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Washington and the Pacific Northwest

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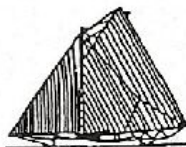
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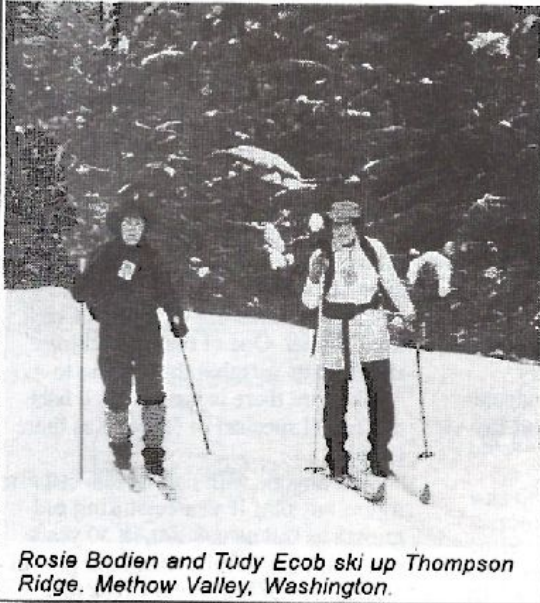
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# Pack & Paddle<sup>®</sup>

VOLUME 6, NUMBER 2

RANDOM VIEW—



Lee McKee

*Rosie Bodien and Tudy Ecob ski up Thompson Ridge. Methow Valley, Washington.*

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On snowshoes, Dave Walker and Lee McKee cross a creek in Commonwealth Basin, Alpine Lakes Wilderness, Washington. Photo by Ann Marshall.

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

Send us your stories, reports, and photographs. *Pack & Paddle* is written by its readers and we welcome your ideas, input, and material. Submissions are considered contributions—if payment is requested it will be a modest amount. We take great care in handling your work, but we cannot guarantee against damage to or loss of materials. Please don't be offended if we can't use your stories or photos.

Need more guidance? We'll send our Writers' Guidelines; just ask. And we're always happy to discuss an idea with you on the phone: 360-871-1862.

• • •

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• • •

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Ada McKee  
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### IRON GOAT TRAIL NEEDS HELP

Over the last seven years, volunteers have spent 3000 working days building the Iron Goat Trail along the original route of the Great Northern Railroad just west of Stevens Pass. Abandoned in 1929, it is being reopened as an outdoor museum with tunnels, snowsheds, mileposts, old townsites and other features on display.

Over 6 miles have been completed. We are now working on the 3-mile segment from Windy Point, which is straight uphill from Scenic, to the former town of Wellington, where a 1910 avalanche swept 96 train passengers to their deaths. A Wellington trailhead is scheduled for construction in 1998 with dedication ceremonies planned for 2000.

Those plans, however, are in jeopardy. Federal funding cutbacks have forced VOW to pick up even the salary and benefits for the time Forest Service people devote to the trail. Even though more than half of the \$1,036,800 total

cost for this segment is being donated by the volunteer labor and other "in-kind" contributions, \$475,650 in cold hard cash will be needed for salaries, materials, contract work and other costs.

VOW is trying to split this cost evenly between appropriations from the Washington state legislature and "Cash Match" contributions, including one from the Mountaineers Foundation. We have applied to the state for \$237,794 to come from its Capital Projects Fund for Washington's Heritage. A Washington State Historical Society review committee has ranked the Iron Goat Trail 14th, but predicts that there may be only enough money available to fund the top 11 projects. Unless funding is increased, the Iron Goat Trail will not get the funds.

Please tell your state legislators, Governor Gary Locke, Senate Ways & Means Committee Vice-Chair Gary Strannigan, and House Capital Budget Chair Barry Sehlin that you support the

Iron Goat Trail.

Call me at 206-774-5047 for more details.

Jim Chapman  
Edmonds, Washington

### LAND SWAP

I know *Pack & Paddle* doesn't get into "controversial" issues much. But this land swap deal with Plum Creek (see *January, page 4*) is important to all of us humans who care about wild places. And even more important to those non-humans who make up those wild places (both rooted and mobile).

It's important to keep this issue alive among *Pack & Paddle* readers (and everyone else for that matter).

I was at a meeting with Plum Creek last October. One of the many things they told us was that they intend to "make sure there is just as much habitat (for all species) in 50 years as there is now."

Now anyone with half a brain cell can figure out that if you're cutting old growth as fast as you can, in 50 years you won't have replacement old growth.

Also in the '80s, Plum Creek told their stockholders that it would take 10 years to "liquidate" (ie, clearcut) their lands in the Skykomish area. It was totally (right up to and including sub-alpine firs) cut in 2 years!

The public "owns" the lands that are being exchanged with Plum Creek, Weyerhaeuser, Champion and the rest. If we are made aware of what's being done, we—the public—can have a say in how it happens.

The "checkerboard" effect has to be corrected. But trading 35,000 acres of Weyerhaeuser stumps for 9 square miles of old growth is no bargain!

There needs to be as many people as possible aware of and involved in this land swap.

For more information, contact:

Pilchuck Audubon

1803 Hewitt Ave

Everett WA 98201

and

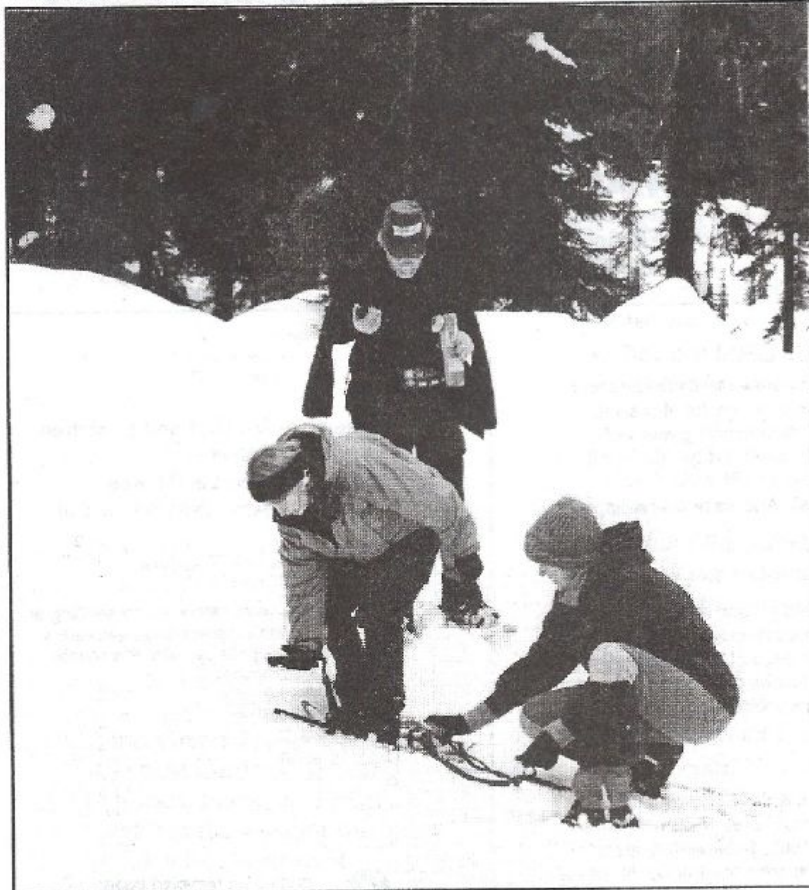
Cascade Checkerboard Project

Sierra Club

8511 15th Ave NE

Seattle WA 98115.

David MacFarlane  
Lake Stevens, Washington



Ann Marshall

Instructor Charlie (keeping warm with hot chocolate) supervises while students Linda and Monika practice a "fine search" with avalanche transceivers to locate a buried beacon in Alpental valley during The Mountaineers Winter Travel course.







## INTRODUCTION

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

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

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


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



## PENINSULA



**GENERAL CONDITIONS**—Deep snow. Expect storm damage.

 **QUINULT VALLEY / BIG CREEK** (*Olympic Natl Park; USGS Mt Christie*)—A good forecast between storms, so I cranked up the recently installed new engine in my old beater (the original engine gave up at 402,000 miles) and drove to the Quinault Valley under a clear, cold sky.

I arrived before dawn, and was able to get my camera gear ready for the anticipated arrival of elk. I drove on up to the old Bunch Ranch and hiked north along the overgrown homestead roads toward the Big Creek valley.

The morning light was still too dark as I scared up the first group of about 30 elk at the edge of the clearing. All I could see were their dark forms and white rumps crashing into the underbrush. The vapor from their breath settled like small clouds after they disappeared.

The old roadway is really tough going now because of all the alder and willow trees growing in the middle. I ended up crouching and snaking my way for about 45 minutes before finally

encountering the 50-foot rise and 100-foot fall over the ridge and into the creek valley.

As usual, the entry into the valley was dramatic—all of a sudden I was surrounded by absolute goliaths of fir, spruce, and cedars. I zigzagged my way around these huge obstacles until I reached the main elk trails along the underground passage of the creek proper.

I could smell the elk ahead, so I readied my 500mm lens and tripod for possible action. Within about 5 minutes, they started ambling toward the camera. They came into view, but they were too close, and when they saw me fumbling with the camera gear they crossed the creek bed and were out of sight. The vapor from my breath settled like small clouds after they disappeared.

I resigned myself to hiking farther up the creekbed (I know, what a sacrifice), and sure enough, I spotted the white flash of another small group after about a half-hour. I was lucky enough to take about 20 quick shots, filling the whole frame with their bodies.

The forest changed to a beautiful, steaming landscape as the sun aimed shafts of light through the canopy. I switched to macro gear and ended up taking a zillion photographs of everything from fir needles to fungi and lichens in the perfect light. The ground vapor settled like small clouds as the frost disappeared ...

I made my way back to the car in the early afternoon. Of course, when I got to the car, there they were! More of those magnificently muscled elk, nearly

oblivious to me. I took what I hope were some more nice shots and called it a day ... a beautiful, peaceful Christmas day among the plant and animal behemoths.—Larry Smith, Port Orchard, 12/25.



## CUTTS ISLAND (NOAA 18474)

—Only a few birds shared the waters of Horsehead Bay with me and my paddling partner Lesley as we headed out of the bay into Carr Inlet in our two single sea kayaks. The water was perfectly calm except for the dimples created by a gentle rain.

Our goal for this afternoon paddle was Cutts Island, a marine state park lying about ½-mile off the east shoreline of Carr Inlet. We launched at the end of 36th Street NW on the southeast corner of Horsehead Bay (see *South Puget Sound Afoot & Afloat* for directions to the launch), making for a 4-mile round trip to Cutts.

The drawbacks to this launch spot are that cars must be parked back up on the main road, making for a short walk, and there are no restroom facilities.

Once into the Inlet we followed the shoreline to Kopachuck State Park's south boundary line. The Cascadia Marine Trail campsite is at the south end of the park, and it looked like a tree or

## BACKCOUNTRY NEWS DEADLINE: February 20

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



two may have come down in the vicinity of the site.

Cutting across to Cutts we debated whether to get out and walk around, but being nice and comfy in our kayaks with steadily increasing rain, we opted to paddle instead to the southwest end of Raft Island before going back.

It was tempting to continue around Raft, but with darkness coming soon we turned and headed back. Drizzle and low clouds somewhat masked development along the shoreline of Carr Inlet, and it was easy to imagine what this area was like when early explorers travelled the waters.

With the added excursion to Raft Island, our afternoon paddle totalled about 5 miles—a pleasant interlude amid the storms of this winter.—LGM, Port Orchard, 1/16.

**HURRICANE RIDGE**—The Hurricane Ridge road will be open from 9am to dusk, Friday through Sunday, throughout the snow season. On Monday through Wednesday, the road will be open only if no plowing or sanding is needed and sufficient staff are available.

But even when the road is scheduled to be open, weather conditions may delay or prevent the road from opening, or may force an early closure.

For recorded information on the road and weather conditions, call 360-452-0329.

Snowshoe walks and treks with a Park Ranger guide are offered weekends through March 30. The "walk" starts at 2pm and lasts 1½ hours. The "trek" starts at 1pm and lasts 2 to 3 hours. Snowshoes are provided; a \$2 donation for adults is requested for the

snowshoe tours. Space is limited, so sign up at the Hurricane Ridge lodge.

Plans for the shuttle bus service fell through so no shuttle service will be provided this year.

Another foot of snow fell earlier this week, for a total of about 8 feet on the ground.—Ranger, 1/29.

**WILDERNESS BEACHES**—Expect washouts on headland trails, especially over Taylor Point. The washouts are passable, but make winter travel a little more difficult than it already is.

Parking is grim at Rialto. The parking lot is half what it used to be due to last winter's storm. Winter backpackers may park at Rialto for now, but come summer, overnight users will have to park back at the bridge a mile away from the beach.—Ranger, 1/29.

**DOSEWALLIPS ROAD 2610**—Open for 12 miles, with 6 inches of ice on the road after 6 miles. Closed for the winter at Park boundary.—Ranger, 1/22.

**DUNGENESS ROAD 2860**—Road is closed, with slides, snow and ice.—Ranger, 1/22.

**HOH RIVER**—The campground is closed due to storm damage. It should reopen at the end of February.

The Hoh trail has 90 trees down between the trailhead and Olympus Guard Station, 9 miles in.—Ranger, 1/29.

**HAMMA HAMMA ROAD**—Closed at 8.3 miles due to bridge repair. Snow on road makes travel beyond Lena Creek difficult to impossible, anyway.—Ranger, 1/29.

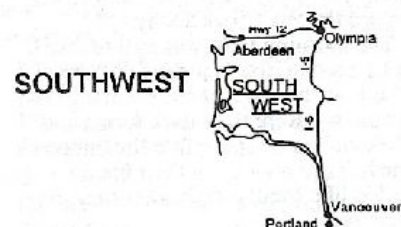
**ELWHA RIVER**—The Elwha road is closed at Lake Mills, and the Whiskey Bend road is closed. Both these roads are blocked by deep snow and downed trees.

Elwha campground is partially plowed, with a few sites available. No water, no fee.—Ranger, 1/29.



Dan Paulson

Elwha River trail in soft-focus, Olympic National Park. This trail makes a good spring hike when the snow starts to melt.



**CAPITOL FOREST** (State Forest, USGS Littlerock, Capitol Pk)—My brother Don and I headed for Capitol Forest for our first



like of the new year. It was a beautiful day with sun—yes, the big yellow thing in the sky that we had not seen much of. My husband Jerry came with his mountain bike to do what he could. Our trip was planned to start at Margaret McKenny Campground, 3 miles northwest of Littlerock, and go to Capitol Peak.

Arriving at the campground, we found it gated and locked for the season. We also found a lot of tree limbs snapped and on the ground along with a few trees. It's a real mess. The suspension bridge over Waddell Creek is still up and okay.

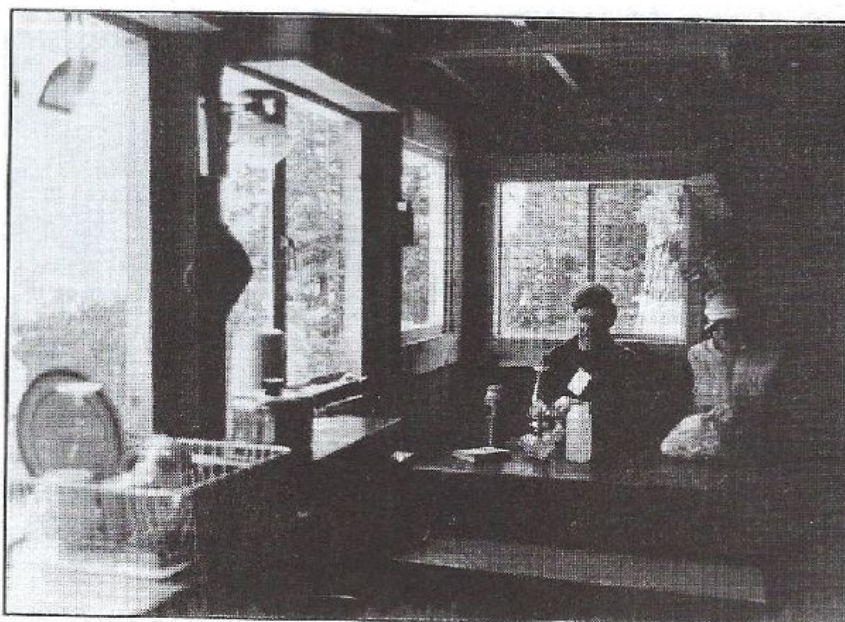
We thought we were heading north but wound up going south and doing part of the Waddell Loop instead of Capitol Peak.

After hiking for awhile, we ended up on roads D6000 and D6400 and stopped a couple of Pierce County Search & Rescue people who were checking out an area for training. We asked them where in the world we were on the map we had, and were shocked when they told us.

With their help we found Green Line 6 trail and climbed, tripped, and crawled over and under all the downed trees and limbs. It is such devastation and we wonder if the trails will ever be usable again. It was hard to realize that the ice storm and snow did so much damage until we actually saw it.

The area, if you don't look at the destruction, is really pretty. After lunch Don and I continued hiking for awhile and Jerry took off on his bike and did a loop on the roads.

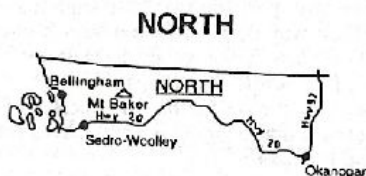
Don and I managed to get in about 7



Ann Marshall

Dick Searing and Wayne Balcom have lunch at Rendezvous Hut; Methow Valley.

miles in about 4½ hours. We would like to volunteer to help clear the trails and will check into that possibility.—Bev Blanchard, Chehalis, 1/12.



**GENERAL CONDITIONS**—Deep snow. Expect storm damage.

**METHOW VALLEY**—Temperatures have been in the upper teens to low 20s, and although today is overcast, it's very pleasant, with 18 degrees at Sun Mountain and 22 degrees at Mazama Country Inn.

There is lots of snow in the Methow Valley this winter, from a 3½-foot base at Mazama to 4 feet at Sun Mountain, and 5 feet in the higher reaches of the Rendezvous system. All the trails have good snow cover, and all 200km valley-wide are being groomed, including Patterson Lake, which is now frozen quite solid.

**Avalanche Hotline:**

Washington Cascades & Olympics—  
206-526-6677

Oregon Cascades & Southern Washington—  
503-326-2400

**Washington Road Report**

206-368-4499  
or toll-free 888-766-4636

**Washington Weather Forecast**

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# BACKCOUNTRY NEWS

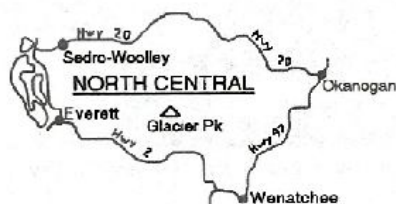
REPORTS AND CONDITIONS

To take advantage of the best skiing, be sure to check the current grooming schedule at Winthrop Mountain Sports, or with your innkeeper, or call MVSTA at 800-682-5787.

Trail passes are required for skiing the trails. Prices are \$10 for a half-day pass; \$13 for a full-day pass; \$30 for a three-day pass. Children under 12 ski free.—information from Mazama Country Inn, North Cascades Basecamp, Sun Mountain, and MVSTA, 1/29.

**NORTH CASCADES HIGHWAY**—Closed for winter.

## NORTH CENTRAL



**GENERAL CONDITIONS**—Deep snow. Expect storm damage.

**BEAR LAKE** (*Baker-Snoqualmie Natl Forest; USGS Mallardy Ridge*)—Looking for a “sure access” winter trip our group of 12 mountaineers went to Bear Lake on the far east slopes of Mount Pilchuck.

The Mountain Loop Highway will usually be plowed this far (2 miles east of Verlot Ranger Station), and on this day was open for 13 miles farther east.

In the summer, you can drive to within a few hundred yards of the lake. In winter it makes for a worthwhile outing and decent exercise (3½ miles; about 1700 feet gain). Snow, of course, enhances the aerobic attributes of the trip.

You park either in the Lake 22 parking area or 100 to 200 yards farther east at the gated dirt road opposite the Gold Basin campground. The dirt road presents a steady grade of only 450 feet per mile and ends in a large parking circle at 2400 feet.

From there you head southwest through the trees for 1/5-mile, climbing 200 feet. You can't miss the summer road. Cross it and climb another 160 feet and you are at the lake.

This trip is a no-brainer, navigation-wise. If you go too far left, you will fall into the Bear Creek gully; too far right and the slope steepens markedly.

The road had 3 to 5 inches of snow at the bottom and several feet at the top—this is a snowshoe trip. At the lake and

on the off-road part, there was 3 feet or more of snow. The lake was not frozen, but snow-covered.

We had a wonderful trip, about 30 degrees, snowing lightly all day, and hardly any breeze. Our rather average lunch was enlivened by a chain reaction of trees “bombing” us, so the entire party got blasted and we had an extra 3 inches of snow on the ground, effectively wiping out any evidence of ski poles or umbrellas that had been casually set aside.

Everyone agreed we had a wonderful day. 3½ hours in, 1¼ out.—Michael Leake, Issaquah, 1/4.

## SKYLINE RIDGE

(*Baker-Snoqualmie Natl Forest; USGS Stevens Pass, Labyrinth Mtn*)—Lee and I met leader Barb Powrie and two others at Stevens Pass for this short snowshoe trip on a glorious day with blue sky and sun.

The down side to this trip was the temperature—mid-teens—and the wind—strong enough to blow even Lee sideways. The wind lessened as we climbed, however, and by the time we reached the radio tower it was not too bad.

On the way up we ran into fellow Mountaineers Perry and Linda, and a whole group of Intermediate students on their way down from a winter bivvy.

At Skyline Lake we angled left and ended up below the cliffy rocks, in the sun and out of the wind for lunch, using the remains of some snow caves for wind breaks.

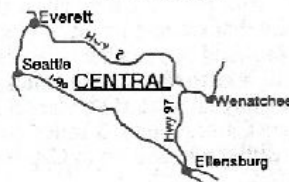
The descent was rapid and we were back at the cars by mid-afternoon. Lee and I stopped at Stevens Pass Guest Services to say hello to Mystery Hiker, but she was out on a break and nowhere to be found.—Ann Marshall, Port Orchard, 1/12.

**CHELAN DISTRICT**—For those skiing at Echo Ridge, a \$5 per person fee has been started this season. Children 12 and under do not need a pass. This charge is part of the Congressional Fee Demonstration Project.

Echo Ridge is operated through a partnership between the Forest Service and the Lake Chelan Nordic Club. The trails are generally groomed once mid-week and once for the weekend.—Ranger, 1/14.

**LAKE WENATCHEE DISTRICT**—There is about 4 feet of snow at lake level, 1900 feet, and it is deeper in the high country. Cross-country ski trails at Lake Wenatchee State Park are groomed.—Ranger, 1/14.

## CENTRAL



**GENERAL CONDITIONS**—Deep snow. Expect storm damage.

**GRACE LAKES** (*Baker-Snoqualmie Natl Forest; USGS Stevens Pass*)—After spending the previous night at Nancy's cabin, six of us gals headed up to Stevens Pass with snowshoes for a short outing to Grace Lakes.

Mostly we were able to stay on previous snowshoe tracks or the avalanche control snowcat's tracks, but for a short section we broke new trail. The snow was light and powdery, but deep.

From our lunch perch in the upper Grace Lakes basin we had views across to Skyline Ridge, just under the cloud ceiling. Not too cold, no fresh snow, and no wind. This makes a great short and easy trip.—Ann Marshall, Port Orchard, 1/5.

**MOUNT CLEVELAND** (*Alpine Lks Wilderness; USGS Grotto*)—For the first climb of 1997, Cleveland provided a good workout of about 6 miles up and a 4500-foot elevation gain.

The access and approach are easy. Take the Money Creek road 6420 off the Miller River road, and drive about ¾-mile to the bridge over Money Creek. An old logging road (6422) takes off from here and switchbacks up the north side of the mountain.

At around 4000 feet, where the road ends, climb southeast up timbered

## ALWAYS CARRY THE TEN ESSENTIALS

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



# BACKCOUNTRY NEWS

REPORTS AND CONDITIONS

slopes to a ridge extending southwest. Stay on the ridge's crest until it drops off. Make a descent on the left to easier terrain, which leads to a small basin.

From here the summit can easily be seen. Hike southeast up moderate slopes to just below the summit on the south side. A short, steep climb reaches the broad summit, 5301 feet.

Chris Weidner, Mark DesVoigne, Gail Pritchard and I enjoyed clear, cold weather along with hard snow conditions. In fact on the timber-covered slopes, the snow was as hard as ice. We used snowshoes only on the final climb from the basin to below the summit.

Our time up was 5 hours; 3 hours down.—Dallas Kloke, Anacortes, 1/12.

**I-90 SNO-PARKS**—Iron Horse will be closed all winter. Lake Keechelus will be closed all winter due to concerns about avalanches on the west side of Lake Keechelus. There is no tie-in from Crystal Springs to Lake Keechelus.

Cabin Creek, Crystal Springs, Gold Creek, Lake Easton, Lake Kachess and Price Creek are open and trails are being groomed about twice a week.

For Sno-Park information, call State Parks' information line: 800-233-0321.

## ▲ "WEB MTN" AND "DIRTY HARRYS BALCONY"

(USGS *Bandera*)—"Web Mtn" is the unnamed 5335-foot summit 1½ miles northwest of Mount Defiance and 1 mile southwest of Spider Lake, inspiring the name. It stretches out like a huge cobweb with ridges leading off (1) down to the South Fork Snoqualmie River, and (2) over to Mailbox, and (3) Russian Buttes, and (4) Defiance.

Plans to climb this 455-foot prominent peak were made over "the Web" via email. It's a personal name. Call it what you like, or nothing at all. Some have referred to it as "Middle Defiance."

After four perfect mid-January days, on the erroneous forecast for a fifth, Bruce and I did this under ideal snow conditions and leaden skies.

We drove I-90 to exit 38 and another 2 miles east to a freeway underpass to the road heading off to the "State Fire Training Center" (USGS *Chester Morse Lake*). We parked outside an open gate here because of a sign warning that the gate would be closed at 4pm. Elevation 1300 feet.

.6-mile up this paved road on the right is the start of an overgrowing, washed out, rocky road marked by an unnecessary concrete barricade. Crisp snow made for an easy walk 1½ miles to a switchback just north of Point 2613 ("Dirty Harrys Balcony").



Jeff Howbert

Just below the summit of Hex Mountain, Ihab Darwish enjoys his first day on snowshoes.

Here we decided to head straight uphill. After only a few slippery steps, it was obvious that crampons were necessary. Under these hard snow conditions, the route was superb. We crunched up through brush-free third (?) growth woods and open glades to the ridge coming southwest off "Web," intersecting it at 4600 feet.

The slope was steep enough to

present avalanche problems and probably difficult snowshoe step-kicking in normal winter conditions, and the summer brush could be a mess.

The final ridge crest was narrow, falling away fairly steeply, and according to Bruce, has some hands-on climbing in the summer. However, we were treated to an unobstructed walk as the snow filled in the gaps.

The summit views were grand, especially north to the Alpine Lakes. Seattle's skyscrapers looked tiny. The snow really emphasized how much logging has been done south of I-90. We looked straight down into frozen Spider Lake as we munched a quick lunch.

Foregoing a loop, we returned by way of our ascent route. 3.6 hours up, 2.1 hours back, including a 20-minute side trip to "Dirty Harrys Balcony."—John Roper, Bellevue, 1/16.



**MOUNT SI (DNR; USGS *Mt Si*)**—The Kenworth Engineering Club's Thursday night hike was to the lunch bench at the base of the Haystack on Mount Si.

Dan, Jack and Doug were the only brave souls, yours truly being "under the weather" with the crud.

Dan Walker was entrusted with the trail report and what an epic it is:

We walk the easy trail,  
our goal appears:  
the mountain looms silent and dark,  
through the misty trees  
that stand in quiet vigil.  
Now rising, not so easy,  
the trail bends and winds



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2/97



and calls, "come follow me."  
We follow, curious  
like children chasing a piper  
playing a tune, mysterious  
and enchanting.

The wind rushing through branches,  
moves trees and spirits  
in darkness descending, cold black.  
Eyes struggle to focus  
while fast blown drops  
of cold water spatter  
against faces now grown silent.  
Soon. Thick darkness bids us  
to shine our lights dimly  
on snow and rocks that rise  
to meet tentative searching feet.  
Briefly we pause in the chilling gusts  
to change to warmer wear,  
then move upward more steeply.  
Now nearing the top we stumble  
and grasp for handholds  
and kick at ice crusted snow  
—anything  
to keep from sliding back.

Shrouded in the wet darkness  
rocky steps challenge our way  
past the "lunch rock,"  
and reluctantly allow us  
to clamber over them  
and reach our goal on the ledge below  
the craggy "haystack."  
In weary awe we peer downward  
through the mist fascinated  
by toy towns of glittering lights  
and thin ribbon roads.  
We celebrate our triumph  
by tasting the sharp wind and  
the freezing rain.  
And with a frail voice  
almost lost in the storm  
little Willie cries pitifully in the cold.  
—Dan Walker (sent in by Fred  
Redman, Woodinville, 1/16).

❄️ **KENDALL RIDGE ROAD**  
(Wenatchee Natl Forest;  
USGS Snoqualmie Pass)—I-90 was  
closed at exit 45 for avalanche control

work. Goran and I had to wait about 30  
minutes. We parked at the Gold Creek  
Sno-park.

It was snowing steadily with a good 9  
inches of new powder. *No ice.* We  
started up the road, following a pair of  
hikers on snowshoes, who we caught up  
to at the 3200-foot level. They were  
playing with their new toys, ELT trans-  
mitters. We thanked them for breaking  
trail and went on our way, finding it  
much tougher going.

We stopped at 4000 feet for a snack  
and drink. While enjoying our hot  
chocolate, a lone skier with a little dog  
caught up to us. We chatted for a while  
then he left heading for Kendall Lakes.  
It was now easier for us again but we  
didn't catch up to him. We stopped at  
the end of the road then turned around.

The ski down was great on the pow-  
der, it had snowed enough that our  
tracks were already partially obscured.

A great trip.—Fred Redman, Wood-  
inville, 12/23.

❄️ **KENDALL RIDGE ROAD**  
(Wenatchee Natl Forest & pri-  
vate; USGS Snoqualmie Pass)—About  
6 miles round-trip, 1700 feet.

January is always Troop 70's time to  
enjoy sliding in the snow on the inner  
tubes at the Mountaineer Lodge. Since  
I've done my duty the last several years  
I took the day off. John dropped me off  
at the Gold Creek Sno-Park so I could  
ski up the Kendall Lake Road.

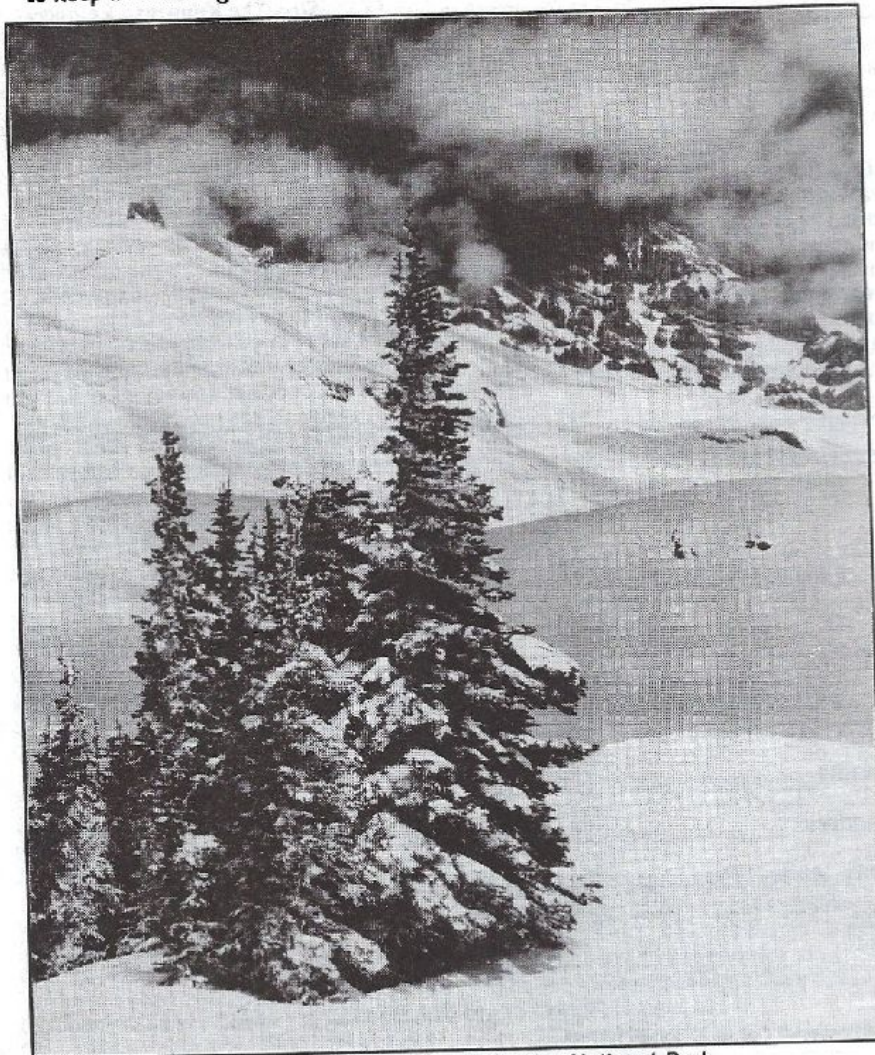
It was a perfect day for playing on the  
inner tubes as well as skiing. Morning  
fog grew thinner as the day went on  
and by afternoon the skies were blue  
and the mountains were showing off  
their winter wardrobes of snow.

As usual I was surprised that there  
weren't many people skiing up or down  
the road—I encountered only about 10  
others either heading for the end of the  
road or coming down. Fortunately for  
those of us who enjoy solitude, most  
people apparently enjoy the crowds and  
were at the ski centers.

Lower down on the road I met several  
people who were just learning how to  
ski and didn't plan to go very far. In  
retrospect, I should have stayed with  
them. Other than skiing around Seattle  
during the great Post Christmas Snow  
Storm of 1996, I haven't been on skis  
for two years and the snow was "fast."

One gleeful skier shot by happily  
shouting, "It's OUTTA CONTROL,"  
news I wasn't happy to hear. I was  
pushing the time a bit as John and I had  
arranged a pick-up time, but I just *had*  
to get to the end of the road.

It took me an hour to descend, being  
out of practice. I took a few falls (some



Little Tahoma from Mazama Ridge. Mount Rainier National Park.

Paul Schaufner



of them deliberate), and snow-plowed my way down the mountain.

One clumsy fall pitched me right into a snowbank in front of a group of twenty-somethings who looked like they wouldn't be caught dead wallowing in a snowbank.

A couple of muffled curses and fear of John (he hates waiting) got me on my feet and with as much dignity as I could muster I skied on. A couple of times I forgot I was rusty and actually let go, exalting in the downhill plunge as my speed increased and I still kept my balance.

By the time I reached the trailhead and John and the Happy Car my legs felt a little shaky and I felt like I'd had a workout. John had no sympathy for me at all—he made me get on an inner tube with him and slide down the hill at the Mountaineers Lodge before we could pile into Happy Car with Troop 70 and head for the Dairy Queen in North Bend. What a fun day for all of us.—Karen Sykes, Seattle, 1/11.



## AMABILIS MOUNTAIN

(Wenatchee Natl Forest;

USGS Stampede Pass)—Cold temperatures, icy winds, and lofty views highlighted this trip to Amabilis Mountain with Roger Gervin.

We intended to ski up the road from the Cabin Creek Sno-Park. The icy, rutted surface caused us to change to foot travel, although we carried our telemarking gear. On the long summit ridge, we put on all our extra clothing in response to the 20 degree temperature and high winds.

The Cascade Mountains from Chikamin Peak to Mount Daniel were close by and clothed in a white mantle. We ahh-ed at the views as we managed half an hour or so on the cold summit before seeking more sheltered slopes.

On the way down we skied some sections of the road that had a wide untracked shoulder. The best slopes for side-slipping the icy crust tended to be along the rounded edge between the incut road surface and the angled slope

below. After we each took a tumble on the icy surface, we walked the rest of the way down.

Roger and I use the mountains between the Teanaway River and Snoqualmie Pass for many of our trips. We've calculated Easton as the approximate midway point between our homes in Kent and Wenatchee. As we walked back to the Sno-Park we plotted future trips in the area, thankful for the bounty of mountaineering opportunities that lie between us.—Charlie Hickenbottom, Wenatchee, 1/12.

**SCOTTISH LAKES**—High Camp has about 9 feet of snow. Within the last 24 hours, it snowed another 20 inches. The temperature remains very cold, so it is light, fluffy stuff. Camp manager Bryce Hanson is going full speed to keep the cabins dug out and the trails skied.

This great snow should extend the season into April! For prices, information and reservations, call 888-911-CAMP or 206-844-2000.—Marc Wells, Scottish Lakes, 1/28.

## LEAVENWORTH DISTRICT—

Leavenworth has about 6 feet of snow. The Icicle road has been plowed a little way past Eightmile road, with limited parking. The Snow Lakes parking lot will not be plowed this year.—Ranger, 1/14.

**ENCHANTMENTS**—Reservations open February 24. Dial 800-953-7677 at 8am and be prepared to stay on hold for awhile. Reservations can be made up to 6 months in advance, and are required between 6/15 and 10/15.

The fee is \$1 per person per day, with a maximum group size of eight. 25% of the reservations will be held for a day-of-use lottery in Leavenworth.—Ranger, 1/29.

**CLE ELUM DISTRICT**—The non-motorized area near Blewett Pass has a new tie-trail between Swauk Pass Sno-Park and Swauk Campground. The meadow near Swauk Campground offers gentle ground for beginning skiers or snowshoers.

The non-motorized area provides 10 miles of cross-country ski trails and old logging spurs. You can use the covered picnic area at Swauk Campground as a warming hut.

## SOUTH CENTRAL



**GENERAL CONDITIONS**—Deep snow. Expect storm damage.



## TEATERS BLUFF (USGS Fall City)

—A couple of years ago, while on a walk down the old Seattle, Lake Shore, and Eastern RR bed from Preston, along the Raging River, we couldn't help but notice that there was a mysterious named summit on the Fall City Quad, just south of the I-90 freeway: *Teaters Bluff*, a claw on the northeast paw of Tiger Mountain.

Flabbergasted that this 640+ foot peaklet, definitely named on this familiar Washington State quad, right in the heart of *Footsore and Mountains to Sound Greenway* country, had been curiously ignored in print only made us more determined to someday stand on its lofty summit.

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# BACKCOUNTRY NEWS

REPORTS AND CONDITIONS

Look right the next time you drive I-90 east toward Snoqualmie Pass at Preston (between Issaquah and North Bend), or left after you hit the low point on the descent east from the Highway 18 hill. You will possibly be amused by the tree-tufted knob just west of the low-point crossing of Raging River. This is the Bluff of Teaters. Says so on the map. We're not making this up.

And why has this summit been ignored? Who was Teater? Or what are they? And who were they bluffing?

Back during that terrible post-Christmas snowstorm of '96, "when the real mountains weren't worth it," we determined to give this a go.

Drive I-90 east to Exit 22 (Preston). Turn right at the stop, then take an immediate left to parallel the freeway east ½-mile to a private trailer park. Park outside and ask the nice man with a dog at the kiosk if you may proceed. Stay right (uphill) at the first Y, then straight ahead at a three-way junction to a gate, and continue a ways on this road to a low rectangular concrete "Water Tank" (shown on the map), .2-mile west-northwest of Teaters Bluff.

Drop into a somewhat significant stream (labeled "Preston Creek" on the *Tiger Mtn Trail Map*), cross it, and continue through fairly open woods to the summit.

Here on the top of Teaters, totter over to the north edge to peer down at the I-90 traffic, the Raging River valley, and across to Mitchell Hill.

We were surprised that the climb took as long as it did: 45 minutes up, 35 minutes back.—Sue Doenim and Ann Onomis, Wallingford, 12/28.

**TIGER 3** (*Issaquah Alps; USGS Fall City, Hobart*)—Today there were 52 cars at 10:28am at Highpoint. When I got back to the car at 2:33pm, there were 58 cars. While I warmed up my car and changed my boots, 5 cars left and 6 arrived. The temperature was about 45 degrees, it was foggy, and visibility was about ¼-mile near Lake Tradition and about 50 yards at the top of Tiger 3.

In short, it wasn't a great day for hiking and still there were 58 cars parked along the road feeding the Issaquah Alps at Highpoint.

To those of you who do not know, the DNR is building a new parking lot under the power line. It is about 277 feet long by 120 feet wide. It has four berms in the middle that take up about 15 feet of its width. I figure that allows about 35 cars on the south side of the lot and 32 on the north side. Perhaps

another 10 can squeeze in between the berms. If my calculations are correct that is 77 plus or minus 10 cars.

I talked with a number of people who were passing the new lot and their impression was that it would be a fiasco and a graveyard for cars. They expect the vandalism to be so bad they won't park there. Many were amazed that the DNR is making such a small lot to serve so many cars.

During my trek I cleared about a mile of trail. At the top, I enjoyed solitude and a number of Canada jays feasting on the crumbs I dropped as I downed a great lunch. Did some more trail work, and took an hour and 25 minutes to hike down.—Robert DeGraw, Kirkland, 1/11.



## MOUNT WASHINGTON

(*USGS Chester Morse Lk*)—

The Kenworth Engineering Hiking Club had a turnout of five for an evening snowshoe up Mount Washington. Three of the members had never used snowshoes before so it would be a challenge.

We left I-90 at exit 38 and parked at the Upper Twin Falls State Park lot. The trail follows the Iron Horse Trail east for a short distance before turning left and heading up. The trail was pretty much covered by snow as soon as we left the Iron Horse Trail, but we didn't use the snowshoes until about 2000 feet. There is no trail marked on the map and it's pretty much a matter of knowing where to go from past experience without the snow. The route mostly follows old logging roads that are getting overgrown with brush and alder.

At about 3200 feet we picked up one of the new logging roads that crosses the creek heading north, on DNR land. We stopped our climb after 3.5 hours at a point on the north ridge at about 3900 feet.

The views on the way up were incredible as the sun set, casting a golden glow on Mailbox, Defiance and Bandera. The views of North Bend and west on I-90 from our turn-around point were also incredible. Doug was able to make contact on his radio with a friend who happened to be driving I-90. He stopped at the shopping square at North Bend and was able to see our lights.

The trip down was a bit quicker than the ascent for a round trip of 5½ hours. Our elation was squashed when we found \$24 tickets on our windshields for "parking after dark in a State Park."

Are we risking this same occurrence each time we go on a night hike, or an over-nighter, leaving our cars at a state park? Is it illegal to be at the Mount Si car park after dark? What about Cougar

Mountain?

Will this same thing happen at Tiger Mountain once the new parking lot is finished inside the park?

Also this is a traffic violation that goes on our driving records.—Fred, Doug, Jack, Dan and Randy, 1/9.



## ABIEL PEAK

(*Baker-Snoqualmie Natl Forest; USGS Snoqualmie Pass, Lost Lk*)—Chris Weidner and I climbed the North Face Couloir. The approach to the base of the north face is 3 hours from Annette Lake parking area.

The face is about 800 feet high and the route ends on the west ridge about 150 feet below the summit. The climb is six leads long, the first two involving steep ice up to 75 degrees, and the last four involving 40-degree snow/ice.

Time up on the route was 4½ hours. The best descent is down the east flank. I really recommend this route as a moderate snow/ice winter climb.—Dallas Kloke, Anacortes, 1/17.



## LOST LAKE

(*Wenatchee Natl Forest; USGS Snoqualmie Pass, Lost Lk*)—Goran and I headed to The Pass to enjoy some cross-country skiing. We took exit 62 to the Sno-Park on road 54, the Stampede Pass road. The whole area was like a skating rink, criss-crossed with snowmobile tracks.

We persevered across the dam to the Iron Horse trail to the road to Lost Lake. It was a struggle for me to keep going because of the icy conditions, but I did and made it to the lake. It was a gorgeous day with clear blue skies and biting cold. We heard an elk bugling as we approached the lake.

The return trip was really tough on my back side with many falls on the ice. Goran traded packs for a while because his was small compared to my 25 pounder, prepared for everything, but then I missed having the cushion effect of my big pack. Can't win!

Must do this one again in less icy conditions.—Fred Redman, Woodinville, 12/16.



## IRON HORSE TRAIL

(*Wenatchee Natl Forest; USGS Snoqualmie Pass, Lost Lk*)—Doug had a day's vacation so he joined Goran and me for a cross-country ski trip. I picked Doug up at his house and met Goran at Preston. We took the Hyak exit 54 from I-90 and parked at the Iron Horse Trail Sno-Park. The Iron Horse Trail was freshly groomed and we had an easy time for the first 6 miles to the opposite end of the lake and intersection with Road 5483.



We headed up 5483 toward Meadow Pass. The road was a mass of snowmobile tracks, frozen hard and a real challenge to make headway. Goran is the skilled one; Doug makes up for a lower level of skill by his aggressive power. After 2 miles of two feet forward, one back I called it quits and turned around. Goran and Doug said they would keep going for another half hour then turn back.

The trip down was about the limit of my skill because of the ice, but I must be getting better 'cause I didn't fall. I just sauntered along the Iron Horse Trail until they caught up to me at the 3-mile marker.

I had done about 16 miles, Doug and Goran about 19. I was tired when I got home but felt okay the next day. I felt much better when Doug phoned me and said he was so tired when he got home he went to bed at 8:30pm and the muscles on the inside of his thighs were hurting.—Fred Redman, Woodinville, 12/19.



### PRICE CREEK EAST-BOUND

*(Wenatchee Natl Forest; USGS Stampede Pass)*—Avalanche hazard and in-coming storms caused Lee and me to change our destination to the protected Price Creek trails.

We found the large Sno-Park absolutely empty, but freshly plowed. The trail was hidden behind high banks of snow; luckily we knew where it was from previous trips here.

Although not groomed, the roads were easy to follow. Strong wind and blowing snow discouraged me from crossing the dam. Lee climbed up to the dam to check it out and reported that conditions were just as yucky as I expected they would be.

We explored other routes in the area instead, and in late afternoon found a secluded cove of forest for a snowcamp. Snow and wind continued most of the night. Lee got up several times to clear

the tent of snow. By morning several inches had accumulated, but the wind died and we had a pleasant ski back to the car.—Ann Marshall, Port Orchard, 1/23-24.



### MOUNT TAHOMA

**TRAILS**—Looks like a very good year for the Mount Tahoma trails system. Did the Champion Trail to the hut from the road 52 Snopark on 12/14, about a 5 hour round trip. Excellent snow. To the same hut from the west side, about a 3½ hour round trip, icy, but not bad except for the steep pitches. That was on 12/18.

To High Hut by way of Road 1 Snopark and outer road on 12/21. Excellent snow with blizzard conditions at the hut. Needed chains for last two trips, should have used them first trip. With continuing snow accumulations it looks like chains will be a necessity; snow-plows have higher priorities. Also, don't expect the Mount Tahoma folks to be able to keep up with grooming. Trails are filling in faster than anyone can groom.

Having come face to face with an out-of-control 4x4, this might be a good time to remind 4-wheel-drive people that while they may be able to go in the snow better than a two-wheel-drive they cannot stop any faster. In

fact, it usually takes them longer to stop on compact snow and ice because of greater mass and more aggressive tire tread that puts less rubber in contact with the surface.—Paul Schaufler, Olympia, 12/96.

**NACHES DISTRICT**—This year Highway 410 is not plowed past the Bumping Lake road, so the Pleasant Valley area is not open. An alternative is to go to Bumping Dam where parking is available and a variety of outings are possible.

Or just drive up Highway 12, where Sno-Parks are abundant. For specific trip suggestions, call the Ranger Station: 509-653-2205.—Ranger, 1/29.

### SOUTH



**GENERAL CONDITIONS**—Deep snow. Expect storm damage.

**FLYING L RANCH**—We have 3 to 4 feet of snow in Glenwood, with about 6

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# BACKCOUNTRY NEWS

REPORTS AND CONDITIONS



Moonrise near camp on the PCT near White Pass. William O. Douglas Wilderness.

inches of new crusty snow from a couple of days ago. We went skiing yesterday and found the icy base makes it a bit challenging, but the sun is out and the temperature is in the mid-30s, so it's very pleasant.

We have a loop trail at the ranch that we ski-groom, and a 7-mile loop just north of here. For information on local skiing, or accommodations at the

ranch, call 509-364-3488.—Darvel Lloyd, Flying L, 1/29.

**MT ADAMS DIST**—The Smith Butte Sno-Park is closed for the season. There's just too much snow and not enough money. The lower Pineside Sno-Park is open. Expect more use at Pineside because of the Smith Butte closure.

Peterson Prairie Cabin is booked through February, but you can always check for cancellations. For current snow conditions and cabin information, call the ranger station at 509-395-3400.

**WIND RIVER DISTRICT**—The Wind River Highway is not being plowed above the fish hatchery, so there's no access to the Oldman Pass Sno-Park.—Ranger, 1/22.

## OREGON

**COLUMBIA GORGE**—All Gorge trails are full of snow that has drifted from the winds howling down the river. Three trails have had serious "ice events" and are officially closed.

One is Larch Mountain trail 441, near Multnomah Falls. The bridge is out due to ice. Wahclella Falls trail 436 is wiped out due to ice.

And Eagle Creek trail 440 had a most interesting "ice event." The snow came down in "tapioca" form and filled up the creek bed with ice which flowed just like a speeded-up glacier. It took out the suspension bridge, campground, and road. We can't even get up there. When the ice flow receded, it left ice 15 feet deep on either side, and crossing it is as dangerous as crossing a glacier.

When the weather warms up and the ice melts, we'll see what else has happened on the trails.—Duffy DuFresne, CGNSA, 1/29.

**APPLEGATE DISTRICT**—We are digging out, drying out, and assessing some of the most extensive flood damage we've ever seen here.

Many roads and trails are impassable due to slides or debris flows. It could be early summer before we make attempts to restore road and trail systems. Many slides are still active, and with recent freeze/thaw cycles and future storms, new slides could be triggered at any time.—Ranger, 1/24.

**ASHLAND DISTRICT**—Many roads and trails are blocked by slides, undermined by water, and blocked by debris flows and blowdown.

All developed Nordic trail systems are open with good to excellent conditions. Near the end of the flood cycle, the rain-soaked snow froze and a new layer of light dry powder fell over this base.

For backcountry skiing, conditions are generally good above 5500 feet, although south slopes are beginning to crust due to the freeze-thaw cycle. Good telemarking is on north-facing



slopes, particularly along the Siskiyou Crest west of Mount Ashland.

Conditions will change rapidly with any amount of warming and/or rainfall.—Ranger, 1/17.

## CALIFORNIA

**YOSEMITE NP**—As of 1/15, the entrance fee has been increased to \$20.

A public review of a proposed management plan will take place this spring. The plan calls for, among other things, moving Park headquarters out of the Park to El Portal and removing about a quarter of the buildings in Yosemite Valley.

## ARIZONA



### PIMA CANYON, ROMERO CANYON, Santa Catalina

**Mountains, Tucson**—Of the hundreds of hikes in the Tucson area, these two have variety and exceptional scenic quality. (See *100 Hikes in Arizona*, from Mountaineers Books.)

They begin in low desert and pass through life zones all the way to alpine. The canyons are well-watered, so there is a lot of flora and bird life. There may be snow in the higher reaches; it was bare at Christmas but was hit with 3 feet in early January.

Both trips are 7 miles one-way with considerable gain, but much shorter hikes are equally rewarding. Wear good boots; the trails are rocky and it is slow going. One and a half mph is a fast pace here.

At the Pima trailhead is limited parking but many people go for short strolls

so if you wait a few minutes a spot should open up. Take Oracle Road north to Magee and turn right to end of road.

Continue north on Oracle (Highway 77) to Catalina State Park for Romero Canyon. Pay the \$3 fee and ask for the trail map. A 1-mile slog on an old road takes you to the trail proper, but then you immediately ascend into a rock garden that continues for 2 miles to a series of pools, a popular turn-around point.

Route-finding is a little tricky here: cross the canyon to the left at the base of the pools and to the right above the waterfall. If you continue, chances for solitude are good. Due to the longer winter day in Arizona, it is possible to do the complete hikes with an early start.

Oh ... the weather—65 degrees and sunny both days. I would not attempt these hikes in summer.—John Walenta, Seattle, 1/97.



### WILDERNESS AREAS—Eagletail Mountains Wilder-

ness: This was an automobile scouting trip to determine access to this 100,600-acre wilderness 65 miles west of Phoenix on the south side of I-10.

There is excellent 2WD access, parking and a trailhead about the middle of the northeast side, just past massive Courthouse Rock, which attracts climbers. The scenery is spectacular. Note that the Big Horn Mountains Wilderness (21,000 acres) and the Hummingbird Springs Wilderness (31,200 acres) are just north of the Eagletail Mountains on the north side of I-10. The Big Horns looked particularly interesting.

Granite Mountain Wilderness: Jack Grunblatt and I left the low desert and

drove through Prescott to this wilderness, where elevations range from 5000 to 7626 feet.

We hiked the 7.6-mile round-trip Granite Mountain trail to Granite Mountain Vista. The area has granite outcrops and cliffs, and the views are excellent. This is a small wilderness area, but there are extensive trails on the periphery.

We met a trail crew from Prescott College on the trail, and other students were rock climbing, all as part of the college's curriculum. The Forest Service office in Prescott has excellent trail maps on 8½x11 sheets of many of the Prescott National Forest trails.

Superstition Wilderness: We checked out the trailheads on the northwest side of this 160,200-acre wilderness. The First Water, Lost Dutchman, and Canyon Lake (also known as Boulder Canyon) trailheads all have easy access.

Usury Mountains: This area is near Apache Junction. The best access is through the Maricopa County Park, though most of the trail is in the Tonto National Forest.

Jack and I took the trail which loops through and around the range and scrambled the summit ridge. From the east side are great views of the seductive Goldfield Mountains, the more distant Superstitions, the Four Peaks Wilderness, and many other ranges in the distance, and the bajada in the foreground of the Goldfields is lush. We were also fortunate to see a large desert tortoise.

The park opens at 6am, and there is a \$2 per car entry fee.—Bob Eschrich, Mercer Island, 11/20-23.

## 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.

**WANTED**—Atomic Leader skis in good or better condition. 200 or 205cm. Chuck Gustafson, 206-367-0112 (Seattle).

**FOR SALE**—Thule rack with Adventurer box combo, excellent condition. Box used only once. \$325. 360-331-6114.

**FOR SALE**—Men's Merrell "Ultra" mountaineering 3-pin ski boots, leather,

size 9½ med; hardly used, exc condition, \$140 OBO. Phone 206-488-3441 (Kirkland).

**FOR SALE**—Prijon T-Canyon whitewater kayak with accessories. Excellent condition. \$500.

Koflach Ultra climbing boots, double, plastic, size 13½, excellent condition. \$130.

Phone 360-794-9821 (Monroe).

**FOR SALE**—REI insulated vest, color grey. Women's size 10. \$10.

REI fabric/leather walking shoes, color grey. Men's size 8½. \$20.

Solomon SX61 downhill ski boots, color red. Men's size 7½. \$25.

Joe or Kathy, 360-871-0291 (Port Orchard).

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

**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).



B.R. LOVE

# I'LL DO THE DISHES

—PADDLING IN THE BROKEN ISLANDS—

It's 5 in the morning. Here comes Roger to pick me up for the transit to Toquart Bay in Barclay Sound. Six of us—Art, George, Roger, Bob, Shirley and me—were off on a sea kayak trip in the Broken Islands, off the southwest shore of Vancouver Island.

At the ferry landing in Port Angeles we headed to a nearby cafe for breakfast. After seating, someone requested fast service as we were catching the next ferry. The waitress informed us that *everyone* was catching the next ferry. In other words, "Relax." We did.

After getting off the ferry on Vancouver Island, we drove to Toquart Bay Park and camped overnight, intending to depart early the next morning.

Previous to the trip we agreed that each person would prepare an evening meal for all and someone enjoying the feast would do the dishes. I had opted out of this arrangement to stick to my backpacking menu. I am not a cook beyond hot water and, except for Shirley, I didn't have a lot of faith in the others' ability.

So the first evening meal was freeze-dried for me and tacos by Shirley for the rest. They sure smelled good so I had a small one and it tasted fine. About what I had expected from Shirley, but I was still firm in my conviction of food choice.

## Meandering through the Islands

Friday dawned clear and we breakfasted, loaded the boats, parked the cars, and were on our way. It was a fine day.

We meandered through the islands, sight-seeing and enjoying our first day on the water. We split the Stopper Islands, went over to Hand, around the Brabant Islands and past Dodd and Willis. We were able to cross the shoals west of Tuffet Island on the high tide.

Shortly afterward the wind came up and we could see the rain coming right behind it. Our destination was now Benson Island and it was full speed ahead. We didn't make it. The rain arrived before we passed Clark and we landed on Benson a little wet.

We carried the boats off the beach and parked them on log debris at the edge of the woods as we expected an exceptionally high tide. Rigging a communal cook tarp on a small knoll, we set up the tents close by under large fir trees with overhanging branches.

Supper was Roger's chili. I stuck to my own freeze-dried chili. I had tested Roger's before and it was a tad hot for me. I did have a small amount of his chili, however, and the taste was pleasant, not too hot.

Shortly after supper we all turned in for a very windy and rainy night. The campground location on the island and the fir trees provided maximum protection from the elements.

The rain was intermittent but persistent for several days and the cook tarp did just fine as a catch basin, providing more water than needed.

Shortly before dark, a father and son arrived in rental boats and made camp next to us.

## A Rainy Day in Camp

Saturday arrived with the wind and rain continuing. We spent the day killing time, telling lies and exploring the island between the rains.

By this time we had all discovered that our island had the finest privy possible—a double unit with a strategically placed viewing port in each that provided primo views of the water and shoreline. They were constructed of fresh cut rough cedar which imparted a freshness that was indeed a pleasant change.

Around noon the rain ceased and our neighbors departed. As near as I could determine, they had no self rescue equipment ... and would not have known how to use it anyway.

The highlight of the day for me was spotting a hummingbird feeding on bugs on some stalky green plants next to the cook tarp. It's a good thing these little critters are omnivorous as I found very few blossoms on the island.

The island has varied wildlife. During our initial landing we spotted a small furry animal that I misidentified

as an oversized black tailed ferret. Later we determined it was a marten. Several deer browsed on the grassy knoll next to the cook tent and Art later spotted a small brown snake.

Supper for the evening was cioppino and mashed potatoes, courtesy of Chef Roger. We collected a bunch of mussels to add for local flavor. George presented a nice fish at the appropriate time. It was immediately added to the stew. I joined in the communal supper and it was really good. My hot water food was rapidly losing its attraction.

Someone else did the dishes and we all wandered off to bed.

## Some Really BIG Swells

Sunday and all was well, no rain and broken clouds with a reasonable wind. We could still see wave action in Coaster Channel to the east, but it did not appear large enough to pose any real problems. Boy, was that a bad assumption.

Away, all boats, and let's go sight-seeing over to Cooper and the rest of the islands in the southernmost group. After a full day's rest, it was a pleasure to feel the boat surge with each stroke.

Before it sank in, we were in some really BIG swells. In the trough our vision was limited to the green water all around and above. On the crest we could see the other boats that were on top but nobody in the troughs.

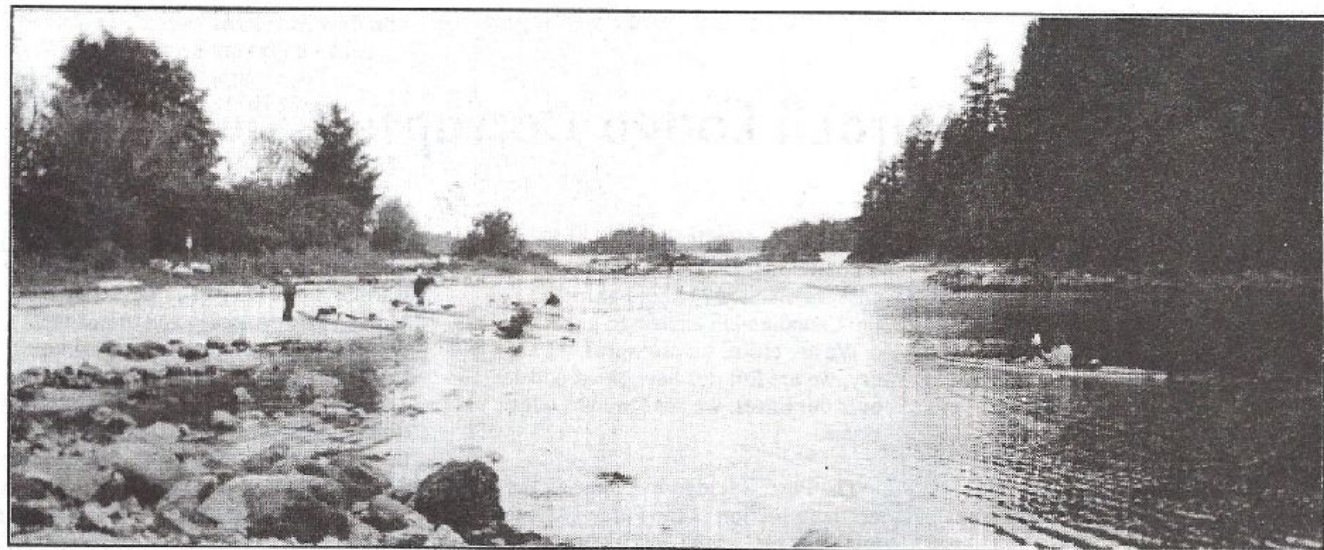
In retrospect, on dry land the swells were probably about ten feet high, but sitting in the trough looking up, it was every inch of fifteen feet.

Fortunately, we had the swells coming in on our beam, which was probably the best aspect for a safe transit. My initial concern was that the next one might break right on top of me.

After negotiating several large ones, my concern was replaced by enjoyment of the roller-coaster ride tempered with common sense caution. Our luck held and there were no breakers as the channel bottom in this area does not shoal significantly.

We made the lee of the island and paddled around sight-seeing. Art spotted several more of the little furry animals.





B.R. Love

*Protected harbor on Hand Island.*

We stopped at Effingham Island for lunch. The trip back to Benson across Coaster Channel with the big swells was super. No one tarried, but I'm sure it was enjoyed by all.

Supper for the day was rabbit and dumpling, courtesy of Shirley. After that fine meal I was almost a total convert to communal meals. I did the dishes as scheduled, but I was withholding my final conversion to test the fare a little more.

### **The Weather Holds**

Monday looked about like Sunday, so we decided to spend another day around Benson. Before long, George was out fishing in the channel between Benson and Clark Islands. One at a time we all joined him and it turned into a pleasant paddle to the north side of Clark, where we found the camp area overloaded. Sure glad we had not stopped there.

The evening meal was chicken tortellini with alfredo sauce by Art. After this meal I was no longer able to hold out. I became an ardent convert to communal suppers.

The hummingbird joined us again. I guess our schedules were about the same.

### **Camp on Hand Island**

We awoke to a perfect day on Tuesday: clear with little wind and mild wave action. We broke camp, packed up and headed out, intending to camp on Hand Island for the night.

Shortly after our departure, Roger decided he wanted to race to Hand to catch the morning low tide and pick

some oysters for supper. I went along with him to provide a second paddler and the rest went sight-seeing up the channel by Turtle and on to Hand that afternoon.

Hand Island is noted for two things, oysters and obnoxious crows. The crows meet you when you come ashore, inspecting your boat and baggage for anything they can steal. If it's edible, protect it or the crows will have it at the first opportunity. We're talking no more than five feet away with your back turned. They have absolutely no fear and give you what-for in crow talk when you run them off.

Roger got his oysters but stacked them in a low area that flooded with high tide. Later I was walking about and he asked me to check the oysters. I did and the only thing showing was the handle of an oyster knife that was stuck in one tough oyster.

Believing our supper was lost unless I retrieved them, I waded in sneakers and all—anything to save the entree for the next communal supper. I saved the oysters, but soaked my sneakers and had to wear my rubber boots from then until I arrived home.

The rest of the group arrived about 2:30 with a large zip-lock full of cleaned oysters so my heroics weren't needed after all.

About 5pm my stomach was complaining. Somebody said supper would be at 7. Not for me; appetite overcame taste and I had a freeze-dried supper. Roger cooked the oysters and everyone else enjoyed another fine communal meal. I am converted totally to commu-

nal supper, and if I can't cook, I will gladly do the dishes.

### **A Farewell Paddle**

Wednesday started out as a fine day for our farewell paddle—broken clouds, little wind, and smooth waters. At breakfast the crows were pesky, as always, helping themselves to Roger's breakfast uninvited. Roger and the crows exchanged words and they flew off to find an unsuspecting paddler with unguarded food.

We soon packed up and headed back, intending to leave the Stoppers to port. About the time we entered David Channel, the wind rose and buffeted us until we reached a lee east of the Stoppers. I guess it was a good-bye kiss from the local weather gods.

Along the northeast coast of the northern Stopper Island, we spotted a dead seal on the beach and two crows nearby really raising Cain. Crows don't normally advertise their meals, so I paddled over to determine their problem ... a huge bald eagle in a downed tree about twenty feet from the seal and nobody was about to run him off.

We landed, loaded the boats and gear and caravanned to the ferry in Nanaimo.

When Roger dropped me off at home that evening, I was looking forward to a shower and bed and wasted no time in achieving both.

△

*B.R. Love lives in Poulsbo.*



CHUCK GUSTAFSON

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## How the Purcell Lodge Corrupts Skiers

I want to warn serious backcountry skiers about an insidious plot to destroy backcountry skiing as we have known it, to weaken our ski-hardened bodies. Yes, I am speaking of the terrible corrupting influence of the Purcell Lodge.

For years we have been perfecting our skiing skills on ice, on slush, in Cascade Cement, and through dense brush. Our bodies are tough from icy slides, face plants on rain carved slopes and the daggers of rime.

We enjoy skiing in the rain, in graupel driven by storm force winds and in whiteouts where our ski tips disappear.

In tents, igloos and primitive huts, we have mastered the secrets of putting on frozen boots, of taking a bath with one frozen moist towelette and of eating seven-day-old P&J sandwiches.

We even laugh when our hot freeze-dried "chili-mac" slides into the snow pit, spilling over our new (leaking) Gore-tex parka. We are tough, we are strong, we are backcountry skiers.

And then, we went to the Purcell Lodge. Backcountry skiing will never be the same. A helicopter ride instead of a 3-day slog with a 60-pound pack. Gourmet food. Indoor plumbing with running water.

Hot showers. Electric lights. Central heat. Clean, clean, clean. A drying room. Wonderful owners and staff. Optional guide service and lessons. Incredible views.

Skiing levels from advanced begin-



The lodge sits perfectly in its mountain environment.

Chuck Gustafson

ner to ski mountaineering. Soft, forgiving powder snow. And reasonable charges, made even more attractive by the Canadian/US exchange rate.

We are clean, we are warm, we are dry, we are full, we have skied powder over our knees, we are Purcell Lodge skiers.

The Purcell Lodge is located in the northern section of the Purcell Mountains just east of the Selkirk Mountains. Golden, British Columbia, is the base for the Lodge and the departure point for the helicopter.

If you drive from Seattle, I would recommend the northern route by way of Highway 1 to the Coquihalla Highway (toll road) and then the Trans-Canada from Kamloops. This route is very scenic and is shorter than the route through Idaho and Spokane.

You may want to take the southern route, however, if avalanche conditions are high at Rogers Pass. With almost perfect road conditions, we drove the northern route to Golden in 10 hours.

The 13-minute helicopter flight from Golden to the Lodge is spectacular in good weather. If the weather is bad the flight may be delayed.

My wife Alice and I were among 18 new guests going in to the lodge. Each guest is limited to 25 pounds, plus skis, boots and poles. We were both nervous as we boarded the second flight (my first time in a helicopter), but the pilot was reassuring and the views were exciting. We crossed over multiple ridges and flew through passes between 8000- and 9000-foot peaks before landing at the lodge, elevation 7200 feet.

Russ Younger and Paul Leeson are the principal owners, but there are a number of minority shareholders, including employees and workers who helped build the lodge.

For eight years Russ and Paul ran a yurt hut ski camp, just below the present lodge. The current lodge was opened in 1990 on leased forest land on the edge of the eastern boundary of Glacier National Park.

Located just above tree line in the alpine zone, open forest below the lodge

is populated with subalpine fir and Englemann spruce. The climate is warmer and wetter than the Rocky Mountains and cooler and drier than the Coast Range, basically a weak maritime climate.

The average snowfall is 660 inches (three times as much as the Rockies to the east) and the average snow depth is 6 feet to 8 feet.

Bald Mountain, on which the lodge is sited, was smoothed over by glaciation, unlike the adjacent Selkirks which maintained their ruggedness.

To the east, Golden is located in the Rocky Mountain Trench, 3000 feet below Bald Mountain. To the west lies the Beaver Valley, again 3000 feet below Bald Mountain. The Selkirk Range rises precipitously from the Beaver Valley floor 6000 feet to its summits.

The lodge is unique in its efficiency, self-sufficiency and luxuriousness. A hydro plant below the building produces 3000 to 4000 watts of electricity if the stream flow is sufficient. With a load governor control system, the electric loads are managed continuously to use all available power.

In summer the hydro produces all the lodge's needs. A diesel backup generator is started during breakfast and dinner in the winter if stream flows are low. This is used judiciously, since all the diesel must be flown in by helicopter.

Trash, recycled goods and laundry are helicoptered off-site. All firewood and supplies are flown in from Golden.



Chuck on the summit of Bella Vista.

Chuck Gustafson



The lodge is heavily insulated, with all pipes running down the center of the building in a heated utility shaft.

Guests are asked to turn off lights when not in use, faucets are spring loaded, showers have 15 minute timers, and only biodegradable soaps are used. A macrobiotic sewage treatment system just below the lodge insures that the meadows won't be polluted.

The main floor has a boot and drying room, bathroom, commercial kitchen, no-host-self-serve bar, dining room, and a social/common area with fireplace.

The second floor has a library/quiet room, three rooms with toilets and sinks, three separate shower rooms, and ten guest rooms, each with its own sink (total capacity is 24). The hot and cold water is pressurized, electric lights furnish the illumination and the heat is central and plentiful.

Thankfully there is no TV or telephone. Communication with the base at Golden is by radio. A short dash below the lodge is a wood-fired sauna.

Most guests can't stay longer than a week because they gain so much weight that they can't board the helicopter. Our chef was Juergen Gasenzer. Breakfast is served at 8:30 and is sufficient to provide fuel for lots of ski turns. Our breakfasts included juices, goood coffee, fruits, breads, egg dishes, pancakes, potatoes, and meats.

Lunch is make-your-own after the breakfast dishes are cleared. Waddling around the table we could select cookies (baked daily), fruit, cheese and sliced meats, bread or muffins, and chocolate. We quickly learned to go light on our lunches to save room for hors d'oeuvres.

Snacks are put out around 5:30pm and beer and wine are available at the no-host bar. Some of our pre-dinner snacks included nuts and pretzels, dips with crackers or veggies, and cheese focacia bread with peppers.

Dinner starts at 7 with the ringing of the dinner bell and the announcement of courses. The food is served family style at two tables, each seating 12. Our dinners varied from excellent to incredible and included salads, soups, an assortment of vegetables, prawns, veal, stir fry, roast lamb, stuffed sole, pasta with cream sauce, scalloped potatoes, oven fried potatoes, baked potatoes, sweet potatoes with pasta, and home-made bread. It was amazing.

Groaning from dinner, we forced ourselves to eat desserts such as pine-



Chuck Gustafson

View east from Bald Mountain.

apple cake, blueberry/peach cheesecake, strawberry yogurt roll, chocolate decadence, cheesecake and ice cream, apple raisin strudel, and chocolate bread.

Between meals, snoozing and hot showers, we sneaked in some skiing. Our trip in early March had the typical variety of the high mountains. Early in the week we had wind-packed powder and sastrugi from several weeks of little precipitation.

Guides Russ and Hilda were apologetic, but by Cascade standards the snow was excellent. Later in the week we had a dump of deep powder that provided fantastic skiing, but hard trail breaking. This was followed by rapidly rising freezing levels (to 7000 feet before we left), turning the snow into Cascade-like conditions. Our temperatures ranged from -10 degrees to 32 degrees F.

Basic-level touring is available near the lodge with great views. Intermedi-



Chuck Gustafson

Alice enjoys a break in the sun on a cold day.

ate and advanced touring opportunities are extensive both north and south on Bald Mountain and into the Spillimichen River drainage to the east.

Advanced touring, ski mountaineering and steep downhill are available on the slopes from Bald Mountain into the Beaver River Valley (to the west) or the Spillimichen River valley and on Copperstain Mountain.

Alice and I did several tours by ourselves and with other lodge guests. We also took advantage of several of Russ and Hilda's guided trips and lessons. By the end of the week, we had skied, at a mellow pace, 46 miles and 11,000 feet of vertical.

We are clean, we are warm, we are dry, we are full, we have skied powder over our knees, we are Purcell Lodge skiers. Driving home we reluctantly realized that we had to return to the world of Cascade skiing. I had scheduled two snow camping trips to reacclimatize. These re-educated me on why Cascade skiing is so "character building." But that is another story.

For information, contact:  
Purcell Lodge  
PO Box 811  
Golden BC V0A 1H0 Canada  
250-344-2639.

△

*Chuck Gustafson, of Seattle, has now made three hut trips (10th Mountain and Skokie are the other two), not counting several trips to the High Camp at Scottish Lakes. He is starting to worry that he is losing his affection for snow camping.*



LEE MCKEE

## Just Rolling Along

999 ... 1000—BUT WHO'S COUNTING?

**HELP WANTED:** Person willing to stand in chest deep water for at least an hour at a time while counting to 1000. No pay. Humor helps. Wet suit provided. Send résumé.

Actually, the position is filled. I needed a helper because I took George Gronseth's statement quite literally: if you want to achieve a reliable Eskimo roll, you need to practice it a thousand times. George operates the Kayak Academy in Seattle and personally provides instruction on a number of kayaking skills including Eskimo rolling. He was one of several people who helped me along the path of learning to roll my sea kayak.

### WHAT IF?

Being burdened with a good degree of paranoia along with a high dose of self-preservation, I spend a lot of time considering "what if" situations.

For sea kayaking this translates to: "What if the kayak turned over with me in it?" Obviously, I wanted to be able to survive the occurrence and ultimately end up alive, right-side up, and in the kayak.

Having first learned the basics of wet-exits, self and assisted rescues, I got caught up in the notion that the ultimate technique to ensure self-preservation was the Eskimo roll. But how to go about learning it? There are several options—self-taught, taught through a club or friend, or professional lessons.

I opted for lessons, the most convenient at the time being those provided by Olympic Outdoor Center of Poulsbo. They offered a 2½ hour class in a pool for \$45—but did note that it could take from one to three classes to develop a reliable, unaided roll. For me that turned out to be an understatement.

### FIRST LESSON

My first lesson was in August 1995. The class was taught in the evening, and as I waited for it to begin I was filled with apprehension and doubt. My anxiety was really fueled when I discovered we would be learning in river kayaks. I felt like I needed a shoe horn to get my body into the cockpit of the tiny, snug-fitting boat. *How on earth, I wondered, do I get myself out of it if I turn over?*

Brad Miller, our instructor, spent a few minutes going over the basics of

rolling—we would be taught the C-to-C roll. It turned out I was the only one who was brand new at this. The others all had taken at least one other lesson.

After some basic stretching exercises, it was time to get into the pool. The first step was to get comfortable hanging upside down and then doing a wet exit. We were in the shallow end of the pool—water depth about 3 feet—and with Brad standing beside us, we each rolled over, pounded three times on the hull—the "help" signal—and Brad rolled us back up.

Next it was time to do a wet exit, to make sure we could get out if something went wrong. I had done lots of wet exits from my sea kayak without any problem. But this river kayak felt like it was glued to me with its small cockpit and padding. After several deep breaths, over I went. The wet exit, to my relief, was no problem!

### THE HIP FLICK

With the preliminaries over, it was time to get down to rolling. That meant practice, practice, and more practice to develop a "hip flick"—learning to use your abdominal muscles and lower body to provide the driving force to right an overturned kayak.

Brad told us this was one of the keys to developing a successful roll. To learn it, we used either the bow of a partner's kayak or empty jugs to provide flotation to support our heads and upper bodies on the surface of the water while we pulled our kayak over on its edge. Then, with a twisting flick at the waist, we rotated our boats back upright . . . over and over again, with Brad reminding us to bring our heads up last.

Next it was one-on-one instruction with Brad to learn paddle set-up, sweep and to combine these steps with the hip flick to complete the roll.

### MAYBE I REALLY CAN ROLL ...

Patently Brad repeated what I was supposed to do as I tried again and again to put the steps together. Bend to



Ann Marshall

Olympic Outdoor Center's Brad Miller demonstrates the proper position for me.



the side, set up the paddle position, turn the kayak over, sweep the blade to the side, and hip flick to roll back up. Time after time I would start to roll up, then fall back into the water. Try again, fail again, with Brad finally righting me. It was frustrating!

For one magic moment, though, at the end of the class I managed to roll up by myself. I couldn't believe it. After a celebratory high-five from Brad, I even managed several more before losing it and failing again. It had been a tiring 2½ hours, so I just chalked up the last miss to being tired.

On the drive home, I felt exhausted but happy. Maybe I really could learn to roll. Not wanting to lose the momentum I had, I decided to sign up for another class. It would help cement what I had just learned.

## SECOND LESSON

So, several weeks later I was back at the pool with Brad. This time four of us were taking the class. I was the only one who had done it before and was feeling pretty confident. I had visions of getting in the water and doing roll after roll.

I barely listened as Brad went over his introduction for the other three, but one thing did stick with me. He said there are a number of steps to put together for a successful roll and all of a sudden they will just click together and you'll have it.



Ann Marshall

*A lesson on Lake Washington with George Gronseth.*

The next several hours were total disappointment. I managed to do just a couple of unaided rolls. With four students Brad could spend only a limited amount of time with each of us. I spent most of the time just practicing hip flicks and getting very unhappy with myself.

## THE LIGHT DAWNS

Rolling was something I really wanted to do, and it gnawed at me over the next several days that I hadn't been able to learn. Then, at one o'clock in the morning, it finally came to me. Brad had said when you finally put the pieces together it would click. I had expected that to be during the pool session, not in my bed in the middle of the night!

## For Would-Be Eskimo Rollers

In case you're tempted to learn to roll, here are some things I found along the way that might help you:

- Noseplugs really improve the comfort of being upside down in the water. Buy good ones. The ones I used, made by Perception, cost about \$10.
- Goggles or a diving mask also help with comfort. A diving mask can be quite expensive. Inexpensive swimming goggles can usually be purchased directly at your local pool for a few dollars.

I used both during pool sessions but liked the ease of the goggles best. During lake sessions I didn't use either one because they didn't really help me see due to the clarity of the water. And I did most of the outdoor rolling with my

eyes closed so I could develop the feel of what I was doing.

- A good-fitting kayak is a must. Your lower body must have contact with your kayak if you're to be able to accomplish a successful hip flick. If yours doesn't fit well, you can customize the fit by adding closed cell foam.
- I had difficulty orienting myself while hanging upside down under water. I tied a piece of bright yarn on the side of the kayak just forward of the cockpit so I could recognize which side was what when I was upside down.

It helped in the clear water of a pool but wasn't that helpful in lake or salt water.

- Recently I discovered two resources that would have been helpful from

the start. My problem, I suddenly realized, was the rolling steps I had been picturing in my mind were not right. I had pictured that once upside down, I would sweep the paddle from one side of the boat to the other underwater while moving my upper body from one side to the other.

In reality the sweep and body movement is from the front to the back along the same side of the boat—no wonder I was having problems! I lay awake thinking it over and next morning made a little figure out of a bent paper clip so I could better understand what the motion was.

As it turned out the biggest stumbling block for me in learning to roll was picturing the motions and where my upper body was in relation to the upside down kayak. It really is disorienting.

## ROLLING WITH A SMURF

To better help me picture it, I replaced my paper clip figure with a Smurf Kayaker that you can buy at paddle shops. If you've attended one of Wayne Horodowich's classes at the Sea Kayak Symposium you've seen him use the little boat and figure when describing rescue techniques.

I sat at my desk playing with one, bending the little rubber figure back and forth, finally getting a grasp on what my body and paddle should be doing when rolling.

the start.

The first is an article titled "The Eskimo Roll" by George Gronseth that was published in the Fall 1991 issue of *Sea Kayaker* magazine. I think it is a clear, concise presentation on Eskimo rolling. Call Sea Kayaker at 206-789-9536 for information on how to get a reprint of the article.

The other resource is a video called *Grace Under Pressure: Learning the Kayak Roll* by the Nantahala Outdoor Center. Its focus is rolling for river running, but it's very applicable to rolling for sea kayaking. You can find it at local paddle stores for around \$30. It's informative and it's also a lot of fun to watch.

—LGM



So much for dry land—it was time to get back into the water. I figured I didn't need any more lessons. What I needed was someone willing to stand beside me in a pool helping me with the motions and righting me when I failed to roll. Less than enthusiastically, Ann volunteered.

### INTO THE POOL

That fall, I arranged to rent our local pool for a few hours. By luck we were joined by several local paddlers who wanted to practice rescue techniques. One of those was Paul Grant, coincidentally a *Pack & Paddle* subscriber, who had learned rolling through the Washington Kayak Club.

I enviously watched him practice rolling in the deep end of the pool and wondered if I would ever be able to develop the skill.

Ann and I thought it a good idea to first practice having her right me if I should fail to roll. While we were getting set up in the shallow end of the pool, Paul came down to watch.

I rolled over, pounded three times on the hull for the emergency signal, and Ann tried to right me. She got me part way up, then couldn't do more, and I rolled back under. She tried again—I got up farther, but then fell back. Another set-up—I was considering a wet exit, worried about air and thinking this might be a good time to panic.

This time she got me up far enough so my head was out of water, and I made sure to get a gulp of air before I went back over. As I started rolling un-

der again, Paul came to Ann's assistance and rolled me back to the surface.

Paul showed us how I could roll myself back up by having Ann just support my hands like a float. Then by my doing a hip flick, I could right myself. It worked great!

With that solved, I tried doing a roll, but couldn't. After several failed attempts, Paul took an active roll in helping. He went over what I was doing wrong—the paddle was diving instead of keeping close to the surface, I wasn't extending myself out from the edge of the kayak, I wasn't getting the paddle perpendicular to the boat before trying to right myself.

He further helped by actually guiding my paddle through the sweep motion—forcing it to do the correct thing regardless of what I was trying to do with it—to aid me in developing the feeling of the motion.

He then suggested using a float on the end of the paddle to keep the paddle from diving during the sweep and to provide the buoyancy needed when doing the hip flick. He let me use one he had made from closed cell foam.

It helped and soon I was able finally to put together the motions. By now I was feeling quite comfortable with being upside down, and making a second attempt at rolling if the first attempt failed. Now it was time to try it without the foam.

After several tries I was able to do a roll by myself. Then I was able to do three in a row—then several more before I failed. My confidence was im-

proving—still a long way to go, but through Paul's help and Ann's support I had made great progress.

### PRACTICE, WITH A HELPER

I was able to end the pool session on the most positive note yet. Now I was ending this session with doing a roll on my final attempt of the day and feeling very excited about keeping on getting experience. To say Ann was not quite as excited as I was would be an understatement. She agreed to continue to help only after striking the bargain that for every hour she spent helping me, she would get a day of downhill skiing. She had me over a barrel so I agreed.

In the early months of '96 I rented the pool again for a couple of hours each time. I had gotten to the point of generally being able to successfully roll—sometimes on the second attempt—but I knew I was missing something because I didn't have any confidence.

### GETTING CONFIDENT

In the meantime I had participated in a couple of kayak paddling classes led by George Gronseth of the Kayak Academy. His training is done on Lake Washington which forces you to leave the comfort of a swimming pool and learn paddling skills in the real world.

I had improved my paddling techniques through him, so I concluded, correctly, that he could also help me with rolling.

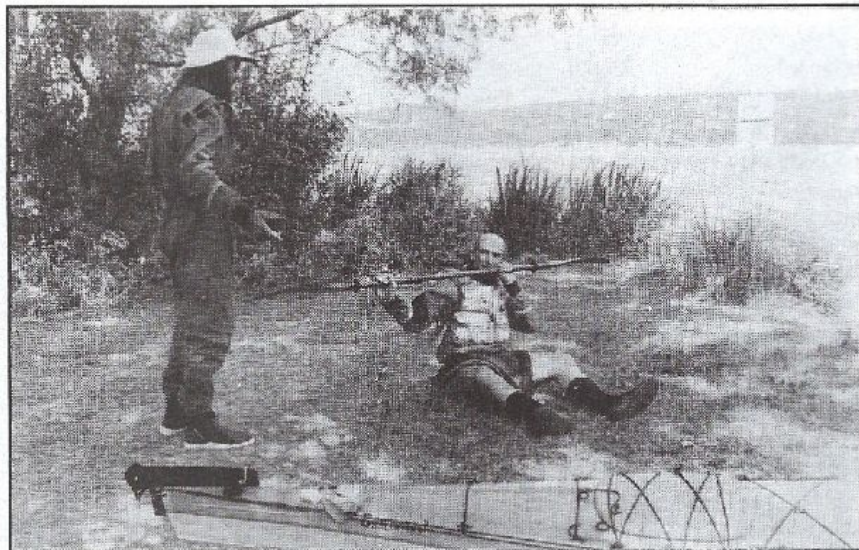
I was right. By the end of an hour of private instruction in the summer of '96 he had corrected my technique and I was beginning to get confidence in my ability.

But then the bombshell—he made the off-hand statement about needing to do it a *thousand times* to get a really reliable roll. Only through the promise of bigger and better downhill ski days was I able to elicit Ann's further help!

Over the next month and a half we made eight trips to a local lake for roll practice. I replaced my part-nylon spray skirt with a full neoprene one and my paddle jacket with a dry suit top. Those steps drastically reduced the amount of water that built up in the cockpit and how wet I got.

Noseplugs, a neoprene hat, and a shorty Farmer John completed my attire and allowed me to be reasonably comfortable as the water and air temperature began to drop with the ap-

to next page



Before getting in the water at Lake Washington, George Gronseth reviews techniques with me on dry land.

Ann Marshall



DEBORAH RIEHL

## Rescue Epics

### —HOT SPRINGS AND FROZEN CLOTHES—

My sweetie comes from a family tradition of putting up the tree on Christmas Eve. Because I had to work that night, we comprised, and on the 23rd of December, the tree had just been levered into its stand with an attentive audience of pussycats when the ubiquitous pager went off.

"Unconscious asthmatic at Scenic Hot Springs," it chirped. As the holiday song says, "the weather outside was frightful..." and the situation sounded ominous.

Numerous people from several rescue units braved the snowy Stevens Pass highway. We rendezvoused at the Skykomish Forest Service Ranger Station. It had been opened, warmed and supplied with coffee for our use by an old friend of SAR, John Robinson.

The trailhead was farther up the highway at the Scenic railroad siding. Snowmobiles were used in an attempt to beat a trail through this winter's old-style snowpack to as close as the hot springs as possible.

The first SPART team was enroute by 11:40pm. Shortly after midnight the story got more interesting. First reports from the scene notified us of six victims. No problem—with Dr. Dave, Dr. Al, Nurse Debby (me) and all the other EMTs and firstaiders, we could have

run a MASH unit.

Some of the victims began walking out escorted by rescuers. Requests for extra clothes—lots of them—pac boots and a breakdown toboggan were radioed out. Also by radio came the report that two of the subjects were "fading in and out." The original patient was being readied for a backboard and we asked if they needed a second litter sent in.

Meanwhile, I received a call from my in-town Operations Leader warning me of a second mission brewing in the Snoqualmie Pass area at Chair Peak, scene of many past missions. The rendezvous was at 6:30am to assess avalanche hazard in the Source Lake basin.

The sheriff was consulting with the Alpentel pro patrol, who are very experienced with the hazards in the area. I told Carl no one on the current mission would be in any shape to be at Alpentel at 6:30am. Carl started another call-out.

By 2:30am all six victims had revived enough to be ambulatory. However, one SPART team was still at the hot springs attempting to pry the victims' frozen clothing off the railings next to the pools.

By 3:30am all the victims were out and by 4:30am the rest of the rescuers, burdened by a huge bundle of frozen blue jeans, sweats and tennie-runners, were out.

And now, the rest of the story ... Six teenagers, aged 14 to 18, were on their way from Wenatchee to the Seattle area. As they were coming over the pass, one of the teens mentioned the hot springs were "on the way."

They decided to stop for a soak. The essentials were taken with them—beer, caffeine pills and a cell phone. They began their hike at 4:30pm and arrived at the hot springs at 6:30pm. By 8pm two of the party were overcome by the effects of alcohol, stimulants and hot water.

At that point the other kids discovered their clothing was frozen into a solid mass, so they were essentially trapped.

Oh, but they *did* have that cell phone ...

△

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

### Just Rolling Along

proaching autumn in September and October.

#### A THOUSAND ROLLS

So now I've done a thousand rolls, but I know that it really doesn't guarantee a thing for me. Paraphrasing an expression: "You're only as good as your last roll." I know I will need to keep practicing if I want to maintain the skill.

I also know that I have never tried to roll under the *real* conditions of an unexpected capsized—tested under battle conditions, so to speak. But I've made

real progress and I've come to understand what I had been told from the beginning of my sea kayaking days: rolling is a far easier capsized recovery technique than wet exit and reentry.

I've found that it takes really no energy to accomplish a roll in comparison to how tired I would get doing a wet exit and self rescue.

I hope I'll never unintentionally capsized, but if I do, I've added another skill that will help get me right side up in my kayak.

As Ann is loading her downhill ski equipment into the car, I've been thinking that having the skill to roll on one side of my kayak is good, but

being able to roll on either side would be better! Let's see ... pool sessions, lake practice, working up to a thousand ... maybe I should publish that help-wanted ad after all!

For information on learning rolling or other skills, contact your local paddle club or store, or

**George Gronseth's Kayak Academy**  
2512 NE 95th St  
Seattle WA 98115  
206-527-1825

email: kayak@halcyon.com

△

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



JOHN ROPER

# Oregon's Matterhorn

—SHRINKING GIANT OF THE EAGLE CAP WILDERNESS—

My organic chemistry professor at Whitman College in Walla Walla used to chide me about my disregard for the "Matterhorn," King of the Wallowa Mountains in northeast Oregon, only 75 miles from campus.

In that day (the early '60s), it was surveyed at 10,005 feet, easily higher than anything my beloved North Cascades could offer other than our volcanoes, Baker and Glacier.

That was the seed of my curiosity about this place beyond the border of my primary mountain interest, Washington State. But in the past few months, *Pack & Paddle* authors have fertilized and watered this seed to growth and bloom.

Articles by Kerry Gilles ("The Wonderful Wallawas," *January 1996*, page 22), and Gary Fletcher and Roger Averbeck ("Winter in the Eagle Cap Wilderness—Oregon's Best Kept

Secret: The Wallowa Mountains," *February 1996*, page 16) got my itch a-scratchin'.

Jeff Howbert pushed me over the brink with his "Oregon's 100 Highest Peaks" (*May 1996*, page 14). After seeing that 37 of the 100 highest peaks in our neighbor state were all in the Wallawas, it was obvious that this place deserved a look-see.

On the tail-end of a 5000-mile, family-vacation loop of the Western States, I left Karen and Aaron in Boise with relatives to motor alone 4½ hours, snaking into and out of Hells Canyon of the Snake River and on to Joseph, Oregon, the hub of the Wallawas.

Driving south out of Joseph, passing the burial place of Chief Joseph, I came to the nearly-4-mile-long Wallowa Lake, an excellent example of a glacially carved lake with huge lateral

moraines rising above both east and west banks.

Stopping briefly to evaluate the lazy and rich wo/man's way to view the Wallawas via tramway ride (once the longest in North America) to the summit of Mount Howard (8256 feet), I rejected this on price (\$12.75) and the fact that I was getting a late (1pm) start.

As I packed up at the West Fork Wallowa River trailhead (4600 feet), one of the main thoroughfares of this wilderness, a friendly exiting hiker advised me that I'd parked my car beyond a partially hidden "No Parking Beyond

Here" sign (as were a dozen others), which could result in a \$67 fine, an unhappy surprise that he'd met a couple of weeks before. I moved.

The hot, sunny skies we'd enjoyed for several days were being threatened by that familiar line of white marching on blue from the west. I tried to ignore this.

Quite frankly, I underestimated the beauty, vastness, and seriousness of this wilderness. Since we'd been camping out in Wyoming, Colorado, and Utah at elevations up to 10,000 feet, and had been uncomfortably hot, sleeping only in shorts, I figured that leaving my sleeping bag behind and packing only an extra pair of sweat pants in case it got cold would be a good weight-saving idea.

My 15-minute Forest Service *Eagle Cap Wilderness* contour map (1980) seemed adequate. After all, isn't eastern Oregon just a more benign, southerly version of eastern Washington?

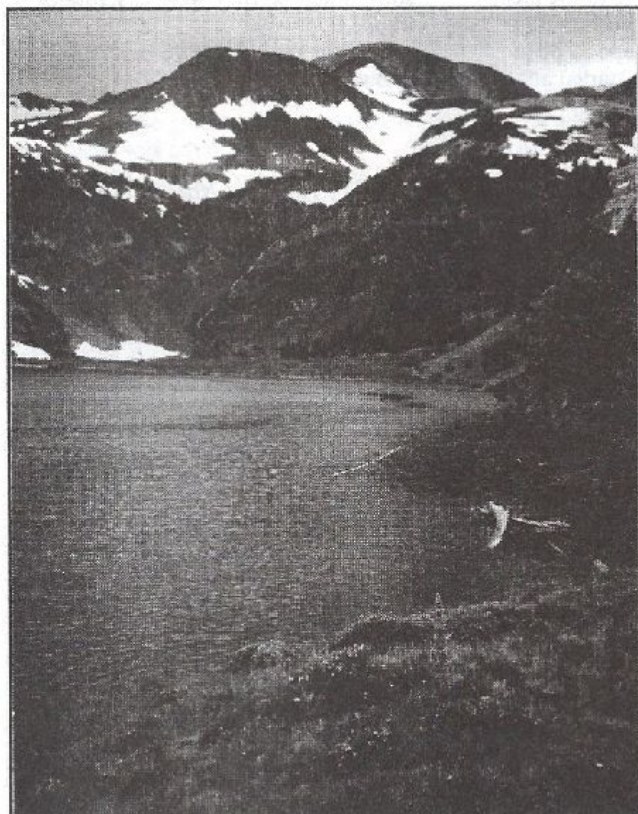
Hiking along, I suckered off-route onto a prominent right fork in the trail, marked "Trail" (not shown on my 1980 map), ½-mile up the West Fork Wallowa mainline. I learned later that it goes to Chief Joseph Mountain. Keep left here.

As I scooted south 2.8 miles to the Ice Lake turnoff, I kept glancing high up to the right (west) and worried about the cliffs coming off Hurwall Divide between *Hurricane Creek* and *Wallowa Lake* with no obvious easy way down.

Since it was one of Jeff Howbert's Top 100 in Oregon, I'd intended to climb it, but this view made me scratch plans to loop out over this peak.

A light rain started to fall, then let up, as I walked down across the decaying bridge over the substantial Wallowa River (West Fork) to begin the 5.1-mile trail, 2000-foot vertical climb to Ice Lake, basecamp for a climb of Matterhorn.

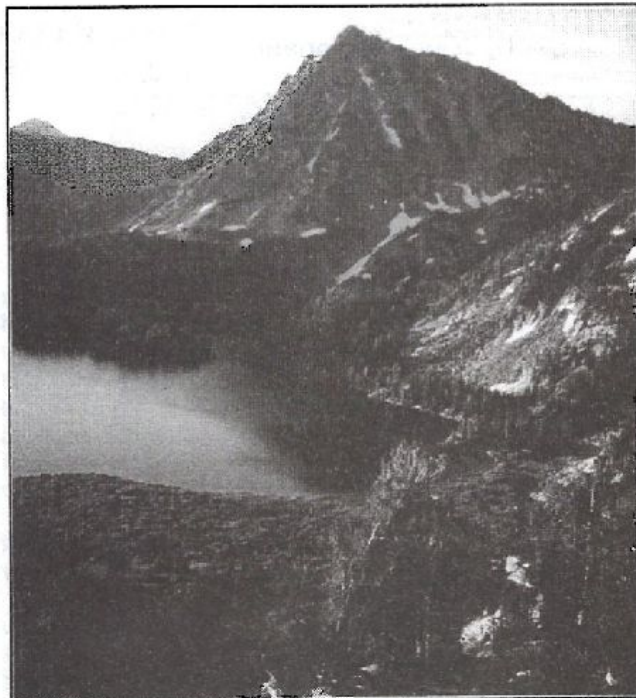
The Ice Lake trail switches pleasantly up, through flowery meadows, past a couple of possible camps and views across to the nearly 9000-foot ridge



Matterhorn from Ice Lake.

John Roper





Craig Mountain rises above Ice Lake above Bonneville Mountain.

The news was not encouraging from the exiting climbers. Two parties had survived an early morning storm and made the Matterhorn, one was turned back by a whiteout and snow flurries earlier in the day. We're talking August here, and eastern Oregon.

The trail passes by a rather impressive waterfall with a view to a higher waterfall on Adams Creek which drains Ice Lake. The higher I got, the more dreary the sky became, and just before Ice Lake, a hail squall got me scrambling to set up my tent before the ground and I got soaked.

I crawled inside to escape the elements. This nearly 8-mile, 3200-foot-vertical leg from the car to Ice Lake took 4 hours. I napped for an hour, then got up to check things out after the sky quieted down.

I was surprised and happy to discover that my forced camp was only a couple of hundred yards short of picturesque Ice Lake. There's a good trail around the right side of the lake which in one narrow place with loose footing drops rather precipitously into the water.

The start of the scratch trail to Matterhorn didn't quite correspond to the description in Fred Barstad's nice guide, *Hiking Oregon's Eagle Cap Wilderness* (it starts up the right, not the left side of the first creek that feeds Ice Lake), but I was happy enough with my

route investigation to return to the tent.

I had a miserable, long night. It rained or hailed off and on, and Ice Lake lived up to its name. I froze my tail off, and kicked myself many times over for my weight-saving decision to leave the sleeping bag in the car.

Luckily I'd brought my Thermo-Rest mattress (the best sleeping pad in the world), and sweat pants over polyester long pants were actually warm enough for my legs, but the cotton t-shirt and Damart hooded sweatshirt and Gore-Tex

parka were not working for my upper body.

Damart, an east-coast company, advertises that their products let you "laugh at the cold." But this night, "the cold laughed at me." All night long, I made quarter-turns every 10 minutes or so to warm-up my cold top side.

I "awoke" (for the 20th time) unrested at daybreak to find that my water bottle left outside the tent was frozen. (My advice: Take a sleeping bag to the Wallows, no matterhorn what.)

The hole in the sky right above me was clear, though foggy clouds all around obscured the mountain views. Good enough, though. I retraced my steps around Ice Lake (7849 feet) and started up the scratch trail to the Matterhorn.

Fred Barstad suggests that there is a faint path all the way to the summit. My experience was that it petered out a lot, but if you keep your nose to the minor ridge that runs between the two creeks that feed Ice Lake, you'll end up on top.

Near the top the rock turns from slidy shale to sticky white-gray limestone (marble). At this contact, I began to smell and see signs (hair and scat) of mountain goat. I looked up, and saw a billy standing on the false summit, daring me to take his place.

I eventually did, two hours up from Ice Lake, and he was nowhere to be

seen. Once at his spot, it appeared that minor summits farther south were higher.

As I ran the ridge, I was treated to a spectacular quadruple Spectre of the Groten, where the overhead sun created my shadow on the fog bank below, and this shadow was surrounded by four distinct, brilliant rainbows radiating from my image.

The "true" summit was marked by a 3-foot-high cairn and a foot-square register box left by the Mazamas, dated 1948 (almost 50 years ago). Instead of a tidy register book was a myriad of individual notes of summit successes, including one the previous year from a group from Whitman College.

Glucy, cotton-candy clouds stuck to the ridges in all directions making guesses of the pieces of peaks I could see. I was pretty sure I saw Eagle Cap itself, which at 9572 feet is far shy of being the highest peak in the area. By the time I got my camera out I was able to take only a worthless picture of its unrecognizable form.

The 1.5-mile route north over to Sacajawea Peak, 9838 feet, now ranked as the highest peak in the Wallows, was foggy enough to make me wonder why I'd want to do it. So I didn't.

Over the years the USGS has downsized Matterhorn from 10,005 feet, to 9845 feet, to its current status on the 7.5-minute Eagle Cap quad at 9826 feet, so it's no longer the premier Wallowa peak.

I retraced my route down to Ice Lake and just before reaching camp, three bucks—a two-point, a three-point, and a four-point—scampered up from the lake, across the trail and off into the bush.

If there was a blessing to my brush with the cold front in the Wallows, it was that the predicted crowds here were almost non-existent.

I hiked out in three hours to find a half-dozen cars in the parking lot just beyond mine with \$67 tickets on their windshields.

I'll be back.

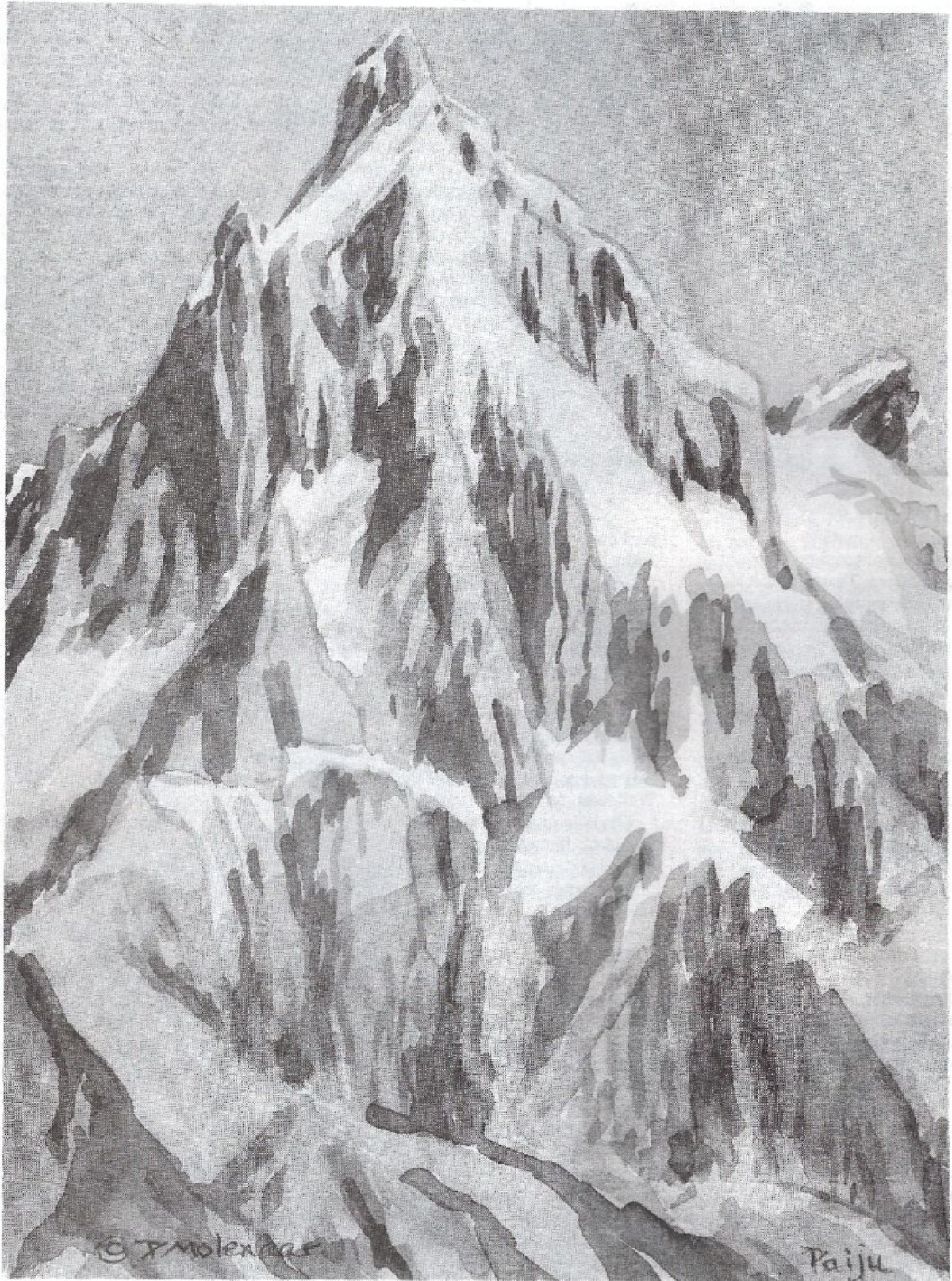
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*John Roper, of Bellevue, is an inveterate mountain explorer.*



Mountain Gallery

by Dee Molenaar



Paiju Peak, 21, 658 feet, as seen on the way to K2, on the 1953 American Expedition.



KAREN SYKES

# Boulder River

—A COLD DECEMBER BACKPACK—

December's Troop 70 adventure took us to the Boulder River but our numbers were woefully low. The boys were tired of getting wet and cold and only two Scouts, Shaun and Matt, wanted to go ... unless you want to count Andy, an Eagle Scout who comes along periodically because he enjoys Troop 70 outings.

Andy was the tallest member of our little group. I can remember when he was the smallest boy in the Troop.

That left John, Dave (the other leader) and me. The trip on December 14 started off well considering the weather forecast we had been watching all week. It looked like we would be able to duck into one of those rare windows between "systems" and we might not get much rain. There were even rumors of sun-breaks on Saturday, but it would be cold.

We reached the trailhead by following Highway 230 out of Arlington. French Creek road, just beyond milepost 41, is unsigned. We followed the road off to the right for another 3½ miles or so to the obvious trailhead. We found one other car there, not surprising in December on a cold day.

The first mile is along an old road that eventually becomes trail and leads to the first of spectacular waterfalls. According to the hiking guide this is the last river valley of virgin forest remaining and thankfully it is tucked away inside the Boulder River Wilderness area.

The sun was out in its pale winter glory. The light was magical as it flowed through the ever-greens. Because it is virgin forest there are many big trees and much of the terrain is blanketed by a thick coat of moss and lichens.

We stopped at the first waterfall to appreciate it before continuing. Shortly beyond the first waterfall is the Double Falls, and this was worthy of even a longer stop. I wish I could say I took some good photos but I made the mistake of leaving

the camera behind so John became the Troop 70 photographer.

We found the trail to be in good condition except for a couple of blowdowns (there are already paths beaten around them), and the last mile is rather muddy. The bridges were icy but you have the option of walking beside them if you don't mind mud and brush (I find mud and brush preferable to falling off slippery logs).

At 4½ miles we reached the end of the trail and our campsite on the river's edge. In the past the trail continued on the other side of the river and went to Tupsoo Pass, a shorter route to Three Fingers.

Logging and the river ford has caused that trail to fall into disuse and it has been officially abandoned. We could see it sneaking off into the dense growth on the other side of the river, and seeing the hint of a trail on the other side of a river has an allure almost impossible to resist.

Yes, it looks like one could ford the river at other times of the year and maybe explore ... hmmm ... has anyone done so?

Though the sun was shining and the sky was bright we agreed that this is the wettest place we've been where it wasn't raining at the time. Finding a dry campsite was out of the question so we did the best we could. It was only noon and we had many long hours ahead of us.

Matt and Shaun amused themselves and stayed warm by hiking partway

back on the trail. Andy and Dave and John bundled up and sat in lawn chairs under the tarp (rain was expected later that night) and I snuggled inside the tent with pocket warmers and a book. It was very cold.

We had spaghetti and pumpkin pie for dinner and were in bed by 5:30pm. It was a very long night. All of us woke up 5 or 6 hours later amazed that it was only 11pm and we had trouble getting back to sleep. I slept until 1am and couldn't fall back asleep again until about 5.

I was very happy to see light beginning to creep into the tent. Everyone was. We all compared horror stories about how endless the night was and enjoyed Dave's breakfast of sausage in gravy served over biscuits.

Andy complained that when he stretched out full length his head hit the tent fabric at one end of the tent and his feet the other end of the tent so he had to sleep curled up. He tried to read in the middle of the night but of course the flashlight died. Such things are to be expected (and endured) on these outings.

We took down our very wet tents (moisture from the trees) and began our trek back to the parking lot. I managed to sit down in a stream on the way out.

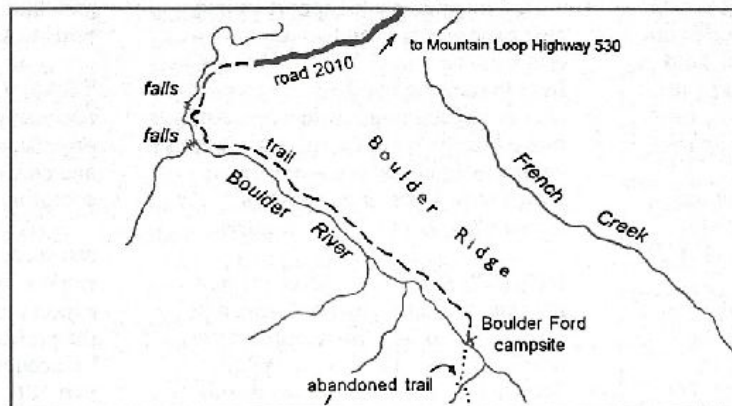
About half-way out we met a man and a young boy who looked at Dave and me and said, "Boy, you look exhausted."

I laughed and said, "No, we're just old," but maybe I shouldn't speak for Dave.

We met a few hikers coming in but certainly not a crowd. We broke tradition and stopped for lunch at Rotten Ralph's in Arlington, a great place to eat after a cold backpack.

△

*Karen Sykes, of Seattle, is a frequent participant on Troop 70 outings, and writes a hiking column for the P-I.*





# PANORAMA

NEWS FROM ALL OVER

**AVALANCHE DEATHS**—At the end of December, two young climbers were killed in an avalanche in the historically avalanche-prone Alpentel area. Their avalanche beacons led searchers to their bodies on Christmas Day.

The two climbers were Robert Mattson, from Mill Creek, and Matthew Ichihashi, from Woodinville. Both were 19. They had been attempting an ascent of Chair Peak when they were buried in an avalanche.

In early January, three hikers camped at the Lake Serene trailhead were buried by an avalanche as they slept in their tents.

After the official search was called off after a week, friends and family continued searching. The men were found by the brother of one of them after the snow had settled enough to reveal the tops of their tents.

The men—Scott Bennett, of Gold Bar, Tim Skadan, of Bothell, and Fred Petrie, of Snohomish—had planned to spend two nights at Lake Serene.

**CLUB ANNIVERSARY**—The Adirondack Mountain Club (ADK) this year celebrates its 75th anniversary. ADK has plans to celebrate the occasion with a year-long schedule of events and special publications.

With many chapters and 22,000 members, ADK is involved with many preservation, recreation and education projects each year. As just one example, in 1996 the club accomplished 11,521 hours of trail work with 20 individuals on a professional trail crew, and 301 volunteers.

For information about the Club, contact its headquarters office at 814 Goggins Road, Lake George NY 12845 (phone 518-668-4447), or look them up on the Internet: <http://www.adk.org>.

**PADDLE MEETINGS**—Washington Water Trails Association will hold its annual meeting March 8 and 9 at Semi-ah-moo Resort. Besides the meeting, two paddles, a dance, and an auction are scheduled.

All events are free; meals and lodging must be reserved in advance for a fee. Contact WWTa, 206-545-9161, for registration information.

The BC Marine Trail Association will hold its annual meeting on April 16, 7pm, at the Ecomarine Ocean Kayak Centre in Vancouver, BC. The

presentations will include the BCMTA slide show, 1997 regional maps, and an introduction of upcoming events.

There is no charge. For more information, write:

**BC Marine Trail Association**  
1668 Duranleau St  
Vancouver BC Canada V6H 3S4.

**WALT BAILEY TRAIL**—Instead of reopening the old Mallardy Ridge trail and connecting it to the Walt Bailey Trail, the Forest Service has decided not to spend the money.

Instead, the Darrington District will use existing funds to upgrade the Walt Bailey Trail. The parking area will be moved back about 3/4-mile where the turn-around is safer and more cars can park. The upgrade will start next summer.

**BRADLEY HUT**—In October, Sierra Club volunteers began the sad task of dismantling the Josephine Crane Bradley Ski Hut in California. The demolition work was completed over a couple of weekends, although a large cleanup task remains.

Built in 1957 by another group of Sierra Club volunteers as the last in a series of five backcountry ski huts, Bradley Hut fell victim to wilderness regulations and the intransigence of the Forest Service. The hut was located in the Five Lakes Basin between Squaw Valley and Alpine Meadows at a site chosen by the Forest Service.

Since 1984, the hut had been just inside the boundary of the newly-created Granite Chief Wilderness. Even though Forest Service policy is to let an existing structure remain in a new wilderness until it requires extensive maintenance, Tahoe National Forest insisted that the hut be removed.

Despite grass-roots support among club members to keep the hut, the Sierra Club national office decided not to fight to save the hut, being uncomfortable in maintaining a wilderness structure while lobbying for strict wilderness enforcement elsewhere.—*excerpted from Nordic Voice, a publication of the Sierra Club, Loma Prieta chapter.*

**DUNGENESS SPIT**—Over the past nine years, public visits to Dungeness Spit National Wildlife Refuge have nearly doubled. The Fish & Wildlife Service had identified human distur-

bance as a main cause for significant declines in wildlife counts along the spit.

Established in 1915, the refuge is used by fifty mammals and 250 species of birds. The tip of the spit and its subsidiary, Graveyard Spit, were closed to human use in 1993 to limit impact on wildlife.

A long-range plan has been drafted to balance the needs of wildlife and recreation. It entails closing parts of the refuge to human use during critical wintering and migrating periods, prohibiting wind surfing and jet skiing, and restricting human beach use to areas other than critical bird habitat areas.

For more information on the plan, or to express your views, contact:

**Robert Edens, Manager**  
Dungeness Natl Wildlife Refuge  
33 South Bar Road  
Port Angeles WA 98362.

—*excerpted from The Mountaineers' Conservation News.*

**MOVING ON**—After nine years as The Mountaineers' Executive Director, Virginia Felton has resigned to do other things. Although she will be missed as Exec, she plans to continue her activities as a club member, according to an article about her in *The Mountaineer*.

Replacing Virginia will be Sue Weckerly, recently of Fort Collins, Colorado, who will begin her new job on February 6.

**RETIRING**—After thirty years with Mountaineers Books, director Donna DeShazo is retiring. According to an article about her in the *Seattle Times* by Donn Fry, Donna started as a club volunteer with the literary committee, and stayed to make it her career.

Hundreds of books later, Donna has decided to spend more time with hiking and family concerns. She will hand the reins to associate director Art Freeman.

**TRAIL CREW**—Washington Trails Association has obtained funding to provide paid professional trail crews and crew leaders this summer. They are accepting applications now.

WTA hopes to show that user groups can successfully hire professional trail workers who can maintain trails to the expectation of land managers. Part of the professional crew will stay in the backcountry for days at a time, while part of the crew will lead volunteers



# PANORAMA

NEWS FROM ALL OVER

from WTA on weekend work parties.

The trail crew will start May 1, but training begins in March. If you are interested and already have two years' experience working for an agency or organization trail crew program, contact WTA for a complete job description and application:

**WTA Trail Maintenance Office**  
12205 Shorewood Dr SW  
Seattle WA 98146

Phone 206-431-9718; fax 206-431-9719; or email jspring925@aol.com.

**FEES FOR FEDERAL LANDS**—A congressional program to raise funds for National Parks and Forests is in place and starting up. The program will charge use fees at many sites nationwide. Fees already in place at National Parks will increase, and new fees will appear at many other sites.

Fees at Olympic and Rainier National Parks have already been raised to \$10 per vehicle.

A \$15 fee to climb Mount Saint Helens will go into effect February 1. Use fees for facilities around the volcano will be charged beginning March 1 and will affect such areas as Ape Caves, Coldwater and Silver Lake visitor centers, and some viewpoints. The fee will be \$8 per person for a 3-day pass and \$24 per person for an annual pass. Children 15 and under will not be required to have a pass.

Watch next month's *P&P* for a complete rundown on where, when, and how much fees will be around Washington and into Oregon.

**HELP FOR IRON GOAT**—To assist the completion of the Iron Goat trail near Stevens Pass, the Mountaineers Foundation is beginning a fund-raising campaign to solicit donations.

The Foundation will match donations, up to \$45,000, which will then be matched by Volunteers for Outdoor Washington. This will enable VOW to meet the requirements to accept a grant from the state legislature's Capital Project Fund for Washington's Heritage, so the Iron Goat trail can be completed to Wellington by 1999.

Your \$25 donation will become \$100 after both matches! Send to:

**Mountaineers Foundation**  
Special Projects: Iron Goat  
PO Box 9464 Queen Anne Station  
Seattle WA 98109.

## Louise Marshall Gets PCTA Award

Louise Marshall, of Lynnwood, received the "Lifetime Achievement Award" at the annual banquet of the Pacific Crest Trail Association on January 18.

Long an advocate of hiking and other outdoor activities, Louise accepted a federal appointment to serve on the Pacific Crest Trail Advisory Council in the 1970s. She served on that Council until it was disbanded by its sunset clause in 1988, and she was among those who encouraged its members to merge with the existing PCT Club.

The Club became the Pacific Crest Trail Association and Louise focused her attention on it, first as a member, then as a director. She was elected president of the growing organization for a term, then volunteered to fill the new office of Executive Director until a staff person was hired in 1993.

In addition to her work with the PCTA, Louise is the author of *High Trails*, a guidebook to the PCT in Washington. She is also the author of the first *100 Hikes* guidebook, co-founder of the American Hiking Society, founder of *Signpost* magazine and co-founder of the Washington Trails Association, and the first woman mem-



Louise Marshall, recipient of PCTA's Lifetime Achievement Award.

ber of the REI board of directors (on which she served 18 years).

Also receiving a "Lifetime Achievement Award" at the banquet was Larry Cash, of Eugene, who was a member of the former PCT Club, served as president of the PCTA, and is its historian.

Receiving the "Alice Krueper Award" was "Pickaxe Pete" Fish, of Ventura, for his outstanding volunteer efforts in trail work.

## Bill and Peg Stark Plan Seattle Show

Cascade legends Bill and Peg Stark will make their way over the mountains from Leavenworth to Seattle on March 6 to present their slides of almost 40 years of exploring the Enchantments.

The slide show has evolved over 35 years, and describes their odyssey in all seasons. The presentation, titled "How Deep the High Journey," is narrated in almost poetic style by Peg.

East-coast transplants who settled in Seattle in the '40s, the Starks joined The Mountaineers in 1951 (Bill) and 1952 (Peg). Their four children were raised in Mountaineer activities and in the backcountry.

When Bill and Peg made their first trip to the upper Snow Creek lakes in October 1958, "we didn't even know what larch trees were," remembers Bill.

They did know, however—and their opinion hasn't changed—that the Enchantments is one of the outstanding

places in the world. That first visit turned into a yearly pilgrimage. The Starks have snowshoed in during the dead of winter, skied in on sparkling spring snow, trooped in with hordes of backpackers in mid-summer—but their favorite time remains the fall, when the larches turn gold.

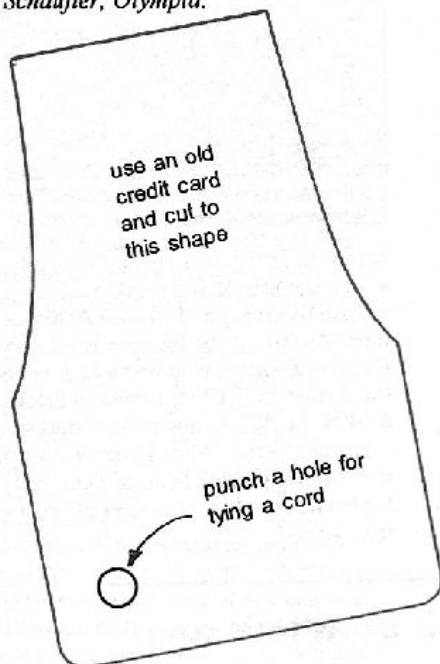
Over the years they have chosen from their collection of 50,000 slides of the Enchantments the few dozen that display the beauty and tranquility of the high plateau with its hundreds of lakes and towering peaks.

The March 6 presentation will be held at The Mountaineers building, 300 3rd Avenue West, at 7pm. It is a fund-raiser to benefit the Washington Wilderness Coalition; tickets are \$5 (donations over that amount will be gratefully accepted) at the door. Call WWC for more information: 206-633-1992.



**SNOW JAM**—Here is my tool for removing the snow that gets packed under the pin on the boot for the NNN BC binding. Seems like just walking across the parking lot jams snow in there making it difficult to impossible to get the pin into the socket on the binding.

It's made from one of the credit-card-sized "membership cards" that I was sent to entice me to join something. A heavier material is better, like a real out-of-date credit card. Cut it to the shape shown and it works great.—Paul G. Schaufler, Olympia.



**BEAVERS**—Our question last month about where to see beavers at work prompted replies from two knowledgeable readers.

**Roger Gray, Bremerton, says:**

Locally there is beaver activity on the Gold Creek road below Green Mountain (west of Bremerton), although I have not actually seen any beavers at work there. I think they usually work at night.

Some years ago, I was camped at Wallace Lake, north of Highway 2 near Gold Bar, and I witnessed a daily contest between the local ranger and a beaver. The beaver wanted to raise the lake level for his own purposes, and the ranger wanted to maintain the stream flow in the outlet creek for the sake of the fish in the stream.

Every morning the ranger tore out the beaver dam at the lake outlet, and every night the beaver rebuilt it.

**Peg Ferm, Monroe, says:**

Last winter at Lord Hill County Park in south Snohomish County there was lots of evidence of beaver activity.

As far as seeing them work—good luck! One has a much better chance of spotting one swimming than on land. They never go far from water and are very slow and vulnerable on land. Best time to spot them is at dusk. They generally are active at night.

They'd never come out if they knew you were there, for good reason. Nature has decreed that beavers who allow potential predators to approach

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while they are working on trees don't live to reproduce!

**CAMERAS**—What kind of camera do you use in the backcountry?

How do you protect it from sun, bug repellent, rain and snow? If you're a paddler, do you worry about salt water damage?

Drop us a note or give us a phone call about your backcountry camera. We'll print your comments in an article coming up.

**DOUBLE DUTY**—One of the secrets to going light is to use your gear for as many things as possible.

Your pile jacket, rolled up, makes a pillow. Your wool hat keeps your dinner warm while rehydrating. Spare socks can be extra mittens. A bandana can be about a dozen things, including ear warmer, pot holder, wash cloth, and towel. Your boots, parked between you and the tent wall, act as a buffer between your sleeping bag and condensation fabric, and also store things that don't fit in the tent pocket.

## Gear Review—your most favorite(or least favorite) equipment

**MSR SNOWSHOES**—I've been using a pair of those funny-looking MSR snowshoes this winter. MSR came close to making an outstanding mountaineering snowshoe, but ended up with merely a good one.

The basic snowshoe is only 22 inches long, but clamp-on extensions of 4 and 8 inches are available. The 8 inch extensions I have work quite well although I suspect the 4 inch version would do as well since my weight is so far forward when the extension is added.

One of the snowshoes' best features is going down steep, soft snow. The tail of the shoe (without extension) is so

short that you can plunge-step. Another strength is provided by "blades" that run fore and aft of the shoe; they make it possible to sidehill across steep, icy snow.

Their weakness is going up or down on hard snow. The claw is anemic compared to Sherpa's Tucker Claw. It is also too far forward—under my toes rather than the ball of my foot. My size 13 boots may aggravate this problem, but the toe hole is just too small to shift my foot farther forward.

When the claw loses its grip the edges of the snowshoes act like skis, and once your weight is transferred to

your heel, your feet are going downhill a lot faster than the rest of you. This isn't just when it is steep, but is true even on a trail.

I have added a claw, made from some one-inch angle-aluminum directly beneath my heel. It solved my downhill problems, and even helps a great deal going up.

If MSR would add a heel claw, enlarge the main claw, and position it under the snowshoer's weight, they would have a truly outstanding mountaineering snowshoe. Just adding the heel claw makes them better than anything else that I've used.—TG, Skyway.



# EDITOR'S JOURNAL



*Ice axe practice with The Mountaineers: fellow student Perry anchors my feet while I prepare to launch down the practice chute.*

**FROM THE MAIL BOX**—"Thanks for the newsy, homey trail reports."—*Brier.*

"Wonderful magazine—the only one I read from cover to cover when it arrives!"—*Bothell.*

"*Pack & Paddle* is probably the only magazine I read every page of, and we get 18 magazines. ... Off to New Zealand in a couple of weeks."—*Renton.*

"*Pack & Paddle* gets 5 stars and 2½ bolts of lightning, and that's every issue!"—*Las Vegas.*

"We weathered the storm well—got to go skiing two days and snowshoeing one day from our door—what a treat!"—*Stanwood.*

"Thanks for consistently making *P&P* so readable and informative!"—*Edmonds.*

**INDEX IS READY**—The earlybirds already have their copies of the '96 Index. See the order form on page 7 to get yours.

**CORRECTION**—Last month I ran a photo of Tobey the cat, and credited the wrong person for the photo. Tobey sent us a reminder that it was Charles Allyn, of Tacoma, not Bob Wood, who sent us the photo.

Chuck and Bob are both long-time Olympic Mountain explorers, so I guess I just got them confused. My apologies.

**SKUNK**—Yellow Cat had an interesting experience the other night: she met a skunk. Skunks, like raccoons, live around here and occasionally wander up to the porch at night to see what's

going on.

When Lee investigated noise on the porch, he found Yellow Cat by the door, blinking against the overpowering odor of fresh skunk.

We'll never know exactly what happened, but we can guess that they surprised each other. Luckily, YC didn't get a "direct hit" but definitely retained the powerful odor for several days. She was not a happy cat, and we had a well-ventilated house until the worst of it wore off.

My mother recommended a bath in tomato juice, but we didn't want to add insult to injury. She still smells slightly "skunky" even at press time.

**A LOT OF SNOW**—All this snow in the mountains is great! It means more water in the backcountry this summer, and a nice long ski season this spring. The folks at Scottish Lakes say they will still be skiing in April and May.

**SNOWMOBILE COMMITTEE**—I spent a recent weekend in the hills west of Yakima, attending a meeting of the Washington State Parks Snowmobile Advisory Committee.

I am one of three non-motorized recreationists on this committee (the parallel Sno-Park Committee, for cross-country skiers and snowshoers, has three snowmobilers on it). Both of these citizen committees advise State Parks recreation staff about how funds for these programs should be spent.

## Why this issue was delayed:

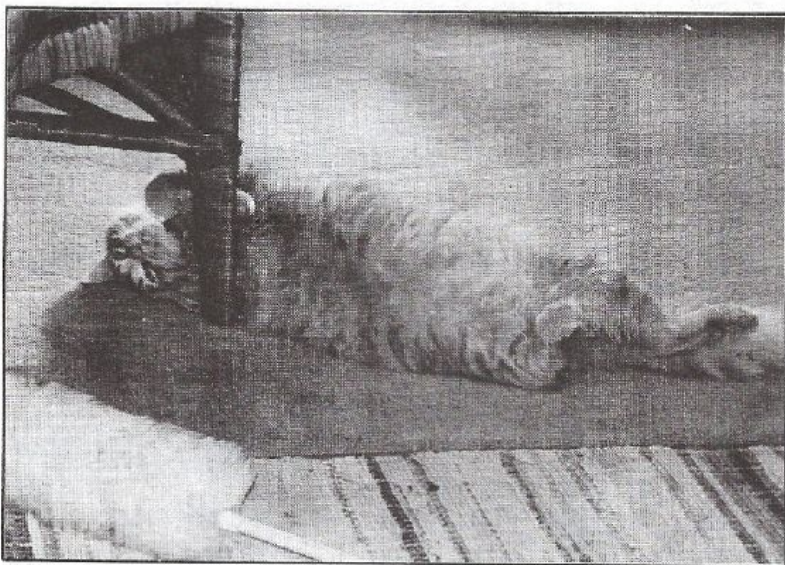
Our printer, Little Nickel, is installing a new section on their press. The work has been scheduled to take place on the days they would normally print *Pack & Paddle* for us. So we rescheduled our job for a week later. Sorry for the delay!

One of the new skier-members is Dave Claar, a fellow Mountaineer and also a *P&P* reader. He is just starting, and my time on the committee is almost up. We'll work together for one more meeting before my term expires.

**ELK FEEDING STATION**—On our tour of Yakima's snowmobile country, the committee stopped at the elk feeding station on Highway 12, near the junction with 410. We enjoyed an opportunity to see the big creatures close up. The herd of about 2700 elk is fed daily at 1:30.

See you in the backcountry,

Ann Marshall



"My yellow cat Duster sends greetings to Yellow Cat."—*Peg Ferm.*





**BACK COUNTRY  
SKI TRAILS**

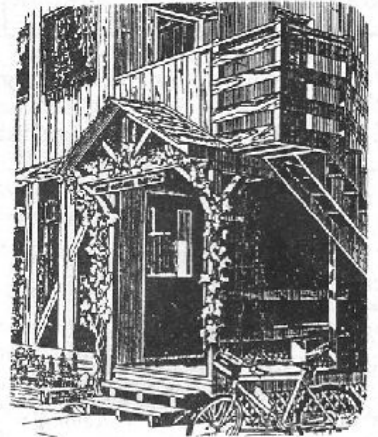
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