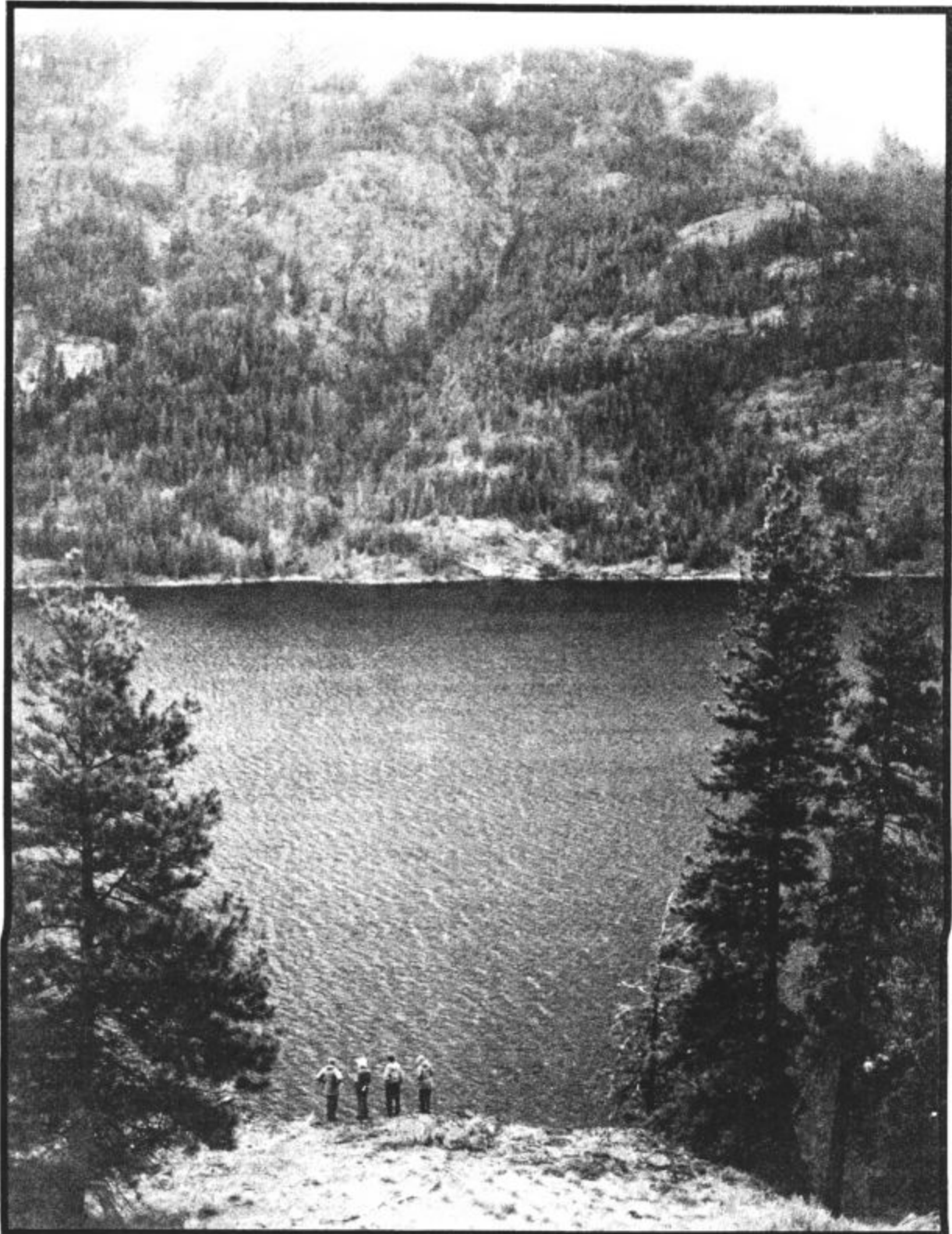


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Pack & Paddle

VOLUME 4, NUMBER 4

RANDOM VIEW—



Ken Hopping

The crater rim on Mount Saint Helens; Mount Adams in distance.

Features

- 15 LOSING TRAILS
Ann Marshall
- 16 SAWTOOTH WILDERNESS ADVENTURE
Kerry Gilles and Don Abbott
- 18 BAHIA DE LOS ANGELES
Tom Garrison
- 21 ALTERING THE ROBERTS STOVE
Charlie McGuiver
- 22 MEMORIAL DAY WEEKEND IN
THE ENCHANTMENTS
Terrence Cuneo
- 24 GOAT MOUNTAIN
Mike Torok
- 25 PASAYTEN LOOP
Lee McKee

Departments

- 4 LETTERS TO THE EDITOR
- 5 BACKCOUNTRY NEWS
- 29 PANORAMA — News from All Over
- 29 REST STOP — Recipes, Equipment, Tips
- 31 EDITOR'S JOURNAL
- 32 BOOKS

COVER PHOTO:

On the Lakeshore Trail, four hikers look down on Lake Chelan. Left to right: Tryne Reinsma, Mary Sutliff, Judy Sutliff, Chris Mohler. Chelan-Sawtooth Wilderness, Washington. Photo by Ann Marshall.

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• • •

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WONDERFUL ARTICLE

The latest issue of *Pack & Paddle* arrived yesterday—I always am thrilled to see it in our mailbox!

I read John Roper's article ("Grassy Point," *March*, page 22) today with my morning cup of coffee and laughed and laughed! It was wonderful.

Mr. Maphead and nephew Chris and I went up to that area several years ago and we have beautiful memories of it ourselves. John's article brought them all back vividly.

We spent three days out and on day two we went ridge running. It stands out in my mind as the only time I've ever been "charged" by a marmot! Mr. Maphead went by it, no problem. Chris went by it, ditto. I go by and it came charging at me and hissed! Whoa—what a shock!

Great article, John!

Mystery Hiker
Granite Falls, Washington

UMBILICUS

I realize there are a lot of you "technocrats" around who won't like this, but cellular phones have no place "out there!"

More and more we hear about people who have to maintain an umbilicus with their techno-industrial world via the cell-phone.

Now, I can sort of understand the unique fun of calling friends and family from the top of some distant peak. But, you know, if you can reach civilization ... then civilization can reach you!

How would it be if half way up some dot on a map, while you're sitting there enjoying stale gorp, Gatorade, companions, and views, when all of a sudden your pocket rings?

Answering it, you find your boss wants to know where you left that ever-so-boring stock report. Or where you left the bathroom key. Or it's your Significant Other calling to let you know they're running off with your best friend.

I mean, wouldn't it be better if you just didn't have to deal with what's going on "down there?"

And as for you who like to call in your own search and rescue ... part of the adventure in going "out there" is the risk. Without the risk, it's just another walk around town.

If a cell-phone means the difference

between life and death, then it's too close to call anyway. So you might as well die "out there." The views are better than you'd get from ICU. And you'll get your name in the paper.

If leaving civilization scares you, THEN DON'T GO!

Should I ever run across another one of you with your umbilicus, don't let me near it! I may just jump up and down on it!

David MacFarlane
Lake Stevens, Washington

Ed. Note: Although I generally agree, I have to mention a nit-picky point—"civilization" can't call you if your phone is turned off. If you walk around with it turned on all the time, the battery drains, and then you *can't* use it. The one person I know who routinely carries a cell phone never has it turned on to receive calls.

HELP OUTFITTERS APPEAL FOREST DECISION

As of June 23, 1994, all commercial Outfitters and Guides permits for the Olympic National Forest Wilderness areas were denied, based on a lack of need for outfitter services.

We need your help now to keep the Wildernesses open to Outfitters and Guides. We want to continue to offer our services to the public, to help you lighten those heavy packs, take along a few luxuries and make your trip safe, comfortable and enjoyable—to help you make your dreams of a "great Wilderness experience" come true.

The wilderness experience is a right that you have bought and paid for with your tax dollars. Soon only a select group of people will be able to enjoy these Wilderness areas. Only the elite "hard core" backpacker, skilled in map and compass, who is willing and able to endure a heavy backpack, eat freeze dried foods, practice no impact camping and survival all at the same time (not the general public) will be allowed into the wilderness.

We need your help to keep Wilderness areas open to the services of outfitters and guides. Do not let the Olympic National Forest decision be used as a precedent to closing other Wilderness areas to the services of Outfitters and Guides.

The Forest Service is funded by your tax dollars and they listen to the general public. We need your personal letters, as members of the general public, stating how and why you feel there is a need for the services of commercial Outfitters and Guides in Wilderness areas.

Kit's Llamas is in the process of developing a presentation to show that a need for outfitter services does exist and to seek a repeal of the Olympic National Forest decision.

Please send your letters in support of the outfitter/guide issue to: **Kit's Llamas, PO Box 116, Olalla WA 98359**. We will deliver your letters to Olympic National Forest with our presentation, and to Washington Outfitters and Guides Association to add to their efforts to keep the other Washington Wilderness Areas open to outfitter and guide services for you. Thank you for your time, interest and support.

Kit Niemann
Olalla, Washington

FAIRFAX BRIDGE CLOSURE

Talk about stupid! There needs to be a letter-writing campaign to encourage DOT to change the timing of doing the bridge work on the Fairfax Bridge.

People who live in Wilkeson say there isn't a reason in the world this couldn't have been done in the spring or fall, because only 22 school kids live beyond the bridge and they could have all been brought out by van every day on back roads and locked logging gates. In other words, this could be done "off season" and DOT is just using the school kids as an excuse for doing it at the peak of the high-use season.

Protest letters should be directed to:
**Mike Morishige, Project Engineer
Department of Transportation
Olympia Region
2300 105th St E
Tacoma WA 98445**

If this isn't stopped, it's going to mess up thousands of people who will try to go to Mowich Lake or Ipsut Creek, and won't know until they get nearly down there that the bridge is closed.

Bette Filley
Issaquah, Washington

Ed. Note: See page 12 for closure schedule.

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 up high; mud down low. Storms, trees down, typical spring conditions.

MOUNT WASHINGTON (*Mt Skokomish Wilderness; USGS Mt Washington*)—It was a presidential day, perfect for a presidential mountain.

We were able to drive to the lower Mount Ellinor trailhead, presidential views on the way.

The lower, snowy route was sink or swim. From the large basin two of us three worked up steepening slopes to a saddle of that presidential chin thrust skyward.

A ridge ramble and we ascended the chin. The views from there were stupendous, as long as one could look past that snowy, presidential nose.

Having hoped, dreamed, and planned

for this climb on this day for at least a year or two, here I was at last, by George. No, on George.

We made it down by the seat of our pants (slide or sink), and some very un-presidential language.—Rodney B. Joseph H, Dave N, Seattle, 2/22.

GIG HARBOR (*NOAA 18474*)—There was only a slight ripple on the water from the northeasterly winds when Ann and I put in at the Randall Drive boat launch. The harbor is fairly well protected from northerly winds making it a good choice when wind waves make other areas difficult.

There was little marine traffic as we made our way to the harbor entrance, the current and wind speeding us along. Before long we had rounded the spit and were heading toward Colvos Passage. Wave action picked up so after a few pictures we headed back into the harbor.

An ebb current of just over a knot and a stiff head wind made for some serious paddling until we were past the narrow harbor entrance.

After some exploration of the north end of the harbor at the inlet of Crescent Creek we went back to the boat launch to take out.—LGM, Port Orchard, 3/1.

BLAKE ISLAND (*NOAA 18449*)—After several days of 10-20+ mph northeasterly winds, the marine forecast was for light morning winds making it a great time to hit the water. The temperature was close to freezing as Ann and I launched from

Harper County Park and headed toward Blake Island. Air temperature rose quickly as the sun climbed higher in the sky. Lots of little pieces of driftwood were in the water from the high tides and wave action of the last several days.

Circumnavigating the island counter-clockwise, we saw several seals and eagles, along with the usual marine waterfowl. We pulled out at the Cascadia Marine Trail campsite on the northwest point for a short break.

As we headed back to Harper, the water was like glass. The Olympics were out in all their glory on the western horizon. Quite a day for early March! —LGM, Port Orchard, 3/3.

ENCHANTED VALLEY TRAIL (*Olympic Natl Park; USGS Mt Hoquiam, Mt Olson, Chimney Pk*)—This was a typical Troop 70 outing with its share of illnesses, mishaps, and unspeakable weather. It was, however, an improvement over our last attempt in February.

In February John and I drove the two jeeps (Happy Car and the Grey Ghost) toward Marblemount in a driving rain-storm (what else?). The jeeps were full of condensation and restless Boy Scouts and just as we approached Sedro Woolley, Chris lost his breakfast—in the back seat. Deep snow, drenching rain, and closed roads were finally too much. We gave up and drove back to Seattle.

I felt more optimistic this time even though it was raining, and the same boy who lost his breakfast sat behind me in the Happy Car. In fact, we were determined to have an outing no matter what.

BACKCOUNTRY NEWS DEADLINE: April 20

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

BACKCOUNTRY NEWS

REPORTS AND CONDITIONS

Our destination was to be Wolf Bar Camp on the North Fork Quinault River trail. By the time we reached Lake Quinault, however, we saw there were a lot of downed trees from the recent windstorm. Of course, the road to the North Fork was closed at the bridge. It took less than 5 seconds to come up with an alternative—the road to the Enchanted Valley trail was open.

Given the rain we were not surprised to see only one other car at the trailhead. We put on our packs (and pack covers) and began stomping up the Enchanted Valley trail. Almost as soon as we began hiking I could see why this is called Enchanted Valley—and we were only at the beginning.

The first part of the hike is along an old road bed and it is about 3 miles to Pony Bridge where the old road ends.

Pony Bridge spans a deep gorge—we stopped and looked dizzily down to sheer walls and the clumps of ferns and mosses which thrive in that dark and wild environment.

An excellent campsite is just beyond the bridge, but we wanted to go on, per-

haps to O'Neil Camp. At about 4 miles we crossed Fire Creek on a good foot bridge and enjoyed this next stretch of trail. There are several good river-side campsites along the way and, as John remarked, we certainly didn't have to worry about water.

Water, water everywhere! Just about everywhere we looked a creek was feeding the river or a rivulet tumbled down from the snow-filled silences above.

John and I were in the lead and we raced (well, at least for us it was racing) on toward O'Neil Camp (6.4 miles from the trailhead).

Then, suddenly an obstacle. At first we thought it was minor—a small lake covered the trail with a bog (and accompanying bristly, thorny bushes) on either side. I started out, certain we could get around it, but John stopped me. The kids were not as well equipped as we were for "foraging" a trail.

We turned back and camped at Fire Creek, with plentiful campsites for everyone near the river. Soon the tents were up and the younger Scouts were inside wrestling and playing and having

one heck of a good time.

Jeff and Andy, two of the Big Boys of Troop 70 who hadn't suffered enough, hiked back to the "lake" with John while I dived into my sleeping bag to warm up. When they returned we prepared our dinner under the tarp.

I had made a cake the night before and the boys were delighted with it. We retired to the tent as soon as it got dark and slept almost 12 hours except for the dreaded nature calls in the middle of the night.

We woke in the morning to a misty, ethereal day—it wasn't actually raining but the world was still so wet, it might as well have been. We broke camp (this always takes a long time because the younger Scouts have a natural talent for not noticing the garbage they leave behind, and John is a stern task-master when it comes to breaking camp).

As we were getting ready to leave a couple of people were heading out—we wondered where they had spent the night. Soon we were on the trail. A party was just breaking camp at Pony



Shi Shi Beach.

BACKCOUNTRY NEWS


REPORTS AND CONDITIONS

Bridge and another party of youngsters just coming in who were headed toward the Enchanted Valley (despite a foot and a half of snow up there).

We were back early enough that I suggested a side trip to Moclips—neither John nor I had ever been there and if there is time we like to explore in the car as well as on foot. When we reached the small town of Moclips we discovered that up until April 15 you can drive on the beach.

Of course, we ended up driving on the beach and managed to miss a warning sign. As a result we plowed through a sizable stream (and were almost stopped) but Happy Car and the Volks Van the Big Boys were driving managed the stream without damage. Such adventures are typical. As usual, we found ourselves at the Dairy Queen, this one in Hoquiam.


The Scouts had a great time despite the rain. And so did we.—Karen Sykes, Seattle, 3/11-12.

 **CUTTS ISLAND** (NOAA 18448)—Cutts Island is a state park located 1/2-mile offshore in Carr Inlet. In the summer it can be teeming with people. On this March day, it was inhabited only by several geese.

In *Kayaking Puget Sound, The San Juans and Gulf Islands* by Randel Washburne, he mentions two alternative launch spots to reach Cutts—a street end in Rosedale and Kopachuck State Park. A third exists and that is a boat launch at the end of 36th Street NW on Horsehead Bay as described in *South Puget Sound Afoot & Afloat* by Marge and Ted Mueller.

Ann and I decided to try this third option. It is an easy spot to launch from but the only parking is on Horsehead Bay Road which makes for a bit of a walk. The advantage is an easy launch into a protected bay and easy paddling into Carr Inlet.


There was only a slight breeze from the south so there were only little wind waves on the inlet. While Cutts was free of people, we could see several beachcombing at Kopachuck. When we have been here in summer the area is crowded and full of pleasure boat traffic.—LGM, Port Orchard, 3/17.

 **HOPE ISLAND** (NOAA 18448)—This is a basically undeveloped state park midway along Squaxin Passage. It makes a nice destination for a short paddle now that Squaxin Island is not accessible to the public.

Launching from the boat ramp at Arcadia, Ann and I swung south to ex-

plore the start of Totten Inlet. We were approaching the time of a maximum flood of 2 knots at the inlet. This area and Squaxin Passage are subject to tide rips, and as we approached Steamboat Island off the entrance to the inlet, the current was definitely picking up and small rips were forming. We veered off and made for Hope Island against increasing current which now sounded like rapids in a small stream along the shore of Steamboat Island.

After a stop on Hope, we headed counterclockwise around the island. At this time of maximum flood, we experienced some current patterns that we hadn't expected. Back at the launch ramp we found that Marge and Ted Mueller note in *South Puget Sound Afoot & Afloat* that peculiar shoaling patterns exist in the passage around Hope's east side. That explains what we saw.—LGM, Port Orchard, 3/17.

 **MANCHESTER ACCESS**—We were surprised to see "no overnight parking" signs in the Port of Manchester parking lot last time we were there. This is where we park to camp at Blake Island.

After making a call to a Port repre-

sentative we learned that there has *always* been no overnight parking there. Now that the lot has been paved and improved, the port commissioners decided to put up the signs.—Ann Marshall, 3/22.

HURRICANE RIDGE—Snow is 7 feet deep on top. Road is open to all, unrestricted. The shuttle bus experiment is over for this season.—Ranger, 3/22.

LAKE OZETTE—The quota period dates have not yet been determined for this year. There *will* be a quota period, however. Last year it ran from 7/15 through Labor Day weekend and limited hikers to 300 per night from the north side of Ozette River to Yellow Banks. Watch this space for updates!

WHALES—Gray whales are migrating now from Baja to the Arctic. From March through April they pass the Washington coast. Charter boats run from coastal towns to offer whale-watching trips. Call Whale Watching Headquarters, 360-268-9300, for information.

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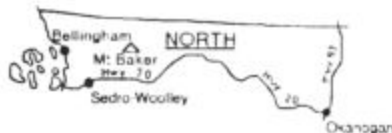
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BACKCOUNTRY NEWS

REPORTS AND CONDITIONS

NORTH



GENERAL CONDITIONS—Snow, rain, mud, wash-outs and downed trees.

NEWHALEM CREEK TRAIL (*North Cascades Natl Park; USGS Diablo Dam, Eldorado Pk*)—This was supposed to have been a Mountaineers Comrades hike to Ross Dam.

Happy Car was leaking oil so John suggested I take my '84 Olds. I picked up my friend, Kathie Stanness, and we headed toward Marblemount. I felt very secure—I had my Christmas present with me: a cellular phone. If the Olds acted up (and of course it wouldn't) I could call Triple A.

As we drove along we realized we had underestimated our time and thought we'd be about 5 minutes late. Then, just as we got off at Mount Vernon, the oil/choke light came on in the Olds. I know nothing about cars so stopped at a Chevron—the mechanic peeked under the hood, ran a test or two, and said he couldn't find the reason for it.

So, we decided to drive on. I tried calling Virginia Walsh who lives in the area to tell her we were going to be about 20 minutes late but she had already left for Marblemount.

Of course by the time we got to the ranger station the car was acting fine but there were no hikers waiting for us. I tried to call Virginia and another hiker in the area but, you guessed it, the cell phone couldn't pick up a signal. Well, there was nothing to do ... but go for a hike.

ALWAYS CARRY THE TEN ESSENTIALS

1. extra food
2. extra clothing
3. map
4. compass
5. knife
6. matches
7. fire starter
8. first aid kit
9. sun protection
10. flashlight

Kathie and I decided to check out the Newhalem Creek trail, the trail that Troop 70 had justifiably spurned 3 weeks before. We figured that the North Cascades Information Center was also a good place to leave the Olds ... just in case.

The trail is not well signed. Unless you've been there before, ask at the Information Center because the trailhead is nowhere near the parking area. We had to ask. The trailhead, which is signed, is at the end of an unmarked, unsigned road that goes off to the left just before you reach the Info Center.

We hiked the road to the trailhead, leaving the Olds behind. There was plenty of snow on the trail but it was firm and held our weight. Easy walking. The entire trail (which is 4.5 miles in length) is an old road bed but is rapidly being overgrown with alders.

There is a bridge at about 1½ miles but we didn't get that far. Although we wanted to continue we were concerned about the time and the car so turned around. This is a very pretty and easy walk. According to Fred Darvill the scenery gets more dramatic at about 2.8 miles—Little Devil Peak, Big Devil Peak and Teebone Ridge can be seen from there.

Apparently the trail passes through a regenerating clearcut and at 4 miles there is a junction of old logging roads. Darvill says to take the right fork. The trail then enters deep forest and the Newhalem Creek campsite is on the bank of the creek. Elevation gain is about 1000 feet.

Kathie and I also thought this would make an excellent snowshoe trip. We wondered why so little mention is made of this trail as it can hiked most of the year and is very pleasant.—Karen Sykes, Seattle, 3/4.

OKANOGAN NATL FOREST—

Signs of spring are slowly approaching. South slopes are mostly bare of snow. A few buttercups have been sighted along the Columbia River on south slopes. Grasses are beginning to green up in a few places and pussy willow buds are showing along creek bottoms. At higher elevations it is a different story—lots of snow left for spring skiing.

Flocks of robins, blackbirds and flycatchers are now in residence throughout the lower regions. Birdwatchers are anxiously awaiting the appearance of the mountain bluebirds.

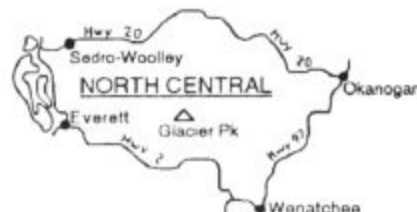
Canada geese have made their nests and eggs are due to hatch near the first of May.

Many ski trails are holding up well.

Skiers looking for an extended season are looking toward the Cutthroat area.

On the North Cascades Highway, snow pack is above normal. Avalanches and more snow could delay clearing the roadway. Clearing proceeds only as weather and snow conditions permit.—Ranger, 3/8.

NORTH CENTRAL



GENERAL CONDITIONS—Snow, rain, mud, washouts and downed trees.

WHITEHORSE MOUNTAIN (*Boulder River Wilderness; USGS Whitehorse Mtn*)—The final road is a little more rutted and washed out than last year. Trail has some small trees on lower section.

New snows made it apparent that slide danger above was going to be higher than anticipated so only went to below Lone Tree Pass. Eight to 10 inches of new snow here where the open slopes begin. Several days too late or a couple of weeks too early for this climb.—Dave N, Seattle, 3/5.

BIG FOUR ICE CAVES (*Baker-Snoqualmie Natl Forest; USGS Bedal*)—We started in at 8:45 and at the Ice Caves watched avalanches coming down pretty much constantly.

Got back to my friend's truck about 11:15—gone less than three hours, and on a weekday—and found the window smashed by a rock (the rock was still on the seat) and the radio gone. They didn't take the snowshoes or other gear stashed in the back.

We reported it to the Sheriff's Department, or course, but it sure makes you mad when this happens. I've been hiking in the Mountain Loop for the last 45 or 50 years and never had a problem until this.—Joe Hadsell, Lake Stevens, 3/16.

MOUNTAIN LOOP VANDALISM—

As we reported last issue, winter vandalism at Mountain Loop trailheads hit an all-time high recently.

The problem seems to have tapered off, says Dick Lamore, Darrington

BACKCOUNTRY NEWS

REPORTS AND CONDITIONS

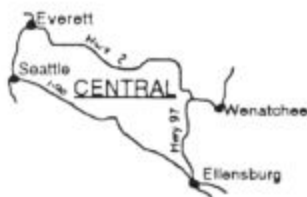
District's Law Enforcement Officer. Only "a couple" of incidents were reported in the last month, he told *P&P*, and those have been on the South Fork.

An extra full-time deputy is now on the backcountry patrol.—AM, 3/22.

STEHEKIN—The *Lady Express* is on its winter schedule until 4/30. The *Lady* leaves Chelan at 10am and Fields Point at 10:50, arriving at Stehekin at 12:30. It leaves Stehekin at 2pm and arrives at Fields Point at 3:35 and Chelan at 4:20pm. Runs are on Sunday, Monday, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday.

Call 509-682-2224 for fare information.—Ranger, 3/14.

CENTRAL



GENERAL CONDITIONS—Snow, rain, mud, washouts and downed trees.

SNOQUALMIE RIVER TRAIL, Spring Glen to Tokul Road (*USGS Cyclone Creek*)—See *Hiking the Mountains to Sound Greenway*, page 42. My outing on a warm and partly sunny President's Day Monday followed two days of deluge, consequently all streams were in full flood.

This recently made-over rail-to-trail is well graded and blemishless—I should have worn tennis shoes instead of hiking boots. At one point an AT&T service truck passed, patrolling the underground fiber optic cable route. Oth-

erwise the walk occurred in complete solitude.

But not complete peace. Tokul Creek Canyon is evidently inhabited by some sort of shooting range. The reverberations are loudest as one swings into the canyon; from the bridge deck they are eclipsed by the rushing torrent below.

At the west end of the bridge is a Weyerhaeuser sign for "Tokul Creek Forest Trail—Foot Traffic Only, No Horses or Bikes Please." This ¼-mile trail goes upstream (north) through second-growth planted 1974 and thinned 1989. Copious signs nailed to trees throughout identify the intermingling species; there is also a bear-feeding station. The trail emerges onto 1989 clear-cut, company picnic tables, and Tokul Road. The creekbed is not approached.

Back on the trail, at Tokul Road (across the street from the parking lot) is a nice historical sign describing "Tokul Siding—Camp A," this being 1920s homesite of the builders of Snoqualmie Falls Mill.—Andy Carr, Bellevue, 2/20.



"REVOLUTION PEAK"

(*Baker-Snoqualmie Natl Forest; USGS Bandera*)—Unnamed Peak 5454 (easily remembered) is a locally significant mountain with 1200-foot prominence, located 1.5 miles south of Russian Butte (5123 feet) on the Pratt-Middle Fork Snoqualmie River divide. It's recognizable from town and I-90, just to the right of Mount Si.

We originally called this "Comrade Peak" in keeping with the Russian theme, and in honor of the new name for the Mountaineers' "Not So Fleet of Foot" group. But when 7 of us gathered for the climb at the Issaquah Park & Ride and one totalitarian driver led a rebellion with 3 of our comrades to another peak in another drainage, we de-

ecided to redub this "Revolution Peak."

Loyal Jim, Dave, and I drove 5.5 miles from I-90 (Exit 34) to a spur just before the bridge across the Middle Fork Snoqualmie River. Here, we took a right, then another immediate right, and drove 0.7-mile to park at an abandoned blue bread-type truck and large collapsed trailer (just onto the Bandara quad). We'd earlier checked the main Granite Creek road, and found it gated just past the Mailbox park, as usual.

Hoping our car would not be ransacked by squatters in our absence, we basically climbed the northwest ridge between Granite Creek and Gifford Lakes to Point 5124, where the ridge turns northeast to the summit. A substantial log cabin is being built on the ridge crest at the 5000-foot level.

Atop, we enjoyed a spectacular day in bright, warm sun, with valley fog hovering out to the Sound at just below Rattlesnake Mountain-top level, giving the illusion of what glaciers filling the Snoqualmie South and Middle Fork valleys may have looked like. It seemed more like spring than February winter. We didn't hit solid snow until a 4440+ pass above Gifford Lakes, which were ice-free in mid-winter.

We wondered if Russians who get



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giardia call it Trotsky, or if their favorite trail snack is Gorp-achev, or if, when they get to the top of a mountain, they say, "I came, I czar, I conquered."

On the way down we were surprised to run into Avron *Mystery*, a solo climber of the *Pack & Paddle* persuasion, whom we followed via plunge steps and sitting glissades into the Granite Creek valley and out that logging road, to his private trail back to the Middle Fork Road. 5 hours 40 minutes up, 3 hours down.—John Roper, Bellevue, 2/26.

❁ SCOTTISH LAKES TRAILS

(private land & Alpine Lks Wilderness; USGS Chiwaukum Mtns)—The snow from an approaching storm system was just starting to fall as we crossed Stevens Pass on our way to the Scottish Lakes Back Country Cabins. The cabins, owned by Peg and Bill Stark, were reopened this year under lease to High Country Adventures Inc, and Ann and I were anxious to return to one of our favorite get-away areas.

The cabins are located at approximately 5000 feet, with a series of marked trails as well as open hillsides available for skiing or snowshoeing. Transportation up the Coulter Creek road is by Sno-Cat or snowmobile. After settling into our cabin, we spent the remainder of Saturday skiing some of the close-in trails and hillsides. A covering of new snow over a crusty surface made for generally good skiing.

On Sunday we set out for Lake Julius. The route follows the High Country trail, then drops steeply to Roaring Creek. This section can be challenging. Successfully negotiating it, we found ourselves stopped at the creek. The last time we were here a bridge spanned the creek. It's gone now and a gap in the obvious snow bridge was more than we wanted to try, although other groups

crossed with no problem.

Heading back up the hillside, we decided to climb McCue Ridge on the Summer Trail. After gaining several hundred feet we broke out into the meadows with views toward the stormy Chiwaukum Mountains. The wind and snow began to pick up and rather than continue along the ridge, we retraced our path. This section of the trail is mostly in trees and can be somewhat challenging in spots when skiing down.

Monday was the day to leave and a high spot for us since we enjoy skiing the road out to the parking lot—a distance of about 7½ miles. Our gear was transported out so we skied unencumbered. Except for a short uphill climb, the trip is mostly downhill which makes for some fast travel. If the road is icy, the ski out can be very difficult. Fortunately, there was enough new snow to make our trip mostly fun (ruts from the Sno-Cat add challenges in spots).

There was more snow at the cabins that we can remember seeing in recent years in March. Also the road out had a good snow cover except for the flat section leading to the parking lot. All of the snow at the higher elevation should make for some good spring skiing.

For information on Scottish Lakes Cabins, call 800-909-9916. —LGM, Port Orchard, 3/4-6.

LEAVENWORTH DISTRICT—Due to the 1994 fires, some trails were closed through the fall and winter. As of March 1, the closures have been lifted. Some restrictions and cautions remain in effect, however.

When the Icicle road is snowfree, all trails in the drainage will be accessible to hikers except for Snow Lakes. The Snow Lakes bridge was lost in the Rat

Creek Fire and replacement is expected some time mid- to late-July.

Until the bridge is replaced, no permits for entry through the Snow Lakes trailhead will be granted.

The Icicle road barricade will be moved to Bridge Creek campground near the second week of April, as the snow melts and the road hardens. The road will continue to open throughout April and early May.

Eightmile road will remain closed until the snow melts and the road is graded in early May.

In burned areas, expect to encounter holes burned in the trail and in campsites from fires consuming roots, trees and stumps. Rocks that were once held secure by vegetation may become loose and roll. Standing trees and snags weakened by fire may fall.

Climbing areas in the Icicle drainage are also open, as well as Castle Rock in the Tumwater canyon. Possible damage of the rock surface may have occurred with the heat of the fires. No evaluation of rock stability will be done and climbing is at your own risk. Peshastin Pinnacles, a State Park, will open 4/1. —Ranger, 3/14.

CLE ELUM DIST—The ski trail bridge has been taken out of the Price Creek Eastbound Sno-Park. Conditions are wet, with no new snow. Lower routes are starting to melt out; bare and rocky patches are prominent. —Ranger, 3/14.

SOUTH CENTRAL



GENERAL CONDITIONS—Snow, rain, mud, washouts and downed trees.

❁ **REFLECTION LAKES** (*Mt Rainier Natl Park; USGS Mt Rainier East*)—Jenni and I met in Elbe for a day of skiing. I hoped we could ski on the Mount Tahoma Trail system to the Copper Creek Hut from the Sno-park off road 92.

However, when we stopped at the MTTA headquarters in Ashford we learned that the snow level was a couple of miles from the Sno-park and it was raining probably all the way to the hut.

Road 59 (the Copper Creek road) did not sound any better. So we headed off to the highest place nearby—Paradise at 5450 feet. From there we skied down



Yellow Violet

the Paradise Valley road on the popular route to Reflections Lakes.

Although the avalanche danger was moderate, we decided to take the risk, as did many others, of skiing past a couple of steep exposed slopes to the lakes.

It snowed fairly heavily all day and it was wet snow. We were pretty damp at the end of the day. The snow on the ground was pretty good for skiing though and there was plenty of it. We were glad we'd gone.—Jane Habegger, Olympia, 3/11.

❄️ PARADISE (Rainier Natl Park; USGS Mt Rainier East)

—Charlie Cornish, Kristin Ohberg, Mike Ward, Lee Wilcox and I were prepared for boilerplate when we went down to Longmire Friday night for nordic patrol.

On Saturday morning, Paradise reported 7" of new snow, 18 degrees and no wind. Visibility was so-so, heavy clouds wrapped around the 5000-8000 foot level with occasional light snowfall. Jose Rossy arrived in time to meet us and head uphill with the rangers.

We started up as a unit to the base of Panorama Point where we split into two teams. Lee, Charlie, Kristin and Jose dropped into Edith Creek Basin. Mike and I skied back down Dead Horse Creek and Alta Vista to the snowplay area where we picked up four orange poles to mark the remaining deep spots in the water leak trench just east of Paradise Lodge.

Mike and I then skied down Paradise Valley road to Fourth Crossing where we met the other team to ascend to Mazama Ridge. After a lunch break we skied totally untracked powder meadows down to Reflection Lakes—glorious Hero Snow. In late afternoon, we finished with a reset and sweep of the Narada Falls trail.

Sunday morning provided 4" of new powder. Winds remained light, but the clouds were wrapped more thickly around Alta Vista. Mike and Lee skied up to Pan Base and then groped their way back down along their tracks, letting other ascending skiers and snowshoers know how thick the soup was.

Charlie, Kristin and I headed down the road to Fourth Crossing and then ascended Mazama Ridge. Visibility was only 200 feet and the only signs of fresh tracks were around a camp of three tents near the basin edge to Stevens Creek.

Checking Mike and Lee's location and plans, we decided to leave our packs on the ridge and ski down to join them at the road. Pure floating delight, powder so good it made the season. We ar-



Ken Hopping on the way to Camp Hazard on Mount Rainier's south side; Mount Adams in background.

rived whooping and hollering at the road just as Mike and Lee got there. Skins back on, we puffed back up to the top for lunch.

After lunch, I provided another tale of why we patrol in pairs. Charlie, Kristin, Lee and Mike decided to ski down Mazama Ridge to Reflection Lakes. I decided to ski back down the main route to Fourth Crossing. Well traveled route, other folks around, plus I'm wearing a radio. What could happen?

Nearing the road, skiing between the two forks of the river where the meadows narrow through a band of trees, I spotted four ascending skiers. Thinking I'd show off my skill and style, I blasted through a gap in the trees. Immediately

beyond there was a split second of indecision whether to go left or right around a small tree.

Even as I decided to go right I realized that the indecision had put me off balance and I was falling headfirst into a tree bowl. Drowning in powder, unable to reach my radio, I envisioned the stupidity of the headlines if I couldn't extract myself from this mess. After a few seconds of panic and a couple of minutes of thrashing, I grabbed an upper tree branch which provided sufficient leverage for me to emerge covered with powder, fir needles and chagrin.

Tail between my legs, I skied back up the road to the first aid station at the Jackson Visitor Center and checked in with Climbing Ranger Scott Wanek. About 3pm, the clouds parted and I headed out to sweep up to Alta Vista. It was still incredibly soupy from 6000 foot on up.

Skied back to the parking lot and checked ski traffic on the valley road from the upper end. The other patrolers arrived at the old ranger station after a pick-up at Narada Falls. We decided to do one last sweep down the Narada Falls trail from the parking lot.

At Barn Flats, Kristin led us away from the Devil's Dip to an untracked 35 degree slope leading down to the valley floor. As I angled over the edge and started my first turn, I realized that the snow and the slopes were perfect and my confidence was back. A glorious way to end the day.

The Washington Ski Touring Club will be providing volunteer nordic patrol support for Mount Rainier through mid-April. Hopefully, we will get a few more days of winter powder perfection and weeks of sunshine and corn snow before it's time to hang up the ski boots.—Gerry Erickson, Seattle, 3/4-5.

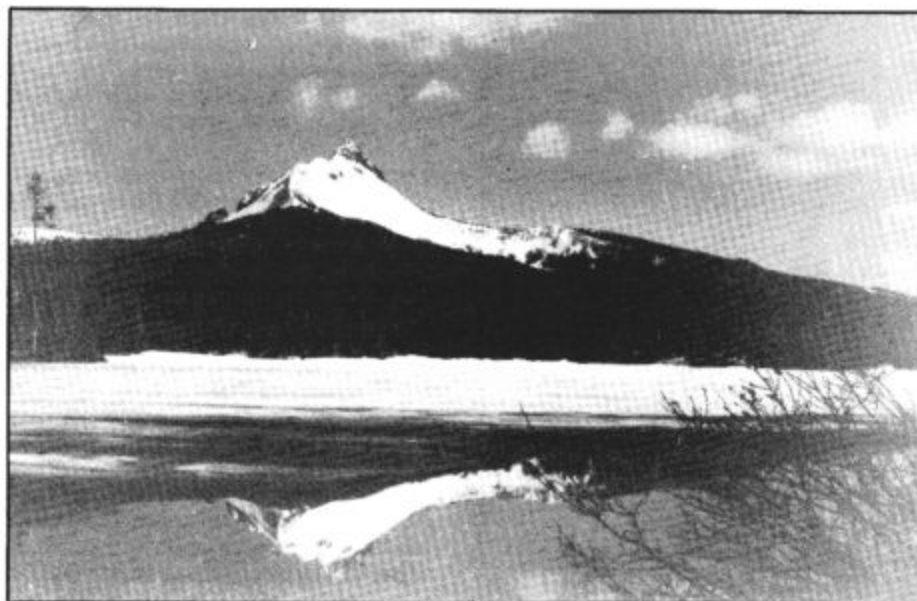
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BACKCOUNTRY NEWS

REPORTS AND CONDITIONS



Mount Washington and Big Lake, central Oregon.

on the Mather Memorial Parkway, between mileposts 48 and 58.—Ranger, 3/21.

FAIRFAX BRIDGE—The Department of Transportation will replace the timber roadway deck and repair the substructure of the Fairfax Bridge this summer.

This bridge crosses the Carbon River on Highway 165 a few miles south of Wilkeson. Highway 165 leads to the northwest entrances of Mount Rainier National Park and trailheads on the Carbon River and at Mowich Lake.

To accommodate public school schedules this work will begin no earlier than 6/13 and will be completed by 8/27.

During this time the bridge will be closed to all traffic from 7am to 5pm daily, including weekends. No vehicles will be allowed across the bridge during these times except for 911 emergencies.

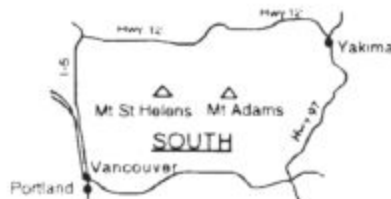
DOT has arranged a Road Use Permit with Plum Creek Timber to use the CC Road as a restricted detour route when the bridge is closed. Use of the CC Road is limited to local residents who have permission cards from Plum Creek.

When asked why DOT isn't building a new bridge that's wider and doesn't have curves on both ends, Project Engineer Mike Morishige said, "The bridge was built in 1921 as an access to the coal-mining town of Fairfax. It is a three-hinged steel arch with a timber deck, and spans a 220-foot deep gorge.

"The bridge is one of only three bridges of this type in the state still being used and is on the National Register of Historic Places and the Historical American Engineering Record. We

wanted to strengthen and preserve this historic structure and found we can make repairs that will not alter the historic significance of the bridge."—adapted from a DOT news release, 1/95.

SOUTH



GENERAL CONDITIONS—Snow, rain, mud, washouts, and downed trees on roads and trails: typical spring conditions.

WIND RIVER DIST—Brush is starting to show through the trails; conditions are poor for skiing.

Roads are beginning to open up. Some low elevation trails are becoming snow-free for the first few miles. Dog Moun-

tain is one of the most popular, but others have great views, too: Silver Star and Observation are good ones.—Ranger, 3/2.

ST HELENS NVM—Marble Mountain Sno-Park has only 6 inches of snow left. Skiers can still climb up the Swift ski trail to the lower slopes of the mountain for spring skiing.

Climbing permits are required from 5/15 to 11/1. Applications are available by mail or in person. Write Headquarters, 42218 NE Yale Bridge Road, Amboy WA 98601, or call 360-750-3900.—Ranger, 3/2.

MT ADAMS DISTRICT—Snow melting quickly, but plenty remains above 3000 feet to block roads and trails.

Only minor work remains on the Thomas Lake trail reconstruction project. It should be open for next hiking season.

For information on the South Climbing Environmental Assessment, which may restrict numbers of climbers of Mount Adams, contact Mary Bean at 509-395-3353.—Ranger, 3/2.

PACKWOOD DIST—Still a couple of feet of snow above 3500 feet.—Ranger, 3/2.

RANDLE DIST—Road 29 remains closed due to slides. A number of slides are blocking road 23 beyond the junction with road 2324.

Good spring hikes include the lower section of the Blue Lake trail 274, Woods Creek Watchable Wildlife trail 247, and the Cispus Center trail in the Burley Mountain area.—Ranger, 3/2.

BEACON ROCK—Nesting peregrine falcons are expected on Beacon Rock, so the south face has been closed to rock climbing through August 31.

If no falcons show up by 5/1, the rock will be re-opened.

IDAHO

SAWTOOTH NRA—It has snowed, rained, then rained and snowed some more! This is the second wettest March in 55 years—and we're getting more snow. If you're getting tired of it, just think how great the wildflowers will be!

Ski conditions are interesting. Four inches of rain mixed with old and new snow has made things slushy, except at Galena Lodge, which keeps getting new snow and reports excellent condi-

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Phil Anderson

BACKCOUNTRY NEWS

REPORTS AND CONDITIONS

tions.

Call the Avalanche Hotline for avalanche and weather information: 208-788-1200 x 8027.—Michelle Speich & Kathy Kempa, NRA Information, 3/20.

OREGON

ROGUE RIVER NATL FOREST—

Due to its high elevation, the Mount Ashland area has the longest season of skiing and usually has the best snow. The Grouse Gap trail system is scenic and popular, winding its way along the crest of the Siskiyou Mountain at a beginning elevation of 6650 feet. Several large bowls offer excellent telemarking. The trailhead is located at the back end of the Ski Ashland parking lot.

The Bull Gap Nordic trail system is 7.8 miles of trails that follow snowcovered roads and the PCT with some nice views of Mount McLoughlin. The trailhead is at the intersection of the Mount Ashland access road and road 2080 at the Bull Gap Sno-Park.

The Fish Lake Nordic trail system has 16 miles of trail at an elevation of about 4600 feet, so a call to the Fish Lake Resort or the Ashland Ranger Station (503-482-3333) to check snow conditions would be a good idea. The trails can be reached at the Fish Lake Sno-Park near the resort.—Ranger, 3/17.

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CANADA

BOWRON LAKES—A limit of 50 people each day are allowed to leave Park Headquarters on the circuit. Reservations are advised! Call 604-992-3111.

Party limit of six. (Guided groups or youth groups of 7 to 14 must make advance arrangements and camp at reserved sites; all slots for large groups have been taken for this season).

Fee this year is \$60 per double canoe or kayak; \$50 per single canoe or kayak. An information packet is available.

Write to:

DJ Park Contractors
358 Vaughan
Quesnel BC V2J 2T2
Canada.

Or call the phone number above.—
Ranger, 3/22.

WEST COAST TRAIL—A limit of 52 people per day are allowed to leave on the trail: 26 from each end. Reservations are available for 40 permits per day; the remaining 12 are for walk-ins. There is a reservation fee of \$25 per hiker which must be paid by bankcard only at the time of reservation. This fee is non-refundable.

If you come as a walk-in during the high season (July and August), be prepared to wait 5 or 6 days to get an open slot.

In addition to the reservation fee, a user fee will be charged this year. From 5/1 to 9/30, the fee will be \$60 per person per hike. During the "shoulder season" from 4/15 to 4/30 and 10/1 to 10/15, the user fee will be \$30 per person per hike. Although the West Coast Trail normally takes from 5 to 7 days to

hike, the full user fee applies no matter how long (or short) your trip is. The user fee is paid at the trailhead.

Also, be prepared to pay fees for two small ferry crossings along the route. The fees are paid directly to the boatmen; \$15 will cover both crossings.

The reservation line for the West Coast Trail opened on 3/1. Already July and August are fully booked. To make reservations from the US and Canada, call 800-663-6000 and choose menu item #4.

For general information about the trail and Pacific Rim, write:

Pacific Rim National Park
Box 280
Ucluelet BC V0R 3A0
Canada.

—Ranger, 3/22.

ELSEWHERE

GRAND CANYON—Heavy rains have caused rock and mud slides that have closed trails into the canyon. Phantom Ranch and canyon-bottom campgrounds are also closed.

Bright Angel and South Kaibab trails are scheduled to open first, in early April. The North Kaibab trail north of Clear Creek Junction will probably be closed through the summer, however, preventing any rim-to-rim travel this season.

To check on trails, call 602-638-7888 (message system with updated info) or 602-638-7875 (backcountry office; a real person answers 1-5pm Monday through Friday; keep trying—it's a busy place).—Ranger, 3/22.

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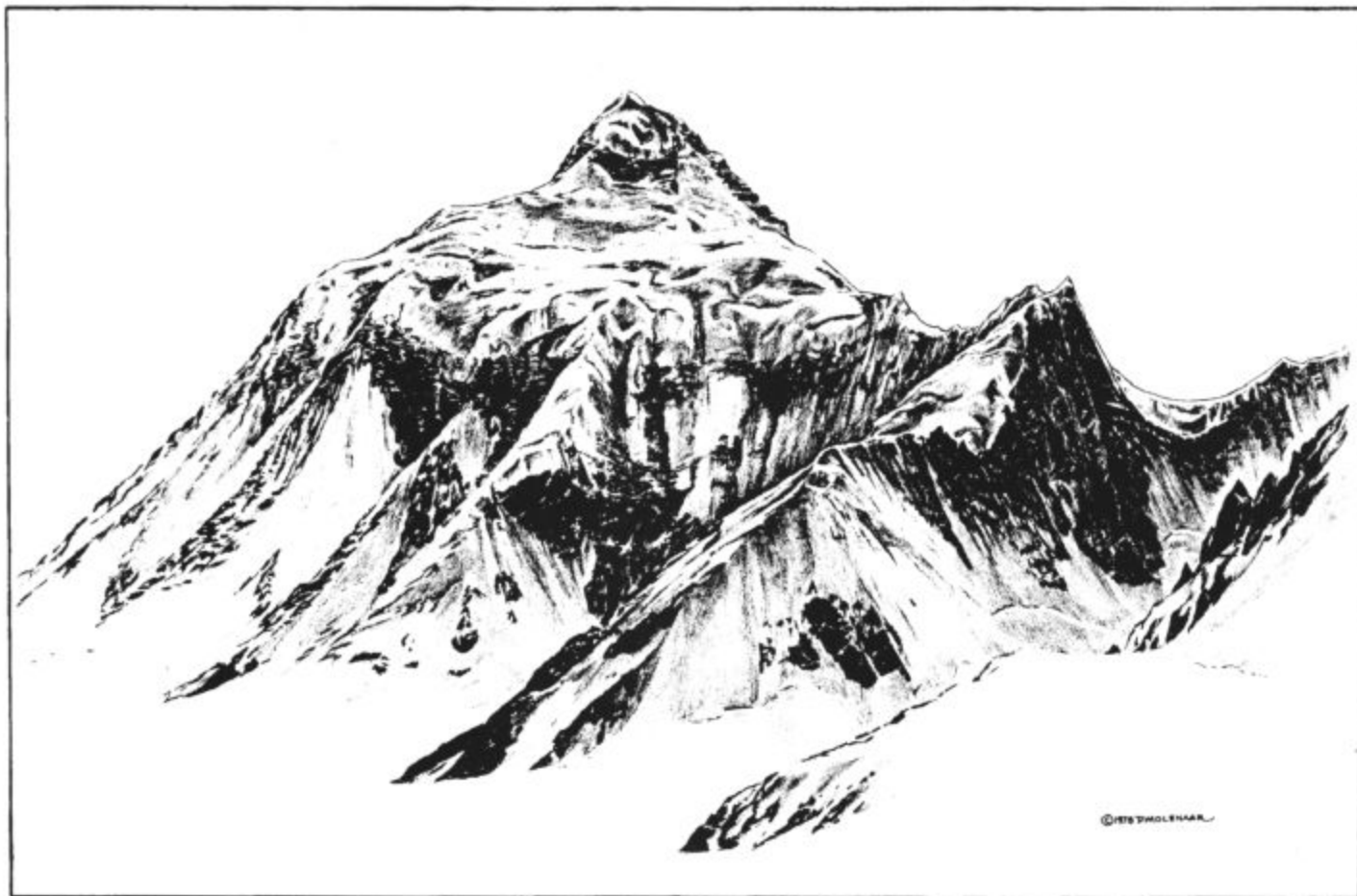


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Mountain Gallery

by Dee Molenaar



K2 from the east, Abruzzi Ridge on left skyline.

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BACK ISSUES of *Signpost*, from 1991 back many years. Free to good home. Write for specifics: Dale Graves, 2216 S 250 St, Kent WA 98032.

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

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FOR SALE—Two pairs Asolo Extreme Pro boots (double buckle) men's size 72 EE, will fit size 8 foot, and women's size 6. One pair Asolo Snowfield ski boots, women's size 6, \$125. Two pairs Fisher GTS skis, metal edge, single camber, wax base, 190cm and 205 cm, \$125 each pair. Two pairs Epoke 1000 touring skis, wax base, 190cm and 205cm, \$125 each pair. Call 360-830-4746

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

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

BOOTS—Raichle Eigers. Size 6½M, worn twice. Daughter didn't like hiking. Cost \$210, will sell for \$100. 206-821-4250 (Kirkland)

SKIS—Telemark, waxless, size 195cm. Rottefella bindings, white. \$50. 206-821-4250 (Kirkland).

ANN MARSHALL

Losing Trails

—TOUGH HIKE THROUGH PARADISE—

If you like hiking abandoned trails, your choices are about to multiply. Due to continued government cut-backs in spending, even less trail maintenance will take place this year than last.

Recreation Facilities Group Leader Bernie Smith, of the Forest Service's regional office in Portland, told *Pack & Paddle*, "The situation the Forest Service is in is similar to every other government agency."

"The long and short of it is our trail maintenance dollars have declined substantially," he continued.

The Forest Service's Region 6, which comprises Washington and Oregon, has a trail system of some 19,000 miles.

In 1994, according to Bernie, 75% of the trail system was maintained. In 1995, only 50% will be maintained.

"This is a tough situation," Bernie says. "We don't know how '96 will go."

Jim Nieland, of the Mount Saint Helens National Volcanic Monument, has done a study on trail maintenance in his area. He provided *Pack & Paddle* with a draft of his report.

"Annual trail maintenance prevents serious erosion, sloughing, or vegetation encroachment from decreasing trail value," according to Jim's report.

It continues, "Maintenance costs average 3% of construction cost. Trails decrease in value at an average rate of 8% of the current trail value, per year, when maintenance is deferred. This means that the average trail, if not maintained, will require reconstruction after 12 years."

(Bernie Smith comments the 12 year figure is an *average*—some westside trails can deteriorate to reconstruction levels in just 3 to 4 years.)

Jim's report gives the average per mile costs in 1995 dollars for the following:

trail construction: **\$12,000**

trail maintenance: **\$360**

trail deterioration, per annum, if not maintained: **\$960.**

We decided to call a few Ranger Districts to see just what trail maintenance looks like this summer.

Mount Baker District

Trails Technician Lou Schilling said that a three-person trail crew would be doing some work this summer, and Wilderness Rangers also do trail maintenance in their areas.

Many trails are not scheduled for regular maintenance, and haven't been for a long time. They are:

Middle and South Fork Cascade

Lookout Mountain

Hidden Peak

Helen Buttes

Boulder Ridge

Swift Creek

Silesia Creek

Tomyhoi

Goat Mountain.

Lou hopes that volunteer crews will be scheduled for a couple of the trails that are not too far gone. The rest will fade farther into oblivion.

Skykomish District

John Robinson says the district has funds for only one Wilderness Ranger, where it past years there would be four or six. The slack will be taken up by volunteers, he hopes.

The Skykomish District contracts out for trail logging and brushing, says John, so all their trails will have that basic work done. Any bridge repair or other non-routine work, however, will *not* be accomplished.

Mount Adams District

Linda Turner says their two-person trail crew will do logging and brushing out this year as usual.

Trails will be prioritized for project work such as repairing bridges. Trails at the bottom of the list may not be worked on, she said, adding that it's a little too early to know which trails those are.

Methow District

The Twisp and Winthrop Districts have merged into the Methow District, but that doesn't improve the trail maintenance picture, says Jim Hammer. Last year the Twisp District cut out about 150 miles of trail from the maintenance schedule; the Winthrop District cut out about 450 miles.

This year, says Jim, the picture looks even bleaker. Only two-thirds of what was maintained last year will be maintained this year.

Some of the trails that will fall off the edge are:

Castle Pass

Monument Creek

Buckskin Ridge

Lower West Fork Pasayten

Rock Creek

East Creek

Peepsight Pass

Coleman Ridge.

"We'll take any volunteers we can get," said Jim. He already has the Backcountry Horsemen scheduled to cut out some trails, including Falls Creek and a portion of the PCT near Harts Pass.

He also expects a Mountaineers group to return this summer to do some heavy work on parts of the PCT and other trails.

If you have a favorite trail in need of help and you're able and willing to do some work, contact the ranger district the trail is in and offer to help out in this time of tight budgets. They will be able to steer you to projects that meet your time and energy, or direct you to a volunteer group you can join. △

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

KERRY GILLES
DON ABBOTT

THE SAWTOOTH WILDERNESS ADVENTURE

—LAKES AND PEAKS IN IDAHO—

The Sawtooth Wilderness lies in the high country of central Idaho. This is an area of spectacular beauty, where granite mountains reach up to touch clear, azure skies and are reflected in gem-blue lakes. Sunset evenings put a red glow on the peaks that takes your breath away.

The Wilderness was established in August 1972 and encompasses 217,088 acres with many peaks over 10,000 feet and over 300 alpine lakes. Nearly 350 miles of trails provide a wide range of routes and many of the high lake basins have no constructed trails to them. The hiking season in the Sawtooth is from mid-June until mid-September.

Our group of twelve Olympians left Aberdeen on Friday, last July 29, and spent the night in Baker City, Oregon, 476 miles later. Saturday, our 362 miles were hypnotic, with nothing to look at except tumbleweeds, tire remains and rolling hills the color of wheat. We arrived at Pettit Lake, our trailhead, at 7:30 that night.

Sunday morning after breakfast, we helped get the duffel bags hauled over

to our packer, Randy Baugh, to be weighed and loaded on the horses for the trip in. With eager anticipation we hiked up the trail to our base camp, Toxaway Lake, 7 miles away.

We met many people coming out and we knew that we would shortly be filling those vacant spaces with our portable homes for the next seven days. We took in the scenery of lodgepole and ponderosa pine, white rocks and towering mountains.

We passed by 3 smaller lakes before reaching mile-long Toxaway Lake which sits at about 8300 feet. Since we knew we would arrive before the horses, we had plenty of time to explore the area and relax.

There were numerous chipmunks, squirrels and many large ant hills as high as four feet. Everybody was ready with cameras to take pictures of the pack train as they came into camp. We had just got our tents set up when the weather let loose with lightning, thunder and rain for two hours before the sky turned back to blue.

We got our water from an under-

ground spring just down from the kitchen camp. The three new people got the chore of setting up the out-house. They dug a deep hole and hung blue traps from trees. A board with the right size hole was put in place and a sign with the words OCCUPIED and VACANT hung on a tree nearby.

Sunday night ended with loons and ducks swimming around Toxaway Lake, a crescent moon, stars and twelve happy people.

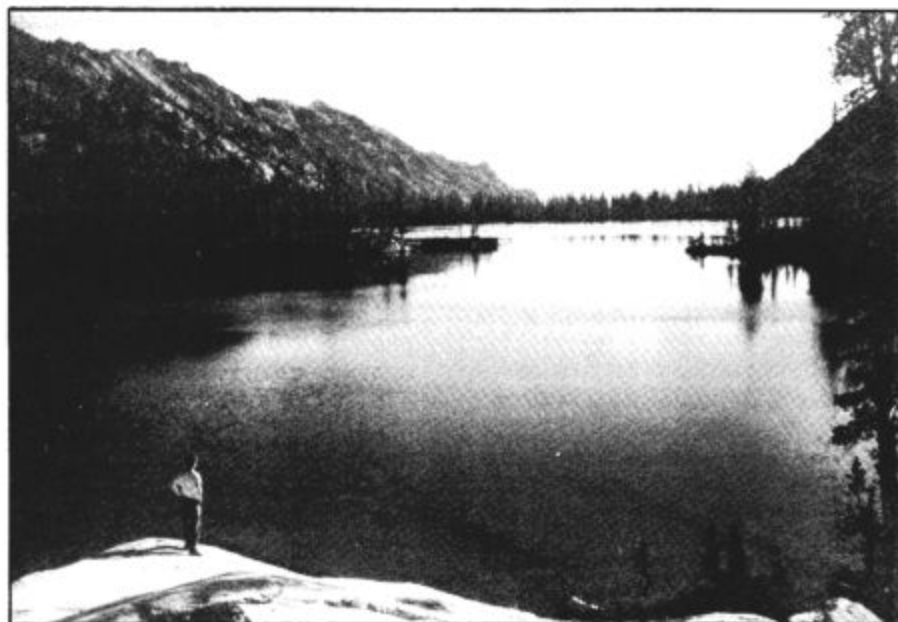
Monday morning Ed Gaidrich was down at the lake's edge early with his camera to capture the beautiful sunrise with the light fog moving across the water. Gordon Cotey, our leader, checked the kitchen tent to see if the critters stayed out of our food.

The trails, which accommodate horses, are very dusty. When hiking behind someone we needed to stay at least 8 feet away, otherwise we resembled "Pigpen."

Don and I decided to hike over to Imogene Lake, an 11-mile round trip. This trail is a bit on the rocky side and the trees look like they have been struck by lightning. From a distance, the enormous white boulders look like snowbanks. At Sand Mountain Pass (9200 feet), we stopped to look down at a small lake; its green island resembled a golf course. Sand Mountain, at 9745 feet, is a peak with a sweeping hillside of sand with colors of browns and tans.

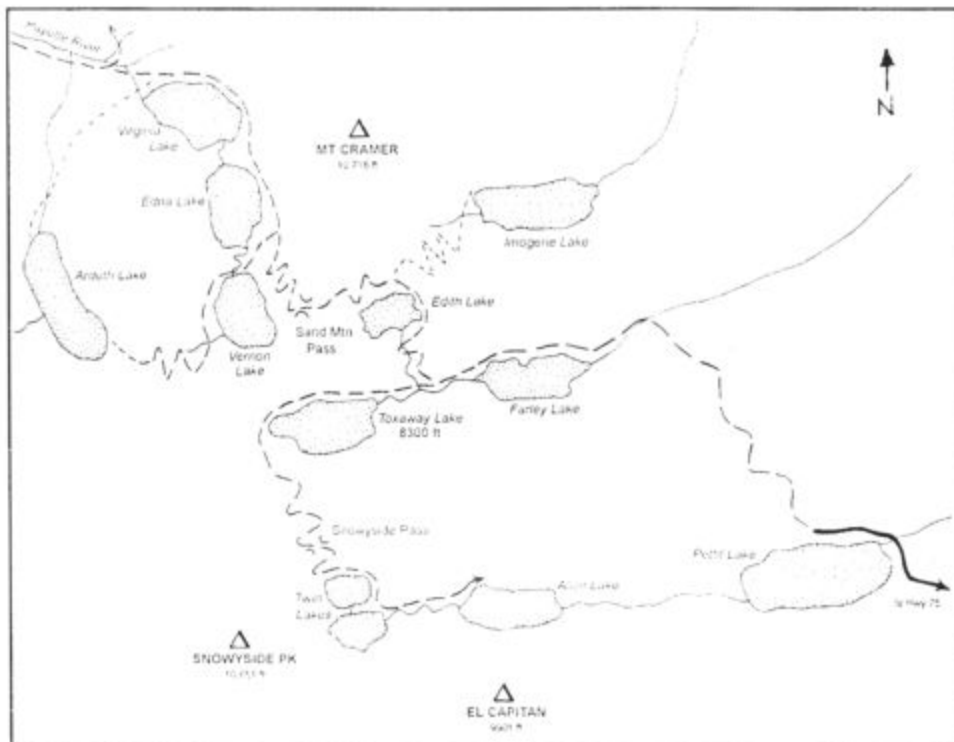
Going down across a meadow we crossed a small creek where we filled our water bottles. We climbed again to a ridge where we could look down on Imogene Lake. The descent is steep but laid out with about 23 switch backs. Once down on the bottom, we walked through a beautiful meadow before coming to the lake shore.

Being hot and sweaty, I jumped right in. I also gave a yell and jumped right out again. After catching my breath I went back in and suckered Don in too. After our cool dip, we ate lunch and



Kerry enjoys the view at Toxaway Lake.

Don Abbott



soaked in the sun for about an hour.

We took lots of pictures and then headed back up the trail to the top of the ridge. Large thunderheads were headed our way so we got off the ridge fast and took a loop trail back to Tokaway lake. We stopped once to watch some lightning. When we passed Edith Lake it was pouring down rain. By the time we got back to camp the sun was shining again.

Pack horses came and went constantly. We couldn't help wondering where they all disappear to. About 2:30 every afternoon we could just about count on a thunderstorm to pass overhead, and on real hot days we looked forward to it.

The hills seemed to be alive with little critters that looked like baby rabbits with mouse ears. They would shriek at us and dart about so fast, it was hard to keep track of which way they went. We found out later they are called pikas.

Some of the older Olympians like to play little pranks on the new members of the group. When Don and I returned from Imogene Lake we noticed balloons tied to our tent. Upon checking inside we found little black spiders (plastic) under our pillows, in our sleeping bags and between piles of clothes. It wasn't until I crawled into my sleeping bag later that night that I found out they let the air out of my Thermarest!

On Tuesday, Don had kitchen duty which consisted of helping the cook prepare for meals, setting out lunch

materials (everyone made their own lunches), fetching water and keeping an eye on camp. His KP partner was Thea Lloyd. Gordon always likes to put a greenhorn with an old hand (not always that color or that old).

A sign-out sheet hung on a tree so that everyone could sign out when they took off for the day. That way, if you didn't show up for dinner, we knew which direction to go to find you.

This day I decided to team up with Bill Grigsby, Harold Lloyd, Ed Gaidrich, and Stu White. Our destination was Twin Lakes, about 4 miles away. We hiked by a couple of small lakes and through meadows of wild-

flowers with the sides of Snowyside Peak (10,659 feet) towering above us.

Stu wanted to stick his hand in one of the lakes but was cautioned against it so as not to ruin a reflection photo one of the others was trying to take. Once we reached Snowyside Pass (9300 feet) Harold and Ed climbed up to a higher ridge to see what was on the other side while the rest of us hiked on down to Twin Lakes. We hiked around the first lake and came back up to the pass by way of a goat trail.

Back at camp, we all had a good laugh as we watched Bill and Dorothy hang a hammock. Bill tried it out. Everyone had cameras ready in case he did a flip.

I love to swim and when I get tired of swimming I like to just paddle around in my plastic inner tube. The water felt so good that I stayed out in it for almost an hour. When I paddled back to shore I had earned the nickname "Water Rat."

About 7:30pm a thunder storm moved in with hail, rain, wind, lightning and loud thunder. It wiped out our water hole, poured through the fire pit, flooded the ground and just about carried a couple of tents away. It was just a little bit exciting that evening. At sunset it was clear blue skies again and we watched a red glow cover the mountain peaks around the lake.

On Wednesday, Don and I went to Alice Lake by way of Snowyside Pass and Twin Lakes. On the way to the pass, Don got some good shots of a pika playing around in the rocks. We hiked around Twin Lakes and then went down to Alice Lake. A lone seagull looked out of place bobbing on the lake's surface.

continued on page 20



The Sawtooth Wilderness—clear skies, granite peaks, and gem-blue lakes.

TOM GARRISON

BAHIA DE LOS ANGELES

—SEA KAYAKING ON THE SEA OF CORTES—

After months of dreaming, weeks of planning, and days of anticipation, I found myself sitting in my tent, on a bluff directly above the Sea of Cortes, staring out at numerous paddling destinations.

With an air temperature of 85 degrees and a steady 10 knot breeze, I reflected on our journey down the Baja Peninsula. It was an epic trip consisting of a 3-hour flight from Portland to San Diego, followed by a 12-hour van ride bouncing down Mexico Highway 1.

When we met at 6:30 that morning at the Portland airport we were a group of nine anxious but experienced travelers looking forward to getting this day behind us, for we each knew that we would awaken the following morning on the shores of Bahía de los Angeles.

We were a mixed group of experienced and beginner kayakers, naturalists, astronomers, gear junkies and guides, all looking toward that end-of-winter-first-of-spring adventure to warmer climes. Sun and sea, sand and cactus, birds and bushes—these were our thoughts as we emerged from another winter in the Pacific Northwest.

The first day we spent recovering from our travels, organizing our camp and orienting ourselves with the area and its inhabitants. A short trip into the Pueblo of Bahía de los Angeles revealed a small and quaint Mexican settlement on the shores of a protected bay set in a remote and very barren location on the Baja Peninsula. If it weren't for the fresh water spring there would be no village at all.

We were soon ready to explore our new and exciting environment.

Day 2 began with a foray into the desert for the birders among our group. For others a cup of espresso or tea taken leisurely campside eased us into the day. After breakfast we decided to do a day paddle out to Isla Coronado, by way of Punta la Gringa, in search of a mangrove swamp reputed to be on the island.

As we entered a small cove on the incoming tide, it opened into a steep-sided desert canyon populated by several ospreys. On a small hill directly above the water was an occupied osprey nest with two fledglings and their mom, acting a bit agitated at our intrusion into their domain.

We landed on the beach for lunch, and then explored this desert island. After poking around a bit and finding no mangroves we discovered that the mangroves were one cove over—oh well, perhaps next year we'll find them!

After portaging across a small isthmus we made our way around the east side of the island and crossed to Isla Calaveras (skull island), a guano-covered rock where we spotted a yellow crowned night heron.

We then paddled for a small channel separating Isla Pata and Isla Bota. We landed for a short break and snack, after which the sail was rigged on the tandem kayak for a sail back to our base camp, as the wind had risen to about 15 knots. We began the day on water that looked like glass and ended with 1-foot chop and a moderate and steady breeze.

As we had a fairly loose itinerary for the trip, each individual could choose what he or she wanted to do each day. Day 3 began with the usual morning hike for the birders and naturalists among us.

Options for the day included land based activities such as mountain biking or hiking in the surrounding desert, sun-tanning on the beach, a visit back



Our first destination was the local Museum of Natural History, where we met the myriad of strange and exotic sea and desert life we would be encountering. Although the museum operates on an obviously minimal budget, we found their collections of sea life to be extensive, and we all thrilled at the prospect of seeing these animals in their natural environment—from our kayaks!

Back at camp everyone was anxious to try our chosen boats. First on the agenda was a quick review of some basic paddle strokes, and a practice session of wet exits and assisted deep water re-en-



Tom Garrison, with Isla Coronado in background.

to the Pueblo of Bahia de los Angeles or sailing lessons in the tandem San Juan. I opted for mountain biking in the morning, a little sun-tanning at mid-day, and learning to sail the San Juan in the afternoon.

Refreshments and snacks were served in the late afternoon in the American "happy hour" tradition. It was a time for the group to get to know each other better, to joke around and to discuss the possible options for the following day.

On this evening we made plans for an overnight trip to a small and remote cove known as Puerto Don Juan. Everyone in the group was keen to take on such an excursion.

The next day began with another beautiful dawn over the bay. The group was up and about early, packing our gear, taking down our tents and stowing everything in the kayaks.

Once all the gear was loaded we had a quick navigation class, determined our destination and the best route through the islands along with a rendezvous site for lunch. We usually split into two groups with a guide in each and one guide paddling sweep.

Bahia de los Angeles consists of fourteen islands surrounded by clear water teeming with sea life. Its abundant bird population and rich marine life make it an ideal destination for paddlers.

The islands are official Mexican Wildlife Refuges and as such no camping is allowed on them, except for the largest one, Isla Coronado. We chose to camp at Puerto Don Juan, which is a snug little cove on the Baja Peninsula accessible only by boat.

Our route there took us past Isla Flecha and Isla Ventana across to Isla

Cabeza de Caballo and then another short crossing to the peninsula that protects Puerto Don Juan. On our way we saw elegant terns, frigate birds, ospreys, a chocolate chip starfish and numerous marine animals.

We made camp in a beautiful little cove that lead into an arroyo rich in plant and animal life. In the top of a cordon cactus we discovered a spotted owl nest. Ospreys fished in the cove and bats flew overhead at dusk. Dinner was barbecued fish caught by the anglers in the group along with chicken, mashed potatoes and salad, proving that you can eat extremely well while kayaking.

The next day dawned just as clear and calm as the previous one. We could hear whales spouting out in the Sea of Cortes, and a short hike up to a lookout revealed their whereabouts.

They were at least 3 or 4 miles out into the sea so it was astonishing to hear them breathing from this distance.

Two options were presented to the group for the day's paddle itinerary. The first was to paddle out to where the whales were spotted earlier, which involved a long route with lots of open water. The second choice was to wind our way through the islands called los Gemolitos and

the front side of Isla Cabeza de Caballo to our lunch stop on Isla Ventana.

Once again we split into two groups to accommodate the desires of everyone. I chose the island route which allowed great bird watching opportunities. The Gemolitos were a pair of tiny guano-covered islands just packed with birds. From elegant terns and American oystercatchers to flocks of grebes, we found ourselves surrounded with a wealth of bird life.

The entire group met in a little cove on Isla Ventana, allowing us another look at the rock formation on its eastern side that gives it its name ("the window"). The second group reported seeing whales only at a great distance but they did get fairly close to a group of lazing sea lions.

We managed to find a bit of shade behind a rock bluff for our lunch, which was a great relief as we'd all had plenty of sunshine these last few days. It was a quick and easy 2-mile crossing back to base camp with the wind at our backs.

Day 6 was a rest day, with numerous activities available to the group. It was our last full day at Bahia de los Angeles and our last chance to catch some rays before returning to early spring in the Pacific Northwest.



"The Window" on Isla Ventana.

We spent the time doing whatever we chose—beachcombing, tide pooling, fishing from the kayaks, mountain biking and just sun-bathing on the beach.

That evening during "happy hour" someone suggested an early morning paddle. It would be our last chance to paddle on the Sea and the thought of being on the water at dawn was very enticing.

So we all arose at 5am to down some coffee and jump into our kayaks and be on the water before sunrise. Conditions were a bit choppy with a light breeze out of the north. But being on the Sea of Cortes at dawn—the sea and sky glowing in a vermilion hue, inky black

islands dotting the horizon—was a very special feeling. Everyone said their own goodbyes to the bay and islands that we'd come to know and love so well.

Then back on shore, it was time to cram all our gear into dry bags, load all the boats and bags and bikes onto the van and trailer and hit the road north! A lot easier said than done—although about two hours later we were bouncing along the road north, thinking about our homes, loved ones and work that we'd be returning to.

The trip home was broken up with a stay at Estero Beach Resort in Ensenada. Aahhh! Soft beds and fresh water showers—a nice way to ease back into

"civilization."

Our last night in Ensenada afforded us one last outing as a group. After driving into town in search of a restaurant, we finally ended up in an open air Taqueria in downtown Ensenada, where we proceeded to order all the carne asada, pescado and camarones tacos one could eat. It was a great way to finish our Baja Expedition!

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Tom Garrison, of Vancouver, Washington, has paddled in New Zealand and British Columbia as well as Baja.

Sawtooth Wilderness Adventure *continued from page 17*

Alice Lake is beautiful with El Capitan Peak (9901 feet) towering above, and small alpine trees running the ridge lines reflecting into the lake.

Arriving back at camp, I realized I had left my Teva sandals outside my tent and some critter chewed all around them. It seemed to be partial to the right foot only—or was too full to start on the left one.

Thursday was my day to have KP but my partner said I could take off for a while as he had no plans to go anywhere. Don and I decided to hike around Toxaway Lake. There's not much of a trail and at times we had to climb over boulders right next to the water. We saw a muskrat once and it was fun seeing our campsites from across the lake.

We stopped often to walk out on large rock arms and peninsulas of land to take in the different views of the lake. Four hours later we were back in camp with time to go swimming, do laundry, and help with dinner. We popped jiffy popcorn over the propane stove and it was eaten up in no time.

Looking toward the west we saw and smelled the smoke from forest fires miles away. The cloud formations that evening were spectacular.

On Friday we did our longest hike, a 15 mile round trip. It was a loop that went past four large lakes and into the headwaters of the South Fork Payette River. Climbing over Sand Mountain Pass we switchbacked down to Edna Lake. A half mile farther we came to Vernon Lake.

Climbing to 8850 feet, we crossed a



Looking down on Twin Lakes.

Kerry Gilles

ridge and descended a very steep trail to Ardith Lake. Continuing down the Ten Lake Basin trail, we crossed a creek, filled our water bottles, and came to the junction of the South Fork Payette River. Climbing again we saw Mount Cramer and soon arrived at Virginia Lake. While eating lunch here, we gave thanks to the dragonflies for keeping the mosquitoes away.

The outhouses here are very interesting. You always know instantly if it is being used because there is only a 4-foot-high log wall around it. Better take your umbrella if it's raining.

As soon as we got back to camp, I dropped my pack, kicked off my shoes and jumped into the lake to cool off my poor puppies.

Saturday morning everybody was up early. The kitchen tent, outhouse and all the other tents were taken down. Everything was packed back into boxes and made ready for the packers. We made sure our area was cleaned up and headed for Pettit Lake and the trailhead where our cars were patiently waiting for us.

It was a great trip and Don and I are looking forward to going with Gordon again next year.

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

Don Abbott, of Aberdeen, has worked for Weyerhaeuser for 20 years. He commutes by bicycle.

CHARLIE MCGUIVER

Altering the Roberts Stove

—THE EQUIPMENT GUY MAKES A STOVE ADAPTER—

To all of you out there who think your pressure fuel stoves are limited, I have a tip for you. I am the proud owner of the Roberts Mini Stove III. The only drawback was the fuel type and application versatility. I thought one day I must solve my dilemma. I came across the Scorpion stove which has a valve assembly and hose set up for propane-butane twist-on canisters, like the EPI fuel. I was lucky to have come across the vital parts I needed to make an adapter. These parts are the valve unit and hose alone.

Take the screw connecting collar off the end of the hose. Make sure you leave the valve connected to the hose at the other end. Are you with me so far?

Next take the bare end of the hose and apply a small amount of Goop to secure the fiber mesh to the raw hose. This keeps the mesh from fraying. Spread the Goop evenly and work it in for about the first inch. Let dry for 30 minutes.

Now we have to get mechanical, but I think anybody can do this next step. Taking the Roberts needle-valve assembly, insert it into the end of the hose. Hopefully you didn't get any Goop in the end of the hose.

Wrap about 4 or 5 coils of wire around the outside of the hose. Make sure that you start your first coil at least 1/8-inch from the end. The coils will give you about 1/4 to 3/8 inch of band; cut extra wire. Be sure the coils are close together and each end is flat with the coil.

If you wrapped the coil moderately tight you should be able to pull the needle assembly out without a struggle. If not, loosen the tension by uncoiling the wire, and repeat the procedure. Wet the needle assembly slightly and stick it back in the hose.

If you have a snug non-constricting

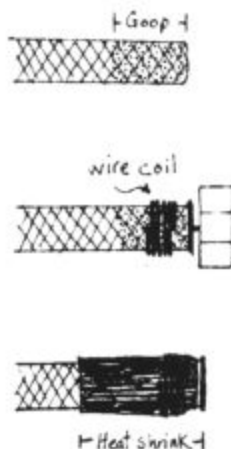
fit you have graduated to the final operation. For this you need some jumbo heat shrink (1/2 inch size). Place a piece one inch long on the hose. Set it slightly back from the end.

Turn a hair dryer on high and pass it evenly back and forth until you see the magic of shrinking plastic before your very eyes. Twist the hose to further the process until you have a snug, neat looking finished product.

You have produced a remarkable adapter which allows you to vary your stove fuel and canister size at will. The increased availability of fuel makes your gas stove a viable long trip companion.

Please be careful with your construction procedure. If you are unsure about anything cut that inch off and try again. You have lots of hose to get it right and SAFE!

The supplies that you will need for the mission: one Roberts Mini Stove III; one valve and hose unit from Liberty, 9325 SW Barber St, Wilsonville OR 97070 (nominal cost); 12" of tie wire; 6" piece of jumbo heat shrink; and the all-important Goop.



The amount of weight added and the cost are well worth the effort.

When the adaptor is completed it will coil up nicely in the stove top and bottom just like it belonged there. For a few ounces more and a little work you now have a two valve adjustable stove, with varied fuel mixture and canister size, in a small compact package.

I tested the finished product on a hike with my Boy Scouts to Lake Dorothy. I was very pleased with the performance of the EPI gas propane-butane. The fuel canister was now well away from the cooking area and I was almost a happy camper (if the rain would only stop).

In closing, remember—safety first. If you decide to undertake this project be sure what you are doing. Test the adapter at home in a well ventilated area.

Listen for any leaks, or check with a little soapy water, applied around hose and needle junction. If you see any bubbles adjust the coiling process.

And by all means if you need help, ask someone who is handy at doing this type of project.

I hope I have helped those of you out there who like your little Roberts stove to make it a more user friendly piece of lightweight backpacking equipment.

Until the next time, tread side down from Charlie McGuiver, the Gear Guy.

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

TERENCE CUNEO

MEMORIAL DAY WEEKEND IN THE ENCHANTMENTS

—AWAY FROM THE CROWDS ... BUT NOT THE SNOW—

Friday, May 27: The departure.

There just wasn't enough information to be found. Two phone calls and a visit to the Leavenworth Ranger Station told us very little concerning the snow conditions around Colchuck Lake and the Upper Enchantments for Memorial Day weekend, 1994.

No one to the Ranger's knowledge had trekked up to Colchuck Lake, let alone to Aasgard Pass. We did find out that 500 feet below Colchuck Lake at Lake Stuart there was snow aplenty.

The inference here was pretty simple: expect a healthy amount of snow before arriving at Colchuck. When the two women in our five person party heard the news about snow at Stuart there were coos of delight—"oooh, snow!" The Ranger eyed them incredulously.

The motivation behind our party of five (Francine Harmeson, Jean-Marie Maher, Douglas Cuneo, David Chantry and myself) to embark on a 21-mile, four-day, Memorial Day weekend hiking trip in the beautiful Enchantments was to enjoy the area before permits were required and before others would share the same scenery.

But beating the crowd, of course, had its drawbacks. We could only guess the depth of the snow and the difficulty of picking our way through the area without the aid of a visible trail.

After parking one of our cars at one end of the loop (Snow Lake trailhead) we started off from the Colchuck Lake trailhead. The day was bright, replete with blue sky, sunshine and a slight breeze. Each of us wondered aloud why we chose to live on the other side of the Cascades where just hours ago we had left the eerie glow of gray sky and drizzle.

The 6-mile hike to Colchuck was pleasant if not uneventful. Mountaineer Creek glistened in the sunshine as we stopped to lighten our packs by eating a copious lunch. The sole surprise was the complete absence of snow.

We had expected snow early in the hike but only upon topping the ridge



Camp at Inspiration Lake: Francine, Jean-Marie and David.

that led to Colchuck Lake did we find any. The snow we did find was old and rigid and after a few minutes of trudging, Colchuck Lake (5600 feet) greeted us with its distinctive emerald hue.

The surrounding heights of Aasgard Pass, Colchuck Peak and Dragontail Peak made a spectacular contrast. The steely, dark crags of Dragontail were bounded on each side by the sparkling snow of Aasgard and Colchuck Peak. As we wound our way toward the western side of the lake we found ourselves increasingly in the shade. This side of the lake was still frozen and a breeze blew across to our campsite.

We had picked a familiar and suitable campsite and stoked up the Whisperlite stoves for tea. The golden hour of dinner arrived. At this point the competition began.

Francine had boasted during the day that she and Jean-Marie's homemade, vacuum-packed tortellini with red sauce would with little difficulty surpass Doug's and my patented but ever evolving "Cookie Leekie pasta concoction."

Well, the first-night's cook-off was a

draw (David was a self-confessed non-contender). Both parties fell to slumber feeling satisfied they had brought backwoods cuisine to new heights.

Saturday, May 28: Snow, snow and more snow.

The next morning we were awakened at a very early hour (somewhere between five and six) by our cheery colleague who doubles as a human alarm clock—Francine. This would happen each morning of the trip.

The rest of us reluctantly rose to break the fast and at about eight o'clock we set out to surmount mighty Aasgard Pass. The day seemed promising.

Crossing the boulder field at the northernmost end of the lake on our way to the base of the pass was a bit treacherous. The snow between the boulders was fickle and good material for post-holing (a slip by Francine had us wondering whether her pack weighed more than she).

The pass itself was split in two by an avalanche chute and we started our ascent by staying to the right of this swath. Twenty minutes or so into the ascent and we were ready for crampons.

Upon stopping, however, we noticed that our promising day had taken a turn for the worse. Snow flurries fell gingerly from gray skies. The intensity of the snow increased and we attempted to keep a steady pace.

After arriving at a very steep grade, we traversed the avalanche chute to the left of the pass where we spotted some footsteps on what seemed a less steep grade. This side of the pass was indeed a bit easier to climb with the exception of two steep areas of rock and ice. With the aid of our ice axes and a little teamwork we worked our way through these spots, reached the false summit and finally made it over the hump of Aasgard (7800 feet).

Standing at the top of Aasgard overlooking the frozen, alabaster lakes dappled with the most translucent blue

Douglas Cuneo

imaginable was like standing at the edge of a different world. With the exception of the wizened larch trees, there was not much life. It was a world at once beautiful and bleak.

The snow now fell steadily and the visibility was cut considerably. We paused to eat a brief lunch as the wind with its characteristic uneven mixture of howls and whines rushed by. It was time to seek shelter from the elements. We trudged down through the snow to more hospitable grounds.

Inspiration Lake (7190 feet) was our haven. Here we found ourselves out of the wind. The snow fell persistently but not, it seemed, ominously. We would camp in the shadow of the tawny Prusik Peak.

Upon freeing ourselves of our packs and content that our date with Aasgard had passed, we began happily to dig in for the night. Talk of cook-off number two began: Francine's fettucine alfredo versus Doug's and my pasta and pesto.

As it turned out, it was not a night fit for cooking. Darkness fell, the wind kicked up in high-power fits and spurts and the snow did not relent. Fortunately, Francine and Jean-Marie had managed to carry a gargantuan tent on their packs. As the weather grew nastier and nastier, this tent (nicknamed "the condo") became our dining room. Dinner (which ended again in something of a stand-off) and hot tea were enjoyed as the five of us crammed ourselves into close quarters. Nothing quite like the feeling of safety and warmth while the world rages around you.

Evening of May 28 to Sunday May 29: More adventure.

David reminded me that evening that in Norse myth Aasgard represented the place of the Gods. One could readily understand why this area of the Enchantments was worthy of heavenly inhabitants.

But the Gods of Aasgard were feeling either mischievous or angry that evening. For twenty hours or so did they vent their fury in the form of wind, ice and snow. For whatever reasons, one usually expects that the advent of morning should bring the cessation of a storm. But it was not to be so.

We found ourselves at 6am waking to 6 inches of wind-blown snow. And the morning snow continued, propelled by great gusts. David, doing a yeoman's task, dug out our stoves and even managed to start one in preparation for hot

tea.

Now, however, indecision hit our camp. We had three options. Either wait the storm out, pack up and move on, or go back down Aasgard. The third option was both psychologically unpalatable and dangerous due to avalanche potential. Francine, Jean-Marie and David wanted to move on. For the time being we stayed put.

The Gods of Aasgard began to toy with us. As the morning progressed, patches of blue appeared only to be enveloped in gray and snow. At 11 o'clock we had our window of opportunity.

The sky cleared and the snow stopped to a light trickle. We rapidly packed up our soaking tents and headed out around Inspiration. The weather continued to play games with us as the snow and sun took turns taking the stage. The odd weather served only to heighten the beauty of this marvelous area and we successfully picked our way, with the aid of cairns, to Viviane Lake (6785 feet).

The problem with Viviane Lake was that we found ourselves somewhat stranded on a steep precipice overlooking the lake with no clear idea how to get to the trail below us that connected with the other side of the lake. So we did the next best thing to deciding a route: we ate lunch.

This is where things got interesting. In an attempt to reach the path below us, Francine attempted a self-belay while slowly traversing down the side of the knoll on which we were situated. But while the four of us looked on, the snow gave way under one of Francine's feet and she slid, vanishing from sight.

Douglas immediately called down to her and we heard a reply though we could not understand her words. The



David, Terence and Douglas, with Prusik Peak in background.

imminent task was to somehow find a way down to help. We decided that traveling by the edge of Viviane was our best choice. We backtracked, made our way down a gorge and found what seemed to be a reasonably safe passage-way that would lead us to Francine about 20 feet or so above the lake.

Though this route proved to be difficult in spots it was a good decision. Douglas reached Francine first and found her a bit shaken but in good spirits. She had slid 50 feet or so down the snow, hurtled over a rock face and landed in a large, cylindrical snow hole. The hole she landed in was about five or six inches to the left of a large rock cluster. She had been very fortunate.

It was not the most elegant of descents but we had made it down. The rest of the day we spent methodically following a visible path down snow and finally rock to Lower Snow Lake (5475 feet). The entire day we were sprinkled with the lightest of snow flurries.

After finding a capacious camping site, we settled in and enjoyed a pleasant evening—delighted to be rid of the snow and wind.

Cook-off number three was no challenge; Doug's and my eco-burgers in sauteed mushrooms easily outdistanced Francine's and Jean-Marie's dry noodle mix. With the exception of heavy varmint activity, the night passed peacefully.

Monday, May 30: Up and out.

After an early morning wake-up call we passed a leisurely breakfast basking in the sun of a new day. Our site afforded a magnificent view of McClellan Peak. Scattered on the side of the lake were gnarled, white, washed-up logs. They resembled bleached bones.

The 6 miles or so to the trailhead led us through familiar Central Cascade foliage. The lush growth hid us from a hot sun. We passed pretty Nada Lake and knew we were close to the trailhead when we encountered day-hikers without packs.

At last we reached Icicle Creek and enjoyed splashing ourselves with its frigid contents. On a nearby cabin an American flag flew in the breeze to remind us it had been a fine Memorial Day weekend. △

Terence Cuneo, of Seattle, is currently pursuing a doctorate in philosophy at Fordham University.

MIKE TOROK

GOAT MOUNTAIN

—A REAL HARD TRIP—

It started the night before doing the typical round-robin calling to decide what summit to do on Sunday, February 12. Chris and Mike wanted a new summit while Bruce wanted a moderate trip which could be done in marginal conditions.

We decided on Goat Mountain, in the North Fork Snoqualmie area. Only three of us wanted to go out this weekend considering the cold weather forecast and what happened the week before on Cascade Mountain. (See *March*, page 10).

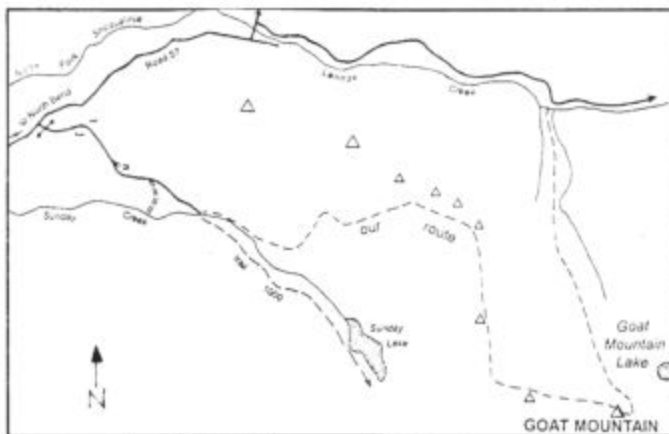
We started at the gated road going up Sunday Creek about 1.5 miles before the Lennox Creek bridge (a new bridge is in and almost ready to open). The original route was to continue up the road a couple of miles past the bridge and head for the summit if road and snow conditions permitted but the road was closed.

The new route was to take the trail almost to Sunday Lake and cross the creek, ascend to the ridge, follow the ridge to the summit and return via the road making the required "loop trip."

After walking the road a few hundred yards we ran into a swamp across the road. It took several attempts to find an almost dry route through. This was not a good start. We passed the road fork to the left that leads to Sunday Lake about a mile up the road and we had to back track. When we reached Sunday Creek, the bridge was washed out and the creek was a river. If we crossed the creek, we would need to cross it again. We decided to follow the creek on the left side then head up where it looked good.

We followed the creek for about 1/2-mile to the clearcut boundary. The brush was relentless and it was very slow going. Bruce commented that this trip seemed doomed. The rest of us ignored him and continued. As with all of Bruce's trips, turn-around is the summit.

We headed up at the clearcut boundary to gain the ridge. The next thousand feet was bushy and then the bush backed off a little. We hoped for snow early but didn't find it until 4000 feet. We traversed about a mile at 4300 feet to gain



the ridge which seemed to take forever.

As we approached the ridge we got the first view of Goat Mountain. It was still far away and the ridge had some gendarmes. When we reached the ridge the wind was blowing hard and it was cold (mid 20s). It was now 1pm. We had been going for more than 5 hours and were still hours from the summit. We stopped at the ridge to put clothes on and get a bite to eat.

We followed the ridge as much as possible. We encountered three gendarmes managed to find routes through. At 2:30 we reached the final col. Bruce doesn't wear a watch and we didn't want to worry him by letting him know the time.

When we stopped to put crampons on at 3pm, Bruce found out the time. Now no stopping was allowed! We reached the summit at 4:10pm. Bruce paused for 10 seconds then said, "It's time to go." Chris and Mike stopped for pictures. The wind was blowing 30+ mph and it was cold. It only took about one minute for exposed skin to start to freeze. The sky was clearing and we had good views.

We headed down for the Lennox Creek road (2.5 miles up from the bridge) by following a ridge between drainages. Good snow was present until 3000 feet and then it turned patchy. The snow was firm and we never took the snowshoes off the packs.

A full moon appeared about 5:45pm. We reached Lennox Creek with no problems and found a good log to cross. We reached the road (1970 feet eleva-

tion) at 6:15pm.

The full moon made the 4 mile road walk back to the car very enjoyable. We arrived back at the car at 7:50pm without having to use headlamps. This was *not* a moderate trip as Bruce promised; it was a real hard trip: 12 miles, 4300 feet gain and 12 hours roundtrip. Once we arrived back at the car, we thought it would be an uneventful drive out but little did we know what had happened.

About 2 miles down the road we encountered a tree across the road. This tree did not pose much of a problem; we were able to break off branches and drive over it. Another mile farther, we found another tree across the road. This tree we were able to drive around without getting out of the car.

Another couple of miles we ran into 3 more trees across the road. The first of the three we moved and drove around. The next was 3 feet above the ground. We had no saw or ax to cut the tree. The only tools we had that might cut the tree were our ice axes. We chopped with our ice axes at the thinnest point (6") where we could drive around.

After 10 minutes of chopping, we were able to break the end off and get by. The last tree (10" or 11" in diameter) was lying on the road. We decided to build a ramp so we could drive over it. We used the ice axes to pick frozen rocks out of the ground from the side of the road to build the ramp. (The text books fail to mention these uses for the ice axe.) The ramp worked.

We continued slowly down the road waiting for the next obstacle. We finally had some good luck—another tree had fallen (14" to 16" diameter) but some nice people cut it out for us. We had not realized how strong the winds were until we listened to the news reports of all the damage that occurred while we were out playing.

Mike Torok lives and works in Seattle. He has been exploring the back-country for over 20 years.

LEE MCKEE

PASAYTEN LOOP

—LATE-SEASON IN THE HIGH COUNTRY—

Aggressive yellow jackets in the parking lot, cow pies on the trail—what a way to start a trip into the fabled Pasayten Wilderness.

Wanting to avoid crowds, miss the high hunt, and catch the larch trees turning their golden color, Ann and I had delayed this week-long trip until mid-October.

Having left the Lake Creek trailhead parking lot at 3pm after an all day trip from the Seattle area meant that darkness would be coming soon. That thought, and clouds forming which threatened a late afternoon shower, prompted us not to dally. First night's camp was to be somewhere along Black Lake—4 to 5 miles away.

Our plans called for a leisurely 7 day loop trip of around 40 miles with two layover days. Although we had tentative camp locations in mind, this was basically an unstructured trip. It's quite a sense of freedom to know you have everything on your back that you need to live comfortably for a number of days and you can go wherever your legs can carry you.

The Pasayten Wilderness is a wide open country. It's a mixture of dry open forest and huge meadows. This is an area built for horse travel. Cattle and sheep grazing abounded in earlier years before it became a Wilderness and grazing became more regulated. It's also high country. Travelling trails at 6000 to 7000 feet is the rule instead of the exception as in the Olympics or Cascades.

One of our earlier Pasayten trips was up the Andrews Creek trail. That trail is a "freeway" into the Pasayten. The Black Lake trail in comparison is a secondary highway and was more pleasing to hike.

We escaped the nasty yellowjackets in the parking lot only to be faced with cattle (and cow pies) on the trail. As the miles passed, however, we left these "dayhikers" behind and shortly after



Entering the Pasayten Wilderness.

5pm we set up camp at the north end of Black Lake.

A sharp cold breeze from the north along with darkening clouds caused us to question the wisdom of such a late fall trip. We finished dinner at last light as the northern skies began to clear, revealing stars. Instead of rain, we now thought of how cold would it get.

With light disappearing by 7:30pm and air temperature 45 degrees or less, we disappeared into the tent to read by candle lantern for an hour while snuggling in our sleeping bags for warmth. With daylight not until close to 7am, we were in for some long nights.

Up at first light, we bundled in extra clothes to ward off the cold as we heated water for breakfast. The morning gray was replaced by clear sky as the sun began to rise.

As soon as the sun made it over an adjacent ridge, camp was bathed in direct sunlight. It was like throwing a switch—one minute near shivering in all our clothes, the next stripping down

to shorts and a lightweight top to keep from overheating while taking down the tent.

On the trail by mid-morning we continued up the Black Lake trail to its junction with trail 514—the turnoff point for our loop. A number of campsites are along this section as is typical with the Pasayten in general. If a camp spot is not obvious along the trail, look for a side path—it will usually lead to an off-trail spot. And you will usually find something every mile or so depending on the terrain.

Just before the junction, we visited with two backpackers heading out. It turned out they had been camped at Fox Lakes, our destination for that night, and they shared with us their experience with the cross-country route to the lakes. As it turned out, they were the last people we saw for the next 5 days.

The main trail had lots of deer tracks—a veritable deer highway—and was dry. By contrast, trail 514 didn't look so well used by deer and had a number of swampy spots. Up the trail a ways, we came to a big switchback and horse camp at 6400 feet—the turnoff point to start our cross-country portion to Fox Lakes.

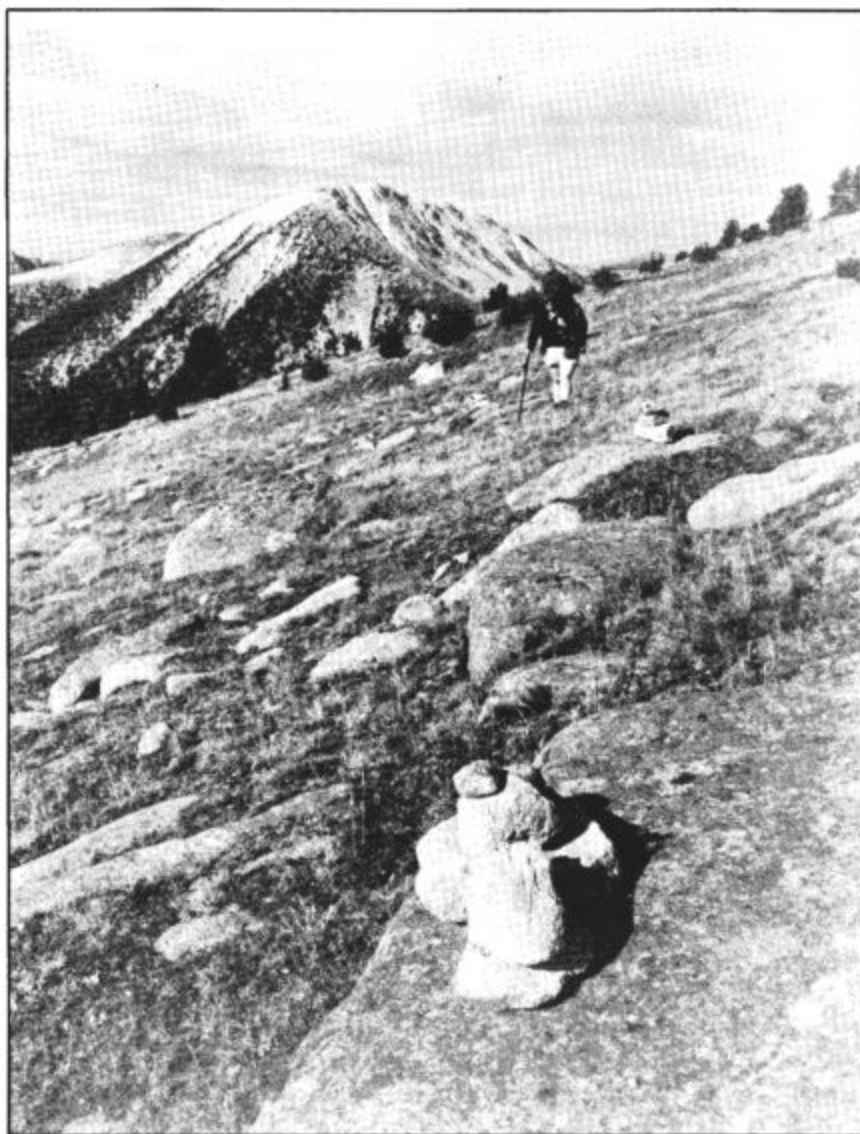
We traversed through a meadow and along the bottom of a rock slide before tackling the fairly steep sidehill. Three hundred feet of elevation gain later, we were happily surprised to find ourselves on the banks of the lower lake.

Even though we were tired and the skies were graying, we had enough energy to observe one of our basic tenets: look around before deciding on the place to set up camp.

This helps eliminate the "gee, I wish we had camped over THERE" symptoms that occur when you choose the first spot you come to.

Of course, in this case, it meant a half mile round trip to the *upper* (naturally) Fox Lake before deciding to make a nice spot on the *lower* lake our home.

Lee McKee



Lee McKee

Cairns mark the way across the meadows on Diamond Point; peak 8025 in background.

A good supply of firewood and not having to carry our packs to the upper lake aided our decision. A strong wind, dropping temperatures, and fading light hurried dinner as we prepared for another night.

Frost on the inside tent fly is a sure sign that it's *cold* outside. That's what greeted us the next morning—25 degrees by thermometer. Finally building up the courage to greet the day, we found a water bottle left outside overnight was mostly frozen.

The water bag left hanging on a tree surprisingly wasn't. What happened when I used that water was something that I hadn't experienced before. Pouring water from the bag into a teapot (which had been outside all night and was at 25F) caused an ice crystal mountain to form in the pot directly below the spigot on the water bag, just

like crystals in a chemical set. The water in the pot turned to slush around the mountain. As pretty as it was, the necessity of warm water won over artistic merit as we quickly put the pot on our camp stove.

With warm drinks and a small fire going, we were comfortable enough to start enjoying the surroundings. Ice up to ½-inch thick had formed around the edge of the lake, reminding us that although it would melt during the day, it was mid-October and winter was coming.

Time passed quickly on our first lay-over day as we explored the upper lake and surrounding country. Although the way-trail by Fox Lakes is easy to follow, its junction with trail 532 is not obvious. Since this was to be our path out the next day, we spent some time figuring out the way.

The junction is in a meadow at 7100 feet, and as we found repeatedly during

this trip, way-trails in meadows may not be very well defined. After some searching, we found a cairned route. We also found a more obvious trail, not cairned, that joined the cairned route in ¼-mile.

Welcome to the Pasayten—trails run everywhere. Figure out the direction you want to go, head that way, and you'll probably find some sort of trail.

Having determined our way out, we headed south on trail 532 for more exploration. The route was obvious and we were soon at an unnamed lake at 7200 feet. A number of pleasant, isolated campsites are located here.

By now it was early afternoon, and we realized the winds which had been coming up in the afternoon were quiet today. Instead of continuing to Fool Hen Lake we returned to camp early to enjoy the sunny warmth.

Heading back, we noted a well-used side trail that headed down toward the Fox Lakes area. We followed it. Dropping several hundred feet, we were soon in the flat that holds Fox Lakes, but at least ¼-mile south of the lakes! The trail we were on kept going and rather than continue with it, we once more headed cross-country in search of the upper lake.

Minimal underbrush makes for inviting cross-country travel, but it can also lead to easy disorientation without a map, compass, and altimeter. We also ran into lots of down trees from past wind storms which made travel tedious.

With the temperature nearing 35 degrees a little after 6pm we decided we needed a fire if we were to spend time outside the tent comfortably. We usually have campfires only on winter beach hikes, but travel in the woods on cold October days make fires more of a necessity than a luxury.

Graying skies, a sun dog in late afternoon, and evening temperatures in the 30s caused us to think more and more of possible snow. One of the risks with backcountry travel this time of year is snowfall—when will the first storm of the winter come in to obscure the trail?

We broke camp early the next morning to head for our next destination, Corral Lake. Gray skies and ice along the edges of the lake served to remind us to not dally.

Having scouted the way yesterday, linking up with trail 532 was easy. Following it north we were soon at the junction with trail 514, one of the

maintained trails. This junction, as well as a number of others we encountered, was not marked.

We intersected trail 514 at a pass, and we followed the main trail a short way at constant elevation before it started to drop. Now the search started for where the continuance of trail 532 branched off. No cairns, no signs, but the lay of the land left only a few possibilities. Taking the most obvious, we were relieved to soon see obvious tread and intermittent cairns meaning we had chosen correctly.

After gaining some elevation, the trail contoured through meadows around the southwest flank of Diamond Point.

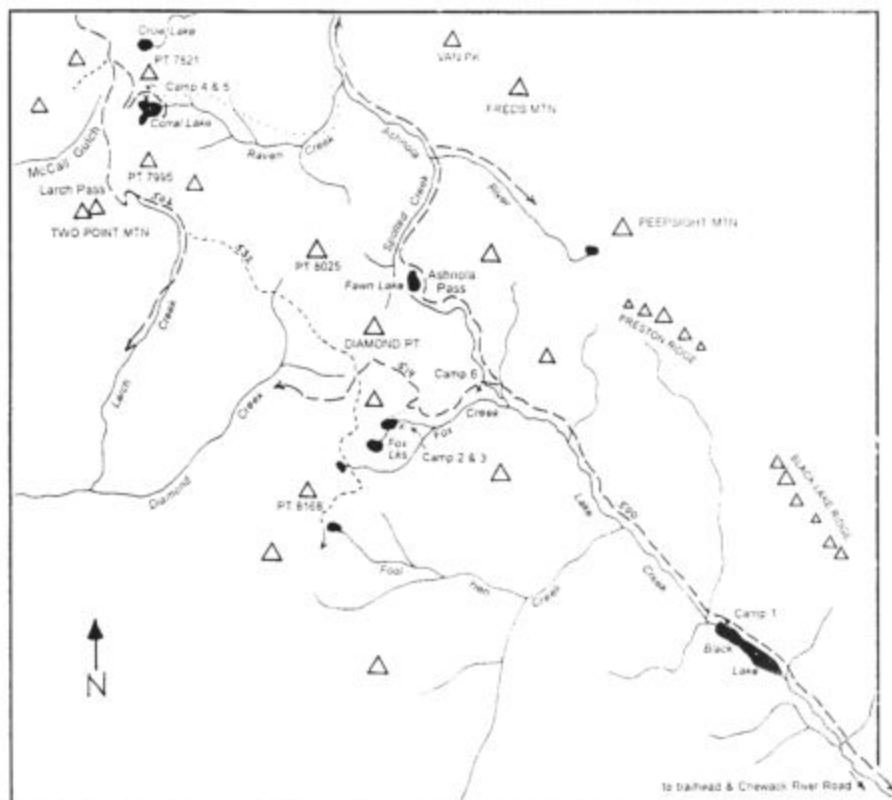
What had been fairly well-defined tread now turned less obvious as we continued through the meadow. Searching for cairns made our pace slower than normal. The trail dropped into woods and we really slowed. Lots of blowdowns, disappearing tread, and infrequent cairns took their toll. We also took time to add to the existing cairns to make the path easier to follow. Lots of work though, to bend down with a fully loaded pack to place rocks in a cairn!

Finally at 6300 feet, we found the junction with main trail 502. This junction, like the earlier one, would be very hard to find if you were coming from the main trail. The tread is not obvious at all. It basically leaves a switchback at 6300 feet. We marked it with a cairn which may or may not survive.

Now on a maintained trail, our pace picked up. Climbing to Larch Pass at 7100 feet, the terrain changed. Woods were replaced with the high, dry open country characteristic of Eastern Washington. My senses, more attuned to Douglas fir and rain forest, had a hard time adjusting to the openness of this country. You don't see names such as "McCall Gulch" on landmarks in the Olympics!

Reaching a signed junction at 7500 feet, we turned off on the side trail to Corral Lake. Gaining about 100 feet more in elevation, we were soon peering over the edge of a wall at Corral Lake, some 400 feet below us. Gray skies had given way to late afternoon sun, but we realized we would quickly lose the sun to the surrounding peaks as we dropped into the lake basin.

Taking a final look around, we started the descent. The trail was in good shape, but I was glad I was on



foot instead of horseback as the first part of the trail dropped steeply on unstable soil.

Lots of possible campsites exist at Corral Lake. Several are large and have hitching rails for horse groups. The basin is big so it would be easy to find an isolated spot if you wanted. This looks to be a popular destination for horse groups. We were the only ones here.

Expecting the temperature to really drop when we lost the sun behind the ridges, we were pleasantly surprised to find it was a balmy 45 degrees (compared to 35 degrees at the same time last night). No wind and relatively warm temperature made for an enjoyable dinner before turning in for the night.

Now at the northern end of our loop, our plans called for several miles of cross-country travel basically down Raven Creek (the Corral Lake outlet) until we hit trail 500. Awake the next morning to wind and gray skies, we spent the day exploring the area and scouting some of our planned route.

A side trip took us to the top of point 7821 to the north of the basin. This was a walk-up through meadows. Once there, we looked over the edge from the nice rolling meadow of one side to sheer cliffs on the other side—like half of the dome had been sliced off. Great views of surrounding peaks and down

to Crow Lake. There was even the remains of an old, tiny shelter—nails, pieces of shingles, and posts (maybe a shepherd's shelter at one time).

As the day wore on, the sky became more leaden and a chilly wind picked up. The sun and sky had the dull gray of real winter.

With little shelter for building a fire and getting out of the wind, we chose the protection of the tent and a candle lantern to read by 7pm—it was going to be a long night!

With some stars visible as I peeked out the tent in the wee hours of the morning, it looked like the day could bring clear skies. Such was not the case. Thin bands of orange in the east were the only signs of the rising sun. There was absolutely no wind. The sky was a dull gray. Conditions looked like they were taking a turn for the worse.

With hope of an early-morning sun-drenched camp gone, consideration turned to breaking camp and getting things packed away before anything got wet. In short order breakfast was ready, the tent down, and the packs organized—not a moment too soon.

As we hefted our packs the first small snowflakes began to fall. It was definitely time to be heading out.

The first part of the cross-country route was quite easy. As we dropped



Lee McKee

Camp in a larch grove at Corral Lake: Ann reads while waiting for dinner to "cook."

the first 400 feet through meadows, the snow picked up. Realizing that as we dropped the snow could turn to rain was not a pleasing thought.

Although there were some intermittent animal paths, nothing continued for long in the direction we wanted to go. Along the way we went by several "homes" where deer had spent the night.

Unfortunately the meadows soon ended and the forest began. Initially the travel was fairly easy through the open land, but we soon found ourselves faced with more and more blowdowns to work around or over—a time consuming and draining task with a full pack.

Having lost 1000 feet in elevation, we still had about 600 feet to go before reaching the elevation where we hoped to intersect the main trail. Downed trees and periodic marshes made for less than ideal conditions—not to mention the drizzle that had replaced the snow.

But, as the saying goes, "every dark cloud has a silver lining." Our silver lining took the form of a totally unexpected abandoned trail we discovered as we fought our way downhill. By the direction the trail took it obviously would take us to the trail we wanted.

So we forgot about compass bearings and instead followed intermittent tread and ancient cut logs as we continued on our way. The abandoned trail appeared to be in good condition except for the downed timber that periodically blocked the path. With the going relatively easier, our pace picked up and we soon rock-hopped across the Ashnola River and found ourselves standing on trail 500—our goal. What a luxury to be on a maintained path again.

In the drizzle we paused only a moment to congratulate ourselves before continuing. Our destination was Fawn Lake, some 4 miles farther and 600 feet higher. The rain turned back to snow.

It was still early. The thought of spending hours in a snowbound tent at a fogged-in lake wasn't appealing. Instead of camping at Fawn Lake, we only paused there for lunch, then continued to a camp 2 miles farther and 1000 feet lower that we had spotted several days ago on the first part of our loop.

The trail that initially drops out of Ashnola Pass crosses rocky shelves that would seem to be rough going for horses, but horses obviously use the trail. Parts of the trail drop steeply but are easily done by backpackers.

Camp chores this evening included gathering wood for a fire. This camp is in the middle of the woods at about 5200 feet, with lots of down wood and shelter from wind, quite a change from the wide open camp at Corral Lake.

Clouds gave way to clear sky when we awoke the next morning. Our loop was complete; the remaining 10 miles were on the same trail we came in on.

With the morning temperature near 30 degrees and the sky blue, we realized how lucky we had been on this trip. Although we would again encounter yellowjackets and cattle between Black Lake and the trailhead, we had spent a week in the Wilderness, a majority of it above 6000 feet, with the weather generally good, and the larch trees turned their golden color. A late fall trip can hardly get much better!

△

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

If you're planning to go:

This is horse country. Expect to meet commercial packers and private riders on trails and in campsites. Generate good PR for hikers and step off the trail for horses and other stock. Talk to the riders well in advance to avoid spooking the horses. If the riders have green or nervous animals, they may ask you to step farther off the trail or stand in a

certain spot. For your safety, follow their directions.

Cattle and sheep are allowed to graze in the Pasayten. Check with the ranger district in the area you plan to hike for the current grazing schedule; it changes from year to year.

If you plan to explore, look at old maps. Early editions of USGS, Green

Trails, Pic-Tour and Forest Service maps are helpful for finding abandoned trails.

Abandoned trails can be difficult to find. Expect unmarked junctions, jackstrawed trees, rock slides and washouts. They are a fun challenge!

PANORAMA

NEWS FROM ALL OVER

PHELPS CREEK CLEARCUT?—

Here's the worst-case scenario: This summer, the first 1½ miles of the Phelps Creek trail becomes a logging road, and the large section of private land 1½ miles in becomes a clearcut. Logging would take place on both sides of Phelps Creek, including the little finger that goes *right into* the Wilderness. If Erickson Logging has its way, that could well be what happens.

Erickson Logging has applied for the permits to log its land on the Phelps Creek trail, but a lot of things have to fall into place before that can happen. By law, the Forest Service must allow private landowners reasonable access to their land. Erickson Logging must also meet certain state and NEPA requirements to lessen their impact.

Although this logging operation is in the very first stages of planning, now is the time to get involved if you want to have a say.

Write to the Lake Wenatchee District Ranger, 22976 Highway 207, Leavenworth WA 98826, and ask to be put on the mailing list for the public scoping process. In a few weeks, a letter describing the project will be sent to those indicating an interest.

The Phelps Creek trail to Spider Meadow is the second most popular trail (after Lake Valhalla) in the Lake Wenatchee Ranger District.

JUAN DE FUCA TRAIL—A new trail east of Port Renfrew on Vancouver Island will be completed this summer, according to an article in "Beautiful

BC" magazine. The trail is part of a new provincial park that officials hope will redistribute some of the congestion on the West Coast Trail, which now has a reservation system to limit the number of hikers.

The Juan de Fuca Trail will begin at Botanical Beach at Port Renfrew and follow the coastline east for 27 miles to China Beach at the Jordan River. Similar to the West Coast Trail, it will require bridges and ladders to cross some difficult terrain.

GOAT PLAN—A draft EIS for the management of mountain goats in Olympic National Park was released March 19.

The draft describes three alternatives, one of which is the "preferred alternative." The alternatives are (1) no action; (2) elimination of goats from Park by shooting (preferred alternative); (3) short-term live capture followed by shooting.

You are encouraged to review and comment on the draft EIS between 3/31 and 5/31. Public meetings will be held in Port Angeles and Seattle in early May.

Copies are available for review at many western Washington libraries, or call 360-452-0321 to order a copy.

PADDLE FEST—April 29 and 30 marks the weekend of the 6th Annual Seattle Paddle Fest. The activities start at 10am and go until 4pm both days and include on-water test paddles, demonstrations and lectures on all types of paddling topics. Admission is \$5 per

person per day, with the proceeds going to the Washington Water Trails Association.

Lectures will be given both days on a variety of topics ranging from how to choose between a canoe and kayak, how to pack your canoe or kayak, canoeing with kids, and destination paddling.

GRIZZLY BEAR RECOVERY

PLAN—Last December, the Inter-agency Grizzly Bear Committee adopted the North Cascades Chapter Amendment to the Grizzly Bear Recovery Plan. It is identical to the draft plan released last summer.

There is no money to implement the plan. The funds which were marked to go into grizzly and wolf recovery were suddenly shifted to another state in early December.—*excerpted from Northwest Conservation.*

PERMIT SYSTEM DELAYED—

Plans to implement a permit system that would limit the numbers of people in three heavily-used areas of the Alpine Lakes Wilderness (see *June 1994, page 24*) have been postponed until the summer of 1996.

The delay results from staffing limitations caused by the 1994 fires, the work related to the Forest Plan, and a 30% reduction in funds for Wilderness, Trails and Recreation budgets.

The Enchantment permit system continues as before, and the information-gathering permits for the ALW are required this year. But access will not be restricted. Wait until 1996.

REST STOP

EQUIPMENT, RECIPES, TIPS

ALL THAT MOSS—If you've ever been captivated by all the different mosses in the Olympics, you might be interested in an Olympic Park Institute class scheduled for this spring: "Mosses of Olympic National Park."

Call OPI at 360-928-3720 for class information.

SCANDINAVIA ADVICE—I just returned from a wonderful 7-week winter vacation in Scandinavia. Traveling alone, I spent about one month exploring Norway, including the far north, coastal islands, and mountainous interior.

Two definite highlights were the town of Lillehammer, currently a tourists' delight, and the Lofoten Islands, where good skiing, fresh fish, and the Northern Lights kept me enthralled. I telemarked and cross-country skied the Olympic facilities, and even drove a dog team!

After an untimely knee injury in mid-February, I moved on to Finland and Estonia, where I stayed with friends and relatives.

The experience as a whole was remarkable and I would be pleased to offer advice to anyone contemplating a

similar journey.—*Douglas Cuneo, 100 NE 57 St, Seattle WA 98105.*

PACK STRAPS—My large pack had worn buckles on the shoulder straps that slipped and needed tightening every little while. I did not want to tear into the pack seams to replace them, so I sewed some velcro on the straps.

Put one strip on the loose end of the strap that you pull to tighten, and put the other velcro on the facing strap that attaches to the lower part of the pack.

This holds firmly but releases easily when the pack is removed.

REST STOP

EQUIPMENT, RECIPES, TIPS

continued from previous page

Mark the velcro placement with the pack on and loaded, allowing extra velcro length for variations in how snug you like the straps.



Make sure the velcro faces the right direction. Sew in place.—*VBMA, Arlington.*

BUCKLE REPAIR—Fastex buckles are great but do wear out, and the darn things break when you shut the car door on them.

Depending on location, they can be simple or difficult to replace. Also, a lot of similar-looking buckles do not fit together. If you are replacing only half a buckle, make sure the two buckle pieces clip together properly before you start: connect the buckle pieces and then give them a good tug.

A new "male" end can easily be threaded on, but the "female" end must be attached to a loop that is usually sewn into the pack seams. I have not

had good luck trying to open pack seams, so have devised the following way of replacing the female half of buckles.

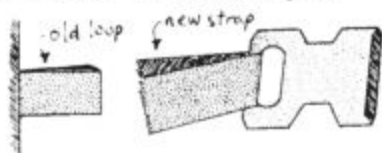
If you plan to use a sewing machine, check that the buckle location on the pack can be maneuvered under the needle of the machine—or be prepared to sew by hand.

Remove the old female end from the pack loop with a wire cutter, hammer, hacksaw, car door or whatever works. *Do not cut the nylon loop that attached it.*

Cut a new loop of nylon strap about the same length. Lightly flame the ends to prevent fraying, slip on the new female end, and "sandwich" the new loop over the old. Sew just outside the pack seam. Back and forth a few times will do it. Stitching a square and then going in an X through it is best but not always possible.

Use a denim or similar heavy duty needle since you have four layers of tough material to go through.

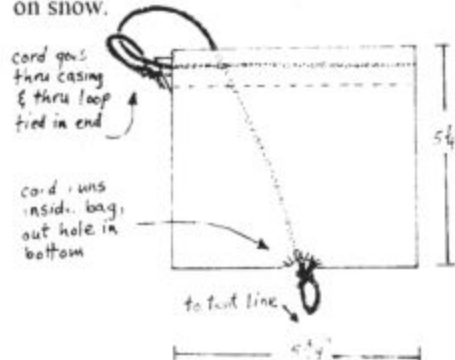
This is an easy way to upgrade an old pack to fastex buckles rather than metal ones.—*VBMA, Arlington.*



FOOD—I've ordered food from a catalog called Camper's Pantry (formerly the Food Cache). The catalog lists eight different food manufacturers and includes nutritional data.

In the latest catalog I noticed lots of interesting new meals, such as "Southwest Tamale Pie." The catalog is some 46 pages of food items. Write for one: **Camper's Pantry, PO Box 293, Farmington MN 55024.**—*Dale Graves, Kent.*

SNOW ANCHOR—I read Lee's article on snow camping (*January, page 22; February, page 24*). We have winter camped for some 25 years, and enclosed is a "snow bag" for anchoring tents on snow.



The string through the hole is tied to the tent (which has tighteners on its strings).

While one person sets up the tent, the other fills the snow bags. They are then cinched up, tied on and buried.

I didn't originate the idea. My old mountain climbing friend, Don Marcy, loaned me one for a pattern.—*Olive Hull, Olympia.*

Ed. Note: Lee and I tried out the sample bag that Olive sent us. It worked great. We're going to make a whole bunch to use next winter.

Gear Review—your most favorite / least favorite equipment

WATERPROOF FLASHLIGHT—

As part of outfitting my sea kayak last year, I looked for a waterproof flashlight. I found only one kind available in the stores I visited. But that's changing. Princeton Tec, manufacturer of underwater equipment, is coming out with a line of lights powered by AA batteries and using halogen bulbs.

I have tried their Tec 20 and Tec 40. (The Tec 20 uses two AA batteries and the Tec 40 uses four.) The light is operated by turning the screw-on bulb housing which is sealed with an O-ring. I really like this feature since I get so tired

of switches turning on inadvertently or failing to work after awhile.

While paddling this winter Ann and I tested the waterproofness of both lights by tying them to a line, tossing them overboard, and paddling around Puget Sound. They still work fine.

The bulb housing is translucent which causes some side illumination. A piece of tape could take care of that if it bothers you. In a strictly unscientific comparison between the Tec 40 and my current light, the Tec 40 seemed a bit brighter at a distance of 200 feet. The main difference is the beam of the Tec

40 is broader than the focused beam of my other light. Size-wise the Tec is smaller and lighter. The suggested retail price for the Tec 40 is \$19.95 which includes batteries; the Tec 20 is a few dollars less.

To obtain more information on this light and others in their line you can write or call the manufacturer at **Princeton Tec, PO Box 8057, Trenton NJ 08650 (800-257-9080)**. Or look for the new lights this summer at REI stores and do your own comparison—now you've got a choice for waterproof lights.—*LGM, Port Orchard.*

EDITOR'S JOURNAL



Paddling in Admiralty Inlet near Port Townsend.

FROM THE MAIL BOX—"I am a hike leader for our RV park in Mesa during the winter. We have wonderful hiking opportunities in Arizona but nothing like your magazine, so it makes me appreciate *Pack & Paddle* all the more when I hike with the Renton Women's Hiking Club in the summer."
—Kirkland.

"Love your magazine just the way it is!"—Chehalis.

"Your 'zine is just about my all time favorite."—Bainbridge Island.

"I'm leaving the state and moving to Minnesota. I am going to miss *Pack & Paddle*. Goodbye; it has been fun!"—Mount Vernon.

"*P&P* is the periodical I most look forward to, and the one with the most useful, practical and humorous information."—Renton.

POSITIVE—Last month's "From the Mail Box" quoted a reader who commented that *Pack & Paddle* was "too bland." That caused several other readers to rise to our defense. One wrote:

"I think you do far more good providing hikers with a place to tell their tales and experiences and feelings about the mountains, and by this method help to educate those who are new to the sport. You also provide laughs and a sense of sharing. It's all very positive."

It's true that *P&P* is not a political or issue-oriented publication. Never has been, never will. Several other organizations cover that side of the backcountry very well.

I think one of the best publications

around for the "political stuff" is *Northwest Conservation*, published by Greater Ecosystem Alliance, PO Box 2813, Bellingham WA 98227 (360-671-9950).

CELEBRITIES—After a paddle in Gig Harbor recently, we stopped in at Wild Birds to buy another bag of sunflower seeds. We visited with owner Jim Ulrich and admired his two feline assistants who were hard at work. The two cats are celebrities in Gig Harbor, having been featured in the local paper as models of citizenship for their work in the store.

Another "working cat" we frequently see is Inky, who supervises the front counter at Printing Services in Port Orchard.

Yellow Cat is always pleased to hear of other cats who are gainfully employed.

SCOTTISH LAKES—It just wouldn't seem like High Camp if we didn't run into a subscriber while drinking Icicle tea in the day lodge.

On our trip to Scottish Lakes recently we met subscriber Ed McCormack and enjoyed talking with him and his friends about all kinds of hiking and paddling things.

Although Midway Camp isn't operating this year, High Camp is in fine shape. The new managers at Scottish Lakes have a big Sno-Cat for the 7-mile trip from the highway, and more snow than we've seen there for a long time. They'll be open through April.

PADDLING—I was asked by the Lynnwood REI store to present an evening program on paddling in Puget Sound. After I made a list of a few places I wanted to talk about, I realized we hadn't been to some of them for a real long time. Since access for boaters has a way of changing, Lee and I decided to visit all of these places before I made the presentation, to make sure the information was correct.

So we've been out with the kayak at every opportunity. We're looking forward now to spending some more time on skis, to enjoy the spring conditions.

Oh yes—the REI Clinic will be April 18 at 7pm, at the Lynnwood store.

COOKBOOK—As we mentioned a few months back, Jennifer Stein is producing a cookbook. It is now finished and ready. Many of the recipes Jennifer fixed for hungry skiers at Garrison Springs Lodge are included, plus others she developed after moving to Oregon.

They are all vegetarian, low-fat, and delicious. Order a copy for \$11.95 (postpaid) from Jennifer Stein Barker, Morning Hill, HC 84 Izee Route, Canyon City OR 97820.

See you in the backcountry.

Ann Marshall



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BOOKS FOR YOUR SUMMER OUTINGS

Here's a brief listing of some of the new books in the outdoor field. See them at your local library or bookstore.

SELECTED CLIMBS IN THE CASCADES, by Jim Nelson and Peter Potterfield. The Mountaineers, \$22.95.

Here's help for the hard task of choosing which climbs to do: a listing of 90 routes on 77 of the very best peaks in the Washington Cascades, including approach routes and permit requirements, plus tidbits of history and first ascents.

103 HIKES IN SOUTHWESTERN BRITISH COLUMBIA, by Mary and David Macaree. The Mountaineers, \$12.95. Fourth edition.

103 Hikes covers the area from just beyond Pemberton and Lytton in the north to Abbotsford in the south, and from Sechelt in the west to Keremeos in the east. Many alterations and replacements have been made to reflect the increase in development of the area.

BACKPACKING BASICS, by Thomas Winnett with Melanie Findling. Wilderness Press; \$10.95. Fourth edition.

A thorough primer on backpacking, *Backpacking Basics* tells you everything you need to know for your first trip. This new edition focuses on technological changes in equipment and clothing as well as the philosophical changes that have resulted in an emphasis on minimum-impact camping.

SOGGY SNEAKERS, a guide to Oregon Rivers, by Willamette Kayak & Canoe Club. The Mountaineers, \$18.95. Third edition.

Soggy Sneakers describes over 2300 miles of whitewater from class 1 through 6 and details over 60 new runs, with a chapter on surfing. This is a comprehensive guide to Oregon's whitewater.



AFOOT & AFLOAT: San Juan Islands, by Marge and Ted Mueller. The Mountaineers; \$14.95. Third edition.

The new edition includes updated information on boating, fishing, beachcombing, hiking, bicycling and camping in the San Juans. It's an all-around factual guide for exploring the islands.

WALKS & HIKES ON THE BEACHES around Puget Sound, by Harvey Manning and Penny Manning. The Mountaineers; \$14.95.

Harvey and his daughter Penny have collaborated on this volume that refocuses and updates information in the *Footsole* series. The guide covers access points of urban and rural beaches from Bellingham to Olympia, as well as Bainbridge and Vashon Islands, and the Kitsap and Olympic peninsulas.

WALKS & HIKES IN THE FOOTHILLS & LOWLANDS around Puget Sound, by Harvey Manning and Penning Manning. The Mountaineers, \$14.95.

The companion book to the above volume, this one also refocuses and updates information from the *Footsole* series. It covers the foothills, river valleys and flatlands between Everett and Tacoma, including the Olympic and Kitsap peninsulas.

In the Introduction, Harvey Manning

says goodbye—this is his last book for The Mountaineers.

100 HIKES IN NORTHERN CALIFORNIA, by John R. Soares and Marc J. Soares. The Mountaineers; \$12.95.

Featuring the area from San Francisco Bay and North Coast to the Klamath and Sierra Nevada Mountains, this guide recommends hikes for every skill level. The information is presented in familiar *100 Hikes* style.

100 HIKES IN CALIFORNIA'S CENTRAL SIERRA & COAST RANGE, by Vicky Spring. The Mountaineers; \$12.95.

From Lake Tahoe to Sequoia National Park, dozens of hikes in the spectacular high country of the Sierra are described for hikers of all types. The guide also covers another dozen and a half between San Francisco and Big Sur on the coast.

WALKING THE ALPINE PARKS of France & Northwest Italy, by Marcia R. Lieberman. The Mountaineers; \$14.95.

Walking the Alpine Parks covers over 100 hikes in and around the areas of four French parks—Mercantour, Ecrins, Vanoise and Queyras—and Gran Paradiso in Italy. Gives you valuable information for hiking the trails as well as travel logistics.

100 HIKES IN WASHINGTON'S NORTH CASCADES National Park Region, by Ira Spring and Harvey Manning. The Mountaineers; \$12.95. Second edition.

Even though this says "second edition," I count three: the orange one, the yellow one, and this, the blue one. Oh well. The hikes have been thoroughly shuffled, some tossed out and some new ones added, notably the new Scott Paul trail, and "Forgotten Trails of the Winthrop District."