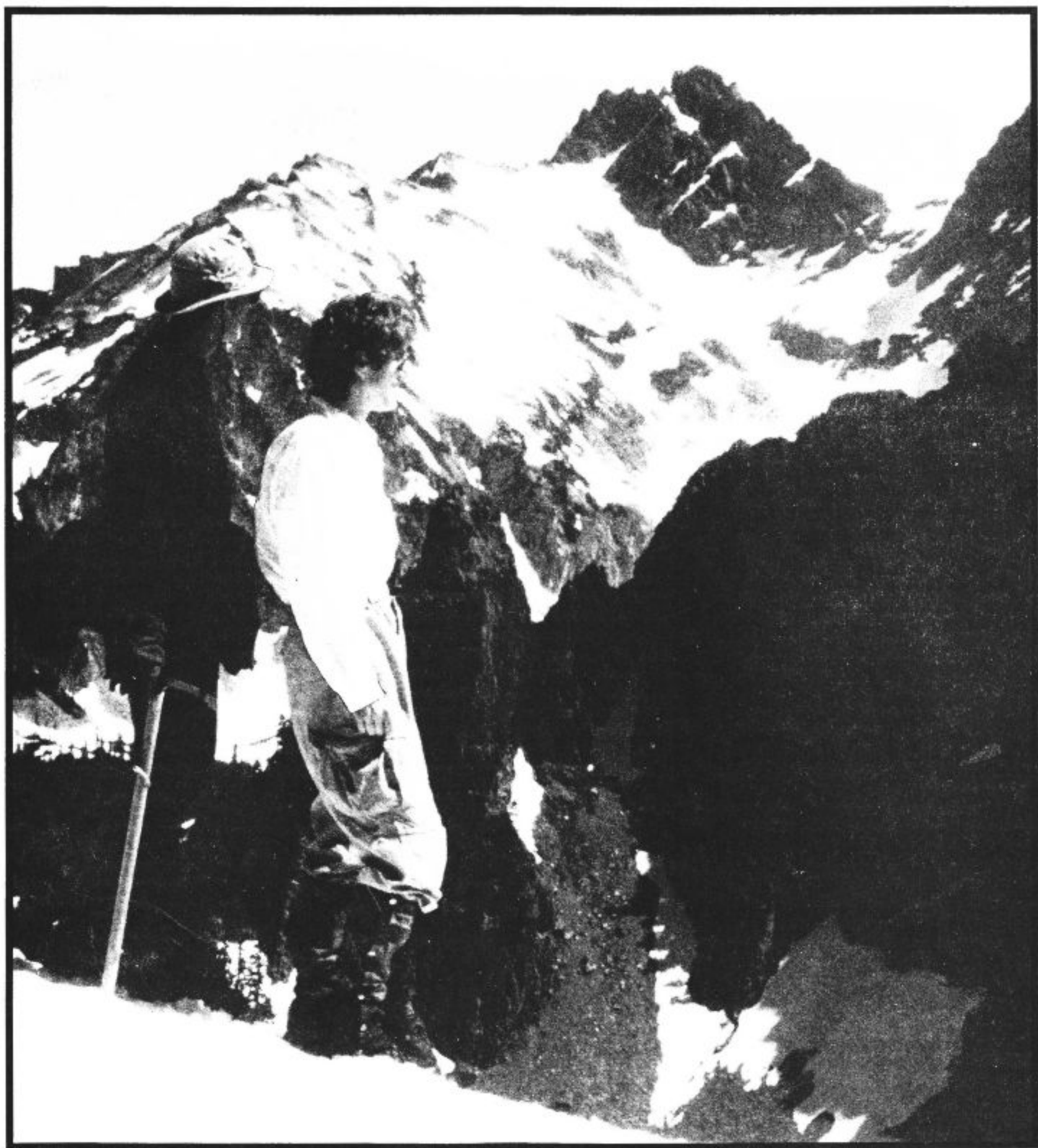

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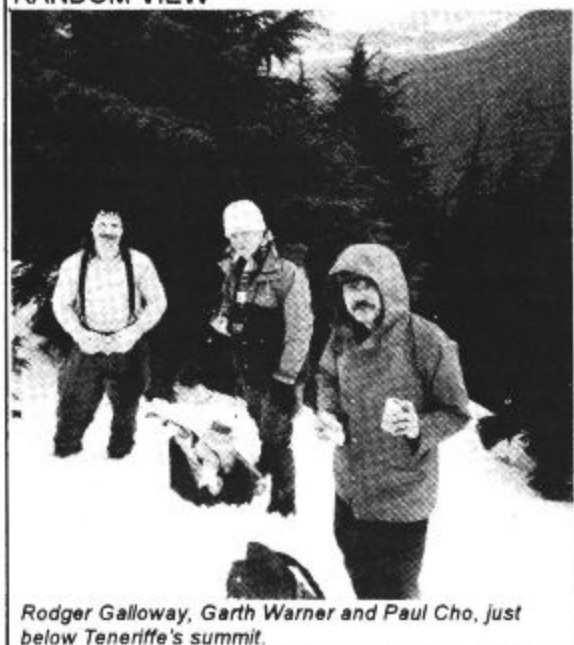
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Mark Owen

Rodger Galloway, Garth Warner and Paul Cho, just below Teneriffe's summit.

COVER PHOTO:

Bruce Gibbs and Bette Felton pause in front of Overcoat Peak. Alpine Lakes Wilderness, Washington. Photo by John Roper.

HOW TO BE A PACK & PADDLE CONTRIBUTOR:

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• • •

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FAVORITE AREA

Really enjoyed Wilma Peterson's article, "Bald Eagle to White Pass" (*May*, page 24). This is one of my favorite areas too. Some comments for others:

The Bald Eagle trail is a long walk on a long-unmaintained road then a fair climb, such that just getting to the top of the ridge is a good day's trip from home anywhere, even north of Seattle. There is water to be found on the ridge but not in abundance.

Views along the ridge are good, both southwest to the Monte Cristo Peaks and north into the Sloan Creek drainage. Blue Lake is beautiful from a distance, but there are few decent camp spots. The trail up the high route to the PCT is not unreasonable with a pack and the views on crossing the ridge are truly spectacular.

The Pilot Ridge trail is a good ridge walk with some ups and downs, then the most serious DOWN I can remember to the North Fork Sauk, where there is, or at least was, no bridge and pretty fast water. On another trip, I learned that the North Fork Sauk trail gets a lot of horse usage and is very muddy as a result.

Tom Karasek
Stanwood, Washington

LIKES OUT-OF-STATE REPORTS

In reference to the "From the Mailbox" comment (*May*, page 31) from the individual who would like to see fewer out-of-state/out-of-country reports. ... I for one really enjoy them. Some of us are able to travel a great deal and while

away from home ... like to hike or climb in the area we are visiting.

One of my favorite reports was written by Gene Mickle of Bellevue and was published in your July 1994 issue. This was the report in reference to five high points Back East.

Like Gene, I did Mount Rogers, Mount Davis and Spruce Knob all in one day. His information was helpful, as Zumwalt's book *Fifty State Summits* is getting very dated.

Which brings me to another point and that is there are probably many readers of *Pack & Paddle* who are probably also trying to finish the fifty state summits. Please keep all the fine reports coming.

May's article, "Oregon's 100 Highest Peaks," was great, just what I need to get rid of some stress. I must sign off for now—I still have a little over 80 of Oregon's peaks to climb.

James V. Latteri
Lakebay, Washington

EDITOR, SPARE THAT TREE!

In the Editor's Journal section of the May issue of *Pack and Paddle*, you related your learning experience about the correct way to spell Douglas-fir.

Foresters and other botanist-types often chuckle tolerantly over how newspaper reporters and other non-technical writers muddle the names of trees and plants. Thank you for really trying to get it right!

However, I must inform you that you still only have it *partly* right. You say, "Yes, I knew that it wasn't a true fir,

really in the pine family." Well, Douglas-fir is a member of the pine family, but so are the true firs. The Pine family, *Pinaceae*, includes several genera, including five that include species found in the Pacific Northwest:

- Pinus*, the pines, such as Western white pine and Whitebark pine.
- Larix*, the larches.
- Picea*, the spruces.
- Pseudotsuga*, the Douglas-firs.
- Tsuga*, the hemlocks.
- Abies*, the true firs.

There are only four or five species in the *Pseudotsuga* genus, worldwide. One other, Bigcone Douglas-fir, is found in Southern California. The others are all in Asia.

Most botanists consider common names for plant species to be a bit undependable for sure identification, because they may vary by locality.

For example, in northeastern Oregon, many people call Douglas-fir "Red fir" and Western larch "Tamarack." However, the hyphenation or joining the two words of the common name of a tree is a way of indicating that, botanically speaking, the tree is not what its name suggests it is.

Thus Western red-cedar or redcedar is not a real cedar. The real cedar is the cedar of Lebanon, mentioned in the Bible. Conversely, Pacific silver fir really is a fir, so is not hyphenated.

Bill Fessel
Haines, Oregon

Ed. Note: Thanks, Bill!



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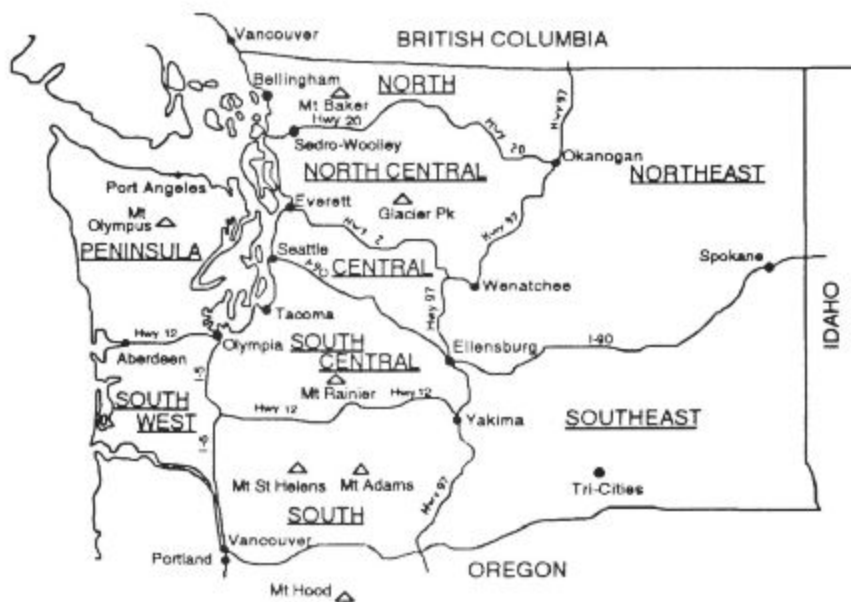
INTRODUCTION

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

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

We use the following symbols to help you plan your trips.


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



PENINSULA



GENERAL CONDITIONS—Snow starts between 3000 and 3500 feet.

 **ENCHANTED VALLEY** (*Olympic Natl Park; USGS Mt Hoquiam, Mt Olson, Chimney Pk*)—Ray and I drove up to the Quinault River early on Saturday. We took the North Shore road into the Park, because the South Shore road is washed out. By the time we got to Enchanted Valley late in the day, the sun was sizzling off the cloud layer, and the views were widening.

The trail has been devastated this winter from flooding and high winds. We estimated nearly 100 windfalls across the trail, with a lot of sections of whole groups of trees, all lying at the same angle, blocking the trail for hundreds of yards at a time. Also, the floods have wiped out approximately one mile of trail in the flats near Pyrites Creek, necessitating following elk trails on the secondary benches through the timber. We tried going through the flats on our way in, but the area is a tangle of downed trees, piled up debris, and general mayhem! The trip into the Valley took quite a bit longer than normal.

Enchanted Valley was absolutely gorgeous, with a distinct snowline halfway up the cliffs. West Peak had a long streamer of blowing snow coming off the top. We were pretty much alone, as most people had given up at Pyrites Creek.

After brewing up my Nile Soup (good stuff for backpacking—I just reload the concoction into a plastic bag for hiking) I bundled up against the rapidly cooling air, and watched the stars appear.

Awoke to a dazzling display! The sky was blue-black, and the sun was just skimming the top of the ridges 5000 vertical feet above us. The wind was howling with an aeolian roar, and the powdery snow was whipping away from the black rock at high speed.

Wearing full winter regalia, I sipped my morning brew out on the gravel bar. The blowing spindrift was resettling in a catchment cirque high on West Peak and funneling down into the headwaters of the Quinault in massive avalanche plumes. The powder was billowing hundreds of feet high. I watched this spectacle for about 15 minutes through the binoculars, and it never did ease off!

Turning downvalley, Mount Olson, Mount Hoquiam, and the Colonel Bob massif were gleaming in the morning sun. Down at my level, the grass and alders were coated with rime frost, and my toes were starting to get numb from standing and gawking too long!

The trip out the valley was a dream, and I pointed out all the fishing holes and little trailside landmarks that I know from all those years with my grandfather in the '50s and '60s. Fortu-

nately, this area is now closed to fishing ... the steelhead have declined alarmingly over the years.

The lower valley near Fire Creek and the Pony Bridge was filled with kaleidoscopic sunlight, and the multiple shades of green electrified us with their intensity and variety. The mist rising out of the river below the Pony Bridge acted as a prism, turning the sunlight into miniature rainbows. We sure hated to leave.—Larry Smith, Port Orchard, 4/13-14.

 **EAGLE LAKES** (*Olympic Natl Park; USGS Mt Muller*)

—Eagle Lakes is just off the Aurora Ridge trail at about 3000 feet. We were hoping there wasn't too much snow and decided to give it a try for an overnight.

We left town after work and drove to Fairholm Campground for the night on Friday. Saturday morning we drove to the trailhead just 2 miles up the Sol Duc road. The first ½-mile is on old road bed, then it starts switchbacking its way up the ridge.

We noticed while hiking through the timber that it was almost park-like with very little brush or debris. At about 5½ miles is a trail sign pointing the way to Eagle Lakes. About .6-mile and a 400 foot drop in elevation brings you to the first and best of three lakes. There was

BACKCOUNTRY NEWS DEADLINE: June 18

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

BACKCOUNTRY NEWS

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no ice on the lake and just a small amount of snow at one end.

The second lake is more of a marsh and another 100 feet down. From there you can look down another 200 feet and see the third lake through the trees. We went only as far as the second lake.

It was cold when we got there and colder when we went to bed. The next morning after climbing back up to the ridge, we decided to pass on going up the main trail any farther and headed back down to our truck.—Don Abbott & Kerry Gilles, Grays Harbor, 4/12-14.

JEFFERSON RIDGE & ELK LAKE (*Olympic Natl Forest; USGS Eldon, Mt Washington*)—Due to past logging, you can now drive to within a mile from the top. The road actually continues up a little farther where it cuts the trail before coming to an end. We wanted to make more of a hike out of it so we parked at the Elk Lake trailhead and did a 6-mile round trip. The trail is in good shape; in fact some of it looks fairly new. We hit snow about the last half mile with about a foot of snow on top. It was a nice day and we had some beautiful views.

After returning to our truck and a short break, we headed up the Elk Lake trail. Upon arriving at the lake we took the trail to the left which takes you part way around the lake and then out to the road. Hike up the road about .7-mile and go back on the west end trail back to the lake. Back at the truck we decided a 10-mile day was good enough and went home.—Don Abbott & Kerry Gilles, Grays Harbor, 4/21.

BLAKE ISLAND (*state park; NOAA 18449*)—This was the new season's first trip for our local paddling group. Launching from Southworth it is just over a mile to the southern tip of Blake. The water was smooth and only a couple of power boats were in the area.

We continued up the eastern shore to the northeast end of the island where we landed for a short break. Walking over to Tillicum village, we were surprised to see preparations for welcoming a tourist ship from Seattle in progress. Turns out they have already started serving dinner once a day. The ship arrived and was full of people!

Back in the kayaks, we retraced our route. By now the wind had come up a little from a southerly direction and there was a section of small wind waves to contend with mid-channel between Blake and Southworth.—LGM, Port Orchard, 5/7.



Marmot twins on Grand Ridge, Olympic National Park.

MOUNT ZION (*Olympic Natl Forest; USGS Mt Zion*)—This is a good "kid trip." Still snow (probably new) on top half. We had lots of fun, though.—Robert Wheeler, Port Townsend, 5/5.

TUNNEL CREEK TRAIL (*Buckhorn Wilderness; USGS Mt Townsend*)—We took the Penny Creek road in Quilcene and followed signs to the deadend road. Another person had driven in the day before us.

In the first half-hour we crossed 8 large blowdowns. At 2.7 miles in is a shelter that was re-shingled by Boy Scout Troop 543 last September.

We were now in a foot of snow and being bombarded by tree-snow droppings. We decided to try for Karnes and Harrison Lakes. We rock-hopped across Tunnel Creek at the horse ford, then switchbacked up the trail in half a foot of dry powder for the next hour. We had to stop only twice for a look around to stay on the route. The lay of the land made route-finding easy.

The lake is at 4600 feet and the outlet was frozen over but visible, with the rest of the lake covered in 2 feet of snow. After a look around we headed back.

Once, when we decided to take a shorter route, my foot got wedged in a snow hole. Don dug and pulled me out and we stuck to our original path.

Having taken the horse ford on the way up, we took the people trail down and used the log-handrail bridge back! Ate lunch back in the shelter and watched snow falling from the trees. It seemed more like the middle of winter

than May.

Hiking out, we met two more people hiking in.—Kerry Gilles & Don Abbott, Grays Harbor, 5/4.

STAIRCASE—Park entrance fee of \$5 per car. Fifty trees down between Rapids Loop bridge and Camp Pleasants on North Fork Skokomish.

Flapjack Lakes has snow beginning ½-mile before lakes. Lakes frozen. Slide on trail can be crossed. Reservations required 5/29.—Ranger, 5/10.

DOSEWALLIPS—Gate at Park boundary is open. West Fork Dosewallips trail is closed until late fall for replacement of the High Bridge.—Ranger, 5/17.

HOH ROAD—Gravel is not laid. Weather is not cooperating. With a lot of luck, maybe open by 6/15.—Ranger, 5/14.

SOL DUC ROAD—Open to trailhead.—Ranger, 5/14.

HURRICANE RIDGE—Has snowed every day for the last ten days, but warmed and turned to rain yesterday. Snow ranges from 5 feet deep to nothing in bare meadows.—Ranger, 5/14.

GRAND VALLEY QUOTA—Backcountry overnight use limits will be in effect between 6/28 and 9/2.

Wilderness permits for Grand Valley will be available at the new Wilderness Information Center located behind the ONP Visitor Center.

Reservations for 50% of the available spaces may be obtained by calling 360-452-0300 no more than 30 days in advance of a trip, beginning 5/29. The quota is expected to fill on most summer weekends and holidays.

OTHER RESTRICTED AREAS—Use quotas will continue to be in effect from Memorial Day weekend through Labor Day at the Ozette wilderness beaches, Lake Constance, Flapjack Lakes and Seven Lakes Basin.

50% of the campsites at Flapjack Lakes and Lake Constance can be made up to 30 days in advance, beginning 5/29. Permits for unreserved sites are available on a first-come, first-served basis at Staircase or Dosewallips ranger stations.

Reservations are required for camping on the coast between the Ozette River and Yellow Banks (including Cape Alava and Sand Point) and can be made by calling 360-452-0300.

Camping at Seven Lakes Basin is re-

Don Paulson

BACKCOUNTRY NEWS

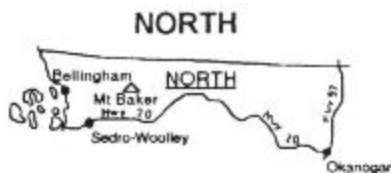
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stricted to designated sites only. There are no advance reservations for this area; permits are available from the Sol Duc ranger station on a first-come, first-served basis only.—Ranger, 5/9.

OLYMPIC NATL FOREST—Visit Interrorem on 6/22 and go for a walk with a botanist. This outing is targeted for families, the curious, and history buffs. Meet at Interrorem Cabin at 11am. Find out what all those little green plants are, see the forest from a close-up view, and learn about Interrorem Cabin.

Drive Highway 101 to the Duckabush Recreation Area (road 2510) 22 miles north of Hoodport. Follow the Duckabush road for 4 miles to the end of the pavement. Find Interrorem Cabin on the left.

On 6/29, take a wildflower walk on Mount Ellinor with the Native Plant Society. Bring lunch, water and rain-gear and meet at the Hood Canal ranger station at 10am. The group will caravan from there to the trailhead. For more information, contact Dave Thysell at 360-753-7691 or Ted Thomas at 360-753-4327.—Ranger, 5/10.



GENERAL CONDITIONS—Snow level on the west side is about 3500 to 4000 feet; higher on the east. Expect downed trees and washouts.



"ACORN MOUNTAIN"

(North Cascades Natl Park; USGS Damnation Peak, Marblemount)

—I was skeptical when Steve Fry announced that he'd found a 400-foot prominence peak in North Cascades National Park very near Newhalem, my home town, that he thought may be unclimbed, at least by present company.

But sure enough, on the "new" 1989 Damnation Peak quad, an unheralded 4724-foot summit sprouts like an acorn from the south ridge of Oakes Peak. Holy moley molchill! This is the lowest 400-foot rule peak in the Park.

From "Good Food" in Marblemount, Steve, David, and I could clearly see our wooded objective and its 4280+ foot defining saddle. We drove on up the Skagit to the Bacon Creek road and followed it 1.5 miles to a right on the unsigned Oakes Peak road, following this past Bacon Point to a washout at 2400 feet.

Hiking the road to a 3300-foot

switchback, we were treated to views of glistening Big Devil and the enigmatic and rarely-visited Logger and Electric Buttes, north of Diobsud Buttes.

The route was a straightforward hill climb up steep old growth to the south ridge and on to the snow-covered top.

The treed summit had adequate openings for good looks up the Skagit into Newhalem camp, nestled at the base of Whats-the-Matterhorn and Snowfield Peaks. The dominant Jack Mountain to the north impressed us, as did rocket-ship-looking Mount Triumph.

We descended by way of the north ridge to the second notch then scooted back down to the logging road. 2 hours 20 minutes up; 2 hours down.—John Roper, Bellevue, 4/21.



SURVEY POINT (Mt Baker Natl Rec Area; USGS Baker Pass)

—This 5100-foot summit offers an excellent climb up its southeast ridge. Survey Point's east face and southeast ridge are clearly seen from where we parked, a ½-mile from the end of the road to Schriebers Meadows. Although almost May, there was plenty of snow left and still lots of snowmobilers in the area.

We crossed Schriebers Meadows, following snowmobile tracks for a ways, then put on snowshoes as the snow was wet and deep. We crossed two streams before reaching the forested slope that leads to the beginning of the ridge.

The lower two-thirds of the ridge is broad and straightforward. As the ridge opens up, it becomes steeper, with one section of 40+ degrees. At around 4850 feet, the ridge narrows considerably and we encountered two rock steps.

Just before reaching the first step, I looked up to see a mountain goat peering down at me about 75 feet away. It quickly took off down the steep east flank of the mountain. We climbed the first rock step on its west side over snow-covered

rock slabs.

The second step is short and easier with trees for holds. In a short distance is the summit pinnacle. To continue on the crest of the ridge would require roped climbing, so we chose to traverse on its east side over steep snow for about 100 feet.

Directly below the top, we "climbed" up a 50 to 55 degree slope for about 75 feet. This final slope was like climbing a pile of sugar—step up, then sink down several feet. After using all parts of our body, we "swam" to the top. The time up was 3½ hours.

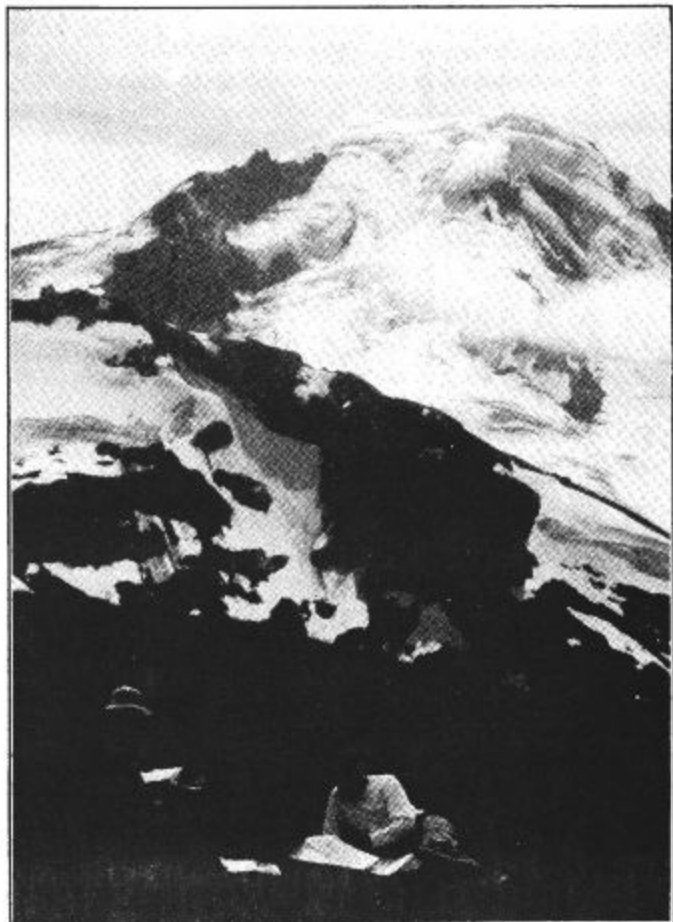
The best route of descent is to go down the open slopes on the north side, then follow a gully heading east back to Schriebers Meadows. In the winter the road is a Sno-Park area. Also, with normal snowfall, you will probably have to hike the road 4 to 5 miles.—Dallas Kloke, Anacortes, 4/28.



BIG BEAVER, Ross Lake

(North Cascades Natl Park)

—Our calls to the Marblemount Ranger Station had yielded no useful information on trail conditions. Shortly after crossing Ross Dam we encountered a



A rare photo of Bulgars consulting their maps (they couldn't be LOST!). Mount Baker from Chowder Ridge.

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hiker on his way out and received a first-person report of no significant trail problems. We found the Big Beaver trail in good to excellent condition.

The hike in was a pleasant forest walk with level to moderate grades. Calypso orchids were plentiful, especially near the Sourdough Mountain trail junction. We reached the falls on Pierce Creek in a little over three hours.

After investigating Pumpkin Mountain Camp, we opted for luxury accommodations at Big Beaver Camp—views, picnic tables, bear boxes and an outhouse. A Seattle City Light crew had been working here on an erosion control project. After 8 days they were off on a 4-day weekend so we had the entire campground to ourselves.

Having hiked over 7 miles through a moss-carpeted forest, we thought the erosion control project seemed almost laughable. Two days of work could have relocated the trail back from the edge of the lake. Instead, they were spending weeks constructing a rock retaining wall.

The next day we hiked up Big Beaver Creek. The marshy areas were filled with swamp lilies (skunk cabbage). At 3½ miles a washout has obliterated the trail. Follow the ribbons about 150 feet to a stream crossing where the trail resumes.

A 4½ miles we stopped at a broad open marsh. A beaver lodge visible from the trail provided a perfect setting for photography. This was also an excellent spot for bird watching.

We continued ½-mile past 39 Mile Camp. The cedar trees here were the largest we had seen. Upon reaching another open marsh we spotted a black bear on the opposite side of the stream. It ran into the bushes as we fumbled for our cameras. We ate our lunch on a sun-warmed sand bar. The bear scat here was evidence that we weren't the only ones who enjoyed this spot.

The hike back to camp gave us a to-

tal of 12 miles for the day. After supper we walked over to Beaver Creek Falls. Later in the year, after the lake level rises, they are submerged. When originally surrounded by forest, they must have been quite impressive.

The following morning we broke camp and hiked out, reaching our vehicle just minutes ahead of a rainstorm. I recommend Big Beaver trail as an excellent early season conditioning hike. If you go mid-week you'll probably have the entire valley to yourself.—Ken Hopping, Bellevue, 5/12-14.

❄️ **HORSESHOE MOUNTAIN, PICK PEAK** (*Pasayten Wilderness; USGS Horseshoe Basin, Hurley Peak*)—Gary Hickenbottom, Bo Miller, and I enjoyed a three day snowshoe excursion to the Horseshoe Basin region recently.

The area selected had a couple of distinct advantages over other areas under consideration during pretrip planning. The Albert Camp trail, beginning at about 5000 feet elevation at Fourteen Mile Campground, was reachable by automobile this early in the season. We were all surprised at how high the snow level was at the eastern approaches to the Pasayten Wilderness.

This eastern approach also held higher chances of dry weather than other sites considered in the Twisp and North Cascades Highway regions.

A 6-mile trip to a base camp near timberline included travel over frozen snow packed by previous snowmobile use, bare slopes in Deer Park, and softer snow where our snowshoes proved useful. For a little extra fun, I also packed in my telemark skis for the touring above timberline which we anticipated.

The first evening was cloudy, but dry, so we completed the ascent of Horseshoe Mountain after setting up camp. I relished cutting turns on the descent back to camp, in spite of less than inspiring snow conditions for skiing.

We repeated the ascent the next morning under considerably better visibility. The views of Horseshoe Basin and the eastern Pasayten Wilderness from this vantage point are supreme. We descended to Sunny Pass and also ascended Pick Peak for additional views and peak-bagging.

We appreciated the luxury of a second night at our camp and the easy pace during our return to the trailhead the third morning. Gary was the lucky one on this trip as we only had to drive 45 minutes back to Tonasket to reach his home.

Horseshoe Basin is noted for its flower fields during the summer, but it

also has easy access for spring trips to an area easily suited for nontechnical ascents on snowshoes or skis.—Charlie Hickenbottom, Wenatchee, 5/3-5.

MT BAKER DISTRICT—360-856-5700. Canyon Creek road 31 is closed at milepost 10.5; expected to open in June. Glacier Creek road 39 will be closed at milepost 4 from 7/6 through 11/1 due to reconstruction. It's 4 miles of roadwalking to the trailhead.

Cascade River road is open to 12 miles; repairs beyond that point should be finished by mid-July.—Ranger, 5/17.

OKANOGAN NATL FOREST—It was still snowing on us in early May, but it seems to have stopped and the trails are melting out little by little, very slowly.

High elevation roads have snow on them. Low elevation roads may be snow free but some are closed due to thawing road beds.

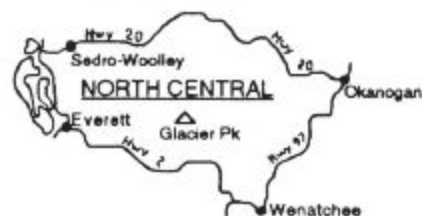
Harts Pass road is open to Cache Creek. West Chewuch road is open to end of pavement. Eightmile road is open to Flat Campground. Twisp River road is open to Mystery Campground. Foggy Dew road is open 2 miles. Crater Creek road is open 1 mile. West Twisp River road is open 4½ miles.

The North Cascades Highway is open for the season with lots of snow still at the passes.

The Twisp and Winthrop Ranger Districts have combined and are now known as the Methow Valley Ranger District. The Twisp office is at 502 Glover Street, Twisp WA 98856 (phone: 509-997-2131).

The Winthrop office is in the Methow Valley Visitor Center and is located next to the Red Barn at 49 Highway 20, Winthrop WA 98862 (phone: 509-996-4000).—Ranger, 5/16.

NORTH CENTRAL



GENERAL CONDITIONS—Snow on trails as low as 3000 feet. Expect flood and storm damage with washouts and downed trees.



LAKE 22 (*Baker-Snoqualmie Natl Forest; USGS Verlot*)

We set out on a grey, not-too-wet day to get some exercise and some time in the

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

mountains. Lake 22 is close to home and a very nice hike through a beautiful forest.

The trail is muddy, the day was grey and though I didn't count them there are several blowdowns to be climbed over or under. The second bridge was relocated a few yards downstream from where it rested last year and a big rock is now taking its place. It looked like there had been some very interesting times in that forest last winter with things going over and sliding around.

We could get around or through all obstacles and the trail is completely melted out. The far end of the lake is still covered with ice. Around the lake itself is either thick with oozy mud or snow. No bugs, no people!—Mystery Hiker and Mr. Maphead, Granite Falls, 5/6.



BEAR LAKE / PINNACLE LAKE

(Baker-Snoqualmie Natl Forest; USGS Verlot)—Caroline, Steve and I wanted to try the Ashland Lakes trail, but we took a wrong turn on the snowcovered, unsigned Schweitzer Creek road and ended up at the Bear Lake / Pinnacle Lake trailhead instead. Actually, we were forced to stop, even with 4WD, about 1¼ miles from the trailhead because of snow on the road.

We walked the rest of the way and eventually followed the snowcovered trail to Bear Lake, climbing over several large trees on the way. Snow melt from the trees above made for a wet walk. At the lake we took a short break and then backtracked to the Pinnacle Lake trail.

This trail is very steep with many switchbacks and several large trees across the path. We climbed about a thousand feet to the ridge crest. Not knowing how close the lake was, we finally had lunch in a clearing. It was cold so we did not sit long.

Snow on the ridge was 3 feet deep in places and there were more trees to climb over. After 30 more minutes of walking, we still were not at the lake. I guess we'll have to go back when the trail is clear.—Linda Rostad, Redmond, 5/9.



HEATHER LAKE

(Baker-Snoqualmie Natl Forest; USGS Verlot)—Another grey, wet day but we got out there anyway! The trail is in pretty good shape. A couple of blowdowns, but the worst one is at the very beginning. There wasn't anything that couldn't be climbed over or under fairly easily.

Enough mud so that gaiters were nice. We hit snow, oh, maybe ¼-mile

before the lake. The lake itself is completely melted out.

Not being very long or very steep, this is a pleasant walk through the woods to a pretty little lake setting.—Mystery Hiker and Mr. Maphead, Granite Falls, 5/11.



MONTE CRISTO ROAD

(Baker-Snoqualmie Natl Forest; USGS Bedal)—Another really rainy day so we decided to just do a walk up from Barlow Pass toward Monte Cristo and check out the winter damage. Yikes amighty!

The road is its usual self for about ½-mile, then there's a BIG slide in an area that has slid almost every year, but nothing like this. A trail has been constructed to take you up and around the slide. The bridge over the river was obviously under water at least part of last winter but is still safe for foot travel.

The road as far as we went (about 2 miles, to the site of the old Weden House) is quickly becoming not much more than a trail. Lots of flood evidence, lots of blowdowns but all of them that crossed the "road" have been cut. Looks like the river was all over the place and wiped out road, trees, whatever got in its way. This is a pretty

walk with plenty of views up to the still-snow covered mountains.

The road closed sign was gone at Barlow Pass so we checked that out in the car. You can indeed use the road but nothing has been done about the washout at Elliot Creek which is impassable by car. No problem at all on foot or with a bike.—Mystery Hiker and Mr. Maphead, Granite Falls, 5/14.



TOIL AND "DOUBLE TOIL" PEAKS

(Point 5128 and Point 5427) (Baker-Snoqualmie Natl Forest; USGS Blanca Lk)—These two bumps are reached by hiking up the Blanca Lake trail to its highpoint (roughly 4600 feet) and then heading crosscountry in a southerly direction.

On our trip, conditions were wintry: snow fell continually and visibility was limited. To get to Double Toil from Toil, it's necessary to drop 500 feet to a broad saddle, then regain all the elevation that was lost and then some. There are no technical difficulties. However, expect some stretches of steep snow on the ascent of Double Toil.

Time: 4½ hours.—The Carnation Crew: Judy, Garth, Mark, Paul, and Rodger, Carnation, 4/18.

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WASHINGTON DISTRICT—360-436-1222. Canyon Lake road 4111 has a washout at 1.3 miles. High clearance trucks can get past it, but there's another washout at 2.7 miles that is impassable. Coal Lake road 4060 has lots of minor damage, and snow at 4 miles. Don Creek road 4052 is washed out at 2.4 miles.

The Mountain Loop Highway is closed on the north just north of Monte Cristo Lakes and on the south at Barlow Pass. Expected opening is August.

French Creek road 2010 is open, with patholes. Mallardy road 4030 is passable. Mount Pilchuck road is snow-free but very rough. Perry Creek road 4063 is passable to trailhead. Deep snow blocks Segelson road 18 beyond the pass. White Chuck road 23 is passable but rough.

The Socratic road 26 is OPEN! The road is very rough, bumpy and muddy. The repair at 12.5 miles is a deep dip and very soft. It could cause problems for passenger cars and trailers, but it is open to the public. The Green Mountain road 2680 remains closed.

Boulder River trail is snowfree and in good shape, but has several blowdowns at the end. Lake 22 trail has a footbridge out, but you can rock-hop over the stream. Several blowdowns on the trail. Snow knee-deep at the top and lake still frozen.

Perry Creek trail is snowfree to the falls. North Fork Sauk has a couple of blowdowns in the first 1.5 miles. Possibly snowfree to Mackinaw shelter. Old Sauk trail is snowfree but about 2000 feet washed out at various locations. Repairs started.

White Chuck trail has two slides that are passable with some crawling. A few downed trees and a few patches of snow. Last mile still has a couple of feet of snow.—Ranger, 5/6.

NEVADANISH DISTRICT—360-677-2414. Bonday road 6024 is open to ¼-mile of trailhead. Washout at 3.7 miles. Evergreen Mountain road 6554 closed due to washout; snowcovered. Rapid River road 6520 washed out at 2.8 miles.

Expect snow on trails from 2500 feet up, especially in forest or on north slopes. Heybrook Lookout trail snow-free. Blanch Lake trail has patchy snow.—Ranger, 5/10.

STEHEKIN—The shuttle bus this year will run from Stehekin Landing out to High Bridge because of road damage farther up the valley. The upper road will NOT be open this year. The shuttle runs from 5/15 to 10/14. Both the Park Service and Stehekin

Adventures will operate the shuttle.

Reservations are required on the Park Service bus, but not on the Stehekin Adventures bus. The details get a little complicated. Call 360-856-5703 ex 14 for complete information.

The Lady of the Lake II has begun summer operations, leaving Chelan at 8:30am and returning to Chelan at 6pm, with a layover in Stehekin.

The Lady Express is running weekends only until 6/1 when it too will change to the summer schedule. The Express leaves Chelan at 10am and returns to Chelan at 4:20pm, with a layover in Stehekin.

For fares and other information, call the Lake Chelan Boat Company, 509-682-2224.—Ranger, 5/8.

CHELAN DISTRICT—509-682-2576. Ticks are out in abundance.—Ranger, 5/1.

ENTIAT DISTRICT—509-784-1511. Lower Mad River trail is snowfree and open. The route begins at Pine Flat Campground and follows the Mad River for many miles. This is a little-used area that is closed to motorcycles until midsummer.

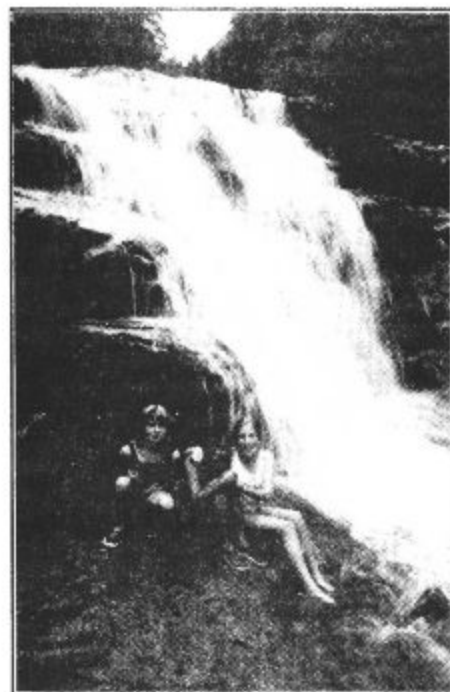
Watch for log trucks, even on weekends, hauling salvage timber from the Tyce Creek Fire.

Entiat road 51 is open to Silver Falls campground.—Ranger, 5/1.

LAKE WENATCHEE DISTRICT—509-763-3103. Roads damaged by the winter floods include Chiwawa River road 62 (snowfree to end of pavement; washouts beyond; estimated repairs late summer); White River road 64 (washout 1 mile north of Napeequa bridge; estimated repair late summer or early next year); and Rainy Creek road 67 (washout at Rainy Pass). These roads are impassable and are closed to all motorized travel. Little Wenatchee road is snowfree to the rock quarry at Soda Creek; snow beyond.

Some of the early trails to melt out for hiking (at least their low elevation sections) are Dirtyface (snowfree to 4000 feet because of its exposure), Twin Lakes, Merritt Lake, and Nason Ridge from Kahler Glen. Expect downed trees and flood damage.

The Round Mountain trailhead is closed due to salvage logging from the fire. It will be open weekends until Memorial Day, then open daily through June, then open weekends only for more logging. The Nason Ridge trail from Kahler Glen will follow the same schedule, except you can only go 1½ miles due to the logging.

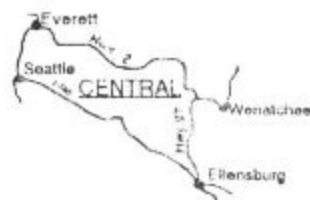


Don Beavon

Terra Murphy, Cindy Beavon and Samantha Murphy at Denny Creek.

The Ranger Station will be open Saturdays starting 5/25. Any information that you can provide on trail conditions will be greatly appreciated at the Ranger Station! Watch for ticks.—Ranger, 5/17.

CENTRAL



GENERAL CONDITIONS—Snow level is about 4000 feet. Occasional spring snow showers melt back quickly.

MOUNT SI (*Everyone knows where Mount Si is!*)—'Twas such a beautiful day that when we arrived at the trailhead at 8:15 the parking lot was already one third full. The trail had some lingering dampness and a few mud spots but otherwise was in good shape considering the zillions of people we met—young people, old people, joggers, dogs, babies, etc.

After ascending a while, it became obvious that some modifications to the Mount Si trail are needed to accommodate those zillions as the trail lacks sufficient passing zones for proper traffic separation. Specifically I would make the following additions:

1. An up trail for ordinary folk

BACKCOUNTRY NEWS

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2. A down trail for ordinary folk
3. An up trail for Olympic hopefuls
4. A down trail for Olympic hopefuls
5. An up trail for the dogs
6. A down trail for the dogs

I hope I haven't omitted anyone, except maybe a leftover trail will be needed too. Lots of hikers were carrying large fancy daypacks that were spotted and stuffed to the last cubic inch.

Another useful device that should be available to rent at the trailhead would be an automatic greeter with buttons for: Hi, Hello, How does it go today, Gruss Gott, Entschuldigung, great day, thanks, etc., according to the circumstances. This would save a great deal of energy that could be better used in climbing.

As for the mudholes, we hominids generally avoided stepping in the wrong places while the dogs (especially the little white ones) reveled in the deepest holes. After all, what would Mount Si be like without its people and dogs? It is good to know that there are so many eager hikers that haven't yet been bored by Mount Si—or was it all because the higher trails were still snowy?—GEL, Seattle, 4/28.



SWAUK PASS (Wenatchee Natl Forest; USGS Swauk Pass)

Being adventuresome, and at least a little bit foolish, Linda and I drove down road 9716 in search of a parking spot to begin our overnight hike.

The road starts on the east side of Highway 97 at the apex of Swauk Pass and offers good backcountry access to skiers and snowmobilers.

After driving for several miles on alternating dirt and snow, we came upon a long stretch of snow beyond the capabilities of the little Toyota truck. I attempted to back down to the next dirt parking (tantalingly close) but soon lodged the truck in snow which was deceptively deep.

Our toiling began, with every attempt from shovels, ice axes, sticks and brute strength. No dice, and the hours rolled by with hardly a budge. In fact, five hours passed before the solution arrived in the form of two kindly snowmobilers and their 4WD pickup.

They expertly positioned their vehicle and towed out my truck with—most amazingly—one perlon cord and a dog leash. Grateful is too weak a word.

So the hiking began quite late, but we managed to walk farther down the road and strike off into pathless territory. By then we were exclusively on snow and soon donned the snowshoes, after kick-stepping up a roadside slope

to ensure no close encounters with snowmobiles.

We were between 5000 and 6000 feet and because of lateness searching for a campsite. A nice one we found in a protected depression where a short walk led to commanding views of the Enchantment peaks and south toward Rainier.

The temperature was below freezing by dinnertime, with clear skies and stars beginning to sparkle. The chilly wind diminished as the night progressed and a glorious one it was, perfect for sleeping in a warm down bag.

The way out on the following day afforded the opportunity to glissade, tricky with full packs but fun nonetheless. We were soon back on the road, trudging toward the truck and reflecting on our good fortune.

This area is impressive in that it can offer fewer crowds and good scenery if you can get high enough. Spring seems like a good time to visit because backcountry skiing is entirely possible down the several open and slightly gladed slopes.

The snowmobiles can be an obstacle or, as we learned, a well-timed blessing.—Doug Cuneo, Seattle, 4/27-28.



IRON PEAK (Wenatchee Natl Forest; USGS Enchantment Lks, Mt Stuart)

Skip and I parked at the Beverly Creek trailhead, then headed west—straight up to the ridge. On the lower slopes we saw a few glacier lilies, springbeauties, and trilliums.

It was mostly snow on the main ridge, a good thing since the first part is plentifully covered with brush. Around 5000 feet another ridge comes in from the southwest, forming a large snow-filled bowl. Along the upper part of the bowl are some very nice views of the Stuart Range. There were also some good views of the summit ridge to Iron Peak, which was loaded with magnificent cornices.

A cool breeze came up as we neared Iron Peak, so we just kept going north over the summit. Near the saddle, where the trail comes in, we dropped down on the Beverly Creek side of the ridge.

After lunch we hiked down Beverly Creek, only occasionally seeing any sign of a trail. It wasn't until we stumbled onto the new section in the forest that we were able to follow it. I've been to the Teanaway several times this year, and there seems to be a lot more snow than usual.

Last winter's floods dredged a new channel for Bean Creek. Rather than a wide, shallow ford it is now relatively

narrow and deep. Fortunately a couple of boulders, and some strategically placed driftwood, allowed an easy crossing.—TG, Skyway, 5/9.

SKYKOMISH DISTRICT—360-677-2414. Foss River road rough but open to West Fork trailhead. Miller River road closed at washout at 3.7 miles. Tonga Ridge road has a few snow patches 1 mile from trailhead.

Deception Creek trail has four bridges washed out, many trees down; remaining snow is melting fast. Lake Dorothy trail has patchy snow at the lake; extra 4½ miles round trip on road due to washout.

West Fork Foss trail has a 50-foot trail washout at .4-mile, a bridge out at .5-mile, and a 30-foot trail washout at 1.4 miles. Some snow on the trail and at the lake.—Ranger, 5/10.

NORTH BEND DISTRICT—206-888-1421. Denny Creek road 54 has a slide; people are driving around it but we don't recommend it. Middle Fork road 56 is closed at 9.3 miles due to slides; repair work is underway and it should be open to Taylor River by the end of May, and to road-end by fall.

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Watch for big trucks and road machinery. North Fork road 57 has a washout at the 5730 junction and also one at 5736 that is impassable; may be August before repairs are started.

Granite Mountain trail is snowfree to within 1000 feet of the top. Snow bridges across creeks are a problem, though. Pratt Lake trail is snowfree to the ridge; snow east of Olallie. Lake is frozen. Talapus Lake trail is snowfree part of the way, snow-covered at the lake. Lake is frozen. PCT both north and south is under deep snow.—Ranger, 5/10.

ENCHANTMENTS—The new reservation system is in effect. Reservations Northwest, a private company, has contracted with the Leavenworth Ranger District to provide permits.

The permit fee is now \$7 per group per trip. Three-fourths of the permits will be dispensed over the phone, with the remaining permits handed out at the ranger station on a daily lottery.

Trails requiring the permits are Snow Lakes, Colchuck, Stuart, Eight-mile and Caroline Lakes.

Call Reservations Northwest between 8am and 5pm at 800-452-5687. Have your date of departure and trip itinerary in front of you.

Payment can be made with a Visa or Mastercard, or by check if your reservation is made more than 21 days before your trip.

WHITEPINE CREEK ROAD 6950
—Washed out at the railroad trestle.—Ranger, 5/1.

LEAVENWORTH DISTRICT—509-548-6977. Salvage logging which began last fall and winter will continue through spring and summer in an effort to remove fire-damaged trees. This logging is causing closures and delays, especially in the Icicle.

The Icicle closure includes all National Forest land from Snow Creek trailhead to Rat Creek on both sides of the Icicle road, and Mountaineer Creek from Bridge Creek campground to Eightmile trailhead on both sides of the Eightmile road.

Lake Stuart and Eightmile trailheads will be available for use by 6/15. The Snow Lakes parking lot will be closed until 6/15. The Icicle Ridge trail and trailhead are closed because of the logging. No date has been set for reopening, but the trailhead will be posted when it is available for hiking.

All climbing rocks from Icicle Buttress on up are available to climbers. Because climbing areas are limited this



Mount Saint Helens' crater from the summit rim.

Ken Hopping

year, be prepared for crowded conditions.—Ranger, 5/1.

CLE ELUM DISTRICT—509-674-4411. As the snow melts, crews are out finding more road and trail damage.

In the Salmon la Sac area, the Cle Elum River road 4330 is open only to a washout at Little Boulder Creek; a high clearance vehicle can get as far as Camp Creek. The Cooper Lake road 4600 is closed due to flood damage. When repairs begin the road will be limited to one lane in some stretches.

In the Teanaway area, the North Fork road 9737 is open to Beverly Creek, and Stafford Creek road 9703 is melted out to Standup Creek, then is snowcovered. Jungle Creek road 9701 is closed by a washout. Iron Creek road 9714 is closed due to flood damage.

Salmon la Sac campground was severely damaged by flooding. It may be partially open by Memorial Day. Contact the ranger station for repair updates.—Ranger, 5/17.

SOUTH CENTRAL



GENERAL CONDITIONS—Snow level between 3000-4000 feet.

MCCLELLAN BUTTE AND MOUNT KENT (*Baker-Snoqualmie Natl Forest; USGS Chester Morse Lk, Bandera*)—This route will doubtless be dismissed by my Bulger friends as wimpy and unsportsmanlike. But it had been a long week, and I needed to sleep in.

The route involved driving a logging road to 3700 feet on the west side of McClellan Butte. This compares to a start at 1500 feet for the usual trail route on the east side. To get there, you will need both quads mentioned above, a high-clearance vehicle, and possibly some luck with gate closures.

From the east interchange of Exit 38 on I-90 follow road 9020 about 1½ miles, then take a sharp right, followed by a sharp left in another .3-mile, where the way straight ahead is blocked by a gate. From here the road rises steadily, passing through another gate (open for my visit) at a hairpin turn, and continuing around the upper basin of Mine Creek. I parked about ¼-mile short of

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the creek (noticeable by a small pond created where the road has dammed it).

The climb started right out on snow, going directly uphill through a clear-cut, then angled left to attain the timbered ridge 400 yards south of the summit of McClellan Butte. Several portions on both peaks were quite steep.

At my first glimpse of the final scramble, a 100-foot low-angle arete, my heart sank. I had counted on these south-facing Class 3 rocks being melted off, but they too were covered with fresh snow. I eased along it slowly and quick enough it was past, much less intimidating than it had looked.

The view from on top was superlative. I counted dozens of peaks I recognized in the southwest portion of the Alpine Lakes Wilderness. Nearer to hand were the blocky cliffs of Mount Kent, a thousand feet high, and the impressive peaklets on the next ridge to the east (see The Duke and Duchess of Kent in Dallas Kloke's *Winter Climbs* guide).

As I began to descend, I was startled by a hearty "Hello!" from the base of the rocks. He then called me by name, and said "It's Robert—remember me?" I puzzled furiously while down-climbing the arete, but I couldn't place the fellow's face or his name. It turned out to be a good-natured charade—he'd gotten my name off my stashed snowshoes. He and his partner, Charlie, were soon taking their turn on the arete.

I departed for Mount Kent by way of a southward traverse along the west side of the McClellan ridge at about 3700 feet, passed over the short spur west of Point 5045, and dropped to the

logging road below.

The road gave easy passage to the Alice Lakes basin, under the west side of Mount Kent. From there it was a straightforward, but steep, climb to the saddle just southwest of the summit, and thence along the ridge to the top.

Two notes on this basin. First, it looked to offer lovely meadow camping during the summer. It is unlogged, just outside the off-limits Watershed, and easily reached by the McClellan Butte trail. The other note is cautionary: the basin clearly has major avalanche potential. I saw many wet sloughs and thin slabs go off during my visit.

After savoring more of the same views from a slightly different vantage, I dropped back to the road, followed it a little farther west to the saddle between Points 4787 and 5045, then glissaded through a stump field to return to the Mine Creek road and my car. It had been a short but thoroughly satisfying day of climbing. I was glad I cheated.

Travel times: 2½ hours to top of McClellan Butte; 2½ hours from McClellan to Mount Kent; 1½ hours back to car. Five miles round trip and 3200 vertical feet.—Jeff Howbert, Bellevue, 4/20.



"FEVER MOUNTAIN"

(USGS Easton)—There are several nubbin summits in the Yakima River valley (I-90 corridor) upstream and down from Easton. The king of them all, 1.3 miles south of Lake Easton, is a 3775-foot bumpkin dubbed "Fever Mountain" for its association with Cabin Mountain and Creek to the west ("cabin fever"). It has a remarkable

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WE ARE LOOKING for families with children who are also avid backpackers. Please get in touch with us if your children have already climbed peaks in the 5000 to 6000 foot range and would be interested in climbing Mount Saint Helens this summer.

Sylvie and Larissa, 206-787-8072 (Edmonds).

FOR SALE—Pacific Water Sports "Seal" single kayak, good condition, paddle, cockpit cover. Very fast. \$1500. Roger Gray, Bremerton, 360-373-6642.

MOUNTAIN ART FOR SALE—Samivel poster, nicely framed, "Decrouvez La Montagne avec un Guide." \$100.

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Call Rick, 206-323-1440 (Seattle).

FOR SALE—Pacific Water Sports double kayak (Sisiutai) with bulkheads. It is in very good condition and always garaged. Spray skirts, paddles, and sea socks are included. Price is \$1250. Call John or Gail Grasso in Cle Elum at 509-674-5206.

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FOR SALE—Set of original Summit Magazines of Big Bear Lake, California. 2/56 to 10/72. Index 55-67 and some duplicate issues. \$430.

Jim Parolini, 5613 Eugene Avenue, Las Vegas NV 89108-3188. Or call 702-648-5007.

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BACKCOUNTRY NEWS

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prominence of 1375 feet.

Recent logging not shown on current maps provides the vehicle-mountaineer near access to the summit and outstanding views up the Kachess Lake drainage. Hi-Box, Lo-Box, Three Queens and Thomas Mountain were still wintry white after a spring storm.

Drive I-90 to Easton exit 71. Turn right and go straight past the cute post office, crossing Railroad Street to pick up the Cabin Creek road. In 1.3 miles (.2-mile after passing under the first set of power lines) take a left on an unsigned logging road. This climbs 2.5 miles to a road end just west of the summit.

Aaron, Karen and I were stopped at 2.2 miles by snow. I walked the road and ridge crest to the summit alone, as Aaron (now 2½) had fallen asleep on the way up.—John Roper, Bellevue, 4/28.

WHITE RIVER DISTRICT—360-825-6585. Highway 165 south of Carbonado is now open. Access to Mowich Lake should be available at the end of June. Carbon River entrance will be closed all season, but a foot path may be available to reach Ipsut.

Mather Memorial Parkway reconstruction is again underway east of Enumclaw on Highway 410 between milepost 48 and 54. You can expect up to 30 minute delays.

Cayuse Pass is closed. Opening date is unknown due to large slide. Chinook Pass is scheduled to open at the end of May. White River road is still closed; Stevens Canyon road scheduled to open at the end of May.

Greenwater road 70 is closed at 7 miles. It needs major reconstruction and for now is closed indefinitely.

Corral Pass road 7174 is closed due to flood damage. Summit Lake has no access as the Carbon River bridges were severely damaged (although you can walk from the Carbon River).

Ranger Creek trail is snowfree but has lots of blowdown. Skookum Flats trail is snowfree but watch for blowdown. Snoquera Falls trail is accessible from Camp Sheppard; not passable past the falls.

NACHES DISTRICT—509-653-2205. Snow level is generally about 3000 to 4000 feet.

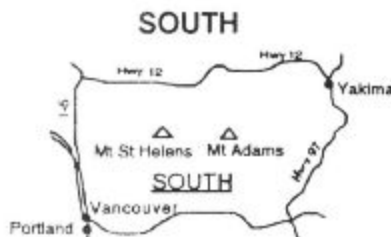
Indian Creek, Scatter Creek and Conrad Meadows trailheads are all inaccessible due to road washouts. These should be repaired by mid-summer.

The Mount Aix trailhead beyond McDaniel Lake (east side approach) will not be accessible for some time due to the bridge out at Rattlesnake Creek.

However, it is possible to ford the creek at low water at the bridge site, and the 7 miles of road to the trailhead would make a great walk or bike ride.

The Goat Creek trailhead was destroyed by flooding. Crow Lake Way trailhead along American River was damaged by flooding and flood debris.

You don't have to send your tents and packs all the way to Seattle for repair. Yakima-area shoe repair shops and horse tack shops generally have the heavy-duty sewing machines needed for gear repair. Ask around locally first!—Ranger, 5/10.



GENERAL CONDITIONS—Snow level is about 4000 feet. Lots of flood damage on roads and trails.

RESTRICTIONS—Shoc Lake basin and Snowgrass Flats in the Goat Rocks Wilderness are closed to camping and campfires. Dewey Lake basin, in the William O. Douglas Wilderness, is closed to campfires.

Camping within 100 feet of lakeshores or the PCT is prohibited.—Ranger, 5/15.

MOUNT ADAMS DISTRICT—509-395-3400. Highway 141 is snow-free to the Atkisson Sno-Park. Randle road 23 is open to the junction with 2360, but closed beyond because of slides. Sawtooth Huckleberry road 24 is open to within ½-mile of Peterson cabin; snowcovered beyond.

Road 80 to Mount Adams is open almost 6 miles on 80 and 8040; snowcovered beyond.—Ranger, 5/10.

MT ST HELENS NVM—360-750-3900. Road 25 closed to Randle. Road 99 to Windy Ridge is closed due to slides and bridges out. May not be open this season. Road 90 has six major slides and two bridges out. No date for opening.

Many trails were not maintained last year. Expect downed logs, slides and washouts.

Climbing permits are required from 5/15 to 10/31. Permits may be obtained by mail or in person at the NVM headquarters. Call the office (number above) or the Climbing Hot

Line (360-750-3961) for information.—Ranger, 5/10.

PACKWOOD DISTRICT—360-494-0600. Walupt Lake road 2160 still snowcovered. Lake Creek road 1266 open. Skate Creek road 52 is repaired and open.

Lava-Purcell road 46 is open but rough. Road 4610 has rocks and a bridge out at 2½ miles.

PCT conditions: a bridge is out and there are slowdowns in the WOD Wilderness section. Lots of snow in the Goat Rocks; ice axe and crampons recommended. Still snow at Midway.—Ranger, 5/10.

RANDLE DISTRICT—360-497-1100. Cispus road 23 is open to milepost 22; closed beyond. Elk Pass road 25 is closed at milepost 6.6 due to closure of Huffaker Bridge.

A few low elevation trails are open, but most are under snow. Call for current info.—Ranger, 5/10.

WIND RIVER DISTRICT—509-427-3200. Wind River Highway is open to the Lone Butte area. Road 31 is open. Road 51 is open to road 90.

Low elevation portions of the PCT are melted out. Several other low elevation trails are hikable as well, including Bunker Hill, Grassy Knoll, Dog Mountain, Lower Falls Creek and Trapper Creek.—Ranger, 5/17.

ELSEWHERE

MOUNT WHITNEY—Inyo National Forest has a new requirement for the Mount Whitney Zone for all backpackers AND dayhikers.

All hikers entering the area now need visa-like stamps on their wilderness permits which are no longer available at the Lone Pine Ranger Station.

Reservations are \$3 for a wilderness permit, \$1 for the Mount Whitney special stamp, and \$2 for dayhikers. Charge cards are accepted.

As of 4/15, ALL permits had been reserved to climb from Whitney Portal to Whitney summit in August and much of July. Even those wanting to start the JMT from Whitney Portal are being turned down and told to enter at Cottonwood Pass, where a wilderness permit and special stamp are also required.

For information and permits, contact: **Wilderness Reservations**

PO Box 430

Big Pine CA 93513

619-938-1136

tollfree: 888-374-3773

fax: 619-938-1137.

—from the PCTA Communicator.

KARIN FERGUSON

An Adventure

—IN UKRAINE AND THE CAUCASUS MOUNTAINS OF RUSSIA—

"Karin, do not say a word!" or, "Karin, put your head in Yura's lap and pretend to sleep!"—I was to hear these two instructions whispered to me several times in the three weeks of August 1995 when I was in Ukraine and in the Caucasus Mountains in Russia.

Being a foreigner, I stood out. My friends didn't want any problems for me and they made every effort that I would not be noticed.

In 1989, I had been hiking in the Aksu valley in the Turkestan range of the Pamir Mountains with REI Adventures. During the trip I met Greta and her climbing friends from Dnepropetrovsk, Ukraine. We corresponded and in 1995 I was invited to come and hike in the Caucasus Mountains and possibly climb Mount Elbrus, 18,510 feet.

ARRIVING IN KIEV

Upon arriving at Boryspil Airport in Kiev on August 5, I collected my duffel and suitcase, went out the security doors and was instantly hugged by Greta, daughter Helen and husband Sergey. I speak no Russian, but they do speak some English, especially Greta. We drove in Sergey's Lada, a Russian-made auto, to a friend's apartment where we had lunch.

After lunch we drove to another friend's summer cottage where we spent the next two nights. Anatoly's summer place is surrounded by his vegetable garden beside the river Desna, a tributary of the river Dnieper. Dinner included several fresh vegetables.

After breakfast on August 7 we said goodbye to Anatoly. During the 6 hour drive to Dnepropetrovsk we passed huge fields of sunflowers. The Ukrainian flag is blue and yellow, for sky and yellow fields.

We arrived at Sergey and Greta's flat where I met Margaret. Greta's mother who lives with them. She had spent the day cooking borscht, stuffed peppers, an eggplant paste and a huge special

cake of several layers. They have a 3-room flat, plus bathroom, kitchen and two balconies, one of which is enclosed.

GETTING READY

After breakfast on August 8 we went to the bank to change dollars to coupons, the Ukrainian currency, and to rubles, for Russia, as well. (On this day \$1 equaled approximately 166,000 coupons and \$1 equaled 4432 rubles).

That evening two more young men joined our upcoming adventure in the Caucasus Mountains, so now we were to be three women and four men. Because of Sergey's business, he was unable to join us.

The third woman is Inna, a friend of Greta's with little hiking experience. The four young men Greta had as students a few years ago in an outdoor course in the school system. They all came over to borrow equipment from Greta: sleeping bags, pads, boots, even a pack, and to get all the food that they

will carry. My freeze-dried dinners were to be back-up meals and we had only one stove—my MSR which burned their petrol.

The next day we went to the market to buy "sala," which is THE staple to have on hiking and climbing trips here. It is pork fat! They also bought sprats (similar to sardines) and between the two I did prefer the sala!

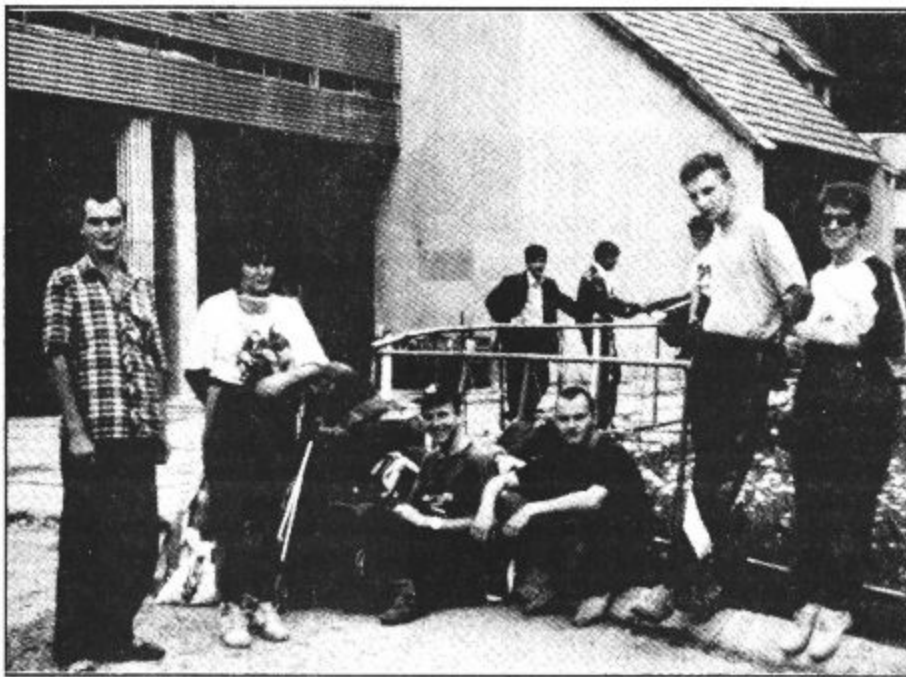
DEPARTURE DAY

August 10 was departure day. I guessed that my pack weighed about 40 pounds. Not too bad. The others' packs were such they needed to be "stuffed" with their sleeping pads and then stuffed which must have made for sore shoulders as they didn't have the suspension system that I had on my Gregory.

Greta kissed her cats and then turned to her mother—who disapproved of the order of saying good-bye! Greta's mother, at 70, is 8 years older than I am and doesn't understand her daughter's



The Irik Valley.



Karrn Ferguson

At the Teberda bus stop. Left to right: Igor, Greta, Yura, Sergey 2, Sergey 1 and Inna.

love of the mountains.

The train for Nevinomysk, Russia, left on time and it was good to finally be on our way to the Caucasus. Two of the young men have the same name as Greta's husband, Sergey (we called them Sergey 1 and Sergey 2), then there was Igor and Yura.

They were all very enthusiastic about our adventure. We brought bread, eggplant paste, tomatoes, hard boiled eggs and sausage for dinner. I enjoyed just sitting and looking at the countryside go by while the others played cards.

AVOIDING PROBLEMS

Prior to the train arriving in the last town in Ukraine, my friends told me to lie down under the sheet and pretend to sleep—Americans are often the subject of extortion for sometimes manufactured reasons, and my friends did not want me to be put in that position.

They sat and played cards, semi-hiding me for the next couple of hours when the Ukrainian customs (looking for drugs and weapons) and the military checking passports came on board and then the same procedure on the Russian side of the border.

None of the officers noticed that there were six passports, but seven people. Greta showed their passports each time but not mine. I was a little tense!

The next morning for breakfast we had some boiled potatoes (from home) and also some more wonderful tomatoes. I must say that some of the best

tomatoes I have ever eaten were those I had on this adventure.

NO ROOM IN DOMBAI

Once off the train in Nevinomysk, we took a bus to Cherkessk, Karachevsk and Teberda. From Teberda, a taxi to Dombai—and I was to not say word or the cab driver would have charged more had he realized that I was a foreigner.

In Dombai, we learned that all hotels were closed because of lack of tourism; that is, all except the one reserved for foreigners. Greta and her Ukrainian friends are not considered foreigners, so we were to stay at a climbers' camp.

We waited several hours for the manager of the camp to return as his assistant was not allowed to rent us a cabin, only the manager could do this. The rain began and eventually the assistant took pity on us and offered us some tea.

Meanwhile some of the boys had been checking out the apartments in the village and located a caretaker at one of the empty hotels who would sublet an apartment nearby to "five poor students and their two impoverished teachers"—yes, again, I was to not say a word.

In the evening there was thunder and lightning and Greta said that she didn't understand because there never is bad weather in Dombai in August!

HIKING IN THE RAIN

Our original itinerary for Dombai was changed because of the weather but the next morning we went for a walk,

when the rain stopped, in the Alibek area, above the gorge. Dombai is like Leavenworth in the Cascades, except it is far more spectacular.

Here three rivers converge, the Alibek, the Amanauz and the Dombai-Ulgen. There are hanging glaciers, waterfalls and rocky summits. It is all protected as part of the Teberda preserve. Mount Dombai-Ulgen is the highest mountain at 13,251 feet.

Unfortunately, we only had peep-hole views on these days, but I had seen the photos of the area and it was impressive. It rained seriously and finally poured. In the downpour we visited the climbers' cemetery. All died while climbing peaks in this area, from avalanches or rock fall.

Greta, Yura and Sergey I went out to make a phone call to the cab driver to arrange for his coming to take us to our next destination tomorrow.

When the three returned, they had also talked to some mountain rescue people. We would change our itinerary because of border guards near Small Gvandra—Greta didn't want any possible problems.

On August 13 the weather still didn't look very good. I felt sorry for Greta being the leader of this outing with this crummy weather. The young men's packs were so heavy but they were so cheerful. Yura carried a day pack in front as well.

TANGLED IN RED TAPE

At the bus/taxi stop, we took the taxi back to Teberda. From here we all boarded a bus to Karachevsk and from there we got a ride in the back of a truck through Uchkula and Khurzuk villages to where our hiking was to finally begin, and again, I was to not say a word.

The truck driver tried to get out of taking us all the way when the road deteriorated. Once off the truck and only a few hundred feet away, we encountered border guards (border with Georgia) and our passports were taken away to show to their commanding officer.

After more than an hour, a guard returned with our passports and we learned that we needed to have a document to enter this area. Greta, not being in the guiding business, would not have known about the requirement.

We decided to camp close by because it was too late today to go back to Cherkessk to get the required military document. Just about the time that din-

ner was ready, we saw a light coming toward us. It was the Russian border guards with a pot of water, some fruit juice and a bottle of vodka!

I didn't want to miss this evening even though I usually went to bed earlier than the rest of the group. Earlier today these guards would not look at me. I was told that was because they might have been shy. Apparently these soldiers knew that I was a foreigner as soon as I walked up. But by the time the evening was over there had been many toasts and proclamations of friendship.

In the morning a guard came and requested that Greta come to the commander's office. We hoped that the commander would waive the requirement for the document. No such luck; he just wanted to make certain we understood that nothing had changed in case the guards had led us to believe anything different last night!

TRYING TO GET A PERMIT

We had approximately 5 miles to walk to get to a village where we could hopefully find a ride. We had gone perhaps 1½ miles when a truck came along and gave us a lift. It was from the military camp at the border zone and the soldiers were going to get water. I never knew if it was coincidence or not. Another truck ride and then an hour's ride in a taxi—"shh, Karin" again!

We arrived in Cherkessk and found a hotel for the night. We had to register of course and that meant showing our passports. The hotel manager was also the visa administrator for this area and she pointed out that I didn't have the correct visa.

We now thought that it might not be a very smart idea to go to the military headquarters to get the required document to hike in the border zone area, because my wrong visa could be a real problem.

CHANGE IN PLANS

So we now changed our itinerary again to hike on the southeast side of Mount Elbrus instead of on the southwest side. Greta was not very happy about it as she felt the original plan would be more interesting, but she was trying everything to give me an experience in the Caucasus.

We had three double rooms and one single which was to be mine. The hotel declared that, being the foreigner, I was to have the better room—but Greta wor-

ried about my being alone. So I shared her room and Inna got the private room. A shower was wonderful and sleep was especially welcome.

There was no shower stall, just a drain in the bathroom floor with the shower head on the wall; this is pretty standard.

Breakfast, like dinner, was cooked in one of the boys' rooms in a plug-in-the-wall pot provided by the hotel. Greta had spent time last night with the boys to figure out our newest hiking plan.

It would be a challenge for her because she had never hiked where we were going and she only had one map of the area, quite worn and old. But it is fortunate that she had brought this at least.

Inna came in excited to be able finally to wear her hiking shorts, but Greta, seeing how she was dressed, crushed her enthusiasm. Cherkessk is in Muslim country and women here dress conservatively. Even Greta used only a minimal amount of eye makeup and absolutely no shorts!

BUSING TO MIN VODY

We walked to the bus stop. Already it was very warm at 9 in the morning. We took a bus to Mineralniye Vody (Min Vody). On the bus I noticed a woman who cried every now and then. Greta talked to her, then explained to me that she was from Grozny in Chechnya and was returning home to where there was still fighting—she was very sad.

Just before we arrived in Min Vody the bus was stopped by police. I had my head in Yura's lap pretending to sleep, as instructed, but the officer never came to the back of the bus where we were sitting. In Min Vody is an airport as well as a big bus station, hence the extra security.

We got on the bus early to be sure to have seats and waited in the hot sun for two hours. Eventually the bus left with a full load.

BIVOUAC IN THE DARK

After a few hours we came to the river Syltran and here we got off the bus at approximately 4300 feet. It was now 6pm. In a heavy wind we headed up the river gorge. We were finally hiking and immediately we had a creek crossing to deal with! The boys took my pack and I was able to crawl across on a log.

It was uphill all the way and Greta didn't know how far it was to where she intended to stop for the night.

Eventually it became too dark to safely move along the path on the steep hillside and I became pretty vocal about not wanting to hike in the dark.

This is about when I discovered that I had the only headlamp in the group. Yura had only a flashlight, a hand pumping one at that! We were on sort of a downsloping ledge several hundred feet above the Syltran Su river but it made sense to me to stop and bivouac here as the path was getting harder to follow and, in my mind, more dangerous in the dark.

Greta agreed and we got out the sleeping bags and pads. I guessed that we were at about 5800 feet. The boys cooked some soup for us and this was the first time my MSR stove was used with the petrol. It seemed a little slower than the white gas at home. It was one of the longest nights of my life—I kept sliding downhill.

As soon as it was daybreak, I said, "Let's get out of here."

But Greta's response was, "Just one more hour to sleep."

I hadn't thought that anyone could have been able to sleep, but when she saw that I was serious about getting moving she got up. We left without anything to eat and within a half hour we arrived at a large flat area. It was the site she had expected to get to last night.

We now had some sala and bread, fresh cucumbers and sprats. I never could manage to eat any of the sprats.

SYLTRANKYOL LAKE

Our destination today was to be Syltrankyol Lake, 9000 feet. Because Greta's map had no scale she didn't really know how far away it was.

After about 6 hours of hiking up the valley and perhaps 2300 feet gain, I arrived first at what was to be our campsite, simply by plodding along at my slow pace, often with a rest step, but not stopping for the length of time that the others would. I must have acclimatized more easily than they, because this was the only day I had to wait for them.

There was no lake here where I had hoped it would be, but everyone was too tired to go any farther. Perhaps we were at about 8100 feet. Inna and Greta didn't move for over an hour. Igor had given me "thumbs up" when he arrived. Greta said I was a "real mountain woman."

Dinner was sort of a hash and it tasted great. In the evening evening

they cooked oatmeal for tomorrow's breakfast and were surprised when I opted to go to bed early.

The next morning was beautiful and promised to be warm. Now Inna would wear her shorts! I felt tired and started slowly. We got to Lake Syltran in about an hour and after a rest headed up to our first pass, Syltran, 9800 feet.

Here were the first views of Mount Elbrus—impressive. Russian mountaineering has rated the mountain passes as well as the mountains. This one was rated easy and it was not difficult for anyone except for Inna. She went down very slowly on the loose rubble.

A TROUBLESOME STREAM

Eventually we came to a very full rushing stream. Fortunately, Greta is as intimidated by streams as I am. The boys went up and down looking for a reasonable crossing but all they could find were two big boulders, one on each side of the stream about one meter apart, they said.

But they didn't tell us that the first one was also perhaps one meter higher than the other and the other one had a bit of a slope on it and was wet.

Inna went looking downstream and I followed her, even though I suspected there would be nothing any better. I had earlier said that I would jump it if I were belayed. I was fearful of landing on my knees, one of which I had injured last year.

We all made it safely across. I came over with such momentum that I knocked Sergey I, who was belaying me, off the boulder! We moved on down the valley and soon came to another stream to cross. This one also was a torrent.

After searching, the boys found where the stream separated and only one branch proved to be difficult. They set up a hand line and indicated I should climb up on Yura's shoulders for him to carry me across. My perch was precarious to say the least and visions of my being pitched into the water went through my head.

"No way," I said. "I will ford this myself."

"Absolutely not," was their response and eventually I was carried on Yura's back instead. Inna did ride on his shoulders. Greta was carried by one of the Sergeys in the same fashion that I had been.

Tonight my headlamp appeared to be much dimmer than before and I found that my NEW backup lithium battery

was a dud!

The next day we enjoyed views of this beautiful big wide valley (alongside the Subashi River). I took many photos even though I got farther behind.

We were to have another difficulty today also, not a stream this time, but a steep exposed slope, where Inna met her greatest challenge. Of course Inna and I did this without our packs as Igor and Sergey 2 came to get them.

We decided to camp up another new valley at about 10,700 feet, below a pass which we must go over. It was a good decision because the weather deteriorated. Soon after the tents were pitched, it began to rain and then hail.

I was warm and comfortable in my Garuda tent, but I didn't sleep well. I felt guilty because I knew that my tent was far superior to their tents.

WHERE IS THE PASS?

The next day we headed up toward the pass which Greta thought was Irik Pass. Once there, with help of her map, she determined that we were, in fact, on Jikaujenkez Pass, at about 11,500 feet.

Since I am a sometimes-non-flexible Seattle Mountaineer, I resisted going down the steep slope onto the flat glacier for who knows where, and insisted that we return toward last night's camp and find Irik Pass.

She went along with me and we returned to our previous evening's campsite. On the route down the boys and Greta had checked out other possible routes to elusive Irik Pass. Irik Pass was to have given us a choice of going down the Irikchat and Irik valleys to the village of Elbrus or up on to one of the glaciers on Elbrus and from there to the Shelter of the Eleven.

We camped at the same place as the night before and, still not knowing where Irik Pass was, Greta made the decision to go over Jikaujenkez Pass after all, and down onto the glacier.

I had noticed Inna having difficulty on a snow and ice patch earlier and was concerned about her. I showed her my in-step crampons and said that she could use these if she wanted to.

So on August 20 back up to the pass we went. Down onto the flat glacier (which I have learned since was a snowfield) we went for some distance, but roped up when crevasses became apparent.

We eventually ascended an icy slope with some rocks to another pass and now we did have a valley below us to

go down and another route onto a glacier. However, after scouting up on a high point on this saddle we could not see any sign of the Shelter of the Eleven.

Greta was able to figure out that this was Irikchat Pass, approximately 11,950 feet, and that the valley below was the Irikchat. But where was Irik Pass? Greta asked my opinion about what I thought we should do.

I said, "Go down the valley because the weather looks like it is coming in and if we were to start on the glacier we would probably have to camp on it."

Greta agreed with me. I broke out most of the treats I had carried with me: gorp, Kudo bars and sesame bars. They were all delighted! Down the valley we went and it was a beautiful valley. At camp a bottle of vodka appeared from someone's pack.

The next day we figured out that at some point yesterday, in the upper part of the Irikchat valley, we had travelled below Irik Pass and had not noticed where it was. Irikchat valley ends at the Irik valley which we followed on cow or sheep paths.

Toward the end of the valley we met a group of children on an outing with their teacher. As I passed they asked, in English, what my name was, even though I had not said a word.

In these two valleys there were outstanding views of the Greater Caucasus Range, all impressive peaks. Among them is Ushba, which Greta says is her dream to climb.

TRAMS AND CHAIRLIFTS

We sat in an alley in the village of Elbrus while Greta and a couple of the group went in to the main part of town to check it out. When they returned we avoided the bus stop and went to the edge of town on the road to Terskol. Here we hitched a ride in the back of a big truck—yes, shh, shh again.

This ride took us through Terskol and to Azau where we bought tickets for the two tram rides up toward the Shelter of the Eleven. I was not enthusiastic about these tram rides because in the US I had heard about an accident on one where someone had died. I seem to remember this sort of stuff!

But the tram rides were tame compared to the chairlift ride which we took next. I am not a skier and having my pack on my lap made it a nightmare for me because I had no idea how the bar on the chair worked and my pack was fat! I swore that I would walk down

instead of riding the chairlift again.

The chairlift ride ended perhaps 800 feet or so below the elevation of the Shelter of the Eleven, and about a mile away. Yura stayed with me as we hiked up toward the Shelter (also known as Priut) at 13,780 feet.

SHELTER OF THE ELEVEN

I tired soon and eventually remembered that the rest step is the only way for me to get anywhere. Also, I remembered that we hadn't eaten in six hours! How could the rest of my group do this so easily? Forget the big age difference—these Ukrainians don't seem to need fuel like I do. Well, maybe it only was the age difference after all, I don't know.

When I arrived at the Shelter, Inna and Sergey 2 were at the door to meet us and I became overwhelmed and cried—strange that I was so tired. Yura hugged me and said, "I love you," which was probably the nicest thing he knew to say to me from his almost non-existent English vocabulary.

I was led to our room where the rest of the group was waiting for me. Inna and Sergey took off my boots and covered me with a blanket. Pretty soon I felt okay.

I went to the dining area and met two climbing groups from England. It was the first conversation in English I had heard in over two weeks other than Greta and me talking.

Because of all the delays during the early part of our trip we did not have enough time to acclimatize before attempting the summit of Mount Elbrus. So the climb would not happen. Greta, Yura and I had hoped for it, but it was not to be.

On August 22, we were up early and out to take photos. The toilet at the Shelter of Eleven is quite an experience—merely a hole in the floor over the snow slope 50 feet below!

Soon the others were up and by 11 we were on our way down the mountain to the chair lift. I agreed to ride down because Yura would take my pack. We repeated the tram rides down to Azau and from there we walked a short distance on the road and into the trees to camp for the last time. There were many wild strawberries here.

Greta, Yura and Sergey 1 went to the nearest village (Terskol) to buy bread and sugar and to check out the bus schedules.



Karin Ferguson

On the shores of Syltrankyol Lake.

BACK TO UKRAINE

The next day we hiked to Terskol and with time to spare we visited another village close by to look at woolens and to eat some soup, some type of fried bread and a yogurt drink.

Fortunately, we got on the bus at the beginning of its run to Min Vody. Before too many stops there was only standing room. Outside Min Vody military got on the bus and, yes, I was pretending to sleep again with my head in Yura's lap!

As our train to Ukraine would come through here before continuing to Nevnomysk, we paid some extra money to be able to get on here and eliminate an extra bus ride. Now we had some fresh tomatoes again, sausage and fried bread.

The two Sergeys did not have tickets for the train and so paid double the price—they were at the mercy of the conductor (\$30 instead of \$15 each).

The Russian customs and military never came to our compartment on the train and in the morning the Ukrainian officials went through quickly and didn't look at passports! It was a relief that most likely we were in the clear for the remainder of our adventure.

TAKING LEAVE—AND PLANNING A RETURN

Before we arrived in Dnepropetrovsk, I told the group that I was going to leave them my Garuda tent and my MSR stove for them all to use when

they needed them. I had decided this earlier in the trip. They were so very pleased.

I also gave Yura my watch (which had an alarm; his didn't) because he had many times asked me what time it was. He was overwhelmed and gave me his, a Russian military watch, and I knew that my grandson Max would be impressed!

On August 25, the boys and Inna came to Greta's for a goodbye party in the evening and it was sad for me to say goodbye. Inna gave me 5 pounds of sala!

The young men, Yura, Igor and the two Sergeys (19 to 23 years old) were so very, very helpful to me: holding doors open, lifting up and taking off my pack for me, hoisting it on and off buses, taxis, trains and trucks, cooking my dinner, doing my dishes, helping me set up my tent, coming down to get my pack when I was last arriving at a pass and carrying or belaying me over the streams.

I have been invited to return and with the group visit the Crimea—I think I shall!

△

Karin Ferguson, of Kirkland, has been a Mountaineer for over 20 years. She recently retired from Boeing.

DALLAS KLOKE
CHRIS WEIDNER

A CANADIAN ROCKIES SAMPLER

—MOUNTAINS OF MAGNIFICENT SCALE AND GRANDEUR—

Dallas Kloke:

Photos and descriptions in a guidebook do not give the climber a true perspective of the size and grandeur of the peaks in the Canadian Rockies. One must view them in person and then experience the routes that lead to the summits of mountains like Assiniboine, Edith Cavell, Robson, Temple and other giants of the range.

From 1969 to 1995, I have made eight trips to the Rockies usually in late July and early August. Because of their size, both elevation and mass, many mountains in the Rockies create their own weather. One example is Mount Robson. I have attempted this highest peak in the Rockies three times, climbing no higher than 9000 feet on

the 12,972-foot giant. Some years Robson is not climbed at all due to poor weather and snow conditions.

Although a lot of the mountains are along the highway, not many one-day climbs exist. The majority of the mountains are remote and require several days to hike in, climb, and hike out. Rock quality in the Rockies ranges from excellent limestone and quartzite to shale stacked in "dinner plates." Talus and scree slopes are abundant and cause wear and tear not only on boot soles but also on the mind.

The vast Canadian Rockies span four national parks: Jasper, Banff, Yoho and Kootenay. From Mount Vernon, the drive to Lake Louise takes about 10 hours. The best route is by way of

Trans-Canada Highway 1 to Hope, then Highway 5 (toll \$10) to Kamloops. From Kamloops follow Highway 1 east to Revelstoke, Golden, and finally to Lake Louise. Banff is south about 35 miles from Lake Louise and Jasper is 143 miles to the north.

Prices are not cheap in Canada but with the 30% US dollar exchange rate, your dollar does pretty well. If you plan to stay more than four days in the parks you will need to pay \$50 Canadian for a yearly vehicle permit. When not in the mountains we try to find a "Motel One" (free place to sleep). We have one

spot between Lake Louise and Banff that has nice grass and is far from people and traffic. Campgrounds cost between \$10 and \$15 Canadian for a night's stay but are crowded and usually full if you don't get there early.

You can register for your climbs at one of numerous Visitor Centres but it is wise to talk with a climbing ranger who is knowledgeable about approaches, routes and conditions.

The old Canadian guidebooks contain poor information, but a more updated guide is now in print: *Selected Alpine Climbs in the Canadian Rockies* by Sean Dougherty (1991).

There are too many incredible peaks to choose from, but when you have the time I recommend the following climbs.

For pure rock climbing these peaks and routes are excellent: Castle Mountain (Brewer Buttress II 5.6), Chinaman Peak (Northeast Face II 5.6), Mount Cory (Gmoser Chimney II 5.4), and Mount Louis (Kain Route III 5.7).

For moderate snow and ice I recommend Stanley Peak (North Face III), Mount Athabasca (Silverhorn II) and Mount Andromeda (Skyladder II).

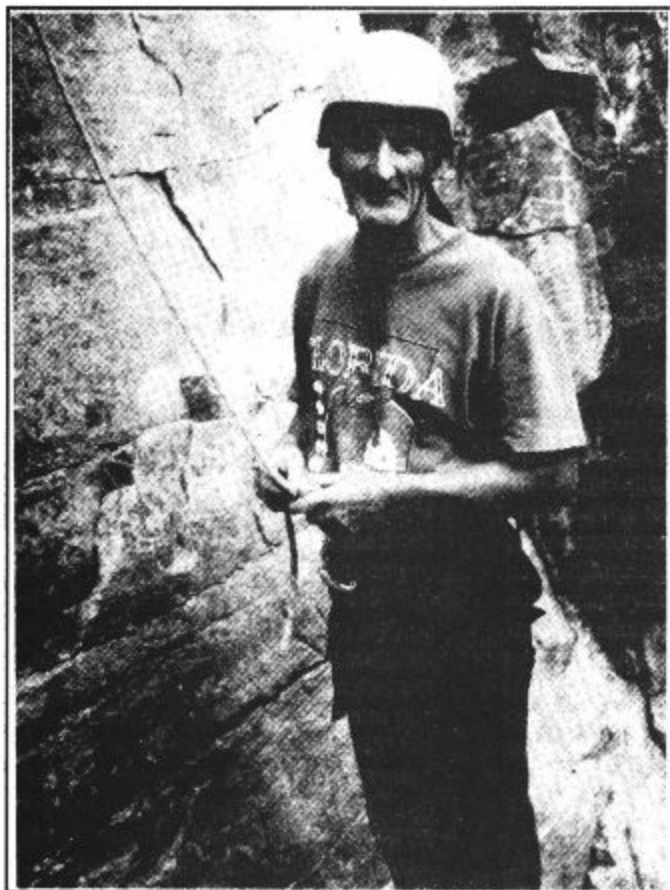
And for mixed alpine climbing of moderate difficulty, Mount Edith Cavell (East Ridge III 5.3) and Mount Assiniboine (North Ridge II 5.5) are Canadian Rockies classics.

For non-technical climbs, Mount Victoria (South Summit Southeast Ridge II), Mount Temple (Southwest Ridge I) and Mount Stephen (Normal route II 5.0) are fun scrambles.

Chris Weidner:

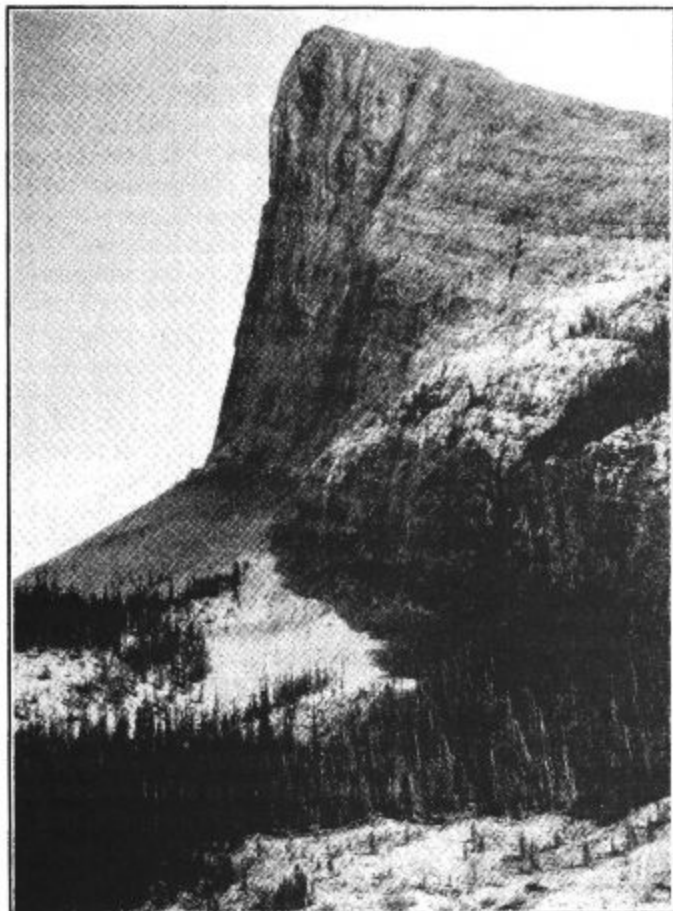
Lured by the magnificent scale of the mountains in Canada, I couldn't wait to spend ten days climbing classic routes in the Rockies with Dallas. For months I entertained visions of rocky ridges, icy slopes and beautiful weather.

My first climbing trip to the Rockies began at 5:30am when Dallas and I left his home in Anacortes for the 10-hour drive to Banff. It was July 31st, 1995,



Dallas sport climbing at Lake Louise.

Chris Weidner



Chris Weidner

and easy access contribute to Heart Creek's popularity. Several hours allowed plenty of time for Dallas and me to enjoy ourselves and ascend seven short pitches of 5.7 to 5.10c rock on this overcast day.

On August 2nd the weather was decent enough throughout the day to allow us to climb the spectacular and moderate northeast face of Chinaman Peak (II 5.6, 10 pitches).

Because a summit was involved, Dallas was excited for this all-rock ascent. He considered this the first day of real climbing.

With mixed weather the next morning and a lousy forecast, I was

able to milk another day of sport climbing out of Dallas. We chose the "Back of the Lake" as our destination because of its reputation as the premier rock climbing crag in the area. The climbing



Dallas Kloke

Chris Weidner on Chinaman Peak.

when the weather was supposed to be at its best.

"Mount Temple is out of condition ... Assiniboine is definitely out—it hasn't seen one ascent this summer ... the worst season I've seen in years ... rain likely for the next few days, maybe some clearing and then more rain ..."

After listening to such a dismal report Dallas and I kicked ourselves for not calling up here in advance before leaving sunny and gorgeous western Washington! After some debate we agreed that since we had all of our gear, we might as well try to climb something.

Within an hour I found myself salivating over the recently published guidebook, *Sport Climbs in the Canadian Rockies* by John Martin and Jon Jones. Soon Dallas and I were climbing on First Rock at Heart Creek, a small crag with short rock climbs.

On any given day Dallas would just as soon try to bag a peak rather than fool around on some small rocks. It took some work to convince him that rock climbing is a worthwhile end in itself and not just "practice" for the mountains.

Bolted climbs, moderate difficulty

and scenery far exceeded our expectations.

The back of Lake Louise offers fantastic climbing on steep, solid quartzite with clean cracks, faces and breathtaking aretes. Most of the climbs are bolted, but bring your gear for the few excellent routes that haven't yet seen a power drill.

Not only is the climbing wonderful, but the cliffs are situated in one of the most beautiful (and popular) mountain areas of the world. A scenic 40-minute walk from the parking lot brings you to the main wall where there are four-star routes varying in difficulty from 5.7 to 5.12d. The majority of routes are in the 5.10a to 5.11a range.

The highlight of our day was when Dallas climbed his first 5.10 without a fall. "Public Enemy" is a steep and sustained face climb with two small roofs to overcome. Dallas climbed efficiently and paused only briefly to figure out the two awkward crux sections of the route. With a smile on his face that he couldn't erase Dallas suggested that we do more rock climbing this year.

The following day turned out to be the sunniest day of the summer, so it was back to the grind of mountaineering. We chose the East Ridge of Storm Mountain, which is visible from the road, as our objective.

Thirteen hours and many terrifying moments on steep, shattered rock later, we emerged from the forest onto the highway ten miles from our parked car. With a little hitchhiking we made our way back to our car without difficulty.

It was an exhausting yet rewarding day. The exhaustion quickly faded as we faced a huge meal and a tall glass of beer in Banff.

Driving south a few rainy days later, Dallas mentioned some possible trips for the remainder of the year: "Well, I wouldn't mind spending a weekend rock climbing at Squamish. Oh! And I'd love to visit Smith Rock in Oregon—I'm sure there are a bunch of routes we could climb together down there. . ."

△

Dallas Kloke, of Anacortes, is a lifelong climber who has authored several guide books.

Between climbing trips, Chris Weidner, of Seattle, is employed at Vertical World. There he sets routes and teaches classes at all levels.

DALE FLYNN

Islands in the Sky

—PEAK-BAGGING ON SAWTOOTH RIDGE—

Bounded by the eastern Washington valleys of Lake Chelan and the Twisp River, Sawtooth Ridge rises more than 7500 feet above its surroundings like an island in the sky—a long, high alpine island studded with some of the highest peaks in the state.

Sawtooth Ridge begins to rise near the south end of Lake Chelan and extends northwest well past Stehekin to the boundaries of North Cascades National Park.

In June we backpacked and scrambled the peaks of Sawtooth Ridge for eight days and over roughly 64 miles. We started at the Crater Creek trailhead, after a cramped car shuttle up the Twisp River road to the Reynolds Creek trailhead.

There are so many trailheads out of the Twisp River valley that it is hard to choose an itinerary. The variety of possible trips is limited only by the time and energy available to do them.

Besides myself, our party included John Beaumier, Peggy Goldman, Johnny Jeans, Mike Torok, and Keith Wilson. This notorious band of peak-bagging fiends never saw a summit they did not like so our mission was to maximize the number of peaks scrambled with the minimum amount of time spent carrying a full pack from camp to camp.

We were up early each morning route-finding, moving camp, or scrambling. My main job, as leader, was to suggest interesting, efficient, and aesthetic ways to connect the peaks so that everyone would want to scramble the same peaks at the same time by the same route.

My hardest job was keeping up with my party, but I always knew where to look for those who surged ahead—on the nearest summit.

Seven of our summits were, at 8321 feet or higher, among the 100 highest peaks in Washington (by the 400 foot rule). These included Oval, Star, Libby (aka Raven Ridge), Bigelow, Butter-



John Beaumier, Johnny Jeans and Keith Wilson on Raven's Ridge.

milk Ridge (aka Courtney), Martin, and Cooney.

In all, we bagged 13 summits. Each day was a unique adventure, but one trip stands out as a classic day of alpine scrambling.

From Boiling Lake, we ascended the south ridge of Cheops (Point 8270), then traversed south over Martin Peak to Cooney (Point 8321). The variety of terrain and the route-finding made this an especially satisfying trip.

We added a sidetrip to Old Maid Mountain in the late afternoon, before returning to camp at Boiling Lake, but Old Maid did not add much glow to our satisfaction. One part of it was a little too brushy, and it added a few long miles to an already long day.

June proved to be the perfect time for our outing. There were no bugs, horses, people, heat, or dust. It was just us and a bunch of flowers, green meadows,

bubbling brooks, little lakes, and big peaks—and a bit of snow. A number of passes and shaded slopes were still encased in snow that hid a few stretches of trail and which required ascending or descending some moderately steep snow slopes.

But the snow provided refreshing variety for a group comfortable with the use of ice axes, and it simplified a few of our summit ascents. The snow seemed to be an effective barrier against other backpackers, horsepackers, and livestock. In eight days, we saw only one other person. Our isolation heightened the sensation that we were, indeed, on islands in the sky.

We had heard stories about motorcycles and mountain bikes bumping up against the boundaries of the Wilderness in the summer. But what is most striking about that situation is that much of the most spectacular country

in the area is outside of the Lake Chelan-Sawtooth Wilderness and, therefore, accessible to motorcycles. In particular, a string of magnificent peaks, lakes, and meadows stretches from Mount Bigelow south for about 7 miles to the Navarre peaks.

The meadows are vast, green landscapes lapping up against the stark and dramatic peaks and rolling outward, like the tide, across plateaus and down and away into the valleys.

Many of the basins are adorned with plump, clear lakes lovingly placed for dramatic effect and convenient camping. It is hard to imagine motorcycles roaring around this idyllic, high alpine landscape when the snow melts. We are eternally grateful we did not have to see it, and we pray the snow never melts away!

Our time came to an end even though the Chelan Summit Trail beckoned us on and on to the northwest. We pitched our last camp at Eagle Pass and strolled up to the summit of Battle Mountain.

There, a grand view into the heart of the Cascades and a glorious sunset gentled our tired party. The valleys



Our camp at Eagle Pass, Point 7925 in back.

dropped deeply away from us on either side, to Lake Chelan on the west and the Twisp River valley on the east.

And up and down Sawtooth Ridge, the peaks rose up in splendid isolation out of those deep valleys, like islands in the sky.

Dale Flynn, of Seattle, leads scrambles and climbs for The Mountaineers. He has been a peak-bagger since 1966.

THE 10 MOST DIFFICULT CASCADE MOUNTAINS

—CLIMBED BY THE EASIEST ROUTE—

As the summer climbing season approaches, climbers put together their lists of "must do" peaks.

Some peaks have been on my summer list for years. For these peaks, it's always "wait till next year." Over the past several years a number of lists have appeared having to do with the highest Washington mountains.

There's a 50 highest list, the 100 highest; then there is a list with 400 feet or more prominence, 500 feet, 1000 feet and 2000 feet of prominence.

As Jeff Howbert stated in his article "The Homecourt 100" (July 1995 *Pack & Paddle*), "mountaineers are compelled to draw up lists."

Last summer while climbing in Canada, with my partner Chris, our conversation got around to what were the most difficult mountains in the Cascades to climb by the easiest route.

This led to a list of possible peaks that might fit this category. Since that

time, I've compiled a list of 10 peaks which I feel are probably the most difficult. Difficulty being the criteria, the two factors of difficulty are individual pitch and the overall grade.

The most important factor of these two in my estimation is overall grade which consists of approach, length of route, ease of escape, time, exposure to objective dangers, and commitment.

Certainly any list based on difficulty is open to subjectivity on the part of the list maker. I'm sure other climbers might disagree with some of the mountains I have selected.

Of the 10 peaks I have chosen for this list, the first four I had no problem selecting. I feel that Nooksack Tower without question is the Cascades' most difficult peak.

To pick the other six, however, wasn't that easy. The mountains selected range from II+ to IV as an overall grade, and class 4 to 5.8 in individual

pitch difficulty. My final selection is the following:

- Nooksack Tower
- Mount Index, Middle Peak
- Mount Index, North Peak
- Burgundy Spire
- Lincoln Peak (West Black Butte)
- Southeasy Twin Spire (Chilliwacks)
- Inspiration Peak (Southern Pickets)
- Johannesberg Mountain
- Hozomeen, South Peak
- Mount Fury, West Peak

There were a number of other mountains to consider for this list including: Bonanza, Prussik, Forbidden, American Border, North Early Winter Spire, Mount Goode, Crooked Thumb, and Cutthroat to mention a few.

I would like to hear from other climbers who have suggestions for the most difficult list.—*Dallas Kloke*

LEWIS TURNER

50 ON MOUNT RAINIER

—CELEBRATING THE HALF-CENTURY MARK WITH A BIG SUMMIT—

How do you celebrate a half-century of life? I had been thinking about how to acknowledge this Life Peak since I started climbing during the previous year. Maybe Mount Rainier would be a good place to be at 50. The Mountaineers club had already given me invaluable skills and experiences—why not culminate this experience on top of the Northwest's highest peak? This article is about that trip, and how the club got me there.

When I first started backpacking 20 years ago, I read all of the books on the subject I could find. I also accumulated lots of equipment, and on my first trip I was surprised that my pack weighed 75 pounds—I never could figure out why backpacking wasn't fun for me.

Consequently, after a few years I stopped doing it. All of my friends in Oklahoma thought I was pretty strange for doing it anyway—why would anyone walk around in a forest carrying a ton on his back?

ESCAPE TO WASHINGTON

In 1984, I escaped to Washington. It was a real paradise compared to Oklahoma. Washington wasn't flat, or brown, or cold, or hot, and the mountains were only an hour or two away, as were the desert and the ocean. Washington was a mecca for outdoor recreation.

A friend and I started doing day hikes, carrying minimum weight in tiny fanny packs. After a few years of trail hikes, I wanted something more. I wanted to be able to pick a compass bearing and have the skills to follow it, no matter where it went. So in 1986 I joined The Mountaineers. It was a worthwhile "environmental" organization and it offered lots of adventurous outdoor courses.

THE SCRAMBLE COURSE

Because of schedule conflicts, I waited until 1992 to enroll in the Scramble Course. The Scramble Course was

great, and scrambling was fun, but the going-up part was tough. I got in better shape, but going up was still difficult. Scrambling requires a strong sense of humor. That's why people who scramble and climb are my favorite people—they have positive personalities and a great sense of humor.

I've learned that most people who take the scramble course do not return after the first year. You have to be really motivated to climb mountains, and if you don't stay physically fit during the non-climbing winter months, it's painful getting back in shape. To stay active during the cold months, I took the Winter Travel Course and then went on snowshoe trips.

After scrambling and snowshoeing for a year, I was amazed at what the club offers in the way of training, safety, knowledge, support, and friendship. The quantity and quality of volunteer leaders and instructors, and their dedication and experience, is impressive!

One of the best reasons for taking Mountaineers (or any club) courses is to increase your skills and then "give back" some of what you learn by being a trip leader and course instructor. I think most leaders and instructors feel this way. Otherwise, how can you explain an organization of 15,000 people that provides thousands of outdoor trips and activities, and operates almost entirely with volunteers?

By my second year of Mountaineers activities, I'd received so much enjoyment that I felt I had to give something back. I didn't want to be a trip leader because I didn't think I would like it, didn't think I was in good enough shape, didn't think I had enough experience.

As a compromise I offered to assist with instructing the 1993 Scramble Course. Guess what? I loved it! Helping with the course made me feel good—about myself, and about what I was doing. I started thinking that "maybe even being a trip leader might be okay." Be-

sides, if you're not mature and confident enough at 50 to be a leader, then when?

BEING A LEADER

I volunteered to be an assistant leader for a scramble trip up Mount Baring. I researched the scramble route. I talked to several leaders who had done the trip previously: some felt it was very difficult, some felt it was not very difficult.

Being a leader seemed to involve more than I had anticipated—there are so many things to think about, plan for, and anticipate: route-finding, people skills, equipment needs, weather, organization, alternative plans, and most important, ensuring that everyone stays safe and has fun.

Unexpectedly, I ended up *leading* the Baring trip. I was full of fear: my ice axe was slippery, speech was difficult, my boots were shaking. Would I do a good job? Could I get the group to the summit? Could I get us back down safely?

Thick fog, rain, snow "bombs" falling from trees, route-finding difficulties, lack of experience, and fear, caused me to turn the group around close to the summit. At the time it was a very difficult decision, and one that I questioned for a long time. But safety was the final determining answer—I wanted to get us all back down the mountain safely.

Being a leader on Baring taught me a lot. It forced me to make difficult decisions on my very first trip as a leader. But overall, the good feelings from the trip encouraged me to continue to lead.

A "REAL" MOUNTAINEER

During my second year of scrambling, a friend said, "Lewis, this is our eighth scramble together, and it's the first time we've ever been on a *trail*." I decided then that I had finally become a "real" mountaineer. And I was beginning to understand why my non-mountaineering friends thought I was a tad bit weird—we all know that "normal"

people don't climb mountains off trail—at least not willingly, and certainly not for fun.

Unlike my first year when the weather was always perfect, my second year was perpetual rain, drizzle, clouds and fog. I admit that it's neat hiking in forests in a soft, steady rain, but it would have been nice to see something once in a while. The benefit that year was the cost of film: you only needed to take one picture (of the fog) and it represented every trip.

In 1994, I decided to take the Basic Climbing Course. I had to talk my body into it. It didn't want to get hurt. It didn't want to hang off a rope on a vertical rock wall, or from a thin crack. But I was leading a lot of scrambles and thought that it would make me a better, more knowledgeable and experienced leader.

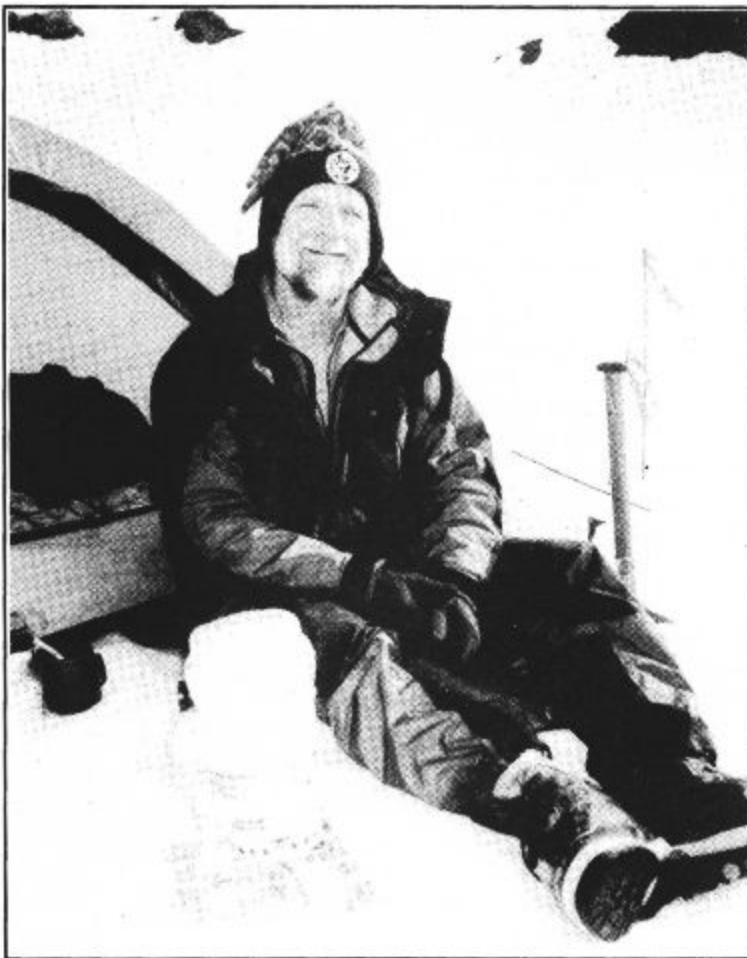
Surprise! The Climbing Course was a blast! Compared to scrambling, it was more challenging: physically, technically, and mentally. The physical challenge was the weight of the climbing equipment—where was my fanny pack? I've learned that each additional course means you get to carry more weight.

This may sound perverse, but after taking the Basic Climbing Course I wanted to obtain even more skills—so I started thinking about the Intermediate Climbing Course. After a trip, particularly the difficult ones, you soon start to “forget” the difficulty and the fear, and tend to expand the memory of the fun and good experiences.

THINKING ABOUT THE BIG ONES

Thus, you perpetuate the “fun” of mountaineering. And since I had gotten in much better shape as a result of the Basic Climbing Course, I thought that maybe I should climb the big volcanos while I was physically fit. And there was that 50th birthday ...

For my birthday month of June, everything fell together. I passed the entrance examination field trip for the Intermediate Climbing Course. I could now look forward to ice climbing, win-



Happy camper—Lewis at the basecamp of yet another peak.

ter climbing, and more exposed rock climbing.

I also completed successful climbs of Dome Peak (one of the most remote in the state), Mount Hood, and Mount Rainier. What a month! Two weeks later we successfully climbed Mount Olympus. Whew! No rocking chairs yet.

MOUNT RAINIER

I climbed Mount Rainier during the last weekend of June. Because of the hot weather, we decided to hike up to Camp Muir in the evening.

We left Paradise on Thursday at 7pm and arrived at Camp Muir six hours later. Like most overnight climbing trips, the hike to Camp Muir had not been a particularly fun trip: carrying a lot of weight, focusing on the boots in front of you as you take step after step and breath after breath, continually thinking that the end must surely be close.

Hiking in the dark with only a headlamp for light did, however, make the trip interesting and unlike any other: there was only me, darkness outside my circle of battery-powered light, a few friends, and millions of brilliant stars.

The climbers' hut at Camp Muir was almost full, so we quickly set up the only tents in the area, crawled into them and fell into deep sleep. We had decided to do Rainier as a three-day climb. We weren't in any hurry, and the extra day would allow us to acclimatize to the altitude.

On Friday we ate, slept, talked, ate, slept, and watched a few new tents being set up. But mostly we wondered if the altitude would affect us the next day when we climbed, and if we would be successful in making it to the summit.

There was also humor—as there always is in the mountains. A few solo climbers showed up at Camp Muir trying to get on rope teams so they could climb and cross crevasses safely.

I remember listening to two young and obviously inexperienced climbers making their pitch to a rope team. They said that they “had ice axes and those spiky things” for their boots, but did they need anything else? Hopefully, they stayed safely in camp.

SUMMIT DAY

We got up early Saturday and left Camp Muir shortly after 2 am. We watched a long line of headlamps move slowly up the Cowlitz Glacier in front of us to Cathedral Rocks—it was a large RMI guided group. They made a rare and wondrous sight—a line of mysterious little fireflies slowly moving up toward the night sky.

Later, in the dark, as we were crossing the Ingraham Glacier, we passed our first “sweaty palm” area—large crevasses below a steep exposed ridge of rock called “Disappointment Cleaver.”

We safely negotiated the crevasses and arrived at the upper glacier snowfields just after sunrise. It was a glorious morning—not cold, no wind, fairly clear weather, the sun just peeking over the horizon.

We passed two RMI clients “parked” in sleeping bags by their guides because they had gone as far as they could. Later, after completing this climb, I had new respect for the people who, with no experience, sign up for these guided trips, and step after step after

step—20,000 or 30,000 of them just on the way up—make it to the top of Rainier. It takes a lot of determination.

So, up, up, up we went, finding ways over or around small or sometimes gigantic crevasses. Crevasses didn't cause fear in me like the steep exposure of hanging from a small ledge or rock knob, but they were definitely exciting: deep cracks in the snow, several inches to tens of feet wide, that got darker the deeper you looked down into them—until you were looking at the black of a "bottomless" pit.

Mount Rainier's crevasses were much bigger than the ones I had seen a week before on Mount Hood.

A GIANT LEAP FOR A 50-YEAR-OLD

Six hours after leaving Camp Muir, we were at the top of Washington! One small step for man—a giant leap for a 50-year-old. The summit dwarfed me; it was maybe a quarter-mile or more across. It was an obvious volcano cone, with a rim all around the summit, and slightly concave inside.

We found and signed the summit register, and then spent a couple of hours on top. It was about 70 degrees, and there was absolutely no wind—rare weather for Rainier. A few RMI guides who were camping in the crater were playing Frisbee. It was surreal—like being on a snow-covered moon.

Rainier has a significantly different "feel" than any other mountain I've experienced. It is the feeling of remoteness. Rainier is huge, and has its own valleys and ridges and sub-peaks—like

a whole range of separate mountains. Once you go above Camp Muir, even with a few other climbers around, you feel isolated and remote.

Late in the morning, we started back down. The sun had warmed the upper glacier snow cover until it was slippery. It was very hot. I kept slipping—it was the second time I felt nervous on the trip.

ALTITUDE SICKNESS

My nervousness was heightened because one member of our group had started to get sick from the altitude on the way up. Although I had read about altitude sickness, this was my first experience with it.

It wasn't like I expected. Our friend was physically very weak—but was also very mentally alert. At times he would just sit down and stop moving—as though he just fell asleep. But then we would tell him to get up, and he would immediately respond to us verbally, and then slowly get up and continue. It was a strange mix of opposites.

As we got back down through the upper snowfields to the Cleaver, and the exposed and heavily crevassed areas, my nervousness increased. I was particularly worried about our sick friend, thinking that if he slipped he might pull the whole rope team into a crevasse. We just went very slowly and took it a step at a time.

ROCKFALL

When we got down below the Cleaver, we heard a roar. High above us we saw a large avalanche of car-size rocks heading down where we had been just a

moment before! Although we didn't know it at the moment, there was a crevasse just above where we had walked. All of the rockfall went into the crevasse.

It set our adrenaline bubbling. Had we been just a few minutes slower, it would have been heart-stopping! What excitement—sure beats mowing the lawn.

As for our sick friend, and much to our amazement, two hours after reaching Camp Muir he was completely normal. It was a strange experience.

NOW HOW TO CELEBRATE 60 ...

I feel good about the climb up Rainier. The altitude hadn't bothered most of us—and for me it had been an easier trip than the other glacier climbs I had done.

Thanks to The Mountaineers, I was able to stand in the face of my half-century mark and laugh. Now I'm starting to think about how to celebrate when I turn 60 ...

△

Lewis Turner, of Bellevue, works for the Seattle Parks Department. He is a member of the Everett Mountaineers' Scramble Committee and is coordinator of the Everett Avalanche Course. He also likes cats.

The Mountaineers Club is based in Seattle, with branches in Bellingham, Everett, Tacoma, Olympia and Wenatchee. For a membership information packet, phone 206-284-6310.

River Guide

Julie U. Brown

He moves as part of the water flowing,
splitting to go 'round a gravel bar,
coming back together lower down,
not as a branch or leaf floating,
but holding silt as his bones,
sunlight reflecting as his eyes.

He is the fastest part of the rush,
the swift reverse within the shores,
drawing eddy lines on the surface,
twisting, stirring, standing waves
below a stone, softly pillowing water
above it

He reads the river as if he is the water,
he sits and lets the water buoy him up,
rolling him over and over down
the canyon 'til he lies sleeping
on the sea itself.

LARRY TRAMMELL

Surveying the Taylor River

—WASHED OUT AND BLOWN AWAY—

After Robert Pfeifer's rather dismal review of road washouts in the February *Pack & Paddle*, I had to take a trip into the Middle Fork Snoqualmie to see for myself. His article was written, of course, prior to the *second* hundred-year flood this year. Knowing the futility of upper Road 56, I concentrated on the Taylor River side on my trip May 2.

There are signs that road work will soon be underway. The heavy road equipment is ready for action. Other changes devotees of the Middle Fork may want to note (mileages given from the freeway exit by the truck center):

At **mile 3.0**, two new gates are up. These cut off parking access along the siding road, below the logging road to Granite, Gifford and Thompson Lakes. If the new gates were intended to keep out the shootists, guess again. Park your vehicle on the Middle Fork road, if you dare.

At **mile 3.9**, the little river campground at Mineral Creek is closed, for good I suppose, and the campground sign is now gone. Road campers are stomping the riverbank vegetation into spinach and replacing the trash lost to flood.

At **mile 8.4**, there was road equipment and a rockpile partially blocking the road, and a "road closed" sign ready for service. This is a likely closure point when roadwork begins.

Near the concrete blocks cutting off Pratt River ("Party Beach") access at **mile 9.0**, there are three eight-foot culvert sections awaiting, and some rough surface, otherwise this swampy area survived rather well. If they replace culverts here, there will definitely be closures.

Mile 9.5, the embankment slid again, as it did five years ago. Two-thirds of the roadbed is now where the old roadbed used to be, and the old roadbed is gravel bar. The remaining sliver of road is appallingly rough, but stabilized enough for high clearance vehicles to pass carefully. Definitely closures here during the rebuild.

Mile 9.9 through 10.4, sections of nasty awful cobblestones. Other than

that, miserable potholes. Yep, it's the same old Middle Fork road. A handful of vehicles made it to the new Middle Fork bicycle bridge.

Just beyond the camp, the road surface turns to rubble. However, the surface is solid. So what's the hurry? After that, more potholes. From the first Taylor bridge to the trailhead at the second, it's all potholes.

Okay, that's just getting there. There were six vehicles at the Taylor River trailhead, a healthy showing under the circumstances. The permit box is missing at the Taylor River bridge.

In general the Taylor River trail has survived flooding conditions MUCH better than the roads. The worst of the damage carried over from five years ago. There were several blowdowns (oozeovers?) across the main trail; no showstoppers, mostly minor inconveniences.

A catalog of damage and blowdowns significant enough to pose an inconvenience is listed below for your reference. The downed trees are a mix of brushy hardwoods and small second growth firs.

Blowdowns at **1.0 mile, 1.2 miles, 1.5 miles**. Better view of the river and Garfield Mountain now that brush is beat down. New 3-foot-deep wash damage at a culvert, **mile 1.8**.

Blowdowns at **2.0 miles, 2.2 miles**. The second railing is gone now from the old Marten Creek bridge, and soil continues eroding at both ends. Watch your step on the bridge surface.

More blowdowns at **3.4 miles**, just past rockpile at unnamed creek, at **3.9**

miles just past Anderson creek, and **4.3 miles** at the site of the "woodpile" cut through two years ago.

Mile 4.5, some serious damage at Otter Creek. This is going to be a major washout in the future. A logjam blocked the culvert entrance. The creek dug a new channel, plugged that channel with more logs, then overflowed in two smaller overflow channels.

The trail needs brushwork beyond this point. Messy blowdowns at **mile 5** at the concrete Big Creek bridge, **mile 5.1**, and **mile 5.8**. Clear from there to the double ford to Nordrum trail crossing at **mile 6**. The Nordrum trail was in rather good shape last year.

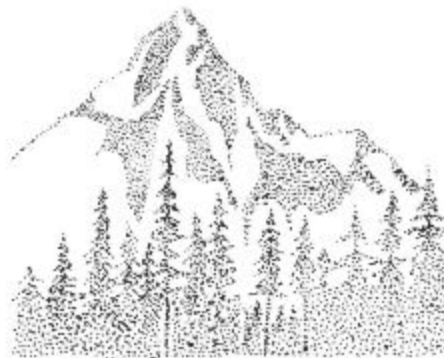
The Snoqualmie Lake trail still shows that it was once a classy trail despite the obvious neglect. Current inconveniences starting where the Snoqualmie Lake trail forks from the Taylor trail for your reference: blowdown at **.1 mile** with minor water damage, at **.25 mile** a major sandy-soft washout not difficult to climb down and straight across with blowdowns at the far side, **.3 mile** a new 4-footer, a barkless old snag. Scramble over or circle uphill.

At Wilderness boundary, shortly beyond that, the Wilderness sign is gone, and little wonder, the old snag was so rotten! About **.5 mile**, 300 yards into the Wilderness, a 5-foot monster down from three years ago, but you can follow the volunteer trail below it. Minor erosion in this area.

At about **.8 mile**, another new 4-footer is down, but you can climb over or circle above. At about **1.25 miles**, roots from two large trees tore up about 10 feet of tread, but not a serious obstacle.

Unfortunately, I didn't have time to make it all the way to Snoqualmie Lake, stopping at the final traverse to the outlet falls. Perhaps next trip. △

Larry Trammell, of Issaquah, has been going into the Middle Fork for the last 12 years as an escape from the software industry.



DON BEAVON

Weaver's Needle

—A TRIP IN ARIZONA'S SUPERSTITION MOUNTAINS—

The Superstition Mountains, located approximately 40 miles east of Phoenix, are a low lying, dry cactus-filled range full of interesting rock formations. I visited there in early April.

The trail through Peralta Canyon to Fremont Saddle rises 1370 feet in 2 miles and provides a classic view of Weaver's Needle, which rises about 1000 feet above the surrounding terrain.

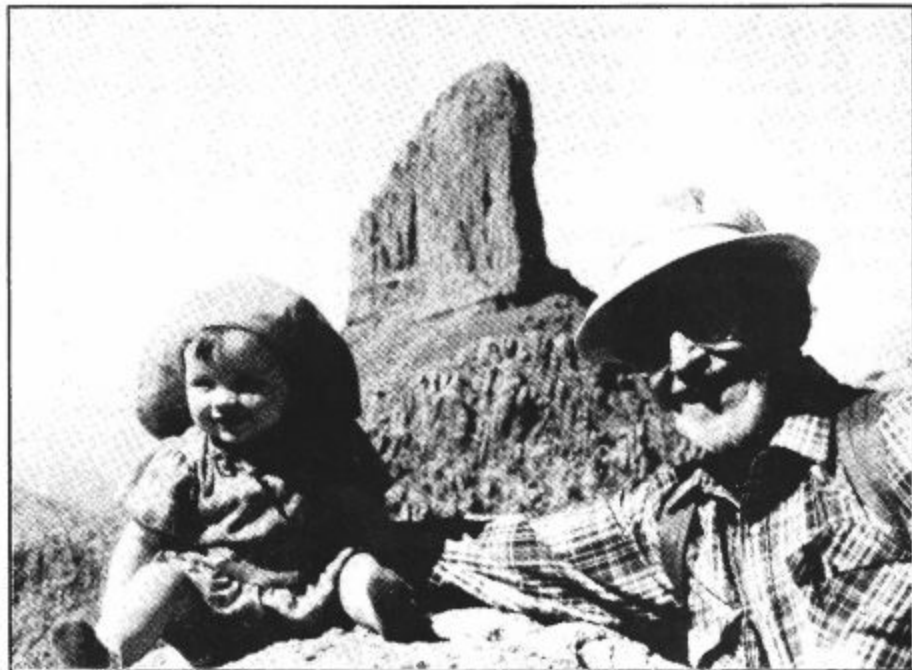
Having only minimal route information and no technical gear Lynn Foss and I continued north of the saddle and dropped about 200 feet down the trail that wraps around the needle's western side to get a closer look and check out the climbing route.

The route goes up a gully between the two summits and further narrows, closing in to form a steep V, or what climbers call an "open book." A climber's tread goes up to the gully but it is difficult to find and in fact we didn't find it until the descent.

In spite of its volcanic origin the rock is fairly solid. The route is not overwhelmingly difficult but being low 5th class most folks do choose to climb the needle using technical gear.

On this day, Lynn climbed up 30 or 40 feet with me before deciding to retreat, fearing that he might get too high without being able to descend. I continued up the open book another couple of hundred feet, somewhat worried about what I was going to do when I reached a large overhanging boulder at the top of the route.

Above a ledge about 30 feet below and left of the boulder is a beautiful crack which I thought might be the key. The crack, however, proved to be a bit difficult and I jammed my left arm way in-



Anna Beavon, 9 months old, with her 73-year-old great-uncle Harold Beavon at Fremont Saddle with Weaver's Needle in the background. Superstition Wilderness, Arizona.

side for added security.

The crack, barely big enough to accommodate my arm, was nearly vertical and my watch was getting scraped up as I struggled about 25 feet up. I wasn't quite halfway up the crack when I decided to descend to the ledge to remove my watch.

After reevaluating the crack, I decided it was too risky to climb unroped so I moved back over to the open book and up toward the overhanging boulder to take a look around. As I got to within a few feet of the giant boulder I began to see light coming from underneath it.

The light was a "secret passageway"

or tunnel that I was able to squirm my way 15 feet through to the large saddle between the two summits. From that point I ascended another 50 feet of good climbing before reaching the easier 3rd and 4th class terrain which I followed another couple of hundred feet to the summit.

Of note are several large steel rods that have been pounded into the rock at various locations and have apparently been used by others to rappel off.

△

Don Beavon, of Lynnwood, has climbed all over the world. He works as a respiratory therapist.

PANORAMA

NEWS FROM ALL OVER

PERMIT SYSTEM DELAYED—The long-awaited and much-ballyhooed Alpine Lakes Wilderness permit system has been postponed until next year.

Apparently the Forest Service wants to see how the new phone-in reserva-

tion system for the Enchantments works before using it for the other proposed permit areas.

PCT HIKERS—The Cracker Barrel Store at White Pass, a popular mail-

laundry-food-shower stop on the PCT, is undergoing remodeling.

Showers may or may not be available when you get there. Also, due to space limitations, they can only hold packages two weeks. To reach them by

PANORAMA

NEWS FROM ALL OVER

continued from page 28

phone, call 509-672-3105.

For information about PCT conditions, call 800-817-2243.

SCOTT FISCHER—Scott Fischer of Seattle died in a storm on Mount Everest in early May. Scott was a co-owner of Mountain Madness, an adventure-travel company based in Seattle. He had a lifelong passion for climbing and was known for being safety-conscious. The storm killed Fischer and seven others as they were descending from the summit.

He leaves his wife, Jeannie Price, and two small children. A memorial ceremony is planned for June. Instead of flowers, the family asks that donations be made to a trust fund for the children:

West Seattle SeaFirst Bank
PO Box 3828
Seattle WA 98124.

WHITE PASS—Additional cross-country ski trails, a new section near Holiday run, a ticket booth, chairlift relocation and an improved sewage system are all scheduled improvements to the White Pass ski area.

For more information about the projects, contact the Naches Ranger Station, 509-653-2205.

GOOD GUYS—Cascade Designs is the recipient of two recent awards recognizing exemplary acts of business philanthropy, environmental practices and public service.

The 1996 Good Works Environmental Award was presented by KCTS-TV and Washington CEO magazine to honor Cascade Designs employees for their volunteer restoration work on the Snow Lake trail, and also for the company's many environmentally friendly manufacturing policies.

The 1996 Environmental Excellence Award was presented by the Association of Washington Businesses for Cascade Designs' water conservation program begun in late 1993 which resulted in saving 3 million gallons of water a year.

NEW ENCHANTMENT SYSTEM—The new reservation system for the Enchantment Lakes was in effect May 1. (See "Reports Central" for info.)

The Leavenworth Ranger Station told *P&P* that the reservation line was extremely busy the first day. The 400

people who got through that day and made reservations are no doubt very pleased with the system.

The 19,000 people who tried to get through and didn't are probably less than pleased with it.

Reservations for the Enchantment Core are all gone for the summer, except for June. The slow snowmelt this year makes that month unattractive for most backpackers.

There are some bugs with the system, says the Leavenworth office, which they hope to have ironed out by next season. Remember, areas outside the Enchantment Core are still available, and two parties a day will receive day-of-trip permits through a lottery at the Ranger Station.

Call them for details: 509-548-6977.

ELWHA DAM REMOVAL—The draft EIS on Elwha River Ecosystem Restoration Implementation was released by Olympic National Park at the end of April. Three public meetings have already been held, but public comment is open until June 26.

After public comment and review, a final EIS will be prepared with release scheduled for fall or winter 1996.

To receive a copy of the document, contact Sarah Bransom, National

Park Service, Resource Planning, PO Box 25287, Denver CO 80225. Or see it at ONP headquarters in Port Angeles, or at several libraries including Peninsula and Evergreen Colleges, UW, WSU, and several western Washington public library systems.

IRON GOAT PROJECTS—Help preserve the Iron Goat Trail by participating in a construction or maintenance project. In June, trail work will be done on Wednesdays (the 12th, 19th and 26th), Saturdays (the 1st, 8th, 15th, 22nd and 29th) and one Sunday (the 23rd).

Call Suzy Stockton, June's coordinator, for more information and sign-up: 206-643-0390.

NATURAL HISTORY SEMINARS—The North Cascades Institute has scheduled a summer of fascinating seminars for outdoor types.

In the Methow Valley, join mountain artist Ramona Hammerly for a watercolor workshop. July 19 through 21; \$155.

At Harts Pass, study alpine ecology and wildflowers with Dr. Ron Taylor. July 26 through 28; \$105.

On Orcas Island, backpack for four days with local botanist Mac Smith to learn how the mountains and ocean work together. July 11 through 14; \$155.

For registration for these and many other seminars, contact:

North Cascades Institute
2105 Highway 20
Sedro Woolley WA 98284
360-856-5700 ex 209.

"ADVENTURE RACING"—This term describes a team event that sends participants at top speeds through difficult and varying terrain. First one to the finish line wins.

Methods of locomotion include kayaking, rafting, trail running, climbing and rappelling, and mountain biking.

The first Eco-Challenge, as one of the big adventure race events is called, was held in southern Utah in April 1995. The next one is scheduled for British Columbia in August.

In between, many shorter adventure races are being scheduled, sponsored by such outdoor equipment manufacturers as Hi-Tec, Leki, and Gregory.—*excerpted from Outdoor Business & Market News.*



REST STOP

EQUIPMENT, RECIPES, TIPS

FISHING—I saw my father little during most of the year due to the 48-hour work week which was standard for the Depression. On vacations, however, our time was spent together stalking the wary trout along the banks of many streams and rivers. These early experiences created a passion for fishing which has lasted a lifetime.

There is one thing I like better than fishing and that is eating the fish. Of course, if one eats the fish, one must clean the fish. This creates the dilemma of what to do with the head and entrails.

Our renowned justice William O. Douglas once solved the problem of the heads by placing one in the bottom of each cup of coffee. He served these to his campmates one wet, dreary morning. Needless to say, it livened things up around camp that morning.

I have always resisted the temptation of throwing the fish offal in the lake or stream from which it came. It seemed to me that in so doing I was creating a pollution problem. My thinking on this was changed by a retired fish and wildlife biologist with whom I shared a recent fishing trip.

He pointed out that the fish represented a unit of energy removed from an ecosystem and by returning the offal to the water I was returning a portion of that energy to the system. So feel free to throw your fish entrails into the water. It is the environmentally correct thing to do.—*Jack Kendrick, Edmonds.*

Ed. Note: P&P reader Bob Pfeifer confirmed this information for us. Bob is a district fish biologist with the state Department of Fish and Wildlife.

He says that fish parts visible near the lakeshore are unpleasant and give fisherfolk a bad name, so he recommends giving each handful a mighty heave into water that is at least 20 feet deep. The fish parts will sink and not be visible, and the effect will be no different than if a fish had died of natural causes.

Lakes above 5000 feet have very slow bacterial action, but lower lakes will

decompose the parts more rapidly, especially if such natural scavengers as crawfish reside in the water.

Burying or burning fish parts are no longer acceptable practices, according to Bob, because these methods do not completely erase fish odors and are attractive to animals. When fish parts cannot be tossed into deep water, Bob says you should load them into zip-lock bags and pack 'em out!

A new publication called "Trout Fishing in Washington" covers all the details of high-lake fishing. It is FREE and will be available from your local Fish & Wildlife office in a few weeks. Or write to:

Angler Education Program
600 Capitol Way N
Olympia WA 98501-1091.

TENT POLE REPLACEMENT—TA Enterprises of Vancouver (*see ad on page 13*) can repair and replace tent poles for all backpacking tents.

They have developed an aluminum pole replacement for Early Winters tents and have most of the pole specifications for all other tents. They can also make a pole without specifications—all they need is the length of the pole and the width from end to end after the pole is set up in the tent.

PIC-TOUR MAPS—Two new maps have been released by Pic-Tour Maps: "Stevens Pass/ Icicle Creek" and "Icicle Creek/Chiwaukum."

Both maps are two-sided sheets 18"x 24" with a topographic map on one side, and a planimetric map on the other. The maps are highlighted by both aerial and ground photographs to illustrate the topography, and notations by owner Robert M. Kinzbach.

Each map sheet sells for \$12.50 (plus 10% state sales tax and postage) and can be ordered from:

Pic-Tour Guide Maps
29118 23rd Avenue South
Federal Way WA 98003.

RESTORE WATERPROOFNESS—Here's a tip for restoring waterproofness to Gore-tex clothing: wash it in Nikwax.

Gore-tex loses its waterproofing after about three years. Nikwax is available at sporting goods shops. It's not cheap, but it's less expensive than a new rain parka.—*Roger Gray, Bremerton.*

PADDLE FLOATS—Two years ago I switched from an inflatable float to a closed cell float manufactured by North Water of Vancouver (BC). I switched because of my concern over having to inflate a paddle float with lung power after immersion in cold water and concern that if the float didn't hold air (because of valve failure or a hole in the bag) I was out of luck.

The North Water float is made of high density foam roughly 18" long, 8" wide, and 3" thick and contained in a bag with mesh sides to allow water to drain out. A sleeve slips over your paddle and a strap goes around the shaft to secure the float.

The advantage of this float is not having to inflate it. The disadvantage is that it is bulky (you need to consider how you will store it on your deck) and it does increase the profile of your kayak if you're concerned about minimizing wind effects.

In comparison, the foam float does not provide quite as much flotation as a fully-inflated blow-up one. However, I have found it more than enough to do a self-rescue, and several people who have tried it have found it acceptable, too. I also can complete a self rescue faster with it than I can with the inflatable kind.

As a side note, if you do use an inflatable float, you should consider getting one that has two air chambers like the one made by Mariner Kayaks of Seattle. This is good insurance against a possible leak or an air valve failure.

The North Water float sells for about \$39. Look for it in your local paddle store.—*LGM, Port Orchard.*

AURORA BOREALIS—Because of solar storms, this is predicted to be one of the best years in centuries for seeing the Northern Lights, supposed to be visible clear down to California, Texas and Florida.

The requirement to see them is to be away from city lights and also, of course, to have a clear night sky. Remember to look UP this summer, when you're camped at the edge of some high mountain meadow.

SUNSCREEN—When crossing snow or water, which burn from the bottom up, remember to put sunscreen on your ear lobes, under your chin and under your nose.

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EDITOR'S JOURNAL



Breakfast with a view of Mount Olympus.

FROM THE MAILBOX—"Even though I've cut back most of my magazine subscriptions, I refuse to live without *P&P*. Thanks for such a wonderful publication."—*Bremerton*.

"*P&P* is a unique publication—it has a comfortable 'homey' style that I like, plus lots of good information. Would like to see a few more articles on sea-kayaking."—*Vancouver*.

"Unlike any other outdoor publication, each issue covers subjects and trips I can relate to. Thanks!"—*Seattle*.

BOSTON MARATHON—*P&P* reader Jack Kendrick of Edmonds returned recently from running the Boston Marathon. He did the event with his daughter, who was three months pregnant at the time.

Normally, he says, runners must qualify for the Boston Marathon, but this year it was opened to slower runners through a lottery, to celebrate the marathon's 100th year.

He now can claim that three generations of his family ran the Boston Marathon at once—a lottery runner (himself), a qualifying runner (his daughter), and a "bandit" (an unregistered runner—the expected baby).

ENIGMA RANGE—With Dallas Kloke's report in hand (*April*, page 8) our group of 8 women set off for Lichtenburg Mountain in mid-May.

Right away we could tell it was going to be a trip in the Enigma Range. We didn't want to park where Dallas did because the area was plastered with

ominous "YOU WILL BE TOWED" signs. We found a spot farther down Highway 2 under the power lines.

As we got out of the cars it started to rain. As we forded Nason Creek and worked our way back west, the rain turned to snow. It snowed hard, the wind picked up, and the ceiling dropped. The fresh snow was really soft and we didn't just posthole, we floundered. No one brought snowshoes.

After a couple of hours of these conditions, in the middle of ascending a snowmelt waterfall, we decided more or less unanimously that we'd had enough.

Back to the cars we went, and down to Nancy's cabin in Baring, where we spent the grey, wet afternoon talking about last summer's great trips, and this summer's anticipated trips.

FLORIDA—I had just returned a few days before that trip from Jacksonville Beach, Florida, a galaxy away from the Enigma Range. What, you might ask, would possess me to spend a cloudless week in 85-degree weather with not a topographic line in sight?

A granddaughter.

Just a year old, baby Talyn is as cute as a button. Oh yes, I also enjoyed visiting with the rest of the family—dad Marshall (my son), mom Angie, and half-brother John. Watch this page for a photo!

SYMPOSIUM—Lee's favorite event, the West Coast Sea Kayak Symposium, is scheduled this year for September 20 through 22. It's already on our calendar. Although Lee likes going for the classes, paddles and demonstrations, my favorite part is the beach. I have the best time wandering up and down trying out all sorts of different boats.

To get a brochure and registration form for the Symposium, write:

WCSKS

600 Stewart Street #1605
Seattle WA 98101

or call 206-451-3044.

If you're in the market for a boat, the Bulletin Board this month has two for sale.

HIGH MOUNTAIN—Issaquah's mountain store, High Mountain Rendezvous, is having a big going-out-of-business sale.

Owner Jim O'Malley says the store will be open until July 27. Stop in and get a good deal on something and help Jim clear off his shelves.

See you in the backcountry,

Ann Marshall



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