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Pack & Paddle

VOLUME 4, NUMBER 5

RANDOM VIEW—



Linda Rostad

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Dick Kegel hops over the snow slopes below Skadulgwas (right) and Mount Higgins (left). Darrington Ranger District, Mount Baker-Snoqualmie National Forest, Washington. Photo by John Roper.

HOW TO BE A PACK & PADDLE CONTRIBUTOR:

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

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• • •

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LETTERS to the EDITOR

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

LEAVE TECHNOLOGY BEHIND

I'll second David McFarlane's call (Letters, April, page 4) for a clean snip of the backcountry umbilicus: any direct link to the global info network (in particular to rescuers, ranger station, work, family, or the Universal Wilderness Info Database).

Electronic communication devices should be on the list of what has to be left behind at the Wilderness boundary.

The Wilderness Act does not offer mechanical transportation as an option, to be used when safety demands it or when "really needed." It is banned outright, because in 1964 motorized travel was a defining feature of the workaday industrialized world from which Wilderness was set aside to be a permanent primitive respite, even though activities would thereby be made decidedly less safe and efficient.

At that time cell-phones, GPS and other portable forms of electronic communication were pure science fiction. Had they been around then they would certainly have been classed with motorbikes and aircraft as technologies completely incompatible with primitive recreation.

If it is a historical accident that information age communication equipment is not expressly forbidden in the Wilderness Act, it is now up to the USFS to make it clear by administrative regulation that in Wilderness all communication—like all transportation—must be by primitive means.

Any device that can transmit to or receive signals from outside the Wilderness boundary (*ie*, a few hundred feet) should stay home with the chainsaw and trailbike.

Failing that, we may as well begin the redefinition for the 21st century of that quaint and outdated notion—the "wilderness experience."

The important thing is to recognize that we're not simply talking about new gimmickry, like the latest in never-ending technical improvements in fabrics, foot-gear or stoves. There IS a sharp line to be drawn here. "Wilderness recreation" is equally a sad misnomer when we have the possibility of instant communication with the outside, as when a chopper is available to take us there.

Phil Leatherman
Bainbridge Island, Washington

THERMO-CAT THEORY

That was a fun letter from Peg Fenn (February, page 4) regarding the Thermo-Cat Theory.

My ancient cat, Mine-Mine, is all black, so acts more like a heat sink. The Thermo-Cat Theory doesn't seem to apply in her case.

In fact, she uses the Feline Law of Heat Distribution. This entails turning herself over until she is on her back, paws in the air, then slowly continuing to turn, much like a sun-loving Rôtisserie Cat.

Larry Smith
Port Orchard, Washington

LOOKING FOR LARCH

Re: Ramona's letter in the March *Pack & Paddle* (page 4) about searching for the alpine larch.

There are many possibilities south of the "southern extreme of its range" as she described it. One of my favorites is down the east slope of Chinook Pass to Road 1707 leading to Little Bald Mountain, above Cillfdell and Boulder Cave roads, south of Highway 410—a vast expanse of color in October, not only in the golden larch but also reds and browns of lower foliage.

A large patch of larch are near Morse Creek crossing, too. Then there's much down the east side of White Pass, on the road leading to the Bear Creek Mountain trail.

Other mountaineers should seek these out, as there's plenty of room for all of us!

Frank Sincock
Bellevue, Washington

NOT BAD PEOPLE, THEY JUST DON'T KNOW ANY BETTER

After reading the letter from Kit's Llamas requesting public support for their business (April, page 4), I feel inclined to offer my opinion, based on first hand experience.

During the last week of August 1994, my wife and I planned to take our usual one week vacation backpacking in the Olympics. ...

On our first day we hiked the 13 miles to Dose Meadows and decided to camp

there, as only one couple was there and the campsites were fairly well isolated from each other. After setting up camp and getting dinner out of the way we relaxed in the meadow for a while.

It was a beautiful evening and we watched the sunset in the company of the local marmot family. The next three days were great; unfortunately, our luck was to run out on the third evening. On our way back from Mount Fromme we encountered a noisy group a couple of miles from camp.

My original intent was to get by them quickly with a cordial greeting. This was not to be, for as soon as we got close I heard: "Hey, buddy, you look like you know what you're doing. How do we get to Hayden Pass?"

I pointed out Hayden Pass and the obvious trail up to it. The group quickly decided that it was a little more of an uphill hike than they desired, and wondered if I could tell them how to get to Thousand Acre Meadows.

After a fleeting thought of someone camped up there in peace and quiet, I had an immediate and total "memory lapse."

I was soon informed by the spokesman for the brood that they were camped in Dose Meadows and that they were with a larger group that had just hiked in with a guided llama service. The spokesman then rambled on about "doing the Hoh" with llamas last year and the Enchanted Valley the year before. This year, to my dismay, they were "doing the Dose."

... We finally managed to extricate ourselves and headed down the trail with the little band of people at our heels.

As Dose Meadows came into view, our worst fears were realized. Eight to 10 llamas were tethered around the campsites, children were screaming and running through the meadows and groups of adults were gathered around large 2-burner propane stoves.

Our first thought was to pack up and move to Thousand Acre Meadows, but we didn't want to risk being followed by members of this persistent lot.

After talking it over we decided to tolerate our predicament for one night as they were leaving the next day. ...

The next morning we awoke early, ate breakfast, and got ready to hike up to Lost Peak. We thought if we spent the day in that area, the crowd would

continued page 6

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—Forest trails melting out; snow remains in high country.



WATERHOLE (Olympic Natl Park; USGS Mt Angeles)

With a forecast for some sun, Darren, Ann and I opted for a trip up to Hurricane Ridge and a ski out the Obstruction Point road to Waterhole. Registering at the lodge, we saw that most people were going to Hurricane Hill—the other usual ski destination from the ridge.

We parked at the bend in the road where the ski trail begins. The first part of the trip is a steep drop down to the snow-covered road.

Once on the road it is basically level or somewhat downhill for the first mile or so. After that it alternates between some up, some down, and level during

which it traverses several sidehills.

Fresh snow over the past few days meant some serious trail breaking. It had been done for us by two people who were ahead of us. Just before Steeple Rock we caught up to them and Darren took over the trailbreaking duties. He and Paul from Port Angeles shared the chore the rest of the way.

Clear skies to the south and east made for some great views whenever the snow-covered road broke into the open. However, solid gray sky to the west threatened to engulf us at any moment.

It's about 3½ miles out to Waterhole, but it has always seemed longer—maybe being at 5000 feet has an effect. Nothing marks where Waterhole is—you just have to know and look for a blaze on a tree. In past years there has been a sign.

After a lunch break it was time to head back. Maxiglide and a solidly packed track made for some fast going on the downhill portions. The most difficult part of this trip is having to gain elevation at the end and then negotiate the steep hillside back up to the car. The total gained isn't that awfully much, but coming at the end of the day, it takes its toll.

This trip is a nice one with fresh snow (or at least sun-softened snow), and it gets you away from the crowds going to Hurricane Hill.—LGM, Port Orchard, 3/25.



LOWER LENA LAKE

(Olympic Natl Forest; USGS Mt Washington)—Thinking lower Lena Lake would be free of snow, we decided

to spend the weekend there. We didn't even get to the first bridge before we started seeing snow on the ground.

When we got to the lake there was 6 to 8 inches of snow. We made our way around to the north end of the lake and camped in the last spot just below The Brothers trail.

We were hoping we might have the lake almost to ourselves as only two other campers were there when we arrived. By the end of the day, though, we could hear kids yelling, dogs barking, and someone chopping firewood.

We had camp set up by noon and decided to take a hike up The Brothers trail to see how far we could get. We hiked about 2½ miles before the snow got too deep to walk in, but it was a good workout anyway.

After dinner was done, we started our evening fire. This was quite easy for us because we cheat and pack in a Dura-flame log apiece. This guarantees us a fire even when the wood is real wet, and we love our campfires.

A fat little mouse ran around our camp until I kicked some snow at it, then left for friendlier places.

We crawled out into the cold morning air about 8:30, ate breakfast, and went for a hike around the lake. The sun was shining and looked like it was going to be a nice day. About half the lake was covered with a thin sheet of ice.

After lunch, we packed up and headed back down the trail. On our way we passed several hikers, including some friends from our hiking club.—Don Abbott & Kerry Gilles, Grays Harbor, 3/25-26.


BACKCOUNTRY NEWS

DEADLINE: May 18

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

 **MAURY ISLAND** (NOAA 18448)—Paddle, paddle, paddle—that was the watchword of the day for our trip around Maury Island. For this 12-mile circumnavigation, Ann and I launched from Burton Acres County Park and paddled clockwise. We were an hour after high tide and wanted to take advantage of the high water for the portage across the isthmus joining Vashon and Maury Islands.

After a mile of paddling we were at the portage. Our double kayak is pretty heavy for us to carry even when loaded with only day-tripping gear. So we unloaded everything into two mesh bags and wheeled the kayak over the portage.

The Quartermaster Harbor side of the portage had a band of small drift wood to carry the kayak and equipment over.

Past that, we lashed the kayak to the wheels, threw the mesh bags in the cockpits and wheeled over to the put-in on the Tramp Harbor side. On that side is a short path through a break in the rocks from which to reach the beach. The portage itself is short and since we were just after high tide, there was lots of water.

A mild northerly breeze had come up as we headed toward Point Robinson. This made for some wind waves initially, but by the time we reached the point, the wind had stopped and sea conditions were smooth.

After a short stop at the point, we set out for the longest leg of the trip along the southeast edge of the island. There was only a slight rip at the point itself. We nervously watched for approaching

marine traffic since the shipping lane boundary passes close to the island between Point Robinson and Piner Point. We encountered none which was both a relief and a disappointment.

We again encountered a slight tide rip as we rounded Piner Point and entered the mouth of Quartermaster Harbor. The only piece of land that is official public access after leaving Point Robinson is 100-foot strip at the end of 101 Ave SW on the south end of Maury Island by Manzanita. For a description look in *Washington Public Shore Guide - Marine Waters* by James Scott and Melly Reuling. We spotted it easily from the water but continued to Docketon County Park for a break because it has restroom facilities.

After our stop, we had about a mile

LETTERS to the EDITOR *continued from page 4*

be gone by the time we got back.

As we shouldered our packs and approached the meadow we could hear screams of "I've got one trapped—you block the other end."

Upon entering the meadow we observed children poking long sticks down marmot holes while the adults looked on, apparently amused, while they ate their breakfast and sipped their coffee.

The marmot family that was normally sunning themselves on the rocks at this hour were, of course, nowhere to be seen. The entire scene reminded me of one of the old Chevy Chase "Bad Vacation" movies.

We managed to get through the meadow and on the trail without me blowing my temper and going on a rampage, and I'm sure the happy flock wondered what was wrong with the surly gray-bearded guy.

We spent a nice day on Lost Peak and the surrounding area and when we returned the only sign of the llama group were their droppings and the torn tree limbs that had been used to torment the marmots.

That evening after an early dinner we walked up to Thousand Acre Meadows, watched a bear feeding on berries, and numerous deer and marmots that went about their business, unconcerned with the two people quietly watching from a distance. As I sat there I rejoiced that the llama group had not found this area.

Our last morning there we drank our coffee in the meadow. The marmot

family had cautiously appeared again. Apparently they decided we represented no threat and they ventured onto the rocks to enjoy the morning sun, all the while keeping a wary eye on the visitors to their home.

The people in the llama group were not bad people, just people who obviously did not know any better. There are numerous modestly priced courses of instruction in backpacking and wilderness travel available in this area.

I cannot help thinking that if any of these people took the time to avail themselves of one of these courses, they might be able to rely on themselves in the wilderness, and also have a greater respect for the backcountry and the creatures who inhabit it. Of course, that would not be cost-effective for the llama service.

This group took two days to get in to Dose Meadows and two days to get out. This was a large group and equates to a lot of backcountry campsites tied up. I think this is not only unfair to other wilderness travelers, but extremely irresponsible behavior.

I imagine there are responsible guide services who limit the number of clients they guide and leave as little impact as possible. In my estimation, the llama service I encountered on the Dosewal-lips last year was not one of these.

Kit's referred to those of us who prefer to rely on ourselves as "elite, hardcore backpackers skilled in map and compass, willing to endure heavy backpacks, subsist on freeze dried foods and

practice no-impact camping."

In my humble opinion, no-impact camping is a common courtesy. Freeze dried food is light and convenient. In the backcountry I am out for a wilderness experience. If I wanted cuisine, I would drive to Seattle.

As for enduring heavy backpacks, I think being physically fit is a prerequisite for backcountry travel. I had a serious climbing accident several years ago. I survived, as my physical conditioning prior to that enabled me to climb down and hike out in spite of life-threatening injuries, and my partner (skilled in map and compass) was knowledgeable enough to assist and lead the way out in the dark.

As for the luxuries Kit's mentioned, I guess if I can't carry them on my back I don't need them. From my point of view, if you want the luxuries of home, and enjoy socializing in large groups, then I would suggest buying a trailer or large family tent and joining the RV Set at the many campgrounds.

There are even enjoyable day hikes that can be undertaken without heavy packs. Kit Niemann had one point I agreed with: The wilderness does belong to the public, not just to those who desire to earn their living from it.

I will certainly write to the people at Olympic National Forest, but it will not be to support Kit's Llamas.

Ray and Cathy Anderson
Port Orchard, Washington

BACKCOUNTRY NEWS

REPORTS AND CONDITIONS

to paddle over to our takeout at Burton Acres. We had essentially ideal conditions for this trip—minor tidal current, high water for the portage, and only minor wind.—LGM, Port Orchard, 4/3.

LAKE ANGELES (*Olympic Natl Park; USGS Port Angeles*)—When the snow level is high this is a good winter hike. The trail was in excellent shape. We found snow in the usual spots but it was only a few inches deep at the lake.

Warm temperatures were thawing the edges of the ice and snow was sliding off the far hillside, crashing into the lake.

Camp robbers were out in full force, boldly trying to take our lunch from us. We had to keep our hands over the food intended for our mouths. Had the lake all to ourselves.—SB, Silverdale, 2/95.

LOWER SOUTH FORK SKOKOMISH TRAIL (*Olympic Natl Forest; USGS Lightning Pk*)—Road 23 is still gated about 10 miles in, basically at Brown Creek campground. All side roads were also gated until the end of April. But orange notices state that road closure is due to the winter floods and washed-away roads. Best to call the Hoodport Ranger District to see what roads may or may not be open and when!

We started the hike at the lower trailhead by the gate on road 2325. This trailhead must have been added after Wood's book as he only describes the upper trailhead off road 2325-012. The path heads up the hillside then enters the forest and drops back down to the Skok, with one major wash-out that takes a little time to get through.

This makes a great spring hike. The trail register was full of names. We did our annual Save-A-Bridge routine by taking the extra time to clean the leaves

and pine needles from several of the bridges in the first few miles.—SB, Silverdale, 3/95.

DEER RIDGE (*Olympic Natl Forest; USGS Tyler Pk*)—It had snowed the day before we chose to do this hike. By the time we reached the viewpoint at 4000 we were in a good foot-plus of new snow. Big clumps fell on us from the trees—good place for a hard hat, not to mention rain gear.

But the view was great, lit up by the fresh snow up the Greywolf and Cameron valleys. On the way down we chose to exit by the upper trailhead and walk the road back to Slab Camp. This trailhead is not in the books or on maps or marked on the trail. It takes off about 2 miles of trail but you miss all the rhodies.—SB, Silverdale, 3/95.

DRY CREEK (*Olympic Natl Forest; USGS Lightning Pk*)—There is nothing "dry" about this trail in early spring! We left our car on the gated road that leads to the trailhead, walked past all the summer homes by Lake Cushman to find the start of the trail. A lot of the path was wet from small hillside waterfalls or marshes.

We had hiked this trail last year during July and were driven away by mosquitoes. Now I can see where they all come from! We went to just past the bridge, did a lot of branch clearing. A few small trees are down (step over) and one puncheon bridge is in sorry shape, but all in all the first half of the trail is in good shape.

It was hard to shake the image of the cougar that was spotted on this trail last year (see *Pack & Paddle*, September 1994, page 9 and the *Seattle Post-Intelligencer*, November 23, 1994, page D-1).—SB, Silverdale, 3/95.

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STAIRCASE RAPIDS (*Olympic Natl Park; USGS Mt Skokomish*)—Around the first of January we hiked up to see the new plastic bridge over the Skokomish River.

It doesn't have the graceful arch like the old one but it isn't half bad. Actually it's nicer than some of the other bridges around and you have to really look to see that it isn't wood.—SB, Silverdale, 1/95.

OLYMPIC NATIONAL PARK—\$5 Park entrance fee being charged weekends at Hurricane Ridge. Will be charged at other entrance points by Memorial Day, maybe earlier.

Gate at Park boundary on Dosewallips Road will open late April or early May. North Fork Skokomish trail is clear of downed trees to Camp Pleasant. Snowfree also to Camp Pleasant.

Flapjack Lakes are snowbound. Reservations not required until Memorial Day weekend.

On the Hamma Hamma, Lake of the Angels, Upper Lena, and Scout Lakes are snowed in.

Main Fork Dosewallips is snowcovered above 3000 feet. Big slide at Hayden Pass. Large washout at Burdick

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BACKCOUNTRY NEWS

REPORTS AND CONDITIONS

Creek, 4 miles up.

LaCrosse Pass and O'Neil Pass are both snow-covered.—Ranger, 4/17.

MOUNT JUPITER—Wildlife gate is closed and locked; add 2.5 miles to total mileage. Snow at upper elevations. Road is in poor condition.—Ranger, 4/17.

SOUTHWEST



RAILS-TO-TRAILS, PE ELL TO PLUVIUS

(State Parks; USGS Pe Ell)—The Washington State Parks & Recreation Commission has purchased the old railroad grade from Chehalis to South Bend, and the ties and rails have been removed from its 54 miles. It is not officially open to travel, but it is being

used by horsemen, bikers, and hikers. It can be accessed any place a road crosses the old railroad tracks.

Our hiking group elected to try a segment between the town of Pe Ell and Pluvius Hill, about 7 miles. Years ago Pluvius made Ripley's Believe-It-Or-Not because water flows both east and west from the crest; it is the divide between the Chehalis and the Willapa Rivers.

To reach Pe Ell, drive south on I-5 to the second Chehalis exit and the sign to Pe Ell, 21 miles. This is Highway 6. In town Highway 6 makes a sharp right turn; we parked on the left past this junction.

The first ¼-mile is very rough rock, but after the railbed crosses what used to be called the "narrow pavement" the footing improves remarkably. The route mostly follows tumbling Rock Creek and is very scenic, passing the old sites of the towns of McCormick and Walville.

One obstacle was an electric fence across the grade, but it has a plastic handle which can be used to open the fence. The dairy farmer instructed us in

its use. The trestle across the Chehalis River is solid board and has a nice handrail.

We parked a car at the last side road to the right before Pluvius Hill, so we walked the 7 miles one way. Pluvius is obvious because the bridge is at a right angle to the road and is marked in both directions by very prominent highway signs! This was a gentle hike on a very rainy day, but would be enjoyable most any time of year.—Olive Hull, Olympia, 3/21.



ARTIC LOOKOUT (private land; USGS Aberdeen)

—Artic (that's how it's spelled) Lookout is 844 feet high and located in Range 9W, Township 16N, Section 14, 6 miles south of Aberdeen. Built by the State Department of Forestry in 1948, all that is left are four concrete pillars and a large eye-bolt. But the University of Washington has an earthquake monitor here, powered by a solar panel.

From Olympia, proceed west toward Montesano on Highway 8. Take the first Montesano exit to Highway 107 (33.8 miles).

Continue on Highway 107 to its junction with Highway 101 and turn left (42.4 miles). Turn right on Hilliard Lane. A small nondescript sign says "New Lund Road and A-Line." Hilliard Lane is just before the bridge over the North River.

This is the Weyerhaeuser A-Line and is open to traffic because several homes are up here. You will pass a large logged-over area on the right and spur roads go off left and right. At A-2730 turn right, and park here off the road. This road can be gated. It is approximately 5.9 miles from Highway 101, elevation 100 feet.

Hike past A-2740, A-2760, and where A-3100 goes left, go right, up the hill past a gravel pit and some very interesting red rock cliffs. A-2790 is on the right opposite a post that is No. 17, about 2 miles from where you parked. A-2790 is a mossy overgrown road that leads to the old site. It is a pleasant walk through the forest.

The Lund Road shown in the Washington Gazetteer and on the Weyerhaeuser hunting map dead-ends at a very wide chasm in the North River; the old bridge is long gone.

We had help in our scouting from two fishermen across the chasm on the river, from a mother gathering her morning paper (with her beautiful daughter and beautiful cat), and a man and woman, gathering firewood. The mother was quite excited that we were going to Artic. She had hiked up to the



Keith Anderson and Eric Wilson on Bald Mountain ridge

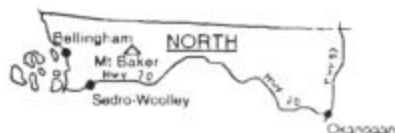
Shirley Haley

BACKCOUNTRY NEWS

REPORTS AND CONDITIONS

lookout when she was a young woman. In our search for the old lookout sites, we often find that the local people are friendly and helpful.—Olive Hull, Olympia, 4/2.

NORTH



GENERAL CONDITIONS—Spring is here only at sea level. Deep snow in the mountains.

DAMNATION PEAK (*North Cascades Natl Park; USGS Mt Triumph, Damnation Pk*)—Our enthusiastic group of 5 set out for Damnation Peak on this clear, warm Tuesday. We drove the North Cascades Highway to Thornton Creek road and Thornton Creek road about 2.75 miles to a small log across the road. (Even though small I was reluctant to drive over it). We would have been stopped in a hundred yards due to snow anyway.

We walked this road about 1 mile to a major switchback and left it for the very overgrown Damnation Creek road taking off to the left. In Dallas Klocke's *Winter Climbs*, page 34, he doesn't mention the overgrown part and this road could easily be missed.

We followed this up Damnation Creek valley to its end. This road is overgrown with many annoying saplings and blowdowns. It took us about 1 hour from the road junction to the end.

We dropped from road end to Damnation Creek and across and continued upward through steep, icy forest to the south ridge. Here we put on our snowshoes.

We followed the ridge to the summit at 5635 feet. It was just under 5 hours from car to summit. I was reluctant to descend the same route and we were also looking for a loop, so two of us descended the southeast slope from just below the summit to the valley of Damnation Creek, glissading some of the way. The other three retraced the up route.

We all arrived back at the road at the same time and continued through the "whipper-snappers" back to the car.

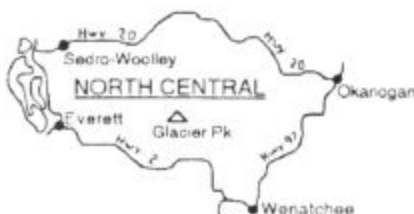
Round trip just over 8 hours (including an hour on top). This is a very pleasant but tiring snow climb with 4100 feet elevation gain. The views were superb!—Sally Pfeiffer, Seattle, 3/28.

OKANOGAN NATL FOREST—Snow level is melting back more each day as spring progresses. Some forest

roads are entering the "muddy" stage and many have restrictions to protect the roadbeds while they dry.

The **North Cascades Highway** is scheduled to open April 29, but it may be later if the predicted snowstorms slow the crews down. Vehicles are not allowed on the highway during the week while clearing is underway, but you can drive the open part of the highway on weekends.—Ranger, 4/5.

NORTH CENTRAL



GENERAL CONDITIONS—Deep snow in the high country; muddy roads and trails in the lowlands.

KAYAK POINT (*NOAA 18441*)—I had always been intrigued by this point called "kayak" so I was interested to see what it was like. According to Marge and Ted Mueller in *North Puget Sound Afoot & Afloat* the point got its name because a resort which used to be located here loaned kayaks to its guests.

A state park now occupies the site. There is a long sandy beach and a boat ramp. Launching our kayak, we paddled north to explore the shoreline and bay of Port Susan. The land between Kayak Point and the small community of Warm Beach, about 2 miles north, is high bank waterfront with driftwood-filled beaches at the base of the banks. Some houses high up at the top of the bank have built elaborate

stairways, and in one case a tram, to access the beach.

There is no public access along this section except for a street end beach at Warm Beach which would be difficult to locate from the water unless you knew what you were looking for.

Past Warm Beach you enter the tidal area of the Stillaguamish River. This is mudflat similar to the Nisqually Delta. If you decide to explore the river, there is a Department of Wildlife access ramp upstream a ways just before the bridge for Marine Drive. There is an outhouse at the access, but other than that it is just a dirt parking lot.

There was a north wind today, and by the time we turned around, it had picked up quite a bit. We had some medium size waves helping to "push" us back toward Kayak Point. This is a popular beach on warm summer days, so expect lots of company if you come here during the summer. The park opens at 7am and closes at dusk —LGM, Port Orchard, 3/28.

LACONNER TO GOAT ISLAND (*NOAA 18527*)—This was a formal vacation for Ann and me so as a break from camping we splurged by staying at the Wild Iris Inn in LaConner. The Inn is one of the Innkeeper Partners associated with the Washington Water Trails Association and is described in the back of the *Cascadia Marine Trail System* guidebook. It is quite luxurious.

After enjoying the very good full buffet breakfast, we were off to paddle. The current was still ebbing in Swinomish Channel when Ann and I launched from the public access in LaConner just north of the Rainbow Bridge. There is a \$1 fee to launch and a \$1 fee to takeout from this ramp.

The channel connects Padilla Bay on

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the north and Skagit Bay on the south and is used a lot by commercial and pleasure boats. Because it joins two large bodies of water, the current acts differently than you might expect. Padilla Bay begins to empty before Skagit Bay for low tide and begins to fill first for high tide. Since the channel joins the bays the current is affected by this time difference. We were told by a local canoeist the current in this section of the channel doesn't start to flood until about 2 hours before high tide.

The distance to Goat Island is about 2 miles. The remnants of Fort Whitman are on the hillside on the north side of the island. A trail goes up to the old site. The best landing spot is to the east of the old dock.

A rock jetty joins Goat Island with the mainland to separate the Skagit River delta from Swinomish Channel. A small break in the jetty close to the east end serves as a fishway. It is wide enough to paddle through at midtide or higher.

This was a grand sunny day ideal for this trip. We were treated by lots of bird songs and even a loon calling out.—LGM, Port Orchard, 3/29.

MOUNTAIN LOOP HIGHWAY—

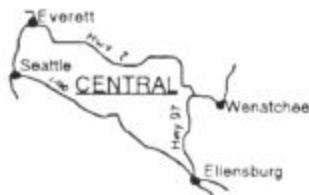
On the Verlot side, the highway is open to Barlow Pass. Snow blocks the entrance to the Big Four parking area.

On the Darrington side the highway is snowfree to the South Sauk bridge, then snow covered to Barlow Pass.—Ranger, 4/7.

STEHEKIN—The Lady Express is now operating 7 days a week on the Chelan-Stehekin run. Call the Lake Chelan Boat Company for fares and schedules: 509-682-2224.—Ranger, 4/17.

ENTIAT DISTRICT—The Lower Mad River trail system will remain closed through 1995 due to dangerous conditions resulting from the Tyeck Creek fire.—Ranger, 4/17.

CENTRAL



GENERAL CONDITIONS—Lots of snow in the high country; mud low.

"SORCERY MOUNTAIN"
(Baker-Snoqualmie Natl Forest; USGS Snoqualmie Lake)—Point



Mark Owen

Garth Warner (left) and Rodger Galloway, with Sunshine the Climbing Canine, on Garfield's East Ridge.

5273 is an unnamed summit 2.1 miles due west of Big Snow Mountain, rising sharply north above the Dingford Creek drainage, with over 800 feet of local prominence.

The previous climbing history is unknown, but it is located in an obscure and seldom traveled corner of the Alpine Lakes Wilderness. The name "Sorcery Mountain" was given in keeping with the names of the three lakes immediately to the northeast, Merlin, Le Fay, and Nimue—all sorcerers from Arthurian legend. (Morgan Le Fay, a half-sister of King Arthur, was an enchantress who sometimes opposed and sometimes aided Merlin, the king's chief advisor and confidant. Nimue was a maiden with whom Merlin fell in love; after learning all his magic secrets, she cast a spell that imprisoned him in a cave for several centuries.)

John, Bruce, Jim, Dave, Mike and I all piled into one large Wagoner and drove on the decidedly unenchanting, deeply potholed Middle Fork Snoqualmie River Road to the Dingford Creek trailhead (elevation 1420 feet), about 5.5 miles past the junction with Taylor River Road.

We had the usual spring season argument over whether to take snowshoes or crampons, with snowshoes winning, as

usual. (On this day we ran into conditions where each was highly desirable, so both sides turned out to be right.) We hiked easily and quickly up the Dingford Creek trail (snow beginning about 2400 feet) to the second obvious stream coming from the left, which is Goat Creek.

This creek crosses the trail in three major rivulets, and a fisherman's path branches off north up the drainage between the second and third rivulets. After a brief stop to empty some of Goat Creek from one party member's plastic shell boots, we climbed up the path, then on continuous snow, over brush and through blowdowns, to the southeast corner of Horseshoe Lake.

Here two plans for the final push to the summit came forth and collided. Some favored the direct approach up the west face of the mountain, but one of the group thought this presented a risk of becoming stranded on some tight contours just under the summit.

He therefore proposed a clockwise circle through the basin north of the mountain and onto the north ridge. After listening to this go back and forth for some time, I was getting cold, so I settled the matter by taking off in the direction that would give me the most exercise, which happened to be up the

BACKCOUNTRY NEWS

REPORTS AND CONDITIONS

west face.

This face was well-timbered but steep, and proved to be mostly hard, slippery, old snow pack, too tough in places even to kick steps into.

At around 4600 feet our stance was becoming too precarious without crampons, so we reverted to Plan B, and contoured onto the north slopes, where we found plenty of soft, wind-deposited snow from the previous week's snow-fall. (The person who had championed the aborted west face route was, of course, the one who advocated crampons at the beginning of the day, so he still felt vindicated).

The rest of the ascent was straightforward, passing through an entertaining mix of short cliffs and wide ledges, except for the last 100 feet, where the soft snow became waist deep. On top, the splendor of the clear, sunny day sank in as we sprawled along the summit cornice for lunch.

Vistas like this are a prime reward of climbing—we were completely surrounded by peaks, cliffs, and ridges, from Glacier Peak to Rainier, with the spectacular west side of Big Snow Mountain looming over us and dominating everything.

We donned snowshoes for a rapid descent through soft, new snow on the northeast side of the mountain (some glissading), coming out at the small lake just south of Nimue Lake.

From there it was a short jaunt to the Dingford Creek trail and a longish hike back to the car. The time was well spent, however, discussing folk-dance festivals in Bulgaria, knee exercises, and passport control in Eastern Europe (I am not making this up—honest).

Overall, the trip went smoothly and quickly, prompting Bruce to say, "It was okay, but a little short." However, he made the identical pronouncement after the Goat Mountain trip (a grim epic I was mercifully absent from—see *April, page 24*), leaving us uncertain whether he meant this as a criticism or a compliment. Around 9 miles round trip and 3900 vertical feet; 4¼ hours up, 2¾ hours down.

Two weeks earlier, on March 12, substantially the same group (minus Dave and Jim, plus Chris) climbed Point 5174, 2 miles west-northwest of Sorcery Mountain, by its east ridge. This peak, with 600+ feet of prominence, is nearly encircled by a ring of more than a dozen large and small lakes, and so was named "Floating Rock." It was climbed at least once previously in the summer, but ours was possibly the first winter ascent.—Jeff Howbert, Bellevue, 3/26.



POINT 4962 (*Alpine Lks Wilderness; USGS Snoqualmie Lk*)—This is the east anchor on the ridge leading west to Garfield's East Peak. In between are points 4740 and 4960.

We parked on the Middle Fork road at the twin culvert drainage for Green Ridge Lake. There is a good trail to this lake which can be found by hiking west a couple of hundred feet. Or simply get up above the drainage on the west (left)—you can't miss it.

Hike the trail until it levels and turns toward the lake (circa 3500 feet). Continue upslope on the ridge to the second high point, then down to the tarn (now frozen).

From here, swing left and up to point 4962 (easy), a great viewpoint. Time: 4 hours. It is perfectly possible to keep going and run the ridge all the way to the East Peak.

There is only one potential technical difficulty: the climb out of the final notch is steep but straightforward under good snow conditions, less so otherwise.—Garth, Mark, Rodger, plus Sunshine, the Climbing Canine, Carnation, 4/2.



MUKILTEO TO PICNIC POINT (*NOAA 18441*)—This is an about 8 mile round trip following the mostly rocky shoreline.

Launching from Mukilteo State Park, Ann and I had a gentle breeze from the north helping to push our way south. A number of seals seemed to be making their way north. We saw a dozen or so traveling individually. They looked like miniature whales as they rose like a surfacing submarine, took a breath, and dove.

Railroad tracks run along this shoreline so we were periodically accompanied by fast moving freight and Am-track trains.

The spiraling pedestrian overpass at

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Picnic Point is easy to spot from the water. The beach is a mixture of sand and gravel and makes a nice lunch spot, but being limited on time today we turned around without landing.

The gentle wind had picked up a little velocity, generating some small wind waves. The empty park we had left in the morning was now full of people when we returned. This would be a good early morning trip to both avoid the wind and the crowds at this popular park. The park doesn't open until 6:30am, however, which limits how early you could launch.—LGM, Port Orchard, 3/28.

ENCHANTMENTS—September is full and very few days are left in other months. Many dates are still available for the Colchuck and Stuart areas, however.

The Snow Lakes bridge will be rebuilt in late July or early August.—Ranger, 4/17.

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BACKCOUNTRY NEWS

REPORTS AND CONDITIONS

SOUTH CENTRAL



GENERAL CONDITIONS—Lots of snow in the high country. Down low, roads and trails are muddy.

DUWAMISH WATERWAY (NOAA 18450)—The park at the end of Diagonal Avenue South not only provides a quick access for exploring the Duwamish and Kellogg Island, but it also has several signs providing the history of the estuary. It is a green oasis amid the heavily industrialized area.

The downside is all the goose droppings, the rocky shoreline, and the exposure to boat wakes when launching. Timing our launch between passing boats, we headed over to explore Kellogg Island directly across the river.

A breeze from the north created some chop and spray as we made our way. Being about an hour after high tide, lots of water filled the west channel of the island, and the surrounding shoreline broke the wind making for calm travel once we got there. Lots of ducks, some geese, and other bird life inhabit the island and its shoreline.

Heading out into the current of the

main river, we headed downstream to the Terminal 105 Picnic Site, another oasis. This little park is on the west side of the river just south of the tip of Harbor Island. A beach of sorts on the south edge of the park provides a spot for landing out of the main channel.

After a short stop we set out into the channel again. Keeping a sharp eye out for boat traffic, we crossed back over to the east side of the river and back to the launch point. It's hard to believe this area would look just like the Nisqually Delta if man had not interfered.—LGM, Port Orchard, 3/26.

NISQUALLY DELTA (NOAA 18448)—Light winds, sun, and an incoming tide greeted Ann and me as we launched from the Lühr Beach public ramp. Low tide had been an hour ago and was only 5.7 feet, so a lot of the mud flats were already covered with some water.

Lühr Beach is essentially at the mouth of McAllister Creek which can be paddled up quite a ways. Today we headed for the Nisqually River itself to explore.

Lots of different birds caught our attention as we made our way up the river. At one point an eagle and a hawk appeared to be in aerial combat.

Reaching the channel that cuts over to Red Salmon Creek, we left the main flow of the Nisqually and headed down the channel with the current now helping us along. Back at the flats, the incoming tide was rapidly covering up the mud. Several seals added to the wildlife sightings as we headed back to

the takeout.

After collecting our gear, we made a short stop at the Nisqually Reach Nature Center which is adjacent to the launch ramp. The Center provides information and environmental displays. We learned that it will be closed from May until September for renovation.—LGM, Port Orchard, 3/26.

MOUNT RAINIER NATL PARK—Paradise Inn opens May 17. Cayuse Pass opens May 23. Ohanapechosh opens May 26.

White River Hiker Center opens May 26. Road to White River Campground opens May 26. Stevens Canyon Road opens May 26.

Highway 410 and North Park Boundary opens May 27. Longmire Hiker Center opens June 10. Sunrise opens June 30.

Carbon River road is snowfree. Green Lake has very little snow, edge of lake is melting. Carbon Glacier trail has several large trees over trail.—Ranger, 4/11.

SOUTH



GENERAL CONDITIONS—Snow level about 3000 feet. Below that, mud.

MOUNT SAINT HELENS—Climbing permits are required from 5/15 to 11/1. Call 360-750-3900 for information.—Ranger, 4/17.

IDAHO

SAWTOOTH NRA—Up here in the Sawtooth NRA we still have a lot of snow—enough for skiing. The best time to be out is between 10am and 2pm. The snow softens and can be hazardous in the afternoons. Avalanche danger also increases then.

The mountain bluebird is back and Sandhill cranes have been seen in Camas Prairie, although it will be awhile before they arrive in the Sawtooth Valley.

Roads are officially closed until 5/1, and even after that we encourage travelers to wait until the thawing ends and the roads are dry enough to absorb the use.

Highway 75 along the Salmon River is getting a lot of use from steelhead fishermen. This is a problem when the fishermen are looking at the river in-



Balsamroot in bloom along the Grassy Knoll trail on a foggy morning.

Jane Habegger

BACKCOUNTRY NEWS

REPORTS AND CONDITIONS

stead of the highway when driving this stretch. Use care.

For information, call the NRA headquarters: 208-727-5013.—Roma Nelson, Sawtooth NRA, 4/17.

OREGON

MOUNT JEFFERSON and THREE SISTERS WILDERNESSES—The Willamette and Deschutes National Forests will implement a limited entry permit system this season for two areas of the Mount Jeff and Three Sisters wildernesses.

The areas are Pamela Lake (Mount Jeff) and the Obdisian area (Three Sisters).

Hikers who enter and/or stay in these two areas must obtain a Limited Entry Permit—BUT hikers who plan to pass through these areas without staying overnight may obtain a self-issue permit at the trailhead.

There is no charge for Limited Entry Permits. They are required from Memorial Day through 10/31. Permits are available by mail, by telephone, or in person and are issued through the Detroit Ranger District (503-854-3366) and the McKenzie Ranger District (503-822-3381).

Applications may be obtained at all Willamette and Deschutes offices, the Regional Office in Portland, and at all commercial outlets that have previously issued overnight permits.

Permits may be applied for within 30 days of a planned visit. Offices will process applications and respond within a week of receipt. If processing

turn-around time is less than 7 days, the permit may be faxed to the applicant, or sent to a district office convenient to the applicant.

Up to 20 groups per day will be permitted in each area; allocations for day and overnight use have not been set yet.

Use is not regulated in the remainder of the Three Sisters, Mount Washington and Mount Jefferson wildernesses. Self-issue permits, however, are still required for all day and overnight use and they may be obtained at trailheads.—Ranger, 3/24.

CANADA

BROKEN ISLANDS—From 5/1 to 9/30, a \$5/night/person fee will be charged for camping on the islands. Payment will be collected by wardens who will tour the campsites daily. You can pay by VISA, Mastercard or cash.

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

Use in the Broken Group has grown by 15% a year for the last 15 years. Funds collected will go to install and maintain composting toilets and fund other resource protection and management methods.

Next year, in '96, a quota system and reservation fee like the one already in place on the West Coast Trail (see April, page 13) will begin.

The Broken Group is part of Pacific Rim National Park. For information, write the Park at Box 280, Ucluelet BC V0R 3A0.

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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.

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.

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).

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

CABIN—Secluded seaside housekeeping cabin on Orcas Island available for weekly rental May-October. Hiking, fishing, beachcombing, wildlife viewing. Rustic, comfortable accommodations. Sleeps eight; reasonable rent.

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INTERESTED IN HIGH LAKE FISHING? Washington State Hi-Lakers meets third Wednesday of each month at Mercerview Community Center, 7:30pm. For information, call George Bucher, 206-821-5752 (Kirkland).

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

Mountain Gallery

by Dee Molenaar



© DMOLENAAR 1989

Descending from Haydon Peak (12,000 feet), the southern satellite of Mount Saint Elias. July 1946.

DEBORAH RIEHL

RESCUE EPICS

—ALWAYS CARRY YOUR “TEN ESSENTIALS”—

The weekend of April Fools Day the Ski Patrol Rescue Team (SPART) had their “fun day” at Stevens Pass. It’s a day of skiing and rescue practice—a great combination. I was counting on sunshine and corn snow, but instead got a replay of winter—it snowed all day.

In the morning we skied the mountain with “Sven” the ski instructor and got tips on technique. Rob, the local ski patrol director, brought along his avalanche dog, “Chase.” Her technique was to ride up the chair with Rob, run at Warp Seven down the ski trail after him, then celebrate in the snow.

At lunch we practiced describing locations with half the folks using USGS maps and the other half using Green Trails. This is a fun exercise! When using two different maps you can’t say “we’re right under the ‘e’ in ‘Snoqualmie’...”

After lunch we took ropes and rescue sleds to the top of the mountain to practice raises and lowers. Just as we arrived at the top of the chair Bill, KC7VW, called me on the ham radio.

He knew our pagers were out of range so he called to let me know there was report of an injured hiker near Skykomish.

The sheriff was pleased to have an entire rescue team so serendipitously close at hand. The best run all day was the non-stop screamer from the summit to the parking lot.

The witness was waiting for us at the Skykomish Ranger Station. At first he was confused whether he left his friend up the East Fork Foss River trail (Necklace Valley) or the West Fork trail (Copper, Malachite, Big Heart Lakes, etc).

When we showed him a map he decided it was the East Fork trail. We took him in with us to be sure.

The East Fork Foss River trail is relatively level and flat for 5 miles, until it crosses the Foss River. Then it shoots straight up on an awful tread for

3 more miles to the spectacular Necklace Valley.

Fortunately our subject—a two-hundred-plenty-pounder—had only made it 2½ miles before his knee gave out.

I was surprised he made it that far when I found out he was a diabetic with a bad back, recent surgery and a heart condition.

We found him sitting in the trail, leaning against a tree. He was wrapped in a space blanket and looked like a gigantic baked potato.

Ski Patrollers are good at splinting

legs. We get *lots* of practice.

“Jeff” was gently transferred to the wheeled litter due to his chronic bad back. He was complaining of pain and/or numbness all over his body.

A plethora of ESAR scouts walked in to help us pack Jeff out. During the trip Jeff requested a nitroglycerine pill from his pack. His pack was handed to me and I rummaged through it looking for a nitro.

It was an interesting search since the contents of the tiny day pack consisted almost entirely of various pill bottles, ampules and syringes. The other nurse, doctor and I reluctantly informed base of Jeff’s complicating multiple complaints and medical problems, knowing they’d probably panic.

Sure enough, they ordered up a helicopter to meet us when we came out. Jeff was delighted but kept changing his mind as to where he wanted to be flown.

We turned Jeff over to the aid car waiting at the trailhead. They, however, wanted a nurse or doctor to ride with them to the helipad. Ha! The doctor outranked me so *she* got to go!

After our fun day at Stevens Pass we were going to have a barbecue. We got out right at dark so we decided to rendezvous at Mitzel’s in Monroe instead.

The waitress asked if we’d “fit” in their chairs. I was about to be offended but the SAR officers from the sheriff’s department said they get that question all the time due to their “waistlines”—laden with guns, ammo, radios, and other tools of their trade.

△

THE 10 ESSENTIALS:

- ① INSULIN
- ② SYRINGES
- ③ NITROGLYCERINE
- ④ BLOOD PRESSURE PILLS
- ⑤ MUSCLE RELAXERS
- ⑥ PAIN PILLS
- ⑦ TRANQUILIZERS
- ⑧ HEART PILLS ...



Debby Riehl, AA7RW, is a member of the Ski Patrol Rescue Team Board of Directors. She lives in North Creek.

STEVE THORNTON

THREE TRIPS IN IDAHO & MONTANA

—EXPLORING THE INLAND EMPIRE—

Bronsen Meadows Big Creek Roadless Area Panhandle National Forest

The Big Creek Roadless area is about 80,000 acres of north Idaho backcountry pleasure. Much of this area was burned in the great fire of 1910. While a lot of forest survived, a lot of the area is still recovering, with many lovely meadows and large areas of brush. There are large populations of elk, deer, cougar, and other animals.

There are many, many miles of trails and old mining roads. The possibilities of various loops and one way hikes are almost inexhaustible. The one drawback is that almost all of the roads are open to motorized use. This is big country, however, and the motorheads tend to congregate in a few areas. Don't let the motors deter you.

Bronsen Meadows is a spot which does not get many visitors, except during elk hunting season in the late fall.

The Big Creek area can be approached from the north, south, and east. The northern side can be reached by driving about 30 miles east of Coeur d'Alene on I-90 to exit 43, the Big Creek road. Drive south, up into the St. Joe Mountains. The road goes to Elsie Lake, where the Big Creek trail system can be reached. For this hike last May, however, I went about 7 miles to Dot Creek trail 111.

The trail is an old road, and gains about 2400 feet to the St. Joe Divide trail 16. Turn right (west) on this road, and go uphill about 200 yards to a point where a ridge intersects the divide trail. This ridge runs toward Lemonade Peak, and is the continuation of the St. Joe Divide.

The junction is not marked, but the ridge is obvious, as is the footpath along the top. Views are excellent out over Bronsen Meadows and the St. Joe



Steve and Meghan in Idaho's high country.

Mountains. Due south is Cemetery Ridge, so named because ten firefighters who died in the great burn down in Bronsen Meadows are buried there.

The path drops, in about 1½ miles to Kellogg Saddle. Here you will find the well marked and newly rebuilt Big Creek trail 44.

Follow the trail down past old mines, abandoned cabins, beaver ponds, and relics of the 1920s era railroad salvage logging. Many huge old cedar snags play host to hawks and kingfishers.

There are many places to camp on the way to Bronsen Meadows. A particularly nice spot is in the meadows at the confluence of Ames Creek and Big Creek. From a camp in the meadows, it is possible to hike down Big Creek, up to Cemetery Ridge, up to Dana Creek Divide, and to look for elk in the Ames Creek drainage.

To get back to the car, you can either retrace your route, or pick one of several loop possibilities. Whatever you do, Bronsen Meadows is a fine place to

experience the North Idaho backcountry.

Coeur d'Alene River Panhandle National Forest, Idaho

The Coeur d'Alene Mountains do not have many roadless areas or hiking trails. The upper Coeur d'Alene River, however, does have 14 miles of trail along the river broken by only one road.

Coeur d'Alene River trail 20 is a fine hiking trail for a hot weekend. It winds along hills above the river, with many places to drop to the river to swim, fish, or camp on nice sand flats.

The hiking guide *100 Hikes in the Inland Empire* by Rich Landers and Ida Rowe-Dolphin provides good directions to the trailhead.

We hiked about 3½ miles up the trail last June and camped by a bend in the river. The swimming was excellent. Our 1½-year-old daughter Meghan had fun throwing rocks in the water and getting wet.

Just after we got into the tent at 9:30pm, a herd of elk crossed the river just upstream from camp. Pretty exciting.

This is a nice easy backpack, with good scenery and many small, subtle pleasures. If you like basking in the sun and relaxing by a beautiful stream, try this hike.

Four Lakes Basin, Cube Iron Peak and Mount Headley Cube Iron Silcox Proposed Wilderness, Lolo National Forest, Montana

The Cube Iron Silcox area is at the southern end of the Cabinet Mountains, just north of Thompson Falls, Montana. It is good hiker country, with easily accessible 7000-foot-plus peaks, beautiful lakes, and a fairly decent trail network. There is a fair bit of up and

Peg Thornton

down walking, but the scenery, solitude, and wildlife make it worth the effort.

To get there from Coeur d'Alene, drive east on I-90 about 25 miles to the Kingston exit. Get onto forest highway 9 and follow road signs about 40 miles, through Pritchard and Murray to Thompson Pass.

From Thompson Pass, drop into Montana on forest highway 7 and into the town of Thompson Falls. Go through town to the Thompson River road. Follow this road to the trailhead at 4700 feet.

Two paths leave from the trailhead. The left-hand trail 155 heads toward Squaw Pass, to the south of Cube Iron Peak. After about 2.5 miles, you reach a junction with trail 450. This trail runs from Mount Silcox to Mount Headley, going through the Four Lakes basin, if you turn right, and to the pass to the left. The junction is in a gorgeous basin beneath Cube Iron.

We headed up Cube Iron Peak. The views are great from the old lookout site. A sheltered nook makes this a good place to camp, if there is snow to melt for water.

From the Peak, we followed the ridge north, above Four Lakes Basin. Great views and easy terrain. The map shows trail 4505 skirting the back, or west side of the ridge. The trail can be followed, but has not been maintained in a



Steve Thornton

Meghan in camp.

long time.

After a couple of miles, the ridge drops to a pass, where a trail running from Cabin Lake to Lake Winnemucca comes in. We followed this trail to Cabin Lake.

Cabin Lake is a large and beautiful

mountain lake with several nice campsites.

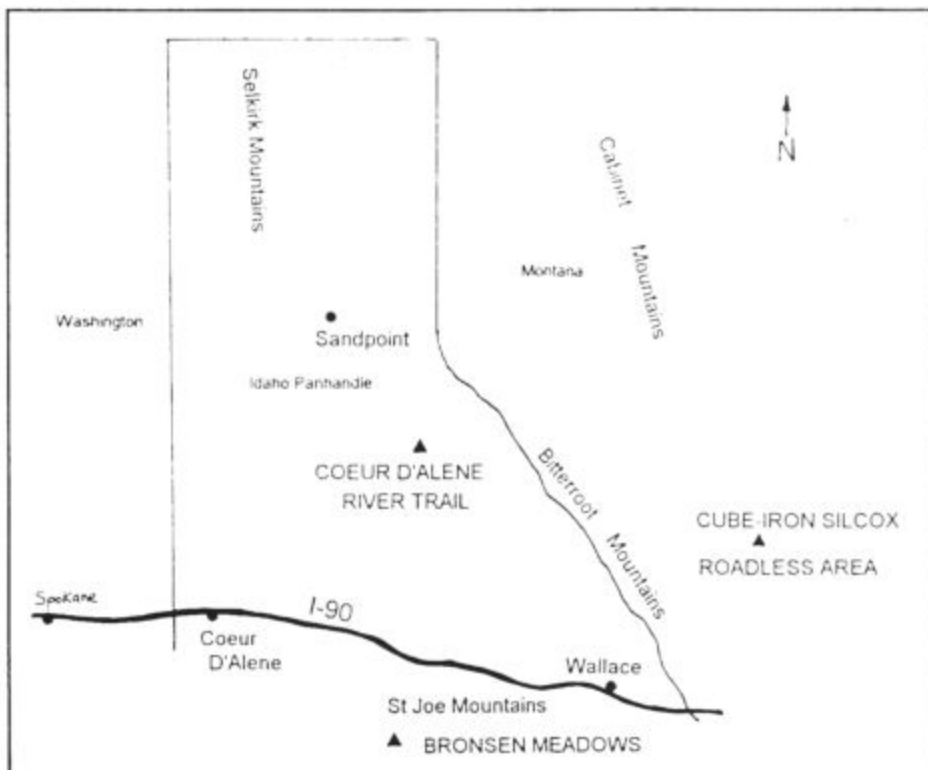
From the lake, we picked up trail 450 to Mount Headley. It is about 4 miles from Cabin Lake to Mount Headley, mostly through meadows. We spent the night on top of 7400-foot Mount Headley and woke up to great views east to the Continental Divide, north to the Cabinet Mountain Wilderness and south and west to the Bitterroot Mountains.

During this overnight backpack last June, we saw mountain goats, black bear, and deer. For a relatively compact area, there is a good trail system, including a trail from Thompson Falls up to Mount Silcox, and completely around the headwaters of Cabin Creek, which is part of the Thompson River.

All in all, a place well worth visiting if you are in the area.



Steve Thornton is a subscriber who lives in Coeur d'Alene.



JOHN ROPER

Skadulgwas Peak

—A MARKED WOMAN AND REMARKABLE MOUNTAIN—

Once upon a time, a very long, long time ago, back in legendary time, before the white man or any other Indian people, there lived in the Sauk-Stillaguamish valleys a strong and handsome Indian man. His name was "Queest Alb."

He led a happy life. The land there was beautiful, and still is. There were berries and plants galore to eat. Fish and deer were plentiful.

Queest Alb was happy, but he was lonely. Then, as if the spirits wished it, from across the mountains, from the east, came a beautiful Indian woman by the name of "Sobahli-ahli."

The two of them fell in love, and they began living life happily ever after.

Happily, that is, until another beautiful Indian princess came up the Stillaguamish valley from the "Whulge"—the sound. She was called "Ska-dulgwas."

Skadulgwas, by nature, also wanted a man—the only man in the valley—so she set out to charm Queest Alb. And indeed, she turned his head.

His passion for her naturally made Sobahli-ahli quite jealous, and she was not the kind of woman who would stand idly by.

A tremendous fight—a real "squaw-ble"—broke out between the two Indian maidens as they vied for Queest Alb's affection. It was a cat fight the likes of which has never been seen since.

Hair and blood and torn clothing and even a piece of flesh or two filled the sky. The screams were deafening.

In the end, Sobahli-ahli

was the victor, and Skadulgwas was vanquished.

Sobahli-ahli was naturally distrustful from that moment on, and placed Queest Alb behind her so he could never be with Skadulgwas again.

...

Queest Alb is Three Fingers Mountain. Sobahli-ahli is Whitehorse Mountain. And to this very day as you drive the valley between Arlington and Darrington, you can still see to the north where Sobahli-ahli's fingernails dug deep scratches in Skadulgwas (Mount Higgins, Middle Peak) during the fight, gouging out scars for eternity. Look for them.

In his booklet, *Indian Stories and Legends of the Stillaguamish, Sauks*

and Allied Tribes, first printed in 1926, Nels Bruseth tells the story a little differently: Skadulgwas wins, and the Indian man is not Queest Alb, but rather passive "Quac-hae-eths"—Round Mountain, but I've heard the story as told above. Decide for yourself whether you want "the other woman" to win.

Features bearing the above three names now show up on the 7.5-minute 1989 provisional USGS *Whitehorse Mountain* and *USGS Mount Higgins* quads, thanks to Harry Majors, Washington's most academic mountain historian, who resurrected these interesting legends.

He had help from someone in the USGS office, however, since the Washington State Board on Geographic Names denied these names.

The Mount Higgins summits are a three-peak complex, and the first legitimate peaks of the North Fork of the Stillaguamish River. The western Higgins Lookout summit gives an excellent orientation to this entire valley from the Whulge to Whitehorse and beyond and is reachable by a 4.5-mile trail.

The old 1956 USGS *Oso*, a 15-minute quad, had the name "Mount Higgins" splayed out along this 2-mile-long ridge. The new map more precisely locates Mount Higgins as the 5176-foot highest point to the east and introduces the new "Skadulgwas Peak" name on the 4985-foot middle peak of Higgins.

The Forest Service lookout collapsed during the winter of 1964-65, so no name shows on the new map at the 4849-foot lookout site, even though most visitors to this area hike to this point.



Skadulgwas Peak from the east.

John Roper

On October 24, 1984, before I knew of the Skadulguas story, she stunned me. Climbing Mount Higgins from the west by "the long way," Dick Kegel, Bob Tillotson and I ran into snow so low that we abandoned the trail before Myrtle Lake and went straight up the west ridge to the 4849-foot Higgins Lookout summit. Only a tilted piece of the roof of the cabin that was manned from 1926 to 1949 remained.

From the lookout, we continued east, but were forced to lose 1200 feet to bypass the vertical north wall of the then-unnamed middle peak of Higgins. As we worked our way around it, this peak (now "Skadulguas Peak") made our jaws drop.

It looked like a piece of counter-clockwise twisted taffy on end, pulled vertically and allowed to settle a bit, plastic almost, steep, but smooth, sporting a rounded top. The sheer north side is "impossibly steep," and the south side, the easiest route, looked very unlikely—bare, rocky, and slabby. I knew I'd be back someday to give it a try.

When the 1989 USGS *Mount Higgins* came out, the necessity of a visit was cinched. The North Cascades had acquired a "new" named summit—"Skadulguas Peak"—which was not so labelled on the old 15-minute USGS *Oso*.

Since Dick and Bob and I had climbed all the way over to the highest Higgins (5142 feet on the old map, now 5176 feet) and back on a snowy October day, I anticipated a quick trip to Skadulguas/Middle Higgins on July 8, 1993 even though it would be a solo climb.

But on this day, before I reached the elevation we'd driven to in 1984, I felt as though I'd been in the middle of that battle between the feuding Indian women.

The road approach started off as advertised. Turn east off I-5 at the Arlington exit on Highway 530 (milepost 17). Arlington is MP 20. At MP 37 pay close attention to the odometer, and in .85-mile, turn left (north) on an unmarked dirt road.

Or do as I usually do: miss the road and wait until you see MP 38, then do a U-turn back .15-mile to find it.

In .4-mile the Higgins road crosses the North Fork Stillaguamish River and turns left. So far, so good. I thought on

7-8-93. But .2-mile beyond the bridge, I ran into a series of problems:

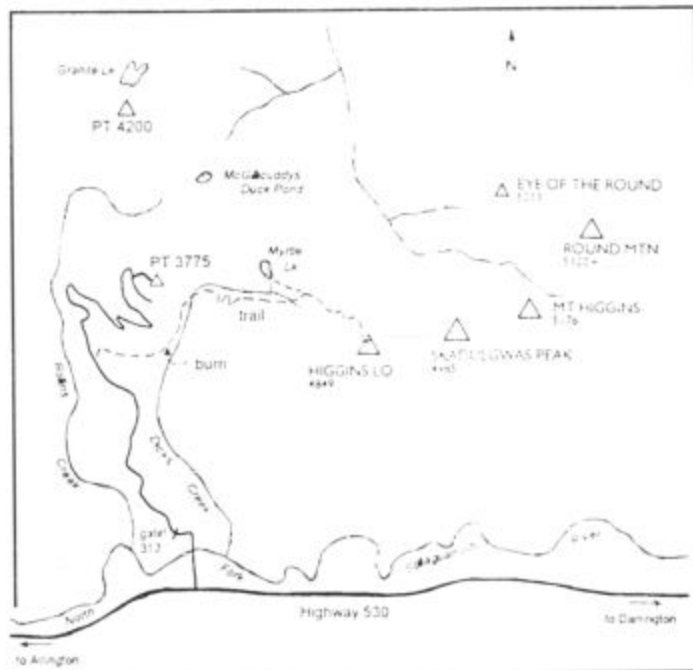
(1) The DNR road was gated and locked! Elevation 313 feet. I'd have to climb the whole mountain. That meant a 2.5 mile (5 mile RT), 1100 vertical-foot road-walk up the ridge between Rollins and Dicks Creeks to the 1450-foot trailhead.

Feet already a little sore, I arrived at the trailhead in about an hour. It was unmarked but easily spotted immediately beyond a peculiar grassy lawn on the right. Here was problem 2.

(2) "TRAIL CLOSED" is what the sign said. How could that be? It looked like a fine trail, wide even, probably an old logging or mining road. I wasn't passing this up just because of a sign.

About a half mile farther up this enjoyable path was the reason for the sign, and a major problem.

(3) Clearcut! Trees were jackstrawed everywhere. The trail exited pleasant second-growth woods to be buried in fallen trees, not yet harvested. I spent the next hour clambering up and down over logs and snags, swatting at bugs in



the hot sun, grunting and grumbling.

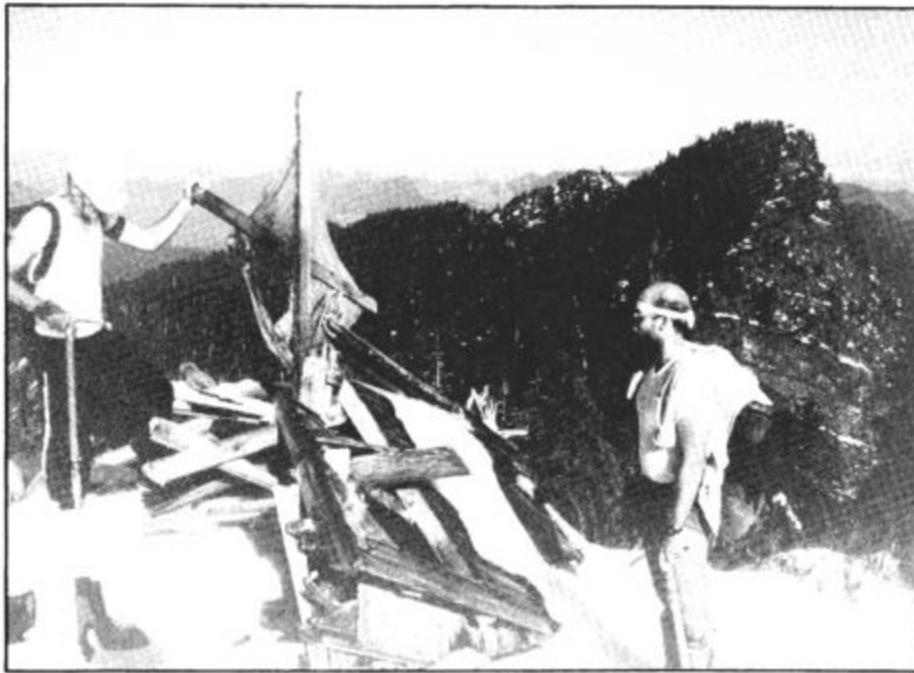
Bailing off course to Dicks Creek for a drink, I was wiped out by the time I relocated the trail again in old growth at 2500 feet.

That behind me, I ignored the spur trail to Myrtle Lake, skirted above a pleasant meadow on the trail, and side-hilled to a notch just north of and 200 feet below Higgins Lookout.

Too tired to revisit this viewpoint, I left the trail here and contoured cross-country about .15-mile east toward Skadulguas where a small fault-cliff encouraged me to change out of run-



Sobahli-ahli's scratches on Skadulguas (left). Mount Higgins on right.



John Roper

Dick Kegel and Bob Tillotson at the Higgins Lookout site

ning shoes into boots for a 20-foot class 3.5 down-climb.

The rock slabs of the twisting Skadulguas obelisk didn't look any less steep as I got closer. And when one climbs alone, there's no friend to stoke the bravado and remind you that things are usually easier than they look.

But I kept with the credo that "you don't stop until you truly cannot make the next step." Ultimately the route led to the right skyline, and the steep-looking sandstone slabs weren't really so steep, and lots of little hand and footholds made the route a comfortable one.

I soon reached the top, which yielded that most disappointing of summit discoveries: a broken-down cairn, but no register. Someone had been here, but only they knew who, or when.

From the summit were views down into Darrington and up the Sauk River. It was easy to imagine how this river and the North Fork Stilly were once one. White Chuck Mountain was cradled by Glacier Peak. The Seattle City Light powerline cut a very straight swath below, contrasting with the serpentine Stillaguamish River.

Sobahli-ahli (Whitehorse) stood grand across the valley, fingernails still at the ready. Queest-Alb (Three Fingers) covered behind her to the right. Salt water and the Olympics and Baker were all prominent.

On the return, I made the short side trip to the unimpressive 3515-foot

Myrtle Lake. I avoided that awful clearcut by cutting high off the trail to intersect the road at a 2850-foot switchback on the Dicks-Rollins ridge where I ran across a "Skagit" steel spar pole that was prepared to yard up all those trees in the clearcut that had harassed me earlier in the day. Later during the summer of '93 a fire swept through this clearcut.

In mid-September 1994, Karen, Aaron, and I checked out this approach again, driving past a now open DNR gate to the 1450-foot Higgins trailhead.

Expecting this nuisance to be forever gone, Howard Putter and I were surprised and miffed to find the low gate locked again on November 13, 1994 when we were hoping to drive high to snowline and ski-tour to the top of an unnamed 4200+ foot summit 1 mile northwest of McGillicuddys Duck Pond.

The low locked gate changed our plans, but afforded us the excuse to walk the road again 2.5 miles to the 1450-foot Higgins trailhead to check if the trail had been improved since the previous year.

And indeed, as *P&P* readers have reported, the trail has been resurrected. Though evidence of the burn remains, the jackstrawed logs have now been cleared. The trail connects without obstruction and is easily followed across the clearcut, traversing what seemed like quite a steep sidchill for those of us

in slick-soled tennis shoes after a fresh snowfall.

There is a little controversy about the name origins in this area between friends and fellow historian-researchers, Robert Hitchman (in *Place Names of Washington*, 1985) and Harry Majors (in *Exploring Washington*, 1975).

Hitchman states that Myrtle Lake was named in 1904 by Fritz Stolzenberg for a 7-year old who was the first girl to climb Higgins.

Majors says Myrtle Lake was named by settler Frank Lawrence for his wife. Both agree that Dicks Creek was named for "Indian Dick" Smith who camped and fished the Stilly here.

Hitchman states that Walter Higgins homesteaded near Oso in 1887 and the peak was named in 1890.

Majors contends that Mount Higgins was first climbed in 1888 by a John Higgins (who lived at the foot of the mountain until 1899) along with Frank Lawrence and Al Baker. They left a Confederate flag on the summit. What other Higgins stories are out there?

John Roper, of Bellevue, is an inveterate peak collector.

DOUG SAVAGE

The Terrible Wilderness Adventure

—TSHLETSKY CREEK WILL GIVE YOU STORIES TO LAST A LIFETIME—

Have you ever noticed that when backpackers get together they always talk about the trips on which they had a miserable time?

Nobody tells tales about good weather, pleasant scenery, and good company; it's always clouds of mosquitoes, torrential downpours, or being lost in the fog.

If you haven't had any terrible wilderness experiences, may I suggest Tshletshy Creek trail between the Quinault and the Queets Rivers? It will give you stories to last a lifetime.

The Tshletshy Creek trail has always been "next year's hike." Since I first read Robert Wood's description of the now abandoned trail (*Olympic Moun-*

tains Trail Guide) I've wanted to give it a shot.

In 1993 Joe and Kathy Weigel, Joyce Kimmel and I tried from the Queets River side but were turned back by weather. Last year Joe and I decided to try again. We thought it would be better to climb down over fallen logs than be constantly climbing up them, so we started the trail from the Quinault River side.

Kathy and Joyce thought better of making a second attempt. I wish I had their good sense.

We left Bremerton Friday afternoon to make the drive around the Olympic

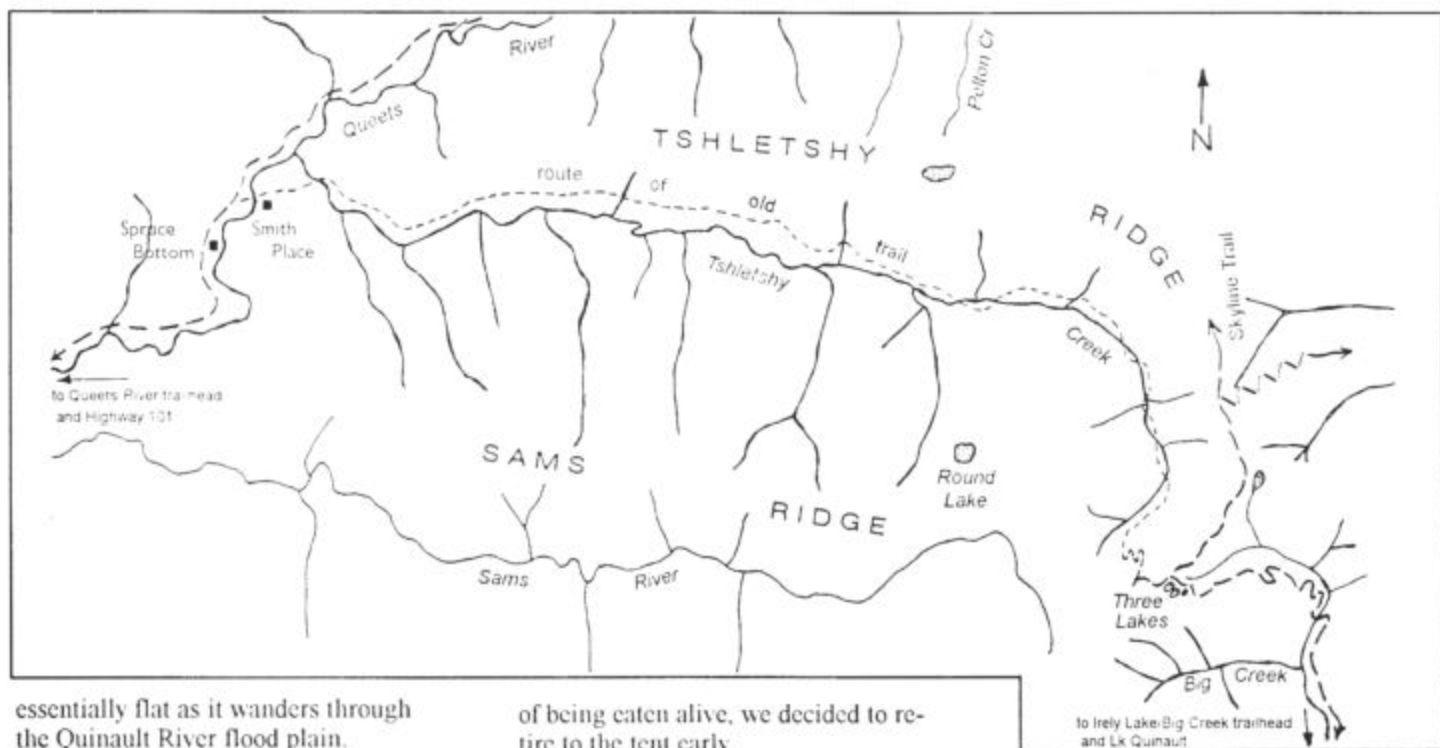
Peninsula. After dropping off a car at the Queets River trailhead, we drove to Lake Quinault, had dinner and car camped at a Forest Service campground—not a restful place.

In spite of our lack of sleep, the weather was perfect for hiking: cool and misty with clearing predicted by the afternoon. When we signed in at the ranger station I inquired if anyone had been on the Tshletshy trail so far that year. The seasonal responded that, to be perfectly honest, he had no idea just where the trail was and wished us luck.

The first day was just about as good as it gets. We were on the Big Creek trail by 10am. The first mile or two is



The untracked country of the Tshletshy Creek drainage, near the headwaters.



essentially flat as it wanders through the Quinault River flood plain.

After an intersection with a side path to Irely Lake, the trail gradually ascends. At noon we broke out above the fog. Four miles in we crossed Big Creek on a newly built steel bridge.

From this point the trail grew much steeper (and less traveled). At this elevation the forest was predominately Alaska cedar; a side trail leads to the largest known specimen of the species, twelve feet in diameter.

Not too far past the "big tree" (about 6 miles) the trail started to break out into alpine meadows. We stopped in one for lunch.

At 6.6 miles we intersected the Skyline Trail. A sign here read "TSHLETSHY CREEK TRAIL—ABANDONED." This is where the fun really began. No markers showed where the trail used to be.

We headed north and crossed a swampy extinct lake. On the other side Joe found the trailbed. It was almost completely covered by huckleberries. We followed this for about a half mile to a small meadow where the Three Lakes Shelter used to stand.

The Park Service has torn down the shelter and thrown the timbers down a gully. Nevertheless the meadow was a wonderful place to camp (Note: In late summer water at the meadow is confined to a few small stagnant pools).

Joe pitched the tent; I made dinner. The place was great until about 8pm when the wind died down and the swarms of mosquitoes invaded. In lieu

of being eaten alive, we decided to retire to the tent early.

Getting out of bed the next morning was a slow process. By the time we broke camp it was already 10:30. In about a quarter mile we reached the Queets-Quinault Divide. At the crest we found old wooden trail signs pointing the way to Tshletshy Creek.

The path was faint and overgrown with huckleberries, hemlock and silver fir saplings. Descending through Paradise Valley we passed Delta Tarn and Lily Pad Lake. Elk scat was everywhere. This was a trail way off the beaten path.

After about 2 miles we made our first creek crossing. Unfortunately, when we got to the far side of the creek, the trail was totally gone.

The next 5 miles were close to pure misery. If we found the trail, it only lasted about 100 yards before disappearing into salmonberry thickets. Occasionally we found an old orange marker in a tree, a cut log, or a piece of surveyor's tape.

Pretty soon we abandoned looking for the trail altogether and stuck to elk paths. Occasionally we followed the creekbed; blow downs and undergrowth often made passage in the forest impossible. I gained a lot of respect for the original pioneers who first crossed the mountains.

We even found proof of alien life. While following the well trodden elk trails, often better groomed than the Hoh River Trail, we made an interest-

ing discovery. Every once in a while these trails for no apparent reason came to an abrupt end.

It was as though the elk had vanished into thin air without a trace. Joe and I would then climb logs and crash through the undergrowth until we could find another elk trail, a couple of hundred yards farther downstream.

I couldn't picture a herd of 20 cows, calves and bulls just stopping and the lead animal saying "Whoa—back up here!" The only rational conclusion was the animals had been suddenly blasted into outer space by beings unknown.

It was 9pm before we reached the tenth and final crossing. It was the hardest day of hiking in my whole life. As I dropped my pack I suddenly realized that my Thermo-Rest was gone, ripped right off my back by some sneaky fir tree. Exhausted, we made camp on a gravel bar, ate dinner and soon were fast asleep.

The 6:30am alarm arrived much too quickly. With aching muscles and stiff joints we slowly got out of bed. Today we were determined to make it to the next camp at a reasonable hour.

According to Wood's guidebook, the trail was supposed to improve from here on down. Of course, I'm not really sure we were on the trail and the guidebook is 10 years old.

We climbed up the east side of the creekbed and started to look for the trail. Not finding it, we turned north

and started downstream. After a mile or so we came across a good sized creek. Consulting the map we concluded we were about 200 feet below the trail. The creekbed looked like it offered the best passage so we started to climb. **BIG MISTAKE.**

Before long we found ourselves in the "Grand Canyon" of the Olympics; cliffs were all around us. At 1700 feet (about 400 feet higher than the trail should have been) the creek branched.

We started to climb an avalanche chute. Pretty soon the rocks we were dislodging became airborne as they crashed to the creek, about 200 feet below us. I questioned Joe whether we should retreat.

"Back over *that*?" he replied. "Besides I don't want to lose the elevation we've gained."

As we rounded a buttness the steep chute quickly turned into a cliff. Since there really was no way to go back, we snaked our way around.

I'm NOT a climber. In fact I'm scared of heights. And this cliff scared the socks off me. Finally we made it across. I was panting from anxiety. This wouldn't have been bad with a day pack, but it was one heck of a way to go with a full one.

Joe remarked, "Maybe we should start losing some elevation now."

Traversing the side of the Tshletshy Ridge we slowly lost elevation. After losing about 400 feet we came across a cut log. The trail at last! Well, it lasted about a quarter of a mile, then disappeared in a thicket of salmonberries and windfalls. When we got to the other side, all evidence of man was gone.

It was back to hunting game trails. For the next 6 miles were occasional signs of human occupation, cut logs, route markers in trees, or surveyor's tape left by other hikers. Surprisingly, we made good time.

By 6:30pm we made it to the Chocolate Drop, a conelike hill at the base of Tshletshy Ridge. Again, I got us lost (too low on the ridge), but as we contoured up the hillside, we found the trail again.

Everything was going great, until suddenly, just like the elk paths, the trail ended. No cut logs, no marks, just miles of forest. My heart sank to my stomach (which by this time was growling).

It was getting late and there was no-

where to camp. We decided (at my suggestion) to head back to the creek. The undergrowth had turned vicious, lots of small saplings with devil's club and brambles. It took us a good hour to make a quarter mile to the creek. To make matters worse, when we got there, we were on top of a 40-foot cliff!

Joe found a way down; I followed. The creekbed was narrow at this point, but the water wasn't too deep. I suggested we hike down the creek (there really was no other alternative). In spite of all of my other bad ideas, Joe agreed.

Exhausted, we stripped to our shorts and started to wade downstream. By 9pm we reached the flatlands. I found a sand bar in the middle of the creek with a large flat spot to pitch a tent. Joe waded out to join me and we set up camp. It had been a long 13 hours to make 8 miles.

The fourth (and final) morning was glorious. We awoke to find a small herd of deer playing in the creek right beside us. It was such a beautiful place; too bad every muscle in my body screamed in agony.

After a leisurely breakfast we slowly started to pack our gear. We waded to the west bank, put on our hiking boots, and started looking for the trail to Smith Place.

We never did find it. We ended up rounding the headwall where the Tshletshy empties into the Queets. On the other side of the river, we saw people camping and making breakfast. It was 2 more miles of thickets and windfalls before we made it to Smith place, the start of the Tshletshy Creek trail.

After a light lunch we forded the Queets. I went first and soon found myself in waist deep water. Joe, not wanting to hike in soggy shorts, decided to strip from the waist down and cross *au naturel*.

From here on out the trail was recently maintained; not one downed tree to obstruct the path. With visions of hamburgers dancing in our heads, we marched the last 6 miles to the lower Queets ford. At this time of year the water was barely over our knees. We drove to Quinault Lake, showered, picked up the other car, and perked out on ice cream!

Hmmmm, maybe it wasn't so bad after all. And I've got stories to tell!

Tshletshy Creek— Joe's postscript:

More than once we found ourselves 10 or 15 feet off the ground, climbing from one log to another, without realizing how high we were getting because of the heavy undergrowth—dangerous and just a tad scary when that happens.

Another problem was encountering logs 8 feet in diameter. Can't get under them (they're on the ground), can't get over them (too high), and it's 100 feet or more around the end in either direction through brush that is almost impenetrable (especially with a pack on).

Also, there might be a maze of 2 to 3 foot diameter logs running every which way, stacked atop one another like pick-up-sticks and interwoven with devil's club.

In stretches such as this, we were down to less than ¼-mile per hour and working very hard just to move at all. We got scratched up from head to foot. Our clothing took a real beating, too. Doug totally destroyed a pair of polypropylene long johns. One invaluable piece of equipment on this hike was a pair of heavy leather work gloves.

I've been in every corner of the Olympics and I have to say I've never seen trees outside the redwoods that were so incredibly large. Robert Wood mentions trees 7 to 9 feet in diameter and over 300 feet high. I remember vividly a stand of about 6 or 7 trees that averaged about 12 feet in diameter. I was awestruck.

By the way, doing this trip was my idea. I had to point out to Doug that if he didn't go with me he couldn't ever be able to say he'd hiked all the trails in the Olympics. Incidentally, fellow club member Don Paulson wimped out, saying that if it's not on current maps it's not a trail anymore. I'm almost inclined to agree with him on this one.

△

Doug Savage is an engineer at the Puget Sound Naval Shipyard, when he is not organizing and leading hikes for the Peninsula Wilderness Club. He lives in scenic Illahee.

Joe Weigel is also a member of the Peninsula Wilderness Club. He works for Kitsap County and lives in Port Orchard.

△

KIM HYATT

BOUNDARY WATERS CANOE AREA WILDERNESS

—KAWISHIWI RIVER, BALD EAGLE, CLEARWATER, LAKE TWO LOOP—

Most of us who have been there consider the Boundary Waters Canoe Area of northeastern Minnesota and the adjacent Quetico Provincial Park in Ontario to be the premier canoe wilderness in North America.

It is a land of innumerable lakes interconnected by portage trails. You could wander there for a lifetime and seldom retrace a path.

I had made six trips to the BWCAW. My wife, Paula, had made nine (three trips before I met her). I thought six was going to be it. Serious back problems showed up in 1990 and ailing anatomy told me, in clear, unmistakable language that canoe carrying was a thing of the past. Our daughter, Gwen, requested another trip.

"I can't do it," I told her. "My back won't let me."

"No problem," she replied. "Twila and I will carry the canoes."

That was a deal Paula and I could not refuse!

We left Salem on August 5. We wandered hither and yon before meeting Gwen and her friend Twila in Ely, Minnesota, on August 29.

They had flown to Duluth from Portland and had arranged for surface transportation to Ely. We brought everything with us but two canoes. We rented the two 17-foot Grumman boats from Kawishiwi Lodge on Lake One.

Tuesday, August 30—It had rained all night and the day dawned overcast and chilly. It couldn't be helped. Our entry permit was for today. An inadequate old map and confusion as to where the lodge was located on the map led to our wandering around lost for the first hour. We crossed two short portages (waiting out a shower at one of them) and took the first camp we found on the Kawishiwi River. It was, a

utilitarian, useful camp, but not very interesting.

Wednesday, August 31—It rained all night. We hemmed and hawed for the better part of the morning before deciding to move on. We crossed one short portage into the next segment of the river and found a delightful rock-bank camp across from an island. We had a few showers but the weather seemed to be improving. It was too wet to get a fire going and we used our auxiliary stove.

Thursday, September 1—A gorgeous morning with fog and mist slowly lifting from the river. This day we paddled 5 or 6 miles and crossed three short portages.

We found a spectacular campsite near a runnable rapids. The views were gorgeous and both the sunset and dawn were colorful. The ladies took time to bake a few things with the reflector oven.

Friday, September 2—A long, hard day. We took our first "long" portage (120 rods) to Little Gabbro Lake.

We paddled the full length of huge Gabbro Lake. Gabbro was an interesting lake and we would have spent more time there but thought it expedient to camp closer to our next long portage.

We had thought we would be deep enough into the wilderness to avoid the worst of the Labor Day canoers but we had forgotten about the nearness of the South Kawishiwi entry point. We kept running into other people and occupied camps.

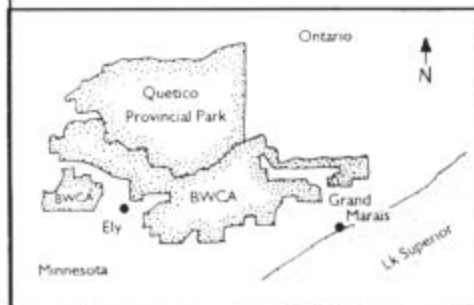
We never did find a "formal" portage between Gabbro and Bald Eagle Lakes but ended up carrying our canoes and gear over some rocks around a rapids.

We had hoped to occupy one of the three camps at the northeast end of huge Bald Eagle Lake near our next portage to Turtle Lake. Two of the camps were occupied and the third one had been recently used by a herd of swine. It was unbelievably filthy and gross!

We paddled south and found an uninspiring but usable camp. We all took swims. Mine was the briefest.

Saturday, September 3—We paddled north to our portage. The 186-rod carry into Turtle Lake was fairly strenuous. The portage was rocky with a couple of very steep stretches.

Turtle Lake had been hit by a severe windstorm within the last year. I would estimate that at least half the standing timber had been uprooted. The lake had four campsites but most of them were so badly damaged that we did not at-



tempt to use them.

We settled for an island camp that was an aesthetic mess but had been repaired to some extent and was usable. The afternoon got very windy (up to this time our trip had been uncommonly calm) and we worried a little about a repeat of the previous calamity.

(We found the devastation only at Turtle Lake and thought such a localized phenomenon to be curious. I wondered if this might be an example of thunderstorm wind shear.)

Near sunset an ominous sheet of clouds moved in from the south.

Sunday, September 4—It blew all night. In the morning black crud flew rapidly by. We had breakfast and were about to start packing up when it began raining. It rained off and on all day, sometimes quite hard. I spent the day huddled under a tarp, doing crossword puzzles. The others huddled with me, read, or spent the day in their tents. All cooking was done with the stove, under the tarp.

Monday, September 5—It rained and blew all night. When we climbed out of our tents it looked no better than when we went to bed. We were now down to one contingency day and talked about moving regardless of the weather. About the time we finished breakfast it began to clear! As the day progressed the weather got quite nice. (It is lucky we did not have to spend another day. This morning the out-house began to collapse into its pit!)

We paddled quickly to our next portage and carried 200 rods to Clearwater Lake. The portage was level and much easier than the previous 186-rod carry. Nevertheless, it took us more than two hours to complete it.

We passed up the first camp (utilitarian and well protected but uninspiring) and took the second one, a rocky point



Kim Hyatt

A land of innumerable lakes where you could wander for a lifetime.

with views in two directions. A nearby island was particularly scenic. Our rain was mostly over but a sudden shower caught us by surprise. The rain lasted only 20 minutes or so and all soon dried in the ensuing sunlight.

We had a gorgeous sunset. In addition to the colors we enjoyed the antics of a nearby colony of beavers and our best loon songs of the trip.

Tuesday, September 6—The morning was as beautiful as the previous evening. We watched the beavers towing sizable branches to their lodge and two loons sat in the middle of the glowing reflection of the island in the lake.

It was dead calm when we started paddling but a brisk wind soon came up and we had 1½ miles to paddle to our next portage. To our immense good fortune the wind was to our backs and we flew down the lake. Our landing spot for the portage was a smooth sand beach!

We had been dreading this carry, a humongous 240 rods. The portage was somewhat primitive, narrower and more brushy, but our routine was well practiced and we had noticeably less food to carry. It was not bad. Our big surprise came at the far end when we ran into a veritable traffic jam! We thought this route would be one of the less travelled. Apparently several other parties thought the same thing. We ate lunch while the traffic cleared.

We were warned about the next "little" 40-rod portage. We were told that we would have to wade hip deep in muck, the result of beaver dams in a marshy area. Obviously they had not found the actual portage. We had to climb a steep bank and walk a very rough track with a couple of trees down over it but we managed to get our canoes over the muck at the far end without getting in any deeper than our ankles.

By now we were tired and more than ready to make camp. The one camp in

Boundary Waters Reservations

Permits are required to travel in the BWCAW from May to September 30. To make a reservation by mail, include the following along with a \$9 reservation fee (check, money order, or bank card): the party leader's name, address and phone number; no more than two

alternate party leaders' names; whether it's an overnight or day-use permit, mode of transportation, desired entrance point, desired entrance date, estimated party size (no more than 9), and where the permit is to be picked up. No more than 4 boats on one permit!

Mail reservations to:

BWCAW Reservation Service
PO Box 450
Cumberland MD 2150.

Phone reservations can be made by calling 800-745-3399.



Kim Hyatt

Near our third camp on Thursday.

Rock Island Lake was occupied, of course! There was supposed to be one final 40-rod portage into Lake Two.

This little dandy turned out to be more like 100 rods and was, by far, the worst portage of the entire trip! There were multiple get-out points and multiple ways to do the portage.

Every way was very rough, nasty, and difficult. Should you ever have the misfortune of taking this portage be sure to scout it out before carrying anything.

We took the first camp we found on Lake Two. We were too exhausted to get choosy. It was on a bluff but lacked even one good level tent site. In spite of our exhaustion we enjoyed watching fantastic cloud formations reflected in the lake.

This was the first day of our trip on which it never rained once.

Wednesday, September 7—We could easily get back in one day from here but we were not particularly enamored with our camp and preferred to have *all* our portages behind us. We paddled easily to the two short portages that would take us into Lake One.

These last two were veritable broad, level highways. The second portage had two paths leading to the same place. Gwen speculated that we had a divided highway. The comers and goers could avoid each other by staying to the right.

We had plenty of time so we got very choosy about our final camp. We located a lovely site near the portage into Confusion Lake.

The camp was spacious with rock banks, tent sites on a hill, and interesting trails to hike. We enjoyed a sunny, lazy restful afternoon. It was so clear

that the sunset was almost colorless.

Thursday, September 8—We took our time about packing up and leaving. It was dead still. We paddled easily up the lake. As we approached the lodge we moved slower and slower.

Paula and I felt sure that this would be our last trip ever and we did not wish it to end. We barely ghosted along as we reached the area of the lodge.

Nevertheless it had to end. We pulled in, unloaded, paid the man, and headed for home.

For information:

Superior National Forest
PO Box 338
Duluth MN 55801
Phone: 218-720-5324.

Kawishiwi Lodge and Outfitters
PO Box 480
Ely MN 55731
Phone: 218-365-5487

△

Kim Hyatt is a member of The Chemeketans club. Kim and his wife Paula live in Salem.

Available from our bookshelf

— The Smiling Country

by Sally Portman
A history of the Methow
Valley with many historic photos.
\$15.60 includes tax and postage

— On the Trail: the Adventures of a Middle-Aged Tenderfoot

by Helen Nieberl
Stories from forty years of backpacking.
\$14.43 includes tax and postage

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Include payment in check or money order
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PO Box 1063
Port Orchard WA 98366

Outdoor Recreation Information Center



206-220-7450
maps-books-info
915 Second Ave Room 442
Seattle WA 98174

DALE GRAVES

CAMP BREADS

—JUST THE THING FOR CRUSTY BACKPACKERS—

I firmly believe that the reduction of stress and anxiety in the human race, and the addition of tranquility and perhaps absolution, can be accomplished through daily servings of fresh bread.

Having said that, here are four exciting recipes to tickle your taste buds. There are two secrets to success with these recipes. First is it is important to get the right mix between liquid and dry. Too much will cause a heavy product and too little a crumbly one.

The other more important thing to remember is if you are frying the bread to keep the heat low and cook slow. Remember LOW AND SLOW and you will have no problem.

If you are using a BakePacker this latter will not be a concern; however, bear in mind that the BakePacker does not brown. The Irish Soda Bread works best when fried; it has a most delicious crust which is lost if you use the BakePacker.

Conversely Ann's Baking Powder Biscuits, due to the lack of sugar, work best in the BakePacker since they will not brown anyway. Measuring cup, spoons and pastry cutter at the ready . . . here we go!

IRISH SODA BREAD

- 2 cups flour
- $\frac{3}{4}$ teaspoon baking soda
- $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon baking powder
- 1 Tablespoon sugar
- $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt
- 6 Tablespoons shortening
- 2 Tablespoons powdered buttermilk

COUNTRY BUTTERMILK BISCUIT

- 2 cups flour
- 3 teaspoons baking powder
- 1 teaspoon salt
- $\frac{1}{4}$ cup shortening
- 2 Tablespoons sugar
- 2 Tablespoons powdered buttermilk

BANNOCK BREAD

- 4 cups flour
- 2 Tablespoons baking powder
- 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoons salt
- 1 teaspoon cream of tartar
- 2 Tablespoons sugar
- $\frac{3}{4}$ cup powdered milk
- 1 cup shortening

ANN'S BAKING POWDER BISCUITS

- 3 cups flour
- 3 Tablespoons baking powder
- 4 Tablespoons powdered milk
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup shortening

In each case mix dry ingredients thoroughly and cut in shortening with a pastry cutter till the mix somewhat resembles corn meal.

I use Crisco butter-flavored shortening—low fat, low calorie. There are two kinds of buttermilk mix that I am aware of: something called SACO cultured buttermilk comes in a 12-ounce can for around three dollars. I much prefer Darigold brand that comes in a 1 pound box for \$2.28. Not only is Dari-gold cheaper but it goes farther and I like the flavor better.

Each of these recipes will give you several cups of mix. I have found that $\frac{1}{2}$ -cup of dry mix works well for one or two people. So, put $\frac{1}{2}$ -cup dry mix into a plastic freezer bag (sandwich bags do not work well for this; they are too thin). Add about 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoons of water.

Remove as much air as possible, twist the top closed and begin to knead the dough. This will take a minute or so. The finished dough should be stiff and slightly sticky but it should slide out of the bag with some ease.

TO COOK

Put the dough into the frypan and pat down to around $\frac{3}{4}$ -inch thick. Dough will almost double in size while cooking. Cover pan if you wish. Begin with and maintain a low heat.

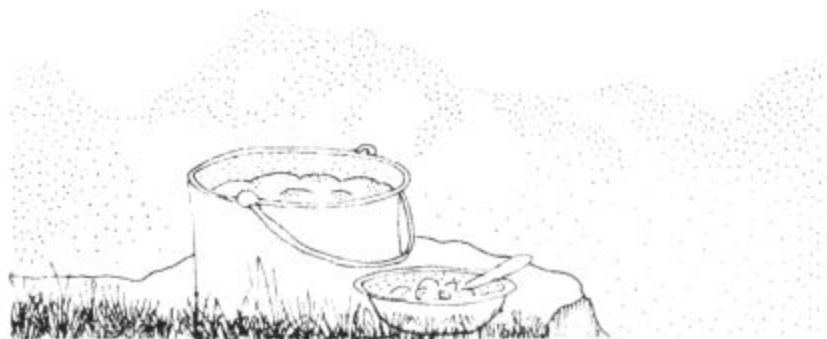
Since most backpacking stoves have only two heat settings—on and off—it most likely will be necessary to hold the pan up off the burner. You'll need hand protection, like a folded bandana or a sock. Cook each side for 5 minutes. Turn and again cook each side for an additional 5 minutes—20 minutes total cooking time.

For the little ovens or bakers designed for backpack stoves, follow the manufacturer's directions, as each one is different.

TRY SOURDOUGH

Now, you wanna add some zip to your breadmaking? How about sourdough! To each $\frac{1}{2}$ -cup of mix, instead of water add 2 tablespoons of sourdough starter and proceed as above.

This will make a slightly heavier dough and therefore will require longer cooking time. After the initial 5-minutes-to-a-side, cook an additional 10



minutes per side. You can make your sourdough starter at home—of course you should!—and transport enough with you for each planned meal.

A 35mm plastic film canister will hold about 2 tablespoons of starter, but if you plan on more than one dinner I suggest a 4-ounce Rubbermaid container that will hold enough for several meals depending of course on the size of bread you cook.

Extra measures to secure the lid would be a good idea. Any spillage would make a most unwelcome mess. If you wish to increase or decrease the size of the bread just increase or decrease the liquid accordingly in all cases.

Wuzzat? You don't have any sourdough starter and you would like to get into sourdough cookery? Look for Rita Davenport's book *Sourdough Cookery*, published by HP Books, PO Box 5367, Tucson AZ 85703, available most any-

where.

Wanna make your own starter? Two cups warm water (105F), 1 package dry yeast, two cups flour. Stir together and leave overnight. Always use plastic or glass; sourdough should not come in prolonged contact with metal.

REMEMBER THE CONDIMENTS

So now you are sitting on the shore of Lake Sally Ann on the Pacific Crest Trail, camp set up, dinner out of the way, and you have cooked one of these breads. Now what?

Well, you did remember to bring your poly squeeze tubes with condiments, didn't you?

You can use just plain margarine—the saltier taste to it does add something to the sourdough. Then there are various freezer jams, and honey works well too.

My personal preference is to use jams

lightly when making sourdough, otherwise the jam covers up the tanginess of the sourdough. On "regular" biscuits I like lots of jam!

PRACTICE MAKES PERFECT

One final thing. We all here are amateurs so please do try all these recipes at home *first!* All the better to get the hang of cooking these breads. And remember the secret words—LOW AND SLOW.

△

Dale Graves, of Kent, is a retired TV cameraman who now spends his time backpacking in Alaska to work off the results of his baking.

ATTACK of the KILLER GROUSE

While mapping Mystery Road which intersects the William H. Taylor Memorial Trail and North's Road on Mount Si's west side, I noticed a small grouse moving toward us. Diana and I stood motionless.

The grouse walked down the road pecking bugs from the leaves we had overturned as we walked. It circled us one and a half times. It continued to feed and appeared not to be paying a bit attention to us. We stood there for almost 5 minutes.

Finally we decided to move on. When we arrived at a place where I had to read the meter on my wheel counter, 30 feet behind us was that bird running as fast as its little legs would carry it. As I took my readings, it walked up beside us. We started another measurement run up North's Road. This time it flew to keep up with us.

The sound grouse make is like closing your mouth and grunting. It really gets a grouse's attention. Well, I started talking to the bird and he answered.

We finally stopped. I set my wheel down and Diana set her ski poles down. The bird came up to Diana's hand quite boldly (she didn't attempt to touch it).

It started clucking, chirping and clicking. I imitated what it did. We all sat and observed each other. He was a foot away from me by then.

I thought of scratching the leaves for a bug for the bird. I scratched twice and on the third pass, wham! That bird hit my hand with claws, wings and beak.



Ken Hopping

He perched near us to look at the view.

My wounds were several scratches and a bad beak bite. Diana laughed and said, "Maybe it was something you said in 'Grouse' that upset him." The grouse just sat and watched as she doctored my wounds.

After a few minutes, we started up the road again. Guess who was right alongside us? Yup, the bird. When we ducked into another road I wanted to map, I thought we would lose the little guy in the thick brush.

At F.A.R. Vista, he perched on a small log about a foot and a half from me. We stood and observed the view for about five minutes. When we looked again for the bird, he had moved under an evergreen and appeared to be sleeping. We crashed quietly through the thick brush and continued our mapping.

We finished our work and carried the lightest of wonderful forest memories home with us. Unbelievable, you bet! But the scratches and bite were worth the whole adventure.

That side road is now named after the "Killer Grouse of Mount Si."

—Robert DeGraw, Kirkland

PANORAMA

NEWS FROM ALL OVER

STORM KING VOLUNTEERS—Olympic National Park is looking for volunteers to help staff the log cabin Storm King Ranger Station at Lake Crescent this summer.

Duties include meeting and talking with Park visitors in the building and on local trails, answering questions about the Park and Lake Crescent area and assisting in the operation of a small book sales outlet.

Volunteers are needed from 5/22 through mid-September. You should be able to work at least one 8-hour day per week during this period.

Training and a uniform will be provided. If needed, a trailer pad with full hook-ups can be furnished at no charge to volunteers who work at least 32 hours per week.

For more information, call Dan Johnson or Janis Burger at 360-452-4501 x 236.

THE IRON GOAT—The Iron Goat trail volunteers are at it again. The next phase of construction will be toward Wellington and Scenic. Work sessions this year plan to extend the upper grade from the end of Wall 5 to and around Windy Point tunnel. Maintenance sessions will work on tread, drainage, and brushing on the existing trails.

If you haven't yet hiked the Iron Goat, you can join an Interpretive Hike. For May, the dates are the 20th, 21st, and 28th. No need to sign up in advance; just show up at the trailhead at 10am. (Call Marjie Bardan for information, 206-854-3321.)

For an Iron Goat brochure with map and directions to the trailhead, call the Information Line: 206-283-1440.

THE REAL GOATS—Conservationists praised the Olympic National Park Environmental Impact Statement released last month (see *April*, page 29) which includes alternatives for removal of mountain goats from the Park.

"It shows the Park Service is committed to its mandate to protect the integrity of this world-class preserve," said Polly Dyer, president of Olympic Park Associates. "Our group and most conservation organizations have been urging the Park to remove destructive non-native goats for years," she said.

The preferred alternative calls for shooting the goats.

Olympic Park Associates is joined by

a number of organizations in supporting goat removal, including the Sierra Club, Washington Native Plant Society, Seattle Audubon Society, The Wilderness Society, The Mountaineers, and the National Parks and Conservation Association.

"Most conservationists consider this an extremely important issue," Polly Dyer said. "It's critical that the National Park Service take appropriate steps to protect the integrity of our National Parks, even when it involves removing non-native animals as photogenic and well-liked as mountain goats."

What do you think? Should the goats be shot? The Park will hold hearings on the EIS on May 3 in Seattle, and May 4 in Port Angeles. Call 360-452-4501 for time and place.

Written comments must be received by May 31. Send to:

Goat Management Plan
Olympic National Park
600 E Park Ave
Port Angeles WA 98362.

PACIFIC NORTHWEST TRAIL—The Pacific Northwest Trail runs from the Rockies to the Pacific Ocean, 1100 miles across the northern edges of Montana, Idaho and Washington.

A totally volunteer organization, the Pacific Northwest Trail Association, has planned and located the trail over the last 25 years. Some parts have had to be constructed, which they are working on, and of course the route has to be maintained, which they do.

If this east-west route interests you, contact the PNTA:

Pacific Northwest Trail Association
PO Box 1048
Seattle WA 98111.

A newsletter and brochure are available, as well as a guidebook (on computer). Regular membership is \$25.

AWARD WINNER—Cascade Designs has won not one but *two* "Editor's Choice" awards from Backpacker magazine. Their Quantum sleeping bag and Z-Rest foam pad were selected from hundreds of nominees, and were among just 11 other products selected for the honor.

The Editor's Choice awards recognize innovation in design, materials or performance. Products were rigorously field-tested and recommended by no fewer than three editors.

Congratulations to Cascade Designs, a Seattle company that not only has good equipment, but also has a policy of putting its money where its mouth is—the company donates funds to trail maintenance and construction projects, and supports its employees who volunteer for these projects.

Cascade Designs also subscribes to *Pack & Paddle*.

MOUNT ADAMS PERMITS—The Draft Environmental Assessment for the Mount Adams Permit System has been released.

Of the five alternatives, two are not consistent with the Forest Plan. The remaining three would allow 4400 climbers per year (5770 used the South Climb route in 1994). The differences in the three are in the way the permits would be distributed for day and overnight use, for weekend and weekday use, and for seasonal use.

Two public meetings were scheduled, but we received the notice too late to include the information in *P&P*.

Written comments about the permit system should be mailed by May 20 to:

Gregory Cox, District Ranger
Mount Adams Ranger District
2455 Highway 141
Trout Lake WA 98650.

The permit system would be put into effect in 1996.

CASCADIA MARINE TRAIL PERMITS—The permits are here and ready to go, says Washington Water Trails Association executive director Sandie Nelson (see *March*, page 29).

Based on the well-known Sno-Park permit system, the Marine Trail permit allows paddlers to use small, sometimes primitive campsites on the Cascadia Marine Trail which stretches from Olympia to the Canadian border.

The trail is still in its formative stages, with nearly two dozen campsites on its official list. The permit cost presently is \$14 per person per year (when the trail is complete, the permit will cost \$35).

The permit comes with an informative brochure and sketch map of the trail system. For information on the trail contact

Washington Water Trails Assoc
4649 Sunnyside Ave N #345
Seattle WA 98103
206-545-9161.

REST STOP

EQUIPMENT, RECIPES, TIPS

TENT CARE—Stuff your tent instead of folding it. Folding along the same creases each time stresses the waterproof coating; eventually it will crack.

POISON OAK—Only three states don't have it: Alaska, Hawaii and Nevada. Watch for it in our region in the lowlands of southwest Washington, especially the Columbia Gorge and through Oregon and California.

If your hiking takes you to the Gorge or south, find out what poison oak looks like and leave it alone!

The sap running through the leaves and stems of poison oak contains urushiol, a woeful substance that will make you miserable. Your body fights off the invading urushiol oil by raising blisters, swelling and destroying skin cells.

Don't scratch. It spreads the oil over your skin. Do use whatever feels soothing: calamine lotion, cool baths, compresses made with baking soda or a vinegar solution.

SPRING TRIPS—Learn about flowers of the eastern slope or terrain of the Columbia Gorge in two workshops sponsored by the North Cascades Institute.

WILDFLOWERS OF SAGEBRUSH COUNTRY is scheduled for May 13 and 14. It will emphasize keying techniques and characteristics of selected plant communities. The group will stay overnight at

a Forest Service campground near Ellensburg. (\$85.)

COLUMBIA GORGE PHOTOGRAPHY WORKSHOP is scheduled for May 19 through 21. Learn how to get the most out of your camera in one of our region's spectacular spring environments. Field trips will be augmented by slide presentations and lectures. All types of cameras are welcome! (\$95; accommodations separate.)

Contact NCI for registration information: **2105 Highway 20, Sedro Woolley WA 98284** (360-856-5700 x 209).

LLAMA RENDEZVOUS—Talk to llama packers, take a free packing class, and find out what llama packing is about at the Backcountry Llama Rendezvous, May 13 and 14 at the Cowlitz County Fairgrounds in Kelso.

For more information, send SASE to **BCL Rendezvous, 2857 Rose Valley Loop, Kelso WA 98626**, or call 360-425-6495.

MOUNTAIN ACCIDENTS—What would you do if your group hiked around a corner and came upon a person who had fallen and was seriously injured? The Mountaineers First Aid Committee recommends these steps:
1. Take charge. Decide before you set out who will take charge if an accident occurs.

WIN FAME & ADMIRATION!

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

PACK & PADDLE
PO BOX 1063
PORT ORCHARD WA 98366

- Approach victim safely. Don't run to the injured person and start a rock or snow slide on your way.
- Treat for shock.
- Check for other injuries.
- Formulate a plan. Decide how the victim's and the party's needs for food, shelter and transportation should be provided.
- Carry out the plan. The person in charge should assign tasks, including going for help.

This is a vastly simplified list. To learn more about mountaineering-oriented first aid, contact your local American Red Cross chapter.—*excerpted from a Mountaineers' brochure.*

PHOTO DATE—To help keep your photos in sequence when sorting them after a long trip, try this.

Each time you put in a new roll of film, write the date on the roll. *Also* write the date at your location on the map. Now you know the correct order of all those rolls of film. Easy!

Gear Review—your most favorite / least favorite equipment

PRIMEX KAYAK & CANOE CART
—I love my wheels! No, I'm not referring to my car. What I am referring to is the cart Ann and I bought last year to help us transport our kayak. We have a double that takes a lot of energy when hauling it between the water and our



Wheeling the kayak at Horsehead Bay.

Lee McKee

car or our camp, and we wanted help when it was only us doing the hauling.

After looking at several models we chose Primex because of its price (quite reasonable in comparison with others we saw on the market), its capacity (advertised at 220 lbs—which is *more* than some others), its tire width (not as wide as some, but better on mud and sand than the narrow ones), its size and ease of breakdown for storage in the kayak, and its good construction.

We've used it on numerous occasions and now consider it an essential piece of equipment. We carry it with us in the kayak when we know we will need to transport the boat like we recently did on our circumnavigation of Maury Island (see page 6). We have a large storage compartment so it fits

fairly easily after taking the wheels off (an easy thing to do because of the design). If you plan the same thing, check measurements to make sure it can be stored in *your* boat.

The strap we use to hold the kayak on our roof top carrier is just the right size for holding the kayak on the wheels so we get double duty out of it.

The only problem we've had was at one takeout where it was pretty yucky mud. My feet sank in several inches and so did the wheels—but to expect anything different would not have been realistic.

We found that REI carries the Primex brand. You can also write Primex of California, PO Box 505, Benicia CA 94510 (or call 707-746-6855).—*Lee McKee, Port Orchard.*

EDITOR'S JOURNAL



Near Cedar Creek, on the Wilderness Beach, Olympic National Park.

FROM THE MAILBOX—"I really enjoy your friendly, practical, down-to-earth publication. I look forward to it each month and read every word!"—*Tacoma*.

"Terrific magazine! Timeliness of trail reports is best feature to me."—*Olympia*.

"I'm a senior but still love day-hiking. Have been on so many of the trails you review and relive the beauty of them all! I read every word of *P&P!*"—*Everett*.

"I'd like to write about some of my hikes but I don't want to advertise the secret backcountry places I like to hike and fish. Maybe I'll lighten up in the future. I really enjoy reading your magazine."—*Lacey*.

"Your publication is very practical. My wife and I enjoy each issue."—*Spokane*.

RESCUE EPICS—After a brief hiatus, Deb Richl's popular feature "Rescue Epics" is back, with a slightly different schedule: instead of appearing every month, "Rescue Epics" will now appear occasionally.

INPUT—Each month we send a questionnaire to a random group of readers. We want to thank everyone who has responded in the past, and encourage those who will receive future questionnaires to send them in (we even pay your postage!).

We want to know what you think of the magazine, and what you'd like to read. We examine and discuss each questionnaire that comes in (Yellow Cat frequently joins the discussion). Your opinions give us new ideas and insights. It's good to get your feedback.

CHILKOOT SLIDE SHOW—A couple of years ago Lee and I hiked over Chilkoot Pass in Alaska on the historic Klondike Goldrush route. The Chilkoot Trail is approaching its centennial in 1996 to '98 and hikers are showing renewed interest in it.

In early April Lee and I showed slides of our trip at a meeting of the Peninsula Wilderness Club. In preparing for the slide show, we checked on current conditions and found some changes since we were there: the railroad is once again running a train into Lake Bennett as a tourist excursion, and a permit system may be considered for the future!

We were glad to see Dee Molenaar at the PWC meeting. He thoughtfully brought along a box of his "Glacier Bay, Juneau Icefield Region" maps which show the Chilkoot area and are great for planning.

PRACTICE—It never hurts to practice the techniques needed for self-rescue, no matter what the sport.

Recently our local paddle club had its second pool session. It was very well attended and we were able to practice

both self-rescues and assisted rescues with the group of people we paddle with most often. Diana did a complete solo rescue, and Susie found my cockpit stirrup very useful.

Bill spent two hours getting all our capsizes on video tape, and we'll entertain the club at a future date with everyone's antics.

After this issue goes to press, I'm heading off to spend a day with our women's climbing group practicing another self-rescue—ice axe arrest. We do this every year but I still hate going down head-first and backwards!

PHOTOS AND STORIES—We're always interested in photos and stories of your backcountry trips.

Send us color prints, color slides or black and white prints. Trail reports for "Backcountry News" are easy to write up or phone in—a few sentences about the trip conditions will really help other readers.

Or you can expand on your adventure and send in a feature article. For more information on submitting material to *Pack & Paddle*, see page 3 or ask us to send you our "Writer's Guidelines."

See you in the backcountry.

Ann Marshall



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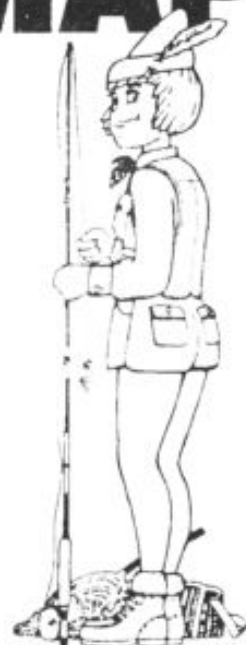
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