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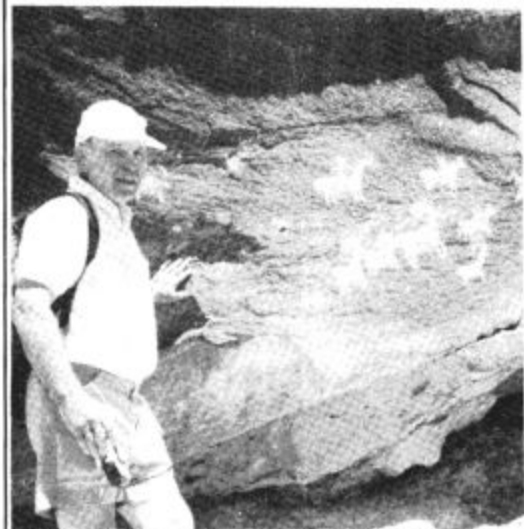
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# Pack & Paddle

VOLUME 4, NUMBER 2

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Ann melts snow during a winter camping trip on the south side of Mount Saint Helens, Washington. Photo by Lee McKee.

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

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

Need more guidance? We'll send our Writers' Guidelines; just ask. And we're always happy to discuss an idea with you on the phone: 360-871-1862.

• • •

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Jane Habegger  
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### THERMO-CAT THEORY

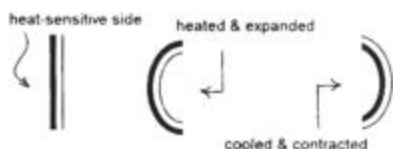
Was interested to read your "hibernation theory" on the curling and uncurling action of your Yellow Cat in your wood-heated office.

I have observed the same movements in my past and present yellow cats, and I offer an alternative theory. I call it the Thermo-cat Theory.

It is based on the similar function of a bi-metal thermostat, which consists of two strips of metal bonded together. One of the metals is heat sensitive, while the other is not. The heat-sensitive side expands when hot and contracts when cold, causing the bonded strips to bend one way and then the other.

The motion of the strip can be used to trigger a switch or whatever.

When heated, the heat sensitive side arches outward, becoming convex.



When cooled, it contracts inward, becoming concave.

A yellow cat's tummy is analogous to the heat-sensitive side of the bi-metal thermostat, and its spine is the non-reactive side.

When heated, the tummy expands and arches outward, becoming convex. When cooled, the tummy contracts, drawing inward and becoming concave.

This theory was first proposed by Gregg Hoover, who knows how a lot of things work.

Peg Ferm  
Monroe, Washington

### PACK & PADDLE OFFENDS

For someone with a broken leg, trouncing along endless miles of rugged trail on horseback would be a grueling, inhumane experience—painkillers or no (*January, page 26*).

Of course, that's the way rescues used to be done back in the days of John Wayne, the actor. But here on the contemporary scene, it seems that your article, "Horse Sense, Horse Laughs and Humility," was designed more to defend, or at least to lighten, the equestrian presence in the backcountry.

I've hiked the PCT three times start

to finish, and each time I am appalled by how much more damage it has incurred from horses, mules and llamas. Categorically, then, I don't subscribe to magazines that champion their use.

I don't mean to be offensive, or stir up a hornet's nest of controversy, but there are so many interesting publications out there that don't offend my sense of propriety, and I would rather spend my time with them.

I wish you all the best with your particular circle of readership, but would appreciate it if you would remove my name from your database.

Ray Jardine  
American Long Distance  
Hikers Association  
LaPine, Oregon

### EXCITEMENT IS GONE

I enjoyed the story in the December issue (*page 31*), "Surviving the Raccoon Wars," by Jim Miller.

After spending many camping trips on the ocean, my husband and I think we've finally licked the problem of raccoons raiding our food.

We gave up hanging our food in a tree and bought the ultimate food protector. It's one of those large popcorn cans, 11 $\frac{3}{4}$ " high and 9 $\frac{3}{4}$ " across the top. It's round and a little awkward to carry, but it fits in most large packs.

These cans, filled with several kinds of popcorn, are found in many grocery and drug stores around Christmas time and through the winter, as they are sealed well and the popcorn keeps for a long time. They cost between \$5 and \$7.

We fill the can with food and set a heavy rock or piece of wood on top of it and leave it beside our tent. The animals can't smell through the metal and don't seem to realize the food is even there.

There is one drawback, though—we've lost the excitement these trips used to provide. There's no piling up stones beside our tent at night to protect our food from the midnight raiders. And there's no screeching half the night from a dozen raccoons fighting over the food they stole from us. But so far our food has been safe, and this system works well in bear country also.

Val Smith  
Edmonds, Washington

### REAL HIKERS NEVER LOST

... Some of the inadvertent biases expressed are amusing and sometimes they are not. Helen Nieberl in her forties is hardly late in life unless she had the misfortune to meet her demise while in her forties (*January, page 18*).

Since you refer to her in the present tense and point out her thirty-plus years as a hiker, one can only presume that your perspective is a bit younger than forty.

Lighten up. In your forties is an excellent time of life to get up in the woods. You only then possess the experience and perspective to make hiking a truly enjoyable adventure. ...

Hopefully the articles by Helen Nieberl will inspire more "older people" to partake more of hiking.

A couple of minor corrections. ...

Real hikers are never lost. Souls are lost. Battles are lost. Fortunes are lost. Real hikers may become directionally challenged, yearning to complete their quest (find the car), or temporarily disoriented, but real hikers are never lost.

(The guy who got lost in his woodlot near Kenmore—*January, page 14*—was lost as he obviously was not a hiker. Ms. Richl was kind by relating that he lost his "bearings.")

As your skills increase with your experience, you will find you will never admit to being lost. Tony and Frank did not admit it either. Avoid trouble, state the obvious. They would concede at that point that they did not know where the trail was but they knew where they were (not on the trail). It is as important to know where you are not as it is to know where you are.

People who, for whatever reason, cross-country hike on the western slopes of the Cascades below the timberline have either a very low sense of entertainment or a very high threshold of discomfort, possibly both. My personal experience favors the former, but it is close.

Helen could have been a little more candid about this. Beating brush such as vine maple, alder, and everyone's favorite, devils club, is a sure way to leave the maddening crowd behind and to find out how few friends you really have.

Combine the experience with steep,

*continued on page 22*

# BACKCOUNTRY NEWS





REPORTS AND CONDITIONS

## INTRODUCTION

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

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

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

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



## PENINSULA



### GENERAL CONDITIONS—Snow.

**STOVEPIPE PEAK CLIMB**  
(*Olympic Natl Forest; USGS Colonel Bob*)—About an hour's drive north from Aberdeen we arrived at our starting point. The road had about a foot of snow on it and I had to put my chains on to get up that last hill. The weather was cold and wet but we were determined to go in the snow anyway.

We saw two small herds of elk, one on the way up the road and another near where we parked our cars.

This was an Olympian Club climb and we were a party of seven. Five of us are experienced snowshoers and the other two were new at it.

Stovepipe Peak is 3610 feet in elevation and quite steep. The terrain was a little brushy with lots of logs and stuff to climb over. At one point, I slipped,

rolled over and slid into a hole. It took two people to haul me back up on my feet.

As we got closer to the top, the snow got deeper. We didn't reach the summit but got close. It was snowing and the wind was gusting so we turned around and headed back down. I think Kerry was glad because she said she used up all her energy getting me out of that hole.

Part way down we stopped where we were out of the wind and had a quick lunch. We took our snowshoes off for our trip down and did a lot of slipping and sliding before we got to the road.

On the way back down the road, Kerry saw her first snow worm. And someone left some pumpkins along the road for the elk to eat.—Don Abbott, Kerry Gilles & five other Olympians, Grays Harbor, 12/10.

### STAIRCASE RAPIDS TRAIL

(*Olympic Natl Park; USGS Mt Skokomish*)—Arrived at the Staircase Ranger Station before 8am, for the last hike of 1994. The parking lot was frosty, icy and deserted. The trail overall is in good condition with only a few seasonal trees down across the trail. There are patches of snow here and there but nothing that requires snowshoes or even gaiters.

A slight detour is required at the Beaver Fire area due to the water level being high this time of the year. Go to your left approximately 50 to 75 feet and cross on several wind blown trees to avoid wet feet and boots. Halfway

through Beaver Flats was a good covering of frozen snow. It made so much noise I felt there was little chance of seeing any game. But just before Copper View Camp, I saw the first elk, followed by another right behind her.

I stood still and whistled and got not only those two but two more to look my way. After the elk got bored with me they continued into the cover of Beaver Flat. I continued up the trail to Four Stream.

I could see where there was once probably a Park marker at the riverside camp area, but nowhere could I find the left branch of the trail as described in the *Olympic Mountains Trail Guide*.

Can any readers assist me in finding this little used trail that also shows on GT map 167, Mount Steel? Bears are moving on this trail as I saw many prints in the snow.—James V. Latteri, Lakebay, 12/31.

### SHADY LANE

(*Olympic Natl Park, USGS Mt Skokomish, Vance Creek*)—This trail is very well described in the *Olympic Mountains Trail Guide*. As I started down this trail around noon on the last day of the year it provided more solitude and beauty than I can describe.

The bridge across Elk Creek was still covered with frost, but the water inside the old prospector's tunnel was only several inches deep. Past Fisher's Bluff, the trail was in excellent condition and also very peaceful.

Just beyond the National Park boundary is Copper Creek and a major wash-

## BACKCOUNTRY NEWS DEADLINE: February 21

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

out. Detour to the right approximately 35 to 50 feet to find several good-sized rocks that allow good footing to cross this creek. An additional 25 feet to the right are also several wind blown trees. After a little bushwhacking you will regain the trail.

Soon after I came upon a number of summer homes and a gravel road that leads to Road 2451. Not wanting to cross the washout again, I returned to the Staircase Ranger Station by way of Road 2451 across the lake and then up the Staircase Road. Because one is normally driving in you can miss the beauty of this easy uphill work. It is worth the hike.—James V. Latteri, Lakebay, 12/31.



### BIG CREEK NATURE

**TRAIL** (*Olympic Natl Forest;*

*USGS Hoodspport*)—I arrived at the campground at approximately 2pm, to find one other car at the locked gate. This trail is described in the *Olympic Mountains Trail Guide* for traveling counterclockwise, however the sign for the right trailhead is not there, while the one to the left is very visible.

After entering the wooded area, it was only a matter of minutes until I discovered that the bridge is not there. Several large trees are across the creek, but with lots of frost still upon them I decided to follow the creek to the second bridge. This one is in good condition.

Several down trees just across the bridge block the trail, therefore I did not hike this small portion. The remainder of the trail is in excellent condition, but I have a question.

Hiking clockwise, and after the trail seems to turn south, there is a fork in the trail which is unmarked. The trail leading to the right and downhill is the correct trail to complete the loop. The trail leading to the left and uphill continues for some distance.

I followed this trail for close to a half hour as it gradually gained elevation. I

### AVALANCHE HOTLINE

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

did not follow it trail to the end but as I gained elevation, I could see an occasional glimpse of either Mount Ellinor or Mount Washington. I should also note that there is visible evidence of bear activity in this area.

It is my guess that this trail probably continues until it reaches road 2419 or 2464. Does anyone know?—James V. Latteri, Lakebay, 12/31.

**DOSEWALLIPS**—The Dosewallips road has been closed for repairs. The work was to have been finished by February, so call the Ranger Station to make sure the road is walkable before you go in. You can still reach the Lake Constance trailhead.

Call 360-877-5254 for information.  
—Ranger, 1/6.

**STAIRCASE**—Campground is not available for winter camping because it is being worked on. It will re-open for use (by the adventurous; no services) in mid-March.

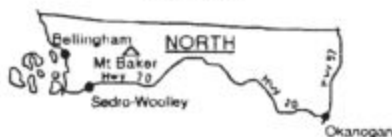
North Fork Skokomish trail has 2 feet of snow at Camp Pleasant. Some bare spots make skiing difficult.

Flapjack Lakes has deep snow. Reservations not required until Memorial Day weekend.

Call before you go: 360-877-5254.—  
Ranger, 1/6.

**UPPER LENA LAKE**—Trail difficult to travel even with snowshoes due to large amount of snow.—Ranger, 1/6.

### NORTH



**GENERAL CONDITIONS**—Snow.



### METHOW VALLEY—

Drove from Olympia to Dammann's B&B in Winthrop with friend Carol. We got three-day passes at the Virginian and skied up to the junction of the Methow and Sun Mountain trails to check out recent snow. It's heavy, very packable and crunches.

The next day (12/28) a friend took Carol and me to Mazama so we could do the Methow Trail. When we left

Mazama it was 20 degrees at 9am. Some low clouds but lots of sun, fields of diamonds.

The flat track to Brown's Farm is fast and easy. Water hazard shortly after results in wet feet for some. Arrive at Wolf Ridge for a late lunch and hot cocoa at 2:05, linger about 45 minutes. Plenty of time to appreciate the fabulous snow crystals.

We munch granola bars and fruit leather (both homemade), take pictures and listen to the boomed-boom that reassures us that our hearts are still beating after reaching the top of another of the switchbacks.

The track deteriorates to icy and uneven between Wolf Ridge and the junction with the trail from Sun Mountain. Arrive in Winthrop about 5pm, watch transition from late alpenglow on hills with golden clouds to seagreen sky to purple to black. Lights of Winthrop looked great! Trail ends at the Virginian so only had short walk to Dammann's.

For an economical and very good meal try Sam's Super Baker at Sam's Place—two big baked (baked, not steamed in foil) potatoes with sour cream, butter, onion, cheese, and salsa available. Almost more than this 146-pound weakling can handle!

On the third day, we got to Snoasis, the parking lot at the foot of Thompson Ridge road, at 9:15, 10 degrees. Headed out for the loop trip up Meadowlark to the head of Thompson Ridge road. Kind of tough getting up to junction of Meadowlark and Blue Jay. It was icy and steep, but we met the groomer there and had a very nice freshly groomed trail from there on.

Difference in elevation from the junction of Thompson Ridge road and Inside Passage to the parking lot is about 1100 feet, so it's a great downhill run. We had a choice of controlled descent or terminal velocity. Great fun.

Hot cocoa and a little fooling around on local trails and then quit for day.

On 12/30 we started out at 0 degrees about 9:30am. Did the bunch of low trails around the parking lot. We would have gone to Rendezvous but the last time I skied that when it was icy I ended up with cracked ribs so now I'm chicken.

I managed to fall three times anyway on one short hill and sprained my thumb! Older is not always wiser. After lunch we skied from Snoasis parking lot to Winthrop, almost all downhill—a great trip and not a crowded trail. About 1½ hours for kick and glide; skaters of course whoosh by.

Highlight of trip on 12/30—fan shaped ice crystals 3 inches high and

### ALWAYS CARRY THE TEN ESSENTIALS

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# BACKCOUNTRY NEWS

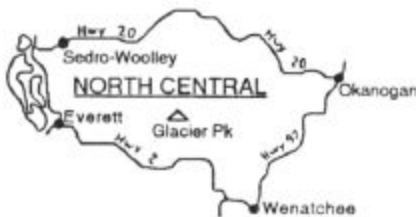
REPORTS AND CONDITIONS

over an inch wide near Hough Farm.

On New Year's Eve it was 5 degrees below. Time to head for Olympia.

The Methow Trail from Mazama to Winthrop is 23km. Snoasis to Winthrop is 11km. Meadowlark-Thompson Ridge Road loop about 17km.—Paul G. Schaufler, Olympia, 12/27-31.

## NORTH CENTRAL



GENERAL CONDITIONS—Snow.



### LAKE 22 (Baker-Snoqualmie Natl Forest; USGS Verlot)

Six of us met for a Mountaineer snowshoe trip to Lake 22. I had some concern (as leader) because of the recent heavy snows, followed by rain and warm weather. The avalanche risk was rated very high.

But then, Lake 22 is a good bet for a winter outing. The parking area is right next to the plowed highway. So even if the snow is too deep to drive in, you can parallel park and only have to hike a few hundred extra yards.

We had only 3 inches of snow at the parking lot in the open. Under the trees the ground and trail were clear for extensive areas. It was looking safe.

The trail starts at 1100 feet and the lake is at 2400 feet. As we climbed, the snow increased in depth, but the footing was good.

We reached the large open hillside (approximately 1800 feet) in good time and found difficulty only when the combination of 18 inches of snow and warmth caused us to punch through with some regularity. I felt the hillside was safe because 6 to 10 feet of brush was exposed above the snow.

This is why we have snowshoes. We "saddled up" and continued the trip without incident. Well, there was that one tree hole I found. And I wasn't trapped for any more than five minutes. But then that's why you lead—otherwise someone else gets the fun.

At the lake we found fine vistas, the black cliffs towering above a snow-white blanket. The lake was fully covered except the 20 feet at the outlet.

Lake 22 is close in and a short 5 miles round trip. We had a nice four hour outing and were back at the cars by 2pm.

Note: After heavy snow falls and with substantial accumulation, the open hillside could present some slide risk. In that case, it would be prudent to skirt the open area by switchbacking up through the trees just before it. Otherwise, abort the trip.—Michael Leake, Issaquah, 12/21.



**ECHO RIDGE** (Wenatchee Natl Forest & private property; USGS Cooper Ridge)—"Great views of the Columbia River Basin to the east and splendid views of the Cascades to the west" is the description of the trip called Echo Summit in the brochure titled *Echo Nordic Trails*. This brochure maps out and describes cross-country ski trails along Echo Ridge above Chelan. On this Saturday the description was quite accurate.

The Echo Ridge parking lot is about 30 minutes from Chelan at 3100 feet elevation. Somewhat over 11 miles of groomed cross-country ski trails loop their way around the ridge along with several miles of ungroomed trails. The high point is at Echo Summit, just over 3800 feet.

Leaving a cloud-covered Chelan shortly after 8:30am, I was skiing under cloudless sunny skies 45 minutes later. The trails, mainly rated "easy" or "more difficult," have enough moderate ups and downs to keep them interesting—and the views from most anywhere are great. Today a solid bank of clouds blanketed the Lake Chelan basin—but I was skiing above them.

The Lake Chelan Club requests a \$6 donation to help with the cost of plowing the road and grooming the trails. The donation was worth it to me to be able to smoothly ski on what would otherwise have been crust and ice. Snowmobiles do share the area, but snowmobile and ski trails are kept separate except for several marked intersections.—Lee McKee, Port Orchard, 1/21.



### CHIWAWA SNO-PARK

(Wenatchee Natl Forest; USGS Plain)—From the Chiwawa Sno-park you have the choice of three trails—Squirrel Run, Flying Loop, and See & Ski. Squirrel Run and See & Ski are rated "easiest" and Flying Loop "most difficult." Dogs are not allowed on the groomed trails.

Lee's report: To get to Flying Loop, you first start out Squirrel Run. Being limited on time, my plan was to quickly ski out Squirrel Run to the Flying Loop junction, then ski Flying Loop as far as I could in my allotted time.

These trails are ungroomed and the hard crust made the going more trouble than it was worth after having such a spectacular ski at Echo Ridge the day before.

The Squirrel Run trail basically goes through forest with no views (at least as far as I went). In some areas the user-made track was about a foot below the top level of the snow. It was frustrating to then cross smoothly groomed snowmobile paths the width of a forest road.

Because of the conditions I decided to forego Flying Loop and turned back shortly after its junction with Squirrel Run. Under good snow conditions, this might be a worthwhile trail to ski, but not when it is icy.

Ann's report: While Lee was struggling with the ice and crust, I took off on the See & Ski trail. I wanted something fun and scenic after spending the previous day in foggy Chelan at a meeting. The trail had been freshly groomed (in fact I met the groomer about a mile in) so in spite of the lack of fresh snow, travel was easy.

See & Ski is rated "easiest" but a couple of good hills and fast turns make it too thrilling for beginners—I saw a couple of people walking around the scary spots. Views along the river are very pretty.—Ann and Lee, Port Orchard, 1/22.



## BOOT SALE!

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# BACKCOUNTRY NEWS

REPORTS AND CONDITIONS



## GENERAL CONDITIONS—Snow.

**FOSS RIVER ROAD** (*Baker-Snoqualmie Natl Forest; USGS Skykomish*)—We were headed over Stevens Pass but closure due to slides stopped us. We rerouted to the Foss River road where we sorted out dogs, dogsled and skis and ferreted our way through a mess of snarling snowmobiles and 4WDs to eventually get beyond a downed tree that blocked the road for gas-powered vehicles.

Once beyond the tree, it was quiet and peaceful even if the snow was wet and gloppy. Had a nice trip to the Trout Lake trailhead.—Gail Roberts, Snohomish, 12/17.

**MOUNT TENERIFFE** (*DNR; USGS Mt Si*)—This peak offers several attractive crosscountry routes that provide a pleasant winter outing. Here is the description for the south ridge (the ridge just to the right

of the waterfall).

Hike the gated logging road a long ½-mile to where it makes a sharp left turn and heads for the woods. Ascend the clearcut to the next road (moderately unpleasant) and then continue up to the gully that splits the rock about half way across (easier travel).

Climb the gully (steepish). This puts you on the ridge. The ridge is rocky for several hundred feet (some class 3), a feature that is not apparent when viewed at a distance. Eventually, the grade eases and leads easily to the summit.

Time: 3½ hours. For the descent, you can use the “usual” route—hike west to the road overlooking Racher Lake, turn south (toward Mount Si), and follow the road back to where you started.—Garth Warner and Rodger Galloway, Carnation, 12/29.

**DENNY MOUNTAIN** (*Baker-Snoqualmie Natl Forest; USGS Snoqualmie Pass*)—I recruited Matt Overfield on what was forecasted to be a wet day to accompany me on this snowshoe climb.

We arrived at the Alpentel ski area at 7:30am and checked with the lift operators to see what the avalanche artillery schedule might be. They, in turn, got on the phone and found that the shelling now taking place would last another hour and that we should delay

our arrival on the upper areas for at least that long.

We parked in the uppermost parking area and were quite happy to see that the forecasted rain was now light snow which continued, off and on, all day.

Leaving the parking area, we put on snowshoes immediately. We stayed to the right of the ski slopes in the timber until we reached the upper basin at which time we more or less followed the ribbon marking the ski area out-of-bounds. The route we took is that described in *Winter Climbs* by Dallas Kloke.

While we were near the ski area we were questioned by no less than four ski patrollers.

To attain the notch just northwest of the summit we climbed a steep gully until we reached an area where the snow had all avalanched, leaving only ice. At this point we downclimbed to the deeper snow where we had taken our snowshoes off and traversed a bit northwest to a minor ridge that allowed us to reach Denny ridge.

We followed the ridge to a point southwest of the summit, then floundered through thigh-deep snow to reach the top.

I would advise anyone wanting to make this climb to first make some phone calls to see that it is allowable. While we were in the gully near the summit, an individual on the ski slopes about 300 feet below us really gave us what-for.

I don't know by what authority he was demanding us to come down but he finally softened his demands when we hollered back the name of the individual we had checked with regarding avalanche control.

It took us four hours to reach the summit with delays due to heavy snow and hesitation with the ice in the final gully. Our descent took us off the northeast side of the summit, then past the upper chairlift, through a notch, and back down our ascent route.

We arrived back at the parking lot exactly six hours after leaving it.—Ron Raff, Chehalis, 1/15.

**LEAVENWORTH DISTRICT**—The Tronsen Meadow/Blewett Pass ski area offers a wide variety of ski routes. Trails are ungroomed but well marked. A detailed map of this area is available at the Ranger Station: 509-548-4067.

The Icicle Road, starting from the Snow Lakes Sno-Park, provides an abundance of untracked skiing (shared with snowmobiles).

Burned areas are closed until further notice. This includes Castle Rock.



A group of Mountaineer Mid-Week hikers looks for a lunch spot in the sun at Federation Forest.

Ann Marshall



# BACKCOUNTRY NEWS

REPORTS AND CONDITIONS

Maps of the closed areas are available at the Ranger Station.—Ranger, 1/17.

## SOUTH CENTRAL



## GENERAL CONDITIONS—Snow.

**MAZAMA RIDGE** (*Mt Rainier Natl Park; USGS Mt Rainier East*)—John and some of Troop 70's Big Boys had their annual snow camping outing. Usually, I manage to get out of this but it had been so long since I spent the night in a snow cave that I had forgotten some of the more unpleasant aspects of snow camping and went along.

The weather was not cooperative. It was cold and cloudy with light snow showers. This was Seth's first outing and Richard, John's son, told Seth that the outing would be "easy." It is an easy outing for Richard and Trevor and John but it is not an easy trip for a beginning snowshoer.

Seth was a good sport and never complained. Richard took good care of Seth, helping him put on his snowshoes, assemble his gear, and as the going got tougher, even carried Seth's pack (Seth has asthma).

We snowshoed down the road from the Paradise parking lot toward Mazama Ridge and Reflection Lakes, the site of our Mountaineers Basic Snowshoe Techniques field trip the weekend before. Once we crossed the bridge we ascended toward Mazama Ridge following an easy route. But not easy for Seth. He stopped several times to rest so I stayed back with him.

Seth kept saying, "I've got to stay alive until Wednesday night!" He was looking forward to seeing a girl he had met at a youth outing. Living until Wednesday became the motto of the weekend. From the top of the ridge we snowshoed a short distance. We certainly had our choice of places to build snow caves. There is a lot of snow on Mazama Ridge.

The first thing we did was put on more clothing, then John and Trevor set up tents so we'd have a place to stash gear. The tents also served as back-up shelters in case there were problems with the snow caves.

We didn't have a great deal of daylight left—3 hours or so. Richard and

Seth began to dig one snow cave, and John and I began the other. Trevor chose to spend the night in the tent, and helped us out as needed.

The snow was excellent for digging—probably the best I've experienced. And ... we got the caves finished before dark. Trevor, in the meantime, got the stoves going as we applied the finishing touches to our dwellings. During this time the weather had deteriorated—it was snowing harder and it was very cold.

For dinner we heated up fried chicken and boiled potatoes in Seal-A-Meal bags. We were starved by the time they were ready. As soon as we ate we dived into our caves and respective tent.

Getting established inside the cave is challenging. There is the matter of slithering tarps, and the insidious snow which seems to accumulate everywhere. But somehow it all got done—the Thermarests inflated, the boots stashed away in plastic bags, important items like headlamps, toilet paper, water, and chocolate within reach. Our cave was spacious enough for our packs.

John carved three small alcoves for candles and got those going. The glow of the candles made it seem warmer

and cozier than it actually was. It took us a while to warm up.

Speaking of warming up, we had built our caves too close together and some of the candles melted a hole that went through the floor of the other cave. John passed up licorice through the hole to Richard and Seth. Finally we got warm, and slept the usual 12 hours—from 7 to 7.

We woke to a partially sunny morning and the Mountain cooperated by emerging a few times from the billowing clouds. Everyone had slept well and warm. It took us quite a bit of time to pack up after breakfast. John's rain pants had frozen into artistic agony and my gaiters had become shapeless, black lumps that I put away rather than on.

As we hiked back up the road we met numerous skiers with light packs and graceful maneuvers. We must have looked like Sherpas as we toiled up the road, our packs bristling with ice axes and shovels.

Before having something to eat at Aaron's Ark we stopped at the site of the old mill in Eatonville—a historic and photogenic spot. Just across from Aaron's Ark someone has painted a wall mural of how the mill used to look

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Lodgepole pines in Leavenworth.

when it was operational. It was interesting to walk through the crumbling mill and then get another look at the mill as it was in its heyday.

Yes, Seth lived through the weekend and may even go out with us again sometime.—Karen Sykes, Seattle, 12/10-11.



#### COPPER CREEK ROAD

(DNR & Gifford Pinchot Natl Forest; USGS Mount Wow)—After reading Jane Habegger's reports of this trip for so long, Lee and I decided to try it for ourselves.

The road 59 Sno-Park is well signed between Ashford and the Nisqually entrance. Two parking areas are provided—one for a low snow line, and one for a high snow line. On this day the road was plowed to the higher area, an old logging platform with little turn-around space.

The sky was blue and the snow was packed and fast, with a thick layer of frost crystals. We had in mind to try to find the MTTA Copper Creek Hut, but found signing poor. (Maybe they don't want people to find it.) Even with the MTTA sketch map of the trail system,

we did a lot of guessing.

Just as I was ready to turn back, positive we were way off track, we met another party of skiers. When we asked if they knew where the hut was, they said they had spent the previous night there, and pointed downhill—there it was! Lee took the road down, while I took the direct way down the slopes just north of the hut.

We went inside to have lunch here and talked with another skier—Don Weinstein, a WSTC ski patroller who was returning from several days at Paradise.

After lunch we headed back the way we had come. We now know that this is the "hard" way to reach the Copper Creek Hut. Most people come in by way of the road 92 Sno-Park—not as long, not as steep, and better marked.

We had a good run down on the upper slopes, but the gentle grade of the lower part of the 59 road was not as

fast as we had hoped for. We'll be back to explore the other routes here.—Ann Marshall, 12/28.

**SUNTOP**—Have you noticed the road up Suntop is no longer being groomed? According to Denny Coughlin of the White River Ranger Station, the grooming vs. use situation received scrutiny when a user wrote a letter to State Parks complaining about the ski conditions.

As a result, White River had a Master Performer in cross-country skiing do an assessment of ski trails at the Suntop Sno-Park. The finding was that the terrain up to Suntop was for more advanced skiers, but was neither pro nor con toward continued grooming.

State Parks decided not to fund grooming based on the cost per skier ratio and erratic ski conditions.

At White River's monthly Recreation Committee meeting, a skier suggested installing a registration box at the trailhead to get an accurate user count.

Call White River for more information: 206-825-6585.

**CARBON RIVER BRIDGE**—The Department of Transportation will be-

gin a project in the spring to repair the Carbon River Bridge on High 165. DOT expects long delays on the second stage of the project, 7am to 5pm daily between 6/15 and 8/27.—Ranger, 1/17.

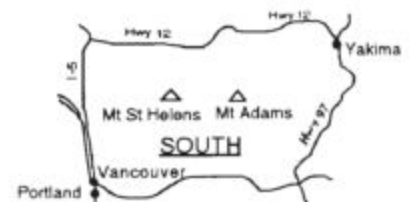
**NACHES DISTRICT**—White Pass is providing groomed cross-country ski trails. There are 9 miles of trails at 4500 feet. Trail passes are available at the White Pass Ski Area.

Several good signed (but ungroomed) cross-country ski trails are available at Pleasant Valley, Goose Egg, and North Fork Tieton.

Still other areas are neither signed nor groomed but offer good backcountry ski exploring: Bear Canyon, Lost Lake, Tumac Plateau, Sand Lake, Cowlitz Pass, Hogback Basin, Road 1284, Indian Creek Road (all off Highway 12); and Bumping Lake and Raven Roost (off Highway 410).

Crow Lake Way (Highway 410) is a great snowshoe route, but travelers here must watch the avalanche hazard and be able to handle steep terrain.—Ranger, 1/17.

#### SOUTH



**GENERAL CONDITIONS**—Snow.

**MOUNT ADAMS DISTRICT**—Roads have a few inches to a few feet of fresh snow and many are treacherous to drive or closed to automobiles.

**Thomas Lake trail**—Only minor work is left to be completed. The trail should be open for next hiking season.

**Mount Adams**—A limited permit system is being considered for the South Route. To be added to the mailing list or for additional information, call Linda Turner, 509-395-3357, or Mary Bean, 509, 395-3353.

**Peterson Prairie Cabin**—Filled up most weekends for this season. Weekdays may be available, however. It's an easy ski or snowshoe in to the cabin from Atkisson Sno-Park; great for families. Call for rental info: 509-395-3400.—Ranger, 1/13.

**MOUNT SAINT HELENS**—Climbing permits are required from 5/15 to 11/1. Permit applications may be obtained in person or by mail at Monument headquarters. Permit applications

will be accepted for the 1995 climbing season after February 1.

Call Monument headquarters for info: 360-750-3900.—Ranger, 1/13.

## OREGON

**ROGUE RIVER NATL FOREST**—A Sno-park at Fish Lake campground has a heated restroom and picnic shelter for winter use. Many ski trails are available with excellent views of Mount McLoughlin and Brown Mountain from various spots. Brown Mountain has good telemark slopes.

Fish Lake Resort has groceries, a cafe, and cabins for rent.

Stop by the Ashland Ranger Station for the free Fish Lake Nordic Trail Guide which includes maps and trail descriptions.—Ranger, 1/20.

## IDAHO

**SAWTOOTH NATL REC AREA**—Wow, what a great week we had for snow! Now that it has stopped (for the moment), we can get out and have some fun. The Sawtooth NRA office has 48" of snow; Galena Lodge 59" and at 9000 feet there's 69".

Trail fees are charged to ski on groomed trails. North Valley trails are \$5 a day for adults and \$1 for children under 16.—Michelle Speich, Sawtooth NRA, 1/16.

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

**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.

**CABIN**—Secluded seaside housekeeping cabin on Orcas Island available for

weekly rental May-October. Hiking, fishing, beachcombing, wildlife viewing. Rustic, comfortable accommodations. Sleeps eight; reasonable rent.

Write 1819 Hickox Road, Mount Vernon WA 98273 for more data; SASE appreciated.

**FOUND:** 6-hole flute, wooden, at junction of Quartz Creek & 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.

**FREE TO GOOD HOME**—Women's size 6 hiking boots; Danner; good shape. Call Lisa Darling, 206-325-3465, 7am to 7pm only.

LEE MCKEE

# STEHEKIN IN WINTER

—A DESTINATION FOR SKIERS AND SNOWSHOERS—

If the thought of snowcamping leaves you out in the cold, so to speak, you can find places that provide creature comforts and access to snow routes. One of these is the village of Stehekin, at the head of Lake Chelan.

When Ann and I heard that groomed cross-country ski trails would be available in the North Cascades National Park at Stehekin this year and the North Cascades Stehekin Lodge was now open year-round, we saw an opportunity to experience something new. Here's what we found.

Getting to Stehekin from Chelan in winter is the same as in summer. Your choice is by ferry or float plane.

The Lake Chelan Boat Company operates the *Lady Express* daily except Tuesdays and Thursdays between November and April. Travel time is about 2½ hours, depending on passenger stops and wildlife sightings; cost is \$21 round-trip in winter.

Chelan Airways provides seaplane service. Departure time is based on demand, with a two passenger minimum, so if you're traveling solo you may have

to wait until someone else wants to fly—in winter there's usually a trip a day. Travel time is about 30 minutes; cost is \$80 round-trip.

One way fares are also available so you can experience both ways of travel. Both have restrictions on the amount of luggage and both provide overnight parking at an additional cost.

With a forecast for a couple of days of good weather, we left Chelan on the *Lady Express* at 10am on January 4. The trip this day involved three passenger stops and one pause to view several goats on the cliffy lakeshore before arriving at Stehekin around 1pm.

Gathering ski information at both the lodge office and the Stehekin Ranger Station, we found a number of ski trails were available. The two trails being groomed were the Buckner Orchard Loop and the Stehekin River road from the end of the plowed road at the Courtney Ranch to Dolly Varden campground. With snow conditions typical for the Cascades during a cold snap in January—*crusty*—we decided to stick with the groomed trails.

Designated ski and snowshoe trails all begin at some distance from the lodge. The Stehekin River road is plowed for just over 9 miles, and a shuttle service is available to reach the trails along the road. Cost of the shuttle runs from \$5 to \$7.50 per person depending on drop-off point. Drop-off and pickup times are negotiable.

The cross-country ski package we had signed up for with the lodge included shuttle service so we were soon on our way to the Buckner Orchard Loop trailhead just over 3 miles out of town. John Prouty, who handles a number of jobs for the lodge, was the shuttle driver and over the next several days we learned many interesting things about the valley from him.

Although we were ready to ski, John said he would be neglecting his duty if he did not provide us the opportunity to

view Rainbow Falls before setting out. The falls drop 312 feet and are visible from a short side trail. Because of the cold snap, we were greeted with a spectacular ice formation instead of water. What little water that was flowing at the top was covered by an ice canopy before it fell very far.

With evening quickly approaching, we arranged for a 4:15pm pickup time and were soon skiing the Orchard Loop. The 2½ mile loop, rated easy, is a figure eight which travels through woods and meadows in rolling terrain. Views of the Stehekin River and the historic Buckner Orchard provide interest.

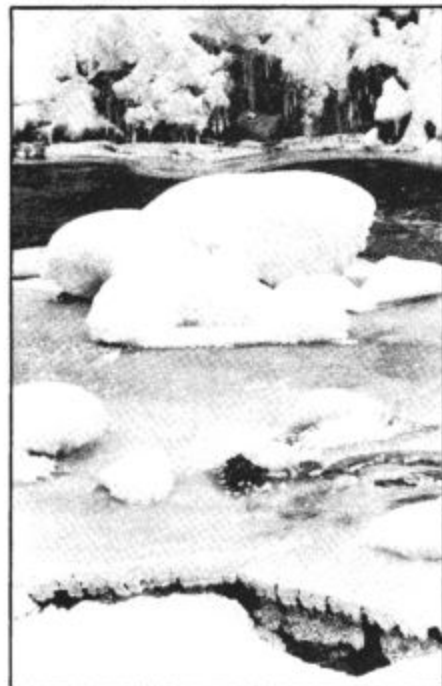
John met us at the appointed time, and we were back at the lodge at 4:30. Some lodge units offer kitchen facilities, but for this trip we had decided to eat at the lodge restaurant.

This being a Wednesday, it was "Valley Night" at the restaurant. It is an all-you-can-eat buffet which this night featured lasagna as the main dish



Frost crystals in Buckner Orchard.

Lee McKee



Ice on the Stehekin River.

Lee McKee



Sharin Farshchi heads back to the lodge after a morning ski.

Lee McKee

with several appetizers and dessert choices. According to restaurant manager Sharin Farshchi, Valley Night provides a mid-week drawing point for residents of this isolated community.

The next morning we met John shortly after 8am for a lift up to the end of the plowed road to ski the Stehekin River road. Starting at 9am and with a 4pm pickup time, we decided to see how far we could get with 12:30 being our turn-around time.

The first 2 miles into High Bridge are rated easy. We traveled mainly through forest with some views of the river and surrounding mountains, gaining a little over 100 feet in elevation.

Seeing the High Bridge Guard Station surrounded by snow was quite a contrast to the building I remember from hiking the Pacific Crest Trail during summer and fall months.

The campground just past the Guard Station was covered with several feet of snow, but the floor of the shelter was bare dirt, making it a possible winter camping spot without having to sleep on snow.

Although not listed as official ski and snowshoe trails, the Agnes Gorge trail and the Pacific Crest Trail branch off from the road just past High Bridge.

Under better snow conditions these trails would be worth exploring for the more adventuresome backcountry traveler. From just looking at the topographic map we could not tell if safe winter travel would be possible, however.

Past High Bridge the nature of the trip changed. We gained steady, though modest, elevation for a short distance

after we crossed the Stehekin River on a snow-covered bridge. My altimeter registered about a 300-foot change before the road began minor ups and downs. This provided a nice contrast to the relatively flat first 2 miles.

Also providing contrast were the many views of the Stehekin River. Various amounts and types of ice formations on the river were intriguing to look at. We were here during a cold snap—Ann's small thermometer registered mostly around 15° F today with a brief high of 20° F—which probably helped in giving us such interesting scenes.

By our turn-around time we had reached the end of the groomed track at Dolly Varden Campground—around 2 miles past High Bridge. We had taken our time, stopping for lots of pictures and exploring. If we had been skiing steadily we could have gone farther in our allotted time, continuing on the Stehekin River road toward Bridge Creek and Cottonwood.

The section between High Bridge and Cottonwood is rated advanced with a caution to check avalanche hazard prior to departing. The section we did to Dolly Varden I would rate easy to moderate—the moderate part being the initial climb out of High Bridge which could give beginning skiers a run for their money on the way back. A short section of cliffy bank just prior to Dolly Varden seemed to pose the major avalanche concern which was rated as low during our trip.



Along the Stehekin River near Dolly Varden campground.

Lee McKee



John Prouty helps Ann load our gear into the shuttle.

Lee McKee

As expected, the return trip with fewer sightseeing stops and fast ski conditions went quickly. Arriving at our pickup spot 45 minutes early meant donning clothes to maintain body temperature—an important point to remember.

John was a few minutes early with the van and by 4:30 we were back in our room. The lodge offers a variety of rooms at different price levels, and for this trip we splurged on a room with a lake view. We enjoyed watching the sky over the north end of the lake change color as twilight turned to darkness.

The next morning we awoke to over-cast skies and a temperature around 20° F. Checkout time is 10:30am which meant stashing our non-ski gear outside the room before taking off for a morning ski.

We decided to do the Orchard Loop again, this time in a less hurried fashion. Several days of dry and cold had resulted in spectacular ice crystal formations on tree branches. Before we knew it, it was time to meet John again.

To return to Chelan we took advantage of an opportunity to fly in the Chelan Airways de Havilland Beaver float plane. It was quite exciting. We had a bird's-eye view of the country and Ann was able to trace the path she had traveled several years ago on the Lakeshore trail. In 30 minutes we were back in Chelan and the end of a good three day trip.

If you decide to try a winter trip to Stehekin there are several things to keep in mind. Snow conditions always vary, so if skiing or snowshoeing is your main goal, check on conditions before you go.

continued page 15

GERRY ERICKSON

# A MOUNTAIN MAN WITH AN IMPIISH GRIN

—HELP STAN DAVIS GET BACK INTO THE MOUNTAINS—

Some people try to be noticed and end up being obnoxious. Stan Davis stands out by being himself—an extremely competent and warm-hearted person.

A long-time expert skier and hiker, Stan has been a pillar of strength for his friends and the organizations to which he belongs.

He is a mountain of a mountain man, with an impish grin that reflects his personality and wealth of humorous tales.

His grin was the first thing I noticed when I met Stan three years ago in the Washington Ski Touring Club.

And his grin is what I remember most vividly when I think of him and the tremendous challenge he faces—defeating a rare, deadly bone marrow disease.

Stan is accustomed to challenges. I have seen him tackle steep terrain with astonishing skill and sometimes harrowingly close calls.

During a summer ski trip on the Fryingpan Glacier on Mount Rainier not long ago, he turned down a narrow, steep chute.

When the mushy corn snow gave way on his second turn, he was suddenly sliding out of control on

top of the loose snow toward a band of rocks.

While his ski club companions watched aghast from below, he somehow rode over the rocks, jumped a crevasse (into

which the avalanche was falling) and arrived at the bottom with nothing more bruised than his ego.

Stan also belongs to the Trail Blazers, an organization that has provided volunteer support of the alpine lakes trout fishery by hand-stocking lakes for more than 60 years.

Mike Ward, a past president of the Trail Blazers, has climbed and skied with Stan on Rainier and Adams. Mike, too, has a deep appreciation for Stan's warmth and love of the outdoors.

Mike recalled the year Stan developed a reputation for destroying skis with aggressive style. Stan had already broken three pairs by the time they did Mount Adams. Sure enough, on the steep face below the False Summit, at 11,000 feet, Stan blasted a ski into smithereens. It was a long trudge back to camp at timberline, and out to the car.

Shortly after I joined the ski club three years ago, when Stan was president, he found out that I was a long-time member of the Hi-Lakers Club, a group of in-



Stan Davis, at Paradise.

dividuals who fish mountain lakes together.

"So, you're one of the guys who goes around taking out the fish that we Trail Blazers work our rears off to stock!" Stan said.

But, with that gentle needle delivered, he launched into one of his many funny war stories about himself and our mutual friends who are members of both clubs. I have enjoyed his gentle humor ever since.

Stan has a serious side, too. Four years ago, Stan, Jim Kampe and Gordon Thomson were skiing up the Muir snowfield above Paradise when a mid-day whiteout blew in at the 8500-foot level. Jim was skiing ahead of the others, and vanished. No trace of Jim has been found to this day.

Stan and Gordon searched that evening and all the next day with the rangers, and Stan went back repeatedly over the following weeks and years, to no avail. Since then, Stan is like a shepherd watching over his flock when leading an outdoor trip. He wants to make sure others don't meet the same fate.

Out of that trauma and through discussions with Muir District Ranger John Wilcox, Stan helped establish the Mount Rainier volunteer nordic ski patrol.

Last year, the first year of the ski patrol, four overdue climbers descending from Camp Muir were found and led to

safety by a ranger and ski patrol search team. Stan wasn't on patrol duty that weekend, but I was, with Gordon's wife, Diane Carreri. We were searching the Paradise Glacier valley with increasing concern in the deteriorating weather.

Our elation when word came over the radio that the other team had found the climbers above Panorama Point was eclipsed only by Stan's beaming grin when we relayed the story to him.

In September, Stan asked me to help him coordinate the ski patrol. He had just learned of his diagnosis and had received the first of the interim blood transfusions that will keep him alive until a bone marrow transplant can be done this winter—his only hope for long-term survival.

Put simply, Stan's bone marrow doesn't produce enough red blood cells and he was exhausted all summer. Once diagnosed, the doctors told him that he shouldn't go into the mountains again, but Stan felt good enough after several transfusions to hike to Melakwa Lakes and scramble off-trail on the shoulders of Kaleetan Peak.

Stan told me that it felt like a religious experience to be back there, doing what he loved so dearly. Unfortunately, Stan's visits to the mountains are becoming fewer and farther between.

Stan's love of the mountains, his fun-

damental human warmth and his strength of character may help him beat this adult pre-leukemia. A lot of his friends in the ski club, the Trail Blazers and other organizations are rallying to help him win this battle, both emotionally and financially.

Fundraisers are being scheduled—please watch future issues of this and other regional outdoor publications for details, or call me at 206-441-4696.

Meanwhile, a benevolent fund has been established at SeaFirst Bank to help Stan. His medical insurance will not cover all the costs related to his transplant.

Donations to the Stan Davis Fund can be made in person at any SeaFirst Bank branch, or mailed to:

**Stan Davis Fund**  
PO Box 31233  
Seattle WA 98103.

Thanks for helping us get this mountain man with an impish grin back into the mountains with his friends—back into the mountains, where he belongs.

△

*Gerry Erickson, of Seattle, is a consulting scientist who is a skier, backpacker and fisherman in his spare time.*

## STEHEKIN IN WINTER *continued from page 13*

Both skiing and snowshoeing opportunities exist. The lodge does rent snowshoes if you don't have any. The Rainbow Loop Trail which climbs to the ridge above Rainbow Falls is designated as most suitable for snowshoes.

The lodge has no phones, TV, or radios in the rooms. Stehekin is an isolated community so bring everything you expect to need—you can find some things in the lodge store but items are limited.

This is the first year of trying winter operation so, although we experienced no problems, unexpected wrinkles may occur; stay flexible.

For more information, contact:

Lake Chelan Boat Company  
PO Box 186

Chelan WA 98816  
509-682-2224

North Cascades Stehekin Lodge  
PO Box 457  
Chelan WA 98816  
509-682-4494

Chelan Airways  
Box W  
Chelan WA 98816  
509-682-5555

National Park Service  
Lake Chelan NRA  
PO Box 549  
Chelan WA 98816  
509-682-2549.

△

*Lee McKee, of Port Orchard, is Pack & Paddle's business manager.*



High Bridge Guard Station

Lee McKee

KERRY GILLES and DON ABBOTT

# THE ROYAL-BUCKHORN LOOP

—TEN DAYS EXPLORING THE NORTHEASTERN OLYMPICS—

On a Friday evening last August 19, our true friend Bob Jenkins dropped us at the Upper Dungeness Trail 833. We hiked in the dusk-dark for the first mile. I can't tell you what the trail looked like but I can honestly say the trail felt good, smelled good and was easy going.

As we approached the footbridge crossing, a dog let out a bark-bark-growl. The owners holding him tight claimed he was harmless.

We set up camp with flashlight, a full moon and stars just on the other side of the bridge. With the Dungeness River and Royal Creek gurgling by, we slept like dead people.

## SATURDAY

Re-crossing the bridge, we headed up to Royal Lake on trail 832. The Royal Basin trail (2900 feet elevation gain, maximum grade 20%) passes into the National Park, then back out again before it finally re-enters the Park and heads for Royal Lake and Deception Glacier.

This 6 miles of hiking is relatively easy going (even with a 9-day pack) with only two steep hills to tackle. Plenty of campsites and water along the way.

Arriving at the lake (5130 feet) we expected to see lots of people based on the full parking lot Friday night, but instead saw only two guys sitting by the lake, one of them feeding gray jays that were landing on him.

We continued to Shelter Rock—also known as Big Rock and Lava Rock—and dropped our homes at the site by the creek looking out into the meadow. Unfortunately the fog coming in hid the tops of everything.

We went exploring, first climbing the big lava rock to take pictures of our tents down below, then hiking up a way-trail to look at the spectacular waterfalls. These falls, maybe 40 feet wide and 60 feet high, cascade down hug-

ging the curvy rock with a tree in the middle.

We went uphill some more, boulder hopped, rock jumped, stepped over water and came to the upper basin. The rocks were pastel colored and I thought how beautiful they would look in my yard. The water is totally unappetizing, a grayish-silt color.

Of course the fog hid the impressive views of Mount Deception, the Needles, and the other rugged peaks. We descended to Arrowhead Meadow where the marmots whistled at us and deer, bedded down, watched us.

Back at camp the mosquitoes were getting pesky and it had gotten cold.

## SUNDAY

Getting an early morning start, we hiked up the east side of the upper basin, over shale, past tiny little trees, through brush, past a little tarn and around boulders. The 600-foot gain is worth the sweat.

We saw the rare Piper's bellflower. We were able to get all the pictures of Mount Deception, Sundial Peak, Mount Johnson and the other rugged peaks we wanted before the fog again came in.



Falls in upper Royal Basin.

We hiked all over the meadows and hills covering the opposite of everything we had done the previous day, yet seeing it differently. Since we were back at camp by 12, after a hot lunch, we decided to head leisurely down the trail with the intent of camping at one of the lower sites we remembered seeing on the way up.

Our slow hike turned into a fast downhill trot when the sky unzipped and poured on us. After passing three horses, one dog, and a couple of more people, we reached a campsite where the ground was still dry because of the forest cover.

In record time (5 minutes) we had our tents set up and were inside wishing there wasn't a fire ban this dry summer. The rain stopped but since it looked bad we hooked up an overhead tarp (spaceblanket with extra grommets) and cooked dinner.

Hiking out Monday morning we passed a tree that had enough orange chicken-of-the-woods on it to feed a small troop.

Some of the brush has been cleared but there were no sign-in sheets or permits when we passed the register. We crossed into Buckhorn Wilderness.

## MONDAY

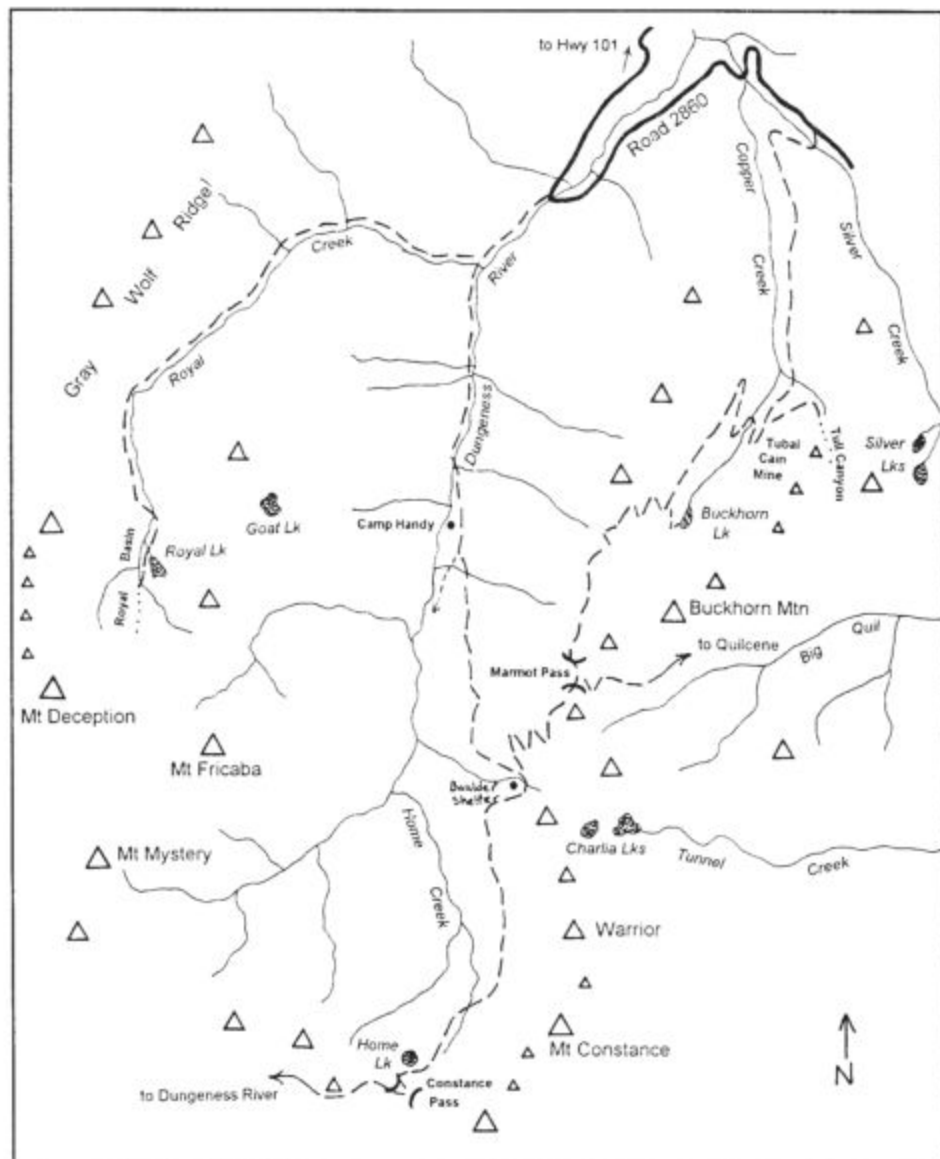
We followed the river to Camp Handy Shelter (3100 feet) where Don talked with a ranger who was passing through. The shelter is a dirt floor and the side walls are see-through. The roof, covered in moss, looks to be in the best shape.

This area is so vast, fifty or more tents could camp here and across the river. Don got some info on the Goat Lake trail from another man who had been up there the day before.

We set up camp close to the shelter (just in case) and set out for Goat Lake. The first major obstacle is getting across the Dungeness river, as the man

Kerry Gilles





who fell in will testify. There are two logs, one higher than the other, both small, and very slimy-slippery because of the rain.

Don, with his 5-pound boots, had a shaky start but then was across in a blink of an eye. I, however, first attempted crossing in bare feet ... cold ... back to shore.

After tossing my ice axe and boots across to Don I chose the other higher log and, legs dangling, I scooted across. Effective ... just ungracious.

This 1.8 miles of trail seems longer because it is uphill almost the entire way, with two false I-thought-we-were-there hopes.

There are lots of flowers to look at: meadow parsley, white heather, spreading stonecrop, harebell. I used all my stored-up grunts, groans, and swear-words, plus lost three pounds of water weight, and that was on an overcast

day. But 2830 feet later I forgot the struggle when we arrived at the lake.

Greenish-blue, it lies in a cirque at the base of a rugged, snow-flecked peak and is surrounded by stretches of meadow, subalpine trees, and outcrops of sandstone covered with black lichen. A barren talus slope rises to the west.

We saw deer with young'uns and marmots. It took us 2 hours and 45 minutes to get there. We rested, ate and climbed up another 120 feet (Don's altimeter read 6050 feet) to get aerial shots of the 8-acre lake.

We saw a couple of campspots and admired anyone who would haul a pack up here. One hour and 30 minutes later we were back to the river crossing again.

Prying our toes out of our boots, we waded across the cold river. I believe this is the hardest trail I've hiked—harder than Lake Constance and Wagonwheel.

## TUESDAY

We left Camp Handy and started up toward Boulder Shelter, 2.9 miles away. This trail is a loong gradual climb, but up nonetheless. When we stopped to rest we had views of Mount Constance and the upper Dungeness.

Upon arriving at the shelter we found a group of twelve from the University of Puget Sound just leaving. This shelter has been redone and the smell of fresh shingles was still here. A movable bench, a wall table and a dirt floor completed the furnishings.

We set up camp in the wooded area away from the shelter and with blue sky overhead we headed up to Charlia Lakes. It's about a 3-mile hike with the first half of the trail being human. The second half is a goat walk!

Climbing through broken rubble at the foot of a rock tower about 100 feet high the trail ends on the ridge crest, (6500 feet). Someone turned on the fog switch. Don asked if I still wanted to continue. The down-trail from the ridge is like the Omak stampede—1000 feet down, just lean back, dig your heels in and go.

The flowers were colorful and abundant on this soft-soil steep slope. The first lake (5700 feet) we came to is small and surrounded by big boulders. We then had to go down some more to get to the real lake (5500 feet).

A father, his two young sons and their very friendly dog were there. They had come cross-country by way of the Tunnel Creek trail ... "a bit hairy" was their comment.

We stayed as long as we could hoping the fog would lift so I could see the lake and not just the edges of it. Scrambling back up the thousand feet of scree was not as bad as I had imagined, even if we did switch-back instead of straight up. It took two hours going and a little less coming back. Back at camp we rested and made our plans for the next day.

## WEDNESDAY

This morning we were bound for Home Lake, 3½ miles away. This trail starts out as a little uphill, then it's a gradual down hill, and part of the trail is so padded it's like walking on a carpet. We crossed over into the National Park, stepped through several little creeks, went past a long waterfall.

There were three small blowdowns to step over. After crossing a large section



Home Lake.

Kerry Gilles

of rock and boulder slide where the cliffs of inner Constance towered over us, we climbed a little again.

Beautiful clusters of ferns grew in this section and the fuzzy things called "old man of the mountain" were worth a picture or two. We were at the lake (5350 feet) in two hours with the sun just coming over ridge.

The lake is a round circle with three big boulders in the lake's edge and a trickle from an upper stream running into it. A sanican is installed up in the camping area but it has no privacy wall.

While Don worked his way around the lake I sat on the sunny bank, absorbing the sunshine and resting my over-used legs. This would make a good campspot with fishing, swimming, climbing all options.

Fireweed grew on the slopes and around the rough boulders and subalpine trees. Leaving the lake we went up to Constance Pass, 5800 feet. Eight ravens circled, making all kinds of noise. We hiked on Delmonte ridge a ways before getting off the trail to climb up to a higher ridge for more overall looking around with binoculars.

We sat up there and ate lunch and I fell asleep. Back at Boulder Shelter we took down our laundry, and opted to sit on the ground during dinner instead of the rocks we sat on the night before.

#### THURSDAY

The 1.8 mile hike up to Marmot Pass is gradual and we had sweeping views. Along the trail was lupine in spots, spreading phlox and Gabriel's horn.

At the pass itself is a sign on a bent pole reading Tubal Cain Trail, Big Quil Trail, and Home Lake Trail. The views include some of the highest peaks in the Olympics—Fricaba, the Needles, Graywolf Ridge.

There are spots to camp in the meadow down off the pass but you need to haul water up from Camp Mystery. We named this meadow "marmot meadow" due to all the marmots sunning themselves on top of the rocks.

Down at Camp Mystery we ran into a second group of twelve UPS students leaving. They told us a third group would be arriving there tonight. A Boy Scout troop had arrived and in all we counted thirty people in the area.

We found a campsite up the trail next to a babbling creek. After a bite to eat we went back up to the pass and climbed to a higher plateau opposite Mount Buckhorn. Unfortunately Mr. Fog found us again.

I went back down to camp, to mend my space blanket, study my flower book and write more of this story. Don went browsing to areas he missed the last time he was here.

The plus side of fog is you sweat less,

you don't need to apply sunscreen, mosquitoes are minimal so bug juice is an option, and dusty areas are not quite so dusty. The minus side is no views, cooler temperatures, and a dullness to everything including my disposition!

#### FRIDAY

We were atop Buckhorn Mountain (6956 feet) at 8am, sun shining on us. The moon hadn't gone to bed yet and the smallest of clouds were off in the far distance with no fog in sight. We were grinning from ear to ear.

We took pictures of Mount Constance, Mount Johnson, Mount Clark, the valleys and ridges, the trees—we were snap-happy. Off to the north about ½ mile as the crow flies we saw what looked like a rock castle sitting on a flat plateau. We decided to go for it.

Over hill, over dale, across a meadow, on a trail, off the trail, through some trees, up a steep bank, weaving in and out of rock walls until we arrive. We could see Puget Sound and the Strait of Juan de Fuca from here plus 360 other views! The rock formations were cone-like and stacked and looked like they were ready to topple over. After playing around the rocks like two kids we went back to Camp Mystery and packed up.

We went down to Buckhorn Lake (5150 feet) by way of the back entrance. Eight possible campsites are up from the lake itself, and we chose a secluded one right next to a creek.

We have a difference of opinion about this lake. I think it's ugly with its massive logjam at one end, and its muddy upper end where water runs into it. The trail around the lake is an obstacle course of branches, dead limbs, rocks and brush. The entire shoreline is rocky and sloping, fishing line is strewn about, and submerged logs and boulders are visible.

It seems, however, to be a popular spot. A morning look at it gives the water a green color with reflections of the peaks towering above in it.

#### SATURDAY

We made the most of this all sunshine day by doing 10 miles. First stop: Tubal Cain Camp and mine. We took a shorter route than the map shows and it's evident by its use that many do.

The camp (4350 feet) is located on Copper Creek. It shows signs of very heavy use and is a fairly large, spread-out camp. Any remains of the mining items are rusted through, scattered about, shot up and used as fire pits,

such as the coal car bins.

The mine is a bit of a scramble to get up to and has limited space to stand. Water runs out of the mine and boards and debris float around. It's a regular tourist attraction with people coming and going.

The second mine is up on the Tull Canyon trail. It's like a long dark hallway; again lots of people about. It smells like a combination of animal and human bathrooms.

We proceeded to hike up the steep Tull Canyon trail until we came to the swampy area where the military plane that crashed in September 1941 lies. It's partially intact with a wheel/tire still on it. It too has been hacked on, shot through, rummaged through and scattered about. We talked to some people for their version of the story as we had read and heard of others.

The trail then goes by large campsites with plane debris and horses piles about. Remnants of two log cabins are visible. One is just a few logs on the ground and the other has walls and doorway but no roof.

Someone has used more plane wreckage to cover one corner. We had to stand on our knees to get through the doorway.

This was the site of Tull City (5000 feet). Someone has put a "for sale" sign up and a mat at the door entrance. Plastic tarps, cans and garbage are inside around the fire pit.

The trail ends here, technically. We continued up a trail going into Tull Canyon. On the right were rocky peaks and we saw another mine entrance. On the left were sweeping views of the east wall of the canyon. An eagle flew by.

We were making good progress until we found the huckleberry bushes overloaded with big berries. After eating until our hands were stained purple we pulled ourselves away.

We came to a most beautiful meadow where boulders, flowers, grasshoppers, and butterflies mingled. A small patch of snow still remained. We sat and had lunch there, then went to find the homestead we had heard was once around here.

Some broken old glass, a few logs showing the sawed-off ends and a few rusty pieces of maybe a stove were all that was left.

We kept going up by way of parts of an animal trail until we reached the saddle. The warm wind was blowing pretty strong. We were looking at the



Kerry Gilles

A fern in the rock slide on the way to Home Lake.

Big Quilcene drainage, Boulder Ridge, and Mount Constance.

We traversed the ridge up until we were atop Hawks Peak. Looking down we saw Silver Lakes and gave a wave and holler to the people below. Looking across we could see more people on Mount Townsend. Seattle and the Kingdom were visible.

The little plane that flew overhead waved back at us with a wing dip. We were elated, feeling like we were on top of the world. It was a beautiful blue sky, sun shining day.

Coming back down through the canyon we took a route that we had seen from above that looked like it might be easier. We hiked on the actual map trail once we got to Tull City back to Buckhorn Lake.

#### SUNDAY

I was awakened at 3:30am by the familiar pitter-patter of rain hitting the tent. With a groan I rolled over and went back to sleep only to be reawakened at 5:30 by thunder and lightening. Oh great, I thought, is this our last day send off?

At 6 I was up and between the down-

pours, light sprinkles, and brief interludes I packed up. Don, on the other hand, said, "I'm waiting till 9; it will blow off."

Well, sure enough, he was right! So as I heaved on what was supposed to be a light pack at the end of a 9-day trip, Don couldn't help but say, "It's not always good to be an early bird riser."

We had 6.1 miles to hike out. We met Bob on the trail coming in to greet us and after a brief discussion of our adventures we all went out. We stopped to take some pictures of Silver Creek shelter, which is in need of repairs. This trail is full of rhododendrons and would be worth hiking when they're in bloom.

It's a 20-mile drive back to Sequim State Park where we stopped and used the showers. *Hot water!* We made a stop at the Hungry Bear for their famous Grizzly Burger and then headed home to unpack all that wet stuff.

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

*Don Abbott, of Aberdeen, commutes to the Weyerhaeuser mill by bicycle.*

ANN MARSHALL

# A Ladies' Outing

—A WEEK OF ABANDONED TRAILS AND HIGH ROUTES—

Our group's trip for the summer of 1994 was the Carne Mountain-Leroy Creek "trail," with a side trip to the summit of Mount Maude, in the Glacier Peak Wilderness.

Portions of this trail have been abandoned for many years, and *Routes and Rocks* suggests that it should be—in part at least—called a High Route.

Our group (seven women this year) is lured by anything that hints of alpine country and routefinding challenges. Here's our tale.

## July 9

Gert and Manita leave from their homes on Whidbey Island. They camp at the Phelps Creek trailhead above Trinity.

## July 10

Gert and Manita head up the trail early. This is Manita's first real backpack, and Gert wants to be able to take it easy the first day.

The rest of us gather at Linda's house in Bothell. Because of our huge packs, we can't all fit in one car, so Linda and Bettye both drive; Joan, Lindy and I find space as passengers among the boots, maps, and water bottles of our journey.

In late morning we start up the Phelps Creek trail. Because it's a Sunday, the parking lot is filled to overflowing with weekend backpackers visiting popular Spider Meadow. Very shortly, however, the trail to Carne Basin leaves Phelps Creek. Except for meeting a party on their way down from Carne Basin, we didn't see anyone else until the end of our trip!

This is a steep trail, gaining some 2600 feet in 2.4 miles. It leaves the forest, traverses through brush, and reaches steep open meadows in full sun. Some big trees across the trail slow us down. We have lunch sprawled on the path in one- or two-person-sized bits of shade.

Many flowers are blooming and we

name as many as we know.

Linda and Joan are good at this, knowing both Latin and common names.

At 2:30, we reach the beautiful basin below Carne Mountain, with a gurgling stream flowing from springs, lots of campsites and no snow. Gert and Manita are here and have claimed a camp for our three tents, but we have the entire basin to ourselves.

After a good rest we follow the trail up to the saddle below Carne Mountain, then walk the ridge to the summit, 7085 feet, with beautiful flowers and great views of Glacier Peak.

Arriving back at camp at 6 o'clock, we prepare dinner quickly. It is *cold* when the sun goes down!

Gert and Manita are sharing Gert's 2-person Kelty tent; Lindy and Joan are using Lindy's 2-person Sierra Designs; and Bettye, Linda and I are in Bettye's 3-person JanSport.

## July 11

In the morning we discover ice in Linda's water bucket! Our thermometers read 33 and 35.

We are up at 6am so we can climb to the ridge above camp before the sun gets hot. At the ridgetop, 6800 feet, we take a long break, enjoying the beautiful larch groves below us and the clear blue sky above. Lindy scrambles up to the second of Carne's peaks, where the old lookout used to be.

Linda discovers she has just run out of sunscreen. This is unfortunate but not a disaster—the rest of us have plenty and are happy to share.

We drop into the Rock Creek drainage and shortly come to the Rock Creek trail junction, well marked by cairns in the meadow which has overgrown the tread. From here on, *Routes and Rocks*



From left: Gert, Lindy, Manita, Ann, Linda, Bettye, Joan.

Linda Rostad

says, the trail is in poor condition with "vague tread"—just what we've been waiting for!

Linda (our leader) would rather die than lose elevation, so almost immediately we are off-route. We finally convince her to drop to the smatterings of tread we can spot well below us, and after a difficult descent on steep meadow we are back to easier going.

The traverse between the two forks of Box Creek is beautiful, through bits of forest and flower meadows, on a route that is not difficult.

We stop for lunch near a snowbank and small camp near the north branch of Box Creek. During the course of the day we take two other long breaks of an hour each, and many shorter ones. The lack of rain, the beautiful views and the flowers make the strolling pace delightful.

The last climb of the day is up to a 7050-foot pass between Box and Chipmunk Creeks. We have a good view of our route clear back to Carne Mountain.

We drop to Chipmunk Creek to camp in the huge basin, with marmots whistling and the creek splashing.

### July 12

Today with day packs we set off on the Ice Lakes High Route for Mount Maude. Gert and Joan have decided to stay in camp and we will miss them.

Manita is the first one ready this morning, anxious to go. We climb 800 feet to the first pass above camp.

At the pass we are joined by a huge mountain goat in his silky summer coat. Later Bettye says that the goat "was the frosting on top of this trip." He traveled with us for several hours, sometimes seeming to show us the way, or appearing to wait for us.

We cross steep, unstable talus and scree to the 7650-foot pass above Ice Lakes, Bill the Goat still with us. As we plunge-step straight down into the snow-filled bowl, he comes too. But goats are poor plunge-steppers and he careens wildly off-course in a runaway gallop before working his way back over to us.

The bowl is as hot as an oven and I can feel myself roasting. This is our third day of continuous sun at high elevation and I am tired of it. I wear ankle-to-wrist clothing to keep the sun off my skin.



The summit of Mount Maude: Lindy, Manita, Bettye, Ann.

Linda Rostad

Bettye, in shorts and t-shirt and deeply tan, says frequently, "Isn't this wonderful!" Yeah, right.

After crossing the bowl, we climb northwest up snow fingers to Maude's south ridge. We have to ascend under a mostly-collapsed cornice to reach it. Bill the Goat has gone ahead of us and is sitting on top of the cornice, with his head peeking over watching us.

As I climb up the last of the cornice, I can see Bill is sitting right where I want to come over the top. I kick steps right up toward him. When I am close enough that my boots spray him with

snow, he moves away.

From this point we have only 1000 feet more to the 9082-foot summit. It's an easy go up the rocky open slope studded with astounding miniature gardens. From the summit the view is amazing and we spend over an hour. There is no register.

Later Lindy says, "One of the most fun experiences was calling my husband from the top of Mount Maude on Linda's cell phone, as we relaxed in nests of jumbled stone mixed with packs and sit pads."

Thinking about Manita's lack of mountain experience, Linda is anxious to deal with the cornice. As we start down, we come face to face with Bill, who has been waiting for us just below the summit rocks. He doesn't follow us down, but stays near the top, grazing.

Linda has an 80-foot handline in her pack, and she rigs an ice axe belay using a brake plate and the doubled line. At only 40 feet, the line doesn't quite reach all the way, but it will be enough to get Manita over the vertical part.

Manita says later that she was only scared in two places—trying to plunge-step down into the bowl (she fell), and going over the edge of that cornice.

When we are all safely down, we then have to recross the bowl and slog back up to the 7650-foot pass. Crossing the unstable scree is tiring and unnerving at the end of the long, hot day.

As we come down from the last pass into Chipmunk Creek, we can see our friends below at camp. We wave and shout, and they wave back.



At the saddle below the summit of Carne Mountain: Bettye, Lindy (pointing), Linda, and Gert.

Ann Marshall

Joan and Gert have hot water going on both stoves, have made two desserts, and fuss over us as we collapse.

First I drink—I ran out of water on the mountain. Then I have dinner and dessert in my pajamas, to everyone else's amusement.

In the middle of the night, we get up to look at the black, starry sky. Two shooting stars light up the night.

### July 13

We spend a leisurely morning in camp. Some of us wander down the basin a ways to admire the meadows.

Since we are only moving camp a couple of miles into Leroy Basin, we are in no hurry. Routefinding and vague tread slow us down some, however, and as we top the last pass we groan as we look down onto snow and trackless talus.

Picking our way through, we come into the basin on a good trail and find camps off the main route at 6100 feet. Joanie says, "Be sure to say how bad the flies are today!"

### July 14

We head out with light packs in mid-morning for the 7700-foot pass at the head of the Leroy Creek basin, on the west side of Seven-fingered Jack.

The route is easy and direct over



Joan hikes out in her custom-made splint.

heather and rocks to a large upper basin, then another 1500 feet on snow and rock to the narrow pass, with wind howling through and a sheer drop on the north side.

We stay for an hour and are back in camp by 3pm.

In the evening we watch three young men come down our route and cross the basin. They wave at us but don't come over. When they stop at the creek crossing for a break, Gert puts down her dinner and goes over to talk to them.

They had come in the day before and climbed to the upper basin to camp, they told her, then climbed Mount Fernow today and were going all the way out—had to be at work tomorrow.

### July 15

It's a beautiful morning with a slight breeze to discourage the bugs. Lots of deer around camp, an occasional marmot, and some handsome Clark's nut-crackers.

The trail down Leroy Creek drops from 6100 feet to 4100 feet in 1.6 miles. In places it is dirt over rock and very slick.

About 11 o'clock Joan slips and twists her ankle. Lindy, right behind her, helps Joan get her pack off. After a

few minutes, Joan determines she can't put any weight at all on the foot.

We have a conference to consider our options. While we discuss, Joan decides the best thing to do is to scoot down the trail on her rear end and she proceeds to do so—the entire 500 feet of elevation to the main Phelps Creek trail. We ferry her pack.

Joan remains in remarkably good humor, commenting that it is interesting how the earth has different textures and temperatures, and how different the flowers and foliage look from ground level. She admits that, yes, she is getting dirt up her shorts, and yes, her arms are tired. But on she goes. It takes an hour and a half.

At the creek crossing she takes off her boot and soaks her foot in the cold water while we all eat lunch.

Lindy and Bettye, our fast travelers, take off at a trot to dump their packs at the cars and come back in to assist if needed.

Linda and I fashion a splint with two ice axes and lots of bandannas and bandages, and a foam pad. It works well enough that Joan can hobble out the last 3½ miles, which are luckily on an abandoned road, using a couple of walking sticks for support.

Gert and Manita add the contents of Joan's pack to their own loads and we all head out. Since this is Friday and the Phelps Creek trail is very popular, we meet many people coming in. Joan gets lots of comments about her splint!

About halfway to the cars, Lindy and Bettye meet us and travel the rest of the way with Joan while Linda and I hike out to the cars. Gert and Manita are already there and we stuff all Joan's gear back into her pack.

Joan arrives at the trailhead about 5pm, exhausted. Bettye drives Joan home, and her son takes her to the hospital. Turns out she has a fracture of the lower leg. The emergency room crew is impressed with her story of how she hiked out on a broken leg!

Much later, we get together for a potluck dinner and look at all our beautiful photos. Next year's High Route is already on the calendar.

And Joan is instructing at Alpentail this winter, as usual.

Ann Marshall, of Port Orchard, is the editor of Pack & Paddle.

DEBORAH RIEHL

# Rescue Epics

## —CHAIR PEAK: RESCUES FOR ALL SEASONS—

Last month I wrote about one of our summer missions on the ever-popular Chair Peak. Well, Chair occasionally provides us with winter business, too.

The day before New Year's Eve two brothers set out to do an ice climb on the north side of Chair Peak. They had climbed it a number of times previously, but this was their first winter climb.

They completed the climb in four pitches. There was some problem with surface ice "dinner plating" but they found solid ice underneath. They rappelled back down First Gully and proceeded to plungestep down the steep snow basin above the Thumbtack.

At 5:25pm "Bob" broke through buried crust with his left boot and as his momentum carried him forward something gave in his left ankle or shin.

"Mark" heard his brother scream and hurriedly climbed back up to him. Bob tried to stand on his left leg but it wouldn't support him.

Mark splinted it with a picket and webbing. Bob's leg was then comfortable enough for him to carry on by glissading. Then Mark pulled out his cell phone and called 911.

The brothers were well dressed, had food, extra clothes and headlamps, but no shelter. The accident occurred 1500 feet below the summit. The weather was a chilly 25 degrees, clear and moonless.

The ground troops began to assemble at Alpentel. There were no helicopters immediately available. Guardian One had no crew available and MAST won't fly unless the problem is "life threatening."

Perhaps being told the patient was scooting along on the snow on his rear in the cold and dark, courting hypoth-

ermia, changed the Army's mind. A bird was diverted from White Pass to Chair Peak.

Initially it was difficult to get Bob and Mark to stay in one place long enough for the helo to locate them. Bob was indeed cold due to his glissading and wanted to keep moving to try to generate heat.

It took gentle persuasion by the King County Police SAR deputy over the cell phone to get them to hole up ¼-mile above Snow Lake.

Mark said Bob was rowing along so fast with his ice ax he had a hard time keeping up.

MAST located the two with their night vision goggles and sent a medic and litter down. Bob was hoisted aboard and the bird took off for Harbor-

view. Mark turned down a ride and began to hike out. His phone's batteries finally quit.

Our team proceeded in to find Mark and escort him out. Mark and the rescue team rendezvoused at 9pm.

So ended the 1994 SAR season. I wonder what 1995 holds?

△

*Debby Riehl, AA7RW, is a member of the Ski Patrol Rescue Team and Seattle Mountain Rescue. She lives in North Creek.*



LEE MCKEE

# Secrets of Snow Camping

—BY A PERSON WHO REALLY LIKES IT, PART 2—

So, you've read last month's article on snowcamping, you've gathered all your "stuff" together and you're eager to go! Now what? Well, pick a spot.

And how do you do that? Easy! Pick a Sno-Park, drive to it, and set off on the associated trail or forest road. It really can be just that easy.

For more choices, thumb through one of the cross-country ski guides for Washington or Oregon published by The Mountaineers, or look through back issues of *Pack & Paddle* (our winter travel index can be a help here), pick a trip that interests you, and make that your destination.

## JUST UP THE ROAD

One of the differences between winter camping and summer camping is that your campsite can be just a mile or two up a snow-covered forest road. The snowy landscape adds an extra dimension that in itself makes nearly any spot a "destination."

Because you melt snow for water and can stomp out a tent pad in any relatively level terrain, camp spots abound for the snow camper.

## GAINS AND LOSSES

Consider terrain, your physical condition, and your skiing ability when you're choosing a spot. Gaining elevation with a pack and skis is about the same as gaining elevation walking with a pack on.

But losing elevation with the added weight of a pack is a whole lot different. In slick conditions you can pick up speed fast, and if you lose control the weight of the pack can really plant you into the snow. So elevation gains and losses take on greater significance when traveling with an overnight pack.

## DAYLIGHT

Also take into account the amount of daylight you will have to travel in. During the shortest days that means rough-

ly eight hours.

Making and breaking camp take longer in winter—I figure two hours—which leaves six hours of travel time (four hours if you're breaking and making camp the same day). How far you will be able to travel in that time will depend on your ability and conditioning.

## COME ALONG

Still a little unsure? Well then, follow along on a two-night trip Ann and I took awhile back on the Pacific Crest Trail north from White Pass and see how it works.

*Cross-Country Ski Tours 2* rates the avalanche potential of this trip "none to low" so it can be travelled in various conditions.

## PACKING THE PACK

Although packing gear for winter camping is basically the same as for any other season, I pay a little more attention to distribution of weight. I don't want the pack top-heavy or off-balance while I'm on skis.

And, just like setting off for a trip in the rain, I want the things I need for setting up camp readily accessible so I can get to them quickly without having to empty the pack when I reach camp.



Camp in the Goat Rocks Wilderness.

I locate the Maxi-glide and climbing skins where I can easily get to them if snow conditions change, and I leave some space in an outer pocket for stashing or retrieving clothing during the day. My water bottle gets stowed inside the pack instead of on the outside where it could freeze.

Another consideration for a winter trip is making sure your gear is in operating condition and knowing how to use it *before* you leave. For me this means cleaning and checking the operation of the stove which will burn less efficiently if clogged. And, since I use a different tent for winter camping, it also means reviewing how the tent goes up while I'm still in the warmth of my house.

After we decide *where*, the next step is *when*. Considerations (besides getting off work) are the weather and the avalanche forecast. We listen to the weather radio—no major storms forecast. A call to the avalanche hotline shows avalanche danger is low.

We were off early the next morning for White Pass. Several hours later we found a spot to leave the car (ask at the Crackerbarrel Store), hefted our packs (their bulk makes them look quite impressive during the winter) and were off.

## FOLLOWING A TRAIL

A consideration for winter travel is finding your way. If your trip is on forest roads, this can be quite simple. If it involves a trail, things are more complicated.

If your route is a popular one (and this one is) and if there has been no recent major snowfall, you probably will have tracks to follow.

But be wary! Those tracks you followed in can disappear quickly in fresh snow and you will need to find the way out on your own! Stick to forest roads or marked winter trails if that thought makes you uneasy.

Skiing with a pack is naturally more

Ann Marshall



work than skiing without one. If you're working too hard because of poor traction on crust or ice, putting on skins will ease your effort tremendously.

### FINDING A CAMP

Today the going was easy and by a little after 3pm we were at a meadow a short distance from Sand Lake. Leaving the trail and making our way into the meadow we looked for a campspot.

We picked a spot which avoided snow loaded trees (a "snow bomb" can be an unpleasant surprise), offered some protection from the wind and was off-route for privacy.

### CRITICAL PHASE

The transition from traveling to setting up camp is a critical phase. While traveling we produce heat and are dressed at a level where warmth is maintained easily.

Now, stopped, our heat production tapers off and our clothes are damp from perspiration as well. It may be windy and snowing.

We monitor ourselves: if our temperature is dropping too fast, we stop what we're doing and get on extra clothes before we get too cold!

### THE TENT PAD

The first step is to prepare a tent spot. This is nothing more complicated than stomping out, with skis on, a rectangle somewhat larger than the base of the tent.

I usually leave my pack on since it provides more weight to compress the snow. The weight also causes me to use more energy, keeping me warm, and the pack acts as an outer insulation layer.

We go back and forth over the area, moving a ski width at a time, until all the snow is compressed. We fill in any indentations with snow from outside the area, and shovel away any high spots. The goal is a relatively flat pad.

Now the hard part—we leave the site alone for 20 or 30 minutes. By now we are anxious to be done with it, but the longer we wait the more the snow will solidify and the better it will be for the tent base.

### HOUSING CONSTRUCTION

So, we switch our attention to the other aspects of camp. For us that means locating the "kitchen" and the "bathroom."

We place the kitchen within 6 feet or

so of the tent entrance. I tromp out a path from the tent base (first with skis on for the initial compression, then with skis off), then dig a hole where Ann or I can stand comfortably while cooking—say 3 or 4 feet deep.

We also use the back of the shovel to flatten out and compress a "counter" for the stove. Making the stove spot a little below the top of the surrounding snow will provide wind protection for it, too. Cooking in a tent is dangerous, so we always use an external kitchen.

The bathroom goes some distance from the tent and away from any spot that might be traveled on by future users of the area. Again, I make a pathway compressed first with skis then with boots only.



Lee McKee

*Hot water is ready!*

### GETTING THE TENT UP

By now I realize my internal temperature is coming down so I put on a parka as I pull the tent, poles, and stakes out of my pack. If we're concerned about impending darkness or cold, the stove also comes out so we can be melting snow in parallel with setting up the tent.

Although the tent platform has stabilized somewhat, it is still not enough to support our feet, so we keep to the edges as we spread out the tent.

Depending on base snow conditions, tent stakes may or may not hold. I use larger snow stakes which work fairly well if I compact snow around them, and they generally freeze into place after several hours.

Our goal is to get shelter up quickly, so we don't worry about getting stakes to hold at this point. We concentrate on getting the tent poles in place, the tent up, and the fly on.

The fly on our tent has a large vesti-

bule so the last step is to dig out a "porch" a foot or so deep inside the vestibule. This allows us to sit on the tent floor with our feet in the "porch" hole while we fuss with our boots.

### INTERIOR DECORATING

Now it's time to move in—pads first. I cover the entire floor with ¾-inch closed cell foam, followed by ½-inch full length pads for sleeping. Since the tent platform is still somewhat fragile, be careful with planting weight too much on one spot or you'll leave an indentation. The snow will get firmer as it settles.

Next come sleeping bags, clothes, candle lanterns, books—everything needed to turn the barren tent into a cozy home. If it's snowing, dust off the flakes as you transfer things from pack to tent—it's easier to keep snow out than it is to clean up once it's inside.

If you've come along with us, how's *your* body temperature doing? How are your hands? About now I'm usually getting chilly, so if we didn't start the stove earlier, we start it now. It's also time to change from traveling clothes to camp clothes. Off with the gaiters and ski boots and on with the pile socks and mukluks (see *January*, page 29), followed by the rest of my warmer camp clothes.

One of my beliefs (Ann would call it a quirk) is that I will be warmer if I wash off the layer of sweat that has built up during the day's travel before I don my camp clothes. So for me, the process involves taking off my traveling clothes, having a quick sponge bath with warm water from the stove, and putting on my polypro and fleece camp clothes.

A warm drink and energy snack like chocolate or Kendall mint cake get my body temperature coming up if it has dropped.

Warm drinks not only heat us, they replace the water we have lost through sweat and evaporation. Just as we keep aware of our body temperature, we keep aware of how much water we are drinking—we need lots to account for evaporation in the cold air.

Relying on snow melt for water means extra fuel and extra time to melt the snow. When melting snow, always have a little water in the bottom of the pot. As it warms, add chunks of snow.

### SETTLING IN

With darkness approaching, Ann starts heating water for dinner as I fuss

with the rainfly to make sure it is staked out from the tent for a ventilation path. This helps reduce condensation buildup a little and provides for replenishing stale air.

Dinner preparations are quick—a rice-based instant dinner and bread. We generally eat inside the tent because it is more comfortable and protected than outside. Steam from the hot food adds to condensation buildup but it isn't all that bad.

Our major concern is SPILLS. As we found out early in snow camping, a spilled cup of coffee inside the tent is a *real* mess and can make for some unhappy moments. Because of that experience our awareness of what we're doing is cranked up a notch or two whenever we have liquid inside the tent.

With dinner done, we settle in for the evening. Two suspended candle lanterns provide both light and heat. Hanging damp gloves and socks with cord for drying, we break out books and spend the next several hours comfortably reading.

#### BEDTIME

I am a believer in eating something high in calories before bed so my body has fuel. So, outside to melt snow for warm drinks to go with homemade brownies. This also provides the water Ann uses for the hot water bottle she takes to bed with her.

Now is the time to make sure everything outside is okay for the night. We locate your gear in one spot so we can find it if it snows! We put boots and gaiters inside the tent to keep them from freezing.

This is also one of the times I really enjoy. The glowing tent lit by candles makes a special scene as we walk around in the snow in total darkness.

If it is snowing a lot, we periodically shovel snow away from the tent to keep a ventilation path open. On one trip we went to sleep with heavy snow falling. Some time during the night I awoke feeling hot, stuffy, and headachy.

All was totally silent—like in a cave—and stifling. I came fully awake realizing something wasn't right. Donning my wind suit and mukluks I went outside. The entire tent was covered with a layer of snow which had built up over a foot around the edge. I went to work shoveling it away from the edges and knocking it off the walls.

Back inside, I felt much better with a ventilation path once more open to



Lee McKee

*Lit by candles, the tent glows.*

allow fresh air in. I had to repeat this process during the remainder of the night because of all the snow.

#### BREAKFAST

You never know what to expect when you awake the next morning. If it has snowed, you could find your equipment buried. If it has been cold you may find ice crystals sparkling.

The first step is to get the stove going and make hot water, then breakfast. On this three-day trip, our plans included a day of sightseeing. A consideration here is remembering that we will need to find our way back to our home at the end of the day. We can't totally rely on being able to follow our tracks back—snow could cover them or other people on day trips could make a maze of tracks. Here, again, we crank up the awareness level a couple of notches. We also carry extra clothes and equipment so we could make an emergency camp if we lose our way.

#### BREAKING CAMP

The morning of the third day was time to break camp and head back to the car—another critical transition. This is when I usually get the coldest of the trip. My hands get damp and cold from handling the tent and my body temperature drops because I have on only light traveling clothes. The important thing here is to get this transition done quickly so we can start traveling and producing heat.

Besides packing away our things, we also do your best to leave a clean camp and fill in any holes we have made so they won't be traps for others.

We try to keep some energy in reserve during our ski out. If it has been snowing, we may find ourselves digging out the car before we can call our trip done.

#### IN ALL SEASONS

Well, we made it! If you try it on your own you will experience the quiet and solitude of the winter forest that can only be felt by living there for a short time.

You will see your nighttime tent aglow in the surrounding dark forest.

You will find a sense of accomplishment on meeting the challenge of winter travel.

And you will add another dimension to your ability to enjoy the backcountry in all seasons!

△

*Lee McKee, of Port Orchard, is Pack & Paddle's business manager.*

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### Some suggestions for places to go snow camping

**Mount Saint Helens.** The Sno-Parks on the south side are good places to start. Try the Swift Creek or June Lake ski trails if you can ski downhill with a full pack, or go east on the 83 road for a relatively flat route.

**Olympics.** Because there are no Sno-Parks in the Olympics, snowcamping trips can be difficult. Hurricane Ridge is a possible destination but overnight parking is restricted.

**Snoqualmie Pass.** The many Sno-Parks in the I-90 corridor provide a wealth of places for convenient overnight parking. They are all heavily used, so make camp well off the trail, and stay off private property.

**White Pass.** The PCT north is a good trip for novice snow campers. The PCT south is more difficult.

**Mount Rainier.** The Mount Tahoma trail system provides several Sno-Parks and the terrain is suitable for snowcamping. For access higher on the mountain, overnight parking is available at Paradise.

**Lake Wenatchee.** Sno-Parks in this area provide access to miles of easy touring. Side roads off the Little Wenatchee and White Rivers may provide some relief from snowmobiles. Stay off private property.

SHARI HOGSHEAD

# A Canyon Sampler

—AN OFF-SEASON VISIT TO UTAH'S BACKCOUNTRY—

With daughter Debbie and son-in-law Pete having moved to Salt Lake City, Paul and I decided that Thanksgiving would be a wonderful time to spend in Canyon Country.

We had done this several years ago but, that time, had spent our time in the Needles area of Canyonlands and in Arches National Park. Since Debbie and Pete are experienced desert rats, we trusted them to plan the trip.

We arrived in Salt Lake City on Friday night, November 19. The next morning, we headed southeast, after breakfasting at Pierre's. We reached the camping area at Natural Bridges just before dark. It was extremely cold.

On Sunday, we drove to the head of Bullet Canyon, where we met another group who had set up a shuttle to our exit point at the head of Kane Gulch with a local Navaho driver.

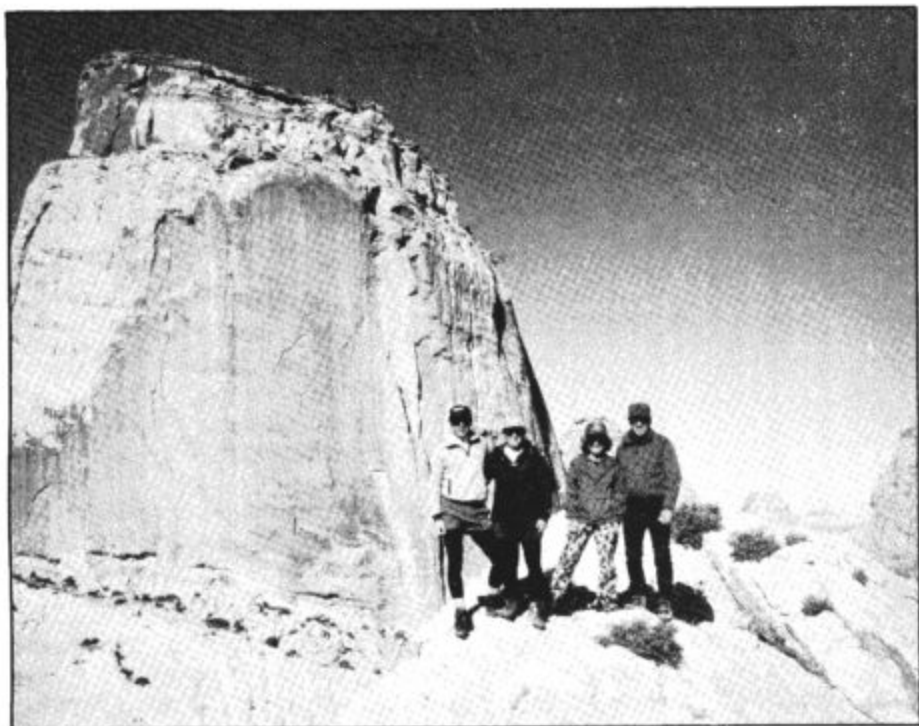
Debbie joined their shuttle and we were soon hiking down Bullet Canyon. The sun was out and it was actually quite warm by the time we reached Perfect Kiva Ruin, the first of many Anasazi ruins. This was followed by Jailhouse Ruin.

We were enjoying our hike so much that we even continued on down Grand Gulch after its confluence with Bullet Canyon. Soon, however, we ran into thick brush, clouds were massing overhead, and our thoughts turned to the forecast for Arctic cold and snow.

Just before dark, we made camp in Grand Gulch. During the long winter night we heard the occasional pitter-patter of sleet on our tents.

The next morning was gray and gloomy but by afternoon the weather was starting to clear.

This must have been at least an 8-ruin day. One of my favorites was Split Level Ruin. Another favorite is just a short distance up the gulch from Split Level—well off and unseen from the



Golden Throne from Navaho Dome Saddle: Pete, Debbie, Shari and Paul.

trail and unnamed as far as we know.

We found a nice camp and good water at the entrance to Todie Canyon, where we camped in a large grove of ancient cottonwoods. That evening, we hiked up Todie Canyon. The wind was brisk and the clouds skittered by, but the sky continued to clear. The moon was nearly full and it was a beautiful night, with still enough clouds to blanket the earth and keep us warm.

On Tuesday, we continued up Grand Gulch, past Turkey Pen, Junction, and many unnamed ruins and a natural arch. We turned up beautiful Kane Gulch and, following its stream all the way, climbed out of the canyon and walked to our pick-up.

We saw no other people in Bullet Canyon or in Kane Gulch. We did meet several groups in Grand Gulch, however. We drove back to Natural Bridges

and spent another bitterly cold night there.

Snow showers the next morning did not cause us to deviate from our plan, so we parked the car at the Owachomo Bridge car park and hiked across the top against the bitter wind as the sun broke through the snow cloud.

At Sipapu Bridge viewpoint, we descended (by trail and ladders) the wonderfully engineered trail down the canyon to walk beneath gigantic Sipapu Bridge. We continued down canyon in brilliant sunshine, scrambling up to Horse Collar ruin, to Kachina Bridge.

At this point, we took a turn to avoid heading out White Canyon, and continued on unmaintained trail to Owachomo Bridge. We only saw two people all day, but walked up on eight mule deer.

We hurried into Hanksville to catch a hamburger and shake at Stan's Burger

Bar before their 7pm closing time. We checked into Fern's Place, a great motel and one of three or four in town. Stan's, though, is the only eatery.

Our room had two queen beds, and a kitchen/dining room and was immaculate for \$40 a night. Pete drove down after work in Salt Lake City and joined us there.

Thanksgiving Day we drove into the San Rafael Swell and hiked Bell Canyon and Little Wild Horse Canyon. The hike included some scrambling and wading of frozen pools.

I can still vividly remember how our feet ached from the cold after several hundred feet of breaking ice and wading barefoot through parts of the slot canyon.

We finished off the day by visiting Goblin Valley, where we ran hurriedly around snapping pictures of the mud "goblins" before darkness set in.

We returned to Hanksville by jeep road with a ford of the Big Muddy River. Since Stan's was closed for the holiday, we had canned chicken chop suey in the microwave. It seemed like heaven, though, to eat in a bright, warm place, take a hot shower, and read in bed!

Friday morning we drove to Fruita in Capitol Reef National Park. After stopping at the visitors' center, we drove down Capitol Gorge and started hiking up the Golden Throne trail to the base of the Golden Throne.

After much searching, we found the scramble route up a chimney, over an exposed slickrock slab, and up a narrow gully. This brought us high up on a slickrock saddle between the Golden Throne and Navaho Dome.

We scrambled up the dome for photos and then circumnavigated the Throne. We walked down a canyon walled in by golden towers to reach Manzanita Canyon, which we used as our exit route, past the tanks and the pioneer register.

The night was so cold that, after dinner, we walked the 2 miles to the visitors' center from camp to get warm before bedtime.

With the temperature about 10 degrees, we had a cold breakfast, spotted one car at Hickman Bridge trailhead, and drove to the Chimney Rock trailhead.

We started on the Chimney Rock



Shari Hogshead at Grand Gulch.

trail and veered off at the entrance to Spring Canyon. We then contoured the upper tributary of Spring Canyon just below some pretty impressive towers. We descended an unnamed canyon and crossed another, which we ascended in shade, avoiding areas of steep slickrock that were covered by ice and snow.

We completed our climb at the top of Navaho Knobs and found the trail that ascended from the other side. After photos, we descended on the trail to Hickman Bridge. This 4½-mile long section of the trail is generally marked by cairns and negotiates wonderful slickrock.

I think the two days in Capitol Reef were my favorites, but each day was unique and beautiful. The Capitol Reef area, however, is high on my "return" list and we loved the combination of very interesting routefinding, scrambling, and trail hiking.

As we huddled into our sleeping bags on our last cold, clear night under that full desert moon, we thought of the fun we will have visiting Debbie and Pete in this grand country.

Sunday morning we started the long drive to Salt Lake City and our Morris Air return to Seattle.

Rain greeted us at SeaTac. We're home!

*Shari Hogshead, of Bellevue, works for the Issaquah School District.*

# PANORAMA

NEWS FROM ALL OVER

**SNOWMOBILE TRAIL**—After years of lobbying Kittitas County officials, the Cle Elum snowmobile club has finally received approval for a snowmobile trail along the road from Last Resort to Salmon la Sac.

The speed limit for car traffic along this section has been reduced to 25mph to accommodate the trail. The snowmobile speed limit is 20mph.

If you're headed up that way to ski or snowshoe, don't be surprised to see snow machines on the side of the road—the county says its okay.

**CISPUS RIVER**—Barrish & Sorenson Hydroelectric Co. of Idaho Falls has filed an application with the Federal Energy Regulatory Commission to build a small hydro project on the Cispus River.

The state denied their application on the grounds that project operation would conflict with an existing characteristic and beneficial use of the river for recreation.

This is the first time the state has used its authority under the Federal Clean Water Act to protect recreational use of a river.

Barrish & Sorenson appealed the denial and the case is scheduled for hearing in May. This appeal may have great significance for whitewater recreation in our state. They would be taking up to 1800 CFS from a 4-mile section of the river and severely impacting white water boating in the lower Cispus, a Class 2 to 3 run.

For more information, contact Brooke Drury, 206-633-1661 (days).—*from the Washington Kayak Club bulletin.*

**SILVER CREEK**—At the end of December, the Forest Service purchased 320 acres of Silver Creek land from Plum Creek Timber Company (*December, page 11*). This is the first step toward public ownership of an area noted for its old growth, subalpine and alpine habitat.

A second purchase of 640 more acres is expected to be completed soon.

**DENALI FEE STARTS**—Beginning this year, climbers on Denali and Foraker will be charged a mountaineering program fee.

The fee—\$150 per climber—will offset mountaineering administrative costs

such as prepositioning and maintaining the high-altitude ranger camp at 14,200 feet on the West Buttress route, mountaineering patrol salaries, education materials aimed at reducing the number of accidents, transportation, and supplies.

In public meetings and in written comments, climbers and others expressed overwhelming opposition to paying for actual rescues without nationwide policy discussion.

Mountaineering in Denali National Park has increased dramatically over the last 10 years, with the number of Denali climbers going from 695 in 1984 to 1277 in 1994.

The fee program has three major components:

### 1. Sixty-day pre-registration.

Climbers on Denali and Foraker will be required to register a minimum of 60 days in advance of their climb. Currently, climbers are required to register, but may do so as late as the day they depart for the mountain. The advance registration will allow Denali Park staff to provide information to prospective mountaineers on the dangers they may face, equipment, and resource issues.

### 2. Preventative SAR/Education.

Materials will be improved to better prepare mountaineers for a sub-arctic mountaineering experience. With 20 to 30 countries represented each season, materials eventually will be prepared in eight languages.

**3. Special Use Permit Fee.** The fee is expected to generate about \$180,000 per year (1200 climbers x \$150). The fee will not cover the lease of the high-altitude helicopter (about \$240,000 per year) nor will it be used to offset expenses incurred in rescues (anywhere from \$70,000 to \$200,000 per year).

Denali National Park plans to work closely with the public and will see input on specific issues such as human waste management, carrying capacities, mountain safety, fixed anchors, and others.

**CRYSTAL SPRINGS SNO-PARK**—Washington State Parks has made an offer to Meridian Mineral to purchase 80 acres of the Crystal Springs rock pit, which has served as a very popular Sno-park (see *January, page 30*). The offer was made in early January.

**PRESIDENT'S PLAN**—The public is being asked to help the Forest Service decide how to implement the President's Forest Plan for a 212,700-acre area of National Forest land which straddles the Cascades in Kittitas and King Counties.

The area is called the "Snoqualmie Pass Adaptive Management Area" and lies on both side of I-90 in Kittitas County and extends west across the Cascades into the Green River drainage in King County.

Public meetings will be held between January 31 and February 15 to explain the planning process and identify public interests and concerns.

The President's Plan specifically requires that the SPAMA have a "scientifically credible" plan for providing old growth forest required by species like the spotted owl.

Informational meetings will be held at the North Bend Ranger Station on January 31; the White River Ranger Station on February 8; and the Cle Elum Ranger Station on February 9. Each meeting will be from 7pm to 9pm. A scientists' forum from 10am to 3pm on February 15 at the North Bend Ranger Station will also be open to the public.

Those who wish to have their names added to the mailing list for further information should write to:

**Floyd Rogalski**  
Cle Elum Ranger District  
803 West 2nd Street  
Cle Elum WA 98922.

**HANTAVIRUS ON AT**—A hiker on the Appalachian Trail in Virginia was infected by the same rodent-borne virus that killed 40 people last year, marking the first time the mysterious disease has been detected in the mid-Atlantic region.

The disease, known as hantavirus pulmonary syndrome, is marked by respiratory failure from fluid build-up in the lungs. Since it was recognized in the US in June 1993, 99 cases—51 of them ending in death—have been confirmed in 21 states, according to the Centers for Disease Control and Prevention.

Although the death rate has dropped in the past year as doctors become more adept at treating the symptoms, hantavirus remains the third most-lethal virus ever recognized in the US, after AIDS and rabies.—*excerpted from the Fort Worth Star-Telegram.*

# REST STOP

EQUIPMENT, RECIPES, TIPS

**SPICED COCOA**—Favorite winter recipe for a hot drink when we are out snowshoeing or cross-country skiing.

- 2 cups hot cocoa mix
- 2 cups powdered milk
- ½ cup sugar
- 3 tablespoons cinnamon
- 3 teaspoons nutmeg

Mix all ingredients together. Put four heaping teaspoons of the spiced cocoa mix into a cup. Add 6 ounces hot water and stir.—*Jim and Remi Davis, Cle Elum.*

**SNOW CAMPING**—One little item I've found useful to bring for snow camping is a small stiff brush. This works great for sweeping snow off your boots before you bring them into the tent.

Another thing I do is suspend my cooking pot from a loop at the top of the tent so it can't get knocked over. (Don't tell anyone I cook in my tent!)—*Rich Bennett, Clinton.*

**BY A THREAD**—I know I am preaching to the converted here, but I hope this story serves as a reminder of how easily we can damage the backcountry if we treat it carelessly.

I was on a casual exploratory hike in the Quartz Creek area near the Taylor River, following one of the abandoned

roads slashed into the mountainside years ago for clearcutting. I had gone only a couple of hundred feet when I became aware of something that didn't belong—a red thread hanging from the brush. "Make a note of this; clean it up on the way out," I thought. But later I noticed it again, and again ...

Even though the abandoned road is easy to follow, the limited visibility in brushy secondary growth can be intimidating to an inexperienced or unprepared explorer.

Some new age Hansel and Gretel, having learned a lesson about bread crumbs, had marked a "newly-discovered" route using a high-quality synthetic thread. Clever, no? A tiny, almost invisible thread. What possible harm could that do?

I found out. About a mile farther on, I nearly stepped on a young varied thrush. These shy birds are not easily observed, usually mistaken for robins as they quickly fly to cover at the smallest disturbance.

The poor bird jumped and thrashed. It had become entangled in the same red thread that by chance I had followed! I took off my stocking cap and covered the bird, holding it as gently as possible. With its head covered, it did not struggle.

The thread had wrapped again and

again around one wing and knotted around the primary wing feathers. I took nail clippers from my pocket and patiently cut the knots, unraveling each entangling loop of thread. When I was sure that the last loop was cut and clear, I wrapped the bird completely and released it on a tree branch.

The moment the bird saw daylight, it took off in terror. It wasn't a storybook flight, but the will to survive was still there. Perhaps the damaged feathers would straighten and heal. At least the bird had a fighting chance.

If I had not been there, if I had not been there on that day, that tiny thread would have meant a death sentence. I removed a mile and a half of thread, two large fistfuls. Hansel and Gretel will have to learn how to read a map and follow a compass.—*Larry Trammel, Issaquah.*

**MAP VOLUNTEERS**—The USGS is looking for volunteers to help update over 50,000 topo maps covering all areas of the US. You need hiking ability, good math skills and good vision.

For more information, write:

**Mapping Volunteers**  
USGS Mail Stop 512  
Reston VA 22092.

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

**CAMERA BACKPACK**—For years I have adapted traditional backpacks to carry the essentials for safe wilderness travel as well as the necessary equipment to do my primary joy, wilderness photography.

Standard pack systems have little or no provisions for effective protection of fragile photographic equipment which usually results with my camera inconveniently padded and stored in the center of the pack. Lowe Mountaineering, a manufacturer of top quality frameless

hiking and climbing packs, has designed the LowePro Super Trekker photo backpack solving my problem of carrying camera and backpacking gear while maintaining excellent protection and ease of use.

The pack uses a state-of-the-art Lowe Paralux internal frame, CollarCut harness, wedge slider adjustment system and other unique features that comfortably mold the pack around my back and shoulders.

Inside are adjustable padded compartments that can be customized to carry any format or array of photographic equipment. For day hikes I carry two 35mm camera bodies, a 20mm f2.8 lens, a 24-to-50mm f3.3 zoom lens, a 70-to-210mm f2.8 zoom lens and a 400mm f3.5 EDIF lens.

I also carry spare batteries, filters, teleconverters, cable releases, a flash

unit, 30 to 60 rolls of film, an extensive first aid kit and other miscellaneous items.

Outside are four large pockets which I use to carry two one-quart water bottles, a water filter, food, gloves, hat and the remaining Ten Essentials. The pack also includes a removable padded tripod carrying case which attaches vertically in the center of the pack for even weight distribution. More equipment can be attached externally.

The pack is made of water resistant 420 denier nylon and includes a built in all-weather rain cover for those really nice trips we all sometimes make.

My pack weight for a dayhike is usually around 50 pounds. With the LowePro Super Trekker I can carry this weight all day problem free and have easy access to all of my photo gear.—*Michael Montgomery, Issaquah.*

### 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  
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# EDITOR'S JOURNAL



At Natural Bridges, near Peterson Prairie Cabin.

**FROM THE MAILBOX**—"Pack & Paddle is the only magazine I actually take time to read!"—*Snohomish*.

"That was a five-star article on the Crislers!"—*Las Vegas*.

"Our 20-year-old golden kitty has quietly passed on. If Yellow Cat knows of any yellow kitties, we would love to adopt."—*Wenatchee*.

"I share Pack & Paddle with my daughter who also loves the outdoors."—*Seattle*.

**DICK PARGETER**—Who should we meet on the *Lady Express* to Stehekin but Dick and Dee Pargeter?

The Pargeters were visiting Chelan with friends, and they were all taking a boat ride to Stehekin for the day. Dick, who produces Pargeter Maps, was carrying his video camera and got some good footage of mountain goats along the cliffs of the lake.

**YOU CAN SEE FOREVER**—I enjoyed a clipping a friend sent me recently from "The Washington Post." The article describes a trip made by Washington, DC, writer Dennis Drabelle to Tuck and Robin Lakes. He describes the scenery in beautiful prose and reflects on some wilderness philosophy. So far, so good.

Then he and his friends go above Robin Lakes to the Granite Mountain ridge and, he writes, "we ... faced west and caught sight of something so unexpected it took us a while to identify it: alabaster-white Mount Olympus, quite

possibly the world's shapeliest conical peak."

That pile of glacial rubble a "shapely, conical peak?" I don't think so. Besides, I didn't think it was possible to spot Olympus from the Cascades. What do you suppose they were looking at?

**STAN DAVIS**—The friends of Stan Davis are doing a wonderful job getting the word out about his impending bone marrow transplant. (See page 14.)

Although medical insurance is helpful, it doesn't cover all the costs, which can be substantial, of these high-tech operations. If you can contribute any amount to Stan's fund (address page 15), he and his friends will be grateful and you will be doing a good deed for a fellow mountain person.

**THIN**—"The Backcountry News section seemed thin in January," writes a reader, "which moved me to contribute; ie, be part of the solution."

Yes, that section *was* thin, and that's to be expected this time of year. We compensate by running more feature articles. In the summer, there are so many reports that we add 8 pages to fit them all in!

If you haven't noticed, this magazine is pretty much written by its readers (*you*). We couldn't provide the depth and variety of opinions and experiences found in these pages all by ourselves.

So thank you, everyone, for making Pack & Paddle what it is.

**WRITING**—This same correspondent continues: "I owe you a thank you for putting up with my writing. In this day of digital communications this form is a bit primitive."

Although we do receive some sophisticated computer print-outs, we also receive a lot of hand-written and typed material. We don't mind at all. We can usually read just about anyone's handwriting. Don't let the lack of a computer or typewriter prevent you from contributing!

We'll even accept brief reports by phone.

**RESULTS**—A call from Chuck Steel the other day brought good news. You may remember that Chuck lost not only his treasured photos of Jade Lake, but also the *negatives* as he was taking them back east to show relatives what paradise was like.

In the November issue (page 4), Chuck asked if some P&P reader had Jade Lake negatives he could borrow to replace his lost prints.

The day after the November issue was mailed, he received his first phone call from reader Joe Hunt, who offered his negatives. He got two more calls as well and now has plenty of Jade Lake prints to remind him of that beautiful spot.

See you in the backcountry,

Ann Marshall



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## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR *continued from page 4*

slick slopes and you soon will reach new metaphysical levels of awareness of your unique relationship to the universe.

Most people, however, will not find cross-country hiking on the westside a jolly good time. We suggest that you leave the out-of-body experience of westside cross-country hiking to the possessed (or the cursed).

Trail finding, too, is a near-religious experience. Success will rarely happen without faith. Any fool can find a trail. The woods are full of trails. What is important to keep in mind is that you seek a trail that goes where you want to go.

The truly gifted can sense the correct trail by its aura. Tony did. The rest of us must look for outward manifestations such as tracks, blazes, etc. to reassure us that this is indeed a trail, and possibly *the* trail.

Helen's final point should be well

taken. Wear the right clothes. Leather chaps and gloves could be an obvious choice for cross-country hiking unless the weather and vegetation are wet.

We have been at this long enough to know Trapper Nelson and we are very happy that he has retired. We offer these small corrections so the young and the innocent can more fully understand Helen Nieberl's excellent article.

Keep up the good work. We enjoy your magazine very much.

Polish Pathfinder and the Red Queen  
Yakima, Washington

*Editor's Note:* I apologize for any inappropriate reference to age. My only defense is that I did use the phrase "*relatively* late in life." I hope that is enough to placate PP and RQ.

Helen Nieberl is indeed alive and well, having turned 80 recently.—AM.

## SKI OUT THE BACK DOOR

We began subscribing to *Signpost* in 1984 while we were living in Othello, in the Columbia Basin. For recreation we traveled to the Leavenworth area and North Cascades and Teanaway in the Wenatchee National Forest to hike, backpack and cross-country ski in winter.

In July 1990 we saw our dream come true when we bought recreational property on the Middle Fork Teanaway River; we live there full time. Now we can ski or hike right out our back door on our outings. We look forward to each issue of *Pack & Paddle*.

Our first snowfall in the Teanaway came on October 27. As we continued to get snow, Jim would write down how much had fallen—as of December 22nd we had 82 inches! Of course that's not all still on the ground. But we feel as if we live in a "winter wonderland."

Thank you for continuing to publish such a great magazine with such a variety of information for everyone.

Jim and Remi Davis  
Middle Fork Teanaway River



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photographs by Anton Nieberl

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