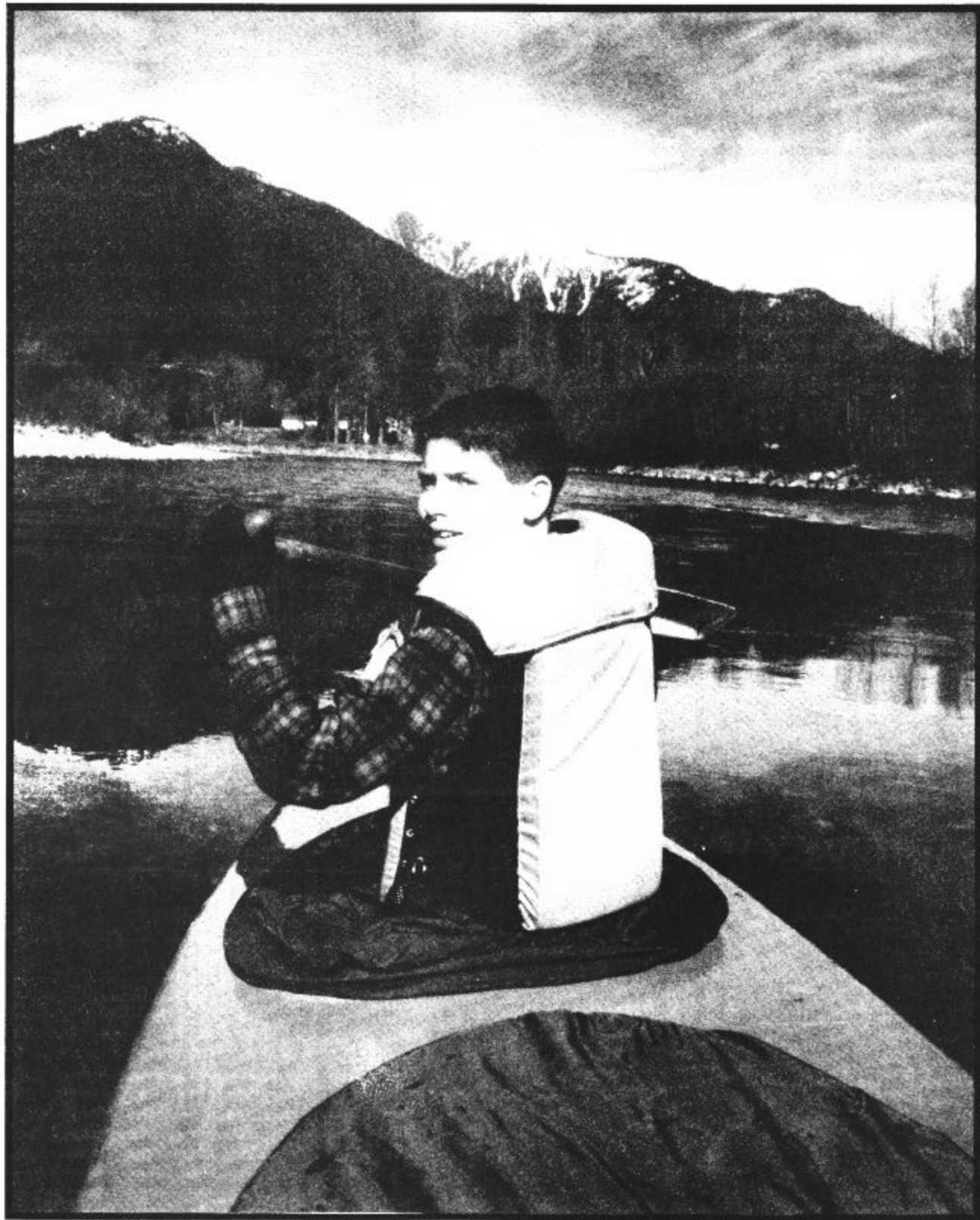


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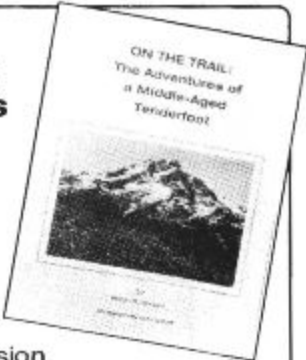



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COVER PHOTO:

John Butterworth plies the Skagit near Marblemount, Washington; Helen Butte ridge (left) and Diobsud Butte behind. Photo by John Roper.

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Staff

Publishers: A. Marshall and L. McKee
Editor: Ann Marshall
Business Manager: Lee McKee
Administrative Assistant: Yellow Cat

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Louise Marshall



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BROKEN GROUP SHELLFISH

Enjoyed the article on the Broken Group, BC (*February, page 19*), but want to remind readers that all of Pacific Rim National Park is closed to the taking of shellfish year-round. (See *P&P, December 1992, page 4*).

My West Coast Trail map gives "collecting and removing samples of marine ... is prohibited." However, on the other side: "CPS recommends that hikers not eat shellfish."

There are just too many people for us to feast on the shellfish, therefore the lack of shellfish which they observed.

Looks like Canadian Park Service is up against "accustomed usage" and not taking a clear stand.

Ramona Hammerly
Anacortes, Washington



BOOKS for your outdoor library

THE WASHINGTON BACKCOUNTRY ALMANAC. The Mountaineers, 1996. \$5.95.

This little volume of less than 100 pages is packed with information on Washington's National Parks and Forests, including Wilderness Areas.

It gives the location for each area, lists pertinent maps, rain- and snowfall, and local campgrounds. It includes addresses and phone numbers for more information.

"Regulations at a Glance" give the reader the basics on permits, quotas and party size restrictions. "Regulations in Detail" provide more thorough explanations of the rules, including special issues such as hunting seasons.

The goal of the *Almanac* is to help you with trip planning. It is intended to be updated every spring, and The Mountaineers asks for input from readers to keep it updated.

ADVENTURES IN GOOD COMPANY, by Thalia Zepatos. The Eighth Mountain Press, 624 SE 29 Ave, Portland OR 97214. \$16.95.

This book is for women who want to expand their adventure horizons with other women. It lists dozens of companies that specialize in guided trips worldwide for such activities as fly-fishing, bicycling, mountaineering and hiking.

THE BIG FACT BOOK ABOUT MOUNT RAINIER, by Bette Filley. Dunamis House, PO Box 321, Issaquah WA 98027. 1996. \$17.95.

More than 400 pages—an encyclope-



nology," which includes a fictional account of the next eruption ... food for thought.

Bette Filley (a *P&P* subscriber) is also the author of *The Wonderland Trail* guidebook.

SOUTH PUGET SOUND, AFOOT & AFLOAT, third edition, by Marge and Ted Mueller. The Mountaineers, 1996. \$14.95.

This indispensable guide for Puget Sound residents has been updated and revised for this third edition.

The *Afoot & Afloat* series covers all of Puget Sound, the San Juans, and the Straits. Not just for paddlers, it provides useful information for bicyclers and walkers. *South Puget Sound* covers the area south from Alki Point and Yukon Harbor.

CROSS-COUNTRY SKI TOURS: South Cascades and Olympics, second edition, by Tom Kirkendall and Vicky Spring. The Mountaineers, 1995. \$14.95.

For the purposes of this book, "South Cascades" is from Stevens Pass south—a really big area to cover. The authors detail the area between the Stevens Pass highway and the White Pass highway, providing reliable information for trip planning in this region.

South of White Pass the coverage gets a little spotty, but enough trips are listed to whet the appetite of any skier.

dia of Mount Rainier dates, facts, figures, photos, maps, lists, enough to satisfy even Rainier expert Dee Molenaar, who calls it a "must read."

One of the most interesting chapters is the couple of dozen pages on "Volca-

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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-  —Hiking, backpacking on trails.
-  —Canoeing, kayaking and water trips.
-  —Snowshoeing and cross-country skiing.



PENINSULA



GENERAL CONDITIONS—Snow in the high country; mud, floods and disaster on roads and trails in the low country. Check conditions before you go!

 **NORTH FORK SKOKOMISH** (*Olympic Natl Park; USGS Mt Skokomish*)—Five of us decided to take a little snowshoe jaunt to Black and White Lakes. They are north of Flapjack Lakes. The roads had been plowed and compact snow remained, no ice. We were able to drive easily to the Staircase Ranger Station.

Red sky in the morning but we decided we could beat the forecast of rain. We left the car at 8:15am dressed warmly. It was below 30 and the cold air made breathing uncomfortable.

The sun was out and we could see the golden glow on the snow above us and eventually glimpses of sun through the trees. We could feel the warmth on our faces if we faced it but it was not strong enough to warm us through our clothes.

We put on snowshoes after crossing the log bridge. It was soft snow going over the bridge on the way in but really icy on the way back. The usual blow-downs are still there to go over, under,

around or through.

The snow was surprisingly powdery. I went through over my knees even with snowshoes on! It was tough going and tiring even with everyone taking turns breaking the trail.

The two "serious" creek crossings were challenging. The rocks and most of the creeks were completely ice-covered. On the "big" creek, Judy followed Rick and Jennifer who must have taken a slightly different route because she broke through the ice and dunked her feet in the icy water. Luckily dry socks were available so she was soon ready to go again.

It began to shower us with ice pellets at about 1pm. We got about 7 miles and just short of the junction between Flapjack and Black and White Lakes at 2:30 and turned back. Shortly thereafter, it began snowing. We could feel the temperature warming and in a little bit it began raining. By the time we reached the car at 6:30pm (by flashlight) it was pouring.

We realized that the trip home would be difficult because the rain on frozen snow and pavement would be ice. It was. On the radio we heard that I-5 was closed in Oregon because of black ice; that there was a 25-car pile-up on the highway east of McCleary. Traffic was rerouted through the Kamilche cut-off which was our route home.

We saw one car in the ditch and everyone was going very slowly. We did not have any problems with 4WD but did feel slipping a few times.—Edythe, Jennifer, Judy, Rick, Rory, Olympians Hiking Club, 2/3.



DUCKABUSH TRAIL

(*The Brothers Wilderness; USGS Mt Jupiter, The Brothers*)—Kerry and I usually start the year with an overnight backpack in the freezing weather. This year we had to wait until the first weekend in February before we found the right weather. We were not sure of the amount of snow we were going to encounter but we knew it would be more than we wanted.

As soon as the blacktop turned to gravel, we were driving in snow and when we pulled up to the trailhead, it was about 8 inches deep. As we got out of the truck I gave her one last chance to bail out but she said, "Let's go for it," so we did.

As we started up the trail we saw a couple of jays jumping around in the branches and a chipmunk give us the eye as we passed his tree. The snow was light and powdery and didn't even get our boots wet. Some of the snow looked like potato flakes.

We counted about 24 blowdowns as far as Five Mile Camp but all were easy to get around. Several places climbing up the Big Hump we saw cascades of icicles. Some were up to ten feet or more in length. Kerry wanted to play a tune on them with her ice axe but they

BACKCOUNTRY NEWS DEADLINE: March 22

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

kept breaking.

When we got to Five Mile Camp, we set up our tent, ate lunch and hiked on up the trail. At this point the snow was 12 to 16 inches deep and getting deeper. About a quarter of a mile up the trail from camp is a place I call Crying Rock, because water is always dripping down it and onto the trail. When it's freezing, it makes a nice sheet of ice on the trail. This time the trail had lots of snow on it so we had no trouble passing by.

Even though the sun was covered up with clouds, the snow formations on rocks and tree stumps were neat to look at. A lot of branches were bent over with snow piled on them. Sometimes when we knocked the snow off, the branch would pop up out of our way. We got back to camp in time to set up a tarp to cook under before it started raining.

The temperature was below freezing and in the morning I had to pour hot water in my cup to get the frozen tea bag out of it. Kerry went to put her contacts on and found that the water in the case had frozen and broken one of the lenses. She put the one good contact in and I offered to make her a patch to put over the other eye but she turned it down.

It rained hard during the night but the next morning we had blue sky. After breakfast we rolled up our wet tent and headed back out. I had to keep an eye on Kerry because I think she was seeing double. She kept trying to climb over the wrong log. The snow was wet and a lot harder to walk on going back out. It was starting to warm up and

large clumps of snow were falling out of the trees and occasionally hitting us.

Even though it was cold, it was a wonderful weekend.—Don Abbott and Kerry Gilles, Grays Harbor, 2/3-4.

❄️ **MT ELLINOR** (*Mt Skokomish Wilderness; USGS Mt Skokomish*)—Jim was scheduled to lead a snowshoe hike from Paradise to Camp Muir. When I met Jim and Rory at the Aberdeen meeting place at 5am, it was pouring. Jim thought we should have breakfast at Denny's and discuss things, since MRNP is a long way to go when you know the weather is going to be dreadful.

After considerable discussion, Jim decided we should go to Ellinor. Rory and I weren't thrilled at the thought of a wet day. Since my car could carry all of us, I was elected to drive. The drive was pretty uneventful with hard rain alternating with light rain and once even a "sucker blue spot" in the sky.

We had snow on the road at several shaded places but I was able to navigate it in my Chevy by staying in the tracks made by others. A short while beyond the lower trailhead, I was suddenly dragging the underside of the car.

We decided we needed to back up to a place where we could turn around. I stalled the car and was backing up without power steering and brakes and suddenly was in the ditch. Better than the cliff! After considerable effort, Jim and Rory were able to push me out shortly before I slid into a very large hole by a culvert.

After turning around, we got on our rain gear and started up the road. At a

place where a "middle trailhead" goes left to connect with the lower trailhead, Jim suggested that we climb the bank and go up a clearcut to avoid a long road walk.

The rain let up while we were going up the clearcut and hit hard as we neared the upper trailhead. We had a lot of unnecessary gear, including snowshoes, crampons, ski poles, glacier glasses, and MRNP maps. The three pairs of gloves and mittens that I had got used.

We postholed a number of times on the steep parts where snowshoes would have been difficult. There was a short icy spot but not bad enough to put on crampons. We followed the newer (5 years?) trail which does not go up the famous glissade chute.

As we reached the saddle, the rain turned to ice pellets and the wind picked up. The snow was soft enough that in some places it was difficult to get a step to stay. We had snow a good part of the way but it was melting fast. Creeks were noisily roaring beside, and under, us in several places.

A party had signed in at the Ranger Station at Hoodspout the day before. They had a beautiful day and we could see their glissade tracks at the top. It was too soft and wet for us to attempt a glissade so we went down the same way we came up. The trip was 5 hours car to car.

About two thirds of the way back we met a man with two teens who were on their way up. He said they were parked behind us. They had gotten stuck and used a chain to get out.—Edythe, Jim and Rory, Olympians Hiking Club, 2/17.

❄️ **MT ELLINOR** (*Mt Skokomish Wilderness; USGS Mt Skokomish*)—To our dismay, one member of our group had forgotten to obtain an ice axe. We stopped to borrow one at a friend's house on our way. He was good-natured about being awakened a little after 6am on a Saturday.

We took our time getting to the trailhead. The wet weather didn't motivate us to hurry. Snow on the road was not a problem until about ½-mile past the clearcut.

When the snow was consistent on the trail we followed the tracks of a group that cut up before the main chute. We met this group on their way down a little later. They were happy to see that they were not the only ones out in the rain.

Said they made the summit in 3½ hours. This motivated us to continue. Good snow to the top. 2:45 was the summit. Very windy and sleeting.



Ken Hopping

The beach near Cedar Creek, Olympic National Park, on a February morning.

Took a group picture and headed out fast.

Some real good glissading coming down. Good climb despite the weather. —T. Ryan, D. Maxwell, A. Maxwell, Poulsbo, 2/17.

HOH RIVER ROAD—A 1000-foot section of the Hoh River road was washed out by floods last November, blocking access to the Hoh trail about 6 miles west of the ranger station.

Repairs are now underway, with completion targeted for sometime in April. The repair project is being managed by Jefferson County, with ONP working closely with the county. —2/1.

BEACHES—Lots of trees are down on various trails in the Mora and Ozette areas. On North Goodman Creek, the sand ladder is broken. And the Mosquito sand ladder broke again; a volunteer has offered to do a temporary repair and it will be replaced in summer.

The Hoh Head trail has a mudslide that's washed out a section of tread and also has a rotted footlog. The footlog will not be replaced, but a short section of trail will be constructed to go around the drainage.

A re-route has been built around a wash-out on the Oil City trail.

The permit system for the Ozette area will be in effect again this year from Memorial Day through Labor Day. —Bob Lineback, Ranger, 2/8.

HURRICANE RIDGE—Road is generally closed weekdays, open weekends. Entrance fees are collected. Call 360-452-0329 for road status and weather.

Only about 45 inches of snow at the top. —Ranger, 2/21.

DOSEWALLIPS—The gate at the ONP boundary is closed for the winter. Road walk makes a fine winter outing and you can camp at the deserted road-end campground (no water in winter).

STAIRCASE—If you can get to Staircase you can camp in the campground; no fee, no water. Staircase has had about a foot of snow at times, but also a lot of rain. For 1995, 165 inches of rain was recorded here.

AVALANCHE HOTLINE

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SOUTHWEST



NORTH HEAD LIGHTHOUSE & CAPE DISAPPOINTMENT LIGHTHOUSE

(USGS Cape Disappointment)—Headed out on a snowy January day to look at the wild surf and waves. Drove 2 miles west of the only traffic light in Ilwaco.

Followed signs to the North Head Lighthouse parking lot. Room for 30 cars, can be very popular. (We have seen deer at this parking lot.) Tours of the lighthouse are given Friday and Saturday for a buck. The lighthouse keeper's house is adjacent to the parking lot. The hike is more of a walk along a gravel road (about 300 yards).

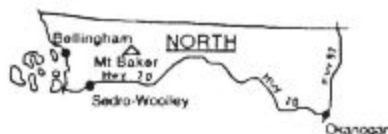
We started out in pine forest which thins to a grand southern view of the Columbia River and its North and South jetties. Around the next curve stands the 1896 lighthouse and the whole Pacific Ocean. From the base of the light we could look north up the 23 miles of the Long Beach Peninsula.

The other lighthouse in the neighborhood is Cape Disappointment just another 2 miles down the road. We drove to the Lewis and Clark Interpretive Center parking lot. From there we took a trail through the woods which wound down to Deadman's Cove, a craggy inlet with steep rock sides, a sandy beach and a rocky island with two trees.

The rest of the trail follows the light keeper's trail (a concrete path) and is generally up hill (about 175 feet). But what a view from this 1856 lighthouse. We were looking right out the mouth of the Columbia River with a sweeping view south along the Oregon coast.

For information about Long Beach Peninsula and weather call 1-800-451-2542 9am to 5pm or 1-800-460-7196, 6pm to 9pm. —Ken and Gwen Brustad, Long Beach.

NORTH



GENERAL CONDITIONS—Many slides, washouts and trees down. More storms coming.

BLACK MOUNTAIN ROAD (USGS Maple Falls)—Dallas Kloke's *Winter Climbs* describes the south summit of Black Mountain (North Fork Nooksack) as a great view, and it is!

We hiked the Black Mountain road from the "3-mile boulder" on a bare road to 4100 feet. An unmarked spur here goes left, now snow-covered, about 1 mile to the open ridge crest of the "South Summit" at 4690 feet, about 3 miles total from the car.

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BACKCOUNTRY NEWS

REPORTS AND CONDITIONS

Border Peaks. The true summit is another half-mile north but forested and reportedly without the grand views.

The road is relentlessly steep to 4100 feet, and probably offered good telemarking last week when Whatcom County was buried in snow. Be sure your brakes are good if you intend to drive back down this road!—Org and Animal Woman, Everett, 2/11.

❄️ AENEAS MOUNTAIN

(Okanogan Natl Forest; USGS Enterprise)—... or perhaps it is Lemansky Mountain. Signs pointing west from Tonasket give directions to Aeneas Mountain. It is marked on the Forest Service map as a high ridge top trending north/south for about 4 miles.

However, the highest summit (5167 feet), where a lookout tower stands, is marked on the Forest Service map as Lemansky Mountain. The locals in Tonasket refer to it as Aeneas. My brother and I summited rather easily on the last day of the cold snap, just before the inversion with precipitation set in over the region.

We found conditions ideal for a quick winter ascent. Okanogan County snowplows had done great work on the roads as far as the junction just north of Lemansky Lake. Here a narrow road continued north toward Aeneas. It was also plowed, so we continued to the last residence and parked there. The distance from there to the summit was probably about 1.5 miles. Frozen snowmobile tracks allowed suitable walking without snowshoes.

We would have liked to spend more time on the summit, but a cold wind prevented an extended stay with enjoyment. Many peaks of the Okanogan and Pasayten areas are visible from here.

Gary dragged a small plastic sled behind him on the way up. It provided a nice run for himself, and where pos-

sible, both of us, on the way down.—Charlie Hickenbottom, Wenatchee, 2/3.

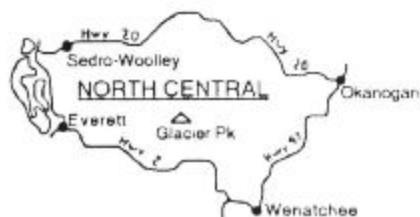
CASCADE RIVER ROAD—Closed at only 5 miles in, below Lookout Mountain. The County will begin repairs in May. In the meantime, it's an awfully long hike up the road to go spring skiing at the pass—but you'll probably have the place to yourself!—Ranger, 2/21.

BAKER RIVER TRAIL—There's a 100-foot washout on this trail at the end of Baker Lake, but the determined can bushwhack around it.—Ranger, 2/21.

OKANOGAN NATL FOREST—Get a free wind chill chart from Okanogan National Forest, 1240 S 2nd Ave, Okanogan WA 98840.

The rain-soaked snow pack has shrunk from 4 to 5 feet a few weeks ago in the valley floor to about 2 feet. But it's been cold enough that the rivers are not even running high—all the rain has been absorbed by the snow.—Ranger, 2/21.

NORTH CENTRAL



GENERAL CONDITIONS—Expect washouts, downed trees and slides on roads and trails.

SUN MOUNTAIN—Snow depth is from 2½ to 4 feet. There was a little new snow last night, and it's snowing now. We have had some rain, which made the trails icy, but re-grooming over the rain crust improved the skiing.

All trails here and in the valley are open, except the one across Patterson Lake—the ice is too weak.—2/21.

STEHEKIN—At the landing, 17 inches of snow remains. The depth increases to about 3 feet in the upper valley. Trails are being groomed, and more snow is on the way.

The Lady Express is on its winter schedule, making one round trip Sunday, Monday, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday only. For schedule and fares, call 509-682-2224.—2/21.



Lee McKee

The Cascades stand out above a thick cloud layer over Lake Chelan, from the Echo Ridge cross-country area.

❄️ MOUNTAIN LOOP HIGHWAY

(Baker-Snoqualmie Natl Forest; USGS Silverton)—We parked at the end of the plowed road at Deer Creek. We skied up the road about 3 miles past Big Four, on just enough snow for a good ski.

At lunch we went off into the trees and found remains of a chimney and other structures for the old Big Four Resort.

It snowed all day and our skis did stick occasionally. It felt good just to be out for the day.—Linda Rostad, Redmond, 1/25.



EBEYS LANDING (USGS Pt Townsend N, Fort Casey)

One could not go wrong getting outside on this beautiful day, and Shannon and I made a good choice with this fantastic Whidbey Island beach hike. We timed the ferry perfectly and made the trip from our house to the small parking lot at Ebey's Landing National Historical Reserve in just 75 minutes.

Walking north on sand and gravel we soaked up the sun and the views with a light breeze at our backs. The icy Olympics dominated the scene, their slopes reflecting sheets of winter sun like a heap of jewels.

At our feet was the debris of winter storms, rocks with kelp anchors and chitons tossed high onto the beach. To our right was the towering sand bluff that guards this beach unbroken all the way to our destination at Fort Ebey State Park.

At the northern end of Paregos Lagoon a steep sandy trail leads to the top

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

of the bluff but we kept walking. The next mile was very quiet people-wise, until we reached another bluff trail, this one with a fence attempting to hold it in place. The beach got a little rockier from here to our turn-around, but nothing loose enough to complain about.

For our return we chose the high road, finding the hiking trail out of the Fort Ebey State Park picnic area that leads past the old bunkers. We stopped at Partridge Point for lunch and to enjoy the 180+ degree view. Snowcapped peaks on Vancouver Island, the south shore of the Strait, the Olympics, the Sound, Mount Rainier and even a piece of the Cascades were visible.

After a mile south on the bluff we reached a walk-in DNR campground and dropped back to the beach on the fence trail, forced to hike the lonely middle section again. We climbed back onto the bluff at Paregos Lagoon for the final glorious walk back to the car. We figured about 7 miles round-trip.—Peter Krystad, Shoreline, 2/10.



SKY MOUNTAIN (USGS Labyrinth Mtn, Stevens Pass)

—After two weeks of inactivity due to the flu, I was desperate to get out in the spring-like weather. After reading Jeff Howbert's report on Sky-Tye Traverse (*February, page 10*), I thought this would be a good trip, especially the short ascent of Sky Mountain.

Larry Lazzari and I followed the well-traveled "road" from the parking area at Stevens Pass north to the green, weather tower. Continuing north and northwest, we reached Skyline Lake at around 5040 feet. The craggy summit to the west looked inviting, so we climbed to a 5200-foot saddle.

Following the ridge southwest through an area of huge granite, spire-like boulders, we reached the south side of the crag. We ascended 150 feet of snow slope and ridge to the top. I assume this is the false summit (5440 feet) mentioned in Jeff's account. I suggest the name of "Sky Crag" for this high point on the ridge. The south ridge offers a broken granite route to the top.

We traversed the south side of the crag on steep snow to the easy slopes leading to the summit of Sky Mountain. Time up from the pass was 2½ hours.

On our return trip, we traversed low on the north side below Sky Crag to the saddle. This climb is relatively safe from avalanches with the exception of two short sections. The route to Tye Peak is up the broad, open snow slope on the south.—Dallas Kloke, Anacortes, 2/14.

SUIATLE ROAD—Remember when the Suiattle road was closed for two summers not that awfully long ago? Here we go again! The Suiattle has a washout at 2.7 miles and will be closed at that point until repairs can be made about early May.

There's more. At 12 miles is another big washout that engineers have not been able to assess yet. There is no date for re-opening the road until the scope of the second repair project can be determined.

There's more yet. The Green Mountain road, which leaves the Suiattle road about 3 miles past Buck Creek campground, has major damage. It's only a guess that it might be repaired by mid-summer.—Ranger, 2/21.

MOUNTAIN LOOP HIGHWAY—A big hole in the road near Monte Cristo Lake will keep the Mountain Loop out of service for awhile. The road is closed at Barlow Pass and at Elliott Creek. Best guess for repair is mid-summer.—Ranger, 2/21.

LAKE WENATCHEE DISTRICT—Roads damaged by the November flood

include road 6200, washout at Maple Creek; road 6400, washout beyond Tall Timber Ranch; road 6404-111, washout; road 6700, washout at Rainy Pass; road 6702, washout at Lost Creek; road 6950, washout at railroad trestle. These roads are impassable and are closed to all motorized means of travel.—Ranger, 2/6.

CENTRAL



GENERAL CONDITIONS—Expect downed trees, washouts, and slides on backcountry roads and trails.

SCOTTISH LAKES HIGH CAMP—A mixture of sunshine and snow flurries meant good early spring skiing conditions on Presidents' Day weekend.

Temperatures hovered in the low 30s



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throughout the weekend, producing soft snow well suited for both trail skiing and carving turns in the high country.

The snow depth is currently 70 inches. For information on rates and space (mid-week is best), call 206-844-2000 or 800-909-9916.—Don Hanson, Snohomish, 2/20.

COUGAR TUNNEL (DNR; USGS Mt Si)—This snow-crunching adventure is on the Mount Si Natural Resource Conservation Area, but may be hard to find without *Secrets Of Si* (\$17.95 from Box 343, Kirkland WA 98083). The trail branches off the road to Kamikaze Falls. That map is on page 57 of *Secrets*.

To get to this trailhead, park by the Mount Teneriffe Road gate on SE Mount Si Road. Walk north on Mount Teneriffe Road to a road on your right (5100 feet) and turn right. Follow Half Circle Road about 450 feet to an obscure path located on your right. The trail starts out ambling uphill between small trees. After 200 to 300 yards, it ducks into the deep woods—and I mean deep. It then becomes a cougar tunnel for several hundred yards.

After a beautiful snow walk through the woods, you will come upon a road (see page 61, *Secrets Of Si*). If you turn left, you will find yourself at the top of the hill. We did not explore that road, but soon will. We went right. We followed that quiet tree-lined road for about a mile.

As we walked, we noticed the steep banks on the left and steep drop-offs on

the right. After about a mile, we exited to SE Mount Si Road, turning right, and about ¼-mile later, we were back at the car. The hike is about 4½ miles long with about 470 feet of vertical gain.

We also added Hillside Road to our Saturday hike giving us lots of great views. Our destination was Kamikaze Falls, but the rocks were too slippery, the wind was sticking ice crystals in our faces, and the snow was 12 to 14 inches deep, so we retreated.—Robert DeGraw, Kirkland 1/27.

AMABILIS MOUNTAIN (Wenatchee Natl Forest & private; USGS Stampede Pass)—Wilma Boyd and Bob Michelson joined me on a Washington Ski Touring Club trip to Amabilis to catch the last of the cold powder and sunshine. Departing Seattle early, we arrived at the Cabin Creek Sno-Park at 8:30am, ahead of the hordes.

I had done Amabilis about a half-dozen times previously. On this trip, I had an off-road descent route in mind that I had spotted from below three years ago. With the early start, we were on our skis shortly after 9am, weather cold and crisp (Bob's thermometer said 5°F), sunny and no wind, in spite of the gusts near Bandera.

The road up had a good track with plenty of soft powder on the sides. We took the left turn at the junction at 3500 feet where the road splits in the western face of the mountain.

The branch straight ahead circles

around to the southern side of the mountain before ascending to the top and connecting with the northwestern branch. This provides a good loop trip opportunity, but I did not want to commit ourselves to a required traverse of the top with its usual wind exposure.

Rounding the northwest corner at 3900 feet, we began to encounter breezes that were painful without face masks. With plenty of daylight left, we decided to descend, Wilma and Bob sticking to the road and me taking the northwest hogback that I had targeted.

Agreeing to meet at the switchback at 3000 feet, I traversed a spur road to reach the line I wanted. The upper 300 feet of this descent had some wind-packed snow. Being off-piste and by myself, I was carefully cutting turns and watching my route down.

As the hogback got closer to a large chunk of uncut forest, the snow improved to pure powder. This was fun skiing until about 200 feet above the road, where the clear-cut had more substantial second growth. The trickiest spot was getting down the last ten feet to the road. Reached the switchback and waited for Bob and Wilma in sunshine as latecomers skied and snowshoed upward.

Upon rejoining, we decided to ski back to the parking lot for lunch and then ski the groomed loops for a bit before heading home. Our wisdom in getting an early start was vindicated as the lot was full. Numerous folks stopped to ask if we were leaving as we dropped our packs in the car and ate lunch before heading back to the base of the mountain.

The top of the knob gave a good view of my earlier descent route. While the upper 600 feet of this hogback is still open enough for fun skiing in good snow, the bottom portion is too overgrown to be attractive. I am satisfied with having done this once, but will aim for other routes on future trips. The upper clearcuts are also getting considerably overgrown, especially the moderate slopes at 4000 feet that were fun for tele practice.

What now looks intriguing are the upper slopes of Keechelus Ridge (Microwave Hill) just north of Amabilis, especially the slopes of Point 4869. Looks tempting for next year with mid-winter snow. I think I'll leave Amabilis for the hordes.—Gerry Erickson, Seattle, 2/3.

HEX MOUNTAIN (Wenatchee Natl Forest; USGS Cle Elum Lk)—Taking advantage of some glorious "spring-in-February" weather JH and I snowshoed to Hex Mountain.



Sandra Robinson heads up the Champion Trail, Mount Tahoma Trail system.

Jane Habegger

BACKCOUNTRY NEWS

REPORTS AND CONDITIONS



We made a nice loop trip by going in south of Newport Creek, picking up the ridge, and following it north to Hex Mountain. Finally we returned on what is left of the trail on the north side of Newport Creek.

When we reached Hex Mountain there was a skier and his dog enjoying the snow on the west side of the summit; the dog seemed to be having even more fun than the skier. We followed the ski tracks back, and JH assured me it took a very good skier to negotiate that route.

I had not snowshoed to Hex Mountain for several years, and found it very different. There has been a lot of new selective logging—and they selected at least 90% of the trees. One section of the trail south of Hex Mountain has been replaced by a road, and the short section on the north was bisected by a new road, as well as being logged.

Previously snowmobile activity had been restricted to the roads; this time their tracks were everywhere, including the summit.

This is not to say that it isn't a nice snowshoe trip. The snow camouflages a lot of the damage, and the views are nice from the summit.—TG, Skyway, 2/13.

LAKE DOROTHY ROAD—Washed out 2 miles before the trailhead, at the usual spot. The trailhead will be moved back so hikers can park, but you'll have to walk the extra road mileage.—Ranger, 2/21.

NECKLACE VALLEY, East Fork Foss—The log which allowed crossing at 5 miles is gone.—Ranger, 2/21.

TROUT LAKE TRAIL, West Fork Foss—In .4-mile, 50 feet of trail is washed out. In .5-mile, the bridge is out. In 1.4 miles, the trail is washed out for 30 feet.—Ranger, 2/21.

MIDDLE FORK SNOQUALMIE ROAD—Forest Service hopes to have road repaired to the Taylor River fairly quickly. The rest will take longer, like til the end of the summer.—Ranger, 2/21.

NORTH BEND DISTRICT—There is more repair work than we can do in a year. We'll do the main roads first, and then work on the others. The Tinkham road is closed. Denny Creek road has a slide across it; this is one we'll open pretty quick.—Ranger, 2/21.

TEANAWAY ROAD—Flood damage. Will be closed into summer. More details coming.—Ranger, 2/21.

ICICLE ROAD—This is one of the lucky roads that came through the storms okay. How far you can drive up the Icicle changes with each storm. Sometimes it is plowed to Bridge Creek campground.

Eightmile road 7601 is closed due to logging. Snow Lakes parking lot is closed and no parking is allowed along the road due to logging. More logging is occurring at the Icicle Ridge trailhead. Expect delays on the road while helicopters fly logs overhead.—Ranger, 2/6.

ENCHANTMENTS—For permit information, call the Leavenworth ranger station, 509-548-6977.

CLE ELUM DISTRICT—For information on I-90 Sno-Parks, call Lake Easton State Park's recorded message: 509-656-2230.

Blewett Pass remains closed at press time, but state crews are working on it. There are some major holes to fill. Call the state highway department for current conditions.

SOUTH CENTRAL



GENERAL CONDITIONS—Expect washouts, slides and downed trees on roads and trails. Call before you go.

MT TAHOMA SKI TRAILS—In the North District, flood damage has been so severe that the access road has been closed and will not be open this season. Repairs are scheduled for summer.

In the South and Central Districts, major flood damage has also occurred. The 2 and 23 road Sno-Parks have been closed due to major slides and may not re-open this season. The 59 road Sno-Park has been moved 1½ miles down, closer to Highway 706, due to flood damage.

There is skiable snow at hut elevations, but 1½ feet of rain on our 5 feet of snow has reduced it considerably. Hopefully the next storm coming in will replace that snow.

For a current trail up-date, call MTTA at 360-569-2451.—2/17.

CHAMPION TRAIL (MTTA; USGS Mt Wow)—It was Sandra's first time cross-country skiing but being an experienced alpine



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skier she did just great.

Our skiing started lower and earlier than we planned. A car in front of us was having traction problems and stopped on a steep section of road 92. They asked us to back down the road so they could do the same. Unfortunately when we started to back down, the car started to slip out of control. To prevent a more serious problem I intentionally backed into the uphill bank of snow.

Then we were stuck, even using my low gear in four-wheel-drive. Fortunately plenty of people were around to help push and dig us out. We ended up parking the car about 2-plus miles below the trailhead.

Our trip started by skiing the road to the trailhead of the Champion Trail in the Mount Tahoma Trail System's Central District. From the Road 92 Sno-Park the trail begins in a steep narrow chute through a beautiful grove of trees covered with snow and ice.

From there the well-marked trail climbs moderately to the Copper Creek Hut at 3 miles, with approximately 1000 feet of elevation gain from the Sno-Park.

It snowed nearly the whole day and we were a little cold when we stopped for lunch. It was beautiful, though, and the snow was nice and light and provided great skiing. Sandra had a good time and decided she'd like to try nordic skiing again.—Jane Habegger, Olympia, 1/21.

GRAND PARK (*Mt Rainier Natl Park; USGS Clear West Pk, Sunrise, Sun Top*)—Did Grand Park from the Sun Top Sno-park (road 73) on snowshoes, but I would recommend skis for the nearly 8-mile approach to the Eleanor Creek crossing. Snow all

the way and no snowmobile signs.

After leaving the road followed a bearing of 220 degrees until I crossed the ridge at 5000 feet and dropped to the tarns at 4800 feet, where you get your first view of Mount Rainier. Another 220 degrees takes you close to the summer trail to Grand Park. Lots of animal tracks along the entire route, but only a few red ribbons indicated recent passage of others in the Park.—Tom Matoi, Kent, 2/3.

WHITE RIVER DISTRICT—This district was hit pretty hard in the floods and storms. Parts of the White River roads 70 and 74 are seriously gone.

These roads are also affected in various ways: Evans Creek road 7920; road 7810; road 7710; Haller Pass road 75; road 72; road 7120-110. The roads are closed at various spots; some of them are open partially. In the worst spots, the roads are washed out down to river level—there's no place to put the road back to.

Call the ranger station for an up-to-date report before you go: 360-825-6585.—Ranger, 2/21.

MT RAINIER NATL PARK—For current conditions, call 360-569-2211.

NACHES DISTRICT—Several roads were damaged in the last storm, including the upper Nile road, Ticton road 1200, and the Rattlesnake drainage road system. Call the ranger station for current road conditions: 509-653-2205.—Ranger, 2/21.

SOUTH



GENERAL CONDITIONS—Expect downed trees, washouts and slides on roads and trails. Call before you go.

FLYING L RANCH—After all the warm weather and rain, our Ranch trail system here in Glenwood was wiped out. For a while, Highway 141 into Trout Lake was closed, but that has been repaired. Backcountry roads are pretty rough and muddy.

The slopes of Mount Adams and the upper Sno-Parks still have plenty of snow and good skiing.—Darvel Lloyd, Flying L, 2/18.



SMITH BUTTE SNO-PARK (*Gifford Pinchot Natl Forest; USGS King Mtn*)—With good weather forecasted for several days, Ann and I decided to explore the Mount Adams area. Getting to Trout Lake turned out to be part of the adventure with all the washouts and slides on the main roads from the recent flooding.

Our plans were to ski and snowcamp, with our main objective being a camp with good views of Mount Adams. After reviewing the two books that describe ski routes in the area (*Cross-Country Ski Tours* by Kirkendall & Spring and *Cross-Country Ski Routes* by Vielbig), we thought our best bet to find a camping spot with mountain views was to park at the Smith Butte Sno-Park and ski east on road 200. This is described in Vielbig's book under the heading "King Mountain."

The skies were blue, the weather warm, and the snow extremely crusty and slick as we headed east from the Sno-Park with our packs. This is not a



Phil Anderson

Mount Hood from Bald Mountain.

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marked or groomed ski trail but a snowcovered forest road that is used by both snowmobilers and skiers. We didn't encounter anyone else mid-week, but on weekends you can expect to.

Just less than a mile down the road is a clearcut with unobstructed views of the mountain. On this clear day, it stood out in all its glory. After a few hours of further exploring and some debate, we decided to camp here because of the fantastic views. We picked a spot off the road and set up camp.

If you continue down the road, you will come to the boundary of Tract D of the Yakama Indian Reservation. Although Vielbig describes continuing on the road to its end on top of King Mountain, Tract D is officially closed from October to July.

For other views of the mountain from this area, you can ski the Twin Buttes route also described in Vielbig's book. Access here is by way of a side road to the south that takes off just over ¼-mile from the Sno-Park on road 200. It isn't marked, but we sniffed out a more-or-less obvious road through the pine forest following Vielbig's description.

Along with the many forested roads, there are some 27 miles of marked ski trails in the Trout Lake area. You can obtain trail maps and information from the Mount Adams Ranger Station in Trout Lake (509-395-3400) and both the books mentioned earlier have route descriptions. At the ranger station you can also pick up a highly detailed road map (\$3) of the ranger district which includes topographic lines. This can be very handy if you plan to ski unmarked road routes.

We were treated to totally cloudless views of Mount Adams during the day, evening, and into the next morning before clouds started to move in.

As we enjoyed a leisurely breakfast, clouds continued to build and began to obscure the mountain. Not wanting to spoil such a perfect trip with inclement weather, we decided to break camp and head out. Sure enough, before we reached the car, rains started and the mountain was totally hidden from view. —LGM, Port Orchard, 2/15-16.

PETERSON PRAIRIE CABIN—The cabin is reserved every weekend from now until May! Try mid-week and you'll still find room.

The cabin is a cozy retreat located a couple of level miles from the Atkinson Sno-Park. Contact the Mount Adams ranger station for more information and a copy of the rental contract: 509-395-3400.—Ranger, 2/16.

BURLEY MOUNTAIN LOOKOUT—This mountain-top lookout is available for winter rental. It's an adventure to get there, but views are terrific.

For information, call Lynn Schinnell at the Randle ranger station: 360-497-1100.

MT SAINT HELENS—Permits are required 5/15 to 10/31. Call the Monument Headquarters for information: 360-750-3900.

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BULLS TOOTH

—ALBERT H. SYLVESTER'S TOPONYMIC LEGACY—

The uniquely-named Bulls Tooth is really more of a complete dental delight of granitic pinnacles, crags, blocks, and spines south of Stevens Pass, a "Mini-Enchantments" at the headwaters of Icicle and Whitepine Creeks.

Not having spent much time on the farm, Warren Guntheroth and I wondered what the heck a Bulls Tooth actually looked like as we poked around this wonderful wilderness on a memorable trip last summer.

We also pondered the name origins of the many surrounding creeks

and lakes (see map). No help was Sasha, Warren's Siberian husky, who stayed mum as a Yellow Cat. Warren's fine write-up in *Pack & Paddle* (September 1995, page 15) outlines the details of our climb.

At home, on a recent drawer-cleaning mission, I hooted with happiness when I chanced upon a "lost" file which answered many of our questions about the names in this area.

Here before me were copies of typewritten notes by Albert H. Sylvester, titled *Place Names Within*

and Bordering Icicle Creek (and Nason Creek) Watershed, which he compiled in August 1937 and the early '40s.

Sylvester (1871-1944) was the Wenatchee National Forest Supervisor from 1908 until he retired in 1931, and was probably the most prolific wilderness "namer" this state will ever know. Luckily he was a good one.

What follows are excerpts from Sylvester's notes on the Bulls Tooth area. I've not seen them published anywhere else.—John Roper.

Bulls Tooth

I [Sylvester] saw and named this peak from a good many miles to the north long before I got up within speaking distance of it. I can't imagine just why Bulls.

It looked like a great fang, all right,



John Roper

One of the "dental delights" of Bulls Tooth.

standing up on the jaw bone of the Icicle Ridge, and forgetting my comparative anatomy and awed by the size of the tooth I picked on the larger animal.

Seen from closer by, it becomes awesome as a mountain, a bare mass of granite, dome-like, though not monolithic but still very difficult to climb, rising 1000 feet or more above the waters of the upper Doelle lake.

It sets off to the south of the main Icicle Divide something over a half mile, a huge bastion thrust out over the Icicle Canyon.

Its elevation is about 6830 feet I want to go back some day and try to climb it.

Frosty Creek and Pass

It was in September 1910 that I first got this far up the Icicle. I had with me Ranger Burn Canby ...

Canby and I followed the sheep trail to where it crossed the Icicle and crossed with it. At that time there was no trail farther on up the Icicle valley.

My diary for 9/24/10 partly reads: "Climbed the trail on the north side of Icicle to a little meadow ... where camped. The trail up the hill is not very bad."

Actually it was pretty bad

but we had been traveling over so much worse that it seemed "not very bad" in comparison. Trail building became one of my principal projects as a forest supervisor.

Continuing my diary, September 25, 1910: "Very cold last night and frosty this morning. Named the little meadow where we camped, 'Frosty' meadow and the creek that runs through it 'Frosty Creek.'

"Had a little trouble in finding the trail out of the meadow but soon got under way and reached the summit of Icicle Ridge at the saddle between Frosty Creek and Wildhorse Creek (named it Frosty Pass)."

Whitepine Creek

This is the largest tributary of Nason Creek... The name is older than my time, appearing on the earliest edition of the Skykomish Quadrangle surveyed in 1902.

I estimate roughly that fully 90% of its watershed was practically denuded of forest cover by a forest fire which occurred some 60 to 70 years ago; that is, in the decade 1870-80. The Forest Service reforested by planting 400 to 500 acres in the years 1912-16... In another 100 years it will probably all be pretty well forested again.

Mule Creek

All of Whitepine's named tributaries enter from the south. The first, beginning at the head, is Mule Creek, honor-

ing the dishonored animal so useful in getting across country like this. The crime is mine.

Brule Creek

Whitepine's second tributary from its head. A French word, meaning burned, I believe. My perpetration.

Wildhorse Creek

Whitepine's largest branch. The name is as old as Whitepine itself. There must be a good story in connection with this name, but was never able to learn it. Make one for yourself...

Doughgod Creek

Resuming the cataloging of the streams that enter the Icicle from the north side, after the excursion up Frosty and through the lady lakes district.

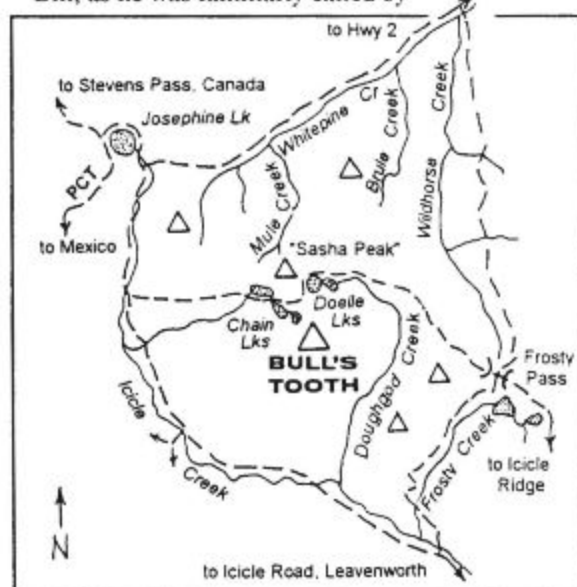
This creek is the next west of Frosty. It memorializes the camp bread of the shepherd, the prospector, the topographer and ranger.

Probably originally it was "dough-gob," the hunk of dough mixed in the top of the flour sack and cooked in a frying pan stood up before a campfire. When I first came to know it in 1895, however, it had been transformed, materialized perhaps, into Doughgod.

Doelle Lakes

At the head of Doughgod Creek are two very lovely lakes lying within just a few hundred feet of the Icicle Ridge summit. They have a size of about 30 and 70 acres, the larger being the upper one. They are named in honor of Wm. A. Doelle, long a hardware dealer of Cashmere, Washington.

Bill, as he was familiarly called by



Sasha the husky at the shore of the second Chain Lake.

John Roper

thousands, was a great lover of the outdoors, a mountain climber, a fisherman and hunter, a member of the Chelan County Game Commission, organizer of the Cashmere Sportsmen's Association and its great annual Clam Feed, one of the unique institutions of the Northwest with many imitators but no rivals.

He met his death in helping to fight a grass and forest fire not far from his home town. These lakes are a fitting monument to his life and works. [Pronounced "Dooley," per a Cashmere fisherman Warren and I met on the Icicle Creek trail. —JR]

Chain Lakes

Over a not-too-difficult pass in the short ridge that connects Bulls Tooth with the main Icicle Ridge and down a steep slope into the head of another creek that runs to the Icicle are three more beautiful lakes on slightly different levels of another old glacial cirque.

They are named "Chain Lakes" on the original Skykomish Quadrangle mapped by a different topographer than the one who did the Chiwaukum.

Josephine Lake

Traveling on up the Icicle we come to its source in beautiful Lake Josephine right up under the summit of the Cascade Range.

Named by me honoring Mrs.

Josephine Williams, wife of Ranger Jason P. Williams, at the time ranger in charge of the Chiwaukum Ranger District... This lake and Lake Margaret were the two first of the high mountain lakes on the Wenatchee Forest which were planted with trout fry. Forest Rangers did this work.

Most subsequent plantings—and now practically all of the mountain lakes have been stocked—were done by employees of the county and state game departments.

Stevens Pass

Elevation 4061 feet. Discovered by and named for John F. Stevens, the Great Northern Railroad engineer who also discovered Maries Pass through the Rocky Mountains and later became world known as chief engineer for the Panama Canal for awhile and for his service in Siberia in the World War of 1914-18.

Prior to his being the Wenatchee Forest Supervisor, A. H. "Hal" Sylvester was a USGS topographer in the North Cascades from 1897-99, making the first (or early) ascents of familiar peaks such as Snoqualmie, Overcoat, Pilchuck, Baring, Stuart, Dirtyface, White Chuck, Sauk, Sahale, and Gardner.

During 1900-04, he surveyed from Mount Adams to Mount Aix, possibly making a first ascent of Mount Curtis Gilbert.

RACHEL DA SILVA

The Dayange and Pasang Scholarship Fund

—YOU CAN HELP TWO MOUNTAIN WOMEN—

In October 1994 Lois Lane Expeditions, Inc. took eleven women to Nepal to trek in the Khumbu and remote Hinku Valleys and to climb Mera Peak, 21,247 feet.

This past fall Lois Lane led two more women's trips in the Khumbu area—a four-week, four-peak climbing trip and a three-week trek to Tengboche Monastery for the Mani Rimdu festival.

On all of these trips we were fortunate to have some of the best Sherpa guides and staff in the country, and Dayange and Pasang, the two Sherpa women among them, topped the list. Their generous and good-humored attention to the needs of our group members, and especially to everyone's safety, helped make our experiences both fun and highly successful.

One of Lois Lane's goals is to offer climbing trips to women who have diverse skills and experiences of climbing. In Nepal, our commitment to this goal included ensuring that Dayange and Pasang had the option to climb as well.

It is unusual for Sherpanis to be given this kind of opportunity because there is so much competition already among the men to work as climbing guides. Sherpas make significantly more money on climbs than on regular trekking trips.

According to local records, Dayange and Pasang were the first Sherpanis to summit Mera Peak, and in October 1995 Pasang also summited Island Peak with Lois Lane. These experiences have already opened doors for their future employment.

Dayange and Pasang were childhood friends in Khunjung, a beautiful village at 12,400 feet in the Khumbu Valley. When the girls were very young, both of their fathers died—Pasang's dad, a climber and sardar, was caught in an avalanche and Dayangi's dad,



Trekking with Dayange, left, and Pasang in Nepal.

Tibetan by birth, died from an undiagnosed disease, very likely tuberculosis.

In Nepal gender plays a big part in determining educational opportunities. Growing up without a father's income meant that their families could ill afford to send the girls to school, although both of their brothers got a primary school education.

Now, Dayange and Pasang see the best jobs in the Khumbu going to Sherpas who can read and write Nepali and English and they are determined to get an education themselves. They have acquired a fair amount of working English (as well as some Japanese, German and French!) from their trekking jobs, but want to become fully fluent.

As a result of spending time with Dayange and Pasang in their homes and with their families and friends, I realized what a difference it would make if I could somehow help them learn English.

Both women are smart, enthusiastic and have boundless energy. I could see that they were already role models for girls and women in their village and in the larger Khumbu trekking

community.

When I returned home last December I started fundraising and have received generous donations from many people interested in Nepalese culture, climbing, the mountain environment and women's advancement internationally.

Dayange started school one year ago. Pasang started in July. They have written often and it is wonderful to see their progress. For Dayange, from barely being able to write her name to her wonderful descriptive letters in a few months is truly remarkable.

The Scholarship Fund's goal is to support both Dayange and Pasang with

their living and school expenses while in Kathmandu. We are committed to raising \$250 per month for each of them.

TO HELP

If you would like to make a donation to the Scholarship Fund for Dayange and Pasang, please send your checks, made out to me, Rachel da Silva, with a note on the memo line "For scholarship fund," to:

Lois Lane Expeditions, Inc.
2622 Franklin Avenue East
Seattle WA 98102.

You will receive copies of their letters and periodic updates on their progress.

In addition, if you would like to host a slide show fundraiser, contact me at 360-732-4096.

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Rachel da Silva, originally from New York City, is the editor of Leading Out: Women Climbers Reaching for the Top. She is a mountain guide who lives in Chimacum and is one of the founders of Lois Lane Expeditions Inc.

KEN HOPPING

Pratt River

—ABANDONED TRAIL TO “LOST” VALLEY—

Timing is important for this hike because it involves two river crossings. We scheduled our trip for early fall when water flow would be minimal. The Pratt River valley is popular with hunters, so we also wanted to avoid the October hunting season. A sunny day in September after four weeks with no rain seemed like a perfect choice.

We started at 8am from the Pratt trailhead at Exit 47 on I-90. We completed the 6 miles to Pratt Lake by 10:30.

A faint boot path led across the outlet stream. We located a sign on a tree reading “trail 1007 not maintained, Snoqualmie River 10 miles.” In fact the trail has been abandoned for over 20 years. New maps don’t show it.

Our return vehicle was parked 9 miles in on the Middle Fork road. We had arranged a drop-off to start the hike, so there was no line of retreat as we descended into the Pratt River valley.

The first mile of old trail was fairly easy to follow. However, we had to be watchful to avoid overshooting some of the switchbacks. The tread was completely overgrown by moss.

After about 1/8-mile of pleasant old growth forest, the trail exits from wilderness into a 1930s clearcut. It is a fine example of bad forestry practiced in that era. Now, 60 years later when second harvest should commence, there is nothing but worthless timber on this “sustained yield” mismanagement unit.

After 1 mile the trail crossed a gully blocked by slide alder and devil’s club. We knew from old maps that it would switchback and recross the same gully farther down.

Rather than fight through two crossings we went straight downhill alongside the gully. The slope was steep but there were plenty of small trees convenient for vegetation belay.

After dropping approximately 300 feet we intersected the trail again. The next mile was more difficult with lots of dead trees branches obstructing the old tread.

After several switchbacks the trail traversed a rocky area where regrowth was not as dense. Nearing the river the slope became less steep. Without a distinct cut into the hillside the trail be-

came almost imperceptible. In several places, only the remains of collapsed puncheon bridges provided a clue that we were on track.

At an elevation of 2200 feet we finally intersected the Pratt River. Here all trace of the trail had been obliterated by seasonal flooding. At 1pm we stopped for lunch at a sunny spot in the middle of the channel.

It had taken 2 1/2 hours to travel a little more than 2 miles from Pratt Lake. The next 8 miles would be comparatively easy. We crossed the river and went directly uphill to intersect the old logging railroad grade. The tread here was mostly clear.

We passed several huge logs that had been abandoned beside the railroad grade. Even after 60 years of decay they were impressive, a poignant hint of what the original forest must have been like.

One place of special interest was a large beaver pond. A well worn path along the top of the dam indicated that it was actively maintained.

After 7 miles the railroad grade switchbacked down toward the river while the trail continued ahead. We reached a junction where a small sign reading “Big Tree” pointed to a side trail. A quarter-mile trip on this crude path led down toward the river where we found a gigantic hemlock tree over eight feet in diameter!

Easily 800 years old, it was like

meeting a living dinosaur. How had this tree escaped the saw? I felt privileged to stand before a survivor from the pre-commercial forest.

Continuing our hike, the forest opened up with large trees and green undergrowth as we neared the Snoqualmie River. After 9 miles of sterile second growth forest it was actually refreshing to encounter overgrown sections of trail.

We reached the river just before 6pm. It took a few minutes to locate a spot where we could cross safely. We had come prepared with tennis shoes and sandals for wading. The water was knee deep with a moderate current.

Drowning, however, was not our main concern in making the crossing. It was the bullets that often whiz across the river from illegal target shooting in this vicinity. Fortunately, we had no trouble. Perhaps patrols by the sheriff have discouraged violators.

We walked downstream a short distance to locate an old road leading away from the river. It took us up to the Middle Fork road where our car was parked next to the big cement blocks. This 16 mile trip had taken slightly more than 10 hours.

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Ken Hopping grew up in Indiana. He is now an avid hiker and scrambler who lives in Bellevue.



Ken Hopping

The Pratt River valley from Granite Mountain, with Russian Butte and Bessemer Mountain in the background.

RICHARD BUCK

Canoeing—and eating—on the Missouri River

—IF LEWIS AND CLARK COULD SEE US NOW—

I knew I was in trouble long before I got near the canoe that would be my transportation for three days along the Missouri River last June.

Soon after I arrived at the Virgelle Mercantile Co. in the tiny (about half a dozen buildings) Central Montana town of Virgelle, I was confronted by dinner. The centerpiece was a huge, lush lasagna laid out before six of us who were about to follow part of the route of Lewis and Clark.

A few days earlier, I had bet a college buddy \$100 that I would lose 20 pounds. What could I have been thinking to say such a thing? It must have seemed like a good idea, and anybody looking at my 5' 8" frame carrying 210 pounds might agree. But as I faced the lasagna in the kitchen of what was once a regional general store (now a bed-and-breakfast, office and headquarters for a canoe outfitting company and antique shop), that bet didn't seem like a good idea at all.

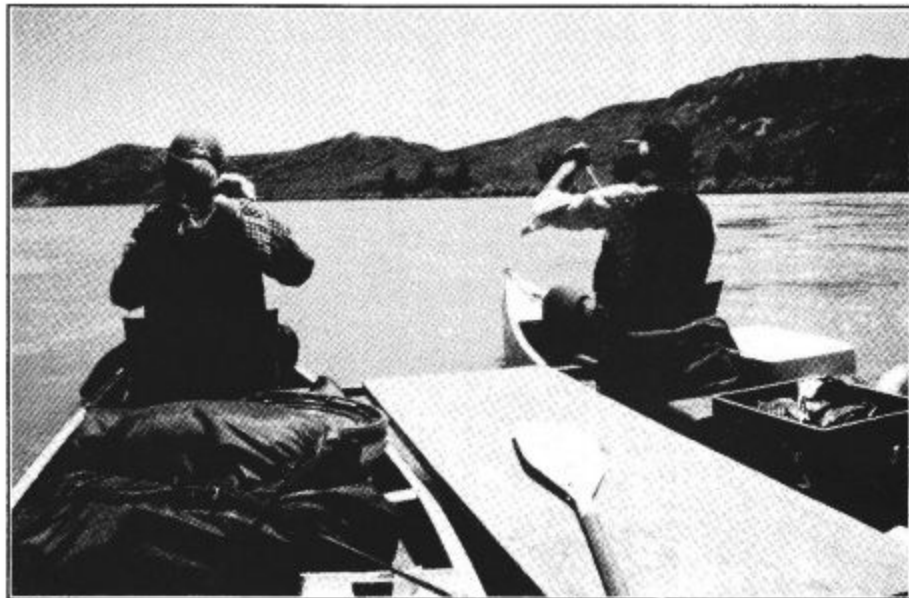
The lasagna dinner was my first true diet test. I think I flunked, though my travel companions were kind enough not to confirm those suspicions.

After a peaceful night in a 1910 restored homestead cabin out behind the store, I faced a breakfast that would tempt a saint: a big dish called French toast but looking more like a soufflé, plus sausage, fresh fruit, coffee and juice. Before I could be tempted by the seconds that were offered by a woman who had risen at dawn to prepare this feast, I headed outside to finish packing my belongings into the large waterproof bags we would live out of for the next few days.

ON THE WATER

Our gear packed, we hit the river at 9:45am at Coal Banks Landing, about 42 miles downstream from Fort Benton (a couple of local museums and an archeological project make that city well worth a side trip in itself).

The river was full and running fast, so the only need for paddling was to steer or to out-pace the river. Our guides, Don Sorensen and Jimmy Griffin, had bolted four canoes together in two pairs, with a sturdy wooden plat-



Richard Buck

Our canoes were bolted together in pairs for stability and sociability.

form or "tether" between each set.

This arrangement gave us the double-hulled stability of a catamaran and made it easy to share paddling and steering duties among four people instead of two in a single canoe. The tethered canoes were a social boost, splitting our party of eight into two groups instead of four.

Almost immediately, we picked up the rhythm of the river. The Missouri does almost all the work, though from time to time we encountered winds that required vigorous paddling to keep us on course.

As we gradually settled into the river's solitude and remoteness, we were overtaken by an amazing quiet that urban dwellers rarely find. The rippling of the water against the canoe. The splash and dripping from paddles. Occasional conversation and songs of birds.

We noticed wildlife. We were initially surprised to see several flocks of pelicans flying up the river in V formation. I counted 15 in the largest group. Sometimes we spotted one or two standing patiently by the river bank waiting to snatch unsuspecting bottom fish.

LITTLE CHANGE

From May 1804 to September 1806, the Lewis and Clark party traveled

more than 8000 miles, the majority of it along the Missouri River. Most of the scenery along their route has changed dramatically in the past 190 years.

But there has been little change in a 149-mile stretch of the Missouri that was designated a National Wild and Scenic River in 1976 to preserve its natural state.

Our canoe trip covered a third of this stretch, and it's about the only place left where modern folk can see almost exactly what Lewis and Clark saw. Part of the route is known as the White Cliffs, about which Captain Meriwether Lewis raved in his journal, describing its "scenes of visionary enchantment."

Very few people ever get the chance, as we did, to evaluate his assessment. The area can't be reached by road or on foot. Short of a parachute drop, the only way to get there is on the river. That means canoes, rafts or boats with motors small enough to leave no wake.

WHITE CLIFFS

My dietary temptations were far from over. Lunch the first day was a do-it-yourself taco salad of taco chips, chopped onions, lettuce, tomatoes and the main mix of meat, beans and vegetables. I felt duty-bound to sample a

bag of cookies and rice krispy bars, too. Research was my only motive, of course.

Soon we entered the White Cliffs area, named for sandstone walls that tower up to 300 feet above the river on both sides. Our first campsite was in a grove of cottonwood trees beside the river. Directly across from this spot is Eye of the Needle, a natural arch formation about 200 feet above the river.

Once camp was established, we furiously paddled across the river and, after a steep scramble to the arch, were rewarded with outstanding river views. And for several minutes, we traded stares with an elk high on a rock just downstream from us.

On the way up to the arch I was surprised to notice that I was out of breath earlier than I would have expected. I knew I was not in peak shape, but the discomfort I felt in my chest was more than I was used to during mild exercise.

We scrambled back down and again paddled hard across the rushing river to our campspot. As far as historians can tell, when Lewis and Clark camped at this spot on May 31, 1805, they did not have plastic 44-quart coolers to store their food. So they probably weren't awakened in the wee hours by the clatter of raccoons tossing around their food containers. We were.

Don Sorensen handled the situation by stacking the cooler chests with a heavy log on top—and making sure the raccoons had a small empty cooler to play with and drag around while our food remained inviolate. Though no harm was done, the incident reminded



Richard Buck

We pass the White Cliffs.

us that we were in the animals' territory, not the other way around.

MEAT WAS A SPECIAL TREAT

Lewis and Clark might have felt at home with part of our menu that first night: antelope stew. They also might have recognized our buttermilk biscuits, but they would have been mystified at our cous-cous salad and even more so by the pudding-like wheat berry salad that became one of the culinary highlights of the trip (recipe follows).

The Lewis and Clark party likely feasted on meat here. In those days,

meat was a special treat, and one of the few rewards for the expedition's back-breaking work of hauling 8,000 pounds of equipment upstream for thousands of miles was a diet in which meat was the staple—and was consumed in astounding quantities.

Clark wrote that supplying his party for 24 hours required either four deer, one elk and one deer, or a buffalo. Journal entries indicate the party's 33 members consumed more than 1,048 deer, 382 elk, 80 antelope, 259 buffalo, 41 bighorn sheep, 111 beavers, 193 Indian dogs and 62 bears. They also killed and ate wild turkeys, grouse, geese, ducks, pigeons and hawks.

Almost no mention is made in the journals of vegetables, and it remains a mystery how the expedition avoided scurvy. Clark wrote that his men preferred the flesh of beaver, especially the tail and liver, to that of any other animal the party could get.

Lewis described his own preference for buffalo. On July 16, 1805, Lewis wrote that one of his men "killed a buffalo this morning near the river and we halted and breakfasted on it."

We didn't get fresh buffalo for breakfast. We had to make do instead with pancakes, scrambled eggs, bacon, oatmeal and boxed juice drinks (I wonder what Lewis and Clark would think of those!).

While Don prepared the food, Jimmy led us on a 45-minute hike up into a coulee that led to a plain overlooking the river.



Banana bread waiting to be devoured.

Richard Buck

I was again mildly surprised that I didn't feel like going all the way with the group. It seemed like I was getting winded sooner than I should, but the discomfort quickly faded and I forgot about it.

SUDDEN STORM

Soon after breakfast, we hit the river again under threatening skies that reminded me of something I had learned on a hiking trip a dozen years earlier: in Montana, weather is *always* an issue. By the time we had stopped beside the river for a noontime break, we were pretty sure we would have rain. Distant lightning and thunder seemed to be moving our way.

As we started down from a high hill where we had climbed for a river overlook, the rain arrived. We all had rainwear, but our lunch was no match for the drenching rain that now poured on us. Jimmy and Don ran to the canoes and helped us hastily put up a tent, in the rain, where six of us huddled. Our guides stood outside under a tarp, Jimmy nervously looking down the river for any sign of relief.

Soon the thunder clouds moved elsewhere, and we packed up our wet tent and continued on the river. We stopped at another site where Lewis and Clark stayed. But it was taken, its occupants hunkered down as if expecting gale-force winds and more rain.

We continued a few more miles to a pleasant spot among cottonwood trees. As we put up our tents and dried out our clothing and gear, we saw the sun poking through clouds to the west. We were pretty sure better weather would be ours the next day. Wrong! We were about to get a little refresher course in Montana weather.

By this time, my dietary resolve had weakened, and I hungrily watched (trying not to be too obvious) as Don and Jimmy prepared a dinner of steak, steamed potatoes, a mango-avocado salad (with chili powder and fresh lime juice), and three loaves of banana bread that had been baked before we left.

While the rest of our party monitored the steaks Jimmy was grilling over the campfire, the sun peeked through the clouds again from very low in the sky, providing a few minutes of "magic hour" lighting so I could photograph the banana bread waiting to be devoured. After all, making a picture wouldn't give me any calories, would it?

After supper we watched more peli-

cans flying upstream, talked about the river's speed, wondered aloud how long it would take for a gallon of water flowing past us to make it to the Gulf of Mexico (our estimate: two weeks).

In the morning, we were awakened to an unwelcome sound: rain tapping the tops of our tents. While half our party stayed inside their tents until they were cajoled out into the rain, the rest of us stood around a campfire and got wetter. And wetter. Our canoes on the banks began to fill with water.

Breakfast was especially welcome: previously baked pastries of egg and cheese inside thick bread dough. Each was about the size of a baked potato, wrapped in aluminum foil and warmed in a large kettle beside the fire Jimmy and Don had built at 6am.

HALF A TON OF WET GEAR

The rain didn't stop until after we had taken down our tents, sponged out the canoes and packed our gear—most of it wet—for our final 75 minutes down the river to Judith Landing, where a large van was waiting for us with a trailer for canoes and close to half a ton of wet gear.

We hadn't suffered even a tiny fraction of the travails of the Lewis and Clark party. But we had experienced first-hand the power of the river that was the major water route to the Rocky Mountains until the coming of the railroads late in the 19th century.

We had seen remnants of frame, rock and sod homesteads built beside the river in places too harsh for even some of the toughest men of the Old West. Although we were wet and eager for showers, we had all loved the trip. Griffin wasn't surprised. "I have never picked up an unhappy floater," he said.

NEXT STOP: EMERGENCY ROOM

Despite my dietary indulgences on the trip, our frequent side trips (all uphill) along the river's shores provided more exercise than I had expected. When I arrived home and stepped on the dreaded scale, I had not gained a pound. But neither had I lost any weight.

Remembering that \$100 bet, I decided to take up vigorous walking in the mornings, taking advantage of the hill where I live near the top. The shortness of breath followed me from Montana, however, and about 10 days after my return I realized I was experiencing something ominous when the

tightness in my chest was accompanied by a sensation that went down my arm.

Later that morning, I found myself in the emergency room of Group Health Eastside Hospital, where I badly flunked a treadmill test and went on to have an angiogram.

It showed a 95 percent blockage in my right coronary artery. No wonder I noticed something unusual walking up to the Eye of the Needle along the Missouri! The next day I had an angioplasty, which apparently fixed the problem. But there will be no more lasagna in this guy's diet for awhile.

Wheat berry salad

Start with $\frac{3}{4}$ -cup of raw wheat berries (available in most natural food stores) soaked overnight in 2.5 cups of water. Then boil for 15 minutes, adding more water if necessary. Drain and cool.

Mix together two packages Jell-O pistachio pudding mix, one large can crushed pineapple (save the juice separately), 8 ounces cream cheese.

Then add 3 teaspoons lemon juice and one large tub of Cool Whip. Add juice from canned pineapple to make it thinner if desired. Mix in cooled wheat berries. Refrigerate until used (up to six days). Serves 10.

INFORMATION

For more information on canoe trips on the Missouri, contact:

Department of Interior, Bureau of Land Management

River Manager
PO Box 1160
Lewistown MT 59457.
406-538-7461.

Visitor Center, Fort Benton, Montana.
406-622-5185.

Don Sorensen
Missouri River Canoe Company
c/o Virgelle Mercantile
HC67, Box 50
Loma MT 59460.
406-378-3110 or 800-426-2926.

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Rich Buck, of Bellevue, has a newly-improved relationship with his heart. After surgery, his treadmill test last fall put him in the 70th percentile—his best score yet.

Regular exercise, says Rich, makes a big difference in how he feels, and he has resumed all normal activities (except eating pizza).

KERRY GILLES with Don Abbott

Olympic Traverse

—NO RAIN ... A PERFECT TRIP—

We pulled into the Indian Creek Campground, on the Elwha River, at 8:45pm Friday night, last August 19. The next day our good friend, 80-year-old Bob Jenkins, dropped Don and me off at the Appleton Pass trailhead and hiked along with us for awhile before turning back.

A big rabbit jumped out in front of us shortly after we started up the trail; we took it as a good luck sign. The trail is a long ascending traverse. Both of us were carrying a third of our weight and taking it steady and slow.

Lime-green elk horn moss grows along the side of the trail and with each rest stop we gorged ourselves on the overfull huckleberry bushes, red and blue. After gaining only 2300 feet in a 5-mile stretch we were looking into pea-green, almost-round Boulder Lake.

Directly southwest, Boulder Peak was shrouded in a fog. Rain from the night

before caused the trees on the hillside to glisten when the sun shone down on them. After a two hour break we went on to Three Horse Lake—easier said than done.

First we climbed up and out of Boulder Lake, then we followed a waytrail. We had just started descending to lower Three Horse Lake when I took one wrong step and found myself on my rear! Dirt flew up in my face (I wear contacts) and my ice axe went flying.

After reaching the lower lake, we tried to reach the upper one. We made a wrong attempt around Everett Peak, too far east. After one too many falls, a log slide, and numerous cuss words we went back to Three Horse Lake to camp.

Sunday.

After a good night's rest and realizing our silly mistake we found the well-defined elk trail (more to the south) and started following it up. There were two spots that let us catch a glimpse of Upper Three Horse Lake.

After gaining 1000 feet, with blue lupine and heather on the sides of the trail, we crested the ridge. We could see Blue Lake and discussed the route we should take down. The animal trails were almost non-existent. After a little sidehilling and some branch-hanging, I just sat down and scooted. (I wonder if these pants are going to last this trip!)

When we were almost down I felt like I could stand up and proceed, but alas, I fell forward. Instinct was to put my arm out. I did. It landed directly in a fresh pile of elk dung.

Getting down to the lake a few moments later we saw a big bull elk with four cows switchbacking up and over the ridge to the southwest.

I rested my wobbly legs and worn out behind, now black and blue, and washed my hand. This is truly a beautiful lake. Looking back now we wished we had spent the night.



Kerry and Don in Cat Basin.

Don Abbott



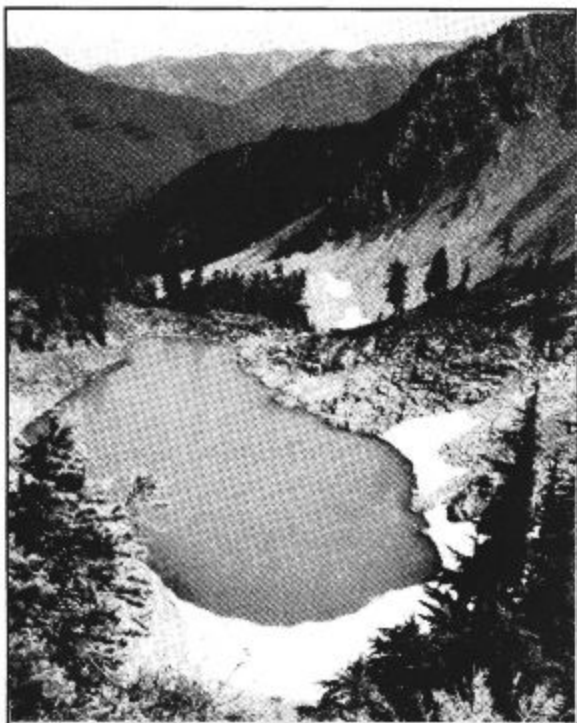
It was a relatively easy hike from here over to Mud Lake, which isn't mud color at all but a blue-aqua silt color. Climbing out of Mud Lake took its toll on me. Halfway up I pooped out. Don lowered a rope and with a sure grasp of something, finally I was able to get up.

The flies totally ignored our repellent. We slid down the grassy, sometimes bumpy hillside in glissade fashion on the northwest side of Mount Appleton. It was another two hours across the basin, stopping once to pump water from a small snow melt.

It was time to climb again. The fine gravel here made it easier. Lupine was everywhere, with paintbrush, "old man on the mountain," yellow daisy and avalanche lilies. The a strong breeze on top of this ridge at 5500 feet really felt good. We could see Mount Tom, Mount Olympus and five other lakes.

Staying on the ridge, we worked our way across, sidehilling, using what animal trail we could sometimes find, crossed avalanches, and hung onto tree branches.

We had views of Haigs Lake and after a while Don saw areas that looked familiar. We started down the ridge, a good goat and people trail, until our feet were upon the Appleton Pass trail. We were goofy by this time and every-



Mud Lake.

thing was funny.

We were scratched, blistered, burnt, chapped, bit and sore. We went on to Oyster Lake (it's really a tarn) and found the only campsite left. It took us 10 hours to do 5 miles! Mother deer and their young checked out anything we put on the ground.

Monday.

We woke early, unzipped the tent and waited for the sun to come up. The sky was already purple, pink, white and blue. Packed up and were on our way, destination: Cat Basin.

We climbed, crossed a meadow and entered woods. We made a descending sidehill traverse, then another long uphill on a good trail with grass on both sides almost hip high. We topped off at Spread Eagle Pass where it was time to gulp down a quart of water.

From there we traversed a cirque with four boulder fields to cross. A small patch of snow allowed us to refill our jugs before climbing again. We eventually broke out in the open and looked down into Cat Creek Basin.

We took the straight down approach, listening to the marmots sound their alarm. We made camp about 100 feet below Cat Lake. The fog rolled in, then faded out. We hiked up to the lake for a sunshine moment.

There are, of course, people camped at the lake and more camped in the basin below us. We are next to a small

stream. Yellow snow buttercups run up and down both sides of it. The fog rolls in again.

In our sleeping bags that night we rehashed the route (which took 6 hours) we came over, the high and low points. With laughter and aching muscles we drifted off to sleep.

Tuesday.

We were up waiting for the sun to peek over the ridge and shine on snow covered Mount Olympus.

Once again we started hiking with no trail. We rested at the horse camp in Cat Basin. We normally try to put our packs on a log or rock when we remove them because it is so much easier to heave them back on, but this time we just let them drop.

Taking the High Divide trail, we climbed. The trail is so well used we didn't have to watch where we put each step and we were able to look at all the beauty this country has to offer. After 1½ miles of climbing we stopped at a level spot and looked down into Heart Lake—it truly is heart shaped.

We could also see Lake No. 8 and Morganroth Lake. We kept trudging, looking out over the Seven Lakes Basin. This trail is like I-5 at rush hour and "grave-markers" indicate where you can no longer set a tent.

We dropped our packs at the Bogachiel Peak trailhead and walked up to

Bogachiel Peak (a real tourist trap) to see the over-all views. (See page 284 of Robert L. Wood's *Olympic Mountains Trail Guide*.)

Another 1½ miles down the trail we came to Hoh Lake, as beautiful as Blue Lake. It is campable by reservation only, and only three tents are allowed. A black bear across the lake on the hillside was eating peacefully.

We hiked ¾-mile down the trail and camped at CB Flats in a grove of six big old trees that circled each other. A bear wire is here as well as an old rusty, locked metal ranger box.

Lake Creek was our water source. We have full bushes of blueberries which we picked and put in our cheesecake and oatmeal. A group of five came looking for a place to camp—they had reservations for Hoh Lake but the group camped there said they had reservations. They had to keep on hiking as CB Flats was full too. That evening we had bats flying about.

Wednesday.

About 20 minutes down the trail after leaving CB Flats is a spot for a couple of tents. We were in fog on the gradual switchbacks, the only sounds our footsteps and the occasional brush of vegetation against our legs.

We saw intricate spiderwebs and many little trees trying to find room to shoot upward among the berries. We passed a tree with a root system that overhung the trail. The fog lifted, sun came out and we could see the Hoh River.

A tree across the trail was cut in half. It is taller than I am! We came to the junction with the Hoh River trail and



Kerry hikes south from Spread Eagle Pass.



Don Abbott

A tree across the Hoh River trail is wider than Kerry is tall!

followed the muddy-in-spots path toward Hoh Bridge. Off the main trail by the river we make camp. With huge cedar trees surrounding us, the wonderful river noise, and the smell of a campfire we wind down the day.

Thursday.

We day-hiked (hooray, no heavy packs!) to the Blue Glacier terminus. One of the highlights was crossing the Hoh Bridge which spans a rock-walled gorge while 150 feet below the Hoh surges through the canyon.

The trail climbs and we saw large

thick-skinned Douglas firs, sword and maidenhair ferns, a big rock that overhangs the trail. Elk Lake is small with marshy ground and lily pads around it, with a log jam.

The trail continued to climb, going around a cliff where 1400 feet below Glacier Creek roared. Reaching Glacier Meadows we saw two goats and seven deer roaming around the camp. Two shelters are here, both small, a pit toilet, and a ranger on duty.

We hiked to the notch in the moraine to reach the glacier's terminus. It's awesome to see this glacier—the ice-blue color, the width of the fissures, the waterfalls. We climbed up on Indian Rock, a multi-colored monolith, and went picture-crazy.

Friday.

We packed up after breakfast. On the way out I noticed four large cedar trees that have grown together to make a cedar wall at least 12 feet in width. Another cedar tree had an arm looped down making it look like a chair to sit



Don Abbott

Heart Lake.

in. We were on our way to Happy Four camp. The moss draped from the big maple trees, licorice ferns poked out, yellow, red, gold, tan and brown leaves lay in the dark brown trail.

We made camp on a sandy bed close to the river. It was another nice day and we relaxed. Don went, by way of a log, across the river to scout out an area that looks inviting.

We gathered firewood and put "Old Maria" to boil. We sat and watched the river bob by. An eagle flew past. We tried to name the different trees across the river. That evening we had bats flying again.

Saturday.

Only 20 minutes after leaving camp I was stung on the hand by a yellow-jacket. We soaked a teabag and put it on the sting. Sections of this trail are being redone with cedar planks.

We stopped at Tom Creek Meadow, a big camping area, and went down to the river to see if we could find a way across. When got a weather report of incoming rain we decided to hike out today instead of tomorrow. No rain for a week in the Olympics—a perfect trip.

△

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

Don Abbott, of Aberdeen, commutes to the Weyerhaeuser mill by bicycle.

They are both members of the Olympians club in southwest Washington.



Don Abbott

Don and Kerry at the edge of the Blue Glacier.

LINDA ROSTAD

MILK CREEK TO WHITE PASS

—ALONG THE WEST SIDE OF GLACIER PEAK ON THE PCT—

For months Steve and I had planned this 12-day backpack through the Glacier Peak Wilderness with our dogs King and Jenny, taking our vacation at the end of July and beginning of August to get the best weather. The summer of '95 had different plans for us, however.

A nasty summer storm delayed our departure by one day. A slow drizzle helped to make our first day, July 26, a wet one.

The Milk Creek trail starts with a new approach to Rivord Creek after crossing the Suiattle River. This trail is always a wet experience regardless of the weather. In the upper valley of Milk Creek the trail enters a meadow with several streams crossing from the ridge to the west.

Water ran on the trail at least a foot deep in places. We gave up trying to stay dry. Branches grabbed at our packs and threw us off balance, so we waded. Two nice log bridges got us across the double crossing of Milk Creek. We spent our first night at the East Fork Milk Creek camp in the rain.

The trail went through shoulder-high ferns and flowers before reaching the PCT. It was hard to keep dry on this trail, also. After a series of switchbacks we finally reached the PCT.

We turned south toward Mica Lake. More wet brush to get through and two large trees to get over and around. (On



Linda Rostad

Jenny and King are happy to spend the evening in the tent when it's raining. They have their own sleeping mats. By the time we join them, the dogs are dry.

our return, we found a third tree down from another storm.)

Making camp in the meadow below Mica Lake, we stayed three nights. We took a day trip up to Fire Creek Pass to check on snow conditions and were glad to have our ice axes. We negotiated several tricky places on the north side, but we all got through without mishap.

Another storm kept us in our tent the next day. Several people were camped at Mica Lake and they had to move a tent because of the storm.

Day five got us up and over Fire Creek Pass. The trail was snow free on the south side. It was a beautiful hike over to Pumice Creek.

We saw lots of flowers at their peak and of course great views of Glacier Peak. At Pumice Creek, we explored up the creek to an upper valley, finding a possible campsite, but it was very windy. We ended up on a bench just above the trail.

On our southbound trip we arrived at raging Kennedy Creek late in the afternoon. Steve and I could get across, but we felt it was too dangerous for our dogs. We took a detour to Kennedy Hot Springs where a log crosses Kennedy Creek. We found a new bridge across to the Hot Springs. A bear warning sign was up, but we had no problems.

(On our northbound return we camped at Kennedy Creek and found the creek had dropped almost two feet during the night, making it an easy crossing.)

The next day we hiked back up to the PCT and continued south. We sure were glad to see the repaired bridge across the White Chuck—lots of water in a narrow gorge.

We took the switchbacks up to a valley filled with mosquitoes, the only place they were a problem on the whole

continued on page 27



Steve Rostad

Linda with pals King and Jenny, Glacier Peak Wilderness.

STEPHANIE TAYLOR

Help Save Spider Meadow

—TRUST FOR PUBLIC LAND NEEDS YOUR HELP—

Three hundred acres leading into Spider Meadow, one of the most popular destinations in the Glacier Peak Wilderness, are threatened by logging. (See *P&P*, April 1995, page 29.)

The Trust for Public Land, a national land conservation organization with the mission of saving land for people, has negotiated an agreement to purchase the property and protect it from imminent logging. However, TPL needs additional funds to help preserve the property.

Spider Meadow is located north of Lake Wenatchee, about 25 miles up the Chiwawa River road near the townsite of Trinity. Once a copper mine, the threatened property was bought in 1994 by a logging company with plans to capitalize on its investment by harvesting the old-growth timber. The property had been on Wenatchee National Forest's wish list for a number of years, but the limited funding allocated to the forest had gone to purchase other threatened parcels.

When the logging company applied for permits to harvest the timber, the Forest Service wanted to purchase the site to avert logging and protect Phelps Creek and Spider Meadow.

The Forest Service could not obtain funding quickly enough, however, and looked to TPL for interim protection of the land. Because of the overwhelming support for Spider Meadow, TPL jumped right in.

Although TPL has been successful in negotiating an agreement to purchase the 334 acres, the route into Spider Meadow is still far from secure. The only way the Trust was able to reach an agreement to purchase the property from the logging company was to agree to pay the top range of the property's value.

The Forest Service is unable to pay TPL's full cost, so TPL needs to raise approximately \$120,000 to make up the difference and cover the expenses involved in completing the transaction.

TPL has launched a private fundraising campaign for Spider Meadow similar to the effort undertaken to protect the Peshastin Pinnacles, now a state park dedicated to rock climbing because so many people stepped up to



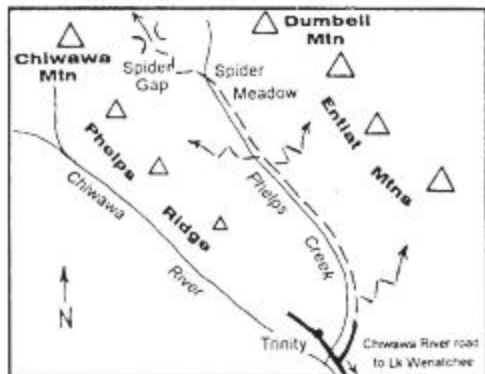
Spider Meadow and Upper Phelps Creek, Glacier Peak Wilderness.

help TPL with the acquisition.

A Friends of Spider Meadow committee has been formed to lead TPL's fundraising effort, and many conservation and outdoor organizations and individuals have expressed willingness to help. Challenge pledges are in place that will match gifts for Spider Meadow on a 1:1 basis.

The next step will be to ask Congress to appropriate \$730,000 needed from the Land and Water Conservation Fund to purchase the property.

Garnering the government funds to add the Spider Meadow parcels to the Glacier Peak Wilderness Area will require an enormous effort. The Washington congressional delegation needs to hear from the 2000 to 3000 hikers



who use the trail every year and from the many outdoor, wilderness, and other organizations that are helping TPL secure Spider Meadow.

Friends of Spider Meadow committee member Ira Spring says, "I'm ready to pull out my pen and write to senators Gorton and Murray and representative Hastings, urging their help in saving this Northwest treasure." We hope you'll also pull out your pen and help save Spider Meadow with your checkbook and letters.

To make a gift for Spider Meadow, please write your check to the Trust for Public Land and mark it for Spider Meadow.

Send your tax-deductible contribution to TPL at 506 Second Avenue, Suite 1510, Seattle WA 98104.

To find out more about how you can help with the campaign to SAVE SPIDER MEADOW, call Stephanie Taylor at the Trust for Public Land: 206-587-2447 or e-mail:

Steph_Taylor@tpl-nwro.ccomail.compuserve.com.

Stephanie Taylor, of Seattle, is the Public Affairs and Project Coordinator for the Trust for Public Land.

SHARI HOGSHEAD

Le Tour du Mont Blanc

—A EUROPEAN CLASSIC—

After I had finished leading my 18-day Mountaineers outing in the north of England last summer, Paul joined me in the village of Coleby in Lincolnshire, where we once lived. We spent a day visiting with neighbors, then drove to London and flew to Geneva.

The bus to Chamonix arrived soon after we deplaned, and we rode it to Les Houches in the Chamonix Valley of l'Arve. That night we threw our balcony shutters open to the moonlight on many of the mountains that are famous in the history of Alpine climbing.

The next morning, after the usual French breakfast of coffee and milk with bread, butter and jam, we began our tour. Our direction was counterclockwise around the magnificent Mont Blanc massif, through France,

Italy, and the Swiss Valais.

We were quite warm as we climbed to the Col de Voza and then descended through tiny villages to les Contamines-Montjoie. We found a small hotel, that had once been a farmhouse, just beyond the town, where we showered, and prepared to enjoy a wonderful French meal.

We were not disappointed on this night or on any other. Again, we slept with shutters thrown open to the mountains and the stars. In the cool of the next morning, we walked up a narrow valley along the rushing waters of le Bon Nant Torrent to the interesting chapel of Notre Dame de la Gorge.

The route then started up, passing some lovely chalets offering food and lodging, then crossing in snow over the Col du Bonhomme and the higher Col de la Croix du Bonhomme at 8200 feet.

Upon reaching the col, we dropped slightly to the Refuge de la Croix du Bonhomme where we stopped briefly before descending to the friendly Auberge de la Nova in the tiny village of les Chapieux. Here we enjoyed another excellent meal.

On the following day we crossed into Italy at the Col de la Seigne, and began our traverse of the Italian side of the massif with views of the Val Veni and the spectacular Aiguille Noire de Peuterey.

After spending the night at the Refugio Elisabetta Soldini, a comfortable alpine hut splendidly situated below the Aiguille de Tre la Tete, we traversed a flower covered hillside

toward the col Checrouit, viewing the sheer rocky Italian face of Mont Blanc.

This day we joined forces with some vigorous, vital (and all male) Italian hikers who had told us at the start of this route that it was *tres difficile*, superciliously eyeing my small 5-foot frame and our large packs.

So, we let them start and promptly caught them, much to their surprise. Near the end of the day, I couldn't help but ask them when we would come to the *tres difficile* part of the route, knowing full well that we had long since passed anything that might have been considered difficult.

Descending to the beautiful alpine town of Courmayeur, we splurged to lodge at an elegant four-star hotel that had been recommended to us by fellow Mountaineer Patti Polinsky. We spent the afternoon exploring flower-decorated streets and interesting shops.

Our route the following day took us up to the Refugio Bertone. From here, we descended through flowered alps to our auberge in tiny, lovely La Vachey. We enjoyed panoramic views of the Dent du Geant (Giant's Tooth) and the famous Grandes Jorasses, towering above the Italian Val Ferret.

The next day we hiked past the new Refugio Elena and over the Col du Grand Ferret, where we entered Switzerland. We lunched at the col with views of the Grand Combin and Mont Dolent.

As at the Col de la Seigne, rain and snowmelt from one side of this col ends up in the Adriatic, whereas waters from the other flow into the Rhone.

We descended to the Swiss Val Ferret and the village of La Fouly, where we renewed friendships with Brits and Belgians we kept meeting along our route.

While hiking in the Valais area, we were intrigued by the unique homes constructed by the Walliser people. We spent a day walking through the valley, with an ascent to Lac Champex in the



afternoon. Late afternoon found us going for a cold swim and strolling around the lake in the sunshine.

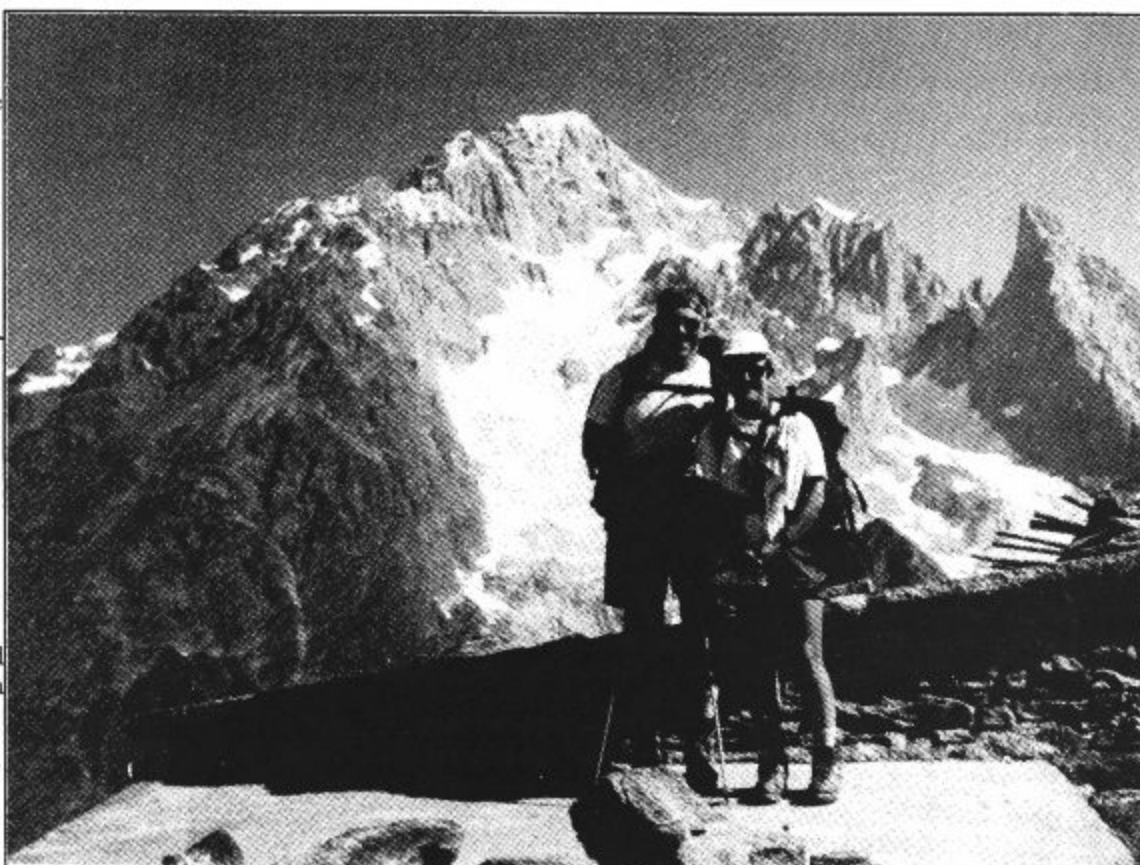
The next day we began the arduous climb from Lac Champex over the Fenetre d'Arpette at 8800 feet. We enjoyed outstanding views over the immense Trient Glacier as we descended along the moraine to refresh ourselves at the unimposing Chalet du Glacier.

From here it was an easy, nearly level stroll to reach the Col de la Forclaz and our lodging for the night. We felt like we had really earned our multi-course meal in the hotel dining room after our strenuous day.

Crossing the valley of the Trient, we ascended to the Col de Balme, where we were instantly gratified with magnificent views of the Chamonix valley and Mont Blanc as we re-entered France and descended quickly to Le Tour.

Le Tour is the home of a large Alpine Club of France climbers' lodge, where we spent dinner sharing mountain experiences with a friendly group of Belgian students preparing to climb Mont Blanc.

On our way to Chamonix the next day, we followed a strenuous route up numerous ladders and narrow walk-



Paul and Shari near the Glacier du Miage, between the Rifugio Elisabetta and the Col Chercroui above Courmayeur. The photo was taken by a member of a group of Italians they traveled with that day.

ways studded with iron railings through l'Aiguillette d'Argentiere in the Aiguilles Rouges.

After reaching La Flegere, we descended to Chamonix by way of the Floria hut, with views of the Chamonix aiguilles, the Grandes Jorasses, and the Mer de Glace. We had walked 140 miles, with 33,000 feet of elevation gain in our ten-day tour.

We day-hiked out of Chamonix, visiting the Lacs des Cheserys and Lac

Blanc before returning to Les Houches by way of the Petite Balcon.

All too soon, we were on the bus for Geneva and our flight back to London and Seattle. But we're returning—we're going again this summer and taking friends with us.

△

Shari Hogshead, of Bellevue, is a Mountaineer member and works for the Issaquah School District.

MILK CREEK TO WHITE PASS

continued from page 24

trip. We could hardly walk fast enough to get away from them.

At last we reached Glacier Meadows, near the headwaters of the White Chuck. We camped about two hundred feet up from the old shelter site in a grassy spot next to a stream and snow patches east of Red Pass.

We stayed for three nights. Every night clouds descended, but luckily, they burned off in the morning. The first morning, we watched climbers on Glacier Peak—the last good climbing day for the rest of our trip.

We took day trips over to White Pass

and along a high route to look at the White Chuck Glacier. This trip to the White Chuck Glacier was the highlight of the entire trip.

We went from lush flower-filled meadows to a barren wasteland of rock and snow. On closer inspection, we found flowers among the rocks above the glacier. There is now a plain of bare rock below the glacier because it has retreated like all the other glaciers we saw on Glacier Peak.

Another storm came in as we made our way back north. We spent a day in our tent at Pumice Creek, waiting it out.

The next day we hiked out 16 miles in light rain (snow at Fire Creek Pass). We met lots of nice people on this 12-day trip, and even saw some backcountry rangers out on patrol. Everyone passed on the hazards others could expect ahead and how to get safely through them.

△

Linda Rostad, of Redmond, is a former mountain guide who now works for Seattle Metro.

DEBORAH RIEHL

Rescue Epics

—A "SHORTCUT" ON MCCLELLAN BUTTE—

In the late afternoon of November 22, 1995, hikers coming down the trail on McClellan Butte reported hearing voices yelling for help. They sounded like they were above the straight-away that follows the seemingly endless switchbacks

that begin right at the trailhead.

Within 45 minutes of the pagers going off the first mountain rescuer, Doug, was leaving from the upper trailhead at exit 38 off I-90. Doug, fortunately enough, lives in North Bend.

The exit 38 trailhead takes the first half mile or so off the ascent but there's little parking. Two more rescuers, Dave and Tim, departed from the regular trailhead, off exit 42, in case the hikers in distress had happened to make their way down.

Meanwhile, the sheriff got permission from Seattle Water Department to enter the Cedar River watershed. 4x4 rescue trucks loaded up SPART and SMR personnel to drive down to North Bend and up through the watershed to intersect the trail high on the backside of the butte.

At 10:40pm a mountain rescuer, Glen, who had hiked up from the lower trailhead, established voice contact with the subjects. He and his team had arrived at the first waterfall which is crossed as a hiker arrives at the top of the initial switchbacks.

Glen and his team prepared to scramble up to the voices. Meanwhile, Doug and other rescuers who had caught up to him were traversing the ridge top, shouting down and trying to get a response. They heard nothing but the howling of the wind gusting over the summit.

The 4x4s with their cargo of rescuers were winding their way up through the maze of roads in the watershed. Fortunately, they had an official Water Department guide.

By 11pm Glen's team reported they were getting close (so they thought!) to the voices. They were at the 4500 foot level and estimated the subjects were 400 feet above them.

The subjects shouted they could see the rescue team's headlamps. It took another 40 minutes to reach the subjects through vertical, rotten terrain.

When the rescue team got there they discovered a man and woman who were okay physically, but thoroughly stuck. The man was somewhat cold and wet due to his cotton clothing (bluejeans and sweatshirt).

Next came how to evacuate the two. Doug's team had walked back down from the summit and was considering



PANORAMA

NEWS FROM ALL OVER

VOLUNTEER IN ALASKA—State Parks in Alaska are looking for volunteers who can spend at least 4 to 6 weeks this summer helping out with a variety of tasks.

In particular demand are campground hosts. Backcountry rangers and trail crew positions are also available. For details, contact Volunteer Coordinator, Alaska State Parks, 3601 C Street #1200, Anchorage AK 99503 (907-269-8708).

MEMORIAL FUND ESTABLISHED

—A fund to benefit the Pacific Crest Trail Association has been established by the families of Jane and Flicka Rodman. Interest from the fund will be used to maintain and promote the Pacific Crest Trail.

Hiking north to south to avoid the heavy snow in the Sierra, Jane and Flicka were within 500 miles of finishing the 2600-mile PCT. On November 19, to catch friends ahead of them on the trail, they were hiking a section of road in southern California when a car left its lane and hit them, killing Flicka instantly. Jane died several hours later in a local hospital. The driver of the car apparently had fallen asleep at the wheel.

Both 30, the Rodmans were from Worcester, Massachusetts. They had

hiked the Appalachian Trail in 1993.

Flicka's mother and Jane's father attended the PCTA annual meeting in January to officially establish the memorial fund. Donations to the fund may be sent to:

**Jane and Flicka Fund
PCT Association
5325 Elkhorn Blvd #256
Sacramento CA 95842.**

VANCOUVER ISLAND—The ferry *Royal Victorian* will begin summer service between Seattle and Victoria on 5/16. The ferry will make one round trip daily (4½ hours each way) until 10/15.

This is a convenient way for Seattle-area folks to get to the island without driving to Port Angeles or Vancouver, and you can make vehicle reservations.

For schedule and rate information, call 206-625-1880 or 800-668-1167.

DETAILS—The second edition of the Mount Tahoma Trails Association Handbook has been released. The book, just like the trails and huts in the MTTA system, is free; MTTA asks an \$11 donation.

The handbook describes in detail how MTTA operates. The use of 100 miles of trails, three huts and a yurt are provided to the public at no cost. The system is maintained by MTTA volunteers.

The book (and more information about the organization) is available from MTTA, PO Box 206, Ashford WA 98304.

CASCADIA MARINE TRAIL—Until Memorial Day, the price of the annual Cascadia Marine Trail permit will be discounted to \$14 per person. After the holiday, the cost of the permit will be \$20 per person.

The permit allows paddlers to camp overnight in small sites from Olympia to Canada. Although the permit system is managed by State Parks, the sites may belong to DNR, counties, cities, or private owners.

State Parks has named six new sites to the trail: Manchester, Fort Ward, Fort Worden, Fort Flagler, Joseph Whidbey and Fort Ebey. These new areas are being added to the guidebook and will be available for use after work parties have brought them up to speed with brushing and signing.

For information on membership and on the Cascadia Marine Trail, contact:

**Washington Water Trails Assoc
4649 Sunnyside Ave N #305
Seattle WA 98103
206-545-9161.**

Rescue Epics

whether to climb up the second waterfall, as possibly an easier route up to the subjects.

After midnight the watershed team finally reached the end of the road. They began to blaze a route from the road end to the trail as a possibly easier evacuation route than walking all the way back down the mountain. It's a 15-minute minor brush thrash from road end to trail.

Helmets, harnesses and ropes were ferried to the rescuers with the subjects. There was only room for two rescuers to join the subjects on their airy perch. The two stranded hikers were tied in and a long, slow lowering process began at 1:30am. Even with great caution in the lowering process considerable rockfall was generated. Lower rescue

teams retreated to safer ground.

The woman, "Ann," finally reached the trail at 5:30am. After a quick medical check, warm up and snack Ann was on her way down with a SPART team. Nobody wanted to walk back uphill to the watershed road. Ann's friend "Ross" was five minutes behind.

Shortly after 7am all rescuers and both subjects were back in basecamp. They were in good shape for having been stranded all night in a cold wind. They had extra clothes, food and water in their day packs.

Ross is from out of town and a student in a college course Ann was teaching. They discovered a mutual love of hiking and Ann was going to show Ross some of the local trails. They left fairly late in the day and decided to do

McClellans Butte.

When they got to the top of the initial set of switchbacks they could see the summit looming directly above, and the trail continuing across the hillside. They decided to take a "shortcut."

Bad move, they discovered, as the terrain gets steeper and steeper and rapidly technical. They reached an impasse where they couldn't go up or down. So there they perched until we came to take them back down the way they came—but with the addition of helmets, harnesses, ropes and climbing expertise.

△

Debby Riehl, of North Creek, is a member of Seattle Mountain Rescue and the Ski Patrol Rescue Team.

REST STOP

EQUIPMENT, RECIPES, TIPS

PARAFFIN—Even better than Maxi-glide (*February*, page 30) is a bar of paraffin. I use about 1/4 of a bar, and it works as a scraper also. It has always "cured" sticky snow for me. I carry it in a plastic bag where I can get it easily from my pack.—*Connie McLaughlin, Edmonds.*

KAYAK DEMONSTRATIONS—Free. On the water at the Northwest Outdoor Center, Saturdays at 10am. March 3: paddling techniques. March 9: boats and paddles.

Demonstrations are provided by NWOC's highly qualified and enthusiastic instructors.

NWOC is in Seattle at 2100 Westlake Avenue North. Call 206-281-9694.

AVALANCHE SAFETY—Avalanches can occur on any slope, but most often happen on slopes of 30 to 45 degrees. Generally, snow capable of sliding must be deep enough to cover all ground features such as stumps and boulders.

How can you tell what the risk is? Not even the experts can be sure, but there are some things you should do.



First, call the Avalanche Hotline, listed on page 7.

Look for direct information from the slope itself. If, for example, you just watched a slide come down, you know a hazard definitely exists!

Use in-the-field techniques for assessing avalanche hazard, such as snow pits and Rutschblock tests. Consider weather conditions—avalanches frequently occur during and just after heavy snowfall. Think about your route—if you return over the same path later in the day, it may be more prone to slide.

Make sure all members in your party have shovels. Everyone should be carrying a beeper (compatible with others in the group) or old-fashioned avalanche cord.

Consider renting a beeper for your dog if he accompanies you. Remember the poor pooch who lost its life on Kendall Ridge just a couple of years ago—no beeper.

CORN BREAD—Here is a simple recipe for one of those backpacking ovens, like the Optimus or the Bakepacker (for the Bakepacker, halve the

ingredients). You can even cook this with a reflector oven around your winter beach fire.

2 packages Jiffy corn muffin mix

2 eggs (optional)

2 tablespoons Milkman dry milk powder

1/2 cup water

1/4 pound butter or margarine

Stir together the muffin mix, eggs, milk powder and water. Place in your cooker—use some of the margarine to grease it for easier removal, and put several pats on top. Bake as directed by your cooker.

Allow to cool somewhat for easy handling, then cut into hunks and serve with the butter or margarine. Use a bandana for a "plate" to catch the crumbs, and consume them or toss into the fire. Leaving crumbs on the ground only encourages those pesky beach raccoons.

HAT LEASH—Tie alligator clips to each end of a short length of cord. Fasten one clip to your hat, the other to your jacket. When the wind blows your hat off, you won't lose it.

WIN FAME & ADMIRATION!

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

PACK & PADDLE

PO BOX 1063

PORT ORCHARD WA 98366

Gear Review—your most favorite / least favorite equipment

SNOW SHOVELS—Once again I have learned that newer is not necessarily better. I recently purchased an Ortovox snow shovel with an aluminum telescoping handle and a polycarbonate shovel blade.

The selling points were the telescoping handle which could be adjusted to several positions, the large blade, and that the combination could be used in conjunction with a pair of skis as an emergency sled. It replaced my old style shovel with an aluminum blade and detachable wooden handle.

On a recent trip I had a chance to compare my new shovel (weighing 22 ounces) with the old shovel that Ann

still uses (weighing 24 ounces). For soft snow, the new shovel worked just fine and scooped out snow faster because of the bigger blade.

However, when the snow was crusty, the polycarbonate blade deformed slightly as I tried to break through the crust. The blade did go through, but it took much greater effort. In contrast the old aluminum blade sliced right into the crust.

I also found the instructions on how to construct a sled to be very confusing and have not been able to satisfactorily make it work after several attempts.

For my part, the new shovel is going to the back of the closet and the old

shovel returned to service. When I'm out in backcountry snow conditions, I want a shovel will break through crust or avalanche debris. In this case newer is not better for me.—*LGM, Port Orchard.*

SNOW ANCHOR—Olive Hull described a snow-sack she uses for anchoring tents when snow camping in the April 1995 issue of *Pack & Paddle* (page 30). I had a chance to try the design out on a recent snow camping trip and they work great! Next time I'm going to leave home the heavy-duty winter stakes I take for the tent and use these bags entirely.—*LGM, Port Orchard.*

EDITOR'S JOURNAL



Skilling out toward Waterhole on the Obstruction Point road, Olympic National Park.

FROM THE MAILBOX—"Keep doing what you're doing—it's better than anyone else does it."—*Portland*.

"We enjoy your magazine and read it cover-to-cover. We would like to see more snowshoe articles."—*Yakima*.

"Very enjoyable and informative! I look forward to every issue."—*Bainbridge Island*.

"Still doing far too much of my outdoor activity through *Pack & Paddle*, but we did get to Olympic Hot Springs and Boulder Lake. We also bought a decent backpack tent, so next summer we drag the 13-year-old kicking and screaming into the woods."—*Seattle*.

"We backpack two or three times a month year around, and spend 10 to 12 days doing 100+ miles on the PCT. Presently we are past Lassen, going south."—*Tacoma*.

FRIENDS OF SPIDER MEADOW—We have been following the Phelps Creek/Spider Meadow crisis for a year or so now. Although the landowner does have the right to log his land, we were immensely relieved when the Trust for Public Land stepped in to help. See page 25 for the latest.

Spider Meadow is one of those spots that is on the "favorite places" list of many people. The last time I was on the Phelps Creek trail (coming back from Mount Maude), our group met an entire wedding party—friends, family, bride, groom and minister—hiking in to Spider Meadow for the ceremony on a perfect July weekend.

I am a member of the Friends of Spider Meadow Committee, and hope you'll be able to write a check, or at least write a letter, in support. Contact TPL (address and phone on page 25) if you're not sure how to start letter-writing.

AVALANCHE ADVENTURE—After a day of great skiing at Stevens Pass on Monday, February 5, Linda and I headed back at what we thought was an early hour—we were due at Joan's birthday party and didn't want to be late.

Only a couple of miles down from the summit, however, we were stopped by what we soon learned was an avalanche up ahead. Surely it would be cleared soon, we told each other. We waited for half an hour, until we were turned around by the highway crew.

We'll just drive down to Leavenworth and go over Swauk Pass, we decided. We might be a little late for the party, but they'll save us some cake.

We did make it to Leavenworth, and went over Swauk Pass in a blinding snowstorm, and finally arrived in Cle Elum to find that I-90 had been closed—avalanches.

Cle Elum was awfully full with lots of folks like us stranded. After phone calls home, Linda and I found one of the last motel rooms available and figured we'd just get an early start in the morning.

Not so. On Tuesday morning Snoqualmie Pass was *still* closed, and we couldn't even get to Yakima and White Pass—because of icy roads, I-90 was closed clear to Ellensburg. We waited, listening to rumors that I-90 would open "any time now."

By Wednesday morning, Snoqualmie Pass was *still* closed, but I-90 was open eastbound. We saw our chance and drove east. We turned south at Ellens-

burg and headed for Yakima and White Pass.

This route was not without its perils, but we overcame them all and about midday reached I-5. Several hours later I was home, in time for dinner.

They said they missed us at the party, but they didn't save us any cake.

ACCESS—All the floods and washouts lately have created access problems. When Lee and I started thinking about snow camping, we discovered that just about every place we wanted to go had a road washed out.

We found that calling ranger stations for current conditions really paid off. If you don't have a list of phone numbers, now is the time to start compiling one. You can find ranger station phone numbers on forest maps, Green Trails maps, many guidebooks, and the new *Backcountry Almanac* (available in March from The Mountaineers).

Or you can call the *Pack & Paddle* office and we'll give you the number from our own list.

NOT A SNOW CAMPER—Yellow Cat does not like to spend too much time in the snow. A few light, fluffy flakes are fine, but if it is too deep, she prefers that Lee break trail before she makes any excursion out.

When Lee and I return from snow-camping, she has the job of testing our sleeping bags (long hours of undisturbed napping) to make sure they are completely dry before we put them away.

See you in the backcountry,

Ann Marshall

FRANCIS WRIGHT

We were saddened to learn of the death February 8 of Francis Wright, 94, of Bellevue. Mr. Wright was among the first subscribers to *Pack & Paddle*; he enjoyed each issue, shared the magazine with family members, and loved reading about the backcountry.

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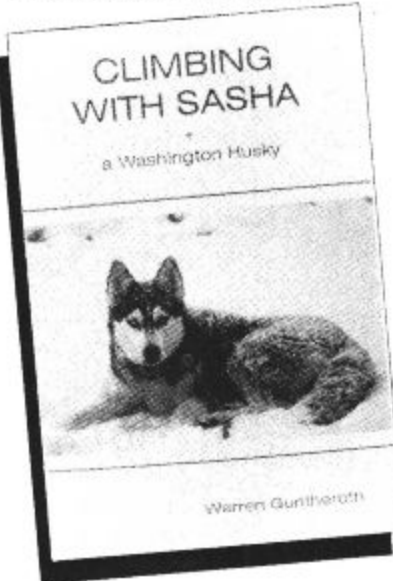
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