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A marmot in mid-whistle. Royal Basin, Olympic National Park, Washington.
Photo by Don Abbott.

HOW TO BE A PACK & PADDLE CONTRIBUTOR:

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LETTERS to the EDITOR

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

OTHER ASPECTS

Just finished reading June's issue of *Pack & Paddle* and would like to comment on Larry Smith's Enchanted Valley trail report (page 5).

As avid readers of the magazine might know, Larry embarks on some unique and grueling hikes, often with skis fastened to his pack. Because of limited space in *Backcountry News*, his and other reports recount mostly factual data regarding mileage, elevation gains and losses, trail conditions, etc.

It was heartening to read Larry's report emphasizing the aesthetic and emotional aspects of his experience in that wonderful valley. I especially enjoyed the description of powdery snow blowing off West Peak which was reminiscent of Muir's writings on snow banners.

One last item is the identification of what Larry refers to as West Peak. If indeed he is alluding to the prominent, pointed peak on the Anderson massif (as seen from the gravel bars near the Chalet), I believe this to be Point 7033 as shown on the Custom Correct map. Can anyone confirm or deny this?

JQ
Port Angeles, Washington

AND LARRY REPLIES

I wish to thank JQ from Port Angeles for the nice words about my recent hike into Enchanted Valley. I am gratified that he liked my description of the beautiful sights and the emotions I feel when I am hiking. I hope that I can resist the tendency to wax into excessively flowery language now that my ego is swelled beyond measure!

JQ is absolutely correct that Point 7033 is the peak I was describing. West Peak is farther north along the spectacular ridge. (By the way, I wonder what the view is like from Point 7033 . . .).

Larry Smith
Port Orchard, Washington

ADVICE FOR ENCHANTMENTS?

I've hiked all over the state and I have two hiking partners who are catching up to me fast. We all appreciate that we don't have to suffer on any hikes because *Pack & Paddle* readers go out and tell us about it before we decide to go.

I am one of the lucky ones with an

Enchantment permit. It will be our first time. I will definitely share our experiences with you. I look forward to reading about other readers' experiences too. Does anyone have any advice for that trip? I am going in Colchuck Lake and going out Snow Lakes.

I see kayaks quite often from my house and I always wonder if it's those great people from *P&P*. It looks like fun. It's great to have a magazine in Port Orchard like *Pack & Paddle*.

Noelle Roedell
Manchester, Washington

HYPHENATED BOTANISTS

Bill Fessel's letter explaining the correct way to spell the Douglas-fir tree, which is not a true fir, was informative (June, page 4). Luckily, in conversations nobody has noticed I didn't know about the hyphen.

He reported that, "Hyphenation ... 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."

But that raised another question, for Bill mentioned "Foresters and other botanist-types" in his discussion. Does that hyphen mean, botanically speaking, they aren't true botanists?

Vera Dafoe
Portland, Oregon

RESERVATIONS ABOUT NEW RESERVATION SYSTEM

Many thanks to *Pack & Paddle* for publishing the Forest Service bulletin on the new telephone reservation ser-

vice. Although I was supposedly on the mailing list, I did not receive the Leavenworth Ranger Station announcement.

Fortunately, your May issue arrived a few days before the beginning of the month. I managed to get a permit for the Enchantment Lakes area by calling exactly when the line opened.

Waiting even a few minutes past the 8am start time resulted in a busy signal as incoming calls overloaded the system. Even though I was one of the "Lucky 400" who got through, this does not seem like an equitable way to allocate the permits.

I tried calling the reservation line two weeks later to clarify some details. It was continuously busy until mid afternoon. Obviously the system is already overloaded. I can't imagine how it could handle reservation access for the entire Alpine Lakes Wilderness. I could easily waste more time on the phone trying to get permits than I would actually spend hiking.

Many hikers seek the wilderness as relief from the daily grind. The telephone reservation system seems destined to raise the need for relief to even higher levels while effectively putting it beyond reach.

Ken Hopping
Bellevue, Washington

HOLY MOUNTAIN AND HARD PEAKS

In the June issue, page 7, John Roper wrote a report about "Acorn Mountain" in North Cascades National Park.

Here are few more details: 1) I com-
continued on page 6

Sonnet for the Spring of '96

Be he a him or she a she,
The forecasters deceiveth me.
Off I speed with heart so light,
The forecast is for sunny bright.

But when my destination looms,
The sky is filled with clouds and glooms.
Precipitation fills the air,
And fills my heart with deep despair.

Am I paranoid? You bet,
Those folks are out to get me wet!

Anon.

BACKCOUNTRY NEWS





REPORTS AND CONDITIONS

INTRODUCTION

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

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

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


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



PENINSULA



GENERAL CONDITIONS—Low elevation roads are snowfree. Trail crews are out but haven't gotten to all trails yet; expect downed trees.

 **WAGONWHEEL LAKE** (*Olympic Natl Park; USGS Mt Skokomish*)—This trail has a bad reputation, largely because most people stop at the lake. I agree that the lake is no big deal. Just above the lake the views from the ridge top are great. Didn't go there this time; snow travel too hazardous.


Sign at trailhead states 2900 feet gain, that agrees with old maps. Author Wood states 3250 feet. My altimeter indicated 3500-3600. Other altimeters in group agreed with old map.

This was a group of 8 Mountaineers: 4 Tacoma, 3 Olympia, and Edythe of Aberdeen. We met at Mud Bay Park & Ride in rain; bad omen. Rainbow at head of Lake Cushman, good omen.

Light fog drizzle but no rain and sun actually threatened at times. Rotated leadership so everyone got to hike at their own pace at least for a while. At lake, a little open water. We had a brief lunch wearing all available clothing but were still chilled.

Snow across slide alder reduced to patches of slush in open and slush over compact in shade. One large windfall to crawl over in alder slide. One small duck-under below. About 5¼ hours round trip. Would have been longer if it had not been so miserable at the lake.


When someone tells you to "take a hike," this is the one they are thinking of.—Paul G. Schaufler, Olympia, 5/19.

 **MOUNT ELLINOR** (*Mt Skokomish Wilderness; USGS Mt Skokomish*)—If this day was at all typical Mount Ellinor must be one of the most popular winter peak destinations in the state. Forecast was for improved weather over Friday when the area was hit with several snow squalls.

Between leaving Mud Bay at 7am and arriving at the upper trailhead (3500 feet) around 8:30 blue skies predominated. Mount Ellinor was mostly clear with fog enveloping the summit. Appreciable snow covered the trail from about 4000 feet upward. Trail was well traveled and slippery. Appeared to be about 3 inches of new snow overnight. Fog descended early and, except for a few tantalizing glimpses of blue, remained with us for the rest of the trip. Visibility was reduced to near zero at times.


Summit (5944 feet) about 11:15 on fairly good snow over a "concrete" base. Glimpsed fragments of Mount Washington while lunching. Glissade down fast and broken into short segments for safety due to hard base and limited visibility. Steady stream of summit-bound travelers reminiscent of

'98ers bound for the Alaskan gold fields over Chilkoot Pass.—Paul G. Schaufler, Olympia, 5/4.

 **FLAPJACK LAKES** (*Olympic Natl Park; USGS Mt Skokomish*)—This was the first day of the Memorial Day weekend, and we did the trip as a dayhike. We counted 38 backpackers all headed to the lakes for the night. The ranger confirmed that a slight reservations error had resulted in double the normal quota. Not exactly the place for solitude.

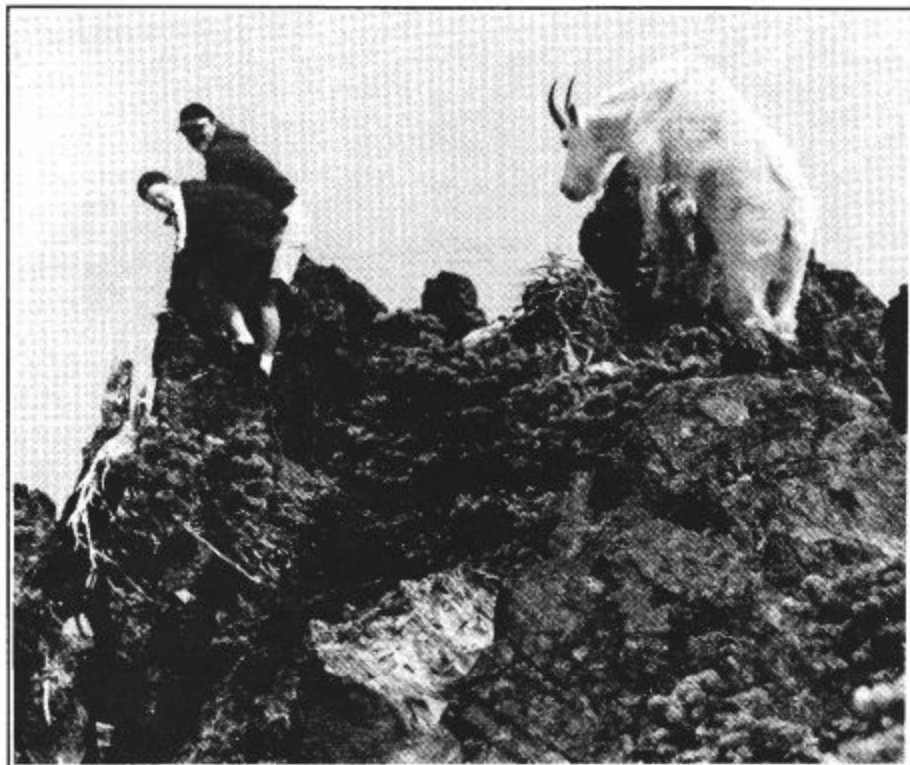
We found no snow at all on the trail, and the lakes are ice free. Snow came down to the far shoreline however, so we suspect the trail to Gladys Divide is still buried. We didn't check. We sprawled on the rocks and soaked up the sun. It's been so long!

The outhouse had an interesting near-death experience this winter. A huge tree fell so close (literally within two inches of demolishing it) that the door had to be removed to allow access. It's quite a squeeze to get in.—Dennis & Pat, Olympia, 5/25.

 **ENCHANTED VALLEY** (*Olympic Natl Park; USGS Mt Hoquiam, Mt Olson, Chimney Pk*)—The worst part of this trip was the drive

BACKCOUNTRY NEWS DEADLINE: July 23

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



Noelle Roedel

Two hikers keep a wary eye on a mountain goat at the summit of Mount Ellinor, Mount Skokomish Wilderness.

in. The road made me feel like I was in a cement mixer. Very narrow, winding, potholes, and rocky. Stopped to let a large herd of elk cross. Twelve cars at the trailhead.

It was raining lightly. At the picnic table 2 miles in saw yet another herd of elk. A half hour later hiked past a herd

that was bedded down. At Fire Creek I looked across to the meadow and saw a black bear. In a short distance two deer stepped off the trail to let me pass.

Met up with work crew around O'Neil Creek Camp 7 miles in. They had been at it for a month. Saw a couple of tents right before then. Around the No-name

Creek is a re-route; it's an old elk trail that has been flagged.

The bridge is out at Pyrites Creek but two aiders fell making it possible to get across. It was pouring and I set up camp like super-woman—my bear line hung, my kitchen made and everything else thrown into the tent.

Two people came into camp and asked, "Which way to the Chalet?" I replied, "Just follow the muddy trail." The rain let up enough to let me wander up and down the river bed looking at all the blowdowns and other damage. Cleaned up the other campsites of debris. Went to the main trail and worked for an hour but my efforts were like removing one toothpick from the whole box.

Next day, with my trusty umbrella I hiked into the chalet. More blowdowns to find my way around, branches everywhere, one huge tree down that made me stop and scratch my head. No water going through Lamata Creek.

The beauty of arriving at the chalet is worth everything you went through to get there. Torrents of waterfalls cascading down the cliffs, snow covered tops, trees coming alive in color, and the many colors of the rock cliffs. After I chatted with people, the chalet was overtaken by some very wet hikers. I headed back to Pyrites. Saw another bear 10 minutes later.

Was back by 12 and though I had another day I gave in to Mother Nature, packed up in 15 minutes—it was pouring again—and left. On the re-route a herd of elk thought I should get

LETTERS to the EDITOR

continued from page 4

piled a list of all the mountains in NCNP during January-March of 1996.

2) I named "Acorn" (Peak 4724, USGS Damnation Peak) "Holy Mountain" on February 17, 1996. I applied this name to the landform to balance out the nearby Damnation and Big Devil Peaks, and also because clearcuts on the southwestern side (Mount Baker National Forest land) of the mountain have made holes in the forest canopy.

3) I told John about my NCNP project and "Holy Mountain" in mid-March 1996.

4) This easy peak, with roads nearby, has likely been ascended by several others prior to our pleasant climb.

And 5) John had no name for the mountain until I informed him in March 1996.

Regarding Dallas Kloke's short ar-

ticle about difficult Cascade mountains (*June, page 23*), I have a few comments. I think Dallas has a great and unique idea. However, "Burgundy Spire" probably doesn't belong on the list, because it doesn't have enough prominence to qualify as a separate mountain. The prominence of "Burgundy" is only 120 feet = 40 feet according to USGS *Silver Star Mountain*.

I've established 250 feet as the minimum prominence criterion in three separate publications in 1987 and in the 1983-1990 *Mountaineer Annual* published August 1991.

Colorado "Fourteener" fanatics use 300 feet, and Jeff Howbert elevated the standard to 500 feet of prominence (or saddle drop).

If Burgundy is really to be considered a mountain, then other steep and very

difficult spires such as "The Flagpole" south of Little Annapurna and "The Lynx" in The Needles (Okanogan National Forest) need to make the Top 10 list.

A better solution is to replace "Burgundy" with "Chaco Tower" (NCNP). "Chaco Tower" has 400 feet = 40 feet prominence, requires a minimum of four days round trip to reach, has an ascent history which is unknown to me, and may entail Class 5 climbing on possibly unsound rock.

A separate list of the most difficult spires could be produced to give talented and daring climbers more exotic challenges.

Steve Fry
Edmonds, Washington

BACKCOUNTRY NEWS

REPORTS AND CONDITIONS

off the trail so we compromised. Stopped and gave candy to the work crew who had progressed to No-Name.

Passed people who were coming in and just shook my head and wished them well. Most of the trail at this point was completely under water. Back at the truck and driving out I got a last look at more elk.—Kerry Gilles, Westport, 5/17-18.

ENCHANTED VALLEY

(Olympic Natl Park; USGS Mt Hoquiam, Mt Olson, Chimney Pk)—I was lucky enough to get a couple of days off before the Memorial Day rush. The snow has not settled into "safe" mode in the mountains, so it is back to the beautiful Quinault valley again.

The trail has been cleared to Pyrites Creek through the Herculean efforts of the trail crew! Hard to believe the amount of work they accomplished. They also brushed out a new trail in the devastated section prior to Pyrites Creek. The trip into the Valley was a dream compared to the April trip (see June issue, page 5).

I had a chat with Anne Moisanen and company at Graves Creek campground. Ann is such a gracious and lovely woman, and it was a joy to see her again after 15 years or so. I knew her while growing up in Montesano, and we took a few hikes together with the Grays Harbor Olympians hiking club.

I set up camp at Pyrites Creek on Thursday evening, feeling like I was in paradise. Awoke early and hiked on into the Valley under a starry sky. The conditions were much changed from the cold weather and powder snow conditions in April. The air was warm, and the waterfalls were booming down the cliffs with a roar. The bears were wandering around on the meadow, doing their food search.

On my way out I met Anne and party again. I also met Ranger Hannah, who was coming in for just the weekend. She will not be officially on duty for a couple of weeks, due to budget restrictions.

The next weekend I was back again—this is getting to be a habit. MANY bears near Pyrites Creek. One cub got his foot stuck in a vine maple and set up such a squealing I nearly jumped out of my boots. He was soon free and foraging again.

This time I hiked up to White Creek junction, where the snow started to deepen significantly.

Met the trail crew on my way out, and they invited me for tacos and refreshments at their camp. However, I declined, wanting to get out before dark. Worked my way through the

patches of elk and bear to the trailhead.

Stopped at the HumDinger in Hoquiam for that five-cent ice cream cone that they still offer!—Larry Smith, Port Orchard, 5/23-24 and 6/1-2.

MOUNT JUPITER

(The Brothers Wilderness; USGS Mt Jupiter, Brinnon)—For an excellent description of this trail see *Olympic Mountains Trail Guide*, Robert L. Wood (Mountaineers Books).

Left Olympia at 7:10am and heading up trail by 9am. Found lots of yellow violets and trilliums. At 11:45 entered The Brothers Wilderness, 3950 feet and 5.6 miles in. Heavy fog. Visibility 100 feet or so.

Reached the summit, 5701 feet, at 2:10pm; 7.1 miles. Glacier lilies and patches of snow. Lunch in dense fog but some solar radiation getting through to warm rocks. Left summit at 2:50pm; reached trailhead 6:35pm.

This is an excellent trail. Very good tread and grades moderate for the most part. Tantalizing glimpses of pillow lavas and weathered snags and stumps.

Check with Forest Service about road access.—Paul G. Schaufler, Olympia, 5/26.

PUTVIN TRAIL, etc

(Mt Skokomish Wilderness; USGS Mt Skokomish)—I had heard years ago that it was possible to get to Scout Lake cross-country by going up road 2466 to near the end, then heading off into the woods. It was one of those trips that I kept putting off.

James Latteri's report on the Putvin trail (May 1996, page 6) noted there a major washout had occurred on the road beyond where the Putvin trail crosses it. Reading the report led me to believe I may have put that trip off too long. Ann and I decided to see for ourselves.

It has been several years since we have been on the Hamma Hamma river road above the Lena Lake trailhead. One of the changes, as noted in James Latteri's report, is that it is no longer possible to drive even a short distance on the abandoned road 2466.

We parked at the berm and headed up the abandoned road, planning to walk it up and the official trail back. In places the road is being slowly reclaimed by nature, but it appears someone is keeping it open as a path as evidenced by the downed trees that have been cut. And the foot tread indicates it is well used.

The next surprise was at the upper trailhead. The Olympic National Park boundary changed in 1986 making Lake of the Angels and a portion of the

surrounding area part of the park.

Information at the trailhead registration box now tells hikers to note the boundary change on their maps, informs hikers they are responsible for knowing and observing Park regulations before entering ONP, and requires hikers to take an informational pamphlet/map with them. The pamphlet/map sets forth ONP requirements and notes where camping is or is not allowed. There are also warnings and a statement that hikers are subject to citation for not following the rules. I guess my age is showing, but the world of hiking sure seemed less complicated just a few years ago!

Continuing up the abandoned road, in just a short distance we came to the washout described in the May report. As reported, the way is effectively blocked with no apparent easy work-arounds. So much for my finding an alternate way to Scout Lake for the time being. Another victim of procrastination!

Returning to the Putvin trail junction we located the start of the lower portion of the trail. This really is a confusing spot. If you are coming up the lower trail, it would be really easy to continue up the road as James Latteri did—that is the natural tendency. But in fact you need to turn left and head down the road to find the trailhead for the upper trail. Two large cairns here give clues to the sharp-eyed.

This was our first time on the lower portion of the trail. It's a good tread with typical ups and downs. The abandoned road, in comparison, was either flat or a constant upward grade. The trail was also a little steeper in places than the road route. If you go the road route you will miss Putvin's grave marker, and the lower trail register.—LGM, Port Orchard, 6/5.

PAUL TIRNELL MEMORIAL TRAIL 815

(Olympic Natl Forest; USGS Mt Washington)—Driving back down the Hamma Hamma road, Ann and I saw the sign marking this memorial trail and decided to check it out. We were reluctant to leave our equipment in the car, so headed down the path with our full daypack outfits feeling a little conspicuous and hoping we wouldn't meet anyone.

The trail drops maybe 100 feet in elevation in about ¼-mile to a beaver pond. Two benches are situated to look out over the water. The path makes a loop around the pond. This is a pleasant walk if you happen to be in the area.—LGM, Port Orchard, 6/5.

▲ SINCLAIR INLET (NOAA 18452)—A convenient access for exploring the head of Sinclair Inlet is from Ross Point which is a public beach southwest of Port Orchard on the inlet—look for a short, steep dirt road dropping to the water as you round the point on the highway.

The head of the inlet turns to mudflats at low tide so this paddle is best suited for higher water. There really are only two drawing points for this paddle (besides just being out paddling). The first is the many waterfowl inhabiting the wetlands, if you are a bird person.

The second is the unusual view the Elandan Gardens near the head of the inlet provides from the water. The gardens were featured in an article in the June 6th *Seattle P-I*. It is a 6-acre bonsai garden on a former landfill.

There is an admission fee and the gardens are private so unless you've

made prior arrangements you should enjoy the view from the water. —LGM, Port Orchard, 5/27.

▲ MANCHESTER TO SOUTHWORTH (NOAA 18449)—Looking for a short local paddle on a Sunday evening, Lesley and I decided on this one way trip. We launched from Manchester boat ramp close to high tide and paddled along the shoreline.

This was a time of high highs and low lows for the tides so there was lots of debris in the water. This is mostly mid-Sound developed shoreline with a mixture of houses—we got the Sonics score from one group sitting outside watching a playoff game.

At South Colby, about half way through the trip, Curley Creek enters the sound. This tiny stream can be paddled a short way when the tide is on

the higher side. You feel like you're entering another world as you pass under the highway bridge. Ducks and kingfishers live in this world. We were able to get upstream quite far because of the high water before being stopped by debris blocking the path.

Returning to the sound we continued along to our takeout adjacent to the Southworth ferry terminal.—LGM, Port Orchard, 6/2.

▲ DYES INLET (NOA 18449)—Launching at Silverdale Waterfront Park on the northwest end of Dyes Inlet for an evening paddle, our local paddle group followed the shoreline along the east side of the Inlet to Anna Smith Waterfront Park.

Besides being a public park, this is one of the Cascadia Marine Trail System campsites. There is a picnic table and a pathway up the hillside to a restroom by the road access.—LGM, Port Orchard, 6/4.

▲ OIL CITY (Olympic Natl Park; USGS Destruction Island)—Since our Scout troop is planning a trip on the coast this summer, Adnan and I decided to check out the access trail from Oil City to the beach.

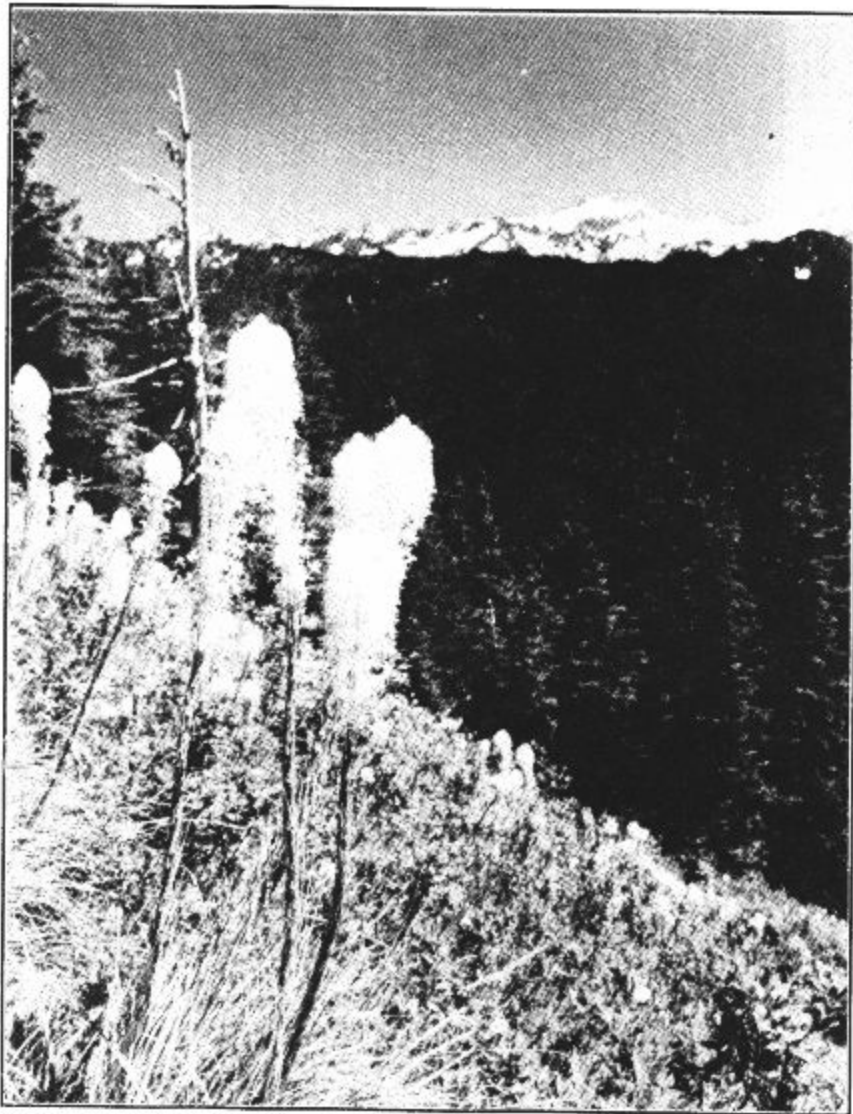
Though the road to the trailhead is signed "Primitive Road—no signs," we found the road in pretty good condition, probably because of the tiny community just outside the parking area.

The road is 10 miles long from Highway 101, and the last little section is a one-lane road with turn-outs. No parking is allowed at the very end, but there are several wide spots along with an outhouse near the final loop-around of the road.

The access trail itself is only .8-mile long and follows the bank of the Hoh River. One place looks like an old washout, but a new trail has been constructed around the bad spot. It might be slippery in the rain, but we had a warm, sunny day.

As we came to the mouth of the river, we had to climb over a little driftwood to get to the beach. We were there at low tide so the waves were still some distance away.

Where the beach turns away from the river and out along the coast, there is a point heavily covered with driftwood. At the center of the point—way back behind all that jumbled wood—we found several delightful campsites, along with a good water source. They are not visible from the beach, so you have to explore to find them. We did see an orange disk hanging off the driftwood just opposite the campsites;




Beargrass on Little Divide, Olympic National Park.

Lee McKee

BACKCOUNTRY NEWS

REPORTS AND CONDITIONS

perhaps the disk is to mark the spot.—
Linda Bakkar, Lynnwood, 6/12.

 **NORTH FORK SOL DUC TRAIL** (*Olympic Natl Park; USGS Mt Muller, Slide Pk*)—Driving up, a coyote ran in front of us. The notice at the trailhead said the log crossing was unsafe 1 mile in. We crossed it one at a time.

The trail followed ledges in the rock with the river right beside us. We made camp 2 miles in (it was 8:30pm) at the site named Riverside Camp. How's that for originality? This campsite, however, is the deluxe model—there is even a bench up against a tree.

Next day as we were hiking along a grouse not only hissed at us but also made a fake charge. I saw her babies run for cover.

This is a beautiful trail to hike because of the massive size of the trees. There was a few blowdowns to maneuver but a crew had cleaned up most of this trail. At one site I found a watch and we named that camp "Watch Camp." Farther down the trail we spotted the remains of a gate closure.

The many stream crossings were always log accessible. The trail is faint at times but with the orange tree markers it's easily found. We made camp where the trail has been totally cut through by the river on a nice sand bed. From there it's about 1 mile to the shelter. A bright tarp has been placed over the roof and the rest of the shelter is okay.

We followed the trail, sometimes really having to look, up for about 1 mile but it just fades away. Getting back to camp we were rained on for about 3 hours, so set up a lean-to tarp and made the best of it.—Kerry Gilles and Don Abbott, Grays Harbor, 6/1-2.

 **PORT TOWNSEND TO HADLOCK** (*NOAA 18464*)—

The goal of this trip was to combine paddling some new water with dinner at the Ajax Cafe in Port Hadlock. The Ajax (owned by *Pack & Paddle* readers) opens at 5pm so to allow time to cover the almost 7 mile distance and to account for a car shuttle at the end, we launched eight boats from Fort Worden at 11:30. The wind was out of the southwest with a forecast of switching to the north in the afternoon.

There was some minor swell action as we rounded Point Hudson and continued along the Port Townsend waterfront. The ferry to Whidbey Island was in. We floated off the city shoreline delaying our journey south until the ferry had loaded and left.

Past the city we started to feel the ef-

fects of the wind more—chop and at times a stiff head wind. After a short stop on the beach north of the pulp and paper mill for a snack, we were back in the kayaks and off again. Past Glen Cove the wind switched and was to our backs. We rafted up and let the wind push us along as Rod played his harmonica and several of the group joined in song.

Checking the time, we decided it was time to start paddling again if we were to make it to Hadlock in time to shuttle cars and make our 5pm dinner reservations.

The farther along we went, the more we felt the effects of the wind from the north. We were paddling with white-caps by the time we pulled into the boat launch at Hadlock.


The Ajax is located right across the street from the launch ramp. Dinner prices are in the neighborhood of \$11 to \$15 with beef, chicken, and seafood gourmet cuisine. The dinner was quite good and we'll stop there again. A great finish to a day of paddling.—LGM, Port Orchard, 6/15.

 **LENA LAKE** (*Olympic Natl Forest; USGS Mt Washington*)—

Bill and I did an afternoon hike to Lower Lena Lake on this cool grey last day of the Memorial Day weekend. Most of the people we saw were headed out after the long weekend.

There was evidence of substantial winter storm damage on the trail but the Forest Service trail crews had

cleared all the downed trees from the path. We talked to a Ranger on the trail who told us that they began their work in March. This hike is 6 miles round trip and climbs 1200 feet.—Jane Haggger, Olympia, 5/27.

 **TULL CANYON** (*Buckhorn Wilderness; USGS Mt Deception*)—**Rhododendron alert:** The rhodies here grow so thick they form a tunnel over the trail. When we were here, the buds at the Tubal Cain trailhead were just cracking open, and the buds farther up the trail were still tight. By the end of June, this should be a spectacular walk.

We went up Tull Canyon to beyond the plane wreck. The snow level there was about 500 feet above the wreck, which is at 5000 feet. The snow was real soft, so we didn't go very far in it.—Joe Weigel, Port Orchard, 6/8.

 **DRY CREEK** (*Olympic Natl Forest; USGS Lightning Pk*)—

We went to the upper trailhead of the Dry Creek trail. The access is above Brown Creek campground on the Skokomish, on road 2353.

Road 2353 makes a big loop. The most direct way is to follow it to the left. But we went to the right, the long way around, just for something different.

We went up on the ridge and had a nice walk. Coming back, we drove the rest of the loop ... and discovered a huge washout near the end, so we had



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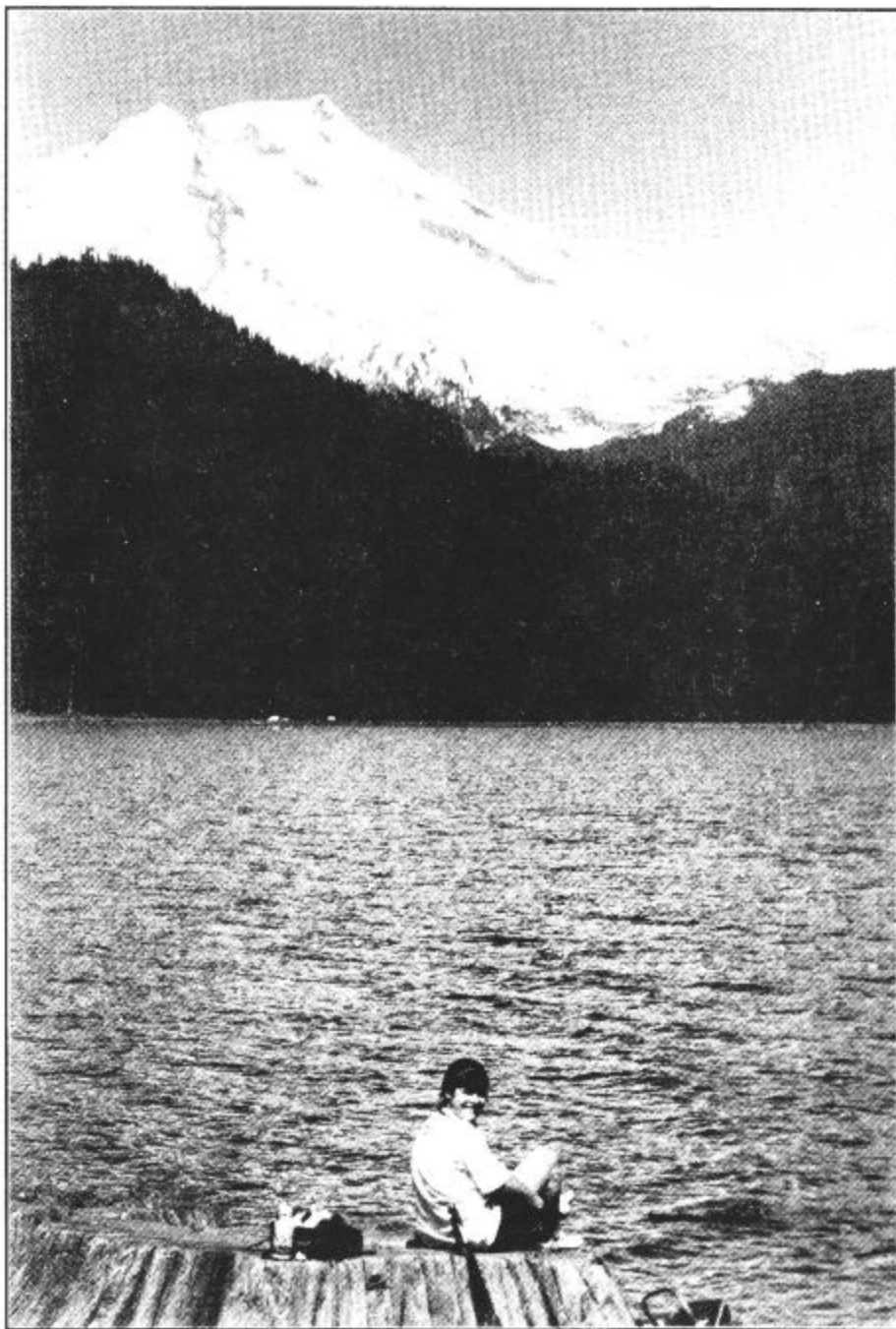
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7/96



Kristina Wilson enjoys the sun on the East Bank trail on Baker Lake; Mount Baker in back.

Shirley Haley

to turn around and drive all the way back, about 45 minutes.

The road, by the way, has wonderful views all across Puget Sound.—Joe Weigel, Port Orchard, 6/15.

RIALTO BEACH—Over the winter, the Pacific Ocean moved inland, claiming part of the spit at the mouth of the Quillayute River and moving the beach onto the Rialto parking lot.

The parking lot is reduced in size by about half, and the Park Service has instituted restrictions for the summer

in anticipation of the normal heavy crowds.

The 58 existing parking spaces at Rialto are available for day users only, except for buses, recreational vehicles and trailers, which will not be able to turn around. These vehicles will have to park at the Mora Ranger Station, 2 miles from Rialto Beach.

Overnight users must now park next to the Dickey River bridge, 1 mile from Rialto Beach.

Mora Ranger Bob Lineback told P&P that the remaining section of

parking lot may disappear under new beach next winter. The Park has decided to wait to see what the ocean will do before taking any action.—6/6.

ONP FEES—Entrance fees are \$3 for people on foot, bicycle or motorcycle; \$5 for a car and all occupants. Pass is good for seven days.

Fees are collected at Staircase, Hurricane Ridge (Heart o'the Hills), Elwha, Sol Duc and Hoh through the end of September.

No fee is charged at Dosewallips, Deer Park, Lake Crescent, Ozette, Mora, Kalaloch, Queets and Quinalt.—Ranger, 5/22.

DOSEWALLIPS—Gate at the Park boundary is open. On the Main Fork, the trail is snowfree to well beyond the Gray Wolf Pass junction.

On the West Fork, the High Bridge is being replaced, and the trail is closed until late fall until the repair is complete. This is a major east-west route through the Park and affects access to Honeymoon Meadows, Mount Anderson, LaCrosse Pass, O'Neil Pass, Enchanted Valley and Graves Creek from the east side.—Ranger, 6/17.

FLAPJACK LAKES—Trail snowfree to the lakes. Reservations required; call 360-877-5569.—Ranger, 6/10.

UPPER LENA—Restoration and revegetation completed last October; please camp in designated sites and tread lightly.

No camping within ¼-mile of Scout Lake.—Ranger, 6/17.

BOGACHIEL—Road is washed out 2 miles before trailhead. Park and walk. Beyond Boulevard Creek are 164 trees down of varying sizes (up to 5 feet in diameter).—Ranger, 6/17.

HOH—Road is NOW OPEN! Trail is snowfree to past Elk Lake.—Ranger, 6/12.

ROYAL LAKE—Trail is snowfree to the lake and lake is thawed. A few trees down.—Ranger, 6/17.

ELWHA to LOW DIVIDE—Trail snowfree to Low Divide.—Ranger, 6/17.

HURRICANE RIDGE—Still some snow, but melting fast. Obstruction Point road usually opens sometime in July.—Ranger, 6/15.

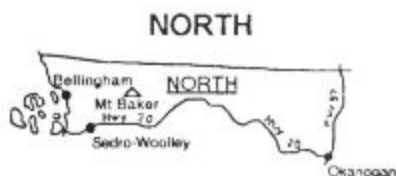
SOL DUC—Trail has been maintained for 4 miles. Bridge out at Rocky Creek,

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just past Appleton Pass junction; this is a difficult ford! Snow starts about 4000 feet and is 3 feet deep in meadow below Sol Duc Park.—Ranger, 6/17.

ONP INFO—For Park road and trail information, call the Pioneer Visitor Center in Port Angeles, 360-452-0330.



GENERAL CONDITIONS—Snow level is around 4500 to 5000 feet. Roads and trails have winter damage that may not be repaired until late summer.

YOUNG HILL, per map / **MOUNT YOUNG**, per local signs (*San Juans; USGS Roche Harbor*)—This and Mount Finlayson, below, are a couple of public land recommendations for named-summit-seekers when you are on San Juan Island.

Park either at English/British Camp parking lot or along the Mitchell Bay road for a walk up a chained, narrow service road by way of the southwest side to an historic cemetery with four grave-stones of British Royal Marines who died too young in the 1850s and '60s.

Continue on a trail to an outlook complete with an informative metal sign that identifies the features of the classic view west, including Vancouver Island, Victoria, and the many islands and bays in Haro Strait. The trail ends at the top of Mount Young, 650 feet, for further views south to the Olympics and Mount Dallas, the highest peak on San Juan Island at 1080+ feet, and our B&B, *States Inn*. Earlier attempts to climb Mount Dallas were met with No Trespassing signs.—John Roper, Bellevue, 5/17-18.

MOUNT FINLAYSON (*San Juans; USGS Richardson*)—Aaron, Karen, and I strolled to the top of this highpoint on the southeast corner of San Juan Island after visiting the redoubt of American Camp and digging in the sand at South Beach.

A trail wanders up the west ridge to the 295-foot top where we watched orcas surfacing from time to time in the Strait of Juan de Fuca on their migration north.—John Roper, Bellevue, 5/17-18.

MOUNT WATSON (*Noisy-Diobsud Wilderness; USGS Bacon Peak*)—The high-elevation ac-

cess road made this trip perfect for my limited day. I was able to drive road 1107 from Baker Dam to 4100 feet before being blocked by snow, about 1/2-mile short of the Watson Lakes trailhead.

I hiked the road and trail on intermittent snow patches to where the Anderson Butte path cuts off. With several feet of snow I put on my skis and continued traversing benches until reaching the Watson Lakes saddle. From here I followed *Cascade Alpine Guide* directions all the way to Watson's west shoulder.

I decided to give the scramble to the summit a miss, drooping cornices and stiff tele boots my excuse. The panorama of Baker and Shuksan is excellent from this point, as are the views of seldom-seen Bacon Peak. There are other sneaky views back toward the Pickets from here as well.

My descent, amid a foot-plus of unconsolidated goop, was annoyingly April-esque. The north slope of Watson offers perfect open rolling terrain for turns, but this day I did not bother to go back up for more.

On the way out, instead of following the trail the way I came in, I continued

descending north past the Anderson Butte junction. It was easy turning through open glades beneath the northwest arm of Anderson Butte.

At 4300 feet I dropped onto road. This turned out to be an extension (gated) of the road to the trailhead. It curves around the head of Silver Creek and is not shown on the 1989 Provisional USGS quad. I skied it back south and then west to the trailhead, a much better route for skis than walking in the patchy frozen snow of the forest.—Peter Krystad, Seattle, 6/1.

CASCADE RIVER—Road is still gated closed by flood debris at 18 miles. You can park at the gate and walk 5 miles to the trailhead, but please don't block the gate so the trucks and machinery can get through. Repairs are expected to be finished by mid-July. The trail is still snow-covered, anyway.—Ranger, 6/17.

HIGHWAY 20—Open for the summer. Still lots of snow at Washington Pass.—Ranger, 6/7.

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Alan Sherbrooke

Upper Lyman Lake basin; Glacier Peak Wilderness.

ROSS LAKE—Resort opened 6/14. Truck portage and water taxi service operating; call 206-386-4437 for resort info.—Ranger, 6/17.

BIG & LITTLE BEAVER—Maintained to Luna Creek. Several bridges in poor condition. Bears are active—keep a clean camp. Helicopter and loud machinery in use until end of June, for erosion control project.—Ranger, 6/8.

EASY PASS, FISHER BASIN—Bridge at Granite Creek ¼-mile from trailhead is out. Extremely dangerous crossing! Bridge not expected to be replaced this season.—Ranger, 6/8.

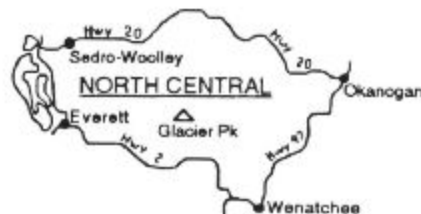
RUBY CREEK—Large, dangerous slide between East Bank trail and Canyon Creek trail! Not recommended for travel!—Ranger, 6/8.

OKANOGAN NATL FOREST—Most of the main roads are snowfree and open.

Andrews Creek trail is snowfree 5 miles. Chewuch trail is snowfree 4 miles. Copper Gance trail is snowfree 1 mile. Driveway Butte trail is snowfree 2 miles. Hidden Lakes trail is mostly snowfree, but some patchy snow remains. Lake Creek trail is snowfree 5 miles. Monument Creek trail is snowfree 4 miles. Robinson Pass trail is snowfree 4 miles. West Fork Methow trail is snowfree 1 mile.

Snow still remains in the high country.—Ranger, 6/14.

NORTH CENTRAL



GENERAL CONDITIONS—Expect snow between 4500 and 5000 feet.



SOUTH FORK STILLAGUAMISH (USGS Granite Falls, Lk Stevens, Arlington East)

This makes a wonderful spring trip. We canoed from Granite Falls (putting in close to where Canyon Creek comes in) to Arlington (taking out by the bridge).

We saw lots of changes in the river since winter. The water was lower than I expected but there were some respectable rapids and a number of waterfalls coming down from the cliffs. Lots of geological history too, with layers of marine shells up on the high cliffs.—Randy Patterson, Mill Creek, 5/11.



PERRY CREEK / MT FORGOTTEN MEADOWS

(Baker-Snoqualmie Natl Forest; USGS Bedal)—Tara and I began this hike on Thursday but were halted short of the meadows by a red hot blister. Despite the roots, rocks, nettles, washouts, brush and blowdown, we really enjoyed the trail (No mud!)

We returned on Saturday determined, bolstered with moleskin, and accompanied by my daughter Maureen and her good friend Shannon.

The trail commences high above the creek. It passes quickly through dark woods and breaks out into the wide open. The path traverses a steep slope crossing talus fields and several creeks. Numerous waterfalls can be seen overhead and across on the forested side of the canyon.

Since we got an early start we enjoyed all this in the cool shade of the cliffs. At 2 miles the trail enters big tree forest and soon we reached the falls.

They are real unique, corkscrewing down a series of steps cut into the rock. *Very loud!* The creek crossing above the falls resulted in only one soaked foot among the four of us.

The trail then goes up, up, up on 2 miles of ugly tread. Maureen and Shannon did great maintaining a positive mental attitude and earning my respect. Given a choice that morning they would have picked the mall.

Two distinctly different forests are passed through on the climb. Initially thick brush and large Alaska cedars predominate. This eventually gives way to stands of tall firs featuring on open, airy understory.

Near the 5000-foot level the trail became obscured in snow. It was obvious we were near the ridge top so we bushwhacked up the steep slope. At the top we were greeted with marvelous views near and far. A cold wind was blowing over the snowcovered saddle and winter garb was donned quickly.

A few pictures were taken, then lunch was served. What I thought was a surplus of sandwiches, bagels, Pop-tarts, fruit and chocolate disappeared in minutes.

The trip out was unhurried. We stopped frequently to rest and cool off at streams. It was great to finally be hiking in warm sunshine.—Tara, Maureen, Shannon and Matt, Snohomish, 6/8.

DARRINGTON DISTRICT—206-436-1155. Deer Creek 4052, Green Mountain 2680, Mt Pilchuck 42, Peekaboo Lake 2080, Squire Creek 2040, Texas Creek 2660 and White Chuck 23 roads are all listed as "passable but rough." Some of them are VERY rough and regular street cars won't make it. Call Ranger Station for the gory details.

The Suiattle River road 26 is OPEN but is very rough. The Mountain Loop Highway is closed between Barlow Pass and Monte Cristo Lakes. Repair date is August 1.

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The Big Four trail is snowfree. Caves won't form until later in the summer. Downey Creek trail has a few downed logs before the first creek crossing (2 miles), and a 15-foot slide just past the creek. Trail gets lost in a large slide at the second creek crossing (2.5 miles); lots of flood damage beyond this point.

On Glacier Basin trail 719, the bridge is out; ford the river. Snowline is about 4300 feet; 2 to 4 feet deep. Heather Lake and Lake 22 trails are snowfree.

Milk Creek trail 790 is covered by a 30-foot slide about 1 mile up from the junction with the Suiattle River trail; the way around is steep. Many trees down in the first 4 miles.

The Suiattle River trail is cleared of downed trees to Skyline Bridge at 10½ miles. The bridge itself, on the PCT, has damaged approach ramps; hikers can reach the bridge, but not horses.

Sunrise Mine trail 707 has a washed out footlog at 2-mile. With high water this crossing is difficult and dangerous. Conditions beyond this point are unknown.

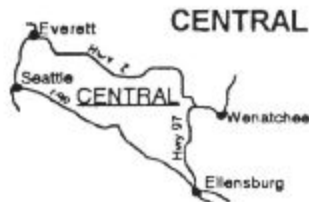
There are two slides on the White Chuck trail, but you can get around them. Trail is snowfree to beyond Kennedy. Kennedy Creek bridge is damaged but crossable. The trail across Kennedy Creek flats is pretty much gone.—Ranger, 6/14.

FOSS RIVER—West Fork trail has several bridges washed out; snowfree to Copper Lake. Old footlog at 5 miles on East Fork trail is washed out, but a new one has conveniently fallen nearby. It's not any easier to cross than the old one.

LAKE WENATCHEE DISTRICT—509-763-3103. White River road 64 is closed due to flood damage 1 mile north of the Napeequa River bridge. The washouts are so severe the road

may not be open this year. The Chiwawa road 62 may be closed beyond the pavement until late this season for repairs.

Trails are snowfree only on lower portions below about 4500 feet.—Ranger, 6/14.



GENERAL CONDITIONS—Snow level varies from 4000 to 5000 feet.



GRANITE MOUNTAIN LOOKOUT

(*Alpine Lks Wilderness; USGS Snoqualmie Pass*)—The rain was pounding down in the parking lot outside Mitzel's restaurant at North Bend, where seven of us from the Hi-Lakers Club stopped before heading for Granite Mountain.

Two months earlier, we had scheduled this weekend for opening the lookout, expecting that mid-May would bring spring sunshine. The logistics were hard to change at the last minute so we had told scoutmaster Chris Peterson, from Olympia, that we would meet him and some of his scouts at the trailhead at 8:30. Chris has offered his troop's help on some of our trail workparties in return for training in orienteering.

So the appointed time found us all at the trailhead wondering if the morning's weather was an intelligence test that we were flunking. Everyone was prepared for crummy weather with appropriate gear and good attitudes and soon we were headed up the Pratt/Granite trail.

The rain had stopped just before we started so the Gore-tex suits stayed stashed in our packs, close at hand. The plan was for most of the Hi-Laker crew to head for the lookout at a reasonably fast pace, while I worked with Chris and the scouts on brushing and clearing water bars. Heading up, we slowly fell behind as we worked on minor trail cleanup. Chris and the scouts turned around at the second major avalanche chute to head for Olallie Lake, where they planned to camp overnight.

Clearing the last of the avalanche chutes I looked across I-90 to see incoming heavy rain and sleet. So much for the partial weather break. In full Gore-tex I continued up. Not much snow remained on the south face of Granite and the trail was reasonably

clear up to 4400 feet.

Snow patches remained on parts of the trail from this level. The small tarns at 4800 feet and the eastern hanging valley at 5200 feet were still fully snow covered. The southeastern ridge had solid snow filling in the rocks and ascending tracks from the Hi-Lakers and a few other hikers. Reached the lookout about 15 minutes after Gene Frazier had opened it, first taking pictures of our lockdown system for Forrest Clark of the Everett Mountaineers. (They have had considerable problems with vandalism damage at Mount Pilchuck Lookout and wanted details of our system.) We saw no sign of damage at Granite.

Soon Gene had the stove going for hot water and the oven for heating the interior. Raising the shutters went quickly. Within twenty minutes, all eight shutters were up in position for the summer season. Enjoying lunch and hot soup back inside the now bright interior, we were joined by other hikers. After a review of the condition of the cab interior (more mildew than past years) and removal of some equipment for the North Bend rangers, we buttoned up for the descent.

Rainer Burgdorfer had carried tele skis and tackled the slopes into the eastside hanging valley, while I tried to get some good pictures of his turns. The snow was very heavy and challenging for even Rainer's ability.

We hiked and glissaded down as the weather again deteriorated into fog, sleet and wind. As we worked our way down the avalanche chutes, trimming some brush, the weather again turned partly sunny. The wet forest was a glistening wonderland with sunshine filtering through the rain-laden trees. Trilliums bloomed along the lower avalanche chute, but it is still too early for the bear grass. (Ed. Note: Gerry tells us that by the time this report is printed, the bear grass will be at its peak.)

Wild strawberries, bleeding-heart and yellow violets were showing about ½-mile from the trailhead. Bob Pfeifer, Brian Curtis, Gene and I stopped for dinner in North Bend at The Pizza Place; excellent chow.—Gerry Erickson, Seattle, 5/18.



THE ARK

(*Baker-Snoqualmie Natl Forest; old quad Mt Si, new quad Lake Philippa*)—Jeff Howbert's list (*Pack & Paddle*, July 1995) of the 100 highest peaks adjacent to Seattle has opened some new challenges for those of us who have climbed most of the major peaks that can be done in a day, and who are reluctant to spend half of the available time driving back

ALWAYS CARRY THE TEN ESSENTIALS

1. extra food
2. extra clothing
3. map
4. compass
5. knife
6. matches
7. fire starter
8. first aid kit
9. sun protection
10. flashlight

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and forth to remote areas. One of the problems—and occasionally fun—is the lack of route descriptions for those peaks that aren't in Beckey's *Cascade Alpine Guide*.

Sasha and I made our first attempt on The Ark (5339 feet) on April 28th. We left the car at the locked gate at the bridge over the Taylor River (about 1150 feet) and ascended the deteriorating logging road that turns left in less than ½-mile (the road straight ahead there goes to Snoqualmie Lake).

We left road 5640, that heads to Lake Blethen and Bessemer, at 2400 feet on a steep, rightward branch, which shortly switched back eastward. Generally, the route on these roads ascends in the wide cirque that is directly under The Ark, mostly in a giant clear cut. One branch not on the old quad is at 2650 feet where one continues on the rightward course.

At 3500 feet we took the branch that goes ahead, slightly leftward. That soon deteriorated into a massive thicket of slash alder and vine maples, among other entertainment. Worst of all, on that day, the snow was still thick and every few steps led to breaking through for 12 to 15 inches, even for my four-legged Siberian husky companion. We stopped for lunch at 4000 feet and Sasha voted convincingly to go back to the car!

On Saturday, May 25th, we returned, and this time took the rightward switchback at 3500 feet which is better cleared than the one we tried last. After 3 or 4 switchbacks, we were close to uncut forest, and left the road at 3900 feet on the south side of the southeast ridge coming down from The Ark.

We traversed on a snow-covered shelf; this time the snow was reasonably supportive and there was little of the post-holing from a month earlier.

We gradually ascended until we broke out on the ridge top at a minor

saddle at 4500 feet and ascended the moderate ridge to the intersection with a northeasterly summit ridge at 4900 feet from where ¼-mile of snow, and then 50 feet of a pleasant rock scramble put us on top, after a little less than 5 hours. This route avoided almost all of the brush, and provided good views of Bessemer, Garfield, Big Snow, Snoqualmie, Thompson, and the peaks around Dutch Miller Gap. Descent required 3 hours, and we hooked up to Ed Emery, who had spent the day exploring the road toward Snoqualmie Lake.

Not incidentally, the Taylor River Road had been improved some in the one month, but it is still a very rough ride in spots. At least it doesn't require 4-wheel drive!—Warren Guntheroth and Sasha, Seattle, 5/27.



PRATT LAKE (*Alpine Lks Wilderness; USGS Snoqualmie Pass*)—We met Ted and Martha Hueter for a splendid hike on the Pratt Lake trail in the Alpine Lakes Wilderness. Bill filled out our permit and we were on the trail. Ted, who recently celebrated his 79th birthday, led the way.

We had a wonderful, warm, early summer day. We hiked to the viewpoint overlooking Olallie Lake and Mount Rainier. This provided a lovely view of the lake nestled in the trees and the mountain looming overhead. This was a nice forested trail with several stream crossings. We hit some snow at about 3 or 3½ miles up the trail. The hike was 8 miles round trip and gained 2300 feet.—Jane Habegger, Olympia, 6/1.



POINT 4586 (*Alpine Lks Wilderness; USGS Snoqualmie Lk*)—This is the high point on the long ridge that terminates at the north peaks of Garfield.

The climb is really a hike. There are no technical problems (unless you consider brush a technical problem). The

summit is a super viewpoint from which one can inspect much of the Garfield area. We found no evidence of any previous visit.

To approach, park at the Taylor River bridge. Follow the river upstream on the right (do not cross the bridge). In 20 minutes you will encounter a creek and in another 25 to 30 minutes still another creek.

Cross and from here, work up through the woods to access the ridge (if you emerge into the open on talus, move left to the trees). Follow the ridge to the summit. Time: 4½ hours.—Garth, Mark, Paul, Rodger, Carnation, 6/3.



THREE QUEENS (*Alpine Lks Wilderness; USGS Chikamin Pk, Polallie Ridge*)—At 6687 feet, Three Queens is the king of the Kachess Lake drainage peaks. It is also the most difficult. The three queens are not at all equals. Perhaps this formation should be called *The Portly Queen and Two Anorexic Princesses*, since the highest summit is quite tubby, compared to its two pointy west subsummits.

Clarence "Happy" Fisher, who became immortalized for his Fisher Chimney route on Mount Shuksan two years later, led a party of Mountaineers to the 3Q summit in 1925.

Dee Molenaar's fine drawing on page 165 of the *Cascade Alpine Guide* shows our approach quite nicely (the left "East Route"). We took off from the second right spur road 132 that hooks north after Cooper Pass.

The first few hundred feet of scrambling got us out of a clearcut and across an alder-choked stream to a most pleasant and open southeast ridge run which we enjoyed past Three Queens Lake to Point 6230.

Here we strapped on snowshoes for a slog across the northeast basin of 3Q, aiming for an obvious snow ramp leading to the north ridge at 6300 feet. While we were doing this traverse, we watched a mountain goat climb the southeast ridge of the summit block, continuing over the top to descend the north ridge where he let us know he disapproved of our presence by purposely kicking down a cornice which created a small avalanche across our planned ascent route. It was far enough in front of us to be more entertaining than frightening.

The north ridge was initially easy snow and rock which turned into a steep, sloughing snow arete, which turned into a steep rotten-rock arete about 150 feet from the summit. Jeff cautiously negotiated the unprotectable rock problem while I decided to call it a



Glacier Peak from the Top Lake trail, Henry M. Jackson Wilderness.

Lee McKee

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day and have lunch.

After Jeff hooted his summit success, I spotted a less death-defying snow route on the west side of the north ridge, and 20 minutes later was with him at the top as ominous clouds started burying peaks to the west.

This summit is not exactly overrun. Ours was only the fourth ascent in the last five years. A 1992 party took down a wet register that dated to 1973.

The Cascade Crest peaks were stunning in their late winter cloak (Thompson, Lemah, Chimney Rock, Daniel), as were Hi-Box and Lo-Box. As we descended, military jets zoomed up the Kachess Lake valley over Cooper Pass, dove behind Island Mountain, then ripped up over the pass between Chimney Rock and Summit Chief, barely clearing the ground. 5.5 hours up; 3 hours 20 minutes down.—John Roper, Bellevue, 5/25.



ELBOW PEAK (Wenatchee National Forest; USGS Cle Elum Lk, Teanaway Butte)

—Skip showed me a different route up Yellow Hill and Elbow Peak. We took the road to the Hex Mountain-Sasse Ridge trailhead, and continued on it to the road end at the West Fork Teanaway River.

We crossed the river, with difficulty, and walked the West Fork road a few hundred yards to the start of the West Fork trail. In about 10 yards we crossed a small creek and headed up the ridge. It climbs generally north, and 3000 feet later we were having lunch on Yellow Hill. It was a quite warm day, and we had to extend our water supply with snow.

After lunch we continued to Elbow Peak. As often as not the trail was under snow, so we just stayed on the ridge crest. Elbow Peak is a fine viewpoint, and we enjoyed a break there before starting back.

We followed the main ridge back, about halfway to Yellow Hill, then took another ridge west. This ridge soon swung south and paralleled the ridge we'd ascended. We encountered a couple of interesting rock formations on the way down. Fairly high is a doughnut shaped rock, with a 5- or 6-foot hole. Lower is a nice viewpoint atop a rocky point. Here we found two ash groves, which were new since Skip was here in 1991.

A friend of Skip's had built a way trail up the ridge in the seventies, but if Skip hadn't told me about it I would have thought it was just a popular game trail. The tread disappears entirely on the upper section of the ridge.

This was one of the best flower hikes I have ever been on. There weren't

masses of flowers, but there were large quantities of many species. I frequently see steers heads in April on various Teanaway ridges and in the Blewett Pass area, but this was only the second time I've seen them in mid-June—both times in the Yellow Hill-Elbow Peak area. I don't understand why they bloom so late here. The rock penstemon and the shrubby penstemon were also especially nice.

I heartily recommend this hike over the usual Yellow Hill trail—you avoid its extensive motorbike destruction. While the bikes use the trail between Yellow Hill and Elbow Peak the damage isn't bad there, and this time of year they can't get there.

The road we'd driven in on was atrocious, with gullies running down it, but Skip didn't have any problems—on the way in. After a very long and strenuous day however, we got stuck as we started out. It only took a quarter hour to get unstuck, but we've both stricken this road from our list of acceptable roads. But even if the road was good I'd rather approach the hike from the West Fork Teanaway road. It is a longer drive, but avoids the river crossing and you even park a bit closer to the start of the trail.—TG, Skyway, 6/6.

LEAVENWORTH DISTRICT—509-548-6977. The Icicle road is drivable all the way to the end. Expect delays for helicopter logging. A no-parking tow-away zone is enforced along the Icicle road from Snow Creek to Rat Creek. Watch for big trucks. Traffic delays may occur throughout the summer.

Reservations for Enchantments permits are available by calling Reservations Northwest at 800-452-5687. Reservations will be taken up to 7 days prior to trip date. The fee is \$7 per reservation. VISA or Mastercard is acceptable; checks are also accepted if the

reservation is made 21 days in advance. When calling, have trip itinerary ready, including dates, destinations, entry point and number in party. 25% of the daily quota will be available for day-of-use on a lottery system—Ranger, 6/14.

CLE ELUM DISTRICT—509-674-4411. Fish Lake road 4330 has a major washout at Silver Creek. North Fork Teanaway road 9737 is okay and open. Jungle Creek road 9701 is closed due to a major culvert washout. Old Blewett road 7320 is open to the top of the pass.

Most trails are snowfree for their lower stretches, but expect snow above 4500 to 5500 feet, depending on exposure.—Ranger, 6/10.

SOUTH CENTRAL



GENERAL CONDITIONS—Snow level between 4500 and 5500 feet; a lot of flood damage in some areas.



MILWAUKEE TUNNEL (Wenatchee Natl Forest; USGS Snoqualmie Pass)

—The gentle breeze chilled each of us. Above, a star glowed like a firefly. Many waterfalls sprinkled us as we trudged the brushless path. Voices echoed like ghosts of the past and faded into oblivion. Eerie lines and noises kept the senses aware of all that our flashlights discovered and our ears heard. Only the shuffle of feet on the hard path told us that others were around.

As the miles passed, the dawn of our hike loomed. No bright colors of a sun-



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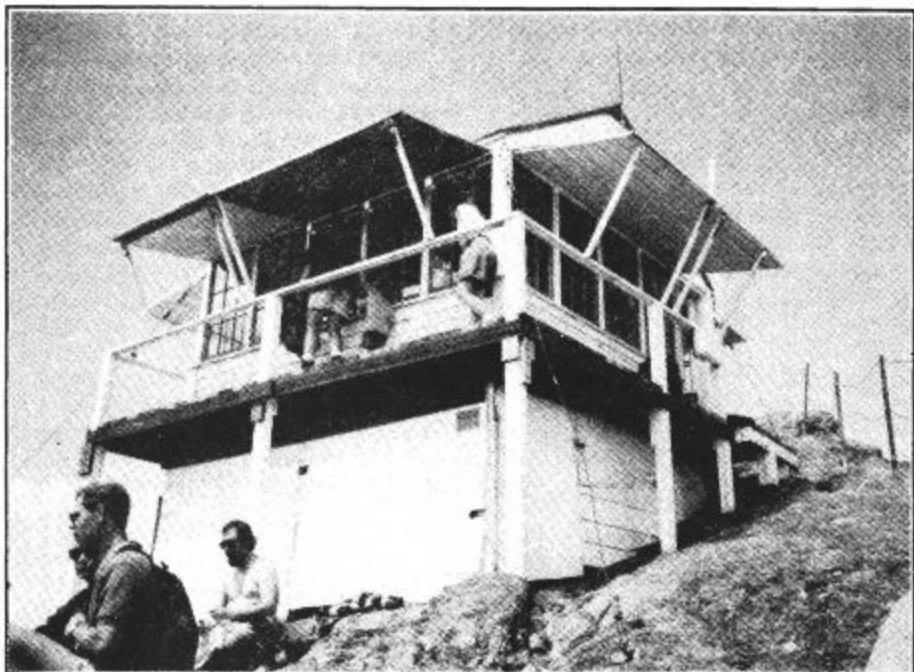
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Jane Habegger

A busy day at High Rock Lookout; Gifford Pinchot National Forest near Ashford.

rise. No fresh morning smell. No dew on the flowers. Only the bright sunshine making the new spring growth of each bush radiate its splendor of green. Enjoying the familiarity of day, we sat and ate our lunch in the shelter of an overhanging concrete roof and listened to the creek above race down the rocky mountainside. After lunch, we arose and re-entered the darkness. There, 2.3 miles ahead, was the light at the end of the Old Milwaukee tunnel.

We heard tell that the ghost of Engineer Bill appears occasionally to visitors. He blows his whistle warning travelers to stand to the side as his ghostly train works its way up the grade. They say that touching the white crosses on both walls in the middle of the tunnel protects from Bill's train.—Robert DeGraw, Kirkland, 5/18.

WAHPENAYO PEAK (Mt Rainier Natl Park; USGS

Wahpenayo Pk, Mt Rainier West)—Left trailhead at Longmire (2800 feet) at 8:30am with a party of 7. Revised forecast for thickening clouds and rain possible late. Just a few days earlier this had promised to be a sunny day.

Eagle Peak trail is well graded with a couple of crawl-under-and-get-your-ice-axe-hung-up downed trees. Encountered snow about 3800 feet. Several inches at bridges (4320 feet) but still easy walking. Snow depth increased rapidly beyond bridges but snowshoes on prior days left a well-packed track so ours became simply ballast.

Snow below south face of Chutla and

beyond was stable except for minor surface snowballing. Perfect for kick- and plunge-stepping. The high overcast and general calm made for near perfect weather. From notch east of Chutla we stayed close to ridge top. Some minor rock scrambles, established rope for confidence on one pitch where a thin layer of snow overlaid steeply pitched rock.

"Summited" several times before reaching THE summit (6231 feet) at 1:15pm. 50 degrees. Mounts Adams, Hood and Saint Helens visible under lowering overcast, summit of Mount Rainier obscured. Beautiful flowing curves in snow cover on north slopes of Wahpenayo and Chutla. Impressive cornices as well.

Returned by same route. Lumpy glis-

FACTS AND FIGURES ABOUT LOOKOUTS

—651 lookouts once existed in Washington.

—108 lookouts are still standing in the state.

—17 lookouts are still staffed by the Forest Service in Washington.

—1 lookout is still staffed in Washington's National Parks.

—4 lookouts are scheduled to be restored in Washington.

—2 lookouts are in the rental program.

from the Cascade/Olympic Forest Fire Lookout Conference.

sade south out of notch east of Chutla. Snow on south face getting rotten. Back at Longmire 4:45pm. Great trip, great leader and great companions. Especially grateful to leader for summit goodies and encouragement.—Paul G. Schaufler, Olympia, 4/28.

▲▲ UNICORN PEAK (Mt Rainier Natl Park; USGS Mt Rainier East)—I am not a "Peak Bagger," or at least I don't think I am, but I am beginning to understand how one could become one.

Last fall I realized that I had scrambled all of the Tatoosh Range except Unicorn and Boundary. When Unicorn appeared on the list of scrambles offered it was a matter of "Shucks, why not—that and Boundary and I'll have done the Tatoosh." So . . .

Our party of four: Hugh, climber, leader; Edythe, inveterate climber; Brian, climber; and the scrambler author. Left Snow Lake trailhead, 4540 feet, at 8:45am.

Followed mostly snow-covered trail 1.3 miles to Snow Lake, 4680 feet, 9:25am. From there to summit, about 1.5 miles, snow all the way, good kick stepping except for some hard stuff just below the notch west of Unicorn. Weather was unsettled, bitter cold wind at times.

Final 30 feet or so of scramble is class 3.999 rock. Edythe summits with alacrity and establishes a belay, just the extra bit of assurance I need. All on summit (6817 feet) at 12:50 in a blizzard. Hugh summarizes weather in one word—"Lousy."

We don't delay, weather is as Hugh described and another party is waiting for us to clear the route. Do so safely and expeditiously. Arrive back at trailhead in light rain at 3:15 after a series of delightful glissades.—Paul G. Schaufler, Olympia, 6/9.

▲▲ CAMP MUIR (Rainier Natl Park; USGS Mt Rainier

East)—When we ran into each other at a local outdoor store, we decided to go to Camp Muir and made plans for the following weekend. Ann drove and Lindy brought dinner. We claimed a car-camping spot at Cougar Rock campground. At this time about half the campground was still closed due to winter damage (but should be all open by the time you read this).

We arrived at Paradise the next morning at 6:15am and were surprised to see the parking area swarming with people—a Mountaineers glacier practice was getting underway.

The route is wanded and the snow


was perfect for walking. Of course, a good trail of steps was already set for us. At Glacier Vista we stopped for pictures. A hiker nearby came over and offered to take a photo of both of us—turns out it was John Luchow, from Quilcene. *P&P* readers turn up all over the place!

As we got higher, the wind blew harder. It was strong enough to make hikers stumble, and made the otherwise sunny day feel cold. We stopped again at the rock bands at about 9000 feet, hunkering down behind our packs to try to get out of the fierce wind. Wrapped up in gear, only our noses and cheeks were exposed.

The hut at Camp Muir was a welcome sight and we tromped in—out of the wind, at last. After a break for lunch and to put on some more clothes, we walked around and enjoyed the beautiful view on this sunny day.

Because of our early start, even though our pace was slow, we reached Camp Muir ahead of most of the other day hikers. When we headed down at 1pm, the snow had softened to a thick glop. We met dozens of people streaming upward, including folks in jeans and sneakers with no packs!


Except for very brief patches of trail near Pebble Creek, we were on snow right from the parking lot. About 4 miles one way and 5000 feet elevation gain.—Linda Bakkar and Ann Marshall, 6/7-8.

 **CRYSTAL LAKES** (*Rainier Natl Park; USGS White River Park*)—This trail had no noticeable winter storm damage. We encountered

snow about ¼-mile below the lower lake. Rain began to fall as we reached the lower lake so we sat under the trees for shelter, had our lunch and skipped the upper lake.

This was June 9th and we were wearing lycra tights covered by nylon shorts and wind pants, mid-weight polypro tops, wool shirts, Gore-tex parkas, wool hats and gloves at the lake and we were still a little cold at our lunch stop. It was in the 40s with drizzle and some wind.

We saw numerous other people on this trail with cotton shorts and t-shirts or sweatshirts and no other clothes. As long as you kept moving I suppose you might not be too uncomfortable but we were definitely glad to have the clothes we carried.—Jane Habegger, Olympia, 6/9.

 **FIFES PEAKS, WEST PEAK** (*Norse Pk Wilderness; USGS Goose Prairie*)—Our party of

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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 double kayak (Sisiutal) 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.

FOUND—Front cover for Pioneer car stereo/cd player, at Tubal Cain trail-head. To claim, call Scott and Louise, 360-479-2196, and describe.

BACKCOUNTRY NEWS

REPORTS AND CONDITIONS

eight left Martin Way Park & Ride (Olympia) at 6:15am. Rough pavement due to weekday construction on Highway 410 increases trip time to Crow Lake Way 953 trailhead approximately 12.5 miles east of Chinook Pass.

We assemble and leave trailhead (3400 feet) at 9am. Leader Ann provides all participants with maps and excerpts from trail guides. Well organized. Trail is suitable for and used by livestock. Moderate grades, mediocre tread, occasional blowdowns to crawl over or detour around.

Reach top of ridge 10:25am. At 11:30 attain high point of trail, grassy meadow at 5800 feet. Rest, water, snack and moleskin break. Leave trail and head northeasterly to ridge top (6400 feet), 12:35 and lunch.

At 1:15 continue northeasterly along ridge top, up and down, largely on good snow. At 1:15 at base of West Peak associate leader Tom demonstrates that rock here is less friable and handholds more secure. Handhold proves to be portable; chagrin.

Several goat sightings; wool adorns brush. Helmets on, proceed easterly along base of peak past Class 4 gully, then northerly up scramble route to ridge top at 2:45pm. Short belay for comfort.

Westerly on firm snow and stable rock to summit (6880 feet), 3:35 for cantaloupe and breathtaking view off north face. Very long way straight down. Cold wind, don't tarry, leave summit at 4:00. Proceed easterly on ridge beyond upclimb to easy scramble to point below and south of summit.

Tom proposes "Miner adventure," a cross-country return to trailhead. Grudging consensus reflects quality of pun. Drop down ridge just west of easterly fork of Miner Creek southerly curving to south easterly, following game trails to confluence of two forks of creek. Striking views of Fifes peaks along way.

Below confluence we cross to west side of creek and follow to intercept trail a few hundred feet from trailhead. Trailhead at 7:40pm. Good trip, plenty of scratches but no severe blood loss. Back at Park & Ride around 10pm.—Paul G. Schaufler, Olympia, 6/15.

NORSE PEAK WILDERNESS—The restrictions for this wilderness have been updated to conform with Forest Service standards. The previous Norse Peak Wilderness order restricted camping within 200 feet of the PCT. The new restriction allows camps within 100 feet of the PCT. This is because camping spots are limited along this ridge-top trail.—Ranger, 6/3.

GREENWATER ROAD 70—This major forest road from Highway 410 at Greenwater up to the crest at Government Meadows and Naches Pass is CLOSED at 7 miles due to major damage and repair work. Because of the extent of the damage, repair probably won't even start until sometime in September. Naches Pass can still be reached from the east on the Naches River road.—Ranger, 6/11.

CORRAL PASS ROAD 7174—Closed due to flood damage.—Ranger, 6/11.

CARBON RIVER—1350 feet of road washed out when dikes failed during the floods. The Carbon River entrance will be closed to cars throughout the '96 season, but Park crews may clear a foot and bicycle path to Ipsut campground.—Ranger, 6/11.

MOWICH LAKE—The road to Mowich Lake should be open by early July.—Ranger, 6/11.

CAYUSE PASS—Closed. No projected date for opening.—Ranger, 6/11.



GENERAL CONDITIONS—Expect snow between 4500 and 5000 feet. Flood damage is disastrous. Call ahead for current information.

DOG MOUNTAIN (*Gifford Pinchot Natl Forest; USGS Mt Defiance*)—For our anniversary we stayed a couple of nights at Skamania Lodge in the Gorge. We did our annual trek up Dog Mountain.

This hike provides great views of the Columbia River and there is a wonderful spring wildflower display. We were a little late for the balsamroot. This cheerful yellow daisy-like flower is abundant along the trail. We did see a nice display of lupine, asters, buttercups, cluster lilies, wall flowers, paintbrush and many more.

This hike is 6 miles round trip and climbs 2900 feet. We took the old familiar trail. There is a new trail that is well-marked to the left of the old trail and an informational map showing both routes. The new trail is apparently

a milder grade. We have not taken it yet.—Jane Habegger, Olympia, 5/29.

SILVER STAR MOUNTAIN (*Gifford Pinchot Natl Forest; USGS Larch Mtn, Bob's Mtn, Dole Mtn, Gumbo Mtn*)—Bill and I have wanted to do this hike for several years. We have now!

There are a number of trails to reach Silver Star Mountain. We took the route recommended by Spring and Manning in the *100 Hikes in the South Cascades and Olympics*. The trail is reached from the town of Washougal.

We did not find the roads on this approach to be too bad on our family car but we did have a little trouble figuring out what was the trailhead. It is at Grouse Creek Vista, an unmarked crest on road 1200. The trailhead is on the north side of the road. There is no sign. It is marked by severe marring from all terrain vehicles.

From there the trail climbs, veering to the left to a marked intersection with the Sturgeon Creek trail up about 100 yards. The first mile of the trail had many blowdowns and also evidence of fairly heavy winter and spring flooding and erosion. It was passable.

After a mile the trail breaks out of the woods to an open ridge walk. This is where the views begin. We had a cloudy grey day with no panoramas of surrounding peaks. The destination is a former fire lookout site. It sits at 4390 feet and provides view of Mount Rainier, Saint Helens, Adams and Hood. Our route climbed 2000 feet and was 11 miles round trip. We'd like to return and do this on a clear day.—Jane Habegger, Olympia, 5/30.

LOTTERY SYSTEM—Unreserved climbing permits for Mount Saint Helens will be issued by lottery at Jack's Store west of Cougar. This process will be in effect during the quota season, 5/15 through 10/31.

A total of 100 people is allowed to climb Saint Helens each day. Permits for 40 climbers will be issued by lottery each day at 6pm for those wishing to climb the following day. One person may obtain a permit for up to four people. Larger groups will need other members of their party to enter the lottery for additional permits.

Sixty permits are available through a reservation system on a first-come, first-served basis, by mail or in person at the NVM headquarters, 42218 NE Yale Bridge Road, Amboy WA 98601.

All climbers present at Jack's may enter the drawing. Each climber may enter for one permit. The drawing will

BACKCOUNTRY NEWS

REPORTS AND CONDITIONS

be held promptly at 6pm. Lottery winners will be issued a permit for their group of up to four climbers. If your group is larger than four, you will need more than one permit.

For more information about climbing permits or current conditions, call the climbing information line at 360-750-3961.—Ranger, 6/1.

GIFFORD PINCHOT ROADS—

Road 23 is open to milepost 31 south of Randle. It is projected to be open to Trout Lake in late June. Road 25 is closed at the Huffaker Bridge south of Randle; should be open this summer. Road 26 is closed due to multiple slides and washouts; no projected opening date. Road 54 is closed by slides and washouts 7 miles east of Chelatchie Prairie; open late summer.

Roads 59, 60, 63, 68, and 74 are closed with no projected opening date. Road 81 is open but rough and road 8117 is closed in 1.5 miles by slides and washouts; open mid summer. Roads 83 and 830 are open to Climbers' Bivouac.

Road 90 is open to the Marble Creek washout, and closed from there east to Swift Forest Camp (which is closed); no projected opening date. Road 99 is closed; no projected opening date.—Ranger, 6/12.

MT ADAMS DISTRICT—509-395-3400. Salt Creek, Race Track, Snipes Mountains, Sleeping Beauty Peak, Gotchen Creek, and Little Huckleberry trails are all snowfree. Most other trails are snowcovered, especially in the higher elevations.

For current climbing conditions on Mount Adams, call the Ranger Station. The road to the South Climb trailhead is snowcovered the last 3 miles.

Make winter reservations now for Peterson Prairie Cabin!—Ranger, 6/9.

ST HELENS NVM—360-750-3900. Many trails were not maintained in '95, and winter storms caused a lot of damage. Windy Ridge is closed because road 99 will not be repaired this year.

The Ape Cave lantern rental service is open for the season. The caves are always cold so dress warmly.—Ranger, 6/5.

PACKWOOD DISTRICT—360-494-0600. Packwood Lake trail is snowfree. The pipeline trail to the lake is now closed; violators will be fined. Purcell Lookout trail is closed to due a road washout.

Most trails in the WOD Wilderness are under snow. On the Cowlitz trail 44, a bridge is out on the upper part.

All trails in the Glacier View Wilderness are inaccessible because of road closure.—Ranger, 6/5.

RANDLE DISTRICT—360-497-1100.—Some low trails are snowfree, but most are in the high country and are still blocked by snow.—Ranger, 6/5.

WIND RIVER DISTRICT—509-427-3200. Bunker Hill, Grassy Knoll and Dog Mountain trails are snowfree. Lower Trapper Creek trail is also snowfree, as is Dry Creek trail.—Ranger, 6/10.

CALIFORNIA



YOSEMITE FALLS (*Yosemite Natl Park; USGS Yosemite*)

—With another above average snowpack in our beloved Sierra this season, we could not resist the temptation to make our annual pilgrimage to Yosemite to see the spring runoff spectacular. We chose Yosemite Falls itself.

It makes a vertical drop of 2425 feet in three separate falls. When the falls are full, as they were now, they produce a roar that can be heard throughout the valley floor. Our destination was the top of the upper falls.

The trailhead is right behind the gas station next to Yosemite Lodge. It begins climbing in earnest, through a dense cover of ponderosa pine and gold cup oak. The tread is rocky as it makes its way up innumerable switchbacks.

After climbing about 1000 feet in 1½

miles, the trail rounds Columbia Point, breaks out into the open, and there directly in front and a few hundred yards away is the 1430-foot thundering column of white. The spray sent up from its base filled the air.

The trail continues level for a bit as it approaches the falls even closer, then it resumes its climb toward the top. More switchbacks across open slope. Near the top the forest started again.

We took the short spur trail down to the brink. A handrail is provided along the last few steps, as we inched our way to the edge. The water shot forth in great pulsating comets. A GRAND sight. And the view looking down 2400 feet to the valley floor, or over at the 3500 foot vertical granite cliffs across the way wasn't too bad either.

Living up to Yosemite's notoriety as a popular place, we passed a few hundred day hikers on the way back down. A busy place? You bet. But also a testimony to the magnetism that this magical place projects. It powerfully affects people.

Later that evening, in the brilliance of a full moon, we took the 5-minute walk to the base of the lower fall and saw the spray combine with very bright moonlight to create as astounding wonder of nature—a lunar rainbow!

In normal years, the falls in Yosemite run full in April, May and June. If you come in late summer, they will be greatly diminished, or possibly dry.—Dave and Gayle Woodruff, Lee Vining, 5/31.



North Fork Teton Basin, near McCall Glacier, Goat Rocks Wilderness.

HIKING GRANDMA

Desolation Wilderness

—BEAUTIFUL LAND OF GRANITE—

Desolation Wilderness must have been named from a distance. Looking west across Lake Tahoe it is easy to see the stark, forbidding mountains. But up close it is a beautiful land of granite and mixed forest, with spectacular distant views of lakes and peaks.

In the fall of 1993 we found the local Ranger Station in South Lake Tahoe, California, on the road that follows the west shore of the lake. We bought an excellent Forest Service map of Desolation Wilderness. The ranger advised us that, although we were too late to climb Mount Tallac (it was 8:30am), the best views were from that trail.

About a mile up the easy trail we found a great view of Fallen Leaf Lake and Lake Tahoe. Back into the woods the trail passed Floating Island Lake and later, Cathedral Lake.

Then the trail started to seriously climb above the timberline. Obviously the view from the top of the ridge would be worth the effort. Ascending the north side of the ridge, we passed a lin-

gering snow patch flanked by the last of the spring flowers.

At 8600 feet the ridge top views in new directions were fantastic! After a brief discussion we continued up. At the 9735-foot summit we had to agree, the best views are from Mount Tallac.

And then we got to wondering if the ranger meant too late in the *day* for us or *thirty years* too late. It was 4 miles and over 3000 feet up, and we were kind of tired.

Two years later, and two years older, we were back again with an easier destination in mind. On the back side of the famous and much-photographed Emerald Bay we parked our car at the Eagle Falls trailhead. The moderate trail took us up the canyon one mile to Eagle Lake.

This was a beautiful spot, but a look at the map suggested a loop trip that would take us to higher views. So we kept climbing to the ridge top where we looked across the canyon of Cascade Creek to our old friend, Mount Tallac.

Here was a trail junction where we headed down to Granite Lake and the Bayview campground and parking lot. From there it was about a mile down the road to our car. Even the road walk was beautiful, as it wound above the shore of Emerald Bay. Our loop was about 6 miles long.

Next day I parked ¼-mile away and walked down a road to Vikingsholm on the shore of Emerald Bay. This is a former estate turned into a park. From there an easy trail follows the north shore of the bay to Emerald Point in about 2 miles. From this trail I looked up at the two canyons we had hiked the previous day.

This is not the end of the story. In January 1996, two months after parking the car at two California trailheads, we received a letter at our Oregon address from the state of California De-

partment of Motor Vehicles informing us that we must license our car for California or send proof that we didn't live there.

That was so weird I threw the letter away. A month later the state of California's letter informed us that further action would be taken if we did not respond.

Feeling threatened, I simply wrote that they had made a mistake and to please inform me what exactly caused all this to happen. The reply finally came with this reason noted: "The account was opened in error based on a transposed license plate number or incorrect state."

I truly hope this is the end of the story.

△

Hiking Grandma is from Hubbard, Oregon.



Ann Marshall

Looking up at Mount Tallac from the basin below the summit.



Ann Marshall

Hunks of Sierra granite dot a meadow at 8000 feet on Mount Tallac, with Lake Tahoe in the background.

LEE MCKEE

A Paddle on Hood Canal

—FROM TAHUYA TO DEWATTO—

Tahuya, Dewatto, The Great Bend—all intriguing names on the lower portion of Hood Canal. Ann and I decided to explore these areas by kayak in two half-day out-and-back trips at the end of May and in early June.

Choosing Tahuya first, we looked for a suitable launch point by researching *Afoot & Afloat* and *Morgan's Guide*. Our two choices were the public launch ramp at the town of Union on the south shore of Hood Canal, or the Summer-tide Resort just west of the community of Tahuya on the north shore.

Although it cost \$6.50 to launch from the resort plus \$2.25 to park we opted for the resort since it put us directly in the place we wanted to explore. It also eliminated a mile-long crossing of the canal from Union which can turn yucky if the wind comes up.

Calling ahead to make sure it was okay to launch kayaks at the resort, Ann was told no problem but was advised to come after 9am because shrimp season was open on the Canal and a mass of people all wanted to get their boats in the water before 9am (legal start of shrimping).

FIRST LEG

Arriving at the resort shortly after 9am, we did indeed find the area full of cars and trailers, but the launch ramp open. Besides the launch ramp, the resort has a small store, several units that can be rented for overnight, an area for RV or tent camping, a dock, and several picnic tables.

Morgan's Guide sums it up as a "nice compact resort" which we found to be true, and we also found it to be run by friendly, helpful people. Although it was quiet now, we were told that things picked up again around 1pm. Later we found out why.

A fog bank hanging in the Great Bend of the Canal was just lifting as we launched from the pebbly beach and headed our sea kayaks east toward the mouth of the Tahuya River—Ann and



Bert gets his lunch out at the mouth of Rendsland Creek; a few of the Olympics peek over the ridge in back.

Ann Marshall

me in our double and our friend Bert in his single.

The town of Tahuya is a store, fire station, post office and homes on the northwest shore of the inlet that forms the mouth of the Tahuya River.

The mouth is shallow and turns to a mixture of beach and mudflats at low water. The shoreline from the resort to a quarter of a mile or so into the mouth is lined with homes. As we ventured farther into the mouth, though, the shoreline returned to its natural state.

At just over a half mile we crossed under the highway bridge and the river banks turned into large stretches of marshy grass. Soon we were in the transition zone between river and tideland.

The river itself is rather shallow and narrow, and at times we felt like migrating salmon battling our way upstream against the current. With the tide being about 7 feet we were able to venture inland about a mile from the Canal before shallow water and river current finally turned us back.

According to *Place Names of Wash-*

ington, Tahuya was derived from the Twana Indian words *ta* and *ho-i*, meaning "that done," in reference to something that took place at this site in the "early days." For today what was done was exploring the Tahuya River—and it was time to see more of this part of the Canal.

AROUND THE GREAT BEND

From the mouth we headed back west along the shore. In about 2½ miles the canal bends sharply, almost doubling back on itself; hence the name "The Great Bend." We continued around Ayres Point at the Great Bend and in about ½ mile came to undeveloped Rendsland Creek Park—the only public shore access along this southeast section of the canal.

Poles mark the northern boundary of the state land and a tiny bay the southern. If the tide is high enough (we were there at just under 7 feet) you can paddle the short distance into the head of the bay and land at the brand new Port of Tahuya Menard's Landing.

This community-developed spot

along the North Shore Road features a small covered area, a picnic table, a Sani-can, and a spot to launch hand-carried boats. The day we were there it was just being dedicated. If you can't reach it by water, then just land on the state-owned shoreline and walk inland a short way—but *be aware* of what the tide is doing: the shallow tidal flat covers *quickly* on an incoming tide.

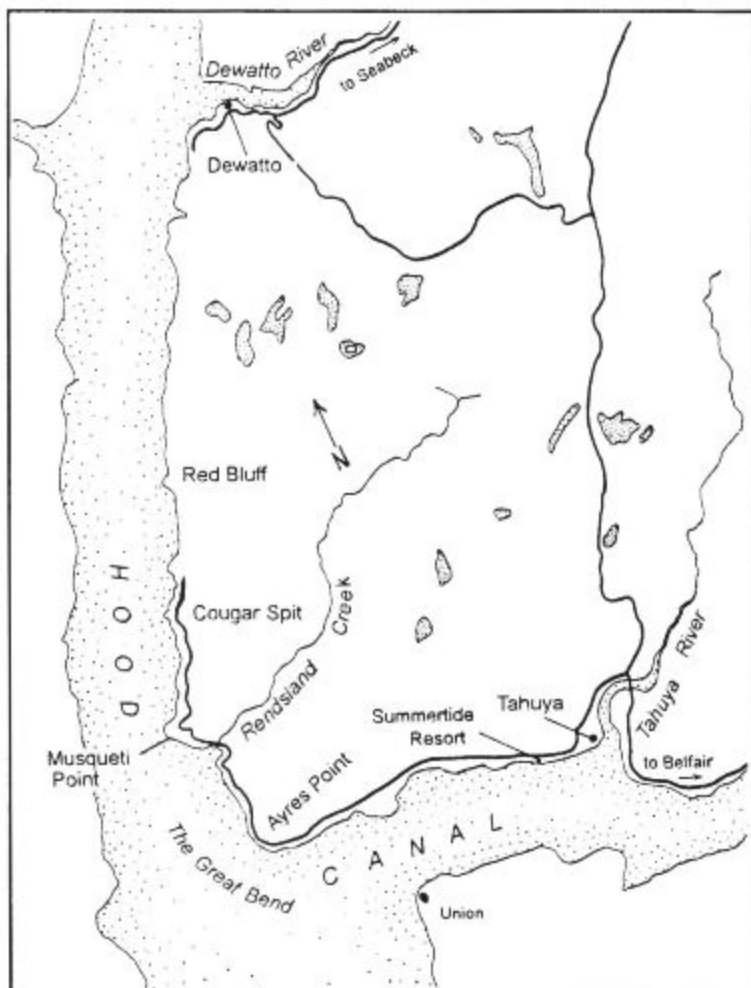
After exploration and a snack we were in the boats and heading back to the resort. Suddenly we were aware that all the boats on the canal, sedately tending their shrimp traps a few moments before, were now buzzing loudly.

Checking the time we discovered it was 1pm—the time we were told that action picked up again at the resort. When we reached the resort, we found boats queuing for position to take out. Since we're not shrimpers we didn't know the rules say that all pots are to be out of the water at 1pm—hence all the action at boat launches along the canal on shrimping days before 9am and after 1pm.

Since it was a nice day we picked up



We felt like salmon in the shallow stream—here Bert does some maneuvering in the Tahuya River.



cold drinks and ice cream at the resort store and sat on chairs by the launch ramp, being entertained by the hustle and bustle around us.

THE SECOND LEG

Having discovered on this trip that it was possible to launch kayaks from Menard's Landing at Rendsland Creek, we decided to continue our exploration northward along the east bank of the canal to the Dewatto River.

So the following Saturday, Ann and I were off to Menard's Landing and Rendsland Creek—this time by land. We reached the park by driving about 17.5 miles southwest of Belfair on the North Shore road.

Today, low tide was just before noon, so we delayed our launch time until close to 2pm in order to reach Dewatto Bay when there would be enough water to explore the tidelands of the inner bay.

But this was a day of minus tides and with the tide at about 2 feet that meant we had to carry/wheel our double a long way from the roadside parking area over rough ground and rocky

beach until we reached the water. The water came in fast over the tideflats and the kayak was almost afloat by the time we had our gear tucked away and were ready to head off.

Whereas Highway 101 parallels the west side of the canal, the east shore is remote in comparison. The canal is just over a mile wide along this section. As we paddled north, we could see the heavy development along the other shore line and lots of traffic on the highway.

Our side, by comparison, was dotted only by occasional houses, and for the couple of miles between Red Bluff and just before Dewatto Bay, there are only a few shoreside structures.

DEWATTO BAY

The only public access along this 4½ miles of shoreline after leaving Rendsland Creek are two DNR beaches on the south side of Dewatto Bay. There are a number of private structures along the bay shoreline, however, and we could find nothing that positively marked where the public and private

boundaries were.

The tide was about 6 feet and coming in as we headed into the inner bay. We soon left behind the development at the bay entrance and entered the typical grasslands and mud flats of a river mouth. As with the Tahuya, the Dewatto River is more of a creek, quite narrow and shallow.

Playing "migrating salmon" again, we made our way a short distance up the river to a spot with a small gravel shore where we could get out for a snack and a break. However, this was still in the transition zone between river and tideland so with the incoming tide our stay was limited. Our little section of gravel shore was quickly gobbled up by water as we got back in the kayak and headed for the canal again.

Place Names of Washington states that Dewatto is "from the Indian designation *Du-a-ta*, meaning "Place where the evil spirits come out of the earth." These spirits, called *Tub-ta-ba*, drove people crazy by entering their bodies. Fortunately for us the evil spirits were distracted today, and we safely departed Dewatto intact, completing our exploration of this part of Hood Canal.

FOR PLANNING

Hood Canal has wonderful scenery, reasonable access points, and opportunities for multi-day trips.

The Summertide Resort (206-925-9277; NE 15781 North Shore Rd, Tahuya WA 98588) welcomes paddlers. We were told that you can pull up on their beach to picnic, stretch or use the restrooms at no charge (but we think it would be nice to return the favor by buying a soda).

On both trips we saw seals and many kinds of birds. An Olympic National Forest map would have been handy to identify the front range of peaks.

NOAA charts 18476 or 18448 show the area; USGS maps Union and Lilliwaup also show the route.



Lee McKee is Pack & Paddle's business manager.

STEPHANIE SCOTT WILLIAMS

Haiku

From American Heritage Dictionary: hai-ku (hi'koo) n., pl. haiku. An unrhymed Japanese poem having a fixed 3-line form consisting of 5, 7, and 5 syllables respectively.

This haiku was originally written for my dad, John

D. Scott, who joined the Mazamas in 1920 and served as president about 1929. He wrote a book of his climbing memoirs, called *We Climb High*. I finished this haiku in 1977 and it was first published in the Mazama newsletter that year.

Mountain breezes blowing
Wildflowers dance in the sun
Sharp wind, fresh-smelling

Green grasshopper sits
On Old-man-of-the-mountain
Nodding in the breeze

Lone mountain traveler
At home in vast solitude
Rests on sunlit rock

On far-off cliff-side
Mountain goat nibbles the grass
A white speck moving

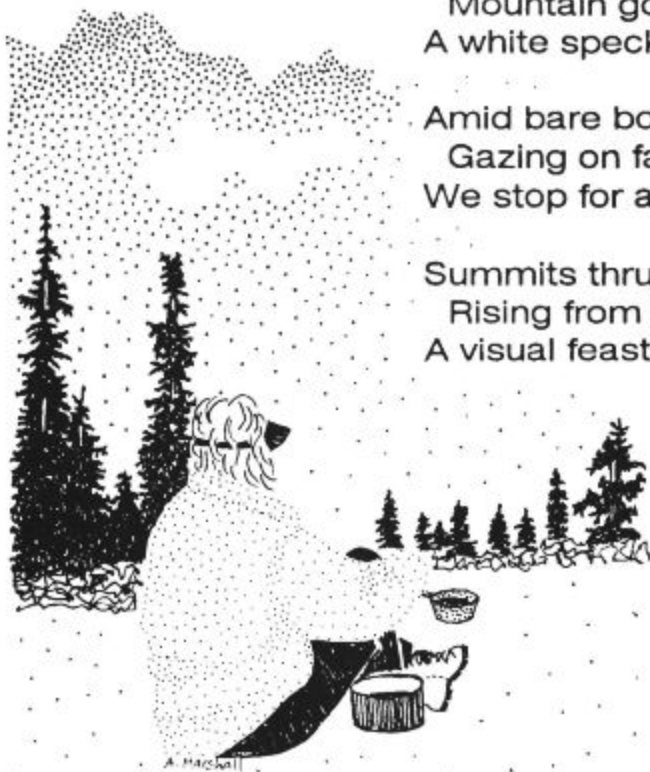
Amid bare boulders
Gazing on far distances
We stop for a snack

Summits thrust up
Rising from snow-clad talus
A visual feast

Blue tarn in the rocks
Your mountain is upside down
In windless noontime

Fat hoary marmot
Reaches with sharp yellow teeth
For part of my lunch

Sun on the snowfield
So blinding I cannot look
Fire mingled with ice



A. MacCall

Far down the chasm
 Thunders a great waterfall
 Too distant to hear

From wooded ridge-top
 Even the lowly outhouse
 Has a splendid view!

Rushing stream tumbles
 Over moss, flowers, boulders
 Jumbled together

Sharp, clean, pungent, fresh
 The smell of snow on the wind
 Inadequate words!

From hidden tree trunk
 A small nuthatch sings gaily
 Companion in joy

Wind in the forest
 Roaring sighing then singing
 Loneliness yet peace

Ghostly pink summits
 Glow against darkening sky
 Transformed by sunset

Now in the darkness
 A crackling campfire beckons
 The primeval soul

Mountains in moonlight
 A strange vibrant world out there
 Full of sharp shadows

A small orange tent
 Nearly hidden in fir trees
 Shelters me snugly

△

Stephanie Scott Williams, of Tigard, is a Mazama member who met her husband on a club trip. She worked as an xray technician while raising a family and is now retired.

LINDA BAKKAR

Chinook Pass to White Pass

—A PCT TREK—

The sun welcomed us to Chinook Pass. We opened Sally's van doors and stepped out onto the warm pavement, stretching happily. Despite the lattes and the stop at the famous Black Diamond Bakery, it had been a long drive.

It was time to organize the packs, take a group photograph with the trail-head sign, say our goodbyes to Sally, and take our first steps south on this leg of the PCT. Our destination was White Pass, over 26 miles and five days away. The number of cars in the parking lot promised crowded trails. But the August sun was out and fragrance saturated the air from the colorful meadows surrounding us. Our spirits were high.

EXCITEMENT OF A NEW TREK

As we began our journey, I watched Sally's car roll out of the parking lot and down the road. Turning my eyes

back to the trail, the excitement of a new trek bubbled out uncontained.

Darlene and Joan had been with me last year on our first PCT journey. This year, 1993, my husband Adnan joined us. And so the four of us, packs creaking and water bottles sloshing, warmed our leg muscles through the first meadow.

The trail wound through flowers to a bridge that crossed Highway 410. There we could watch the occasional car whiz by and know that the whine of tires on pavement would diminish as we made our way out of civilization.

The trail began high and stayed that way. Weathered trees dotting the meadows testified to the harsh climate that belongs to the high country. Joan began to name the flowers we encountered, and a few day hikers benefitted from her knowledge along with the rest

of us. Adnan's interest in geology added more depth.

FLOWERS AND ROCK GARDENS

Time flew by. We dropped to Dewey Lakes for lunch. There we feasted on trail snacks while mosquitoes feasted on us. It was time to get out the repellent! Most of the areas around Dewey Lakes were posted with green signs indicating that re-vegetation and meadow repairs were going on, and we were not to step there. So we stayed behind the signs and rested in a spot we would not harm.

The rest of the afternoon we hiked through forest alternating with meadows that cascaded with flowers and rock gardens. We were ready to stop by the time we got to the American Lake trail junction.

TOO CLOSE TO THE TRAIL

A small ledge above a meadow served as our campsite. It was roomy and soft, but it was also visible from both trails. By the time I had explored the area and found several good sites which were out of view, our tents were set up and no one wanted to budge, including me.

After dinner, though, Joan and I decided to take a little side trip. We went up to a saddle above American Lake, where we could see Cougar Lake below. A few boot prints near the saddle told us others had been there before. We were ready to sleep by the time we got back to camp.

Morning brought several sets of hikers and horse parties. We were on



photo by passing hiker

Joan Watson, Darlene Odell, and Linda and Adnan Bakkar at the start of their trek.

a stage, to be seen by everyone passing by, and I was glad when we finally broke camp and started on our way. I promised myself to pick out a more obscure campsite next time.

ON TO CRAG LAKE

Views of Mount Rainier and lovely blue lupine fields abounded around the trail on this second day of hiking. Dry stream beds hinted that water had flowed there in the past, but none was to be found now. Whenever there was a choice of route, we kept to the highest trail. Pikas and marmots lived there and we enjoyed their small, persistent voices.

At one rest stop, I took my ice axe and headed up a nearby ridge. Following a dry streambed so that I could easily find my way back, I ascended quickly into a small cirque where a snowfield had recently melted out. As I continued to the top, I felt the peace of that place. Elk hoof prints were scattered everywhere. As the breeze played with my hair, I looked over the edge. American Lake was nestled below in the forest. We had not gone nearly as far as we had thought. And so I descended the dry streambed to return with that bit of news.

Shouldering our packs once more, we started again. Later in the day we passed through a section of old-growth forest, and we could see that the trail ahead was going to open up into bright sunshine. A large log by the trail invited us to sit and eat lunch while we were still in the shade.

The meadows below gave us a beautiful view to enjoy while we rested. Afterward, we hiked the dusty trail until it turned a corner and began to drop. Here, a marmot whistled and several picas squeaked at us from rock slides above. A small lake glistened between the trees far below, but our destination was the larger Crag Lake. The guide book stated that good campsites lined its shores. And we were ready for one.

A muddy, rocky trail took us off the PCT and to the edge of Crag Lake. We would need to climb that trail several times during our stay to obtain fresh water from the large rushing stream that crossed the PCT just past the junction.

CLOUDS OF MOSQUITOES

The campsite among the trees beside the lake was comfortable, except for the mosquitoes. They plagued us our whole trip, mostly in the evenings. Clouds of

them buzzed our ears. Those of us with glasses had the special persecution of mosquitoes trapped close to the eyeballs.

We reeked of repellent to ward them off, but they were valiant in their efforts to draw blood. They were even able to penetrate pile clothing to get to our legs and backs.

That evening, Joan and I explored the ridge above the lake through fragrant fields of blue lupine. Then we went cross-country to the top of the ridge. The other side was a sheer rocky cliff with another lake below. We made our way back down the ridge, until we finally reached a meadow that led to our campsite.

BOOTS AND BLISTERS

Morning brought another sunny day. I was glad to think that more than half of our trip still remained ahead of us. Hoisting our packs once more, we headed up the muddy trail to reach the PCT and continue our trek.

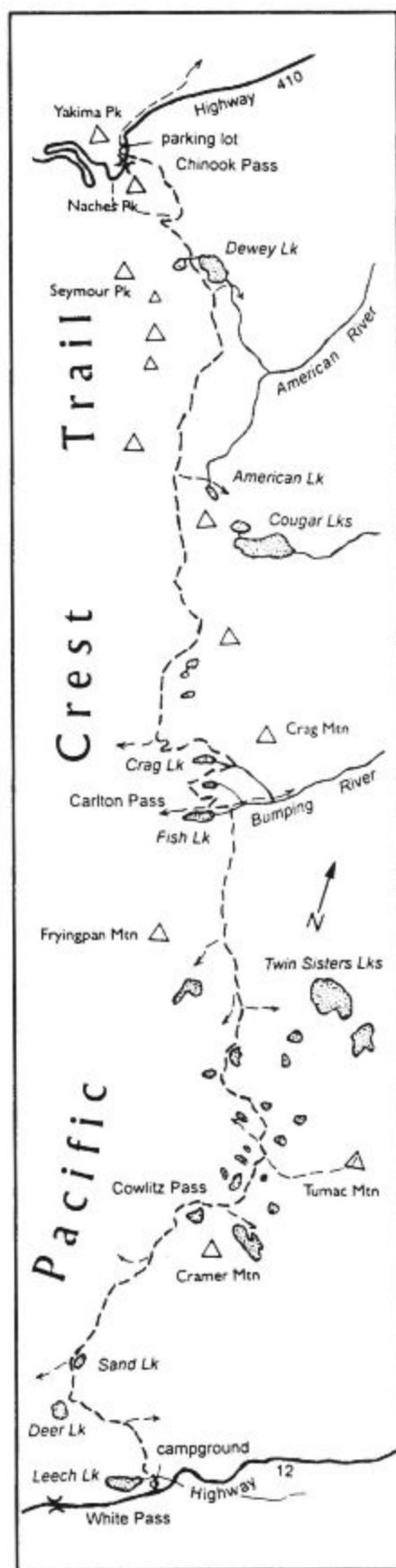
We were dropping down some steep switchbacks toward Fish Lake when I realized I was getting a hot spot on one of my heels. It was time to stop for moleskin. While I worked on my feet, Darlene took her boots off. I had had no idea that she had developed such horrible blisters! She had been slow, and now I knew why.

Her blisters were the size of half dollars. I punctured them, drained them, applied antiseptic, and covered them with micropore tape and moleskin. I hoped that would help.

We stopped for lunch at a large stream. Adnan and I ate on a log caught in the rocks in the middle of the water. Sunshine, peace, and stately trees surrounded us. Joan and Darlene set up their lunches on a stack of planks for a new bridge. A horse party crossed and greeted us as they went by. And we decided we needed to get some miles behind us, too.

I walked with Darlene for awhile. Her feet were painful, but she was able to keep going. Conversation as we went helped a little, I think. But I started to worry about our slow progress. My own muscles ached from the slow pace, and begged to stretch out and move.

When the four of us gathered at a junction, I took the lead. It was only a mile to the next junction, but that mile felt so good! I waited for the others on a fallen tree at the edge of a meadow. Leaning back on my pack, I relaxed in





Darlene Odell strides out on the way to Dewey Lakes.

Adnan Bakkar

the warm air, alone, listening to the sounds of the deep wilderness.

A CAMP AT SNOW LAKE

Meanwhile, Joan had given Darlene some Exceed. When the three reached my resting spot, Darlene was in front! From that junction we turned toward Snow Lake.

A beautiful campsite awaited us at Snow Lake. Joan and I, however, decided to take a side trip to Twin Sisters Lakes. We took off at a jog with day packs. It felt good to breath deeply—especially when the air was filled with the fragrance of lupine. Many small ponds lined our chosen path through meadows and forests. Twin Sisters Lakes was exquisite. After a short rest, we headed hard and fast back to camp.

In the meantime, back at camp, Adnan had built a smoky fire to ward off the mosquitoes. Darlene had had a hard day, and was resting in her tent. But she was coaxed to come out to have dinner with us, and all of us were pleasantly treated to a lack of mosquitoes—thanks to Adnan's fire.

UP TUMAC MOUNTAIN

Steam misted off the lake in the calm and quiet morning. As I went for a short walk, I saw elk grazing in a nearby meadow. Finally, we were seeing the elk and not just the hoof prints. Adnan

treated us to real coffee again, as he had been doing each morning of our trip.

We began the new day with hope for less pain for Darlene. I doctored her blisters with great care before setting out on the day's journey.

When we reached the junction to Tumac Mountain, I suggested that all of us stow our packs in a clump of trees and day hike toward Tumac Mountain. Darlene was doing better, but she was in no shape to climb. Adnan decided to stay with Darlene and keep her company, continuing on the PCT.

Joan and I found a clump of trees in which to hide our packs. The plan was to meet somewhere down the trail—Adnan and Darlene moving slowly while Joan and I poured on the speed. And so a little side adventure was born.

The trail for Joan and me ascended through meadows and blueberry fields into a deep forest, until we reached the climbers' trail bearing steeply upward from a junction. Views of Mount Adams and other distant hills and ridges stunned us with their beauty.

Climbing through the final scree to the top, we were greeted by a 360-degree view from the ruins of an old lookout. Though the views were magnificent up here, I was drawn to a smaller ridge—a trailless one—just to the west of Tumac Mountain. I wanted to spend a few minutes up there before heading

back to the PCT. Joan elected to wait for me at its base.

I could see by a few bootprints, and even by a few horse hoofprints, that others had been on that ridge top before. Weathered trees and snags speckled the top, their roots having somehow found nourishment and water through the cinder rocks.

Wind played in the branches, while butterflies flitted among the flowers which poked up between rocks and tree roots and danced in the breeze. A small brown pond shimmered below in the warmth of the day. It was a spiritual place. I did not want to leave, but family and friends were waiting, and an urgency hit me to

get back to them. So I descended to meet Joan and began our run down the trail to our waiting packs.

After retrieving our packs from the clump of trees, we continued our fast heart-working pace until we reached a junction. There, Adnan had built an arrow pointing the direction of travel. Along with it he placed a crushed aluminum can that he had found to get our attention, and a note in Arabic.

After I deciphered the note, Joan practiced it so that she could say *she* had been the one to read it. It said: "Linda and Joan, Darlene and I left this junction at 12:30 in the direction of the arrow. Love, Adnan." We were only an hour behind them. When we caught up to them, it was almost 2pm. Not bad! They were starting to worry a little, but had not yet decided to turn back. Our timing was right.

LAST NIGHT AT SAND LAKE

Our goal this day was Sand Lake. Hiking together, we made good time. Darlene seemed to feel better. My mood was as happy as it ever gets. Colors and sounds seemed extra vivid. The forests, the flowers, the very rocks—I could almost hear them speaking to me. But the descent was beginning. And tomorrow

continued on page 31

BEV B.

Gallagher Head Lake Loop

—IN THE SNOW OVER MEMORIAL DAY WEEKEND—

My brother Don and I headed for the backcountry on Friday, May 31, after work. It's been a long spring, with almost every trail we have wanted to hike either washed out, snowed in or the road to the trailhead impassible.

I met Don Friday night after driving up from Chehalis. We loaded up his truck and headed for the North Fork Teanaway River road. Arriving around 8:30pm, we wanted to get parked before dark so we picked a nice camping place just beyond Beverly Campground.

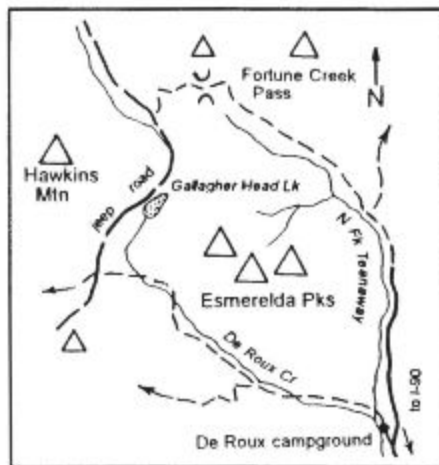
With the full moon, clear skies and the wonderful smells of clean air, we set up our things and went for a short hike up the Johnson Medra trail. We kept seeing white patches down along the creek—maybe it was rocks reflecting in the moonlight. Neither one of us wanted to believe it was snow. We were up only around 3000 feet and still had to go higher to get to the trailhead for Gallagher Head Lake. But alas, it was snow! What would tomorrow bring?

Saturday we woke to clear skies again and were anxious to get on our way. We ate breakfast, loaded the truck and headed for the De Roux Campground and the trailhead. The road was open all the way.

The trail was clear of snow for about 500 feet, then we saw patches off and on. Our first obstacle was to cross De Roux Creek which had a bridge washed out. We hunted around for awhile until I found a nice log downstream from the bridge to get across.

After crossing the creek it wasn't ½-mile before we had to put our gaiters on. We had one other log to cross before ending up on a couple of feet of snow for the rest of the day. We meandered following the map and creek and finally found a section of the trail in a meadow high up on the west side of the creek. We had a rest there and enjoyed the view and the flowers.

From there it was back into the snow. We ended up going up along a rock ridge, not being able to get around a large snow slide, and scrambling up and over the ridge. It was panic-time for me as I do not like high drop-off places. Don helped me and my pack up



to the top where we had lunch. Although I was too close to the edge for comfort, I did look around, and it was very beautiful.

From there we headed northwest across the ridge in the snow, and then finally saw where Gallagher Head Lake was. We traversed across and down to the end of the canyon, arriving near the headwaters of the creek. Descending, we crossed the creek, then it was up and up over the ridge to the lake, which was still iced over and snowed in.

We heard a couple of snowmobiles, but did not see them and saw no one else there. We snacked and rested for awhile, discussing whether we wanted to try to make the loop.

We decided what the heck and headed down the Fortune Creek jeep road to the junction with trail 1345, still in snow. Heading up the trail, we found a patch of actual snowfree tread with a flat spot about 200 feet up. The flat was snow-covered but would do for a campsite.

We were quite a ways from the creek but able to reach it for water. We used the snowfree section to sit and cook and look at the beautiful sites. We also saw several rock and snow slides coming off Hawkins Mountain.

We were very tired and ready for bed at 6pm but stayed up to watch the sunset and have hot cocoa. We saw a deer, several birds, and lots of beautiful flowers. This was a first for us to camp on the snow, and we actually stayed warm. We brought our closed cell pads along with our Thermarest pads.

We woke to warm wind and blue skies. Cleaned up camp, had our breakfast and then it was time to head up 800 feet to Fortune Creek Pass. We had one small section of open trail, then it was back onto the deep snow. It was a little scary going up and traversing across the snow. We found a trail of elk prints and decided to follow them up and over since they usually know where they are going and the prints were going the direction we were headed in.

We arrived on top of the ridge and took out the map to see where the trail might come out. We knew we had to follow the valley and headwaters of the Teanaway River and it was easy to see from the top. Again we decided to follow the elk tracks and not go across to Fortune Creek Pass. By now we would have had to go down and then climb back up to the Pass and we were tired and hot!

Following the map and the elk prints, we crossed a couple of creeks and guess what?—we found a section of the trail sticking out of the water. We knew it was the trail by the water bar on it. We worked our way down, backtracking several times and finally came to an open meadow and another break. We found out later that we were about 2 miles from the trailhead. We saw a gentleman hiking up what he thought was the trail, and we saw a set of footprints in the snow of someone coming up and then going back down and ended up following those prints for quite a long time. We actually ended up hiking the old prospecting road that was built in 1910. It was fairly snow free toward the end. Now it was time for civilization again and the end to a beautiful weekend.

The beauty here is incredible. We definitely want to go back when the snow is gone to see where we actually hiked—or where we should have hiked.

△

Bev B., of Chehalis, has been hiking since she was a little girl. Since the mid-'80s she has done a LOT of backpacking.

PETER STEKEL

Paddling with Porpoises

—THE WILDERNESS AT OUR DOORSTEP—

One and a half blocks from my front door in West Seattle lies one of the greatest wilderness areas left in the Pacific Northwest: Puget Sound. Although it's hemmed in by urban development, the Sound is little different than our montane national parks and wilderness areas which are surrounded by cities, highways, ranches, and farms.

When winter storms bring ship-sized swells and whitecaps to Puget Sound, the wilderness demarcation line begins at the beach.

I tend to forget this during the summer when atmospheric high pressure sits on the water like a circus fat lady's rear end. At these times, Puget Sound is as flat as two-dimensional space. Not a breeze disturbs the surface despite the movement down below.

Below is the tide which pulses and recedes four times a day. There's also

the current which exists like a river flowing through the water. There are salmon; big, strong fish that challenge people to either catch them or obliterate their habitat.

There are also invertebrates like crabs, jelly fish, and zooplankton; all dumber than dumb. And, not finally, there are porpoises; mammals like us: large, intelligent, and ecosexy.

When the Sound is flat, during spring and early summer, I like to take my sea kayak out to enjoy the wilderness in my front yard. Three miles away lies Blake Island, a Washington State Park of some 475 acres. There is a marina for motorcraft, a campground with dynamite views of Seattle's city lights, hiking trails, and a salmon house operated for tourists in search of expensive north coast cuisine.

Recently, my in-laws came to visit

and decided they wanted to treat us to some of Puget Sound's finest fish. Because the water was flat calm, rather than take the tour boat from downtown, my wife and I decided to paddle across the three mile channel to Blake Island. We would all meet on the dock.

Now, we can paddle across water as quickly as a hiker can cover land distance at a moderate pace. But why hurry? You might see something. So we left with plenty of time to spare.

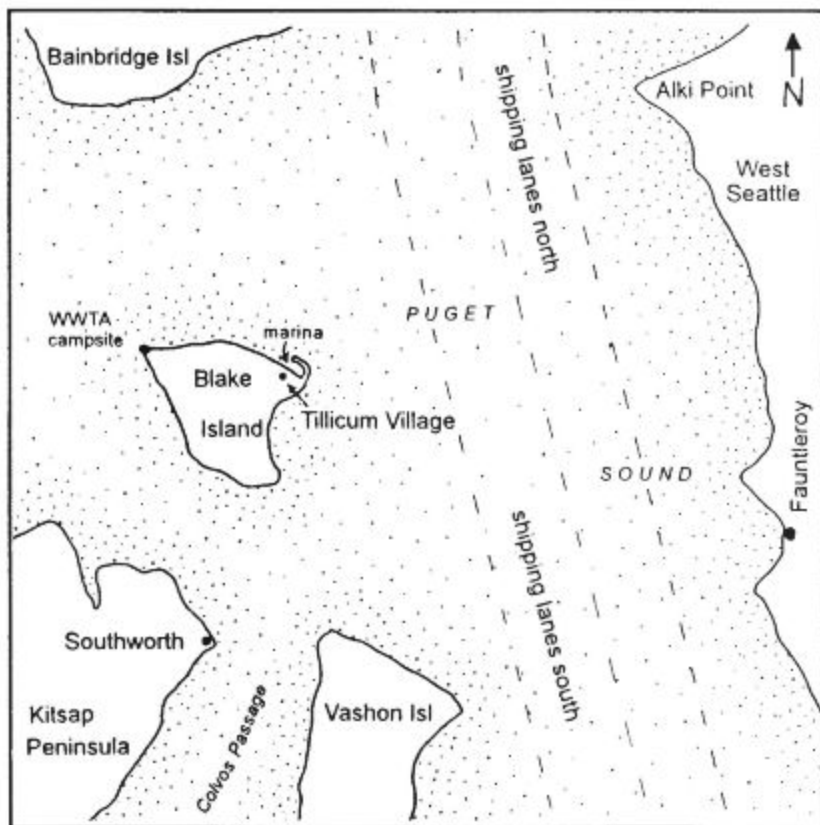
Jennie and I rigged up running lights for the return trip in case it was in the dark. Each of us packed our dinner clothes in separate dry bags and stowed them in hatches in our boats' sterns.

We double-checked for safety equipment: weather radio, spare paddle, paddle float, bilge pump, flares, charts, first aid kit, rain gear, and extra clothing. Although we could see our destination, this was, after all, a wilderness crossing.

Weather and water conditions could change abruptly and with little warning. Sea touring of any kind might require self-rescue from a capsize. The lens of city lights across the night dome of stars may lull you into self-deception, but it always pays to be prepared.

We pushed off with the sound of tinkling Japanese chimes as our boats' bows cleft the purple water. We quickly slid into a comfortable pace that best exploited our body geometry and strength. I'm tall, with long arms, so the splash-splash of my feathered paddle was long and slow. I turned at the hips, letting that motion, coupled with pushing the forward blade away, propel the boat rather than "muscle" my way by pulling the paddle back.

As we left shore the whooshing of passing cars blended into the breeze blowing past my ears. The sound of barking dogs and loud voices soon sank away. They were replaced by the sounds of my rhythmic breathing and the sound of friction and motion as I moved through the water.



I hummed a melody beneath my breath and began to feel my arms and shoulders relax into the cadence of paddling. Occasionally I would look around to check on Jennie's location, and when I did this half-way across the channel, I discovered she had stopped.

I let momentum carry me forward, dragging my paddle in the water so I would turn about. I waved at Jennie. She ignored me, her gaze fixed on the water far to the right. The current carried my boat to Jennie's and when we bumped together, she pointed her finger and said, "There."

I followed the imaginary line she drew to the horizon and saw nothing. "Be patient," she said, and I waited.

Then I saw it! And again! And again, and again, and again! Dorsal fins, six of them, swimming towards us. What were they? Sharks?

One of the animals broke the silvery sheen surface of water and made a graceful arc before re-entering. No, not sharks; the black and white pattern of Dall porpoises! One by one they repeated the maneuver of the first.

"See them?" Jennie asked, breathlessly.

I nodded, silent. She poked me in the ribs with her finger. I whispered, "Yes."

The animals, directed by curiosity,

intelligence, instinct—or were we just in their way?—whatever, they swam directly toward us. We watched them as, time and again, the porpoises crested like mammalian waves and cleanly entered the water. About 100 feet from us the six creatures made one last arc through the air and disappeared.

"Show's over," I pronounced, and prepared to begin paddling.

Jennie sighed and said, "They're so cute," as if a mother talking about her babies. She lifted her paddle, put one blade into the water, and Puget Sound came alive around us.

One of the porpoises broke the surface at Jennie's bow and almost leaped on deck. Jennie gave a little cry of surprise and then began laughing. The animals next broke the surface some 30 feet away.

Instantly, we gave chase knowing we didn't stand a chance of catching up, because when the wild reaches out you don't easily let go its grip. The porpoises quickly out distanced us but it wasn't until we were closer to Vashon Island than Blake that we gave up. With very silly grins we turned around and made for our original destination.

Near the Blake Island marina, I held back and watched Jennie paddle in to shore. The noise of people, barking

dogs, and boat engines was in stark contrast to the peace of the Sound.

Those people, close to the outdoors but living within a cocoon of familiarity, had no idea what existed within a moment's exploration of them. Reflecting on that, it struck me why the current attacks on wilderness are so damaging and pernicious.

For too many people, nature has become nothing more than a font of resources which can be turned into profit. Even scenery, in the sense of "view sheds," is now considered a commodity.

Perhaps we have always been this way, but as everybody knows, there are more of us today than ever before. Just as millions of bison fouled the prairies with their wallowing, offal, and hoofs, our mistakes now have deeper impacts.

As Jennie and I experienced, we are not alone and the world around us is aware that we are here. We need to remember that there will never be any more wilderness than there is today.

△

Peter Stekel, of Seattle, is a freelance writer.

Chinook to White Pass *continued from page 28*

we would walk out and back into civilization.

It was at Sand Lake that we met a Boy Scout troop. They were heading to Chinook Pass. Other people filtered in, some with day packs only. Yes, the end and civilization were near.

Sand Lake was a gorgeous place. We felt the need to wade, but Joan slipped in the mud at the edge of the water and had to wash out her shorts.

In early dawn, we were awakened by the sound of an elk bugling. It pierced my memory, and I can still hear it as if it just happened.

We took our time getting up and ready to hike. We had only a short distance to go. Since I had carried a freeze dried cheesecake mix for the whole distance, I decided to make it for breakfast. That was good!

As we left our campsite, the trail seemed to fly under our boots. Adnan and Joan walked ahead, and Darlene and I hiked together. We talked of Scouting and other things of our lives in the world of people.

In no time at all, we were at White Pass hearing vehicles go by on Highway 12. Signs, picnic tables, cars in the parking lot—usual people stuff. I decided to keep my pack on and cross the highway to connect with the starting point of our trail from last year. Darlene and Joan also "connected." That done, we all gathered at a picnic table to wait for our ride.

As we drove home and left that section of the PCT behind us, we knew we would remember the good times—the fun, the wild beauty, the closeness we all felt to one another. Now new plans

are forming like new clouds—taking shape, fading, growing, becoming stronger—but not yet complete. It will be good to get back into the wilderness with good friends again.

△

Linda Bakkar, of Lynnwood, has instructed Scout outdoor programs for 15 years.

ROBERT DEGRAW

Whistler Adventure

—SINGING THE PRAISES OF THOSE TRAILS TO THE NORTH—

How many of you have seen a polar bear in the wilds? The six of us who went to Whistler last summer did. It happened when we stopped at a viewpoint about 12 miles north of Squamish.

Down below us and across the highway was a movie company shooting a film about two hikers being chased by a polar bear. We watched them take and retake the scene. The pet bear was more interested in the surroundings than in playing the ferocious bear it was supposed to. Nevertheless, it *was* a polar bear and that *is* quite a wild area!

Our trip took in several hikes, but I'll tell you only about our two longest hikes, Singing Pass and Wedgemont Lake.

To get to Singing Pass, we first rode the gondola to the top of Whistler Mountain. It whisked the six of us—Bob and Diana Jones, Cathy Quenelle, Diana Carmack, Barbara Simmons and me—up in minutes.

We took the trail that went just below the chopper pad and around the mountain on the north side down to Harmony Lake. After passing the lake, the trail ascends several hundred feet. Soon we could see a vast meadow-like mountainscape to the east, with small, sparse trees and a small creek.

The trail dropped as we followed it around the east side of Whistler Mountain. The rather steep and somewhat dangerous trail flattens as it passes a lake and starts back up again. The tarn-sized pool of water is called Symphony Lake.

At Symphony Lake, we could look south to see a long Fitzsimmons Ridge. Along the ridge are three "bumps" (the natives call them). The first of three bumps is called Piccolo Summit, the next is Flute Summit, and the third is Oboe Summit. Several of us hiked to Oboe Summit while the others stopped at Flute Summit and found a wonderful rock outcropping to view the scenery.

The rock outcropping allowed views of Cheakamus and Corrie Lakes. The color of both lakes spanned the turquoise hues. Each was nestled in the dark green forest like a perfect jewel. Beyond Corrie Lake to the south, Black Tusk loomed like a monster.

On the way back to the Round House we took another trail. It was about three feet wide and lined with rocks placed meticulously on either side. It ended on a road at 6800 feet on Whistler Mountain, which led us back down to the tram and roundhouse.

Unfortunately, this year foot races were held the Saturday we hiked Whistler Mountain. That meant moving off the trail as about 100 runners passed us. We have also encountered mountain bike races two years in a row. The hiking trails follow some of the roads the bikers use. Getting out of the way of mountain bike racers can in itself be dangerous.

As for noise, chopper tours and cars keep you informed of their presence. Buildings and ski tows abound making it an unwilderness-like wilderness hike. But the views are wonderful.

The hike to Wedgemont Lake is about 5 miles one way with a gain of 3750 grueling feet. Worst of all, it is a mole stroll all of the way.

The trail is a mixture of the worst of Aasgard Pass, Lake Serene, North Lake, and the Bingley Gap trails put together. The "rope climb" up to Wedgemont Lake, especially the last 400 feet is not only steep but slippery, has lots of loose rock, and is more of a climbers' trail. Due to the way the area is shaped, it is the best trail that can be made for getting into one of the most beautiful lakes I have seen in Canada.

To climbers, that steep stuff is old hat. But if it hadn't been for that insatiable desire to see beyond the next handhold, my acrophobia would have halted me at the bottom of the last rock slide.

Behind a rock wall at the entrance to the basin, a ridge follows a magnificent skyline where eagles soar, glaciers hang, and waterfalls tumble. Straight ahead is Garibaldi Park's highest peak, Mount Wedgemont. Talk about beautiful!

To the right is a high peak named Parkhurst Mountain. From it, a black spire beckons hikers to the grand prize, the lake. From the entrance of the mile wide cirque, a trail of rock and high mountain plants guides you to little red

buildings. The roofs of the two buildings are shaped like grandpa's barn; you know, the kind with the big hay lofts. The little red building on the right is a welcome sight for those trying to find a big bush to hide behind. The other is a cabin stocked with emergency provisions, with a place to sleep in the loft, candles, a table, and a memoirs book.

Below the cabin is Lake Wedgemont, a colorful display of water mixed with glacier flour. It seems that each lake I see that is glacier fed has a different color. The Wedgemont Lake emulates the color of a dreamy Montana sky with a touch of white.

The lake is longer than it is wide and rock walls shoot up from its far right side. The sheer walls are probably 2000 feet tall and the lake is very deep there. To the right is the lake's outlet, too. On the near side and to the left is a plain of loose rocks scattered about a glacier tormented foundation of solid rock.

All of that water must fall 4500 feet in about 2 miles to the river below. That assures a noisy hike anywhere along the route. Unfortunately, we found no place to clearly view any of the falls. At the 4880 foot level, we could glimpse a tall display. I tried to get closer, but the moss-covered rocks are too slippery and unstable.

There were 23 cars in the lot when we arrived at 9:59am. The elevation at the lot is 2290 feet. The high point is 6240 feet. From the high point down to the lake is about 200 feet. The weather was clear in the morning, but in the late afternoon it started clouding over.

There was only one complaint voiced by the group. It was that we had to leave. All agreed that next year we would do Garibaldi and Cheakamus Lakes hikes. Any one care to join us?

△

Robert DeGraw, of Kirkland, is an outdoor writer who has been hiking for many years.

KERRY GILLES

Gold Creek, Lower Dungeness and Mount Townsend

—A GOOD DESTINATION FOR RHODODENDRON SEASON—

It was around 9:30pm on Friday night, June 7, when Don and I pulled into the East Crossing campground on the Dungeness River road, south of Sequim. This is a small, primitive campground with about 15 sites and a couple of outhouses. We had time enough for a bite to eat before crawling into the bed of Don's Toyota to sleep.

Next morning it was a short drive to Gold Creek trailhead on road 2860. The trail climbs a bit and we passed a large monolith. Crossing Gold Creek on a log we came into a camping area and the site of the shelter. The roof has collapsed forward and the whole thing is burned. It is now totally unusable.

We climbed some more until we reached a spot where we were able to look across the Dungeness to Three O'clock Ridge.

We hiked down to Sleepy Hollow Creek where we rested before hiking up again. Some rhododendrons were in bloom which makes this trail more enjoyable to hike.

Because bicyclists use this trail, it is in good shape. We came out 6.2 miles later at the entrance to the parking area for the Tubal Cain trail. We hiked over to see what shape the Silver Creek shelter was in and were pleasantly surprised to see that the Scouts have refurbished it. The last time Don and I saw it, it was almost destroyed.

Not wanting to hike Gold Creek back, and not lucky enough to hitch a ridge with vehicle or bike we walked the 3.7 miles

back down to the lower Dungeness trail.

This trail allows the bicyclists to make a loop ride. We made it a loop on foot, which added up to a 17-mile day hike.

We came to a shelter that had many things left in it, including a good first-aid kit and two nice leather-bound journals for visitors' comments. Hunters and fishermen seem to have used this shelter a lot, judging by the stuff that is left in it.

The four creek crossings on this trail are all easily done. From the valley to the head of the Dungeness is a 180-degree view. There was a fire here and the trees that escaped still have black-

ened trunks, but otherwise look healthy.

Getting back to the truck, we drove until we found a spot to camp, and managed to stay awake until we could see three stars.

Sunday morning we drove the short distance to the Little Quilcene trailhead. This 2.1 miles of trail is very steep, though someone had taken a horse up it. We finally came to a level spot, caught our breath as we could drink some water, then continued.

We came to the intersection from the other side—now Don and I could connect our lines on the maps, as this was all new trail for us.

We arrived on Mount Townsend with

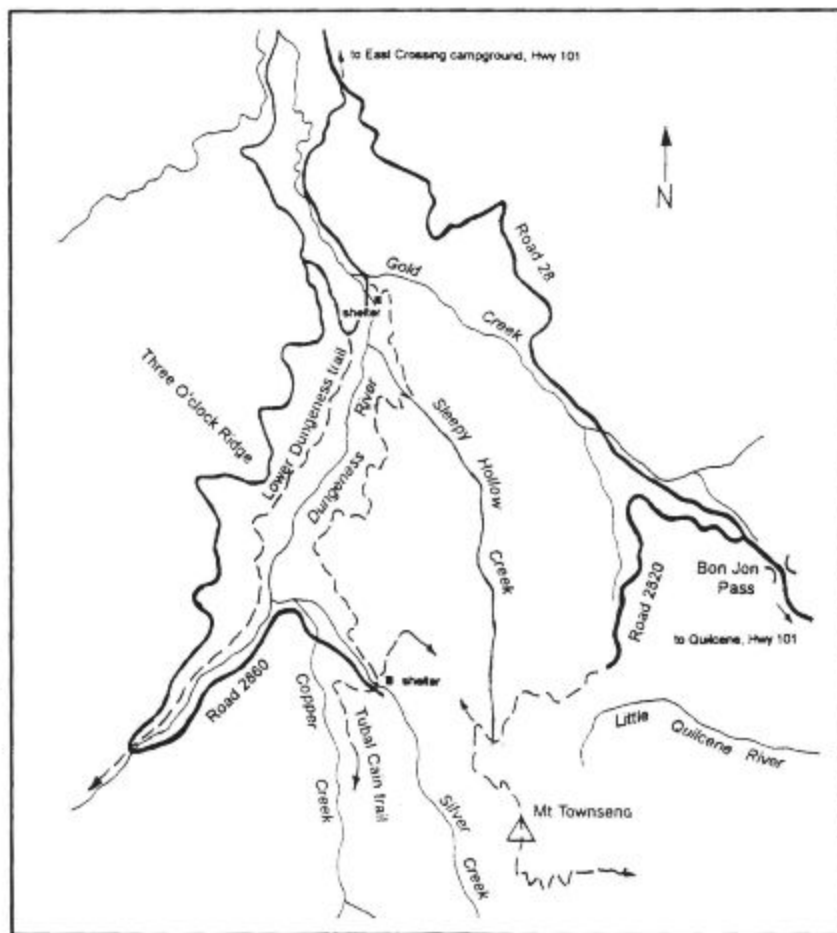
only 5 minutes of viewing before the fog came in. It was also windy and cold. There was no snow on the trail, but small patches in the forest and other sheltered spots.

Although we went really slow going back down (I was leading), we both had sore knees by the time we got back to the truck.

These trails make an excellent weekend trip, especially this time of year when the rhododendrons are blooming. The area is shown on USGS Mount Zion.

△

Kerry Gilles, originally from Port Townsend, now lives in Westport and has been hiking for 7 years.



PANORAMA

NEWS FROM ALL OVER

HYPONATREMIA—This strange word means "water intoxication." It is becoming the most common cause of serious heat illness in the Grand Canyon, according to an article in the *Arizona Republic* by Linda Richards.

Hyponatremia was first diagnosed in Grand Canyon hikers in 1988. Cases have steadily increased. Last year they accounted for 20 of 125 heat-related incidents. A research project is underway to study heat-related illnesses in the canyon.

Hikers typically drink lots of water on Grand Canyon hikes, but frequently don't eat enough, causing their bodies to become depleted in electrolytes and sodium. Too much water, too little food, high temperatures and prolonged exertion is the formula for hyponatremia.

Experienced hikers know that lunch begins right after breakfast and continues until just before dinner. Trail mix, jerky, dried fruit, salted nuts, and assorted crackers and pretzels are all good foods to eat on the trail.

Plenty of water accompanied by sufficient food also prevents other heat-related illnesses such as heat exhaustion.

IRON GOAT TRAIL—Construction and maintenance on this trail continues throughout the summer.

The July work party coordinator is Sam Fry, 206-232-3829. Call him to sign up for trail work sessions on Wednesdays (3rd, 17th, 24th, 31st), Saturdays (6th, 13th, 20th, 27th) or Sunday, the 14th.

A guided wildflower hike is sched-

uled for July 13th. It's free and you don't have to sign up in advance—just show up at the trailhead at 10am. For more information, call 206-283-1440.

The Iron Goat Trail is located on the west side of Stevens Pass. Drive Highway 2 to milepost 55 and turn off on the Old Cascade Highway. At road 6710, turn north and drive 1½ miles to the trailhead.

DOG RESCUED—Some folks camping in the Goose Egg Mountain area (Naches Ranger District) at the end of May reported a dog stranded on an island in the Tieton River. Yakima County Sheriff's deputy Raleigh Usher and some county employees set out to rescue the dog.

The river was running too high to ford, so a local summer home owner offered a boat to the rescuers. The dog was very weak but glad to see people. It was turned over to the folks who had originally reported its plight. They offered food and water—happily accepted by the dog—and report that the dog is now doing well in its new home.

CASCADE DESIGNS—Cascade Designs has purchased Traveling Light.

Traveling Light, of Berkeley, makes the Outback Oven, Evolution Cookware, Gourmet Baking Mixes, and Platypus collapsible bottles.

According to Cascade Designs' John Burroughs, "Traveling Light makes a variety of products that complement the products made by Cascade Designs. There is much opportunity to provide innovative products for our customers

by building on the successful Traveling Light products developed by Rob Lerner."

Cascade Designs is best known for developing the Therm-a-Rest mattress. The company also produces dry bags, hiking staffs, and Packtowels.

Rob Lerner will remain with Traveling Light as a freelance product designer. The acquisition is effective June 30 and operations will move to Seattle July 1.

CAPSIZING IN WILLAPA BAY—In early June a canoe with two people and two dogs capsized while rounding Pinnacle Rock on Long Island in Willapa Bay. The paddlers, their dogs and their gear were rescued by other boaters.

An article in the *Chinook Observer* says that management of the Willapa Wildlife Refuge is starting to see the need for rules, regulations and safety precautions for explorers of the bay.

Conditions in the bay can change rapidly as tides, currents and winds shift. The *Observer* article goes on to mention that many paddlers are too impatient to wait for favorable conditions and set out when they shouldn't. Usually a delay is only a few hours.

Refuge Director Jim Hidy says it is unacceptable to call the Coast Guard for "rescue" when boaters are only delayed by wind or waves. Twice in recent years impatient parties have used cell phones or radios to call for Coast Guard help when no emergency or dangerous situation has existed.—from an article by Amy Wold in the *Chinook Observer*.

HIKERS KILLED ON APPALACHIAN TRAIL—Two women who were on a 5-day hike on the AT in Shenandoah National Park were found dead by rangers after the father of one of the women reported them overdue.

The deaths were "obviously homicides," according to Park Service law enforcement officials.

The women were Julianne Williams, 24, of Minnesota and Lollie Winans, 26, of Maine. Both were experienced backpackers who had worked for Woodswomen, a company that provides adventure and education programs for women.

Although police questioned a man in the Park, no arrests have been made. The AT parallels Skyline Drive through



Char Ronel

Which way to Kandersteg? P&P readers traveling in Europe brought home a photo of this ambiguous signpost to amuse us.

PANORAMA

NEWS FROM ALL OVER

Shenandoah National Park, crossing it several times. The proximity of the highway makes the trail accessible to great numbers of people who are not hikers.—*excerpted from information in the Washington Post.*

COLUMBIA RUNOFF—Above average snow and rainfall this winter has led to predictions of a huge runoff this summer.

Through the end of July, about 134 million acre-feet of water are expected to pass the Dalles Dam on the Columbia River. By the end of May, only 85 million acre-feet had passed that point. The 49 million acre-feet still to come is enough to cover all of Washington in water 1 foot deep.

River levels will continue to run high until the end of June, then typically should start to drop. The Columbia's August level should be about half its June level.

The National Weather Service and USGS say the runoff is proceeding right at the historically average level, overcoming the drought that began in the early '80s.

TIMBERLAND OPEN TO PUBLIC—Willamette Industries has announced that it will allow non-motorized public travel on 200,000 acres of its newly-acquired lands in Pacific and Wahkiakum counties.

Willamette purchased the land from Cavenham Forest Industries last spring. Cavenham had gated and posted its lands after a fatal accident on one of its forest roads led to a lawsuit.

The Willamette policy allows people to visit their lands during daylight hours; the gates will stay up to keep out motorized vehicles.—*from the Chinook Observer.*

HIKERS INJURED AT BEACH—In early June, a hiker fell while climbing a scastack at Second Beach. Other backpackers in the area assisted him while another jogged out to the trailhead for help. The injured man was brought out on a wheeled litter and taken to the Forks hospital. His injuries included broken teeth and jaw, and many bruises.

That accident followed one the previous day in which a young woman with a knee injury was brought out by wheeled litter from north of Sand Point.

Mora Ranger Bob Lineback com-

mented that both of these evacuations were avoidable if the persons involved had exercised better judgement. He urges people hiking the coast to be prepared and use good sense.

LAKE CRESCENT PLAN—The National Park Service has published a Notice of Intent to prepare an Environmental Impact Statement for the Lake Crescent Management Plan.

The Lake Crescent planning process began with a public scoping period last summer. After the plan's alternatives were developed, it became apparent that an in-depth EIS was appropriate, rather than the simpler Environmental Assessment originally planned.

During the public scoping period, members of the public helped to identify and discuss issues important to the Lake Crescent planning process. Comments received have already been incorporated into the planning process and will remain an integral and vital part of the final EIS and management plan.

Another scoping period is now open and the public is invited to contribute additional issues and ideas relevant to the plan.

The Lake Crescent Management Plan and EIS will address a wide range of issues and uses of the lake and watershed. When complete, the plan will serve as a guideline for management of the Lake Crescent area for the next 15 to 20 years.

Issues already identified by the public and by Park staff include transportation and access to and around the lake, recreation, development, and protection of Park resources. These and any additional issues identified during the current scoping period will be considered in the development of the EIS, which will be presented for public review and comment later this year.

If you have comments you wish to submit, mail (or bring them) to:

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

The deadline for comments is July 19.

NEPAL—Foreign expedition teams going to the Everest region are required to make an advance deposit of \$4,000 which is refunded after they bring back their garbage and waste to Kathmandu.

Nepal's earnings from tourism, in-

cluding royalty and expenses paid by foreign climbers, totaled \$98 million in 1995.—*from the BC Mountaineering Club newsletter.*

SPIDER MEADOW—The fund-raising campaign by Trust for Public Lands to save Spider Meadow was successful—but it's not over yet.

Now Congress has to approve funds to transfer the land from TPL's safe haven to public ownership as part of the Glacier Peak Wilderness.

It's time for you to write letters. Write to **Senator Patty Murray** (111 Russell Senate Office Bldg, Washington DC 20510) and **Senator Slade Gorton** (SH-730 Hart Senate Office Bldg, Washington DC 20510).

Spider Meadow is in the district of Congressman **Richard Hastings** (1229 Longworth HOB, Washington DC 20515). Send your own Congressman a copy of your letter to Hastings.

Tell all of these folks how important Spider Meadow is to hikers. If you've been there, tell them your impressions and what Spider Meadow means to you. Urge them to make Spider Meadow a priority for funding.

NEW BC FERRY—The BC Ferry Corporation has started ferry service from Port Hardy on Vancouver Island to Klemtu on Swindle Island, 136 miles north of Port Hardy.

The ferry *Queen of Chilliwack* makes stops at Finn Bay, Namu, Bella Bella, Shearwater, Ocean Falls, and Bella Coola. This region, called the "mid-coast," is one of the most remote and sparsely populated areas of British Columbia. Previously the area had been accessible by ferry only to Bella Bella, or by chartered floatplane.

The mid-coast is a paddler's paradise, with spectacular mountains, inlets and fjords, lagoons, hot springs, and expanses of beach. Hakai Recreational Area, near Namu, is a well-known destination. Another area good for paddling is the Goose Group islands, or the Spider Group islands, both accessible from Bella Bella.

For information about schedules and fares, contact BC Ferries in Vancouver at 604-669-1211, or in Victoria at 604-386-3431.

For information about the unique communities on the route, call "Cruise BC" at 604-753-2723.

REST STOP

EQUIPMENT, RECIPES, TIPS

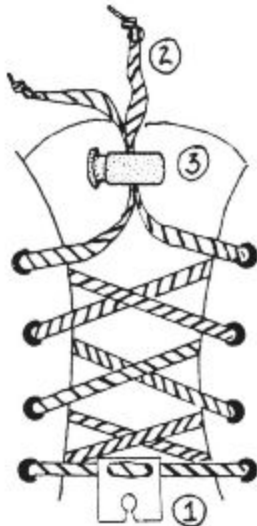
TOGGLE YOUR BOOTS—

Dear Yellow Cat,

While your co-workers have only two boots to tie, you of course have four. You may want to try this alternate method to avoid having to tie so many knots and bows.

Kids, old folks and frozen-fingered hikers have found this method helpful but you will be the first cat to benefit from this technique. While putting on your fourth boot you can

1. Punch two small holes on the end of a bread-wrapper-closer. Feed the lace through as shown and lace boots as usual.
2. Thread ends of laces through a toggle (Seattle Fabrics has a wide selection of styles and colors) and knot.
3. Cinch up laces with toggle and snap extra length of laces through bread-wrapper-closer.



stand on the laces and operate the toggle with your teeth (by the way, how do you tie the fourth boot now?).

Let me know how or if this works out for you. Since you must consume four loaves of bread prior to trying it I don't expect a report any time soon.

Good luck,

Random Reader.

DOG DAYS—Hot days and rough mountain trails can spell disaster for the unprepared dog and human. If you take your dog hiking, remember that dogs are just like people. You can't expect a dog who's been sitting on the couch watching Lassie re-runs all winter to be Super-dog out on the trail. Plan your hike accordingly.

A dog's fur provides some insulating properties and protection against sunburn. Providing an adequate supply of water, however, is the responsibility of the human partner on the trip. You can't always rely on finding water along the trail, so bring water and a dish for your dog.

Watch your dog for signs of exhaustion and heat stress: excessive panting, weakness, and disorientation. Use water to cool him down and let him rest as often as needed.

Rocks above treeline can be devastating to unconditioned paws. Cut and torn pads will leave your dog bleeding and unable to continue. Check your dog's feet periodically and carry booties. Porcupines are common in many parts of the backcountry, so your dog's first aid kit should include needlenose pliers for removing quills. (Consult your vet for proper technique.)

Be considerate—not everyone likes dogs. Your dog should be under physical or verbal control at all times. Carry a leash and use it on busy summits, around other people's campsites, and when passing other folks on the trail.

Don't let your dog soil the trail; use a stick to move feces off the path.

If your dog is aggressive and unfriendly to other people, keep in mind that several million people use the Wenatchee National Forest alone each year. It may be best to leave your dog home.—*from Wenatchee National Forest.*

THE MOUNTAINEERS—The Northwest's oldest and largest outdoor recreation club holds Information Meetings every month. New and prospective members are invited to attend to learn about club activities and how you can take part.

For information on the next Information Meeting, call the club office at 206-284-6310.

GORP BARS—

- 2½ cups chocolate chips
- ¾ cup honey
- ¾ cup peanut butter
- ½ cup chopped dates or other dried fruit (apricots are good)
- ¾ cup raisins
- ½ cup coconut
- ½ cup wheat germ
- 1 cup granola or rolled oats
- 1 cup walnut pieces or mixed cashews, peanuts & sunflower seeds

Melt chocolate chips, honey and peanut butter over low heat, stirring frequently, until smooth. Mix all other ingredients in large bowl. Pour in chocolate mixture and stir well. Spread in a flat, greased pan and refrigerate. When cold break into pieces.

RENT A VAN—A Bellingham company specializes in renting Volkswagon

Gear Review—your most favorite / least favorite equipment

SEALSKINZ SOCKS—I don't like wearing rubber boots in a sea kayak and I also don't like wet feet from wading in the water at the put-in. I've tried several things and I think I've finally found my answer—SealSkinz waterproof socks from DuPont.

They're made of three layers of material: an inner layer to wick moisture away, a middle layer to allow perspiration to escape while keeping water out; and a nylon outer layer to resist abrasion. The socks use a seamless design for preventing blisters.

My footwear consists of an inner fleece sock, then the SealSkinz sock,

then a neoprene boot from Northwest River Supplies. The combination keeps my feet warm and dry (there is some minor wetness from perspiration—but nothing like the soaking from wading in water without the SealSkinz).

The instructions for the socks caution to use care when putting them on or taking them off to prevent damage to the middle layer so I don't know how well they will stand up to repeated usage. I've used them a half dozen times with no deterioration yet.

They come in two lengths—standard and over-the calf so be careful to get the one you want if you decide to try

them. Over-the-calf is what I use to allow wading in a little deeper water than the standard length. They're pretty expensive—\$33.99—but they've made my feet happy, and if they hold up over repeated usage I think they are worth it.

I got mine by mail order from **Thunderwear Inc, 1060-C Calle Negocio, San Clemente CA 92673** (800-422-6565) because I couldn't find any locally. Since then I have seen them at West Marine in Seattle.—*LGM, Port Orchard.*

REST STOP

EQUIPMENT, RECIPES, TIPS

camper-vans especially for touring the Pacific Northwest.

Adventure Werks can deliver the van to Seattle or Vancouver airports, or to your home. They also provide rentals of such items as sleeping bags, pots and pans, and mountain bikes. If you'd rather take along a canoe or kayak, they can suggest local outfitters for rentals.

The vans sleep four and are self-contained. Co-owner Todd McCleve says a van is particularly nice for folks who want to do day-trips—it's easy to move "camp" and there's no setting up or taking down in the rain.

For information, contact Adventure Werks at 800-736-8897 (or 360-738-1159; FAX 360-738-1062).

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

Pass/Upper Icicle Creek.

Both maps are two-sided sheets, 18" x 24" with a color topographic map on one side and road and trail planimetric updates on the other. The maps include Henry M. Jackson Wilderness, Nason Ridge, Lake Wenatchee and Dirtyface Lookout site.

Color, aerial and scenic photos highlight mountains noted by owner Robert M. Kinzebach. Each map sheet sells for \$12.50. Order from Pic-Tour Maps, 29118 23rd Avenue South, Federal Way WA 98003.

Pic-Tour plans to release three other maps as well: Foss River/Necklace Valley; White Pass/Goat Rocks/Cougar Lakes; and the larger Enchantments area.

PADDLE GAMES—On Sunday, July 28, Washington Water Trails Associa-

tion presents the first annual Seattle Paddle Games on Lake Union.

The games will take place at the south end of Lake Union, with a new event every hour between 1 and 4pm. Registration is open to boaters of all ages and skills—the only qualification is that your craft be human-powered (kayak, canoe, rubber raft ...). Participation is limited to 200, so pre-registration is highly recommended. Forms are available at Pacific Water Sports, Northwest Outdoor Center, REI outlets, Tahoma Outdoor Pursuits and Olympic Outdoor Center.

Call WWTa for more information: 206-545-9161.

LAST DAY—The last day for High Mountain Rendezvous in Issaquah is July 27. Everything is marked down; everything must go.

New Books

STEHKIN, A Guide to the Enchanted Valley, second edition, by Fred T. Darvill Jr, MD. Darvill Outdoor Publications, 1819 Hickox Road, Mount Vernon WA 98273; 1996; \$9.95. (By mail, \$11).

This small book of less than 100 pages is just the right size to pack along when you visit Stehkin. Don't let its small size fool you, however—the pages are full of natural and human history, as well as a detailed trail guide for the Stehkin Valley and surrounding mountains. The trail descriptions include the month and year of the most recent survey by the author.

Photographs, illustrations and sketch maps complement the written information.

Author Fred Darvill, a *Pack & Paddle* reader, has a cabin in the Stehkin valley and has explored the region extensively for more than 30 years. He is the author of several other books.

100 HIKES in the GLACIER PEAK REGION: The North Cascades, third edition, by Ira Spring and Harvey Manning. Mountaineers Books, 800-553-4453; 1996; \$14.95.

The *100 Hikes* books are the classic Washington hiking guides. Continually updated, the series is about as current as a printed book can be. This one includes an official entry for the Walt Bailey Trail and for North Lake, but otherwise remains about the same for west-side trails.

East-side trails are more rearranged, with some taken out and new ones added, especially in the Mad River region. Lots of new photos, and re-done maps.

HOW TO RENT A FIRE LOOKOUT in the PACIFIC NORTHWEST, by

Tom Foley and Tish Steinfeld. Wilderness Press, 2440 Bancroft Way, Berkeley

CA 94704; 1996; \$12.95.

This is a must-have book for anyone who likes to stay in Forest Service cabins. Although only five in Washington are in the rental program, there are three dozen in Oregon. Many are available year-round.

The authors, both residents of Ashland, have done a thorough job describing each cabin, how to get there, its facilities, and what to expect. A locator map and a photo of each cabin are included.

HIKING A ROUND, by Robert Ellinwood. Mountaineers Books, 800-553-4453; 1996; \$12.95.

In the making for years, *Hiking A Round* has finally been released, to the delight of all campers who still sing. Included are old favorites as well as new songs—some have words slightly altered to fit the hiking environment of rain, dirty socks, and long miles on the trail! The introduction covers the basics of round-singing.

Author Bob Ellinwood, a *Pack & Paddle* reader for many years, is professor of music at Lynchburg College in Virginia. He has hiked the AT twice and has also hiked the PCT.

Those who are already familiar with reading music and singing rounds will get the most enjoyment from this book, but anyone can learn how. An audio tape with a half hour of round-singing examples is included.



EDITOR'S JOURNAL



On the Dewatto River.

FROM THE MAILBOX—"I like reading anything about the Olympics!"—Seattle.

"Though I am now retired I still have not been able to find time to write the articles I have planned for years."—Tacoma.

"As soon as my copy arrives I drop everything and start reading."—Seattle.

30 YEARS AGO—It was in July of 1966 that my mother, Louise, ran off a few pages of outdoor information on an old purple ditto machine and mailed them out to a few friends and fellow club members.

She was chair of the newly-formed Backpack Committee at the time, and felt that there must be some way of passing on trail conditions to the club trip leaders so information could be shared and disappointments avoided—sort of like the little notes you sometimes find stuck to trail signs in the backcountry.

"Accordingly, I hereby set up this Signpost for backpackers," Louise wrote in her opening paragraph, "that all who pass this way may be guided by the experience of those who have gone ahead, and may know which course the main trail is taking."

That first year, The Signpost was stapled together on the dining room

table. As it grew it took over the living room, and finally was moved out to the big red barn, where it thrived for many years.

Thirty years later, we take access to outdoor information almost for granted. It didn't used to be as easy as reading a magazine, phoning the Outdoor Info Center, or cruising the Internet.

I have a lot of fun producing *P&P* for you, and I am glad to be continuing the "family tradition" started by my mother 30 years ago.

OLD FAVORITES—My mother can tell lots of her own great backpacking stories, but some of her favorites are those that appeared in the pages of *Signpost* when she was editor.

As we were reminiscing the other day, she remembered the one about the lady who lost her car keys while picking huckleberries in Indian Heaven. After searching and searching, she hiked out and phoned home (to Seattle) to ask her husband to drive all the way down with a spare set. He wasn't happy.

The following year, the same lady was picking berries again in the same spot ... and found the lost keys!

Louise's other favorite story is called "The Lost Hiking Stick," and was such a popular tale that it was published twice. It was a yarn spun by Cort Green about mountains of the world, sharks, whales and grand adventure—purely fiction, but based on the fact that he *did* lose his hiking stick.



As a grandmother, I am entitled to show at least one baby picture—1-year-old Talyn on the beach in Florida.

NEW STORES—Two brand-new outdoor stores have opened recently: Peninsula Kayaks, and Outward Bound Sports.

Outward Bound Sports is located in "old Bellevue." They specialize in manufacturers' samples and overruns for greatly reduced prices.

Peninsula Kayak is located over here on the Kitsap Peninsula in Poulsbo. We're glad to see another outdoor shop open near us!

They both have ads in this issue for addresses and phone numbers.

SEATTLE FABRICS—For those of you following Seattle Fabrics' impending move to a new location: they have found a place. It's at 88th and Aurora. The company is building its own facility, and it is said to be three times the size of their current one!

The current lease expires August 1, but it's going to be nip-and-tuck to get the new place ready by then. They're hard at work at it.

"Will there be a moving sale?" we asked hopefully. "Possibly," was the response.

RANDOM READER—Yellow Cat wants to respond to Random Reader's boot lace suggestion on page 36. His tone, she feels, is a little flip. YC is an avant-garde hiker, always one of the first to try new ideas and techniques. She is a follower of the latest fad, bare-foot hiking, and she uses no boots at all. But she thinks RR's idea has merit for those who are still tromping along with boots.

Now that the weather is better, YC is outdoors quite a bit, especially on the new loop path Lee has constructed through thick ferns and forest behind *Pack & Paddle's* World Headquarters.

See you in the backcountry,

Ann Marshall



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Brand	Description	Reg.Price	Final	U Save
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Edelrid	White Ultralight	68.50	39.99	42%
GREAT PRICES ON 9 & 10.5MM ROPES, PLUS:				
	10.5mm Gymline/ft.	.95	.59	38%
	11mm x 60M PMI Std.	169.20	89.99	47%
	11mm x 60M PMI Dry	196.80	129.99	34%
	11mm x 55M Maxim Dry	179.95	99.99	44%

Footwear

Merrell	Women's Guide-6	250.00	99.99	60%
5.10Mocasym	(5,5½,6 only)	100.00	49.99	50%
LaSportiva	Mythos (34,34½)	136.00	69.99	49%
BDE Expedition	Gaiter-Med.	86.00	39.99	53%
(fits 7½ - 8½ Scarpa Inverno or Koflach Viva Soft)				
Asolo	AFX 520 W's 5,5½	135.00	69.99	48%
Vasque	Alpha IV 5,6,6½	67.00	29.99	55%
Kid's Asics	Gel-Saga, Jr.	45.00	9.99	78%
Kid's Hiking	Boots	37.99-	All	Up to
Vasque, Merrell, New Balance		53.00	19.99	62%

XC/Backcountry Gear

Life Link	Beeper Bag	19.95	2.99	85%
Atlas	1011 Kid's Snowshoe	99.00	39.99	60%
Asolo	Men's Snowfired	265.00	119.99	55%
(7,8½,9½,10½ only)				
Coll-tex	Orig. Mohair skins	79.95-	39.99-	Up to
	42,50,55,64mm	109.95	69.99	50%
2 oz.	Skin Adhesive	9.95	3.99	60%
OR	Ski Boot Totes- Med.	19.95	9.99	49%

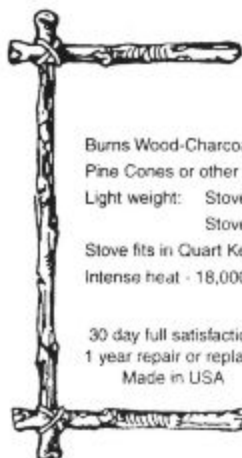
Backpacking

Brand	Description	Reg.Price	Final	U-Save
Moonstone	'95 Iguana 20°F	150.00	99.99	33%
A-16	Compression Sacks	27.95	12.99	54%
"	"	29.95	14.99	50%
Basic Designs	Gravity Filter	83.89	39.99	52%
w/two ceramic replacements				
PUR	Traveler	74.95	39.99	47%
PUR	Carbon Cartridge	19.99	9.99	50%
(fits Explorer or Scout)				
Freeze dried food- Great Selection!				20%
	Plus Spicy Salsa	2.99	.99	67%
Olicamp	Stainless Cooksets	39.99	19.99	50%
OR	1st Aid Accessories	Reduced to 99¢		70%
inc. Thermoeter, Wire Splint, & more				
Iodine Antiseptic, Porous Tape				
OR	Professional Mod. Mits	94.99	74.99	21%
w/ Gore-tex Liners				
Cascade Designs	RidgeRest	16.99	8.99	47%
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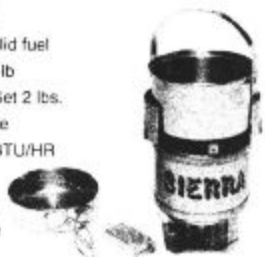


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