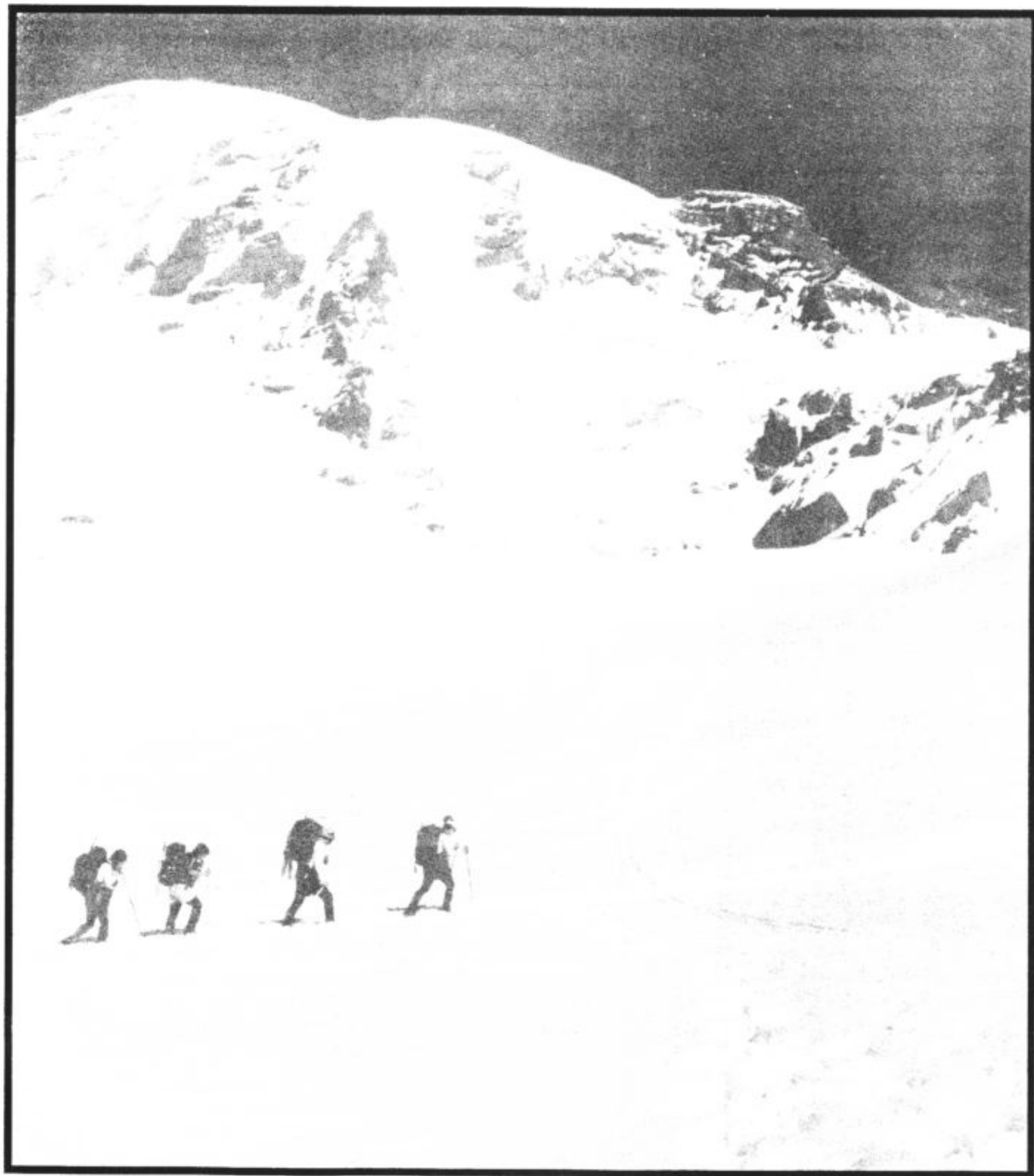


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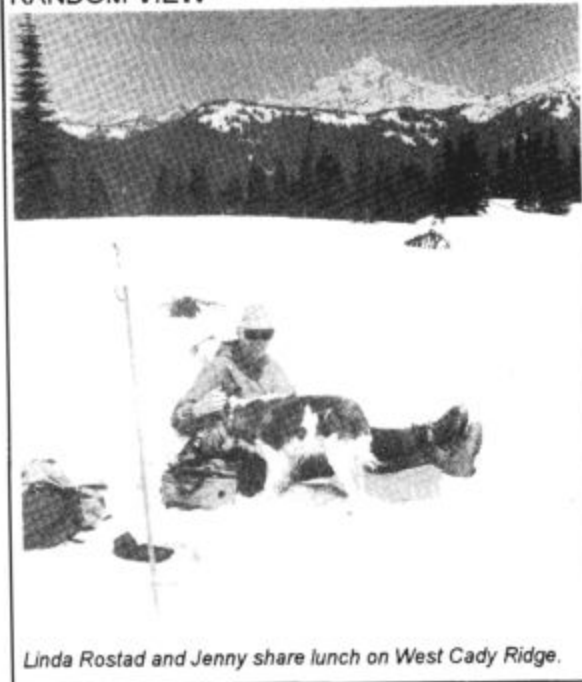
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# Pack & Paddle

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Skiers above Paradise, Mount Rainier National Park, Washington.  
Photo by Lee McKee.

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...

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### ASPENS COMMON IN EASTERN WASHINGTON

In response to Don Potter's lament (*November 1994, page 4*):

Aspens are common lots of places in eastern Washington except for the natural desert in the Palouse country.

Almost any moderately steep north-facing slope that has escaped the farmer's saw will have mixed aspens and ponderosa pines.

An outstanding area is Turnbull Refuge near Cheney. As good as Colorado, Don, and you don't have to go to 8000 feet.

Lots of aspens north of Spokane. If you don't want to go so far, the Teanaway country has lots, also the Methow valley, also the lower Tieton River valley, and the lower Entiat valley if they aren't all burned up.

What ever possessed you to land in Bellevue? Ugh! Come east to God's country.

John Lawrence  
Pullman, Washington

### LOOK NO FURTHER

In response to the search for aspens (*November 1994, page 4*), look no further than the southern edge of our own Glenwood Valley (or "Camas Prairie," its historical name).

There are many lovely groves. They turn into bright reds, oranges and yellows around the third week in October. And most of the groves are accessible from the Glenwood-BZ Corners county road.

So, Mr. Potter, plan to visit next year!

Darryl Lloyd  
Flying L Ranch  
Glenwood, Washington

### LIBRARY FOR ASPENS

Any library with tree identification books can help find aspens (*November, page 4*). Most books give range.

Sudworth's 1908 *Trees of the Pacific Slope* shows several westside locations. Would be interesting to see if they still exist.

Paul Schaufler  
Olympia, Washington

### PURPOSE WAS LOST

My purpose in writing about the Cow Heaven trail (*November 1994, page 7*) was not to extoll the virtues of traveling more slowly, but to give a detailed, Ranger's description of how to access the trail through the government's watershed.

I appreciate your description of what happened to the trail but it doesn't give a clue on how to find it. ...

DLO  
Seattle, Washington

*Editor's Note:* Both the Marblemount and Sedro Woolley offices said they would rather not have a detailed description of how to find the trail appear in print. They would rather have interested hikers stop at the office, or call, to receive directions. We felt we ought to honor that request.—AM.

### TALES OF THE OCEAN

I enjoy this magazine so much! I really laughed at Jim Miller's "Surviving the Raccoon Wars" (*December 1994, page 31*).

I too have tales of Cape Alava and Sand Point. I remember sea otters playing in the surf. We couldn't figure out what they were until they climbed out and went frisking off over the driftwood logs. ...

On the boardwalk—one time I saw a fellow coming along carrying an ice chest, a big one, with both hands. A deer was on the boardwalk, nonchalantly sampling vegetation more easily reached, I suppose, from that height.

The deer was at its leisure. The ice chest carrier was not. He waited even longer than good manners require for the deer to move, but that ice chest was heavy, I could tell.

Finally, losing patience, he sighed, and bumped the deer with the ice chest. The deer, evidently inured to this treatment, took one more bite before stepping off the walkway.

Then there was the time we went and camped tentless. I alone worried about bears, and so was the only one conscious when an intruder came into camp.

I said "Hey!" to wake my fellow campers, and then switched on my flashlight ... and froze.

I was nose to nose with a spotted

skunk. I am yet very grateful I was not nose to tail with it.

We all held as still as concrete stakes while it swished about, checking things out. Then it left, swishily. Yikes!

Peg Ferm  
Monroe, Washington

### MORE ON CRISLER STORY

On a fishing trip up the Elwha many years ago, friends and I stopped and met the Crislens (*December, page 24*) when they lived on the Grant Humes place. Their garden fence was ten feet high to keep out the deer.

Herb was in the process of erecting a scaffold to better photograph a western warbler, I believe it was, hatch and rear her brood.

He took us up the trail a few yards into the forest and pulled the bough down, gently, so we could see her on the nest. We stayed across the trail by the scaffold.

Incidentally, that blueberry cobbler that Paul Marriott made for us at Happy Hollow was from berries he picked in Elwha Basin.

And on a historical note, Bill Matheson's grandmother on his mother's side was half-sister to Billy Everett.

Burdette Redding  
Port Townsend, Washington

### WHEELCHAIR ACCESS

When I stayed at Fort Worden State Park this summer, I was caring for a wheel chair user person.

He was able to walk and stand some but not very far. Since they have bus service to the Park which has the lift aboard, he had a wonderful time while I was free to go do my own pursuits.

It is a thought for anyone in the same situation to look into. I did not know of all the wonderful areas of exploration on hand there so had only planned a short visit.

Marian Mae Robison  
Wapato, Washington



# BACKCOUNTRY NEWS





REPORTS AND CONDITIONS

## INTRODUCTION

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

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

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


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



### PENINSULA



**GENERAL CONDITIONS**—Lots of snow.

**CARR INLET (NOAA 18474)**  
 —After several days of cold wind, rain and snow, this Sunday turned out to be calm and nearly warm. Fourteen kayakers met on Fox Island for a Washington Water Trails Association history outing led by Russ Hallsted.

Our plan was to retrace a portion of Peter Puget's 1792 exploration of lower Puget Sound. After a brief history lecture from our leader, we left from the boat ramp next to the bridge.

Paddling west out of Hale Passage, Russ pointed out the likely location of Puget's first camp at Shaws Cove. The snowcovered Olympics came into view as we rounded Green Point and entered Carr Inlet. The 2½ miles from the point

to Kopachuck State Park passed more quickly than we expected. We beached at the park for a quick pit stop and hiked to the upper rest room (the lower one is closed for the winter).

A fast sprint in the boats brought us to Cutts Island. Once out of the boats here, we rapidly cooled off without the heat produced by paddling. Fortunately we were dressed in layers! Like Puget's group we sat on the beach and had lunch. Russ gave us another history lesson while we ate. Unlike Puget's group we did not shoot crows and eat them for lunch!

From Cutts Island (they called it Crow Island) Puget's party rowed north until he was satisfied Carr Inlet continued no farther. They turned south along the west side of the inlet to continue their voyage of discovery for another seven days.

Having only a one-day voyage of discovery, we retraced our route back to Fox Island. Rounding Green Point again, we had a wonderful view of Mount Rainier covered with snow and not a cloud in the sky. We spent four hours on the water, covered 10 miles, learned a little history and had a pleasant social experience.

WETA has additional history tours planned for 1995. The next is in January. For information, write WETA, 4649 Sunnyside Ave N, Room 345, Seattle WA 98103, or phone 206-545-9161.—Bert Cripe, Port Orchard, 12/4.

way intersection and up the hill to McCormick Woods. Make a left turn into the development and drive about a mile until you come to the intersection with Gleneagle Drive. Turn right onto the gravel road and note the Big Pond Trail markers, one on the right and one on the left. Take the left (south) trail and you will follow the right shore of Big Pond.

This is a very pretty area which retains its pristine nature. The trail is actually an old access road (part of the maze of roads owned by McCormick Tree Farm). There are some nice benches and viewpoints along this trail. Come back in spring and summer and you can observe ospreys, beaver lodges and trilliums.


The trail eventually circles around the head of the lake and crosses the outlet to gain the eastern shore, then ends at a gravel access road. Take a left turn to complete a loop back to the main asphalt and follow it back to the car. Take a right turn to follow the gravel road to the tree farm road; take another right and follow it back to the car. Quite nice. Either option makes about a 2½-mile hike.

This is a geologically interesting area as well. Quite a few granite erratics, eskers and morainal remnants can be seen by visualizing the terrain without trees. It is interesting that, throughout Kitsap County, the glacial erratics are laid down in a very regular pattern, which has been one of the leading indicators for measuring the depth and flow of the Pleistocene Ice from 10,000 years ago.

Big Pond itself, as well as most other

### BACKCOUNTRY NEWS DEADLINE: January 21

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

 **BIG POND TRAIL (private land; USGS Burley)**—Here is a close-to-home trip for Kitsap County folks. Drive out Tremont past the free-



Don Paulson

Peninsula Wilderness Club member Brian Miller skis in Seven Lakes Basin, Olympic National Park.

lakes in Kitsap, was formed by depressions from glacial ablation. Note the generally north/south orientation of the lakes and depressions, showing the direction of flow and retreat.

On a larger scale, Lake Ozette was formed by these same forces. That is the end of the geology lesson for today! There will be no quiz.

Also, you can take the right hand (north) Big Pond trail for a trip through woodlands with many little loops off the main trail.—Larry Smith, Port Orchard, 12/7.

**HURRICANE RIDGE**—Here's the winter schedule:

**Hurricane Ridge Road:** Barring heavy snows or winter storms, the Hurricane Ridge Road will be open 9am to dusk, Saturday through Monday, throughout the snow season.

Road crews will work each Friday to prepare for the scheduled Saturday openings. On Tuesdays, Wednesdays and Thursdays, Hurricane Ridge Road will be open only if sufficient patrol personnel are available and no plowing or sanding is needed.

Even when the road is scheduled to be open, winter conditions such as storms, drifting snow, or avalanche danger may delay or prohibit the road from opening or may force an early closure. For recorded information on Hurricane Ridge road and weather conditions, call 206-452-0329.

**Entrance Fees:** Entrance fees will be collected on weekends this winter at the Heart O'the Hills Entrance Station. Fees will be collected each Saturday and Sunday that the road is open through Sunday, March 26.

In addition, entrance fees will be col-

lected on Monday, December 26, as well as the Monday holidays of January 2 and 16, and February 20. No fees will be charged on December 25, Christmas Day.

Fees are \$5 per vehicle for a seven-day period.

Visitors may also purchase an annual park pass for \$15 or a Golden Eagle Passport (good at all federal fee areas, including national parks) for \$25. Both of these passes are good for one year after the date of purchase.

**Holiday Season:** Weather permitting, the road will be open every day throughout the holiday period of December 24 through January 2.

**Hurricane Ridge Visitor Center:** The Hurricane Ridge Visitor Center will be open with rest rooms and exhibits available whenever the road is open. The information desk will be staffed December 24 through January 2.

Thereafter, the information desk will be staffed every Saturday, Sunday and Monday through March 26. The snack bar and ski shop will be open December 24 and then December 26 through January 1 as well as weekends and Monday holidays (January 16 and February 20) through March 26.

**Snowshoe Walks:** Snowshoe walks will be offered on weekends and Mondays at 2pm for the general public and at 11am for organized non-profit groups with reservations. For group reservations and more information, call 206-452-0330.

**ROADS**—The Dosewallips Road is closed to all pedestrian and vehicle access at the Park boundary while repairs are completed. The road is scheduled to re-open to foot travel in mid-January and to full use in the spring.

The Sol Duc Road will remain open all winter, weather permitting. The Deer Park Road is closed 2.6 miles below the campground. Obstruction Point Road is closed for the season.

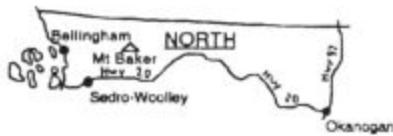
The Quinault North Shore Road remains closed in the area of milepost 9 due to washout. Access to the North Fork and Graves Creek roads is available on the South Shore Road.

All other Park roads are scheduled to remain open all winter, as weather conditions allow.—Ranger, 12/13.

# BACKCOUNTRY NEWS

REPORTS AND CONDITIONS

## NORTH



**GENERAL CONDITIONS**—Lots of snow.

**SKAGIT RIVER, Rockport to Marblemount**—A morning closure is in effect on this section of the river this winter. See *Panorama*, page 30.

**WINTHROP DISTRICT**—The Methow Valley Sport Trails Association in cooperation with the Forest Service offers 175km of machine-groomed trails, making the Methow system the second largest in the nation for Nordic skiing. Hut-to-hut, backcountry, heliskiing and telemark skiing are also available.

Although a portion of the Eightmile road is being pilloved for log hauling, it is closed to all public use. The road is too narrow, banked, steep and icy to allow safe mixed traffic. Violators may be fined.

With snow on the ground, animal tracks are easy to spot and identify. A nice inexpensive track book is *Animal Tracks of the Pacific Northwest*, available at the Winthrop Ranger Station.

Animals are creatures of habit and often use the same travel routes year round. I followed a set of tracks that came out of the woods behind my house, went to the rabbit hutch, to the wood pile, around the house, and then disappeared into the rock wall. Occasionally we get a glimpse of the ermine that made those tracks.

Don't miss the Ski Rodeo in Mazama on January 1.

For the latest MVSTA trail condi-

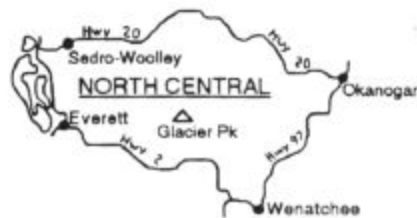
tions, call 800-422-3048.—Linda Du Lac, Winthrop Ranger Station, 12/8.

**SUN MOUNTAIN**—It is 28 degrees and snowing very lightly right now. Last night we had an average of 6 inches of new snow in the Methow Valley area—slightly more at Mazama, slightly less as Winthrop.

All the trails are open. At Sun Mountain we have 2 to 3 feet of snow on the ground.

The Methow Valley Trail is open; it runs from Sun Mountain to Winthrop to Mazama. You can ski part of it for a day, or go inn-to-inn the length of the valley.—Don Portman, Sun Mountain, 12/16.

## NORTH CENTRAL



**GENERAL CONDITIONS**—Lots of snow. Most forest roads closed.

**TROUBLESOME MOUNTAIN** (*Henry M Jackson Wilderness; USGS Monte Cristo, Blanca Lake*)—It was, then it wasn't, then it was ... Troublesome, that is.

The North Fork Skykomish road is snow-closed 10 miles up from Index, just beyond the bridge over the river, making for an extra mile road-walk to Troublesome Creek, 1258 feet.

Climbed southwest ridge from there. Open. Big trees. Minor rock-rib problem at 3900 feet. Scenic glades above. Stunner views of Hubbard, Scott,

Spire, Bear. Great day, early.

Bypassed false summit at 5000 feet, right. Steepness. Long way down. Snow above 2000 feet progressively deeper sugar—tiring for snowshoed leaders, even powerful Chris and Bruce. Dick, Bill and I appreciated the staircase. Calendar says it was still fall, but this was more winter than winter is.

Final 400 feet was steep knee-deep powder too fluffy to slide, over hardish crust. Mean wind blowing snow on top, 5433 feet. Blanca Lake was blanca. Columbia-Monte Cristo-Keyes cirque looked Himalayan.

Advancing front eats Spire Mountain. Back to road in 2.5 hours, faster than expected. Another half-hour to the truck. Dark.—John Roper, Bellevue, 12/11.

**WHITE CHUCK BRIDGE**—The bridge over the PCT has finally been repaired. It was done at the end of October, with helicopters that could

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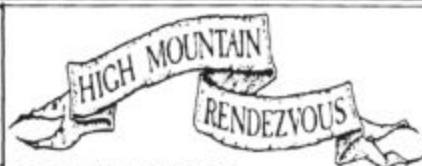
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# BACKCOUNTRY NEWS

REPORTS AND CONDITIONS



Mark Owen

National Peak from Point 4960+, near Monte Cristo. Silvertip is the dark peak to the right.

finally be spared from fire-fighting.

The new bridge is 35 feet long and 100 feet above the gorge, says Dawn Erickson of the Darrington District. It's constructed with native materials to fit the Wilderness setting and has log stringers and rough-cut rails.

Although it's under several feet of snow now, it will be ready for the first PCT hikers as soon as the snow melts next spring.—Ranger, 12/1.

## MOUNTAIN LOOP HIGHWAY—

There's about 3 to 4 feet of snow at Barlow Pass. The County has plowed on the Verlot side up to Deer Creek. The Darrington side has not been plowed.—Ranger, 12/14.

**CHELAN DISTRICT**—Echo Ridge has a variety of loop trails with great

views of Lake Chelan, the Enchantments, Pyramid Peak and Okanogan Highlands. Trail grooming is planned after each snowfall.

The road up to Echo Ridge is open but you need to be prepared for winter driving. Parking is free (not an official Sno-Park).

There is a suggested donation of \$6 per day if you are not a member of the Lake Chelan Nordic Club or Lake Chelan Ski Club.—Ranger, 12/6.

**STEHEKIN**—Grooming goes as far up as High Bridge this winter. Grooming on other trails depends on snow conditions and use.

Loop trails are from 2 to 12 miles long to suit everyone's ability.

The *Lady Express* is on its winter schedule until 4/30. The *Express* leaves Chelan at 10am and Fields Point at 10:50am, arriving at Stehekin at 12:30pm. The *Express* leaves Stehekin at 2pm, arriving at Fields Point at 3:35pm and Chelan at 4:20pm.

The boat operates Sunday, Monday, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday only. For fares and parking information, call the Lake Chelan Boat Company, 509-682-2224.—Ranger, 12/6.

**ENTIAT DISTRICT**—The Entiat River road is plowed to the Sno-Park. All roads north of the Sno-Park are closed due to snow.

The Mad River trail system remains closed due to dangerous conditions resulting from the Tye Creek Fire.—Ranger, 12/6.

**LEAVENWORTH DISTRICT**—Please observe fire-closed boundaries. These areas are unsafe. Maps of the closed areas are available at the Ranger Station.—Ranger, 12/6.

## CENTRAL



**GENERAL CONDITIONS**—Lots of snow. Many forest roads are not plowed and there may be trees down.

**CLE ELUM DISTRICT**—The two-year-old non-motorized area off Highway 97 has a new tie-trail between Swauk Pass Sno-Park and Swauk campground. The non-motorized area provides 10 miles of cross-country ski routes. It is bordered on the north by Highway 97, on the west and south by Hurley Creek road 9711, and on the east by road 9716.

Other routes such as Iron Creek, Old Blewett, Wenatchee Ridge and Tronsen Meadow also provide great skiing outside the non-motorized area.

Cooper Bridge is currently closed due to bridge reconstruction. Work will not resume until spring. The construction area including the bridge deck is officially closed due to safety hazards. There is no access for winter touring and the Cooper road will not be groomed this season.—Ranger, 12/6.

## SOUTH CENTRAL



**GENERAL CONDITIONS**—Lots of snow. Many forest roads are not plowed and there may be trees down.

❄️ **"LITTLE SAINT HELENS"**  
(*Baker-Snoqualmie Natl Forest and private land; USGS Bandera, Findley Lake*)—Driving west down from Snoqualmie Pass, you can easily recognize Silver Peak and (double) Humpback Mountain on the left.

## 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



# BACKCOUNTRY NEWS

REPORTS AND CONDITIONS

When the freeway flattens, still on the left, fairly close to the road, a distinctive summit appears. In its winter white, it looks very much like Mount Saint Helens did before she blew.

If you're running out of new peaks to do along the South Fork Snoqualmie (I-90) corridor, this summit, between Hansen and Carter Creeks is a good winter workout.

Chris, Bruce, and I turned off I-90 at the Denny Creek exit and looped back west on icy, rutted road 55 about a mile to road 5510 and parked at 1750 feet.

Hiking up 5510, we passed under powerlines (most 4WDs were stopped here by snow), and in ¾-mile came to the Milwaukee railroad trestle, high above us over Hansen Creek. A scratch trail gained the railroad bed.

Shortly after crossing the trestle we headed cross-country, uphill through decent second growth which broke out into open snowy slopes, after 300 vertical feet. Time for snowshoes.

From 2700 feet up, the trip is dessert. This snow slope in Section 21 is either entirely open or dotted with only sparse young hemlocks and silvers. Big views across to the north side of the valley to Defiance, Bandera, and Granite in their winter cloaks were crisp. The snow was unconsolidated powder and tiring lower down, then developed a good base higher.

We basically climbed the north-northeast face, reaching "Little Saint Helens," 4520+ feet, in 3 hours and 15 minutes for unobstructed 360 degree views (thanks to loggers).

Shadowy Rainier was big to the south. The white fang of Kalectan, poking around Granite, was Matterhornish. The flanking summits of Mount Gardner and "Bear Scout" ("Handsome Peak") looked great in December.

We kicked steps southwest to the 4582-foot high point of this ridge, then satisfied loop requirements by slip-sliding away down into the West Fork Hansen Creek where we picked up the main-drag logging road at the "Borrow Pit," sharing it back to the car with snowmobilers dragging out Christmas trees.—John Roper, Bellevue, 12/4.



## KEECHELUS DAM LOOP

(Wenatchee Natl Forest;

USGS Stampede Pass)—A forecasted sunny day seemed like a good time to check out the Price Creek Eastbound Sno-Park for cross-country skiers (see December, page 32). Heading east on I-90 the Sno-Park is well signed and easy to find just past the end of Keechelus Lake at Mile Post 61. Eight or ten cars were in the large lot this Tues-

day mid-day.

While the Sno-Park is easy to find, where to ski once you're there is not so clear. The path out of the parking lot is marked, but ends at an intersection with the right fork marked with an arrow, a cross-country skier emblem, and a blue diamond. Obviously the way to go—maybe. The left fork, while missing the arrow and emblem, also has a blue diamond on a tree. Tracks go in both directions.

Ann and I chose the right fork. The path drops a bit initially making for a nice (but short) downhill run, then remains relatively flat while it wanders through the land. Except for the initial blue diamond, no formal pathway is marked. The apparently intended path is to head northwest to the end of Keechelus Lake, climb to the top of the spillway, cross the spillway on the access road, and intersect road 5480. By guessing at intersections and following our noses, that is what we did.

From road 5480 you can travel the forest road system (which looked like a super highway for snowmobilers) or connect with the Iron Horse Trail for skiers only.

We initially headed out road 5483 leading to Meadow Pass in the hope of gaining some elevation. This is major snowmobile country. Being a weekday, we saw only two Forest Service snowmobiles, but on a weekend I would imagine this area would be heavily populated with them. After a bit, the road leveled off and rather than continue, we turned around and enjoyed the only significant (but still minor) downhill run of the day.

Rather than return the way we came, we decided to try a loop. At the intersection of road 5480 and the Iron Horse Trail, we turned southeast on the trail, planning to travel it to its intersection with road 54. The Iron Horse Trail is relatively flat and parallels road 5480 here, so while not travelling on the same path as snowmobilers, you will be in close proximity to them.

Before the intersection with road 54, we saw a blue diamond and arrow marking a used path heading northeast into the woods. This path turned out to be the cross-country ski trail that used to lead from the Crystal Springs Sno-Park. Blue diamonds marked the first section of the path, then the diamonds disappeared—from the lingering small pieces of blue and some nails, we could see they had been torn off the trees. This path leads by property well marked as private and the beginning of it in the Crystal Springs rock pit is marked with a private drive sign. In retrospect, the

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### PCT GUIDEBOOK

for Washington, published in 1977 but still useful. Researched by locals over several years; includes little known campsites and water sources. Out of print, last copies: \$5 each.

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best choice would have been to stay on the Iron Horse Trail until it met road 54.

Leaving the rock pit, we joined road 54 and headed northeast on it until we crossed the Yakima River. Just past the crossing, tracks headed off into Crystal Springs campground which we figured was the obvious way back to the Price Creek Sno-Park. We followed the campground access road until we saw several blue diamonds heading off on a ski trail into the woods. As before, the blue diamonds disappeared after the first few. We again were left following a track that we hoped took us where we wanted to go.

After the monotony of the flat Iron Horse Trail and road travel, this path was a nice diversion through the woods. It also included crossing a small *unbridged* creek which we rock-hopped across. After meandering it finally did reach the Sno-park as we had hoped—it was the other fork of the trail from the Sno-park.

As advertised, the Price Creek East-bound Sno-Park does provide alternate access to the Iron Horse Trail and the Stampede Pass road systems now that Crystal Springs Sno-Park is not available; however, it is not user friendly because of the lack of trail markings.—LGM, Port Orchard, 12/13.



#### HENSKIN LAKE/SILVER BASIN

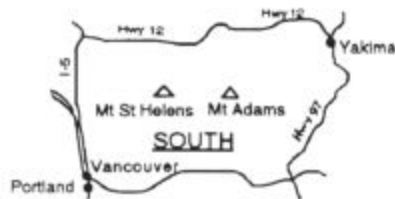
(*Baker-Snoqualmie Natl Forest; USGS Norse Peak*)—I always enjoy going to Crystal Mountain Ski Area to practice my telemark turns at the lift skiing area. Even though the crowds are really not my style, the opportunity to get many practice turns compensates for the noisy environment. The chance to ski just as fast as possible on the relatively smooth runs is also rejuvenating.

However, the real bonus for me is the opportunity to ride the Quicksilver chair up to the start of the ski trail to Silver Basin. I attach my climbing skins and shuffle up the trail through beautiful stands of Silver Fir and Alaska Cedar up to the snow covered Henskin Lakes and on up into the very open Silver Basin.

When the conditions are safe, I soar up to the ridgecrest and on to Silver Peak before removing the skins for the exhilarating run down to the basin. The feeling of isolation is in stark contrast to the lifts just a mile away, and the run can be pure ecstasy in powder conditions. The view of Mount Rainier, the Cascades, and the Olympics is excellent.

Remember to check in with the Ski Patrol before and after you do the tour.—Larry Smith, Port Orchard.

#### SOUTH



**GENERAL CONDITIONS**—Lots of snow. Most forest roads are not plowed and some have trees down.

**PETERSON PRAIRIE CABIN**—If you haven't made reservations yet, better make 'em soon!

The cabin is reserved for all January weekends and most weekdays. February weekends are all reserved, but there's still lots of room during the week.

The fee is \$25 per night for two adults with a \$5 additional charge for each adult up to 6 maximum. Call the Mount Adams District for rental information: 206-395-3400.—Ranger, 12/1.

**COLDWATER RIDGE**—Highway 504 will be plowed all winter to the Coldwater Ridge Visitor Center. The Center is open daily, 9am to 5pm, and is 43 miles from I-5. During the winter, elk are frequently seen.—Ranger, 12/1.

**WIND RIVER DISTRICT**—The only road being plowed is the Wind River Highway, road 30.—Ranger, 12/1.

#### OREGON

**MOUNT HOOD NATL FOREST**—The Trillium Basin area has been groomed for unimpeded skiing. The Timberline Road is regularly plowed and sanded; traction devices are required as posted. Lolo Pass road 18 is not plowed; some trees are down across road. Road 4220, into Olallie Lake, has tons of snow, about 6 feet.

#### HOW TO CONTACT US

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There are two cabins to rent on the Mount Hood National Forest. For information on the Lost Lake cabin, call 503-386-6366. For information on the Olallie Lake cabin, call 503-637-6340 (leave message).—Ranger, 12/1.

**WINEMA NATL FOREST**—The new Summit Shelter is complete and is open for day use by cross-country skiers and snowshoers. The log warming hut is about a 2¾-mile trip from the Summit Sno-park on Highway 140 (between Medford and Klamath Falls).

Volunteers from several local clubs contributed labor to build the shelter, install a woodstove, and stock it with firewood. Dwight Johnson, Winema National Forest, supervised construction. Work was barely completed before early season snow turned access roads into ski trails.

The shelter now provides a convenient place to break for lunch and take in the great views of Mount McLaughlin and Brown Mountain. Get the "High Lakes Nordic Trail Map" from any Winema forest office for trail info.—Ranger, 12/1.

#### IDAHO

#### SAWTOOTH NATL REC AREA

Trails are not groomed during a snowstorm, and for at least three days after a heavy storm. There is a cost to ski on any groomed trail. The North Valley trails are \$5 a day for adults and \$1 for children. Season passes are also available.

Doggie passes or donations are also encouraged. If you ski with your four-legged friend, please clean up after him, and ski only on the designated "Doggie Trails."—Roma Nelson, Sawtooth NRA, 12/12.

**AVALANCHE FORECAST**—A 5-minute recorded avalanche forecast is available by calling 208-788-1200 x 8027. It is updated every 24 hours.—Ranger, 12/13.

**PAYETTE NATL FOREST**—Ponderosa State Park trails are groomed as needed with both track skiing and a skating lane. Trails are in excellent condition with all the new snow. The timber thinning is over and Sunrise Trail is now groomed again. The lights for night skiing at the Park have been ordered.

Brundage Mountain road is plowed and sanded to the ski area, but the sharp curves can be very, very slick.—Ranger, 12/12.



Shirley Haley

Joanna Wilson and Megan Walker on the East Bank trail at Baker Lake.

## 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.

**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).

**FOR SALE**—Women's x-c skis, boots, size 8, \$100. Folbot, \$50. Yakima, pickup-type bike rack, \$60. Call Dave, evenings, 206-752-9214.

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

**FOR SALE**—One pair Alpina cross-country ski boots, size 42 (men's 9). Like new. 75mm, general touring. Paid \$100, will sell \$45.

One pair Monteliana backcountry/telemark cross-country ski boots, recently resoled with Asolo Extreme soles. \$120. Size about 9½ men's. Call Don, 206-643-1543.

**WANTED**—Want to buy cross-country ski boots similar to above, size 10 men's (44 European). Call Don, 206-643-1543.

**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).

**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.

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

**FOR SALE**—Set of tent poles for Early Winters light dimension pack tent. Call Jim Ledbetter, 206-523-0095.

**LOST**—green "Eddie Bauer" umbrella on Mount Si; other side of the basin in the trees. If found please call Sally at 206-363-6978.



KAREN SYKES

# Kennedy Hot Springs on Snowshoes

—A TROOP 70 ADVENTURE—

John referred to this overnight to Kennedy Hot Springs at the end of November as a Troop 70 "Big Boys Outing" (for those boys who have survived several years of going on outings with John).

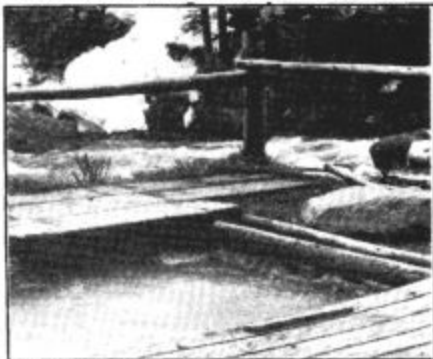
Despite the snow John was determined to get to the trailhead. Many snowy miles later, the Happy Car made it to the Kennedy Hot Springs trailhead. There was probably 8 or 9 inches of snow on the road at that point.

John, three veterans of Troop 70 (Trevor, Andy, and Jeff), and my friend, Kathe Stanness and I unfolded ourselves from the Jeep and proceeded to hit the trail. We needed snowshoes right from the beginning. We had 5½ miles to go with 1000 feet elevation gain.

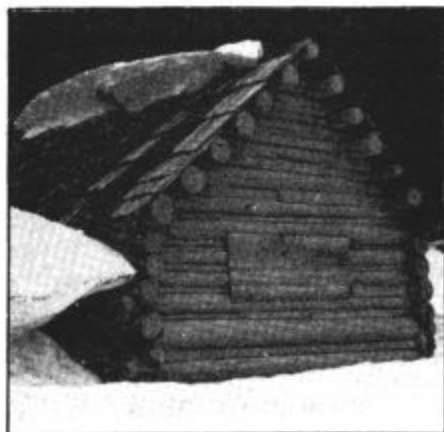
Kathe and I had several months of talk to catch up on so we brought up the rear of the group. The weather a mixture of sun, clouds, and very light snow showers. We felt like we were walking through a Christmas card.

The ups and downs are gentle—unless it is your first snowshoe overnight of the year. It didn't take long for our heavy packs to take their toll on our middle-aged bodies. We were surprised to meet a young, long-legged man coming out as we were going in and dismayed to hear that we still had a "goodly" ways to go.

We continued on our "goodly" way. The ups and downs of the trail finally led to a flat and we could see in the distance the bridge that promises Ken-



The "unsavory soup."



Lee McKee

The guard station was locked.

nedly Hot Springs is close.

There was about a foot of snow on the bridge and one of the planks was missing. The hand-rail was sturdy, though, so we hung on to that and walked sideways with our snowshoes on. The guard station was locked (I admit to having fantasies of its being open with a roaring fire inside and hot drinks waiting for us).

Kathy and I found John and the Big Boys camped across the bridge. It had taken us an hour longer to reach camp but I was secretly pleased to see that they were also tired from their journey.

Despite the unsanitary conditions I had read and heard about, I was cold and tired and ready to bask in the warmth of the springs, even if it did look like hot chocolate.

Andy was the first to jump in, followed by Trevor. Jeff hesitated, afraid of hypothermia as it was beginning to snow again but couldn't resist. Then John jumped in. Then I jumped in.

Bacteria be darned, I thought. When I saw the steam rising off the water I rationalized that probably winter is the safest time to indulge in the springs.

Kathe, who does medical and scientific research, knew better and stayed out of the unsavory soup but she did dip her hands in a couple of times to warm her fingers.

We stayed in quite a while, putting

off the dreaded moment when we would have to emerge from the warm water and stand shivering before our piles of wet clothing.

What finally got us out of the water was the threat of darkness coming on. We had to get our meals and prepare for the long, cold night. I could devote pages to the agony of getting out of the warm water and walking back to the tents in damp clothing and wet boots, but I will spare you.

Dinner was good, as always. We had potatoes, beef and gravy, and Trevor brought peach cobbler for dessert.

John was still cold so right after dinner we went to our tents. We slept about 12 hours—from 7pm to 7am. Kathe said it had been long enough since her last winter camping trip that she forgot some things she knew about winter camping—and so did I. I left my gaiters outside: a disaster the next morning.

There were a couple of light snow showers during the night of the 25th but in the morning things were quiet. We emerged from the tent and faced our morning chores. John prepared his usual omelet (in the winter it is scrambled eggs). It was delicious.

Packing up was the usual cold fingered misery but somehow it all got done and we were ready to leave by 10am.

We'd gone out about a mile when we came upon the Mountaineers Youth Group, a party of five (three boys and two adults). They had had a long day the day before—they were not able to drive to the trailhead and had to hike an extra 3 miles to reach it.

Since they didn't start until 1pm they were still on the trail at dark and had to set up camp before reaching Kennedy Hot Springs.

We also met a couple of young men about half-way who wondered if they had enough time to hike to the springs and out again. We advised them to turn back and they did.

Their dog had turned back before they met us and we hoped the dog made



SHA

# A Day on McGregor Mountain

—CAN WE GET TO THE TOP AND STILL GET THE BUS BACK TO STEHEKIN?—

In September of 1993, I hiked up the Goode Ridge Trail to the old fire lookout site, and wondered about the views from 1500 feet higher on the mountain blocking the view to the east.

My wife and I set our sights on day hiking to the summit of McGregor Mountain. I read and reread the trail description and "recipe" for the passage at the top end of the trail from Darvill's Stehekin book and noted his estimated times to hike this trail, since a bus ride down to Stehekin would end the day.

**The Plan:** Ride up the valley to the High Bridge trailhead, start at 0900, hike and scramble 7 miles to the summit, gaining about 5600 feet in about 5 (plus or minus) hours, descend to the trailhead for the last bus at 1800.

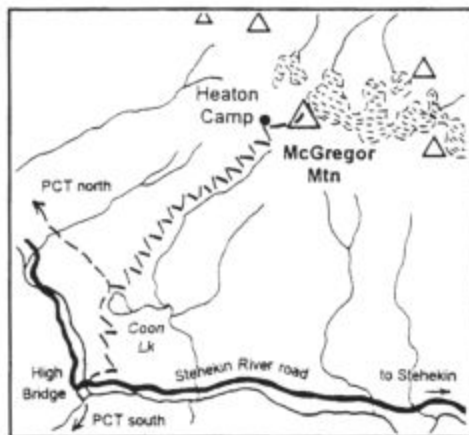
**0815.** Our party of three boards the bus for High Bridge on September 20, 1994. The only other rider is a PCT hiker from Brooklyn; he started hiking at Donner Pass, California.

In response to a question about Jardine's PCT book (*The Pacific Crest Trail Handbook*), he says it's a hot topic among PCT hikers (not all favorable). He estimates 6 more days will put him at the border. No bakery stop—we all want to get going.

**0900.** We start up a dry dusty trail. At Coon Lake I spot the radio aerial which defines the summit. It's warm at the lake and getting warmer.

**1045.** We arrive at the 3-mile viewpoint. It's hot. The view of Dome Peak and Coon Lake makes this a worthwhile destination. One of our party decides to stop here and return on an early bus. Saw one snake to this point.

**1230.** Somewhere in the fifth mile



we decide to make a partial lunch break. I keep wondering about the vegetation change points Darvill mentions (last ponderosa pine at 4.4 miles; first larch at 5.5 miles). We are going slower, the trail has many switchbacks on a south facing slope and there is a warm, pleasant breeze. To the west, we can see parts of Sahale Arm.

**1300.** After lunch, my wife decides to go at a slower pace. I take off for higher points. More switchbacks, back and forth, on and on. I'm hiking with one eye on the clock.

**1330.** I reach the bottom of the basin ½-mile below Heaton Camp, the breeze is now a strong cold wind from the west. With all my warm gear on it's still cold, and breathing is something else at 6500 feet.

**1400.** I see the sign "Heaton Camp," elevation 7000 feet, make a quick inspection, then look up to the aerial in sunshine, so close (it's still a steep .4 mile plus the scramble, says Darvill).

The body says yes—you can do it!  
The mind says yes—but not on the

timetable you must keep. One injury or scramble boo-boo (Darvill says its exposed) and you're on your own in the cold wind till your wife catches up.

**1415.** Body and mind sit down and admire the view to the south, from Bonanza to Glacier Peak, to Dome Peak. In a draw at this point I have a good southern view only. Then I sit and look at the path to the scramble, just as Darvill described. It looks straight forward, so ... close.

**1430.** Start back down from Heaton Camp, join my wife just below the basin edge. Darvill says allow three hours going down. We march down with one eye on the clock all the way. Arrive at High Bridge with 10 minutes to spare.

We ride back down the road with another PCT hiker (started at Mexico) from Seattle. Same comments about Jardine's book. He also observes that there are a lot of monotonous sections of PCT in Washington and 16 miles of Agnes Creek is one of them!

Next day at the bakery, we see photos of folks at the top of McGregor with bagels or other goodies in hands and mouths. Maybe that's the secret ingredient for bagging the summit! We also see a number of PCTers who are clothed in fashions by Jardine.

Goode Ridge has some fabulous views with a strenuous hike. If you can get to the summit McGregor's views are probably fantastic, but you will work for them and have to keep a tight timetable.

△

*SHA, of Seattle, has been climbing mountains since he got to the top of Humbug Mountain in Oregon at age 12.*

## KENNEDY HOT SPRINGS ON SNOWSHOES *continued from previous page*

it back to the trailhead. They passed us but about a half-mile from the trailhead we met them again—their dog had not taken the trail back to the car so they were going back to look for her.

Just when we reached the cars the young men came back out—with their dog. They were lucky!

We enjoyed dinner in Darrington at the Back Woods Cafe and relived the

best parts of our adventure.

△

*Karen Sykes, of Seattle, is a member of The Mountaineers.*

DEBORAH RIEHL

## RESCUE EPICS

—BEWARE THE FOGGY, FOGGY DEW—

We're well into the quiet season for search and rescue—in the winter there's not quite as many people wandering around in the backcountry.

The county has figured out a few novel ways to keep us busy, however. This morning they invited us on an "evidence search"—for the weapon used in a drive-by shooting.

Kinda far removed from our usual wilderness venue! We were, however, successful.

Another recent success—a little more traditional—was finding a man lost in the woods ... near Kenmore. He was walking around his several-acre woodlot and lost his bearings.

Yup, winter's here and things are slow. So here's another mission from the long, hot summer.

Chair Peak provides us with a lot of summer business. It's close to Seattle, on the popular Snow Lake trail—and it's a technical mountain with lots of loose rock.

On August 23, two days after my birthday, we were contacted by the county regarding two overdue climbers missing overnight on Chair Peak. These guys were throw-backs—they had no radio or cell phone with them!

At first light one of the subject's wives called the sheriff. A county car went up to the pass and found their car at the Snow Lake trailhead. By mid-morning we had teams on the saddle between Source Lake and Snow Lake.

We encountered another party out with a cell phone. They were asked to keep an eye out and call us if they spotted anything suspicious.

One team spotted something in a gully below the traverse between Great Scott basin and Chair Peak. Unfortunately no one in the team had binoculars. The sighting consisted of a "spot

of color" in a vertical cleft next to a snow patch.

With no way to glass the object from afar the team began to laboriously work their way through the benches and cliff bands between Chair Peak and Bryant Peak.

A half hour later one searcher calling another's name got two replies. One of the missing had the same name as the searcher being called! The subjects were on the Chair Peak side of Snow Lake.

Rescuers and the recently-found worked their way around the lakeshore until they met up. The two climbers were in good shape—just thirsty and tired. They were capable of walking out, they said, but didn't turn down a proffered helicopter ride.

They told us of their unplanned night out. As they ascended the mountain visibility was reduced to 60 feet. They reached the saddle below the summit at 4pm and decided to retreat.

In the fog they ended up on a ridge above the northwest corner of Snow Lake, where they cliffed out. They retraced their steps up to the saddle and tried descending farther east. Between 3 and 4am they huddled on a ledge and dozed during the darkest part of the night.

They recommenced their steep down-climbing and had just about reached the lake when the rescue party encountered them. They were well dressed and were never really cold.

The helicopter landed on the shore of Snow Lake where the cabin used to stand. However, within the next few years the trees there are going to get too tall for the blades to clear. Mother Nature reclaims another LZ. △

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



*Mountain Gallery*

*by Dee Molenaar*



K-2



HELEN NIEBERL

## “WE’RE NOT LOST”

—DEEP IN A CANYON, WITH DARKNESS OVERTAKING US, WE FOUND NO INDICATION OF A TRAIL—

I stood looking at the very steep drop-off into rocks and brush with a hollow feeling of desperation in the pit of my stomach.

I did not want to go down. But I simply had to drop over that edge of Grassy Point if I wanted to help Tony complete his dream loop trip and not louse up the whole weekend.

This adventure had started several months ago when Tony had read a description of the Milk Creek Trail in Crowder and Tabor’s *Routes and Rocks*. His curiosity was aroused by the reference to an old trail, marked by blazes.

Alone, he looked until he found that trail where it dropped across Milk Creek. Then he followed it as it climbed toward the northwest nose of Grassy Point to the place where it finally petered out high in the cliffs.

He came home from that exploratory hike full of wonder. “Why would anyone put so much work into constructing a trail which doesn’t seem to have a purpose?” The mystery challenged him.

Both of us knew Milk Creek and Grassy Point from previous hikes. Now he proposed that we plan to overnight on Grassy Point and then drop down its north face to find a connection to the abandoned trail. We would follow it to get back to the Milk Creek trail.

When I heard what he wanted to do, I picked up our copy of *Routes and Rocks* and pointed to a quote, “the brush, cliffs, and cascades of the awesome north face,” stressing the word “awesome.”

Tony nodded confidently. “We can do it.”

Our old friend, Frank, intrigued by the idea of pioneering a cross-country connection, decided to go with us.

Contemplating this trip, full of unknowns, I was filled with my usual mix of anticipation and apprehension. I wanted to be the intrepid explorer that Tony saw in me, but I was only too well aware of the part of me that found comfort in staying on trails. Still, I trusted Tony. He had never failed me yet.

It was a sunny day in late summer when the three of us left from the Suiattle trailhead. Crossing the Suiattle River over a footbridge, we hiked through a dark rain forest of old-growth evergreens.

An hour later we stopped to rest at a camp spot on the bank of a stream. A home-made sign proclaimed “Camp No-sec-um.” When a few of the little beasties found me, I slapped away at them.

Tony noticed I was wearing my light-weight cotton slacks. “How come no jeans this trip?”

I shrugged, not even sure myself why I was wearing such light-weight trousers. Perhaps I was seduced into it by their pretty shade of green. I was to regret my choice.

Four miles farther on, we came out into a brushy meadow. At our left, a well-used campsite underneath a rocky overhang made a convenient lunch stop.

Later, as I sought a party-break, I tripped over a log and tore a gaping

hole in the right knee of my cotton trousers. Those slacks were never meant for roughing it.

Though I’d scraped off a layer of skin, there was only a trace of blood and no broken bones. Embarrassed by my clumsiness and my bad judgment in having worn them, I said as little as possible about my injury to Tony and Frank. When my knee began to stiffen, I tried to conceal my limp.

After lunch, we followed the Dolly Creek trail for a time. Then Tony left the trail to cut across to the left toward the crest of a rolling ridge to the north.

Soon we came to a little glade surrounded by low-growing trees. Made especially inviting by a tiny, moss-encrusted pool, it would have been a charming place to camp.

Tony, however, urged us on to camp on Grassy Point itself. Filling our water bottles at the little stream and adding a purifying agent, we set off up the steep hillside.

On the slippery growth of hellebore and lupine, I found I was making one step back for every two steps forward, but eventually we reached the volcanic soil of the ridge.

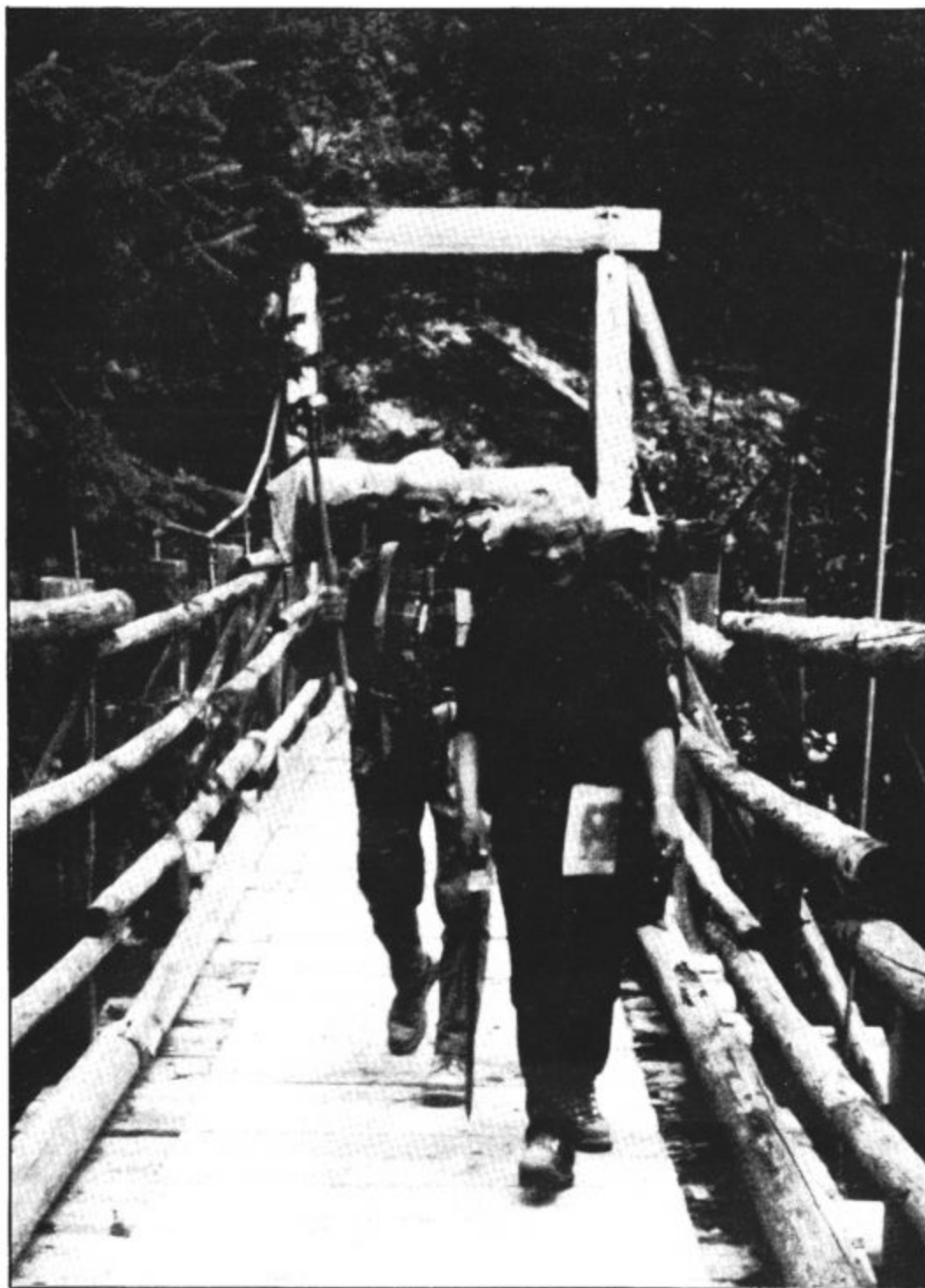
After dinner we all sat, backs braced against slabs of rock to watch the splendor of sunset on Glacier Peak. My thighs were painfully aware of the pressure of smaller rocks mixed with the soil.

The most glorious moment occurred when the sun’s golden half-circle rested for a moment on the western horizon and then sank below the rim of peaks, pulling its ocean of color down with it. Suddenly Glacier Peak was bathed in a rosy, diffused glow. Then the glow faded, and dark came.

We lay on our backs for a time, gazing at the star-studded skies. I recognized only the Big Dipper and the Little

“We’re Not Lost” is a chapter excerpted from Helen Nieberl’s book *On The Trail: The Adventures of a Middle-Aged Tenderfoot*.





*Tony and Helen crossing the Suiattle River.*

Dipper. Frank knew Cassiopeia's Chair, Aquila, the Corona Borealis, and the North Cross. How much I didn't know! I thought. How much I had to learn.

A satellite passed above us from west to east, its metallic surface reflecting light from the sun which had, from our vantage point, sunk below the western ridges. I was filled with wonder at the audaciousness of the human race trying

to explore the limits of space.

A meteor fell, tracing its fiery trail across the sky. Remembering a night of falling stars when I was a child in North Dakota, I felt the same awe I remembered feeling then.

In the morning, Tony and Frank left to search for any traces showing that the old trail might have come out on Grassy Point. I stayed in camp, nursing

my stiffened right knee. Using the mending kit from my pack, and my red bandana, I stitched a makeshift patch on my torn pants.

Several hours later the men returned. They had found nothing to indicate a connection with the abandoned trail.

"Let's make lunch, pack up and start down anyway," Tony said. "I've been on that trail from below. I got almost right up to this spot, and I know I can pick it up."

Later, wearing our packs, we all walked west along the edge of Grassy Point's cliffs. At a break in the cliffs, some marks in the volcanic soil indicated that someone or something had once traveled there. Tony decided to go down.

So there I was with that desperate feeling of reluctance to drop over that edge of Grassy Point. I saw no alternative but to follow him.

Taking a deep breath, sinking my walking stick deep into the soil, I followed Tony, digging in my heels, keeping control as I skidded down.

Frank brought up the rear. Although the first few yards offered no obstacle other than steepness, our downward path soon brought us to steep, cliffy drop-offs.

Tony angled this way and that way, avoiding the absolutely impossible cliffs, sliding around the edges of those that were only hair-raising.

My uneasy feeling increased. Down, down, down, we went, fighting through tangles of brush, edging our way around cliffs, stepping over downed trees, crawling under others, clawing our way around forest giants too huge to step over or

crawl under.

Devil's club and thimbleberry, thorny thickets of all kinds caught at our clothes, ripped at our hands, left wounds that stung.

On and on we went. Always hoping to intercept the old trail, Tony sometimes took us up a steep slope. Then down the other side we went, sliding, sliding, only to traverse higher again. No matter where he led us, no sign of a



Tony and Helen, on a trip in the Pasayten.

trail appeared.

My woefully inadequate pants gave way under the strain. First, the red bandana patch tore loose. Then I caught the left pantleg on a projecting branch.

Finally, as I tried to straddle a huge log, I split the seat all the way up to the waist band. I was just about down to my briefs, and too tired to care. I thought of draping my parka around my waist but the effort required more energy than I had to spare.

As dusk came on, I could hardly drag one leg after the other. Though we stopped frequently so I could rest, the stops no longer revived me. My confidence in Tony was at a low ebb.

We were deep in a canyon, and darkness was overtaking us. Finally Tony said, "It's so dark now, I couldn't recognize the trail if we did cross it. We'll have to wait till morning."

"Are we lost?" Sinking to the moist ground, I just hoped I wouldn't have to pick up my pack and go on.

"No, we're not lost." It sounded as if Tony and Frank spoke together.

"We know where we are," said Tony confidently. "We have to go up higher,

but you can't go any more today."

"Maybe we'll have to go back up tomorrow and go out the way we came in," suggested Frank.

"No, I'm convinced the trail is up there somewhere." Tony had dropped his pack. "We've almost got it, but now we'll have to wait till morning."

In any event, I didn't have the strength to go higher. We made camp, munched a little "gorp," spread out our ground cloth over a cold brushy bed, and crawled into our sleeping bags.

With the first light of day, Tony was up, ready to go.

"Roll our bags," he told me. "I'm going to make a little exploratory hike. You wait here."

"Want me to come with you?" asked Frank.

"No, you stay with Helen." Tony disappeared up the slope.

I rolled our bags and made up the packs. Wrapping my parka around my waist, I felt glad of the early morning darkness. Then Frank and I waited in silence. My thoughts were of my elderly mother, and the worry she would have now that we were overdue.

Here came Tony to pick up his pack. I could tell nothing by the expression on his face. He helped me on with my pack and then set off uphill at a ground-consuming pace.

"What did you find?" I was gasping for breath.

"We'll get out of this," was his answer.

At the crest of the ridge, he said, "Sit down here. Take a rest."

Surprised because it was so early in the day and I hadn't asked for a rest, I nevertheless did as he said and sank down on a slight bank. I was numb with fatigue and worry.

There was a short silence. Finally he asked, "Don't you see anything?"

I looked around me. I saw trees, brush, rocks, loose soil.

Then it dawned on me—I was sitting on a bank of the old trail. "Hallelujah!" I exclaimed. My faith in Tony was fully restored.

The three of us made it back out to the Suittle trailhead in record time, raced to the nearest telephone, and called home to reassure our families.

On the way home, Tony lent me his parka and that, together with my own, covered my exposed anatomy.

At home later, as we talked about our experience, Tony said, "Crusty old hikers are by no means upset over such experiences. They simply happen sometimes."

On the top shelf of my clothes closet, pushed into a corner, rests my souvenir of that trip, a pair of torn and mud-encrusted cotton slacks. I should have thrown them away, but they'd shared with me a frightening experience. On all future trips, I always wore jeans. Jeans are tougher, even if I am not.

And though I'd doubted Tony, there at the bottom of the canyon, my confidence had been restored. △

*Helen Nieberl, of Seattle, is a retired social worker who came to the mountains relatively late in life, in her forties. When she joined The Mountaineers, and then met Tony, her life changed.*

*This article is an excerpt from her book of mountain adventures: On the Trail: the Adventures of a Middle-Aged Tenderfoot.*

*It is available for \$14.43 (which includes tax and postage) from the Pack & Paddle Bookshelf, PO Box 1063, Port Orchard WA 98366.*

ANTON NIEBERL

# A Nomad's *Heimatgefühl*

—THIS WANDERER IS AT HOME WHEREVER HE FINDS MOUNTAINS—

## INTRODUCTION

In 1954, when I was at a dead-end with my life in Germany, I succeeded and landed in Chicago at age 51. I could speak Hungarian and German but no English.

Two years later, when I had the most pleasant job conditions of my life, I got "ants in the pants" for the mountains and soon I found myself in San Francisco. From there I moved to Spokane and then in 1962 to Seattle.

On my first hike on Mount Rainier, Fate brought me together with Helen and soon the matrimonial trap closed on me.

The piece that follows was published in *Summit* exactly 31 years ago. It is not difficult for you to see here Helen's deep footprints, but someone who knows me can also find sentences which are undeniably Tony.

## THE NOMAD

"At home everything was better ..." This often-repeated sentence among homesick newcomers to this country opens an immense perspective. There are millions among us, up-rooted and mercilessly swept away from our native soil by the tempest of history. Tragedies similar to this have not been unusual, but to fit our modern time, this dwarfs all other forced migrations.

In the Old Country, crossing the border frequently does not involve more of an adjustment than needing to cope with another language, perhaps not even that. But to migrate to the New World can be very confusing, even for the newcomer who speaks English.

Maybe the miles between the new homeland and the fatherland contribute unconsciously to this longing for "the good old times ... on the other side of the ocean."

Although most immigrants make an honest effort to get rooted in this American soil, a real assimilation is often achieved by the second generation, not sooner.

Even so, some newcomers who are not fully assimilated conform amazingly well, and are, of course, contented. Many factors may contribute to this gratifying result; to analyze them, however, is not the purpose of my presentation. But there is a certain category among these contented ones to which I am going to give a closer look ... the Nomad of the Mountains.

You have never seen him? Go to lofty places where your eyes behold a masterpiece of creation not yet spoiled by our proud civilization. There you can find him.

The Nomad says that you can meet the "best" Americans in the mountains. He reflects upon the timeless philosophy of John Muir. "Let others orbit to the inhospitable moon ... I shall stay with my gigantic friends and let them direct my thoughts to eternal truths."

In the Old Country, certainly, are picturesque mountain ranges just some driving hours away.

(Here I have a sore spot. There are often too many reasons that separate people from them—barricades of barbed wire, abysmal hatred ...).

In the new *patria*, on the other hand, one needs only a driver's license to travel from Key West to the Arctic Ocean with merely borderline formalities. These facts tremendously impress the Nomad who knows this is the way things should be.

One day the Nomad puffs up to the highest peak available. Next he gets acquainted with the human beings he finds in that environment—his fellow mountaineers.

Now the human heart may overflow. Here there are no barriers of barbed wire or hatred; here each has his chance to join the bull session.

The subject? Not politics, but this endless sanctuary. In the yarn of the fisherman-hiker, he lets his wretched fingerlings grow to giant size, and the perspiring hiker adds a thousand feet to the altitude of "his" peaks, even the

ones he never climbed.

The subtle pleasure of surveying the grandeur around him gives the Nomad another delicious ingredient ... togetherness with glowing, congenial cronies.

There is never an argument, just a staggering demand for superlatives and multi-colored modifiers. The United Nations should be relocated onto a high peak!

The Nomad has already pieced together his home-spun mythology, hero worship, hall of fame, and saga. But his heroes are living flesh-and-blood supermen. No "ism," no brainwashing, no indoctrination forced them upon him, just his honest admiration for the mountain explorers who went before him.

Invisible ties relate the Nomad to these legendary men who people his mind. In his heart are pride and admiration.

Now, if you ask this man, "Was everything better at home?" his answer is "No!" Our stranger is more than at peace with his new homeland; he admires it and is proud of it.

Ask him: "Is it the American mountains you are proud of?" and he will answer: "Not necessarily ... just mountains—my mountain world, my gigantic friends. They are here, and that is enough for me. So long as they are as the Creator shaped them, and I can enjoy them and meet there 'the best Americans,' I am content."

The Nomad's *Heimatgefühl* is born and solidly rooted. △

*Tony Nieberl, of Seattle, is a retired engineer and an award-winning outdoor photographer. His photos appear in the book On the Trail: Adventures of a Middle-Aged Tenderfoot, by his wife, Helen. Tony is 91.*

*Heimatgefühl*, literally translated, means "home feeling."



KIM HYATT

# BIG PINE LAKES

—IN THE SIERRA HIGH COUNTRY—

The highest point in the Lower 48 is attained near the south end of the Sierra Nevada range of California.

A number of peaks along the eastern margin of Sequoia and Kings Canyon National Parks exceed 14,000 feet in height. The northernmost (and some people think the most spectacular) of these giants are the Palisades.

A glacier on the North Palisade, though much smaller than many of the ice masses in the Cascades, is the largest in the Sierras.

At the eastern foot of the Palisades are the Big Pine Lakes on the North Fork of Big Pine Creek out of the village of Big Pine. There are nine lakes named Lakes One through Seven, plus Summit and Black Lakes. Why the last two did not get numbers I have no idea!

The elevations are considerable. Lake One lies at 10,000 feet. Nearby Lake Two is about 100 feet higher, and it goes up from there.

In September of 1993 my wife Paula, my brother Judson and I spent a Sunday visiting the bristlecone pines on White Mountain. On Monday we drove back down off White Mountain to Big Pine and then headed west up into the Sierra to the backpack parking lot.

From the 4000-foot village to the 7700-foot parking lot we traversed bare desert slopes though there began to be cottonwoods and aspens in the creek bottoms by the time we got there.

We climbed steeply across a hot open slope on a rough, dusty trail for the first 1½ miles to First Falls Campground. First Falls used to be the site of the trailhead. A road still went there but no one was allowed to drive it.

The campground (8200 feet) was still very much in use as a walk-in site. It was a lovely spot in the trees with tables and vault toilets. For a party getting a late afternoon start the camp would make an excellent first destination. We had made our get-away about 11am, so stopped there for lunch.

At First Falls the trail turned the corner into the canyon of the North Fork and again ascended open slopes to a

rocky gorge near Second Falls (9000 feet). Just beyond the falls we came to cryptically named Cienega Mirth. There were several good campsites in the tree-filled glen.

We had only come about 3 miles but as Paula has never taken kindly to high elevations we thought we had probably bitten off all we should for this first day. It was a good camp except for a very pesky unfamiliar breed of fly that tried hard to drive us berserk.

Tuesday morning, after the sun had warmed things up a bit, we resumed our march. We passed a large, beautiful, stone forest ranger's cabin (closed) and continued climbing up along the banks of Big Pine Creek. At 9600 feet we passed a sign telling us that no wood fires were allowed above this point. A few hundred yards beyond the sign we spotted a rough track dropping to a primitive log bridge across the creek.

The day before we had met a couple who told us about this spot. They reported excellent campsites across the creek. We discussed the matter but decided to continue to the lakes. We crossed a side creek (from Black Lake) twice and then came to a 9900-foot junction. We went left and soon came to a view of First Lake. We continued past the lake and turned off on a distinct track that led to the strip of land between First and Second Lakes. We found a lovely but protected site and set up camp.

Spending the afternoon exploring,



we soon found much evidence of mining. There was a rock dam at the end of Second Lake and a diversion tunnel, with a short section of road and quite a bit of machinery. Such development was most intrusive in a wilderness area but no worse than similar places I have found in Washington (for example, La Bohn Gap).

The views were stunning. The snowy tops of the largest peaks could be seen but the grandest spectacle of all was the sheer face of 12,399-foot Temple Crag. Paula was particularly fond of the glistening white granite framing clear blue lakes. There were very few bugs.

The sun goes behind the peaks early on the east side of the Sierras and when it did the temperature nose-dived. We went to bed early to get warm and the nights were long.

The morning found Paula feeling a bit woozy and washed out. She did not have a headache or feel nauseous and thought she would be all right if she spent the day in camp.

Judson and I headed out to see the other lakes. We had heard Lake Three much maligned. We did not feel that such abuse was deserved. It was by far the shallowest of the lakes but lay in a pretty setting with an extensive sand beach.

Beyond Lake Three the trail switched back up for some distance before reaching a T junction. A left turn would have taken us straight east up the mountain toward Palisade Glacier. We stayed right and continued another ½-mile to a junction near Lake Four. We went left and hiked about ¼-mile to the shores of Lake Five.

Everyone had told us that Lake Five was the prettiest of all and the accolade is deserved. Lying at 10,750 feet with great peaks looming above it was a most dramatic spot. We lingered for an hour before returning to Lake Four for lunch.

By Big Pine Lake standards Lake Four was nothing special. We decided to skip the sparse, indistinct trail to little Lakes Six and Seven and continued around the loop to Black Lake.



Black Lake was the least interesting of all but open slopes just beyond provided spectacular views of the high peaks.

We returned to camp but found Paula still feeling a bit on the rocky side. We had planned to stay at Lake Two for an additional day and hike up to Palisade Glacier but were concerned about Paula's inability to adapt to the elevation. We decided to break camp and hike back down to the site near the 9600 foot sign. Small changes can make big differences. Paula felt much better at this level and we set up our final camp.

We found an extensive flat area with

virtually unlimited places to erect our tents. There was a lovely waterfall and grand views of the high peaks. All we lacked was a lake.

We survived our coldest night of the trip (our water bottles and water bag froze). We waited for the morning sun to warm things up a bit before packing our gear and heading down. We stopped again at First Falls for lunch and trudged the final miserable mile and a half down that dusty, rough track to our cars.

It was a beautiful, beautiful place but do be careful. Ignoring symptoms of al-

titude sickness can lead to very serious consequences.

Wilderness permits are required. Entry quotas are in effect between the last weekend in June and September 15. For more information contact:

Inyo National Forest  
White Mountain Ranger District  
798 North Main Street  
Bishop CA 93514.

△

*Kim Hyatt, of Salem, is a member of The Chemeketans.*

## JATO CAPTAIN

# LOOPING THE BORDER

—A SMALL PART OF THE PCT ADVENTURE—

Since last year, when Rick passed away (*October 1993, page 20*), Bill and I have realized that our backpacking trips would have to be more selective.

We had backpacked every month for 18 years. Many times it seemed a chore, a duty to go, and that took some of the pleasure out of it.

Last September the pleasure was back! When Bill mentioned he had some time off coming, I made arrangements to get a few days off also.

I've been fascinated by those people who could take four or five months and hike the length of the Pacific Crest Trail. I've read books and dreamt the dream of coming along and sharing the adventure. But, alas, family, work, and that dreaded word—responsibility—kept it only a dream.

Now I can share—in a very small way—a part of the adventure.

Bill and I have been through Yosemite, Crater Lake, Mount Hood, and of course Washington, but never to British Columbia, where the PCT starts—or ends.

The Pacific Crest Trail begins at the Beaver Pond/PCT parking lot in Manning Park off Highway 3. You climb along Windy Joe trail for 4.8km, then veer right at a junction with Frosty Mountain trail.

Continue 1km to the junction with the PCT—keep left. The trail to the right is Frosty Mountain. The trail signs are outstanding. "You-are-here" points where on the map you are standing and where you want to go and notes what junctions are up ahead and what streams



or mountains are lurking out there.

Continuing on the PCT to the Castle Creek bridge, we crossed over to a large camp, suitable for horses—the corral is a dead giveaway.

Just past camp is the junction with the Castle Creek/Monument 78 trail. This goes around Windy Joe Mountain, links up with the Similkameen trail and finishes our loop back to the parking lot.

But first, of course, we head 100 yards past Castle Creek campground to the Canada-USA border.

The monument—a 4 $\frac{3}{4}$ -foot-high, 2 piece structure—marks the border. We took the pieces apart and noticed all the notes, letters and mementos left inside.

We wanted to register our border crossing, but discovered—no pencil or paper in our possession!

The letters inside were indeed emotional and quite touching, showing the bond with nature made by many of those who had made the journey.

Also inside we found two wine glasses—and we only had Pepsi and root beer! We toasted ourselves nonetheless, as well as the memory of those before us and our friends and loved ones behind us.

After admiring the swath of trees cut to separate the two countries, we headed back by way of the Castle Creek trail.

It's a valley floor hike that is very marshy in places. The fall colors were beautiful—I was very glad I remembered to bring a video camera.

Round trip is approximately 25km or about 14 miles. We did it in 6½ hours with Border break.

Bill and I have now hiked the PCT for nearly twenty years—we figure we've easily exceeded the 2640 miles from Canada to Mexico—just not all at once.

We've had a good group of people follow us, and lead us over the years—most notably Warren and Rick. Even though Warren couldn't make this trip he doesn't feel too slighted since he and Rick went to Nepal and Mount Everest in 1989.

Bill and I will be out next month again.

PS: Before we started this hike, we noticed a woman looking for the trailhead. Her grandson Jerald Hubble was expected out soon. He started in Yosemite—and he made it!

I talked with Jerald for awhile and urged him to tell his story in print, for the rest of us. He was pretty caught up in the moment of being there—so I left him for his grandparents.

△

*JATO Captain is a member of the JATOs (Jet Assisted Take Off), a group of hiking friends from Seattle. He is also a very good golfer.*

LEE MCKEE

# Secrets of Snow Camping

—BY A PERSON WHO REALLY LIKES IT—

It's snowing in the mountains. Sends a chill up your back, doesn't it? Not from the thought of cold but from the anticipation of *SNOW CAMPING!*

The picture of lying down on snow to go to sleep does sound a bit crazy, I'll admit, but it really can be quite comfortable and enjoyable. Snow camping adds another dimension to backcountry travel.

Several years ago winter travel to me meant only day trips, or maybe staying at a lodge or backcountry cabin overnight. Then I read an article about a couple who spent several days at the end of December camped north of White Pass on the Pacific Crest Trail. It intrigued me. I decided to see if I could survive such a campout and I've been hooked ever since.

## JUST LIKE BACKPACKING

So what do you need to know to be successful at snow camping? Let's talk about the conditions you might find on an overnight mid-winter trip in the Cascades—a "backpack" trip, only in winter.

The keys are proper equipment, proper attitude, and knowledge. You need the equipment necessary to keep you safe and comfortable; you need a positive attitude; and you need the knowledge to put the pieces together to make them work successfully for you. I can help you with equipment and knowledge—attitude is up to you.

## SNOWSHOES OR SKIS

Starting with equipment, here's what I've found works for me. Remember that I'm talking about what you need that is unique to snow camping—you'll still need the standard equipment and 10 Essentials you would take on any overnight backpack trip or any day trip on the snow.

Means of travel: Snow travel to me

means either snowshoes or cross-country skis.

In either case you need the type of snowshoes or skis which will provide the necessary support, flotation, and traction to carry the weight of you *and* your pack over conditions ranging from crust to newly fallen snow.

My overnight trips so far have been on skis, so that's what I'll be talking about. Lightweight skis and boots meant for track skiing will not work very well for camping. Choose a ski designed for backcountry touring.

Because of the continuing changes in skis and bindings, your best bet is to seek the assistance of a sales person in a backcountry store that carries a selection of cross-country equipment.

Make sure the person knows how you intend to use the equipment so you will get the proper advice.

I use a general backcountry touring ski with a heavy duty 3-pin binding. For ease, I use a waxless ski and for less stiffness, I use a non-edged ski. For boots choose one that will provide some support and stiffness like an Asolo Snowpine or Snowfield. I use one of similar design made by Merrell.

## TO SLIDE OR NOT TO SLIDE

Traction Devices: If you've done much Cascade skiing you've probably experienced conditions from icy crust where getting traction was difficult to "transitional snow" where globs of the stuff stuck to the bottoms of your skis.

Skiing in these conditions with the added weight of a pack can be exhausting. What to do?

To combat the lack of traction, I carry climbing skins made of a synthetic material. It's the equivalent of chains for your car tires. Remember skins can be used for both uphill *and* downhill travel.

The downhill part is important when

you are having trouble controlling your skiing with the added weight of a pack.

For the opposite condition—too much traction caused by snow balling up on your ski bottoms—I use Maxiglide. This is basically a liquid Teflon product you apply to the bottom of your skis which keeps the snow from adhering to the bases.

I have heard that other people use candle wax or a Teflon spray with the same results. A little snow sticking to the base can be useful in providing additional traction going up or down hill. It's when globs form that I break out the Maxiglide.

## THAT HEAVY WINTER PACK

Your normal pack should work just fine, but expect to be strapping things on the outside because of added bulk.

Both internal and external frames can be used for snow travel—I've used them both. But I've been a converted internal frame person for many years and would highly recommend that avenue if considering a new pack.

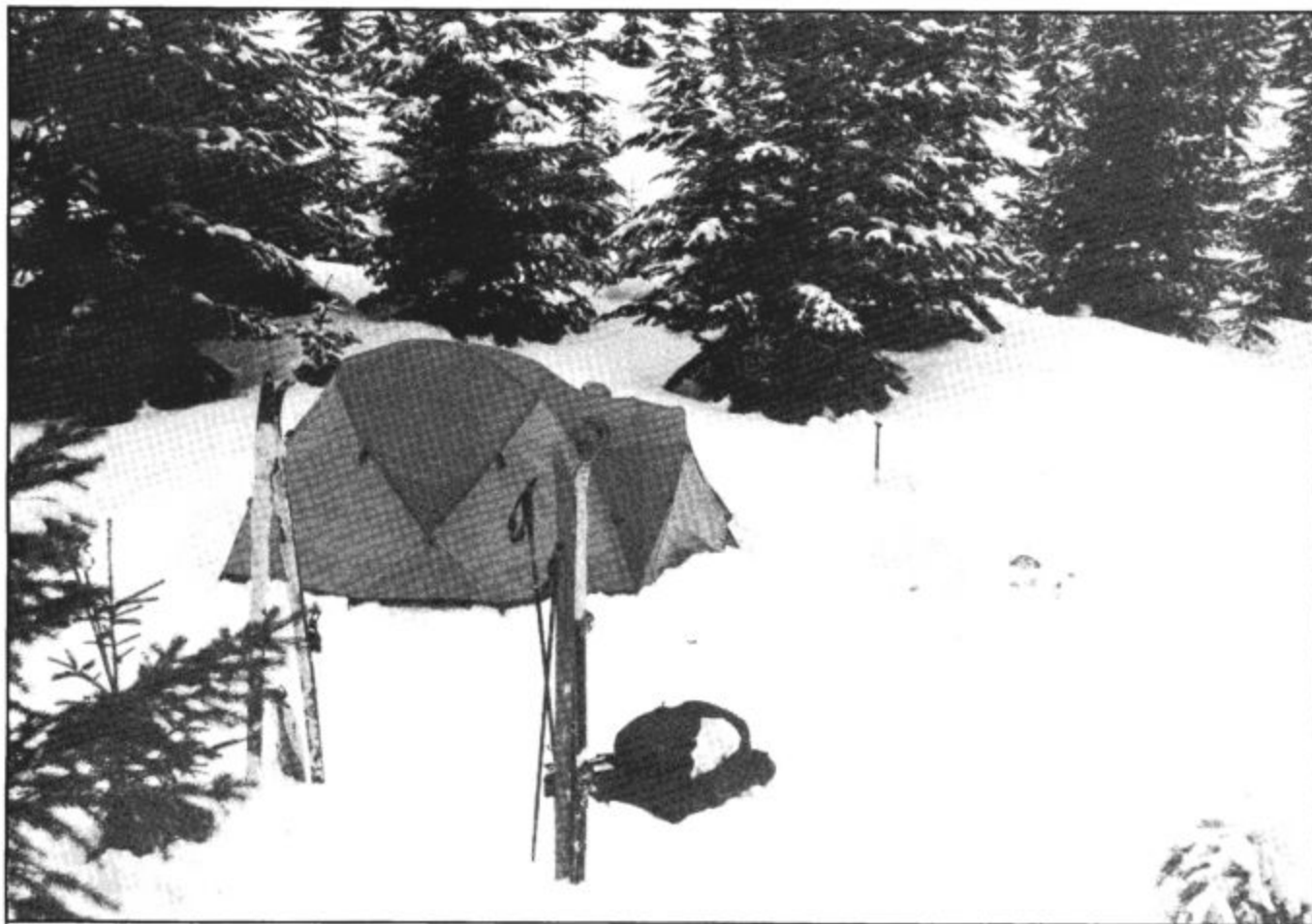
If you're going to buy one for snow camping, think big. My McHale pack, which has lots of room to spare on a two night summer trip, is packed to overflowing for a two night snow trip because of the added bulk.

## SHELTER

Your options include snow trenches, snow caves, igloos, and tents. Going non-tent means carrying less weight. If you choose non-tent, remember to carry the necessary equipment to make the shelter (like a snow saw for building an igloo) and practice with its construction *before* relying on it to provide shelter for an overnight trip.

I prefer a tent because of the quickness and ease of establishing a camp after several hours of skiing.

If you choose to use a tent, too, then



Ann Marshall/Lee McKee

A January snow camp set up below Stampede Pass.

consider certain factors when you select one. The first is that it should be rated four-season. These are built to withstand loads from snow and wind. The other considerations are size, vestibule, method of erection, and doors.

Winter travel means spending a lot of time inside the tent because the nights are longer and because windy and snowy daytime conditions may preclude outside activities. So, get the roomiest one that you can within limits of the weight you want to carry.

A vestibule is essentially a covered porch for your tent entrance. It provides a sheltered chamber between your inner house and the outside elements. Although you could get by without one, I wouldn't recommend it. Look for a design that provides enough room for you to sit in while putting your boots on.

The method of putting up the tent is another consideration. I've seen two designs—one where poles slip through sleeves and the other where clips connect the tent to the pole.

Each has its proponents. Either system works. Choose the one you like best and goes up easiest for you.

Doors—one or two—is the final consideration. Two doors add versatility but are not mandatory. The slope of the door(s) is a consideration, though.

Doors that slope inward insure that the frost that has collected on the inside of the door or the inside of the vestibule will sprinkle down on the interior of your living space when you open them. Unfortunately most models I have seen have interior sloping doors.

Faced with the choice of selecting a tent for snow camping several years ago, I decided on a Sierra Designs Stretch Dome with an expedition fly. My choice was based on its roominess for my 6-foot frame, its large vestibule, and its use of clips for attaching the tent to the poles which allows an unblocked ventilation path between inner tent and outer fly.

The drawbacks are it has only one entrance and the single door slopes inward.

#### ANCHORS AWEIGH

The normal stakes that come with a tent won't do for snow camping. One option is to use your skis and ski poles

for stakes, but that means no skiing once camp is set up.

Another option is investing in specially designed snow anchors or tent stakes. For size and weight considerations I went with larger tent stakes designed for snow. They work marginally well if you compact snow around them and the snow freezes.

Although I've never had to do this, a solid anchor can be made by filling a stuff sack with snow and burying it. This could be handy if you're faced with high wind where extra anchoring for your tent is needed.

#### A GOOD NIGHT'S SLEEP

Insulation between you and the snow is a must! To make the interior of the tent the most comfortable, I cover the entire floor with ¾-inch closed cell foam. This makes the entire floor available for use without cold spots.

On top of this I use a full length half-inch closed cell foam pad for sleeping on. I love my Thermo-Rest sleeping pad, but for snowcamping I choose closed cell foam because of weight considerations.



This thickness of foam I use works for me. You may find you need an extra layer of foam if you still feel the cold when sitting or lying down.

#### READING IN BED

A lantern is also necessary. It not only provides light to read by during the long nights but also provides a heat source for warming the interior of the tent.

Choices here are either a small gas lantern, an oil burning lantern, or a candle lantern. I use a candle lantern because of its simplicity and lack of fumes. Consider taking two for added light and heat. Remember, too, to take extra fuel or candles for the type of lantern you choose.

Because any burning device will consume oxygen, be sure to leave the tent zipper open a little for an air vent.

#### STORAGE

Most tent designs allow for adding an option called a tent "attic." This is a nice extra feature that adds little weight

to your pack.

I hang the candle lantern from one of its corners and drape gloves or other things I want to dry along its edges.

The attic is a good place to store things out of the way (glasses, reading book, light, etc).

#### SLEEPING BAG

Down or non-down (synthetic)—that is the question. The answer? Your choice. Both work, both have advantages and disadvantages.

I prefer down because of its compressibility and light weight, and I always protect it inside a plastic bag when travelling.

Whichever you choose, it must have sufficient insulation to keep you warm. My bag is over 20 years old, purchased at a time when testing a bag's performance was not as sophisticated as it is today.

If I were to purchase a bag now for snow camping, I would start by looking at a down bag with a rating anywhere from +20° F to -20° F. Since I would

most likely be out in conditions no lower than 0° F and would not want to sleep too hot, I most likely would choose a bag rated between 0° F and +20° F.

#### WARM HANDS

Keeping hands warm enough to function is important. Gloves will get wet—so keep an extra pair stashed away for "emergencies."

Also practice layering with your hand coverings just as you would for your other clothes. I routinely use overmitts made of Gore-tex and Cordura as the outer layer, with a combination of Capilene, wool, and pile as the inner layers depending on severity of conditions.

I also have a separate pair for wearing only inside the confines of the tent (they double as my "emergency" pair).

#### WARM FEET

Comfortable feet make happy campers. A key I found is getting out of my ski boots before my feet start to get cold



The stove, pots, and shovel left out overnight have grown a layer of huge flakes of hoarfrost. This camp is north of White Pass on the PCT, near Sand Lake.

from wet boots and socks.

As my "camp shoes" I use mukluks made by Outdoor Research (see also page 29). They are knee high, made of coated nylon uppers and Cordura nylon bottoms with an insulated sole, and have a removable heavy weight fleece sock. I can walk through the snow in total comfort in them and they are easy to get into and out of when I leave or enter the tent.

### CLOTHING: MORE IS BETTER

The only difference between summer and winter clothes is more and heavier. I routinely travel in lightweight polypro tops and bottoms as the inner layer with a windproof microfiber shell as the outer layer during winter.

I'll add an additional heavier weight polypro layer or wool shirt as conditions require. Remember that you'll be travelling with a pack so you will be creating extra heat and will need fewer layers than a day trip without a pack.

Camp clothes are made up of light, medium, and heavy weight polypro tops and bottoms, and fleece pants and top, with a wool shirt for good measure.

The combinations let me "mix and match" as needed to get comfy. It adds some extra weight over summer trips and *lots* of extra bulk!

### STOVE

In my opinion a white gas stove is a must. Butane canister and alcohol burner stoves will work—I've used them—but they will not work as well in cold conditions as they do in the summer.

So, the only winter stove I use now is an MSR Whisperlite. It works the same at 15° F as it does at 80° F.

To insulate the stove from the snow, I use a piece of thin plywood cut to size. This provides a good base in the snow. Sometimes I'll add a piece of foam under the board to help prevent the stove from sinking slowly as it's used.

Fuel is also a consideration. Most likely you will be melting snow for water so this adds to your daily fuel consumption. Also you will find yourself fixing more hot drinks. It's better to be safe than sorry (especially in winter), so I generally take roughly 50% more fuel in winter than I would take in summer.

### FOOD

Keep it simple with one pot meals. My dinners usually involve instant rice,

freeze dried chicken or beef, freeze dried vegetables, and seasoning.

Lunch is some combination of salami or jerky and granola bars. Breakfast is a special oat/wheat germ/whole wheat flour mix.

Whatever yours, include extra high calorie stuff—like chocolate or mint cake.

### MISCELLANEOUS

So what other things should you have?

A shovel is a requirement. Besides being a safety and rescue tool, it is used for excavating an area for your kitchen, keeping your tent unburied if it's snowing, and breaking up snow into pieces for melting. Mine is an aluminum one with a wood handle. The aluminum blade breaks through crust without the slightest whimper.

I routinely bring a book on any backpack trip. In the winter, long hours of darkness and possibly stormy weather may keep you tent-bound. Cards, books, games, puzzles—bring *something* you enjoy to pass the time with.

Altimeters are handy for travel anytime, but I consider one a necessity for any winter travel away from developed areas. They can be a real lifesaver when trying to relocate your camp after a day of exploring.

Hand warmers—those little chemically activated packets can add immeasurable comfort if hands or feet are cold. Carry several packets.

Condensation will build up on the inner wall of your tent and fly. If it's cold enough, the condensation will freeze into ice crystals. A sponge is useful for cleaning it off before it can fall on you or your equipment. A sponge is also great in the event you spill a drink inside the tent.

Several small pieces of closed cell foam are great to have when you want to set a cup or pot on the snow while you are cooking or eating. They keep the pot and cup contents warm and may prevent a tip when the container settles into the snow.

I have had no experience with sleds but have seen several parties on both snowshoes and skis towing sleds with their equipment on it.

### KNOWLEDGE

So, you've gathered together all the equipment and you're ready to go, right? Well, maybe.

The answer is *NO* if you have new equipment that you're not familiar with. You're putting your safety in jeopardy if you are not totally familiar with all of your equipment *before* you go.

Remember, you will be functioning in a cold environment with possibly wind and blowing snow in the worst case situation.

You must be able to set up camp and get a stove going for hot water as quickly as possible. *Your* safety and comfort depend upon it.

### ABOUT THAT ATTITUDE ...

The last ingredient is attitude. If you want to have fun snow camping, you must approach it with a positive outlook.

There will be times when travel is difficult, when the weather is less than perfect, when you are less than toasty warm. With an optimistic approach, you will make it past these points to comfort and you will have fun!

### COME ALONG NEXT MONTH

Want help in putting all the pieces together? In an article next month you can follow along with me and my partner as we set off for a two day trip in the Cascades.

I'll describe how we go about the trip and setting up camp. See you then.

△

*Lee McKee is Pack & Paddle's business manager.*

LARRY SMITH

# HORSE SENSE, HORSE LAUGHS, AND HUMILITY

—YOUNG HERO SAVES GIRL IN DISTRESS—

I worked in the summer of 1965 as a Fire Control Aide for Olympic National Park in the Quinault Valley. I was 17 years old and just starting to gain "life experience."

The District Ranger received a radio message from the Enchanted Valley ranger that a teenage girl had jumped into a shallow pool and suffered a stovepipe fracture of her leg.

There happened to be over a hundred people camped in and around the old chalet at the head of the valley, and the girl was lucky enough to have available pain killers and temporary first aid from these hikers. It was determined that she could be transported out of the valley on horseback.

The rangers who would normally carry out the rescue procedure were off doing their duties, so the finger was pointed at me—I would ride one horse and lead another horse loaded with medical supplies to the scene. The second horse would be used to transport the victim back to the trailhead.

I am definitely not a "horse person" and had no experience whatsoever with these beasts. I drove to the trailhead to meet the horse trailer.

When the "Horse Man" unloaded these huge beasts, my heart and stomach started trading places. Why, these animals were taller than a three story building!

The Man started hitching and bridling these behemoths, all the while cussing at them and making comments about these being the most unruly couple of horses he ever worked with.

Every couple of minutes he took a pull of whiskey out of the flask in his pocket and rolled another cigarette. Both he and the horses would snort and paw the ground in disdain whenever they caught my eye.

When they were ready to go, the Man told me to get my gear out of the truck so he could lash it to the second horse. I brought the gear over to the waiting horse.

When I got within the appropriate distance, this equine juggernaut bashed the gear out of my hands with its rump! The Man said something like: "Sonny, you had better let these creatures know who is Boss right now, or you are going to be in big trouble!"

I think I knew that I was in trouble already. "You ever been on a horse before?"

"No."

"Well, just let them carry you. They have been up this trail millions of times, and they know that there is food at the chalet.

"If they give you any trouble, just give them the spurs or lash them with the reins. Steer them by pulling left or right on the reins, and stop them by pulling back on both."

Yeah, right.

Remembering all those episodes of Gunsmoke, I made like James Arness, and got right up on the lead horse with no problem. The Man tied the other horse with a 10-foot leader and suggested I kick my feet into my horse's ribs as though I had spurs.

I gave a gentle kick. Nothing. I kicked with more force. Nothing.

"Come on, greenhorn, let him know who's Boss."

I kicked with vigor. Nothing. In fact, the horse turned his head around, looked me in the eye, and snorted. I guess I knew who was Boss.

The Man must have lost patience with me, so he took his hat and swatted my horse on the rump and yelled some obscenity. Of course, this resulted in a launch that NASA would have been

proud of.

All of a sudden I was being carried along toward "escape velocity," my sensitive areas bouncing against the saddle with a force that would make you cringe. The rescue was now officially underway.

After a few minutes, the horses settled into a trot, or canter, or whatever you call a fast walk in horse jargon. I was feeling like I might not fall off after all.

But wait, the Pony Bridge was only a mile up the trail! This narrow bridge spans a box canyon to cross the river, rushing along furiously about 80 feet below. I just hoped there would not be people on the bridge, because then I would have to shout to them to get out of the way, which would prove to the world that I could not stop these runaway steeds.

Worse yet, I could get thrown off into the river. With my heart in my throat, we crossed the bridge with no problem. Thank God! I'm saved after all! Only 12 more miles to go!

The next few miles were better. The trail was smooth and pretty level. I had hiked this trail many times before, but was surprised by how much more I could see from the perspective of being 30 feet in the air. I was even starting to relax a little.

About halfway to Enchanted Valley now, and my bladder was kicking in from all this pounding. In fact, I really had to go. I knew, however, that I had no choice, because I couldn't stop these horses. Or could I? I figured I had better do something before I burst at the seams.

I pulled back on both reins and *voila!* the caravan stopped nice as pie. I made



a nice dismount, and was smart enough to tie the reins around a tree while I stepped away from these bad tempered bundles of muscle, hooves, and teeth.

After the pause that relieves, I turned back to the horses, only to find that the reins were untied and the horses were starting to trot up the trail! Luckily, I was able to catch them before they got up a head of steam. That horse had untied my knot with his teeth. This further intensified my knowledge of who was Boss.

About one hour from Enchanted Valley, and I am riding the storm bravely. Starting to feel pretty good. Hey, this horse riding isn't so bad after all.

Maybe I could be pretty good at this. Maybe I even have a natural knack for this kind of stuff. It is kind of sore on the ol' bottom, and a little numbing in the legs, but hey, look at the reward: The Hero Saves the Girl in Distress. The Man of the Hour. Young Ranger Shows His Mettle.

The possibilities were endless. Maybe I would get a kiss from the girl. Maybe the people at the chalet would give me an ovation. My lustful teenage ego was thinking of all sorts of good things.

One mile to go. These horses are speeding up. They are homing in on the good food at the chalet. I am starting to smile to myself. I'm feeling like a veteran horseman.

Every few minutes I look at my Ranger Shirt and the National Park Insignia on the shoulder, just to make sure it looks cool on me. I take out a handkerchief and polish my name tag. I put on my Ranger Hat just at the right angle. I am starting to anticipate my arrival.

The chalet is in sight! I see lots of people! They are pointing to me! My gosh, this is going to be good! I raise

up in the saddle and put on a stern look just as I enter the area. Then I put on my best smile as I catch the eyes of the waiting crowd. (I hope I can stop these horses at the hitching post).

There is a little bit of cheering and minor clapping from the people, but it sounds like the accolades of heaven to me!

The Enchanted Valley ranger greeted me at the hitching post, with the crowd all around us. I threw the reins to him and he tied us up.

"How was the trip?" he asked.

"No problem." Then, I really blew it. I was caught up in the glory, so I exaggerated. "Yeah," I said loudly. "I've handled horses before. You just need to let them know who's Boss."

With that statement, I looked knowingly at the crowd, giving my best and most rugged smile ever, especially to the good looking girls who were positively swooning with desire at this young champion in uniform.

Why, they could possibly be included in my "harem" if they were lucky. I was a hot shot, indeed!

I decided to go ahead and dismount. However, when I swung my right foot over and down, my left foot wouldn't come out of the stirrup. As a result, I fell, landing with my head down and my left leg hanging from that darned stirrup.

My Ranger Hat was forced over my face. The crowd was hushed. Of course, I exaggerated further. It was all I could do from this humiliating position.

"Oops," I said. "I just hate these kinds of saddles." This explanation didn't fly with these people. I could tell from the look of disdain from the adults, as well as the giggling from the teenage girls in my "harem."

To further complicate this, I quickly decided that I would save face and walk to the second horse to get the supplies as though nothing had happened.

How was I to know that my legs were numb from all that riding, and that you need to stand for a minute when you dismount in order to gain your equilibrium?

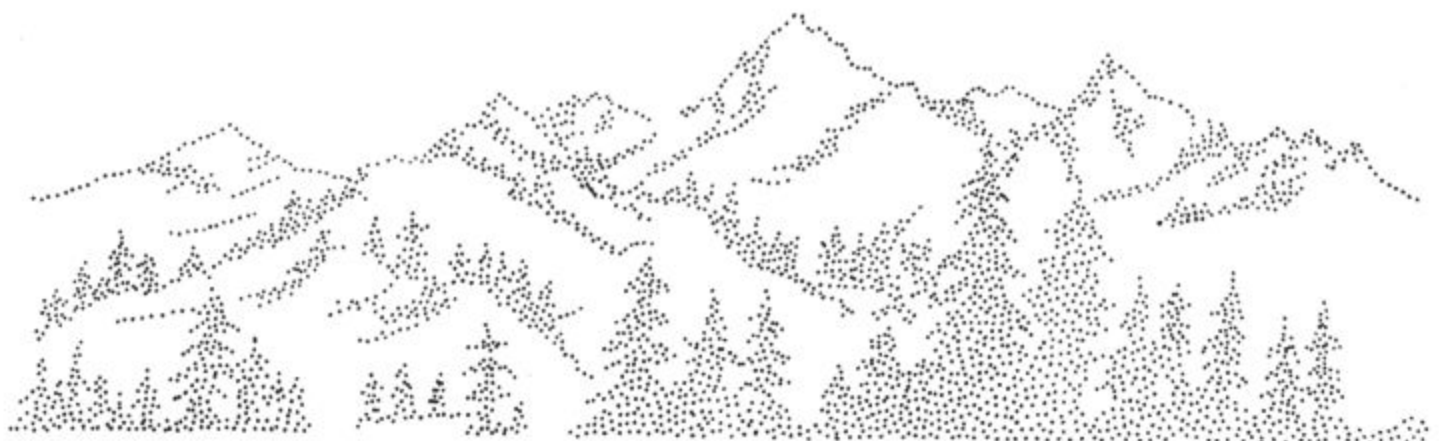
I took two steps and fell flat on my face. My Ranger Hat flew backward and landed on my rear. The crowd was hushed again. My "harem" was starting to laugh out loud. Pretty soon everybody was holding their stomachs, eyes streaming with laughter. The horses started that infernal snorting again, so I guess that even they were laughing!

By the way, the girl was brought out without incident by the Enchanted Valley ranger. He told me, in the sanctuary of his office, that he really did have experience and would be glad to take the girl out.

I thanked him for his help. He thanked me for a great moment. I thanked my stars that I did not have to ride those horses ever again.

Needless to say, I decided not to stay and hobnob with the crowd. I also dropped all of my plans and fantasies regarding my harem. △

*Larry Smith, of Port Orchard, has been exploring the Olympics all his life. He grew up in Aberdeen.*



## REST STOP

EQUIPMENT, RECIPES, TIPS

**SKI PANTS**—I've been shopping for new cross-country ski pants for two years. My good 18-year-old wool knickers are still in fine shape, but my own shape, alas, has widened.

I soon found that wool is quite out of fashion, and that the synthetic piles are the way to go.

One helpful salesperson, touting synthetic virtues, noted that the new styles gave a much closer fit. A more tactless comment to someone who has outgrown their knickers I never heard.

I was sold on the material, mind you, but not the fit. Finally, I have found some midweight pile pants that do not fit like a pair of nylons. They are made by Lowe Alpine and have side pockets, a zippered rear pocket, an elastic waist with drawcord and snap cuffs.

They are soft and beautiful, and in

them I don't look like I outgrew anything. I found them at Marmot Mountain, in Bellevue.—*Peg Ferm, Monroe.*

**AFTER-SKI STOP**—A day in the cold cross-country skiing followed by a meal of pizza go hand-in-hand for me. So on the way back from Snoqualmie Pass recently it seemed a good idea to stop in Issaquah for a meal before tackling the Seattle evening traffic.

Not certain where to find a good pizza restaurant, I figured I could get advice on where to eat plus see what was new by stopping in at High Mountain Rendezvous (670 NW Gilman Blvd).

I was right. A great place for pizza, they said, was Sella's which was located just a couple of doors down. Sella's has pizza and calzone.

I tried the calzone which I thought

was very good. Sella's, whose original restaurant is in Pullman, opened this restaurant in Issaquah in August, I was told. The atmosphere is informal and the service and food were good.

So if you're coming back from the pass and feel like stopping in Issaquah, I would highly recommend Sella's—plus it's convenient to browsing through the backcountry equipment at High Mountain Rendezvous.—*LGM, Port Orchard.*

**CHAIN REPAIR**—Broken tire chains have been repaired with carabiners. It's not the best idea in the world, but it could make the difference between staying there and getting out.

**RUSSIAN TEA**—Also called Icicle Tea, made famous by Peg Stark at

## ANIMALS AND HIBERNATION

Getting through the winter is one of the most difficult tasks facing wildlife each year, but there are certain species that don't notice the winter at all. These animals are referred to as hibernators.

Hibernation is a period of inactivity or dormancy caused by certain dramatic physiological changes necessary to see the animal through the winter.

As might be expected, mammals that hibernate usually become extremely fat prior to entering their period of dormancy. The stored fat is then used as an energy source to carry them through the winter.

The number of days an animal hibernates is related to both the weather and the amount of sunlight. With the approach of fall, animals such as marmots and ground squirrels cease much of their activity.

With ground squirrels, the process starts when body heat begins to drop until the body temperature nears the

freezing mark. This is accompanied by a slower heartbeat and a drop in blood pressure.

The animal most commonly associated with hibernation is the black bear. While the bear's respiration does not undergo the dramatic change of the ground squirrel, it is classified as a hibernator because it does experience some drop in body temperature and a slower heart rate.

Unlike ground squirrels that may be picked up without waking during hibernation, however, the black bear will wake quite easily if disturbed. When a black bear is in the denning phase, it will sometimes shiver to generate heat and maintain its body temperature.

Some animals do not hibernate in the winter, but enter a period of dormancy. This is a deep sleep in which the body temperature remains close to normal and the breathing and circulation slow only slightly, but nothing like that of the true hibernators.

Animals that sometimes enter this period of dormancy include chipmunks, opossums, striped skunks, and raccoons. These animals are likely to wake up every few weeks during the milder days at which time they venture forth to feed.

True hibernators remain in their changed state until the warmer temperatures of spring start them stirring.

When the reawakening occurs, it happens fast.

The time required for a hibernating animal to elevate its body temperature varies with the species and the temperature, but it is not unusual for the temperature of a ground squirrel to rise as much as 35 degrees in a single hour. It takes the ground squirrel only three or four hours to open its eyes, make its first movements and emerge from its burrow.

As might be expected, animals that remain in hibernation for long periods of time are usually quite thin when they first leave their burrow; however, weight gain is rapid after emerging. The animals live normal lives during the warm months before once again repeating the process.—*Okanogan National Forest*



### 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

# REST STOP

EQUIPMENT, RECIPES, TIPS

Scottish Lakes, and one of the favorite winter drinks in the *Pack & Paddle* Test Kitchen.

- ¾ cup instant tea
- 2½ cups Tang (or similar)
- 1 package lemonade mix (like Wyler's or Koolaid)

- 1 cup sugar
- 1 teaspoon cinnamon
- ½ teaspoon cloves

Mix. Store in airtight container. Use two or three heaping teaspoons in a cup of hot water.

**The Ryeburn Variations:** For some unusual combinations, omit the Tang above, and add instead 1 cup of one of these flavors of drink crystals:

- grapefruit**, for Iberian or Texas tea
- grape**, for French or California tea
- raspberry**, for Fraser Valley tea
- apple**, for Okanagan or Yakima tea.

**MELTING SNOW**—While winter camping, you'll probably have to melt snow for water. Allow extra fuel for this process, and start with a "primer" of a little water from your water bottle.

Look for clean snow that's high in water content—powder snow can contain as little as 10% water! Ice, crusty snow, or wet snow has the highest water content.

Add snow to the water in your pot a little at a time. Too much snow will absorb all the water and leave you with a burned and warped pot.

**AVALANCHE INFORMATION:**

Washington Cascades and Olympics: 206-526-6677  
Oregon Cascades and Southern Washington: 503-326-2400

**AVALANCHES**—Avalanches are caused by unstable snow. Snow that is not well bonded to a hillside, underlying snow layers or other snow crystals is considered unstable snow. Weather, terrain and the snowpack influence the potential for avalanches.

Loose-snow avalanches start when unattached snow crystals slide down a slope. These avalanches grow in size as they descend, forming an inverted V.

Slab avalanches, on the other hand, start when a solid area of snow breaks away at once. There is a well-defined fracture line where the moving snow breaks away from the stable snow.

Most people who are caught in avalanches trigger the avalanche that catches them. Their weight on the stressed snow is often enough to break the bonds the hold it to the slope or other snow layers.

**WET SNOW**—Rainfall can rapidly weaken surface snow and overload buried, weak layers, sometimes causing avalanches to occur almost instantaneously with the start of rain.

Rain may also percolate through the

snow until it reaches an ice layer. It can then lubricate the ice and produce large, wet-slab avalanches. During sustained rainfall, a series of avalanches may occur on the same slope as progressively deeper snow layers are weakened or stressed.

Wet-slab avalanches are also produced in the spring by strong sunlight radiating through clouds, melting and weakening the snow cover.

When followed by clouds overnight, which prevent the snow from refreezing, dangerous avalanche conditions may develop the next day when temperatures increase.

**AVALANCHE CLASSES**—Avalanche classes are offered by the Northwest Avalanche Institute. Two basic courses are scheduled for Crystal Mountain, January 21 and 22, and Mount Hood, January 28 and 29. Each day includes classroom and field work and the cost per session is \$175.

NAI also offers advanced classes at Mazama and Crystal Mountain, and will contract to groups for other classes.

For information, contact NAI, 1 Crystal Mountain Blvd, Crystal Mountain WA 98022 (206-663-2597).

## Gear Review—your most favorite / least favorite equipment

**SKI POLES**—When I started cross-country skiing several years ago, I chose Exel fiberglass ski poles with a wide "snowshoe" basket. I really liked the pole and big basket combination, but after several years the webbing on the basket had broken in several places.

After several unsuccessful attempts early this season to find the same pole and basket, I began to resign myself to switching to another brand with a smaller basket.

Fortunately, a helpful person at REI volunteered that REI sometimes stocks replacement baskets, found the item number for me, and shortly thereafter REI shipped them to me from their warehouse.

If you have Exel poles with "snowshoe" baskets that need replacing, they can be fixed if you can find a helpful backcountry store person to aid you.—*LGM, Port Orchard.*

...

**MUKLUKS**—On winter camping: After years of slogging around camp in wet boots or ineffective moccasins, I have found OR's Modular Mukluks to be invaluable.

They aren't any heavier than summer camp shoes and they scrunch down nicely inside a pack. They don't provide great traction on a slope, although some people augment the bottoms with glue/sandpaper/tape and various other

combinations, none of which I've tried.

They do allow you to walk through knee-deep snow and stay warm and dry. Whoever doesn't have them at camp will be begging for yours. When you get a pair you'll say, "How did I manage without them?"—*Douglas Cuneo, Seattle.*

*(Editor's helper replies: I, too, have found the Modular Mukluks with the optional Moonlite Pile Sock to be great for winter camping. I purchased mine in Fairbanks several years ago. Seattle area stores don't seem to stock them for some reason. I recently ordered an extra pair from Campmor.—LGM)*



# PANORAMA

NEWS FROM ALL OVER

**SKAGIT RIVER CLOSURE**—A plan to protect wintering bald eagles from human disturbances on a portion of the Skagit and Cascade Rivers will be implemented this winter.

The closure will affect all boat traffic on a 10-mile section of the Skagit from Rockport to Marblemount and the lower mile of the Cascade River.

The closure will be in effect seven days per week from 5am to 11am. The start date, expected to be in January, and duration of the restriction this winter are yet to be determined.

The action is necessary, according to Dennis Bschor, Baker-Snoqualmie Forest Supervisor, to minimize boat traffic during critical bald eagle feeding periods. The Skagit is one of the largest bald eagle wintering areas in the continental US.

The Skagit Wild and Scenic River System has been managed by the Forest Service since 1978.

The 158-mile system includes portions of the Skagit, Sauk, Suiattle and Cascade Rivers. About half of the river corridor is public land. The Forest Service has authority to manage surface use of the entire river system.

**WILD PLACES OF THE OLYMPICS**—Kitsap County photographer Don Paulson celebrates 30 years of exploring the Olympic mountain and coastal regions in an exhibit of photographs and personal reflections.

The exhibit will be January 3 through January 31 at the Kitsap Regional Library, Central Branch, 1301 Sylvan Way, Bremerton (206-377-7601).

Many of Don's photographs have appeared in *Pack & Paddle*.



One of Don Paulson's photos from the January exhibit: sunset over Mount Appleton, Olympic National Park.

**ALTERNATIVES TO CRYSTAL SPRINGS**—Remember that the Crystal Springs Sno-Park is closed this year. See the *December issue*, page 32, for details. The Washington State Parks and Recreation Commission has found three alternatives to the closed Crystal Springs Sno-Park, the state's largest parking area for cross-country skiers and snowmobilers.

**Milepost 61:** This is the parking lot for skiers and snow-shoers who want to head for Stampede Pass or get to the Iron Horse trail. If you go past it by mistake, you'll have to turn around at Exit 62, drive 7 miles west to Hyak, and then 6 miles east again to get back to it.

**Exit 62:** Snowmobiles will have the use of the parking lot here.

**Exit 63:** The regular Cabin Creek Sno-Park will be a self-powered parking lot. Machines will continue 2 more miles to the U-Fish lot, which they can use to reach Stampede Pass.

**STEHEKIN LODGE OPEN FOR WINTER**—This year groomed cross-country ski trails will be available in the North Cascades National Park at Stehekin.

Snowshoes will be available for rent at the Lodge and for the more adventurous skier, Elmo Fury's guide service will offer special guided ski trips to the remote high country.

With only one public phone in the entire valley, and no TV reception, Stehekin offers an unparalleled opportunity for relaxation.

With the recent change in ownership at the North Cascades Stehekin Lodge came extensive renovations. The lodge is now open year-round, offering lodg-

ing, dining, a small store, and boat moorage. To receive more information on the Lodge, transportation or snow conditions call the North Cascades Stehekin Lodge at 509-682-4494.

**NATIONAL PARKS RECEIVE AWARDS**—At the sixth National Wilderness Confer-

ence, recently held in Santa Fe, National Park Service Director Roger Kennedy recognized employees from Olympic and North Cascades National Parks for their contributions to wilderness stewardship in those parks.

Olympic National Park employees received two national awards for excellence in wilderness stewardship. They are Ruth Scott, wilderness coordinator and natural resource specialist for Olympic National Park, and the park's trail crew.

The management of the North Cascades National Park Service Complex received the outstanding Wilderness Management Program Award for its oversight of the Stephen Mather Wilderness.

**REDUCED RATES FOR CHAMPION**—Skiers and snowshoers using the Mount Tahoma Trail system in the North District may request a reduced rate (\$8 adult) at the Champion gate this winter. This rate is good *only* for the ski trail system, so if you request it, go directly to the ski trail.

A yurt is available for overnight use this year in the North District. Call MTTA for information on how the trail system works: 206-569-2451. Call Champion for information on entering the North District (Kapowsin Tree Farm): 800-782-1493.—*MTTA Newsletter*

**WEYERHAEUSER ACCESS**—Weyerhaeuser has decided to require a \$50 annual fee for all users of its Snoqualmie Tree Farm (between I-90 and Highway 2 in the Tolt and North Fork Snoqualmie drainages).

The move is likely to shift user pressures and problems to National Forest lands, especially on the North Bend Ranger District.

The company decided to impose the fee to offset some of its mounting costs incurred in removing litter and abandoned cars. It also hopes the fee will discourage vandals such as those who recently shot up a contract logger's pickup.

For info on affected times, areas, and where to buy permits, call 800-433-3911.—*from "Alpine," the newsletter of Alpine Lakes Protection Society*

Don Paulson

# EDITOR'S JOURNAL



Above Paradise on Mount Rainier.

**FROM THE MAIL BOX**—"Appreciate the information on trail conditions. My list of trails for the future grows with each issue!"—*Yakima*.

"I really appreciate your using recycled paper and soy-based ink."—*Seattle*.

"It's wonderful to see letters, trip reports and news of your mother in your always excellent magazine. Thanks for nearly 30 years of continuous top quality information about our favorite hobby."—*Sumner*.

"Hello to Yellow Cat from Bonnetti, Spokane's yellow cat."—*Spokane*.

"I hope to write a trail report or two but it always seems to get put off ..."—*Bellingham*.

"Had decided not to renew since our long-distance hiking days are past. But I've changed my mind. Gotta have *Pack & Paddle!*"—*Renton*.

**NEW PHONE NUMBER**—The *Pack & Paddle* office is included in that large area of Western Washington that will have a new area code on January 15.

Our new phone number will be 360-871-1862.

**INDEX**—It always amazes me how many responses we get just by a little sentence on this page. When we mentioned in the last issue that the 1994 Index was *almost* ready, we had to duck as the early birds' requests came sailing in.

This is the official notice: the 1994 Index is now ready. Get yours today!

We really make this index for our own office use, but it's so handy to have we're happy to offer it to everyone.

It is free. It folds to fit in a long, business-sized envelope and we can mail it for a first-class stamp (29 cents at the moment). We really appreciate stamps and self-addressed envelopes but they are not required. You can phone or mail in your request.

**SPECIAL INDEXES**—As in the past, Lee has distilled paddling and snow-touring into separate indexes. If you would like one or both of these, with or without the main index, call or write.

**CHAINS**—We decided to use the old Wagoneer as our snow car this winter and Lee spent a lot of time getting it ready for winter driving. One of the last steps was making sure the chains fit, and for this procedure I got to help.

The chains that did fit were not suitable, he decided. Too lightweight. The chains the size of a ship's anchor line were the ones he wanted. Too big, but easily fixed with a hacksaw.

"Aren't chains fun?" commented Lee from under the car as he barked his knuckles on the chassis. "Ugh," was my response as Yellow Cat and I wrestled with the other end of the monster chain.

I hope you've done the same thing. Chains are easier to cope with in the dark with freezing hands and trucks spraying slush on you if you've already

put them on in the relative comfort of your driveway!

**RUBY EL HULT**—Although I have always enjoyed Ruby El Hult's books, I have often wondered about her name. Perhaps it was Israeli. Maybe Spanish. Or some exotic tongue from another distant land.

Through some recent correspondence with Ruby, I found out, and thought you might like to know the story, too.

"Hult is my maiden name," she wrote. "My first book, *Steamboats*, was published before I was married, so I kept using my maiden name in connection with my writing.

"My oldest brother Herbert married a woman named Ruby when I was ten years old, so there were two Ruby Hults," continued Ruby. "I threw in the 'El' to distinguish myself from my sister-in-law. It is my middle name 'Eleanor' sheared off."

**HIBERNATION**—The article on page 28 about animals and hibernation describes Yellow Cat very well. She has definitely "ceased activity" and "entered a period of dormancy." Because our wood-heated house and office fluctuates in temperature, she is either curled into a ball or stretched out luxuriously ... and almost always asleep. We'll both be glad when the solstice arrives.

See you in the backcountry.

Ann Marshall



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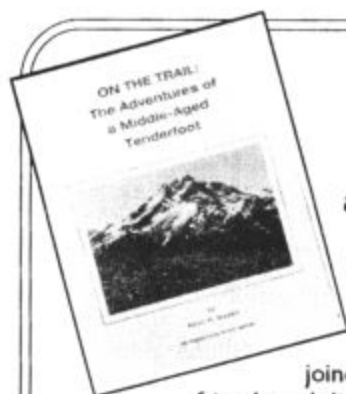
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