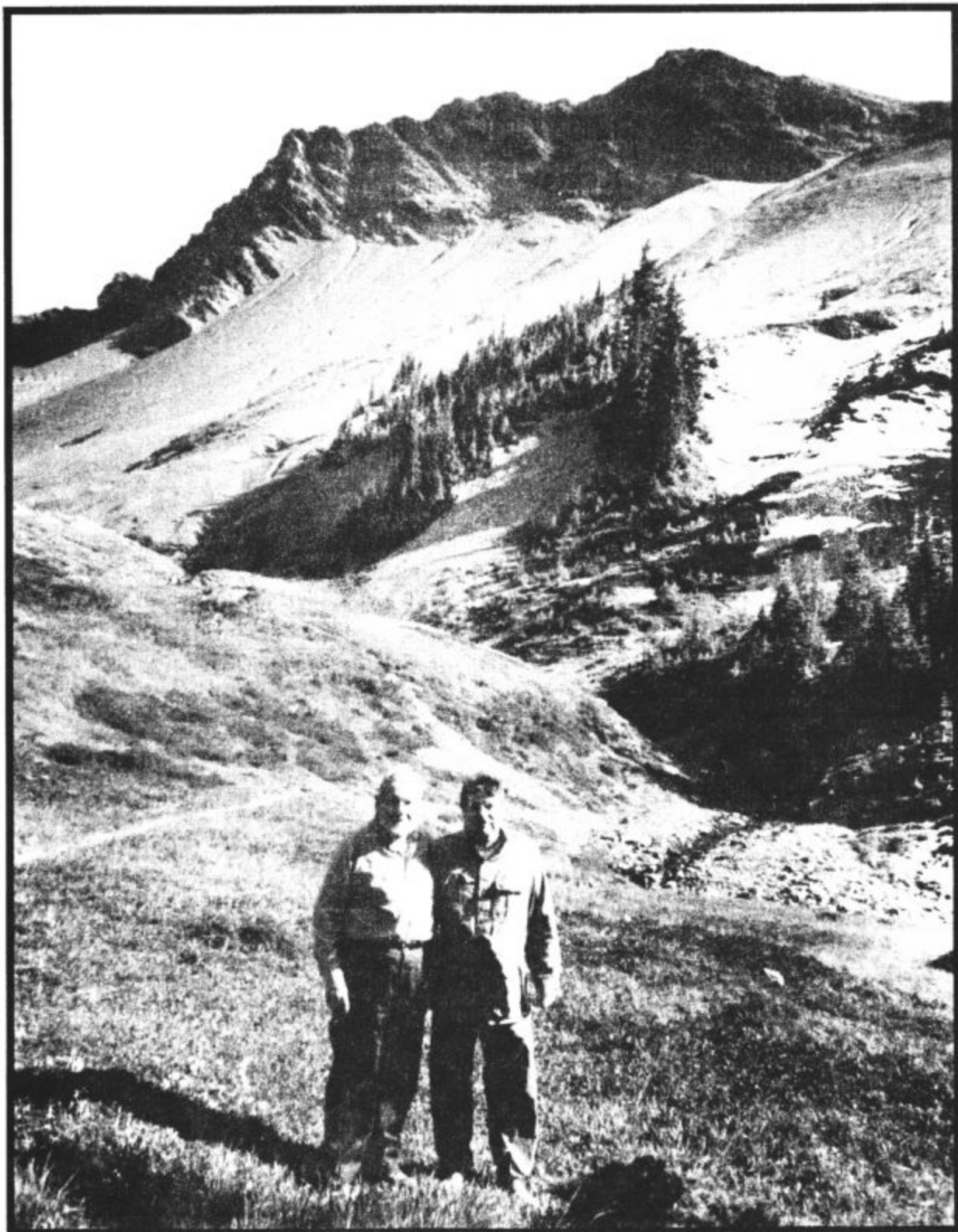


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Washington and the Pacific Northwest*

SEPTEMBER 1995
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VOLUME 4, NUMBER 9

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Larry Gorns

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COVER PHOTO:

George and Jim Lough (see story page 30) at their camp just below Hayden Pass. Olympic National Park, Washington. Photo by Dave Sobiek, who just happened along.

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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• • •

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 Sharon Cline
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 Jane Habegger
 Ada McKee



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LETTERS to the EDITOR

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

THANK YOU!

The sunny Saturday that *P&P* arrived I was sitting at home nursing a broken toe and other maladies, feeling more than a little sorry for myself, even though I was due to leave in two days on a week-long PCT trek. (Yes, in spite of the toe.) It was one of those in between days, in between mountain peaks.

Somewhere between "herniated discs," "broken shoulders," and you doing something to "earn your keep," each trail report became a living memory of other bygone, sundrenched, never-ending trail experiences. By the time I got to "lobster legs" and Mount Jupiter, I was hysterical.

I even considered writing to Charlie.

Thanks for making my day!

KL

Chehalis, Washington

HOW DO YOU DO IT?

Wanted to let you know that you are doing a great job. Especially impressed with the two "change of address" requests that I have recently tendered.

Both times *P&P* was updated immediately and was among the first of our mags to arrive at the new address. Some of the National Brands took months to get the new address correct. How do you do it?

While living in Coupeville we did regularly check out the Ebey Landing area which I think has the number one marine territorial view on Puget Sound. (Mount Constitution on Orcas Island isn't too shabby, however.)

Anyone fortunate enough to catch the sights at daybreak or sunset from the top of the bluff will never forget it. Kinda spoils ya. And National Geo-

graphic let the cat out of the bag with their recent article.

Thanks and the usual love and affection to YC.

The Animal from Anacortes
(formerly Maltby)

Ed. Note: It's nice to know readers appreciate our quick processing time for changes of address, new subscriptions and other office chores. It's all made possible by our extremely effective Administrative Assistant, Yellow Cat.

MOUNTAINS CLIMBED, STUDIED AND RAZED

Harvey Manning's letter to the editor (*July, page 4*) perhaps implied that John Roper hasn't climbed many significant or noticeable mountains. Actually, John has ascended at least twice as many named and noteworthy mountains in Washington than any published book author.

Speaking of adventure and obscure topography, I really enjoyed Jeff Howbert's article "The Home Court 100" in the July issue (*page 22*). Jeff did an excellent job in identifying these notable peaks and writing a well-structured article. His 100 Highest Peaks list appears to be impeccable.

I chose to plot the Home Court 100 on a map to look for geographic trends and help me formulate climbing plans. Peaks 1-33, 34-66 and 67-100 were each plotted with a different color.

Generally the top 33 peaks are located in the eastern section of the "court." Only Kalectan Peak and to a lesser degree Snoqualmie Mountain exist in the western sector.

Conversely, peaks 67-100 are heavily concentrated in the western section of

the court. Peaks 34-66 basically are situated between the high and low groups, but these middle mountains also widely fringe the northern, western and southern boundaries of the "Top 33" zone.

I also want to thank Jeff for his kind words in regard to my *Mountaineer Annual* mountain article. I should note that I authored three somewhat different lists of Washington's highest mountains in the April 1987 issue of *Signpost*. I also published a couple of lists about Washington and worldwide steepest faces in the April 1984 issue of *Signpost*.

Further, it is true, if Jeff Howbert's and John Roper's "clean" prominence rule is used, that John (by scrambling up Mount Misch during the summer of 1993) finished climbing all of the 100 highest mountains in Washington with at least 500, 1000 or 2000 feet prominence. But in reality, the 100 highest list of mountains in Washington with at least 2000 feet prominence (*The Mountaineer Annual, 1983-1990, Table 3, pp. 50-51*) was not completed by John until he forged his way to Mount Elk Lick's summit on May 28, 1995.

Finally, it looks like Buckhorn Mountain, 5602 feet, Washington's 104th highest 2000-foot prominence mountain (101st highest using Howbert-Roper's "clean" rules) is in jeopardy of being lowered and gutted to extract over 1/2-billion dollars of gold.

The Forest Service, in the recently released draft environmental impact statement, is in favor of open pit mining and decorating Buckhorn's slopes with waste rock and tailings. Although Buckhorn has all the topographic excitement of an enlarged Cougar Mountain, the land form still deserves some protection.

continued on page 6

TRAILHEAD ALERT

LISTING OF TRAILHEADS WHERE VANDALISM HAS BEEN A REPORTED PROBLEM

Don't leave anything valuable in your car: no purse or wallet shoved under the front seat; no Gore-tex rain coat stashed in the trunk.

To help establish patterns for law enforcement personnel, report any break-in or vandalism, no matter how small.

PACKWOOD LAKE—Some car-clouting at this trailhead.

DARRINGTON DISTRICT—Goat Lake, Meadow Mountain, Cougar Creek and Heather Lake have had recent vehicle

break-ins. The one at Heather Lake occurred in the middle of the day.

ROBE VALLEY—Four cars were broken into recently.

HAPPY FLATS (Hwy 20)—One car broken into, some things stolen. First one of the season for North Cascades National Park.

BACON CREEK RD—Folks who had left their car on the road to fish in the

creek returned to find their car broken into and camera missing.

SECOND BEACH—A rash of five cars broken into over one recent weekend.

I-90 CORRIDOR—After a quiet couple of months, the I-90 corridor from North Bend to the Pass has had a few break-ins recently.

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—Trails are snowfree.

MUDSLIDES—The North Shore road along Lake Crescent is closed indefinitely due to two mudslides caused by the heavy rain. By boat, rangers shuttled 26 stranded people back to Highway 101; park crews will construct a temporary track to remove the still-stranded vehicles.

The North Fork Skokomish trail has several washouts and downed trees above Nine Stream. A park crew is working until mid-September to repair the damage. The trail is closed to stock, but hikers may still pass.—Ranger, 8/17.



GRAND VALLEY (*Olympic Natl Park; USGS Maiden Pk*)

—Lew and I drove from Hurricane Ridge to Obstruction Point and parked with about 10 other cars at 6100 feet. Folks must have been on the Deer Park traverse or headed down into Grand Valley along that route because we only saw one party coming up on the Lillian Ridge access to the valley.

Views were spectacular along the ridge and on our way down to the val-

ley. We went down smartly as we thought we could enjoy the views during the many rest stops on the return 1500 foot ascent.

The valley was, as advertised, beautiful. The trail comes to a junction; we took the right path along and above Grand Lake then up a bit to Moose Lake then up a bit more to Gladys Lake and on to the start of the gradual climb to Grand Pass, which goes on to the Dosewallips, but was a bit snowy even though it was July 27th.

We spoke with the resident ranger near Moose Lake. She said there were only 20 established campsites total for the three lakes and that the previous weekend she had 30 parties there.

We remarked on the few bugs and she said they go in cycles and that the black flies and mosquitoes were really bad a week ago. We were mid-week, there were no bugs and we were the only civilians in the entire valley.

We were tempted to go up the ridge to the west and return to the 6400 foot point where we started our descent to the valley. Lew had done that route a few years ago and remembered it as good but strenuous and we had limited time. Turned out to be a good decision to return the way we had come as the clouds began to boil over the ridge and we climbed in very dense fog to the summit.

Oddly, at the summit there was an abrupt break in the fog and we could see for about 20 miles toward Mount Olympus. We were into and out of the fog as we returned to the car on Lillian Ridge. We met two parties headed toward the valley. We had to drive 15mph

on the road to Hurricane Ridge, the fog was that dense.

For planning purposes, we left the car at 9:50, were in the valley from about 11:30 until 1:00 and were back to the car about 3:15. That was with a 20 minute or so lunch break and not in any real hurry.

Still strange to see numbered campsites in the wilderness, but the ranger said she expected that there would be a phone reservation system for camping in Grand Valley in place by this time next year.

Kind of sad, but then it means that solitude (so very different from loneliness, isn't it?) will be available for those who plan and also that so many of our Northwest neighbors share our love of the wilderness.

Maybe, just maybe, that large love will show in adequate funding for trail maintenance someday soon.—Tom Karasek, Stanwood, 7/27.



MANCHESTER TO ANNA-POLIS (*NOAA 18449*)

—Paddling distance for this trip is about 6½ miles and involves travelling through Rich Passage. With a flood current to help us along Ann and I set off from the Manchester boat launch at 6:45pm. There was some confused wave action

BACKCOUNTRY NEWS DEADLINE: September 22

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

BACKCOUNTRY NEWS

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off Orchard Point either due to the slight wind or current interaction off the point.

Once past the point the water calmed until we were overtaken off Middle Point by the car ferry heading toward Bremerton which caused some gentle swells. Just before Point Glover we met the foot ferry on its way to Seattle and had to contend with its less gentle and more steep wake.

Once into the narrow passage between Point Glover and Point White, the current really pushed us along. We let it do the work while we imagined living in some of the beautiful houses that line the Kitsap side of the passage.

Just past the west entrance to the passage we could hear the eddy that forms southwest of Point White. From the sound it was making we were glad to be on the opposite side of the channel.

With the sun sinking into a cloud bank over the Olympics we started some serious paddling to complete the trip while there was still light. We made it to the boat ramp at Annapolis just after 8:30pm.—LGM, Port Orchard, 8/1.



NORTH FORK SKOKOMISH / DUCKABUSH

RIVER (*Olympic Natl Park; USGS Mt Skokomish, Mt Steel, The Brothers, Mt Jupiter*)—The Colonel and I began at the Staircase Ranger Station enroute to the Duckabush trailhead 33 miles and four days away.

Along the excellent trail among impressive old growth trees we pondered what the ranger meant by: "There's lots of snow near Home Sweet Home but you can probably get through."

The increasingly good views approaching First Divide are accompanied by a 2500-foot elevation gain in the final 3 miles. Two insignificant snow patches on the south side of the divide and three major ones on the north side presented little difficulty. The otherwise good condition of the trail deteriorated shortly beyond Home Sweet Home shelter with intermittent blow-downs all the way to Ten Mile Camp.

Upon arrival at Upper Duckabush Camp, we found all camping spaces occupied by a large youth group. Accept-

ing the suggestion of a kind couple from Olympia camping nearby, we waded one channel of the fragmented Duckabush River and located a good campsite on an island.

The following morning after a difficult crossing of the other two channels we began an entire day of solitude deeply immersed in wilderness with great weather and few bugs.

The next day, however, was a contrast as we elbowed our way through the mid-July weekend crowd. Big Hump evidently filters the multitudes from the remote upriver region.—Henry Wyborne, Cheney, 7/12-15.



SIX RIDGE PASS (*Olympic Natl Park; USGS Mt Christie*)

—Pulled into the unmarked Wynoochee Pass trailhead at 8am. Road is rough, but passable. Saw a nice little bunch of elk in the first meadow at about 1.5 miles. Still lots of water and a squishy trail.

Passed my favorite huge mountain hemlock at about 2 miles. This baby is

LETTERS to the EDITOR *continued from page 4*

Please contact Phil Christy (Okano-gan National Forest, 509-486-5137) or Patricia Betts (Department of Ecology, 360-407-6925) with your opinions soon. A couple of American/Canadian corporations want to take the gold and run, and let taxpayers watch over the mess.

Steve Fry
Edmonds, Washington

UPPER LOWER AND LOWER LOWER TRAILHEADS

Without a doubt I used the OLD road numbers for my Lower South Fork Skokomish trail report (*May, page 7; July, page 4*).

I seldom use the revised copy of Wood's *Olympic Mountains Trail Guide* as frequently as my older edition, but let's not get that confused with the other, truly older, Wood books—*Trail Country: ONP* published in 1968 and *Wilderness Trails of ONP* published 1970 which are my main reference sources. Although Bob may not like how I treat his books, see "Rest Stop" for a description of my method for handy reference materials.

Anyway, there are two lower trailheads. After crossing the bridge by

Browns Creek Campground and heading up road 2353, you'll see a new trailhead right beside the gate that closes off the road from October to April. There is also the old lower trailhead at the end of road 2353-120—thus we now have the lower lower trailhead and the upper lower trailhead. The Forest Service does their best to keep the public informed but does not always tell all. (Hope I don't offend my FS friends with that statement.)

To add to matters, the logjam at 7.3 miles up the trail, now that UP refers to the upper, lower trailhead, as the lower lower trailhead may add mileage to the trail, that logjam is now bridged. Hope this clears up all the situations I have caused and I will try to use the second edition of the book or up-dated maps.

SB
Silverdale, Washington

'TIS A PITY

The August issue (*page 36*) lists a number of "prominent western mountaineers and personalities" who support the building of a mountaineering interpretive center at Washington Pass on the ... North Cascades Highway.

Some of these Prominents are good old friends of mine, and I forgive them for being somehow bamboozled into being "Friends (sic) of Washington Pass."

As for me, I count myself a TRUE friend of Washington Pass and thus opposed flatly to a Winnebagger parking lot where the goodfolk from Iowa can gape at the wonderful scar the highway-men made in the noble face of Liberty Bell.

The Washington Pass Summit House is a political pawn in an inter-agency power struggle, and 'tis a pity to see mountaineers so used and abused.

The interpretive center for the tourists who come to drive the ... Highway ought to be at Early Winters, NOT anywhere near Washington Pass.

The mountaineering interpretive center belongs someplace entirely different. I've got about a dozen good suggestions in mind. But nobody asked me.

Harvey Manning
Bellevue, Washington

BACKCOUNTRY NEWS

REPORTS AND CONDITIONS

about 7 feet through, and rivals the "world record" specimen in the Quinalt Valley. Wynoochee Pass was buzzing with bees, and the breeze made a nice sound through the trees.

Took the "cutoff" trail across to the lonely lake for a lunch. The shelter is being torn down. Proceeded up to Six Ridge Pass, with widening views of Mount Olympus and the Burke Range. Good specimens of white lupine in the meadows near the pass. I decided that I had enough time to make the traverse out to the unnamed lake about 1.5 miles southeast of Six Ridge Pass, near Point 4758. This is rough country, and the traverse took about 2 hours. The lake is pristine, with no sign of man. The peaks were beautifully reflected in the blue waters.

Traveled cross-country back to the saddle near Point 4986 above Sundown Lake. Dropped steeply down the meadow to the lake and retraced my route back to the car.—Larry Smith, Port Orchard, 7/31.



CAT CREEK WAY TRAIL

(Olympic Natl Park; USGS Mt. Carrie)—We delayed our trip one day to avoid a weather front brushing the Olympics, and were rewarded with three days of clear weather, flowers in maximum bloom, and spectacular views on a loop trip on the Cat Creek way trail, Cat Basin, and Heart Lake.

Two mountain goats and a doe visited our first night camp at Oyster Lake near Appleton Pass, and Doug saw a bear above Cat Basin near the junction of the way trail with the High Divide Trail. Those attempting the loop should be aware that the trail virtually disappears between the third cirque we traversed and the steep descent off the ridge to the meadows of Cat Basin.

When the Basin came into view, we traversed downhill and to the right, and



Mount Olympus from near Dodwell-Rixon Pass.

followed a stream bed through the trees into the meadow. Above Heart Lake on the third day, we saw an elk herd wallowing in a tarn.—Jack Lattemann and Doug Johnson, Seattle 7/29-31.



HIGH DIVIDE, SEVEN LAKES BASIN

(USGS Bogachiel Peak and Mt. Carrie)—Kym and I decided to do this 20 mile loop counterclockwise, so starting at Sol Duc on Friday afternoon we hiked to Deer Lake, and then on to Seven Lakes Basin where we camped at Lunch Lake the first night.

The next morning we were startled by some other backpackers warning of

a bear nearby, and sure enough a young bear was moving away from them and directly toward where we were! Upon seeing us he changed direction again and ran away from camp.

We hiked on to Heart Lake up near High Divide, which is really a beautiful area. Across the valley on a hillside of Sol Duc Park was a herd of about 50 elk, so we spent the afternoon observing them. Two fawns and their mother were also right near our camp all day, so it was obvious we were guests in their home.

In the afternoon Kym was startled by a mother bear and two cubs about 20 feet away, and they left when she ran

Larry Smith

WILDERNESS BEACH CLEANUP

It has been several years since Olympic National Park has been able to pay for helicopters to fly litter and marine debris off the Olympic Coast. Litter, plastic debris, old nets, and other cast-offs of modern civilization have been brought to shore by the whims of currents and storm.

This year the NPS has been able to set aside limited funds to pay for helicopter flight time to remove marine debris from the northern two-thirds of the Olympic Coast.

The flights are planned for September 13. Flight time is limited, so it is important that the rangers know where all gathered piles are located in advance of the flight day so they can plan the most efficient use of the helicopter. The cleanup effort will focus on the coast from the Hoh River to the northern park boundary adjacent to the Makah Indian Reservation. (Great backpacking terrain, but be sure you know the tides!)

The NPS is looking for volunteer or-

ganizations or organized groups that are willing to gather and cache debris above the high tide line at various remote beach locations between September 1 and 12. The NPS will provide instructions, maps and plastic bags.

If your group is interested please call Jeff Cravens at Mora Ranger Station, 360-374-5460, or Jim Traub at Ozette Ranger Station, 360-963-2725, to coordinate your efforts.

BACKCOUNTRY NEWS

REPORTS AND CONDITIONS

from them. We watched them foraging and moving up the hillside for about twenty minutes. Later we saw another bear (a large male) across the valley near the clk. So in total we saw five bears in one day! This emphasizes to the need to hang food and not have any in the tent.

The third day we hiked the remaining 8 miles back to the car through one of the most beautiful forests I have ever been in. The trail is in good condition, with only a small patch of snow near the entrance to Seven Lakes Basin. The views across the Hoh River to Mount Olympus and the Blue Glacier are just spectacular as are the wildflowers all along the way. The hot springs at Sol Duc resort sure felt good before we started for home.—Roger Aasen, Kirkland, 7/28-30.

MARMOT PASS (*Buckhorn Wilderness; USGS Tyler Peak*)—The book says this is a 9 hour hike. We did it in 7.5 with nearly an hour and half at the top. It is 10.5 miles round trip and gains 3500 feet in elevation. The first camp, Shelter Rock at 2.5 miles (1100 feet elevation gain) had a group of seven people camping for two nights there.

The upper Camp Mystery at 4.5 miles (and another nearly 2000 feet in elevation) was full with 9 or 10 tents when we descended. We stopped to eat some lunch there before heading up to Marmot Pass and spectacular views of Warrior Peak, Mount Constance and other surrounding peaks.

En route the wildflower display was fantastic along Poop Out Drag, a southerly facing slope. We did see marmots as usual in the last mile near the pass, sunning themselves on the rocks. This is a fabulous hike. —Jane Habegger, Olympia, 8/5.

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

MOUNT WASHINGTON, MOUNT ELLINOR, A-PEAK

(*Mt Skokomish Wilderness; USGS Mt Washington, Mt Skokomish*)—I left Olympia at 6am and arrived at the trailhead at 8:15. (I had to stop for doughnuts, of course.) Although it was overcast and had rained the previous night, the forecast offered at least a slight chance of a decent day.

It's my kind of trail—instant elevation gain, consistently! After about 2000 feet of elevation through forest, old avalanche, flowering meadows, and loose rock, I caught up with the only people I had yet encountered—Gary and Mark, a couple of very experienced climbers from Shelton. After following them to the summit and eating a bite, we decided to consider traversing over and climbing Ellinor (it being only 10:30 by this time).

We descended about 500 feet or so down the usual route to the bottom of the summit block, then headed west up a narrow chute that obviously was well traveled. On the other side was a beautiful basin, which we descended into, and crossed south over, then headed southwest toward Ellinor, staying below the ridge.

After a great scramble up the ridge and over, we discovered that we were too close to A-Peak not to scramble up it, which we did (a very fine little climb). Then down again to the main ridge, and a short hike just west-south of the ridge, and the final ascent up Ellinor, just before the weather turned from mediocre to poor (cold mist).

We descended the main route down from Ellinor, through beautiful variations of terrain, including several flowering meadows. By now (2pm) we started encountering lots of people heading up.

Upon arrival at the Mount Ellinor trailhead, it was just an easy hike down the road to complete the circle. Back at the car at the same moment the mist into a downpour! What a day! I highly recommend this circle to anyone familiar with this area—or anyone lucky enough to meet people familiar with it!—Steve Gideon, Olympia, 8/12.

BLAKE ISLAND

(*State Park; NOAA 18449*)—After several days of non-summer, the sun came out, so Ann and I celebrated by a short paddle over to Blake Island. The tide was high so we launched from Harper County Park and 20 minutes later were at the south tip of the island. Traveling up the east side, we encountered only slight wind chop.

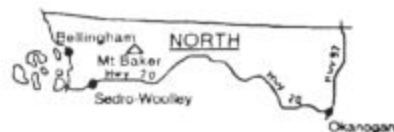
After a short stop at Indian Village to

look at the tourists, we continued around to the west side and pulled out by the sand spit for lunch. There was no one camped at the Water Trails site and only one tent in the regular campground.

Heading back to Harper, we actually wished there were a few clouds to keep us from baking in the sun. During the trip we encountered 3 other kayaks—a double that had launched from Manchester State Park and two singles (a rental from Vashon and a person who had wheeled on the ferry from Fauntleroy and launched from Vashon).—LGM, Port Orchard, 8/20.

CAPE ALAVA—Quota in effect from Yellow Banks to north of the Ozette River from Memorial Day through Labor Day. Phone 360-452-0300 for reservation information.—Ranger, 8/21.

NORTH



GENERAL CONDITIONS—Fresh snow in the high country. Roads open.

METHOW VALLEY—The 9th Annual Mountain Bike Festival will be held in the Methow Valley October 6 through 8. Although most events will be on Sun Mountain trails, a couple of rides will take place at Rendezvous and Buck Mountain. Unless you *really like* mountain bikes, plan your trip to the Methow Valley some other time.



LITTLE BEAVER, Ross Lake to Whatcom Pass

(*North Cascades Natl Park; USGS Hozomeen Mtn, Mt Spickard, Mt Redoubt*)—The only way to reach the Little Beaver trailhead on Ross Lake is by boat. We used the water taxi service of Ross Lake Resort.

The trail has had no maintenance for a long time so there are lots of downed trees and brush. We counted 118 blow-downs of various sizes. Brush is a major problem, sometimes totally obscuring the trail. The absolute worst section was between Twin Rocks camp and the start of the climb to Whatcom Pass.

We encountered several yellowjacket nests, too. The one living in the east end of the Perry Creek footlog got Ann four times. You can avoid the problem by getting on or off the log at its midpoint rather than the end.

The section from the lake to Perry

BACKCOUNTRY NEWS

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Creek was basically dry so carry water. We found the trail initially climbed 550 to 600 feet from the lake then lost only a couple of hundred feet as opposed to the gain and loss described in *100 Hikes in the North Cascades*.

We didn't see Little Beaver Creek until we were 4.6 miles up the trail at Perry Creek. From then on the trail periodically touches the creek's shore. The grade is easy until you start the climb to the pass, then the trail does some serious climbing in a short distance.

Camping is restricted to designated sites only and with a limited number of sites so expect potential schedule problems when you pick up your backcountry permit; call 360-873-4590 for info.

Two sites down from the pass on the west side of the pass would be great if the weather was good (we had rain/snow and opted not to stay there). — LGM, Port Orchard, 8/10-8/14.

BIG BEAVER (*North Cascades Natl Park; USGS Pumpkin Mtn, Mt Prophet*)—Ann and I traveled this trail from Stillwell Camp to Beaver Camp on Ross Lake to make a 34-mile loop with the Little Beaver trail (above). Instead of hiking the section from Beaver Camp to Ross Dam, we took the Ross Lake Resort water taxi back.

The crossing of Little Beaver Creek at Stillwell involves some wading, walking a suspension bridge, and some careful negotiation of a small foot log. The creek has broken into several channels here which has complicated the crossing process.

Green Trails map 16 shows Luna horse camp 1.4 miles beyond Luna hiker camp, but it apparently got swept away in a mudslide and doesn't exist anymore. Downed trees have been removed from Beaver Pass horse camp down and it's brushed from Luna camp down. The park plans more maintenance on the trail so the remaining brush and down logs (we counted 22) may be cleared shortly.

We touched the shores of Big Beaver Creek only a few times between 39 Mile camp and the lake. Upstream from 39 Mile, we didn't see the stream at all. There was only limited sign of horse use, with none above 39 Mile.

Camping is restricted to designated sites and the shelter at Beaver Pass has been signed "emergency use only." — LGM, Port Orchard, 8/10-8/14.

NORTH CASCADES NATL PARK

—Snow has fallen above 5000 feet during recent storms.

Highway 20 is open. Thornton Creek road is open to the trailhead, but rough. Cascade River road open to end. Sibley Creek road snowfree. Silver-Skagit road open to Hozomeen.

Chilliwack trail has been brushed to Brush Creek junction. Cable car and bridge crossings are in. East Bank trail is maintained from Highway 20 to Hozomeen. Bears seen often in camps. Newhalem Creek trail brushy; washed out and impassable at 3 miles.

Permits are required for any overnight stays in the backcountry. Call Wilderness Information Center, 360-873-4590, for information.—Ranger, 8/17.

OKANOGAN NATL FOREST—

Snow fell at Harts Pass and near Tiffany during recent cold storms. Wildflowers are now blooming at Harts Pass.—Ranger, 8/18.

BOUNDARY TRAIL—Maintained from Irongate to Tungsten Mine. Wildflowers blooming in Horseshoe Basin. Black flies ferocious between Cathedral Pass and Ashnola River.

Trail not maintained between West Fork Pasayten River and Dead Lake; 34 downed trees. Between Dead Lake and Frosty Lake are 28 big downed trees, muddy and boggy.
A few snow patches at Frosty Pass

and to Castle Pass; 5 downed trees; muddy.—Ranger, 8/18.

ROBINSON CREEK TR 478—Bridge out at 4½ miles; crossing hard to find.—Ranger, 8/18.

MONUMENT CREEK TR 484—Maintained first few miles, but not after Eureka Creek. 500+ blowdowns.—Ranger, 8/18.

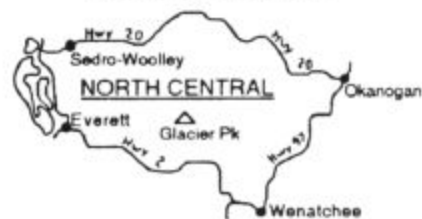
ROCK CREEK TR 473—Not maintained; 58 blowdowns. Dangerous due to washout holes on trail that cannot be seen due to brush.—Ranger, 8/18.

BUCKSKIN RIDGE TR 498—Maintained to Silver Lake. From Buckskin Lake to Pasayten River are 36 downed trees.—Ranger, 8/18.

LAKE CREEK TR 500—Maintained first 4 miles to Black Lake. Trail past Black Lake will not be maintained this year.—Ranger, 8/18.

PEEPSITE TR 525—Five blowdowns, extremely boggy. Will not be maintained this year.—Ranger, 8/18.

NORTH CENTRAL



GENERAL CONDITIONS—Trails are snowfree; few patches up high.

HIDDEN LAKE TRAIL (*Baker-Snoqualmie Natl Forest; USGS Eldorado Pk*)—One snow

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crossing of concern; ice axe recommended. In the lower meadows, tread has slid in at several locations and will not be improved until late September.

Avoid this trail when wet, since treadless areas very slippery when wet and not easy dry. Lookout opened and maintained as of August 5.—Fred Darvill, Mount Vernon, 8/5.



DOMESTIC PEAK (*Glacier Pk Wilderness; USGS Dome Pk*)

—We left the cars at 9am on Friday and reached our camp around 4pm. We chose the alpine meadows just prior to the 6000-foot pass leading to Cub Lake. Why carry camp over the pass just to save ½-hour each way on climb day?

It rained lightly during the night, but stopped prior to our 5am awakening and 6am departure. It was foggy. We proceeded to climb, using wands to help mark the route as we got higher.

It began snowing at 7am. We expected it to be short-lived, and kept climbing. We holed up a couple of times along sheltered moats to wait it out. Eventually we got onto the glacier at around 7600 feet. It was still snowing and blowing, and at 11:30 we decided the conditions were not going to improve soon enough and we turned around. Our tracks were mostly gone.

We made it back to camp very wet and disappointed but confident in our decision to turn around. Next day, we hiked the 15 miles out in beautiful sunshine.

The Downey Creek trail was okay, but the Bachelor Creek trail was hard to follow in spots.—SR, Bellevue, 7/28-30.



IMAGE LAKE (*Glacier Pk Wilderness; USGS Glacier Peak*)

—Have wanted to do this hike for 20 years and finally took the time to do it. Weather was great until the last day, when the rains came. Bugs not as bad as expected and/or reported—spraying our baseball caps with DEET helped.

Camped first night at junction with trail to Image Lake, along Suiattle River trail. One party of 11 occupied the main sites. We found a small, somewhat flat site right at the junction.

Hiked the next day to the next junction 3½ miles along toward Suiattle Pass. Made camp there, and then day-hiked with our detachable fanny packs (really like our new REI Wonderland packs) up to the lake. Saw only 2 other hikers at or near the lake. Had expected a mob scene. Saw more marmots (4) than people. And the wildflowers were terrific. Clear skies and great views of Glacier. Would not have

wanted to climb the last segment of this trail with packs, in the heat.

Spent third, and last, night at Canyon Creek. The trail between Canyon Creek and the parking lot had many bunches of Indian pipe—the best specimens I've ever seen.—Jean Pasche, Seattle, 8/3-6.



DUMBELL MOUNTAIN

(*Glacier Pk Wilderness; USGS*

Holden)—Inspiring views of Bonanza, Chiwawa, and the cluster of peaks surrounding Entiat Meadows highlight this rewarding scramble. Our group of four from Wenatchee—Mark and Margareta Dille, Pete McGhee and I—did the route from the Phelps Creek trailhead, which offered the opportunity to travel through scenic Spider Meadows on the way.

The way to Spider Meadows is well documented in the *100 Hikes* series. From Phelps Basin (virtually empty, but also mostly snowcovered) we ascended northeast toward Dumbell up snow and heather slopes.

The ascent to the west shoulder of the false summit and the traverse to the saddle between the summits involves some class 3 scrambling. Most of the scrambling is over solid rock, but includes some exposure to steep slopes below. Be prepared for a workout: 15 miles round trip with 5000 feet of elevation gain. I would rate this a "must do" for experienced scramblers.—Charlie Hickenbottom, Wenatchee, 7/95.



SPIDER MEADOW TO HOLDEN VILLAGE

(*Glacier Pk Wilderness; USGS Trinity, Sui-*



Rodger and Garth on the summit of North Gemini, Henry M. Jackson Wilderness.

attle Pass, Holden)—Drive Chiwawa River road 62 about 22 miles from county road 22, then turn right on Phelps Creek road 6211. Another 2 miles brings you to the end of the road and a gate at the trailhead. Parking is anywhere along the road you can find a spot, as this is a very popular trail.

Gary and I hit the trail on Friday at 2pm, with nice sunny weather. The first mile or two are on an abandoned mining road, wide enough to walk side-by-side. It is mostly under trees, and crosses several shallow creeks (not difficult). Sometimes we could hear or even see Phelps Creek off to the left.

Over 2 miles and we crossed the Glacier Peak Wilderness boundary. About a mile farther is a large creek crossing—the water was running deep here, so we used a large downed tree upstream to cross. Then it was through broken forest and small meadows to Spider Meadow. Past the boundary, there were trees down on the trail that hadn't been logged out yet, and also some snow piles leftover from winter, but they are melting very fast.

The meadow and camping areas were all clear of snow. We went through the meadow to the end, crossing Phelps Creek (got wet feet here) in the process, then up to the trail junction. The left fork leads up steeply alongside a cliff face to Spider Glacier. This trail was clear of snow, as was the campground on a knoll at the base of the glacier.

We set up camp here, in a primo spot at the edge of the knoll, with excellent views over Spider Meadow. We had the place all to ourselves, as the other hikers were camped below us in the meadow. This knoll has 4 or 5 really good camping spots, screened off from each other. And there is also easy access to water, and a box toilet.

Saturday, we hiked over Spider Glacier, still deeply covered in snow, to Spider Gap, elevation 7100 feet. We made our way over and down the other side to Lyman Glacier. This section of trail was very steep, and still mostly covered in huge snow fields, so we worked our way down off-trail through boulder fields and over the snowfields (sliding down three spots on our rears).

The area next to Lyman Glacier was snowfree, and we easily found trail 1256C again, after hiking across chewed-up rocky ground in front of the glacier. There is also an established campground here, with 2 or 3 sites and views of the glacier. Two tents were set up there, and we saw a large marmot headed toward the camp as we hiked on past.

We then hiked through beautiful sub-

Mark Owen

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alpine forest and parkland, and the wildflowers were just popping. We got good views of Lyman Lake, and even saw a deer. The crossing over the lake outlet was a good, solid flattened log, and campgrounds were on the other side. The mosquitoes and flies were thick here, however.

Turning right at the trail intersection, we headed down trail 1256, 7 miles from Holden at this point. The trail was great for the first mile or two. Then, past a huge waterfall on the left, the trail turned very brushy, and was this way all the way down to Hart Lake.

There were three more difficult stream crossings, the largest being near Hart Lake. But even though the trail was brushy, we had great views of various waterfalls along the way, including spectacular Crystal Falls.

Saturday night we camped at Holden campground, next to Railroad Creek and 1 mile from Holden. Sunday morning, we got up early and made it to Holden Village in time for breakfast (fresh fruit, cinnamon rolls, cereal, yogurt, juice, all for \$3) then caught the bus (\$6 per person) down to Lucerne (13 miles) to catch the Lady of the Lake (prices vary; call Chelan Boat Company, 509-682-2224) up to Stehekin, then back down-lake to Chelan.—Karlyn Black, East Wenatchee, 7/21-23.

▲▲ LEROY CREEK BASIN, MOUNT MAUDE (Glacier Pk Wilderness; USGS Trinity, Holden)

—We've wanted to get to this area since hikes last summer to Spider Meadow and Buck Creek—and the article in *Pack & Paddle* last winter (February, page 20). The Freds, who always carry and share lots of good food, were our co-adventurers. At 10:30am on Saturday there were already 25 cars at the Spider Meadow trailhead. Lots of water was coming down lots of creeks, and the trail, as we headed toward the unsigned Leroy Creek trail.

This trail goes seriously upward, passing a very beautiful and torrential waterfall. A new section of trail with switchbacks has been built from about 4500-5000 feet. Elsewhere it's still steep and slippery.

We camped in lower Leroy Creek Basin with several aggressive deer, but no other wildlife. Next morning was brilliant and sunny as we headed toward Mount Maude. We climbed over fingers of snow and talus in the upper basin, through cliffs and trees toward a pass, then side-hilled east over talus and loose slippery ball-bearings and dirt to the 7200-foot pass that looks down onto Ice Lakes, back into the En-

tiat, and across the snow basin approach to Maude's south slope.

This climb is always described as a "walk-up," but the approach out of the snow basin is either through a heavily overhanging cornice, up a narrow, steep snow slope or a rocky ramp that looked steep from across the snow bowl.

Once through this section, it is a walk-up and the views are spectacular. On the way down we met two climbers who had left the parking lot that morning, climbed Maude's west slope and were heading out on a loop trip on the High Route to Carne Mountain and back to their cars. They were moving fast! We weren't.

We had thought to do Seven-Fingered Jack the next day, but we had had enough of talus and instead hiked out to head to Leavenworth and espresso milkshakes in the shade at the Gingerbread House.

We met the same trail crew we'd seen two weekends before on the Little Wenatchee River trail—they were still clearing downed trees and confirmed that new trail had been put in on the way to Leroy Basin.

This non-maintained trail was in much better shape than some maintained trails I've been on recently. The Chiwawa River Road is awful—and long. This is a beautiful area with access to Maude, Fernow, Seven-Fingered Jack and Ice Lakes. Lots of larch.—Giblish, Seattle, 7/21-23.

▲▲ CARNE MOUNTAIN, MOUNT MAUDE (Glacier Pk Wilderness; USGS Holden)

—I saved the write-up on this trip from *Pack & Paddle* (February, page 20). We read it several times during our trip. Day one was the easiest. We headed up the Carne Mountain trail and camped in the meadows at 6100 feet. Lots of snow yet in the basin and no bugs. The trail crew came up right behind us and cut out the 13 blowdowns we went over.

The second day was cool, breezy, and partly sunny. A perfect day for hiking through such a lovely high route. Box Creek meadows were gorgeous. Our view of Mount Maude was obscured by clouds from Carne Mountain and from the 7050-foot pass before Chipmunk Creek. We camped that night in the 6600-foot meadows of Chipmunk Creek.

Mount Maude was a great climb on a sunny, breezy day. Getting to the 8000-foot ridge was the hardest part. We sat on top for over an hour and signed our party into the new Mountaineers' register. Our beagle and miniature pinscher/mutt left only paw prints. The ring

around the sun when we left signaled a new front coming in. That night it rained hard.

Day four was our crash-out day. Since we knew we were going to get wet anyway, we decided to crash down Chipmunk Creek rather than hike into the LeRoy drainage and then out. We stayed on the right side of the creek until 4800 feet, then crossed over. The last 900 feet took a long time since it was brushy, steep, and wet. We kept thinking about Joan's fall on the LeRoy Creek trail, and her broken leg (from the *P&P* story).

We hit the Phelps Creek trail at 3900 feet right about where the old road stopped and became a trail. We ran into a definite trail at about 5600-5800 feet, but we didn't have time to follow it and it wasn't going down in the direction we were headed. A great trip.—Reebach, Mukilteo, 7/23-26.

▲ **MEANDER MEADOWS, PCT** (Henry M Jackson Wilderness; USGS Poe Mtn, Benchmark Mtn, Glacier Pk East & West)—What do hikers do when they are no longer able to backpack? They hire Icicle Outfitters at a very reasonable rate to carry their supplies and equipment while they hike through their beloved mountains (oh yes, they also enjoy delicious meals).

From July 31 to August 4, six of us from the Renton Hiking Club traveled up the Little Wenatchee, through Meander Meadows, up Kodak Peak, to White and Red Passes, returning by way of lovely Cady Ridge. Even the elusive Glacier Peak came out in all its glory.

It is difficult to express our appreciation of this trip—it is so beautiful. The expanse of meadows, flowers, and views were "awesome." I use that word because some of the young people on the trail told us that's what we were. They were obviously a bit surprised to meet someone their grandmother's age on the trail.

The only blight was an encounter with an over-size and illegally camped Scout troop at Lake Sally Ann. The Forest Service may be compelled to require leadership training if the BSA has given up.

This was about our sixth pack trip, and we are already planning our next.—Betty Culbert, Eve Gadbois, Beulah Hillstrom, Kathy Lotto, Louise Wolfe, Pauline Kirkman, 7/31-8/4.

▲ **MEANDER MEADOW, PCT** (Henry M Jackson Wilderness; USGS Poe Mtn, Benchmark Mtn)—We started up the Little Wenatchee River trail at 4pm on Friday for a

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slow and steep climb to Meander Meadow, just out of snow melt and boggy. We found high dry ground and watched the stars through the netting of our new "convertible" tent.

Next morning we headed up through snow to the PCT. We saw only a few people all day and only one other couple camped at Meander Meadow. The hills were a brilliant grass green although the height of flower season was still several weeks away.

We crossed melting snow all day, including a far-too-exciting snow bridge over a stream down a steep talus slope on the side of Indian Head Peak. Our luck held despite the crumbling snow bridge but our energy faded before our planned destination of White Pass and the advertised "climax meadows."

We returned to the basin above Meander Meadow for a snooze in the sun and the last lunch before dinner. Back at camp we watched a small beige-tan bear with a dark brown head on the east hillside near its den.

We've never seen a bear this color—someone suggested it might be a grizzly, but it had no hump. Has anyone else seen or identified this bear?

The Little Wenatchee River trail is very brushy and the early morning dew on the way out soaked our clothes. I emptied my boots of water three times. A trail crew coming in was cutting out all the fallen trees but said trimming the brush back was hopeless. It was so thick in places we couldn't see the trail or our feet. Many stream crossings.—Giblish, Seattle, 7/14-16.



TOP LAKE TRAIL (Henry M. Jackson Wilderness; USGS

Benchmark Mtn)—To find this trailhead, head out the Little Wenatchee River road 6500. Turn left onto Rainy Creek road 6700, then shortly turn right onto road 6701. After a few more miles turn left onto spur road 500 and soon you will be at the road end and the trailhead.

The Top Lake trail is just over 5 miles in length, gains about 1400 feet to a ridgeline in roughly 3 miles, follows the ridgeline up and down for roughly a mile, then drops 500 feet in about ½-mile to Top Lake, and continues dropping another 100 feet in about ½-mile to a junction with the Pacific Crest Trail north of Wenatchee Pass.

The ridgeline above Top Lake offers good views to the north and south and several open meadows. Water is fairly scarce—a small flowing creek is about a mile in, and if you scout around you can find a spring off trail to the north at a saddle just before the trail starts

dropping to Top Lake. The section of trail from the ridgeline to Top Lake is a fairly steep grade. And, unless the trail crew has made it in, expect at least 15 logs across the trail—the good news is they are all easy to get around or over.

Ann and I continued past the several campsites at Top Lake to the junction with the PCT. An unmarked path heads southwest from this junction to a spot in a meadow near Grass Lake where we set up camp.

The next morning we started out under gray skies. We followed intermittent animal trails around Grass Lake, then tackled the steep hillside to reach Peach Lake. Although there may be a fisherman's trail into the lake, we didn't find one. There are at least two little-used camp spots at the lake; however, carrying a full pack up the way we went wouldn't be easy.

From the northwest side of the lake, we made our way up a ridge to an upper bench, then continued climbing on steep heather slopes to reach the ridgeline that runs to Fortune Mountain.

Traversing the ridge, we made our way to a spot where we could see Fortune Ponds below. Ann continued the to the top of Fortune Mountain while I entertained myself surveying the surrounding meadows with Ann's light-weight binoculars.

From there we made our way down the steep heather slopes to Fortune Ponds and the Meadow Creek trail. There is one little-used campsite at the upper pond and several well-used ones at the lower pond.

Back on developed trail, we climbed the half mile or so to Frozen Finger Gap, then dropped down to Pear Lake. A number of camp spots are at either end of this lake. Just past the south end, the trail intersects the new PCT which we followed eastward until another animal track took us back to camp to complete our loop.

During the night the grey skies turned to rain. The next morning the rain turned to mist and drizzle, which, although somewhat unpleasant to head home in, had the positive benefit of

keeping the mosquitoes and flies grounded!—LGM, Port Orchard, 8/4-6.



BASALT RIDGE TRAIL to RAMPART MOUNTAIN

(Wenatchee Natl Forest; USGS Chikamin Creek, Saska Pk)—Gorgeous hike, many flowers. Trail excellent. No other people. Water scarce along trail. Excellent camp in larches below junction with Garland Peak trail.

We took Trinity road as far as Chikamin road; the Chikamin road to Basalt Pass trailhead. 5½ trail miles to Garland trail junction.—Gail Roberts, Pullman, 8/7-8.



BUCK CREEK PASS, HIGH PASS

(Glacier Pk Wilderness; USGS Holden, Clark Mountain, High Pass)—Pulled into the old mining town of Trinity at 11am.

The collapsed bridge over the Chiwawa at 3 miles is now passable, as the water has receded enough to expose the whole bridge.

Started to enter more open country about 6 miles from the car. At 7 miles is a large avalanche of downed trees. Go right and uphill about 100 yards, then traverse about ½-mile until you can drop back left and downhill to the trail again. This area will stop horses until it is cleared. There are many blowdowns along the whole trail.

As I entered the wide open meadows at 5000 feet, I found myself in the wildflower heaven so typical of this time of year. The wildflowers and the views reached their apogee at Buck Creek Pass. Glacier Peak was framed by green meadows and blue lupine.

Very little snow left, but the creeks were gurgling. I dropped my pack and toted my camera up to Flower Dome. What an apt description—red, white, blue, and yellow flowers!

I scampered out past Liberty Cap and made a bivvy camp at the 6400-foot saddle. I could see from Bonanza Peak in the north to Tenpeak Mountain in the south. Of course, Glacier Peak was absolutely marvelous in the crimson sunset. Puffy clouds came rolling by and picked up the sunset colors, bathing the meadows in a warm glow.

A bear was roaming around down in Triad Creek, about 2000 feet below. The deer were quietly grazing the meadow around me. I fell asleep fast. I woke up in the night, and actually was startled by the Milky Way, shining like a hazy torch.

The morning sun required photos of Glacier Peak, then I was off for High Pass with my fanny pack. I visited the small glacier and lake at head of Triad

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Creek, then retraced to the saddle and headed back for Buck Creek Pass with my pack. Had a wonderful cruise down the well-graded trail. Met a fair number of people coming up for the weekend.
—Larry Smith, Port Orchard, 8/3-4.



PHELPS CREEK (Glacier Pk Wilderness; USGS Trinity)

—Lovely, easy hiking. Upon entering Glacier Peak Wilderness we encountered many downed trees. This situation is disruptive to the forest surroundings. I would like to help remove the trees—how can it be done? We went in about 3½ miles for a day hike.—Nancy South, Brier, 7/23.

MOUNT PILCHUCK—Reconstruction is underway and will continue until 1997. Use of explosives, helicopters and other equipment will cause delays for hikers and partial closure of the trail Monday through Thursday until 10/31. The trail will be open Friday through Sunday.—Ranger, 8/9.

MILK CREEK, DOLLY VISTA—Milk Creek is log free but brushy. At 3.5 miles near the meadows, creek diverts into trail—ankle deep water for 200 feet. From Vista Ridge to Suiattle, 6 trees down, brushy.—Ranger, 8/9.

BALD EAGLE TRAIL—Downed logs cut out and trail brushed to Curry Gap. Major slide 250 to 300 feet long 2.5 miles east of Curry Gap. Log over trail just north of Dishpan Gap. Repairs due end of summer.—Ranger, 8/9.

LOST CREEK RIDGE—Snow patches on north side between Sunup and Hardtack Lakes. Very little water along ridge. Lots of bugs. No logs.—Ranger, 8/9.

STEHEKIN—Shuttle bus in operation from Stehekin Landing to Cottonwood. Leaves Stehekin daily at 8am and 2pm; leaves Cottonwood daily at 10:35 and 5pm. Cost is \$5 per person each way, per zone (Stehekin to High Bridge is \$5 and Stehekin to Cottonwood is \$10). Reservations are required. Call 360-856-5703x14.

For passenger ferry schedule and fares, call 509-682-2224.

For charter float plane service, call 509-682-5555.

PCT—Kennedy Bridge out; difficult crossing depending on creek level. There is a log upstream 100 yards.

Suiattle Pass to Fire Creek Pass is snowfree but has downed trees and a slide.—Ranger, 8/10.

CENTRAL



GENERAL CONDITIONS—Snow patches above 6000 feet. Roads open.



BARE MOUNTAIN (Alpine Lks Wilderness; USGS Mt Phelps)

—This trail can be described in three distinct sections. The first is a wide rocky approach which passes several streams and even an inviting swimming pool. The next part is a practically a bushwack. The overgrown shrubs hide the trail in many places, forcing us to grope with the feet. Finally, a steeper, switchbacked conclusion leads to an exposed summit. Given clear skies, one can see Seattle and Glacier.

Our trip was rainy at first. Mom, Linda and I wasted little time on our way to the 5000+ summit. Being the first ones on the trail, and me being in front, I had a facefull of spider webs for more than I cared.

On top we experienced the cessation of rain but also the introduction of mosquitoes. But greater pleasures lay ahead as we descended: the warm summer sun broke through and blue soon dominated the sky. Linda and I dipped into the icy pool under the waterfall. Such a treat in the backcountry!

The drive is out of North Bend, about 25 miles of dirt roads. That fact alone precludes many visitors. We saw only a few other parties all day. This hike seems best as an alternative to the usual I-90 cattle ranch. Scenic, good elevation gain, varied topography, and with the right timing, berries.—Douglas Cuneo, Seattle, 7/8.



MOUNT DEFIANCE (Alpine Lks Wilderness; USGS Banderera)

—Mount Defiance trail 1009 to Thompson Lake has been rescued from oblivion by volunteers from the Snoqualmie Valley Trails Club.

Although a few portions still need tread work, encroaching brush that obscured the steep sidehills has been cleared. The section traversing the alpine meadows of Mount Defiance is one of the highest elevation trails in the North Bend district. It offers fantastic views of the I-90 corridor.

Thompson Lake is an alternative for those seeking escape from the crowds of Mason Lake. Special thanks to Bill

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Longwell who organized nine separate work parties totaling over 300 hours of volunteer labor.—K. Hopping, Bellevue, 8/95.

ALPINE LAKES HIGH ROUTE (*Alpine Lks Wilderness; USGS Big Snow Mountain*)—Fantastic scenery, pleasant scrambles, rough cross-country travel, lakes galore, and hordes of mosquitoes characterized our four day adventure.

Our group of six outnumbered the total of two people we saw during our travels. I thought this route might be more highly traveled. We saw very little tread during the cross-country portions. Our version was a little shorter than the traverse described by Beckey in his *Cascade Alpine Guide*. A few extra days and a more experienced group might have allowed us to see the entire traverse.

We chose to begin the trip from the Middle Fork Snoqualmie road rather than hiking in to Lake Dorothy. This allowed us to do the trip without extra car shuttling or arranging rides at the beginning and/or end of the trip.

The first day included the most elevation gain, as we traveled past Hardscrabble Lakes and over the divide into the drainage containing Gold Lake. From a camp at the high lakes on a shoulder of Big Snow Mountain, different combinations of our group made the ascent of Big Snow that evening and the next morning.

Our second day featured relatively remote Gold and Chetwoot Lakes. The route between these lakes included long sections of blocky talus that were awkward to travel with full packs. Our camp that night at Chetwoot Pass included enough mosquitoes to force us into significant tent time just to relax from the incessant buzzing around our faces.

We were surprised on the third day by the slow going along the north side of Chetwoot Lake. Various cliffs along the shore pushed us up into thick brush. Nearing the eastern portion of the lake, we did find some useful tread which helped us over a small pass just north of the lake.

From here some of us made the scramble to Tourmaline Peak, a highly prized summit with awesome views of Chetwoot, Big Heart, and Angeline Lakes. We did our last uphill that afternoon to cross over the divide to Crawford Lake. The scenery was so grand at the divide and the bugs so expected at the lake that we chose to carry water to the ridge and cook our supper there.

The last day went relatively quickly as we descended steep talus and brushy

forest to connect with the Middle Fork Snoqualmie Trail. This brushy trail with somewhat poor tread seemed like a veritable freeway compared to what we had been experiencing the previous few days. Our finish at the Middle Fork trailhead put us only a half mile from our vehicles, parked down the road at the start of the Hardscrabble Lakes route.

Our shortened version avoided the north side traverse of Iron Cap Mountain, reputed to be the most difficult portion of the Alpine Lakes High Route.

Alas, we subsequently missed getting to Tank Lakes and the scramble to Otter Point. Perhaps on another visit....

—Charlie Hickenbottom, Wenatchee, 7/29-8/1.

"SHROUD MOUNTAIN" (*Alpine Lks Wilderness; USGS Scenic, Mt Daniel*)—This unnamed summit, 6243 feet, lies 1.3 miles west of Terrace Mountain and .9-mile south of Fisher Lake in the north-central portion of the Alpine Lakes Wilderness.

It was provisionally dubbed the West Peak of Terrace Mountain in the Home Court 100 list (*July Pack & Paddle*), but we were inspired to grant it this new, separate identity, as it only rarely emerged from the clouds during our climb.

Every weather sign around, from the forecast to the thick clouds and scattered showers on the drive up, made it clear we were in for a soggy adventure. It didn't seem fair to have April precipitation in August, but at least the temperatures were seasonably warm, making it a little more tolerable.

Rich, Greg, and I drove to about .4-mile from the end of the Tonga Ridge Road 6830, where we located, after some searching, the eastern end of the Tonga Ridge trail 1058. This trailhead has no sign and is marked only by a 4-inch square post. The first ¼-mile through a clearcut is somewhat sketchy, but becomes a decent trail once it enters the Wilderness.

We hiked west 1.5 miles to Sawyer Pass, whereupon another search ensued through the maze of meadow paths to locate the start of the trail to Fisher Lake (hint: it is an obvious right-angle turn south from the most southerly east-west tread of the Tonga Ridge trail).

From here we took our lead from *100 Hikes in Washington's Alpine Lakes* (Hike 3), and followed a succession of ever fainter trails to the outlet of Fisher Lake, along the west shore of Lower Ptarmigan Lake, and finally to the northwest corner of Upper Ptarmigan Lake. (We discovered on the return trip that it is much quicker to stay above the lakeshore cliffs on Lower Ptarmigan;

also, the *100 Hikes* guidebook errs in declaring this lake lacking campsites—there was at least one in use around the northeast shore.)

This was the point encountered in many Cascade climbs, known as SOB (start of bushwhack). We thrashed west up the hillside to a talus basin at about 5100 feet, then turned due south for an easy traversing stroll along nearly level benches through open forest.

When we intersected the broad gully that drains to the southwest corner of Upper Ptarmigan Lake, Rich elected to keep guard here and not further aggravate a recent war wound (tendinitis of the toe, acquired during a week of blitz-building Homes for Humanity—a very honorable injury, we decided).

Greg and I continued up the gully a short way to an impressive cirque, filled with large, slabby, unstable talus, and ringed for a half-mile with walls up to 400 feet high. Although a moderate, heathery slope exited on the left to the ridge crest, we were tempted to try a narrow slot directly ahead.

The climbing was not technically extreme, with the greatest challenge posed by two overhanging chockstones (class 3-easy 4), but was still unnerving, given the combination of wet rock, loose, dirty scree, and exposure. Once on the crest, the remainder of the route proved to be an easy hike/scramble rightward to the true summit.

We were a little disappointed to find a crumbling, but unquestionably human, cairn on top. This was compensated, however, by the openness of Shroud Mountain, which provides tremendous views all across the northern tier of the Wilderness. A temporary breakup of the cloud cover allowed us to take in the grandeur of the Eagle peaks (Silver and Bald) across the Foss valley to the west, and the high alpine tracts to the south and southeast (Lynch, Dip Top, Hinman, Daniel).

Our descent took the more prudent route down from the crest, namely the heathery slope we had noted earlier. The whole trip would be only class 2-easy 3 with this option.

Once rejoined with Rich (well-rested from a nap), we continued back along our ascent route to the car, accompanied by a steady, drenching rain. It was a reminder that you're never far from this kind of weather in the Cascades, even in August—we were just happy we had a little relief during the time we were off-trail.

At least 11 miles and 4000 vertical feet; 5½ hours up, 4¾ hours down.—Jeff Howbert, Bellevue, 8/6.

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FISH EAGLE PASS (*Alpine Lakes Wilderness; USGS The Cradle*)—I was pleased to see that the North Scatter Creek trailhead is finally signed. It is about 100 yards north of the Salmon la Sac road 4330 ford of Scatter Creek.

We parked in the midst of some Scotch blue bells. There were continuous flowers for the entire hike, varying greatly with elevation and habitat. There were many tofieldia in the high meadows; I can't decide whether they are rare, or merely inconspicuous and I dismiss them as just a knotweed.

The Czech Czich led the way up this rather faint trail. She had never been in the Scatter Creek area before, but we seldom strayed over a couple of steps from the trail. The trail starts steep, then becomes very steep before moderating through the beautiful meadows just below Fish Eagle Pass.

The day was becoming progressively nicer, so when we reached the pass we decided to go south along the ridge. We dropped slightly from the pass, then scrambled back to the ridge a little north of point 6664, just above "Spotted Lake." It isn't the easiest route to this fine viewpoint but it is an enjoyable scramble.

After a leisurely lunch we continued south on the ridge to one of my favorite campsites. It boasts a sensational view of Mount Stuart through the pass at the head of Scatter Creek. From here we dropped 1800 feet to Scatter Creek.

I've gone up or down in this area 9

or 10 times and I don't think there is a good route. This time we struggled through thick brush over the lower 500 feet. I was afraid we had strayed far downstream from where the Scatter Creek trail crosses the creek, but we were only a couple of hundred yards below the crossing.

In a few hundred yards we came to the junction between the Scatter Creek and County Line trails. Here an interesting sign claims it is 1.5 miles to Fish Eagle Pass. I just checked the quad and it is exactly 1.5 miles as the fish eagle flies—on foot it is at least 3 difficult miles. There is said to be a long-abandoned trail from the creek crossing to the pass, but I've never been able to find it.

From the junction it is an easy hike down to the Scatter Creek trailhead, which is only a couple of hundred yards from the North Scatter Creek trailhead. —TG, Skyway, 7/27.

BULL'S TOOTH and CHAIN LAKES (*Alpine Lks Wilderness; USGS Stevens Pass*)—

Beckey's guide recommended an approach up Doughgod Creek trail, which subsequently suffered a washout of the bridge across Icicle Creek and has been abandoned.

The only practical approach is now from Icicle Creek trail by way of the Chain Lakes trail, and the shorter approach is from the Stevens Pass side, rather than from the Icicle Creek road. From Stevens Pass on the south side

of Highway 2, the trail (PCT) goes up to the Tye Mill chair, and descends to the power lines. Approximately 2 miles and 1000 vertical feet can be saved by driving up the Mill Creek Road (east of Stevens Pass) to the locked gate at about 3400 feet. Hike up the road to 100 feet before the first hairpin turn; look for a trail on your left, marked at present with a yellow tie.

This good trail ascends in old-growth timber and exits onto the PCT ¼-mile below the ridge top by Lake Susan Jane. Go left at Lake Josephine onto Icicle Creek trail, descend about 3.5 miles to the turnout marked Chain Lakes.

The first lake is up about 3 miles and 1900 vertical feet, and with full packs it took John Roper and me 5 hours from Mill Creek road. (I'm sure John could have done it in considerably less.)

This lovely plateau is a miniature of the Enchantment Lakes. The granitic peaks surrounding these blue-green lakes are light colored, and few climbers have been here, judging from the record. Beckey's guide summarizes the record as "difficulties uncertain."

We climbed all three of the summits in the region of the benchmark at 6807 feet, but are still uncertain what the name "Bull's Tooth" (6840 feet) refers to. (We are not sure which type of a bull's tooth was envisioned—there are two summits that suggest canine teeth but they are remote.)

The next morning we climbed Peak 6604 in the fog, and, finding no evidence of prior visitation, named it for



Yikes! Bette gets swept away by Gold Creek.



Bruce and an unsung hero come to her rescue.

both photos John Roper

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Sasha, my Siberian husky who beat us to the summit and reliably led us to the correct exit gully in the fog.

The pass to Doelle (pronounced Doolie) Lakes is an additional 600 vertical feet and about one-half mile.

The approaches are mentioned in *100 Hikes in the Alpine Lakes* (1985), which warns of "brutalized" campgrounds, but some wonderful souls have returned it to wilderness conditions. These authors recommended 3 to 4 days for the trip, but a weekend is adequate for the well-conditioned, including a little peak-bagging.—Warren Guntheroth, Seattle, 7/22-23.

ESMERALDA PEAKS, INGALLS LAKE (*Alpine Lks Wilderness; USGS Mt Stuart*)—We dropped off our camping gear at DeRoux Camp, headed out the DeRoux Creek trail and almost immediately had to ford the creek. Water is still high this year and we had forded another creek the previous weekend, so felt up to the barefooted ice water challenge.

Except for one horse and rider, the trail was deserted until we reached Fortune Creek Pass. After many creek crossings, losing the trail in snow and a bit of cross-country route-finding, we entered an exquisite meadow filled with flowers on the west side of Esmeralda.

After a bit more climbing we came to Gallagher Head Lake, still patchy with snow. The views of Hawkins and Gallagher Head were stunning. A short, annoying muddy, rocky, snowy walk down a jeep road brought us to the trail up to Fortune Creek Pass and views out in all directions.

After a snow-free walk down Esmeralda Basin (until avalanche debris by the Ingalls Lake trail), we started down the road dreading the 2-mile road walk back to DeRoux Camp. Our good fortune held and we were picked up by fellow Mountaineers for a perfect end to a spectacularly beautiful hike.

The next day we climbed through lots of snow to the pass above Ingalls Lake and Headlight Basin, also filled with snow. We watched climbers on Ingalls inching upward and enjoyed the views of Stuart, Rainier and Adams.—Giblish, Seattle, 7/24-25.

SNOW LAKES—The Snow Trail is NOT accessible due to the loss of the bridge during the '94 fires. We had hoped to have the bridge replaced by July but due to a delay in the delivery of materials, the completion date has been postponed to the first part of September (if all goes well).

The land the bridge sits on, as well as the trail up to the Wilderness boundary, is privately owned. While waiting for completion of the bridge the landowner has decided to sell the damaged timber and now the Snow Lakes parking lot is being used for this activity.

When the bridge is complete we will accept reservation requests. Until then, there is no way to enter or exit the Snow Lakes trail. The only access to the Enchantments is up Aasgard Pass. This has always been a difficult hike (*Ed. Note: Used to be called the "Death Route to the Enchantments."*) and this year all reports sound like the route has become more difficult due to massive rock slides which are still very unstable and have erased the route that was there. This route is dangerous.

The bottom line is, there were fires and now things are not the same.

If you have questions about the Snow Lakes trail please contact us at the Leavenworth Ranger Station: 509-782-1413.—Ranger, 8/1.

DENNY CREEK—Bridge is out at water slides. Should not be difficult to ford when water is low.—Ranger, 8/14.

TRAIL CLOSURES—The following trails will be closed due to Plum Creek logging: Mineral Creek 1331, closed starting 9/21; Cooper River 1311, closed starting 9/5; Blaze Ridge 1333 and North Ridge 1321 already closed.—Ranger, 8/8.

PCT—From Snoqualmie Pass to Lemah Meadows are "trail obstructions" which make the trail impassable to horses but apparently hikers can get through. Call the Cle Elum Ranger Station for details.:509-674-4411.

SOUTH CENTRAL



GENERAL CONDITIONS—Trails snowfree; roads open.

MOUNT CATHERINE (*USGS Snoqualmie Pass*)—Trail 1348 does not appear on any map or in any book. However, it is in good condition and has been worked on this year—several downed trees have been

cut away from the trail.

Drive I-90 to Hyak; along the left (north) side of the parking lot, find the unsigned road dropping to a sewage treatment facility and becoming road 9070. Continue several miles on this excellent road passing the Twin Lakes trailhead to the signed Mount Catherine trailhead about 200 yards short of Windy Pass, elevation 3750 feet.

Walk up the abandoned logging spur to a switchback to the start of the trail a few feet to the east. The trail goes up through deep forest to an old cabin site. Then it continues a short distance farther to the summit (a short steep pitch just before the summit).

The views from this narrow rocky top should be spectacular. However, this day the clouds rolled in and obscured the view. The helicopter logging operation across the valley detracted from the hiking experience a bit. The hike covers about 2 miles each way with an elevation gain of 1300 feet.—Anne Dowd, Mercer Island, 8/8.

HUCKLEBERRY MOUNTAIN—This used to be a pretty nice hike, but it's been wiped out by logging. It's quite a battle to get through; not worth it.—Sally Pfeifer, Seattle, 8/95.

PLUMMER, DENHAM & LANE, TATOOSH RANGE (*Rainier Natl Park; USGS Mt Rainier East & West*)—Left Reflection Lakes parking lot around 10am. Forty minutes to Pinnacle Saddle; leader of group of 7 is fast mover. Neat flowers, paintbrush especially brilliant.

Reach summit of Plummer at 11am. Fog at peak level, can't see Pinnacle or Denham. Down Plummer to Denham based on memory; summit around noon. Can barely make out Plummer.

Off west side of Denham and cross above Cliff Lake to base of Lane. Huge field of avalanche lilies here, things like that make the whole trip worthwhile. Scramble to Lane summit about 3pm. Fog still lingering around Tatoosh Peak level; can see Paradise and what looks like new paint on Visitor Center.

Mass attack of black flies part way up Lane, nasty bites. They seemed to know when we did not have a free hand to swat with. Off Lane and back to parking lot about 4:30.

Another stop at Rainier Overland for more great food, garden patch pita pocket for this wimp and burgers for the climbers. Fog loused up the views but did make for pleasant temperatures.—Paul G. Schaufler, Olympia, 7/22.

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GLACIER VIEW & MOUNT BELJICA

(Glacier View Wilderness; USGS Mt Wow)—Friend with knee in which she no longer has confidence wanted to just get out for an easy hike. So settle for short 5-mile round trip and 1100-foot elevation gain out to old lookout site in Glacier View Wilderness.

Trailhead at 8:30am. After fog, sunny rest of day. Lots of flowers: valerian, avalanche lily, delphinium, penstemons (several species), tiger lily, foam flower, three leaved anemone and the white paintbrush indigenous to the Mount Rainier vicinity.

Great views of the Mountain, Goat Rocks, Adams and Saint Helens from the old lookout site. Forgot, also coral root and a pedicularis.

About 12:30 back at rig and decide too nice a day to quit and knee still working so try for Beljica off a high spur. Quit driving when we couldn't see out over the tops of the ruts, walked about 1/2-mile up a spur that dead-ended in impenetrable brush. Turned around and headed for Beljica via Lake Christine. Later realized we had been within a mile or less of summit when the brush stopped us.

At Lake Christine trailhead about 1:15. All routes to trailheads are well marked, just get on road 59 off Highway 607 and can't go wrong.

To summit of Beljica at 3pm. Neat fields of avalanche lilies along the way and again, great views. Lake Christine is a beautiful little pond in a great setting.

Out to trailhead at 4:30 and stop at Rainier Overland for great eats on the way home.—Paul G. Schaufler, Olympia, 7/21.



CARBON GLACIER

(Mt Rainier NP; USGS Mowich Lk)—Bill and I hiked up to the Carbon Glacier, the lowest glacier in the continental US, along with a throng of other people. Despite the crowds we enjoyed the hike.

The trail begins in old growth forest, travels up along the Carbon River in an open area with many wildflowers in bloom and crosses the river on a popular suspension bridge. We ended the hike one half mile beyond the bridge making this about a 7-mile hike with 1000 feet of elevation gain.

We had no problem getting over the Carbon River Bridge, which was undergoing construction on this Sunday.—Jane Habegger, Olympia, 7/23.



SUNRISE

(Mt Rainier Natl Park; USGS Sunrise)—It was a beautiful day for our annual trip to Mount Rainier. We left the Sunrise parking lot at 8am for the 1.3 mile hike to Shadow Lake.

Trail was in great shape with only a few snow patches. Wildflowers on the hillsides and in the meadows. Birds at the lake will eat right out of your hand and one brave one flew off with half a granola bar that was on our pack.

The scenes from this hike are outstanding. Trail was crowded as we headed back. Afterward, we took the chairlift up to the top of Crystal Mountain. Incredible 360-degree view. A lot of fun. We're already planning next year's trip.—Larry and Wanda Goms, Everett, 7/15.



SUNSET PARK, KLAPATCHE PARK

(Mt Rainier Natl Park; USGS Mt Wow, Golden Lks)—On Sunday, hike to North Puyallup camp, about as far as I can handle in one day. West Side Road well and truly closed. Tacoma Creek occupies roadbed for several hundred feet. Requires detour through trees. Meet several people on mountain bikes.

Kick limbs out of road with Lilliwaup, my trusty walking stick. Remember the poem with the Parson whacking the wayside lilies with his cane? No? Then you're too young.

North Puyallup camp nicer than I expected. I have always stayed at XC or A areas before.

On Monday have moderate upgrade on good trail. Great huckleberries. Sunset Peak is more like a plateau. Nice flowers and fierce mosquitoes. Select camp. First wave of A-5713 with auxil-

iary wing tanks arrives. Force me to put on long pants.

While first wave of mosquitoes attacks the others are back in the officers' lounge swilling DEET with Citronella chasers. Very warm in tent but couldn't survive bugs outside. At midnight low horizon to west looks like a streak of burning liquid—the lights of the I-5 corridor.

Tuesday, mosquitoes are bad as soon as the sun comes up. Put on long pants that will stay on all day despite heat. Hike about 1.3 miles up to old lookout site. Not a lot of shade. Clouds form in the afternoon, with a cool, damp breeze from the west. By 6:50 the Mountain is obscured and by 7:20 clouds are at ground level.

The next morning the sky is clear. My camp is about 200 feet above the top of fog cover. Pack up and head for Klapatche Park. Meet first person since North Puyallup camp. Almost step on second snake of day; retreat too swiftly to identify, but definitely not cobra.

All these trails appear to have been built to a fairly high standard but have not been maintained. At Klapatche Park, I take campsite three. Visit tadpoles in Aurora Lake. Clouds blowing across lake from north.

Small world—meet woman who teaches at school named Chautauqua, that's the county in New York I was born in. Gets better—conversation with couple in next camp finds that he is a professor at Cornell and knows my brother, retired prof there.

Thursday I go up to Aurora Peak. When I leave on Friday I give insect repellent (alleged) to solitary hiker who had already run out and was headed for Sunset Park. Hear coyote at St Andrews



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Paul Schaufner

Mount Rainier from Klapatche Park.

Lake. Deer flies are fierce.

Back to car and home, 43 miles, 8400 feet, 5 rolls color, 36 sheets 4x5 black and white exposed, met a lot of nice people, life is good.—Paul Schaufner, Olympia, 7/30-8/4.

ALTA VISTA (*Mt Rainier Natl Park; USGS Mt Rainier East*)—Jake and I went up to Rainier again. Got to identify many wildflowers. He is such a card, waves to every single person we meet. He is in his element at Paradise.

The parking lot was full, so we parked down below Stevens Ridge. That rascal made me push his wheelchair clear up that road back to Paradise! Lots of construction going on. The paved trail was closed to Edith Creek, so we repeated our trip up to Alta Vista (*November 1994, page 11*).

Jake had bought a new red wool shirt a couple of weeks ago in anticipation. He didn't need it, but wore it anyway. As usual, we had to stop at nearly every turnoff, so he could gaze around. He said the mountain is "like a magnet." I guess we can all relate to that.

He pointed out the big trees. When I questioned him, he said he just loves the woods and the beautiful light.—Larry Smith, Port Orchard, 8/20.

PARADISE RIVER TRAIL (*Mt Rainier Natl Park; USGS Mt Rainier East*)—This delightful woods hike past dramatic waterfalls has more

obscurity than it deserves. Several veteran hikers in my Mountaineers group had never heard of this handy segment of the Wonderland Trail. Our group agreed that the hike's attractions were well worth seeing. In fact, three hikers liked it well enough to repeat it—immediately!

We followed the Nisqually River entrance of Mount Rainier Park to Cougar Rocks Picnic Area where we left several cars. At the Reflection Lakes parking area on Stevens Canyon Road, we found the trailhead on the south side, a short distance west of the Pinnacle Peak signpost. Our trailhead marks the junction of the trail from Paradise and the Wonderland Trail from the east.

The 4-mile trail drops about 600 feet in its first mile of easy switchbacks through the forest to Paradise River. We took the short side trail to the base of Narada Falls. The stone steps were wet, the mist cool, and the falls noisy and cheerful. While the crowd watched from above, we seemed part of the action as trees circled our vantage point beneath the 168-foot falls.

We descended gently past Paradise River Camp and then crossed the Paradise River and two nearby creeks on a series of three sturdy wooden bridges.

We continued on a broad trail past Carter Falls and tumbling rapids on the Paradise River. In the hike's final attraction, we crossed three hefty log bridges, each with a waist-high wire for balance and security, that span the rocky chan-

nels of the Nisqually River, beside its junction with the Paradise River. The total descent is about 1600 feet.

Half our group chose to hike back to Reflection Lakes to get more of a workout. But the rest of us carpooled.—Susan Wineke, Renton, 7/29.

SOURDOUGH TRAIL, Dege Peak (*Mt Rainier Natl Park; USGS Sunrise*)—Mary and I wanted a spectacular and an easy hike. We found both by hiking Sourdough Mountain north of Sunrise.

The trail, listed as hike 24 in *50 Hikes in Mount Rainier National Park*, climbs 600 feet in 2 miles. Along the way, we saw first three mountain goats grazing on the north flank of the Sourdough ridge and then several goats nibbling in a small park north of the ridge. We heard elk rutting, but sure couldn't see them.

I took the short side trail to Dege Peak while Mary contemplated Mount Rainier. This easily reached peak of 7006 feet gave me the satisfaction of being on top. I looked across to Mount Rainier, north along the Cascades, and south to Mount Adams.

When we hiked in late afternoon, the sun was backlighting Mount Rainier. I'd recommend hiking this trail in the morning when the sun could illuminate our side of the mountain.

After we drove about a mile down from Sunrise, we saw four elk clustered near trees and guessed these were the animals we'd heard from the ridge.—Susan Wineke, Renton, 7/31.

EMMONS MORAINÉ TRAIL (*Mt Rainier Natl Park; USGS White River Park, Sunrise*)—

This easy 3-mile walk leaves from the upper reaches of the White River campground. It follows the Glacier Basin trail for a mile, paralleling the Inter Fork of the White River and crossing a number of small rippling streams. We watched a frog jump into hiding in one of the creeks.

The well-marked junction for Emmons Glacier Moraine pointed us south in a gentle climb for ½-mile. From a rocky shelf above a rocky valley, we looked toward the rocky snout of the Emmons Glacier.

Unlike the snouts of the Carbon, Winthrop and Nisqually Glaciers that I've seen, the Emmons Glacier displayed almost no snow on its lowest reaches. We heard rocks tumble, but couldn't find them in the vastness of the moraine. The Emmons is the largest glacier in this country in the lower 48 states, according to *50 Hikes*

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in Mount Rainier National Park.—
Susan Wineke, Renton, 8/1.

TUMAC MOUNTAIN and surrounding lakes (*William O Douglas Wilderness; USGS Bumping Lk, Spiral Butte, White Pass*)—We located the trailhead at Deep Creek Campground at the south end of road 395 beyond Bumping Lake.

From there it was only 14 miles to White Pass by the shortest route. But Wayne and I fashioned a creative 20-mile route over four days to explore this unfamiliar area full of mysterious lakes. Were we about to enter a fisherman's dream or a mosquito nightmare?

We noted on the map, midway along this stretch, an array of perhaps fifty small lakes or ponds mostly clustered in a diameter of about 4 miles. Directly above them and only 4 miles from the trailhead was Tumac Mountain (6340) with a bird's-eye view of the prominent peaks of the southern Cascades as well as many of the lakes. We found these lakes situated on a level forested 5000-foot plateau with limited distant views. A lake or pond, however, appeared almost around every curve on the network of trails.

By the second day the illusion of a fisherman's bonanza faded. Other observations included noisy jets, many mosquitoes, three elk sightings and a total absence of snow. The grades were relatively gentle except near the summit of Tumac Mountain.

As we concluded our delightful adventure on the PCT at White Pass we were already planning a return to the lakes for some off-trail exploration with a compass.—Henry Wyborney, Cheney, 8/2-5.

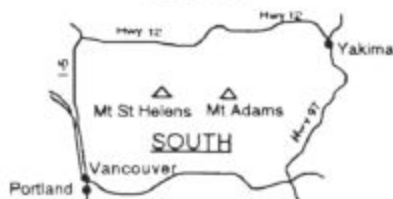
PLEASANT VALLEY TR—The bridge has been removed. Hikers can ford the American River or enter from Hells Crossing along trail 999. The Naches District plans to replace the bridge.—Ranger, 8/1.

PCT—Logging is taking place on private land north of Government Meadows. Logs are down over the trail, but it is still passable.—Ranger, 8/18.

CARBON RIVER BRIDGE—Closed Monday through Friday, 8am to 6pm due to bridge repair work. This closure effects the Carbon River Entrance to the park, and also Summit and Mowich Lakes.—Ranger, 8/16.

HIGHWAY 410—Expect up to 30-minute delays throughout the summer between mileposts 48 and 58 due to construction.—Ranger, 8/16.

SOUTH



GENERAL CONDITIONS—Trails snowfree; many not maintained. Roads dusty.



INDEPENDENCE PASS

(*MSHVM; USGS Spirit Lake*)

—Sandra Robinson joined Bill and me for a hike to Independence Pass on the northeast side of Mount St. Helens. It was her first trip to the area. She was awed at the sight of the force of the volcano.

A couple of miles up the trail was some erosion that had washed away part of the tread. That inspired us to make this our turn-around point for the day. It was a clear day and we got some good pictures of Spirit Lake and into the crater. The fireweed was in bloom.

—Jane Habegger, Olympia, 8/95.



MOUNT ADAMS (Mt Adams

Wilderness; USGS Mt Adams

East)—Cousins Doug, Steve, and Dave, and Uncle Gil journeyed from California, New Mexico, Connecticut and Florida respectively to join me for a climb of Mount Adams. This was our first group reunion in ten years.

We left Lynnwood Friday morning under cloudy skies, but by the time we reached southern Washington, the skies were clear and sunny. After registering at the Trout Lake Ranger Station and eating lunch, we drove the road to the South Climb trailhead which was interspersed with impressive stands of bear-grass. The last 4 miles of the road are quite rough.

By the time we reached the trailhead, it was already early afternoon, and we had a lot of ground to cover to our base camp at the "Lunch Counter" (9500 feet). It did not take long to encounter snow and high winds.

As our group pace was slowing and the hour was getting late, Doug and I hiked ahead to set up the tents at base camp. Upon reaching the Lunch Counter the wind was very strong. Doug and I struggled mightily to set up a tent. After much difficulty we succeeded in getting one set up, partially protecting it behind one of the several rock walls at the Lunch Counter.

Leaving his pack at camp, Doug hiked back to assist Gil and Steve while Dave and I rested in the tent. Soon after their return we tried in vain to set up the other tent in the stiff wind, breaking a pole in the process. Because of this mishap, Doug and Steve elected to sleep outside.

Soon after dinner we bedded down. Sometime during the night the wind dissipated. When I was awakened by Doug at 2:30am the skies were clear and starry. Soon Doug, Steve, and I were on our way in the dark climbing by head



Jane Habegger and Bill Lynch at the site of the former Lost Lake Lookout, Goat Rocks Wilderness.

Jane Habegger

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REPORTS AND CONDITIONS

lamp. Gil and Dave had decided to stay behind at camp.

It soon became apparent that I could not keep pace with Doug and Steve. The climb was steep and tiring, and at about 10,000 feet I began entertaining thoughts of giving up and returning to camp for some much wanted sleep. Doug gave me a pep talk and persuaded me to continue.

Upon reaching the summit we were the only ones there. The view was spectacular and the wind very light. After a long rest and summit photos, we began our descent, arriving back at the Lunch Counter in about 1½ hours. After a champagne toast to our achievement we packed up for the descent to the car.

We were very fortunate to have a narrow window of good weather which we timed just right. During our descent clouds began to roll in and partially obstruct the view.

We ended the climb the way we had begun, with lunch and a delicious locally picked huckleberry milkshake at Tsugali's Deli in Trout Lake.—David Kissing, Lynnwood, 7/21-22.

LOOWIT TRAIL 216—This new trail around Mount St Helens was completed only a few years ago. Now it is suffering for lack of maintenance.

No maintenance will be done on the trail this year. Tread is difficult to follow in places. Downed logs, slides, washouts and debris on the trail make it very difficult.

PETERSON PRAIRIE CABIN—Beginning 10/1 you can make reservations to rent the old Peterson Prairie Guard Station for a winter ski or snowshoe trip. Call Mount Adams Ranger Station for details: 509-395-3400.

GIFFORD PINCHOT NATL FOREST—Berry permits are now required for anyone over 16 picking edible berries on this forest. There is no charge for permits and they are available at any GPNF office.

Hikers eating berries from hand-to-mouth probably don't need a permit, according to the GPNF information office. Hikers putting berries into a cup to use in camp, or into a plastic bag to take home *do* need a permit.

PCT—Muddy in places. Expect downed trees. Maintenance work being done.—Ranger, 8/15.

THOMAS LAKE TR—The trail has been rerouted and is now open. The old trail is closed; it is a violation to be on the old trail.—Ranger, 8/4.

OREGON



MIRROR LAKE / TOM, DICK AND HARRY

MOUNTAIN (*Mt Hood Wilderness; USGS Government Camp*)—The trailhead starts directly from highway 26, east of Portland—there are no markers from the road, but lots of cars to let you know you're there. I had heard reports about the trail's popularity but never expected to read the warning posted on the registration sign: "It is not uncommon for Mirror Lake to see 200 visitors on any weekend day."

Due to the traffic, the trail is well worn, easy to follow, and moderate in its grade—giving a little under a mile and half to gain 600+ feet to the lake. It was about an hour before noon and the lake was already crowded with a dozen or so fishermen. I decided to move on to the top of the mountain.

The trail above Mirror Lake proceeds gradually, moving across the side of the ridge until it meets the ridge line. A couple of viewpoints along some rock slides open onto Mount Hood, but better views lie ahead.

When the trail reaches the crest, it cuts back and follows the ridge to the first peak of the mountain, another 900 feet above the lake in nearly 2 miles of trail. At the top is a splendid panoramic view—four peaks to the north, one to the south, the Cascades to the east, and Portland to the west.

From the first peak, a number of scattered trails work their way to the second and third peaks (naturally the highest and best of all). Although the trails are scattered, they're fairly worn and easy to follow as long as you keep moving east along the ridge.

From the third peak, the world opens up and most of the people are left behind. Mirror Lake and a few ponds rest below and a vast forest stretches behind. The ridge can be followed farther and the trail opens up more, making its way into the Multnomah X-country Ski Area.

For the adventurous, the few ponds scattered about are easily accessible, including a road/horse/mountain bike path to Wind Lake. I'm not sure where it begins, but head south from the pass and you're bound to run into it.

The pond just below the third peak is pleasant and easy to get to—a rock slide gets you three-quarters of the way and the brush is light down to the shore. Of course, you then have to either climb back up to the peak or struggle through thick vegetation to get back to Mirror Lake and eventually the car.

It's a very picturesque area, but lots

of people and a tremendous amount of mosquitoes this time of year! Great for an easy and enjoyable day hike.—Darren McKee, Salem, 7/30.



MAZAMA TRAIL, Cathedral Ridge

(*Mt Hood Wilderness; USGS Mt. Hood*)—The reopened Mazama Trail climbs a northwestern ridge of Mount Hood for 3¼ miles and 2120 feet to join the Timberline Trail at the 5560 foot elevation.

The route follows the old Cathedral Ridge trail which was abandoned for over ten years due to a severe storm that covered the trail with downed timber. The trail was re-opened through volunteer labor provided by the Mazamas as part of their centennial celebration and thus the name change.

The Mazamas have done a nice job, relocating the trailhead at a roomy saddle near the end of road 1810 about 8 miles beyond Lolo Pass. The turnoff to road 1810 from road 18 was not marked except for a Forest Service "enjoy your forest" (before it's too late!) sign.

The first third of the trail is on new switchbacks up the ridge, followed by an older section through brush and forest on the wide ridge crest. After a long thin meadow packed with blooming beargrass and a view of Mount Hood, the trail traverses in forest a hundred feet below the actual ridge crest before breaking out onto talus and meadows a ¼-mile below the Timberline Trail.

The views really explode here with Mount Hood shooting up directly ahead and the meadows packed with wild flowers. We found a reasonable camp on a small bench covered with tough sedges a dozen or so feet above and out of sight of the main trail.

This was after we debated the meaning of "meadow" and were unable to

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find a suitable spot in the trees. But the view was great, or would have been if a thick cloud cover had not set in, dropping the temperature and obscuring the view. For the remainder of the afternoon we climbed the small way-trail up the swale to the intersection of the route of the old abandoned section of the Timberline Trail and followed it to the south contouring ½-mile to the wide and reasonably flat ridge top that held McNeil Point and McNeil shelter.

The route was packed with one of the best displays of wild flowers ever. Mount Hood, and especially the west side, is known for its wildflower displays and the area above the Timberline Trail has some of the most verdant arrays we have ever seen.

It wasn't that long ago that grazing was permitted on Forest Service land like this and it is frightening to think that the new Grazing Act might possibly force the BLM and FS to open all federal meadows and grasslands to grazing as its "primary use."—Matt and Rebecca Whitney, Portland, 7/29-30.



Mount Jefferson and Whitewater Canyon

Phil Anderson

BULLETIN BOARD

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

MALE HIKER/CLIMBER—aged 43, seeking a woman partner for adventurous back country travel, mountaineering, technical rock routes, and cross-country skiing. Contact Charlie in Wenatchee at 509-664-6710.

FOR SALE—Dana Design Alpine backpack, size small, includes two spare pockets, new; \$300. Men's Asolo Yukon boots, size 10½, new, \$150. Call 360-697-6818 (Poulsbo).

FOR SALE—Two British style (Nordkapp) fiberglass sea kayaks; \$1350 and \$1000. Call 360-697-6818 (Poulsbo).

FOR SALE—Merrill Mountaineer boots, women's size 6½, \$100, mens size 11, \$100; Alpina mens X-C, NNN, size 44, \$30. All boots barely used. 206-783-6625.

FOR SALE—Nice blue down sleeping bag, zips down side, can double as down comforter. \$20. Call Lisa Darling, 206-325-3465 (7am to 7pm only).

INTERESTED IN HIGH LAKE FISHING? Washington State Hi-Lakers club 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.

FOR SALE—Schonhofen backpack. Internal frame, custom fit for 5'2" female. Purchased 1983; good condition. \$50.00 or best offer. Call Jean, 206-325-7685.

BOOK AVAILABLE—Last 9 copies of my book *Hiking the North Cascades*—A Sierra Club Tote-Book, in excellent condition.

Six copies of 1st edition with defective map—\$10. Three copies of 1st edition, 2nd printing; map okay, minor correction in text—\$11 (including tax). Postage and handling—add \$1.50 per copy.

Book will be out of print when these copies are sold. Send orders to: Fred Darvill MD, 1819 Hickox Road, Mount Vernon WA 98273.

EXPERIENCED PADDLER SEEKS timeshare in your single sea kayak or timeshare partner to help finance new sea kayak purchase or good used

single sea kayak. Send replies and inquires to Jeanie Anderson, PO Box 1212, Edmonds WA 98020

LOST—Tent North Face Westwind intentionally left next to trail on weekend of July 1-4 for later pick-up. Left on Monument Creek Trail, at 4500 foot level, in Pasayten Wilderness. Happy to pay shipping costs. Dale Flynn, 206-634-2389.

FOUND—Small camera in black leather case, on the Lower Big Quilcene trail near Bark Shanty camp, June 6. To claim, call 206-747-7388 and describe.

LOST—IQ Zoom 35mm camera, black, in black carrying case, probably within 10 miles north or south of Road 2000 (southern Washington) ON the Pacific Crest Trail. Reward plus shipping costs reimbursed, plus the good karma of returning my camera. Lisa Darling, 206-325-3465 (7am to 7pm only); 952 24th S, Seattle WA 98144.

LOST—Pin from *Rifugio Firenze* (Italy). Fell off my pack probably at Canyon Creek (Suiattle River trail), weekend of 8/5-6. If found, please call Jean, 206-325-7685.

ISH WOOD

Bacon or Bust

—ADVENTURING IN THE NORTH CASCADES—

Bacon Peak, elevation 7066, is east of Baker Lake and lies within the North Cascades National Park.

The approach is by way of the Watson Lakes Trail. Though it is not technically difficult, it is remote.

Some peaks require several attempts. Bacon fell into that category for us in October of 1994.—Ish Wood and Sally Pfeiffer

...

"Good morning," Sally called as she crawled out of the tent. "Did you sleep any? I saw you sitting up each time I looked out last night."

"Yeah, I must have dozed two or three hours," I replied. "With that headache I was thrashing around so much I was afraid you wouldn't get any sleep either. I even turned end for end in the tent thinking that maybe my head was slightly downhill. It didn't help. At least out here I was relaxed about changing positions. Did you see those Northern Lights?"

"No, what were they like?" she asked.

"At first they seemed to glow like the city lights reflected off the clouds. But there's no city in that direction. One minute I saw vertical white bands. The next minute they melted away. Soon they reappeared in a different pattern. I was fascinated except for the nagging head pain. I'm a lot better now."

"We best be making tracks," she said. "The October sun is fleeting. You know we took nearly five hours last time to the high bowl and we're not sure of the difficulty beyond that."

Sally and I had attempted to climb Bacon three years earlier, in mid-summer when the days were longer. Weather had been a factor and we had returned home with only sore muscles and memories of a very wild and beautiful area.

She continued, "If we get near the

summit and it's time to turn around, I say let's go for it. This is my fourth try. I don't want to come back again. The weather is perfect and likely to last another day."

"Okay by me. I'm going to throw in my pile pants and down coat in case we bivouac."

"Let's get some breakfast down, pump some water, and be off," Sally suggested.

"What do you think of the snow-melt?" I inquired. "There's long gray-green algae-like stuff growing all over the rocks in the water."

"I don't know but I'll trust the filter until we find a better source," she answered. As we readied our packs I studied the Noisy Creek drainage that we'd be avoiding by arcing to the south.



Ish Wood

A small lake on our approach to Bacon Peak.

Maybe our apprehension about the upper route and the possibility of not succeeding again contributed to our slow start. We headed toward a ridge we wanted to cross, but soon we disagreed as to exactly which notch was correct. When we did agree, the decision proved wrong.

"There's nothing here but a blank wall," I called back. "Our memories are dim on this one. We'll have to try that notch behind us." Backtracking then scrambling up a steep ramp, we puffed our way to the gap.

Two familiar lakes lay glistening below. This was the right place. The sun was throwing life into the red huckleberry brush before us. The journey was fun once again.

"These berries are so big and sweet," Sally exclaimed as she munched on the free samples.

"Boy, they are big!" I replied from a crouch. "This one's so large I can't get it into my mouth without first nibbling around the edges."

"Sure," she said. "But we should leave a few behind if we're to avoid gastro-disastro. Besides, this stopping now and then adds up. We better keep moving."

"I'll try but it's hard to ignore berries that call out to me by first name." In half an hour we came out the bottom of a dry creek bed beside the first in a series of four small lakes. No signs of fish, only salamanders and dragonflies broke the surface.

Reflections of fall colors prompted me to stop for photographs, which added to our delay. So far the brush had been easy to avoid or stride through. But this was the end of the holiday.

"I think I'll put my gloves on," Sally said. "I remember this hillside as both slippery and thorny."

"We were falling down every thirty yards," I added. "And when you grab for something it turns out to be salmon-

berry stalks ... ugh!"

Just as we left the timber for the long brush bash, a young doe jumped up and ran downhill behind cover. I noticed she didn't run headlong into the brush as we were about to do.

A quarter mile of steep brush taken carefully one step at a time can eat up a big chunk of the afternoon. We theorized about the advantages of dropping 500 feet to avoid the brush. And then we thrashed ahead, both falling and hollering occasionally.

Cliffs above and to the left funneled us toward the main drainage of upper Diobsud Creek. Several long waterfalls dropped in a line. We crossed where they were briefly interrupted by narrow steps. Then scrambling beside them we regained the elevation we'd lost down to the lakes.

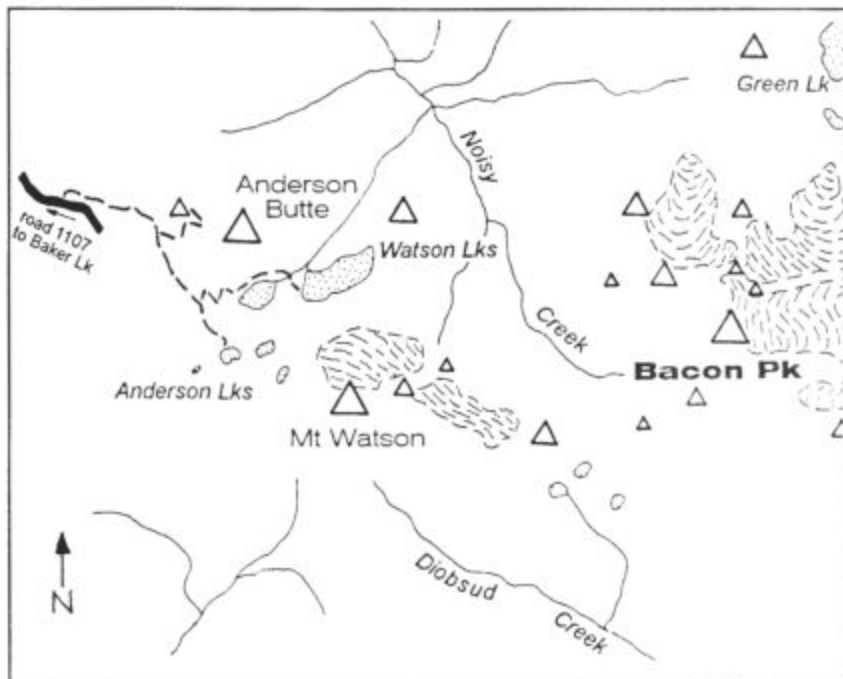
"Sally, what do you think of trying that tree-covered patch between the cliffs to the left of the waterfall?" I pointed to the place. "It looks like there is plenty of vegetation to hang on to and it leads more directly to the upper bowl."

"Okay, lead the way. I'm just along for the ride."

We recrossed the tumbling stream, filling our water bottles, and began to move upward into some slide alders and cedar. The way soon turned vertical. Soil dwindled to a scant inch over smooth slanting rock.

I used limbs and my best balancing act to struggle thirty feet above Sally and finally rested in some thick branches overhanging the slope. A dimly lit crazy quilt of needles and bark surrounded me. Sally was calling for a status report.

"I'm taking off my pack and will



throw down the rope." After flailing a bit while removing my pack, I managed to strap it to a limb so as not to lose it.

I rummaged for the hundred feet of climbing rope which was predictably at the bottom. Minutes later, Sally clawed her way into the tree beside me. I'll never forget the look on her face when she surveyed the situation.

"You had me climb up here for this! What were you thinking of? There's no place to go! This is dreadful."

It was true. You couldn't climb through the limbs without first removing your pack and then pulling it along behind or pushing it ahead.

I didn't want to go down. It had been so much work getting there, and down was an admission of an error and even

more time wasted. But up was no picnic either, especially with one unhappy camper.

We backed down out of the tree, retrieved the rope and consoled ourselves with cookies beside the stream. Crossing the stream for the third time we began the first of two long slopes that led to the upper bowl.

After five hours we entered the cirque that marked the turn-around point of the earlier trip. I was a bit downcast and I sensed Sally was too. Our time was no better and there were two hours less daylight to work with.

Searching upward for signs of a route did little to raise our spirits. Two possibilities presented themselves—one left, one right. If we chose the wrong one the summit would be out of the question.

The book simply suggested one could easily make one's way from here directly to the summit. Never mind we couldn't even see the summit yet.

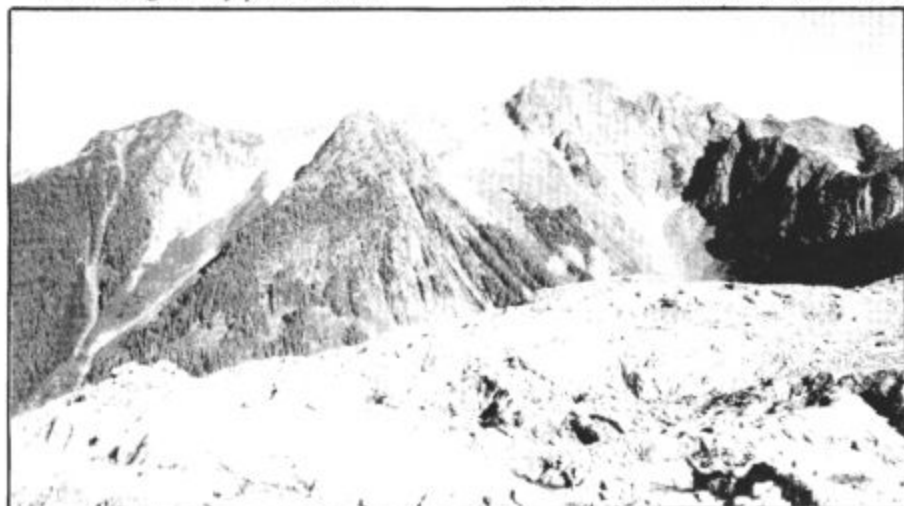
"What do you think?" I asked.

"What do *you* think?" she replied.

"That's not fair. I asked first. We've already looked at the map and it's not obvious. But my hunch is to go left up the gully to the gap in the ridge. Maybe from there we can see the summit and a route."

"I agree. The way on the right doesn't seem as promising, though you can't tell."

We trudged at first, lacking confidence I suspect. Then as we warmed on the sunny rocks we began to loosen up. Some crows were making noise above.



Ish Wood

Bacon Peak from Mount Watson. The Noisy Creek drainage, in foreground, became our return route. Our approach was behind the ridge on the right, below the skyline ridge. (The return was easier.)

"Did you hear those birds cheering us on, Sally? Maybe they know if we keep moving uphill something good will develop."

Climbing in the gully was easy except for a couple of blocking boulders. This required stretching to find handholds for the maneuverers around them. I was about a hundred feet from the top of the gully when I stared down at a light object near my hands.

Appearing as though it had been just set down an hour ago, a beautiful gray-white arrowhead lay there. I reached down slowly and grasped the unexpected prize. As Sally pulled up beside me I held it out in my palm.

"Look at this. Can you believe?"

Her eyebrows pinched together as she seriously studied the chert stone. Then looking at me with sincere wonder she said, "I don't think I've ever been more amazed. I've found arrowheads in the desert where I was told I'd find them. But here at 6000 feet I'm wondering why. What's the story?"

"I don't know but I wish it could tell us the tale," I said.

Had the local Indians been hunting goats or deer among the high rocky crags? It was certainly possible but not what I had imagined.

Five minutes brought us to the top of the gully and our first look over the ridge. Before us lay an expected drop off of several hundred feet down Bacon's west face. This continued in an arc sweeping up to our right.

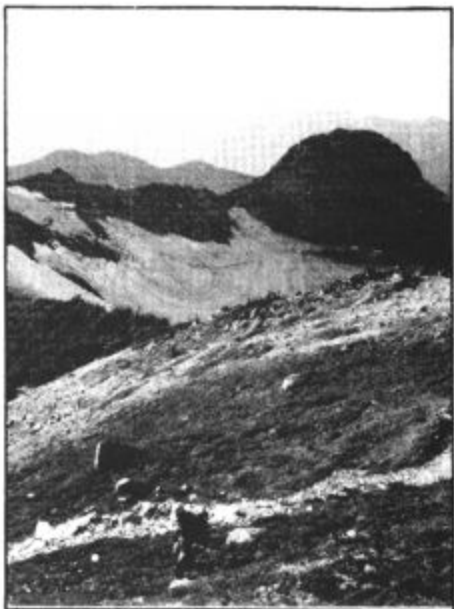
We wanted to somehow climb this ridge high enough to get above the cliffs before crossing onto the relatively wide ledges of the upper west face.

I stopped to throw a windbreaker on and down some water. Sally marched past with quiet determination. She could sense we were getting close, though we couldn't be sure if we were viewing the final pitch yet.

With summit fever on the rise, Sally moved smoothly up the ridge. Heather grew thick on the rocks here, with short alpine firs occasionally spiking skyward. She was surprisingly far ahead when I shouldered my pack again to follow. Above me, she stopped on a narrow ledge where the ridge had steepened. I wondered where could we possibly go next.

As I rejoined her, Sally turned and said cheerfully, "You want to have a go now?"

"Okay," I laughed. A few diagonal ledges covered with heather gave me



Mount Baker from Bacon Peak; Sally in the foreground on our descent.

Ish Wood

twenty more feet of elevation. In scanning above, it seemed I still needed thirty more feet to get above the cliff. The next ledge was chest high on my right. The heather wasn't strong enough to trust for an arm pull up. Looking down I called to Sally, "Give me a minute."

I feared we might be stumped here, but I didn't want to say anything so negative. We'd come a long way and I wasn't going to turn around prematurely. If I could just get five feet higher there was a connecting ramp that might take us over the top. I inspected the heather and ledge in front of me again. No way.

I retreated a couple of steps back down to the left where I noticed two bushy fir trees overhead. I reached up on tiptoe and grasped several branches from each tree. I leaned back, pushing out with my feet against the rock and took a step up. Soon I was climbing between the two trees on their low slung branches, stepping through to a narrow space behind.

"I'm sending down the end of the rope, Sally. It's a long stretch to those limbs. You may want a little assist." With the rope tied on Sally came up like gangbusters.

"Now where? Up there?" she asked as she stepped through the branches.

"Maybe, but that's awfully steep. There might be an easier step around the corner near the end of this tree. Belay me and I'll take a peek."

The first step was airy, with the cliff face immediately below it, but from

there on the ledge widened and flattened. We felt we had passed the crux. With confidence we strode toward the high point, a short scramble of stone blocks directly in front of us. In ten minutes we were enthusiastically topping out. But as we took the last few steps, another higher rocky summit.

"There's the true summit," I groaned. "And this ridge doesn't connect exactly. We'll have to drop off the back of this knob onto that glacier and regain the ridge." She couldn't mistake the disappointment and fatigue in my voice.

"Okay, let's go," I stated firmly, thinking a decisive act might help both our attitudes. So without even a pause we started back down. Nothing to it until we reached the glacier.

Normally, we'd have crampons but we had decided to leave them at home. Roped together we crossed the least steep part of the ice until we were right beneath the summit.

Then slowly, I climbed directly upward, stopping whenever I could get a firm hold to belay Sally. It went. From the top of the glacier we stepped onto the final short ridge and were warmly congratulating each other on the summit within minutes.

We quickly changed from sweaty shirts to dry ones and pulled out lunches. As we found comfortable rocks to spread our sit pads, the incredible beauty of the surrounding peaks came flooding in. Serene, deep blue alpine lakes caught our attention. If only there was time enough to visit them all.

"I'd love to lay back and take a nap here in the sun," I wished out loud. "But we've taken seven and a half hours to get here and it will be dark in another three. How about the more direct route through Noisy Creek? We won't make it to camp before dark but it should be more comfortable in the valley tonight. Besides, you always like doing a loop."

"The climbing will probably be easier, though we haven't done this route before. I'm just concerned about getting off the Noisy Glacier. The lower portion looks like a skating rink. Spooky. We could walk in that direction a little ways and give it a try," she concluded.

"What did you bring extra for warmth tonight?" I asked.

"I've got a down vest and windpants. Wish I had my bivy sack," she replied.

"With a fire and continued calm weather, we should be fine."

After a half hour on top, which included self-portraits, we begrudgingly left the summit. It was 4pm and the afternoon light was grand. But it wouldn't last long. We tromped along the upper glacier where the crust was slightly soft. When we reached the glassy ice we roped up again.

"I'll chop a couple of steps and belay you down, Sally. It's not too steep. When you reach one of those cracks, wedge in a foot and pull in the rope while I slide down to you. I think the ice axe will get enough of a grip to keep me under control."

I ran the rope around my ice axe shaft and behind my boot, which was positioned directly in front of the shaft for support. Sally dropped to a crab position and proceeded cautiously down as I paid out the rope.

It was slow but effective. We passed beside a crevasse perhaps forty feet deep and then another that had a small lake at the bottom. Melt water was dropping into this from the upper lip of the crevasse. The sun flashed through the many drops as they fell in a veil.

What would normally have taken 10 minutes with crampons took us 45. Finally we slipped off the glacier with cold, wet shorts. Now to enjoy the setting sun on the open alpine terrain. Relaxed once more, this part of the journey proved delightful.

In a half-kidding manner Sally suggested we spend the night from this high vantage. I agreed the viewpoint was spectacular but I reminded her of what she already knew—it was going to get very chilly soon.

The time I had spent that morning studying the Noisy Creek drainage proved useful now. By remembering the general features we were able to miss the majority of the cliffs and brush.

In two hours we had dropped 3000 feet into the valley bottom. But now the brush loomed up twelve to fifteen feet high around the terminus of the dry creek bed we had followed.

"Maybe we should gather up some wood here for a fire," Sally suggested. "I don't want to jump into this brush, do you?"

I wanted to cross the valley to the larger timber on the other side where we'd find more abundant firewood.

"Yeah," I said with a demonic grin, and stepped into an unlikely tangle of willows. After ten feet the way opened



Sally on the summit of Bacon Peak.

inexplicably and I could walk along at an almost normal pace. We crossed the valley in 20 minutes instead of the hour I anticipated.

The light was dim now, especially under the large old-growth trees. We'd need more visibility than headlamps could provide to find our way up the 1500 feet to camp. Cliffs were numerous.

We didn't want to spend the night on a steep incline without adequate firewood. We agreed to immediately search for a flat, dry, open space in the big timber and gather wood. It had rained two days earlier but once the fire started, it would dry subsequent fuel. After a few minutes Sally found an ideal spot not far from the creek.

As long as I had known Sally, she had always been opposed to campfires. Both environmentally and aesthetically she was against the smelly, smoky affair. But to my amazement she took to woodgathering with enthusiasm. And soon we were ready to strike a match.

We used the photocopy of Beckey's route description to start the fire (which proved it wasn't useless after all). This was our first unplanned bivouac and we were enjoying the novelty of it, including the long shadows thrown into the forest.

All night long we alternated tending the fire, talking, eating, and laughing at ourselves. Having made the summit helped our spirits greatly.

It was surreal to wake from snatches of sleep to find Sally standing amid the smoke, piling wood on. Did I know this woman?

The smoke drifted almost straight up

the entire night. It wasn't windy. And for October in the mountains the temperature was mild. We were fortunate.

By morning, having slept little and with sore backs from the ground, we were ready to be on our way. After thoroughly flooding the fire, we proceeded uphill toward camp.

We moved over several gullies to the north before finding the correct one that led through the cliffs. An hour and a half of steady climbing put us on the bench where the little mountain tent had waited.

Sally fired up the stove for some soup and tea while I loafed in the sun. I inspected my watch and found that we had been gone 25 hours from camp.

We hiked 3½ hours out to the car, one day late. On the way home Sally called in to work, letting them know all was well. They were relieved.

I reflected, "This has been a terrific trip. So much has happened. So many things to remember."

"Yeah," Sally interrupted, "like next time let's remember sleeping bags, pads, and bivy sacks make the nights more comfortable."

I broke into a grin. "Right on, as usual."

△

Ish Wood is an electrician who lives in Seattle. Sally Pfeifer, also of Seattle, works for Northwest Hospital. They are frequent backcountry companions.

CHRIS WEIDNER

SOLO

—AN OUTING IN THE OLYMPIC MOUNTAINS—

"Why is route finding always a problem?" I ask myself in frustration. I cannot locate the notch in a "minor east-west ridge" mentioned in the guide that will lead me to a clear view of the rest of the route and the 7743 foot summit of Mount Constance.

Here I stand in the second of several possible notches, clearly off route with no better idea of what I should do.

I pause for a minute scanning the complex snow gullies and rocky ridges above me for any clue of where to go.

Something unexpected disturbed the silence of my peaceful surroundings, "Are you going the right way?" someone yelled to me.

"No! Do you know where to go?" I didn't hear an answer but at the pace that the man climbed upward I suspected he saw the way.

His presence was disappointing. I had hoped to be all alone today and tomorrow as I was yesterday on the grueling 2-mile "hike" up to ice-covered

Lake Constance.

My solo outing was intruded upon, yet as I followed the lone man's tracks up a wide couloir to the correct notch, I realized that I was happy and more energized now that I had company.

I quickly but clumsily scrambled up to him over slush and loose scree to the ridgetop where we introduced ourselves and planned the rest of the route.

Making good time I continued alone and soon understood how the "Terrible Traverse" got its name. This exciting, short but steep snow traverse is required to gain the base of the summit block. A fun scramble placed me on the summit at 11:25am—four hours after leaving my camp just past the lake, including the frustrating hour and fifteen minutes I spent lost.

Blocked by clouds to the east, the view was spectacular in all other directions with glacier-clad Mount Olympus visible on the far side of the vast Olympic Mountain Range.

Occasionally the clouds would dissipate enough to see the Kitsap Peninsula and the myriad bays, canals and bodies of water between the summit and Seattle.

Comforted by Ken's presence, I quietly relished the alpine beauty. He had started early that morning from the road, completing the entire 6450-foot elevation gain before noon, and he planned on hiking out and driving home in the evening!

I described to him my 7:30am start from a camp under an overhanging boulder in Avalanche Canyon where I spent the previous night. Climbing the shaded initial gully without crampons, I crested the ridge where brilliant sunshine enveloped me.

I remained motionless in awe of its warmth and the unfolding beauty of the mountains until my desire to climb higher won over. An hour later Ken found the route that eventually led us to the correct notch.

I always debate when to leave the summit. I finish eating, nearby mountains are identified—twice, my body is as rested as it will be and I admire the astounding landscape again and again.

Logically I should move on. Especially when I travel solo and camp lies a couple of hours away. But no matter how long I linger on the summit I crave more mental and spiritual absorption from the environment.

The summit of Mount Constance, which I had longed to attain ever since recognizing it as the highest point of the range seen from Seattle, is in my grasp—I am here! Wouldn't it be wonderful to spend all day on top?

But like many summits before, I have to leave.

The subtle let-down of stepping off the summit dissolved as I joyfully explored more of the immediate area. My next objective was Point Schellin, a prominent rock tower near the first notch. I tiptoed across the Terrible Traverse then raced down the snow slopes retracing footprints left by Ken and me. Ken remained on the summit alone.



Chris Weidner on the summit of Mount Constance.

Ken

Arriving at the base I questioned the sanity of climbing steep, snow-covered class 3 rock, but of course the first 20 feet didn't look too hard. Scared, I climbed through the next difficult section perceiving the rest of the ascent to be easy.

After 50 feet I realized this was a stupid idea but the last hard move always seemed just above me. I prayed aloud the entire climb. I underestimated the intricacy of scaling such loose wet rock, and when I finally arrived on top I was experiencing sheer terror!

Somehow I calmed myself enough to take a couple photographs and sign the summit register. To my delight only two other parties were registered, both mentioned in the guidebook: the first ascent was made in 1923, the second in 1983 and now a third ascent on April 28, 1994.

Facing the inevitable, I very carefully crawled down this dreaded rock face for over half an hour, double-checking every rotten hold and ice axe placement.

I soon noticed Ken watching my nerve-racking descent and thankfully, he waited until I came down safely. Because of the distance back to his car, Ken pushed on ahead while I casually walked to the tops of the Cat's Ears. These two distinctive rocky points appear impossible from Avalanche Canyon but offer a very short, exposed walk up their east slope.

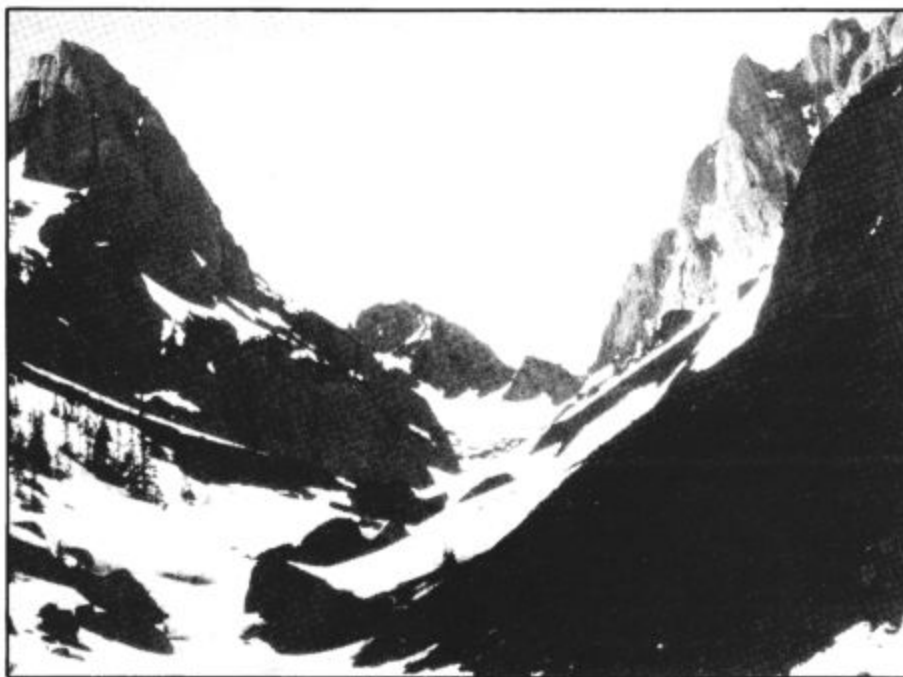
The icy couloir I ascended this morning had turned into glissadable mush so I collapsed on my rear and enjoyed the barely-controlled, 1200-foot ride back into Avalanche Canyon.

In a blur I stormed past Ken who plunge-stepped and "skied" his way down to me at the bottom to say goodbye. Like a wave, loneliness washed over me as I watched him quickly disappear around a twist in the canyon.

Winding my way farther into the snow-covered gorge I found my way to the base of The Thumb, an impressive chunk of rock located 1 mile north of Lake Constance on the east shoulder of Inner Constance.

I heard only the rhythmic kicking of my boots into the snow and my own heavy breathing as I ascended the 400-foot chute to the rounded summit. Once again I underestimated the length and intimidation of such steep ground, and uneasiness plagued me until I reached the top.

I ignored my fear for the moment and studied the route up Inner Constance

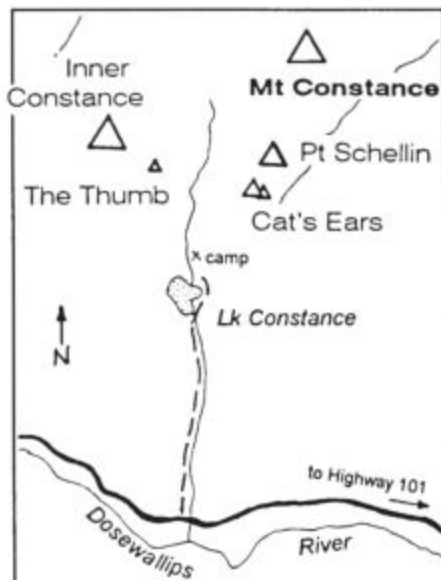


Chris Weidner

Morning comes to Avalanche Canyon

which I tentatively planned to climb the following day before hiking out. I photographed the massive basalt walls forming the canyon, comprised of countless snow basins and gullies. The vast number of unusually jagged peaks and towers humbled me as I considered such geologic wonders that will exist for innumerable human lifetimes.

I descended slowly at first, gradually gaining momentum fueled by my increasing confidence. Elated, I wandered back to my shelter from where I had set out nearly eleven hours earlier. Watching darkness encompass The Brothers, I finished eating and writing my journal overwhelmed with thankfulness for such a priceless day.



Maybe the satisfaction of relaxing after an adventure-filled day is what lures me repeatedly to the mountains; because only then can I allow myself to bathe in the vivid emotions I experience during a climb: freedom, humility, fear, loneliness and unparalleled joy.

Perhaps I am tired and satisfied enough to shun the hard work and risk of another climb, for I have no ambition to climb tomorrow.

Exhausted, I escape into the warmth of my sleeping bag searching for a legitimate excuse not to ascend Inner Constance.

Just before drifting to sleep I opened my eyes and instantly solved my dilemma. The stars at dusk were no longer visible through the lowering shroud of blackness, and the ridgetops were completely obscured. It looked as though it may even rain!

I closed my eyes and allowed my tired body to sink into sleep knowing that soon I would experience the love and safety of home.

Chris Weidner just finished his third year at the University of Washington. He lives in Seattle and spends as much time as possible in the outdoors both rock climbing and mountaineering.

KARLYN BLACK

A Visit to the Ice Lakes

—A THREE-DAY TRIP IN THE GLACIER PEAK WILDERNESS—

To reach the trailhead, drive to Entiat on the Columbia River north of Wenatchee, then drive to the end of Entiat River road 51, where Entiat River trail 1400 begins. The first 4+ miles are open to motorcycles, although all we saw were a lot of horses.

Our group of five (plus one black Lab) left on Friday, July 28, about 10:45am. The trail was dry and in good shape. Most creek crossings had good bridges over them (for the motorcycles). Past the Glacier Peak Wilderness boundary is a large creek to cross, in an area of downed trees.

If you look to the right, upstream, you'll find the old log crossing for hikers. The log is broken a bit, but we crossed quite safely on it. The only

problem is access: we had to climb over two large trees to get to the log.

Eight miles up the Entiat trail, Ice Lakes trail 1405 takes off to the left. A short way down this trail (a few hundred feet) is a large campground next to the Entiat river. We claimed a camping area with enough room to put up our three tents, in a perfect spot next to a bend in the river. We then ate a leisurely dinner and enjoyed a good campfire.

Saturday, we prepared to do a day-hike up to the Ice Lakes. A number of deer passed near camp, checking us out. We got underway around 10am. The first challenge was to cross the river—the bridge is washed out.

We finally decided on a logjam downstream. This looked easier than it was: the river is very deep and fast here, and we had to avoid the bottom log as it was slippery. Once across, the trail made its way through forest (and over numerous logs) to a good sized meadow, where we got some views of the ridges surrounding us.

The trail leaves the meadow and approaches the creek for a large, deep crossing. We noticed on the map that the trail re-crosses the creek about half a mile upstream, so we opted to keep our feet dry and bushwhack for a while.

Thus, we found out *why* the trail crosses the creek. The trees got thicker and thicker, until we finally made it to an avalanche area, where the snow had plowed down many trees. We managed to make our way through the trees and over the snow, then back to the trail. From here on, we saw more snow on or near the trail, until we came to the junction of the Upper and Lower Ice Lakes trails.

At the campsite here, we stopped to eat lunch. The trail steepens at this point, making its way up the valley, past a beautiful falls from the upper lake, to finally cross the creek. Right above the crossing, the creek was still covered in snow. We made our way up past this area, before attempting to re-cross the creek again, this time on firm snow. We also had to travel up the snow for a way, but it was solid enough



Mountain goat at Lower Ice Lake.

Karlyn Black

at the edge to walk on.

Once off the snow, the "trail" climbs steeply through rocks and boulders, working up to Lower Ice Lake. We could see a definite path through the boulders, but we made our way carefully up through heather fields, using whatever small bare spots or animal trails we could find. Marmots whistled at us as we climbed.

Most of the group climbed the last small way right next to the creek, where it was hang-on-with-your-hands. But Spencer (the dog) and I (afraid of heights) couldn't make it that way, so we found easier access by way of the large rock knoll to the right. Once over the top, the lake sat below us.

A mountain goat was eating next to where I came up, and he let me quite close to take his picture. It was about 4pm by now, and the weather was somewhat cloudy and very windy, with small snowflakes coming down up here (6000+ feet), so we didn't spend much time.

We worked our way back down to the valley, and decided to stay on-trail and cross the creek on the way out, instead



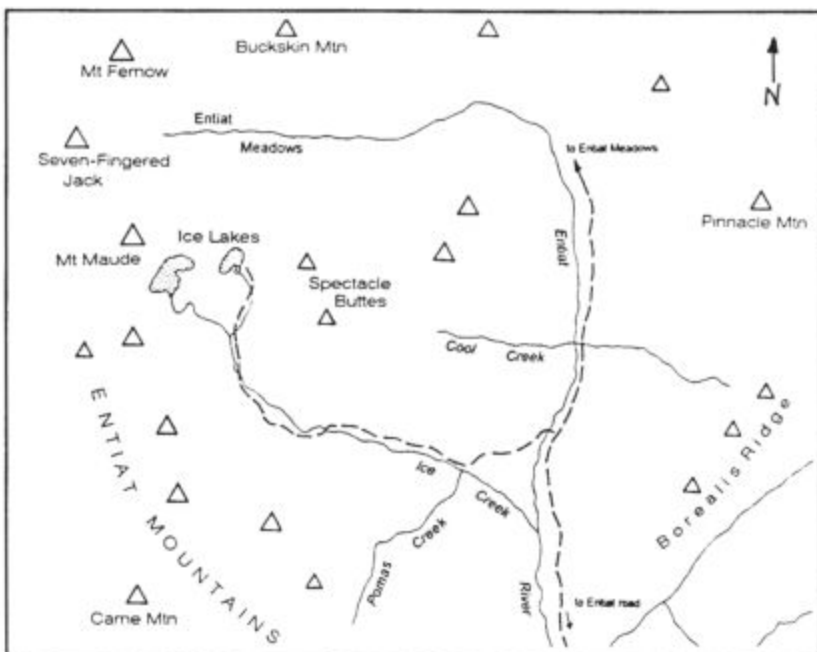
Upper Ice Lake falls, from the Ice Lake trail.

Karlyn Black

of bushwhacking, since we were heading back to camp and dry clothes.

Hence, we found out *why* they named it Ice Creek. Boulder-hopping didn't work, as the rocks were very slippery, so we all ended up with ice water on our feet. At least those who crossed using Tevas could put on dry boots afterward. Two of us tried using gaiters to keep dry. They only helped—we still got some ice-cold water in our boots.

Back across the creek the second time (even deeper than the upper crossing), we went down trail, back over the many fallen logs, and discovered that a group of horses had tried to come up the trail. They apparently gave up at some of the logs. So the various campsites along this trail (especially up near the creek crossings) would be great for



anyone trying to avoid the equine crowds.

We got to camp shortly before dark, so dinner was a tired, hurried affair.

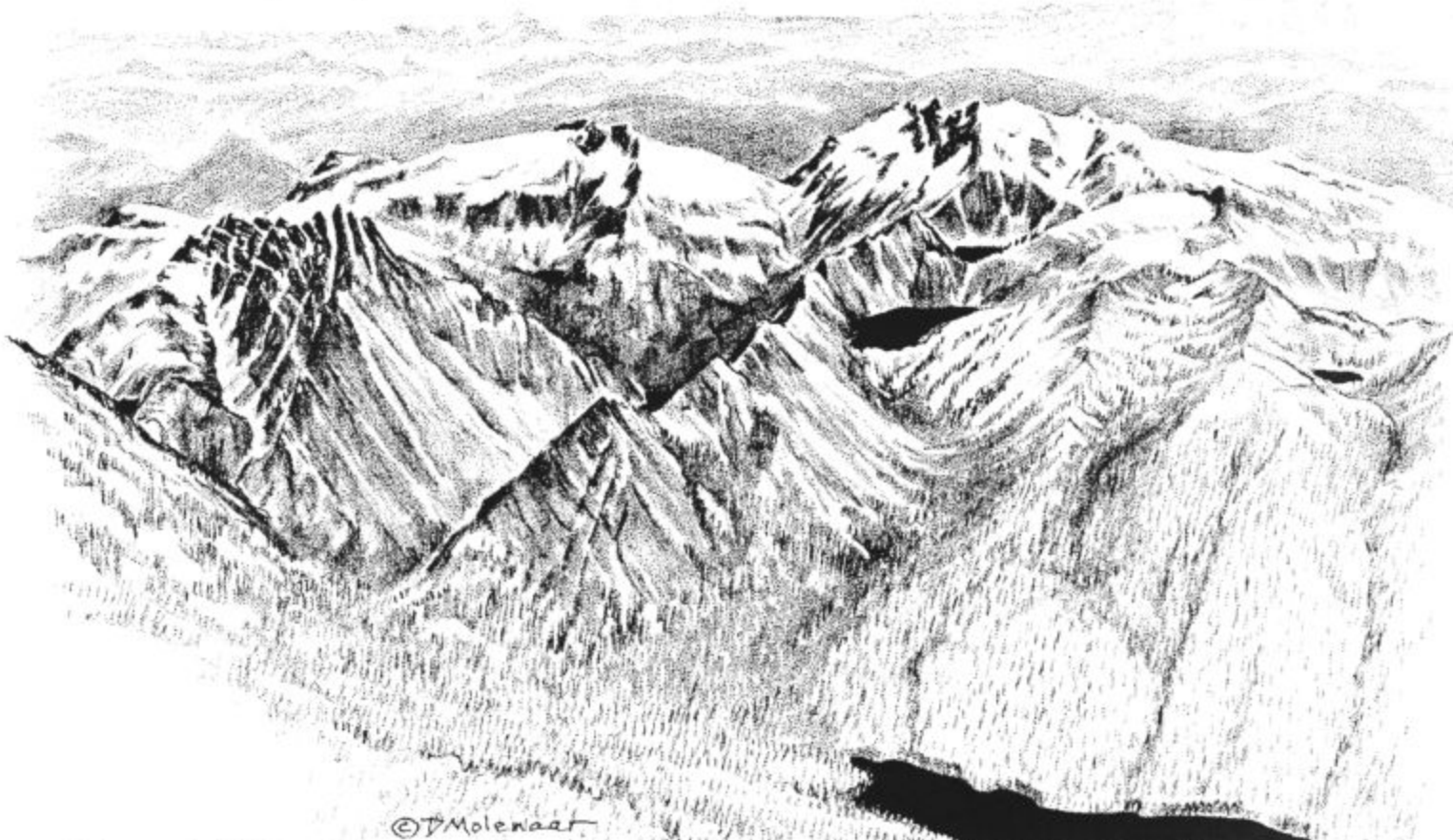
And we all slept in on Sunday. Sunday was quite warm, the kind of weather we had hoped for on Saturday. We had a late breakfast, packed up, and hiked the 8 miles back out to the trailhead.

We did see evidence that a bike or two had been on the trail, and met about four groups of hikers, so this is a popular travel area, with access to great camping spots and many lakes and streams.

Karlyn and Gary Black, of East Wenatchee, are well into their second season of hiking. Their first, last year, ended early when the fires started.

Mountain Gallery

by Dee Molenaar



© Molenaar

The central Alpine Lakes peaks from the east: Bears Breast, left, and the Mount Daniel massif.

GEORGE LOUGH

34 YEARS IN THE OLYMPICS

—FATHER AND SON ALL THE WAY—

In 1961, shortly after retiring from the army, I took my 14-year-old son, Jim, on a hike to the Seven Lakes Basin in the Olympic National Park.

That was the first of a series of hikes that we have taken together every year except one ever since. (That one year, 1965, I went alone and almost cashed in, but that's another story.)

Even before that, we had taken short hikes in Mount Rainier National Park, as well as to Flapjack Lakes in the Olympics.

My first hike in the Olympics took place in 1932. As a Tenderfoot in Seattle Troop 126, I went up the Duckabush to Marmot Lake and back to Staircase. That was my first experience in the high country, and it made a great impression on me. So it was wonderful to be able to revisit that place with Jim, and to go with him to so many others in the park over the years.

We have covered most of the trails in the park, some of them several times, but quite a few remain, mostly dead



Jim on the Wonderland Trail near Indian Henry's, 1957.

ends at lower elevations, such as the Lillian Trail and the South Fork of the Hoh. (I would like to be able to check them all off, but Jim isn't so keen on that, so at age 76, maybe I should go and do them by myself.)

It has been our practice to go on only one big hike each year, beginning on the Labor Day weekend and continuing through the following weekend. We find the weather is usually good at that time, and there are fewer hikers on the trails. So we typically hike for 8 or 9 days.

About half the time we have taken guests with us. We took one of Jim's sisters to Dose Meadows and Lost Pass, the other sister to Dodger Point. Other guests included nephews and cousins, friends of mine, friends of Jim's, and a retired Park Service supervisor. One of them even went with us for three years in a row!

We have cut short our hike only once that I can remember. We went in from the Wynoochee and came out down the Duckabush. It rained all the time and we came out on Thursday.

We try to get some one to deliver us to the trailhead and come back to pick us up. That way we don't have to come out the way we go in, and we don't have to be concerned with thefts and vandalism. One time, Jim's van was broken into. (That was at the end of the road to the Olympic Hot Springs on the Elwha.)

The thief took some stuff and loaded it into his rig, then proceeded to run off the road, where the park ranger found him with the loot. It took Jim six months to get his stuff back, because it was used for evidence.

Another time, again on the Elwha but at Whiskey Bend, a guest of ours left his Cherokee unlocked so the thieves wouldn't break a window, but they broke it anyway!

We have had very few mishaps over the years. I tore the cartilage in my

knee at O'Neil Creek on the Quinault. Had to walk 6½ miles out to Graves Creek. (That took six months to heal.)

Then two years ago, I broke my fibula up on the Six Ridge trail and walked out 9 miles. If I had known it was broken, I never could have made it. That took a cast and physical therapy but healed completely.

The only bad thing to happen to Jim was a bit of giardia from Camp Marion on the Dosewallips. So we have been lucky.

We got lost twice. The first time was on the Skyline Trail. (I read in *P&P* that others have had the same experience.) There is a place near Lake Beauty where the trail disappears in the rocks. There were cairns and tapes everywhere, apparently put out by people who were also lost.

We were not really lost, because we were in open country and could see all around, we were just lost from the trail. We found it again after about three hours.

The other time was going from Belview on Six Ridge to Lake Success. We went across a steep bare place and couldn't find the trail on the other side in the fog, so we made camp in the rocks and Jim found the trail the next morning.

For equipment, we started out with surplus army rucksacks. They put all the weight on the shoulders. About 1966, we got Kelty Mountaineer packs for \$39 each, and we are still using them. (We later upgraded the waist belts and added extenders to the frames.)

I still use my Svea stove and Sigg Tourister pots. We have Gore-tex Vasque boots and Gore-tex jackets.

Jim and I have taken three trips over the years on trails that were abandoned or nonexistent. The first was the Tshletshy (pronounced *cha-leech-ee*) Creek. Unlike the Doug Savage party

George Lough



George Lough

Jim, left, and his cousin John Tharp at Flapjack Lakes, 1955.

(see May 1995, page 21), we started at the Queets trailhead. That required a rubber boat and a boatman to cross the river. There were three of us, so we followed the blazes all the way up to Three Lakes.

Only one other party did that trail the year we did it, and they got lost and had to bushwhack ten miles to Big Creek, as I recall. From Three Lakes, we did the Skyline Trail to the Low Divide, and back down the North Fork of the Quinault and out. Being in the prime of life, only 60 years of age at the time, it was easy for me.

The next was from Mount Olson to the O'Neil Shelter on the Quinault. We followed the blazes until we got near the bottom, and found a massive blow-down had turned all the blazes face down. That's where I ramracked my knee, jumping six feet off logs with a 40 pound pack.

We hiked one year from Upper Lena Lake to Home Sweet Home by way of St. Peter's Gate, Mount Stone, the Great Stone Arrow and Mount Hopper Way. At one place, we had to let ourselves down with a climbing rope.

I've enjoyed reading the articles by Karen Sykes in *P&P*. Two years ago, Jim and I hiked up the South Fork of the Skokomish for the second time. We stopped at Camp Riley on Sunday night.

The next morning, I saw a group of boys coming down the trail, with some

men and a woman. (I found out later that it was Seattle Troop 70.) I chatted for a while with the lady, not knowing,

of course, who she was.

In the next issue of *P&P*, there was Karen Sykes telling of the trip Troop 70 made to Sundown Lake over Labor Day. So then I contacted Karen through *P&P* and had a very nice letter from her.

By the time you read this, it will probably be after Labor Day. We plan to do the Queets River trail from beginning to end this year. It's about 15 miles each way, with very little change in elevation. Because there is no bridge at the trailhead, we understand the trail isn't used much, and the fishing is good.

If you see us on the trail any Labor Day weekend or week, say hello.

△

George Lough is a retired contracting officer from the Bonneville Power Administration. He lives in Vancouver, Washington. Jim Lough teaches Transcendental Meditation in Portland.



George Lough

George (with as-yet-undetected broken leg) and Jim, 1993.

LEE MCKEE

Roaming around Ross Lake

—IT'S AN ADVENTURE JUST GETTING THERE—

Well, Ann finally did it! She got me to try something new, and I must admit I did enjoy myself. The something new was a visit to Ross Lake and a 5-day backpack on one of the trail systems that can be accessed from the lake.

What makes this different from any other backcountry outing? To start with, you don't just get out of your car at the trailhead, strap on your pack, and start walking.

Instead, you must first get to Ross Lake from your car. Next, you must get from the end of the lake to the actual trailhead for your trip. And finally you must get from the place you choose to end your trip back to the end of the lake. Then you can, as we did, conclude your trip with an overnight stay in a comfortable cabin at Ross Lake Resort.

Sound like to much *getting* for you to get up and go? If so, you're missing out on something unique.

Let me tell you about Ross Lake and our trip. You decide for yourself.

FLOATING CABINS

Ross Lake was created many years ago by the damming of the Skagit River. In all, three dams form lakes on this once wild river—Ross Lake, Diablo Lake, and Gorge Lake.

Ross Lake, the highest at 1600 feet elevation, is over 20 miles long and is the most remote. The only road access is on the north end of the lake at Hozomeen campground which is reached from British Columbia.

The lands adjacent to the lake make up the Ross Lake National Recreation Area which in turn is bounded by the North Cascades National Park on the west and the Pasayten Wilderness on the east. The lake is shared by canoers, kayakers, power boaters, horse riders and hikers.

The only facility on the south end of the lake is Ross Lake Resort. Originating as a primitive fishing camp more than 40 years ago, it has evolved to meet the needs of today's backcountry users.

The resort is a row of ten cozy cabins (sleeping two to six), three roomy bunkhouses (sleeping six to ten), an office and a couple of workshops. The units all have kitchen facilities since no food service is available. The entire resort complex floats on the lake supported by log rafts!

A couple of working cats and one laid-back dog provide supervision for the summer staff of ten.

Besides providing a place to stay, the resort rents canoes, kayaks, and 14-foot

outboard motor boats. It also provides canoe and kayak portage from Diablo Lake to Ross Lake, and provides a water taxi service for hikers to and from trailheads.

GETTING THERE

You can reach Ross Lake from Highway 20 in two ways. The first is to hike in (trails range from less than a mile at Happy Flats to over 5 miles from Diablo Lake). The second is to take a 25-minute tugboat ride up Diablo Lake followed by a 10-minute truck ride from the end of Diablo Lake to the Ross Dam spillway.

We opted for the tugboat and truck ride which costs a total of \$10 per person roundtrip. Since the tug departs at 8:30am and 3pm *only*, we had an early start from home for the morning tug since we wanted to put in some trail miles on our first day.

There is a complication, however—a backcountry permit is required for all backpacking trips. When coming from the west side of the state, this means a stop at the Ranger Station in Marblemount. The station opens at 7am; hikers arriving earlier can obtain a "self-issue" permit.

The permit process can take time, especially if other campers also want permits and are trying to catch the same tug you are. Allow some slack in your schedule.

Be aware, too, that camping is restricted only to designated sites. This means if your hoped-for campsites are "full" you must either delay your trip or make alternate choices. Starting on a weekday, we had no problems with our planned itinerary.

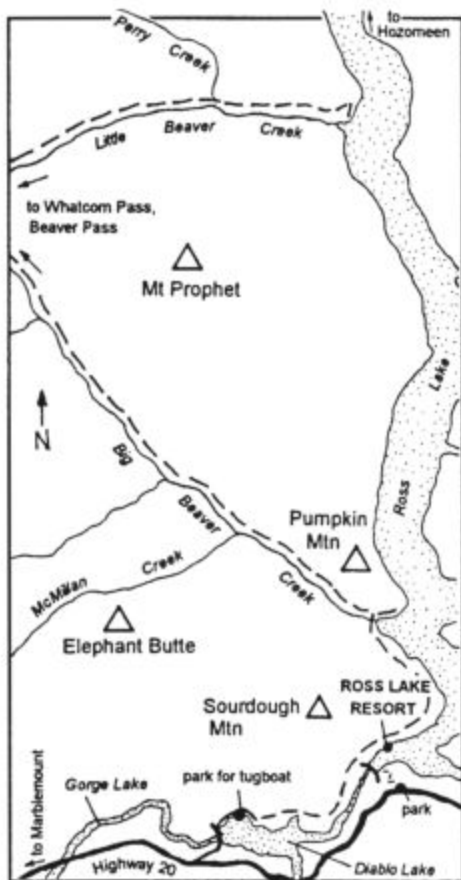
ON THE TRAIL

Shortly after 8am on August 10 we were standing at the dock on Diablo Lake with our packs ready. Several other parties were there, too. One group with lots of supplies was renting a boat from the resort and planned to camp and fish on the lake. Another couple was planning on renting kayaks from the resort and paddling the lake.



The tug Diablo II approaches the dock in upper Diablo Lake; the truck waits to take arriving visitors around the dam to Ross Lake.

Lee McKee



Right on schedule the tug arrived. We all loaded our gear aboard and were off. Before long the tug entered a narrow steep-sided gorge, a spectacular place.

Reaching the end of the lake we transferred our gear to an open-bed truck for the 10-minute ride up to Ross Lake. Two people can fit in the cab with the driver, while everyone else rides on benches in the truck bed. You need to dress for the weather to be comfortable.

From the end of the road we were all shuttled quickly across the lake to the resort. Here Ann and I dropped off a package of clothes and food to be held for our return, arranged a water taxi pickup for four days later at the end of our trip, and were soon headed up-lake in a water taxi for the trailhead.

The water taxi can transport up to six people and six packs to any trailhead on the lake. The cost is determined by the distance to the trailhead and is per boat, not per person. So if you're lucky enough to share the boat with another party, the expense can be reduced. Our trailhead was 17 miles up the lake at Little Beaver and cost \$50.

Shortly after 11am we shouldered our packs, waved goodbye to the boat, and set off up the trail. We had 40 miles to cover, 5 days to do it in, and an appointment with the water taxi at 4pm

on the fifth day if we wanted a ride back to the resort!

The trip we were doing was the Beaver Loop. Starting at Little Beaver Camp on Ross Lake, the trail follows Little Beaver Creek westward 11.4 miles, where the loop swings over Beaver Pass and down Big Beaver Creek 16.8 miles to Ross Lake again.

The Little Beaver trail gains just over 800 feet in elevation for the first 11.4 miles, and except for the 600 or so feet at the start, the gain is gradual, with typical river valley ups and downs.

CHANGE IN PLANS

Our plan was to continue as far west as Whatcom Pass, then backtrack to the Big Beaver trail and take it to Ross Lake. The rain of mid-August, however, forced us to change our plans to stay at Whatcom Camp.

Although the change "violated" our backcountry permit, we felt it was more prudent to camp at Twin Rocks, in the protected forest, than to head to a high country camp in inclement weather. Fortunately no one else was staying at the camp, and a friendly backcountry ranger used his radio to change our "reservations" to make us "legal." We spent two nights at Twin Rocks, day-hiking to the pass (and got snowed on!).

REMOTE AND MAGICAL

I'm not a lowland hiker, but I found myself liking the Beaver Loop. It has a remote feeling about it—it was soft underfoot, had stands of old growth cedar, and periodic glimpses of streams and surrounding peaks. Above Twin Rocks camp, waterfalls cascaded off cliff



Starting out from Ross Lake on the Little Beaver trail.

Lee McKee

walls. Brief glimpses of the high country around Whatcom Pass were all we were allowed but they were enough to fuel our imagination on what it must be like under clear skies.

Coming down the Big Beaver trail I was surprised at the number of varied thrushes I saw, and in the lower reaches we even saw an owl. The magic remained until the last 5.5 miles past 39 Mile camp. Here the trail tread became harder, rockier, and more civilized.

All was not idyllic on this loop, though, since trail maintenance has not been done for several years on the Little Beaver trail. There were many down trees and lots of brush to deal



The floating cabins of Ross Lake Resort face Pyramid and Colonial Peaks, North Cascades National Park.

Lee McKee

with. And the crossing of Little Beaver Creek, in the words of the Park, "can be difficult." Big Beaver trail is somewhat better.

GREAT END TO TRIP

The days went quickly and before we knew it we found ourselves back on the shores of Ross Lake waiting for our rendezvous with the water taxi. Right on time the boat from the resort showed up and delivered us to the door of the floating cabin we had previously arranged for.

We claimed our box of clean clothes and food we had left at the resort office, enjoyed a warm shower, and relaxed with a meal of pasta as we watched the clouds whirl around the surrounding peaks. A great way to end a backcountry trip. And I found myself wondering why I had not tried this sooner!

OTHER TRAILS

Ross Lake offers a variety of trail destinations for both dayhikers and backpackers, including Sourdough Mountain, Desolation Peak, Hozomeen Lake, Big and Little Beaver Creeks, Devils Dome, Lightning Creek, and East Bank. These can all be reached by water taxi.

For dayhikers, the resort makes a convenient base camp for several days of exploration.



Ann Marshall

Beautiful riverbanks along Little Beaver Creek, near Stillwell camp.

Ross Lake Resort operates its water taxi service beginning Memorial Day weekend. Overnight accommodations are available from mid-June to the end of October.

Marblemount Ranger Station
728 Ranger Station Road
Marblemount WA 98267
360-873-4590 (permit info)

For information contact:
Ross Lake Resort
Rockport WA 98283
206-386-4437 (local call from
Seattle area)

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

LEE MCKEE

Brush and Logs

—WE MEET THE BUDGET CUT, FACE TO FACE—

Trail *NON*-maintenance—up close and personal—was an off-shoot of our 40-mile trip in North Cascades National Park/Ross Lake National Recreation Area. The trails Ann and I hiked were the Little Beaver trail and the Big Beaver trail.

The *NON*-maintenance involved downed trees, heavy brush, lack of an adequate major stream crossing, and deteriorating tread across a steep chute.

Problems? You bet! Consider 160 trees, some large and difficult, down on 20 miles of the trail. Consider brush ranging from nuisance level to over your head (even if you're 6 feet tall)

and totally obscuring the trail—with two *really awful* sections of 1/2- to 3/4-mile long.

Consider the possibility of falling into a deep, fast stream because you slipped while trying to cross on an improvised footlog. Consider the possibility of sliding down a steep chute because your boot lost traction on the scree.

Is this what a trail user should expect from a maintained trail? The answer is a definite *NO!*

A maintained trail, as described in the brochure *The Off-Trail Challenge* (produced by the Trailblazers in cooperation with Mount Baker-Snoqualmie

National Forest), "provides secure footing and a way cleared through natural obstacles ..."

In contrast the same brochure describes travel in the absence of a trail being one in which "your personal safety and comfort are entirely your own responsibility—cliffs, brush thickets and streams may be formidable obstacles to travel, but you will find no path marked for you, no brush cut, and no footlogs provided."

Presently, the Beaver Creek trail system seems to fall more closely into the description of traveling in the absence of a trail.



Ann Marshall

On sections of the Little Beaver trail above Twin Rocks, the brush is over Lee's head and blocks the trail.

WHAT IS THE PROBLEM?

Is it because these trails are little used? Definitely not. The section of the Little Beaver trail to Whatcom Pass is part of the major east/west cross-park route.

Is this an isolated instance? Definitely not. Park and Forest Service people throughout the region have warned that budget cuts would impact trail maintenance. See the article "Losing Trails," in the April 1995 issue of *Pack & Paddle*.

A recent report from a backpacker traveling a trail in the Wenatchee National Forest noted: "The Little Wenatchee River trail is very brushy and the early morning dew on the way out soaked our clothes. A trail crew coming in was cutting out all the fallen trees but said trimming the brush back was hopeless. It was so thick in places we couldn't see the trail or our feet."

Is it because people responsible for trail maintenance don't care? I doubt it. A member of a trail crew who was traveling on the Little Beaver trail expressed concern and frustration over the trail maintenance problem.

He said the problem stems from lack of funding. Senior level personnel must decide where to apply funds. The trail maintenance area ends up with less

funds than are necessary to do the job.

FRONTCOUNTRY vs BACKCOUNTRY

The irony of the situation was brought home after we stopped at the impressive new North Cascades National Park Visitors Center in Newhalem. The exhibit room is stunning, giving glimpses of the land's history, of flora and fauna inhabiting the land, and of the feel of the backcountry.

Many exhibit stations have their own video of sights and sounds. It isn't much more of a step to having exhibits using "virtual reality" computer systems. A person wouldn't ever have to step onto a trail to experience the backcountry. Trail maintenance concerns would be moot.

Farfetched? Perhaps—but only if backcountry travelers actively prevent it from happening. Money seems to be available for "frontcountry" development and capital improvements but not for backcountry maintenance.

The 1995 edition of the North Cascades *Challenger* produced by Mount Baker-Snoqualmie National Forest and North Cascades National Park notes: "...[trail] maintenance dollars dropped ... less than one-third of a 250 mile trail system was maintained to standard ... many of the less popular trails were essentially abandoned" and "volunteers have tried to reduce some of [the] backlog."



Lee McKee

Ann carefully negotiates the crossing of one of the channels on Little Beaver Creek.



Lee McKee

Since Little Beaver changed channels several years ago, this suspension bridge crosses only the middle of its three channels.

Volunteer efforts are to be applauded but I doubt they will solve the dilemma. What is needed is better allocation of monies between the backcountry and the frontcountry and a toning down of what is considered the minimum acceptable frontcountry needs.

The problem is overcoming the obstacles that keep funding from being used for areas like trail maintenance. These obstacles range from individuals making budget decisions in local Park and Forest Service offices to the complex budget process in the United States Congress.

BE A SQUEAKY WHEEL

If you're concerned, let Park Superintendents, District Forest Rangers, and your Congressmen know! We're coming ever closer to losing our trail systems, as we found out first hand, because maintenance isn't keeping pace with nature reclaiming our trails.

How much cross-country travel on supposedly maintained trails will it take for YOU to become "the squeaky wheel that gets the grease?"



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

PANORAMA

NEWS FROM ALL OVER

ELWHA RIVER—The final version of an Environmental Impact Statement on Elwha River Ecosystem Restoration was released at the end of July by the National Park Service.

The final EIS examines five alternatives for restoration of the Elwha River and identifies the removal of both the Elwha and Glines Canyon dams as the preferred alternative and the only way to achieve full restoration.

This EIS will be followed by an additional EIS which will describe a range of alternatives for implementing the removal of the dams. This document will be released in draft form in the fall, with a 60-day public comment period and public meetings.

To see a copy of the Restoration EIS, check with your local public library system.

SEA KAYAK SYMPOSIUM—September 15 through 17 are the dates for this year's West Coast Sea Kayak Symposium in Port Townsend.

New this year are kids' programs so bring the whole family. If you're in the market for a kayak of any sort, the beach display with "test-drive" program is the best place to do your shopping. (If you bring your own paddle and PFD you can almost hop from one boat to another all the way down the beach.)

Fees are charged to attend Symposium events. Call 360-598-1801 for registration information.

OLYMPIC HOT SPRINGS ROAD—

Last March the Olympic Hot Springs road was damaged following a storm. A draft environmental assessment for its repair was released by Olympic National Park at the end of July. After the final EA is released, repairs are scheduled to begin in October, with a completion date of July 1996.

AASGARD PASS ACCIDENT—A woman from New York broke her leg during a fall while hiking down from Aasgard Pass in mid-August.

She had spent a week in the Enchantments with family and friends, and the group was hiking out. She was tired, had a big pack, and was traveling in a rocky area.

After spending the night at the base of Dragontail Peak, the woman was airlifted out the next day.

FERRY COMMITTEE—Washington State Ferries is forming an advisory committee for paddlers similar to the one they have for bicyclers.

If you use the ferry system to transport your canoe or kayak, you can have some input on this committee.

For information contact:

Mary Monfort
Washington Water Trails Assoc.
4649 Sunnyside Ave N, #305
Seattle WA 98103.

CHAMPION KNAPWEED PULLER

—Knapweed has been spreading in the Lake Chelan National Recreation Area, so this year the Park Service held a contest in the Stehekin Valley to encourage volunteers to contribute to the effort to keep the weed at bay.

Mugs Scherer, 12, was dubbed "Champion Knapweed Puller" by filling 160 15-gallon bags with knapweed over the contest's five-week course. He, along with the second, third, and fourth-place winners, received neat prizes.

Volunteers and contestants filled a total of 750 bags with knapweed this year.

REVEG PROJECT—Olympic National Park is continuing its revegetation program to restore native plants and prevent further erosion. The Park is looking for volunteers to help transplant native subalpine plants at Upper Lena Lake from September 15 to mid-October.

The planting project takes place in a splendid narrow, subalpine basin nestled between the stark cliffs of Mount Bretherton and the colorful meadow-covered slopes of Mount Lena. In addition to the project work, this area provides opportunities for dayhiking, climbing, berry-picking and wildlife observation.

While volunteers of all ages and skill levels are generally encouraged and welcome, only experienced backpackers may want to hike this strenuous trail to Upper Lena Lake.

Volunteers may work weekends or weekdays; for a few days; or for the duration of the project. Write to:

Olympic National Park
Revegetation Program
600 E Park Avenue
Port Angeles WA 98362
or phone 360-452-4501 x286.

WILLAPA BAY—Paddlers who search out the campsite in Lewis Slough on

Long Island for its seclusion and wildlife may be startled on Saturday nights to see a tour boat full of people come into the slough.

Willapa Bay Excursions has begun Saturday evening tours from Nahcotta that go along the north side of Long Island and into Lewis Slough. The tour boat is 45 feet long and holds 35 people.

MOUNT ST HELENS—St Helens is the most-climbed peak in this country and second-most in the world, behind Japan's Mount Fuji, according to the Forest Service.

About 2.7 million people visited the south and east sides of the mountain last year, 60% more than the year before.—*excerpted from The Columbian.*

MOUNTAIN LOOP QUARRY—The Associated Sand and Gravel proposal to open the state's largest quarry near Granite Falls will go before Snohomish County Hearing Examiner John Galt on September 12 (*see "Issues" below*).

The quarry would level more than 2 square miles and produce 600 truck loads a day, six days a week, onto the Mountain Loop Highway. Ten acres of wetlands would be destroyed.

Snohomish County's Environmental Impact Statement claims the project will not cause significant adverse impacts. The Stillaguamish Citizens' Alliance disagrees.

The SCA has incurred "expenses beyond belief" in its effort to oppose the quarry, according to its president Bruce Barnbaum of Granite Falls. Donations are gratefully accepted. Send to:

Stillaguamish Citizens' Alliance
PO Box 148
Granite Falls WA 98252.
For information call 360-691-4105.

BONANZA PEAK ACCIDENT—Tacoma Mountaineer Bert Daniels tore tendons in both ankles when he fell while descending Mary Green Glacier on Bonanza Peak in early August.

Because of bad weather and the remote location, he was stranded above 8000 feet on the peak for five days. Members of his group, other climbers, and rescue teams stayed with him until the weather improved for a helicopter evacuation.

On August 9, a helicopter from Fairchild Air Force Base near Spokane was able to reach him. He was flown to

PANORAMA

NEWS FROM ALL OVER



Don Abbott

A young marmot in Royal Basin, Olympic National Park.

Central Washington Hospital in Wenatchee, and from there driven home to Puyallup by his wife. Daniels will require surgery to repair his injuries.

Chelan County will send Daniels an itemized bill of rescue expenses—about \$5000—but he will not be required to pay the charges. The Chelan County Sheriff commented that the rescue group would certainly appreciate a donation, however.—*from information in the Wenatchee World.*

MOUNT RAINIER FATALITIES—

Four climbers died on the Winthrop Glacier in two separate incidents in August.

The first two were young summer Climbing Rangers who were trying to reach an injured man. Park officials speculate the rangers climbed through the night to reach the injured man, but slipped on ice and fell about 900 feet. Winds were very high and temperatures were below freezing.

The second accident occurred the following week when a descending rope team of three fell after reaching the summit. Two of the men were killed in the 2400-foot fall; the third was seriously injured and was airlifted to Madigan Army Medical Center.

A Park volunteer stationed at Camp Schurman reported the fall.

Climbing conditions on glaciers are dangerous this time of year, because the snow has melted, leaving ice. The Park is reluctant to close some routes, because that might imply that other routes are "safe," when actually *all* routes are dangerous. It's just a matter of degree.

WHALE NURSERY—A company co-owned by Mitsubishi and Mexico plans to build a salt-extraction plant along San Ignacio Lagoon on the Baja coast. This lagoon is used by grey whales as a place to give birth and shelter their young. The factory would draw off water from the lagoon and cause turbidity, disturbing the whales.—*excerpted from The Mountaineers Conservation Newsletter.*

CLAYOQUOT SOUND—The British Columbia government will end clear-cutting in the Clayoquot Sound region by adopting recommendations from a scientific panel.

The panel was created after over 850 people were arrested in the summer of 1993 for taking part in blockades of logging roads and other protests. The recommendations will nearly eliminate clearcutting and will protect several valleys from future cutting.—*excerpted from The Mountaineers Conservation Newsletter.*

ISSUES

A LISTING OF CURRENT BACKCOUNTRY ISSUES OPEN FOR PUBLIC COMMENT

RATTLESNAKE MOUNTAIN PLAN—The DNR and King County are requesting public participation in developing a public use plan for the Rattlesnake Mountain Scenic Area. Call Malin Ely, 206-888-1566, with your comments, or to ask her to speak to your group.

MOUNTAIN LOOP' QUARRY HEARING—Begins September 12 at 9am at the Ginny Stevens Room of the Snohomish County administrative complex in Everett. Will run several days. Public invited to attend. For information call 360-691-4105.

CAPE JOHNSON EXCHANGE—An EA has been issued by Olympic National Park on the transfer of 3¼ acres on Cape Johnson from BLM to the Park. The public is invited to comment. The EA may be reviewed at Park headquarters in Port Angeles, and at North Olympic libraries. Send comments to:

Park Superintendent
Olympic National Park
600 East Park Avenue
Port Angeles WA 98362.

SKI CABIN PERMITS—Baker-Snoqualmie National Forest has issued an

Environmental Assessment concerning the permits that private clubs hold for cabins at Stevens Pass and Crystal Mountain. The preferred alternative is to re-issue club permits for 20 years, but if a building is substantially destroyed for any reason, the permit ends.

Public comments on this EA are requested before September 21. For more info call: 206-744-3403. Send comments to:

Larry Donovan, BSNF
21905 64 Ave W
Mountlake Terrace WA 98043.

REST STOP

EQUIPMENT, RECIPES, TIPS

FILTER HINT—I like my MSR Waterworks water filter and find it easy to use. But it has a small problem that many of you may have encountered, too. The small sponge at the intake end of the hose can come loose, get out, and be lost in the stream.

I found an easy, almost free, solution. I took a piece of plastic netting, which had come from something in the produce section of my local grocery store, and cut a circle about 6" in diameter.

This I placed over the intake end of the hose and tied it around the neck with a twist tie. I have not lost the small sponge since.—*Lindy Bakkar, Lynnwood.*



Lindy pumps water from Box Creek with her MSR Waterworks filter.

MORE USEFUL GUIDEBOOK—I took my copy of my favorite and most used book, *Olympic Mountains Trail Guide* (and this can be done to any book you really use) and broke the book apart.

I cracked the spine of the book and then gently pulled each page out, separating the entire 300-plus pages. If you have trouble getting your book apart, a razor blade will help slice the pages from the spine.

Then I purchased a small 3-ring binder, punched holes in the pages to match the binder and now I can easily flip through the book. I've added extra sheets of paper or I write in the margins of the book about new trail conditions,

water sources, campsites, and other treasures that we find.

My book is now a personal gold mine of information.—*SB, Silverdale.*

QUESTIONS FOR READERS—

1. Does anyone have any recommendations for a GPS to use for backpacking? I have been trying to find info on what's available in the "lower" price ranges.

Most of the units have either been for aero or marine use and not totally suitable for hiking. Any suggestions?

2. A question about the past. In the '50s I attended a Boy Scout camp east of Everett called Camp Sevenitch (spelling uncertain). It was on a lake that at that time was completely isolated in the woods.

Does anyone else who may have attended the camp remember the name of the lake?

Neither of these quests are earth-shaking but would appreciate any info that readers could supply.—*The Animal from Anacortes.*

SATURDAY CLIMBERS—It was interesting to read about MR's experience on Mount Hood ("Before You Need It," August, page 38). I hadn't heard the term "Saturday climber" before, but from the context of the story I deduced that it refers to climbers who have lost their marbles.

The larger issue is that a climber never should be wearing jeans on a snowy mountain in the first place, especially on a peak that is known for its sudden changes in weather.

Synthetic shorts with synthetic (polyester or polypropylene) long johns is practically a mountaineering uniform these days. The cost would have been cheap insurance. Wool pants are a good second choice.

Now that my holier-than-thou pitch is done, I have to ask the questions: How do we who have been educated about safety in the mountains get the word out to all those "Saturday climbers," whatever they are?

Should the Forest Service post a

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"safety tips" billboard at Timberline Lodge or at the top of the chair lifts?

Should a permit system be developed that allows only well-equipped people to ascend the peak?

I don't know the answers, but my advice to MR is to join a club like The Mountaineers, take a scrambling or climbing course, and count his blessings. In my more ignorant days I, too, wore jeans in the mountains, but never to climb anything like Mount Hood.—*Dave Beedon, Renton.*

NEW KAYAK—Designer and Northwest Kayaks founder John Abbenhouse has introduced a brand-new, rotomolded sea kayak.

The Sportee RM is an entry-level boat ideal for coastal, estuary, and river paddling; and for playing in the surf. The new design will be available in 1996.



New kayak by Northwest Kayaks.

BEAR CONSERVATION PIN—To establish a funding source for bear conservation projects, the Bear Advisory Group of the American Zoo Association is marketing a bear pin with a Pacific Northwest native design in red, black and white.

Cost is \$5 each plus \$1.50 postage and handling. Order from **Mark Reed, Sedgwick County Zoo, 5555 Zoo Boulevard, Wichita KS 67212.**—*from International Bear News.*

WHY LEAVES CHANGE COLOR

—Did you know that many of the autumn colors are in leaves even in the middle of summer? During summer, pigments called chlorophylls color the leaves green; these capture sunlight to manufacture simple sugars and starches that the tree uses as food.

As autumn approaches, changes in the length of daylight and cooler temperatures slow food production and the tree uses up the chlorophylls faster than it replaces them. As the food source decreases so does the green color. Finally, the other pigments that were hidden by the green show through.

EDITOR'S JOURNAL



In Headlight Basin.

FROM THE MAILBOX—"I would be lost without *Pack & Paddle!*"—*Tacoma.*

"I like your publication 'cause it's right up my alley."—*Seattle.*

"I have enjoyed your publication for the last two years and have referred several other subscribers."—*Seattle.*

"I feel like we've walked the trail together many times. Thanks for connecting all of us who love the backcountry."—*Seattle.*

BILL THE GOAT—I was pleased to note Karlyn Black's reference to the sociable mountain goat in her story about Ice Lakes (*this issue, page 28*). I'm sure it's the same fellow who ascended Mount Maude with our group last summer (*February, page 20*).

SMALL WORLD—After Lee and I finished our hiking trip on the Beaver Loop in the North Cascades recently, we stopped at the Marblemount Ranger Station to pick up some information.

Another hiker came in to get a permit—it turned out to be Lesya Struz, from Oregon, whom I had met at the PCT annual meeting last spring at Mount Hood.

She and her husband are spending the summer hiking the Pacific Northwest Trail, from the Rockies to the Pacific Ocean. (He was in town having breakfast while she hitchhiked out to get their permit.) Lesya said the Pacific Northwest Trail, not being an "official"

trail route, is suffering from lack of maintenance. Some of the trails that comprise the route, she said, have actually been abandoned.

They had been hiking since the middle of June, and still had several weeks to go.

BOB KINZEBACH—A friend of Bob Kinzebach's writes: "Pic-Tour map-maker Bob Kinzebach doesn't quit! He was spotted at the Liberty Gift Shop in June still selling maps.

"He is up in years and has a harder time getting around. With the help of friends, though, he still guides long days 'on the trail.'

"This long day he re-supplied retail outlets with maps (see page 93 of his book *Exploring the Cascades and Olympics*, second edition). Bob still works hard for good maps.

"Bob's birthday is September 30. He has been around since 1915. Send him a note!"

The address is: Pic-Tour Maps, 29118 23rd Avenue South, Federal Way WA 98003.

YELLOWJACKETS—I usually don't worry too much about yellowjackets until September, so I was surprised (and scared) when I was stung four times one day in the second week of August!

I'm one of those folks who has a severe reaction to bee venom. Luckily the reaction to these stings, on my ankle, was only local and I didn't have to use

the emergency kit I always carry.

The little epinephrine syringes are a good addition to any hiker's first aid kit. If you carry one, remember to check it periodically. If the fluid is clear, it's still good. If it's cloudy or discolored, get a new one.

JENNIFER AND LANCE—We were pleased to see a write-up on our friends Jennifer Stein and Lance Barker in the most recent issue of *Backwoods Home*.

The article describes their solar-powered homestead south of John Day, Oregon. Jennifer puts out a bi-monthly newsletter and has written and produced a cookbook (see ad, page 18) using her solar-powered computer!

ANNIVERSARY—September marks Yellow Cat's fourth year with us. While this magazine was in the planning stages, Yellow Cat showed up on our doorstep and applied for a job.

The vet guessed her age at 9 months, but since she could type and file, we hired her on the spot in spite of her youth.

See you in the backcountry,

Ann Marshall



Yellow Cat inspects a new tent.

Ann Marshall

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