was hard to spot. Fortunately, we were always able to find cairns or cut logs to keep us fairly close to the path.

Corral Lake is in a spectacular setting, with lots of established and possible campsites. It appears to be a heavily used horse area since several of the sites had hitching posts. This was our highest camp of the trip at 7200 feet. Two nights here allowed time for exploration and walking up to the adjacent 7821-foot high point.

With snow falling on the third morning here, we headed cross-country down the Raven Creek drainage to intersect trail 500 at the Ashnola River. Snow and cold caused us to change our minds about camping at Fawn Lake, 6201 feet. Instead we continued down trail to a spot we had seen near the junction with trail 514 on the first day of the loop.

Expecting rain, we were surprised the next morning with blue skies as we finished our trip by repeating the just under 10 miles of trail out past Black Lake—the only section of trail we had to repeat for the entire trip. Total trail mileage was about 40 miles.—LGM, Port Orchard, 10/5-11.

NORTH CASCADES NATL PARK

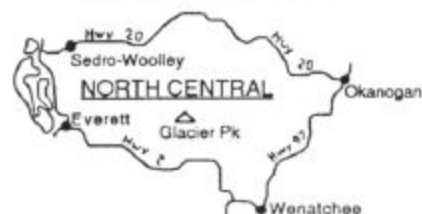
—Snow has fallen to about 5500 feet, but most of it is gone and small streams are dry.

The Boulder Butte fire in the Lake Chelan NRA and the Fisher fire on

Mount Logan are still burning. Therefore, trails and camps in the Boulder Creek drainage, and from Easy Pass to Junction Camp are closed. The fires are not expected to be out until the heavy rains set in.

Permits are required for any overnight stays in the backcountry.—Ranger, 10/3.

NORTH CENTRAL



GENERAL CONDITIONS—Snow has fallen at Stevens Pass, 4000 feet.



PYRAMID LAKE (Ross Lk NRA; USGS Diablo Lake, Ross Dam)

—You wouldn't think John and Troop 70 would have a genuine adventure on such a mellow trip—a car camp at Colonial Creek campground with easy hikes for beginning Scouts as well as more seasoned Scouts. What could possibly go wrong?

The weather was good, spirits were high, and both aging Jeeps were running well. We met in Seattle and settled ourselves into the two Jeeps—John driving one, Trevor driving the other. The general rule is that we convoy to the trailhead with John in the lead.

Seven blocks or so later, the second Jeep mysteriously vanished. It was just plain gone! It was almost enough to make you believe in aliens. We went back to our meeting place several times looking for the errant Jeep and driver ... but to no avail.

John finally concluded that somehow they must have got ahead of us and gone on to Colonial Creek. We hoped to see them waiting somewhere along the route but our hearts really sank when we reached the campground ... and no Jeep. What to do?

Finally after some confusion we decided to drive to Diablo to use the emergency phone. Through many phone calls to parents, we established that Trevor had taken the other Jeep to Snoqualmie Pass to the Rachael Lake trailhead (we had planned earlier in the month to go to Rachael Lake and Trevor must have been half-asleep when plans were changed!).

The choice was either to camp sepa-


BACKCOUNTRY NEWS


REPORTS AND CONDITIONS

rately or for them to join us. Trevor decided to join us. John said to look for us either at the Pyramid Lake trailhead or Colonial Campground. We knew it would take four hours for Trevor to reach us and we crossed our fingers that the Jeep (the worst of the two) would make it.

Hiking up to Pyramid Lake was pretty tame by comparison! It was one of those wonderful golden October days. It's only 4½ miles round trip with an elevation gain of 1350 feet, a mere walk—but for Jacob, one of the new Scouts, it was his first hike and he was "winded" about 10 minutes from the trailhead. He made it to the lake huffing and puffing but enjoying every moment. The lake is small and deep with a view of Pyramid Peak to the right of the lake. Water spiders were busy on the water and dragonflies flew by like miniature helicopters. A good time was had by all.

When we returned to the Colonial Creek campground Trevor and the faithful Jeep were there waiting for us with the other Scouts. Devon, one of the other new Scouts in Trevor's car, was glad he didn't have to hike. Jacob felt like a "pro" in comparison.—Karen Sykes, Seattle, 10/8.

 **BLUE LAKE** (*Okanogan Natl Forest; USGS Washington Pass*)—This is an easy trail (2 miles, 1100 foot gain) into alpine larch and whitebark pine country with space for rambling on either side of the lake. Early Winter Spires are north of the lake.—Ramona Hammerly, Anacortes, 10/4.


 **CASCADE PASS** (*North Cascades Natl Park; USGS Cascade Pass*)—Fog, low clouds, and drizzle greeted us as we set out with Greg and Julie Newberry for the Cascade Pass trailhead. This was disheartening since we had hoped for a clear day, but on top of that sections of the gravel road were some of the worst washboard I have been on. Whoever maintains the road must have a special machine for making it—it was that bad! Arriving at the trailhead with only a few teeth shaken loose, we headed up into the clouds. Brief openings in the gray teased us with glimpses of what could be if the weather cleared. The trail gains 1800 feet in just under 4 miles, with the majority gained in the first 1½ to 2 miles. This is well graded with many switchbacks so the travel is easy, albeit frustrating if you're more inclined for trails that don't pussyfoot around about gaining elevation.

Leaving the forest, we entered rock slides, then meadows for the last sec-

tion to the pass. Gusting wind to our backs helped push us along. Once at the pass, Greg and another fellow we had met in the parking lot set out at a jog for Sahale Arm, while Ann, Julie and I took a break for lunch and tea in the shelter of nearby trees. To our amazement, open patches in the fog began to be more plentiful and provided views of the adjacent peaks.

Very few berries remained on the bushes, and we speculated that it wouldn't be long before this area would be snowcovered.

Heading back, this time into the wind, we could catch glimpses of the parking area far below. Remembering a story of a rescue from this area (see *Pack & Paddle*, August 1993, page 24) we imagined how it would feel to lie hurt with the parking area and safety so close yet so far away! Our trip back, though, was quite pleasant as more of the clouds disappeared to reveal fantastic views.—LGM, Port Orchard, 10/1.

 **MOUNT PUGH** (*Baker-Snoqualmie Natl Forest; USGS White Chuck Mtn*)—With summer-like weather in the forecast, we thought this would be a good time to tackle this peak.

The route description was daunting: 5000+ feet of elevation gain in 5 miles, the last 2 miles scrambling over rocks on a route blasted to the site of a lookout.

We left the car at 9:45, and made reasonably good time through second and old-growth forests to the 3-mile point, where the trees ended, and we were facing a very steep, rock-studded slope. This seemed to be the bailing-out point, where other hikers surveyed the view, and opted not to go on.

We traversed the slope, then started the rock scramble up the ridge. The route was deceiving, as often we would turn a corner and think we were nearing the summit, only to realize it was 1000 feet higher and up a pile of rocks. Although we never felt we needed technical climbing skills, the route was exposed, and several hikers turned back rather than take the risk.

We reached the 7201-foot summit at 2:30pm, and as we lunched, we counted nine of us enjoying the view. All that remained of the lookout were shards of melted glass, and nails. But what a view! We could see Canadian peaks, as well as Mount Saint Helens, and everything in-between.

We started down at 3:15, passing five



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Mark Owen

Garth Warner below Mount Teneriffe.

other hikers determined to get to the top, and reached the trailhead at 6:30. Both of us were sore the next day from the strenuous climb, but counted it as one of those great Northwest experiences that make the pain worthwhile.—Ken and Laura Wild, Marysville, 9/24.

HEATHER LAKE (*Baker-Snoqualmie Natl Forest; USGS Granite Falls*)—I headed out with my two young nieces, Olivia and Caitlin, and their parents to spend the day at Heather Lake.

I hadn't been to this spot in a lot of years and had forgotten how pretty it is. Lots of sunshine, dragonflies and Mount Pilchuck right there in all its glory.

The trail crew was working on this 2-mile trail in to the lake, trying to improve some much needed drainage. Even after this dry summer there were long stretches of serious mud.—Mystery Hiker, Olivia, Caitlin, Paul and Jamie, Granite Falls, 9/24.

LABYRINTH MOUNTAIN (*Henry M Jackson Wilderness; USGS Labyrinth Mtn*)—I lead this trip

every year or two—it is a favorite.

We met at the Minotaur Lake trailhead (Smithbrook road approach from Highway 2, east of Stevens Pass). Light rain off and on the whole drive.

The Minotaur Lake trail is always steeper than I remember. The trail switchbacks very steeply until it reaches meadows (and blueberries!) a short distance from the lake.

Today we could barely see the ridge line due to the thick clouds but we could see the silhouettes of the alpine trees against the cloudy backdrop. The colors of fall flashed out at us as we walked through the clouds and rendezvoused for a snack in the trees. A wind came up fast and threw rain at us—we discussed the possibility of turning back but the yearning to get a summit won out.

We added a layer of clothing and continued. Once we left Minotaur Lake we were out of the wind. A well-worn way-trail leads to the summit ridge through white rocks, clumps of trees, and vegetation. We could see nothing from the summit ridge, of course, but each other and the next bump on the

ridge but we were out of the wind and stayed about an hour enjoying our lunch. No summit register.

No problems coming or going. Our trip back down was uneventful. There was the usual mandatory berry stop in the meadows below the lake before returning to the vehicles. Only two other people on the trail that day.

As always, I am sorry to see summer go ... but I am freshly reminded of how lovely this time of year is as well. Minotaur Lake always gives me this gift.—Karen Sykes, Seattle, 10/1.

STEHEKIN—Shuttle bus service has ended for the season.

Call for boat information: 509-682-2224. The summer schedule is in effect until 11/2, when the *Lady II* will sit out the winter and the *Lady Express* will be the only boat running until 4/30.

Call for float plane information: 509-682-5555. And remember that the lodge will be open all winter this year for skiers.—Ranger, 10/9.

CHELAN DISTRICT—All areas within the Tyee Fire burn remain closed.—Ranger, 10/11.

ENTIAT DISTRICT—The Entiat road is open to Cottonwood. Roads that go into the Tyee Fire burn are closed.

All trails in the Tommy Creek and Mad River trail systems are closed, along with the Shetipo trail and Devils Backbone trail.—Ranger, 10/11.

LEAVENWORTH DISTRICT—Hiking is limited because of fire closures. Call the ranger station for information: 509-548-4067.—Ranger, 10/11.



GENERAL CONDITIONS—Snow has fallen at Snoqualmie Pass, 3000 feet.

GRANITE MOUNTAIN (*Alpine Lks Wilderness; USGS Snoqualmie Pass*)—It was one of those last hot summer days so I was glad to be underway before 8am. Only five cars were at this trailhead that serves Granite as well as Pratt, Talapus, and Ollalie Lakes.

Half way up, I met a hiker descending. He planned to head to Mount Si, hoping to climb it twice for a 10,000-

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foot day!

I took my ankle on up for our more modest goal, pausing as needed to soak in the reds and golds painted across the hillside. The blueberries were everywhere above 5000 feet. I was surprised that they crowded the bushes right up to the trail. Where were the crowds for which Granite was noted?

When I got to the last ridge below the summit, the trail bore right, through the basin and on to the north ridge; I was tired but tried myself on the talus slope up the east ridge. Solo hiking, I felt I should be cautious; but I still managed the summit just before 11 am.

I had visited with the volunteer ranger just a few moments when a call came in over his radio. A concerned ranger on the Mowich Lake road had encountered a camper who had a knife stuck in her throat. We heard that an aid car was 15 minutes away. But we never did hear what happened.

After an hour on the summit I started down, pausing for a half hour to fill a liter water bottle with berries. Ah, here were the crowds! By twos, threes, and fours, people passed me on their way up, but I did not envy them their climb in midday sun on that south slope. The upper 2500 feet is all in the open.

Granite is lovely in the fall. There is still water in the tarns in the upper basin, and color is everywhere you turn. At the trailhead I was glad for my early start. As I left I counted 65 cars and trucks!—Michael Leake, Seattle, 9/24.



PRATT, MELAKWA

LAKES (*Alpine Lks Wilderness; USGS Snoqualmie Pass*)—As a Labor Day treat I avoided too much labor and did a 3 day "loop" of Pratt and Melakwa lakes.

Left on Saturday and got soaked during the 6 miles from trailhead to lake. I was able to make dinner under a tarp but vowed to abort the weekend if Sunday dawned the same. Patches of blue and an improving forecast kept me going.

The hike from Pratt to Melakwa is short and mostly uphill, with numerous scenic campsites scattered around the lake. Nothing but stars Sunday night although many others at this heavily used lake were sharing the view.

The exit by way of Denny Creek presents the only real problem of the trip: how to get back to the car, 3 miles away at the Pratt Lake trailhead. I walked it, but hitching a ride or a two-car strategy are viable options. This loop is scenic and could be done in 2 days.—Douglas Cuneo, Seattle, 9/3-5.



PADDY-GO-EASY PASS, SPRITE LAKE

(*Alpine Lks Wilderness; USGS The Cradle*)—Another stolen summer day! My Mountaineer hiking group and I drove to the Paddy Go Easy Pass trailhead on the Salmon La Sac Road. It felt more like an August day than a day in September. We made good time to the pass and because it was such a pretty day we continued to Sprite Lake.

One party was camped at the lake; the High Hunt had begun in some areas. We stayed as long as we could at the lake—it was too pleasant to leave. Generous views but not as much solitude as we had hoped. A lot of other people had the same idea we did—to get in one more summer hike before the rains come.

Though the trail is moderately steep (2700-foot gain to the pass), it is in good condition and easy to hike.—Karen Sykes, Seattle, 9/17.

CLE ELUM DISTRICT—Work on the Cooper Bridge on road 4600 may continue as late as December. Travelers may have delays of up to 2 hours.—Ranger, 10/11.

SOUTH CENTRAL



GENERAL CONDITIONS—Snow has fallen in the high country.



ABIEL AND SILVER

PEAKS (*Baker-Snoqualmie Natl Forest; USGS Lost Lake*)—On a recent outing our group climbed Abiel Peak (5365 feet) and Silver Peak (5605

feet) south of Snoqualmie Pass.

We parked at Windy Pass and hiked south along the PCT to an unmarked turnoff due east of Abiel Peak. This trail (posted "NOT MAINTAINED" but actually in relatively good shape) rapidly gained elevation. From the saddle (4925 feet) we hiked cross-country to the base of Abiel, then scrambled up the east ridge. We arrived just in time to peek into Annette Lake below before the fog rolled in.

After a lunch break, we carefully hiked down to the saddle and up Silver Peak in the fog (still a sense of accomplishment). Soon we descended and hiked back to Windy Pass along the PCT, with a huckleberry feast awaiting us at the trailhead.—Don Potter, Bellevue, 8/28



PARADISE PAVED

TRAILS (*Mt Rainier Natl Park; USGS Mt Rainier West*)—A wonderful gentleman named Jake lives in the nursing care units near where I work. He is 83. He has no legs and almost no voice, but his demeanor radiates optimism. His walls have posters of mountain scenes and photos of his 1939 Penn State Ski Team.

One day last summer I discovered how much Jake missed sharing the mountains with a friend. I completed all the arrangements with the nursing care facility, called Jake's son in Bellingham, and soon he and I were on our way to Rainier for a little tooling up the paved trails by wheelchair.

My first lesson was in just getting him into the van, but I got him transferred okay after a little grunting and groaning.

Jake brought about a ream of paper to write on, and he filled most of it up. He hiked the Wonderland Trail in 1947 with his brother. He knew Floyd Schmoie, the first naturalist at MRNP. Jake also was able to pick out the

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Ken Hopping

Scott Smith at Norway Pass, Mount Saint Helens National Volcanic Monument.

climbing routes on the Kautz Glacier, Fuhrer Finger, and Camp Muir.

The weather was perfect. With the help of the Ranger, I got him settled into the wheelchair. The Ranger told me we would probably not make it to Alta Vista because of the steepness. But, with Jake lashing the whip, I sweated up there.

I think I am in pretty good shape, but this was unbelievably hard work. Good thing I am mostly brawn, and little brain! Jake was ecstatic to be in the meadows. We had a lot of fun and it was gratifying to see him so contented.

We looked around the Visitor Center and then we headed down the road at sunset. He made me stop every few miles to view the mountain. He wrote that he "couldn't take his eyes off the mountain, and didn't want to go back." —Larry Smith, Port Orchard, 9/19.

▲ SPRAY PARK, MOUNT PLEASANT, KNAPSACK PASS (*Rainier Natl Park; USGS Mowich Lk*)—The trail to Spray Park is up and down to Spray Falls, a worthy side trip. From there it gains several hundred feet through the forest until it opens up at Spray Park, with beautiful views of "the mountain."

A side trail leads northwest up to a saddle between Hessong Rock and Mount Pleasant. I attempted both, but Hessong Rock was more of a scramble than I was willing to try alone.

From the summit of Mount Pleasant (6454 feet), I was happy to learn of a loop trip back to Mowich Lake. It fol-

lows a trail of sorts in the shadow of Fay Peak, eventually leading up to Knapsack Pass. From there a more visible trail appears which descends to the lake.

This is one great loop, long on views with interesting, varied terrain. It took me about 6 hours, with numerous rest and photo stops. The drive to Mowich Lake is rough going in (about 12 miles on washboard dirt), not as bad coming out.—Douglas Cuneo, Seattle, 9/25.

▲ TOLMIE PEAK (*Mt Rainier Natl Park; USGS Mowich Lk, Golden Lks*)—Jan Pierson and Lisa Rennie joined Bill and me for a hike to Tolmie Peak on a sunny, clear and cold fall day.

We had no more than left the parking lot when I thought I recognized Ted and Martha Hueter coming toward us on the trail. I had not seen them to talk to for well over twenty five years. They lived next to my grandparents in the north end of Seattle some thirty years ago.

Martha, then 36 years old, took my 60-year-old grandmother ice skating and they walked together and shared a warm friendship. My dear grandmother was very fond of Martha.

We thoroughly enjoyed spending the day hiking with the Hueters. Ted, who has had three hip replacements, was an inspiration to us. He pointed out the balsalt rock formations above Eunice Lake. What an unexpected and wonderful surprise to see them both. You never know who you might run into in the mountains!

We all had a great day. The view was very clear of Mount Rainier and everyone had a fun time.—Jane Habegger, Olympia, 10/2.

▲ CRYSTAL MOUNTAIN AREA (*Baker-Snoqualmie Natl Forest; USGS White River Park*)—The chair lift was closed so our Providence Point hiking group walked up the mountainside, nooned at Henskin Lake (a logging term meaning light clothing!), ascended still more to the PCT (6 miles south to Chinook Pass) before descending to the parking lot and our van. Great views; extraordinary weather.—Jim Doubleday, Issaquah, 9/94.

▲ SUNSET PARK, GOLDEN LAKES (*Mt Rainier Natl Park; USGS Golden Lks*)—We showed up in shorts at the Paul Peak Loop trailhead, a short distance in from the Mowich entrance in Rainier National Park. I had never led this hike before nor even been there so it was such an exploration for me as it was the members of this Mountaineers hiking group.

This trail has a 1000 foot gain on the return trip to the cars so we had an easy beginning—a pleasant 3½-mile descent through deep forest to where the trail intersects the Wonderland Trail. We took the right fork and passed beside a shelter before crossing the Mowich River on an interesting bridge.

Part of the bridge is missing and even though it is late in the season plenty of glacier-fed water was coming down The Mountain. We crossed cautiously on a rough bridge of two slippery branches.

Once we were across the river the trail began to climb—once again in deep forest. A member of the group asked in

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despair, "How far are we from ... uh, anywhere?" He was getting hungry for views. I estimated another mile or so and turned out to be right. We left the forest and were almost knocked over by the sudden and startling view of The Mountain. Wham!

We walked toward our Mountain through tawny grasses and white snags to the first ponds, probably about a mile from Sunset Park. After studying the map we estimated that we had hiked about 9 miles into the first pond. The trail signs seem to dispute the book. The Mount Rainier National Park guidebook maintains it is 16 miles round-trip but the trail signs indicate it is more like 20 miles round-trip. Either way, it is a long hike. We had lunch on a high point above the pond facing The Mountain. We all wanted to keep going but we were concerned about all the miles we had to hike back to the cars.

We joked all day about how much we dreaded the 1100-foot gain back to the cars but when we got there it wasn't funny any more! It was just plain hard work. We had gained a total of 3500 feet and walked 16 or 18 miles.

In any event, this would make a better backpack than a day trip. Even with a strong party there just isn't enough time to hang around and explore. The most difficult part of the trip was having to turn around. We used the berries as good reason to dawdle on the way back.—Karen Sykes, Seattle, 9/25.

SPRAY PARK (Mt Rainier Natl Park; USGS Mowich Lk)

—We obtained a cross-country permit for Spray Park at Carbon River Ranger Station then drove back to Mowich Lake.

It was like swimming upstream on the trail—all the day hikers were heading out as we went in around 2pm. We traveled off-trail toward the Mountain, found a good water source and camped in that area. Never saw anyone til we started back—hordes of people going in. Lots of trail work going on.—SB, Silverdale, 10/94.

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 **NOBLE NOB** (Norse Peak Wilderness; USGS Noble Knob)—Bill and I hiked to this former lookout site on a sunny fall day. Being nearly the middle of October we thought it might be cool but we could have hiked in shorts and t-shirts. We wore polypro tops and lycra tights under nylon shorts, our usual fall and spring hiking outfits.

Most of the hike to Noble Nob is along a ridge with sweeping views of Mount Rainier. Later Mount Saint Helens came into view. We saw a bald eagle soaring as we lunched on the Nob. What a sight to see this huge bird soaring so high above the mountain.

The tube holding a register that we've signed in the past was no longer present on the summit. This hike is 7 miles round trip, and gains 500 feet in and 300 on the way out.—Jane Habegger, Olympia, 10/8.

MT RAINIER NATL PARK—Most campgrounds and facilities at the Park are closed. The Longmire Inn and some facilities there are open year-round. The Stevens Canyon road is open until 11/14, or when snow arrives.—Ranger, 10/17.

SOUTH



GENERAL CONDITIONS—Expect snow.

BIRD CREEK MEADOWS—Closed for the season; opens again next July.—Ranger, 10/5.

THOMAS LAKE TRAIL—Closed for reconstruction until further notice.—Ranger, 10/5.

PETERSON PRAIRIE CABIN—Available for rent; \$25 per night up to 6 people. Call Mount Adams Ranger Station: 509-395-2501.—Ranger, 10/5.

MT ST HELENS—Permits are not required until next 5/15. Expect winter conditions. Call 206-750-3900 for permit reservation info.—Ranger, 10/5.

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OREGON


 **BLACK BUTTE** (*USGS Black Butte*)—The trail to Black Butte Lookout in central Oregon is very well traveled. You can see the lookout from Black Butte Ranch. Because of its close proximity to the resort and the fact that it is a short hike, many non-hikers venture up the trail. The trail is 3.8 miles round trip and gains 1600 feet, ending at 6436 feet.

At the top are commanding views of the Three Sisters, Jefferson, Hood and all of Central Oregon. In addition there are three lookout buildings and a fourth under construction! The oldest standing structure is a cupola-style cabin built in 1924. In 1934 an 85-foot tower was built which still stands.

Next came a one room log cabin, built in 1979. This building was staffed by a Forest Service employee when we were there. In addition a new tower is under construction.—Jane Habegger, Olympia, 9/14.

 **TAM MCARTHUR RIM** (*Three Sisters Wilderness*)—Lewis "Tam" McArthur was secretary of the Oregon Board of Geographic names from 1916-49. This trail is named for him.


The Tam McArthur Rim trail provides an excellent view of North, Middle and South Sister and Broken Top. It is very conveniently located 17 miles from the town of Sisters. To the lookout spot where we stopped at 7730 feet this hike is 5 miles round trip and gains 1200 feet in elevation.—Jane Habegger, Olympia, 9/15.

 **SAND MOUNTAIN** (*Willamette Natl Forest*)—Near Santiam Pass is a cinder cone with several tops and a crater. Atop this cone is a lookout, built recently to replace one lost to fire in 1968, I believe. The Sand Mountain Society is responsible for the new building which is staffed by a combination of FS personnel and volunteers.

We reached the top by walking on the Old Santiam Wagon Road from road 2676 and then to the top on the Sand Mountain road and trail. The 360 degree view from the top is great!

However, on October 4 standing on top took a bit of doing. Don Allen, the look-out on duty, said the winds were about 40 mph, plus gusts up from that and had been about 60 mph with gusts to about 80 not very long before. It wasn't just a matter of "hanging onto your hat." It was lean-into-the-wind and move carefully. We found a sheltered spot for lunch partway down the

trail. Lovely sunny day but the wind was COLD. Enjoyable 5 to 6 mile hike.—Paula Hyatt, Salem, 10/4.

 **CHINIDERE MOUNTAIN** (*Mt Hood Natl Forest*)—There are several approaches to Chinidere, but we chose to reach it by way of Wahtum Lake. Several ways to get there, too. We took road 13, then 1310. It gets confusing. I suggest you get a good map of the Mount Hood Forest.

We found NO NUMBER at the left turn about 2½ miles after we passed the road to Lost Lake. When you reach the sign which says "Road not maintained beyond ..." you know you should park.

A signboard by the parking area shows the trails clearly. Interestingly, none of the recent maps show the Chinidere Trail; *ie*, the section between the Eagle Creek trail and the PCT. But we've been there before and know where to go.

The first thing you do is go down the empty-ump steps to the lake. If you prefer, you can follow the horse trail which is a ramp and comes out at the same place by the lake. We wanted to do the loop so we went left along the lake on the PCT, eating huckleberries as we went.

After passing some campsites which have been relocated away from the lake shore, we continued a short way to the junction with the Chinidere Trail. We crossed the outlet of the lake on the well-established log jam. No problem: the logs are old and solidly in place.

The trail, which is in fine condition, begins going uphill and keeps at it for about a mile. There are some back-packer camps on this side, too, a short distance up along the trail. Reaching the PCT we stopped for a short rest!

Here, we turned left, then right at the next junction for the final ascent, on switchbacks, toward the top of the mountain.

Once upon a time there was a lookout here. Now one finds small rock shelters which have been put in more recently, just high enough to be adequate protection from the wind. On this day, we found we could get away from the north wind just by dropping back of the highest point.

Views were great! Adams, Rainier, Saint Helens, Tom-like Mountain, Defiance, Indian Mountain, and, of course, Hood. We had a leisurely lunch in this wonderful spot.


We returned to the PCT, turned left, but instead of going down the way we'd come, we continued ahead to the

first junction and stayed right at this point. If I remember correctly this is indicated to be the upper terminus of the Eagle Creek trail, but don't quote me on this.

It winds down very gradually through open woods with some views of the lake as the trail gets lower, and lower. Eventually we reached the base of the steps. Some went up the steps, others took the ramp.

Total hiking on the loop? We think it's about 4 or 5 miles, but since we're Dawdlers it's a little hard to really tell. Anyway, it was a pleasant day.—Paula Hyatt, Salem, 9/28.

CANADA

 **PICCOLO** (*Whistler, British Columbia; 92 J/2*)—One of my favorite short hike/scrambles in the Whistler area, Piccolo has an alpine feel, interesting approaches and grand views, all within easy range of the upper gondola terminus.

Take the Whistler gondola (which runs through the end of September) from Whistler Village directly to the Roundhouse at about 6000 feet. Follow the trail southeast; it soon divides, the left branch dropping to the north shore of Harmony Lake (about 5670 feet), the right branch climbing across the steep slope southwest of the lake and through Harmony Meadows.

The two branches meet just beyond the lake, with roughly equal lengths and elevation gains; try one way going in, the other upon return. The trail continues southeast and then south up and around the northeast ridge of Whistler Mountain, where you encounter your first view of Piccolo to the south.

The trail attains about 6200 feet before dropping in a steep traverse to a lovely tarn set in open meadow at about 5890 feet. From here the 6600-foot summit of Piccolo is less than .5-mile away.

Climbers will find class 3 and 4 rock by proceeding directly up the east-northeast face to the top. Hikers will enjoy ascending the open east and east-southeast slopes after continuing on the trail to anywhere between the tarn and the point where it turns up Flute.

Scramblers should head to the talus north and northwest of the peak, where there are many class 2 routes up talus and over great slabs; I suggest taking this way up, descending east to the trail and looping back to the tarn.

The slabs on the northwest side are so much fun that this trip I dropped

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down the southwest and west sides of the summit twice in order to climb the slabs two more times.

From the top, the views are grand in all directions. The bulky shoulders of Whistler Mountain (7200 feet) are directly northwest. To the south and southwest, look down nearly 4000 feet to Cheakamus Lake, then beyond to the Black Tusk, Mount Garibaldi (8787 feet) and the magnificent Tantalus Range.

Within 7 miles to the east and northeast are twenty named peaks over 7900 feet high in the Fitzsimmons and Spearhead Ranges; although most approaches are long, many of these peaks are merely hikes or scrambles, including Blackcomb (8006 feet), Decker (7900 feet), Trorey (8100 feet), Pattison (8200 feet), Shudder (8800 feet), Quiver (8800 feet), The Ripsaw (8700 feet), Macbeth (8600 feet), Benvolio (8600 feet), Overlord (8641 feet), Whirlwind (8000 feet) and Fissile (8000 feet).

The round-trip between the Roundhouse and Piccolo is nearly 6 miles, with a total elevation gain of about 1900 feet. Many additional destinations and loop trip combinations are possible, such as a traverse to Whistler Mountain or the route across Flute (6500 feet) and Oboe (6300 feet) to Singing Pass, from which a good (but viewless) trail and road lead back to Whistler Village.—Mick Campbell, Puyallup, 9/17.

ELSEWHERE

 **CURRENT RIVER FLOAT TRIP, Missouri**—Our family of seven flew to Kansas City, met my brother and sister-in-law and drove to near Licking, Missouri where we

camped at Round Spring Campground along the Current River. After surviving a typical Midwestern thunderstorm that evening, we met up with our canoe outfitter and were ferried to our put-in point at Cedargrove low-water bridge.

Over the next three days we floated 30 miles on this pristine upper portion of the Ozark National Scenic Riverways.

We took a side hike to Medlock Cave (closed due to a sensitive bat population), toured the ruins of historic Welch Hospital situated beside a beautiful spring, passed Akers Ferry (capable of carrying two cars at a time!), canoed into the cave of Cave Spring, toured historic Pullite Cabin, and canoed past Fire Hydrant Spring gushing from a small cave in the bluff. Two nights we camped on comfortable gravel bars along the river.

The Current River has almost a constant level year round as it is spring fed (Welch Spring is one of its many springs, and is the fifth largest spring in Missouri, with an average daily flow of 120 million gallons!).

Gradients are generally 4.4. Stream difficulty is rated at 1 (easy) to 2 (medium). River width is 20 to 60 feet. The area is surrounded with woodlands and bluffs 100 to 200 feet high. The weather was hot, but the water is refreshingly cool. Bugs fortunately minimal this time. This is an excellent river for family trips.—Don Potter, Bellevue, 7/21.



NEW MEXICO—Mr. Maphead and I spent 11 glorious vacation days in the incredible state of New Mexico ... Land of Enchantment. While we were there we did three walks; here's the reports:

Bandelier National Monument: This

is located northwest of Santa Fe, near White Rock. It's just under 3 miles of easy walking through the pueblo ruins, cliff dwellings and abandoned gardens of the Anasazi.

You can take an official tour or do the walk yourself with a guidebook (\$1). Lots of mystery involved here as no one really knows what happened to the Anasazi people. This was a very pleasant walk and the ruins are wonderful.

Carlsbad Caverns: Tucked away in the southeast corner of New Mexico are these absolutely incredible caverns, one of the most amazing sights we've ever seen. Once again we chose a self-guided tour (\$5 each.) There are two to choose from: the Red Tour, which is shorter and descends by way of an elevator, and the longer Blue Tour.

Take the Blue Tour. It's 3 miles long, down through the natural entrance (almost 1000 feet down) and on two loop trails through the caverns. Describing this phenomenon is difficult. It was totally amazing, and an experience I will never forget. If you get the chance, GO!

Gila Cliff Dwellings National Monument: This is located in the southwest corner of the state, near Silver City. It's only been recently that they put a narrow, windy, paved road into this monument. Before then you walked (40+ miles one way!) or rode a horse! Self-guided tours only, less than 2 miles in length along a creek and up the side of the canyon wall and through the cliff dwellings.

We really enjoy ruins, seeing what people built years and years ago and wondering why here, why they left, what they ate and how they survived. New Mexico is full of them and it's great adventure!—Mystery Hiker and Mr. Maphead, Granite Falls, 9/10-20.

BULLETIN BOARD

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

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).

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

WANTED—Would like to locate copy of **Packrat Papers**, Part 2, published by Signpost in 1977 and out of print. Please call 206-338-3315 (Everett).

FOUND: 6-hole flute, wooden, at junction of Quartz Creek and Bald Eagle trails. Call Nancy or David, 206-252-8330.

WANTED: WOMEN HIKERS to form a new midweek club in Chehalis-Centralia area—Hikes to Mt St Helens, Mt Adams, Goat Rocks, White Pass, Mt Rainier, etc. Contact K. Lotto, 209 Romerman Rd, Chehalis WA 98532.

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.

MASSAGE TABLE FOR SALE—\$125. Sturdy, collapsible table with 3½" of foam. Black vinyl cover, 31½" wide and 29" high. High quality and rock-bottom price. Lisa Darling, 206-325-3465 (7am-7pm).

LEE MCKEE

TOTIN' THAT HEAVY LOAD

—DIETS ARE NO FUN, BUT MY PACK MUST LOSE SOME WEIGHT—

Ohhh—this was going to be hard! *But the only way, I thought, is to persevere.* Diets are no fun, but my pack must lose some weight! Over the years the pounds had crept on. Hardly a trip could be made to an outdoor store without my pack gaining yet a little more extra weight.

I knew it had been happening, but a strong back had won over a weak mind. I had carried the increasing weight without a whimper. Things were changing, however. My back was aging and reason was beginning to win as the whimpers grew louder.

The final straw came during an overnight trip at Rainier last summer. On my way out I chatted with two women just coming in. They too were going to spend the night.

I eyed their packs. It seemed to me that my one pack was as large as the combined two of theirs! For the same trip, I reasoned, why should I be carrying twice the load? It was time to do something.

Back to basics. Back to the old idea that to eliminate pounds you watch the ounces. Out came the postal scale as I spread the "essentials" of my pack over the floor. Everything looked needed, but I had to start somewhere.

What about all the stuff sacks? I like to organize and compartmentalize things so there were *lots* of sacks to consider. The scale told me that each one was worth several ounces. Those I had been using for my sleeping bag and extra clothes were of heavier material. So off I went to the outdoor store to buy lighter stuff bags—a twisted logic of sorts: to buy more so I could weigh less.

When I got the new bags home, I looked at them with a critical eye. Why did I need the cord locks? The older, heavier bags didn't have them. Removing them and simply using a knot to hold the bag shut would work just fine. Ounces save pounds, so off they came. Also out came the scissors to quickly eliminate a grab loop on the bottom.

Putting my sleeping clothes in the

sleeping bag stuff sack saved taking the extra bag that I had always used. And combining all my extra clothes into one bag eliminated another.

Boy, I thought, I'm making progress. A pile of now unneeded sacks lay in the corner.

I could start to feel fanatical tendencies. Eyeing the survey ribbon I carry, I realized it didn't need to be 1½ inches wide—wouldn't half as wide be just as visible for my purposes? And what about the cardboard core? Definitely unnecessary. A few minutes of rewinding eliminated the core and a sharp saw divided the width. Those simple steps reduced the overall weight of that one item by over half.

What next? I imagined my gear lying there wondering which would be the next one to be cut, so to speak.

My eye caught sight of the toothbrush, one of those travel types that come apart. To the scales again. Comparing the weight of that combination to a regular toothbrush with half its handle cut off (a saw really is a handy device) and a plastic pouch made out of part of a Seal-a-meal bag showed about half the weight. Out with the old and in with the new!

Plastic vials and resealable bags were the next items I attacked. These are a soft area for organized people and I knew I could make some in-roads here. Back to the store! This time I was in search of the smallest vials and bags I could find.

With a little critical thought I wound up eliminating some items, replacing others with smaller containers, and combining still others. I was saving in both weight and volume.

And so it went—looking, considering, replacing with smaller and lighter or doing away with.

I switched to clothes. Here was a place to really save weight but a little voice also warned this was a place that could lead to dire consequences if too much were pared away. My camp

clothes until recently would have been a good advertisement for an army surplus store—wool and more wool.

But I had been changing. My experiences with fleece, wind suits of lightweight fabric, and different weights of polypro underwear had been positive. With a critical eye I considered my clothing pile. With some trepidation, I removed the wool pants. Layers of different weight polypro underwear bottoms combined with wind and rain pants would keep my bottom half warm.

Returning to the scales, I compared the weight of the wool shirt I carry to alternatives. Finding no real difference I decided to keep the wool shirt. That, along with layers of different weights of polypro tops combined with wind and rain coats, would take care of my upper half for the summer hiking season.

All this combined with replacing my old full length Therm-a-Rest with Cascade Designs' new three-quarter Deluxe LE (softer and lighter than my original full length one), replacing fiberglass poles for my tarp with lightweight aluminum ones, and replacing nylon parachute type cord with 2mm cord on my tarp resulted in a much kinder and gentler overall pack.

Packing for a recent three day trip I was amazed at the difference all these seemingly minor changes made—not only in weight but also in volume. I had never gone on a trip with such a light pack and the upper compartment was about half full!

Ah, but there's the rub! All that empty space is just begging to be filled. I'm already itching to make another shopping trip to see what new gadgets there are that I absolutely *need*.

Taking off the weight turned out to be fairly easy—*keeping* it off will really be tough!

△

Lee McKee is Pack & Paddle's business manager.

LAURA WILD

AROUND JACK MOUNTAIN

—FIVE DAYS IN THE NORTH CASCADES—

I had wanted to do this loop for years, so I counted myself lucky at the opportunity to do it with my friend, Doris, from August 6 through 10, 1994.

Day 1: We began our trip at the Canyon/Granite Creek Trailhead, 3 miles east of Panther Creek on Highway 20. It took us 5 hours to climb the 4000 feet in 5½ miles up to Crater Lake, elevation 5800 feet. The trail was in great shape, and completely shaded on the way up, with several creek crossings to splash in. The last 1½ miles to Crater Lake were overgrown.

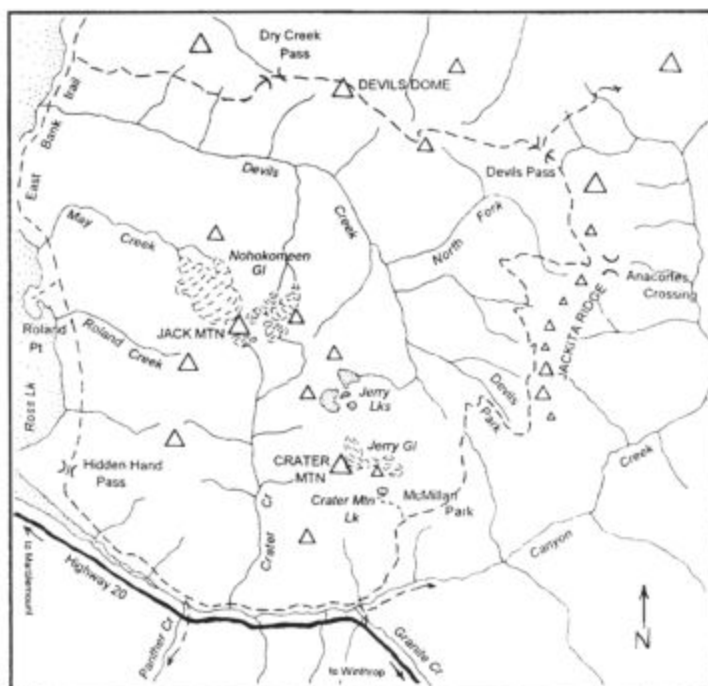
We found several campsites, one near the lake, where the deer stomped and grazed all night (to our lack of sleep and dismay).

After dinner we climbed the 2½ miles from the lake to within ¼ mile of the summit of 8128-foot Crater Mountain. The trail is easy to follow, but the route was a bit too rocky for us near the top.

Day 2: In a smoky haze, we left Crater Lake to climb through McMillan Park, cross Nickol Creek, and climb to Devil's Park Shelter. There the route climbed through open meadow to Jackita Ridge, crossing it at 6700 feet.

The trail plunged 1100 feet down a scree slope, crossed a creek, where we met two bear hunters, then climbed 500 feet to plateau before dropping 1000 feet to North Fork Devil's Creek, elevation 5000 feet, where we set up camp in a hail of raindrops. We had done 9 miles that day.

Day 3: It rained all night, but when we awoke, we thought the clouds were moving out of the valley, so we quickly packed up to head out. Unfortunately, ¼-mile up the trail, the skies let loose, and we found ourselves in the middle of a thunderstorm.



We were headed 2½ miles to the Devil's Pass Shelter, but had to traverse a 6000 foot ridge on our way there. I knew we could not risk hypothermia to stop and set up the tent, so our only option was to keep going.

As the lightning flashed around us, I had to cover my ears to keep from being deafened by the thunder. Doris and I talked about what to do if either one of us were hit by lightning.

Thankfully, we reached the shelter just as the rain began to let up. It was equipped with a woodstove, and in a short while we had a fire going. Thank goodness for a haven of dry space in this immense and wonderful wilderness.

After three hours, the sun came out, and we decided to hike the 6 miles to the Bear Skull Shelter. We climbed to Skyline Camp, at 6300 feet, then over Devil's Dome, at 6982 feet, site of a demolished lookout. The views of Jack Mountain were stunning.

We would have stayed longer, but the clouds were moving in again. We de-

scended 1000 feet to the shelter. It's my policy to avoid shelters as camping sites, but it was a good place to cook dinner.

Just as we were getting ready to go to bed, a couple of backpackers arrived. They had hiked up from Ross Lake that day, and had forgotten their tent. The shelter was a lifesaver for them, as it rained again that night.

Day 4: We did not see a soul the next two days, as we descended the 5½ miles and 4500 feet to Ross Lake. The East Bank Trail was shady, with views of the lake, and it didn't take us long to arrive at our destination, Roland Creek Camp.

The site has two campsites, and a backcountry toilet,

which seemed luxurious to us. We had hiked 11 miles that day.

Day 5: It was to be an easy 10½ miles back to the Canyon/Granite Creek Trailhead. We climbed over Hidden Hand Pass, and were at the Panther Creek Bridge by 10am.

The last three miles up Canyon Creek were not level, however, and we found ourselves struggling through waist-high foliage as the trail first gained elevation, then lost it again.

What a treat to find our ride waiting for us at the trailhead, with a lunch stop in Marblemount.

△

Laura Wild, of Marysville, likes visiting lookouts and lookout sites. She and Ken have hiked the PCT from Belden to Manning Park.

In January they will leave for a year in Australia, where Ken will be an exchange teacher, and Emmett and Laura will be professional tourists.

KIM HYATT

A TALE of TWO GOATS

—TWO JULY BACKPACKS IN SOUTHWEST WASHINGTON—

FIRST GOAT: the Goat Rocks

It was the best of hikes, it was the worst of hikes ... Not really. Though they got a bit buggy at times I have suffered through far worse. Wednesday of our first trip may not have been my best hiking day ever but it might rate a place among the first 20!

It was July 9th. My wife Paula, our Chemeketan friend, June Zink, and I drove north up I-5 and east on Highway 12 to the backpackers' parking area at Walupt Lake, on the edge of the Goat Rocks Wilderness. We still had plenty of time to get to our first camp but a hot July afternoon was not our favorite time for such an adventure.

I was about a half mile out when I realized that the only glasses I had along were the dark ones I was wearing. Nuts! I chugged back to the car and headed off a second time.

Walupt Lake trail 101 wandered along the north shore of the large lake

for a mile but the path ran well above the glistening waters and we little more than glimpsed it a time or two.

The next mile fooled around in the woods and descended a bit to cross Walupt Creek on a log bridge. The crossing was a cool, lovely, refreshing spot and Paula had to awaken me to continue our trek. About a quarter-mile later the trail got serious and we switchbacked steeply upward. This part would have been much more fun in the cool of the morning.

The trail topped a plateau and we climbed much more gently in the vicinity of a stream. We settled for a camp at the first "large" lake. We had a great view of Lakeview Mountain and the high ridge between Walupt and Huckleberry Creeks.

I amused myself taking pictures of reflections in the mirror-like surface of the lake. The bad side was an abundance of skeeters and the extremely horse-



besmirched campsites. It would take a backhoe to remove horse manure from any site large enough to set up a tent.

Next day we chugged on up the last quarter-mile to the PCT and hung a left. For the first couple of miles the famous trail wandered along in the open with abundant views back down the way we had come.

As we gained elevation we began to see more and more of the brooding north face of Adams. The second 2 miles were much more in the timber as we continued to climb. We descended shortly to cross the refreshing cold waters near the head of Walupt Creek and then diagonaled gently west up to Sheep Lake.

By now we were finding a few snow banks. The views around Sheep Lake were splendid. There were numerous camp sites. As is our wont we picked a protected site. We do not care to pack up a dew-soaked tent in the morning or to sit around for a few hours while the sun dries us out.

Wednesday morning we loaded up our day packs and headed north on the PCT. It just kept getting better and better. We crossed a 6100-foot divide and found ourselves traversing the head of Klickitat Creek.

The west face of Gilbert Peak loomed



June and Paula on the trail in the Goat Rocks Wilderness.

Kim Hyatt

above us. By now the snow was getting serious and we carefully negotiated several slippery crossings. Just below Cispus Pass a final steep bank of the white stuff gave us old-timers a case of the "carefuls." We talked later to a hiker who said it wasn't as bad as it looked. The return trip was just as nice. Both the long views and the flowers were stunning.

We could easily have hiked out the next day but we had other plans. We broke camp and hiked southwest along Nannie Ridge. About 2 miles later (a short 2 miles) we came to a small but lovely unnamed lake. We set up camp, ate lunch, and set out to climb to the summit of the ridge.

There were many cliffs in the area but a gully heading directly up from the lake seemed to bisect this barrier. A few hundred feet up this extremely steep route we discovered an old trail. (After we came back to the lake we noticed that a discerning individual could actually see this ancient route high up in the gully.) The trail was so badly overgrown that it was of little use as a place to walk but served to guide our cross-country approach.

On the top of the ridge we found views here and there of almost everything. You need to wander around a bit to get the full benefit. We then headed southwest to the old lookout site. We cast around a bit and found the old trail to the lookout. This trail got better and better as we descended. From an unmarked junction with the Nannie Ridge trail we returned to camp for the last night of the trip.

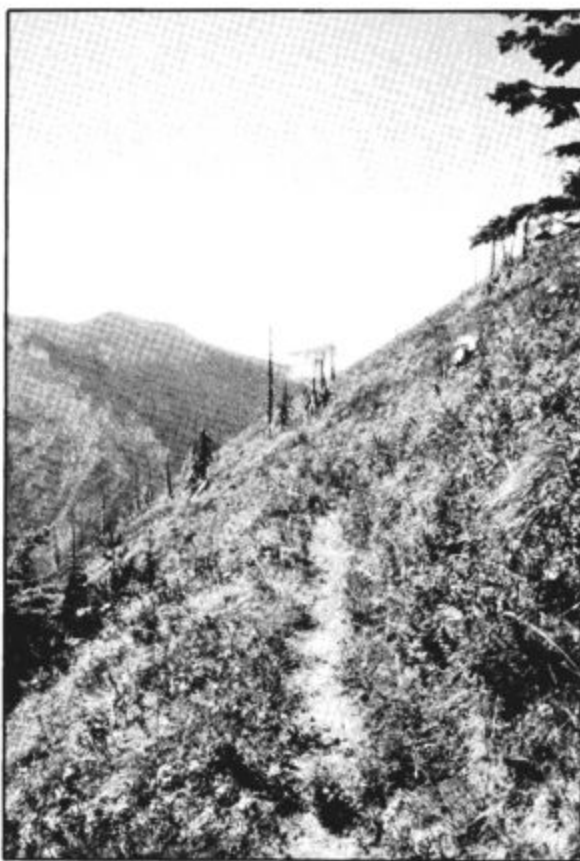
I was dreading our final day, July 13th. We had 2000 feet to descend and Paula, who had been here about 20 years before, promised a steep, rocky trail. (This old man misspent his youth climbing mountains and has the bad knees to show for it.) Her rememberer is out of whack or they have reconstructed the trail. Our descent was most pleasantly graded and my knees had almost nothing to say.

It was a great backpack. The scenery was stunning and we saw almost no one. I recommend it.

SECOND GOAT: Goat Peak

Not having seen enough of Highway 12 or beautiful downtown Randle, we returned ten days later, July 23.

Recalling all too well the hot afternoon ascent up the Walupt Lake trail, Paula insisted on driving up Sunday af-

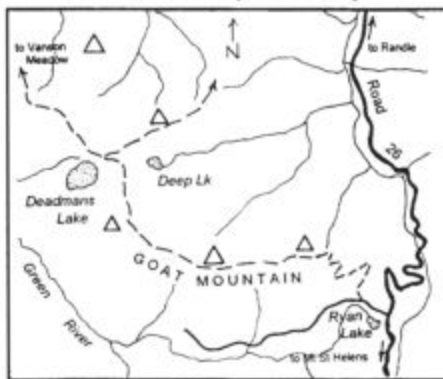


On the trail to Goat Peak.

ternoon so that we could make our climb in the morning coolness. The third member of our expedition, Gwen (number two daughter) arrived from Aberdeen. We spent the night in Iron Creek Campground.

Our destination was Goat Peak. We planned to come in the back way from Vanson Meadows. I presume there is a way to get there but we never found it.

We got a bit tired of running into locked gates and the folks at the Woods Creek Information Station may have been very knowledgeable about many things but how to get to Vanson Meadows was not one of them. We decided to go in the hard way from Ryan Lake. It was later than we would have preferred when we finally headed up the



trail.

The first half-mile or so was in the open and then we entered the woods. My old (pre-eruption) Green Trails map shows the trail switchbacking straight up the mountain from the trailhead. It actually does nothing of the sort. From the edge of the woods it diagonals about a mile to the right and then swings back almost as far again to the left. At one point we could look straight down to see our car parked far below us.

Four final short switchbacks took us to the top of the ridge. The views were great. We could see Adams, Rainier, and, of course, Saint Helens. At one point we could see the dome quite clearly. The flowers were as beautiful and profuse as I have ever seen them.

The trail reached a high point of about 5200 feet and then began a long traverse of the south face of Goat Mountain. The traverse was spectacular. I think it would be a bit too spectacular for an acrophobic. At one point the trail crossed a slide where there was almost no tread.

Kim Hyatt

We crossed the divide and began a descent toward Deadman Lake, crossing under the face of some cliffs and then dropping steeply down a ridge to the lower level. Large, deep Deadman Lake was to the left. A plethora of trails and would-be trails running every which way could get you confused or worse. We camped at the lake.

We had a lot of wind and it even got rather chilly at times but the breeze chased the bugs away and one can always put on more clothes.

On Tuesday our big expedition was a circuit of the lake. This trip is for those who enjoy bushwhacking. It got particularly "interesting" on the steep sidehill on the east side of the lake. At the far (south) end we found a very nice remote campsite. We spent the rest of the day goofing off.

We broke camp early on Wednesday and it did not get seriously hot until we started down off Goat Mountain. My knees took the effort in stride and my feet almost made it all the way, not complaining seriously until that final dusty, hot, half-mile. It was an interesting trip. △

Kim Hyatt, of Salem, is a member of the Chemeketans club.

DEBORAH RIEHL

RESCUE EPICS

—AN ORIENTAL MYSTERY—

On October 1 a Japanese exchange student, "Ed," set out to hike in the Coleman Pinnacle area of Mount Baker. He was going alone into the wilderness to mourn his Sensai (karate teacher), who had died the previous week.

Ed was dressed only in his white cotton karate gi (tunic and trousers), black belt, and split-toed booties. At 4am he stopped at a 7-11 and purchased candy, a lighter and lighter fluid. He left one candy wrapper in his car.

On Saturday afternoon he was seen hiking on the north side of Coleman Pinnacle in the fog. He had no pack, his head was down, and he was striding purposefully. Monday he was supposed to be back in class.

On Tuesday Whatcom County SAR started looking for him. They called us on Thursday as the search expanded and local resources were exhausted.

I was up at 3am Friday morning to meet my truck driver and team at Woodinville park and ride. We stopped in Bellingham at 6am as the espresso stands opened. After all, we are *Seattle* Mountain Rescue. When we arrived at Artists Point at dawn we were still arguing the merits of our favorite brands of coffee beans.

We learned more about Ed: he was only 5'6" but walked fast with a long stride. He was an experienced hiker and knew of the Mount Baker region but not the Coleman Pinnacle area specifically.

Teams from Skagit County had been in the field overnight. We waited for Snohomish County to fly in with their Huey helicopter to ferry in our fresh teams.

A Bellingham helicopter was also supposed to fly in with their FLIR (For-

ward Looking Infra Red) heat detector. The helicopters, however, were fogged in. But at 5000 feet at Artists Point, we were in bright sunshine. When 10am rolled around we gave up on the helicopters and walked in.

Searchers had picked up the subject's distinctive tracks around the lake below Coleman Pinnacle. The Seattle team walked beyond the pinnacle to search a drainage to the southwest. A Tacoma team stayed behind to be flown in when the fog lifted.

At 11:20 the helicopters finally launched. A horse SAR team had come up to pack in overnight supplies for searchers—until the Forest Service arrived and forbade it. Helicopters—yes; horses—no. (Does this make sense?)

We were also asked to keep an eye out for "Richard," a berry picker lost Labor Day weekend and not seen since.

Shortly after noon a Lions Bay, BC, team found a blue sleeping bag, snow cave and "altar." Later Seattle found the subject's track near the stream in their drainage at 5000 feet. They requested air support, a tracker and a search dog.

Not much more was found the remainder of the afternoon and all teams were flown out or walked out by dark. Those of us who stayed over were put up in the Forest Service bunkhouse in Glacier.

The Seattle team stopped at the Chandelier Inn for dinner. We didn't notice the plaque on the wall declaring the owner an honorary member of Whatcom County SAR. When we finished our delicious dinners, they wouldn't take our money!

I inadvertently set my alarm incorrectly that night. It blasted us out of our

bunks at 5:15 instead of 6:30. We mechanically dressed and packed up.

When I discovered my error I was afraid I'd be killed, but my sleepy friends merely unstuffed their sleeping bags and went back to sleep fully clothed.

On Saturday morning our teams were out at first light on foot, the helicopters once again being fogged in.

Al, of legendary strength and endurance, and Howard, a student of tai chi, were held back with some trackers to be flown in to any new clues found.

Another Seattle team was leap-frogged to Rainbow Creek, below yesterday's tracks. They promptly found fresh tracks leading down Rainbow Creek toward Rainbow Lake. Another Seattle team was leap-frogged to Rainbow Lake.

At 1:30pm the subject's parents arrived from Japan. Mom was clutching a freshly purchased bag of warm clothes "to give to my son, when you find him."

The sheriff briefed them through an interpreter. Their presence leant further urgency to our task.

Beginning at 4pm teams were flown out one by one and polled as to whether they could stay the night. Those who could were flown back in to be in position at first light in the high probability area.

At 6pm I saw the last of my teams off returning to the field. As soon as the helicopter lifted off I sprinted for the restroom. When I emerged, much relieved, the helicopter was back on the ground.

The team was unloaded and stood in a knot talking to the sheriff. I assumed the helicopter had had mechanical trouble. This was not the case.

Ed had been spotted below the outlet falls from Rainbow Lake. He was in the creek. As the sheriff informed Ed's parents, I took a strong cup of tea to the rescue truck to have a good cry.

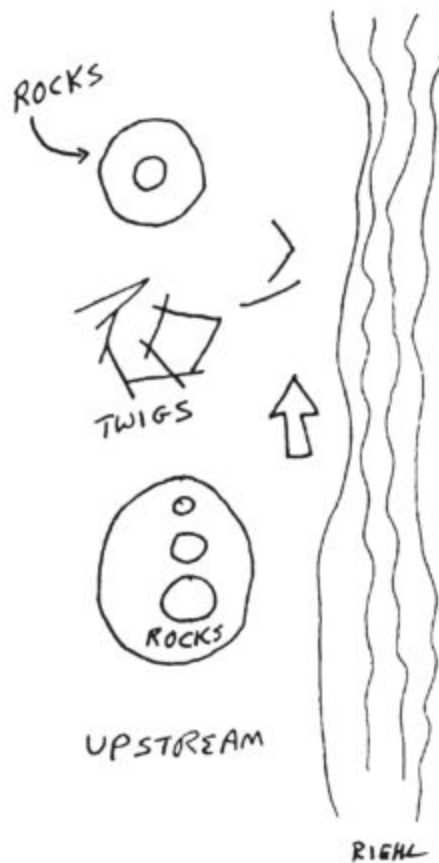
As I got in the cab I noticed the dome light was mighty dim. The truck started very reluctantly so I sat and revved the engine as I recharged the truck's batteries—and mine.

At last light the helicopter left with a litter to drop to a team immediately below the subject. The field teams consolidated. The plan: short haul the body out at first light, then pull out the bivvying teams by air.

It was a gloomy three hour drive to move base camp around Mount Baker to Rainbow Falls above Baker Lake. We kept up radio chatter to keep each other awake. I bivvied in the back seat of the truck with the soothing roar of the falls in the background.

We awoke to the Sheriff's truck crunching up the gravel road. It looked like good flying weather—high overcast and no ground fog. The helicopter lifted off by 8:40am. By 10:15 everyone was out.

Ed's tracks ended fifty feet above



where his body was found. All of him was underwater except one hand and a foot snagged in the rocks.

On the bank of the river was Ed's tiny day pack, containing only the lighter. There were twigs arranged in two Japanese words and rocks arranged around them.

A couple of days later Howard called Whatcom county. He was told Ed died of hypothermia and the Japanese words on the bank were indecipherable. △

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

TWO FIRE STORIES from the Okanogan

We were in eastern Washington July 20 through 31, when the fires were raging. We have two fire stories, which we found amusing.

FIRST BUTTE

Since we like to visit lookouts, we were aware of where the fires were burning, and how much damage they were causing. The people manning the lookouts were always very kind to us when we happened upon them—of course, we tried to be very courteous, and made certain we were not disturbing them or interfering with their responsibilities.

The day we drove up to First Butte, however, just outside Winthrop, the smoke was thick and visibility poor. As we got out of the car, we were startled at the voice of a woman calling to us from the lookout, asking us what we were doing there.

When we said we were there for the view, she snorted, told us the air was unbreathable, and locked herself into the lookout—all the while smoking a cigarette and dropping live-ash from 40 feet up.

Having been Forest Service employees ourselves, we knew she must have been an emergency fill-in, unfamiliar with field regulations for flammable materials during extreme fire conditions.

CURLEW LAKE

We also camped at Curlew Lake State Park, just north of Republic. Lounging in the shade, we overheard campers talking about the "ice crisis."

Seems there were two fire camps set up just outside Republic, one Forest Service, and one DNR.

With an extra thousand or two people now visiting the town, reserves of ice in the two grocery stores were

wiped out, with no new ice scheduled to be delivered for another six days.

And it wasn't just ice—produce, dairy products, meat, and basic supplies were also running low.

The smaller communities had been wiped out, too. Our fellow campers had driven to Canada, some 40 miles north, to stock their coolers.

So angry were they at having their vacations ruined that there was talk of phone calls and letter writing to legislators, congressmen and senators.

Little did they know how lucky they were not to have their route home closed, or their safety jeopardized.—
Laura Wild, Marysville. △

Pack & Paddle would like to have your fire stories to share with other readers. Send 'em in!

FRED AND WILMA

an introduction to hiking in **Death Valley National Monument**

—THIS FASCINATING GEOLOGICAL AREA OFFERS GREAT HIKING—

Death Valley. The very name sounds foreboding. To many people, an image of thirsty and starving pioneers, huddled forlornly in a barren wasteland, comes to mind. To others, it's a place so hot you can cook eggs on the hood of a car, or a waterless flatland devoid of relief and vegetation. And to some degree, all these things may be true.

But Death Valley, a 2.2-million-square-acre National Monument located in eastern California and western Nevada is more ... much more.

It's a land of 11,000-foot snow-capped peaks peering down on several square miles of sand dunes. It's home to the bristlecone pine, the oldest living things on earth. Here can also be found the rare desert bighorn sheep, and the even more rare inch-long pupfish. And though the lowest yearly rainfall average in North America occurs here, in some places water can be considered abundant.

Geologically, Death Valley is not really a valley at all. It's a huge depression caused by faulting and folding of mountain ranges. The area between sagged to make the "valley."

In the south end of the valley, near an area called Badwater, is the lowest spot in the Western Hemisphere: 282 feet below sea level.

Yet looming ominously and rising abruptly just a few miles away is Telescope Peak, 11,049 feet. This makes the second greatest relief in the lower 48 states. Only Mount Rainier has a greater elevation difference between its base and summit.

The valley, or fault basin, in Death Valley is over 100 miles long and 8 to 12 miles wide. It is enclosed by the Cottonwood and Panamint Mountains on the west, and the Grapevine, Fu-

neral and Black Mountains on the east.

They vary in elevation from 5000 to 11,000 feet. The upper slopes support stands of juniper, pinyon, bristlecone and limber pines.

The mountains are sliced by hundreds of canyons of various sizes. Spilling from the mouths of these canyons are alluvial fans—huge aprons of gravel and detritus washed down the canyons during infrequent rains. Some of these fans are over 2000 feet high and several miles wide.

Death Valley is perhaps best known for its warm temperatures. For years, the 134-degree mark recorded on July 10, 1913, stood as the world's record. And even though 136 degrees was later recorded at Azizia, Libya, meteorologists consider Death Valley the hottest place in the world.

Nowhere else is able to match Death Valley's summer maximums. July's 50-year average is 117 degrees. In 1959,

from May 30 to September 2, temperatures exceeded 100 degrees every day except one (when it was only 99). Ground temperatures can exceed 200 degrees.

Death Valley can also lay claim to being one of the driest spots on earth. Average rainfall is under 1.6 inches per year, and the 12-month record maximum is only 4.5 inches. Yet snow whitens the top of Telescope Peak every winter.

Hundreds of springs, bringing water from as far away as eastern Nevada, dot the landscape. Average groundwater discharge into Death Valley is estimated to be 7500 gallons per minute. And water flows on the surface in numerous locations, providing for lush riparian growth.

Though less than 40 miles of built trail exist inside Death Valley National Monument, hiking opportunities abound. Several of the canyons and washes wind deep into the various mountains.

Many of these canyons narrow to just a few feet wide while the canyon walls rise hundreds of feet above. Grottos, mosaic patterns and marble floors and walls can be found in numerous canyons. Though the mountains are rugged, many ridge lines are not difficult to traverse and several desert peaks are fairly easy to summit.

Some of our favorite hikes lead to sites of Death Valley's colorful and interesting mining history. Man's ingenuity and determination in his quest for wealth and fortune seem boundless.

Huge timbers transported from 100 miles away still stand as the towers for a tramway built to reach a mine 2000 feet up the side of the mountain in 1906. Pieces, and the path, of a 23-mile-long water delivery system to provide water for a mining camp, also





Fred

Wilma sets off for a hike in the Black Mountains, Death Valley National Monument.

built in 1906, are clearly visible in Death Valley's high country.

Two enterprising men from Switzerland built a ranch to raise fruit, nuts and vegetables high in the Panamint Mountains, to provide for the needs of the mining town of Panamint City 10 miles away. Remains of this ranch are still there to explore. Shacks, cabins, machinery and "junk" are found in many locations throughout the Monument.

Indian petroglyphs are located in many areas of the Monument, along with fossils showing evidence of Death Valley's wetter past.

Perhaps the best time to visit Death Valley is during March and April. Temperatures are still pleasant (usually in the 80s) and if conditions have been right, the wildflowers display is in full show. Carpets of yellow, with patches of blue, white and pink, can cover the valley floors and mountainsides in a blanket of color.

Common sense rules prevail for hiking Death Valley's backcountry. Though springs are numerous, water is frequently of poor quality. These springs also provide for the desert bighorn and are best left undisturbed.

Always plan to carry all your water needs. One gallon per person per day is probably a safe amount. With the humidity approaching 5% at times, perspiration will evaporate off the body without your even knowing you are sweating.

Hat and sunglasses are mandatory. There is little shade, and "exposure to the sun" takes on new meaning here. If

possible, give yourself a little time to acclimatize to the warmer temperatures, especially if coming directly from the Northwest. Choose some less difficult hikes at first before taking off on the more strenuous ones.

Monument Headquarters, the Visitors' Center and most visitor services (lodging, restaurants, gasoline and groceries, laundry, showers and pool) are located at Furnace Creek. A true oasis in the south central part of the Monument, the three springs here provide 2500 gallons of water a minute. The beautiful palm groves add to a peaceful and relaxing scene. Farther north is a Park Service Ranger Station and more



Fred

Buildings dating from 1915 at the Ashford Mine site.

visitor services (lodging, restaurant, gas, groceries, showers and pool) at Stove Pipe Wells. There are Park Service campgrounds at Furnace Creek, Stove Pipe Wells, at the north end of the Monument at Mesquite Springs, and up higher in the Panamint Mountains at Wildrose, Thorndike and Mahogany Flat.

Death Valley National Monument is located only 2½ hours from Las Vegas, and about 5½ hours from Los Angeles by way of excellent paved roads. It's open all year, although the most comfortable time to visit for hiking ranges from mid-October through April. Daytime temperatures during these months will range from the low 60s to mid 90s, depending on the season.

The Visitors' Center has many informed Park Service people who can provide good advice and information on backcountry travel in Death Valley. Write to:

**Visitors' Center
National Park Service
Death Valley CA 92328.**

Or feel free to contact us at PO Box 126, Death Valley CA 92328, and we'll help out any fellow *Pack & Paddle* subscribers we can.

One last note. After years of disagreement, California finally has two senators who agree on the same version of the California Desert Protection bill.

The Clinton administration has come out in support of this version, which among other things calls for enlarging Death Valley to over 3 million acres, and changing its status from Monument to National Park.

When the winter and early spring Northwest gray gets you down, take a trip to Death Valley and come alive!

△

Fred and Wilma, formerly of Sequim, spent last summer hiking the PCT through the Sierra, and will return to their seasonal jobs at Death Valley again this winter.

ROBERT E. FOX

the GUARDIAN ANGEL kayak trip

—PADDLING SOLO IN BAJA—

Camp 5, 9:30pm: I came awake, aroused by the increasing noise of waves crashing onto the rocky shore below my campsite. I wondered why the surf was so noisy when the wind was so light. But soon the breeze freshened, and my tent, which was aligned perfectly with the wind at bedtime, now was set the worst way possible—receiving an ever-stronger blow onto its side.

Time to get out and fortify things with rocks and extra tie-downs. By now, gentle rain had changed to an aggressive downpour, and I tracked a lot of mud back into the tent.

The next several hours I spent sleeping sporadically, monitoring the storm and reflecting on my trip thus far.

I was doing a solo, partial circumnavigation of Mexico's Isla Angel de la Guarda (Guardian Angel Island). My route would cover all of its remote, northeastern coast, but miss a section of the southwestern shore, the side closest to my starting and ending point: Baja California's Bay and village of Bahía de los Angeles.

I thought back just a few hours, when a gloomy, late afternoon under leaden skies was enlivened by a lone sea lion chasing a fish until both were in very shallow water close to my campsite. The lion's rump was sticking up out of the water but his head was submerged as he twisted and turned, following the evasive maneuvers of his quarry.

But soon the deed was done, and the lion lifted his head out of the water, as if to show me the fish whose tail was clenched between the lion's teeth.

Before leaving, he voiced a "yuk, yuk, yuk" series of noises two or three times. I couldn't decide if he was crowing in triumph or showing irritation at my presence.

I warmly remembered camp 3, at a



small opening in what otherwise was an unapproachable near-cliff close to the northern end of the island. It was only a little more than a slot canyon, yet it had a small beach and enough height back away from the water's edge that I would stay dry at any tidal stage. A perfect campsite.

The morning-after at camp 3 was an adventure-traveler's paradise. I woke up to a sky of intense orange, not a solid color but a mottled pattern of

darker and lighter shades, intermingled with grays.

A classic "red sky at morning" situation, as I looked back. The rest of the rhyme—"sailor, take warning"—seemed borne out of my orange sky of stunning beauty soon shrinking to only a thin band of that color on the horizon, then to nothing as somber grays dominated the heavens for the rest of the day.

There were endless sea lion colonies along that morning's paddle, and a 12-mile wide mouth of a bay (Ensenada de Pulpito) I crossed later in the day.

Fairly calm conditions escalated to a bouncy, whitecap-studded, rain-punctuated sea as I beelined straight across, unwilling to hug the shore and travel the extra miles that would entail.

As you gain confidence in your boat and in your skills, the fear factor of open water dwindles away. Boredom can crop up, since you lack nearby land reference and seem not to be moving at all. But tedium can be banished by examining what's close at hand: waves,



Camp 1, Isla la Ventana.



Robert E. Fox

In Refugio Bay area.

with their individual nuances and character.

You plunge a paddle into the side of one of them, diagonally climb the flank of another, warily eye a breaking crest here and there, and scoot along through a momentary flat spot. You sense a distant kinship with a skier negotiating a field of moguls.

I reflected on the journey between campsites 1 and 2. Leaving Isla la Ventana (Window Island) and traveling up the west side of Isla Coronado (also known as Isla Smith), I came onto a group of eight or ten kayaks, singly and doubly manned, obviously professionally led.

They inched along very close to shore, each person primly buttoned up in a PFD, and continued their clockwise circumnavigation of Coronado, a 4½-mile long island highlighted by a truncated cone of an extinct volcano at its north end.

They were doing things differently from me: kayaking short distances, spending long hours ashore, enjoying socializing around the campfire, and paying \$100 to \$150 per day for those privileges.

As I left them, I was starting a 14-mile open-water crossing due north to a prominent point on Isla Angel de la Guarda. This was part of a 23-mile day overall.

I pondered the trip's night noises: the high-pitched yapping of a band of coyotes, the great whoosh of air as a sea creature surfaced to breathe (a sea lion if close to shore, a whale if farther out) and the varied sounds of birds.

Morning dawned at camp 5, and though the rain stopped, the wind was still strong enough to deter kayak travel.

In the lee of the high wall of an existing fire ring, I was able to light my stove with a single match and cook breakfast (sorry, folks—I like fire rings!)

As I cleaned up the wet, muddy mess of the prior night, the wind was slackening and the sun was breaking through.

Soon I had loaded up and performed one of my better exits from a rocky coast.

I had intended only to travel several miles northwestward along the shore to get in better position to cross to the mainland the next day. But with sea and sky still improving, I decided to commit to the 14-mile journey right then and there.

Hours went by, and I began to sort out possible landing sites on the endless coast in front of me. Soon I was ashore at camp 6, my choice indicating that my good luck was holding up. It rivaled camp 3 in quality, though here the rocky surroundings weren't as lofty.

I was on a mini-beach on the fringe of Ensenada el Pescador (Fisherman's Bay) and it was my last night out.

Back at Bahia de los Angeles at about noon the next day, a new group of kayakers were loading their boats under the tutelage of their outfitter. If their glow of anticipation was as strong as my feeling of accomplishment, they were lucky.

Planning

Overall kayaking distance was 129 miles, total elapsed time 6 days, and average daily distance travelled was 21½ miles. The time was March, 1994.

The trip requires intermediate to advanced kayaking skills, depending on the conditions of wind and sea.

This venture is suitable only for people who assume total responsibility for themselves.

A very useful book is *The Baja Adventure Book* by Walt Peterson. Wilderness Press, Berkeley (800-443-7227). \$19.95. Library: 917.22.

△

Robert Fox is a subscriber from San Diego.



Robert E. Fox

The "morning after" at Camp 5.

MAURI PELTO

DISAPPEARING GLACIERS

—OUR CASCADE GLACIERS ARE GOING TO ICE CUBE HEAVEN—

Editor's Note: Glaciers in the Cascades are disappearing. Of course this affects our recreation, but it also affects stream flows, water supplies and agriculture.

In an article in the September *Pack & Paddle*, glaciologist Mauri Peltó described the findings of the North Cascade Glacier Climate Project, based at Nichols College, Massachusetts.

Because of reader interest, he has provided *Pack & Paddle* with additional information about his studies, including observations made this year.

For the third consecutive year late summer snowpack was quite low on North Cascade glaciers. The result of substantially more summer melting than winter snow accumulation is a negative mass balance and the continued shrinking of North Cascade glaciers.

This year on your average glacier, a 0.7 m slice of glacier was lost to this excess melting. The cause of negative mass balance was a combination of reduced winter season precipitation, particularly from November to January, and a summer season that was drier than normal and warmer than the long term average.

This summer was not, however, warmer than the average summer temperatures of the last 10 years.

The most interesting observation of 1994 was that Milk Lake Glacier north of Glacier Peak has completely disappeared. There are now a few icebergs floating in the new Milk Lake.

This glacier is still shown on *USGS Lime Mountain* as quite substantial in size. The glacier ceased to exist most probably in the summer of 1993.

Foss Glacier and Daniel Glacier in the Mount Daniel area also are beginning a period of rapid retreat. In both cases the lower sections of the glaciers have become detached from the upper sections.

The lower section of the Foss Glacier comprises a third of the glacier's total area. This stagnant ice mass will not last long.

The lower 200 meters of Daniel Glacier is detached; however, this section often has heavy snowcover and though clearly separating from the glacier above will not disappear in the near future.

Table 1 contains the latest measurement of terminus change on both Glacier Peak and Mount Baker glaciers surveyed during 1993 or 1994 by NCGCP. The retreat has accelerated during the 1990-1994 period.

The retreat of these glaciers still leaves each of them longer than they were in 1950. This is not likely to be the case for long since the lower several hundred meters on each of these glaciers is quite inactive.

Rapid glacier shrinkage also was noticeable in reduced streamflow into the Cle Elum River. Streamflow to Hyas Creek this August was 40% below the mean observed from 1984-1990.

Hyas Creek originates from Ice Worm Glacier on the southeast side of Mount Daniel. This glacier has lost 25% of its total area in the last five years. The snow slopes higher on Mount Daniel have also been reduced. The result is a smaller "ice cube" for

Table 1: glacier retreat 1984 to 1993* or 1994 on Mount Baker and Glacier Peak glaciers monitored by NCGCP.

retreat in meters	
MOUNT BAKER	
Boulder	-105
Coleman	-135
Easton	-47*
Mazama	-92
Rainbow	-113
Squak	-38*
Talum	-116*
GLACIER PEAK	
Ermine	-65
Kennedy	-103
Ptarmigan	-57
Scimitar	-62
Vista	-80

melting.

The same is true of the four other glaciers supplying Cle Elum Reservoir with water. The overall loss of 9 million gallons of runoff each day to Cle Elum Reservoir in August of 1994 due mostly to glacier retreat is especially critical given the crisis of water supply in the Yakima Basin this summer.

Steve Fry, in the October issue of *Pack & Paddle*, posed several questions regarding the selection of glaciers observed by NCGCP.

Certainly access prevents my monitoring some of the more remote North Cascade glaciers on a frequent basis. However, many of these are being observed by NCGCP, just not on as frequent a basis.

Glacier Peak and Mount Baker



Paul Schauter

The Hanging (left) and White Salmon Glaciers on Mount Shuksan. According to the NCGCP findings, the White Salmon Glacier has retreated 24 m between 1984 and 1993.

glaciers in Table 1 are an example. Some of these were not in the group of 47 I initially selected for annual monitoring, but I have been monitoring these glaciers on about a three-year rotating basis.

Challenger Glacier will hopefully be the focus of research next summer. I have excellent photo records showing terminus position of this glacier from the 1960s and 1970s for comparison.

As far as Chikamin, Boston, McAllister and other glaciers, I simply cannot get to all of the areas even on an infrequent basis.

This is why I have requested photos to be donated to the archive I have been creating for North Cascade glaciers. I welcome any information that readers can provide. I even have a cadre of people who provide annual photos of certain glaciers for me—this added coverage I welcome.

I do explore one new area each summer, but this is insufficient to report on specific retreat rates.

A second question focussed on the

measurement of retreat. The change measured is in the length of the glacier. This is done because it is the standard reporting method utilized by the World Glacier Monitoring Service.

I always do my best to determine actual terminus altitude, because it is important for reference. But to do so accurately is not always an easy task, and generally requires considerable time and expense. Nor is it critical due to the wide range of terminus slopes. A small retreat on a steep slope looks large in vertical terms, but a rapid retreat on a flat slope appears insignificant.

△

Mauri Peltó is originally a cross-country ski racer from Michigan. He took up glaciology because of his interest in skiing, but eventually he dropped the racing and kept the glaciers.

He now lives in Dudley, Massachusetts, where he is director of the North Cascade Glacier Climate Project at Nichols College.

GLACIER PHOTOGRAPHS NEEDED

NCGCP is establishing an archive of photographs of North Cascade glaciers to serve as a present and future historic record of glacier variations.

Because NCGCP cannot observe most North Cascade glaciers, it needs your help to document their fluctuations.

The collection will be duplicated and housed both in Sedro Woolley and Seattle under the aegis of the National Park Service.

Photographs are valuable if they show either the entire glacier or the terminus of the glacier. Though the project cannot compensate you monetarily for the picture, you will be properly credited in the archive.

Please send contributions, with as much documentation as possible, to

**North Cascade Glacier
Climate Project
Nichols College
Dudley MA 01571.**

REST STOP

EQUIPMENT, RECIPES, TIPS

FROSTLINE KITS—Asks a reader, "Did Frostline go out of business?"

Frostline is the company that sells outdoor clothing and equipment kits. No, indeed, they are not out of business.

A card or a phone call will get you their current (free) catalog:

Frostline Kits
2525 River Road
Grand Junction CO 81505-2525
800-548-7872.

EAGLES—Bald eagle season is coming up. The North Cascades Institute offers two sessions of the popular seminar "BALD EAGLES OF THE UPPER SKAGIT RIVER." Instructed by Libby Mills, the one-day classes are scheduled for Sunday, December 11, and Saturday, January 7.

For information on cost and registration, call 206-856-5700 x 209, or write:

North Cascades Institute
2105 Highway 20
Sedro Woolley WA 98284.

SLEEPING BAGS—Now is a good time of year to clean the sleeping bag you've been using all summer.

You can wash it yourself in your bathtub whether it's down or synthetic. Unless the manufacturer recommends a washing machine, hand washing is the safest to protect the internal baffles and stitching. Wash the bag a couple of times, and rinse until the water runs clear. Let the water drain well before lifting the bag: water-laden sleeping bags are very heavy and their own weight can cause internal tearing.

Spread the bag on a lawn chair and let it partially dry before putting it in a clothes dryer. A synthetic bag will dry

faster than a down one, which may take days. Be sure to break up all the clumps of wet down several times to help it dry.

You can also have your bag dry cleaned. Ask your cleaner if they use fresh solvent for sleeping bags, go to a place that does good work, and let the bag air thoroughly to avoid trapping fumes in it. (We like Edmonds Dry Cleaners, on 3rd and Main.)—*AM*.

MOUNT TAHOMA TRAILS—Winter season for the Mount Tahoma Trails will begin December 17, when volunteer Trail Groomers and Ski Patrollers will be out opening up the trails and huts.

This wonderful network on the west side of Mount Rainier is built and maintained by volunteers. They would like YOUR help. Call Pam Wilson at 206-843-1805 if you'd like to volunteer.

For membership information or hut reservations, write:

MTTA
PO Box 206
Ashford WA 98304.

PHOTO EXHIBIT—Ever since we started *Pack & Paddle*, Don Paulson, of Seabeck, has contributed his beautiful photographs of the backcountry, which we print in black and white.

Now you can see his photos in an exhibit at Christophe's Waterfront Cafe in Bremerton—in their original color.

Christophe's is right downtown at 112 Washington Avenue, an easy block from the ferry terminal; 11 to 5 weekdays, 11 to 4 weekends.

PANGRAPHS—The first time I saw one of Pangraphics' bandannas was when Kay Kelly pulled one out of her pack to use as a tablecloth a few

WIN FAME & ADMIRATION!

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

PACK & PADDLE
PO BOX 1063
PORT ORCHARD WA 98366

years ago.

It was the one with different animal droppings on it, and it sure made a conversation piece at lunch. I've always thought they would make great napkins at a hikers' winter potluck!

T-shirts are also available, and you can get tasteful animal tracks instead of the earthy droppings, if you wish. See their ad in this issue, page 7, for ordering information.—*AM*.

HARD-BOILED EGGS—travel well in the pack. While your morning tea water is heating, drop in the eggs for a few minutes. Fish them out before the water boils (or they'll get tough) and have hot eggs for breakfast.

EAT-AND-GO—Mix ½-cup Familia cereal, ½-cup raisins, 2 large handfuls granola, ½-cup crunchy peanut butter, ¼-cup unsalted sunflower seeds and ¼-cup raw honey all together in a Zip-loc bag. Makes a trail snack or a meal right out of the bag.

SPARE KEY—A good place to carry a second key for your car is on your boot lace. Run the lace through the hole in the key, lace up the boot and tuck the key between the lacing. You can't lose your key unless you lose your boots!

Gear Review—your most favorite / least favorite equipment

Problem—what do you do when your favorite outerwear loses its water repellency? That was the question I faced with a lightweight coat and pants made of a breathable, water resistant micro-fiber. Repeated washings had caused it to lose its original water resistance.

I had heard favorable comments about a waterproofing treatment made by Nikwax. They make waterproofing products for fabrics and footwear. The

product I used was called TX-Direct. It is designed to reproof breathable fabrics.

I followed the directions on the container and hoped for the best. Because of the dry summer, it wasn't until October that I was able to test the results.

On two different trips I was out in combinations of rain and drizzle. Much to my delight my favorite outerwear was at least as water repellent as it was brand new!

I would highly recommend the use of TX-Direct. If you can't find it in your local store, contact Nikwax, PO Box 1572, Everett WA 98206 (206-335-0260) for information on where you can buy it.

If you want to order by phone with a bankcard, call Swallows' Nest at 800-676-4041; they carry the complete Nikwax line.—*LGM, Port Orchard*.

PANORAMA

NEWS FROM ALL OVER

NEW PCT BORDER SIGN—

Through the cooperation of the PCT Association and Rogue River National Forest, the inconspicuous little sign at the California/Oregon border on the PCT has been replaced by an impressive large sign befitting the importance of the spot.

Mike Ricketts of the Applegate Ranger District ordered the double-sided oak sign, and on September 8 this year he, Susan Menanno, also of the Applegate District, and Lolly Skillman, a PCTA board member from Ashland, installed it.

The sign gives mileages to several points in both directions. The California/Oregon border crossing is 962 miles from Canada and 1706 miles from Mexico.

For information about the PCT, write PCT Association, 1350 Castle Rock Road, Walnut Creek CA 94598.

HANTAVIRUS—An independent researcher from a college in Walla Walla contacted the state Department of Health to report that 9 out of 39 deer mice trapped at the 5000-foot level near Mount Baker, at the end of Glacier Creek road, were positive for Hanta-

virus antibodies.

Deer mice are often collected and studied because they are so common. In this case the researcher was studying the hibernation patterns of the deer mice at two different elevations.

Finding mice that test positive for Hantavirus in Whatcom County serves as a reminder to residents to be aware of the potential that mice can spread certain diseases, including Hantavirus.

There still have not been any documented cases of the disease from an exposure in Washington and there is no plan to do additional testing of mice in Whatcom County.—*Baker-Snoqualmie National Forest.*

FIRST ASCENTS BY OLYMPIANS

—An article by Bryn Beorse in *The Daily World* describes how a party of Olympians from the Aberdeen and Grays Harbor areas succeeded in exploring a new high route between Mount Tom and the Hoh River last August.

On their trip, the group climbed several summits with no previous records of ascents. The peaks were "named" after Greek mythology: "Janus," 5923 feet, near Lakes of the Gods; "Prometheus," 5908 feet; "Atlas," 6346 feet; "Perseus," 6275 feet; and "Parnassus," 5826 feet.

For a detailed account of the exploration, see the Olympians club annual, or *The Daily World*, August 28, 1994.

WALT LOCKE, GREEN TRAILS MAPS—When the idea for Green Trails maps was suggested to Walt Locke over 20 years ago, he thought it was a good one and proceeded to make Green Trails a household name for every Washington hiker. Walt credited the name and the "green trails" idea to his friend Delores Jackson.

Walt and Delores married in December, 1990, when Walt was 63. Both Mountaineer members, Walt and Delores loved hiking and traveling, and they planned to do a lot of it.

About a year ago, after a trip to Switzerland, Walt suf-



Ann Marshall

Walt Locke, founder of Green Trails, on a Mountaineers' beach hike a few years ago.

fered a stroke. "We just didn't have enough time," Delores told me then. The Green Trails business was sold and continues under its new ownership.

On October 11, Walt passed away. He was 67. Memorials may be sent to King County Search and Rescue, 16623 SE 176 Pl, Renton WA 98058.—*AM*

FIRE CLOSURES—Some climbing areas in the Tumwater Canyon and Icicle Creek areas remain closed due to fire damage. On Highway 2, signs and flagging at Castle Rock warn that the rock is closed to climbers. Snow Creek Wall is also closed.

Generally the area bordered by Ingalls Creek on the south and Tumwater Campground on the north is closed to entry for hiking or climbing. Tickets are being issued to those who enter illegally. Car campgrounds, however, are open.

Erosion, flooding, falling trees and falling rocks are the dangers.

BEES KILL HIKER—In mid-October a hiker, Donald Grell, was stung by yellowjackets and died.

He and a companion, Harry Robinson, were hiking near Mineral City on the North Fork Skykomish when they came across the nest. Both were stung at least six times each as they ran down the trail.

Robinson collapsed on the way out. Grell was unable to help him because he had dislocated his ankle while run-



Mike Ricketts

Lolly Skillman, left, of the PCT Association, and Susan Menanno, Rogue River National Forest, admire the new sign at the California/Oregon border on the PCT.

PANORAMA

NEWS FROM ALL OVER

ning. Grell continued for help, but when the aid crew reached the other man, he was dead.

Robinson had been medically desensitized to stings as a child. He carried no antivenin kit with him.

Elsewhere, a series of bee attacks in South Texas has claimed several victims. The attacks are blamed on Africanized bees, which have reached as far north as Waco and Yuma.

Antivenin kits containing adrenaline syringes are available from your pharmacist. Even if you're not allergic to bee venom, carrying the kit in your pack could be very useful for someone else in your hiking party.

DUNGNESS SPIT ACCESS—The Fish and Wildlife Service has proposed closing Dungeness Spit to paddlers.

Kayakers, according to the manager of Dungeness National Wildlife Refuge in a statement in *The Sequim Gazette*, are disruptive to wildlife and research has shown that flashing kayak paddles frightens the birds.

Dennis Cowals of the Olympic Outdoor Center, Poulsbo, disagrees: "Kayakers have never been a problem at Dungeness," he writes in a letter to paddlers. "The US Fish and Wildlife Service has not presented any evidence that paddlers are disruptive. They just

want to prohibit any beach landings, even at the ... lighthouse."

The areas on the Spit that are currently closed on a seasonal or permanent basis to protect nesting waterfowl are certainly justified, according to Cowals, and paddlers have no complaint about those restrictions.

According to John Kuntz, president of Olympic Outdoor Center, the FWS "has refused requests for copies of any study ... linking paddling with bird behavior nor can federal officials cite any direct evidence of kayakers disturbing wildlife at Dungeness."

Further, Kuntz says, they admit they do not know how many kayakers just paddle the bay and how many actually go ashore at the lighthouse.

Although the closure was supposed to take place in October, the latest word is that the FWS has postponed the action until next spring. They will now include a public information workshop and a 30-day comment period before any closure.

For more information, contact Olympic Outdoor Center, 206-697-6095.

STARKS' HIGH CAMP—High Camp, which did not operate at all last year, has a new lease on life. Don Hanson, an Everett Mountaineer, and a partner will open and operate the ski-in camp

at the edge of the Alpine Lakes Wilderness. The camp was previously run by Peg and Bill Stark, who have retired and put the camp up for sale.

Don told *Pack & Paddle* they have made some nice improvements in the cabins, including replacing one that was damaged in a storm. They are working on improving the transportation system.

For information, call 206-844-2000, or write **High Country Adventures, PO Box 2023, Snohomish, WA 98291-2023.**—YC.

SHI SHI ACCESS—All hopes of a new, legal route to Shi Shi beach were dashed in mid-October when Greg Johnston reported in the *P-I* that the standard route "will remain off-limits to the public for the foreseeable future," according to Makah general manager Andrea Alexander.

Since the north access to Shi Shi was closed almost 4 years ago, the Makahs have not been able to work out an agreement with property owners.

Pack & Paddle has heard of hikers who ignore the closure and hike out on the old trail anyway, but reports of continuing vandalism make that an unwise choice.

The only legal way to get to Shi Shi is to walk out to Cape Alava, ford the Ozette River, and trudge north for miles over difficult terrain.

FUTURE OF SUNRISE LODGE—The Park Service has been working on alternatives for the future management of the Sunrise area at Mount Rainier National Park.

The Sunrise Lodge has emerged as a focus for discussion because of the opposition of members of the preservation community to the proposed removal of the lodge. Based on the extremely deteriorated state of the lodge and other factors, the Park Service has identified "removal and replacement" as its preferred alternative. The Sunrise Lodge was constructed in 1931.

Two public meetings to learn about the alternatives were held in Yakima and Tacoma. If you missed the meetings but would like to ask questions or comment on the future of the lodge, contact Eric Walkinshaw, Chief of Planning and Professional Services, Mount Rainier National Park, Ashford WA 98304 (206-569-2211).



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EDITOR'S JOURNAL



Fishing at Bailey Lake.

PHOTO—Usually one or the other of us is *behind* the camera, but thanks to Randy Patterson both Lee and I appear in this month's photo, above.

FROM THE MAILBOX—"Was glad to meet you at the Sea Kayak Symposium in Port Townsend."—*Everett*.

"We love your magazine! Keep your folksy tone, no matter what!"—*Poulsbo*.

"Rescue Epics are especially interesting and often instructive as well."—*Mercer Island*.

"Did I ever tell you I have every issue your mother and you published since I first subscribed in 1979?"—*Yakima*.

"I've discovered great new areas around the state thanks to your informative reports."—*Index*.

NO ELEVATOR MUSIC—While telephoning the Sedro Woolley Ranger Station recently, I was put on hold.

Instead of canned "elevator music" I was treated to a minute of wolf howls. Way to go, Sedro Woolley!

FREDERICK COOK—The Frederick A. Cook Society funded an expedition by some local climbers last summer to go to Mount McKinley to try to figure out who climbed the mountain first—Robert Peary or Frederick Cook.

The dispute has been lingering for decades. A recently released journal and other papers of Dr. Cook's con-

vinced the climbers to see if they could shed new light on the controversy.

They came back from their expedition with photos that matched sketches Dr. Cook made from McKinley. They did *not* prove that he reached the summit, according to an article on the expedition in the *Everett Herald* (July 28), but their findings may help put pieces of the mysterious puzzle together.

This interests me because my father knew Dr. Cook; they lived in the same house in the 1930s.

GIFT SUBSCRIPTIONS—Time to remind you that *Pack & Paddle* makes a great gift for your hiking friends and family. It's inexpensive, it's informative, and Yellow Cat will send a card announcing your gift.

HIKING WITH WALT—A couple of weeks ago Lee and I went on what is becoming our annual Walt Bailey hike.

We usually meet Walt at his house in Marysville, and Walt picks some interesting trail for us to explore. Randy Patterson always comes along, and we have a great time.

This time we went to "Bailey Lake," an old favorite of the Bailey family—way up some endless logging road, and then cross-country. I can't reveal its location.

Walt, who recently turned 75, is best known for constructing the Mallardy Ridge cutoff trail to Cutthroat Lakes. He did so much work on the trail

single-handed that it has become known as the Walt Bailey Trail.

WE MEET READERS—As Lee and I were coming down from Cascade Pass with friends Greg and Julie, we met a whole line of folks coming up ... they sure looked familiar.

Turns out it was three generations of the Spring and Kirkendall families, headed up for a stay in Pelton Creek basin.

MOUNTAINEER BANQUET—Attending the Mountaineers annual banquet this year provided the opportunity for Lee and me and my mother Louise to visit with old friends. We also got to see slides and hear Dee Molenaar reminisce over his years of mountain experiences in his presentation "High Adventure with Ice Axe and Sketchbook."

Dee's wife Colleen has been having adventures of her own with two new sheep and two new llamas, in addition to the goats. Do old mountaineers just turn into farmers?

JENNIFER'S COOKBOOK—Jennifer Stein Barker (yes, remember Garrison Springs Lodge?) will have a cookbook published in the next couple of months. We'll let you know how to order one when the details are set.

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