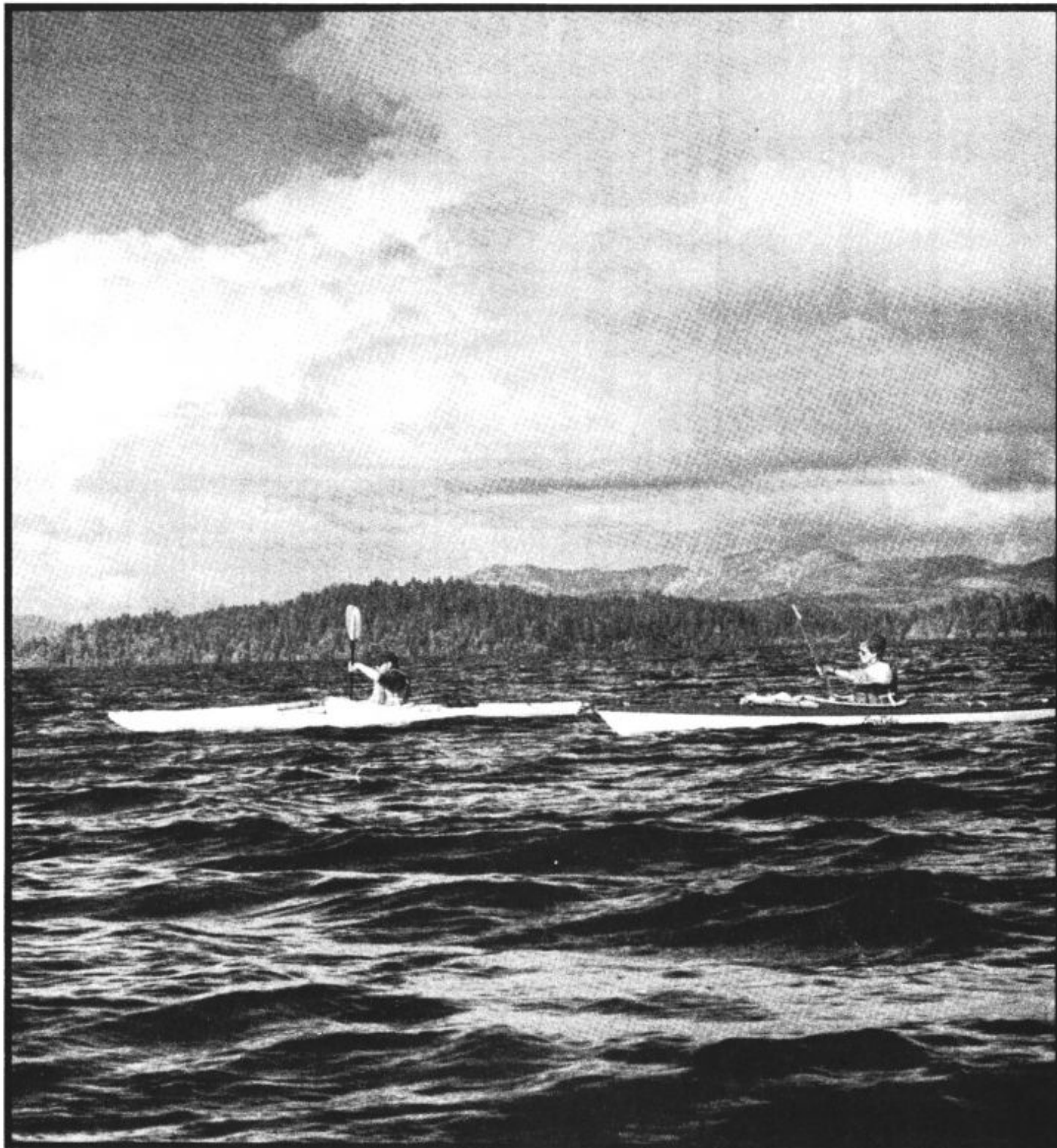



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photo 13	photo 14	photo 15
photo 16	photo 17	photo 18

**Sheet 2, back**

photo 19	photo 20	photo 21
photo 22	photo 23	photo 24

1. Rimrock Lake  
 2. Narrowneck Gap  
 3. Pond near Blue Lake  
 4. Summit of Darland Mountain  
 5. Darland Mountain  
 6. Rimrock Lake from Jumpoff LO  
 7. Blue Slide Lookout Site  
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 10. Green Lake  
 11. Green Lake from Divide Ridge  
 12. Blue Lake

13. Spiral Butte  
 14. Blankenship Lks, Russell Ridge  
 15. Upper Blankenship Lake  
 16. Little Twin Sister Lake, Mt Aix  
 17. Meeks Table  
 18. Blankenship Meadow  
 19. Goat Lake, Castle Mountain  
 20. Crystal Mountain Ski Area  
 21. Crystal Mountain  
 22. Old Naches Wagon Road  
 23. Bald Mountain  
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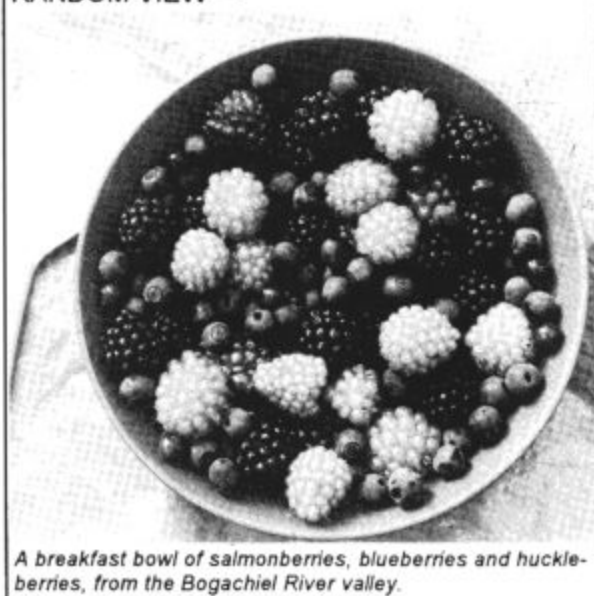
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VOLUME 4, NUMBER 11

RANDOM VIEW—



A breakfast bowl of salmonberries, blueberries and huckleberries, from the Bogachiel River valley.

Don Paulson

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Bert Cripe and Susie Dunn paddle into the wind to cross Lake Ozette. Olympic National Park, Washington. Photo by Lee McKee.

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

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# LETTERS to the EDITOR

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

## NOT ENOUGH TO GO AROUND

I read your article "Brush and Logs" (*September, page 34*) with great interest since I share your concern over the deterioration of our trail system.

However, I think your conclusion does your readers a disservice.

I am not an employee of the Forest Service but I do work for a federal agency. And a few years ago I would have agreed that the entire budget issue was political and agreed that we should fire off letters.

Times have changed, however, and our budgets are being reduced. It's entirely possible now that a letter campaign today could increase the amount spent on maintenance next year—and it would still be less than was spent 5 years ago.

I expect that the budget situation will remain bleak for the foreseeable future so we can anticipate a continued deterioration in the trail situation.

I don't know if volunteer efforts can fill the gap, but I think it's vital that we try. I carry lightweight ratchet clippers and use them as I go. I also stop and work on water breaks, remove objects from the trail, and do anything else that I can to improve them.

My hiking partner and I adopted an unmaintained trail and hauled in saws, etc, to do some more serious work on a couple of days last spring (thank heavens someone else had the same idea or we'd have spent the summer there).

Letter writing is fine. But until Congress recovers from its view that federal spending is bad, there just won't be as much money to go around and we all need to do what we can to hold things together.

Pat  
Seattle, Washington

## HAWAII IS COLD

I read with interest Madeleine Beaty's article on hiking in Hawaii (*October, page 20*). We've gone twice to try the trails and both times we encountered snow and cold weather.

Our first trip was to Maui. We had planned to hike from Haleakala down to the ocean, but we barely got out of the car, it was so cold and snowing heavily and windy. The storm blew over the islands, the winds shifted, and it blew back over us while we were

there. Everyone who lives there was excited to see snow! We were less so.

The second time we went to the Big Island to hike to the top of Mauna Loa. When we went in to pick up our permit the ranger told us two hikers were coming down but no one else would be on the mountain.

We had no more settled in at the half-way cabin when up pops two young men. They were equally surprised to see us. They were the first two of 20 college students who were hiking Mauna Loa with two geology professors and a world famous volcanologist (I forget his name). Yikes! We were a group for the next three days and we ended up enjoying it very much. But it was cold and snowy.

This can be very dangerous as once the lava is snowcovered the trail is gone and route-finding is critical. So be warned: at high elevations Hawaii is another world from what we always imagined!

Mystery Hiker and Mr. Maphead  
Granite Falls, Washington

## EARN WILDERNESS CREDIT

An "off the wall" idea on how to maintain trails at little cost and save the wilderness areas for serious hikers:

Have volunteers earn credit toward a ticket to use the wilderness areas. Choose sites and trails that are now heavily used and have them maintained in prime condition (by the volunteers), even if it means paving the pathways. Install campsites, firepits, picnic tables,

bathroom facilities. Have a staffed trailer at the trailhead to watch the parked vehicles and even offer trail commodities. The casual and/or fun hiker will so enjoy these commodities and will have a taste of the wild (most only want a convenient, safe contact with the outdoors) that their appetites will be satisfied and thus will not really care to get into the wilderness areas. Deer, raccoons, bears and rabbits will abound in areas in which the hikers stay on a secure trail, thus delighting the "wannabe" hikers.

As far as the wilderness areas—the serious hiker will not need maintained trails especially since now it's a "no trace" fashion. Only the serious, dedicated hiker will venture into the true wild thus the wilderness should not be over compacted and crowded as it is becoming. If some form of this idea can take hold, there may also be consideration for maintaining some popular trails in their current condition for the upcoming serious hiker.

Sharon Kay Ricketts  
Bothell

*Ed. Note: See page 15 for a whole page of letters in response to the "bear letter" of last month. Also don't miss the story on Denali National Park, page 20, for a reader's backcountry adventure in grizzly country.*

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# 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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-  —Snowshoeing and cross-country skiing.



## PENINSULA



**GENERAL CONDITIONS**—Snow is on its way; many roads closed for winter.

 **GREY WOLF PASS** (*Olympic Natl Park; USGS The Brothers, Mt Deception*)—Lew and I started from the Dosewallips Ranger Station at 10am, planning to go up to Gray Wolf Pass then traverse east to Sunnybrook Meadows and back down to the Dose from Constance Pass in three days. Things didn't go as planned.

The weather was great, if perhaps too warm. The Dose trail gains over 2000 feet to Gray Wolf Pass and was excellent. The Gray Wolf Trail was much better than expected with good tread and no blowdowns. Water opportunities up the Gray Wolf were frequent as the trail was laid to cross the two streams repeatedly as it switch-backed up the 2400 feet.

Views opened at about 1000 feet up and got better as we neared the top at 6100 feet. Only bivouac camping spots on the way up. I know, we looked hard.

As I gained my breath (13 miles in with 4400 feet up in a day is getting a bit difficult at 54), we noted that there was only one real campsite. I pitched

my free-standing tent in a flat area on lichen over rocks.

An area of ice and snow about 50' x 100' supplemented the water we dragged up the last 500 feet. Dinner was good, but Mountain House needs to do something about that goofy ring and a pouch opening on the narrow end.

Views were great with the Brothers to the southwest and Mount Anderson to the south and, just to the east of the pass, a small lake and a pass northwest to Cedar Lake, our original destination for the night. Too far at 7pm and we were not up to the 500 feet down and almost that up to the Cedar Lake pass then down the 500 feet or so to the lake.

As I prepared for sleep, I noticed that I was missing my blood pressure pills which, in conjunction with the fact that the route options were limited, influenced our choice to come out. The route west to Sunnybrook Meadows was a lot of difficult-looking scrub and a snowy pass, and the route west to Lost Pass, which looked okay on the topo, looked positively scary with steep loose rock above scrub.


If anybody knows a route from Gray Wolf Pass either east or west that is better, please write a letter to Ann.

The stars were unbelievable with the Milky Way a paintbrush swipe across the sky. No wind (SB says it can get cold there) and bugs limited mostly to tiny flies which didn't seem to bite. Pretty place, and we just lingered over breakfast with Lew reading and me updating my journal.

We started down at 8:45 and were out to the car at about 2:15. We saw

nobody on the way in after one guy at Deception Creek and nobody coming out until almost to the Constance Pass Trail.

Overall an excellent hike, with some disappointments and some sore legs, but still a pretty nice way to spend a couple of days.—Tom Karasck, Stanwood, 9/15.

 **WARRIOR PEAKS** (*Olympic Natl Park; USGS Mt Deception*)—I hiked up the Big Quilcene trail and camped in the Marmot Pass area. On Sunday the weather looked great so I loaded my daypack with the necessary gear and took the trail for Boulder Shelter.

Just past Boulder Shelter a waytrail turns off to the left for Charlia Lakes. I took this trail to the top of the ridge near a big rock tower. From there I turned south and climbed Cloudy Peak. Cloudy Peak is a walk-up and didn't take a lot of time. Once on the summit I could look over at the northwest Warrior and just about pick out my route.

I descended the other side of Cloudy Peak to the saddle and proceeded up the northwest Warrior. There was no snow to worry about except a few patches near the top. The climb was mostly a class 3 rock scramble and not

### BACKCOUNTRY NEWS DEADLINE: NOVEMBER 17

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

as difficult as I thought it might be. It was almost noon when I reached the summit, at 7285 feet, so I ate lunch and enjoyed the view.

I looked over at the southeast Warrior and decided I had time for it too. The route down the other side was easier than what I came up.

Once down on the saddle between the two peaks, I crossed a snowfield and curved around to the east side. From here it's just another rock scramble to the top. The southeast Warrior is 7300 feet and both summits have registers.

I climbed down to the wall above the saddle between the two peaks and found where others had anchored their web-bings and rappelled about 25 or 30 feet to the saddle. From there I followed the scree slopes all the way down to the Home Lake trail and hiked back to Marmot Pass and camp. I was well pleased with three peaks in an 11-hour day.—Don Abbott, Aberdeen, 9/2-4.



### STAIRCASE RAPIDS

(Olympic Natl Park; USGS Mt Skokomish)—My friend Julia and I decided on a two-day retreat rather than a hard hike so backpacked to Four Stream, waded across and set up camp along the North Fork Skokomish. It was warm, sunny and the river was low enough to walk to a nearby island of rocks where two small waterfalls gave this grotto the feel of a tropical paradise.

We wanted to go along the O'Neill Expedition mule trail which Boy Scouts had marked back in 1982, according to Robert L. Wood's *Olympic Mountains Trail Guide*. We found the markings, at least the ones close to the river, but they were too far apart and the brush was too thick for me to dare go very far.

It would be wonderful to clear this historic trail, which goes to Jumbo's Leap and Honeymoon Falls, all chronicled in the journals of the Expedition. They are great stories. Is there any interest in such a work party? Does anyone out there have past experience with such an endeavor?

As we were packing to go out I turned to see a man wearing nothing but a day pack striding along the river bank obviously quite secure in his solitude. Since I had been tempted by a skinny dip myself, I felt only regret that our presence might have been a bit unsettling. We hoisted our packs and left him to the beauty we had so enjoyed.—Mary Watson, Gig Harbor, 9/15-16.



### GOAT LAKE (Buckhorn

Wilderness; USGS Mt Deception)—As a result of Don Abbott's trail report for Royal Basin and Goat Lake (August, page 7), my dad and I took the



Jane Habegger

Bill Lynch and Daisy Ward on the trail to Lower Lena Lake, Olympic National Forest.

same route going in, but came out the Dungeness on the Goat Lake waytrail described in Wood's book. We set out from Bremerton about 4:30am to get an early start on the trail.

The hike up to Royal Basin was uneventful. Reached the lake by 10:30 or so and started the ascent. At times I felt I was in a bit over my head, but we kept plugging along taking breaks when possible. For a while thought we hadn't veered left enough to reach the "low point" in the ridge. We were able to reach the pass by going down a snowfield and then followed the drainage to Goat Lake. What a gorgeous lake!

Stopped at the lake for lunch. Started our descent to the Dungeness at 4pm. The first half of the trail is quite good, steep in parts. Then you reach a slide and the trail follows a narrow ridge down—from here we could see Camp Handy.

The last part is a bit tricky, but the trail is easy to follow and there are lots of handholds. The trail becomes a bit faint at the Dungeness upon crossing a dry creek bed. However, Dad followed it to the right and it led us to a log spanning the river. Then it was a short trip through the alders and we emerged just upstream from the shelter in the meadow. Made it to the car by 7pm. We were tired, but what a great day.—Ann Mecklenburg, Bremerton, 8/30.



### SEABECK to GUILLEMOT COVE (Hood Canal; NOAA

18441)—Tide, wind, and weather couldn't have been better for this paddle. Although the purpose was to check out possible Washington Water Trails Association camp sites at Scenic Beach

State Park and Guillemot Cove Nature Reserve, the approximately 10-mile round trip provided a great opportunity to enjoy the beauty of Hood Canal.

Shortly after 9am we launched at the Department of Wildlife Misery Point launch ramp near Seabeck.

Our armada of 13 kayaks (three doubles and ten singles) headed south for Scenic Beach State Park. After only a few minutes we pulled ashore for a brief visit to the proposed site.

Heading south again, we continued the remaining miles to Guillemot Cove. The eastern Olympics rose above the opposite shoreline and showed just a trace of newer snow at high elevations. Seals, jumping salmon, and calling loons accompanied us on the way.

Guillemot Cove is named Frenchman's Cove on NOAA charts. It is the site of the Guillemot Cove Nature Reserve. The reserve is open only during set hours (9am to 7pm 4/24 to 9/30 seven days a week, and 9am to 5pm 10/1 to 4/23 weekends only) and requires a permit. Permits are limited and can be obtained by calling the Fair and Parks Department office at 360-895-3895 (M-F) or weekends calling Guillemot Cove (360-830-0159) or Wildcat Lake County Park (360-830-4448). Shellfish harvesting is prohibited. A sanican is located about a ¼-mile inland by following a road through an old orchard.

Pulling ashore on the beach, we had lunch followed by a walk around the reserve, noting possible campsites. Then it was back into the boats to head to the takeout.—LGM, Port Orchard, 10/14.



### FLAPJACK LAKES (Olympic Natl Park; USGS Mt Skokomish)

—It was September 1990 since I was last at Flapjack Lakes, and then it had been just a day hike. With the prediction of good weather, Don and I opted to camp there.

It is such a popular place that reservations are required in summer. At this time of year we saw only 4 others.

The first part of this trail is an abandoned road. For about a mile along it we could see the regrowth from the 1985 Beaver Flat fire. There are numerous campsites the entire way up to the lakes.

At the sign we turned right and started up the trail, a long switch-backing, rocky, rooty section. We crossed a couple of step-over streams, and walked on three different cedar walkways, two of them slimy, slanting, and rotting.

Flapjack Lakes are separated by an isthmus where some of the better campsites are located. There are four bearlines with pulleys and dozens of bear warnings stapled to posts, out-

# BACKCOUNTRY NEWS

REPORTS AND CONDITIONS

houses, and trees. We set up camp quickly, checked out the outhouse (it was full), then hiked up to Gladys Divide. This 1½-mile stretch of trail ascends by meadowlands with small tarns; Sawtooth Ridge towers above.

The sign for Gladys Divide is now gone. Only the post remains and it has a bear sign on it too. We looked down, out, and across the headwaters of the Hamma Hamma River. There was just a light sprinkle of snow on the ground.

We then hiked up the rounded top of Mount Gladys, an easy walk. From here we hiked over to a high spot, sometimes in a foot of snow, until we were looking down onto Murdock Lakes. A couple of the tarns we passed were already frozen over.

Sunday, after hiking down the .6-mile to the intersection with the Black and White Lakes trail we left our packs at the campsite there. The 1.1 mile of trail is 99% up, goes through a burn, crosses a stream, and has glimpses of the Skokomish Valley. When we came out into the open, we saw the remains of the foundation of a mining cabin. A black bear off to our left crossing the gravel slide heard us and caused a small rock avalanche trying to get away faster.

The entire hillsides looked like buckets of fall colors had been poured onto them. The scarlet reds, Halloween oranges, golden yellows, chocolate browns, and lush greens were backed by the blue sky. Don walked around the lake snapping pictures while I sat and stared at it all. It was a 9 mile hike back to the truck, and with a breeze we watched the maple leaves rustling to the ground.

At 4pm we were in the truck, at 4:12 it started raining. A great weekend of 22 miles.—Kerry Gilles and Don Abbott, Grays Harbor, 10/14-15.



## CASE INLET (NOAA 18448)

—The day turned out to be sunny and mostly calm for an exploratory paddle of upper Case Inlet. Thirteen kayaks initially set out from the public launch ramp at Allyn for this Washington Kayak Club trip. The tide was approaching a low which meant a short oozy mud walk for the launch.

The "fleet" paddled into the north end of the inlet (which was quite shallow) then headed down the eastern side. There were lots of salmon jumping and a couple of people fishing—along with a few seals!

Shortly before entering Vaughn Bay we were joined by two more kayaks, making our total 15! Lunch was at the street end ramp on Vaughn Bay. There are no facilities here and houses on both sides of the ramp.

After a short lunch, we paddled across the Inlet to Stretch Island. A state park is on the northeast end of the island and a DNR beach is on the southeast end.

Needing to get home for an appointment later in the day, Ann and I departed from the group and headed back to Allyn. To make it a loop trip, we continued around the end of Stretch, then paddled up the passage between the mainland and Stretch and Reach Islands.—LGM, Port Orchard, 10/21.

**DEER PARK ROAD**—Closed for winter 2.6 miles below campground.—Ranger, 10/17.

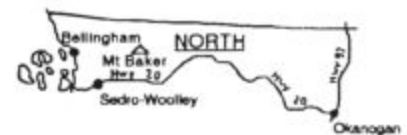
**OBSTRUCTION POINT ROAD**—Open only for day use; will close for the season as soon as snow and ice come.—Ranger, 10/20.

**WILDERNESS BEACH**—12,000 pounds of trash was flown out during the September beach clean-up. The Mosquito Creek sand ladder is broken and won't be repaired until next season. The rope on one of the headland crossings from Shi Shi to Duk Point is broken.—Bob Linbeck, Ranger, 10/1.

**MT JUPITER**—Wildlife gate closure on the road 10/1 through 5/1 adds 2.5 miles to hike. Road is in poor condition. Land owners are moving trailhead 150 feet up the trail.—Ranger, 10/2.

**DOSEWALLIPS ROAD**—Will be closed for winter at Park boundary by the time you read this.—Ranger, 10/20.

NORTH



**GENERAL CONDITIONS**—Snow accumulating in high country. Roads may be closed, especially on east slope.



## PCT, HARTS PASS TO GRASSHOPPER PASS

(Okanogan Natl Forest; USGS Slate Pk)—Steve and I parked across from the Ranger Station at Harts Pass and started under sunny skies south on the PCT. The trail goes west to Slate Valley and then climbs a gentle grade to meet the road to Meadows Campground in 2 miles. Below the Brown Bear Mine we passed two hikers who had started in Mexico last spring.

The trail stays high with beautiful views all around. About 6 miles from our car we dropped off the trail to have

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lunch beside a spring, the only water source we saw the whole trip. As we approached Grasshopper Pass, we watched heavy rain clouds move ever closer to us from the north.

We hurried on another ¼-mile to the ridge top above Methow Pass. Here we just had time to put on our rain gear before the rain started. Wind and rain battered us for about 3 miles on the open slopes of our return. Then it was over and the sun came out to brighten the rest of the afternoon.—Linda Rostad, Redmond, 9/8.



## CUTTHROAT LAKE

(Okanogan Natl Forest; USGS Washington Pass)—We needed a short afternoon hike to stretch our legs after spending the morning stocking our cabin in Mazama with groceries for the week.

The trail gains 400 feet in 2 miles to the lake. This trail does allow mountain bikes. Three riders exited the trail just as we started and they were all we saw. The trail has long stretches of good visibility, important on a trail shared with bikers.

The lake is closed to camping and the scars of overuse are still apparent. The shore is very marshy and we did not stay long as the mosquitoes were horrible.—Linda Rostad, Redmond, 9/9.



## RAINY PASS TO GRANITE PASS

(Okanogan Natl Forest; USGS Washington Pass)—The first 3 miles are in a beautiful forest on an easy grade. Then the trail breaks out in meadows and gets serious about getting up to Cutthroat Pass.

With light packs, it took us 2½ hours to reach the pass. The trail stays high and traverses talus slopes toward Granite Pass. We stopped for lunch above the pass, with views north and west. After lunch, we switchbacked down a rocky ridge to Granite Pass. There was no water once we left the Cutthroat

Pass area. The trail urged us on, but we reluctantly turned back. On our way out, two mountain goats appeared for a brief time above Cutthroat Pass.—Linda Rostad, Redmond, 9/10.



## SILVER LAKE, Buckskin

Ridge Trail 498 (Pasayten Wilderness; USGS Slate Pk, Pasayten Pk)—We parked at Slate Pass for this ridge hike with lots of up and down. The old trail sign says the lake is 4 miles, but a new trail down to the basin below Slate Peak adds another ½-mile.

The trail traverses the east side of the ridge through larch-filled basins and rocky cliffs north. A steep 200-foot climb followed by a drop of 300 feet brought us to a junction. We went left to a beautiful alpine lake in a basin where we spent a couple of hours.—Linda Rostad, Redmond, 9/12.



## HARTS PASS (USGS Slate Pk)

—Mr. Maphead and I spent three days camping and exploring around the Methow Valley. The first day we drove up to Harts Pass. Neither of us had ever been to this famed and fabled spot. It is beautiful!

The road up there is awful, especially the first section along the river which suffers from the worst washboarding we've ever seen. Shakes the spark plugs right out of old Jeeps. The rest is just bumpy and narrow.

Harts Pass itself has five campsites and no water. Meadows Campground (1 mile farther) has 14 sites and a small stream which was still running in mid-September. No charge at either spot, and no services (no water!). We hadn't planned on NOT having water available.

Beyond Harts Pass you can drive a couple of miles to a gate and walk a short steep stretch to the top of Slate Peak. The views of the North Cascades and Methow Valley from there are TREMENDOUS.

On following days we explored the Methow Valley and Chewuch River. Very, very pretty with lots of nice, free campgrounds but once again no water except the river and creeks (bring your water filter). This was a great trip!—Mystery Hiker and Mr. Maphead, Granite Falls, 9/16-18.



## CORRAL LAKE (Pasayten Wilderness; USGS Ashnola Pass)

—The beautiful cover photograph on the October issue inspired me to visit Corral Lake. This is a wonderful fall backpack with golden alpine larches at all three passes enroute to the lake, and vistas of enormous U-shaped valleys.

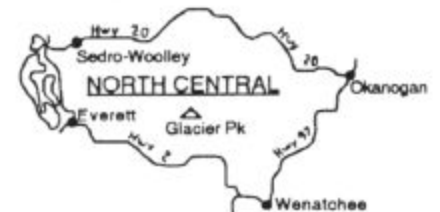
North of Three Fools Pass I encountered stands of aspen. The higher peaks

were snow-coated and 2" to 6" of snow covered the trail at the 6000-foot level.

I camped at McCall Gulch but stayed only one night due to the cold nighttime temperatures of 20° to 30°.—George Heffner, Kent, 10/3-5.

**CASCADE PASS**—Trail is under snow at the top. A skiff of snow at the parking lot. Road will close at MP21 when snow is too deep to drive, maybe another couple of weeks.—Ranger, 10/20.

## NORTH CENTRAL



**GENERAL CONDITIONS**—Snow accumulating in high country; watch for seasonal road closures.



## HIDDEN LAKE LOOKOUT

(Baker-Snoqualmie Natl Forest; USGS Eldorado Pk, Sonny Boy Lks)—A volunteer work party today substantially improved the slid portions of the trail located in the meadow switchbacks. Access should be much easier, at least for the rest of this season.

Only one snowfield remains, and most of it can be bypassed on boulders (between the tarn and the NCNP boundary in the notch).

The Friends are in need of an experienced carpenter willing to donate his services to remove and replace a split 2 x 4 on the lookout, and to build and hang a new shutter to be attached to the replaced 2 x 4. The task could be accomplished on a weekend.

Volunteers may contact: Friends of the Hidden Lake Lookout, Skagit Environmental Council, Inc., 1819 Hickox Road, Mount Vernon WA 98273 (360-424-5854).—F. Darvill, Mount Vernon.



## LAKE BYRNE, LOST CREEK RIDGE

(Glacier Peak Wilderness; USGS Sloan Peak, Glacier Peak West)—Monday morning I started up to Bingley Gap under a low overcast; soon I was in the clouds where the humidity was fearsome. Before starting to traverse along the south side of the ridge, the trail climbs 3700 feet in a bit over 4 miles. I camped a little beyond Sunup Lake. For about 5 minutes the clouds lifted enough for me to see the base of Sloan Peak, my only view all day.

Tuesday was just plain foggy. It is a good thing the trail is plain, because

### 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



# BACKCOUNTRY NEWS

REPORTS AND CONDITIONS

the fog completely destroyed my sense of direction. It "felt" like I was going west while the trail and compass said it was east. Eventually I arrived at Camp Lake. I'd planned to drop my pack there and check out the high plateau to the east, before deciding on a campsite. The fog, however, had me so discouraged that I set up camp at the lake, which is an attractive location—as lakes go. About 8:30 that evening the clouds went away and the stars were spectacular. The weather was great for the rest of the trip.

Wednesday morning I started out to dayhike to Lake Byrne. When I got to the plateau I took one look at where I'd planned to camp, emptied my pack, and headed back for Camp Lake. There I broke camp, filled my water bag, and moved camp to the plateau. My new camp had views in all directions and the promise of sun both early and late—a perfect campsite. Glacier Peak to the east dominated the view.

After setting up camp I continued to Lake Byrne, a beautiful, large lake. I hiked around to the west side of the lake for lunch. It was a magnificent spot with Glacier Peak looming over the lake. Next I hiked back to the plateau and climbed the hill directly west of Lake Byrne. Later I checked out the long abandoned Camp Ridge trail.

Thursday morning I was up at dawn, but I didn't get as much early sun as I'd hoped for—I was in the shadow of Glacier Peak. I broke camp and started back about 8:30. When I passed Camp Lake someone was camped in my old spot; the sun hadn't reached the lake yet and they were still sacked in.

The trip back was like a brand new hike. There were spectacular views all along the ridge. While Sloan Peak and Glacier Peak were the closest mountains, and the Cascades from Mount Baker to Mount Rainier were great, what I liked best were the miles of alpine meadows.

Thursday night I recycled Monday's campsite, and was back at the car by noon Friday. In five days I'd seen one hiker about noon on Monday, two hikers Friday just before I reached the trailhead, and Thursday morning the tent at Camp Lake.—TG, Skyway, 9/18-22.



## RAINY PASS TO FIRE-WEED HORSE CAMP

(North Cascades Natl Park; USGS Washington Pass, McAllister Mtn)—The PCT south follows the highway east for a long mile before turning down Bridge Creek.

Two large trees over the trail are easy to cross. One of the log bridges was at an angle and would be difficult to cross

when wet. There is a sturdy bridge across Bridge Creek not quite a mile down the trail from the highway. Compared to the high vistas of the PCT to the north, this is a boring trail.

We passed a collapsed cabin in the North Cascades National Park, and toured the Fireweed Horse Camp before returning back up the trail to Rainy Pass.—Linda Rostad, Redmond, 9/11.



## MAPLE PASS LOOP (Okanogan Natl Forest; USGS

Washington Pass)—We took the Lake Ann trail from the Rainy Pass Picnic Area on Highway 20. At one time this was going to be the PCT and the trail was built with that in mind. It is a nice easy grade up to Heather Pass. We did not take the trail to the lake.

At Heather Pass we made a side trip to look over at turquoise Lewis Lake. At the ridge top we stopped for lunch with a view down Maple Creek toward the PCT. This sure would have been a more scenic PCT route. At Maple Pass, another couple of hundred feet higher, we started down a much steeper trail toward Rainy Lake. This side is a rocky cliff and the trail does a good job getting through on many switchbacks.

The hanging glaciers above Rainy Lake are now snowfields above abandoned moraines. The trail comes out onto the paved Rainy Lake Trail about ½-mile from the picnic area.—Linda Rostad, Redmond, 9/13.



## CORTEO PEAK

(North Cascades Natl Park; USGS Mount Arriva)—

Gary Hickenbottom, Bo Miller, and I enjoyed a marvelous autumn day here. We had close-up views of Black Peak, as well as Lewis Lake and Wing Lake, as well as views of hundreds of other peaks on a clear day.

The initial ascent follows the excellent trail from Rainy Pass to Heather Pass and then on to Maple Pass. Here an easy cross-country route descends and traverses to Horsefly Pass, then ascends and traverses to the southeast ridge of Corteo.

The scrambling begins from here and ranges from easy class 2 to exposed class 3 and 4. We elected not to belay on the ascent, but rappelled one pitch just below the summit on the descent.

While strenuous (about 3500 feet elevation gain), our time

to the summit of about four hours puts this peak within the reach of most peakbaggers as a day trip. We recommend the trip for experienced scramblers.—Charlie Hickenbottom, Wenatchee, 9/16.



## BANDIT PEAK, EAST SUMMIT, Schaefer Lake

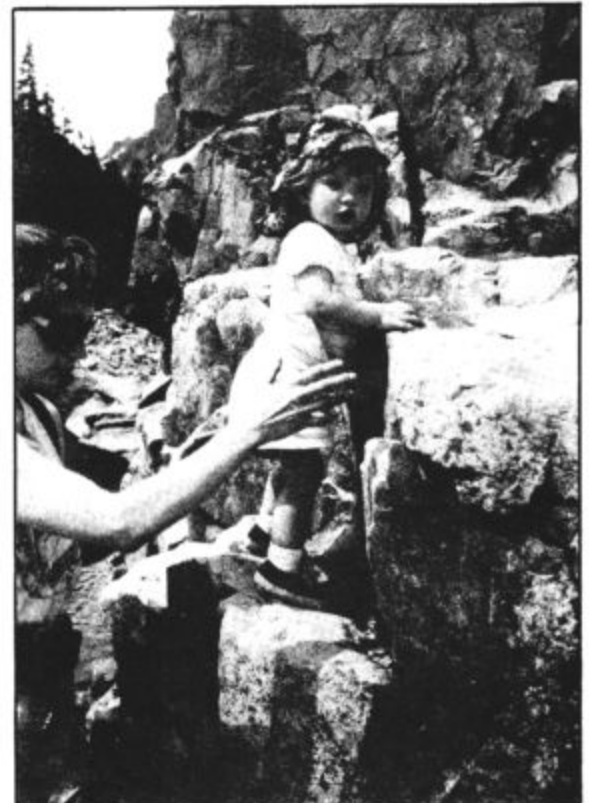
(Glacier Pk Wilderness; USGS Schaefer Lk)—The takeoff to Schaefer Lake is reasonably well-marked, just beyond Finner Creek campground, on the Chiwawa River Road 6200. To cross the Chiwawa River the best succession of logs currently is to your right.

The trail to the lake is 5 miles and 2600 feet gain. Near the outlet of the lake, look for a faint trail on the north side of the lake that leads to D Lake. A good campsite away from the lake is up to 5900 feet, with water.

Just north of this is a steep descent of the trail down 300 to 400 feet. Leave the trail at the bottom and traverse left away from D Lake, and ascend scree and heather to 6200 feet, the lower of two heather bands that more or less parallel the Chiwawa Ridge.

Go past point 7270, and past Bandit's two sharp peaks. Ascend on the northeast slopes to a plateau at 7200 feet. Do not go up the ridge, but go a little left to a heather and slab ramp that goes within a hundred feet of the summit.

Here the climbing is class 4 but we



Heather bouldering in Glacier Basin, with the "Mom Belay."

climbed without a rope without major risk. Time from high camp, 4 hours 45 minutes. We found no evidence of previous visits to the summit (7560 feet). The west summit could not be reached from this point without rappels.—Warren Guntheroth, Seattle, 9/95.

**MOUNT MASTIFF** (*Wenatchee Natl Forest; USGS Mount Howard*)—The 2-mile long southeast ridge of Mount Mastiff offers a pleasant scramble. First in trees, then on a scrambler's trail through thinning timber takes the hiker towards Point 6125.

After descending its back side, a row of spikes not tall enough to be detected on the quad force a descent onto the east side of the ridge. A traverse on slopes and ledges leads to the final, easy slope. Much of this follows faint trails, which while steep, are non-technical when snowfree and dry.—Charlie Hickenbottom, Wenatchee, 10/1.

**ROCK MOUNTAIN, Snowy Creek** (*Wenatchee Natl Forest; USGS Labyrinth Mtn*)—On the Smithbrook road Steve and I found ice and snow on the roadway as we crested Rainy Pass. It was especially icy on the north side as we drove down to road 6705.

The trail gradually climbs, crossing several streams, to Snowy Creek basin at 3800 feet. The basin is covered by a thin layer of snow. We cross and start a steep ascent. Lunch is on a rock outcropping in the sun where we are somewhat sheltered from the wind, but it is a cold lunch.

The trail continues up through the trees then out into the open at about 5800 feet. Here the full force of the wind hits us. Steve shields his face with a bandanna and the dogs seek shelter behind us as we approach the ridge top. We spend 3 minutes on the ridge before retreating. The summit will have to wait for another day.—Linda Rostad, Redmond, 10/19.

**LAKE CHELAN**—For Lady of the Lake fares and winter schedule, call 509-682-2224.



**GENERAL CONDITIONS**—Expect snow and ice on roads and trails.

**POLALLIE RIDGE** (*Alpine Lks Wilderness; USGS Polallie Ridge*)—This summit has all of the geomorphic excitement of a Washington slug. It's long. It's highest crest undulates monotonously for miles in undistinguished fashion. As a mountain form, like the animal, it's close to disgusting. It is not a peak. It's profile is not unlike our garden pest. And on this Friday the 13th, coated with an early October snow, it was, under foot, as slick as the gooey beast.

It's about 100 miles from Bellevue to Roslyn to Cooper Lake and trailhead, 2800 feet. After a long-mile hike up the Cooper River trail, just past Tired Creek, cut right through a logged area on a trail that leads up to a logging road at 3200 feet. This road is inexplicably gated at Cooper Lake, and, if opened, would save about ¾-1 hour.

The trail resumes above the road, about 100 yards to the right, nearer Tired Creek. It winds upward, efficiently, and at a couple of switchbacks above 4000 feet, side-trails wandered over to stunning shots of Lemah and Chimney Rock. Above 4600 feet, I ran into solid snow where the trail slivers through small silvers.

Finally, after about 5 miles from the car, I reached the divide dropping into Waptus Lake and Pass. This 4280+ foot pass defines Polallie as a most-significant 1000+ foot prominence summit.

Question to Steve Fry: How many 1000-foot prominence summits does Washington have? We look forward to this article in a future P&P issue.

I turned right, and in ¼-mile was standing ankle-deep in snow on Polallie Point 5482, site of a former lookout (only the foundation pillars remain) where the view made the sweat worthwhile. 2 hours 45 minutes up.

The whole stretch of the cream of the western Alpine Lakes Wilderness lies before you. Even better, for me on this day, all of these peaks, from Three Queens to Chikamin, Lemah, Chimney Rock, Summit Chief, Bears Breast, Hinman, to Daniel were snow-plastered.

This ridge was named by Albert Sylvester, the famous Wenatchee FS Supervisor, who wrote, "A ridge between two important streams needed a name. It is of sandstone formation. Chinoook jargon has no word for sandstone, but sand is *polallie*, so my ridge became Polallie Ridge." It also means "gunpowder." (The similar-sounding word, *olallie*, means "berries.")

Interestingly, the ridge has three summits, all shown as 5560+ foot closed contours. From the lookout site, the trail continued up the ridge and

pierced two of these wooded humps. From the second summit, I left the trail to follow out the ridge .7-mile south to the third 5560+ foot summit, which appeared to be the highest point of the entire landform. From here I had nice views east to the peaks across the Cle Elum River.

Instead of retracing my steps, I continued along the crest to the Wilderness boundary, then dropped straight down to the road at Tired Creek over open, treed terrain (except for one 200-yard vine-maple wrestle). 1 hour 25 minutes back from High Polallie.

On the drive home, I was stopped to allow a helicopter to fly logs across the Cooper River road.—John Roper, Bellevue, 10/13.

**SNOW LAKE TRAIL**—Bridge repair is complete and parking lot has reopened.—Ranger, 10/10.

## SOUTH CENTRAL



**GENERAL CONDITIONS**—Park roads closing soon; snow accumulating.

**CLIFF LAKE** (*Mt Rainier Natl Park; USGS Mt Rainier East*)—Took about an hour from Reflection Lakes parking to Pinnacle/Plummer Saddle. Another 10 minutes to what I think of as Ira's tarn on the north face of Plummer. Water in it for a change but low. I have to lie down to see Rainier reflected.

Then follow boot track to base of Lane. Trace across south side of Denman very faint in places. About an hour with photo stops to Denman/Lane saddle. Check out ridge to west and descend to lake. Fairly steep and well vegetated. The only trail is bent-over sedge where deer have gone. Spectacular orange paintbrush here. About 15 minutes from saddle to lake.

Circumnavigate lake on rock fall. Boulders on west side larger and stable, east side smaller and unstable. Recommend west side to outlet. Outlet drops quickly to merge with drainage to west. Few mosquitoes, lunch without harassment.

Would be delightful fall camp except no way to be over 100 feet from water.

# BACKCOUNTRY NEWS

REPORTS AND CONDITIONS

Leave lake about 12:30 and return to trailhead at 3:30. Six people from Boston at Pinnacle/Plummer saddle. Four more individuals on way down. Surprisingly few for such a nice day. — Paul G. Schaufler, Olympia, 8/31.



## BEARHEAD MOUNTAIN

(Clearwater Wilderness;

USGS Bearhead Mtn)—Just a couple of hundred feet before the Carbon River entrance station, road 7810 goes off to the left. There were a few rough spots but with a little care and patience one could drive to the trailhead with any kind of vehicle. Stay on road 7810 for 7 miles to the large trailhead parking lot.

We climbed on a good trail through a clearcut and then deep woods. Shortly after entering the woods we passed a creek with a delightful trailside grotto. At the 1 mile point we reached a well marked junction at the south end of little Twin Lake.

We went right. The trail was very rough and muddy for the next ½-mile but on our return we found a trail crew working hard to improve the tread. The trail switchbacked a time or two and then began a long climbing traverse to the east along a steep, wooded hillside. Shortly beyond the ridge crossing the side trail to the lookout site turned off to the left.

The trail climbed up into an open cirque, recrossed the ridge crest, and switchbacked up to the summit. The old lookout site was a messy, uninteresting, rocky place infested with swarms of bugs. However, the mountain top is an extensive place with trails rambling to numerous summits. Everywhere but the old lookout site was pleasant, lovely, and afforded stunning views.

Besides the obvious Rainier, we could see the Olympics, Glacier Peak, and Mount Baker. The complex of Snoqualmie Peaks was clearly visible though I had a dickens of a time trying to disentangle Mount Daniel from the rest. I was pleased to have a clear view of Mount Stuart and the Enchantment Plateau. All the big peaks to the south were eclipsed by the gigantic bulk of the king. It was a nice hike. I recommend it.—Kim Hyatt, Salem, 9/15.



## MORAINE TRAIL

(Mt Rainier Natl Park; USGS Mt

Rainier East)—On my way to a farther and higher destination I decided to check out the Moraine Trail near the visitor center at Paradise. Only a 2- or 3-mile round trip and less than a thousand feet elevation gain. Ended up being a five hour trip, including a short lunch and photo stops.

After a short muddy drop off the Dead Horse Creek trail the track branches at a minor stream crossing. Left goes downstream, mostly on the sometimes-too-narrow top of the moraine.

As you look over the edge it is evident that these moraine slopes are much steeper than what seems a normal angle of repose, which may help explain events like the Kautz Creek happening.

This "trail," like the infamous bunny, keeps going and going. I quit when there was no longer a discernible track and it became more of a rock scramble. No place for a sprained ankle traveling alone. I was right below Glacier Vista and not far below Pebble Creek. Had paralleled the next stream south for about ½-mile.

Anyhow, a neat trail, uncrowded. I met four people in 5 hours. Delightful little wet meadows with monkey flowers (mimulus), gentians nearby. Recommended as a no-destination trip for one of those days when you just need to get out.—Paul G. Schaufler, Olympia 9/9.



## FAIRY FALLS

(Mt Rainier

Natl Park; USGS Mt Rainier East)—This trip to find a viewpoint for Fairy Falls was what was interrupted by a "side trip" on the Moraine Trail two days previous.

Sunny at Paradise. Lots of construction activity. To junction with Lakes Trail on Rampart Ridge, photo of tame buck deer enroute. At Stevens-Van Trump Memorial about 9:30.

Proceed to high point labeled 6252 on map. Don't squish any lupines. Good view of cascades leading to falls

on west branch of Stevens Creek. Go to next knob south and find route down to saddle to east. Not quite difficult enough to qualify as a scramble but awkward with top-heavy frame pack.

From saddle proceed east on ridge to about 5800-foot level. At one point on ridge is an outcrop covered with juniper that affords a full-face view of the falls. Requires lying on your belly and poking the lens thru the vegetation, scary spot. A 28mm lens on 35mm camera still doesn't capture the entire cascade and falls complex; 24mm might. Back to saddle for 4x5 photos and lunch.

Scramble back up to 6252 high point. Look for Fairy Falls but see no water in that branch of Stevens Creek. Is Fairy Falls a spring ephemeral? Paul wants to know. [Ed. Note: Paul answers his own question; see Stevens Peak below.] Proceed toward Paradise Glacier, admire glacial polish on rocks.

Return to Paradise 3pm.—Paul G. Schaufler, Olympia, 9/11.



## SPRAY PARK

(Rainier Natl

Park; USGS Mowich Lk)—We hiked up to Spray park from Mowich Lake. Most of the hike was in deep woods with no particular view. At one point a short spur trail led to a cliff-top viewpoint of Mount Rainier. It was worth the trouble.

Just past the Spray Falls spur, at about the 2 mile point, the trail began a steep switchbacking climb (I counted 12 switchbacks) up along the flanks of Spray Creek. After about 1 mile and a thousand feet of climbing we crossed a



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# BACKCOUNTRY NEWS

REPORTS AND CONDITIONS

bridge into the first meadows of Spray Park. From here on the trail was in the process of being extensively rebuilt.

We had been promised flower gardens still in full bloom. It was very pretty, especially with the huckleberry bushes turning red, but about all we saw in the way of flowers were a few blue gentians.

We stopped at about the 6000 foot level. The summit of the park trail was about 6400 feet. We talked to one party who told us we missed good views of Carbon Glacier and the parklands to the east.

On the way down I was going to pass on the side trip to Spray Falls but my wife Paula wanted to go so I went with her. **DO NOT PASS UP SPRAY FALLS!** I had been to several waterfalls lately and was getting a bit jaded but this one is different. It has to be one of the two or three most spectacular in the entire Northwest! You don't see too much at the end of the spur trail but it was easy to scramble across the creek and up some rocks on the right to stunning views of everything. The easy hike to Spray Falls alone would be more than worth the effort.—Kim Hyatt, Salem, 9/16.



## STEVENS PEAK

(Mt. Rainier Natl Pk; USGS Mt. Rainier East)

—Leader Sam, climbers Jan, Don, Tom and scrambler Paul assemble at Snow Lake trailhead for scramble to Stevens Peak, 6510 feet. Elevations approximate and last names withheld to protect innocent.

Past Snow Lake up fairly obvious boottrack, except on rock, and across small snowfield to notch between Unicorn and westerly sibling. 10:30 and 6400+ feet. Slack time. Serendipitous Sam sets moderate pace.

Round south side of Unicorn and up short chimney to southwest ridge off Unicorn. Drop southwesterly across unstable talus and two snowfields to saddle between Boundary and Stevens. 12:50, 5750 feet.

See Fairy Falls up Stevens Canyon which answers question raised earlier. Proceed up moderate uphill but steep sidehill on unstable footing and slick beargrass, sedge, juniper, huckleberry to summit. Eat some huckleberries on way. Blue Lake shimmers below.

Summit of Stevens at 1:45, Sam's planned turnaround 2pm. Combine initials *a la* Beljica to name unnamed prominence on Tatoosh Ridge. Designate it SJDTP. Doubt Board of Geographic Names will approve.

Begin return 2:10, retrace route except D and T take route that avoids downclimb off Unicorn. D gets boot

full of sand. Dumps sand to avoid citation from Park for absconding with souvenir. 6:45 back at parking lot, golden sun on Tatoosh Peaks.

Good trip. Enjoyed listening to descriptions of fogged out, rained out, lost routes and other failed climbs. Rainier Overland for good food and lots of water; this is a 3-quart scramble at least!

—Paul G. Schaufler, Olympia, 9/16.



## TOLMIE PEAK LOOKOUT

(Rainier Natl Park; USGS

Mowich Lk)—My wife Paula and I hiked to Tolmie Peak lookout from Mowich Lake.

We followed the trail west along the shores of the large, scenic lake, then climbed over a little pass to a junction with the Wonderland Trail coming up from Ipsut Campground. The Tolmie Trail goes left but take the time to hike right a couple of hundred feet for a view to the north.

From the junction the trail descended a couple of hundred feet to get below some spectacular cliffs. On the far side a rough and steep path ascended several switchbacks to beautiful Eunice Lake. No camping is allowed at Eunice Lake and most of the labyrinth of lakeside trails is closed for restoration. The trail continued west through fields of huckleberry bushes (the berries were at the peak of sweetness and flavor) and then climbed with a few sweeping switchbacks to the Tolmie Peak lookout.

The views were stunning, the best of our entire Mount Rainier trip. The small peaks in the area were rugged and impressive. Gorgeous, blue Eunice Lake lay at our feet and, of course, the immense bulk of the king grandstanded above everything.

The lookout tower is getting pretty ratty. In the near future I would not be surprised to read in *Pack and Paddle* that it has been closed and/or razed.—Kim Hyatt, Salem, 9/17.



## BLOWOUT MOUNTAIN

1318 (Wenatchee Natl Forest & private land; USGS Blowout Mtn)—

A few weeks ago I visited the Cle Elum Ranger District, located just west of the business district of Cle Elum in a little grove of trees, to pick up a copy of a just-published trail guide listing 110 trails in the district. One of these trails was trail 1318 leading to Blowout Mountain.

I took the Stampede Pass exit off I-90 and drove southwest on road 54. When I came to Road 41, I turned south. So far so good. Then I ran into trouble. The road numbers—such as there were—didn't match the road numbers on my map. Frequently, I chose a road simply

because I didn't know what else to do.

I flagged down one man, showed him my materials, and asked him how to get to the Blowout Mountain trailhead. He confessed he didn't know. Next I stopped another man, who said the road you want is the next road to the right beyond the road to Tacoma Pass.

I took this road which turned out to be road 4110, proceeded south to its intersection with road 119; and drove confidently west. My next surprise was I came to a three way intersection (no signs, of course), and by the process of elimination chose a road which led to the trailhead all right, but turned out to be so rough that it was safer to hike.

As it turned out I didn't leave my parked car until 12:35pm, eating my lunch en route to save time. The Trail Guide said nothing about the steepness of trail 1318, which in addition to its steepness is badly rutted by dirt bikes. Because I had to walk a mile to the trailhead, in addition to the 2.3 miles of trail, I didn't reach the intersection of 1318 with the PCT until 3pm. Blowout Mountain was just a mile to the south, but it was getting late, and I decided to return. Shortly I was hailed by two dirt bikers—no maps, no watch, where are we?—on the PCT (illegal), coming north from Chinook Pass. I told them how to find the trailhead which I had so recently left; and off they were in a hail of spinning wheels and flying dirt.

When finally returned to I-90, I noted that I had driven 20 miles into the backcountry. Having done this kind of thing alone before I have learned that there is a fraternity of help out there waiting to be asked.—Jim Doubleday, Issaquah.



## KETTLE CREEK TRAIL

(William O Douglas Wilderness; USGS Goose Prairie)

—This trail starts at Pleasant Valley campground on Chinook Pass Highway 410 and ends at the American Ridge trail atop American Ridge.

I read in *P&P* that the bridge across the American River at the campground had been removed by the Forest Service, thus I figured traffic would be light. You can cross the American River on a logjam where the old bridge was at the west end of the campground.

The trail stays in the trees, gaining most of the 2000 feet in the first mile. When you cross Kettle Creek, the trail parallels the creek for about a mile. The trail then crosses Kettle Creek again for the last 600-foot gain to Kettle Lake.

At the second crossing you can go to the right (south) into a series of meadows that culminate in bogs at the upper end. I explored the meadows and found

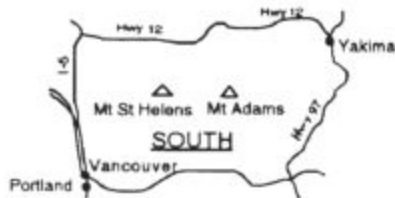
# BACKCOUNTRY NEWS

REPORTS AND CONDITIONS

only a couple of old fire rings in spite of the fact that it is a beautiful campsite with plenty of water. This area has seen little traffic even when the bridge was up. The trail is in excellent shape.

I don't pay much attention to mileage, but would guess the round trip would be 8 to 10 miles. I saw no one on the trail nor was there any indication of any traffic since the rains the week before. —Polish Pathfinder, Goldendale, 8/27.

## SOUTH



**GENERAL CONDITIONS**—Expect snow and ice on roads and trails.

**ADAMS GLACIER MEADOW** (*Mt Adams Wilderness; USGS Mt Adams West*)—The Killen Creek trailhead was packed with cars on this beautiful Labor Day weekend so once again we had to park along-



The Marble Mountain Sno-Park warming hut, mid-winter.

side road 2329. Most of the people seemed to be berrypickers or day hikers with a strong contingent of horse riders.

Despite the heavy use, the trail itself was in pretty good shape with lots of evidence of good maintenance. It climbs moderately for 3½ miles and 1500 feet through scrubby forest and

some of the most prolific berry fields on Mount Adams.

After climbing into Adams Creek Meadows, with good well-used camp sites and excellent views of the mountain, the trail intersects the PCT at 6100 feet. Continue straight ahead on the climbers' path for 1 mile and 800

## BULLETIN BOARD

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**GUIDEBOOK**—The guidebook, *WINTER CLIMBS: One Day Ascents*, is available. The original 1993 guide plus supplement which includes new peaks and routes is \$8.00. The supplement only is \$1.75. Price includes mailing costs. This guide can be obtained from Dallas Kloke, 4012 M Ave, Anacortes WA 98221 (360-293-2904). Self-published paperback, 128 pages.

**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).

**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.

**LOST**—Pin from *Rifugio Firenze* (Italy). Fell off my pack probably at Canyon

Creek (Suitttle River trail), weekend of 8/5-6. If found, please call Jean, 206-325-7685.

**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 inquiries to Jeanie Anderson, PO Box 1212, Edmonds WA 98020.

**FOR SALE**—Used one summer: size 8 Raichle climbing boots, \$100. Internal frame Lowe Contour 4 pack, \$100. One pair crampons \$15. 360-387-6546 (Camano Island).

**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.

**FOR SALE**—North Face Snow Leopard internal frame backpack. Women's Large. The pack is 4-5 years old, but has only been used 2 or 3 times. \$75. Call Sheila, 206-454-2546.

**WASHINGTON SKI TOURING CLUB**—Meets first Thursday of each month November through April, at Phinney Neighborhood Center, 6615 Dayton

Avenue North, Seattle, at 7:30pm. HOTLINE for more information 206-528-6127.

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

**FOUND**—A pair of woman's prescription bifocal glasses in a softcase, on a small side trail to Dewey Lakes overlook from Naches Peak loop. Contact Frank Sincok, 206-747-2437, Bellevue.

**WOMAN, 45 yo,** looking for a guy who would like to hike, walk, laugh (softly), in the Cascades; later in the season—cross-country skiing. Give me a call, 206-685-7504. Fransine.

**NEED walking partner,** Kitsap Peninsula. Also PCT in spring. For questions call Sharron, 360-876-0879.

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

**OUTDOOR GEAR** and lots of miscellaneous. Kelty and JanSport packs, binoculars, snowshoes, sleeping bags, stoves. Old VW, good trail car. Dealers welcome. Bob Kinzebach, Pic-Tour Maps. Call for details: 206-839-2564.

# BACKCOUNTRY NEWS

REPORTS AND CONDITIONS

feet to the High Camp situated in the meadows below the fantastic ice fall of Adams Glacier.

The meadows at 6900 to 7000 feet are expansive and offer plenty of opportunity to camp out of sight of your neighbors. This weekend there were always people about but the entire area was roomy enough to hide them all and the area remains clean and in excellent shape (no campfires allowed).


The scenery includes Rainier and the Goat Rocks plus Mount Saint Helens and the entire Dark Divide area. A sea of ridges seems to spread out to the west, and if you squint a bit the clear cuts do not seem all that obnoxious or outrageous as they should be.

Our trip was interrupted by a great lightning display on Sunday night as a storm slowly built in from the south and southwest and the clouds remained below our camp for some time. It was an interesting night to be camped under a clear sky with a nearly full moon and all around the cloud tops were flashing with lightning and booming with thunder. The storm did build up enough guts to top the ridge blasting us with wind, rain and lightning for an hour or so before moving on.

The next morning dawned foggy, but by the time we had camp packed the sun burned through showing Adams at its best. To add variety to our return hike we bushwhacked directly down-slope through lush meadows crisscrossed with elk trails to intersect the PCT/Around-The-Mountain trail about 1/2-mile to the south of our intersection with the Killen Creek Trail.

Killen Creek and Adams Glacier Meadows is a great area to visit that appears to get plenty of use. Rather than limit access to the Mount Adams Wilderness the Forest Service should be encouraged to build alternative trails in the area that would disperse use. A low level connector trail that could be built to the Divide Trail to the south would create a good loop trip and effectively halve the number of people and horses you would encounter.—Matt and Rebecca Whitney, Portland, 9/2-4.

## OREGON


 **SOUTH SISTER** (*Sisters Wilderness*)—Chris from Maryland joined me for a climb of South Sister in central Oregon. We did not arrive at Devils Lake Campground until after midnight.

In the morning we awoke to clear skies and packed for the climb. After crossing the highway we filled our water bottles in the stream beside the trail. We had neglected to fill our bottles the night before and had no choice but to gamble with giardia as there is no tap-water at the campground and this is a long dry hike in late summer.

For the first hour we made a steep ascent through dense forest. Soon after reaching timberline we were rewarded with our first good view of South Sister. The higher we got the more impressive the views became on this sunny, hot day. Several of Oregon's volcanoes were clearly visible including Broken Top and Mount Bachelor. The last 1500 feet or so of the climb is over loose pumice, dirt and scree which made ascending difficult and dusty at times.

Upon reaching the crater rim we continued across the snow-filled crater where a short rock scramble led to the true summit. It took us about 5 1/2 hours to reach this point. What a spectacular view! From here we could see North and Middle Sisters, Mounts Jefferson and Hood, and several other volcanoes.

This is a very popular weekend climb and we met many people including a 74-year-old man on the summit.—David Kissinger, Lynnwood, 8/27.

 **VISTA RIDGE TRAIL**—

The shortest and easiest route to the spectacular north face of Mount Hood, the Vista Ridge route makes a good day hike or approach for a backpack and a few days of wandering.

The worst part is the 1/2-mile of road to the trailhead. There is no good place to park if you would prefer not to drive this final ordeal. I drove it in a Toyota Corolla and had no serious problem. Take your time. Good directions and/or a map are advised. Stop at the Mount Hood information station 3 miles west of Zigzag for both.

The hike starts with a .4-mile spur trail to the Vista Ridge trail (my wife insists it is more like .7-mile). The junction is clearly marked even though the trail to the left is no longer maintained and doesn't really go anywhere.

The trail was good if a bit brushy in places when hiking, as we were, in wet-tish weather. Near the upper junction the trail traversed openings where we

could see close-up views of Mount Hood and distant vistas of big Washington peaks. It was about 2.5 miles to the upper junction.

We were planning to camp in Wy'-East Basin but the only site we found was too small and too close to the trail. We hiked west on the old trail to Eden Park and found a very good undeveloped site above the trail just short of Ladd Creek (an imposing crossing).

The next day we hiked a loop through Eden Park and Cairn Basin. We looked for and found the (unmarked) trail to McNeil Point. The trail was rough and overgrown in spots but we had no trouble following it. As the clouds were moving in, visibility was zilch, and a snowfield crossing lay just ahead, we did not go all the way to the shelter.

Even on the main Timberline Trail, Ladd Creek was not bridged. Apparently the superb bridges I found at all major creek crossings when I circled the mountain in 1975 are other victims of the budget crunch. Be prepared to have some problems.

About 3:30 in the afternoon it began raining. It continued to rain, sometimes very hard, until about 4am. By then everything was wet. We packed up and hiked out.—Kim Hyatt, Salem, 9/5-7.

 **TUMALO MOUNTAIN**

(*Three Sisters Wilderness*)—

This short, steep hike leads to a 7775-foot peak across from Mount Bachelor. It is 3.6 miles round trip and climbs 1200 feet. The summit is a former lookout site.

It provides a close up view of the Sisters and Broken Top, Mount Bachelor and the surrounding countryside. The trail is located off the Cascade Lakes Highway 20 miles west of the town of Bend.—Jane Habegger, Olympia, 9/10.

 **GREEN LAKES** (*Three Sisters Wilderness*)—

This is a great hike. It leads to three lakes which provide lovely reflections of South Sister and Broken Top. The path parallels Fall Creek almost the entire route passing a string of waterfalls and the constant sound of flowing water. Much of the trail is in forest. It has a nice grade, climbing 1100 feet in about 4 miles. The trail also travels past a large obsidian flow before reaching the lakes. This would be a nice place to backpack and it could be used as a base to climb South Sister.

We've done the hike twice mid-week after Labor Day and have not found it too crowded. This is a must-do hike in the Bend-Sisters area.—Jane Habegger, Olympia, 9/11.

### HOW TO CONTACT US

Write:

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PO Box 1063

Port Orchard WA 98366

Phone:

360-871-1862

# grizzly views

Mention grizzly bears to backcountry travellers and you're likely to get a polarized response—either for them or against them. A letter in the October issue elicited a hearty response. Here is a pageful of other views. And be sure to read the story on page 20 where encounters with bears mix with those of other animals in Alaska. [Ed. Note: We will print NO MORE letters on this topic for awhile.]

## A DIFFERENT EXPERIENCE

I read with interest Madeleine Beaty's letter in the October issue (page 4). A trip Ms. Beaty and her husband took to Alaska was diminished by their concern about grizzly bear attacks, which caused them to avoid the backcountry. Consequently, Ms. Beaty cannot understand efforts to recover the great bear in the Cascades.

I had a very different summer experience. I traveled with friends to the Kachika River (tributary of the Liard) of the far northern Rockies of British Columbia. This magical and threatened area is part of a complex of 26 million roadless acres, perhaps the largest wild expanse south of 60° north latitude.

We were gravely disappointed that in twelve backcountry days, we saw no bears and sparse sign. The theory I lean toward is that guides, hunters, and poachers have made their presence known, and that even the remotest wildlands are depleted of their natural character.

Ms. Beaty aspires to "the freedom of the hills and freedom of mind to roam as I please." That's fine, but it isn't wilderness. Wilderness is a place one visits to learn and experience what our world was like before human domination, and can be like again in those areas where we take care.

Wilderness is where the human demand takes a back seat to the importance of healthy ecosystems on which we depend and from which we have a great deal of humility and knowledge to gain.

One may roam free of mind the hills of virtually all of the Lower 48 states without any regard toward grizzly bears. More than a dozen of these bear-free states got that way by extermination of this rightful resident.

Ms. Beaty implies that Alaska, and vacations in Alaska, would benefit by the extermination of the grizzly bear even there. I hold a contrary view: that unless we fight like all heck for the good of the wild, the momentum of Manifest Destiny (aided and abetted especially by our present Congress) will eliminate bears and much else great from Alaska and elsewhere they are extant. Certain-

ly that is the troubling trend of grizzly bear populations in BC and Alberta.

Moreover, I believe that we should do all we can to prevent the extinction of grizzly bears in those few places of the West wild enough to host them.

There are a few grizzlies in our Cascades, but not enough to sustain themselves. Without active conservation measures, this population will go extinct and Washington will join the shameful list of states that once had bears. Then we'll all be free to hike, but it might not be so interesting anymore.

Mitch Friedman  
Executive Director  
Northwest Ecosystem Alliance

## 40 YEARS IN BEAR COUNTRY

... Yes, grizzlies are potential killers; so (less frequently, to be sure) are black bears. Indeed on my last trip to Alaska, I was regaled with the gruesome details of a black bear attack on a young couple staying at a lakeside cottage. When the bear tried to force his way in a window, the couple went up to the roof; the husband thought he was the risktaker by running down to the boat and fetching help, but when he got back the bear was eating his wife. ...

Now I've hiked for forty years in bear (usually black bear) country, from the Great Smokies to the Olympics, and never carried a gun of any sort. Nor do I wish to, if only because as a solo backpacker today I count every ounce!

Backpacking in Yellowstone (with husband and four children) and Glacier National Park and hiking in Denali (also in the Wrangell-St. Elias Park) I've occasionally seen grizzlies and never been attacked.

I've been lucky, I suppose. I haven't been quite so lucky on the highway, and I'm struck by the way a grizzly attack grips most people's imagination as an equally horrible car wreck apparently doesn't; at least, it doesn't stop them from venturing onto roads (with children yet!—and often for quite frivolous reasons, like a family vacation) that "potential killers" such as drunk

drivers and sleepy drivers (to mention just two accident-prone categories) also travel.

I admit to being attracted to "wild places" and particularly places still inhabited by the larger predators. It's a strange taste that I don't expect everyone to share, but when asked if I'm not afraid of meeting a bad bear or breaking a leg or getting lost, I keep telling people that the most dangerous thing I do is solo long distance driving. Like driving home from the trailhead, when I'm tired and maybe sleepy too. Now that's asking for trouble.

Jean Lepley  
Seattle, Washington

## WILDERNESS 101

1. Bears *live* in the wilderness and act according to survival instinct.
2. People live in cities and *visit* the wilderness for enjoyment.
3. A wilderness visitor who behaves as if he were in the city is asking for trouble.

The issue is not whether bears belong in the wilderness; after all, it is their home. The problem is *people* who expect a wilderness excursion to resemble a stroll in the city park.

You as a visitor have to modify *your* behavior to conform to wilderness survival ethics. Your status as a human being does not automatically elevate you to a position detached from the world of predator/prey.

- People who hike alone or separate from a group are asking for trouble.
- People who keep messy camps and broadcast food odors are asking for trouble.
- People who behave like game animals will be eaten.
- People who are defenseless will die when a conflict arises.

Bears enjoy freedom of the hills because they live there. Visitors can enjoy freedom of the hills only if they learn to respect the rules of nature.

Ken Hopping  
Bellevue, Washington

DON PAULSON

## A FATHER - SON HIKE on the BOGACHIEL RIVER

—164 BLOWDOWNS AND THE PASS WAIST-DEEP IN SNOW—

### FROM ONE GENERATION TO THE NEXT

Thirty years ago my father took me on my first backpack across the Olympics. I was just a little older than my son, Joey, is now.

That hike planted a seed in me. That seed has grown into a life-long love of the natural world. I hope this hike has planted a seed in Joey, and I hope that someday he too will find inspiration in nature's simple gifts.

### AT THE TRAIL HEAD

Joey lifts his fully loaded pack for the first time and groans, "Oh my gosh, what did you put in here?"

We are carrying supplies for a five day trip, June 29 to July 2, along the Bogachiel river to its source, then over Little Divide and down to the Sol Duc River by way of the Mink Lake trail. At nearly 30 miles and climbing over 4000 feet, it will be quite an adventure.

My truck is parked at Sol Duc Hot Springs and my friend Kathy has delivered us to the trailhead. All we have to do now is hike to the truck.

Just minutes after we start down the



Bogachiel River, from the bridge.

trail a large animal crashes through the brush. "Probably an elk," I tell Joey. The 1.6 miles to the Park boundary is through second growth spruce and alder.

Once inside the Park we get our first look at the virgin rain forest and the river. The ancient Sitka spruce trees are spellbinding. The big leaf maple trees, with their moss-draped limbs, remind us of the trees in King's Quest, a computer game where trees of the Ghost Forest reach out and eat you alive.

As the day wears on, the temperature rises into the 90s. We splash water on ourselves at each stream crossing to keep cool. We continue another 4.1 miles through beautiful river bottom to our first campsite near the junction with the Rugged Ridge Trail.

### THE FIRST NIGHT

After exploring several options, we set up our camp in the trees near an abandoned Ranger Station. We are surprised to find a Ranger camped nearby.

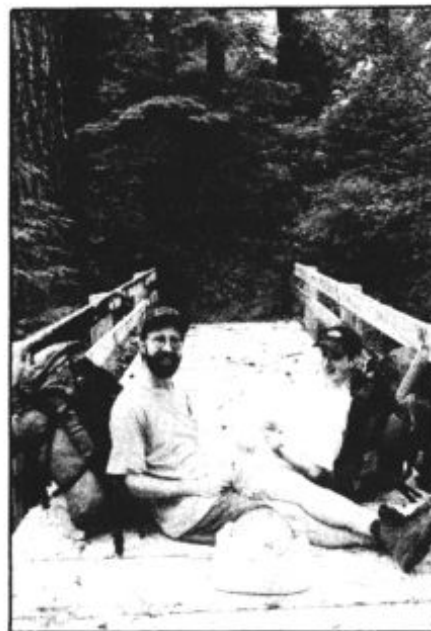
She has camped here for two months and has seen only about 20 people. Then she gives us the bad news. There are 164 blowdowns across the trail ahead, and the pass we are to hike over is waist deep in snow. She knows of only one party to make it through this year.

Later that evening we help her raise the outhouse over a new pit she had dug, the mosquitoes swarming as we sweat and strain.

### ANOTHER HOT DAY

To get a jump on the heat we break camp early. We have a little over 6 miles to a great camping spot the Ranger told us about. We pause at each stream to get wet and cool off. At Warkum Creek I climb upstream about 300 yards to photograph a waterfall.

After a mile we start running into the blowdowns. A spruce across the trail is too large to get over, so we push our way out to the river and fol-



Don Paulson

Lunch on the bridge near Fifteen-Mile Shelter.

low a gravel bar until we find a likely spot to get back to the trail.

With each blowdown we count out loud how many are left to cross. By midday we reach our camping spot with 114 blowdowns left to cross.

The heat is stifling, and there is precious little breeze. We filter drinking water from the river in the midday sun. We are amazed at how much water we are drinking. Then we have some lunch and try to take a nap in the tent away from the bugs.

It is too hot for me to sleep, so I take a walk along the river. Joey manages to doze off for a couple of hours, then cheerfully poses for a portrait by placing a pillow over his tired head.

### A LAZY AFTERNOON ON THE RIVER

Our camp is on a bluff overlooking the river. Just upstream are deep green pools. Joey climbs over a protruding boulder hidden by trees and calls for me to come take a look.

It's a beautiful calm pool with shady little bench seats in the rock above. A little stream surrounded by yellow



monkey flower and *Boykinia* flows by us into the river. I spot a trout jumping in the pool and in a few minutes I'm back with fly rod in hand.

We want to go swimming, but the water is numbing cold. We settle for soaking our tired feet. I show Joey how to use a compass and map. We are concerned about route finding in the snow across the pass.

### GREAT MEALS

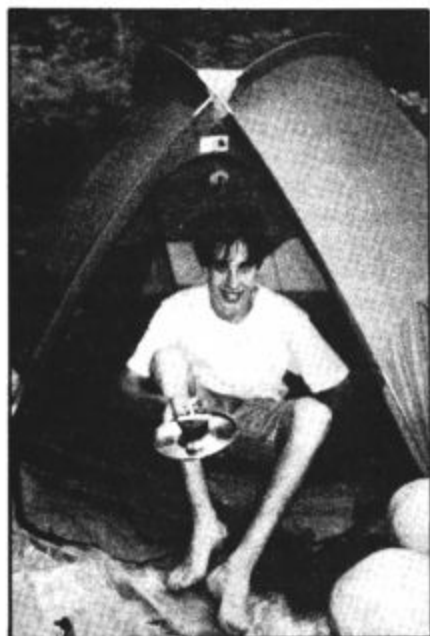
Our first night we had chicken and rice with fresh almonds, celery and water chestnuts. This night we have my favorite: corn chowder with shrimp and smoked gouda cheese, topped with croutons.

In the afternoon, while Joey is snoozing, I gather salmon berries, red huckleberries, and blue Alaska huckleberries for our cereal the next morning. The deep red salmon berries are especially tasty.

### LUNCH ON THE BRIDGE

We decide to make Twentyone Mile Shelter our destination for the day instead of Hyak Shelter. It will be a long 9-mile day, but this will give us extra time to get across the pass if we need it. If all goes well we will be out in four days instead of five.

Just beyond Fifteen Mile Shelter, we take a break on a bridge crossing the river. There is a cool breeze from the river and no bugs. A squirrel keeps trying to cross the bridge. It repeatedly approaches us to within a few feet then scurries back. We have a snack, and I



Cake on a silver platter for Joey's birthday.

Don Paulson



Bear grass at Mink Lake.

Don Paulson

photograph the river from the bridge.

We reach Hyak Shelter about midday. It is surrounded by a beautiful meadow with daisies, buttercups and bracken fern. We drop our packs inside the shelter and read some of the carvings on the walls. One dates back to 1955.

There are a pair of outhouses nearby. One has all the side boards stripped off by firewood-hungry campers. The other is rotten and looks like someone might have made an unscheduled visit to the basement.

### SKIPPING ROCKS

It is getting hot again so we decide to cool off by the river. We find a delightful shady gravel bar for a snack and a rock skipping contest.

Joey wins hands down. (However, I did win all his pine cones in a ruthless game of poker the night before.) How wonderful it is to have nothing better to do than to skip rocks with my son on a hot afternoon.

Exploring upstream, Joey finds a river-sculpted rock where a small portion of the river flows in fine ribbons from hollow to hollow in the rock. Nearby, a seep from the bank smells of sulfur.

### CHANGES IN THE FOREST

Although we have gained only about 1300 feet in elevation, we notice big changes in the forest. The Sitka spruce of the bottomlands is slowly giving way to Douglas and silver fir, with an un-

derstory of smaller western hemlock.

The trail now is overgrown with salmonberry thickets, an indication that the elk herds do not often browse in this area. At the lower elevations, elk herds keep the forest looking like a mowed park.

### TWENTYONE-MILE CAMP

A thin layer of clouds begins to soften the light and the heat as we reach Twentyone-Mile Camp. We find a little niche just wide enough for our tent near the three-walled shelter.

I try out the well ventilated outhouse and find it to my liking (a solid 3-star rating on the Paulson scale). Privacy is not been a concern here as we have seen only four other people since we began.

As soon as the tent is pitched, Joey crawls in and is out like a light. It's been a long hot day and the rest is well deserved. Tonight we have freeze-dried turkey stroganoff for dinner.

We lick our bowls clean and look in the lunch bag to see what else we can find. It is finally cool enough to have hot drinks. Joey has cocoa and I have a cup of tea.

### HAPPY 15TH BIRTHDAY

With camera poised, I wake Joey by singing "Happy Birthday" and presenting a birthday cake on a silver platter (actually a Hostess Cupcake on a pot lid). Joey especially appreciated the trick candle that relit itself after each wish.



Warkum Creek.

Don Paulson

A few more hands of poker, and then it's early to bed. At 4am I hear rain on the tent. We get up and put on the rain fly. By morning it is still drizzling, so we sleep in an extra hour.

The rain stops and we break camp for the third time. Today we climb 2000 feet to Little Divide and then find our way across the snow.

### UP AND OVER LITTLE DIVIDE

The trail climbs steadily, and the forest changes to mountain hemlock, silver fir, and Alaska cedar. On the forest floor is bunchberry, foam flower and oak fern.

We cross the Bogachiel one last time. At this point it's small enough to step across. As we climb we enter the low clouds, giving us some concern about route finding across the snow in the fog. Joey leads the way to the Divide. The snow has melted considerably and keeping the trail proves not to be a problem.

The fog spoils our view of distant peaks, but the meadows, between snow fields, are filled with wildflowers. For the first time we are actually cold as a brisk wind blows the fog across the ridge. It feels great.

### ON THE SOL DUC SIDE

Once over Little Divide we start our long drop into the Sol Duc Valley. About a mile from the top we take a short side trip to a quiet little mountain lake. It's beautiful here, but the mosquitoes swarm around us. We stay only long enough to walk the shore and take some quick photos. Near the shore I find a leg bone from an elk.

The trail takes us through alpine meadows with meandering streams and several varieties of wildflowers. Eventually we enter the forest and arrive at Mink Lake. By now we have crossed 171 blowdowns (the Ranger didn't count the ones on the Sol Duc side).

### LAKE MISERABLE REVISITED

In August of 1989, Joey and I spent a miserable night here at Mink Lake in a driving rain storm. We dubbed the lake "Lake Miserable." Joey figures it will start pouring rain any moment.

But today is very pleasant. The brook trout are jumping for mayflies. At first we are the only ones at the lake, but before long the holiday crowds start to arrive. We pack up and head for the truck.

We finish the trip with a soak in the Sol Duc Hot Springs. The hot water soothes our tired muscles as we reflect on our accomplishments of the past four days.

△

*Don Paulson, of Seabeck, works at Puget Sound Naval Shipyard in Bremerton. A Washington native, he enjoys hiking, skiing and paddling, combined with photography.*

## REVEGETATION PROJECT IN OLYMPIC NATIONAL PARK

On September 17, I packed into Upper Lena Lake to volunteer my labor for Olympic National Park in the revegetation project they are conducting this summer and fall. It's a five hour hike in, and four hours out, with full pack. I went in on Sunday, worked Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, and came out Thursday—harder and wiser. Nietzsche said what doesn't kill you makes you stronger.

We dug up impacted trails and campsites and replanted them with native vegetation. The idea, I believe, is to encourage future backpackers to camp in the large meadow at the far end of the lake.

Many of the volunteers I met in the project are young people, some just out of college with degrees in botany, anthropology, earth sciences, resource management, or just out of community college on their way to college, or on their way to graduate school, getting some practical experience.

There were a few people like me, and the lady from Poulsbo, long-time backpackers who just wanted to give something back for all the pleasure we have enjoyed in the mountains.

The week before, a dozen or so members of the Sierra Club were working, which they do every year. They brought their own chef in and actually paid money to do this work. There was only one full-time Park staff person there at a time, supervising all this labor.

These volunteers and their leader are,



*The meadows around Upper Lena Lake and Mount Bretherton.*

I'm convinced, world-class endurance athletes. They are willing—nay, eager—to work with the most astonishing energy in some of the most appalling physical labor ever devised by a misanthrope named Pulaski, from dawn to dusk, day after day, sleeping in backpack tents, cooking on a Coleman stove under a plastic tarp hung from trees.

If anyone doubts the work ethic and dedication to a cause is alive and thriving in this country, let him visit the Reveg Project.

I hadn't been to Upper Lena in 25 years and had forgotten both how arduous the trail is and how beautiful the area is once you get there. My wife says that when I come back from the mountains I always say that was the most beautiful place I've ever seen, but Upper Lena Lake and the surrounding country is truly spectacular.

I came home from Upper Lena beat to a frazzle, but renewed in spirit not only from being in the mountains—yes, as always—but also from working elbow to elbow with these enthusiastic young people who are making a difference.—  
*Roger Gray, Bremerton.*

Lee McKee

DEBORAH RIEHL

## RESCUE EPICS

—THE BIRDMAN OF POO-POO POINT—

When the winds are right a hiker can sit on top of Tiger Mountain and watch the parasailers gliding to and fro. Poo-Poo Point (*supposedly* named after the sound the logging trains made) is a favorite launch site. It's a basic rule of aviation that landings should equal take offs. Sometimes, however, the equation goes awry.

On February 8 "Phil" got snagged 100 feet up in a tree which has no limbs for the first 60 feet or so. The old growth tree is five feet in diameter at the base. Phil was thoroughly stuck.

Seattle Mountain Rescue was paged at 5:21pm for a slightly different type of mission than usual. The first team arrived at the tree after a Class Five brush thrash through pre-commercial thinning slash.

For some reason the witnesses declined to accompany the rescue team. Therefore there were route finding problems through the jumbled pick-up sticks to the big fir.

They began considering options for this highly unusual vertical mission. One of the team members, Rob, who lives locally, allowed as he had tree-climbing gear, and experience therewith. He was dispatched home to retrieve his equipment. He was back at 9:20pm dressed in his tin pants, caulks



and carrying climbing belt, spikes and a 300-foot rope.

The witnesses had originally called a group of professional tree climbers who arrived at about that time also. They, however, had no flashlights.

By 10:40pm Rob was 75 feet up the tree. Meanwhile the tree climbers began chainsawing a trail through the slash to expedite the return of the on-site team.

At 11:45 Rob reached Phil and prepared to lower him to safety. Fortunately Phil was warmly dressed and it wasn't raining. Phil was back on terra firma by midnight. Rob followed shortly thereafter.

Phil requested the rope be left in the tree so that the tree climbers could return in daylight and retrieve Phil's sail, still firmly ensnared by the branches.

△

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

## Wilderness Art Shows

### ALPINE LANDSCAPES of the Northwest in watercolor by Dee Molenaar.

Sidney Gallery  
202 Sidney Street  
Port Orchard (360-876-3693)  
November 1 through 26.  
11 to 4 Tues-Sat, 1 to 5 Sun.  
Artist's reception Sunday, November 5 from 1 to 5pm.



Ramona Hammerly

### MOUNTAIN & SHORE watercolors, drawings and etchings by Ramona Hammerly.

Husted Gallery  
9776 Holman Rd NW  
Seattle (206-782-3477)  
November 9 through December 30.  
10 to 6 Mon-Fri, 9 to 6 Sat.  
An "Off the Wall Show"  
(art leaves when paid).

JULIE EIDSON

# DENALI NATIONAL PARK

—A WONDERFUL TWO WEEK TRIP—

My husband John and I just returned from a magical two-week hiking trip in Denali National Park. What a wondrous place!

We flew to Anchorage with our good hiking partners, Roger and Sherry from Atlanta. Since we took the cheapest flight, we arrived after midnight, and lugging our substantial luggage to a taxi and then to the third-floor hotel room was pretty tough. But we got a few hours of sleep before catching the 7am Backpackers' Shuttle to the Park.

We thought we'd have to wait several days to obtain access to the backcountry, so we arrived Sunday, September 3, hoping to miss the summer crowds.

What we found was that it had snowed several inches, the park road was closed, and we heard rumors that the whole park might close early! We spoke to several bedraggled, soaking-wet campers, who told us they'd been in the park for two weeks, hadn't once seen Mount McKinley, and had been rained on every single day!

We were infinitely more fortunate, though. John got up extra-early Monday morning to find a *crystal* clear blue sky and he was first in line to obtain backcountry permits. He selected four different areas for us to explore, and

got permission to get started the very next day!

We filled the rest of the day repacking all of our gear. You should have seen us on the porch of the Visitor Center, with everything spread all over the place and tourists goggling all that stuff. The four of us carry McHale internal frame packs. They are huge. We've done several week-plus backpacks, and have never fully packed them out. This time, however, I really appreciated all the extra pockets and straps. When we were finished, we had the heaviest packs we've ever carried!

## CAR CAMPING WITH BACKPACKS

John had a terrific plan. There is only one road in Denali National Park. It follows an incredible valley to the north of the Alaska Range for 86 miles. No private vehicles are allowed on the road. Everyone sees the park by traveling the shuttle buses, which will let you off or pick you up pretty much anywhere.

We planned a series of short trips: ride the bus an hour, get off at some spectacular place, backpack no more than 4 miles, and set up camp for a few days to explore. Then pack up, walk back to the road, ride the bus another

hour or so, and do it all over again. We called it "car camping with backpacks."

## FIRST STOP: POLYCHROME PASS

The plan worked wonderfully. On Tuesday morning we loaded onto a bus. The bus ride was *beautiful*. Autumn had truly arrived. Sunday's snow had melted, leaving just the mountain peaks with their first covering of white. Aspen trees were at their peak of vibrant yellow. The little spruce trees were dark, dark green. All the landscape was yellow or golden or brown.

On our bus ride, we spotted a *huge* bull moose and then a small herd of caribou. We were fortunate to see the majestic caribou ... most of the herd had already migrated to the far end of the park.

We unloaded at Polychrome Pass—aptly named, given the horizon-to-horizon fall colors. We fastened down the last cords on our packs, and took off for the ridgetop. The "regular" people on the bus were amazed at our intentions.

We got to the top of the ridge on a footpath that immediately faded out, and looked down into a gorgeous, pristine valley on the other side. Munching on a patch of willow was a Mama Moose and her baby. We ate a hearty lunch, and then began the trailless descent into the tundra below.

Walking in tundra is an experience in itself. With our top-heavy packs, we felt like toddlers, learning how to walk on very thick carpeting ... weaving and wobbling and trying to keep our body weight centered over our feet on the spongy, unstable tundra.

It was a good workout, but we made it down to a nice, large, fairly level spot of tundra, about 200 yards from the stream. A perfect campsite.

We had a good, level-but-lumpy area for our two tents, a walk across the tundra to the "kitchen" 100 yards downwind, and another tundra walk to the Bear Resistant Container (BRC) storage site, 100 yards from there.

For grizzly safety, the idea is to keep all food (and interesting smells) away



Sherry, Roger and John descend to our first night's camp.

Julie Eidson

from the tents, to cook far away, downwind, and then to store all food in the BRCs far away from both sites.

### A GREAT BIG GRIZZLY

The weather was partially cloudy, but the air was crispy-cool and smelled of Autumn. The nearby stream rushed happily along. The willows were bright yellow, and the mountainsides across the stream were ablaze with color.

As we were setting up tents, and organizing gear, I looked up to admire the surroundings. And there he was. Mr. Grizzly! A great big, shiny grizzly was grazing on the mountainside, directly across the stream from us, about 300 yards away! How did he get so close without any of us noticing?

I was terrified. This was my nightmare. After spending a summer working at Glacier National Park, I knew all the horror stories. I'd seen those books with cover-to-cover grizzly maulings.

But when old Mr. Grizzly saw us, he just traversed the mountainside away from us. He was clearly uninterested. It was as if he didn't realize he'd gotten so close to such *undesirables*.

We watched him for 20 minutes as he scampered across scree fields, stopping at good berry-browsing places for a few mouthfuls before he continued.

He was gorgeous. My wildly-beating heart calmed as I marveled at his beauty. He was so healthy—everything about him was *grand*. His fur shone brightly golden in the sunlight. And he moved almost effortlessly, as though he didn't weigh even a hundred pounds (we estimated 500 pounds).

We were thankful for the sighting so early in our trip. Having actually seen a bear, we all relaxed a bit, and the bear-avoidance practices just became a natural part of our stay. We learned that no one has ever been killed by a bear in the park since its founding in the early 1900s. The last mauling was over 8 years ago and involved someone who was trying to bait the bear for photos.

### MOUNTAINS AND MOOSE

We slept fitfully, and awoke to another wonderful fall day. We hiked to the top of the mountainside across the stream, almost following Mr. Grizzly's path from the day before.

We gained about 2000 feet to the top,



John and Julie dayhike to the top of one of the Wyoming Hills, near camp.

Sherry and Roger Lizotte

and were rewarded with an incredible view of Mount McKinley! The entire Alaska Range was blasted white with new snow, and McKinley soared above them as though the 8000- to 12,000-foot peaks were merely foothills.

That evening, after a wonderful dinner with no major food spills (important in grizzly country), we were settling down for the evening, when who should pop into view but Mama Moose and Kiddy Moose from the day before! They seemed a bit annoyed at our presence, but kept a good 200 yard distance, and strolled over to the willow patch behind us.

Willows in Alaska are strange. They look like the same plant that grows into those huge, romantic trees in Southern paintings. But, in Denali, they only grow a few feet high.

On the tundra, from a distance, they look 2 feet high. But they are deceiving. We could be walking along in knee-deep tundra, then hit the thigh-deep blueberry bushes, and approach a patch of yellow willows and all of a sudden we were swallowed in head-high bushes! And there went Mama Moose, a good 7-foot-high beast, melting into the willows. You can bet we stayed clear of that willow patch!

### EAST FORK TOKLAT RIVER

Thursday morning we awoke to cloudy skies, but *still* no rain! We had a leisurely breakfast and packed up for the walk out to the road. Rather than climbing the ridge back to Polychrome Pass, we just followed the valley south. An hour's tundra-trodding brought us to the road and the short wait for the

next Camper Bus.

We rode the bus about an hour, and got off at the Soap Berry Patch, just past the Porcupine Forest, onto the gravel bar of the East Fork of the Toklat River. Four adolescent Dall sheep skirted the cliffs above us.

Gravel bars are level, gravel-strewn, up to a mile wide, and give great visibility (except for that one willow-patch where we made as much noise as we knew how).

Sounds easy. And probably would have been, had not the wind picked up so briskly that we put John, at 6'5" our tallest, in front as a windbreak. The rest of us followed real close behind. The wind definitely slowed our progress, and by the time we'd covered just 3 miles, several of us were *beat*.

Our campsite was up a side drainage to the east, a terrific place out of the wind, with the Whole World at our feet.

### OUR ONLY RAIN

Friday morning was cloudy, and rain threatened throughout the day. Just as the oatmeal water came to a boil, a grizzly sow and her yearling bounded down the drainage, less than 200 yards away! The howling wind made their long, thick fur stand up, and their coats were shiny and silvery.

They must have spotted us from above, and Mama Grizzly couldn't get her child to follow fast enough. She kept looking back as if to say, "*Hurry up—let's get away from here!*"

We were sitting on an incredible perch. Our campsite was high on a mountainside, next to a large drainage that must be a raging torrent in the spring. Glacial debris, gravel, and pebbles looked like they'd been plowed up in a swath a hundred yards wide.

To the south, the gravel bar wound farther back into the Alaska Range. Dark storm clouds concealed the mountain peaks, and a dense white haze proved it was snowing farther in.

As our eyes swept from south to north, the clouds grew less threatening, until patches of blue showed over the park. All the mountainsides were golden brown with patches of brilliant red and yellow. Sometimes a light sprinkling rain fell, sometimes the sun shone down on our perch. It was *spectacular*.

This was the only day we got rained on. John and Roger pitched a tarp over the kitchen area (using walking sticks,



Sherry and Roger Lizotte

With the Wyoming Hills as a backdrop, John and Julie pack up.

camera tripods, and tent stakes) and we fared quite well.

We used an afternoon break in the weather to explore the rolling mountainside above us, and were nearly blown off the mountain when we left our wind-protected notch. The sunset was spectacular, with brilliant pinks and reds streaking across the sky.

### LUXURIES OF VISITOR CENTER

Saturday we packed up and headed back down the gravel bar. With the fierce wind to our back, the going was easier, but still tough. It took us a good 3 hours to reach the road, but Peanut M&Ms saved the day. We rode the next Camper Bus about an hour to Eielson Visitor Center, where we cooked a wonderful hot lunch, and relished hot water in real bathrooms!

After six days in the backcountry, we looked obviously different from the busloads of "regular" people who arrived at Eielson. Several folks wanted to know all about our trip and plans.

We got rid of all our garbage, freshened up, and repacked, leaving extra items in a couple of the BRCs, which the rangers thankfully allowed us to store at the Visitor Center for a couple of days.

### WYOMING HILLS

With decidedly lighter packs, we headed straight up to the ridgetop, just north across the road from the Visitor Center. It was a steep 1900-foot gain in just ½-mile. But oh my, oh my, *what a view!*

We were on Top of the World! To the west, the valley played out, and the land gently rolled to the horizon. To

the north rose the Wyoming Hills, gentle and golden.

To the east, as far as you could see, the Alaska Range, blasted white and shrouded with clouds, began the march toward us. The mountains grew in height and severity, taking over the entire southern horizon. It was breathtaking.

We found a wind-sheltered spot near a huge grizzly dig. There was plenty of water in little "kettle ponds," even at these heights. We cooked a wonderful dinner, and watched the clouds play their games across the sky.

To the south, along the Alaska Range, the clouds looked dark and angry. But to the north, it was clear blue. In between, long fingers of clouds reached from south to north, only to be pushed back by invisible forces. Puffy clouds and lenticular clouds and sweeping clouds took their turns covering and uncovering Mount McKinley. Of all our campsites, this was the most glorious.

We spent all of Sunday exploring our world. A couple of Dall's sheep grazed on the slopes below. The shifting clouds left moving shadows on the tundra at the foot of the Range.

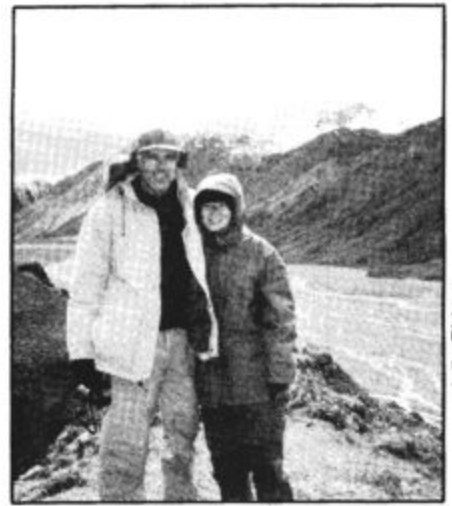
Colors moved from brilliant to muted. The Muldrow Glacier stretched out along the valley floor. Everything was charcoal grey and golden yellow, with rugged snow-white peaks towering above. We spotted grizzlies and caribou on the tundra.

That evening, as we sipped hot tea and read a Jack London short story, and the sunset turned the sky brilliant red and pink and orange, an owl swooped down over us.

### WONDER LAKE

Monday morning we packed up and once again descended to Civilization at the Eielson Visitor Center. We freshened up at the bathroom sinks, and boarded another Camper Bus on to the end of the road, at Wonder Lake Campground.

The campground was nearly closed; the water supply had already been turned off. We got a *first-class* site with an unobstructed view across the now-very-wide valley to Mount McKinley, straight south of us. We thoroughly enjoyed having actual picnic tables to sit and cook on, and we retrieved some mysterious orange drink from the "free shelf" in the food locker. By then any



Julie Eidson

Roger and Sherry above the East Fork Toklat River.

new addition to the menu was welcome!

We spent the rest of Monday and part of Tuesday exploring the Wonder Lake area, including a terrific Ranger Talk about grizzlies. Then we caught the Camper Bus for the 5-hour ride out.

Just past Eielson Visitor Center, we spotted a huge grizzly just 15 yards from the bus, and for twenty minutes we photographed the magnificent animal. He munched grass and berries and generally ignored us, but we had the time of our lives watching him. It was the Crown Jewel of our wildlife sightings!

### LEAVING THE WONDERLAND

We arrived at the Park Entrance around 5pm, stuffed our gear into lockers, pulled out clean clothes, and convinced one of the few remaining open motels to retrieve us. Long, luxurious hot showers and softer-than-Therma-rest beds were true treats.

We shopped for \$10 T-shirts (since most places were closing for the season), and soon left the Alaska Wonderland.

Our Trip Finale occurred on our last night, as we walked under a clear, star-filled sky, overlaid with the Northern Lights. We had seen Big Wildlife every single day and we never packed up a wet tent. Our lives are forever changed.

△

*Julie and John Eidson live in Seattle. Julie is a top real estate agent with RE/MAX Metro Realty; John is an independent contractor.*

LARRY SMITH

# Glaciers in the Fog

—SOMETHING WAS NOT QUITE RIGHT—

Pat, Ray and I decided it was high time we toted our skis up to the Christie and Delabarre Glaciers in Olympic National Park for some summer ski turns. We pulled into the North Fork Quinault trailhead in mid-morning of July 2, loaded our packs with skis and other goodies, and had a beautiful trip up to the Low Divide. We packed our smaller loads for the next day, and went to sleep with anticipation.

The next morning, we were greeted by fog, wind, and changing weather. We decided to head for Mount Delabarre and its glacier, hoping for enough visibility to travel. From the saddle in marginal weather, we traveled cross-country at about the 4500 foot level, following benches along the south side of the ridge between Christie and Delabarre.

Saw a big bear looming through the fog, and caught occasional views of our objective during breaks. The going was slow, but we were able to navigate reasonably, using map and compass, as well as Pat's altimeter-on-a-wrist. We had kidded him about the utter audacity he had to even bring this monstrous wrist computer into the wilds, but we had to concede that it made our travel much more positive in the fog.

We finally reached the base of Delabarre, and made a good effort to get to the upper slopes, but the visibility was

getting worse, and we were not able to see more than a couple of hundred feet. We turned around and headed for that tempting snowfield above Martins Park.

We reached it in the late afternoon, and had a beautiful run down to Martins Park, carving figure 8s as we went. We hiked down to Low Divide in light mist.

The second morning was still marginal, but we were antsy to climb Christie and ski its glaciers. We hoofed back up to Martins Park and hung out on the rocks in the mist for about 5 hours.

The weather seemed to be improving locally, so we started up the glacier on the east slopes of Christie, hoping to get a nice run. A few holes in the mist kept our spirits up. Soon we were nearing the top of the glacier, so we crested out on the ridge in poor visibility.

We looked down onto the expansive snowfield below and west of us, thinking it must be the Christie Glacier. This was a mistake, and we did not double-check our maps. We whooped and holstered down the snow, carving turns. In swirling fog we skied carefully to the snout.

Traipsing down the outlet stream, and heading for the "notch," we noted the scene did not seem quite right. When we crested the notch in the fog, we expected to see lower Martins Park below us. We saw a large, unfamiliar basin instead.

Now we pulled out our maps, and realized we had come the wrong way.

The fog had made our basin seem very similar to the Christie Glacier basin, and we assumed too much. We now had a much longer distance to cover to traverse to the Christie Glacier. We crossed the basin in deteriorating weather and realized we were not going to make it back to camp unless we were willing to travel with headlamps through the rain.

We decided to "hole up" in a protective clump of hemlocks in the basin and wait for first light. We had our Ten Essentials and good clothing, but still had to endure a cold, sleepless night. A good lesson here!

The third morning dawned gray and misty, but the visibility was good enough to travel. After CONSULTING OUR MAPS, we were able to travel right to the base of the Christie Glacier. Although we were feeling sluggish, we could not resist climbing Mount Christie. The sun came out, and the climb was a joy.

The ski back down the *real* Christie Glacier was probably one of the most scenic runs I have encountered. The glacier is encircled by a horseshoe of dark rocky fangs, and the feeling of isolation was awe-inspiring. We climbed the correct notch, and had another phenomenal run down to lower Martins Park.

We pulled back into camp in the early afternoon. After some snacks, we all retired to our bags for some nap time. That evening, the clouds parted and we sashayed around the meadows of Low Divide, observing mammals and flowers.

The fourth morning was a joy, with the sun warming everything and allowing us to dry our gear before packing down the trail. Saw a nice herd of elk in the meadows below Mount Seattle. Made our way down the trail with sunshine and smiles. Did not even need to consult our maps!

△

*Larry Smith was raised in Aberdeen where he learned about backcountry travel from his grandfather. Larry now lives in Port Orchard.*



Larry Smith

Pat climbs Mount Christie for a run on the glacier.

JON JONCKERS

## Appikuni Falls ... And So Does Jon

—BEWARE OF THE BIGHORN SHEEP—

For me hiking in Glacier National Park isn't just a pastime—it's a religion. Ever since my first hike to Iceberg Lake, I've felt a thunder in my heart to travel all over the Showcase of the Rockies.

Yet this year had been particularly horrible for the devoted Glacier hiker. This year's snowpack reached major proportions as usual, yet the massive storms in early June ravaged the park.

A piece of Going-To-The-Sun road vanished, nearly one lane of the road to Many Glacier lodge was washed away, and about 80% of the trails were closed due to bridges mysteriously disappearing. I was heartbroken to discover that most of my favorite trails were closed to me on my recent trip to one of the most beautiful places in the world.

However, I was determined to make the best of the remaining 20% of open trails. I decided to try to go as high as I could on the trail to Piegan Pass, hoping that a miracle might allow me to stand on the Continental Divide. Not a chance—too many swollen creeks barred my path.

### PARK IS CHISELED BEAUTY

I returned completely disappointed. Glacier has always represented a certain freedom-of-the-hills. The park is a chiseled beauty magnified with its awesome elevation and fanged ridges. Every direction reveals a different spine of yet another dragon's-back ridge.

Massive blocks and towers lean out over the lakes leaving bold reflections in the winter waters; the visual inspirations are incredible. My trail addiction was racing through my blood, and I prayed that I would find an open trail soon. Very soon.

Appikuni Falls is a unique waterfall about 2 miles or so up from Sherburne Lake. The waterfall is tucked rather nicely in the corner of a 60-foot wall, and when the wind howls down Altyn Peak the water waves out away from the wall in a mist that coats everything within 30 yards.

### FINALLY—A TRAIL OPEN

After checking to see that it was open, I clambered up the trail with my mother, my girlfriend, and my aunt and uncle. We reached the falls and pulled out a brief lunch to celebrate the majesty of the water and the rocks around us.

As the rest of my family sat together finishing their water bottles and discussing plans for the remainder of our stay at Glacier, I decided to venture up the remainder of the trail to the top of Appikuni Falls. I scrambled up a pile of scree searching for the switchbacks leading up the cliffside. Reaching the remnants of last year's trail, I plodded up the steep grade all the while absorbing the view.

As I was rounding one of the turns of the switchbacks, a head popped up from behind a rock. A young bighorn sheep glanced at me with a weed tweaking out of its nose. Another head appeared, and four bewildered eyes stared at me for rudely interrupting their lunch.

One of the beasts took a step toward me, but I rounded the corner rapidly and slipped up the remainder of the cliff without giving them a chance to wonder what I was doing on their ledge.

I emerged from the set of switchbacks to a refreshing view that opened to a wonderful valley covered in snow. Alpine bushes and shrubs pushed up through the winter glaze, and I could finally look down to where Appikuni Creek dumped over the rock wall.

I meandered along the remainder of the trail toward where it vanished under the snow, and I sighed with amazement at the wonder surrounding me. I was satisfied to be at this one spot this one instant.

Regretfully, I decided I must return to my family or I'd be left to walk all the way back to the lodge. I took a moment to freeze the image in my mind, and then I followed my steps in the snow back to the trail that would lead me back down the cliff. That single moment had made the whole eight-hour drive worth all the time on the

road. My Glacier addiction had been satisfied.

I ran back to the switchbacks, hoping to get another look at the bighorns before I had to scramble back to the car. I slipped a little, and they watched me as I plodded down the first ramp.

### THE CLATTER OF HOOVES

We stared at each other the whole time, and I curiously watched one of the sheep walk right onto the trail. Rather than try to spook him off the trail, I figured it was just better if I cut the switchback and passed by the pair 30 yards away. I sat down on my rear, skidded down to the next traverse of the trail, and accidentally passed it.

While trying to stop myself, I kicked loose a stone about the size of a football and sent it tumbling off the cliff. I followed the rock downward but managed to stop at the next passing of the trail. The stone continued and I could hear it clatter into some avalanche debris about 30 feet below me. I prayed that it didn't hit anyone.

Next, I stood up, brushed off my seat, and gathered up my spirits for a light jog to catch up with my family. I stumbled forward a few steps, and emerged on a narrow spot on the trail only to look down and see two hikers waving furiously at me.

My first thought was that they might have been hurt or scared from the rock I had sent down. Then I noticed that they were motioning behind me. I turned around just in time to see the two bighorn sheep come blazing down on me—and the first one had its head lowered.

The scramble of my boots finding purchase on the steep terrain was muffled under the clatter of hooves as the creatures started to gain on me. At first, I was unable to sprint. Just keeping my balance was difficult enough, but the fear of what was coming pushed me faster than I could have ever gone otherwise. I was racing them on their turf, and I began to realize that I was going to lose if I didn't react. I aban-



doned the trail, and said my final wishes as I jumped off the path over the remaining cliff and onto the jumble of rocks that have been falling down these walls for eons.

### ONLY MY PRIDE HURT

I landed all right, no serious damage other than my pride, as I rolled down to the feet of the two hikers. Both of them laughed hysterically as we all watched the two bullies disappear up the cliff into a col. My mother had just started down from the waterfall, and upon hearing the shouts, she charged up to us while I was still nursing a bruise on my rear. I could barely contain myself, trying to explain my odd descent while the hikers continued to joke and laugh at my wild escape. Mom's eyes search-

ed the cliff trying to catch a glimpse of the culprits, while the hikers kept chuckling between their attempt to explain my crazy leap.

Throughout Glacier National Park, one can find large posters at the head of each trail reminding hikers that they are hiking in a wilderness area. These posters capture most people's attention with a large picture of a bear running. All of the guide books for Glacier National Park make it very clear to be noisy and not to disturb any of the animals in their habitat. Yet none of these warnings mention the threat of bighorn sheep enjoying lunch on a ledge.

My chest was pounding all the way back to the car, and I couldn't make it around any bends in the trail until I

had established a clear path of escape. As I passed other hikers going up the trail, I constantly stopped to warn them of the bloodthirsty bighorn sheep ahead. For the twenty minutes following the chase, I was a mess of worry. My image of Glacier Park had been shattered.

But when I finally did reach the car, I sat down on a large rock and had one of the most fabulous laughs I've had in a long time.

Appikuni Falls ... and sometimes people who get chased by bighorn sheep fall too. △

*Jon Jonckers, of Spokane, divides his time between the backcountry and working at Mountain Gear.*

## KAYAK SYMPOSIUM '95

—2½ DAYS FILLED WITH KAYAKING—

I'll admit it up front—I'm a big fan of the West Coast Sea Kayak Symposium. The one just completed September 15 through 17 is the third I've attended, and I have yet to go away disappointed.

Each year changes are made to improve the program. This year, the number of available activities for Friday was significantly increased. In addition a special program for children was integrated into the Symposium providing a great way for parents to get their kids involved in this sport. And a number of new classes and instructors were added to the overall program.

There is a fee to attend—so what do you get for your money? To start with, you have roughly 2½ days filled with classes on a variety of subjects, each lasting 1 hour and 15 minutes.

Not all classes are inside. Those conducted by NWOC involve getting out on the water in kayaks. They also do a sunrise paddle on both Saturday and Sunday. Be warned though—their classes and sunrise paddles are limited in size and fill up fast. By the time I got to signing up on Friday for a morning paddle, they were already full and I was out of luck!

Thinking about buying a kayak? The Symposium has a beach full of boats from different manufacturers that you can demo to your heart's content. To



*Beach scene from this year's Symposium.*

Lee McKee

expedite this, bring your own life jacket if you have one. *Don't be shy* in asking to try a boat. Otherwise you may have a long wait before a boat representative will ask *you* if you want to take one out.

Looking for some good buys on kayaks and kayak equipment? You'll find displays from a number of local stores as well as some out-of-state vendors; most have special Symposium prices. In addition you'll find individuals with **FOR SALE** signs on their kayaks.

Three women who had come up from the Bay area specifically for the Symposium all found kayaks they liked and each bought one at a reduced price!

Like auctions? There is a silent auction on a large selection of equipment—this year the equipment included kayaks. This provides another opportunity to get a good deal if you can beat your fellow bidder.

For entertainment there is a slide show on Friday night and a dance band on Saturday night. If you don't like the dancing, an alternative place to get together with quiet music is provided.

If you're interested in attending next year, here are some pointers. To take part in an NWOC on-the-water class, arrive early on registration day or you may find the class full like I did.

Although weather has generally been good the past three years, each year there has been morning fog. This year it was almost a drizzle on Sunday. So bring clothes suitable for cool and possibly damp mornings. Usually it burns off and gets quite hot by afternoon.

Classes conducted by Wayne Horodowich, the director of Adventure Programs at UC/Santa Barbara, are very popular. You should attend at least one of his presentations. His classes are generally standing (or sitting-on-the-floor) room only!

Finally, come prepared to spend a weekend full of sea kayaking—there are lots of things to keep you occupied. Look for information on next year's Symposium early next summer. There is usually a reduced registration fee if you sign up early which helps with the cost. If you do go next year, I hope you find it as enjoyable as I do.—*Lee McKee, Port Orchard*

PETER STEKEL

# WHERE THE RIVERS MEET

## —GHOSTS AND DINOSAURS—

I've seen dinosaurs; living things that have survived their ability to compete with human beings and other things in their environment. In college, I saw them in labs but I've also seen them in the wild.

I've held dinosaur thoughts; thoughts so archaic they long ago lost their usefulness yet are passed on generation to generation. They're the thoughts you feel when you see the full moon rise. They're the thoughts you feel when you see a barn owl fly. They're the thoughts you realize when you know why people believe they have seen a ghost. I've seen ghosts.

The farmlands of Idaho's Magic Valley are dotted with ghost factories. Grain elevators provide homes for families of barn owls. The owls are white and large and fly overhead in the darkest of night. They call to each other and when they do the sounds they make are enough to convince you the dead have risen from their graves.

One wondrous and frightening night a party of barn owls circled over my house. They wove in and out of an imaginary cone whose locus was at my feet. The full moon illuminated each bird and then they would move into shadow.

It was a family. The parents were teaching the children to fly. Had I been in a cemetery I would have convinced myself these owls were souls unable to make their way to the afterlife.

For that moment I was not a twentieth century man. I was living in the oldest of portions of my brain, the parts that reject rationality in favor of superstition or survival. I was not *Homo sapiens*; thinking man.

Daylight holds mysteries; enigmas unsolvable in the absence of night. We are too visually oriented and distracted by color, shape, and movement. Sometimes the mystery is so subtle that you miss it, like the seasons in California.

Outsiders will tell you we have two seasons here: wet and dry. But the seasons don't beat you over the head like in the east, demanding you sit up and

pay attention. Spring creeps in like a cat stalking an English sparrow. Autumn is more a feeling in the air than a colorful visual experience. California's seasons are elusive and require an enlightened being to detect.

Sometimes we stumble over subtleties in nature and unless we're quick enough to pick up on the clues, we miss important events.

One summer I was hiking in Yellowstone National Park. This is a place I'm convinced has changed little for many generations. Yes, original inhabitants like the Sheepeater and Piegan Indians are gone. Roads and stores plus other trappings of modern life occupy the landscape.

But civilization has always been here. People have always found Yellowstone to be a worthy place to live. When you enter the backcountry though, away from the contemporary frame of reference, you could be any one living in any time.

There is a place in the Thorofare Valley where two rivers meet. The one which gives its name to the valley flows from the mountains and is wild and unkempt. The other, the Yellowstone, the larger, its energy spent, wanders and meanders through the spacious valley of its bed. In places it is shallow, quick, and wide. In others, the river runs narrow, cold, and deep.

Thunderstorms during the summer may bring rain at any time; even snow. Floods are unusual, but only when compared to the spring run-off. I don't know if the Park Service ever bothered with bridges in the backcountry but I know they would never last one season. Stockmen and backpackers therefore must rely on fords.

Normally, the protocol for hikers is to wear lightweight shoes, keeping your hiking boots in plastic bags inside your pack. All gear is double wrapped in garbage bags in case your pack falls in the water. One hiker crosses first, his pack balanced over, or on, the head. His pack is tethered to the second hiker by parachute cord. The second hiker

crosses the same way.

The idea is this. If anyone slips and falls into the river they needn't worry about losing their gear, only their life. A wise hiker will not drown because he will float, without panic, downstream. It makes my stomach churn, now, to think of falling in cold water.

I've never ridden a horse so I don't know how it is to cross the Yellowstone River sitting in a saddle. I do know the excitement of not wanting to cross it on foot.

When my partner, Gregg, and I were told of a ford just below the confluence of the two rivers we were happy to hear it was thigh deep. We had planned to use the Yellowstone's regular ford some miles upstream. It was supposed to be chest deep on a tall man.

The new ford was at a bend in the river. On the near side a gravel bar extended into calm shallow water. Riffles cutting into the far bank indicated a deeper, swifter flow.

We made preparations to cross. Trusting our information we decided to forego the parachute cord. Being a chicken, I considered where the river changed from a walk to a run and wondered whether the downstream end of the bar held a better crossing. I went to explore.

It was muddier down there and I saw the tracks of animals that had come down to drink. A mat of willow and alder leaves were being buried in the silt. One day they could be fossils.

I saw one set of tracks I didn't recognize but I could tell they were from a wading bird. There was one rearward toe and three forward toes with webbing in between. Judging from the size, whoever made the tracks was pretty big. My mind automatically began to sort the clues.

My sight had been focused on the water and then the tracks close at hand. I was surprised when I heard a croaking not unlike a person choking on a fish bone. When I looked up, not 100 feet from me were two of the most gorgeous tall, white birds I had ever seen in my sweet short life. They were in the

KAREN SYKES

## INDEPENDENCE LAKE

### —COMRADES IN THE RAIN—

Comrades is a new Mountaineer group that features most Mountaineer activities but at a slower pace. We've offered trips since June of 1994 and I am hopeful after over a year of ups and downs that Comrades will play an important role in peoples' enjoyment of the mountains. So far we've attracted people of all ages and abilities but we also need more leaders. If any Mountaineers are interested in leading a hike for Comrades please give me a call (if you're a Mountaineer you already know how to get my phone number).

But what about a Comrades hike in a downpour? Ten people had signed up for the hike on July 9 and I didn't know any of them. Despite a volatile weather forecast, all (but one) showed up at Verlot at the appointed time, in good spirits and ready to go. (It hadn't started raining yet so we were more optimistic than we should have been).

We drove up to the Coal Creek road (off the Mountain Loop Highway) and to the end of the road where the trailhead is. Coal Creek road makes a spectacular drive with views of some of the lesser known but dramatic peaks of the area. The road is fine for mountain cars, and just tolerable for the family car.

I led at a slow pace as I could see it was truly needed by some. There were a few ex-smokers who were still struggling with the effects of years of smoking, and a few cases of bad knees and some who merely wanted to go slow to photograph the wildflowers. We got to Independence Lake after about ¾-mile of hiking through old growth forest. With the cloudy skies the lake was a deep blue-green.

One lone duck glided across the surface and we had a good laugh at that—one hiker with vision almost as bad as mine mistook the duck for a beaver. One thing led to another and the duck eventually became a walrus.

The trail continues around Independence Lake to the meadow and the camping area at the end of the lake. Then the trail begins to switchback toward the viewpoint above North Lake. These switchbacks are the most interesting part of the hike because of the wildflowers and the rocky aspect of the cliffs off to our right.

We saw a lot of everything: trilliums, valerian, meadowrue, columbine, phlox, penstemon (always hanging from rocks above the head and hard to photograph), yellow and purple violets, salmonberry and cow parsnip.

On my last trip to the lakes I had looked in vain for the somewhat rare butterwort so I was delighted when one hiker found and identified it. It has a dainty purple flower but is an insectivorous plant—it traps small insects on its sticky leaves and digests them as a source of nitrogen. The plant was "eating" a few small, black gnats as we looked. But, it was starting to rain so we continued. There is also a large yellow Alaskan cedar on the trail—a genuine giant.

I had hoped we would get to the ridge above North Lake but in the hard rain and thick clouds I knew there was no point in continuing.

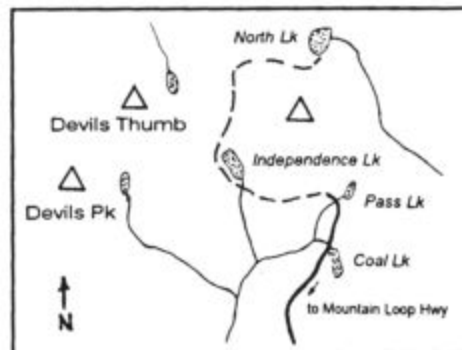
Some hikers new to hiking did not have much extra gear with them so we had lunch under the trees about 200 feet short of the viewpoint, where it

was dry enough that we didn't get drenched. Since there was no view to be seen from the viewpoint we began to hike back down.

Despite the heavy rain and sore knees everyone seemed to be having a good time and no one suffered damp spirits. Independence Lake had lost its blue-green gloss—now it was a ghostly white with a few snags rearing up like prehistoric beasts. Our duck was gone.

It felt great to get back to the cars and into dry clothes. Other than the fact that most of our cars almost had a head-on collision with an errant white pick-up truck roaring up the mountain and refusing to give us room, we made it to the Timberline Cafe without further incident.

No pie for the leader today—the leader is counting fat grams and those delicious pies are off limits, at least for the time being.



*Karen Sykes, of Seattle, has been a Mountaineer member for fifteen years.*

### WHERE THE RIVERS MEET

process of taking off.

The trailing end, on the underside of their wing-tips, was trimmed in black. The wings beat perfect time like an orchestra conductor while the birds flew from my intrusion. Their heads bobbed up and down; the whole scene looked like some awkward, incongruous dance.

They were whooping cranes, I knew, but I tried to convince myself they

couldn't be. Whooping cranes don't "belong" here any more than pterodactyls. This part of Wyoming is out of their range. Only about 80 have survived the destruction of their habitat and each one's whereabouts is known.

I turned and shouted to Gregg. His back was to me and he couldn't hear anything over the sound of the water. He couldn't miss this!

I tried one more time. Maybe he heard me or maybe he felt the urgency and excitement I projected, but he turned. I pointed to the birds. Glorious. He nodded. Then we both watched the dinosaurs disappear.

*Peter Stekel, of Seattle, is a freelance writer.*

MAURI PELTO

# The Dead and Dying

—THE LATEST REPORT ON OUR VANISHING GLACIERS—

The morning of August 17 we awoke at the base of Cathedral Rock, below the glaciers on Mount Daniel, to find 9 inches of new snow on the ground, with more piling up fast.

I have spent 12 consecutive summers working on North Cascade glaciers, but never had I seen so much new snow as low as 6000 feet, and the snowline extended down to 4000 feet that day.

This capped a 10-day period in which we experienced measurable snow on eight days at the 6000-foot level.

Southeast Alaska glaciers are wet and cold with nearly daily snow in August, but this is unusual for the North Cascades.

Between August 6 and August 20 more snow fell than melted at 7000 feet in the North Cascades. Normally snowmelt averages 3 to 6 inches per day at this altitude. Thus, melting for the first half of August was 50 to 60 inches below normal. The impact of this two-week period of weather was significant to the mass balance (total snow accumulation—total snow and ice melt) of these glaciers for the year.

## SNOWPACK, EAST & WEST

In early May snowpack was close to normal west of the Cascade crest, but east of the crest in the Wenatchee and Yakima River basins snowpack was well above average. By August 1, however, glacier snowpack west of the crest was .5m below average and quite similar to the three previous poor years.

East of the crest snow depth on the glaciers remained slightly above normal. After the period of August snowfall, glacier snowpack was at the long term average west of the crest, .7m higher than in 1993 or 1994.

East of the crest on September 1, snow depth was .9m above average in the Mount Daniel region. Warm weather returned in late August and by the end of the melt season on September 27, mass

balance was positive on all four Mount Daniel glaciers, close to equilibrium on Rainbow Glacier (Mount Baker), Cache Col Glacier (Cascade Pass), Honeycomb and White River Glaciers (Glacier Peak) and Sholes Glacier (Ptarmigan Ridge), and negative on the Lower Curtis Glacier (Mount Shuksan) and Columbia Glacier (Monte Cristo area), the two lowest-elevation glaciers. This suggests that several winter and summer storms had high freezing levels leading to rain on the low elevation glaciers.

## SEVEN NEW LAKES

This summer the North Cascades Glacier Climate Project examined glacier retreat in the Kololo Peaks area on the south side of Glacier Peak. Seven new alpine lakes have emerged from beneath the ice in this area since the last update of the USGS maps in 1984.

Each lake results from glacier retreat in the last 30 years. Three new lakes are at the termini of the White Chuck

Glacier, two at the termini of White River Glacier, one at the end of the Honeycomb Glacier and one at the end of the unnamed glacier just east of White River Glacier.

## THE DEAD AND DYING

This group of glaciers has retreated in the last century as much as any other in the North Cascades. How much have they retreated in the last 30 years and are these glaciers going to survive?

The northern half of **White Chuck Glacier** extending up to Glacier Gap is rapidly melting stagnant ice. No crevasses exist and this is no longer a glacier.

The ice in places may still be quite thick and may not disappear for many years. The central terminus ends in a lake at 6480 feet. This basin was filled with glacier ice in 1967.

In 1975, the glacier had retreated into the basin and a small lake had developed. In 1995, the lake is 265m long and still expanding. This is a shallow lake and may fill with sediment soon.

Total retreat of the central terminus since 1955 has been 410m, and since 1967 has been 280m.

The southern terminus of the White Chuck Glacier is in a lake at 6640 feet. This terminus has retreated 560m since 1955, and 190m since 1967. The main section of this glacier ending in the central and southern termini has a slightly convex shape and a long gentle slope extending up to 7100 feet, with many small crevasses.

The glacier is 50 to 100m thick, and though retreating is a long way from disappearing. In distance the retreat has not been as significant as the thinning. At the 7000-foot contour the glacier has lost 65m of thickness on the northern and southern section since 1949.

**White River Glacier** in 1967 had two principal termini at the south end of two basins at 6900 to 7000 feet. Today two substan-

**Table 1. Glacier retreat of Glacier Peak glaciers monitored by the NCGCP in 1994 and 1995.** The top group all advanced during the 1970s; retreat is measured from the 1970's maximum moraines to the 1994 or 1995 terminus position. The lower group has retreated continuously during the last 50 years. Retreat was measured from benchmark locations and compared to vertical aerial photographs taken from 1960 to 1967 by Austin Post (USGS) and from 1949 to 1955 by Richard Hubley (University of Washington).

	RETREAT IN METERS	
	1970s to 1994 or 1995*	
Ermine	65	
Kennedy	103	
Ptarmigan	57	
Scimitar	62	
Vista	80	
Suiattle	17*	
Gerdine	32*	
	1955 to 1967	1967 to 1995
Honeycomb	162	458
White River W	-	270
White River E	-	160
White Chuck C	130	280
White Chuck S	370	190
Unnamed	-	250

tial lakes have developed below each of the termini. The basins have resulted from glacier retreat.

The western basin is 260m across and the eastern basin is 155m across. Total retreat since 1967 has been 270m and 160m respectively for the western and eastern termini of the White River Glacier. The termini of this glacier are steep and thick but lack a convex shape indicating that a moderate retreat is continuing.

**Suiattle Glacier** advanced slightly during the 1965-1975 period, and began retreating by 1979. Retreat from the advance moraine of the 1970s to the summer of 1995 has been 17m. The terminus remains crevassed, steep and convex, indicating that only a slow retreat will be occurring in the near future.

**Honeycomb Glacier** is the largest glacier in the Glacier Peak region. It has retreated more than a mile since its Little Ice Age Maximum. Retreat since 1975 has exposed a new lake basin. Retreat from 1955 to 1995 has been 350m and from 1967 to 1995 has been 458m.

The terminus is stagnant and this glacier will continue its rapid retreat. There was a small nunatak in the glacier at 6400 feet in 1967. The base of this nunatak is now 700m from the terminus, is quite large, and records a thinning of 50m since 1967.

The large upper accumulation zone (above 7600 feet) of this glacier, in-

stead of being in a basin or a valley like most North Cascade glaciers, is on a ridge, and snow depths are not high because of the wind scour on this exposed surface. This upper section of the glacier contributes very little ice to the lower Honeycomb, explaining why this glacier terminus is not more vigorous.

An unnamed glacier just east of White River Glacier and on the west side of the Lightning Creek Basin had an area of .3km<sup>2</sup> in 1965. In 1995, this glacier has an area of .11km<sup>2</sup>, ending in a substantial newly-formed lake. This glacier shows no indication of moving and will disappear quickly.

#### A STUDY OF GARBAGE

Our last finding was not pleasant. Hiking down Sulphur Creek from the Easton Glacier on a rainy-snowy day we filled a garbage bag with more than 50 beer cans, assorted snowmobile parts and assorted junk.

This is more trash than I have seen everywhere else combined. Which National Recreation Area user group do



Mauri Pelto at the terminus of Columbia Glacier, with its August runoff.

Mauri Pelto

you suppose was the primary source of this much trash? △

*Mauri Pelto is the director of the North Cascade Glacier Climate Project, based at Nichols College, Massachusetts.*

*A half-dozen volunteer groups were supposed to meet the NCGCP in the field this summer, including a Pack & Paddle reader. None was able to make contact with the study group due to the bad weather.*

## PANORAMA

NEWS FROM ALL OVER

**PAY FOR RESCUE**—In Canada, a new system will have hikers pay for their rescues. Reimbursement for emergency services and medical treatment in wilderness areas will be required for commercial tour operators in 1996, and for ordinary folks in 1997.

This will have a great impact in BC, where the West Coast Trail alone was the site of 62 emergencies over the summer. These included sprained or twisted ankles, broken bones, hypothermia, exhaustion, chest pains and missing people.

A basic rescue on the WCT averages \$390 per person, not including helicopter time.

**REDUCING THE VIEW**—The views of Mount Rainier National Park are not as clear as they once were. A 1994 study attributes the haze to pollution

from one of the region's biggest energy producers, a coal-fired power plant near Centralia.

The National Park Service estimates the plant contributes 30% of the sulfur gas that combines with water to form light-blocking particulates over the Park. The Park has requested that PacifiCorp, the utility that owns the plant, install sulfur scrubbers to clean the plant's stacks.

PacifiCorp claims it has already agreed to cut the plant's sulfur pollution by 20%, and blames much of the problem on Puget Sound cities.—*excerpted from "Conservation News."*

**SAINT HELENS ACTIVITY**—Due to recent seismic activity at Mount Saint Helens, portions of the Loowit and Truman trails on the north side of the volcano have been closed until further

notice. For information, contact Monument Headquarters at 360-750-3900.

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# REST STOP

EQUIPMENT, RECIPES, TIPS

**DRINK MIX**—Here is a formula for electrolyte replacement drink from Group Health, a great deal less expensive than the widely advertised "sports" drinks.

In one quart water: 2 tablespoons sugar, ½ teaspoon baking soda, ½ teaspoon salt. Doesn't taste bad at all.

Have considered adding some vitamin C but not sure how it would react with the soda.—*Paul G. Schaufler, Olympia.*

**TOMATO PASTE**—Last winter I experimented with tomato paste in my search to make camping food taste better. I just opened up a can, spread it out on teflon sheets as you would for fruit leather, and dehydrated it.

When it was dry I cut it up in little pieces with kitchen shears. Then I put it in the boiling water that I pour over my cous cous. It didn't all dissolve but it softens enough to color the water—and gives flavor to the cous cous.—*Marian Mae Robison, Wapato.*

**SUTLIFF BOOKS AVAILABLE**—We have had several inquiries recently from readers wanting to know how to obtain copies of Mary Sutliff's books, *Teaway Country* and *Entiat Country*.

These guidebooks from the early '80s are the result of Mary's extensive exploring in both these areas of the eastern Cascades. Although some roads and trails have changed over the years, the information she provides is still useful to those wanting to travel in the Teaway and Entiat drainages.

Mary reports she still has a few copies of each book left. If you are interested in ordering one or both, call Mary for details: 360-435-9574 (mornings are best).

**FROSTLINE**—Kits for sleeping bags, dog packs, rain gear, pile jackets and good ol' mountain parkas are available in the latest Frostline catalog. All you need is a sewing machine and some time to make your own gear.

Their catalog is now produced on non-glossy paper and is completely recyclable. Call 800-548-7872.

**NEW HATCHES**—When Ann and I visited Pacific Water Sports recently, Lee Moyer showed us the new system he has for holding the hatches secure on his sea kayaks.

The design uses bungy cord criss-crossed across the top for a very easily operated system. His previous method had been to use a number of turn buckles to hold the hatch closed. He noted that older models could be retrofitted.—*Lee McKee, Port Orchard.*

**WATERWORKS FILTER**—A comment to Lindy Bakkar (*September, page 38*) and others who use an MSR Waterworks Water Filter: the problem Lindy describes of losing the inlet foam has been solved, and a whole host of honestly terrific improvements have been made on this product and on the new "Mini Works," a 100% ceramic media filter.

Not to sound too much like an ad (I work for MSR), but the improvements and new filter are awesome. New, made-in-Seattle ceramic doubles the life of the filter or can be used alone.

All improvements retrofit to current Waterworks. Production starts in November. The MSR store is local, so you can come by the little store and see what's new. It's at 4225 2nd Ave South in Seattle (206-624-8573).—*Dan Vorhis, Freeland.*

**MINI UNDER-DECK BAG**—The Mini Under-Deck Bag from Mark Pack Works is actually a clever pull-out drawer sliding on a pair of straps mounted on your sea kayak under the deck ahead of the cockpit.

The 3"x7.5"x17" bag has a double zipper opening that makes it easy to reach into the bag without actually pulling out the drawer.

I found it a very handy place for fishing gear on my last sea kayak trip and a good way to use that wasted space between your knees in a sea kayak. There is a larger model available for double kayaks.—*Lee Moyer, Pacific Water Sports.*

*Ed. Note: You can see a display model installed on a cut-apart kayak at Pacific Water Sports. PWS sells this version for \$49.00. Contact them for further information at 16055 Pacific Highway S, Seattle WA 98188 (206-246-9385) or you can write to Mark Pack Works, 230 Madison St, Oakland CA 94607 (510-452-0243).*

**FOLDING BOAT STANDS**—I had passed them up at last year's Symposium but purchased a pair this year.

Each stand is made of Schedule 40 PVC pipe (that's roughly 1½" outside diameter) and 2" seat-belt webbing. The pipe and assorted PVC fittings form the legs which are joined by a bolt that allows the legs to move. The webbing is connected to each side of the legs and is what the kayak or canoe rests on. The weight of the boat on the webbing forces the legs of the stand apart to provide support. The stands are set apart at whatever distance is right for supporting your particular boat.

So do I like them? You bet! For several reasons. The web conforms to the shape of the boat to provide good support. The stands are portable so I can move them and my boat wherever I want. The height is convenient for me to fiddle with the boat. And the webbing allows me to easily rotate my kayak for work on the bottom or the deck. In fact I like them so much I ordered a second pair.

For more information about the stands contact the manufacturer: **Paddlers Supply Company, 25127 Centre City Pkwy N, Escondido CA 92026 (619-739-8363).** The price for a pair of stands is \$57.95 plus shipping.—*Lee McKee, Port Orchard.*

**GRIZZLY BEAR WORKSHOP**—A day-long program of information to help you hike and camp safely in bear country will be presented twice in November, on the 4th and 18th. Workshop leader is bear expert Wayne Buchanan.

The seminar will be held at The Mountaineers building in Seattle. Call 206-545-7952 for information and registration. Cost is \$20 for Mountaineer members; \$25 for non-members.

**BEAR STORIES**—Alce Haglund was luckier than others. Bear busted into his cabin, stole a few supplies and took his Social Security card.

Another cabin-buster, less secure maybe, re-edged a table with dainty bear-sized bites. Stove pipe was chewed and scattered. And the stove? It was gone, but eventually found in the lake ... I suppose some bears work harder, not interested in early retirement.

Pick up a copy of *Alaska Bear Tales*, by Larry Kaniut (Alaska Northwest Publishing), for these and other true bear stories. Order from the publisher by calling 800-452-3032.—*Erl Syverstad, Spanaway.*

# EDITOR'S JOURNAL



South of Yellow Banks: packing up a wet camp on a winter beach hike.

**FROM THE MAILBOX**—"You have a great little magazine here. Please don't let it get big."—*Aberdeen*.

"I wish Backcountry News entries were shorter and more to the point."—*Salem*.

"I would be glad if you didn't use plastic windows on your renewal envelopes—easier to recycle."—*Port Townsend*.

"The hiking and climbing world has sure changed since I started. We didn't have guide books and trail reports. I remember complaining to your mom about writing *100 Hikes*. I was not happy. I watched *Signpost* grow through the years, and now *Pack & Paddle*. I know several people have subscribed this year because I loaned them my copies to read."—*Bellevue*.

**HISTORY**—It's always nice to get notes from the "old-timers"—folks who remember the old *Signpost* and my mother Louise (see above).

But we have many readers who were scarcely around 30 years ago and have no idea how we got where we are ...

In the '60s my mother was chair of The Mountaineers' backpack committee. She was asked so often by new club members about where to go that in 1965 she produced a book, *Trail Trips*, with directions and sketch maps for various introductory hikes near Seattle.

That was immensely popular. She also had collected a vast quantity of information on hikes and backpacks all over the Cascades, and saw the need for a larger guidebook, which she wrote.

That book was *100 Hikes in Western Washington*, published in 1966. It was the first guide of its kind for this area and was on the best-seller lists all that summer. That was the first of the now-famous *100 Hikes* series that we all use.

In the meantime, Louise also saw that a guidebook was not the complete answer. There was a need for some sort of communication medium so that trip leaders could take advantage of what previous leaders had encountered the week or the month before. Perhaps something that could be up-dated easily ... like a newsletter.

And so she began *The Signpost* in 1966. It grew from a simple newsletter that was produced between backpacking trips and distributed free to trip leaders (and anyone else who was interested) to a regular monthly magazine. My mother was its publisher for about 20 years until the mid-'80s; I was its editor for 12 years, until 1991 when I began *Pack & Paddle*.

Like the writer in "From the Mailbox," not everyone was wild about the idea of guidebooks, or magazines either, telling everybody where to go hiking. But like he says, "things have changed" and today guidebooks and trail reports are almost taken for granted!

**LOUISE**—People frequently ask me, "How is Louise and what is she doing now?" Mother is pretty much retired. She is only on the advisory boards of three or four outdoor and civic organizations these days, and she takes classes at the local community college for fun.

**TRAIL REPORTS**—We know that trail reports are an important feature of *Pack & Paddle*. (You tell us frequently.) Winter brings a change of emphasis—skiing, lowland hiking, snowcamping—but the trail reports keep coming in year round.

We are grateful to all who contribute. You make *Pack & Paddle* what it is.

If you are one of those who have never sent in a report, give it a try. You'll be making an important contribution to fellow hikers and paddlers. You don't need to know the managing

agency or the USGS quad name (we'll put that in, if it's in Washington); you don't have to type it. Just tell us about your trip.

**PHOTOS**—We also like to get photos of your trips. Scenery, your friends and family, wildlife and flowers all make interesting topics.

We can use either slides or prints, color or black and white. Please label your photos with subject and photographer. It's okay that you're only now getting around to having your summer film developed. We file your photos and use them as needed.

If you want them back, let us know and we'll make copies.

**GIFT SUBS**—This is the time of year when many people think of gift-giving. For your hiking friends and family, consider a gift of *Pack & Paddle*. Use the subscription form on page 11; we'll send an outdoorsy card if you check the spot that says "gift."

**SMALL WORLD**—Mary Sutliff told me the other day that while she and Gene were camped early last summer in the depths of the Pasayten somewhere, two backpackers came through. Each group was surprised to see the other and an interesting conversation ensued.

Turns out one of the other party was Grant Myers, a *Pack & Paddler*! It's a small world in the backcountry.

**ART SHOWS**—Ramona Hammerly and Dee Molenaar (both *Pack & Paddle* readers) have art shows scheduled this month. See page 19 for locations and hours. I always enjoy looking at the works they have produced, and Lee and I will probably stop by both of these exhibits.

Their larger paintings of mountain scenes are stunning. Get your boss to buy one for your office.

See you in the backcountry,

Ann Marshall

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## SWALLOW'S NEST

### Calendar of Events for November

Thurs. Oct. 26 **Nat Brown**-beginning/int. XC wax clinic.

Tues. Oct. 31 **Mistaya Lodge**-Canadian Rockies Ski Lodge a slideshow.

Thurs. Nov. 2 **Hans Zihlman** TOKO wax rep/XC racer from Switzerland.

Tues. Nov. 7 Introduction to **Fly Tying** taught by Swallows' Staff

Fri. Nov. 10 **Golden Alpine Holidays**-Canadian backcountry ski touring-a slideshow.

Tues. Nov. 21 **Bobbie Bensman**-Top ranked woman sport climber-slideshow/discussion.

Thurs. Nov. 30 **Avalanche Transceiver Class** taught by Swallows' Nest staff.

Fri. Dec. 1 **Avalanche Awareness**-a slide show by Gary Brill.



Swallows' Nest 2308 Sixth Avenue, Seattle, Wa. 98121 206-441-4100

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