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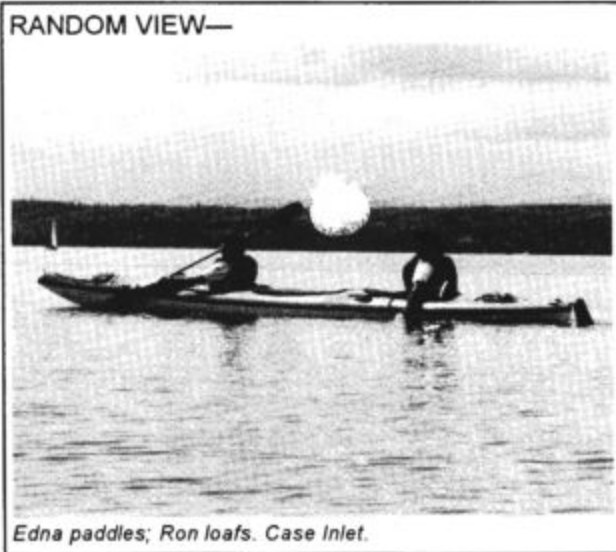
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October in the high country. A backpacker enjoys the golden larches at Corral Lake, Pasayten Wilderness, Washington. Photo by Ann Marshall.

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INTERPRETIVE CENTER

Thank you for publishing Harvey Manning's letter in the September issue ("Tis A Pity," page 6). It contained one good idea I hope others will pick up on—that is for an interpretive center at Early Winters.

Part of the agreement between environmentalists and the Merrill Company, which owns most of the private land at Early Winters, is that 1% of all their real estate transactions will go to an environmental institute.

The current old ranger station visitor center is a cute old historical building which will be preserved as a living history exhibit, but Harvey is right about the need for a major facility over here on the sunny side, where most visitors spend the most time.

Harvey is dead wrong, however, about the Washington Pass mountain-ecoring interpretive center. It is beautifully designed minimalist architecture, matching the just completed rest area.

It is also the perfect message for the perfect place, and will hopefully be coordinated with (and by) the Early Winters V. C., with its more substantial story of fire and avalanche ecology, and their relationships to biodiversity.

Eric Burr
Mazama, Washington

PREVENT UNNECESSARY RESCUES

In the past six months the "Letters" portion of this magazine has seen an ongoing controversy concerning the appropriateness of cellular phones or radios in the wilderness. I'd like to briefly address this issue having gained new insight from an experience I had in early June.

My climbing partner Jeff Hashimoto and I were overdue from a climb of Liberty Ridge on the north side of Mount Rainier because we were trapped by a storm. Two and a half days elapsed until the weather allowed us to quickly finish the climb and descend the Emmons Glacier on the mountain's east side.

Meanwhile, not only did our families worry about us immensely, but also a very large and costly rescue mission was initiated involving helicopters and several ground crews who put themselves at risk in the same frightful weather that trapped my friend and me.

Fortunately, we were fully equipped to deal with the weather and conditions so we survived the tempest with nothing worse than superficial frostbite.

Because Jeff and I did not carry a cell phone or radio, however, we had no way to contact the park rangers to notify them of our safety up on Liberty Ridge and that we did *not* need a rescue.

Before this experience I brought a radio with me only twice: once on Denali and again on Mount Sanford, also in Alaska. On a few Cascade climbs I have brought a cell phone just for the novelty of calling a friend from a distant mountain.

I do not always carry a phone for many reasons, not the least of which is a strong belief in self-sufficiency. And I am not recommending that a phone become the "Eleventh Essential" for every backcountry outing. I just want to stress that in my case (and there will be others like mine), instead of causing a risky and expensive rescue, a radio or cell phone would have been the means to PREVENT such a mission.

Chris Weidner
Mercer Island, Washington

GRIZZLY BEARS IN WASHINGTON? NO, THANK YOU!

We recently returned from a month-long trip to Alaska, a first time for us. What a marvelous state. The scenery was outstanding even though the weather wasn't always perfect. We toured Denali Park to Wonder Lake and never did see Mount McKinley. (I hear it is seldom seen). But the many varied animals we saw made up for it.

The whole trip was splendid! We saw and did a lot while we were in Alaska. The only thing we fell short on was hiking, our favorite pastime.

We had our daypack and hiking gear with us which was a bit in the way in the tight quarters of a Vanagon. As it turned out, we used the pack only once in Alaska and that was on a hike up to Mount Healy, a very nice and popular hike near the Denali Park Headquarters.

Many of the hikers were using bear bells. We planned to do a lot more hiking if it hadn't been for the unfortunate bear attack at McHugh Creek trail just south of Anchorage, killing two people. This happened on July 1st, the day after we arrived in Alaska.

A 77-year-old woman hiker was attacked first. The grizzly bear shook her by her head and fractured her neck. Her 45-year-old son, a short distance away, heard her scream and went to her rescue. But first he told his 14-year-old son to climb a tree and stay there, which saved the boy's life.

The father was also attacked and later died of internal injuries. Some hikers found the boy still in the tree an hour later, after they heard his scream for help. How will that young boy ever get over that kind of horror? This happened only 3 miles from the trailhead on a popular trail!

Well, this tragic incident took the joy and desire away to go hiking in grizzly bear country. My husband Jim said he can think of a lot of better ways to die than that.

We later came upon some backpackers returning to their car near Exit Glacier outside Seward. One was carrying a big rifle. I asked him why. He said that if they go hiking in black bear country he takes a handgun but if it is grizzly territory he carries his rifle since it takes a high powered rifle to be effective.

All I can say is, I hope the grizzly bear advocates who want to, for whatever reason, re-introduce this potential killer into our Washington mountains forget that notion before we all have to carry a rifle along.

I like the freedom of the hills and freedom of mind to roam as I please without the worry of a grizzly bear attack. One is never 100% safe in the mountains but there is no reason to ask for trouble.

Madeleine Beaty
Federal Way, Washington

TWO FRIENDS ON THE TRAIL

About the 18th of July I was hiking the Pacific Crest Trail from my overnight camp at Windy Pass on the last leg of a 57-mile loop, including a traverse of Buckskin Ridge, encounters of steep and dangerous snow and ice from the Devils Stairway to Rock Pass, and some dangerous snow below Woody Pass.

This morning I ran into an older hiker, barely getting along with an early-sixties Cruiser pack, old wooden ice axe obviously well used with the

continued on page 6

BACKCOUNTRY NEWS





REPORTS AND CONDITIONS

INTRODUCTION

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

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

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



PENINSULA



GENERAL CONDITIONS—Snow level high—but watch out, winter is coming. Roads and trails open.



HOH RIVER, HOH LAKE and HIGH DIVIDE TRAILS

(*Olympic Natl Park; USGS Mt Tom, Owl Mtn, Mt Carrie, Bogachiel Pk*)—We spent the first half of August in northern British Columbia where it rained 17 out of 18 days. Judging by the shape of the Hoh River trail, it hadn't been much drier at home.

The first 2.7 miles to the falls were not bad. This is the domain of the day-hiker. The trail is good, and the muddy stretches were relatively small and contained. Beyond that lies a sea of mud. The wallows were huge, deep, and went on for miles (well, almost).

Let's just say the trail was a mess, made messier by the efforts of hikers to keep high and dry. Despite the rangers' requests that hikers wade on through, every muddy stretch and wallow was surrounded by trampled ground and vegetation, detours and bypass trails—often as muddy as the original, and twice as wide.

Understandable, since the mud was

wet, icky, and over-the-boot deep in places. However, the damage is growing. Too much rain, too many people, and very poor drainage. This is one trail that badly needs reconstruction and maintenance funds and a lot of gravel.

We hiked 10 miles to a campsite between the Hoh Lake junction and Lewis Meadow. It started to rain as we arrived, and rained without a break for 14 hours, quitting at 7:30 the next morning to let us get on with our dayhike.

The Hoh Lake trail was higher, drier, less trampled, and in much better condition than the valley trail, despite the overnight rain. There were occasional muddy patches, lots of wet vegetation, and some swampy ground at CB Flats.

On the other hand, huckleberries were ripe, views through the silver forest to the river below were great, and the uphill trudge, though gaining lots of vertical, was never grueling.

The weather was generally clearing, but fog blew in and out all day opening views and closing them up again just as fast. By the end of the afternoon, the sun was out.

We watched five bears grazing on the slopes above Hoh Lake, a bigger concentration than we'd ever seen in the Olympics. This included a mom and baby that we ran into again at close range on our way back down the trail.

We saw a herd of 62+ elk in the basin where the Hoh Lake, Bogachiel and High Divide trails intersect. We saw three deer and assorted marmots below Bogachiel Peak, and a sixth bear below CB Flats.

The only thing we didn't see was

Olympus. The clouds never lifted off the peak. This segment of trail from Hoh Lake along High Divide has the reputation of being one of the most spectacular in the park. It is, even when the weather isn't.—Dennis & Pat, Olympia, 8/18-20.



CUTTS ISLAND (NOAA

18474)—With darkness coming early, Cutts Island was the destination for our paddle club's last evening outing of the year. Put in was at the street-end in Rosedale described in Washburne's *Kayaking Puget Sound, the San Juans and Gulf Islands*.

The tide was two hours past high and going out so there was a beach to launch from. This is a difficult place to launch but provides a short paddle distance to Cutts and lets you admire the fancy homes on Raft Island, too. The alternative is Kopachuck State Park which provides a shorter paddle to Cutts but the carrying (or wheeling) distance from your car to the water makes it just as difficult as the Rosedale launch—or more so.

Paddle distance is just over a mile. There was little boat traffic and no one else on Cutts—quite a change from what you will find on a summer day or evening. A number of seals popped

BACKCOUNTRY NEWS

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

their heads up or floated along as we made our way.

Clouds over Tacoma to the south and Kitsap County to the north were quite impressive in their size and shape. Distant occasional rumblings were evidence that some were thunderheads, but the skies over us were clear.

Onshore, we enjoyed a picnic dinner as we watched the changing scenery of the clouds and the coming darkness. The moon rising to the east and the sun setting to the west combined with dramatic clouds made for quite a scene.

As dusk settled in we headed back to the takeout and were able to pack up our gear before total darkness settled in.—LGM, Port Orchard, 9/5.



LONG RIDGE TRAIL

(Olympic Natl Park; USGS

Hurricane Hill)—There's a new marker by the trail: SUNNY—100% ALWAYS. CAN WE SAY THAT? with a start and end date. Wonder what happened at this spot? Did a horse die here this year?

Trail has been brushed and cleared. Views up to Hurricane Ridge but the views of the Bailey Range are very limited. Hard to see much through the trees, as they have grown and filled in. About a mile+ from the Dodger Point

junction are good open views of the range.

Saw only two other people on this trip on our way out.—SB, Silverdale, 9/95.



BOGACHIEL RIVER

(Olympic Natl Park; USGS

Hunger Mtn, Indian Pass)—Just after the rains is not a good time to hike the lower elevation of this trail unless you like mud, and lots of it.

The trail is very gentle, following the river in spots. A few parts of the trail have slipped away into the river, or are about to. One tree has fallen over, taking the root ball, trail and all—old trail goes straight up, but a new route skirts its base.

This really is a beautiful rain forest, actually better than the Hoh, fewer people and a variety of mosses. Saw and listened to a herd of elk getting ready for the rut.—SB, Silverdale, 9/95.



QUEETS RIVER

(Olympic

Natl Park; USGS Kloochman Rock, Bob Creek)—I've been across the Queets River several times at this time of year, but this was the worst I've ever seen. In other years I've crossed in what I call "the gravel area," a spot with small rocks and about knee deep.

This time the crossing was about 4 feet deep at that spot. Just below there, in the big rocks, the water was only 2 feet, but the rocks were very slick and the current was swift. Seems the snow-pack is still melting off.

Anyone have the directions over to Kloochman Rock, and the roads and route in?—SB, Silverdale, 9/95.



GRAND VALLEY

(Olympic

Natl Park, USGS Maiden Pk)—We were in the valley the weekend of "the brush," as the weather stations all said the northern areas of Washington would be "brushed" by a weather system.

Started out in clear skies on a sunny, warm Friday. By Sunday morning we had hail, winds and snow up on the ridge where the cars were parked by Obstruction Point.

We were well prepared with rain gear, but a lot of people came out in plastic garbage bags.

Snow patches up to Grand Pass; no problem to cross. Campsites in the valley are numbered now. Another "hotel reservation system" going into place. Soon it will be the whole Park.—SB, Silverdale, 8/95.

Letters to the Editor

continued from page 4

long handle typical of the early sixties and seventies. He had a small dog with long hair scruffing around him. He looked determined and well worn.

I asked him how far he was going as there was lotsa ice farther on up. He remarked, "I know; I've been there several times before." Somehow I felt at that time that I knew the gentleman, and thought to myself farther down the trail that that would be me in another 30 years.

Well, the gentleman was on TV tonight on Romeyns Domain (KXLY-TV Spokane) walking with the same scruffy dog, old pack and tarnished ice axe. It was Harvey Manning.

My premonition was correct that I did have a particular relation to this hiker as I have admired him and read all of his books for years. He also has my praise as an outspoken advocate of Wilderness Areas.

It probably was better that I did not know who he was. We were just two

friends passing amid the splendor of flowers and grandeur of the North Cascades.

David Hoppens
Malo, Washington

Harvey harrumphs in reply:

"The perception of my 'barely getting along' is that of a youth who is completing a 57-mile loop, solo ... and comes upon an 'older hiker' who has been there, done that, and now is deeply absorbed in flowers, of which a number of species were in summer climax. ...

"The 'early sixties Cruiser' is in fact an early-eighties Kelty. The 'scruffy dog' is a pure-bred Sheltie ...

"As for the 'old wooden ice axe well used with the long handle,' I can only say, as we did in the first edition of *Freedom of the Hills*, that 90 percent of the use of an ice axe is as a cane, and a cane serves best if it has a long handle. ..."

MONEY FOR TRAILS

A solution to the trail maintenance problem stated in "Brush and Logs," by Lee McKee (*September, page 34*) is user fees.

If all hikers paid a few dollars when they got their backcountry permits, enough money would be raised to help maintain our trails.

The shrinking budgets are only going to shrink more. A few bucks won't bankrupt anybody. It may also help give land managers a financial incentive to preserve wild areas where we recreate.

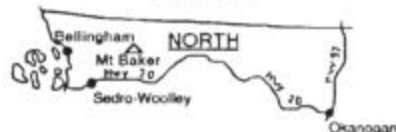
Of course, funds raised from backcountry user fees must go only to trail maintenance and other backcountry projects.

Jeremy Boyer
Olympia, Washington

BACKCOUNTRY NEWS

REPORTS AND CONDITIONS

NORTH



GENERAL CONDITIONS—Fresh snow has fallen but roads and trails still open.

TWIN LAKES, WINCHESTER MOUNTAIN (*Mt Baker Wilderness; USGS Mt Larrabee*)—Six of us spent two days at Twin Lakes, including the hike up to Winchester Mountain. It seemed like a good choice for a first backpack for a 7-year-old and a second backpack for a 10-year-old.

The road to Twin Lakes is certainly bad. I would rate it as bad as or perhaps a little worse than Sibley Creek and Harts Pass. The worst stretch is between Tomyhoi Lake trailhead and the base of the five switchbacks up to Twin Lakes. We took the book's directions too seriously and parked at the base of the switchbacks, but if your car can make it that far you will have no problem making it all the way to the lakes. And most people do drive to the lakes.

(*Ed. Note: Watch your brakes for overheating on the way down!*)

Hiking the last mile up those switchbacks was no particular problem, but it meant that we had basically backpacked into a car campground. Campsites are not plentiful if you are looking for a little separation from the cars. Ponds and ridges east of the lake seemed attractive at first, but proved much less so upon closer examination. We eventually settled on a large level site on the northeast side of the eastern lake with very pleasant views of Baker across the water.

The next day we made our way up to Winchester Mountain. The trail is easy

to follow, gaining 1100 feet in 2 well-graded miles, with a couple of exceptions. The large snow patch mentioned in the book required a bit of effort (and nerves) for the 7-year-old to get around because there was a moderate amount of loose dirt and gravel covering the talus, but she did wonderfully well.

Also, less than ¼-mile beyond the snow patch the trail makes a rising traverse along a small rock face, following a geologic contact for about 50 or 60 feet. It looks much worse from a distance than it really is, but exceptionally nervous hikers might find this uncomfortable.

The views from the lookout were always at least partially obscured in fog, much to the delight of the 7-year-old (whose primary goal for the weekend was to touch a cloud). We got enough patches of clearing to catch glimpses of what would probably be excellent views in clear weather.

One last disturbing note: there is a moderate amount of truck traffic on the road beyond the gate at the lakes themselves. It appears that active mining (or exploration) is going on northeast of the lakes down toward the Silesia valley. We saw headlights on the road Friday night, and heard truck noise Friday afternoon as vehicles passed through the gate.—Sue & Alan Sherbrooke, Seattle, 8/25-26.

NORTH CASCADES NATL PARK

—Permits are required for overnight stays in the backcountry. Call 360-873-4590 for information.

Highway 20 still open. Cascade River road open to end.

Big Beaver maintained to Beaver Pass. Little Beaver has many downed trees; very brushy from Perry camp to Stillwell.

Copper Ridge still has small snow patches. No water at Silesia camp. Ber-

ries are ripe with lots of bears. East Bank trail open and maintained from Highway 20 to Hozomeen. Bears often seen. Park Creek trail is brushy in Thunder Basin. Several large downed trees between Junction and Thunder Basin camps.

Sourdough trail has earthslide in meadow above camp; cross with caution. First 2 miles of Thornton Lake trail very brushy. Whatcom Pass trail brushed and logged out from Hannegan to Whatcom Pass.—Ranger, 9/6.

OKANOGAN NATL FOREST—If you notice smoke, it may be from controlled fires that will be lit from now until snowfall.

Reynolds Creek trail has numerous downed trees. It has not been maintained. Driveway Butte is snowfree but has not been maintained; two trees down on trail. Easy Pass has not been maintained; many trees down from Fisher Basin to Thunder Creek junction. PCT has been maintained; trail has sluffed ½-mile south of Snowy Lakes. From Rock Pass to Woody Pass, six trees are down.

Robinson Pass trail has been maintained, but is brushy and bridge is out at 4½ miles. Monument Creek trail has 500+ blowdowns beyond Eureka Creek. Lake Creek trail is maintained first 4 miles; not maintained to Fawn Lake and impassable for stock.

For more information, call Twisp Ranger Station, 509-997-2131, or Winthrop Ranger Station, 509-996-2266.—Ranger, 9/1.



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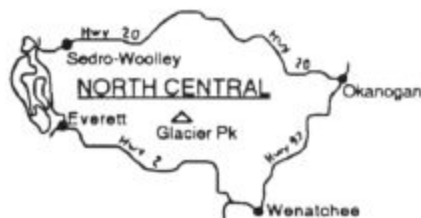
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BACKCOUNTRY NEWS

REPORTS AND CONDITIONS

NORTH CENTRAL



GENERAL CONDITIONS—Snow level about 6000 feet, but storms will soon be here. Roads and trails open.

RAGGED RIDGE (*North Cascades Natl Park; USGS Mount Arriva*)—This is the long ridge between Panther and Fisher Creeks. Most of it is rugged country with elevations above 8000 feet. The southern end of the ridge does have trail access, with Easy Pass crossing the ridge at an elevation of about 6500 feet.

The Easy Pass trail is well maintained and gains 2800 feet in 3.5 miles. Views from the pass include Mesahchie Peak, Black Peak, and Mount Logan.

Ken Burtness and I scrambled to Point 7690, the first summit northwest of the pass, for more expansive views including the northeast face of Goode Mountain.

On a clear day, views are stunning from the pass and just get better the higher up the ridge one goes.—Charlie Hickenbottom, Wenatchee, 8/22.

RUBY MOUNTAIN (*Ross Lake NRA; USGS Ross Dam*)—This is a strenuous hike on an abandoned trail to grand views of the Skagit Valley, Baker, the Pickets, Logan, Forbidden and most of the rest of the North Cascades. It demands the ability to follow sketchy routes without a maintained trail. And you should plan to carry at least two quarts of water. There is no water above Fourth of July Pass until you are on the summit ridge, 3600 feet above.

My brother and I had collected five articles about this trip from back issues going back to 1985. The directions in Fred Beavon's 1985 report and Karen Sykes' 1990 article seemed easiest to follow for us. After reading Karen's description of doing this as a day hike, we decided to take two and a half days for it.

We spent the first night at Fourth of July camp. Water was minimally adequate even in mid-July. I don't know what people do for water here in late August.

We headed up the abandoned trail the next morning. The cairn which had

marked the junction with the old trail two years earlier was missing, but we still found the junction between the second and third bridges. The junction is on your left just as soon as you can see the third bridge, and very near a pond that partially meadow. This is more than ¼-mile east of Fourth of July camp.

The Ruby Mountain trail is nearly parallel to the Fourth of July Pass trail at this point. There is an ABANDONED TRAIL sign a couple of hundred yards from the Fourth of July Pass trail.

If you can't locate the trail in the pass, it is probably just as well. Finding and following the abandoned trail above Fourth of July Pass are at least as difficult as finding it in the pass. We had a bit of trouble in the section of downed trees mentioned in Mary Sutliff's 1985 account, which is not far beyond the abandoned trail sign.

There was some flagging tape which traversed, but you are better off following Mary's advice and heading directly uphill when you first encounter the blowdowns and picking up the trail a few dozen feet above.

There are a lot of other places where the trail nearly vanishes, but by paying attention to cairns, flagging, and hints of the old trail you can find your way. The trail becomes easier to follow the higher you go, until it disappears at about 6500 feet. On 7/19, there were two snow patches at this point. Those patches provide the first water above Fourth of July Pass.

Above the two 6500-foot snow patches, we found no tread to speak of, but the route is straight-forward. Head directly for the saddle. Once on the ridge, follow it to your left until you reach the summit.

We camped on the ridge after finding a convenient snow patch about 100 feet below the summit. By mid-August, you're looking at melting snow from permanent snowfields on the north slope to have water at the summit ridge.

We spent a pleasant afternoon, evening and next morning on the summit ridge, which we shared with a mother ptarmigan and her very young chicks.

This is a wonderful 360-degree panorama, with the best view of Ross Lake I've ever had. Views of the Skagit valley in both directions are better than from Sourdough Lookout. The view of the Pickets is probably a little better from Crater Mountain but Ruby Mountain is certainly a close second. Views of almost anything else you can think of are well worth the effort.

And the effort is considerable. Even the trail to Fourth of July Pass is fairly steep, and the route from the pass to the

summit is definitely only for those with experience in following abandoned trails.

I would also echo Fred's caution against bearing too far to the left (east) on the way down. It would be very easy to wind up in the Panther Creek drainage by mistake. Finally, even in the best of circumstances it is no picnic to carry full packs 6000 feet up and down from Thunder Arm to the summit. Losing 6000 feet the last day out seemed particularly brutal to us. I'm surely glad I wasn't doing this as a day trip.—Dave & Alan Sherbrooke, Seattle, 7/18-20.



EASY PASS (*North Cascades Natl Park; USGS Mt Arriva*)

—This revegetation trip was announced in the volunteer section of the Mountaineer bulletin, but drew only four of us Mountaineers; another three were Park Service people working on their own time.

We carried plants (partridge foot and heather), peat and excelsior to the pass where the planting was done quickly. Plants were placed in some of the trails that paralleled the official trail along the crest of the pass.

Mulching them with excelsior, we noted that the project shows up like a sore thumb, and will for several years. Possibly this helps to encourage people to walk elsewhere.

For photos without these bright straw-colored swaths, continue on the trail to open views just before the trail begins switchbacking down to Fisher Creek Basin. Strings of small trees may be found at the first switchback for foreground interest if you have a wide angle lens.

Views are all that the topog suggests, and in late September, early October, the alpine larch (*Larix lyalli*) along the crest of the pass will turn golden. This is different from the western larch (*Larix occidentalis*) which grows at lower elevations and farther south.

Parking is south of Highway 20 a short way east of milepost 151. A foot log with hand line crosses Granite Creek and the well-maintained trail gains 2800 feet in 3.7 miles. There is no water at the top, but a trickle ran in the bottom of the upper basin—from which the pass and remaining trail over rock and scree are all too plainly visible.—Ramona Hammerly, Anacortes, 8/26.



HEATHER PASS, MAPLE PASS (*Okanogan Natl Forest; USGS Washington Pass*)

—Last year a new trail was opened which ascends the ridge between Rainy Lake and Lake Ann and then follows the crest above

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Lake Ann to join the old Heather Pass trail at what had been called Maple Pass.

Both trails are in fine shape and heavily used by day hikers, also, right on Highway 20 where the public sees that we've gotten a new piece of trail.

The sign for this route says to go up the old Heather Pass trail (gentle grade) and come down the new trail which is much steeper. In consideration of my knees, I reversed this and was pleased with myself for having been sensible, as I ambled down the old way.

The new route starts a quarter mile up the Rainy Lake trail and has a small sign: "steeper but scenic" It is both! From less than half way up the trail stays in open meadow and splendid alpine country, climbing to nearly the highest point above Lake Ann and following the crest between Maple Creek and Lake Ann to its low point, then winding on old trail to Heather Pass, below which it re-enters the forest.

Late flowers bloomed in the meadows, Glacier Peak, Dome and all of the Ptarmigan Traverse were visible from the divide, and I had forgotten my telephoto lens!

Some joker has placed the Maple Pass sign at the highest point of the trail (it is on the divide) instead of the low point in the divide.

I was last at Heather Pass in 1976. At that time a new section of trail had been put in from near Heather Pass to Maple Pass as part of a planned alternate route for the Cascade Crest Trail. Heather Pass is off the loop on an unsigned trail which everyone seems to find from the tangle of trails west of the pass toward Lewis Lake.—Ramona Hammerly, Anacortes, 8/28.

▲▲▲ KOOL-AID LAKE (*Glacier Pk Wilderness; USGS Cascade Pass*)—Twenty-two years ago my brother and I set out for Kool-Aid Lake. This summer we finally made it. In 1973 we got to Cache Col in beautiful weather but decided we were too tired to drop down 700 feet to the lake.

This time, we went all the way to Kool-Aid Lake the first night. The route to Cache Col is straight-forward. There is a well-established trail from Cascade Pass across a couple of small but steep snow patches to a shoulder at about 5600 feet.

From the shoulder, you just head for the obvious col. We found it easier to make an ascending traverse that circled a bit to the right. The last hundred feet or so is steep, but not too bad. As of 7/31, there was no moat at the top, so getting from the snow to the col itself was no problem. (I have heard that



Mountain goat in upper Royal Basin, Olympic National Park.

Don Abbott

later in the season this can be tricky.)

Beckey describes the route from Cache Col to Kool-Aid Lake as "an easy descending traverse." It sure wasn't my idea of easy. I don't think it was dangerous, but it wasn't fun.

The views from Kool-Aid Lake are superb, but the camping is mediocre. There are not very many good tent spots; the few reasonable spots are out in the open; and if there are more than one or two parties camped at the lake, you can forget any feeling of solitude.

The next day, we headed for Art's Knoll. The route is a fairly level traverse, following obvious trail most of the way to a steep snow finger which leads to the "Red Ledge" Beckey describes. The snow finger was steeper than the slope leading up to Cache Col, but the real problem was that it had melted so badly that it was quite thin in places.

I made the mistake of looking through a small hole in the snow on the way down and saw how far I would have fallen if the snow had collapsed. This would be a dangerous spot a few weeks later, unless you can bypass the snow completely and get directly to the rocks.

The Red Ledge was not unreasonable, at least with a day pack. The best route to Art's Knoll is to head uphill (left) on the west side of the knoll immediately after you leave the Red Ledge. Stay safely away from the cliff on the left, but otherwise there are no route-finding difficulties.

We saw one party camped at about 6300 feet near the base of the knoll, and talked with them as they were heading out the next day. They said they had a beautiful campsite with great views and plenty of water. This would be a good alternative to camping at

Kool-Aid Lake, if you have the energy to haul full packs over the ledge, and if it is early enough in the year that you can be sure of finding water.

My brother and I are not climbers, so we ended our adventure at Art's Knoll and headed back out to Cascade Pass. This was a wonderful trip, but it pushed my personal limits of what I can reasonably call recreation, both in terms of physical effort and in terms of being scared. It is definitely not a trip for novices, even in good weather.

Finally, we met several other parties who were headed out for the full Ptarmigan Traverse. The one person who had done the traverse before assured us that the trip to Kool-Aid Lake was the easiest day of the traverse, both physically and technically. That cured me of whatever desire I had left to do the entire traverse.—Dave & Alan Sherbrooke, Seattle, 7/31-8/2.

▲ NORTH FORK SAUK, WHITE CHUCK RIVER LOOP (*Glacier Pk Wilderness; USGS Glacier Pk West, Lime Mtn*)—My 12-year-old daughter and 65-year-old brother-in-law joined me for a leisurely trip into the Glacier Peak Wilderness. We entered by the North Fork Sauk River trail and worked our way up to White Pass where we hiked to Foam Basin and climbed White Mountain.

We were fortunate to see an immature eagle hunting the marmots in the area. We also noted rough garnets in the rock along the ridge to the basin.

From White Pass we went cross-country to a camp near Whitechuck Glacier where our camp was invaded by a family of ptarmigan. From this point we worked our way down to Gla-

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rier Meadows and then down the PCT to Kennedy Hot Springs and out the Whitechuck River trail.

The Sauk River trail was being cleared and brushed out as we went through and was in excellent shape. The PCT from White Pass to Kennedy Hot Springs was in excellent shape with the exception of an avalanche chute near Red Pass which the Ranger had told us about. He recommended ice axes for that crossing.

The by-trail from the PCT to Kennedy Hot Springs is now called the Newt Gingrich (get the government off the backs of the people) Byway trail. It was solid mud until it hits the switchbacks above Kennedy Hot Springs.

The Forest Service is planning for drastic cuts in their trail maintenance budget in the current political environment over the next few years. This is following years of declining trail maintenance.

Now is a good time, while Congress is out for their summer vacation, to let your representatives know your feeling about trail maintenance by calling or writing them.—Jim Corson, Seattle, 8/19-27.

 **STILLAGUAMISH PEAK** (*Baker-Snoqualmie Natl Forest; USGS Bedal*)—The Czech Czich and I had been delaying this hike, waiting for a perfect day, and we hit the jackpot.


The main trail hasn't received any maintenance, and in addition to a few blowdowns the tread seems to be deteriorating.

When the trail finally broke out of the trees we followed the ridge west a short way to a nice viewpoint, where we took a well-earned break. There had been many huckleberries in the woods, but here we found the first of many ripe ones.

We followed the South Lake waytrail into the meadows and the great views. While we didn't spot Mount Stuart or


Mount Saint Helens, the rest of the Cascades were visible.

From where the trail starts to drop to South Lake, a waytrail to Stillaguamish Peak has been worn into the heather. While an easy scramble to the top leads to another great viewpoint, the entire hike through the meadows is one continuous viewpoint. All in all this was just a routine sensational hike.—TG, Skyway, 9/1.

 **ROUND LAKE, Lost Creek Ridge** (*Glacier Pk Wilderness; USGS Sloan Pk*)—Revisited Round Lake and it is as beautiful as it was 8 years ago. The trail is steep but in excellent shape. Lots of old growth until the trail hits Lost Creek Ridge.

I didn't go down to the lake this time but continued on Lost Creek Ridge for about a mile. The meadow walk beyond Round Lake is well worth doing. The ridge trail goes up and down but never drops more than about 100 feet from the high point above the lake.

On a social note, when I signed in at the trailhead I noticed hiker extraordinaire Karen Sykes had signed in the same day for a party of ten. When I met her, I let her know how much I've been in awe of her trip reports in *Pack & Paddle* and *Signpost* all these years.—Bill Upton, Seattle, 8/13.

 **CIRCLE PEAK** (*Baker-Snoqualmie Natl Forest; USGS Pugh Mtn*)—If you don't mind a long drive for a short hike, Circle Peak is worth the effort. It's an old lookout site with a great view of the Glacier Peak area, especially Mount Pugh.


Most of the old trail is now clearcuts and a logging road. The remaining 2 miles of trail winds through old growth for about a mile and then into a short but steep climb through a high meadow. Huckleberry picking was excellent.

The directions in *100 Hikes/Glacier Peak* are still accurate. The logging roads to the trail are in fair shape but rough in spots. Allow at least an hour to get from the Suiattle River road to the trail.

The sign for road 2703 is hidden from view on the right side of the road just after you make the left from road 2700. About a mile from the end of road 2703 is a new spur road to the right; stay to the left. The trail is marked with a red ribbon on the end of a stick.

I was there on a weekday and someone from the Forest Service was walking the area. He might have been marking sale units. Now that the injunctions against logging are lifted, this trail

may not be around much longer.—Bill Upton, Seattle, 9/6.

 **SULPHUR MOUNTAIN** (*Glacier Pk Wilderness; USGS Lime Mtn*)—I had avoided this hike for years. After all, why should anyone gain 4000 feet in the trees when you can get a very similar view from Green Mountain with 1200 feet less elevation gain and most of that through lovely meadows with great views?

An hour and 45 minutes after Sue and I left the trailhead, as we were just passing through the elevation of the Green Mountain trailhead, that still seemed like a very good question. I counted 59 switchbacks below 4700 feet, and you don't get many views until the ridgecrest, which is 6200.

For those who want to find out about Sulphur Mountain for themselves, the trail takes off from the Suiattle River trailhead at the end of the road. You follow the main Suiattle trail for a couple of hundred yards and then turn left and immediately head uphill.

The trail itself is in good shape and appears to have been maintained recently. There are no routefinding difficulties at all. There were four or five blowdowns in the last 1000 feet, but none were troublesome. The tread is in good shape, but the trail is steep. The good news is that the trail does *not* dead-end at 5200 feet as shown on the USGS map; it continues all the way to the ridge crest at 6200 feet.

Views from the top are very good, with both Glacier and Dome closer than they are from Green Mountain. Flowers were gone, but there some photogenic anemone seed pods. It looked like a long 1000 feet down to Sulphur Mountain Lake if anyone was so inclined (I wasn't, and neither was Sue).

So, other than slightly different views of Glacier and Dome, and other than a desire to go some place different (I've been up Green Mountain four times), why go to Sulphur Mountain?

One reason is to get some solitude. In the middle of a sunny Labor Day weekend, with 41 cars at the Suiattle River trailhead and near that many (it seemed) at Downey Creek, we saw *no one* on the trail. And the views are very good.

Camping would be difficult on the ridge, because it is dry. You would have to drop down the northeast side at least 400 feet or so to find water, and it did not look like there would be any views from there.

All in all, though, I'll go back to Green Mountain several more times before I repeat this trip.—Alan & Sue Sherbrooke, Seattle, 9/3.

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

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MOUNT DICKERMAN
(*Baker-Snoqualmie Natl Forest; USGS Bedal*)—It was a big day at Mount Dickerman for a Friday. In the morning, the parking lot supported 16 cars and our group passed 25 people headed down. There were 6 cars left at 4pm when we crawled across the highway to our car.

Last time I did a trail report on Dickerman, I said there were 90-some switchbacks. Well, I lied! Or they added 200 more. Perhaps my age is getting closer to the 3723-foot gain. The whole group had feet that told us we had done a significant hike.

The weather was warm and the mole stroll under the thick canopy of evergreens was refreshing. A few fast moving streams added to the symphony of the forest noises. Red, black and blue huckleberries, bucket fulls of mushrooms, and other succulent wilderness treats speckled the trailside.

Up in the blueberry fields above the rocks, everything has changed. What was once was nice rutted trail with rocks and roots now has tall and gigantic waterbars, huge chunks of rocks behind many of them, wooden steps, and lots of small crushed gravel behind waterbars and covering the path. Someone did a lot of work making that ¼-mile of trail a miserable place to hike. To me, it has lost its wilderness appearance.

The large rocks are sloughing off downhill and pieces are lying on the top of the wood making stepping off the waterbars perfect for twisting ankles and busting rear ends. People are avoiding walking on that gravel by walking on the plants alongside. I hate to see the plants destroyed, but it is impossible to make people stay on such treacherous trails. My companions wanted me to add that they felt they were walking on rolling marbles.

The views are just as stunning and worthy as ever. The top is still a wonderful vantage point to plan another mountain top retreat on distant peaks. If you can do Mount Si, you can do Mount Dickerman, and you should.—Robert DeGraw, Kirkland, 9/1.

INDEPENDENCE, NORTH LAKES (*Baker-Snoqualmie Natl Forest; USGS Silverton*)—The Green Trails map shows a trail off road 4060. Looking at the terrain, one might think it is an easy trip to a rather remote lake. Once past Independence Lake (approximately 3850 feet elevation), this is somewhat true.

At the north end of Independence Lake, follow the trail along the edge of

the trees about 50 yards. (Don't follow the false path into the forest.) The trail then switchbacks up the steep avalanche slope. It is not a trail for the out-of-shape or the faint-hearted.

After what seems forever, you drop down to a meadow (approximately 4400 feet). The trail then starts up to the first pass which is at 4800 feet. North Lake is in the next cirque on the other side of the ridge you see to your

right. That pass is a nice place to grab a snack while taking in Mount Baker and other sights.

Take the trail to the right. You will come upon a 30-foot diameter tarn. Just past the tarn, see some yellow paint on the rocks to your left. That is the trail up to the pass which takes you into the North Lake cirque.

Before going up to North Lake Pass, stay right and you can observe "O Lake."

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I call it Zero Lake because it lies in the first zero of the 4900-foot notation on the Green Trails map. You can go down to the lake and soak your feet.

Unfortunately, many think Zero Lake is North Lake and miss the splendor found on the other side of the ridge in and around the North Lake cirque.

Once at North Lake Pass, continue, walking along a ledge, over a hump, and on down to the lake. If you feel that dropping 700 feet to the lake isn't in your time table, sit upon a big view rock. You can see the lake, snow-capped peaks, often goats in the distance and a panorama so spectacular, you will kick yourself if you forgot your camera.

Incidentally, do not be surprised if you see evidence of Brer Bear up there. We heard something big moving around and saw other evidence.

My loving hiking companions suggested that if a bear does come after us, I am instructed to sing. Boy, that's real friendship.—Robert DeGraw, Kirkland, 9/3.

TOIL PEAK, Blanca Lake (*Henry M Jackson Wilderness; USGS Blanca Lk*)—The beauty of Blanca Lake was quite a surprise. The trail is quite steep (almost 900 feet per mile for 3 miles) but in good shape. It's a beautiful ridge climb through old growth forest.

At the 4600-foot ridgetop just above Virgin Lake is a waytrail to a viewpoint on Toil Peak. I didn't have time to hit both Toil Peak and the lake, so I opted for the view.

To find the waytrail to Toil Peak, walk back from the Henry Jackson Wilderness sign. The first trail goes up a small hill; don't take it. About 10 feet farther, another trail leads about 50 feet to a small meadow. Head left, but stay on the right side of the meadow for about 100 feet.

The waytrail picks up again and it's easy to follow to the top of Toil Peak. The trail winds through some great meadows. It's quite steep near the summit. There's a spectacular view of the lake and Columbia Glacier. Huckleberry picking was excellent.—Bill Upton, Seattle, 9/8.

BENCH MARK MOUNTAIN (*Henry M Jackson Wilderness; USGS Bench Mark Mtn*)—There is a massive trail reconstruction project starting about 2 miles up the West Cady Ridge trail; it lasts almost 4 miles. When I saw it my first thought was that Skip will be unhappy to see another trail flattened out, but the grade to the start of the meadows is a

healthy 15%.

The fall colors were good, but had not yet peaked; and the huckleberries were delicious.

I sat on top for two or more hours enjoying the sun and views. Occasionally I'd turn around for new views and a fresh huckleberry bush. All that was missing was *The Sound of Music*.

I've always called this Benchmark Mountain, but I noticed that the USGS quad has it Bench Mark.—TG, Skyway, 9/11.

Ed. Note: Consistency! We need consistency! The BSNF map has it "Benchmark."

DARRINGTON DISTRICT—Watch for log trucks on Suiattle road coming from road 2510-012.

At Big Four, Ice Caves are melting and collapsing. Construction of facilities in parking lot continues. Mount Higgins trail is not clearly marked; must go through clearcut.

Trail work on Mount Pilchuck continues until mid-October. Trail may be closed for blasting; but open to public Friday through Sunday. Lookout closed for restoration.—Ranger, 9/10.

GLACIER PEAK—Snow level about 8000 feet. Boulder Basin snowfree. Glaciers are icy; crevasses are large and open.—Ranger, 9/10.

PCT—Kennedy bridge out; crossing difficult depending on creek level. Look for log 100 yards upstream. Some trees down here and there and one patch of snow still remaining just north of Fire Creek Pass.—Ranger, 9/10.

CHELAN DISTRICT—The West Fork Agnes Creek trail bridge, located ¼-mile from the junction of the PCT, is washed out.

The footlog bridge over the South Fork Agnes Creek on the PCT is broken in the middle, making this a dangerous crossing.

Prince Creek trail 1255 from the lakeshore to the East Fork Prince Creek and the Lakeshore trail 1247 from Prince Creek to Rex Creek are closed due to safety concerns as a result of the Chelan Complex fires. Call 509-682-2576 for details.—Ranger, 9/12.

STEHEKIN—The valley road is open to Cottonwood. For shuttle bus reservations and schedule call 360-856-5703 x 14.

Both the *Lady II* and the *Lady Express* are operating on Lake Chelan. Call the Lake Chelan Boat Company for fare and schedule information: 509-682-2224.

For float plane service, call 509-682-5555.—Ranger, 9/12.

LAKE WENATCHEE DIST—The bridge over the Chiwawa River on the Buck Creek trail has been repaired and should be open 9/20.

Most trails have been maintained.—Ranger, 9/12.



GENERAL CONDITIONS—Snow level above 6000 feet; roads and trails still open. Watch for winter storms.

MOUNT PERSIS (*private land; USGS Index*)—Without a maintained trail, this steep but simple ascent up 2900 feet of boot-beaten climbers' path culminates in a face-to-face view of the awesome cliffs of Mount Index. The round trip is about 6 miles. The lack of a real trail is a plus, not a detriment, increasing the sense of adventure and accomplishment.

The only map of the final road access and path that I know of is in Fred Beckey's *Cascade Alpine Guide 1: Columbia River to Stevens Pass*, page 203 of the Second Edition. Follow Highway 2 east past Gold Bar about 5 miles. Turn right onto Road 62 and follow it for about 3½ miles.

Just past a right hairpin turn take a lesser road to the left, number 6220. After another mile or so take an even lesser left fork. This passes a large gravelled area, then climbs up the west ridge about 200 feet in less than a mile. After a left hairpin turn (best place to park) the road climbs a last steep grade, then drops slightly. Here, a few hundred feet from the end of the road, find the beginning of the path high on the right bank (may be obscure); the elevation here is about 2600 feet.

The first ½-mile of path is the hardest, steeply climbing through an old clearcut with many logs to maneuver over or under. Once in forest the trail is easier, though still steep as it ascends the west ridge toward the false summit (point 4974). About halfway up a large boulder field must be crossed; the trail resumes in brush at the upper right edge of the boulders.

Near the false summit, the trail traverses right, dropping slightly before

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climbing to an open meadow. Beyond this, the trail is very intermittent as it climbs up through boulder fields and past two lovely ponds to the summit.

Besides the great view of Mount In-dex, enjoy the sight of hundreds of other peaks extending from Mount Baker to Mount Rainier. Be careful of the cliff brink; it's a long way down.—Mick Campbell, Puyallup, 7/30.



DOG MOUNTAIN and "MOUNT MORPHEUS"

(Alpine Lakes Wilderness; USGS Snoqualmie Lake, Lake Philippa)—It's about 27 miles and a long hour from I-90 (Exit 31) through North Bend, out Ballarat Avenue, up the North Fork Snoqualmie road to the Lennox Creek trailhead and road end. No hitches.

However, about 4.5 miles from North Bend, my heart sunk when I spotted the sign: "Road Closed 19 miles ahead at the Lennox Creek bridge." This news would add 11 miles (round trip) of road walk to my planned hike. Expletive deleted.

I turned around and drove back to North Bend trying to think of a Plan B, and decided to stop by the Ranger Station to see when the road would be open again. The nice lady at the front desk called someone who said the road was actually open now. Blindly trusting, I returned to try Plan A, hoping they were right.

DOG MOUNTAIN. From its 2600-foot trailhead, the Lennox Creek trail is a switchbacky, rocky, then muddy (after the August monsoons) 2+ mile grind up the north ridge of Dog Mountain to 4300 feet where the trail exits old growth and starts an easterly, levelish traverse across wonderful open huckleberry-heather meadows to Anderson Lake.

Directly east of Dog Mountain, an easy cross-country route over heather and talus accessing its straightforward northeast ridge at 4900 feet can be seen, an untrailed jaunt I followed to the summit. Two hours from the car.

The aluminum (not brass) USGS benchmark stated the height was 5406, not 5408 as the map reads. This is one of the few peaks in the state where the edge of the maps go precisely through the summit, so two quads show the name and elevation.

A fire to the east this day unfortunately smoked up the views into the heart of the Alpine Lake Wilderness. Chimney Rock and Daniel were barely recognizable. The odd Garfield spikes were eerie and muted.

PEAKS 5423 and 5432. I returned to the trail and followed it to the 4600

foot pass above Anderson Lake and down far enough to get a picture of the lake. The trail appears to go all the way to the lake, although Green Trails shows it stopping at the pass, and the old 1965/82, 7.5-minute USGS Snoqualmie Lake does not show the trail at all.

My next objective was to climb Peak 5432, 1.1 miles east of Anderson Lake, one of the "100 Home Court Peaks" of Howbert (*July, page 25*). I left the trail at the pass and contoured under cliffs on the Lennox Creek side, over big white sticky granite boulders interspersed with heather, popping back over the ridge onto the Taylor River side just west of an intermediate Peak 5423, then up unusually flat, card-table-sized pieces of granite to its top.

This Peak 5423 (directly above Lipsy Lake and Otter Falls) is significant in that it drains raindrops into three locally important rivers: the North and Middle Forks of the Snoqualmie and the Miller/Skykomish River. From its summit I stared at, and worried about, Peak 5432, a small, but imposing pinnacle to the east. Should I build a 9-foot cairn on 5423 and call it higher, or climb 5432?

"MOUNT MORPHEUS." Continuing east out the serrated Miller-Taylor River divide, I finally dropped 200 feet on the Taylor River side, aiming for a weakness on the south ridge of Peak 5432, which accessed more gentle contours on the east side of this ridge. Arriving at the summit, 2.5 hours after leaving Dog, I was pleased to see the top undisturbed. (Sorry, Jeff.)

Looking down into Dream Lake, the

name "Mount Morpheus" (the Greek god of dreams) seemed appropriate; or "Sleepy Peak," for the less classically inclined.

To complete a loop, I made an exit high out the cirque of the West Fork Miller River, over the low pass into Lennox Creek, then down the not-difficult, but also not-pleasant woods to the abandoned Lennox Creek logging road which was also unpleasant, having been gutted by about 25, 3- to 4-foot deep water-drainage ditches. Two hours, 45 minutes back.—JR, Bellevue, 8/22.



"MOUNT KEECHELUS"

(Wenatchee Natl Forest; USGS Stampede Pass)—Over the years I have looked southeast down Lake Keechelus and observed a peak northeast of I-90 and about half-way down the lake.

I finally led a hike in search of the long-sought-after top. Boy, did I find some real spectacular views. I also found a great trail.

The views at the northwest end of that .6-mile-long ridge are of the Snoqualmie Pass peaks to the north, the Lost Lake valley to the west, and all along other interesting places.

Near the southeast end of the ridge trail, it peaks out at 3796 feet—that is about a 470-foot gain. This is the point I call "Mount Keechelus." It is open country at that end, so you can see more wonderful scenery as you sit and enjoy your lunch on the rocks. It was a pleasure sitting there with no bugs and the breeze singing in the trees. The only drawback is the freeway noise from below.



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To find the trailhead, leave I-90 at Hyak, exit 54. Drive under the freeway and go northeast until you see a gravel road straight ahead. Turn right on the pavement. Follow that road for about 3.9 miles. At the Y, take the road on the right. Go past the Resort Creek Pond and park at the next road on your right. Do not block the road as it must be kept open for the farmer who uses it.

Look uphill and see two signs covered with black plastic. **DO NOT GO UP THAT TRAIL WHEN THE SIGNS ARE UNCOVERED.** The highway department does avalanche control for I-90 when there is snow on the ground. Most other times, follow the trail uphill to the ridge trail and enjoy.

I would equate the available views to the panorama you see on Little Si—but more so. This is a great trip for hikers who have no time to do a long hike. Of all the hikes I have been on, I would rate this a 9.7 for what you see with the effort you have to expend to see it.—Robert DeGraw, Kirkland, 8/26.



WINDY PASS (Alpine Lks Wilderness; USGS Cashmere

Mtn)—Trail to Little Eightmile Lake, then uphill from junction (toward Lake Caroline and Windy Pass) is through last year's burn for about a third of the way. As could be expected, the contrast between burned/not burned is stunning.

We went in and out same day, but wish we'd brought gear to stay the night in the larch basins below the pass. Gorgeous! Trail is clear except for a couple of trees down below first Caroline Lake.—Gail Roberts, Pullman.



WINDY PASS (Alpine Lks Wilderness; USGS Cashmere

Mtn)—Three glorious days in the mountains! This hike begins on the ever-popular trail to Eightmile Lake. The junction to Lake Caroline, Little Lake Caroline and Windy Pass is just beyond Little Eightmile Lake.

The trail is in fine shape and takes you through some incredible burns from last year's fires and on up to the lakes. We made it to Little Lake Caroline on the first day and camped there. Lake Caroline is good sized and offers many campsites; Little Lake Caroline is smaller and marshier. The mosquitos were horrendous—man oh man!

Day two we hiked up to Windy Pass and along the ridge toward Cashmere Mountain. This is a beautiful area with open meadows and views galore including Mount Stuart and the Enchantments.

If I knew then what I know now I'd get a very early start and make camp beyond Little Lake Caroline and the



bugs! Water was not abundant but was there and there's still snow along the ridge west of Windy Pass. I saw one or two very small campsites.

Lack of space would easily be made up for with the wonderful views and lack of mosquitoes. We saw no people past Lake Caroline. This was a tremendous hike!—Mystery Hiker, Kelly, Lisa and Q, Granite Falls, 8/21-23.

SNOQUALMIE PASS—Cougar sightings have been reported on trails in the Snoqualmie Pass area. Some folks have reported close encounters, but no injuries. Be alert to your surroundings in dense cover and when sitting during rest breaks. Hike in small groups. Carry a walking stick.

Cougars can weigh anywhere from 40 to 150 pounds, depending on age and gender. Its color is a uniform gray to reddish tan with black markings on face, ears and tip of tail. Young cats have black spots. Cougars have very long tails.

If you meet a cougar, **do not run**. Immediately pick up small children. Stand upright, face the animal, talk to it, and try to back slowly away. The cougar may leave.

If the cougar becomes aggressive, shout loudly, wave your arms, and throw things (sticks, rocks). Don't turn your back, and stay upright.

If the cougar attacks, fight back aggressively with sticks, rocks, clothing, your pack or your bare hands. Try to stay on your feet.

Please report all sightings of cougars as soon as possible to the nearest ranger station, visitor center, or forest headquarters. In an emergency, dial 911. Prompt reporting of observations can provide useful information for others.

Information needed: your name and phone number for follow-up, date and time, location and summary of incident; a physical description of the animal (how you are certain it was a cougar); how close you were to it (feet), and how long (seconds/minutes) it was in view.—Ranger, 9/11.

NORTH BEND DIST—Denny Creek trail in good condition; bridge is out at water slides but hikers can ford at low water. Middle Fork trail has many creek crossings without bridges. Mount Defiance trail is in great shape. PCT is in good condition from Snoqualmie to Stevens Pass.—Ranger, 9/11.

SNOW LAKES—Here's the latest update. The bridge contract has been awarded. Due to a delay in the delivery of special materials the completion date was delayed from the end of July to late September or mid-October, if all goes well.

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

When the bridge is completed we will accept reservation requests. Until then there is no way to enter or exit the Snow Lakes trail. If you want to get to the Enchantments your only access is up Aasgard Pass. We appreciate your patience.—Ranger, 9/12.

ENCHANTMENTS—Reservation days are 100% full. Many dates still available for Colchuck and Stuart areas.—Ranger, 9/12.

CLE ELUM DIST—Logging is underway at the Kachess Ridge 1315 trailhead and Easton Ridge 1212 trailhead. These trailheads are closed. Use road 4818-203.

Mineral Creek trail 1331 and Cooper River trail 1311 are closed due to logging. When the logging is finished, the trails will be restored and re-opened.—Ranger, 9/12.

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SOUTH CENTRAL



GENERAL CONDITIONS—Snow level above 6000 feet. Roads and trails still open.

PEAK 5419 (*Glacier View Wilderness; USGS Mount Wow*)—An easy scramble close to the car, this peak affords the same view of Mount Rainier as Glacier View much more quickly, more aesthetically and without the mobs. The round trip is only about 2½ miles and the elevation gain just under 1000 feet.

Take highway 706 eastward through Ashford. A couple of miles before the Nisqually Entrance to Mount Rainier National Park, turn left on well-signed Road 59. Drive 6 miles to a pass between the Deer Creek and Copper Creek drainages; here is a wonderful view of Mount Rainier for both hikers and non-hikers to enjoy. In the foreground you will see the much more modest row of Peak 5419, Peak 5507 and Glacier View. Continue 2 more miles to the end of the road and the Glacier View trailhead, elevation 4500 feet.

A few yards up the trail is a bifurcation, the right branch going to Beljica Meadows and Gobblers Knob, the left to Glacier View. Take the left branch just over 1 mile where it doubles back to the right and passes over the west ridge of Peak 5419, elevation about 5100 feet.

From here a faint climbers' path heads up the ridge but is soon lost in a steep meadow. Work across and up the far side of this meadow to a break in the trees. Beyond is a much larger meadow on the south ridge up which you can clamber to the small rocky summit.

I searched along the eastern edge of the large meadow for remnants of the old trail shown on the USGS Mount Wow quad, but found no trace.—Mick Campbell, Puyallup, 8/20.

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SPRAY PARK (*Mount Rainier Natl Park; USGS*

Mowich Lk)—JH and I hiked through Spray Park to Tillicum Point, the west end of Ptarmigan Ridge. The only cloud in the whole state played tag with us most of the day; we were in the shade, but it was sunny half a mile away.

Gentian was the dominant wildflower, although we saw a few examples from many species. After leaving Tillicum Point we were wandering toward Knapsack Pass when we found three alpine plants. Other than for the color they appeared to be the usual *Gentian calycosa*.—TG, Skyway, 9/9.



MCNEELEY PEAK (*Mt Rainier Natl Park; USGS Sunrise*)

Tired of the crowds on the trails around Sunrise? Then try dropping north over Sourdough Ridge where you can enjoy easy scrambling and pleasant meadow walking in quiet solitude. Still, you're never far from your car if time is limited.

Drive highway 410 to the White River Entrance of Mount Rainier National Park. Follow the road to Sunrise, elevation 6400 feet.

The most difficult part of this hike is finding a parking place. Once you do, head up to the Sourdough Ridge Trail, turning left at each of the first two junctions. At the next junction bear right on the Huckleberry Creek trail, elevation 6800 feet. This path climbs a little, then drops to the head of Huckleberry Basin.

Leave the trail here just before it starts to descend into the basin harboring Forest Lake, elevation 6500 feet. Just to the north is a small rocky peaklet (Point 6720) which makes a nice quick scramble. Head northeast to the low spot in the ridge between Point 6720 and McNeeley, elevation 6400 feet. Ascend McNeeley, passing to either side of the rocky outcrops. The high point is near the north end of the summit crest at 6786 feet.

Fine views here, with rarely seen aspects of Dege Peak, Antler Peak and Mount Fremont, plus a good look at the back side of Marcus Peak and The Palisades. Inspect the deep crack a few feet from the high point; once your eyes accommodate, you can see that it extends much deeper than expected. Climb inside at your peril.

The round trip distance thus far is about 4½ miles with only 1400 feet of elevation gain. You may want to extend your trip, for example by going up the northeast ridge of Mount Fremont.—Mick Campbell, Puyallup, 8/26.



TUMAC MOUNTAIN, TWIN SISTERS LAKES

(*William O Douglas Wilderness; USGS Bumping Lk, Spiral Butte, White Pass*)—Drove in the dark (straight ahead at all junctions) up the Bumping River road off Highway 410 to Deep Creek campground, a quiet spot with a lot of horse trailers.

Our mother-daughter group of four spent a lazy morning around the campfire, then headed uphill for the 1½-hour hike to Twin Sisters Lakes after 11am. Were tempted to jump in but opted for a quick lunch and campsite selection, then left the 16-year-olds to keep the home fires burning while we headed for Tumor, a 3-mile hike up an easy-to-follow trail. Take right fork (not marked) rather than left which is marked SAND RIDGE and goes to Blankenship Meadows.

Bugs were terrific on top but didn't deter us from feasting eyes on views of many lakes, Adams, Goat Rocks, Rainier, Aix and much more. Bring enough film.

Found the craters mentioned in the *100 Hikes* book by descending on trail across scree slope to small waytrail taking off down into forest from the ridge. Lots of elk sign, and early bow hunters in full camouflage. Few horse packers and day hikers.

But we had Big Twin Sister Lake to ourselves by full moonlight. Sounds of owls and elk were heard in the night. Heavy hearts heading home to the low country Sunday (too soon!).—Jo & Co, Olympia & Tenino, 9/8-10.

HIGHWAY 410—Expect delays of up to 30 minutes on the highway east of Greenwater between mileposts 48 and 58 due to the reconstruction project. Crews are working 6am to 6pm seven days a week through 11/1.—Ranger, 9/11.

CARBON RIVER BRIDGE—Repair is now complete!—Ranger, 9/11.

PCT—Around Windy Gap and Blow-out Mountain, logs down on the trail due to private logging.—Ranger, 9/11.

MOUNT RAINIER NP—Road to White River campground closes 10/16. The campground itself is already closed. Sunrise is closed.

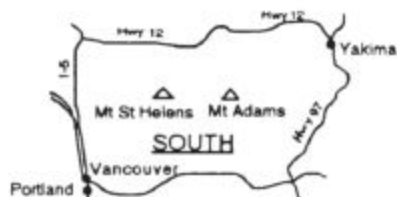
Paradise Visitor Center open seven days a week until 10/9, then weekends and holidays only.

Ohanapecosh closes 10/16. Longmire Inn open year round. Paradise Inn closes soon.—Ranger, 9/15.

BACKCOUNTRY NEWS

REPORTS AND CONDITIONS

SOUTH



GENERAL CONDITIONS—Snow level about 6000 feet; roads and trails open. Expect winter storms.

SNOWGRASS FLAT (*Goat Rocks Wilderness; USGS Mt Adams, Steamboat Mtn*)—Margie and I had a few days to do some hiking. Our attempt to hike on the east side of Mount Hood was cut short by cold weather about two hours above Mount Hood Meadows. We left the area and ended up driving north through the Gifford Pinchot National Forest from White Salmon to Randle (a very long drive on forest service roads!).

The next day we took Highway 12 to the Johnson Creek road, about 2 miles west of Packwood. At about 17 miles is the Chambers Lake berry patch trailhead. Be sure to obtain a permit at the trail register. A forest ranger asked to see ours.

The trail follows the forested south-east side of Goat Ridge to beautiful Goat Creek at about 2 miles. From there it begins a steady ascent to Snowgrass Flat at 6000 feet. We always continue for another ½-mile to 6500 feet and

the Pacific Crest Trail, 2.5 hours from the parking lot.

Here the reward is fantastic: gorgeous meadows loaded with mountain wildflowers (great in August), incredible views of Mount Adams and Mount Saint Helens, awesome panorama of Ives Peak and Old Snowy Mountain.

We followed the PCT another ½-mile to catch vistas of beautiful Goat Lake and Mount Rainier to the north. On past trips we have continued to scramble up Old Snowy Peak (7930 feet) but this time we enjoyed a nap in the warm alpine meadow. Total elevation gain was about 2000 feet. The trails are well-maintained and moderate, well appreciated on the return.—Tom Taylor, Olympia, 8/25.

CHENAMUS LAKE (*Indian Heaven Wilderness; USGS Lone Butte*)—The 65 road is still closed 1 mile south of the junction with 30 road. Checked it out and reason is a broken bridge that does not appear will be replaced very soon.

Wanted to hike the new Thomas Lake trail 111, but settled for trails 29 and 29A into Placid Lake and Chenamus Lake. Easy going, trails practically level and about 2 miles into Chenamus. Nice weather, no dust due to recent rains but no mud either. Lots and lots of blue- and huckleberries along the trail.

Why is it that all messages coming out of Gifford Pinchot National Forest are so stern? Last year it was "don't use the Thomas Lake trail while construction is in progress." This year it's

"don't even try to use the old trail." And then there is the warning to not have any more berries in your possession than your mouth can hold unless you have a berry picking permit!—Dale Graves, Kent, 8/24.



NESTOR PEAK (*DNR; USGS Northwestern Lk*)—

This hike features a standing lookout with views of Mount Hood and Mount Adams. It is located on the Washington side of the Columbia River near the town of Hood River, Oregon. This hike is so close to Hood River that Jane and I were able to see the lookout from our room in the Hood River Hotel.

From Hood River, cross the toll bridge and go left on Highway 14 for 1.5 miles, turn right on Highway 141 toward Trout Lake and follow the White Salmon River for 4.2 miles, and turn left near a river rafting company. Follow the signs for Buck Creek trailhead 1.

We started our hike here, but we strongly recommend driving approximately 1 mile farther. Go past the Buck Creek trailhead 1 sign, being careful to take the right (downhill) fork, and follow this road to where it deadends at a trail register. The register is currently empty.

Our hike was about 8 miles roundtrip with a 2000-foot gain. The first mile climbs sharply in the beginning, but then curves around and drops to the lower road which must be hiked to the other trail register. There is nothing remarkable about this stretch except for some wild lilac. Unless you want more exercise, drive this first mile.

This is a steep, dusty trail with intermittent flat stretches. The trail itself is not much fun to hike and it doesn't appear to get much use. Another drawback is that it looks like it can be driven to the top by another road unless the road is gated somewhere.

The views at the top and the lookout make the trip still worthwhile.

The lookout sits at the top of Nestor Peak amid asters and provides views of Hood River, farm valleys, Adams and Hood. It is possible to climb the stairs up the lookout by putting your shoulders against the trap door and raising up. This allows you to circle the catwalk around the lookout cabin, but the cabin itself is securely locked. This is the only lookout we've seen with a concrete foundation.

The wind really whips up here. We used the lookout as a windbreak to eat our lunch. After soaking up sunshine and views we headed back down. I ended up on my rear because of the steep trail and loose dust. After reach-



Tom Taylor on the PCT, with Ives Peak in background, Goat Rocks Wilderness.

Margie Taylor

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ing the trail register, we stayed on the road until we reached our car at Buck Creek trailhead 1. The whole trip took about 5 hours. If you're hungry after this hike, dinner at Big City Chicks in Hood River is a must.—Bill Lynch, Olympia, 9/4.

BERRY PERMIT—If you intend to pick and carry berries (to take home, or to take back to camp) you must have a berry permit in the Gifford Pinchot National Forest. The permit is free.

Hand to mouth berrying without a permit is acceptable.

SAINT HELENS NVM—Many trails have not been maintained because of limited funding. Be alert for hazardous conditions, downed trees, slides and washouts.

These trails have been maintained by volunteers: June Lake, Ptarmigan, Wright Meadow, Lewis River, and portions of the Boundary trail.


Permits are required to climb Saint Helens from 5/15 to 10/31. For details call 360-750-3900.—Ranger, 9/10.

BIRD CREEK MEADOWS, Yakama Nation—Closes 10/1. Permits are required; obtain from Rangers stationed at Bird Lake.—Ranger, 9/10.

MOUNT ADAMS DIST—Beginning 10/1, you can make reservations for the '95-'96 winter season for the Peterson Prairie cabin. Call the Ranger Station for details: 509-395-3400.

Thomas Lake trail is now open. The old trail is closed for revegetation. It is a violation to be on the old trail.—Ranger, 9/10.

IDAHO

 **CRANKY GULCH TRAIL 39** (*Panhandle National Forests, Wallace Ranger District, St. Joe Divide*)—My daughter Meghan and I walked this pleasant trail on a beautiful sunny day. The trail is well graded and maintained. The route follows Cranky Creek at first, then climbs on long switchbacks to a ridge crest, continuing up to the St. Joe Divide. At the Divide, the trail intersects trail 16, the St. Joe Divide trail.

Once on the top, it is possible to hike up several peaks in the 5500-6500 foot range. The highest peak, which provides excellent views to the Bitterroot Divide, the Baldies, and out over the Big Creek and St. Joe country, is Striped Peak.


The Cranky Gulch trail is about 3.5 miles long and gains 1900 feet to the St. Joe Divide. To get up Striped Peak,

add a mile and a half or so, and another 1300 feet of elevation. The St. Joe Divide trail offers miles of hiking to either the east or west. The Slate Creek and Big Creek drainages and network of ridge trails offer many miles more of trails, and many secluded camping spots.

This area is open to motorized recreationists. Motorized use is light, however, and the people you meet tend to be considerate, courteous, and as happy to be in the backcountry as we nonwheeled users. Don't let the motors make you miss this wonderful hiking area.

To get to the trailhead, drive east on I-90 from Coeur D'Alene to Wallace. Head into Wallace, and look for the Moon Pass Road, which goes to Avery. (Just head for the southwest corner of town, through the neighborhoods. It is easy to find.) Drive about 3 miles (if the road turns to dirt, you've gone 100 yards too far).

At a left curve in the road is a wide dirt parking area and a gated road off to the right. Park and walk up the gated road about ¼-mile. At a fork, the trail (signed) bears right.—Steve Thornton, Coeur D'Alene, 7/8.

 **LOST LAKE TRAIL 115** (*Panhandle National Forests, Wallace Ranger District, St. Joe Divide*)—This is a steep hike to a lonely mountain lake. The trail is well maintained, crosses Lost Lake Creek several times and provides good exercise in a fine forest setting.

The Lost Lake trail gains about 2000 feet in 2 miles as it climbs from the Silver Valley. Although steep, the trail is more or less well graded, and is a good walk. The trail begins as a very old and overgrown road, and does not become a real footpath for about 1 mile.

Lost Lake is in a steep, lovely cirque, and makes a fine picnic spot. Camping is pretty limited, and I would recommend this as a day hike.


The trail skirts by the lake outlet, continuing in 1 mile to Pulaski Peak road. I met a father and son at the lake who came in that way. The road is in bad shape, and it takes longer to drive to the upper trailhead than to walk in from the bottom.

To find the trailhead, drive east on I-90 from Coeur D'Alene to the town of Silverton. Take the exit, turn right, and then left on the old highway toward Wallace. Go about ½-mile, and take a right on the well-marked Lost Gulch Road. Follow this road to its end (only a couple of miles), at an active mine.

Use the parking area for the mine (on the weekend) or park along the road. Walk past a gate, and head to the right

of the last big building, on the right side of the gulch. Behind the building is an old road, with a trail sign at the top of a short rise. Just follow the road and you are on your way.—Steve Thornton, Coeur D'Alene, 7/16.


NORTH OREGON

 **COOPER SPUR**—The Cooper Spur trail is the highest hiking trail on Mount Hood. It ends at 8514 feet at Tie-In Rock, where mountaineers rope up. The trail begins at the Cloud Cap campground on the northeast side of Mount Hood.

At the message board and trail register, go straight on a trail marked "Gnarl Ridge." In 100 yards keep left at a fork. The trail climbs for 1.2 miles before reaching a junction. Go right (uphill) on the Cooper Spur trail.


Up 200 yards is a stone shelter built in the 1930s by the CCC. The trail then begins a series of long switchbacks up a spine between Eliot and Newton/Clark Glaciers. Near the top of the trail are 4 low stone windbreaks which we've always used, even on hot days such as this.

I think this is my favorite hike in Washington or Oregon. The views of Adams, Rainier, St Helens, Jefferson and down to the Three Sisters, the Hood River valley and Columbia River are spectacular.—Jane Habegger, Olympia, 9/3.

 **LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN**—Lookout Mountain is a short and very easy walk with a big payoff. It is located on the northeast side of Mount Hood, off Highway 35.

The trail begins in meadows of purple asters and yarrow. It ends in 1.2 miles at the 6525-foot summit and former fire lookout site. The views are from the Three Sisters to Mount Rainier and a close-up view of Mount Hood, the Columbia River plateau and eastern Oregon.—Jane Habegger, Olympia, 9/5.

CENTRAL OREGON

 **TRIANGULATION PEAK** (*USGS Mt Bruno*)—This is a short hike to a former lookout site with a close-up view of Mount Jefferson. It is similar to the Glacier View hike near Mount Rainier in terms of length and difficulty and its proximity to and view of a Cascade volcano.

The trailhead is located off Highway 22, 1 mile east of the town of Idaho. Turn north onto McCoy Creek road 2233 and proceed 9.2 miles. Park at spur road 635 (on the right). The trailhead

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is 100 feet down this spur to the right.

In addition to Mount Jefferson, on a clear day you can see from Mount Rainier to Diamond Peak from the 5434-foot summit. Also, not far from the top is Boca Cave, a 60-foot high cavern which frames Mount Jefferson. —Jane Habegger, Olympia, 9/10.



FOUR-IN-ONE CONE

(Three Sisters Wilderness)—

This is a fairly easy hike to get both views and a sampling of the volcanic landscape in Central Oregon. From the town of Sisters, go west over McKenzie Pass for 5.6 miles. The trailhead is between mileposts 71 and 72 across from the Scott Lake turnoff.

This trail climbs through a forest of lodgepole pine that changes to hemlock. It is an easy grade with only 1500 feet gained over the 8.6-mile roundtrip.

At 2.7 miles, we crossed a short stretch of lava. The trail continues through an island of woods and then crosses another short stretch of lava. The trail follows the edge of the lava flow until it crests near the edge of a meadow.

Four-in-One Cone is a big cinder pile to the left. There are two "trails" to the top. The one on the left is a little less steep and provides better footing in the loose scree. Once on top of this pile of cinders, we were surprised how far we could walk along a narrow spine connecting the four craters. The ridge provides views of several peaks, but the best view is of nearby North Sister.

If scrambling up the scree is not appealing, you can reach the ridgetop by walking up the meadow a little farther and zigzagging cross-country up the ridge. —Bill Lynch, Olympia, 9/6.



BLACK BUTTE LOOK-OUT

(USGS Black Butte)—A

new lookout tower under construction last fall when Bill and I were vacationing in Central Oregon is now complete. It is not quite as tall as the 85-foot tower built in 1934 by the CCC, which is also still standing.

The hike is short but fairly steep. It is 4 miles round trip and climbs 1600 feet. The lookout is staffed during the fire season. From the 6436-foot summit are views of Hood, Jefferson, Broken Top and the Sisters. —Jane Habegger, Olympia, 9/7.



TAM MCARTHUR RIM

(Three Sisters Wilderness)—

Located just 18 miles from the town of Sisters, this hike is a beautiful moderate one, climbing 1200 feet in 2.5 miles to a 7730-foot perch named after a former secretary of the Oregon Geo-



Sam Thompson and Bill Lynch admire Mount Hood from the Cooper Spur trail.

Jane Habegger

graphic Names Board.

From the viewpoint on the rim we could see Belknap Crater, Mount Washington, Three Fingered Jack, Jefferson, Hood, and the tip of Mount Adams. Also at the cliff-edge viewpoint is a spectacular view of the Three Sisters and Broken Top. Below is Three Creek Lake. —Jane Habegger, Olympia, 9/8.



BLACK CRATER

(Three Sisters Wilderness)—The pan-

oramic views from this former lookout site make this hike my personal favorite in the Sisters Wilderness. Jane and I saved this hike for a day when clouds were few.

The Black Crater trail gains 2500 feet and is 7.2 miles roundtrip. Lupine lines the trail almost the entire way and magenta paintbrush can be found in the higher elevations. It is a long steady climb but never very steep—except for the first .1-mile from the trail register to the wilderness boundary.

Views sweep across lava flows to Belknap Crater and as far as Mount Hood. The Sisters and Broken Top are very close by to the south.

The trailhead is located 11 miles west of Sisters on Highway 242 and about 3.5 miles east of McKenzie Pass. After the hike, I recommend the Hotel Sisters for burgers or Mexican food. —Bill Lynch, Olympia, 9/9.

CANADA



NOOTKA SOUND, Vancouver Island (NOAA 3662)

Nootka Sound, Esperanza Inlet—My friend Tom had a particular interest in going to Nootka Sound, namely its history. Virtually the whole Pacific Northwest and Alaska coast was explored by the English and the Spanish using Nootka Sound (Friendly Cove) as a base of operations. Captain Cook cut the first tree on the north coast to supply a mast for his ship. All in all we both became interested in the area.

We started from a scenic pulp mill on Muchalat inlet (\$7 Canadian to launch at the boat ramp). We were on the water at 5:30am. The water was flat the day was beautiful as we paddled the 18 miles to Bligh Island and a camp on an old logging dump. The Inlet is limited in landing sites as the mountains come right down to the water and then run down 400 to 600 feet.

Heavy clearcutting is much in evidence and there were three active logging operations in the inlet alone. The next day we moved a few miles on to Resolution Cove where Cook remasted his ship. Again we made an early start which was good as by noon the Zucarte Channel was solid whitecaps and even power boats were having a rough go of it.

The next day we were off to Friendly Cove (\$5 landing fee—Indian Reservation) with rain threatening but only a light swell to contend with. We toured the former Indian village, church and surroundings. The church contains some history of the area as well as some beautifully carved traditional Indian pieces and stained glass windows donated by Spain.

We ended the tour by looking at the fallen totem pole at the east end of the

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village area. It was not too hard to picture a large Indian village and a harbor filled with sea going canoes and tall ships. A picture-perfect light house and a wild coast line to the north and south complete the picture.

With rain still threatening, we moved on up Cook Channel to a "high tide" camp on Strange Island. A high tide camp means that you can camp there as long as the tide is not too high; otherwise I recommend a floating tent.

We used the Strange Island camp to circumnavigate the island and explore for a little ways Tasis Inlet. Friday we completed the circumnavigation of Bligh Island with a short sweep through the Villaverde Islands and their harbor seal population and arrived back at our first camp at the logging dump.

Saturday we headed back up Muchalot Inlet toward Gold River. At 10:30am the wind came up so we put up the sail on our big double kayak and proceeded to go faster and faster up the Inlet. By the time we were 2 miles from Gold River the winds and following waves were causing us to broach so down came the sail and we paddled the last few miles.

Dangers: On nice days the wind would come up about 11am. and it behooves you to get off the water. On rainy days the wind did not seem to

come up and these often made for good travelling days.

Entry Points: Gold River, Cougar Creek and Tasis. (Get the map of the area at the Gold River Tourist Center to see undeveloped campsites, logging sites and other helpful information.)

Wildlife: We saw eagles, ravens, harbor seals, harbor porpoises, mink, and possibly a Minke whale from a distance.

Scenery: Even with the clearcuts there is a lot of beauty in this area and with the history is well worth a visit. Expect lots of fishing boats both commercial and private moving back and forth.

We saw only one group of kayakers during the whole week that we were out. I expect that most people had kayaked out to Esperanza Inlet.—Jim Corson, Seattle, 8/5-12.

ELSEWHERE



SITKA SOUND, Alaska

(NOAA 17327)—It rains about 100 inches a year here (twice as much as the Puget Sound area). We took our rain gear, and we used it every day. On the day we paddled in Sitka Sound, the weather cooperated nicely to give us our best views of Mount Edgumbe

between showers.

We rented a double from Baidarka Boats (907-747-8996). It came completely outfitted, including flares, pumps, and sea socks (we brought our own stirrup, which I need for re-entry). Baidarka Boats is downtown at 201 Lincoln, so we loaded the boat on wheels and followed Larry to the dock, where he made sure we had everything adjusted to fit, then headed back to his shop while we got underway.

Once out of the marina, we paddled out of Crescent Bay, past the National Monument—where views of the totems were particularly striking from the water—past Jamestown Bay and into Thimbleberry Bay where we circled several little islands.

From there we crossed to the Galan-kin Islands, farther out on the Eastern Channel, and poked our nose out into the ocean swells before turning back to cruise among the scenic, rocky islands.

On more ocean swells we crossed Middle Channel, and paddled north along Sitka Harbor to just before Watson Point, then returned to our take-out.

We stayed at the Cascade Inn (800-532-0908), on Cascade Creek north of town. It was a perfect spot, right on the water, with great views.—Ann & Lee, Port Orchard, 9/12.

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).

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 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.

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.

FOUND—Roll of Fujichrome film at Cascade Pass trailhead parking lot on September 5. To claim, call 206-776-8061 and describe.

WOMAN AGE 40 seeking men friends for day hikes, backpacking, downhill and cross-country skiing. Preferably South Cascades, Mount Rainier and Olympics. Contact Jo, 360-264-2128.

MADELEINE BEATY

HYPOTHERMIA IN HAWAII?

—A CLOSE CALL ON MAUI—

We took our first trip to Hawaii in the spring of 1995, and we had a chance to do a little hiking. We spent the first couple of days on Maui sightseeing, whale-watching and going on the very exciting Maui-Downhill Bicycle Trip from the Haleakala Crater at 10,000 feet to sea level in just under 40 miles. This is the only place in the world where such a ride can be made.

One day we went out to Hana, a memorable trip due to the curvy road but also the varied and profuse plant life on that side of the island. We stopped at Waianapanapa State Park just short of Hana to visit Pailoa Bay with its black sand beaches. We hiked along the shore both north and south.

The lava coastline makes for spectacular wave action here. The trail through the lava was quite good with a lot of varied plants and trees along the way.

After this short hike we drove past Hana ten miles to Kipahula, also known as the Seven Sacred Pools area. We opted to take the somewhat longer hike up to Waimoku Falls instead of going on the lower pool loop.

This 4-mile hike passed through a guava tree forest and two marvelous bamboo forests. With gusts of wind blowing, the rattling bamboo sounded like a symphony. It was dark and magical walking through there. There was also a small, terraced taro patch, the plant from which poi is made.

Soon the magnificent Waimoku Falls come into view. You have to bend your head way back to see the top of it. We headed back home shortly before darkness set in and Jim drove the torturous Hana Road with its 600 curves and over 50 one lane bridges in the dark. What a day!

We got up at 2:30am the next morning to head back up to Haleakala to see the sunrise from the top of the crater and to hike into the crater afterward. It was very cold when we got to the parking lot. We bundled up in warm clothes, walked up to the Puu Ulaula

Observatory at 10,023 feet and waited, with a small crowd, for that magical moment when the sky turned into a crimson glory.

Fog drifted about and all of us worried that our efforts would be in vain. Just in the nick of time the fog blew clear and we had a magnificent display over the crater and on the low-hanging clouds. Camera shutters clicked all around until the show was over.

We waited in the car for daylight to arrive and then walked the short trail around the top looking at the other islands surrounding Maui. We could also see Science City with its giant telescopes situated just below the summit. What a sight!

It was still early so we drove down to the Haleakala Observatory at 9745 feet. Here some of the bikers were just leaving for their Maui Downhill run. We waited in the car a little while longer and then put on the day packs and headed over to the crater rim on the Sliding Sands Trail.

It was windy and still very cold but we figured it should start warming up before too long. Sure enough, we didn't get far before we started to take off some of the layers of clothes. The sun was shining quite warmly and I stripped down to shorts and T-shirt. Jim left his polypropylenes on.

The trail dropped steadily downhill and it was awesome to walk into the austerity of the crater. Vegetation was

very sparse but we spied many different and unusual plants including the famous, rare and endangered silversword. They were visible from far off and we saw many clustered along the trail before we reached the crater floor.

At 2 miles we had lost 1700 feet and passed a junction with a short spur trail to Kaluu o ka oo, a colorful cinder cone with a trail going around the rim.

Our trail now dropped some more and at 3.9 miles it reached the crater floor, at an elevation of 7400 feet. Here was a trail junction with one trail going left to Holua Cabin, 3.5 miles away, and then going out over the crater rim. We took the trail straight ahead about 2 miles to the Kapalaoa Cabin, our turn around point at 7270 feet.

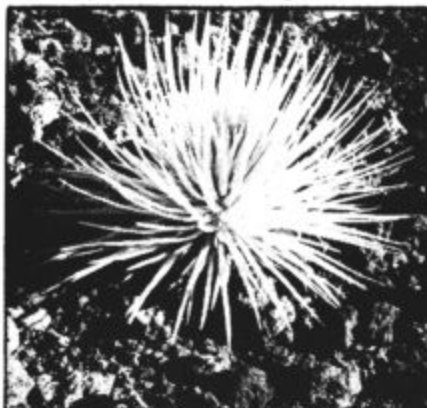
It started to sprinkle as we went along this trail. We intended to change into polypropylenes and warmer clothes at lunch in the cabin. Alas, the cabin was locked so we changed and ate lunch on the leeward side of the cabin partly under an overhang.

Just before we ate, we were surprised to come upon a nene, Hawaii's State Bird, near the cabin. I started taking pictures of her from a distance away but she came closer and closer and I took picture after picture until she was within petting distance. (What a waste of film that was.) As we ate lunch the nene stood around begging. We did not feed her as it is not allowed.

After lunch we headed back out of the crater, and as we did the wind picked up and it rained off and on but not too bad yet. We saw chukar partridges along the trail and I tried to photograph them, but they were very elusive.

We encountered two backpackers on their way to the cabin. I assume they had a key to get in. After a while we saw a man on a horse with a pack horse trailing. He was carrying signs and trail material, and also was headed for the cabin. Later we saw two men backpacking to the Holua Cabin.

By now the weather had turned very



Silversword in Haleakala crater.

Jim and Madeleine Beaty



Jim and Madeleine Beaty

Jim and Madeleine—a sunny day on Maui.

hostile. The wind was blowing perhaps thirty miles an hour and the rain was constant and coming down in sheets. As we headed up out of the crater the rain turned periodically to sleet and hail. The wind blew even harder.

It suddenly turned much colder as well. Our Goretex raincoats, gloves and overmitts soon started to soak up the excessive water. Our hiking shoes were completely soaked. We had to walk with our heads bent to fight the wind which seemed to get more powerful by the minute.

As we started to gain elevation in the rain and the wind, every step seemed harder. At one point when we stopped for a minute to rest, I looked down and noticed our polypropylene-clad legs had turned white with evaporated perspiration frozen on them.

Jim's overmitts also were stiff and frozen. I opened and closed my hands a lot and swung my arms to stay warm.

The going now got very tough and there was no place to get out of the wind or pouring rain or even any high rocks to get behind. We were moving and gaining elevation only very slowly.

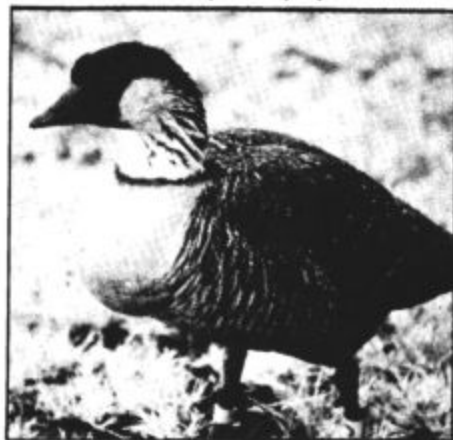
Jim commented that he was not feeling well and didn't know if he could make it to the top. He had never before suffered from altitude sickness but that seemed to be the case now. I looked around and realized there was simply no place to find protection from the elements. It was wide open as far as I could see.

It was too cold to stop for long so I took the heavier pack and gave Jim my lighter one. As we slowly trudged on Jim felt worse the more altitude we gained. If possible the weather got even worse. Jim wanted to stop for a while but I encouraged him to keep moving a step at a time. I walked in front trying to break the wind.

At one point we stopped for a minute to rest and as we turned our backs to the wind looking down to the crater we saw the most incredible sight. A huge rainbow spread over the crater, in a large half circle.

How could this be with the clouds and the non-stop rain around us? Was it an omen of better things to come? I pulled out the camera and found it out of film because of all the film wasted on the nene. So much for omens.

We moved very slowly up the trail



Jim and Madeleine Beaty

We came upon a nene near the cabin.

and suddenly reached the crater rim. Jim now had severe effects from altitude sickness and got sick to his stomach several times. We struggled to the trailhead anxious to get into the Haleakala Observatory to change into dry clothes, but it was already locked up at 4pm.

I fought my way to the car as the wind was now blowing about 60 miles per hour on the crater rim. I brought the car as close as possible to the Observatory to get Jim. He was shaking uncontrollably now.

I helped him get the soaking wet top off and put on a dry sweater. I turned the heater on high and started to head down to the Park Headquarters about 10 miles down the road. I hoped to get some hot coffee for Jim. The Headquarters was tightly locked up, too.

As the car warmed up so did Jim, eventually. I drove down to Kahalui, where near sea level it was 72 degrees. Jim then felt well enough to drive back to the condo where we took hot showers.

Everything in my pack including my hiking book on the bottom was absolutely soaked through and through, and so was I.

This 12-mile hike (elevation gain 2475 feet) would have been grand under normal circumstances, but being pounded by heavy rain and blown by strong unrelenting winds for 3 hours made it very scary.

With utter fatigue, altitude sickness and hypothermia hanging over our heads we felt lucky to have made it out. We were dressed well, but could have used Goretex rain pants and maybe a poncho, but possibly nothing would have stood up to this weather. For the next three days there were high wind warnings for winds of 40 to 60mph for Haleakala Crater, so even staying in the cabin would have been futile.

Being past sixty we are in good shape for our ages. Never have we experienced the kind of situation we found ourselves in on sunny Maui.

Despite all this we both loved Maui. I loved that rainbow in the heart of the crater best of all.



Jim and Madeleine Beaty, of Federal Way, are both retired and are avid skiers and hikers. They have hiked a minimum of 500 miles a year for the past ten years.

SUSAN WINEKE

Hiking the High Sierra Backcountry

—HOW TO DO IT WITH LIGHT PACKS AND HOT SHOWERS—

Ever dream of hiking the high country with a light pack and then relishing a hot shower and prepared dinner?

Would you like to see the rugged Sierra peaks, the grand falls of the Tuolumne River, and the smooth domes of Yosemite up close?

Then consider the trail connecting the High Sierra Camps of Yosemite National Park. The five backcountry tent camps and two roadside camps are host villages a day's hike apart. They form a 40-mile loop supplied by pack mules and bisected by California State Highway 120. The camps enable ordinary folk who are reasonably fit to see this incredible wilderness.

So many want to hike the Yosemite high country that the park concessionaire holds a lottery each winter to award places at the High Sierra camps.

This summer, a prolonged snow kept the camps closed for the entire 10-week season. But last year, John and I won the lottery. We wanted to hike half the loop and indulge in a layover day at each camp. We received our desired dates in July, but the concessionaire asked: Would we be willing to hike the trail in reverse order?

We were willing. But John was wary of my plan to hike up to 14 miles the first day. We usually hike about 8 miles, and we're not accustomed to

hiking at 8000-plus feet. Would we have the stamina? John agreed to keep the faith that things would work out.

Getting to Yosemite is less than half the fun. We chose Sacramento over Reno as an airport access. Both cities are about 125 miles from Yosemite. Amtrak can take you to Merced for a bus shuttle to Yosemite.

We started on July 16 with two nights at Tuolumne Lodge beside Highway 120. The lodge at 8600 feet and a nearby campground offer convenient shelter for the recommended 24-hour altitude acclimation.

Tuolumne Lodge, established in 1916, has an office, dining room and gift shop. Its scattered tent cabins of canvas walls and roofs include four beds with multiple blankets, a cozy wood-burning stove, and firewood. A card table held a pitcher and glasses for water; a candle and matches for evening light; and fliers describing the attractions.

During our acclimatizing day, we visited the ranger station for an official blessing. In fact, we walked there, just to try out the first 2 miles of our route. Here at last was the trail I'd dreamed of hiking since November.

The broad pathway led through a woody stretch, and I struggled along on its deep sand. Apparently churned

by horses and mules, the trail felt like a sandy beach. I started grouching, and John asked, "How many miles are you planning to do tomorrow?"

I sketched our plan on the ranger's plastic-coated map. We'd begin by hiking the diameter of the loop, a mostly level trail that rose 1600 feet in its final 4 miles to May Lake Camp. But was it 12 or 14 miles? The map wasn't clear.

Ginger, the ranger, confirmed our route was 14 miles. But she added that shuttle buses ran every half-hour along Highway 120. Then she thanked us for hiking this trail. That should have given us pause. "It's not often done," she said.

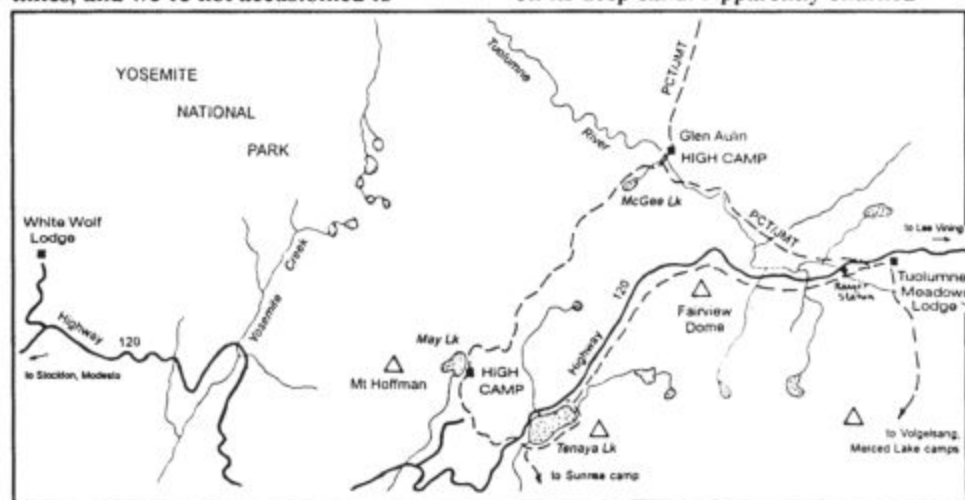
We rejoiced that our plans were workable. We would trek as planned and if altitude or other problems occurred, we could reach the road and catch the bus. Such convenience was more than we had expected.

After a final breakfast at Tuolumne, we started our planned hike—by taking the shuttle bus to the ranger station. Why clomp those first 2 sandy miles again? Beyond the ranger station, our trail shrank to an ordinary human-width, hard-packed trail.

We headed toward May Lake, now 12 miles westward. The trail wandered pleasantly up and down, a quarter to a half-mile south of the highway. We saw cars occasionally, but mostly the woods absorbed us.

We paused near Fairview Dome to dig out binoculars and watch six climbers scale its smooth-looking north face. We liked being utterly alone in our part of the Sierra and pausing where we pleased.

After 7½ miles and with Lake Tanaya still stubbornly in the distance, we took a lunch break. When we reached the take, we had a decision. We could continue around the south side of the large lake or we could head for the road and take the shuttle. John favored the shuttle, and time was on his side. It was mid-afternoon.



We walked by sunbathers who gave us strange looks. They seemed to be in a city park, and we didn't belong in the same picture. We rested while waiting for the bus, and the shuttle saved us over a mile.

We got off at the "West Tanaya Lake stop" and walked along the road for ¾-mile. Then we found our new trail and headed uphill toward May Lake as the sky darkened. We saw Tanaya Lake in the valley and felt scattered raindrops. We glimpsed a mule deer and then, in 3 miles, a parking lot and stanchion for stock. Some folks drove this far and walked only the remaining 1½ miles.

I suspected the ranger appreciated our hiking this route because its proximity to the road deterred most hikers. Other folks knew better! But we'd enjoyed the long walk.

Our path was smooth white stone now, lined with hassock-sized rocks. We felt as if we were hiking the yellow brick road. Our views eastward widened, and the sky turned charcoal as we climbed past 9000 feet in several switchbacks. When we gained the ridge, we looked down on six tethered mules. Soon we saw canvas roofs.

We walked through the door of the only stone building in camp. "You must be John and Susan," a tall blond woman said. Here in the wilderness, the computer printout told her the night's roster, and everyone else had checked in. They probably hadn't taken the road less traveled.

"We're having Thanksgiving dinner," our camp manager said. "You're in cabin 2, and the showers are hot." See what I mean about fulfilling dreams?

Midway through the turkey dinner, thunderclaps echoed across May Lake and rain fell thickly. Our six staff members ran outside and danced. It'd been a long dry spell.

Clean, and satisfied by pumpkin pie, we chatted with other hikers while we gazed at May Lake, elevation 9270 feet. Massive Mount Hoffman filled the western horizon. From its 10,850 foot summit, a guidebook said you could see into Yosemite Valley.

We had a tent cabin for four to our-



John Scheffer, of Renton, crosses the Tuolumne River on a typically sturdy bridge for hikers.

Susan Wineke

selves that night, unusual in the popular camps. A staff member struck the triangle at 7 the next morning. John joined others around the polished tree stump-table for early hot coffee and cocoa. After breakfast, we picked up the lunch we'd ordered in a paper sack decorated in crayon by a staff member, part of the High Sierra Camp tradition.

Our layover day was welcome. We strolled around May Lake to the rocky ledge bigger than a house where we lunched. We saw deer and marmots. Dinner brought new companions, eager to learn about the trail ahead from hikers circling in the opposite direction.

A couple from Los Angeles we'd met at Tuolumne had arrived by mule. Three women in their sixties were hiking the trail, but had hired one mule to carry their gear. A mule hand said Yosemite had the largest stock herd in the country, more than 500 animals.

After dinner, most of the 32 hikers climbed the ridge to watch the sun go down. Someone pointed out Mount Clark, supposedly the model for the Paramount movies symbol. One guy be-

gan strumming his guitar.

We chatted with folks who'd hiked up from Glen Aulin, our next camp. The insects in the valley were terrible, they said. Some things might be better left unknown.

With a prepared hot breakfast and no tent to fold, we hit the trail by 8:40. Glen Aulin was 8.6 miles to the northeast. No one else from camp was going our way. We climbed the ridge and then descended on smooth white rock most of our 1500-foot drop in the first 2 miles. The expansive views showed us wooded drainage basins, round domes, and jagged peaks near Mount Lyell, 13,114 feet and the Park's highest point.

In the hemlock-forested valley, we paused by Round Lake, clear and favored by birds. We watched a grouse herd two young ones into brush. About noon we saw hikers, the speedy ones from Glen Aulin who had the climb to May Lake ahead of them.

For the next couple of hours, we greeted another dozen hikers heading to where we'd been (and we to where they'd been).

Lunch wasn't scenic, but the insects weren't as bad as our friends at May Lake had found them.

We walked by McGee Lake and watched a white-striped snake swimming through the shallows. Then we saw the stenciled iron signpost for the Glen Aulin turnoff. John set the camera on timer and ran to join me as we faked exhaustion and leaned on the sign. We felt tired, but exhilarated by the crisp natural beauty.

We descended to the Tuolumne River Gorge on stone stairs. From a wooden bridge, we admired the White Cascade Falls of the Tuolumne River. Glen Aulin Camp, meaning "beautiful glen" in Gaelic, rested snugly on the river bar beneath the falls at 7800 feet.

The camp served dinner to 32 hikers of several races, plus a family with two children from Los Angeles who were vacationing in the adjacent campground and had arranged to take their meals at Glen Aulin.

Our cabin-mates were Harriet and Marv from the Midwest. Newly retired,

continued on page 27

DL

REAL RING

—THE BRANDEBERRY MYSTERY—

My involvement with this weird mystery first began with a hike of Enchanted Valley. Prior to this, my first hike was a summer of '72 hike of the Olympic wilderness coast, during which I ended up at La Push carless and rideless.

I followed that up with a late season hike to O'Neil Pass, where I arrived at the pass and lakes without coat, tent, rain gear, or food. It was bitterly cold at night, and I about froze to death in my twinkie sleeping bag.

So Enchanted Valley was the first hike I ever got right. While I had enjoyed my more insane adventures, I had to admit that there was indeed a proper way to pursue hiking.

Now clearly on a roll, what I next needed was another hike. On the map, nearby Bogachiel stuck out, appearing virtually identical to the Quinault. And so it was in the early spring of 1973, properly equipped this time, I headed for Bogachiel.

Excited and filled with the spirit of adventure, I drove the Bogachiel Road. Eventually this road went arrow-straight right off a river embankment and out into empty space. There was no trailhead and there was no trail. All beyond appeared to be jungle and forest.

I killed the motor of my car as I tried to take in the technicalities regarding this circumstance.

When The Going Gets Tough, The Tough Go Shopping

Downhearted, I turned my car around and headed back down the road. Pretty obviously I had to find somebody to ask about this Bogachiel situation.

In the early 70s, a small general store existed near the State Park. I think it was even signed as the township of Bogachiel, and may even have had a gas pump. It was a very small store. Into this store I went. Surely someone there would have the answer to my problem. Two old timers leaning on a counter ceased conversation as I entered. What goofy item would I buy, or what goofy question would I ask?



DL, the fisherman.

Well, I asked about the Bogachiel hike. The two old timers silently exchanged glances, and then explained that they'd lived there all their lives, and they had never heard of a Bogachiel hike.

My hike might have ended and the mystery might have died right there when one of these characters finally said, "Well, if anybody would know, it would be old man Brandeberry. You can't miss him. He's the last house on the Bogachiel Road."

Today, that exact quotation still runs through my mind bell-clear, as it turned out to be one of the best pieces of hiking advice I've ever received. The hands of time were about to be turned back nearly 100 years, and I was about to take a walk back into Pacific Northwest history. For the better part of the next two decades, I would be hiking the wilds of the upper Bogachiel.

For the moment though, I was merely driving my car back up the same dead-end road I had just driven down. This road didn't even have a name. Some old books refer to it as the Bogachiel

Road. In typical Forest Service fashion, the road was actually only marked as Road 2932. Today this road is named and signposted Undi Road, which is a name of historical origin.

I drove until I found the last rusty mailbox, and a hole in the bushes. Proceeding through the bushes on foot, I encountered a man standing in a clearing with a 12-gauge shotgun broken open over his left forearm. The shotgun was double barreled, and the primer ends of two live cartridges were staring back at me.

This was Pete Brandeberry. Mr. Brandeberry made polite apology for the presence of a loaded shotgun, explaining that he was grouse hunting in his front yard. In fact, his dog was aggressively working the bushes, and it appeared that a grouse might burst forth at any moment.

Possibly lacking social tact, I directly asked if this man might know where the Bogachiel hike began.

Pete replied, "Why, son, it begins right here in my back yard!"

Comfortably dressed in woodsy attire, Pete was a polite mild-mannered mountain man. He was the genuine article. He looked me over and I felt a bit foolish standing there in Army surplus duds. Although he didn't say it, apparently he found me more suitably dressed for a 7-11 shopping spree.

He left me with a brief description of the hike. He said the road continued a bit as a rough track, and there at the end I would indeed find a marked trailhead and a trail.

My adventure began anew when I stuffed the key back into the ignition and drove to the end of the road. The rough track was faint, and I followed it down an embankment and through bushes.

I next found myself motoring through the biggest mudhole I had ever seen. Mud came almost up to my windows, and I could feel my car's tires struggling over hidden logs and branches. I gripped the wheel in a death grip and

stood on the accelerator.

My car barely made it out of the mud-hole. And there just beyond was an ancient trailhead sign. There was no one around. This incredible spot appeared to be very infrequently used.

I hiked for many days. Wonder after wonder unfolded. At one point I encountered the locked-up and abandoned backcountry Ranger Station that had much the appearance of a lost city.

The meadows and mountains of Hyak bore a striking resemblance to Enchanted Valley. But my forward progress ended at 21-Mile Shelter when the forest grew dark and it began to rain.

It was a happy camp nonetheless. The shelter was dry and new-looking, firewood was available for a cheery fire, and a chuckling stream nearby sounded like an entire orchestra. This whole wilderness valley was so great that I just had to tell somebody. Possibly only Mr. Brandeberry knew about all this. And so I came rocketing out of the woods.

The Mystical Lake

With no front yard safari on-going, this time I had to knock on the cabin door. Answering this social call, Mr. Brandeberry again silently evaluated my 1970s discount mode of dress, now some number of days the worse for wear.

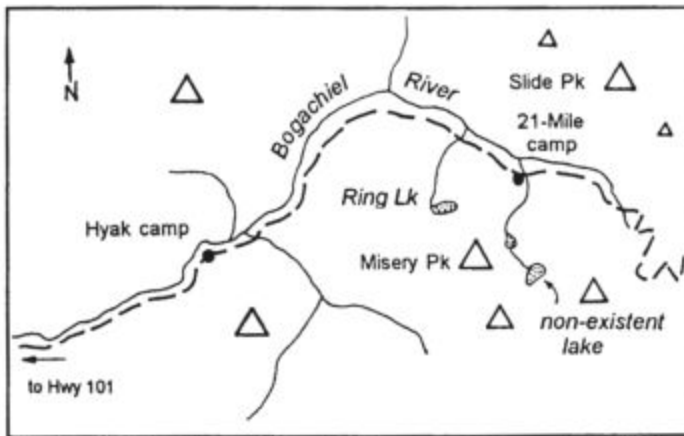
Apparently glad for so willing a listener, he sat me down and told me stories of Bogachiel history. He spoke of the early trail, of the telegraph line which he installed, and stories of dangerous big game, hot lead, and gun-smoke.

And he also told me the story of Ring Lake. From what I could gather, this must have been one of the all-time great adventures. The story persists to this day as a kind of mystical legend.

According to the story, Brandeberry and friends, possibly as an adventure-some prank, once drove a mule far back into the mountains. They used the mule to stock a high remote lake with fish. The legend persists, and the story has now earned a place in history, because this lake was never seen again.

I drove away from my hike considering that Bogachiel sported an ecosystem where wild lions were at the top of the food chain. Elk here were as large as trucks. The river was full of fish, and far back in the mountains remote lakes existed that might never be visited.

It became clear to me that Bogachiel was much different than any other kind

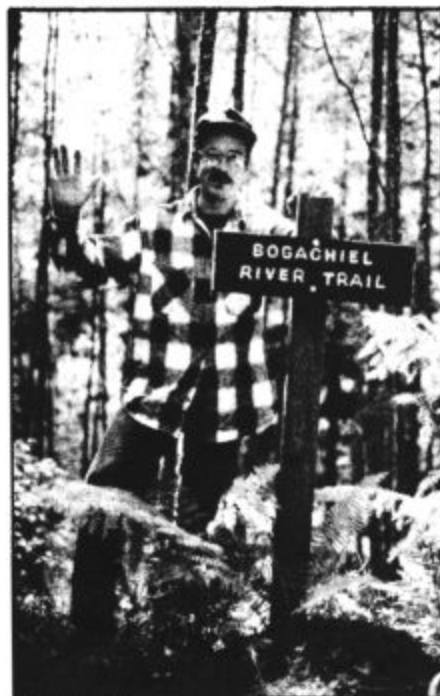


of hike, and that it would probably continue to exist as classic wilderness forever. I had just hit the jackpot.

Pack Light and Travel Fast

I spent 10 years mentally digesting what I had learned before deciding to take a shot at Ring Lake. I had to consider that I would be going far on somebody else's word. What if the story wasn't true? Whatever the case, I would pack light and travel fast.

With 1983 being a year of normal snowfall, I went in April 30th. The entire enterprise lasted a total time of two and a half days. To my advantage, Mr. Brandeberry had given me very specific instructions. I turned off at a certain creek, and was to look for the blank rock face of a dry falls. In a no-visibility rain forest sporting numerous creeks with no names, the dry falls would be the one and only landmark.



Bob at the beginning of the trail.

The mountainside I found myself on was so steep that I had to hang from blueberry bushes. I was thinking this might be far too steep for a loaded mule to negotiate, and then I spotted my landmark. The dry falls was quite a singular feature. To find the lake, I had to go 700 or 800 feet straight

up, which isn't a bad price to pay as far as lost lakes go.

Eventually the mountainside rounded off, leading into a hidden recess located just underneath the ridgecrest. With this last bit I eased my way through an eerie dead and branchless forest. At least two of these dead trees bore Brandeberry axe blazes.

The wide expanse of the lake opened up just beyond. I was in the right place, but something was wrong. At a book-estimated 2.2 acres, this lake was relatively large, but nowhere was it over 14 or 16 inches deep. It was too shallow.

By August, this lake would become hot and during winter it would freeze solid. Fish would never survive here, and in fact there were no fish. Brandeberry was both an intelligent and a practical man. He would never put the fish here. Intuition told me this was the wrong lake.

I had to admit, though, this was a beautiful and wild spot. The sterile lake was scenic as the dickens. Camping here was a possibility. This curious lake had no real running outlet, but incredibly it did have an inlet creek. I was drawn to this tiny inlet and just felt that it somehow held the secret to the mystery. But whatever that secret might be totally escaped me at that time.

I could accomplish no more by standing in the dead timber of the lakeshore. If I wished to know the answer to this problem, I'd have to go see Mr. Brandeberry again. So down the mountain I went.

Over the Mountain

This time Mr. Brandeberry was visibly shocked at the sight of my patched and tattered clothing. He didn't recognize or remember me. So I explained that I was just down from Ring Lake and had a problem.

"Ring Lake?" he said. "I've never



The flat meadow where the big lake once was.

told a living soul about Ring Lake." So I reminded him that he had told me about it 10 years ago almost to the very day. I also pointed out that fish could not possibly live in that lake.

"It's funny you should mention that," he said, "because we didn't exactly put the fish in the lake." My head fell to my chest and my heart quit pumping blood. I knew it—I just knew it.

"Where exactly did you put the fish?" I inquired.

He went on to explain that his party too realized that fish would never survive in the sterile lake. And so they went on. He said they drove on over a mountain, eventually placing the fish in a deep slow stream that wound through a meadow.

So strange was the ending to the adventure, he could no longer recall exact details. As bits of memory came back to him, he added, "Now that you mention it, a Ranger gal came around here inquiring about the very same thing not too long ago."

This was to be the end of my Brandeberry information, and now I also knew that I had competition.

Malfunction

I spent the next 9 years trying to figure out what the mystery to Ring Lake was. Was it likely that a deep stream plus a meadow really existed up on top of a mountain? During this time the odd mention of Ring Lake appeared in the odd reference book.

I also began looking at maps more closely. No two maps I saw were similar. Pretty obviously this was a poorly

mapped area. One of my maps showed a total of four lakes in the Ring Lake vicinity.

Where had Brandeberry gone? Somewhere up in those woods a lone axe blaze would point the way. But where to look for that blaze?

I considered that these interesting lakes existed in a two-basin nest, back-to-back. Brandeberry must have known the exact layout ever before he made his trip. Who on earth would drive a mule into super-remote mountains that might contain no lakes whatsoever? But Brandeberry had blazed a bee-line directly to his target.

The solution was obvious. Of the four lakes up there, one in particular was by far larger than the rest. If it was me attempting such a prank, and if the first lake I hit proved useless, then for sure I'd make directly for that larger lake. The larger lake would hold the secret to the mystery.

But how to get to it? According to the map, this larger lake had its own distinct outlet creek. That creek is the same one that provides running water to 21-mile Shelter. It would be wiser, simpler, and quicker to switch creeks.

Now knowing how quickly this could be done, I determined to do it even faster. I chose an ordinary spring weekend in 1992. But 1992 was a banner year for blowdowns on Bogachiel. I hiked through downed timber for 15 miles and never did get out of it. My 1992 trip went bust when I fell several miles short of 21-mile Shelter.

The 1995 Attempt

It was still early in the year, and not quite time yet for another Ring Lake raid. And so I simply went to Cape Alava for a short walk and some exercise. I was standing on the high bluff taking in the view, and far out to sea I could see a tiny yellow speck. While I couldn't exactly be sure what that was, odds were it was some suicidal maniac. And if so, I had to meet this person.

Eventually the incoming tide washed in Bob. Bob was strong, was fearless of death, and was polite and mild-mannered—a 1990s version of Brandeberry himself. We reclined in beach gravel and I told Bob the story of Ring Lake.

I explained to Bob that I had heard a million-and-one lost lake stories in my time, but beyond question Ring was best of all lost lakes. Would Bob like to join me? Bob mulled all that over for awhile and then said, "Sure."

We hit the trailhead May 14th. The snowline was hovering right about 3000 feet. We had not gone far when we ran smack into the Ranger gal. This was the very gal who had made previous inquiry of Mr. Brandeberry. She hiked with a group which had come at Ring Lake from every conceivable direction. But apparently they had botched the cross-country stuff, and they still didn't have a grasp of the mystery clues. Bob and I silently exchanged knowing looks and bolted up the trail.

It took us two days of hard work to reach 21-Mile Shelter, overcoming four years' worth of accumulated downed timber. We made an equipment cache at Flapjack, ditching nearly everything we had.

The morning of May 16th dawned cloudy, and the high ridges were half hidden. After morning coffee, we set up for day-hiking. We carried a camera for the purpose of documenting the presence of fish, if there were any. For a similar reason we carried an ultralight fishing kit, for the purpose of determining what the species of fish might be. And we carried a packet of M & Ms. We were now just hundreds of yards from finding the truth of the mystery.

We had not gone far when we turned up a 57-year-old Brandeberry blaze. We were right on track.

Our first real big surprise came when we encountered a sometimes-mapped smaller lake. Incredibly, this pan-shallow lake was the virtual identical twin to the one I had visited in the adjoining

basin 12 years ago. This lake was partially bordered by wet meadows, and was slowly filling itself in.

The way beyond was through open subalpine forest, and we began encountering snow. Silver flashes of snowmelt trickled everywhere. We postholed over two last snowdrifts, walked through the last of the trees, and beheld the shocking truth to Brandeberry's expedition gone wrong.

Our position was just below the summit of Misery Peak, an endlessly soaring ridgecrest. Ahead of us this ridgecrest continued to circle, walling in this last and highest basin. At our very feet began the vast expanse of a dead-level 4.5-acre meadow. All the meadow was high and dry.

Already it was beginning to grow this year's new meadow grass, and through the meadow's center ran a most singular and striking deep, slow stream. So level was this meadow that the stream meandered in lazy figure 8s all over the place.

Pretty clearly this was the largish stream on top of, or "over" the mountain. When none of this region's lakes proved suitable, and when Ring Lake

itself failed to exist, this was where Brandeberry put the fish. It was, in fact, exactly as he described it.

So deep was this unique stream that it would be suitable for swimming. However, for essentially being no deeper than any of the area lakes, none of Brandeberry's transplanted fish survive today.

Epilogue

The out-of-print book *Lakes of Washington* provides some sketchy statistical information regarding Ring lake. Such as, the lake would measure 4.5 acres, if it existed.

Mystery-solving types might wish to see and ponder over the Custom Correct *Bogachiel Valley* map.* This newer map is dated 1988.

Ring Lake did once exist, maybe 2000 years ago. Over time, it filled in

*Custom Correct's Tom Shindler says the Bogachiel Valley map has an error—the location of Ring Lake is actually as shown on the sketch map accompanying this article. CC's "Map Companion," a brochure available where CC maps are sold, details this correction.

one evergreen needle at a time. Curious as to the exact composition of this most unusual meadow, I took a very close look only to discover an eon's worth of needles, all of which were seemingly defying decay.

Was I sorry the Ring Lake legend didn't exist? Not really. It wasn't like I intended to fish there every other weekend, and I did suspect its non-existence. Rather than being a specific place, Ring Lake may simply be the spirit of adventures and the beauty that is Olympic National Park.

For being a potential mental dullard, I got to live the Ring adventure several times. You know, we didn't see a sign that anyone had ever been there. Just offhand I can't think of anything better than doing it all again.

△

DL, who lives in Mountlake Terrace, has been an explorer of Olympic National Park for many years. He has entertained readers with his adventures since the '70s.

Hiking the High Sierra Backcountry

continued from page 23

they'd entered the lottery twice before winning spots in the High Sierra Camps. They were just starting to visit all five backcountry camps counterclockwise in six days, with a layover at the large Merced Lake Camp.

The strongest lobbyists to create the High Sierra Camps were the rangers. They reasoned that overnight quarters would enable many more people to see the wilderness and help preserve it. While people and mules have spread dust in places, vandalism and litter were almost nonexistent. The impact has been light.

Hikers are continuing to preserve and cherish the high country. Devotees frequently return to the camps, and many wear the special shirts for each camp that can only be bought at that camp.

In our layover day at Glen Aulin, John and I hiked 3 miles down the Tuolumne River. We saw California and then Le Conte Falls with its small waterwheel. At full run, the river drops into a rocky dip and spins back up in a five-foot full circle. A larger Water-

wheel Falls lies a mile downstream near the grand canyon of the Tuolumne.

Leaving Glen Aulin, we climbed 1000 feet in 7.6 miles to Highway 120. The trail followed the river rapids a couple of miles and then crested into the northern reaches of Tuolumne Meadows. While hearing thunder rumble, we crossed the meadows to the ranger station. Proud and tired, we caught the shuttle back to our rented car near Tuolumne Lodge.

Our trip cost about \$700 per person with airfare, six nights' lodging and food, a rental car, and extras. Fees for the cancelled 1995 season were set at \$88.96 a day for lodging, showers, breakfast, and dinner at the backcountry camps, a staff member in Fresno said. (Remember that food and linens all come in by mule.)

The roadside lodges, Tuolumne and White Wolf, were \$41 a night for one or two people. Meals are separate there. A seven-day guided hike of the High

Sierra Camps was \$691.73 while a four-day saddle trip would have cost \$552.68.

If you're interested in the High Sierra Camps, call 209-252-4848 or 454-2002 for an application. The park concessionaire will accept applications from October 15 to November 30. The lottery drawing is in December, and campers are notified at the end of March.

We dream of winning the lottery another year and completing the High Sierra loop to Sunrise, Merced Lake, and then 10,300-foot Vogelsang High Sierra Camp. We would tuck in several layover days again, the better to enjoy the quiet of the High Sierras.

△

Susan Wineke, of Renton, is a Mountaineer trip leader. She took the summer of '95 off to "do lots of hiking."

CHARLES AND NANCY BAGLEY

the Chilkoot Trail

—FOLLOWING THE FOOTSTEPS OF THE KLONDIKE GOLD RUSHERS—

The rain abated as our hostess from the Skagway Inn drove us 10 miles to the trailhead (two people, nothing asked, \$10 accepted) on July 5 this year.

First half mile steep and sweaty, then easy going to Canyon City, dank campsites on the river's edge with little sunlight. Although rain threatened all day, we only got a half-hour rain after the tent was up. Splendid old rustic cabin to cook in, if desired.

A small black bear pulled a pack out of the tent site 20 feet from us and chewed on it contentedly in the woods until it was yelled at and the pack recovered without incident.

On to Sheep Camp, the shortest and easiest day. Still a good trail. Best campsites are on sand patches near the large gravel and sand bar by the river. Otherwise, everything is in deep jungle.

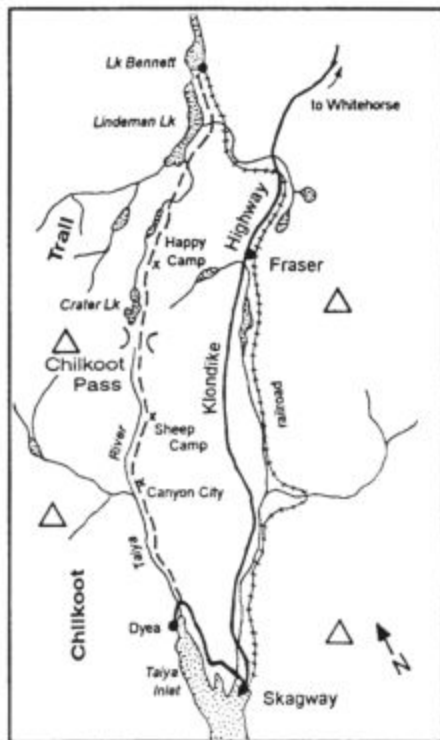
Here we were joined by a flood of hikers who had done the first two days in one stretch and most every campsite was full "by sunset." Actually, the skies never got dark at this latitude and we awoke constantly feeling that it must be sunrise and time to go.

Finally, awakened by our alarm at 5am, we hit the trail for the longest day of all. The route climbed sharply over stretches of trail and rubble, glacial moraine and talus. Dense clouds frequently at ground level but no rain, fortunately.

At "the Scales," the last traditional site before the pass, the cool breezes forced the addition of lots of clothing. This is base of the "Golden Stairs," the steepest climb to Chilkoot Pass and the one most famous from photographs of the Klondike Gold Rush almost 100 years ago.

Here in the dense fog we initially followed orange poles placed by the Park Service. Soon, however, we observed a much easier route that followed the cliffs on the left (west) side of the talus slope where there was a virtual trail, much faster than the center of the slope.

After an hour of this, we finally reached gentler terrain, a spot of lunch and soon, the pass itself and the border with Canada.



Here, a cheerful Parks Canada warden took down some basic data and welcomed us to the warming hut which, however, was full with a cheery crowd already. This checking with the Park's warden does not substitute for an official passage through Canadian customs. See NPS literature on the Klondike Gold Rush National Park.

On down now snow slopes with dissipating clouds. As we headed north, the sun soon showed us splendid vistas of lakes, bare granite domes and spring flowers in abundance.

Although the trail remained execrable, stretches of snow made passage easier and finally with tired and worn feet we pulled into "Happy Camp," happy campers indeed to have reached the end of this 11½-hour day. The very first campsite is the best; splendid breezes to keep off the mosquitoes and water nearby with a stunning view ahead.

Here as everywhere else, you must camp in designated campsites. As stragglers continued in late into the evening, every campsite was finally full to overflowing.

Day 4, under beautiful sun and light breezes, we scampered up and down past lakes and ruins to Lake Lindeman. Plenty of time on this short day to wash off in the lake (about 50°), chat with the other hikers whom we have been with everyday since the start of the trail, and enjoy the views, although mosquitoes were serious for the first time on the trip. About 10pm some hardy hikers arrived who had come all the way from Sheep Camp that day!

The last day, sad to leave this splendid experience, we headed off on the east border of Lake Lindeman, numerous small up and downs but a good trail, and arrived at Lake Bennett and the railroad about 2pm.

The train runs daily from there back to Skagway. Warning: There are no good connections from Lake Bennett northward into Canada. We had received a written confirmation from Alaska Direct bus line that they would delay their last bus and wait until we got off the train and cleared customs in Frazer. Nonetheless, the bus did not wait.

As there are no campgrounds in the vicinity of this customs post, things looked bleak until a partly empty tour bus from Florida retrieved us and some 15 other hikers and hauled us all to Whitehorse, gratis!

For information contact:

Klondike Gold Rush National Park
PO Box 517
Skagway AK 99840
907-983-2921

and visit the Klondike Gold Rush Interpretive Center at 117 South Main, in Pioneer Square, Seattle.

Charles and Nancy Bagley live in Seattle. He is a physician at the Northwest Cancer Center.

PANORAMA

NEWS FROM ALL OVER

NEWS FROM BC—The Government of British Columbia has this July added quite a few more Provincial Parks. These parks are either new or simply an addition to existing ones.

Some of them are fairly large, other ones rather small. Some have infrastructure; some of them have no facilities whatsoever. This parks programme also includes quite a few marine parks, notably on the West Coast. Some of these parks were used for quite some time, whereas other ones will be a challenge to the first time explorers.

That's the good news.

Now the bad news: Canada Customs seems to get rattled on *anyone* bringing bear sprays across the border (to the point of confiscation and fines)!

Apparently the criteria is that the word "Bear Spray" or "Animal Spray" has to be displayed on any spray can. Somehow the logic escapes me since bear sprays are readily available here in BC. Perhaps it is simply to warn the bears. I wish I knew.—*George Gromer, Vancouver BC.*

MOUNTAIN CO-OP MOVES—The Mountain Co-op (equivalent to REI here in Vancouver BC) has moved to **130 West Broadway** from its old location. Bigger and better than ever. Competition is, of course, hard on its heels, also moving into the same area.—*George Gromer, Vancouver BC.*

ALICE KRUEPER—Hikers who have been on the PCT in southern California have Alice Krueper to thank for maintaining about 450 miles of trail, beginning in Campo.

That section is nothing to sneeze at, being almost equal to the length of the whole PCT in Washington. For years Alice has rounded up volunteers for several work parties a year, brushing, repairing, and reworking what vandals have destroyed.

Alice is a remarkable woman. She has been hiking more than 40 years, but in addition, after turning 40, she has run seven marathons and five triathlons (including the Iron Man in Hawaii).

Now 68, she is facing a pancreatic tumor. Surgery scheduled for January gives her a 40% chance of surviving. In spite of a round of chemotherapy, she intends to spend 8 days on the Lytle Ridge portion of the PCT in October—clearing brush.

Any words of encouragement, thanks and optimism for Alice can be sent to the **PCT Association; 5325 Elkhorn Blvd #256, Sacramento CA 95842.**

RESCUE—The storms of August caught lots of *P&P* readers out in the backcountry. Most of us did okay, except for grumbling about the weather.

This is one incident that made the newspapers:

In mid-August, the Cle Elum Ranger District received a call on a cell phone from four backpackers in Headlight Basin who woke up to 10 inches of snow.

These folks were inexperienced, frightened, underequipped, and unprepared to hike out in those conditions. No one was hurt or lost.

Two Wilderness Rangers hiked in, found the group and helped them hike out (undoubtedly taking full advantage of the opportunity to share some information on trip planning and the value of the Ten Essentials).—*from the Wenatchee National Forest Rec Report.*

TIMBER WAR—The Sierra Club is gearing for action to stop timber sales that may occur is new legislation goes into effect.

The legislation would allow "the biggest assault on the nation's public lands of the decade," according to a Sierra Club newsletter.

For more information, call Mark Lawler of the Sierra Club, 206-632-1550.

MOUNTAIN LOOP HIGHWAY—The Pilchuck Audubon Society is involved in an effort to stop the paving project on the currently-unpaved miles in the middle of the Mountain Loop Highway.

According to their flyer, the 14 unpaved miles would be rerouted. The route preferred by the Federal Highway Administration would have the new roadway cross the Wild and Scenic Sauk River twice, enter a roadless area and late successional reserve forest. It would cut a swath of about 60 feet wide throughout the entire 14-mile section.

Over 100 acres of trees would be logged, much of it old growth. The old road would be closed. River camping would not be allowed.

To see what could happen to the slow-speed, scenic and unpaved section of the Mountain Loop Highway, urges

another flyer, just go look what is happening to Highway 410 at Mount Rainier—then come home and write some letters.

To find out where to send those letters, and for more information on the project, write to **Pilchuck Audubon Society, 7207 Lakewood Road, Stanwood WA 98292, or call 360-652-9619.**

PASSPORT IN TIME—The PIT newsletter offers a couple of projects next spring in Washington.

Volunteers are wanted to assist in mapping a complex of native features above the Okanogan River valley on Mount Hull. Must be able to hike steep, rocky terrain without trails.

Volunteers are also needed to assist in recording and mapping the historic features of the Lucerne Resort on Lake Chelan.

Applications are due February 1. For more information, call 202-293-0922, or write **Passport in Time, PO Box 18364, Washington DC 20036.**

JEFF LOWE—World class mountaineer and ice climber Jeff Lowe will be in the Puget Sound area for an ice climbing seminar to be held 10/5-6. The seminar will include two days of intermediate and advanced ice climbing instruction on the Easton Glacier, Mount Baker.

For details, contact the Swallows' Nest, 206-441-4100.

FAMOUS MOOSE DIES—"Big Richard," one of the pioneers in New York's moose reintroduction program, was confirmed dead when his carcass was located and identified near Lake Clear last June, according to Department of Environmental Conservation moose expert Alan Hicks.

Big Richard, whose official name was Moose No. 2, was last seen alive near the Adirondack Airport at Lake Clear Junction in November last year. Born in 1980, he made a name for himself by attempting to establish amorous relationships with several dairy cows, a pig, and some horses.

His frequent appearances gave biologists a chance to refine their immobilization and transportation techniques, said Hicks, who also [said] that Big Richard "succeeded in enriching many people's lives and in strengthening their attraction to wild things."—*excerpted from "Adirondac."*

REST STOP

EQUIPMENT, RECIPES, TIPS

WATER FILTER—On our hike to Windy Pass, Kelly brought along a new hiking toy ... the Sweet Water water filter. It was tremendous. It pumped out a quart with not much effort at all, even with only one person on the job.

It's very well designed with long hoses, compact size, and a float device on the intake hose to keep the end up out of any muck or sand. I was very impressed.—*Mystery Hiker, Granite Falls.*

THOUGHTS ON GPS—If you're thinking of using a Global Positioning unit in the backcountry (*September, page 38*) you should know a few things about their capabilities.

The 2D position (latitude/longitude) is good only to 300 feet and your 3D position (elevation) could be off by 900 feet!

The unit must be operated with a clear view of the sky to obtain satellite fixes (if you're in trees—forget it).

The reason the accuracy is so bad is because Department of Defense (who runs the system) has introduced random signal movements called "dithering" to discourage the use of GPS units as a guidance device by a hostile nation. "Dithering" is controlled by ground stations. The signal accuracy can be as good as 30 feet when the DOD removes "dithering" (during the Gulf War for example).

If you are using GPS to judge hiking speed, you should know that a unit can read as much as 2.5 mph while sitting still. The apparent movement is caused by the signals as they are being "dithered."

Most GPS units are waterproof (hence "marine use") and *should be* if used out of doors.

You can set the unit to read in miles, knots or kilometers. The cheapest I've seen a GPS for is \$200. It weighs a couple of pounds and runs about 5 to 10 hours on batteries. I would recommend the Garmin 45—it's very small and user friendly (\$300).

I would not use GPS for backcountry use until the DOD allows full accuracy permanently.—*J Harding, Renton.*

GOOD OLD COTTON—I don't know why nylon and synthetic shorts are so popular (*September, page 38*).

Recently on a backpack trip there were so many flies and mosquitoes I had to put my nylon wind pants on over my sturdy cotton shorts. Just from a short rest stop on logs or rocks, I wore a hole in the wind pants.

A few weeks earlier a person slipped and fell wearing new nylon shorts, and ended up with a hole in them.

I think I will stick to sturdy cotton shorts in the summer and wool knickers in the winter.—*Eloise Adair, Tacoma.*

FORGET YOUR READING GLASSES?—No problem, if you have a pair of binoculars in your pack.

Just look through the binoculars "backwards" while holding close to the map and you will have a great magnifying glass and be able to read all those contour lines, elevations and names on the map.—*Art, North Bend.*

SPENCER'S CAFE—Spencer's Cafe is finally open for dinner until 8pm. At last—a good place to eat in Granite Falls after hiking off the Mountain Loop Scenic Byway!

Great food. The menu changes, but they always have beef or veggie-nut burgers (and often yummy salmon chowder!) and reasonable prices. And they don't mind hikers in the hiking clothes of the day.

Great breakfasts also—if, unlike us, you can get up early enough in the morning to stop on the way to a hike (espresso, too!).—*Kathy, Lake Stevens.*

YELLOWJACKETS—These hornets are abundant this time of year. Some build their homes in depressions in the ground, while others build them in the brush.

The variety living in the ground are particularly sensitive to vibrations such as those caused by hikers' feet. Usually, the first person walking by a nest doesn't get stung as often as the second person in line.

An interesting fact is that once you are stung, or once you squish a yellowjacket, a scent marker is released by the critter. This scent marker then is on

your body and acts as a signal for other yellowjackets to attack.

To prevent this scent from aggravating the next nest down the trail, it is a good idea to wash the area of the sting or the squish once you are safely away from the nest that stung you the first time.—*Naches Ranger Station.*

Ed. Note: We may not have cottonmouths, scorpions or alligators in Washington, but we got yellowjackets!

RESCUE—Come this spring sea kayakers will have a new product to consider adding to their rescue equipment called the Back-Up™. It's intended to be a no-skill device which can right you from an overturned position in three seconds without having to do an Eskimo roll or a wet exit and reentry.

Here's how it works. A plastic cylinder roughly 12" long and 3" in diameter is attached to the deck of your kayak. The cylinder contains a collapsed float made of coated nylon, a CO₂ cartridge, and a trigger mechanism. A plastic grab handle is connected to the collapsed float and is on the outside of the cylinder.

Pulling the handle frees the float, causes the trigger mechanism to puncture the CO₂ cartridge, and the resulting gas inflates the float. The float is designed to provide enough buoyancy to let you right yourself by leaning on the hand holding the Back-Up and sitting up.

A valve releases the gas to deflate the float. The valve can also be used to inflate it by mouth to allow practice without having to expend the CO₂ cartridge. The unit is re-usable after replacing the CO₂ cartridge.

This is a new product from a new company. The first demonstration of the Back-Up was at the recent Sea Kayak Symposium in Port Townsend where comments from professionals were solicited. These will be evaluated for possible incorporation in the design prior to the initial marketing.

The Back-Up will be available from Ecomarine Ocean Kayak Centre in Vancouver BC. Retail outlets in the US have yet to be lined up. The unit will cost around \$150 US.

For further information contact Roll-Aid Safety Inc, PO Box 72005, Vancouver BC V6R 4P2, Canada (604-224-4010).—*Lee McKee, Port Orchard.*

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EDITOR'S JOURNAL



After-lunch snooze at Glasses Lake, Henry M Jackson Wilderness.

FROM THE MAILBOX—"I enjoy your magazine. So many trails and such a short life!"—*Vancouver*.

"I'm getting married! At 32 I wasn't sure I'd meet anyone but ... she loves to hike. Tell Charlie there's still hope!"—*Seattle*.

"I love the updates on the oldtime/longtime trail report contributors. One does miss them when their names don't show up for awhile."—*Mercer Island*.

"We've been squeaky wheels this year re: trail maintenance, NP policies and Utah red rock country."—*Renton*.

"Believe it or not, we have every issue of *Signpost* and *P&P* since 1985!"—*Everett*.

"The hiking info is extremely valuable. I prefer specific hike details, like how to find trailheads, obstacles, trail conditions, as opposed to individuals' sagas."—*Edmonds*.

"We are leaving tomorrow on a trip from Phelps Creek to the Suiattle River. The recent reports in *P&P* were a great help in planning this trip. Thanks."—*Index*.

SQUEAKY WHEELS—Since Lee encouraged everyone last month (*September*, page 35) to be "squeaky wheels" regarding trail maintenance funding in Parks and Forests, we've heard from several readers who said they've done just that. Good for you! Keep writing letters and making phone calls.

To really get involved, ask your local outdoor club how you can help, or call the Trail Work Hotline: 206-517-7032.

ALASKA—Lee and I just got back from a week in Sitka, Alaska. They get a lot of rain in Sitka, but we went prepared with our rain gear and enjoyed exploring a new place.

We went paddling, walking, and car touring. No hiking. This is bear country. Seeing fresh brown bear tracks near a partially-eaten salmon carcass on the beach not far from our motel kept us very alert!

The state Raptor Rehabilitation Center is located in Sitka and we were fortunate enough to be able to visit when a two-year-old bald eagle was returned to the wild. He had been at the center for two months recovering from injuries. Before his release, we watched as his talons were re-sharpened. Then he was carried to the release site, his hood was removed, and an RRC volunteer lifted him into the sky.

His wings beat strongly, circling the small group of us below, then he was gone. He was spotted in a nearby evergreen a few minutes later, however. We were told he would take cover there until the rain let up.

The RRC releases about 40 birds a year, so your chances are pretty good of seeing the same thing if you spend a week or so in Sitka.

PRICE INCREASE—As with any business, our costs have increased. Although we put it off as long as we could, we need to raise subscription rates.

The new price is \$18 for one year (plus \$1.44 state tax for Washington residents) and \$33 for two years (plus \$2.64 tax for Washington residents).

You'll notice the increase on your next renewal notice and in this issue's subscription form.

SYMPOSIUM—Just hours after we got back from Alaska, Lee packed up the old Jeep and was off to the Kayak Symposium. He went to classes, watched slide shows, tried out new kayaks, and bought new equipment at great Symposium prices. He also found a new piece of rescue gear, which he wrote up for this issue (page 30).

Meanwhile, Yellow Cat and I collected and sorted a week's worth of mail and put in long hours typesetting (me) and napping (YC) to bring you this issue.

Lee assures me he was working, too!

See you in the backcountry,

Ann Marshall



Mystery Hiker

"I told Boots she'd never fit in that basket, so of course she had to prove she could. Boots loves to see *P&P* come in with the mail," writes Mystery Hiker, "because she knows I'll be couch-bound for several hours reading!"



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