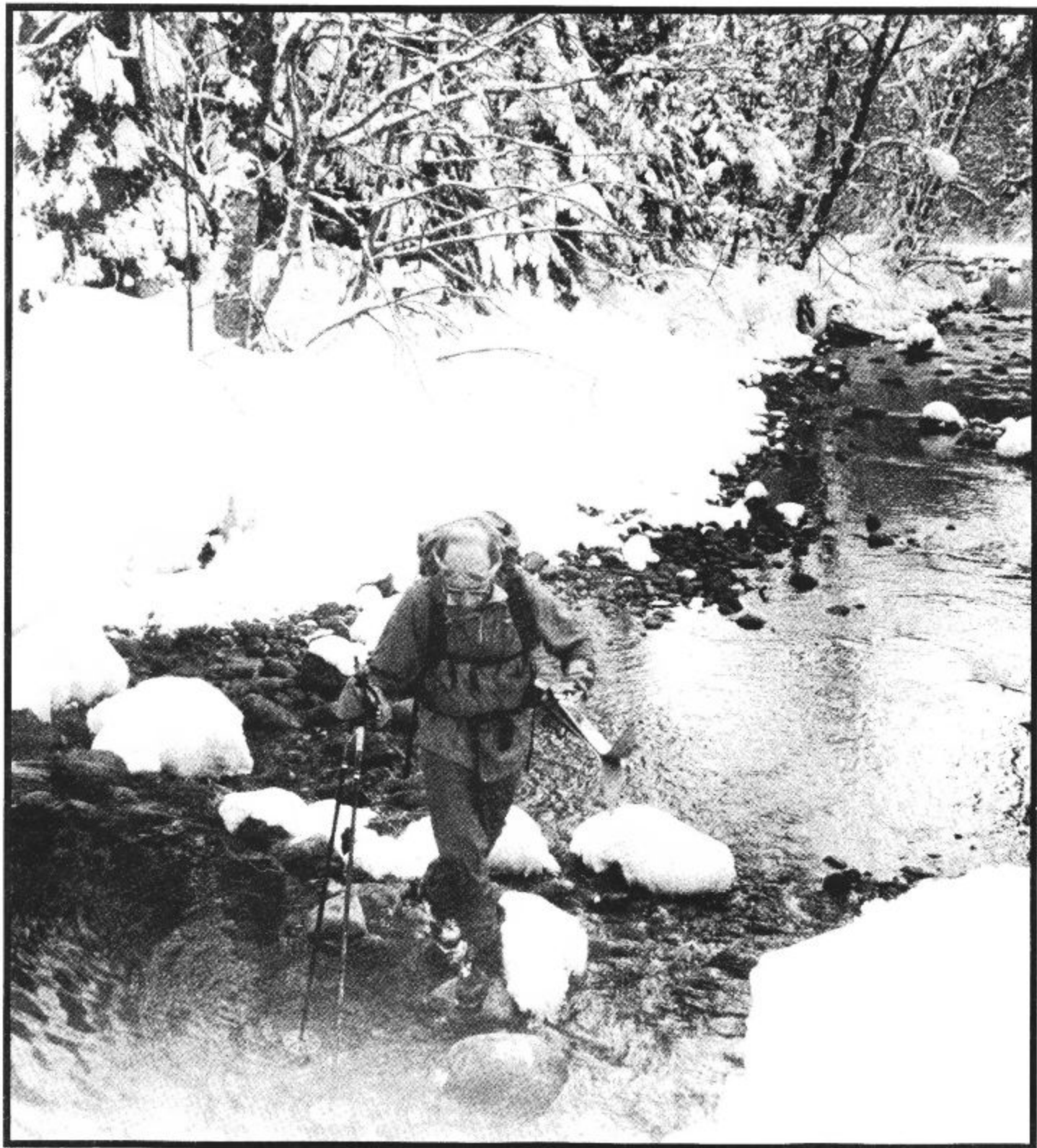


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VOLUME 5, NUMBER 12

RANDOM VIEW—



Shirley Haley

James and Sarah on the trail to Hannegan Pass.

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COVER PHOTO:

Lee rock-hops over a small creek near Keechelus Lake on an early-season ski trip. Wenatchee National Forest, Washington. Photo by Ann Marshall.

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NEPAL AND REI

As one who trekked to Everest Base in 1990, I enjoyed the article by Pat Tillman describing a recent trip in Nepal (*November, page 18*). But I was surprised by her apparent disappointment with paying \$100 for the flight to Mount Everest—"could have found something better for that purpose."

Following my 1990 trek I took the same commercial flight and found it to be one of the highlights of my trip—now well preserved in my trip diary and photo album. During the flight I obtained spectacular stereo-photo coverage of many of the peaks in the listing of the world's "8000-meter peaks"—Shishapangma, Cho Oyo, Everest, Nuptse, Lhotse, Makalu, and Kangchenjunga.

Once again Harvey Manning hits the nail on the head (*November, page 4*). As a fellow old geezer (REI #946), I concur with his first-visit impressions of REI's highly touted new "Flagship" store—and thinking of the good old days of its locale above the Green Apple Restaurant on Pike Street.

I agree that the new store is an archi-

tectural wonder with its facsimiles of NW outdoor settings—the cascading stream and waterfall and the 80-foot spire—and with a children's playpen with miniature climbing wall, the Photo Gallery featuring Art Wolfe's outstanding mountain and nature scenes, restaurant and spacious auditorium, and the historic display featuring giant photos of famed Northwest climbers on famed Himalayan peaks. But during my first visit I felt both impressed and depressed—and somewhat frightened by it all.

The glit atmosphere and abundant display of the store's innumerable "things" puts the emphasis not on the mountains but on their now widely accepted indoor facsimiles, and on the physical-action and materialistic rather than on the soul/spirit-elevating aspects of the natural outdoor setting.

And, by contrast, there's been a corresponding decrease in the space devoted to the "think" items (books and maps), which provide the initial mental stimulus for our wanting to be among the real mountains and natural waterways.

But perhaps REI's emphasis on

"thing" items is only a reflection of the TV-nurtured materialistic value system of today's society.

Dee Molenaar
Burley, Washington

STATE PARKS

Since my first love is hiking and other related things and I also belong to Good Sam, my thoughts have gone to the separate wants of people with homes on wheels and those with packs, tents, kayaks or canoes.

California just opened its first 30 mile stretch near Santa Monica with parks for kayaks and they will continue up the coast.

I was really surprised that the proposed park on Key Peninsula has not ever started. I know this so well and it is ideal for kayaks and canoes.

I use our parks and do my best to pitch in everywhere I go. I watch as the paid employees become fewer and fewer. Trail workers are so busy, but maybe others have good ideas or can run equipment. The volunteers do a tremendous job but I haven't seen any on building projects.

To help out at State Parks, contact:
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Washington State Parks
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Olympia WA 98504
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HELEN and PHILIP FIALKOW

At the *Pack & Paddle* office, we followed the news of the fierce Himalayan storm with interest, and then with concern as we realized that the "two Americans" caught in the storm with their guides were subscribers Helen and Philip Fialkow, of Seattle.

After being missing for over a week, the bodies of the Fialkows and their party were found under about 8 feet of snow. Some reports attributed the depth of snow to accumulation from the storm, others to avalanche.

BACKCOUNTRY NEWS





REPORTS AND CONDITIONS

INTRODUCTION

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

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

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-  —Hiking, backpacking on trails.
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-  —Snowshoeing and cross-country skiing.



PENINSULA



GENERAL CONDITIONS—Roads and trails snowcovered.

 **TUNNEL CREEK** (*Buckhorn Wilderness; USGS Mt Townsend*)—There were no vehicles at the trailhead (about 2600 feet) when I arrived around noon. This trail crosses an east-west ridge of Mount Constance and can be approached either from the south on the Dosewallips or from Penny Creek road just south of Quilcene.

For the first 2.7 miles, the trail travels basically along or just to the west of Tunnel Creek through dense forest. This portion of the trail is not very steep. Just a short distance from the trailhead, I spotted several mushrooms which I recognized as chanterelles and made mental note to pick them on my return.

Just above the shelter the old trail

BACKCOUNTRY NEWS DEADLINE: December 17


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

crosses the creek. Since I prefer the old trail (now signed as a horse trail) over the newer section which crosses on a new footbridge about 100 yards upstream, I crossed the creek on the rocks. Plants are now beginning to cover most of the old trail and there was no evidence of horse traffic this season.

The trail between Kames Lake and Harrison Lake had been improved even more since I was here a couple of years ago. As I crested the ridge (almost 5000 feet; 4.1 miles in), Mount Constance appeared almost close enough to touch, spectacular as usual.

I retraced my way down the trail and remembered to pick the chanterelles. Unfortunately, I found out after checking my mushroom guidebook that these were the "edible but not recommended" woolly chanterelles.

I saw no one on this outing until I met three young men about ten minutes from the trailhead on my return trip.—BRN, Bainbridge Island, 10/13.

 **THIRD BEACH** (*Olympic Natl Park; USGS Quillayute Prairie, Toleak Pt*)—Pulled into the little parking lot at Third Beach trailhead early in the morning. The sun was just starting to make its presence known as I donned the fanny pack for a day of beach adventure. I immediately startled an owl of unknown species, so I knew it was going to be a good day. Silent flight, indeed!

The Sitka spruces are lurking around every corner of the trail, standing as dark sentinels of near-immortality. Some of the barrel-chested brutes are

10 feet in diameter. The trail winds through the thinning ranks of deerfoot vanilla-leaf, and I start to hear the hiss of the surf in the misty distance. Suddenly the Pacific materializes, and, at the same instant, the surf booms magically below.

The trail drops quickly through the last gnarled sentinels, at the beachhead. These trees mimic the conditions of the timberline of the high country, bearing the load of the same incessant winds as the barren slopes of those higher elevations. These ragged outposts of the forest edge act as sacrifices to tame the wind for their inland sisters.

I crunch through the cobblestones and shingle-smooth rocks near the bluff. These quickly decrease in size with every step toward the water. Finally, the rocks are reduced to sand as I head south along the edge of the surf.

The surf pounds the rocks below the falls ½-mile down the beach, and the spray jumps high. Just before the falls, I climb the rope and wood and mud ladders up the cliff to follow the inland trail around the headland. The surf again becomes no more than a hiss as I plunge into the rain forest. The sword ferns are as high as my head, and I feel very small as I wind through them, crossing the "waterfall creek" with a quick jump.

After a mile or so, the trail passes high above a rocky cove boiling with seawater 100 feet below my vantage point. I can taste the salt mist mingling with the musky smell of ancient trees and humus. I watch a deer gently pick its way around the perimeter of the

cove, ears turning like radar while it searches for forage.

The trail drops to the beautiful beach near Scott Creek. The fresh water is rushing madly to the ocean, only to be swallowed up by great stacks of driftwood. I startle a couple of raccoons and feel bad, because they were only washing their "hands" in the fresh water. (They must have seen the signs: "Please Wash Your Hands Before Returning To Work").

The tide is starting to ease back toward China now, and more beach is exposed. I work my way farther south, using the hardpacked sand as a trail toward the group of rock sentinels in the near distance. The larger seastacks have trees growing on top, looking like bonsai decorations.

Tidepools form near the seastacks, and I get down on my hands and knees to observe the unbelievable profusion of life in the pools. This miniature world is a wonderful and violent microcosm of predator and prey.

The limpets move slowly, scraping minute fauna from the surface of the bedrock. Hermit crabs fill the shells they have captured, sometimes spinning in a jaunty dance. Sea anemones wave their green tentacles slowly, waiting to snap up errant passersby.

I am startled by the phosphorescent colors of the sea slugs. The most colorful specimens have emerald green bodies, pink spines, and orange carapaces.

Where did the time go? Six hours has passed in the blink of an eye. My

back hurts from bending down, my knees are burning, and my eyes are watering (who knows, maybe they're even crossed) from the closeup observing.

But my soul has been renewed from being entertained for so long by the complex strains of nature's design.

Time to go back.—Larry Smith, Port Orchard, 11/1.



MOUNT TOWNSEND

(Buckhorn Wilderness; USGS Mt Townsend)—When I arrived at the Little Quilcene trailhead at a little after noon, two cars were in the new parking lot. I drove on down to the old lot as I wanted check out the old trailhead.

A couple of months ago the trailhead was moved about 200 yards, and about 250 yards of new trail was built connecting with the old trail about 30 yards from the road. This was done to bypass a slide at the very beginning of the old trail. After checking around a little, I was baffled why they chose to build 250 yards of new trail when they could have bypassed the slide by building only 25 feet of trail starting right at the old parking lot.

This is my fourth trip to Mount Townsend on this trail, my seventh trip up the mountain this year. It was warm and sunny, so I started out in my usual shorts and T-shirt. I started encountering patches of snow at around 4500 feet. About a third of the distance up the mountain, I met the driver of one of the vehicles.

And about fifteen minutes from the

summit, I met the driver of the other vehicle, a white VW bug. This hiker is also a regular on Mount T; I had met him just two weeks ago at almost the same spot.

As I came out of the trees onto the north ridge, I could see lots of snow on the twin peaks of Mount Buckhorn and even more on beautiful Mount Mystery. There were only small spots of snow on the summit ridge. The wind usually keeps this long ridge swept almost free of snow.

As I reached the summit, 6280 feet, a group of Olympic College students was just departing, so I had the mountain to myself. On my return, I met a young couple about 5 minutes from the trailhead. —BRN, Bainbridge Island, 11/9.

DOSEWALLIPS ROAD—Closed at Park boundary for the winter.—Ranger, 11/15.

HURRICANE RIDGE—The road to Obstruction Point is closed for the season; it will reopen next June or July.

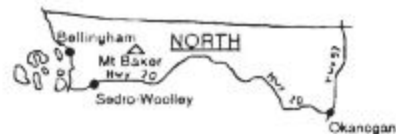
Depending on weather, the Hurricane Ridge road will be open Thursday through Sunday. Call the number below for current conditions.

Skiers and snowshoers on day-trips can park at the Hurricane Ridge Visitors' Center. No overnight parking is permitted at the ridge, but cars can be left overnight at specified locations—be sure to check with the ranger on duty. Backcountry permits are required.

An experimental shuttle will operate this winter. The bus will make two round trips daily. Reservations are required and a fee will be charged. Call the number below for details.

The entry fee will continue through the winter: \$5 per vehicle. Call 360-452-0330 for more information.—Ranger, 11/20.

NORTH

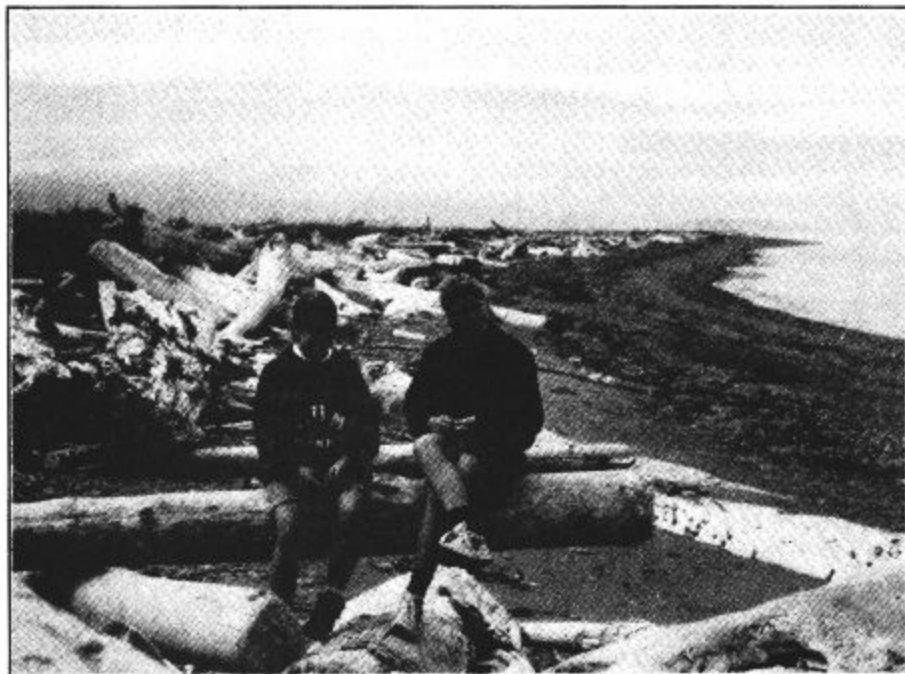


GENERAL CONDITIONS—Roads and trails snowcovered.



EXCELSIOR PASS TO WELCOME PASS (Mt Baker Wilderness; USGS Mt Larrabee, Bearpaw Mtn)

—I've wanted to do this ridge walk for years and was waiting for the reopening of the Canyon Creek road. When I received a call from a friend in Vancouver BC who was scheduling this



Sarah and Joanna Wilson take a break while hiking out to the lighthouse on Dungeness Spit, near Sequim. This hike is great year round.

Shirley Haley

BACKCOUNTRY NEWS

REPORTS AND CONDITIONS

trip for his hiking group, I jumped at the chance to join them.

We met at the Glacier Ranger Station early Sunday morning and sent two cars off to the Welcome Pass trailhead to drop one car; the rest of us headed up the road to the Damfino Lakes trailhead. All roads are in good condition.

I had heard that the Welcome Pass road was difficult, but it's fine. However, there isn't room to park more than one or two cars at that trailhead. See *100 Hikes in the NC* for directions.

We headed up toward Excelsior Pass in mostly sunny weather. The trail was muddy in a few spots and there are a few logs to get over; easy for hikers, but horses wouldn't make it.

The berries were ripe, though not as plentiful as expected, and the colors were superb. We arrived at the top to wait for the rest of our group and watch the fog from the valley swirl up and around Mount Baker.

The ridge walk is 4 miles of ups and downs along the ridge, mostly in meadows. A sharp drop of 300 feet midway would make a good turn-around spot for dayhikers returning to Damfino Lakes.

We had lunch at a highpoint on the ridge with views of Baker and Shuksan. Then the drivers went ahead to make the car swap and the passengers took their time ambling along the ridge (it's about a 45 minute drive between trailheads).

At Welcome Pass, we talked about following the waytrail up to the high point to the east and then along the ridge, but napping in the grass with a view won out.

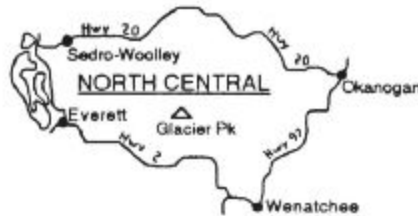
We finally headed down the very steep Welcome Pass trail and were amazed at how well built the trail is for the steepness; steep and very short little switchbacks that get the job done without being slippery.

We arrived at the trailhead to find the cars had not arrived yet, so we walked the mile or so down to the main road and waited in a large turnout that is just west and across the road.

A great hike, but I think I would avoid the Welcome Pass trail and do this in and out from Damfino lakes; longer but the ridge is pretty enough to do both directions and avoid the viewless and steep Welcome Pass trail and the long wait to get the cars.

If you can find somebody who wants to go up the Welcome Pass trail, this would make a better key exchange than a shuttle.—SE, Bellevue, 9/29.

NORTH CENTRAL



GENERAL CONDITIONS—Roads and trails snowcovered.



SQUIRE CREEK PASS

(Boulder River Wilderness, USGS Whitehorse Mtn)—The last 2 miles to the trailhead are very rough road; take extreme caution. I arrived at the Squire Creek Pass trailhead at 11am on a relatively nice day. By the time I reached the pass at 1pm, it was snowing heavily! This was a nice surprise to see my first snow of the season in such a beautiful place.

The trail itself is easy to follow until you get close to the pass where there are some trees down and a couple of boulder fields to navigate through. Hiking turns into scrambling in a few parts along the trail with some pretty huge rock formations, and difficult creek crossings.

The faces of Mount Bullen, Whitehorse, and Three Fingers mountains are all in plain view when you reach the pass. This is a spectacular sight, well worth the hike! Soon this trail will be under snow so go soon if you are not into snowshoeing.—Kristi Allen, Normandy Park, 11/3.



POODLE DOG PASS,

Monte Cristo (*HMJ Wilderness; USGS Monte Cristo*)—John decreed that Gothic Basin would be Troop 70's goal and we were excited about going. I've been there many times before and know what a spectacular place it is. There were six of us—three adults and three boys, prepared to camp in snow.

We left the Happy Car at Barlow Pass and walked the road about a mile to the Gothic Basin trailhead.

We turned off on the Gothic Basin trail (the newer trail created by Will Thompson and VOW to avoid the dangerous crossing of the Sauk). The first stream crossing about a mile up was a raging torrent. John thought he could help us all across but in the process fell in up to his thighs and agreed it probably wasn't a good idea to continue.

We turned around and hiked back

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BACKCOUNTRY NEWS

REPORTS AND CONDITIONS

out to the road. Poodle Dog Pass/Silver Lakes was Plan B. (Willie kept calling it Hoodie Dog Pass.) Cheerfully, we hoisted our packs and continued hiking down the old road that goes into Monte Cristo. At the Silver Lake trailhead just before entering Monte Cristo we began hiking up the trail.

No, on second thought it *wasn't* a trail. It was a streambed. The snow was melting very fast due to the unseasonable warming trend and the trail was a nightmare. Even in good conditions this trail is a jumble of boulders, roots, and mud and we were getting tired.

By the time we had hiked ½-mile or so we were in about 10 inches of snow but it was melting quickly, adding its contents to the streambed. I had fallen behind to take pictures of the Monte Cristo peaks and also, admittedly, to rest. I was surprised when only about 200 feet from the top our stalwart group was prevented from going farther by a recent avalanche that had wiped out the trail.

John said, "No way," so once again we were thwarted by the mountain gods. It was getting late in the day—we were tired and wet—and making camp was crucial. Our only option at that point was to camp at the Monte Cristo campground near Monte Cristo.

I was tired enough that even going downhill felt like work. Monte Cristo camp looked good to all of us by the time we reached it. We had hiked about 9 miles with about 2800 feet gain. We were pleasantly surprised by a cooking shelter with a roof and a stove—a very handy place to hang out in foul weather.

It was dinner and then to bed since it is now getting dark by 5pm. We woke the next morning to another sunny day and took our time over breakfast. The boys were having trouble with their pancakes, as usual. They forgot the cooking oil and had to borrow ours. They forgot the spatula and had to borrow ours.

John insisted that he be given their "first born" and the first pancake was served to him but it was a burned, sorry-looking affair. The boys have made disastrous pancakes before but at least it's a mistake that can be covered up with plenty of syrup. As we hiked out I stopped several times to admire the peaks.

We drove to Frontier Village for the usual stop at Dairy Queen but the boys are growing up—they turned up their noses at Dairy Queen and wanted Subway sandwiches instead.—Karen Sykes, Seattle, 11/9-10.

METHOW VALLEY—A foot of snow. Groomers are packing the snow on

trails, but tracks are not set yet—that has to wait for more snow. Call 800-682-5787 for updates.—11/20.



GENERAL CONDITIONS—Roads and trails snowcovered.

TONGA RIDGE (*Alpine Lks Wilderness; USGS Scenic, Skykomish*)—Hoping for one last fall hike, seven of us gals met at Nancy's cabin for a potluck dinner and next morning drove up the Tonga Ridge road.

In two cars, we drove through several small patches of snow and finally were stopped by serious snow cover at the 6830-310 road junction. Several pickups with snowmobiles and a few cars of skiers and hikers were there, too, so it was a busy place. We turned around and parked on the shoulder.

Those in our group who had forgotten gaiters were now regretful as we tromped up 1½ miles of road to the trailhead. The snowmobiles, having run out of snow on the 6830 road below, buzzed by us without slowing down, then turned around and buzzed back.

Once on the trail, the snow varied between shallow and icy to deep and wet. After about 2 miles, postholing in knee-deep mush and wishing for snowshoes, we found a spot on a small bench above the trail where we had good views of peaks to the south for lunch scenery.

A brilliant sundog appeared briefly at the end of our break. We watched as dark clouds approached, covered the sun and chilled the air. Time to head back. Although it was a winter trip rather than the fall hike we had hoped for, it was a good 7-mile outing.—Ann Marshall, Port Orchard, 11/10.

GRACE LAKES (*Baker-Snoqualmie Natl Forest; USGS Stevens Pass*)—Our group of ten Mountaineers, led by Kathy Kelleher, spent a short day on snowshoes exploring Grace Lakes and taking a tour through the downhill ski area.

The snow was fresh and fell throughout the day. The snowshoeing was easy except for the occasional slippery underlayer which caused nearly all of us to tumble. It was a good first-trip-of-the-season, especially for those of us who

hadn't been on snowshoes in years.

Mindful of the approaching storm, we were back at the cars by 2:30.—Ann Marshall, Port Orchard, 11/16.

MT SI and beyond (*DNR; USGS Mt Si*)—It turned into a beautiful sunny day so we abandoned mundane tasks of digging post holes for the chicken coop and headed for the glories of Mount Si. The parking lot was already two-thirds full when we started up the trail.

Past the big log that we know so well (I wonder just how many times we've hiked this trail?), around another bend (ho hum ...)—Wow, what a cliff—one thousand feet of sheer verticality with scarcely a hold—there's our camp below with the camp crew—what a view of the Lyaylvak River gorge sitting here in the herder's camp.

That hike up was spectacular too—a whisker of a trail at times where a misstep would send one hundreds feet down into the raging Ashat River. Now up through pastures and slopes wooded with pines to the upper Ashat valley.

More spectacular cliffs, long scree slopes coming from the heights into the deep valley. Finally the upper valley meadows with the abandoned herder's hut where our crew is preparing lunch. Meat and cheese on native bread, tomatoes, cookies and dried fruits all procured a week ago at the bazaar in Isfana by our camp crew. This experience is certainly worth enduring the rigors of that 18 hour cramped flight from Seattle to Tashkent in Uzbekistan.

Now off to an even higher part of the valley for closer views of the Pamir Mountain peaks on the border between Kyrgyzstan and Tajikistan—all covered with snow and glaciers descending into the valley. Pasha can go twice as fast as we can into the upper valley in spite of the 12,000 foot elevation. Manfred goes up to a ridgetop where he reports ridge upon ridge and peak upon peak of the higher elevations of the Pamirs.

Finally back down the valley to camp and dinner of lamb and sharing life's experiences with our Kyrgyz crew (with the help of our Russian translator) and —WHOOPS—this is Mount Si I'm on! Oh well, there isn't anything new to say about the trail anyway. We might as well return to the chickens!—GEL, Renton, 10/27.

BRYANT PEAK (*Alpine Lks Wilderness; USGS Snoqualmie Pass*)—Early snow dump made original destination a risky scramble; Bryant Peak selected as alternate. Our party of three left Denny Creek trailhead at 9am

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in three inches of snow. Reached Keekwulee Falls at 10:30. Snow depth here is near 12 inches.

At 3700 feet the snow is knee deep and the trail steeper. From Hemlock Pass it's northeasterly cross-country to Bryant Peak and no one has made a path for us. Leaving the trail here we slogged up a fairly well defined ridge for about ¼-mile. From that ridge top we dropped slightly on a more easterly heading and then just barely east of north to the summit.

The slope was very steep and thigh-deep snow made the going exhausting. At 2 pm about 300 feet below the summit I ran out of gas, put on extra clothes, and basked in the sun. Spectacular views of Chair and Kaleetan peaks from that point, pure white snow on dark rock made every feature stand out in stark relief.

While I lunched on my ensolite pad Tom and Anne did the last 300 difficult feet to the summit and returned at 3pm. Standing up straight Tom's chin brushed the snow as his feet fought for footing in the compactable snow. I never would have made it.

We headed back: Hemlock Pass at 3:45 and trailhead at 5:20. A great scenic trip.—Paul G. Schaufler, Olympia, 10/20.

RACHEL LAKE (*Alpine Lks Wilderness; USGS Chikamin Pk*)—John chose Rachel Lake for Troop 70's October outing and so our destiny was written. John would drive the Happy Car and I would drive the other Jeep. Six scouts signed up for the trip on this weekend which was forecast to be stormy, with the snow level dropping to perhaps as low as 3000 feet.

Despite a forecast of impending rain and other sorts of doom, the morning was golden and the mountains were sharply outlined against the sky as we reached Snoqualmie Pass. I was just beginning to relax and enjoy the drive when the jeep began to make terrible noises and then lost power.

I pulled off to the shoulder, turned on the flashers. A glum John called Triple A and we had to wait. But cancel the trip? Unheard of. After the tow truck came we ALL piled into Happy Car with our packs and continued, still hoping to beat the rain.

There were a lot of other cars at the trailhead (no surprise) and a notice announcing that advance registration would be required for overnight trips in 1997 as this is one of the more heavily used trails in the Alpine Lakes Wilderness.

The plan was to hike in pairs and

meet at the lake. I brought up the rear to engage in photography and because I spend too much of my life hurrying.

I lingered a while at the huge, mossy boulders before hiking on. It was warm in the sun but I saw the first hint of cirrus in the skies and knew our time in the sun would be limited. After the first couple of miles the trail climbs toward the lake and is a bit of a challenge with mud and slippery roots.

I caught up to Devon and Chris who were standing in the trail apprehensively. Devon asked, "Is this the right way to go? There's a bee's nest here and we can't get past it."

John had put up a hasty sign warning, "Bees ahead—RUN," but the bees were stirred up and annoyed. Every time the boys took a cautious step toward the nest the bees began to swarm. We found a route through the brush around the nest and kept on going.

Rachel Lake seemed to be playing a game of hide and seek—every time I thought the lake was just ahead I would be fooled and have to keep hiking. Finally I saw the familiar sight of John in his lawn chair with Rachel Lake at his feet. Finally everyone was in camp and

after camp was set up it began to rain.

I dived into the tent with my paperback. John and Joseph hiked on up to Lila Lake as the rest of the boys set up a tarp they could cook under. There seemed to be constant line of hikers coming and going to the lakes above.

It didn't rain much during the night but it was raining again in the morning. John prepared his usual weekend omelet and Joe brought cinnamon rolls and grapefruit. Breaking camp is never a lot of fun in the rain but we were soon packed up and ready to go.

I was amazed at the number of people hiking up the trail considering how the weather had turned. I can see why Rachel Lake is over-populated as it is a very pretty place. Fortunately, we know of other equally beautiful places that are NOT in the Alpine Lakes Wilderness and that are still lonesome. The time has come to seek those places out again now that so many rules and regulations have crept into the wilderness experience. While I see the necessity of these regulations, it is still depressing.

Happy Car made it home just fine and so did the rest of us.—Karen Sykes, Seattle, 10/12-13.



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Jeff Howbert

Deep winter along Tunnel Creek has John Roper in its grasp.

trail—glad I had just resealed my boots. The snow got deeper and crisper as we went. Stopped just after Hour Creek crossing and went over to sit by the river and the waterfalls for lunch (about half way to Waptus Lake).

We decided this made a good turning back spot. Back at the car by three. It had been an exceptionally beautiful day with bright sun on the snow, lots of moss hanging from the trees, and the glowing greens on the rocks. Got in our car and within one mile we were back into dense fog!—VVW, Renton, 11/10.

SCOTTISH LAKES
—Seven new trails have been added to the Scottish Lakes network at High Camp, increasing the total distance of marked trails to over 17 miles.

Management is extending special rates to those who visit High

Camp either before December 20 or after March 30. All early- and late-season trips will get a 10% discount. Combine that with one of the Family Weekends (kids ages 4 through 12 are free!) on December 7-8 or April 5-6 for a bonus.

Call 888-9HI-CAMP for information.—Don Hansen, Snohomish, 11/15.

ENCHANTMENTS—Even with the rocky start with the new permit procedure, many hikers were pleased to finally obtain their permits. Others were thrilled with their luck at our morning

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503-326-2400

Washington Road Report

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or toll-free 888-766-4636

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206-464-2000

then enter category 9900

lottery for obtaining a permit.

The procedure for 1997 permits has not been determined yet. Overnight permits are required from 6/15 through 10/15 for the Enchantments, Lakes Stuart, Eightmile, Caroline, Snow, and Mount Cashmere.—Ranger, 11/20.

SOUTH CENTRAL



GENERAL CONDITIONS—Roads and trails snowcovered.



RATTLESNAKE GRAND TRAVERSE, from Winery to

Lake (USGS North Bend)—With Harvey's *Hiking the Mountains to Sound Greenway* in hand, I decided to check this route out after being involved a few weeks ago in a search for several local teenagers who were stranded by darkness on the West Peak.

The descriptions in the book are very accurate and the orange and black flagging from Plum Creek road to just below the West Peak is still intact and easy to follow; however, this flagged trail should not be attempted in the dark because the flags are hard to find.

If you do the trail on the ridge from West to East Peaks you will have to read the book description backwards. There is no flagging on the "Crest Trail." The rest of the trail from East Peak down to Rattlesnake Ledge and the lake is easy to follow using the trail description again. You will probably see no one else until you get closer to the Ledge.

The total distance is about 11 miles and can be done by an average hiker in 5 hours, not including rest breaks. There are no usable maps for these routes but Harvey's guidebook will get you there and back.—Art, North Bend, 11/10.



PARADISE (Rainier Natl Park; USGS Mt Rainier East)

—The weather report was for a deluge on Saturday, so we decided to save the Goat Rocks for Sunday and headed for Mount Rainier's Eastside Trail.

When we arrived at Ohanapcosh, though, we were under clear blue skies and the Ranger said it was sunny at Paradise, so we headed up. Hiked the Ice Caves trail (they really should



WAPTUS LAKE TRAIL

(Alpine Lks Wilderness; USGS

Davis Pk, Polallie Ridge)—There is a folk song that starts out "Twas a cold and frosty morning in the month of November and the clouds were a-hanging low." While Puget Sound wasn't frosty this morning it certainly was foggy and we decided on an east side hike to escape. We were out of the fog in North Bend but as we approached the summit of I-90 the clouds poured over to greet us.

We plunged into dense fog and stayed there—over the summit, into Roslyn, on into Ronald, with views of only a few hundred feet and our spirits as grey as the day. And then it happened—just one mile short of the Waptus trailhead the sun came out in full glory. (My husband thereby won the bet of one cooky from George's Bakery where we had stopped to add to our supplies.)

We were surprised to see no cars at all at the parking area—is hunting season over? Started up the trail and saw a very big paw print, no claws, and hoped for awhile that it might be a cougar, but a bit farther we saw the claw prints and decided it was a dog.

No snow at the trailhead but we soon were picking up a bit. About 4 or 5 large trees down over the trail. Lots of water running down the center of the

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change the trail signs so that all the tourists don't think they still exist) to the high-point overlooking the valley and Stevens Ridge; fabulous weather, though Adams and St. Helens were covered with clouds.

Had lunch and headed up the Skyline Trail, but changed and headed down the Golden Gate as the rain finally blew in. We made it to the cars and into the Visitor's Center for a cup of tea before the rain fell and then headed back to Packwood for a Thanksgiving dinner.—SE, Bellevue, 10/12.

EAGLE PEAK SADDLE


 (Rainier Natl Park; USGS Mt Rainier West)—Leave 2800-foot parking lot at 8:25am. This is a "built" trail, good grade and tread. Around 4150 feet hit first patches of crusty snow. Trail about 50% snow covered from there to the bridge at 4500 feet, about an hour from the parking lot. At the bridge snow cover is 100% and 8 inches deep where not compacted. At 10:15 and near 5000 feet it's the end of the built trail where it leaves the tree canopy and Eagle and Chutla come into view. 18 inches of snow there.

Blue sky, warm sun and chill breeze, sunscreen time. Switchback up track to Eagle Peak. Hikers on previous days have left a well compacted trail. Through the next patch of trees the path is icy and footing poor. At the upper edge of the trees, near 5500 feet, is 26 inches of snow.

No trace of trail to saddle so follow most heavily used track. That turns into a rock, snow and brush scramble that puts me on the ridge top 100 feet east of the saddle. A short scramble over a rock knob for good views of Mount Adams, Mount Hood and Saint Helens.

Back at parking lot at 2:10. Trail still icy under trees above 5000 feet, softening below.—Paul G. Schaufler, Olympia, 10/31.

THE THREE SISTERS and ROOSTER COMB

 (USGS Old Baldy Mountain and Bearhead Mountain)—The Three Sisters (elevations 3969, 4076, and 4984 feet) are just southeast of Enumclaw, and the first somewhat significant peaks on the ridge that separates Rainier's White River drainage from Carbon River's South Prairie Creek. This ridge continues on southeast into the Clearwater Wilderness above Cedar Lake to form "Rooster Comb."

Bruce and I had no initial intention of ever going here, but our plans to climb Bearhead Mountain from up the Cayada Creek road were scuttled when we saw

that last winter's floods had scuttled the access bridge over the Carbon River.

With a Mount Baker-Snoqualmie National Forest map and the above USGS quads, we drove back to Wilkeson and east (at Ash Street) out of town, past a magnificent stone elementary school and an impressive row of decrepit brick coke ovens up road 7710.

We were soon on the Old Baldy Mountain quad, and 5.3 miles out of town at a Y. Go left here on 7720. This hairpins into and out of South Prairie Creek, and into and out of its East Fork.

Our 1986 quad showed a dead end road here, but in fact, the road crosses the East Fork and continues in obvious fashion (keep to the best high road) to the top of a ridge (at 4520 feet) coming southeast off the highest of The Three Sisters (4984 feet). The views north to the snowy Alpine Lakes Peaks, stretching from Tiger to Stuart were great. This point is 16.4 miles from Wilkeson.

We turned south (right) here and drove another mile to road end at the unmarked Clearwater Wilderness boundary and hiked south on a trail, past a straight-down look into Cedar Lake (with a small island), then into old growth, to the wooded summit of Rooster Comb (5160+), above Coundly Lake. (This trail may connect all the way to Summit Lake. If so, this would be the easiest route to Bearhead Mountain until the Carbon River bridge is fixed.)

On our return, we made the short side trip to grassy Celery Meadow, then drove back to a yellow Weyerhaeuser gate that we'd passed on the way up (in Section 35, at a switchback .5-mile west of the highest of the Three Sisters). We hiked this road about 2.8 miles to the 3969-foot northwest summit of The Three Sisters. This point sported quite a complex of buildings, radio towers, and two huge diesel tanks that fueled an annoyingly loud generator.

Nice views into Enumclaw, Buckley, and Seattle, and to the south was Her 14,410-foot Majesty, mantled in white for the winter.

We considered but skipped the Middle Sister. It'll be a messy effort. Weyerhaeuser has thinned the hill and left the downed trees to rot.

Returning to the car, we drove to the highest drivable point (4700 feet) on the southeast ridge of the highest Three Sisters (4984 feet) and hiked about .7-mile to its top. I kind of liked the day, but Bruce, who enjoys climbing many peaks a half dozen times or more, says he's done here.—Halloween, John Roper, Bellevue. ☼



RAMPART RIDGE

(Mt Rainier Natl Park; USGS Mt Rainier West)—Ridge essentially snow free, a little compact snow in trail along ridge top between high point viewpoint and intersection with Wonderland Trail.

The clearing around a small pond just to the west of this section of the trail is filling in with white pine trees even though the surrounding trees are, with one exception, fir and cedar.—Paul G. Schaufler, Olympia, 11/2.



MOUNT ARARAT

(Mt Rainier Natl Park; USGS Mt Rainier West, Wahpenayo)—The choice between sitting in the fog all day or basking in the sun is what our leader calls a no-brainer. Lost sunshine about 1:40 when high clouds moved in but above fog all day.

Party of seven left Kautz Creek trailhead (2400 feet) at 8:10 am. Comfort station there is a welcome addition. Crossed Kautz Creek (2600 feet) on good log bridge. At 4800 feet snow depth was near 24 inches; donned snowshoes. Left trail shortly thereafter and headed northwesterly to ridge top.

Followed scenic ridge route toward Mount Ararat, dropping to west slope to avoid a cliff just before rejoining the trail at about noon. Followed trail for about ½-mile, left trail in saddle just before it turns northeasterly toward Indian Henry's.

Ascended a semi-circular ridge to the summit of Mount Ararat, 6010 feet, about 1:45. Calm, nice views. Nice coat of snow on Pyramid. With sunset around 4:40 we didn't tarry, gobbled goodies and headed off to east and south on semi-controlled descent to intercept trail where we last left it.

Followed trail on snow (sort of) until its location became more apparent. Arrived at trailhead 5:20, pretty dark. About a 12-mile round trip and 3600 foot net elevation gain. Gross elevation gain via scenic route is gross.—Paul G. Schaufler, Olympia, 11/10.



BUELL PEAK

(Mt Rainier Natl Park; USGS Mt Rainier East)—Buell Peak (5756 feet) is the high point at the end of a ridge running southeast from Barrier Peak (6521) in the eastern part of Mount Rainier National Park.

These two summits are .9-mile apart. The ridge between them is grassy and bordered by trees, making for pleasant walking.

The low spot in the ridge is about 5540 feet in elevation. Buell is only a point, not a peak, and should be combined with a scramble of Barrier Peak

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for a satisfying outing.

An approach from Highway 123 five miles south of Chinook Pass is described by John Roper in *Pack & Paddle*, December 1995, page 10. John gained about 4200 feet and traveled around 11 miles to bag both Buell and Barrier.

Always seeking the easiest route, I began at the Owyhigh Lakes trailhead on Sunrise Road, elevation about 3700 feet. Leaving this trail just beyond the gentle pass between the Shaw Creek and Kotsuck Creek drainages, I traversed across the south slope of Barrier on a climbers' path.

This fizzled out as it descended toward the low point in the Barrier-Buell ridge. Easy walking led to the small rocky summit of Buell (Class 1).

Thereafter I scrambled Barrier Peak by its southeast ridge (Class 2). The round trip for both peaks by this route is about 11.4 miles with a gain of 3700 feet.—Mick Campbell, Puyallup, 9/28.

BARRIER PEAK (*Mt Rainier Natl Park; USGS Mount Rainier East*)—Barrier Peak (6521 feet) anchors the southern end of Governors Ridge in the eastern part of the Park. Its northwest face of cliffs and steep chutes drains into Owyhigh Lakes. Its eastern side of moderately steep meadowed slopes above lower cliffs drains into Boundary Creek, while the long, steep south slope with high and low cliff bands and rocky outcrops drains into Kotsuck Creek; these join and flow to Chinook Creek and on to the Ohanapecosh River. Barrier has a prominent flat-topped cliffy western shoulder at 6040 feet.

For the easiest route, begin at the Owyhigh Lakes trailhead on Sunrise Road, elevation about 3700 feet. Follow long gentle switchbacks through steep forest to the open meadows bordering Owyhigh Lakes. Admire Governors Ridge and Barrier Peak across the lakes.

Continue on the trail to just beyond the gentle pass between the Shaw Creek and Kotsuck Creek drainages. Turn left, following very intermittent game paths up open woods and meadow toward the west shoulder of Barrier Peak.

Bear right, contouring south of the shoulder. With luck you'll encounter a climbers' path which provides an excellent traverse across the south slope. Once southeast of Barrier, leave the trail and walk up a short, steep meadow to the southeast ridge.

Hike and scramble up the ridge, then across the upper east slope to the top (Class 2). The round trip is about 9.5 miles with a gain of 3000 feet consider-

ing the ups and downs.—Mick Campbell, Puyallup, 9/28.

PIPE LAKE (*William O Douglas Wilderness; USGS White Pass*)—Our plan was to get an early start so we would have several hours at the lake. As it turned out we needed five hours just to get to the trailhead!

Our blunder was not calling the day before to see if Cayuse Pass was open. We found out in Enumclaw that it wasn't! So we drove literally all the way around Mount Rainier, through Buckley, South Prairie, Eatonville, Elbe, Morton, Randle and Packwood.

In August we had brought our Boy Scout Troop 85 through the William O. Douglas on our annual 50-mile hike and found great fishing at some of the lakes near Cowlitz Pass. Larry and I wanted one more try. His son Jason came along, too.

Finally arriving at Soda Springs campground we grabbed our light day packs and hustled up Cowlitz trail 44, the shortest approach to the hundreds of lakes on the plateau north of Cramer Mountain.

The trail was in grand shape with a moderate grade, so we cruised past trail junctions to the PCT. At the PCT we headed south and reached Pipe Lake, the first major lake on the right. It was a glorious day! We were so engrossed in fishing that we didn't notice the clouds roll in. It poured all the way out and our great trail turned into a stream of mud. But with a great day behind us it was easy to take.

12 miles round trip; 3 hours in, 2½ hours out.—Mark Owen, Larry Rudolph, Jason Rudolph, Shoreline, 10/12.



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GENERAL CONDITIONS—Roads and trails snowcovered.

MOUNT SAINT HELENS (*Natl Volcanic Monument; USGS Mt St Helens*)—Left Lakebay at 0400 in a very thick fog for the drive to Tacoma to meet two friends for our first climb together. Shortly after 0500 left Tacoma for the drive down I-5 to Woodland and then on to Cougar by way of Highway 503.

Above 1000 feet we broke out of the fog to see a beautiful sunny day that was very warm for this time of year. Started up Ptarmigan trail from the parking lot at 3745 feet. The snow level was down to approximately 3000 feet.

The trail is in excellent shape and extremely well marked. I have never seen a trail as well marked as this with blue diamonds nearly every fifty feet through the forest and also with blaze tape tied to the branches high in the trees.

After passing the tree line the area is also well marked with posts and the familiar blue diamonds. I had not made this climb since early 1988, so was truly impressed with the trail work that has been accomplished and maintained.

This date, there was ample snow, so that we could hike below the ridge and have good footing without needing snowshoes or crampons. In fact, there was a regular cow path to the summit, 8365 feet. There were also many more climbers on the mountain this day than the usual limit of thirty that was at least the old standard.

By climbing the snowfield to the left of the ridge and the post markers, there was little wind and only the lightest of clothing was required. Once above 7000 feet and on the ridge between the Swift and Dryer Glaciers it was a slightly different story. The wind finally convinced me at least to put on a long sleeve wind shirt.

The sun stayed out the entire climb and the view was so clear that we had excellent views of Mount Adams and Mount Hood. Way to the south North Sister was also visible. Great glissading on the way down. Total time up and down, a little over six hours.—James Latteri, Rob & Ann Lohr 11/10.

BEAR CREEK MOUNTAIN (*Goat Rocks Wilderness; USGS Pinegrass Ridge*)—The Vancouver group (see Excelsior Pass report) invited me to their Thanksgiving week-end of hiking in the Goat Rocks. I had a day off on Friday and met part of their group in Packwood and we head-

ed off to Bear Creek Mountain hoping that the morning rain would clear by the time we hit the trail.

Follow the directions in the guidebook (*100 Hikes in SCO*); I have a good sense of direction, but have taken a wrong turn up here in the past. The road was a little rough in places, but passable in a passenger car. There were no other cars at the trailhead and we say nobody else all day, not surprising given the weather.

The trail was in good condition, but the berries were all gone. The rain stopped before we got on the trail and held off until we were ready to leave the top. The views from the top are spectacular on a clear day, but my friends had to be content with my descriptions of what was behind the clouds.

We headed down as a snow squall approached and had light rain the rest of the way to the car. Once down to Rimrock Lake, we passed herds of hunters driving in for the opening of general deer season the next day.—SE, Bellevue, 10/11.



OAKS TO WETLANDS

TRAIL (Nat'l Wildlife Refuge;

USGS Ridgefield, St Helens)—

This is a pleasant year-round 2-mile loop in the Ridgefield National Wildlife Refuge's northern Carty Unit. Follow the direction signs from the center of the town and drive 1 mile north to the trailhead parking area and information sign.

The Oaks to Wetlands Trail wanders through an interesting oak and Douglas-fir landscape and skirts a number of small ponds usually full of wildlife. The trail is fairly flat but a number of interesting rocky hummocks are scattered throughout the area.

On this day thousands of Canada geese were flying overhead to their roosting grounds within the Columbia River flood plain and lots of American and European widgeons and other ducks in the ponds.—Matt and Rebecca Whitney, Portland, 10/30.

LEWIS RIVER RD 90—Closed since last February's floods, the road has reopened with a bypass route around the 180-foot Marble Creek bridge washout.

The road is one of the main east-west routes through the Giff. The bypass route will remain in place until a bridge is completed over Marble Creek next year.

WYOMING



YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK

—Mid-week before the Labor Day weekend, there were three cars in the Bechler trailhead parking lot. The Official Bechler Day Trips brochure describes the Dunanda Falls hike:

"Dunanda Falls (18 miles, 600 feet elevation gain). Start at the station and head north on the Bechler Meadows trail. After 1.6 miles take the Boundary Creek Trail northwest through the Bechler Meadows. You will need to ford Bartlett Slough, a body of stagnant water ranging from mid calf to mid thigh. After crossing the slough, you will emerge into the meadows. Continue north to campsite 9A1 where you will ford Boundary Creek.

"Soon the trail will lead through the Robinson fire burn. Ignited by lightning this fire burned 8000 acres of the Bechler forest in the fall of 1995. It was fought intensively to no avail and ultimately extinguished by snow in early October. The brink of the falls is 1 mile north of the burn at the end of a moder-

ately steep climb.

"There you will have spectacular views of the Tetons and Meadows. Retrace your steps to the station. This trip is somewhat arduous due to the long distance but is well worth the effort to get a glimpse of one of the park's most spectacular waterfalls."

What the brochure neglects to tell the public is that at the base of the falls is one of the few legal places to soak in hot springs water within Yellowstone National Park. Legal soaking areas are limited.

They are found where boiling hot natural mineral water erupts from hot springs and flows to and mixes with nearby cold water streams. Rocks and sands are usually arranged to make shallow pools. Always test the temperature before dipping.

Dunanda Falls was our destination and soaking in hot water was our goal. A park ranger approached us in the parking lot making sure we had paid our required entrance fee.

Noticing our Washington state license plates, he commented he had just returned from a trip to western Washington to see Mount Saint Helens, and Rainier and Olympic National Parks—2400 miles in 4 days (made us wonder how much of those three Pacific Northwest gems he was able to see).

Highlights of the hike included the elk herd, sandhill cranes and mating dragonflies in the meadows, but the



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best part was finding Dunanda Falls and the dozen or so rock-built pools where the geothermal water mixed with the river water to the perfect temperature for soaking.

The return trip was punctuated by a nearby lightning storm which provided incentive for hiking the last 4 miles in a very timely fashion. Next backcountry trip at Yellowstone-Ferris Fork Pool, another legal in dip in the land of very hot water.—Mystery Soakers, 8/28.

OREGON



HERMAN CREEK TRAIL (Columbia Gorge Wilderness)

—The trailhead is located at the Columbia Gorge Work Center just east of Cascade Locks alongside I-84.

We went up 7 miles to the Cedar Swamp, at the junction with the Green Point Mountain cut-off. The old shelter has been removed and there were already a few skiffs of snow—at only 2800 feet. Substantial snow visible on the rim at 4000 feet, so this was a good choice for a “last rose of summer” hike.

We crossed about a dozen side streams, many with waterfalls. Several

other trails can be accessed from this trail, making loop trips possible.—John Walenta, Seattle, 10/26.



RUDOLPH SPUR (Columbia Gorge NSA; USGS Bonneville Dam)—The old Rudolph Spur trail is a fairly obscure and nasty little trail that climbs steeply up the side of the Columbia River Gorge to intersect with a network of trails on top of the Benson Plateau.

Park at the PCT/Bridge of the Gods trailhead in the town of Cascade Locks and follow the PCT south about 2 miles to a crossing of Dry Creek. This section was particularly beautiful on this crisp and clear fall day with the vine maple blazing yellow in the understorey and set off nicely against the darker firs.

When you reach the Dry Creek bridge and intersect an old road, watch very carefully for the intersection with the unsigned Rudolph Spur route. The trail is well hidden in the brush on the right no more than 5 or 6 feet from the intersection. Don't go up the old road or cross the creek.

Although we had hiked this route a number of years ago we still had trouble finding the start of the trail, and walked past it twice before deciding on the

correct way. Once on the trail the way becomes a little more obvious, climbing at first gradually, then ever more steeply through the usual mixture of low elevation Gorge moss and fern gardens. Where else can you hike a trail that is completely covered with a thick carpet of moss?

The trail skirts below a large scree slope and then really gets serious scrambling up through the moss and ferns generally on the ridge edge. Eventually the trail tops the Benson Plateau and intersects the Ruckel Creek trail at 5 miles.

You can descend by this maintained trail or if you are crazy you can try the more challenging Ruckel Ridge route, or for a longer hike intersect the PCT and return to the trailhead that way.

To our great surprise and embarrassment we lost the trail at about the 2600 foot level! Somehow we took a spur to the right, which left the ridge and deposited us in a scramble of brush in a side gorge to Rudolph Creek.

After retracing our route to the ridge we decided there wasn't enough daylight left to go much higher and that we would return to finish the job next spring.—Matt and Rebecca Whitney, Portland, 11/1.

BULLETIN BOARD

Notices on this Bulletin Board are free to subscribers and may be “posted” for up to three months. You may list your used equipment for sale, post lost-and-found announcements, locate partners for trips, or other non-commercial items. Commercial advertisers are welcome to contact the Pack & Paddle office for ad rates.

FOUND—Altimeter watch. Olympics. Mid-September. Identify brand and trail to claim. 360-435-0739 (Arlington).

LOST—A Stubai wood ice axe, 90cm, with a red wrist strap and duct tape on the bottom. The wood is Varathaned. It was left along the Three Fingers trail below Goat Flats August 12.

It is old and we would greatly appreciate its return. Please contact Tom through the Pack & Paddle office: 360-871-1862.

FOUND—Prescription wire frame eye-glasses on Preston Trail to West Tiger Mountain 1. Call Tom Miller, 206-524-0933 (Seattle).

FOR SALE—Fabiano men's hiking boots, size 11, leather, hardly used. \$50. Millet “Sherpa” ski-mountaineering rucksack, roomy, detachable side pockets, excellent condition. \$50.

Early Winters “Winterlight” tent, two person, backpacking, Gore-tex, three-season, hardly used, good condition. \$65.

Lange “Freestyle” downhill skis, 190cm, Tyrolia 480 bindings, good condition. \$80.

Kastle “Tour Randonnee Professionnel” mountaineering skis, 180cm, Tyrolia touring bindings, mohair glue-on skins, good condition. \$195.

Raichle ski mountaineering boots, men's size 10, good condition. \$50.

First Need water purifier, not used, still in original bag. \$20.

Phone 206-746-3877 (Bellevue).

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

FOR SALE—Two Nordkapp sea kayaks, HM and HS with skeg. Good condition with neoprene sprayskirts. \$1200 each. 360-697-6818 (Poulsbo).

FOR SALE—McHale Alpineer pack, should fit 5'11" to 6'3" male, used 3 times, \$150.

Fabiano men's mountaineering boots, size 12, cramponable, resoled, \$35.

Raleigh Instinct mountain bike, 20", very good, \$150.

Trek Sports Tour road bike, 24", very good, \$75.

Call 206-547-1415 (Seattle).

FOR SALE—Pacific Water Sports “Seal” sea kayak, rudder, rear bulkhead, paddle, \$1000.

Northwest Kayaks “Seascape” sea kayak, double, bulkheads, rudder, spray skirts, rain covers, paddle, \$1500.

Canoe, aluminum, outboard motor mount, \$350.

All are in good condition. Roger, 360-373-6642 (Bremerton).

WASHINGTON SKI TOURING CLUB—Meets first Thursday of each month, November through April, at Phinney Neighborhood Center, 6615 Dayton Ave North in Seattle, at 7:30pm. **HOTLINE** for more information: 206-525-4451.

INTERESTED IN HIGH LAKE FISHING? Washington State Hi-Lakers club meets third Wednesday of each month at Mercerview Community Center, 7:30pm. For information, call George Bucher, 206-821-5752 (Kirkland).

DEBORAH RIEHL

Rescue Epics

—A DOUBLE-HEADER—

The weekend of July 6 and 7 was a working weekend for me—both vocationally and avocationally. The Search and Rescue pager went off as I was finishing work at the “salt mines” Saturday afternoon.

When I got to my car on that hot, sunny day I called to see if my services were needed.

Yes indeed, said the sheriff. They had a dehydrated, possibly heat-stroked Forest Service ranger 6 miles north of Snoqualmie Pass on the Pacific Crest Trail, in the vicinity of the Kendall Katwalk. A helicopter ride was proffered and I gladly accepted.

My pack and rescue gear are always in my car so I departed immediately for Snoqualmie summit.

Arriving at the pass, I didn't have time even to change out of my work clothes. With IV supplies and a team of other rescuers I was loaded onto Guardian II and we took off.

We spotted the stricken ranger and her companions on the ridge above the Katwalk. Our pilot did a superb job of balancing the helicopter's skids on a tiny snow patch on the knife-edge ridge while we gingerly disembarked.

We tippy-toed a short distance along the ridge to where the patient was being tended by her co-workers. They had her lying down and were plying her with electrolyte replenishment drinks and water.

She was holding it down and her vital signs were good. Shortly after we arrived she expressed a need to urinate so I decided against the IV.

The night before, she was camping in Commonwealth Basin in preparation for trail work the next day. That morning her water filter broke. Rather than risk giardiasis she simply didn't drink any water on the climb from the valley to the PCT. It was a hot day and the work strenuous. She was soon in trouble.

Guardian II returned and we flew her out in a glorious sunset. We disembarked

from the helicopter and I carried my pack to the car.

“Not so fast,” said the sheriff. “Now we have a man with a broken leg at Dorothy Lake.”

I asked if he really, really, *really* wanted a nurse to go, as the day had been long, I had been up early, and I was scheduled to work the next morning.

Yes, yes, *yes*, he said. Back on the helicopter for a dusk flight to Dorothy Lake.

Finding Dorothy amid the multitude of Alpine Lakes in impending darkness takes careful aerial navigation. There are also no landing zones at that particular lake.

As darkness fell the pilot hovered his craft as we gingerly climbed down onto the outlet logjam, with some startled fishermen looking on.

“Bet we scared away their dinner,” observed one of the other rescuers.

We fanned out, looking for our patient. A man sitting on a stump with his boots off denied being our subject but said he had passed a man sitting in the trail as he came up.

Sure enough, half a mile or so down the rooty, rocky, muddy trail we found our man. He was being tended by an EMT who had kept excellent notes on the patient.

Otherwise uninjured, “Mike” pointed to the mud hole in which his ankle had come to grief.

With frequent rests, the small team dropped by helicopter

laboriously eased the litter we'd brought with us down the eroded trail. During one of the stops I finally decided it was time to change out of my work clothes, and I took the rings off my battered, swelling fingers.

While we were wrestling the stretcher down the hillside, other rescuers were driving around to Stevens Pass to walk in and assist us the rest of the way out. After midnight they met us about half a mile up the trail and 2½ miles up the closed, washed-out access road.

Finally relieved, I turned off my failing headlamp and walked along the road admiring a pitch-black moonless sky absolutely awash with sparkling stars.

From the Skykomish Ranger Station I tried to call my boss to get her to cover for me Sunday, as I could see I was not going to get any sleep before having to go to work. Repeatedly I got her answering machine.

We were driven back around to Snoqualmie Pass. I tried the boss once again, finally gave up and called the night nurse to ask her to stay an extra hour so I could shower and take a short nap before coming in to work.

Just as I was crawling into the sack the boss called—she'd finally gotten up, checked her messages and would gladly cover for me.

PS—I lost a ring on this mission on the Dorothy Lake trail. It's silver with a circle and triangle design. Please call Ann at the P&P office or me (206-481-7418) if you find it.

△

Deborah Riehl, of North Creek, is a member of Seattle Mountain Rescue.



Best Dressed Rescuer Award

LEE MCKEE



METHOW VALLEY



—ONE OF THE BEST NORDIC SKI AREAS IN THE COUNTRY—

It's January 6, 1996. Ann and I are the only people at Heifer Hut on the Rendezvous ski trail northwest of Winthrop in the North Cascades. It's evening, it's dark and we feel very remote.

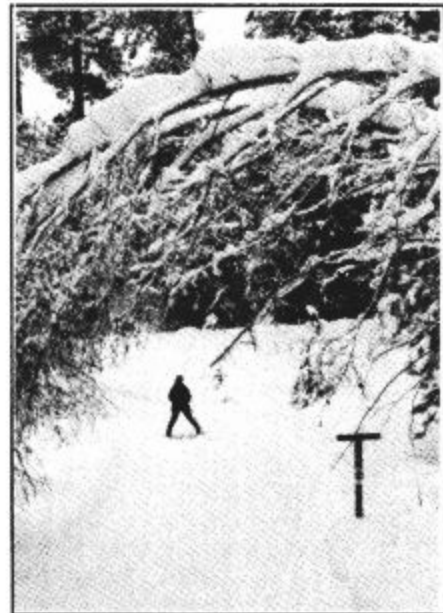
We've discovered the hut log book and begin to read an entry from a few years earlier:

"11:30pm, pitch dark and snowing very hard. The scratching has begun again—this time on the north wall. Both benches jammed against the door. ... Think I may be able to hold the creature off with fire—but wood supply is running low."

We check the door latch and listen for scratching. We check our wood supply, and continue reading.

"Red eyes at the window again—didn't disappear as fast this time when I looked up. Steve's been gone well over an hour now—no sign of him—not since the scream ended. Steve went to look for Jodie and Walt—who went to look for Marci and Sue and Allen."

"The last one left. I'm the last one left! Scratching louder now and a



Beneath branches heavy with fresh snow, Ann brakes after a fast descent on the Winthrop Trail.

shrieking howl right outside the door."

Was that a sound we just heard outside? And the outhouse—it's set in the dark trees a good 40 feet from the hut. What's lurking in the woods between here and there?

We continue reading: *"What an end for seven devout Republican real estate developers and attorneys from Bellevue! Why us? Why? Why not a group of environmentalists?"*

"Something at the door—benches aren't holding . . ."

By now we're chuckling and the way to the outhouse doesn't seem so intimidating. We continue thumbing through the several volumes of log books, reading various entries by the light of the oil lamp. The books hold the thoughts and observations of many who have enjoyed this hut and the Rendezvous trail system.

But there is more to the area than this trail and hut system. It is only a part of the 175 kilometers of trail available. And accommodations cover the spectrum from basic backcountry huts to luxurious Sun Mountain Lodge and resort.

It's all part of what makes the Methow Valley one of the best Nordic areas in the country.

THE TRAIL SYSTEM

The Methow Valley is tucked into the eastern flank of the North Cascades along Highway 20. The only way to reach the valley by car during winter is from the east since the highway from the west is closed during winter.

The 175-kilometer trail network is made up of several parts—all joined. The one already mentioned is the Rendezvous system which winds around Rendezvous Mountain. It's the most remote of the systems and contains trails rated "more difficult" and "most difficult" because of elevation gains and losses.

Rendezvous Outfitters operates five



A bench and a view await skiers at the end of the Doe Canyon Spur, one of the Mazama trails.

huts. They can be rented for the night or used by day skiers free of charge if the huts are empty (contributions are accepted if day skiers are so inclined).

The cabins are spaced to allow a trip of several days by travelling hut-to-hut. If you don't want to pack your gear, you can arrange to have it hauled for you by snowmobile.

Another trail system is in the upper valley. These trails are associated with the community of Mazama. The majority are level paths with gentle ups and downs rated "easiest." They travel across open fields, through forests, and sometimes along the Methow River—all making for a relaxing ski.

Inns such as the Mazama Country Inn and North Cascades Basecamp and cabins like the Early Winters cabins at Wilson Ranch are located on or within easy access to the main trail system for comfortable overnight accommodations.

The third system is at Sun Mountain

located in the hills around Sun Mountain Lodge. These trails are a mixture of everything with "easiest," "more difficult," and "most difficult" ratings. They travel along frozen ponds, through forests and across open hillsides.

Joining these systems are two main arteries. The longest, around 28 kilometers, is the Methow Valley Community (MVC) trail. It winds along the valley floor between Mazama and Winthrop, crossing the Methow River on a suspension bridge a short way out of Mazama. Although it has a net elevation loss of about 300 feet as you head down the valley, there are a number of ups and downs along the way.

The other artery is the Winthrop trail which connects the Sun Mountain system to the MVC trail at Winthrop. The upper portion of this trail is rated "most difficult" because of elevation loss over parts of it. The lower, longer portion is "more difficult."

The trail travels through some forest and lots of open fields as it drops to the valley floor. It makes a great run if you can arrange your cars or a shuttle so you don't have to climb back up the trail.

THE TRAILS ASSOCIATION

What makes this whole system work is an organization called the Methow Valley Sport Trails Association (MVSTA). It's a non-profit organization of valley people and others dedicated to developing and using these trails year around.

In winter, trails are groomed to accommodate the track for both the kick-and-glide of classic cross-country skiing and the flat platform for skating.

Trail passes are sold to support this effort. New this year is a half-day pass that starts at 1pm; price is \$10. A full day pass is \$13; a three day pass is \$30. This is a bargain when you consider the vast amount of territory and the excellent condition of the trails.

BEYOND THE TRAILS

The Methow Valley really does contain something for everyone during the winter. If you want the ease of groomed skiing, you can ski the MVSTA system.

If you want to strike off on your own there are a number of possible destinations described in *Cross Country Ski Tours 1* by Tom Kirkendall & Vicky Spring or *Ski Touring Methow Style* by Sally Portman.

And if you want more excitement there is always remote helicopter skiing



Lee McKee

The impressive Tawks-Foster suspension bridge on the Methow Community Trail.

and backcountry tours from North Cascade Heli-Skiing.

WHERE TO STAY

Lodging abounds. Some places are favorites with groups and individuals who reserve space a year in advance—such as North Cascades Base Camp, with its family-run lodge and wonderful meals.

If you do your own cooking, cabins with kitchen facilities can be found—ranging from the spacious, historic ones at Early Winters to the tiny, modern ones of Mountain View Chalets.

Visitors can usually find a place to stay on short notice (especially mid-week) by diligent telephoning. Ann and I have stayed at a variety of places in the Valley, and found them all comfortable.

To aid the out-of-towner, the Methow Valley Central Reservations system at 800-422-3048 offers a comprehensive listing of accommodations in the Valley. Describe the type of accommodations you want and they will help you find it and make reservations.

TO HELP YOU PLAN

Ski season here generally runs from mid-December to mid-March but snow conditions vary from year to year. Lower elevation trails may not always be open. Weather can also vary with alternating periods of wet and dry, cold and not-so-cold.

To help the out-of-towner, MVSTA has a toll free number, 800-682-5787, with a recording of weather and trail conditions. MVSTA also faxes local ski shops and lodges each morning giving

the current grooming status of trails. The difference between skiing a crusty, icy ungroomed trail and a smooth, freshly groomed one is like night and day—it behooves you to keep current on trail and grooming conditions to get the most enjoyment out of your skiing.

If you have specific questions about the trails or membership in MVSTA, you can call the office directly at 509-996-3287.

To improve your skiing ability or to learn how to skate, you can arrange for lessons from Don Portman's Sun Mountain Ski School, with instruction available at several locations in the valley. For ski school information, call Sun Mountain Lodge, 509-996-2211, and ask for the Ski Shop.

VALLEY FOR ALL SEASONS

The Methow Valley isn't just for skiers and it isn't just for winter. Snowshoers can enjoy winter travel in this area, too. And during the summer the trails are open to hikers and bicyclists.

Another entry from the log book at Heifer Hut sums up what a lot of people are finding out about Methow Valley skiing: "This is a wonderful system you've got going here. Thank you for this—and thanks to all who've cooperated to make this entire Methow ski trail network happen and continue."

△

Lee McKee, of Port Orchard, is Pack & Paddle's business manager.



Lee McKee

Jay Lucas, right, executive director of the MVSTA, whizzes past Ann on the Rendezvous Trail near Fawn Hut.

DIANA CARMACK

VISITING HAVASU CANYON

—AN INDIAN VILLAGE AND WATERFALLS—

Sunday, March 31

It was a typical rainy March day when Wanderbuns and I left SeaTac. A little over two hours later we were met by my brother Bob, his wife Kathleen and son Keven in Las Vegas. Our first excursion was a balmy 80° hike to the car.

We spent the evening trying to find the entrance to the Alamo Car Rental agency near the airport (the largest rental agency I have ever seen). When we finally found the place, we had to stand in a long line to retrieve our trip van which had been reserved.

After returning to our hosts' home, we loaded our gear for an early departure the next day.

Monday, April 1

All five of us arose at 5:30am, downed our breakfast, and took to the road. The weather was beautiful and sunny. We headed southeast from Henderson to Boulder City on I-140 where we paused at Hoover Dam. It is immense. We were lucky enough to be there when the traffic was light and the number of people were few.

When we reached Kingman, we took Route 66 southeast to the paved highway going to Hualapai Hilltop, the trailhead for the hike to Supai Village. The 68-mile highway reaches 6600 feet and drops down to 5200 feet at the trailhead. The highway is fast, but drivers must watch carefully for cattle, deer, and desert tortoises, as you are driving through open range.

April and October are the best months of the year to hike in the desert. With the number of people on spring break from various school systems and colleges, the parking lot was quite full. Wanderbuns counted 156 cars. We had to park several hundred yards from the main lot. **Note:** If you park on the right side of the road before the lot, your vehicle could be pelted by falling rocks and boulders.

The previous December, Bob had

made reservations for us to stay at the 24-room Lodge in Supai Village. He lucked out as reservations fill quickly around Easter. Our advice to anyone making this trip is to plan well in advance and start calling for reservations by December 15 for the following year.

We arrived at the trailhead parking lot at 11am. We found horse corrals, a helicopter pad, and houselets, but no drinking water. My brother had checked out the facilities ahead of time, so we were prepared with adequate water for the hike, and we left a case of water in the van for our return. We had to get started by noon because we planned to eat dinner at the village cafe which closed at 6pm.



Rules for hiking posted at the trailhead.

The hike to Supai Village is 8 miles. The first mile is a steep 1100-foot descent down the face of a cliff. It was daunting at first to peer over the edge, look straight down, and see the serpentine trail clinging to the side of the cliff. The wide trail has been very well designed, making it relatively easy to share the trail with horses. Most of the supplies for the village are taken down by pack trains, including plastic gallons of milk and ice cream.

After the steep drop to Hualapai Canyon floor, the trail becomes a dry creekbed where the canyon walls start to narrow considerably. The trail snakes through the very narrow canyon and has a surface varying from large gravel to flour-like dust four inches deep. The horses have made shortcuts through the winding creekbeds in wider areas. These trails are easier to walk than the creekbed, and they cut down the hike length.

The views, the flora, and rock formations are spectacular all along the trail. The narrow canyon walls had beautiful reddish-tan colors and interesting shapes. Each curve of the trail brought more fascinating things to see. In spite of the time we took for short breaks and picture stops, we managed to make the hike in 3 hours and 45 minutes (a great hiking time for me!).

I have to admit that my tail was dragging when we approached Havasu Canyon where Supai village is located. It was still a long walk to the village, but I managed to trudge onward. I felt sorry for those people around me who still had to walk 2 more miles beyond the village to the campground.

We entered the town from the south on a tractor-wide road. As it neared the center of town, the road became a wide area with a few trees and many occupied benches. The first thing we noticed as we entered the town "square" was the large number of dogs, the horses, and the people sitting, watching hikers come and go through town.

Diana Carmack

The road appears to end at that point, but it actually turns left and skirts the school. Behind the school is the hotel. About here the road west becomes narrow again. It also becomes the trail to the falls beyond.

We managed to check into the Lodge with half an hour to spare to grab dinner at the cafe. The food was better than we expected. Many items on the menu, however, were not available. The local grocery store across the square from the cafe stocked a number of common items. We bought some fruit. The prices were not as high as we anticipated.

After an 8-mile hike on a warm day, a shower and sleep was a wonderful idea. We repacked our gear that evening to lighten our loads for the next morning's activities.

Tuesday, April 2

After breakfast at the cafe, we strolled westward out of town to view a series of four waterfalls along a 3-mile trail. About a half-mile from the village, we approached Fifty-foot Falls.

The canyon suffered a terrible flood during 1990 in which everyone had to be helicoptered to higher ground. This flood altered the look of many of the waterfalls we were seeing. Fifty-foot Falls looks a good deal shorter than pictures we had seen prior to our trip.

We wandered down the trail to Navaho Falls. Wanderbuns and I photographed cactus, then followed Bob, Kathleen and Keven to the foot of the falls. It was more beautiful than I had anticipated. We removed our packs, boots, and socks, and crossed a deep, small stream on a log. Then we waded through some thigh-high water to the edge of the largest pool near the falls.

The water was pleasantly cool, not numbing cold as I had expected. We waded back to our packs. It took us a bit to get our feet dry and our gear back on, but we were soon back on the trail.

The next stop was Havasu Falls. The trail angled to the left and dropped along the side of the cliff. We waded through 4 inches of dust. Once we reached the bottom of the falls, we had some fabulous views.

The falls had split and left a small tree on its own island at the top. The mist from the water felt wonderfully soothing on our skin in the dry heat.

The last waterfall was Mooney Falls. We had to pass through the large campground to get to it, and saw that it

was pretty full of tents and people.

As the trail wound through the area, we noticed Fern Spring emptying into a stone receptacle at the base of the cliff on the left side. It was labeled as good drinking water, but we noticed that the people filling their bottles were still using water filters (take no chances!).

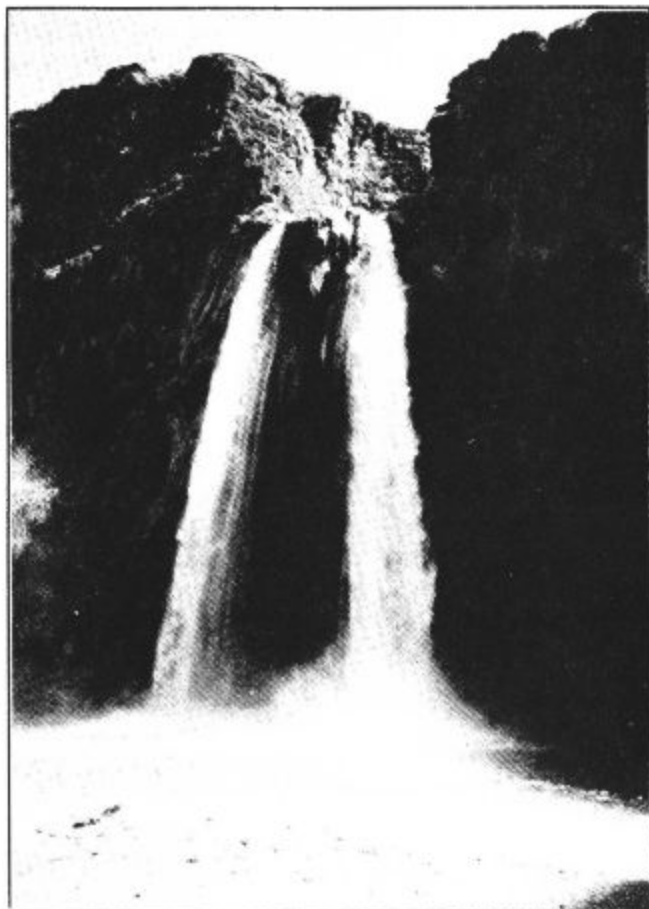
As we approached Mooney Falls, we could hear the thunder of water. This falls is over 200 feet high (higher than Niagara Falls, we were told). We took a few pictures from the top, then my brother and his family left their packs with us and descended the steep cliff.

Wanderbuns suffers from acrophobia (fear of heights), so I stayed with him on top. He strolled around to take pictures, then started down the trail to take a peek. It wasn't long before he was back, then I took my own look.

The narrow trail to the bottom clings to the side of the cliff and has several chain barriers on the outside to keep you from falling. At one point you have to pass through a narrow tunnel. Toward the bottom, you have to descend grasping chains and using footholds in the cliff. (Watch the chains because a young girl was hit by a loose one and broke her tooth.)

My family finally rejoined us at the top, regaling us with their experience. Wanderbuns and I were both glad we had stayed on top. My nephew was shorter than me, but made up for it by his agility. I would have had a difficult time making it down, then pulling myself back up the cliff with chains and widely-spaced footholds.

We returned to the village in time to buy postcards to mail at the post office (five minutes before they closed). We mailed them to ourselves and friends because we wanted the postmark from the most unique post office in the USA.



Havasu Falls.

Diana Carmack

It is the only post office that we know of that handcancels the mail as having been carried out by mule.

We had another tasty meal at the cafe. Sandwiches were again available as bread had arrived on the pack train that day. We all decided to buy some fruit and rolls at the store so we could breakfast early the next morning and start hiking before the Cafe opened for business. We all repacked our gear for the trip out, then hit the sack.

Wednesday, April 3

During the night I noticed that the blister on my foot was not getting any better. On examination the next morning, I decided that it was questionable how well I would weather the 8-mile trek out of the canyon. Kathleen and Keven decided to start hiking out early as they liked a slower pace.

Wanderbuns and Bob stayed with me while I procured a ride out on a horse (I am an experienced rider). When everything was in order, they took off up the trail. It took me a little longer to get going as the owner of the horse had to attend to some business. He gave me a switch and told me to start out ahead of

him up the trail. He had to change saddles on one horse and get two more so that he could bring back supplies.

The wrangler told me I should be able to make it to the top in about three hours. As I rode up the trail, I was glad of the switch. It prompted the horse to keep a pace we could both stand (faster than a walk). I finally caught up to the group. Unfortunately, I had forgotten to take the key to the van out of my pack which was on a different horse.

Wanderbuns and Bob decided to detour up Havasu Canyon to Havasu Springs on the hike out. They said that there were many trees, thorn bushes, and mud. Water wells up in many places in that steep-walled meadow. Most of the water flows through stagnant muck.

I persuaded my hay-burner to head up-trail again. I was alone on the trail a good share of the time. It was pleasant listening to the clip-clop of the horse hooves echoing back from the canyon walls.

I heard a fast-moving pack train that sounded like a thundering herd coming up behind me. When I turned in my saddle to look, I realized that I had better get out of the way! Pack animals with empty saddles were running loose behind me, heading for the trailhead. Apparently it was easier for the owners to drive them, and that is just what they were doing, right toward me.

At one point my water bottle dropped to the ground out of the temporary sling I had made from my long-sleeved shirt. We were in a flat, wide area of the can-

yon, so I slid off my friendly horse and retrieved my equipment. After securing it again, I discovered that the saddle had loosened. I tightened the cinch (to the dismay of my steed, I am sure), and finally got back into the saddle with the help of a well-placed rock on which to stand.

Traversing the serpentine trail clinging to the side of the cliff was a unique experience on horseback. Two pack trains passed me, then slowed at the steep ascent. At one point I looked up to see a pack train on each of two switchbacks above me. It must have been interesting to see that pattern from a distance. In no time, we were nearing the top, and my horse was neighing to its friends.

A number of packtrains had already made it there ahead of me, and were loading up supplies for the return trip. I was directed where to stop the horse, and someone tied it up for me.

When I dismounted, I discovered that my horse muscles had grown flabby with years of disuse. I walked (very stiffly) to the top of the trail and watched for my pack. The woman who tied up my horse told me that the owner would probably be along in a few minutes. About 15 minutes later, sure enough, my pack appeared.

I retrieved my gear and headed for the van. The long walk from the trailhead to our vehicle was enough to convince me that taking a horse to the top was the smartest thing I had done all day. Getting out of my hiking boots felt

heavenly.

I decided to take a nap, but was awakened by Wanderbuns knocking on the window of the van. He had made good time on the return hike. He was worried about me, so he sprinted out ahead of my family.

He changed his boots, then we moved the van closer to the trailhead so that my weary family wouldn't have to walk so far. As we were doing that, Keven spotted us in the parking lot. It wasn't long before Bob and Kathleen joined us. They don't hike as much as Wanderbuns and I do, so they were pretty tucked out.

Kathleen made it under her own power, which was an enormous feat in itself. She had been undergoing radiation therapy as a follow-up to surgery for cancer. She still had several treatments to go when we returned from the trip. I was very proud that she could make it there and back.

We all melted into the van, and Wanderbuns drove us to Kingman where we gassed up the van and ourselves. That hamburger at Burger King was absolutely delicious.

Recommendations

This hike is a once-in-a-lifetime adventure. If you are into serious hiking, it is a place you shouldn't miss. The scenery is spectacular and the conditions are great (if you do it during a cooler time of the year). Wanderbuns and I recommend the following things to consider when preparing for this adventure:

1. Make your plans far in advance. My brother started calling the Lodge at Supai on December 15th before we visited in April. The phone is not always staffed, so you have to be persistent until you can talk to someone. The phone number is 602-448-2111.
2. You have to make reservations to stay at the lodge or in the campgrounds. You can't camp any place other than in the campground.
3. There is a trail fee of \$15.00 (during the regular season).
4. Do not lose your tag. If you do, you will have to purchase another.
5. Make sure your vehicle has plenty of fuel before you reach the trailhead. Peach Springs is the nearest town with gas, but we elected to fuel up in Kingman (it was cheaper in a larger city).
6. Take along plenty of water to start your hike. There is no drinking water available at the trailhead. Wanderbuns



The trail leading from the village to the trailhead.

Diana Carmack

CHUCK GUSTAFSON

YOU KNOW YOU'RE A MATURE SKIER WHEN . . .

- ... You know what long-thongs, pine tar and Lignostone edges are.
- ... Your first Alpine boots had laces.
- ... The person sharing your chair lift is younger than your skis.
- ... You have to wear a hat and goggles in a blizzard.
- ... You start skiing an hour after the lifts open and quit an hour before they close.
- ... You start carrying a thermos with a hot drink.
- ... You stop skiing 70 degree slopes, cornices and tree- and rock-filled gullies.
- ... Snow camping means "roughing it" at the Mazama Country Inn.
- ... You have to start deep/pressure breathing to get up the energy to wax your skis.
- ... You've skied Mazama Ridge more times than the resident snow ranger.
- ... You remember when lift tickets cost \$5.00.
- ... Your newest pair of skis cost more than your first skis, boots, poles, pack and clothing, combined.
- ... Your diagonal stride has turned into the diagonal shuffle.

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Chuck Gustafson, of Seattle, is so mature that he once averaged \$.25 a run on a one-day lift ticket.

and I each had two one-liter bottles in our packs. Bob and Keven carried larger bottles. The five of us had plenty of water, and we knew that there were several springs along the trail if we needed more (my brother had an excellent filter pump). We recommend at least three quarts of water per person, more in hot weather. NOTE: leave water in your vehicle for the return trip.

7. There are pit toilets at the top.

8. Pack out what you bring in. A number of hikers are untidy and dispose of empty water bottles along the side of the trail.

9. There were rumors of theft in the campgrounds. We had been advised to put all valuables in the bottom of our

sleeping bags at night. We experienced no problems at the lodge.

10. DO NOT TAKE YOUR PET ALONG ON THIS TRIP. The trailhead sign states that pets are not allowed. There are numerous dogs loose in the canyon and we observed several fights among them.

We all had a wonderful time on this trip and we highly recommend it. We want to return to the area and hike the Bright Angel trail in the Grand Canyon on another trip.

We did have another spectacular adventure while we were visiting. Bob

and Kathleen are both pilots for Air Vegas, a company which takes people on flying tours of the Grand Canyon.

Bob captained the plane which took us over the Canyon, and we were able to see some of the area in which we had hiked the previous day. It was a wonderful experience in itself, and we recommend doing that, too.

△

Diana Carmack, of Bothell, is a member of Snoqualmie Valley Trails Club and Friends of Mount Si.

JENNIFER STEIN BARKER

AROUND CRATER LAKE

—A TRIP WITH THE STRAWBERRY MOUNTAIN NORDIC CLUB—

As we prepared for our first-ever snow camping trip together, Lance jokingly said it would be the first time he had gone snow-camping "on purpose." (He was referring to camping out in snowstorms when he first moved here to the homestead, before the house was built.) For my part, I was frantically sewing a pair of camp booties for Lance from coated nylon, fleece, and some pieces of old blue foam.

We planned to circle Crater Lake on skis with our local club, the Strawberry Mountain Nordic Club.

We got out on the road on time, and made it to Wilson's Cottages at the Crater Lake National Park boundary just at dark. Some of the group were driving from Bend in the morning (a 2½ hour drive), but Wilson's had been recommended by the trip leader, and we decided to try it.

We thought the cottages were wonderful! It was like a trip back in time, the interior made of pine and Masonite paneling over 50 years old and in almost perfect condition.

The bed was comfortable and an oil stove shushed quietly as it radiated heat from the center of the room. The night was very quiet, as the cabins were back from the road under big fir trees, and we slept very well.

On the morning of March 23rd, we met the rest of our group at the crater rim. We shuttled most of the cars down to Park Headquarters, where we would finish our clockwise trip.

Doug, our trip leader, got the permit for us at the Visitor's Center. The group size limit is eight people, but as Doug was on the Nordic Ski Patrol and agreed to a "working" trip (he had to carry a radio), we went with nine total.

By the time the last-minute packing and other details were taken care of, tour buses were rolling into the parking lot. We took off around the rim among throngs of day skiers.

Two of the groups were from Portland, and Lance and I greeted friends from the Portland chapter of the Oregon Nordic Club we knew from the state meetings.

As we gained a few miles, the day-skiers thinned out and eventually disappeared (but not till after lunch). However, nothing could impair the spectacular beauty of our surroundings.

The lake's stunning dark-blue jewel tone is made even more spectacular by a snow setting. The trees on the windward side were encrusted with rime-ice by passing clouds, and the sun highlighted lake, snow, and ancient mountain hemlock trees. Occasional passing clouds obscured the distant views and enveloped the near ones in ethereal light.

We stopped for lunch near The Watchman, one of the many points where the rim road swings to the very edge of the caldera.

One of the things that surprised me was how infrequently we actually skied above the edge of the lake. As the caldera rim has many peaks and knife-edge heights, the majority of road time is spent navigating around these obstacles. As a result, the view is in constantly changing directions, and each view of the lake is refreshingly different.

In mid afternoon, we paused at the North Entrance, which is less than a third of the way around (the obstacles get much larger and distances increase around the east and south sides). We could see the exposed red cinders of the Red Cone, and the snowless country at lower elevations beyond.

We passed a camp set up by a solo skier, a Czech who lived in California. He had come up to us in the parking lot before we started, and asked questions



Jennifer Stein Barker

Doug Robin and Ryan Spence taking a rest at the rim of Crater Lake.

about the tour. He seemed well-prepared with a North Face VE-24, a palatial tent for one person.

Each morning he passed our camp as he started out early, and each evening we passed his where he had set up by the side of the road.

A little over a mile later, we camped on a sheltered bench well away from the lake. Campsites with scenic lake views are plentiful, but they were all windy on this trip (and, Doug said, usually). I avoided the chillies by doing a lot of energetic digging, making a nice kitchen pit and tent platform.

After dinner, we skied a little in the light of the waxing moon. We hoped both to keep warm and to catch a glimpse of Comet Hyakutake. Lance and I had bought a paper in Bend with a map showing exactly where the comet would be traveling, but that part of the sky remained stubbornly clouded over, and we straggled off to bed.

In the middle of the night, I had to get up, and as I exited the tent, I was struck by the clearness of the skies. I raised my eyes and caught my breath. "Oh, WOW!" was all I could say.

My dark-adjusted eyes perceived a tail half way across the sky as the comet approached the handle of the big dipper. The head of the comet was as big as a full moon, although it glowed with a softer, less-defined light.

I said "Oh, wow" a couple of more times, but failing to arouse any sleepers' interest (it was cold), I crawled back into my bag. In the morning, I was twitted by the others about my three "oh, wow"s, but I could only say, "You get up tonight and you'll see!" (They did).

There were larger ups and downs the second day as we skied up to a saddle between Cloudcap and Mount Scott. When the clouds came across the sun, and the wind blew, it was downright cold. We also saw our only bare pavement of the trip as we crossed wind-scoured overlooks on the northeast side of the lake and had to take our skis off and walk a few times for short distances.

Late in the afternoon we came to Kerr Notch, where we all took the short side trip to view the Phantom Ship, a tiny tree-covered island that resembles a ship with sails.

Then it was time to take the traverse around the side of Dutton Cliff, where the road is cut into a very steep slope for almost a mile. If there has been a lot of snow recently, or conditions look

particularly unstable as you approach, skiers must take the road down Kerr Valley, losing almost 500 feet in elevation, and then climb 90 feet back up to rejoin the road on Dutton Ridge.

Conditions looked quite stable for us, so we went ahead onto the traverse. As we watched Ryan lose his balance and fall on the steep, wind-drifted side-slope, Doug said, "This is why I didn't recommend bringing a sled."

Indeed, we had already noticed that though we were skiing on a road, the snow often had drifted so that its gradient matched that of the hill the road was cut into. A loaded sled has a tendency to pull downhill unless belayed from behind. As the gradient gets steeper, the sled rolls over downhill. This trip looked like quite a bit of the terrain would present difficulties for a sled-puller.

Doug said a friend of his often took a sled on trips, including this one, and that her technique was simple and

practical: she packed her loaded pack onto the sled. Every time she came to a spot where the sidehill was too much for the sled, she hoisted the pack to her shoulders and pulled the empty sled behind her. This sounded easier, but I was still glad I'd left my sled behind.

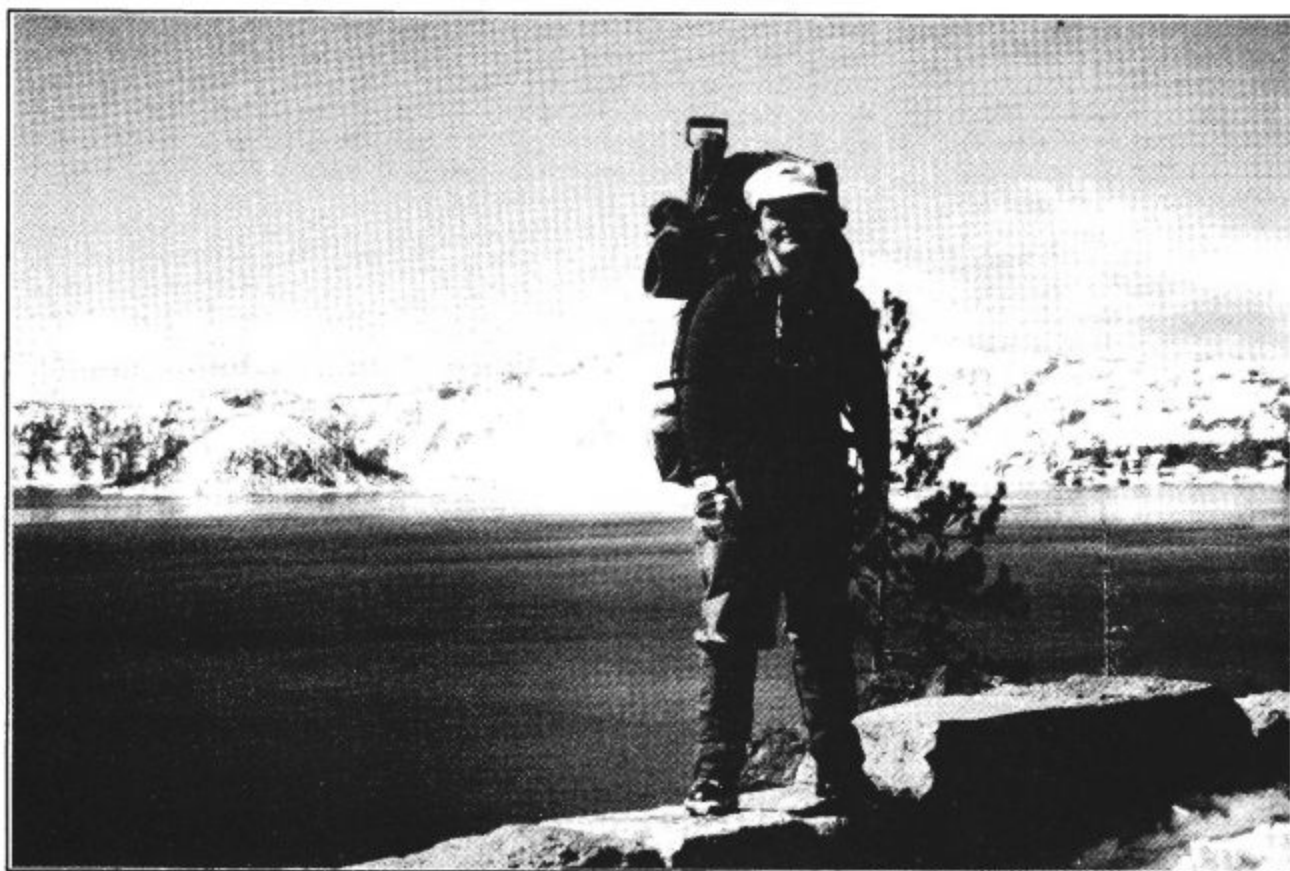
I'll note here that we did see some folks starting off clockwise from the Rim Village with well-loaded sleds. They said that they were only going out a ways, and would return by the same route. This looked quite feasible, as you would not have to go past any obstacles you didn't feel comfortable with.

A two-night campout would allow you a day to explore around the north side of the lake from your base camp. I wouldn't pass up the opportunity to ski all the way around, but this makes a good alternative.

Just after successfully traversing under Dutton Cliff, we came to a shelf in the side of the mountain with a fine east exposure. Anticipating morning



Lunch by The Watchman.



Lance Barker

Jennifer at Crater Lake.

sun, we chose it for our camp. Stair-stepping our tents up the side of a sheltered hollow, we prepared our camp dinners.

Lance and I tried out the second part of our test order from Paradise Farm Organics. I poured boiling water over the Couscous-and-Lentil Curry, and snapped the lids on the little bowls, then set to stirring the Chocolatey Mousse vigorously in my mug. After dinner, we agreed that it was one of the best instant trail meals we'd ever had!

That night, I slept straight through, refusing to get out of my sleeping bag even when I heard the others outside murmuring as they viewed the comet.

In the morning, Doug listened on his Park radio to the weather report. The morning's low had been 12 degrees! We wasted as little time as possible packing up. Though we had sun, we were eager to be moving!

I was quite glad that the first pitch out of camp was an uphill one, and I was moving up and down the trail to get warm by the time all were packed.

We started off together to make sure that everyone got a good start, and then we strung out along the trail, regrouping occasionally to do a nose count.

At Sun Notch, most of us dropped our packs on the road and climbed to the Caldera Rim for our last view of the lake. A group from Eugene that was doing the Rim in a leisurely four days was just packing up their camp.

We stopped at Vidae Falls for a welcome break in the warmest, most sheltered and sunny spot we'd been for days. Then we climbed over one last ridge and headed down the long, gentle downhill stretch to Park Headquarters.

The wind had dropped and the temperature climbed so that we finished relaxed, warm, and laughing. The Czech skier who had done the trip solo managed to finish at the same time as we, and to hitch a ride back to his car at Rim Village with Doug and Greg.

If you are going with only one car, and have to leave it up at the rim, there is a trail which climbs back up to complete the loop. I think the 600-foot elevation gain would be a killer after going around (although you can leave your pack in the Visitor's Center). Of course, some people like to be able to say they went *all* the way around!

Not that fanatical, Lance and I hit the road for Bend, and dinner at Chan's Restaurant where sunburned,

dirty skiers are welcomed with courtesy and fed the best Chinese food in central Oregon.

SOURCES & INFORMATION:

Wilson's Cottages and Camp
PO Box 488
Fort Klamath OR 97626
541-381-2209

Paradise Farm Organics
1000 Wild Iris Lane
Moscow ID 83843
800-758-2418

Crater Lake National Park
PO Box 7
Crater Lake OR 97604
541-594-2211



Jennifer Stein Barker is the former owner of Garrison Springs Lodge. She and Lance now live on a solar-powered homestead in the high country of eastern Oregon.

Jennifer publishes a bi-monthly newsletter and has authored a cookbook. For information about either, write Morning Hill, HC 84 Box 632, Canyon City OR 97820.

MAURI S. PELTO

A Summer the Snow Endured

—THE 1996 REPORT FROM THE GLACIER CLIMATE PROJECT—

The North Cascade Glacier Climate Project was established in 1983 to monitor the response of North Cascade Glaciers and glacier runoff to changes in climate. As director of the project, Mauri Peltó has had the opportunity to visit more than 130 North Cascade glaciers. Here is the report from this summer's study.

The winter season was wet and warm, the spring season cold and wet. This boded well for North Cascade glaciers, particularly those at higher elevations.

COLUMBIA GLACIER

Our hike into Columbia Glacier (Henry M. Jackson Wilderness) indicated below normal snowfall at the lower elevations. Columbia Glacier begins at 5400 feet and extends down valley one mile to 4600 feet, and is the largest low elevation glacier in the North Cascades.

The snowline this year was at 5040 feet. There was slightly more snow and ice melt than snow accumulation. The glacier had retreated 5 meters since 1995 and a new small lake had formed at the terminus.

Chuck Gustafson in the September issue noted that the Columbia Glacier looked to have almost disappeared since his last visit 20 years ago. Columbia Glacier has retreated 105 meters since 1972, a small change in comparison to its length of 1600 meters. However, the glacier has thinned considerably from its

head to the terminus.

Between 1984 and 1996 Columbia Glacier thinned 14 meters at 4700 feet, 11 meters at 4900 feet, and 8 meters at 5200 feet. Below 4800 feet Columbia Glacier is between 40 and 50 meters thick, and a 14m thinning is an important change.

It is this section below 4900 feet that can be seen from Blanca Lake. The upper half of the glacier that is nearly flat cannot be seen. Thus, his observation is accurate that the lower section of the Columbia Glacier is considerably shrunken.

LOWER CURTIS GLACIER

The hike down from Columbia Glacier in the morning and the hike into Lower Curtis Glacier on Mount Shuksan (North Cascades National Park) in the afternoon were accomplished in

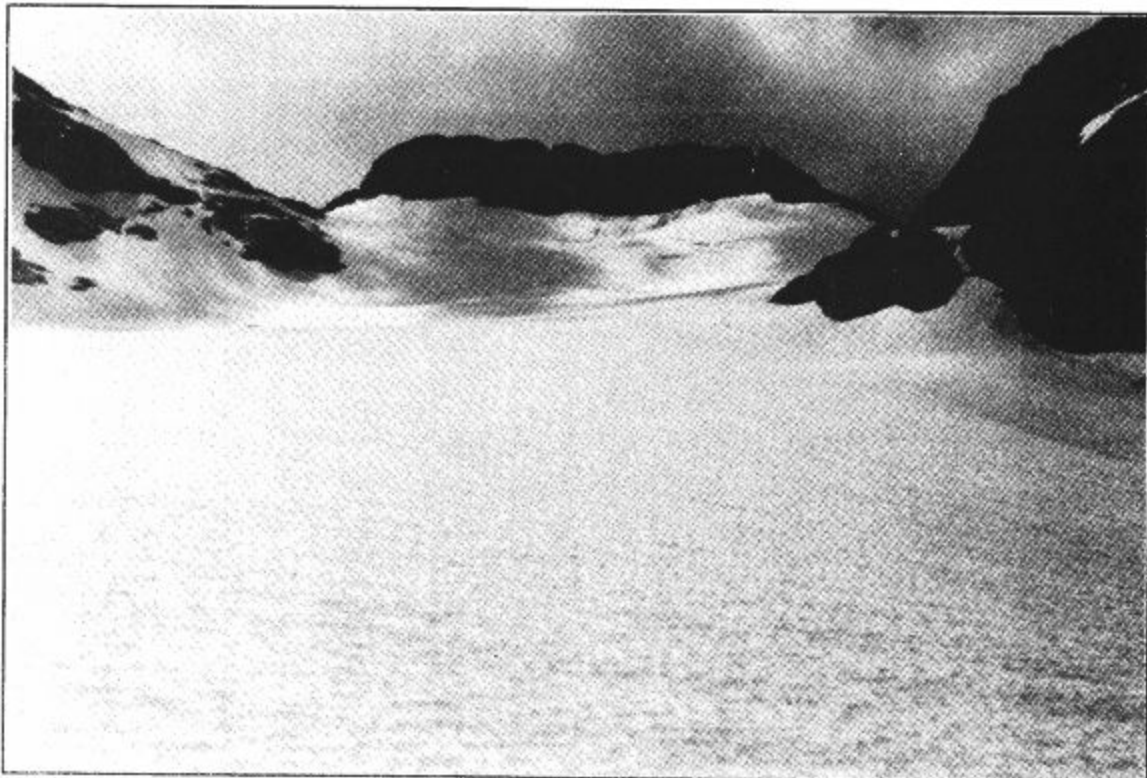
driving rain. The following day featured continued driving rain and white-out on the glacier.

Lower Curtis Glacier, after advancing 150 meters between 1958 and 1986, has now retreated 107 meters since 1987. This retreat will continue, erasing the 1950-1975 advance. Snow accumulation largely from avalanching off the surrounding cirque walls had balanced the summer melting on this low elevation glacier.

Returning to camp we managed to stay out of our sleeping bags until 6pm. The next day featured more driving rain as we hiked out to Austin Pass, circled Mount Baker and hiked into the Easton Glacier terminus.

EASTON GLACIER AND OTHERS

A rising barometer that evening promised strong winds (which bent our



August, 1996, view across Colonial Glacier, on Colonial Peak, North Cascades National Park: no crevasses, no movement in lower section.

Mauri Peltó

tent poles that night) and better weather for the next day. The next two days we spent skiing in whiteout examining the Easton, Squak and Deming Glaciers (Mount Baker Wilderness and National Recreation Area).

Skiing from crevasse to crevasse we found snow depths consistent and fairly typical below 6000 feet. However, there was an unusually rapid rise in snow depth from 1 meter to 6 meters between 6000 and 7000 feet.

Terminus retreat since the 1980 maximum on Easton Glacier is 97 meters, on Squak Glacier 151 meters, on Deming Glacier 132 meters.

On Squak Glacier the retreat had been so rapid since my last visit in 1992 that the terminus region was hard to recognize. I could not at first glance imagine how far away my benchmark position was.

The Scott Paul trail from the Easton to Squak Glacier lookout areas is a wonderful alpine excursion, providing easy access to the terminus of either glacier. Garbage below Easton Glacier was at a minimum after last summer's cleanup.

CASCADE PASS GLACIERS

After six days without blue sky our hike to Cache Col under perfect conditions was pure joy. Snowpack on Cache Col Glacier (North Cascades National Park) was the highest of any measurement year—yippee!

Sahale Glacier had excellent snowpack as well. Quien Sabe Glacier in Boston Basin has retreated 150m since 1982, but appears to be at the end of its rapid retreat period.

COLONIAL GLACIER

The next day we hiked into the Colonial Glacier (NCNP). The best route into the area, despite Beckey's changed opinion in the latest *Cascade Alpine Guide* (Stevens to Rainy Pass), is still by way of Pyramid Lake.

Camping right beyond the terminus provided us an unremitting glacier wind and no bugs. In the ensuing three days we surveyed Colonial, Neve and Ladder Creek Glacier. Colonial Glacier had retreated 54 meters since 1992, expanding the lake at its terminus. I surmise this lake is going to be a substantial and beautiful alpine lake within 20 years.

The Colonial Glacier is going to continue its moderate retreat and thinning. No motion is evident since 1992 in the lower 350 meters of the glacier.

We have been using rock piles on the glacier to measure movement.

Neve and Ladder Creek Glaciers (south of Colonial Glacier) emanate from the same high elevation accumulation zone in the large basin on the north side of Snowfield Peak. The glacier then separates into two glacier tongues spilling into Ladder Creek to the west and Thunder Creek to the east respectively.

One of the largest glaciers in the North Cascades, both termini advanced vigorously from 1950 to

1975. The Neve terminus has retreated 58 meters since its maximum.

Of more importance, Neve Glacier has thinned in the lower reach by 15 to 20 meters. The lower 320 meters of the Neve are now stagnant and will rapidly waste away. The Ladder Creek terminus is steep and has retreated 50 to 80 meters since its 1979 maximum, and occupies an identical position to its 1967 location. This glacier remains very active and crevassed right to the terminus.

We also ascended to the top of the glacier going from crevasse to crevasse measuring snow depth. This glacier has a large area above 7000 feet. In several gaping crevasses on the upper glacier we found a record of all the accumulation layers from the previous 5 to 10 years.

We measured the thickness of each, much like tree rings. Only 1991 was thicker than the 1996 layer. The average thickness of snow remaining at the end of the recent summers on the upper Neve has been 1.8 meters.

Despite this being a remote area, we did meet another party ascending Snowfield Peak. Since we were unroped amid the icefall zone they asked if we ever had any problems.

I replied no, and indicated the ½-inch-diameter copper probe that is my "problem" finder.

We then observed this group step through two snow bridges, fortunately without consequence. Not only did they fail to identify weak snow bridges, they were also spread out too far to stop a crevasse fall before considerable descent had occurred.

This illustrated the point that roping up is not sufficient respect for crevasses, any more than seat belts suffice for reckless driving.

MOUNT SHUKSAN GLACIERS

Sulphide Glacier on Mount Shuksan (North Cascades National Park) we had to ourselves on a beautiful day. The terminus continues to retreat slowly. Crystal Glacier avalanched frequently and has not retreated since last observed in 1992.

Evidently despite being nearly twin glaciers in size, slope, altitude and orientation, Crystal Glacier is more active and retreating very little.

We had lunch at the top of the Sulphide icefall at 8000 feet. Snow depth measured in a crevasse with many



Bill Prafer

The Lynch Glacier, on Mount Daniel, pre-Pea Soup Lake, in August 1960. Alpine Lakes Wilderness.



Mauri Pelto

The Lynch Glacier in 1985: Pea Soup lake (very bottom right) now three years old.

annual layers exposed was 4.5 meters in this area, thicker than any year except 1991.

The lowest terminus of the Sulphide is actually southwest of the icefall zone, and provides a better measure of retreat as it is out of the avalanche scour zone. Retreat has been 21 meters since 1992.

MOUNT DANIEL GLACIERS

Mount Daniel Alpine Lakes Wilderness) was laden with snow surpassing any year since the 1970s. The glaciers were all covered right to the termini. The Lynch Glacier had snow depths 1.7 meters greater than the average of the last 10 years.

All of these glaciers had positive mass balances for the second straight year, certainly the first time this has happened since the early 1970s. While measuring the terminus retreat of the Lynch, it greeted us with a serac falling into Pea Soup Lake.

We investigated the West Lynch and East Foss Glaciers and found the East Foss to be officially non-existent and the West Lynch with 2 to 5 years until it disappears.

The last night was cold and windy. Jeff Howbert explained to me the complexities of automated DNA sequencing. This gave me something to think about as the wind beat mercilessly at the tent.

We slept without the tent most nights this summer, but the sky was not promising this evening. After attempting to return to sleep with the wind beating at

the tent in the middle of the night, we noticed stars had appeared and quickly dismantled the tent and slept on the ground with the wind easily passing through our sleeping bags. Naturally we got off to an early start on this last day.

LAST WINTER'S STATISTICS

The winter of 1995-1996 yielded above average snowpacks throughout the season east of the Cascade Crest reaching an unheard of 91 inches in depth on February 10 in Holden (50 to 60 is a typical maximum).

West of the crest snowpack remained

at 75-80%, of normal despite the wet weather. Paradise (Mount Rainier National Park) had 110 inches of snowpack depth on February 10. This indicated the frequent winter rain events even at 5000 to 6000 feet reduced snowpack depth.

April precipitation was the highest of any April since 1937. This led to the maximum snowfall depth at Paradise occurring on April 27: 150 inches. This is quite unusual to have such a late date for the season maximum.

The warm winter precipitation events led to considerable rain below 6000 feet; however, above 6500 feet the precipitation was generally snow. The consequent snow depths at 7000 feet were well above average, similar in magnitude to 1984 and 1991, and greater than any other year since 1975.

Summer melting was slow to get underway, the melt season not getting into high gear until early July. However, July and August were warm leading to rapid meltback of the snowpack. As the melt season came to an end, the glaciers overall gained in volume.

I hope this year brings more of the abundant snow that fell last winter.



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



Mauri Pelto

Skiing on the Rainbow Glacier, 1993. North side of Mount Baker.

NEW BOOKS *for winter reading*

MARBLE MOUNTAIN WILDERNESS, by David Green and Greg Ingold. Wilderness Press, 800-443-7227. 1996, 2nd edition. \$15.95.

Just below the Oregon-California border is the Marble Mountain Wilderness. Although the fourth largest Wilderness in California, it gets only a fraction of the use of other Wildernesses in the state.

Its location in far-northern California makes it a not-unreasonable destination for Washington and Oregon backpackers seeking new territory.

The guide covers six main areas in the Marbles, and describes 28 trails and many side trips. Rather than sketch maps, the book comes with a large 28"x40" topographic map (a nice touch typical of Wilderness Press books).

Many photos, an index, and sections on natural history make *Marble Mountain Wilderness* a useful reference.

SECRETS OF SI, by Robert E. DeGraw. Ro-De Publishing Company, PO Box 343, Kirkland WA 98083. 1995. \$14.95.

A trail guide, history book and philosophical treatise all in one, *Secrets of Si* is a valuable addition to anyone who loves exploring this mountain near North Bend.

Full page maps with meticulous elevations and distances are interspersed with columns of descriptive and witty text. Not all the trails are legally open but are included in the interest of providing a complete record of use. The author frequently points out the dangers of unmaintained trails and urges readers not to trespass on private land.

This is not a typical guidebook but is a gold mine of information.

DON'T WASTE YOUR TIME IN THE NORTH CASCADES, by Kathy and Craig Copeland. Wilderness Press, 800-443-7227. 1996. \$12.95.

In spite of the smart-aleck title, this would be a useful volume for out-of-staters with limited time and no local friends to recommend good hikes.

When the authors really like a trail, they wax eloquent about it. But "Don't Do" trails are disparaged in no uncertain terms.

This book sends people to all the



overcrowded places—Cascade Pass, Skyline Divide—while discouraging them from the less-visited, "worthless" spots—Ice Lakes, Devils Loop.

Not a good book for a local who has the time to explore.

MOUNTAINEERING FIRST AID, by Carline, Lentz, Macdonald, et al. The Mountaineers, 800-553-4453. 1996, 4th edition. \$10.95.

Up-dated manual for medical emergencies in the backcountry. Easy to read and easy to use, with important symptoms emphasized and essential tasks in 1-2-3 lists. A must-have.

IN THE ZONE, by Peter Potterfield. The Mountaineers, 800-553-4453. 1996. \$22.95.

Just as gripping as a Joe Simpson story, *In the Zone* is a scary book where the good guys don't always win. The author tells three stories about surviving and dying in the mountains. The most blood-chilling is his own tale of

a fall on Chimney Rock several years ago, and his account of survival and rescue.

A great book for winter reading, but don't let a non-mountaineer pick it up—they wouldn't understand.

CROSS-COUNTRY SKI TOURS: North Cascades, by Kirkendall and Spring. The Mountaineers, 800-553-4453. 1996, 2nd edition. \$14.95.

Completely reorganized with a few new trips and photos, this second edition is enough of a change from the first one (now 8 years old) to warrant a new purchase.

The guide covers the area from Mount Baker and Winthrop in the north to Bluett Pass and Mission Ridge in the south, and trails from groomed to backcountry. It's the best book around for ideas on where to go and how to get there in the winter.

DESOLATION WILDERNESS, by Jeffrey Schaffer. Wilderness Press, 800-443-7227. 1996, 3rd edition. \$13.95.

Desolation and South Lake Tahoe are wonderful destinations for vacationing Puget Sound backpackers, and the area is a good introduction to the whole eastern Sierra. This region includes dozens of high lakes and rugged granite peaks.

The guide covers 32 hikes in detail, with photos. A 15-minute topographic map is included.

Jeff Schaffer is also the author of the PCT guides, and *Desolation Wilderness* is written in the same informative style. Don't go to Lake Tahoe without it.

STATE OF WASHINGTON map, by Dee Molenaar. Molenaar Landform Maps, PO Box 62, Burley WA 98322. 1996. \$7.50 folded; \$9.50 rolled.

Climber and cartographer Dee Molenaar has revised and reprinted his State of Washington map. One side of the 24" x 37" sheet is an artistic rendering of our state, with mountain ranges accurately depicted.

The second side gives a brief geologic history, with illustrations of glaciers and rock types to give you an idea what our mountains are made of. Besides being instructive, the map is a beautiful "picture" of Washington.

PANORAMA

NEWS FROM ALL OVER

VANDALISM—Except for an occasional spurt, vandals were generally quiet this last summer—except near Granite Falls.

The November edition of the *Washington Kayak Club Bulletin* has a report from Wes Brock:

"Returning from the 'Senior Sneak' on the South Fork of the Stilly [9/12], WKC paddlers found that all their automobiles parked at the River Scenes County Park put-in just outside Granite Falls (off the Jordan Road) had been broken into and burglarized.

"The Granite Falls Police Chief (the park is outside his jurisdiction) stated that this is common up the valley, with 62 break-ins over Labor Day and around 700 for the year so far.

"The sheriff's office was contacted. ... They are funded for only two officers for the 'eastern county' and at this writing (mid-September) they are totally occupied with working the opening of lowland hunting season. This area includes trailheads and river put-ins.

"Obviously the county merchants are unaware of the economic loss in our tourist dollars (not to mention our losses). We should support the local law enforcement people in their quest to give us protection and inform local merchants when it interferes with their and our business."

BLACK BEAR RESEARCH—More than 70 radio-marked black bears are being monitored for a study of black bears on both the west and east slopes of the Cascades in Washington.

DNA analysis of hair, saliva and fecal samples is being used to determine what percent of the sample population has actually been captured.

The study, in its third year, has expanded to the Olympic Peninsula and will continue through 1998.—*excerpted from "International Bear News."*

SCATTER CREEK—Showing little concern for the impact on a proposed land exchange that would protect recreation and wildlife in the I-90 corridor, Plum Creek has filed an application for road construction in Scatter Creek, a pristine roadless area in the upper Cle Elum drainage next to the Alpine Lakes Wilderness. ...

Wenatchee National Forest would like to bring into public ownership all Plum Creek lands in the Teanaway (all

of which are in the West Fork), and most of the uncut Plum Creek lands between Silver Creek and Salmon la Sac, but Plum Creek's action may jeopardize the land exchange.

You can help the efforts of the Alpine Lakes Protection Society to protect Scatter Creek and other lands from road building and logging by writing supportive letters to:

Sonny O'Neal, Supervisor
Wenatchee National Forest
215 Melody Lane
Wenatchee WA 98801

and

William R. Brown, Vice President
Plum Creek Timber Co
999 Third Ave #2300
Seattle WA 98104.

If you're interested in learning more about ALPS and their work, contact Jim Knibb, 13438 98th Ave NE, Kirkland WA 98034 (206-823-0347).—*excerpted from "alpine," the newsletter of ALPS.*

EAGLES—On two Saturdays this winter you'll have the opportunity to study the dense concentration of eagles on the Skagit River with wildlife biologist Libby Mills. The sessions are sponsored by North Cascades Institute and the dates are December 14 and January 4.

The fee for each day-long seminar is \$70 per person (academic credit avail-

able). For registration information, contact **North Cascades Institute, 2105 Highway 20, Sedro-Woolley WA 98284** (360-856-5700). You can register by phone with a bank card.

EDGE OF THE MAP—Mountaineer members Mike Burns and Steve Cox will present "A Journey to the Edge of the Map" on January 9, 7pm, at The Mountaineers.

Their journey to a remote Himalayan region of northern India brought their international team to the stunning Kulu and Parvati river valleys, and a glacier system that only a few dozen people have ever seen. The presentation will include slides, demonstrations and a video.

Tickets are \$5 for Mountaineer members and \$7 for nonmembers. Tickets go on sale December 20 at the Mountaineers Bookstore, 300 Third Ave W in Seattle (206-284-6310).

PCTA MEETING—Mark your calendars now to attend the annual meeting of the Pacific Crest Trail Association. It will be January 18 in Seattle, at the meeting rooms of the new REI store.

An afternoon of seminars about the trail will lead to a dinner, preview of a new video, and awards. Call the PCTA office for registration details: 800-817-2243.



David Hoppens

Five miles south of Sherman Pass on Highway 20 is the new Snow Peak shelter, located at a col with good water nearby. Use of the shelter is by reservation from the Forest Service office in Republic: 509-775-3305. Reservations open January 1; no fee is charged (yet). The shelter will hold six people.

REST STOP

EQUIPMENT, RECIPES, TIPS

MINI HAND AND POCKET WARMER BY GRABBER—My hands sure can get cold during a day of snow travel—especially after a long stop. No more!

Now I carry a packet of chemically activated handwarmers. One packet contains two warmers—one for each mitten. Open the packet to expose the pads to air and they will begin to heat. After they have warmed, I plop one in each mitten, and I'm set for the rest of the day.

Watch the expiration date on each packet—past that date they may not work as well (or maybe not at all). I highly recommend carrying several of these packets—they'll make your snow travel more comfortable.—*LGM, Port Orchard.*

CONDITIONING—My wife and I have been doing moderate day hikes and backpacking trips for over 20 years. This spring it seemed to me that we had gotten a little older and I felt like turning back the clock. So we scheduled a climb of Glacier Peak in late July, besides our usual ten day backpack, and I started investigating 10 week crash conditioning programs.

Using a proven program of aerobics training, we worked out five or six days per week for 10 weeks. We started with distances and durations that were comfortable, and added 10% per week to those distances or durations. During this program, we discovered two marvelous aids which we will never go without again, even on moderate hikes.

The first is the heart rate monitor. The type of HRM we use and recommend has a transmitter that fastens around the chest with a strap. You wear a device on your wrist that looks like a watch which displays your current heart rate. We use *Polar Beat* monitors; they are very well made, being sensitive, durable, and waterproof.

I won't go into the exact theory of using an HRM here. There are many good books and pamphlets on training with them, and you should definitely read

one or more before using an HRM. Perhaps it will suffice to say that wearing one will at least double the efficiency of your training. You absolutely won't believe the difference in your results after a month of training with an HRM. One caveat: if you are older or have been sedentary, be sure to discuss your training program and use of the HRM with your doctor.

The second aid we discovered is a performance enhancing sports drink called *Cytomax*. This stuff is a powder that you mix with water and carry in one of those pint squirt bottles that are so popular now.

It comes in 1.5 pound and 4.5 pound containers, and you get a squirt bottle with *Cytomax* written all over it when you buy the 1.5 pound size. This is not a sugar drink, nor is it a nasty tasting electrolyte, nor is it a drug. It actually tastes good, and consists of very interesting compounds with long names, all explained on the label.

What matters is that it works. You simply don't become as tired as you would if you were not drinking it. We take four squirts every half hour on a hot ascent, but you'll have to experiment to find the optimum dosage for your use. It may take a few weeks for your metabolism to adjust to this regimen, so if at first you don't like its effect, keep experimenting with smaller or larger quantities. There are many other sport drinks on the market, but we think this one is by far the best and easiest for hikers to use.

Another thing we'd like to recommend is reading bicycling magazines for training information. Biking is one of the most aerobic intensive sports around and there is lots of good information there on how to process more oxygen, no matter what your sport is.

We made our Glacier Peak climb. I carried 65 pounds up the "Root Trail" at 1000 feet per hour and the next day was truly our day as we climbed the 5000 feet from Boulder Basin to the summit, again making good 1000 feet per hour in brilliant sun and light wind. When we started the summer, we were limited to day hikes of 2000 vertical feet. Now, anything that's less than 6000 vertical feet from the road is within our ability. We no longer take Ibuprofen when we hike.

We got our heart rate monitors and our *Cytomax* from Performance Bi-

cycle, by mail order, though they also have several retail stores in the Northwest. Call 800-727-2453 to order or to get the address of the store nearest you.

Polar Beat monitors are \$79.99 and *Cytomax* costs \$19.99 for the 1.5 pound size or \$39.99 for the 4.5 pound size. Train hard, and try to ignore the pain. It's worth it.—*David Roberts, Nancy Sosnove, Everett.*

RAYNAUD'S DISEASE—Also known as "cold hands syndrome," Raynaud's disease is a disturbance of the blood vessels in the extremities, especially the hands. Symptoms flare up quickly and last from 5 minutes to an hour. Symptoms are a change in skin color (fingers, toes, earlobes and tip of the nose turn white, then blue, and then red) and a painful burning sensation when the skin turns red.

Raynaud's disease causes the heat-regulating system of nerves and blood vessels to go haywire. During an attack, affected body parts undergo vasospasms—abnormal, severe and prolonged blood-vessel constrictions.

The disease has no known cause or cure. Although called a disease, Raynaud's is benign in the vast majority of cases. It can, however, weaken the skin of the affected areas.

GOING THE DISTANCE—If you're planning a long-distance hike, be prepared for expenses. According to an article by Terry Richard in *The Oregonian*, long-distance hikes usually cost \$1 to \$2 per mile.

AVALANCHES—Snow slides are common in the Cascades and Olympics. Even a small slide can be very dangerous, because the snow will set up like cement.

Many backcountry stores, clubs and recreation centers offer avalanche safety classes. Whether you use cord or beeper, know how to use it—and how to search for a buried victim.

It is best not to cross potential avalanche slopes at all. But if you must cross one, ask yourself, "Will it probably slide?" Then ask, "What will happen if it does?" And "What will we do then?"

You should have enough avalanche training to be able to answer those questions.

WIN FAME & ADMIRATION!

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

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EDITOR'S JOURNAL



Lunch on McCue Ridge, Alpine Lakes Wilderness.

FROM THE MAILBOX—"You have a great magazine. I too read it from cover to cover."—*Onalaska*.

"Please keep your magazine just the way it is—low tech, a little hokey, from the soul ..."—*Poulsbo*.

"Real people and real information make *P&P* indispensable."—*Anacortes*.

INDEX—Every year we put together an Index to articles and reports in the year's *P&P* that I try to have ready by early December. Due to some unexpected demands on my time this fall, the Index is only half done. It will be ready in another month.

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

SNOWSHOEING—On our office wall, Lee and I have snowshoes hanging along with all our other gear. These snowshoes are Gene Prater's "Ellensburg Specials," made by him in his old farm workshop.

They are about a dozen years old, and have not been used in about ten years. Our winter backcountry travel has been on skis so we just haven't used the snowshoes.

But now we're looking at expanding our horizons. The snow is sometimes too crummy for good skiing—but with snowshoes we can at least have an outing, and on some terrain we can travel easier on snowshoes than skis.

On our first Mountaineer snowshoe trip recently, we admired the new designs and modern colors of the snowshoes brought by other participants. We felt better when they also admired our snowshoes—very narrow, good for traversing. Maybe we won't need to get new snowshoes, after all!

SNOWSTORM—Five inches of white cement fell here at the *Pack & Paddle* headquarters office during the storm. Our power went off and on a couple of times, shutting down production of this issue temporarily. Will we make the deadline?

During the shutdowns, we were able to fill the bird feeders, sweep the path for Yellow Cat, and load firewood onto

the porch. We also helped our paddling friend Lesley get her car chained-up and unstuck from the middle of a big hill.

ADVERTISERS—*Pack & Paddle's* loyal core of advertisers helps keep us producing the magazine. When you visit them, let them know you saw their ad HERE! It helps us.

INCOGNITO—"Was that you and Lee I talked to at Stevens Pass on the 15th?" writes a subscriber. "I should have asked!"

That wasn't us (we were there on the 16th). But it could have been. We enjoy talking to readers, so if you think it's us, do ask.

If it's *not* us, you can always introduce fellow backcountry travelers to *Pack & Paddle*. We're always happy to send a sample copy.

See you in the backcountry.

Ann Marshall



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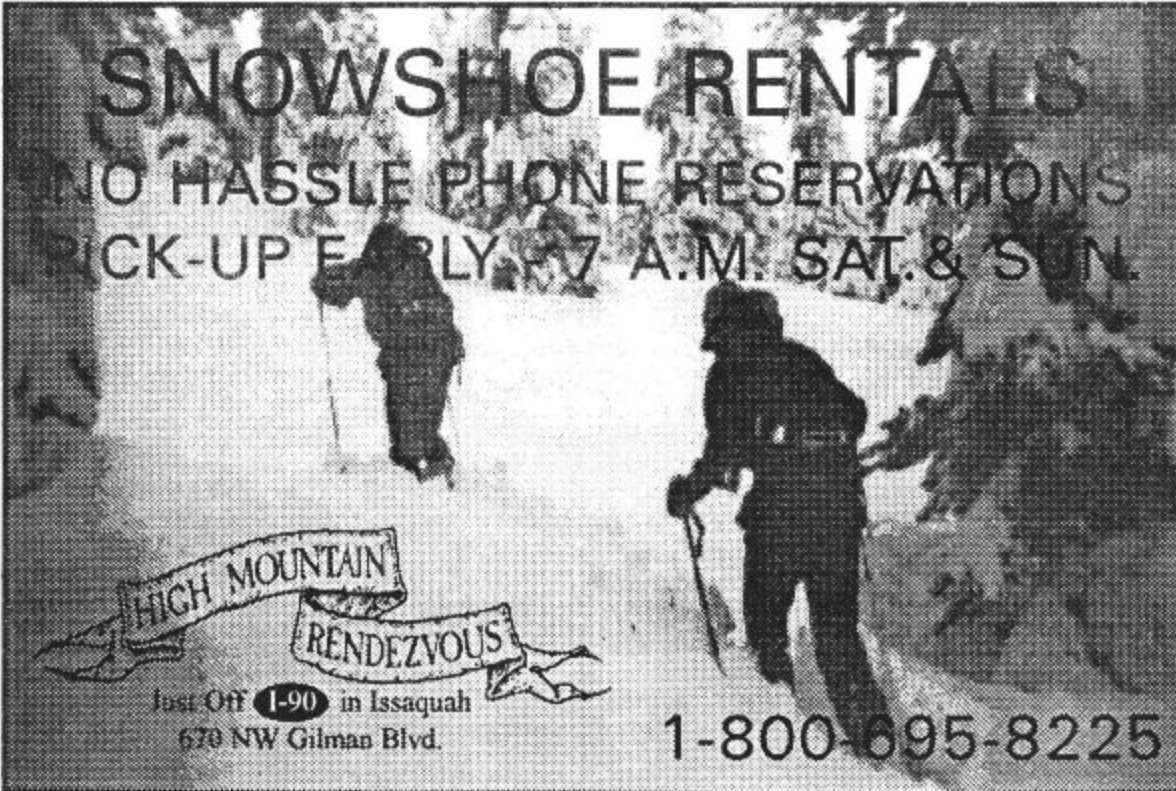
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