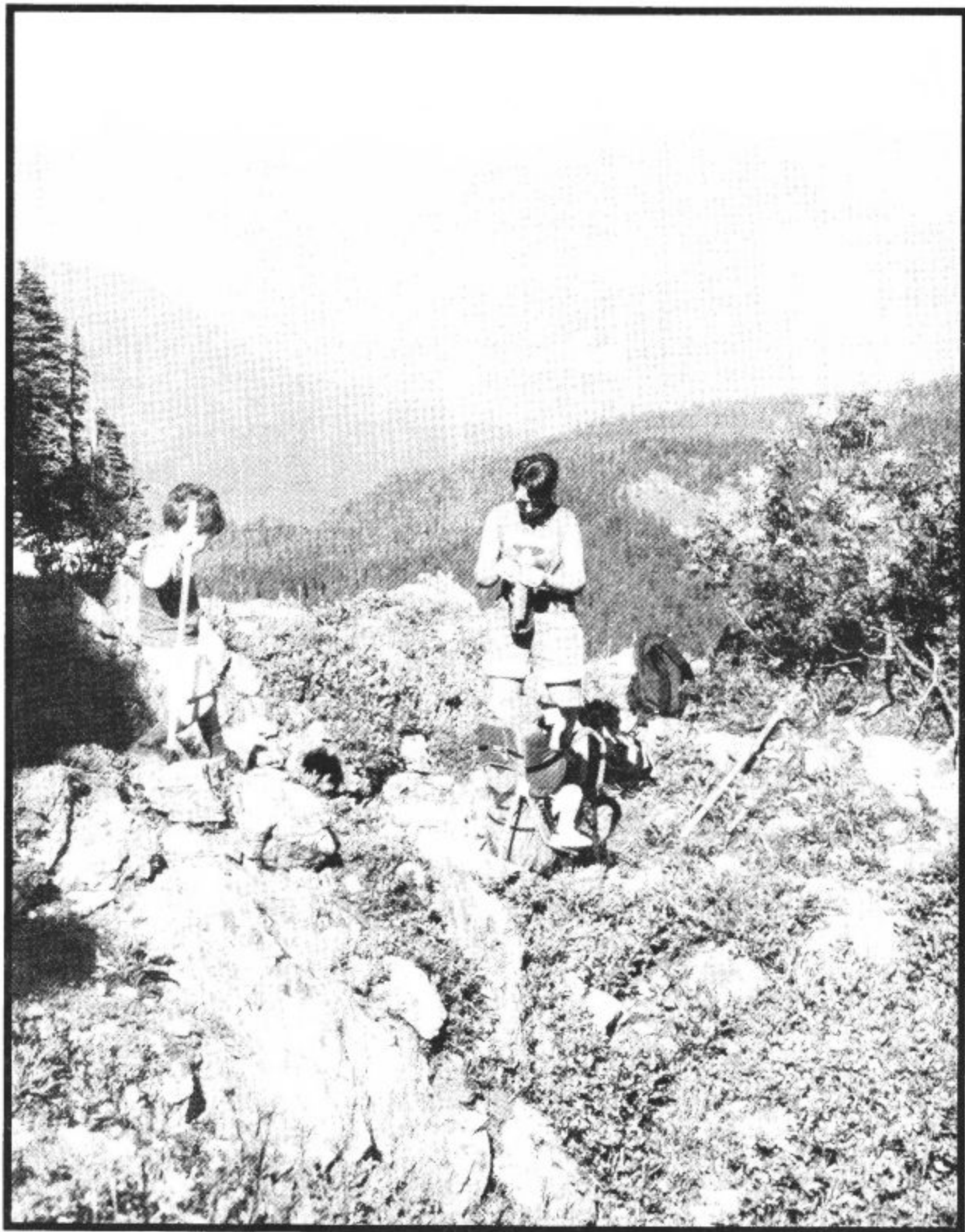


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VOLUME 6, NUMBER 8

RANDOM VIEW—



Marilyn Wade dips her toes at Olympic Hot Springs; Olympic National Park.

Verne Wade

Features

- 26 PORTABLE WATER FILTERS: Part One
Dan Vorhis
- 28 WHAT'S FOR LUNCH?
- 29 REMINISCING: MOUNT OLYMPUS
Warren Guntheroth
- 32 THE GOOD OLD DAYS
Fred Redman; Karl Duff
- 35 MOUNT FERNOW
Jay and Lindy Bruce
- 36 NACHAKTSEN
John Roper

Departments

- 4 LETTERS TO THE EDITOR
- 7 BACKCOUNTRY NEWS
- 37 PANORAMA — News from All Over
- 38 REST STOP — Recipes, Equipment, Tips
- 39 EDITOR'S JOURNAL

COVER PHOTO:

Cracker time on the Sauk Mountain trail—Nancy Newland hands out the treats to Peter, 2½, and James, 6. Baker-Snoqualmie National Forest, Washington. Photo by Shirley Haley.

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.

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• • •

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LETTERS to the EDITOR

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LAW OF RETURNING DIMINISHMENTS

I note the Quote of the Month in the June issue (*page 31*): "The weight of your pack increases in direct proportion to the amount of food you consume from it. If you run out of food, the pack weight goes on increasing anyway."

I had noted this phenomenon and commented on it to my son, Stephen Morillo, Associate Professor of History at Wabash College (Indiana).

He provided the following scientific explanation of the phenomenon, which you might find of interest:

"Military scientists discovered long ago (the Romans knew this in somewhat less quantified form) why packs don't lose weight as you eat your supplies. Turns out that the other contents of the pack compensate for the loss of their travel companions by gaining weight themselves, in a process connected to the quantum phenomenon of a particle being able to be in two places at once.

"The end result is that the more you eat out of the pack, the more that same weight comes back into the pack at the sub-atomic level (wormholes may be involved). This is known as the Law of the Returning Diminishments."

There's no fighting natural laws, so we'll just have to put up with constant-weight packs.

Carolyn R. Morillo
Port Angeles, Washington

EXPLAINING THE FACTS

Now it's my turn to critique a critique. I want to comment on Virginia Preston's letter to the editor (*May, page 4*) pertaining to the article "Lake Chelan Sawtooth Wilderness" by Kerry Gilles (*April, page 16*).

1. Our group size was explained by the editor's note.

2. There are many types of bathing but one shouldn't assume that every time one bathes, he or she uses a bar of soap. Many times we bathe our hot feet in a cool stream or lake. If I go swimming on a backpack trip, I call that a "bath" and I use no soap. We pack in washbasins for bathing with soap, and of course then the soapy water is properly disposed of.

3. Taking the quickest way down.

Again Virginia assumed something that was not true. We did follow the trail a little over half way down and then left the trail on a diagonal course across a boulder field to get to the next ridge. About the only way we could cause any erosion problems in that area would be if we were driving a D-8 cat. And the motorcycle ranger had no problem with our direction either.

4. We definitely agree with Virginia about feeding the wildlife. We were not there when the person fed the marmot, we only heard about it later.

5. Picking the flowers is probably the only thing Kerry is guilty of. However, the four flowers she picked were along the trail and being stepped on by horses. Picking flowers is not a usual pastime for Kerry; this was a special occasion.

Don Abbott
Kerry Gilles' hiking partner

WHERE IS MONEY GOING?

Last month I read Robert DeGraw's letter to the editor (*July, page 4*). I wanted to add my voice to his concerns. I too question the fees on Forest Service lands. Where is the money going? I spent 9 years in wilderness management with the Forest Service and personally cannot see how they can justify these fees. ...

And soon they will be implementing the next step: ... multiple fees and permits required for each and every little activity you partake in—parking permits, general permit to access the forest, camping permit for campgrounds, hiking permit for hiking, huckleberry permit for picking huckleberries, climbing permit, etc.

This system is a wolf in sheep's clothing—a tax upon a tax. ... Why must we pay to go hiking? ...

Last weekend my nephew and several friends were dropped off in the Okanogan National Forest for a weekend of camping and fishing. ... They came home with a ticket for not having a \$25 permit to access the forest. Something is definitely wrong here!

Kenneth Boettger
Everett, Washington

COSTLY WAYS

Robert DeGraw's July Letter-to-the Editor (*page 4*) is right on. The Forest Service constantly complains about too much work, not enough money and not enough help.

Last year on the Middle Fork Snoqualmie River Road, my climbing partner and I passed two Forest Service vehicles with five people standing alongside the road. We waved as we passed. About 15 minutes later we got a flat tire. After changing the tire, we decided my 4x4 parked back in North Bend could handle the very rough road better. Back we went passing the Forest Service people.

In North Bend we switched vehicles and headed back in. Again, we passed the Forest Service people parked at the same spot. We drove to the end of the road at the Dutch Miller trailhead. A half hour later while getting our gear sorted and ready for our climb, the two Forest Service vehicles arrived and a female ranger with what looked like three college guys exited one vehicle. A very bored-looking middle-aged Forest Service worker got out of the other vehicle and leaned against the truck. As the female ranger approached me I asked "What work have you done today?" (it was 11:50am).

She said, "We drove up here."

I replied, "Sounds like a normal Forest Service workday," and her reply was, "Yeah, and we get paid for it."

Two USFS vehicles, two USFS Personnel, 3 volunteers, half a day shot ... and no work done.

Face facts folks, the Forest Service is a Government Agency. Hiking Fees, Trailhead Parking permits, etc. are just ways to pay for their inefficient and costly ways.

Patrick D. Doherty
Federal Way, Washington

HAVING USER PAY MAKES SENSE

Robert DeGraw's letter in the July issue (*page 4*) seems to reflect some confusion about how the Forest Service gets its budget and how it maintains trails.

I first met Robert almost 25 years ago and so I know that if he's confused, chances are some other readers are too. Here's a little clarification that I hope won't be too booo-ring.

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It's true that the Federal Government collects a fair amount of money from timber sales, grazing, ski areas and some other uses of the National Forests. However, very little of that money is in "dedicated funds" that come directly to the Agency to use for its work. Most of the money goes directly to the Federal Treasury. The Forest Service then gets an "appropriation" from Congress, which earmarks specific amounts to be spent for various programs, even, in some instances, for specific projects. The Agency generally cannot move money from one program to another.

... Every Federal program has been getting a hard look to see if its appropriation can be cut. This is especially true of programs that don't bring money into the Treasury. Guess where this leaves trail maintenance! Many of the decision-makers in Congress come from states where there's little free public recreation. To them, having the user pay for what they use makes sense. So, the appropriation for public recreation, including trails, has been steadily going down. In its place, Congress has given the Agency some additional authority to charge fees for use of recreation facilities and to use the money it collects to care for the facilities. The authorization is for three years and gives the Agency an unusual amount of liberty to try different kinds and levels of fees, to see what works best. The long term intent of Congress is pretty clear, though: a lot more of the cost of providing for public recreation in the National Forests will be borne by the users. ...

Suppose, as Robert suggests, trail users dig in their heels and refuse to go along with the program? That wouldn't be very hard to do. In the National Forest where I do most of my hiking, the new fee is for use of the trailhead, not the trail itself, so all I'd have to do is park down the road and walk an extra quarter-mile.

Users could, as Bob proposes, refuse to do any more volunteer maintenance. I think this would send a very clear message to Congress that trail users are willing to use the trails so long as they're free, but don't care enough about them to lift a finger or spend a dollar in their behalf. Congress might then feel free to eliminate the trail program entirely and spend the money

saved on some other program with a more visibly dedicated constituency.

For my money, the only way the magnificent trail system on the National Forests can survive in the present economic and Congressional climate is for the users to give as much as they have in the recent past, and a lot more. Keep up the wonderful, dedicated volunteer work. Pay the fee, but then watch closely to see that it's used wisely and well.

Write to your Congressional Representative and tell him/her that trails are important to you, but don't just hold out your hand for more dollars. Hold out a hand that's willing to work and contribute. I think most of the trail users I know will decide to do these things. And, knowing Robert, I hope that after a fair amount of grumbling, he will decide to do the same.

So, readers may ask, what gives this guy the credentials to tell us about trail maintenance? Well, I've been hiking National Forest trails for more than 50 years, and continue to hike many days every year. I retired about 9 years ago from a 35-year career with the Forest Service including almost 10 years in the '70s and early '80s as program Manager for Recreation, Trails and Wilderness for the Mount Baker-Snoqualmie Forest. I was one of the group of trail managers and users who originated the "Adopt-a-Trail" program and Volunteers for Outdoor Washington.

Because of terrain and climate, Western Washington has some of the toughest and costliest trail maintenance in the nation. It was a high point of my career to get to work with the highly dedicated Forest Service people and volunteers who work to keep the trail system open for use.

Bill Fessel
Haines, Oregon

OLYMPIC FEES: QUESTIONS AND RESPONSE

To the Superintendent,
Olympic National Park

I am writing to express my concerns about the new fee structure that you have imposed for backcountry use in Olympic National Park. I have some questions that I would like answered.

- 1. If we plan a 12-day backpack trip

in the park and purchase a permit for said trip, and we turn back early due to weather or snow conditions, are we going to get a refund of the per-night fee for the days we didn't camp in the backcountry? Or do you just intend to pocket that money? ...

- 2. If we end up staying 13 or 14 days instead of the scheduled 12, will we be subject to a fine because we have an expired permit?

- 3. If we enter the park via a route that has no fee envelopes or permits (example, via Lake of the Angels to First Divide) and we encounter a ranger, is he going to ticket us? ... Will cross-country entry into the Park be forbidden?

- 4. Often at places like the trails in the Staircase area, we start our trips very early. The rangers are still in bed when we hit the trail. Are we to wake them up at 5am? Will there be a way to get the permits and pay the fees at manned stations after hours?

- 5. Is this overnight fee a summer-only fee or is it applicable for winter ski and snowshoe trips?

- 6. Is the revenue from this overnight fee going into an account to be strictly used for trail and backcountry maintenance? ... Or is it going into a general account to fund projects like improving the sites for Winnebagoes at the Kalaloch campground or kiosks at the Hoh Rain Forest Visitor Center? Or will all the fees collected simply pay for the extra personnel needed to man pay stations, issue permits and patrol the backcountry for violators?

Finally, a complaint. If I wish to backpack and hike and climb in the Park on a regular basis and I take advantage of all the "discounted" fees, it will cost my wife and me \$120 each summer. We will need \$45 for your frequent user pass (\$30 for me and \$15 for my wife), \$50 for a Golden Eagle Pass, and \$25 for a National Forest Trail-Park permit.

Over a 10-year period, that is \$1200, assuming you don't raise the fees. ... We will soon be retired and living on a fixed income, and we do not consider this amount insignificant. ...

You are beginning a process that will make the Park accessible to only the affluent in our society.

There are many, many low income and unemployed people who live in towns like Forks throughout the Olympic

LETTERS to the EDITOR

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Peninsula who can't afford even these fees, much less the higher ones that I am sure are coming. You are telling them that the National Park in their backyard is closed to them. This is wrong.

People with money have choices. People without it are facing the very real possibility of eventual exclusion from all our National Parks and Forests.

Dennis Larson
Olympia, Washington

Dennis sent along a copy of his reply from Superintendent Morris. Due to space limitations, we can't print the entire 3-page response, but here are the abbreviated answers to his questions:

1. No refunds.
2. Fees can be paid on the honor system after a trip is completed.
3. See above.
4. See above.
5. Year-round.
6. The following is a current list of projects which we hope to complete with the additional funding provided through this program:

- Construct toilet facility at Quinault Visitor Center.
- Develop educational field trip materials.
- Hurricane Parkway slope stabilization.
- Maintain historic frontcountry landscapes.
- Maintain backcountry ranger stations.
- Maintain historic frontcountry ranger stations.
- Maintain backcountry trails Parkwide.
- Paint public use buildings Parkwide.
- Renew gravel surface on North Shore Quinault Road.
- Replace trailhead wilderness interpretive panels.
- Replace Ozette trailhead interpretive wilderness exhibit.
- Replace (produce) visitor orientation film.
- Replace campground fire grates.
- Replace picnic tables Parkwide.
- Replace lighting at Hoh Visitor Center.
- Replace restroom doors Parkwide.
- Reroof public use buildings Parkwide.
- Stabilize shelters.
- Upgrade frontcountry trails.

- Wilderness camp revegetation.
- Wilderness trip video and trip planner.
- Wilderness Information Center.

FEES ARE CONFUSING

Since I belong to two organizations which have volunteer work parties helping the Forest Service I shall support the plans laid for this year. If enough people wrote letters with constructive ideas, perhaps change would come about.

The Washington State Parks had meetings and write-in campaigns and thereby corrected the Reservation system.

I do not believe in charging people to walk or work on our land when the old law concerning building free roads for mining operations or logging goes on.

Also, will ride-in motorcycles or four-wheel-drives have to pay? It is so confusing.

Marian Mae Robison
Wapato, Washington

WOLVES AND OTHERS

Thank you for keeping us posted on wildlife enhancement and rehab programs.

Marv Chastin, in a letter to the editor of *The Tacoma News Tribune* (7/2/97), makes a good point. He states that the National Park Service is working on "wolf production" and has asked Congress for money. Personally, I'd like to see much more spent in trail and road maintenance, with nothing spent on wolf, grizzly, black bear, cougar, mountain goat, etc. "enhancement" programs.

To some this may sound cruel or uncaring, but all of these beings do very well reproducing themselves in vast parts of today's world, casualties aside.

Erl Syverstad
Spanaway, Washington

MEMORIES

I just had to let you know the memories that your pic of the Ruby Creek bridge in the July issue (*page 11*) brought: first in finally seeing what Karen Sykes looks like.

We have followed her adventures for probably 20 years or more, first in

Signpost and now in *Pack & Paddle*.

The other memory is of probably our most severe trip. After hearing for years about the beauty of the classic Jack Mountain circumnavigation, about 15 years ago we left our car above Ross Dam, hiked down to the lake and met the Ross Lake Resort shuttle boat that deposited us at the Devil's Creek landing.

It was afternoon on a hot August day and we slogged up that steep grade toward Devil's Dome. We intended to camp at Bear Skull shelter, but that goal faded with our slow progress up the hot hill. As the sun lowered we finally found a small spring and the closest thing to a flat place.

We got an early start the next morning to beat the heat and were just getting to the top of Devil's Dome when a lightning storm moved in. ... Then the wind came up along with rain in torrents. ... The heavy rain continued for the rest of our trip... We finally started down that switchbacking steep trail to Ruby Creek. An avalanche had crossed many of the switchbacks, leaving dislodged trees to climb over and under. I guess the debate continues on whether it's best to start this trip by climbing up that hill or going up the slog from Ross Lake first.

We camped at the foot of the hill along Ruby Creek. Some furry creature gnawed through the floor of the tent (it's still patched with duct tape) and on into my day pack for trail mix.

The next morning we went on down the creek to the Ruby Creek bridge and the short trail back up to the cross-state highway, still in the rain. We didn't catch a single glimpse of Jack Mountain on the trip. I guess it was one of those experiences that you're glad you had, but wouldn't repeat for anything.

Bill Keil
Portland, Oregon

TRAIL PARK PASSES ARE HERE!

Passes are NOW REQUIRED at many (but not all) Forest Service trailheads in Washington and Oregon. Ask your nearest Forest Service office or outdoor store.

BACKCOUNTRY NEWS





REPORTS AND CONDITIONS

INTRODUCTION

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

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

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

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



PENINSULA



OLALLA TO SOUTHWORTH (NOAA 18474)—

This was a bit longer than our usual summer evening paddles—6¼ miles along the west shoreline of Colvos Passage from Olalla to Southworth. After setting up cars for a shuttle, our group of sea kayakers—4 singles and a double—launched from the boat ramp at Olalla (see *South Puget Sound Afoot & Afloat* for directions).

We were just past a high tide of 10½ feet and Olalla Bay, which turns mostly to mud at low tide, was brim full. As we left the bay and swung north into the passage, a breeze hit us full in the face. Fortunately it soon died leaving us with calm paddling conditions for the entire trip.

Colvos Passage is one of those areas in the Sound that ebbs most of the time. Tonight there wasn't much current predicted, less than a knot, and our plan was to follow the shoreline most of the way anyway so we didn't get much of a boost from it.

Shortly after we launched, a jet ski that had been buzzing around farther out deliberately made a pass extremely

close to one of our kayakers. It's people like that who have given jet skiers a bad name! All that person did was add more proof why they should be banned from waterways.

The rest of the paddle was very pleasant with a number of kingfishers, seals, and one lone goose keeping us company. The shoreline along this section of the passage has a smattering of homes, but a lot of it is undeveloped close to the water due to the steep bank.

Unfortunately there is no public access. It's too bad the state can't pick up one of the several pieces of land that we noticed for sale and turn it into a waterfront park like has been done at Sunrise Beach at the south end of the passage.

2¼ hours after starting, we pulled out on the sandy beach just north of the Southworth ferry landing. —LGM, Port Orchard, 7/1.



DEER LAKE (Olympic Natl Park; USGS Bogachiel Pk)—

It was a typical summer day in the Olympics: cool, misty, low clouds, damp, rocky trail. Four Olympians decided to do one of the Mountaineers' Lakes hikes. We had all been there before but not all as Mountaineers, so some had to hike there again so it would "count."

We had given some thought to hiking all the way to Hoh lake, but there was too much snow above Deer Lake. Driving time to the trailhead at Sol Duc was considerably longer than the hiking time on the trail. The trail is in good shape and snowfree.

We enjoyed lunch on the boardwalk at the far end of the lake while watching a deer munch in the swampy area. There was a small patch of snow remaining at the lake which one of the group fell through with no permanent injury but some temporary discomfort. Mosquitoes are out. Trail scale: 3+.—Edythe, Connie, Judy, Rick, Aberdeen and Olympia, 7/1.



MOUNT ELLINOR (Olympic Natl Forest; USGS Mt Skokomish)—

Seven of us got together for this Olympians club outing.

There are three trailheads, all well-marked, one lower and two upper. The only difference in the two upper trails is how kindly you want to treat your knees. The difference is distance is minuscule.

We saw lots of people and pets coming and going. Upon arriving at the top we were greeted by seven goats who entertained us beautifully. Gray jays and chipmunks were numerous.

The fog never lifted so after a long lunch hour and many photos we hiked—and twice glissaded—down the trail. —Kerry, Don, Harold, Benny, Ed, Mike and Bill, 7/12.

BACKCOUNTRY NEWS DEADLINE: August 19

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

BACKCOUNTRY NEWS

REPORTS AND CONDITIONS



MOUNT ZION (Olympic Natl Forest; USGS Mt Zion)—A

nice Saturday morning with sunshine. Decided to take a hike with daughters Sarah, 11, and Rachel, 7.

Partly sunny as we reached the trailhead at 2:30. Could see the top was cloud-covered as we started out. A wonderful trail with lush undergrowth lining the trail: rhododendron, salal, Oregon grape, kinickinick under the fir and hemlock forest. Rhodies had no flowers left at the lower elevations but higher up the trail pink blossoms were still lingering.

We gained 1300 feet in 1.8 miles in about an hour to the top of Mount Zion at 4273 feet. Sunshine was out with some views of the Olympics to the west. But a big cloud filled the sky and lowlands to the east. We had lunch and patiently waited for two hours for a view. The cloud partially parted for about 5 minutes and we could see some waterways down below. It must be a great view. We'll have to try it again.

A great hike for children.—BG, Gig Harbor, 7/12.



MOUNT TOWNSEND (Buckhorn Wilderness; USGS Mt Townsend)—Some people will appreciate the fact that the 16 mile forest road to the trailhead is almost completely paved.

I hiked with the Mountaineers Naturalists group led by John Martin. We were slow but had a lot of fun and learned a lot from John's commentary. Dominant blooms: rhododendrons at the bottom, red paintbrush with blue lupine in the middle meadows.

At the summit we met another Mountaineers party. They had come up the north side trail. Three non-drivers from each party switched groups. Hikers and drivers met back at the Quilcene ranger station.

Good directions are in *100 Hikes in Olympics & South Cascades*. Be sure to catch an early ferry. We were on the 7:10 from Edmonds but even so we didn't get to the trailhead till 9:30 (15 minutes at ranger station).

Mount Townsend is on the dry rain shadow corner of the Olympics. This is a prime early season high trail. Ranger reported trail snowfree on 5/31! We

missed the early season flowers and the peak of the rhodies.

From upper trailhead 8.5 miles and 3000 feet elevation gain. Base 3250 feet; top 6280 feet.—Robert Michelson, Seattle, 6/28.



ENCHANTED VALLEY

(Olympic Natl Park; USGS Mt Hoquiam, Mt Olson, Chimney Pk)—

Pulled into Graves Creek Campground on Thursday night. I was up before first light and moved my vehicle up to the parking area. I spent 15 minutes paring the weight of my overnight pack down to about fifteen pounds. It promised to be a beautiful day as the last star winked out overhead.

The trail is quite muddy this year, no doubt because of all the rain. Of course, there was a particular lushness that surpasses previous memory! The bigleaf maples are festooned with hundreds of licorice ferns.

This was a "slow travel" day. Today, I needed to remember the admonition: "The trail is the thing, not the end of the trail ... travel too fast and you miss all you are traveling for." I took about 8 hours to travel the 13 miles to the Valley.

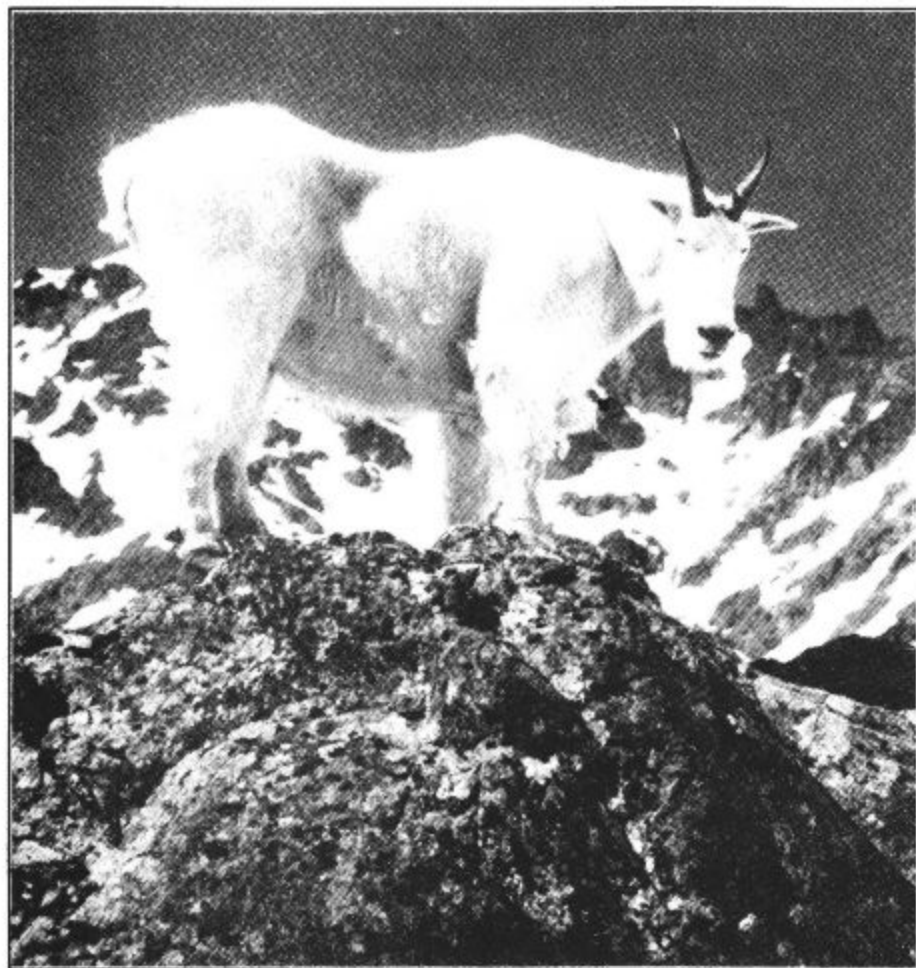
I made camp about a mile above the Chalet, where the trail cuts close to the riverbed. The roaring of the cliff waterfalls induced me to crane my head up to the menacing walls towering a mile directly above my tent. This place really compares to Yosemite!

I day-hiked up to the White Creek junction. The sun beat down, and I hopped from shade to shade to rest! The waterfalls gained volume in the heat. Saw Mr. Bear, across the river, mowing down the thickets. There is evidence of a huge amount of avalanching up the valley. The evening was spent touring the chalet with the gracious and accommodating Ranger.

I slept like a hibernating marmot. At about 5:30 in the morning, I was jarred awake by an alarming "BOOM!" Within a fraction of a second, I found myself scanning the cliff face above! Another two seconds passed, and I realized that the sound was thunder, and not falling rocks! The sky was darkening rapidly, so I decided to pack things up before the rain.

The trip out the valley was astonishing. The thunder and lightning were spectacular. I could feel the concussion from some of the "boomers" in my bones. I talked again with the ranger, and we watched magnificent thunderheads as they built up over the Burke Range.

Just beyond Pyrites Creek the whole




Don Abbott

Mountain goat in the Olympics.

BACKCOUNTRY NEWS

REPORTS AND CONDITIONS

place darkened into twilight, reminding me of a solar eclipse. The short periods of rain were torrential. Near Noname Creek, I caught movement on the trail ahead and saw Mr. Mountain Beaver skittering across the path, pulling a bunch of cut ferns into his burrow under a rotten stump. I assume he thought it was nighttime! Near Fire Creek the weather cleared rapidly, allowing me to get a last look at the wonderful greens in the misty sunlight.—Larry Smith, Port Orchard, 7/4-5.

 **MAIN FORK DOSEWALLIPS** (*Olympic Natl Park; USGS The Brothers, Mt Deception*)—I left the Dosewallips trailhead at 1pm and reached Deception Creek camp in 3½ hours. The rhodies were blooming at the higher elevations. There was no one on the trail or in any camps and the sun was out for a change. The trail had been cleared to this point, not beyond.

The second day I hiked to just beyond Dose Meadow. There was a dangerous snow bridge on the creek before Bear Camp, but the trail has since been rerouted. Snow was in Dose Meadow camp and a few marmots. The trail had some blowdowns. The sun was out again and no one was on the trail.

At Claywood Lake Creek I turned around because the snow was getting deeper and I decided to go to Lost Pass as it had a southern aspect. This short steep trail was snowfree to the top. There was a lot of snow at the top and on the north side. Hayden Pass appeared deep with snow as did Thousand Acre Meadow.


The Dose Meadow ranger had just finished lunch and was headed down from Lost Pass. He was staying at the shelter at Bear Camp. He suggested a secluded camp at the Dose River on the east end of Bear Camp meadow where I stayed two nights. There were a few bears, deer, and a harlequin in the area.

On Friday I hiked to Graywolf Pass. The trail had a lot of blowdowns, but nothing was hard to negotiate. This trail is well engineered and never gets steep. There was plenty of water and it was well worth the views.

There was patchy snow above 5300 feet which does not pose a problem. Views from the top were inspiring, again with the north aspect slopes buried in snow. The upper portion of the Graywolf trail had no deciduous leaves open yet, but a good variety of wildflowers were in bloom.


Returning to the valley, many people had shown up for the long weekend. Temperatures were very warm and by morning had precipitated a very im-

pressive 5 hour electrical storm. Saturday I hiked out from Bear Camp in rapid fashion. It was so dark under the trees it was eerie. A nice peaceful trip ended with some natural Fourth of July fireworks.—Cindy, Notown, 7/2-5.


 **MOUNT ROSE** (*Skokomish Wilderness; USGS Mt Skokomish*)—Trail cleared and in good condition, just as steep as it always was.

7:15am, trailhead (750 feet). 10:15, at 4301-foot summit. Sunshine on arrival but fog, cloud cover and cool breeze shorten lunch to ½-hour.

12:30, back at trailhead—Paul G. Schaufler, Olympia, 7/12.

 **BUCKHORN PASS** (*Buckhorn Wilderness; USGS Tyler Pk, Mt Deception*)—This is one of my favorites. Five of us headed up the trail toward Tubal Cain through the best display of rhodies I've ever seen.

The upper half of the trail had a great display of alpine flowers with the snow just melted at the Pass. The clouds were stacked up on the other side of the ridge as we hiked in and they started to swirl around us as we settled for lunch. We pulled our extra clothes out of the pack and were finally reward with a few brief glimpses of the mountains.—SIE, 7/2.

 **MOUNT TOWNSEND via Little Quilcene and Townsend Creek** (*Buckhorn Wilderness; USGS Mt Townsend*)—I got a group together to do the one way hike over Mount Townsend. There were so many delays getting to the trailhead that one party member said it was like a Keystone Cops movie.

One car took a wrong turn off the Valley Freeway and was 25 minutes behind the other getting to the Quilcene Ranger Station. We then spent 20 minutes discussing every possible way to do this hike and when we finally left the Ranger Station, the other car went to the wrong trailhead.


We finally dropped a car at the upper trailhead for the Townsend Creek approach (stay on road 27 where the sign points you left to the Mount Townsend trail and in a mile, turn left on road 190 for .7-mile). We crammed six people in the other car and drove road 27 to 28 to 2820 to the trailhead on a curve where there is parking. They have moved the trailhead up the hill to this spot.

There are quite a few deep holes on this new stretch of trail and a few later on that would be dangerous for horses; though this trail is probably too steep

for horses.

The first .9-mile to Little River Summit has some extremely steep stretches then flattens out, then steep again to the intersection with the trail up Mount Townsend. As we neared the top, we turned left and followed rough trail to the north end of the mountain for our lunch. The views over Buckhorn Pass to Mount Mystery, Deception and the Needles were fabulous. To the east, Glacier Peak was extremely clear, but clouds hanging in soon swirled around and obscured that view.

We headed along the ridgetop and then down the other side through lush flower gardens that looked like an artist's palette. As we dropped lower, into the forest of rhodies, we were pleased to see some rhodies still blooming.—SIE, 7/13.

 **ROYAL BASIN** (*Olympic Natl Park; USGS Mt Deception, Tyler Pk*)—We arrived at the trailhead at 6:30pm and by 8:30 we had hiked in 3 miles and had camp set up. A clear night.

Friday, the 4th of July, we hiked up the trail among many red, white, and blue flowers. Birds sang; a brown rabbit watched us pass. This trail is in good shape with occasional muddy spots. Good clear views of ridges, hillsides, and mountains. A guy coming down the trail warned us that the mosquitoes were many and very hungry.

Several waterway crossings are done by walking across small poles. We took the camp spot overlooking the lake, but close to the main trail, thus seeing everybody coming and going. We answered questions: "Where's the lower meadows?" "What's the upper basin like?" "Which way to the campsites?" It was 7pm when the last couple came in, with the ranger saying we had a full house.

Don and I hiked up to the upper basin, kicking snow steps part of the way. We saw no other footprints. We sat for an hour in the beauty and silence before finally looping around back to camp.

Evening brought deer and rabbit into our camp, and we were serenaded by a lone bullfrog. Saturday morn brought us a spectacular thunder, lightening, and rain show. Gave up on the tarp and umbrellas and just holed up in the tent.

By noon blue skies allowed us to pack up, under the watchful eyes of a marmot, three rabbits, a dozen gray jays, and a chipmunk, and hike ½-mile down to open meadows, where camp fires used to be allowed. As we enjoyed a hot cup of tea in our new camp spot we watched people head out. Only two tents remained, and they borrowed our stove

BACKCOUNTRY NEWS

REPORTS AND CONDITIONS



Shirley Haley

Linda, Lizzie and Sarah Wilson on the Scott Paul Trail; Mount Baker Wilderness.

Sunday morn as theirs went kaput.

We wandered around following animal trails that took us to secluded small meadows, and to a powerful surging waterfall in a canyon. Back at camp we found a log crossing that allowed us to check out the hidden campsites. The slide alder has really taken over.

As fog rolled in we mixed up the blueberry cheesecake mix and settled in for the night. Sunday morn as we were hiking down the trail, the aroma of the foliage was very strong. A ranger was bushwhacking up the trail, now muddier than ever.—Kerry Gilles and Don Abbott, 7/3-6.

▲ DYES INLET (*Kitsap Cnty; NOAA 18449*)—Four of us set out from the Chico launch ramp under gray skies for a leisurely paddle of the lower end of the inlet and associated Ostrich and Oyster Bays. Chico is a small community on the outskirts of Bremerton and the launch ramp is basically just a paved street end. There is limited parking and no restrooms; see *Afoot & Afloat* for directions.

Before we had travelled much distance, we were joined by a curious seal. He would surface behind one of the kayakers and follow it with his head above water, then would dive and before long would come up behind another kayaker.

Tom, our trip leader, swung his kayak around so that he was paddling backward. He said a seal can't tell the bow from the stern so may come in close without feeling threatened provid-

ing a close encounter of the seal kind. To the onlooker we must have looked like a curious group—three kayakers paddling normally, one paddling backward, and a seal trailing behind.

The tide was about 1.5 feet and coming in. Chico Bay was still uncovered so we headed directly over to Erlands Point then turned south toward Elwood Point. The Elwood Point area has a nice beach but is off-limits since it is part of the Naval Ammunition Depot.

As we approached it, I noticed a Navy pickup driving purposefully toward the beach where it stopped. As we rounded the point close in, Tom waved. A Marine got out of the truck and headed toward us. Turns out a surveillance camera had picked us up and the guard had been sent down to investigate.

We assured the guard we were not terrorists, continued past an old abandoned Navy wharf, then pulled out at the Naval Ammunition Depot Marine Park for lunch. This is an undeveloped area with no facilities. Presently its only attraction really is that it is public and a spot where you can go ashore. There are no signs. The only way to identify it is to look for a section of undeveloped shoreline just south of the last buildings of the Jackson Park navy housing due west of Madrona Point (see *Afoot & Afloat*).

After a lunch break we headed over to Madrona Point for a circumnavigation of Oyster Bay, then back out into Ostrich Bay, heading back toward the launch ramp.

This area is mostly sheltered paddling

except for the main part of the inlet. Northerly and southerly winds can create a lot of waves due to the long fetch. Today the wind wasn't blowing strong enough and hadn't been blowing long enough to create any problems except for needing to expend a little more energy. The inlet and associated bays are basically urban paddling with the chance to see waterfowl and seals. It is best paddled during higher water due to large sections of the shoreline being uncovered at lower tides.—LGM, Port Orchard, 7/15.

▲ SEQUIM BAY (*Clallam Cnty; NOAA 18471*)—We had a mixture of boats for this paddle—four single sea kayakers, one double, and a canoe. We launched from Sequim Bay State Park which has a \$3 launch fee. I'm not certain if it applies to hand-carried boats, but we did our part to finance State Park's budget.

We headed north along the western shoreline of the bay which is a mixture of undeveloped and developed areas. In 1½ miles we came to the entrance of John Wayne Marina.

Large masts poking their heads above the marina's rock breakwater caught our attention so we swung in. The masts belonged to an early-1900s wooden fishing boat that had been turned into a pleasure boat. The owner was busily doing maintenance but was happy to share its history with us.

Leaving the marina we continued north. The entrance to Sequim Bay is a narrow opening between two large sandspits—Travis on the east and Gibson on the west. The channel used by boat traffic is quite narrow so it is best to keep to either edge to avoid conflicts with power boats.

Just before the south end of Gibson Spit is the entrance to The Lagoon. This shallow area turns to mud at low tides. With a tide of 4 feet there was enough water to let us do a little exploring. This is a spot where you can generally see lots of birds, but the tide was going out, so we didn't stay long lest we get trapped.

With little wind blowing the Straits were calm so we headed out and around Gibson Spit. Tidelands associated with the Strait side of both spits are public so we stopped for lunch. There are no facilities—the closest restroom is at Marlyn Nelson County Park about a mile north.

After lunch with no particular destination in mind we continued several miles north along the coast. Bluffs begin at the foot of the spit and continue for a lot of the distance until just before

BACKCOUNTRY NEWS

REPORTS AND CONDITIONS

Grays Marsh. In the distance we could just make out the shoreline of Dungeness Spit with its lighthouse.

The chart led me to think that Grays Marsh would be a possible backwater to explore. But apparently the shoreline is solid, and two people walking the beach confirmed there was no entrance into the marsh. Total distance for the trip was about 9 nautical miles.—LGM, Port Orchard, 7/12.



UPPER LENA LAKE (Olympic Natl Park; USGS Mt

Washington, The Brothers)—Left home at 4am and the trailhead at 6am to beat the heat and the bugs. We didn't get sun until we were at the lake and the bugs weren't bad so it worked.

The first 4 miles of this hike are pretty nice but when you enter Olympic National Park it deteriorates badly. It becomes steep, rocky, rooty, and muddy. There was no snow on the trail but several patches along the trail. The lake was all melted out and lovely. Low fog hid Mount Bretherton from time to time. At about 3900 feet was a dangerous creek crossing. About 20 feet below the main trail was a good-sized but barkless log over which Robert walked and I scooted. Whatever works!

The hillside just before the lake was beautiful and fragrant with mountain flowers. Marmots had been digging new holes near and on the trail. Dozens of people were on the hike up to Lower Lena Lake as we went down the trail.

Trail scale to Lower Lena: 5, to Upper Lena 3. Edythe and Robert, Aberdeen, 7/16.



BOULDER PEAK (Olympic Natl Park; USGS Mt Carrie)

—Took my kids Casey and Travis, second leader Chris, and Lawrence, the only Troop 14 scout who could make it. Got the early Keystone ferry and drove

to the Boulder Creek trailhead. Hiked past the elaborate hot spring camps and up the trail to Boulder Lake.

As we gained altitude we passed large numbers of calypso orchids and a few blooming trilliums. About a mile from the lake, the rainshowers began in earnest. The trail was buried under the snow about 1/2-mile from the lake, but was easy to find our way. Judging from the number of human tracks, not too many folks had made it up this year.

The first campsite at the snow-covered lake was relatively dry and snow-free so we set up camp there. Took a nice afternoon nap and cooked dinner. My kids always pack a few tubes of Pillsbury cinnamon rolls. These cook up very nicely in the large Bakepacker.

The rain stopped after dinner and Chris and I shot the breeze until 1 pm while watching the clouds skim the lake and roil around Boulder Peak.

The next morning after breakfast (yes, more cinnamon rolls) we headed up Boulder Peak. We ascended the streambed, then bore left (south) up snow slopes to a low point in the summit ridge. A Townsend's solitaire sang in the mist, a thousand feet above the lakes. We then traversed the snowfree slopes above upper Three Horse Lake to the summit block.

We spent a long time in the sun on the summit admiring numerous flowers and watching the clouds ebb and flow in the basins and around Mount Appleton. Time to go. We ran down the snow to camp (this time on the north ridge) in a semi-controlled fashion. One and a half hours up, less than 20 minutes down—a satisfying morning stroll.

Once down, we packed up and walked back down to the car. Passed the usual heavily-laden campers on the hot springs "trail" with strollers, wagons, wheelbarrows and stretchers piled high with huge coolers.—Dave Parent, Freeland, 6/27-28.

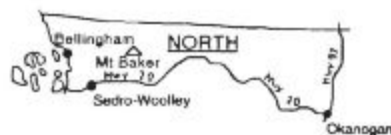
BEACH FIRE BAN—A 3-year campfire ban is in effect now from Wedding Rocks to Yellow Banks.

HOK LAKE TRAIL—Slide reported last month has been cleared.—Ranger, 7/23.

SEVEN LKS BASIN—Patchy snow above Deer Lake. Route along High Divide has been wanded.—Ranger, 7/23.

OLYMPIC NATL PARK—For information call 360-452-0300.

NORTH



ROCKPORT STATE PARK

(USGS Rockport)—Rain chased us to a campground. We were lured to Rockport State Park on Highway 20 by their four Adirondack-style shelters. These three-sided "cabins" have bunks for 8 people.

We still wanted to hike and were delighted to find several trails around the Park. The longest trail is the Evergreen Trail, winding through the rainforest for 2.6 miles. As you might imagine, this park is great for families and rainy weekend get-aways.—Nancy & Jerry South, Brier, 6/22.



NORTH TWIN SISTER

(Baker-Snoqualmie Natl Forest; USGS Twin Sisters Mtn)—What began as a "for sure" scramble turned into a bike and hike recon.

The weather deteriorated as I drove north, culminating in showers and rolling thunder. The road was gated at the Nooksack River bridge. Here I left everything and mounted my bike.

After several hours of probing up roads and side roads to dead ends, I found the key passage! (Talking to a friend afterward, she related the story of a local climbing club's trip in the area that resulted in a day of road walking but not peak bagging.)

This alder-choked path led to the fabled Daly Prairie road and so to the berm-encrusted spur leading to the top of the clearcut and the trail (see CAG, volume 3).

The trail is delightful, running directly up the wooded ridge to small meadows and then becoming boulder- and scrub-evergreen-studded.

The weather had not been too bad until I reached the "drop-off," several hundred feet below the obelisk. Now it started to cloud up with a seriousness that I decided to heed.

On the way down I spotted a lone climber traversing the northwest snow slopes. I thought about him again as I started my return down those roads as it started to rain in earnest, and hoped he too had a bike. It was a cold, wet and fast descent, but one I would prefer to a long, wet plod by foot.—David Nordstrom, Tacoma, 7/5.

NORTH CASCADES NATL PARK

—Permits are required for overnight

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

stays in the backcountry. Call 360-873-4590 x37 or 39.

Car break-ins have been reported at the East Bank trailhead in July.

Cascade River road is open to the end. Cascade Pass has 3 to 4 feet of snow. Sibley Creek road is drivable only 2.5 miles.

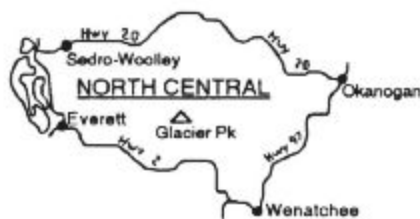
Big Beaver has water over trail for 1 mile beyond the lake. Lots of blowdown beyond 39 Mile Camp. Little Beaver trail is cleared to Perry Creek; very brushy beyond and water over trail. Upper valley beyond Stillwell has many downed trees.—Ranger, 7/23.

PASAYTEN—509-996-4000. Che-wuch trail is snowfree and maintained to Tungsten Mine and Rimmel Lake. East Fork Pasayten is snowfree and maintained to Dean Creek. Hidden Lakes trail is snowfree and maintained beyond to Pasayten River.

Lake Creek trail is snowfree to Fawn Lake. Maintained to Black Lake; some campsites at lake closed for repair.

Harts Pass road is open to the pass, but still some snow on the road to Slate Peak.—Ranger, 7/16.

NORTH CENTRAL



SUIATTE RIVER TRAIL

(*Glacier Pk Wilderness; USGS Lime Mtn*)—Ranger reports indicated “logged out from trailhead to Skyline, 11 miles.” We did not realize that meant all the trees across the trail had been sawed up, and thought the trail had been clearcut!

We were very glad to learn the downed trees had been removed, otherwise the hike would have been difficult. This trail is a very pleasant walk in the woods. We loved every step.—Nancy South, Brier, 6/20.



MONTE CRISTO

(*Baker-Snoqualmie Natl Forest; USGS Bedal, Monte Cristo*)—The road/trail from Barlow Pass to Monte Cristo is snowfree with the usual muddy bypass trails around washouts.

The bridge across the South Fork Sauk River at the Monte Cristo townsite has now broken in half and fallen into the river. This makes for an unsafe river crossing to get to the trails lead-

ing to Glacier Basin and Poodle Dog Pass. I didn't attempt to cross the old bridge, as one slip and down the river you'd go. (Might be good to bring along a life jacket.)—George Chambers, Snohomish, 7/2.



GOAT LAKE

(*Henry Jackson Wilderness; USGS Sloan Pk, Bedal*)—This is a 10-mile hike round trip but the elevation gain is not much (1280 feet) and the grade so gradual that seems much shorter.

The trail is soft underfoot except for one short piece with rock and some attacking nettles. Two beautiful waterfalls are right alongside the trail. One would be a great quick shower on a hot day. Even though it was over 80 degrees, I had forgotten my towel and decided to wait til next time. I think it was too hot even for the bugs.

We met some people on the trail who asked about the switchbacks and they were so well-done that we hadn't even noticed them. You are in trees most of the way. The lake was lovely and all melted out. Beautiful snow-covered mountains at the south end of the lake.

There is one place along the trail where someone who is not paying attention can get on the wrong route leading to a steep dirt scramble. At a tiny creek, the trail appears to go left along the bank. Note the small branches over the trail and do not go that way. The true trail veers slightly right over a large slab rock. Step on the rock and you'll see the trail ahead.

This would be a wonderful family hike. To get there, drive on Mountain Loop Highway 3.5 miles past Barlow Pass, turn right and drive .8-mile to end of road and large trailhead parking area. Trail scale: 5. Edythe and Robert, Aberdeen, 7/3.



PEEK-A-BOO LAKE

(*Baker-Snoqualmie Natl Forest; USGS Whitechuck Mtn*)—This wasn't a very good trail. Mud on the trail and trickles of water down the rocks in places. The last mile was hard snow but we had footprints to follow so it went quickly.

The lake was melted out and mosquitoes were savage. It was cold and damp. We didn't stay there long. Trail score: 3.—Edythe, Judy, Robert, Rick, Aberdeen and Olympia, 7/12.



PERRY CREEK TRAIL

(*Baker-Snoqualmie Natl Forest; USGS Bedal*)—This is a trail to take if you like creek crossings, small waterfalls and spectacular views.

Turn left 15.2 miles past Verlot (just

after crossing Perry Creek). Follow this road past a side road on the right to the end and the trailhead. Six cars at the trailhead when we arrived at 8:45am.

The first part of the trail is clear, fairly level as it passes through old growth and fern clearings, across rock slides and 4 small creek crossings to a waterfall and (according to a sign) an outhouse. A few yards past the falls you cross a small side creek and scramble up onto a huge old growth cedar bridge over the main creek. Bring extra socks and watch out for the rock masquerading as a stepping stone.

Another 10 minutes past the creek are a couple of campsites (empty on this Sunday morning) and the trail begins a series of long switchbacks and several small creek crossings. At the corner of one switchback a gray jay collected a fee of breadcrumbs from the hand of a hiker in a group in front of us and settled back on a branch expecting the same payment from us but receiving a quick reminder about the virtue of foraging for food instead of scavenging from well-intentioned hikers.

The trail near the top was intermittent, hard-packed snow and easy to lose. At 11:10 we had reached the ridge and were enjoying views of Mount Baker, Glacier Peak, Big Four, mixed with the taste of ham and cheese sandwiches.—Roger & Suzane Kelley, 7/13.



NORTH LAKE

(*Baker-Snoqualmie Natl Forest; USGS Bedal, Silverton*)—You get two lakes for one on this trip. You start up for a while and then lose 200 feet to drop to Independence Lake (big, beautiful and all melted out).

Proceed around the left of Independence and up to the right slope. There was snow for 100 feet here. Footprints gave us the clue to find the trail. It is a steep and, in places, difficult trail. There are down-sloping roots, dirt and rock in places. We were lucky to have most of the trip in snow.

I stopped to talk with a man and his son at Independence Lake and it turned out to be a valuable visit as he told me it was a real mess up there and we should go to North Lake around the right.

When we reached the ridge above the lake, everyone gave a loud groan. You have to drop 700 feet to reach the lake. Fortunately, with the information I'd gotten, we walked down the ridge a few minutes and got to a place where we could make a wonderful 700-foot glissade. Of course the 700 feet back up was not as great.

The lake was just beginning to melt out with strange circles along the

BACKCOUNTRY NEWS

REPORTS AND CONDITIONS



Gene Dobson

Tarn on the Walt Bailey Trail; Mountain Loop Highway.

edges. We decided that an alien space ship had tried to land on the lake and discovered it was not solid so left. Looking back up, we could see very steep, hard snow where the trail must go back and forth over, around and under glacier-scoured cliffs. It would have been a terrible way to go. Trail Scale: 3.—Edythe, Judy, Robert, Rick, Aberdeen and Olympia, 7/13.

ROUND LAKE (Glacier Pk Wilderness; USGS Sloan Peak)

—We camped at the trailhead and left the car at 6am. Good thing, too, as it was another day in the 80s and the mosquitoes were in a feeding frenzy.

The first ½-mile is torture. Blow-downs, swamp, running water on the trail, slippery clay ... you get the idea. After that it is much better. There are a lot of long switchbacks to the ridge. After that, we couldn't see the trail (snow) so don't know what happens.

The trail is mostly soft underfoot and you are in timber much of the way. We had hard, icy snow the last 1½ miles. We would not have attempted to go farther without ice axes. A large number of people had registered at the trail head and not finished the hike because of "too much snow."

This hike would be better done after the middle of July. The trail was under several feet of snow after Bingley Gap and basically we just got on the ridge and followed it as far as we could and then descended to the notch above the lake. There we left our packs and had a wonderful 500-foot glissade to the lake.

Step kicking back up was not as great.

The lake was just beginning to melt out with a little blue around the edges. It really is round. We could see snow cornices on rock above the lake that were about 12 feet high. I do not think there is any water on this trail after the snow melts. We drank more than 2 quarts each.

Heard and then saw a marmot looking at us from a clear patch in the middle of the snow field.

Ten miles, 3800 feet elevation gain. To get there, drive 16 miles south of Darrington on the Mountain Loop Highway to North Fork Sauk River road. Turn left 3 miles to small parking area and trail sign. Trail scale: 1 on the bottom part, 4 after that.—Edythe and Robert, Aberdeen, 7/4.

MEADOW LAKE (Glacier Pk Wilderness; USGS Lime

Mtn, Pugh Mtn)—We ended up here by accident when I read the directions for Crystal Lake incorrectly. They are near each other but you cannot go from one to the other.

To get to the trailhead, you drive the Mountain Loop Highway 9 miles south of Darrington, turn left on White Chuck River road 23 for 5.5 miles, then left on road 2700 for 2.3 miles, parking along wide spot in road.

Trailhead is unsigned because some idiots have ripped up the sign and torn up the trail register box. You start both hikes from the same trailhead. For Meadow Lake you walk 4½ miles on the worst road I've ever seen. Alder has

grown up into a veritable jungle alternating with occasional clear patches. If you have anything hanging on your pack, it will become tangled. If there is any moisture on the trees, you are very wet, very quickly. THIS WOULD BE A GREAT PROJECT FOR WTA! Two large avalanche slides have brought piles of fir trees in a jumbled mess at about the 2 mile point, wiping out the gated area completely. Don't know why it was gated as no vehicle could possibly get in there anyway.

At the end of the road, you start up a delightful switchback trail to the ridge. It is soft needles and fir cones. A real treat after the road. Near the ridge, we encountered steep, hard snow. The ice axes which were in the way on the road were necessary here.

We were able to pick up the trail occasionally on the beautiful meadow and then lost it completely as the snow got deeper. Yellow avalanche lilies, marsh marigolds and purple shooting stars were in abundance. We found very old Forest Service mile markers and location tags and a Wilderness Boundary sign which helped us figure out where we were. The lake was snowed in.

It seemed like a beautiful area but what a pain to get there. About 14 miles round trip and 3000 feet elevation gain. You have to gain 300 feet on the way out all in one spot on the road. It started raining the last 20 minutes. Soon we had thunder, lightening and hard rain. We decided to reschedule our Crystal Lake hike and head for home. Trail scale: 1 on the road, 4 on the trail.—Edythe and Robert, Aberdeen, 7/5.

CRYSTAL LAKE (Glacier Pk Wilderness; USGS Pugh Mtn)—When the guide book says that 8 miles will take 6 hours, you'd better give some thought as to why this would be.

We left the cars at 6am to beat the heat and the bugs. A heavy dew the night before had soaked the foliage and we were wet in a few minutes. It was too warm to wear rain gear. This trail is on an overgrown road that is so bad I would not recommend it to anyone.

There were places where you just had to put your head down and push your way through the jungle. It was the first time I had ever heard Rick whine in the 15 years I've hiked and climbed with him. There wasn't anything he liked about this bushwhack trip including the person who had put this hike "on the list" (me).

After 3.5 miles of this, you go straight up 500 feet on what was once a fire line. It was a pleasure after this point. Another ½ mile and you are at the lake.

As we got up to the ridge at about 4000 feet, the trail was snow covered. The lake was 95% snow covered. We were able to cross the creek on a snowbridge.

The previous occupants had caught and eaten at least 4 fish as they left the remains on the only dry, heather-covered place where we could sit and eat our lunch. It was a lovely setting and destination. As Judy remarked, it would be a terrific hike for the family if a trail crew got in there and did something about the jungle.

This is the same road as the Meadow Lake trail I wrote about on July 5. A JOB FOR WTA! My trail scale: 0.—Edythe, Judy, Robert, Rick, Aberdeen and Olympia, 7/13.

GOAT FLAT (*Boulder River Wilderness; USGS Whitehorse Mtn, Meadow Mtn*)—The first mile of the trail to Goat Flat and Three Fingers was very muddy with water running down it in a lot of places.

I ran into snow at about 2 miles and 3700 feet. This is at the first large open area where the trail is buried under 4 to 6 feet of hard snow. In some places it was difficult to find my own boot prints.

I looked around, but it was impossible to locate the trail so ate lunch and headed back to the trailhead. September looks good for going up to Goat Flat!—George Chambers, Snohomish, 7/3.

BOULDER LAKE, GREIDER LAKES (*DNR; USGS Mt Stickney*)—I was scheduled to lead Greider Lakes, a hike of 5 miles, 3 hours round trip. A couple of the hikers thought that was a long way to go for such a short hike so they wanted also to do Boulder Lake which has its trailhead only 1 mile farther down the road. Since I'd never hiked with Kurt before, we decided to take two vehicles so the "hot shot" group could go on to Boulder and the rest of us would not have to wait for them.

As it turned out, during the long drive to the trailhead (Sultan Basin, Spada Lake road) Kurt said he would like to do the longer hike so we started out on the very rocky trail to Boulder Lake, an 8-mile round trip. The trail starts out on a badly eroded road and then to a not-too-good trail. The trail is washed out in one place and is flagged up and around the missing spot.

The bushes were dripping wet and hung over the trail. There were low clouds but it did not rain until we were leaving the lake. There is quite a bit of snow the last mile. It is firm and easy to walk. Some navigation necessary to find the lake with no trail showing.



Don Paulson

Backpacker's delight.

The lake was just beginning to melt out. We found a good dry spot on a log bench for lunch. We needed our umbrellas for most of the trip down. It took us 2 hours, 15 minutes both up and down the trail. We reached the car in a downpour.

Kurt said he'd like to do Greider Lakes also so off we went. It poured the entire way so we took time for a picture, drink and short snack before starting down.

The trail is nice with stairsteps constructed in several places. When we got to the first lake, someone said they thought that was good enough but I said it was their idea to do both hikes and they had to do both of the Greider Lakes. It was a beautiful area (what we could see of it due to low clouds, fog.)

We were glad to have the better trail at the end of the adventure. It took us a little bit more than an hour each way.—Edythe, Judy, Kurt, Rick, Robert, (Aberdeen and Olympia hikers), 6/18.

WALLACE FALLS (*State Park; USGS Gold Bar, Wallace Lk*)—On Tuesday morning five of us arrived at a mostly empty parking lot for the 6 mile (or so) round trip day hike.

We took the Woody Trail up to the main viewpoint. The trail is well-kept with just a few muddy spots. There are lots of signs posted asking people to stay on the trail, not to cross fences, and not to cut switchbacks.

Above the main viewpoint the trail winds around trees and over roots to an upper viewpoint. A novice who was with us did not see the upper trail and thought it was a dead end, because there are exposed roots around all of the

trees in that area of the forest, and it all looks the same if you don't know what to look for.

Also, I think many people turn around and don't go farther, so the trail is not used as much as the lower portion. I took the lead here and found the way. Coming back down, we took the loop trail—the old railroad grade. It was wide and *hard* underfoot. Some people like it because it is not steep.

I bet this is a busy trail on weekends. Even on Tuesday, we saw about 10 or 15 other people during the day. There sure is lots of water in the river and over the falls this year!—Lindy Bakkar, Lynnwood, 7/1.

LAKE TWENTY-TWO (*Baker-Snoqualmie Natl Forest*)—Little son and I (he's now an Eagle Scout, life guard, college student; bigger, stronger, faster and less patient than dad) had an enjoyable half day trip to Lake Twenty-Two.

It was a cloudy rainy day and this trail has very fine rainy day attributes: a great forest of very old, very big cedar, many waterfalls on Twenty-Two creek, wild flowers (14 varieties), and the peaceful lake. Trail condition was good, some mud, one large tree to climb over or go around. Snow at the lake! The last ¼-mile of trail was snow-covered.

5.7 miles, 1300 feet rise, lake at 2400 feet. Directions: take the Mountain Loop Highway east of Granite Falls about 15 miles to Verlot Ranger Station. Continue east, cross the Stillaguamish River on the blue bridge, and go 2 or 3 miles farther to the trailhead on the south side of the highway. Driving time from my north Seattle home was 1 hour 10 minutes.—Robert Michelson, Seattle, 6/15.

BLANCA LAKE (*Jackson Wilderness; USGS Blanca Lk*)—Lower part of the trail is snowfree and in good shape. You start hiking on snow at about 1½ miles and have some 45-degree slopes to traverse on fairly hard snow (bring your ice axe).

On the ridge above Blanca Lake (4600 feet), Virgin Lake is covered with about six feet of snow. From the ridge you get views of Columbia, Monte Cristo, Kyes, and Glacier Peak, plus Blanca Lake snowbound 600 feet below.—George Chambers, Snohomish, 7/4.

MERRITT LAKE (*Wenatchee Natl Forest; USGS Mt Howard*)—We left Aberdeen at 4am and were geared up and leaving the car at 8:45am, fighting off mosquitoes at

BACKCOUNTRY NEWS

REPORTS AND CONDITIONS


the trailhead and for most of the way to the lake.

The trail was delightful for the first 2 of the 3 miles to the lake. It is well-graded, only a couple of pesky blow-downs and not too rocky. At the rock slide at the 2 mile point, we lost the trail due to very firm, deep snow.

We kept to the left of the ridge which turned out to be the wrong route. When our altimeters indicated that we were several hundred feet above the lake, we started a search, left and right. It turned out that we were considerably above the lake on a cliffy area so we had to drop down about 300 feet (ski poles and ice axes were nice here) and then go upward to the lake.

It was just beginning to melt out but a portion of the camping area was dry and we had a short lunch. The trip down was much faster. I'd like to do this one later in the year when the trail is clear and the lake melted out. A charming spot. The Merritt Lake trailhead is about 11.5 miles east of Stevens Pass at milepost 76.


Since we had so far to drive to get to this area, we decided to get in another hike in the vicinity that day. I carry lots of maps and route descriptions with me at all times so we had a conference and Surprise Lake was our choice—see report under "Central."—Edythe, Judy, Connie, Rick, Robert (Aberdeen and Olympia hikers), 6/25.

 **HEATHER LAKE** (*Henry Jackson Wilderness; USGS Labyrinth Mtn, Captain Pt*)—Shortly after we crossed the bridge above Wenatchee Lake, we saw a Forest Service truck coming down the road and flagged it over as we weren't sure we were on the right road. We asked her about the Heather Lake trailhead and she said the road was blocked by trees 2 miles before the trailhead.

We asked her about other hikes in the area and she suggested we go back to the Ranger Station and check trail reports. At the Ranger Station, one of the personnel said that the road to Heather Lake was clear. We also found out that we could not get through on the Smith Brook road due to several miles of snow on the road.


Back we went to the Heather Lake trailhead and off we went to the lake. There were 15 to 20 trees over the trail. In some cases a new trail is being formed around the blowdowns, in others you go over or under. The last ¾-mile to the lake was covered in hard snow making route finding necessary. The lake itself was delightful and melting out nicely.

When the trees are removed and the snow is gone, this will get a Trail Score of 5.—Edythe, Judy, Robert, Rick, Aberdeen and Olympia, 7/11.

 **MINOTAUR, THESEUS LAKES** (*Henry Jackson Wilderness; USGS Labyrinth Mtn*)—If we'd known that this hike was so easy, we'd have done it the day before after hiking to Heather Lake. The trailhead has apparently been changed since the guidebook came out because it seemed to be much shorter. It took us only 2 hours, 30 minutes round trip.

The first part of the description in the book does not happen. You start straight up on a nice but steep trail that follows the ridge most of the way. Not rocky or rooty. We hit snow with about ½ mile to go and followed footsteps to the lake. We were able to cross the creek at the lake because of a snow bridge.

Minotaur is a beautiful lake with an island and Theseus is the prettiest lake I've ever seen. It has an island, also. We did not go down the 500 feet to Theseus' edge as the snow was hard and steep. We ate lunch and enjoyed the views. Saw a large black bear on the road shortly after we left the trailhead. Trail Scale 5.—Edythe, Judy, Robert, Rick, Aberdeen and Olympia, 7/12.

 **STORMY MOUNTAIN** (*Wenatchee Natl Forest; USGS Stormy Mtn*)—Views of the Chelan Mountains, Entiat Mountains, Sawtooth Ridge, and Lake Chelan highlight this short hike. The summit itself is part of a fire break between the Entiat River and Lake Chelan. Bulldozers have pulled stumps out and pushed them into piles, so the summit area is somewhat messy and much less than pristine.


The two most common driving approaches are Potato Creek Road (Entiat River) and Slide Ridge Road (Lake Chelan, Twenty-Five Mile Creek). Janet Stanek and I had an unusual opportunity to drive a third approach (usually gated), the Stormy Mountain Road from Navarre Coulee.

After completing a volunteer work session on a WSU 4H Ropes Course inside the gated area, we continued up the closed road, later exiting on the Slide Ridge Road.

Stormy Mountain is located 1 mile up from the southern trailhead of the Devil's Backbone trail. This trail is reputed to be a popular motorbike/mountain bike trail, but I suspect most of the usage is from the northern trailhead, closer to Shady Pass.

We noticed little evidence of wheels between the trailhead and Stormy

Mountain.—Charlie Hickenbottom, Wenatchee, 7/16.

 **BURCH MOUNTAIN** (*Wenatchee Natl Forest & private; USGS Cashmere*)—High above Cashmere and Wenatchee lies the 2-mile long wedge known as Burch Mountain. It forms an island in the sky, surrounded by Swakane Creek, Nahahum Canyon, the Wenatchee River, and the Columbia River.

From the outskirts of Wenatchee a jeep road climbs high to its summit. From Cashmere, the route is different, indeed. The northwest ridge, ascending from the Nahahum Canyon-Swakane Creek saddle, sports several class 2-3 rocky prowls, and effectively closes off that side of the mountain from most visitors.

Amid flowers and views, Janet Stanek and I made a loop trip to the summit recently. Following game trails mostly, we contoured and ascended below cliffs on the west face of Burch.

When we had outdistanced the cliffs above, we climbed steep flower fields to the summit ridge, then followed the jeep track a short distance to the summit. On the return to our vehicle, we descended the rocky northwest ridge, a route that I had attempted to snowshoe during the previous winter. It was fun to compare the terrain with and without snow.

The summit views include two volcanoes, much of the Stuart, Chiwaukum, and Entiat Mountains, as well as the Columbia River more than 4000 feet below. While you could drive this mountain (sturdy, Jeep-type vehicle recommended), it remains a mostly quiet place, particularly on weekdays.—Charlie Hickenbottom, Wenatchee, 7/12.

DARRINGTON DIST—360-436-1155. Call for current road conditions.

Lots of trailhead break-ins have caused big-time problems at Barlow Pass, Dickerman and Lake 22 trailheads.

Big Four will have guided interpretive walks weekends at 11am and 1pm. Green Mountain road 2680 is blocked by a slide 5 miles from the trailhead; probably not fixed until September.

Walt Bailey Trail is snowfree for about ½-mile. Mount Pilchuck road is open to trailhead but trail will be CLOSED Monday through Thursday through late October.

On Mount Pugh, snow starts at Stuck Pass; several trees down. North Fork Sauk has many downed logs in first 4 miles, some large.

Suiattle trail is maintained 11 miles. The Canyon Creek bridge will be

CLOSED for reconstruction from 9/26 to next July. No alternate crossing.

Maintenance work is scheduled for the Three Fingers Lookout on 8/8, 8/10, 8/16-17. Please avoid the lookout on these dates.—Ranger, 7/23.

PCT—Red Pass has a large avalanche with lots of debris; hike around it at tree line.

White Pass, Pumice Creek and Fire Creek Pass are sheets of ice. Snow above 5000 feet.—Ranger, 7/7.

ENTIAT DIST—509-784-1511. The Entiat road is open to the trailhead and the trail is snowfree up to the Wilderness boundary.—Ranger, 7/15.

LAKE WENATCHEE DIST—509-763-3103. Chiwawa road 62 is open to the end. White River road 64 is open to the end. Little Wenatchee road 65 is open to end of pavement (3 miles from end).—Ranger, 7/15.

CENTRAL



SURPRISE LAKE (*Alpine Lks Wilderness; USGS Scenic*)—After hiking to Merritt Lake (see report under "North Central") we drove to the trailhead at Scenic about 18 miles west of the Merritt trailhead and were on the trail by 2pm.

The trail was dreadful: 90% mud or snow and 10% roots and rock. It is a strenuous 8.5 miles this early in the year. Although the guidebook says you can do this hike in late June, the heavy snowfall makes late July a better choice.

The lake was just beginning to thaw and we were able to find a dry spot and a couple of rocks to sit on for lunch. It looks like it is quite a large lake. Surprise Mountain and the PCT are past the lake but due to low clouds we were unable to see any of the surrounding area. We had our umbrellas out a few times for brief, but heavy, showers.

The numerous small water crossings were easy and the crossing of large Surprise Creek is on a very civilized log. There are a number of elderly plank-walks and it appears this trail gets a lot of traffic. Large patches of lovely trilliums were in their prime. No mosquitoes because of the cool damp weather.

We were back to the cars and on our

way by 7pm. It was a strenuous 15+ miles this day but good friends made it lots of fun. The trailhead to Surprise Lake is just east of milepost 58 on the Stevens Pass highway.—Edythe, Judy, Connie, Rick, Robert (Aberdeen and Olympia hikers), 6/25.



TROUT LAKE (*Alpine Lks Wilderness; USGS Skykomish*)—I participated in a WTA work party on this trail. It is a fairly gentle 1.5 mile hike to the lake and it needed brushing. Trail has huge old growth hemlocks and the lake is a deep green. The Foss River flows below parts of the trail and there are high waterfalls visible on the peaks to the west.

The trail is in fine shape. Beyond Trout Lake, Malachite and Copper Lakes are still partly frozen and the trail up there is steep.

Lots of folks in the parking lot. Route to the trailhead is Highway 2 east to 1/2-mile past Skykomish Ranger Station, right on Foss River road about 4+ miles to road 6835, then left about 2 miles.—Randy Patterson, Mill Creek, 7/13.



EAST FORK FOSS RIVER (*Alpine Lks Wilderness; USGS Skykomish*)—My son Rasheed and I took a quick day hike up the East Fork Foss River trail to check out the river crossing. Last year the tree across the river was tricky, with branches coming up here and there and narrow at the far side of the river. With our high route in the Mount Hinman area coming up soon, I wanted to know what we were up against. Would there even be a tree across the river this year? A wild winter could change the situation.

The trail itself is well maintained most of the way. There were a few new trees across the trail, but they could easily be crossed or hiked around. Muddy spots were not so deep they would swallow our boots. But the part we found annoying was a section of the trail about 4 miles in which had not been brushed out yet. Nettles on both sides reached into the trail to sting our legs. I had nylon pants on, but the nettles stung right through them.

The tree across the river was still there. And to our delight, we found that it has been turned into an easy-to-cross bridge! Someone took off the branches and chipped the top off to make it flat. Posts have been attached to the tree with a tight metal cable strung across at hand height. Crossing with full packs should be easy!—Lindy Bakkar, Lynnwood, 7/4.



NECKLACE VALLEY (*Alpine Lks Wilderness; USGS Skykomish, Scenic, Mt Daniel*)—Thanks to Lindy's scouting trip (above), we didn't worry about the river crossing.

The trail beyond the crossing was steep, muddy and rough. We ran into snow just before Jade Lake. Crossing the Jade Lake inlet stream required walking a log, hopping some boulders, and scrambling up a steep snowbank on the other side.

A few camps near Emerald Lake were snowfree, and we took one near the old shelter. The next day we climbed steeply on good snow to La Bohn Gap, and on to Mount Hinman.

The following day Nancy, Joan and Phyllis headed for home while Linda, Lindy and I continued on the Alpine Lakes High Route.—Ann Marshall, Port Orchard, 7/12-15.



ALPINE LAKES HIGH ROUTE (*Alpine Lks Wilderness; USGS Big Snow Mtn*)—Linda, Lindy and I climbed to the Tank Lakes plateau from Necklace Valley. Here we were stopped by a whiteout. After a couple of hours the clouds lifted and it was such a beautiful place that we decided to camp here in a small snowfree patch of rock and heather.

The next day we traveled to Iron Cap Pass (tons of snow) and north to Azurite Lake. The lake was completely melted although the route there was mostly over snow and snow still surrounded the shoreline. We took the only snowfree campspot.

The following day we hiked around the south side of Azurite then climbed to the ridge above Angeline Lake. We made our way south to Azure Lake, which was frozen and entirely snowcovered. Chetwoot Lake was just beginning to melt out.

We descended to Little Chetwoot Lake, crossed the inlet stream on a snowbridge and climbed to the ridge between Angeline and Big Heart Lakes. Both these lakes were partly melted out.

Traversing this ridge with its continuous cliffs and steep snowfields gave us fits, and we finally made camp at the Big Heart outlet stream late in the evening.

The next morning we followed snow-covered trail to Little Heart and Copper Lakes. Little Heart was nearly snow-free, and Copper was all melted. The Copper Lake outlet stream was running high and was difficult to cross, but we surprised ourselves by making it across with dry feet. Below Copper Lake the trail was all snowfree.—Ann Marshall, Port Orchard, 7/15-18.

BACKCOUNTRY NEWS

REPORTS AND CONDITIONS



BANDERA MOUNTAIN

(Alpine Lks Wilderness; USGS Bandera)—Goran and I met at our usual spot, Preston Park and Ride, on a glorious sunny morning.

We drove I-90 to exit 45 and took road 9031 to the Mason Lake trailhead. Only one other truck was in the parking lot, so we figured on a quiet day. The hike along the old logging road is easy, a good warm-up. The washout that is a pile of logs has been circumvented by a new trail, thank you. The climb up to the false summit was accomplished with the only snow being encountered in the trees below the talus slope. The snow was frozen solid and not easy to kick steps into.

From the false summit we opted to stick with the snow on the north side of the ridge for as long as possible. By this time the sun had melted the top surface and kicking steps was a joy. We broke out of the trees onto the talus slope of the final ridge that was a mixture of bare rocks surrounded by snow.

We lingered for a long time on the summit enjoying the 360-degree views before starting our descent. We originally intended to go from the saddle between the false and true summit to Rainbow Lake. At the saddle we decided to go up to the false summit and just follow the north ridge down. Half way down when we could get a good view down to Mason Lake we decided to head down the west side of the ridge to Mason Lake. In the trees the snow was still frozen solid and difficult to plunge-step on.

The lake was still frozen except for a small area at the outlet, west end. Another rest at the end of the lake, then try to follow the trail out. We did fine until we found a good trail in the snow that led us to the top of the ridge above the talus field where the two trails meet. I knew the trail proper was over to our right, but we opted to go straight down the chute.

This was fine until we came upon the devils club, cleverly hiding in the slide alder, without any give-away leaves. It was too late to back track! We followed the line of cairns across the talus. Someone has been busy building lots of them.

The trail down the ridge is getting bad with lots of erosion. There were signs of trail work just below the end of the ridge where the trail forks. The creek route is so much more pleasant.

A great hike on a superb day.—Fred Redman, Woodinville, 6/9.



GRANITE MOUNTAIN

(Alpine Lks Wilderness; USGS Snoqualmie Pass)—The hike was the

typical Caley grind. We left the trailhead at approximately 4pm and proceeded at the pace of a mountain goat up to the snow level.

The last 1000 feet of elevation was through the snow and fog. There were some optimists who felt we would soon rise above the clouds but that never panned out. Through the snow to the top was a trudge but we all made it. The view at the top never developed. We did find a sign-in book that informed us of the wonderful weather the day before . . .

The trip down was the highlight of the evening. As we started down the clouds lifted a bit providing spectacular views of the Cascades. Then the fun began! The group decided that glissading the snowfields would save time on the return. WRONG! A certain faction couldn't go down this snow field once but had to hike back up and do it again.

All of this was exciting but Dan Walker gets the award for the Most Exciting/Scary moment. While glissading down the last snow field Dan went last. The trail was well worn by the previous three and Dan got some impressive speed. The excitement came when it was time to stop. For the most part the snowfields had some run-out but this one ended in a tree.

Dan didn't brake so well and when he turned and started going downhill head first we all thought Dan was going to become a permanent part of that tree. With some luck and a hand from Doug, Dan landed at the base of the tree shamed but unharmed.—Fred Redman, Mickey Whitaker, Woodinville, 6/12.



PRATT MOUNTAIN

(Alpine Lks Wilderness; USGS Snoqualmie Pass)—The Kenworth Engineering Hikers' goal for this week's hike was Pratt Mountain, 5099 feet. The distance and potential for snow kept the turn-out low. Five!

Four of us carpoled to the Talapus Lake trailhead at the end of road 9030, exit 45 from I-90. Randy met us at the trailhead as he lives in North Bend. He hadn't arrived by the time we were ready so at 4:15pm we started up the trail. By 4:30 he had caught up with us. He had arrived at the trailhead at 4:20.

The lower part of the trail is in good condition and extensive work is being done to provide new boardwalks over the swamps.

The hike we had planned was a bit tame for Randy so at 3000 feet he left the trail to traverse Bandera and meet us at Pratt Mountain.

The rest of us encountered snow quite soon after this, and the fun of try-

ing to keep on the route started.

Talapus and Olallie Lakes are clear of ice as are the trails close to the lakes. Between the lakes the trail is pretty well covered with snow still. The track from the north end of Olallie up to trail 1009 is totally free of snow. This track starts just after crossing a creek at a designated campsite. We hit snow on the ridge where the Pratt Lake trail starts then the trail was clear up to our trail departure point at about 4400 feet where the trail enters a stand of mature trees.

At this point the rain began and we waited for about 10 minutes before starting on the last push UP. The south ridge talus is pretty well clear of snow but we opted for the snowfields to the summit.

The rain had abated and we sat on the summit for 25 minutes, watching for Randy and wondering where he was, before starting our descent. Arriving back at the trail we spotted a set of fresh tracks in the mud going east so we guessed it had to be Randy. We caught up to him just before the cut-off track down to Olallie.

Randy was full of his encounter with a mountain lion on Bandera. He was scrambling up the rocks on the south ridge when he came face-to-face, (6 to 8 feet) with the full grown animal stretched out on a boulder under small alpine firs. Fortunately he gave Randy one look and walked away across the slope to the west.

We arrived back at the trailhead at 9:20pm after a great hike, about 11 miles round trip.—Fred, Doug, Jack, Dan, and Randy, 6/28.



BANDERA MTN

(Alpine Lks Wilderness; USGS Bandera)

—The Mason Lake/Bandera trailhead is at the end of road 3091, off I-90 exit 45.

At 8:15 we leave trailhead at 2000 feet. At the 2500-foot trail junction we take the Mason Lake trail that branches off to left. Wet, steep, muddy, rocky trail parallels Mason Creek. Marvelous cascades in the creek.

Left trail where it crosses a minor tributary. On the USGS map this area is white, *ie* devoid of vegetation. Many teeter-totter rocks, some the size of refrigerators. Instability plus wet moss makes going slow.

At 10:30, 3900 feet, reach top of boulder field. Except for a few short breaks this boulder field extends along the ridge top almost to the high point west of Bandera.

At 11:05, on the relatively level bouldered ridge headed for Bandera. At 11:45, 4370 feet, we join the "trail" to Bandera at the edge of a multi-acre dis-


BACKCOUNTRY NEWS

REPORTS AND CONDITIONS

play of blooming beargrass. Lupine and paintbrush just starting to bloom at this elevation. There is an almost continuous snow rib on the north side of the ridge top. We follow path of least resistance, sometimes on snow, sometimes on boulders, through trees or across slick sidehill beargrass.

At 12:25 we reach summit, 5240 feet. Rainy and windy, don't linger.

Frequent rainsqualls all day long, some very heavy, some very close to being snow. A few sunbreaks whose duration could be measured in milliseconds. —Paul G. Schaufler, Olympia, 6/22.

 **HUMPBACK MOUNTAIN** (*Baker-Snoqualmie Natl Forest; USGS Snoqualmie Pass*)—A whale of a time on Humpback!

Quite literally the Kenworth Engineers felt like whales, slogging through the wet underbrush in pouring rain on a typical Cascades summer hike!

Seven of us started at the Annette Lake trailhead. Exit 47 from I-90, turn right, then left on road 55. Follow trail 1019 up to the old railroad grade. With all the rain this is a very muddy slosh. Turn right to the old, and dangerous, snow shed.

Just past the snow shed is a track that takes off straight up. The track was really overgrown with brush, and difficult to follow when we broke out of the trees at the first clearing. This track got progressively worse, and more slippery with each step, 2 up and 1 back.

In her lightweight trail boots, Linda got more apprehensive the higher she got, and the more sliding back down the track she did. At 4200 feet she called it quits and Jack turned around with her.


We hit good snow at the talus field that got us a good distance up the talus. Alas, it did not last, and we had to start scrambling over the very green and slippery rock.

After 2½ hours we arrived at the false summit, 4883 feet, and decided we didn't have enough daylight left to go to the true summit, 5174 feet.

The rain stopped and gave us some partial views. A quick descent, some intentional sitting glissades on the snow, and some unintentional ones on the muddy trail.

At least anyone going up there this coming weekend will have NO trouble finding the route through the brush.

We arrived back at the parking lot like drowned rats, having discussed the pros and cons of boot waterproofing and rain gear.—Fred, Doug, Dan, George, Mickey, Linda, Jack, 7/10.

 **OTTER FALLS & TIPSYP LAKE** (*Baker-Snoqualmie Natl Forest; USGS Lk Philippa*)—Our group thought this a magnificent water display. The quality which makes it unique is the way the water boils off the top and tumbles down a steep 500-foot rock face. At the bottom of that noisy cascade, nestled in the greenery, is a large round lazy pool.

There is suspense if the observer has sharp eyes. All along the water in the pool and the falls, dippers scramble in and out of the water retrieving tasty tidbits. Each time they dive into that fast moving water of the falls, you wonder if they will tumble into the pond. But, to your surprise, they appear again about where they entered.


To get here, drive up the Middle Fork Snoqualmie River road. See Green Trails maps 206, 174, and 175. Follow the road out past the new trailhead for the Middle Fork Trail. From that trailhead, the road deteriorates, but it is in better shape than I have seen it in years. After crossing the concrete bridge, come to a T; stay left. In a short distance, you will find a gate. That is the trailhead. From the parking lot, it is a 4-mile hike with a slight gain to the falls.

To find the side trail to the falls, look for a wide spot in the trail with a fire ring in it on your left. The trail is about 50 to 100 feet beyond on your left. Watch for a pile of rocks. Follow the noise of the falls or the notched down logs. It is only about 200 feet off the main trail with about a 60 foot gain.

The main trail has been cleared of all the brush but the cuttings tangled in our feet so we cleared most of them off the trail. We also erected a barrier at a nasty washout.

ROAD REPORT—Road 5620, the right-hand T after crossing the Taylor River bridge, eventually passes a muddy road to a very remote campground. It also goes to the Dingford Creek trailhead and the east end of the new Snoqualmie River Trail, and beyond.

It is 6 miles from the T to the Dingford Creek/Snoqualmie River Trailhead. There are humungous chuck holes, car-gobbling pot holes, pan-busting protrusions, tire puncturing rocks, and washout fills that make the hair stand on the back of your neck. It took one hour to drive that 6 miles. *Don't take the family car up that road.* You may never get it out!—Wanderbuns, Shortstop, and Jungle Girl.

 **ESMERELDA BASIN** (*Wenatchee Natl Forest; USGS Mt Stuart*)—Drove up to the parking lot at the end of the North Fork Teanaway

road and headed up the trail in a cold wind, but clear blue skies. We quickly were out of the wind and it was perfect hiking weather.

Some of the creeks tested the waterproofing of our boots, but the trail was in good condition. Brand new trail signs were at all intersections. There was some snow and a cold wind blowing at the top, but the views out to Daniel and Hinman draped in snow were fabulous. We found a sheltered spot and soaked up the views.

Amazingly, we had the whole place to ourselves for a couple of hours. We met lots of people coming up as we headed down, including quite a few families backpacking with their kids.

About halfway up is a great campsite in a meadow that would be a great spot for small children. There is a short sidetrail that takes off from a new sign that indicates the trail continues to the right.—SIE, 7/12.

 **JUNGLE CREEK-WAY CREEK LOOP** (*Wenatchee Natl Forest; USGS Teanaway Butte*)—A friend from New Zealand arrived here with one "free" day for a hike in the hills. The "free" day was the 4th of July!


On Jungle Creek road 22 miles beyond Twenty-nine Pines campground, there's trailhead parking for about three cars.

The trail doesn't go up Jungle Creek, the road does that. The trail goes up a small unnamed creek. It is in fairly good shape. Some spots have been eroded by the creel. There are a few brushy spots. Quite a number of trees are down but none of these items presents a problem.

At the top of the ridge is a junction with the Johnson Creek trail and the Way Creek trail. We started on the Way Creek trail, then scrambled to a small peak on the ridge for a scenic lunch spot with a partial view of Mount Rainier and lots of forested hills. We continued on the Way Creek trail along the north side of the ridge until we reached a pass to the south side. This was also a junction with the Koppen Mountain trail.

The Way Creek trail traveled a seemingly endless series of ups and downs until it reached a jeep trail for a very steep drop to Jungle Creek road; 1½ mile road walk; some 8 to 10 miles loop.

Never saw a soul on the trail. 4th of July. Amazing! The New Zealander loved it.—H. Davidson, Medina, 7/4.

 **MILLER PEAK** (*Wenatchee Natl Forest; USGS Enchantment Lks, Blewett*)—All five of us (Nancy, Manita, Linda, Lindy and me)

BACKCOUNTRY NEWS

REPORTS AND CONDITIONS

and our packs fit in Lindy's new Explorer. We were the only car at the trailhead, 3200 feet.

The first mile or so is really gentle. At the final creek crossing about 4100 feet the trail finally gets steep. Although *Teanaway Country* (1980) mentions an established camp at 2 miles, we didn't see one. The "hunter's camp" on the ridge at 5100 feet didn't look like it had been used in a while. We decided to camp here, using a small snowbank as our water source.

After setting up camp we spent the rest of the afternoon exploring the rocky ridge north of camp. We found exotic flowers—*Lewisia rediviva*—scattered in drifts on top.

Back at camp, we fired up the stove. Melting snow for five people on one stove took a long time but by sunset we had finished dinner, filled our water bottles, and had water left over for breakfast.

The next day we followed the trail to the summit of Miller Peak, 6402 feet, encountering only one stretch of snow-covered trail in the trees. Excellent views from this summit, including to the south, where we could see the next weather coming in. No summit register.

After lunch, we dropped off the summit to the west, following the ridge along the county line. At the pass at 5700 feet we found a campsite, long unused, and continued along the ridge to a high point at 5920 feet. Here we finished our lunches and had a nap before finally getting chilly in the late afternoon, with dark clouds approaching.

We planned to retrace our route along the county line until we could traverse southeast and intersect the Miller Peak trail. We anticipated an awful bushwhack with scrambles over rock ribs. When we arrived at the 5700-foot pass, however, Linda came across a track. It was heading our way, so we followed it.

Lo and behold, it was a good path that led us right to the Miller Peak trail, joining it at about 5900 feet. The trail was blazed but showed no signs of recent use. Its junction with the Miller Peak trail was imperceptible; we marked the spot with a small cairn.

Feeling pleased with ourselves, we cruised back down the trail to camp, stopping on the way to visit with three members of the Sundquist family from Yakima—grandfather, father, and son.

Back at camp, we now had plenty of water, having set out some snow to melt while we were gone. The rain waited until after we had finished dinner, then it poured all night. In the morning it was foggy but the rain had stopped.

At 8 miles round-trip, Miller Peak is a good day trip. We appreciated the extra time to explore along the county line and to enjoy the views.—Ann Marshall, Port Orchard, 6/27-29.



STAFFORD CREEK

(*Wenatchee Natl Forest; USGS Red Top Mtn, Enchantment Lks*)—Lee and I set out in early afternoon for the "small meadow" that Mary mentions in *Teanaway Country*. The trail is in good shape.

The small meadow is about ½-mile beyond the junction with trail 1369. It was running with meltwater and very squishy, full of frogs and decorated with shooting stars. We tiptoed around the edge to reach a pleasant dry camp on the west side.

The next day we had hoped to climb Navaho but rain started soon after we left camp and a whiteout settled on us at the pass. Instead, we spent some time exploring the old County Line trail west from Navaho Pass.—Ann Marshall, Port Orchard, 7/7-9.



TRONSON RIDGE from Upper Haney Meadows

(*Wenatchee Natl Forest; USGS Tiptop, Swauk Pass*)—The discussion at the Issaquah Park and Ride was where to go for some decent weather. East of course. They went to Baldy and we headed for Iron Bear but swerved over to Tronson Ridge.

Iron Bear has great views, but Tronson can't be beat for flowers if you hit it right and we certainly did. Everything was in bloom including lots of bitterroot opening up in the sunshine and Tweedy's *Lewisia* all over the place. Absolutely gorgeous and we even got some sun.

Turn right at Swauk Pass and follow the road to Upper Haney Meadows. The trailhead is .9-mile farther, but there is a nasty mudhole that trapped a friend's Subaru last year and it was still very soft so we parked and walked from here.

The trail is unsigned, but follows a creek with a jeep track on the other side. The two intersect shortly, but the jeep track involves a little less mud.

Continue to follow the jeep track when it splits again from the trail to the highpoint and then look for a rough and steep trail that heads down the hill just before the top.—SIE, 6/28.



Jane Habegger

A fawn lying by the trail; Mount Saint Helens NVM. Bill and I diverted our path when we saw it, to avoid causing it stress. When we returned, the fawn had gotten up on its little legs and was gone.



TRONSEN RIDGE

(*Wenatchee Natl Forest; USGS Tiptop, Swauk Pass*)—Re: the July 1997 issue, page 17, report on Tronson Ridge. My WNF map identifies the access road as 7224. The actual road off Highway 97 is not identified 7224 but as Five-Mile Road and is signed for uphill and downhill traffic very shortly before the turn-off. It is almost 3.3 miles to the trailhead.

The first mile or so has been recently graded to provide cross-road super-size drainage ditches. If you have a high-clearance vehicle, no problem. My sedan has fair road clearance but I scared-out on one of the "berms" and had Ann watch to be sure I would not run aground. The last 2 miles are more standard forest road.

The trail is excellent. It is a ridge hike with modest ups and downs. There's great scenery from Mount Adams to Glacier Peak, Mount Rainier and the Stuart Range. The mid-summer flowers were out with scads of mariposa lilies. Our knowledgeable friends, J & J Klos, identified 28 flowers varieties. We did the south direction to the Red Hill junction; a round trip of about 5 miles.

Saw no one on the trail. This was a Friday but it is high season and highways are full of people going somewhere, but not here.—H & A Davidson, Medina, 7/18.



WEDGE MOUNTAIN

(*USGS Blewett, Leavenworth*)—Wedge is the supreme "peak" at the Enchantments. Perched high and east above the Snow Lakes, the vantage point takes in the lakes below and out beyond to the Enchantments.

When the Mountain Home Road and its spurs are open for driving, the ascent can be done in a few hours or less. A high clearance vehicle is recom-

BACKCOUNTRY NEWS

REPORTS AND CONDITIONS

mended. In May the upper northeast slopes provide a nice snowshoe ascent. After that, the final slopes include traveling over a slope filled with much burned and down timber, evidence of a previous forest fire.

A recently maintained summit register from the Seattle Mountaineers attests that others also agree that the 6885-foot high spot is the true summit of Wedge, not the lower summit as marked on the USGS quad.—Charlie Hickenbottom, Wenatchee, 6/25.

IRON BEAR-TEANAWAY RIDGE (*Wenatchee Natl Forest; USGS Liberty, Red Top Mtn*)—At last—a Tuesday without rain! The four of us drove on Highway 97 to Iron Creek Road 9714 and then to the end. Road is in excellent shape until almost the end, where there is a small mud wallow across the road. There's a parking place before that point.

We hiked the Iron Bear trail 1351 up to the pass and then turned right on the Teanaway Ridge trail to the viewpoint—a 360 degree spectacle—Mount Rainier and Mount Stuart for starters.

The wildflowers were glorious—balsamroot and penstemon everywhere, along with scarlet gilia, larkspur, bitterroot and many others. For the icing on the cake, glacier lilies bloomed by a small pile of snow at the top of the viewpoint. The 1900-foot gain in 3 miles (a lot for us) did not seem so much because the grade of the trail is so good.

The Liberty Cafe on Highway 97 serves splendid hard ice cream milkshakes.—Anne Dowd, Mercer Island, 6/24.

NORTH BEND DIST—425-888-1421. Middle Fork road has been graded as far as Taylor River. Above Goldmeyer are two slides that require care to get around. The vegetation beyond will hit your rig on both sides and on top.

North Fork road will be closed beyond Sunday Creek until mid-August for repairs.—Ranger, 7/5.

PCT—North from Snoqualmie Pass as of 7/19, there's steep hard snow before the Catwalk. The Catwalk is snowfree, but Ridge and Gravel Lakes are just starting to melt. Campsites are snow-covered.

South from the pass as of 7/8, the trail is muddy to Lodge Lake, then patchy snow.—Ranger, 7/23.

LEAVENWORTH DIST—509-548-6977. Icicle road is open to end. Trails are snowfree generally to about 6000 feet.—Ranger, 7/15.

ENCHANTMENTS—Reservations are full for the core area for the season. Space is still available at Snow, Colchuck, and other lakes. Permits are required from 6/15 through 10/15.

To make reservations call 888-953-7677. Fee is \$1 per person per day.—Ranger, 7/15.

CATHEDRAL BRIDGE—The Cathedral trailhead bridge, located past Fish Lake near the end of road 4330, was badly damaged over the winter and has been removed. There is no access to trail 1345 to Squaw Lake, Cathedral Rock and Mount Daniel from this point. A new bridge is being installed; work will be completed mid-August.—Ranger, 7/15.

SOUTH CENTRAL



SILVER PEAK (*Baker-Snoqualmie Natl Forest; USGS Snoqualmie Pass, Lost Lk*)—Trail 1019 was in pretty good condition with just a few trees down that had to be negotiated. We encountered snow a few hundred feet below Annette Lake.

Arriving at the lake we got our first challenge, crossing the outflow creek. The usual summer crossing directly at the lake was out so we found a reasonable log crossing 100 yards downstream.

A rest for a snack gave us an opportunity to review our intended route. The lake was still 75% covered with ice. A large island of debris has come down the west face of Silver; this will work its way to the outflow and provide a future bridge to cross the creek.

We followed the west shore of the lake, on the snow, but not over the water, to the southern shore, then started a climbing traverse until we reached the shoulder under the northwest face of Abiel. We climbed this to the saddle between Abiel and Silver. Still plenty of snow, a good 8 feet at the saddle, judging by the tree wells.

The south ridge, zigzag trail up the scree, was clear of snow but we opted to climb up the snowfield to its right. The final summit ridge was totally clear of snow so we just followed the trail.

We arrived on the summit just in time for the weather to close in on us and shroud us in fog and accompanying

rain. After a break for lunch we started our descent down the north ridge. We followed the track on the ridge until we decided it would be easier to get on the snow on the right or east side of the ridge. This made an easy descent with lots of opportunity to practice standing glissades.

We followed the snowfield north-northwest until we started down through the woods aiming for the switchbacks at 3000 feet. The plan worked well and we intersected the trail at 3200 feet. The route through the trees was typical Cascade bushwhacking in the rain, with lots of frustration for me—glasses on: fogged up and can't see; glasses off: blind as a bat.

Round trip took about 6¼ hours, 2¼ hours for the decent, about 3840 feet elevation gain for the day.—Fred, Doug, Goran, 6/16.



OLALLIE MEADOW

(*Baker-Snoqualmie Natl Forest; USGS Snoqualmie Pass*)—After seeing how much snow was still left, we just had to have another cross-country ski outing. We knew from last Wednesday that we could drive as far as Mount Catherine on road 9070 to Windy Pass. Goran, Ole, and I carpooled from Preston and Goran drove to the snow line. The weather was bad, light rain in a low cloud of fog, but it could be worse. It's still better than working.

Wet weather gear on, we started skiing on the road. Within 400 yards we ran out of snow and had to hoof it until we hit continuous snow. The road forks and we took the left turn that gains elevation.

In the fog it was a little confusing because we had a small ridge on our left as we climbed up through the trees into the first bowl. Now we could see the ridge line on Silver on our right and recognized our last week's descent route.

We broke over the crest onto the northeast side of Silver Peak. By this time it was raining really hard and we decided to head back out.

So much for a summer's day cross-country skiing in Olallie Meadows. The snow was really firm, almost ice all the way, and there is still plenty of it. We will just have wait for a sunny day and try again.

Well worth the drive and once the snow patch disappears from the road at Catherine we will be able to drive closer to the skiing!—Fred, Goran, and Ole, 6/24.



MOUNT CATHERINE

(*Wenatchee Natl Forest; USGS Snoqualmie Pass, Lost Lk*)—

BACKCOUNTRY NEWS

REPORTS AND CONDITIONS


This was the "easy" week for the Kenworth Engineering Hikers so we had a good turnout of 12 hikers.

Take exit 54, the Hyak, Gold Creek exit from I-90, and drive road 9070 toward Windy Pass. The road is now paved through the parking lot to the sewage lagoons. From there on the road is very wash-boarded.


The trail starts on the right side at about the 3700 feet. A small parking area on the left holds 4 or 5 cars. The lower part of the trail is an old logging road; ignore a spur that goes to the left. The trail is obvious in the lower sections, and in summer all the way to the summit.

We soon encountered snow, but did a pretty good job of following the route, as every so often we would come across a bare section of trail. The last 50 feet is steep, and a bit intimidating with snow. A slip without ice axe to arrest could result in a long slide. It is possible to get off the snow to the right and scramble through the brush on the ridge. Some of the party descended this way to avoid the steep snow.

The weather was okay no rain, but lots of low cloud obscuring the views. The clouds broke enough to give us "peek-a-boo" views from the summit of Tinkham, Silver, and Olallie Meadows. This is a great short hike, but wait until the snow has gone before taking small children.—Fred Redman, Woodinville, 7/1.


 **CRYSTAL LAKES** (*Rainier Natl Park; USGS White River Park*)—The trail to lower Crystal Lake was snow free. Bill and I hiked to the upper lake on fairly deep snow that was well packed.

People we passed going up the trail said that they had seen goats above the upper lake and also a badger at the lake. We didn't see either, though we have seen goats previously on this hike. We were too early for the pasqueflower to be in bloom. They put on a nice display in the bogs around the upper lake. So do the mosquitos later in the season!—Jane Habegger Olympia, 6/30.


 **CRYSTAL LAKES** (*Rainier Natl Park; USGS White River Park*)—At last: good weather. We headed up the hill to the Upper Lake stopping to soak up those great views of Rainier on the way.

Upper Crystal Lake still had thin ice over about 2/3 of the lake, but by the time we left 3 hours later, it was mostly gone. We thought about heading up to Sourdough Gap, but there was still too much snow so we napped in the sun and ended by dipping our feet in the

lake water before heading back down.—SIE, 7/4.

 **EASTSIDE TRAIL** (*Rainier Natl Park; USGS Chinook Pass*)—I needed some shade after too much sun the day before so headed down to Rainier again.

We started the hike from the Grove of the Patriarchs parking lot and headed up to Ohanapecosh falls. This trail received a fair amount of damage this year. We got out the pruning saw to make getting over some downed trees easier. A bridge is tilted at about a 45 degree angle and would be very slippery if it were wet. The Ranger told us another bridge was out above the falls.—SIE, 7/5.


 **EASTSIDE TRAIL** (*Rainier Natl Park; USGS Chinook Pass*)—I always wanted to hike this trail and with the help of Heather's car a one way voyage was now possible.

We began our one way hike from the Deer Creek trailhead. Even here at a mere 3500 feet patches of snow remained. In the cool valley along Chinook Creek most of the trail remained buried under 2 to 3 feet of snow. I have never seen this much snow this low, this late in the season.

The snow was firm so walking was easy; however, the storms of last winter took down some huge old trees creating obstacles in the trail. No less than 20 block the way.

We hiked this entire trail to Ohanapecosh without running into one person except at the interpretive Grove of the Patriarchs and at Silver Falls.

Not only is solitude guaranteed—but perhaps some of the finest old growth forest remaining in Washington is preserved along this trail. Just beyond the falls on the Ohanapecosh River at its confluence with Chinook Creek are two of the biggest Douglas-firs I have ever seen! No need to travel to Humboldt County to see amazing giants when you can hike the Eastside Trail.—Craig Romano, Seattle, 7/2.


 **GLACIER BASIN** (*Rainier Natl Park; USGS White River Park, Sunrise*)—This was the first time we had done this hike. The trailhead is located inside the White River (Sunrise) entrance to the Park. The trail begins at the end of the road in the White River Campground.

We took the fork at 1 mile to the 1/2-mile spur trail to the Emmons Glacier viewpoint. The view of the mountain and glacier was fabulous. This 3-mile round trip hike would make a good one

for small children. The trail is wide and has a very moderate grade.


We returned to the main trail and headed up to Glacier Basin. The trail to Glacier Basin is 7 miles round trip and climbs about 1700 feet. We encountered snow on the last mile or so of the trail. It was well packed. Lots of mountain climbers were heading down the mountain on this Sunday of a three day weekend. Some were heading up as well.

The basin was filled with lots of snow. It was beautiful. We saw a marmot scurry across the snow. Rain began to fall soon after we reached the basin. No complaints from us. We almost did not go hiking at all because of questionable weather at home that morning. We were pleased to avoid rain as long as we did!—Jane Habegger, Olympia, 7/6.

 **LONGMIRE AREA** (*Mt Rainier National Park; USGS Mt Rainier West*)—Hiked Eagle Peak trail almost to the saddle. Three to four feet of snow on trail shortly before saddle; could have used ice axes there. Trail in excellent shape up to meadow.

Three trees across trail between 294-3 1/4 miles. Two could be stepped over. Third tree required more effort to get over. Flowers blooming. Many people on trail, one of few hikers in the area.

Next day hiked Rampart Ridge loop out of Longmire. Trail juddy in places but generally good condition. A few mosquitoes starting to show. Was a mostly sunny day with gorgeous views of the Mountain.—C and L, Bothell, 7/12 & 7/13.

 **EAGLE PEAK, CHUTLA PEAK** (*Rainier Natl Park; USGS Mt Rainier West, & Wapenayo Pk*)—It appears that last winter's copious snowfall is not going to evaporate, sublimate, or melt until we have some warm rains or those clouds stop stacking up against the west slopes. An event I had given up on was rescued through the persistence of a member of this party of four.

Left the 2800-foot trailhead at Longmire at 8:10am. Proceeded up the well built Eagle Peak Saddle trail under a fog drizzle that persisted most of the day. Switchbacked up and left on the rubble-filled gully after entering the meadow at the end of the "built" trail. Several feet of compact snow encountered as soon as we reentered the tree canopy.

Trail is indistinct here, boot tracks of previous hikers helped define route. Snow covers the lower half of the last steep pitch up to the saddle. Arrive there at 10:50. Large cornices at saddle

BACKCOUNTRY NEWS

REPORTS AND CONDITIONS

and along the north side of the ridge. Followed a stringer of snow into the usual route up Eagle, staying well to the south side, the overhang to the north exceeds three feet in places.

Summit 5950 feet at 11:35. Short lunch and shared goodies, don't linger long, still drizzly, cool breeze. Visibility a hundred feet or so. Back to saddle at 12:45. Thru wet cedar and fir on faint track, over slick rock, mud, and steep snow to the 6000+-foot summit of Chutla at 1:40pm. Like Wahpenayo, one appears to summit several times before reaching THE summit.

Still drizzly and breezy, hurts to know this is one of the best viewpoints in the Tatoosh Range. Visibility still only a hundred feet or so. Even less with fog-coated bifocals. Again, don't linger, back at saddle at 3pm where visibility to west increases briefly to a few miles, still under a hundred feet otherwise.

There is an ethereal beauty to the mist enshrouded near landscape of trees and rock, but it sure wouldn't hurt to see the mountain once in a while. Dropped off the saddle, lost trail in the snow under the upper patch of trees, dropped straight down to intercept the built trail several hundred feet west of the meadow. At trailhead at 5pm. Not a dry foot in the bunch.—Paul G. Schaufler, Olympia, 7/1.



GOVERNORS RIDGE & BARRIER PEAK

(Rainier Natl Park; USGS White River Park, Chinook Pass)—A 30-, 40-, 50-, and 60-something group leaves the 3700-foot Owyhigh Lakes trailhead at

8:40am under thin high clouds. The trail to the lakes is 3½ miles long, six switchbacks, good grade and tread. The first and last legs are the longest.

10:00am, 4800 feet, break to unlimber ice axes and don gaiters. Trail is snow covered from here to lakes. Debris from massive slides off Tamanos.

10:45, Owyhigh Lakes. Some open water, cross lakes and head up col between Governors Ridge and Barrier Peak, good snow for steps, slide areas well stabilized. From notch between Governors Ridge and Barrier Peak we drop down on east side of ridge on steep snow to a sloping bench, then traverse northerly level and finally angle up to the high point. On steep snow most of way, a few hundred feet of easy rock scramble near the summit. Rock is friable, a nice term meaning the hand holds are portable.

At 1pm, arrive 6600+-foot summit. Leisurely lunch, great views, picture taking. 2pm, leave summit, retrace route via some rope assist and standing glissades. Follow bench southerly then angle up southwesterly on a steep snow field to avoid cornices lower down on ridge.

At 3:30, on 6521-foot summit for more lunch and picture taking; can see Mount Hood but clouds are building.

4:30, leave summit. 7:15, back at trailhead. Great way to celebrate the 4th of July!—Paul G. Schaufler, Olympia, 7/4.



GLACIER VIEW

(Glacier View Wilderness; USGS Mt Wow)—Headed south in the rain which finally stopped by the time we arrived

at the trailhead (head up the Copper Creek road for about 9 miles to the trailhead; on the right just before the road deadends).

There were a few mosquitoes at the trailhead and I know from past experience they can be voracious along the trail to the right toward Goat Lake, so we turned left toward Glacier View. A few snow patches remained along the 3 miles to the former lookout site, one of which would be a problem if icy, but the snow was soft enough to kick steps.

Watch for the trail intersection with the trail that drops down to Lake West. Glacier View is straight ahead but some downed trees block the trail and it would be easy to take a wrong turn.—SIE, 7/9.



CAMP MUIR

(Rainier Natl Park; USGS Mt Rainier East)—Took my kids Casey and Travis and nephew John from Boston. Obtained climbing permits and headed up the mountain at about 1:30. Be aware that permits are gone very early on nice weather weekends. I heard that most parties get them on Friday afternoon for a Sunday morning summit attempt.

The snow level is still down at Paradise with only a few areas of trail exposed all the way to Pebble Creek. This sure makes walking easier with heavy mountaineering boots than on the asphalt trails. We were all unusually exhausted by the time we got into Camp Muir. There was room in the climber's hut so we spent the night there.

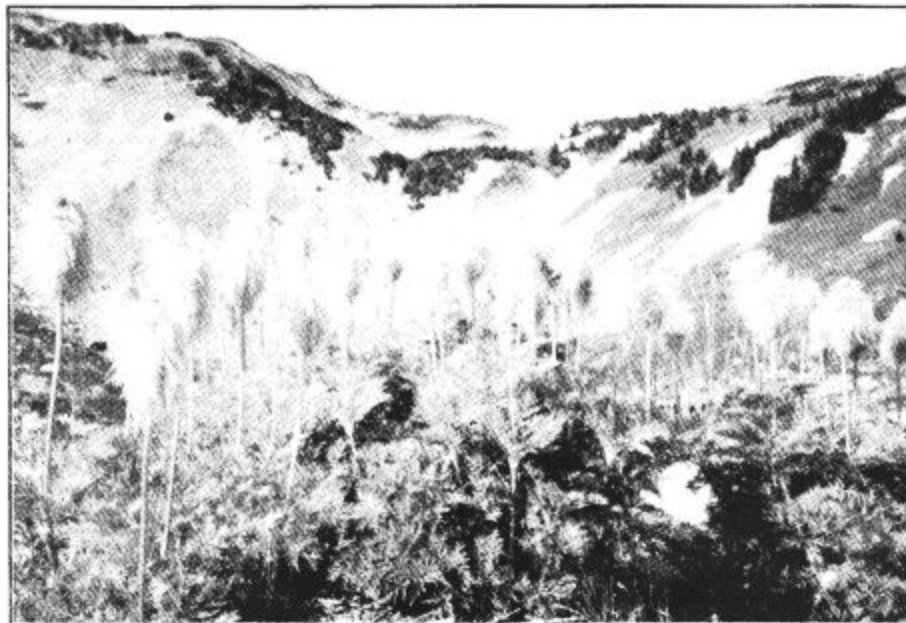
The hut provides an interesting mix of camaraderie and inconvenience with people coming and going, cooking and talking at all hours. Our original plan was to spend that night at Muir, move camp to Ingraham Flats, then summit the next day.

Most of us felt the effects of altitude and none of us had the motivation it takes to continue the climb, especially with a worsening weather picture. I had been to the summit several times but I felt bad, maybe even a little guilty, that the rest of our party couldn't go on.

Somehow, though, we all felt the trip was complete; it had been a success. We admired the views and the quiet until midmorning and headed down to the car.

Made the mandatory stop at Scaleburger in Elbe for one of their world-class Overload Burgers with a blackberry shake. I'm not kidding, you MUST give this place a try!—Dave Parent, Freeland, 7/13-14.

GREENWATER ROAD 70—Closed 7 miles from Highway 410. Road repair should be finished this fall.—Ranger.



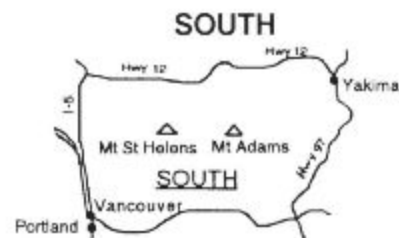
Western anemone in Snowgrass Flats; Goat Rocks Wilderness.

Mystery Hiker

BACKCOUNTRY NEWS

REPORTS AND CONDITIONS

CLEARWATER WILDERNESS—No vehicle access to Summit Lake on road 7810 due to damage to Carbon River bridge.—Ranger, 7/21.



WIND MOUNTAIN TRAIL (Gifford Pinchot Natl Forest; USGS Carson)—This short trail of modest elevation gain makes a good choice if time or energy is limited. But the sights at the end of 2 miles walking a good trail with 1000 feet elevation gain would be worth much more commitment. Located just west of Dog Mountain and across from Mount Defiance, the summit offers views of these peaks and a long sweep of the Columbia River.

Between mileposts 50 and 51 of Highway 14 turn north onto Wind Mountain road and drive 1½ miles. Turn right at the Girl Scout Camp road, drive a short distance, and park in the large space at the ridge crest. Walk down the gravel road until it enters the forest and bends left. The unsigned rocky trailhead is on your right. Be aware of poison oak edging your path for the first few feet.

The trail arcs up from the north to south sides of conical Wind Mountain with many partial views. At the top a Forest Service information board describes the existence of a Native American vision quest site just ahead on the summit slopes.

The wish to preserve the talus structures is explained, and to do this many DO NOT PASS signs have been posted. The freedom to range without restriction is now denied the hiker (these postings were not in place last April), but the greater good will be appreciated. In spite of this, the view from the top has seen no interference. —AR, Portland.

GIFFORD PINCHOT NF—360-891-5000. Road 24 is now open through the Sawtooth huckleberry fields. Indian Heaven is accessible, with patches of snow in the timber.—Ranger, 7/16.

ST HELENS NVM—Climbers are finding a great deal of snow in gullies, but most of the route is snowfree.

Climbing permits are required for all travel above 4800 feet and are limited to 100 climbers daily. Fee is \$15.

Current conditions and permit infor-

mation available by calling: 360-247-3961.—Ranger, 7/16.

NORTHEAST

FRENCHMAN COULEE (Wildlife Rec Area; USGS Evergreen Ridge)—See Hike 38 in *55 Hikes in Central Washington*. This is a very interesting area and nice for what I'd call prowling rather than hiking. There are certainly a lot of places to walk around, and some very cool scenery. The area around the basalt "picket fences" is more interesting than the river trail at the road's end, in my opinion.

There were many tire tracks, so I'd guess this place is very noisy on weekends. Mid-week we saw only climbers—a whole gaggle of 'em—trundling up and down the basalt columns.

Watch out for poison ivy around the ponds and potholes!

Driving instructions in the book need update:

Eastbound I-90, take exit 143 and turn left. (Note sign to "Wanapum Lake"). In .7-mile go left on Vantage Road (which, if you were to turn right, would apparently be North Frontage Road). It's a marvelous drive. Note the parking area a few miles down on your left where the basalt columns are. The road ends at a boat launch in 4.6 more miles from the intersection. A trail/road leads downriver, with some nice swimming spots.—Peg Ferm, Monroe, 7/8.

WAPALOOSIE MOUNTAIN

(Colville Natl Forest)—Every summer I plan one trip to Washington's forgotten mountains, the Kettle River Range. These peaks aren't rugged—but they are wild, remote, beautiful, and a hiker's paradise. The main ridge is between 6000 and 7000 feet with lots of meadows and wide-ranging views. These mountains usually are snow free by early June. However, watch out for thunderstorms!

Heather and I camped at beautiful and serene Curlew Lake State Park, my "headquarters" for Kettle Mountain explorations. This summer's agenda included a wonderful 10-mile loop up to 7078-foot Wapaloosie Mountain.

We started our hike by following Jungle Hill trail 16, which starts on the Albion Hill Road just off Highway 20. Most of the trails here are maintained by backcountry equestrians. In over six hikes in this range I have yet run into a horse or a hiker!

Trail 16 climbs steadily for 2.7 miles to Kettle Crest Trail 13. A wet but not difficult stream crossing in the beginning—otherwise a very dry trail. Spec-

tacular meadows at the crest. We followed trail 13 for a mile or so to its junction with Wapaloosie Mountain trail 15. A few very small lingering snowfields here.

We left the trail and walked up the pasture-like southwest slope to the actual summit of Wapaloosie. Wonderful views to the east as far as the Selkirks—limited view to the north of Copper Butte (highest point in the range and a great destination in itself).

The highlight of this loop is the return on trail 15. It descends for almost half of its 3.5 mile distance on a very long switchback through an entirely open southeast slope with spectacular views of the entire southern range of the "Kettles."

We walked the mellow and tree-lined Albion road for about 2.5 miles back to our car at the Jungle Hill trailhead. Mosquitoes kept us from dilly-dallying along the road.—Craig Romano, Seattle, 6/20.

SNOW PEAK TRAIL (Colville Natl Forest; USGS Sherman Pk)—The Snow Peak trail 10 starts off road 99-100 south of Sherman Pass. The entire trail goes through the White Mountain Burn of 1988—an area of over 20,000 acres that was singed by a lightning bolt nearly 10 years ago.

The trail is well-maintained and easy to follow as well as providing you with access to the Kettle Crest with minimum elevation gain. Good news—the burn has left a trail with almost unlimited views. Bad news—the burn has left a trail with limited shelter from rain, wind or sun. Keep this in mind.

Hiking partner Heather and I followed this delightful trail to Kettle Crest Trail 13 and followed that trail south for a mile to the new Snow Peak shelter (see *P&P*, December 1996, page 29). The shelter, built by a coalition of volunteers with the Forest Service is actually a very cozy log cabin complete with woodstove.

We had lunch inside while a nasty thunderstorm raged outside. We fell in love with this little cabin perched high in the "Kettles." The Forest Service rents it for \$15/night (contact ranger in Republic). We would like to return and use it as a high-country base for hiking and scrambling to White Mountain, Snow Peak, and Bald Mountain. A great destination for winter ski trips too.

We hiked back the way we came in. It was exciting and unnerving to watch the distant lightning bolts. Our seconds counts of the following thunder gave us some assurance that the bolts were not a threat yet. Then again, the forest we

BACKCOUNTRY NEWS

REPORTS AND CONDITIONS

were hiking through was living testimony to what those bolts could do! Returning to our car was for once a relief from nature.


See ya next year in the Kettles.—
Craig Romano, Seattle, 6/21.

CANADA

QUEEN CHARLOTTE—This year the Gwaii Haanas National Park Reserve is requiring an orientation session and permit before entry into the reserve. Permit reservations can be made through the BC travel bureau at \$15 per person.

The reserve office in Queen Charlotte City also has six free permits available daily for walk-ins. This fee eliminates the individual fees that used to be paid to visit the Haida heritage sites out in the islands.—J Prentice, Port Orchard.

OREGON

 **RED BUTTES WILDERNESS** (*Klamath Natl Forest; Oak Knoll Ranger Dist*)—This part of the Siskiyou Crest has been snowfree for several weeks now. I chose to hike the Fort Goff trail, loop around to the PCT by way of the Boundary Trail back to Seiad Valley.

This is a wonderful and undervisited area of the Klamath National Forest. The high country is snowfree well over a month before our Cascade and Olympic mountain trails area. The area is renowned for its diversity of coniferous trees. I was enthralled by the forests of incense-cedar, Shasta red fir, Brewer's spruce, as well as the familiar Douglas-fir.


Views are particularly far-reaching up on the Boundary Trail from Bailey's Cabin site all the way over to Lily Pad Lake on the PCT. Much of this area burned in 1987 and manzanita thickets have obscured parts of the trails.

The Fort Goff trail is unmaintained but is brushy yet passable all the way to Sugar Pine camp. Past Sugar Pine camp it is a different story. Here the trail becomes nearly impassable, particularly in burnt areas. I did somehow manage, however, to make it all the way up to the junction with the Boundary Trail.

Mosquitoes were abundant but bearable. Bear scat was on all the trails. Must be a lot of bears. This is wild, beautiful country. Depending on the winter's snowpack, the high trails can be open in late May! But usually one must wait until early June.

I would highly recommend stopping

by the Wildwood Lodge in Seiad Valley. Showers are \$1, camping free, and the food and drink are excellent.—Jeremy Boyer, Olympia, 6/16-20.

 **MOUNT DEFIANCE** (*Columbia Gorge*)—In less than 5 miles the two trails that climb to the 4959-foot summit from the Columbia Gorge gain 4800 vertical feet. These trails make for a wonderful loop and can be part of a great conditioning plan.

Heather and I decided to go not only for elevation but for distance as well. We began our hike from the Viento State Park campground (a nice base, but a bit noisy from freeway and railroad traffic) by following the old road—now trail—to the Mount Defiance trailhead at Starvation Creek State Park.

The first mile makes for a wonderful warm-up, passing a couple of pretty waterfalls. The climb then begins, and it is relentless! Trail crews have cleared most of the windfalls.

Upon entering the Columbia Wilderness, the trail breaks out into open scree and the views begin—of Mount Adams, the Indian Heaven country, the sun-baked Klickitat Hills, and of course the Columbia Gorge.

A new trail leads around the north face of Defiance giving exceptional views of the adjacent wilderness. At a junction, bear left to reach the summit and to meet back up with the Mount Defiance trail. The summit is marred with a tower—but there are nice places to have lunch nearby. Great views of Mount Hood, too.

For a different descent and one that is equally steep, head down the Mitchell Point trail to the Starvation Ridge trail. The beginning of this descent is a pleasure to walk, especially in the locale of Warren Lake. Soak feet or body here—then prepare for one of the steepest trails in these here parts.

It probably took us just as long to descend as to ascend. There are some nice viewpoints to break up the pain. Beautiful stands of Oregon white oak greet you near the end of the trail, so does poison oak—so watch out!

Completing this loop is a great accomplishment—and great warm-up for better hikes yet to come. 14 miles, 4800 feet vertical and spectacular scenery. Enjoy!—Craig Romano, Seattle, 6/27.

WAHTUM LAKE AND CHINIDERE MOUNTAIN

(*Columbia Gorge*)—After hiking Mount Defiance, Heather and I decided to take it easy today.

Begin this hike by taking road 1310 from road 13 south of Hood River. The


roads are all paved and well signed. The trail starts at a primitive campground above Wahtum Lake. Descend to the lake on the Wahtum Lake "expressway" to the Pacific Crest Trail. Wahtum is situated at 3700 feet surrounded by beautiful old-growth forests. You can roam around the lake's shores or head up to the open summit of 4673-foot Chinidere Mountain for outstanding views of the lake and surrounding Columbia Wilderness.

To reach the summit, follow Chinidere Trail 445 or the PCT to the summit spur. The Crest trail has been cleared—but the Chinidere trail was brushy and had some large windfalls. Views from the summit range from Mount Jefferson to Mount Rainier.

For a nice loop through beautiful open old growth forests, follow Herman Creek trail 406 for 1.1 miles to the Anthill trail 406B. There were still sections covered by snow but route finding was pretty straight-forward.

The Anthill trail is a little-used but well maintained trail that follows a ridge above Wahtum Lake. Great views of the lake, Chinidere and meadows of paintbrush, beargrass and other flowers. Total loop mileage is about 5.5 miles. Lots of other options exist—consider camping at trailhead; bring your own water.—Craig Romano, Seattle, 6/28.

ARIZONA

 **HUMPHREYS PEAK**—It is my opinion that *100 Hikes in Arizona* by Scott S. Warren has the only reliable data presently available. The *Fifty State Summits* book by Paul L. Zumwalt is very outdated and even the topographic map of Humphreys Peak dates back to 1983 and is no longer valid. The major difference is that two more chairlifts have been added to the Snow Bowl ski area and there is a new parking lot and a new trailhead that does not show on the topo map or in Zumwalt's book.

While in this area, I was concerned that the weather would be so warm, I would be uncomfortable in my normal Northwest clothing. Did I get a surprise. I arrived at the Snow Bowl a little before 8am to a very windy and cold morning. The elevation at the parking lot is approximately 9600 feet. Depending on which book or map you use it can be between 8800 feet and 9800 feet.

I decided immediately to wear lightweight thermals, hiking shorts and a mid-weight Polartec jacket and lightweight gloves. After crossing the open meadow under the two western-most

BACKCOUNTRY NEWS

REPORTS AND CONDITIONS

chairlifts and seeing many prairie dogs along the path, I entered the forest and was able to stop and remove my jacket.

I was starting to get concerned that perhaps I wasn't on the right trail when after nearly a mile I came to a sign and the trailhead register. There had been only one car in the parking lot and the register indicated two people were ahead of me on the way to the summit.

After about an hour I took a break and three hikers from Flagstaff stopped to chat for a moment. Within minutes along came two climbers, one from Boston and another from New York City. From that meeting we leapfrogged the next two hours until we reached the saddle between Humphreys Peak (12,633 feet) and Agassiz Peak (12,356 feet).

Just before the saddle at 11,800 feet was enough open area where it was necessary again to put on a jacket due to the wind. At the saddle, the three hikers from Flagstaff decided to continue no farther due to a lack of heavier wind clothing. They took shelter behind the ridge out of the wind, now gusting over 40 miles per hour by my estimation.

The two young men from Boston and New York City were now over twenty minutes ahead of me. About that time, the two climbers who started ahead of me returned from the summit in full wind suits and overgloves. They informed me that it was very windy at the summit, but if I wasted no time, I could still make it before the incoming storm hit. After putting on my wind jacket, I headed up the rocky and sometimes very steep trail to the summit.

Approximately halfway to the summit, I met the men from back east on their way down. They told me the gusts now were approaching over 50 miles per hour and it was way below freezing on the summit. They said they would seek shelter behind the ridge and have a lunch break and wait for me to return and then we could climb down together.

It took me another half hour to reach the summit (there are *two* false summits) and I was very thankful I had brought my Leki poles for they gave me greater stability against the wind.

After reaching my new climbing partners we started our descent to the saddle, only to find three other climbers on the way up. They had no backpacks and were already cold. We supplied them with gloves and socks for their hands and they proceeded to go down with us.

Just before reaching the saddle were three more hikers attempting the summit, but they also turned around within minutes and headed down. At an area just below the saddle the trail splits and the path to the right follows the trail that we took up, but the trail to the left drops over a small ridge and heads down to the ski area. The three individuals we supplied with gloves and socks decided to try that route while we went the standard route.

They arrived at the parking lot about a half hour prior to our arrival. They did admit that they wouldn't try that route again as it was hard on the knees.

One other interesting side note is that all these folks had fully automatic cam-

eras and due to the cold or wind none of them worked. My Pentax K-1000 did not let me down and I am now busy mailing pictures to some new friends back east, in Colorado and in Arizona.

Total time up and down a little less than seven hours. Normal time would probably be less than 6 hours if it hadn't been for the very heavy winds.
—James V. Latteri, Lakebay, 6/13.

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FOUND—A pair of sandals at the Mailbox Peak trailhead. Call 206-363-6978 (Seattle) to claim.

FOUND—At The Brothers camp in Olympics in late May, a fuel bottle and pump. Identify to claim. Call Dave at 352-752-9214 (Tacoma).

FOR SALE—McHale Inex Bayonet backpack. Paid \$660. Sell for \$330. Excellent condition. Call Jeff at 253-850-2856 (Spanaway).

FOR SALE—Two large Gregory Soft Packs, \$75 each. Also misc. day / climbing packs. Crampons, etc. Call Mary at 360-435-9574 (Arlington) for more info.

FOR RENT—Orcas Island waterfront cabin for rent by the week. Sleeps 8. Seclusion; views; beachwalking; wildlife viewing. Available May-Oct. Write 1819 Hickox Road, Mount Vernon WA 98274 for additional data.

HIKING PARTNER—Woman, 46, interested in locating friends for hikes, canoes, Washington. Fransine, 206-216-0962.

GROUP—I'm interested in starting a small, loosely-structured group of

hiking/backpacking companions from the Olympia/South Sound area.

Dayhikes to several-day walks (or longer?), sometimes strenuous. Call me. Stan, 360-866-5220 or 866-5270.

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

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).

DAN VORHIS

Portable Water Filters: a designer's perspective

—FIRST IN A TWO-PART SERIES—

Most people know by now the advantages of carrying a portable water filter. Filters usually weigh less than carrying water and deliver drinking water quickly, with relatively little effort. And even if available surface water is cloudy, filtered water is usually pretty clear.

Until about six years ago, you would find one or two "old-faithful" portable water filters to choose from on the shelf under the bike pumps. Now you go in a store and can't miss a huge display with a dozen likely-looking devices sitting in a prominent place beside an aquarium from which to pump.

The backpacker has benefited from all these new product introductions—filters are easier to use and less expensive than ever before. But the added selection and marketing pressure has left a lot of people bewildered or, worse yet, has created product gurus who will answer your questions based on a casually-informed article or on persistent marketing hype.

One thing different about water filters compared to, say, stoves or snowshoes—you can't really tell if they work. Yes, you can see if they pump water easily. You can see if they seem to be well designed. You can read the reports about clogging rate, or even find out for yourself how fast they clog.

But you can't really tell if they are protecting your health adequately. It is so intimidating an issue that even the backpacking journals have avoided questioning the effectiveness of devices, choosing instead to parrot manufacturers' claims on well-laid-out charts.

I design water filters for Mountain Safety Research, Inc. (MSR). This paper is a summary of my perspective on portable water filters from this experience. My observations are probably not entirely objective, or at least a competitor might make that case! I think our stuff is the best.

You will probably notice a definite lean toward microfiltration here, a po-

sition that I think is justifiable.

WHAT CAN MAKE YOU SICK? Microorganisms

It is estimated that about one-third of human illnesses in the world are caused by drinking contaminated water or food.

According to recent reports, in the US, microorganisms (protozoa, bacteria, viruses) account for about 40% of waterborne illness; non-living or "chemical" contaminants account for about 10%; and the cause of the remaining 50% have not been identified.

Admittedly, these statistics are gathered by the Center for Disease Control and Prevention (CDC), and others, from outbreaks mostly associated with community water treatment systems—nobody does a very good job of tracking what makes backcountry travelers sick.

The "50% unknown" is what is interesting. Many of what are now known to be major waterborne pathogens (microorganisms that make you sick), such as *Giardia*, *Cryptosporidia*, and *Campylobacter jejuni*, were "discovered" to be human pathogens within the past 20 or 30 years. There are sure to be more discovered in the future.

Your friend may drink improperly-treated water and never show symptoms, while you drink the same water and are nauseous for weeks. Or the scenario might be reversed after your friend hasn't gotten enough sleep for a week, and is under the gun at work.

Our ability to resist infection from bad water varies with age, stress, what we've eaten for lunch. Children are often more susceptible than healthy adults, as are older people and people with weaker immune systems.

For example: In a Baltimore, Maryland, study, healthy young adult volunteers were fed various doses and strains of a bacterium called *Campylobacter jejuni*.

Campy is a bacterium found world-

wide, including in the backcountry. When volunteers were fed 800 bacteria, 10% became ill with diarrhea and fever, 50% showed evidence of infection with no symptoms. When the dose was increased to 90,000 organisms, 46% became ill, and 85% showed evidence of infection.

Bacterial symptoms, if they appear, come about 6 hours to 3 days after exposure. Symptoms include "explosive" diarrhea, vomiting, fever, headache, dizziness, weakness, sometimes bloody stools. For most healthy adults, bacterial infections are self-limiting, and symptoms disappear after 3 or 4 days, although a small percentage of people will remain ill for weeks.

Often, immunity against re-infection is maintained as a sort of compensation for all the fun. For example, in the Campy study mentioned above, seven volunteers who had experienced illness, and twelve who hadn't, were re-challenged one month later with 100,000,000 Campy bacteria. (Yummy. Actually, you wouldn't see or taste this quantity of bacteria in the water.)

None of the veterans showed symptoms, while six of the "controls" paid their dues. It can be seen why a grim harvest of young children (death by dehydration) takes place each year in places where high quality drinking water is unknown—the kids haven't had a chance to build up any immunity.

Protozoal infections usually take longer to show symptoms—one or two weeks. Severe dehydration can occur in more serious cases.

For immuno-compromised individuals, very young children, and where no effective treatment is available, death can occur as a result of pathogens eventually entering the bloodstream and/or complications associated with dehydration.

The protozoan *Cryptosporidia parvum* may cause copious watery diarrhea, cramps, nausea, vomiting, low-grade fever usually 1 to 2 weeks after exposure. The illness lasts for 7 to 20 days

in "immunologically healthy" adults.

This organism has been getting a lot of press lately in the US following about a dozen recent worldwide outbreaks. The largest occurred in Milwaukee, Wisconsin in 1993—an estimated 403,000 ill, around 100 deaths.

This organism in its cyst form is incredibly resistant to chemicals like chlorine and iodine. In one study, *Crypto* oocysts (environmentally-resistant form of *Crypto*) were able to infect mice after soaking 24 hours in straight household bleach!

It is one of the major reasons why the US Marines have stopped relying on iodine tablets for water treatment. *Crypto* oocysts are smaller than *Giardia* cysts. They can break through sand filtration at water treatment plants and make people sick even when the plants are working as they should.

Infectious dose (how many organisms it takes to make you sick) is thought to be quite low, some say as low as one oocyst, for this organism. There is no known cure for *Cryptosporidiosis*—once you've got it, you have to suffer through it.

In a sampling of 257 water samples from 17 states (Rose, Gerba, Jakubowski 1991), *Crypto* oocysts were detected in 55% of surface water samples, with an average concentration of 43 oocysts/100 liters.

Giardia cysts were found in 16% of the same samples, with an average concentration of 3 cysts/100 liters. Pristine waters are less affected than lowland waters exposed to urban and agricultural run-off.

Young calves are a major reservoir—the CDC estimates that 90% of dairy farms are infected with the cyst.

Viruses that make people sick usually originate from *human* fecal material. This differs from bacterial and protozoal pathogens, many of which cross species freely, and are therefore carried in the backcountry not only by humans, but by animals including small rodents and deer.

Viruses do not reproduce in surface water

like some bacteria. And most viral particles "die" (there is some question about whether they were actually alive in the first place) within days of exposure to the environment.

Nevertheless, an individual may become infected after ingesting only a few virus particles. Anywhere there are infected humans and the chance of human fecal contamination, there is the chance of viral infection.

Illness from waterborne viruses takes many forms. Hepatitis A, spread through fecally contaminated food or water, is a highly contagious liver disease with symptoms that include yellow skin and eyes, dark-colored urine, flu-like symptoms (fever, chills, weakness), stomach pains.

Young children often show no symptoms, and about half of adults who become infected show no symptoms. Illness from Hepatitis A, if it occurs, appears two to six weeks after exposure, and may require 6 months for complete recovery.

Note that there are other Hepatitis (inflaming the liver) viruses like Hepatitis B and C, spread through contact with bodily fluids, not through drinking water.

Rotavirus is another common waterborne virus, with symptoms more similar to bacterial infections: vomiting, watery diarrhea, low-grade fever.

Rotavirus infection is one of the most frequent causes of severe dehydrating diarrhea in children. Spread of the dis-

ease occurs not only through drinking fecally-contaminated water, but also through contact with utensils and objects that come into contact with feces.

Note that few water treatment facilities in the world routinely check for viruses in their water supply. Some cities—along the Ohio and Missouri rivers, for example—rely on water that has been "previously used" by citizens upstream.

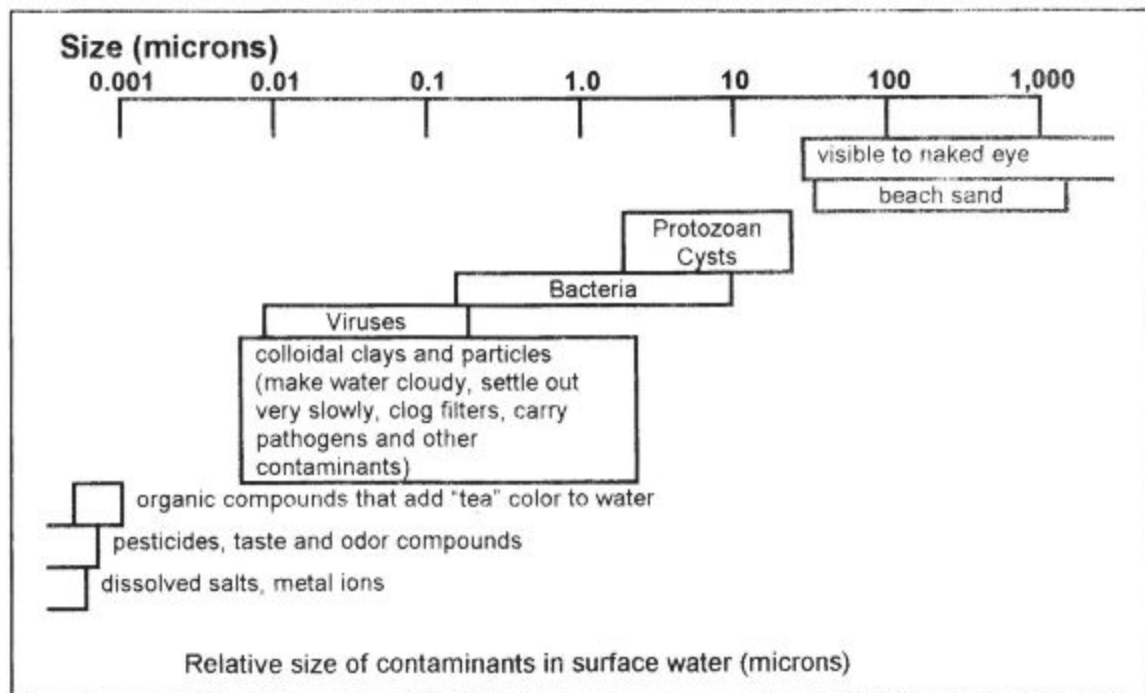
During low water times, a glass of water might quench more than one thirst on its way to the ocean. Viruses have been detected in community water systems along these routes.

Non-living contaminants

This class of contaminant is often conveniently ignored in the portable device industry because most waterborne illness is caused by microorganisms, and illness caused by chemicals rarely causes acute symptoms, making tracking difficult.

This class of contaminants can also be a problem for portable devices to deal with—a few grams of granular carbon doesn't do it. What are the risks?

Pesticides are usually associated with urban and agricultural run-off. This can mean aerial sprays in backcountry timber stands. Concentrations of various pesticides in surface water go up in the early growing season as a result of higher application rates and more rains.



Bacterial Toxins are produced by what used to be called blue-green algae, now called *cyano-bacteria*, which bloom in warm water and form greenish soup. Other toxin-forming organisms are thought to occur on snow ("watermelon snow").

Filtering out the algae does not remove the toxin in the water. The toxin has been known to kill large animals within minutes—it is nothing to play with.

Heavy metal is a kind of music that makes you slowly go mad. Just kidding. Metals like mercury and other inorganic contaminants like arsenic and sodium cyanide don't just get into surface water through industrial run-off. In the big, dry interior basins in western US, low rainfall allows accumulation of metals and minerals in valley surface water. Drainage from mine tailings can contribute.

This is a tough one for even well-designed portable devices, because a high quality block of activated carbon may not take care of all these contaminants.

Halogens such as iodine and chlorine, used in water treatment, are toxins in sufficient quantity or create toxic by-products when they react with natural organic materials in surface water.

SOME COMMON MISCONCEPTIONS ABOUT THE CAUSES OF WATERBORNE ILLNESS

"Giardia is mostly what I have to worry about in the backcountry,

right?"

It surprises me how many people who should know better—microbiologists at the health department, for example—continue to spread this tale.

Cryptosporidia is obviously another backcountry threat. The tiny bacteria *Campylobacter jejuni* is also a concern. A study in the early 1980s found 23% of patients showing up at a clinic near Grand Teton National Park were infected with Campy (compared to 8% infected with Giardia).

Last summer (1996), another such clinic reported seeing about 2 Campy-caused illnesses for every 1 illness caused by Giardia.

There are certainly other bacteria and protozoa in the backcountry, carried by animals and humans and transported into surface water from feces, that cause human illness.

"Viruses are the major health concern outside the US"

Food- and waterborne disease are the number one cause of illness in travelers, according to The Center for Disease Control and Prevention, and "traveler's diarrhea" is the most frequent health problem.

According to the CDC, "...Although viruses are commonly acquired by travelers, they do not appear to be frequent causes of Traveler's Diarrhea in adults." Bacterial infections from contaminated food or water, especially from toxic strains of *Escherichia coli*,

Salmonella species, *Shigella* species, and *Campylobacter jejuni*, cause most of the diarrhea.

"Viruses are not a concern in the US."

Because waterborne viruses that cause illness in humans are spread only in human feces, not in animal feces (unlike bacteria and protozoa, as mentioned above), countries where sewage treatment is commonplace have less worry about viruses in surface water.

However, sewage treatment discharges or run-off from urban areas, especially after periods of high rainfall, have very high levels of "coliform" (originating in something's colon) bacteria, and viruses have also been detected.

"Pristine" waters in backcountry camping areas, where no sewage treatment facilities exist, are at risk more or less, depending on the human pressure. The trouble is, you can't tell by looking at the water what happens to be hidden under a pile of leaves upstream.

...

Next month: a discussion of portable treatment options for backcountry use.

△

Dan Vorhis, of Freeland, works for MSR designing water filters.

What's for lunch?

Here are some ideas from my hiking companions of lunch foods to take on a multi-day backpack.

Linda says:

My staple for a long trip is cheese, crackers and processed meat. Those packages of pressed sandwich meats last over a week, unopened. Steve and I eat a whole one a day, and never carry an opened package.

I'm also fond of strawberry jam and cream cheese, packaged in individual squeeze tubes, for a change with crackers. I'll carry an entire box of Wheat Thins; the box protects them from crushing.

Manita says:

I like bagels—they keep a long time and don't crush easily. I buy cream cheese in a plastic cup, garlic sausage from the butcher in Silvana, and add marinated mushrooms from the super-market (also packed in plastic).

Lindy says:

I bring cheese and crackers, too, but I try to have a different kind of cracker for every day. I like pretzels, Wheat Thins, Arabic bread sticks (anise flavored), and Pepperidge Farm Fish. I don't worry about special packaging and just let them crush.

Individual Tillamook cheese packets

are delicious but they melt in hot weather. No-fat string cheese doesn't get squishy in the heat.

I also dry cubes of bread for a crunchy snack. I carry Power Bars and, of course, chocolate. I also bring cashews and count out 10 per day.

Nancy says:

You can't beat GORP and "squeeze-cheese" on crackers. I also like teriyaki pepperoni sticks, fruit roll-ups and dried fruit.

Peanutbutter and honey in a squeeze tube on rice cakes is yummy.

—Ann Marshall

WARREN GUNTHEROTH

Reminiscing: Mount Olympus

—AN EVENTFUL CLIMB—

In my 35 years of climbing there have been many eventful climbs, but Olympus was easily the most varied.

It was on the Labor Day weekend of 1963, at the end of our first year of climbing with the extension class at the University of Washington, organized by Pete Steilberg. Our instructors included one "immortal," Pete Schoening, and several enthusiastic leaders such as Julian Ansell and Brian Marts.

The course started in March, and continued into the summer; by then we had summited on Rainier, Adams, St. Helens, and Shuksan, and were as fit as we would ever be, individually.

HIKING IN

On the long drive over to the Olympic Peninsula, we heard news of a Navy plane that was missing off the Olympic coast, and that there were two Coast Guard rescue helicopters conducting a search near where we were heading. We silently wished them good luck, and our thoughts returned to climbing.

At the Hoh River entrance we were amazed at the indifference of the sign-in process. The rangers were completely uninterested in our prior experience, our equipment, or leader (Brian Marts), and were interested only in campfire permits.

After the rigorous examination process by the rangers at Rainier, who had tried to break our wooden-shafted ice axes (seriously) and who practically examined us for hernias (not serious), the Olympic Park procedures seemed distinctly cavalier.

We arrived early enough to permit hiking in the first five miles to the Happy Four Shelter. The long trail the next day was punctuated by a stop at Elk Lake, which was stocked with eastern brook trout. Someone had put together a raft, and I was the first to try it.

I had caught a few trout, and while shifting my weight, discovered that the sawed-off log I was sitting on was unattached to the logs forming the deck. I was fully clothed, but the water was re-

markably cold at 5258 feet altitude.

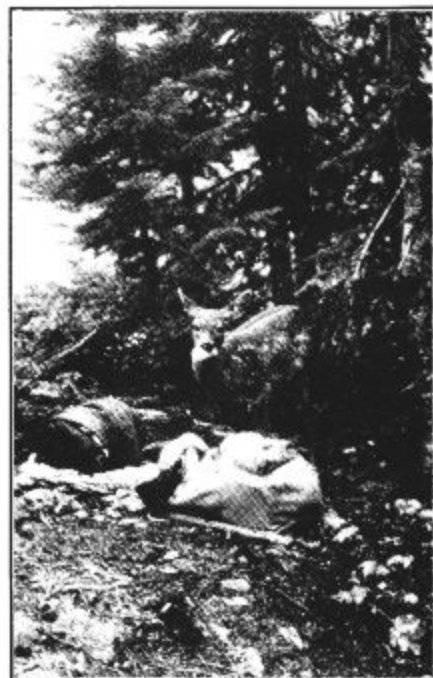
I scrambled back aboard, convinced myself of the insulating power of wet wool, and continued to fish for another half-hour.

We finally arrived at Glacier Meadows after a total of 17 miles and set up camp. There were a few hours before dark and I took several pictures of the resident deer.

A bold fawn nosed through someone's open pack, and emerged with a limp sandwich, which it then deliberately chewed, with the end drooping down from the corner of its mouth. The thought of saving someone's lunch never occurred to me, only recording the event on Kodachrome.

THE URGE TO ESCAPE

The next morning didn't actually dawn, as adventure tales usually recount, because a thick fog thoroughly confused daylight with dark as we started up the blue ice on the—guess! —Blue Glacier.



A fawn at Glacier Meadows, having lunch.

We were congratulating ourselves on having proper equipment, including ice axes, 11mm ropes, crampons, and Prusik slings, when we overtook two young men from California carrying—literally—polypropylene clothesline no more than 4mm thick, no Prusiks, no crampons, and wearing what were then called tennis shoes.

We immediately thought of the park policy which encouraged inadequate climbing equipment, and hoped we wouldn't have to rescue them later—an irony, considering subsequent events.

Although the fog had lifted by the time we reached the Snow Dome at 6600 feet, rain began, driven in horizontal sheets by extreme winds. My heavy, surplus woolen trousers had dried after my swim the day before, but in only minutes, water was running down the *inside* of my pants and into my climbing boots.

I can't remember a worse climatic moment in my entire climbing career, then or 34 years later. I was overwhelmed with an urge to escape, but the question was, how and to where? Lacking a logical solution, I simply plodded on.

Fortunately, the weather improved as we rounded the lesser peaks between us and the summit, and we came on a particularly wide crevasse, at least a hundred feet deep, bridged by a single wall of snow only three feet wide.

We cautiously kicked footholds on both sides of it, and straddled the remaining 18 inches across the 20 foot span, ignoring the cold and wet seating. As the last of our party prepared to cross, the Californians arrived, and were getting out their clothesline of polypropylene.

Sensing a disaster that would spoil our chances of reaching the summit, we volunteered a belay for them with our rope, which they accepted. We then pushed on to the western side of the 7965-foot summit, ascending first a steep snowfield.

Warren Guntheroth

A BROKEN LEG

As my team arrived at the top of the snow plateau, we became aware of some confusion among the climbers ahead. One of them, Fred Laubscher, although belayed from above, had slipped and fallen only a few feet and had broken his fibula, the small bone on the outside of the ankle.

Tim Chapman and I consulted with Fred, also a physician, maybe the first three-physician consultation on Olympus. The consensus was that he couldn't walk, let alone climb down, and plans were formed to evacuate him.

"Little John" Marts, Brian's 17-year-old brother, and I volunteered to go back to the Snow Dome and enlist the help of the geologists working there that summer.

We roped up, and, thinking that John was ready, I started a standing glissade down from the snow plateau. What I failed to note was that John was looking back, talking to his brother, while I was picking up momentum.

I had just—unintentionally—converted to a sitting glissade when the rope suddenly snapped tight against my belly, and I momentarily came to an abrupt stop.

I glanced back to see John catapulted head first off the plateau, on an arc anticipated by the rope connecting us. After a brief episode of mutual recrimination, we started on down with some-

what more attention to details.

We were soon down to the metal Quonset huts and *very* relieved to find someone home. They were well informed about radio contact with the outside world, and they had a rescue toboggan.

Best of all, they knew a direct route to the upper plateau that avoided the awful snow bridge, although they were uncertain that it would "go" this late in the season.

HORSES, NOT HELICOPTERS

While two of them prepared to head up with the toboggan, one of the geologists contacted the rangers at the Hoh on their short-wave radio. Lending some urgency was the weather, which was again deteriorating, and clouds began to block our view of the summit.

The operator at the Hoh Ranger Station was possibly the most maddening bureaucrat I have ever encountered, a signal honor given my innumerable contacts with the species.

She informed us that 1) a broken leg was not really an emergency, and 2) that helicopters were not allowed in the Park! When I insisted on speaking to the chief ranger, she replied that he was at lunch and could not be disturbed. However, she offered "reassurance" that they would send in some horses the next day to evacuate the victim.

I pointed out that horses were ill-equipped to go up the Blue Glacier, to

say nothing of snow bridges and steep snow slopes. She remained perfectly calm, while I silently vowed that I would file charges of criminal neglect if Fred died of exposure on the mountain that night.

AIRLIFT

Another member of our team had now joined us at the hut, on his way down to the camp to fetch sleeping bags. He was a ham operator, and after hearing of the intransigence of the rangers, got on the radio's emergency band, and successfully contacted some helpful soul in Everett, who contacted Mountain Rescue, who contacted the Coast Guard on the Olympic coast.

In less than half an hour, we heard a chopper, one of the greatest sounds known to distressed climbers. Unfortunately, the delay in contacting the flyers was sufficient to allow the mountain to be completely enveloped in clouds. It was incredibly frustrating to hear the whop-whop-whop of their blades recede.

One of the geologists finally contacted the pilot from Port Angeles that regularly supplied them by landing his ski plane on the Snow Dome. Meanwhile, the rescue team, with the manpower of the rest of our class, had successfully negotiated one shallow schrund and the toboggan reached the Snow Dome at almost the moment when we heard the sound of the ski plane.

In no time, Fred was tucked inside with his pack, and was on his way to Port Angeles. The takeoff was a thing of beauty. I thought wistfully of the elegance of Fred's return to Seattle, while I contemplated the long journey out, as the rain returned once again to the Blue Glacier.

NIGHTTIME VISITORS

It was dusk by the time we arrived at the shelter at Elk Lake, to find that all of the bunks were full, and most of the spaces on the floor. We briefly considered the possibility of setting up our wet tents (canvas in those days), but decided against it.

Tim Chapman and a couple of the others crept under the low bunks, which left only a scant foot above their horizontal bodies. I found a spot at the open end of the lean-to, and felt lucky that the wind was from the other direction. It was a talkative and pleasant group, and everyone was mellow with



Early morning on the Blue Glacier.

Warren Guntheroth

satisfaction at the successful climb, and relieved that Fred had been safely evacuated.

The fire had burned low, and gave little light, and just as we were drifting off, a noise outside the shelter caused me to turn my flashlight in that direction, to illuminate a black and white-striped "kitty."

Everyone still awake unanimously responded in a stage whisper, "Leave him alone!" We all turned off the lights and hunkered down, hoping for the best. Apparently the skunk felt outnumbered and wandered on.

About an hour later (who's counting?), the peace was again broken by a loud thud, followed by intense rustling and some truly colorful language from Tim Chapman.

One of the numerous resident mice had been attracted to Tim's warm sleeping bag—worse, it scrambled inside, sensing that Tim smelled distinctly edible, or dead, or both.

Needless to say, Tim woke suddenly with the critter running around on his bare chest, and sat bolt upright. Well, not *quite* upright, since the planks over his head did not budge. After a profane explanation, there was sustained giggling from the audience that didn't die out for half an hour. Tim took some aspirin for his head, and reluctantly laid back down in his coffin-like space.

With the dawn, we were cheered by sunlight, and we packed for the long hike out. One couple, in their early 30s, got the jump on us, and without meaning any slight, I bid them farewell with "See you on the trail."

They both were trim and athletic appearing, but he had a huge backpack and she had only a knapsack. Her very attractive eyes flashed momentarily, but only later did I understand that she took my comment as a challenge.

It was at least a couple of hours before we next saw them ahead on the trail, and as soon as she saw us, she picked up the pace to put some distance between us.

It finally began to be a game with us, but I pitied her husband with the weight he was carrying, being spurred on by his charming spouse. We never passed them, but were always just a short way behind.

RETRIBUTION

On the drive back to Seattle, I began to plan retribution for the Olympic



Warren Guntheroth

View of the summit of Mt. Olympus from the geodetic survey hut on the Snow Dome. The summit is to the right of center, rising above the snow plateau, the site of the catapult launch of "Little John."

Park Rangers at the Hoh. The next day, after a telephone call, I wrote the head ranger at Port Angeles.

I received a patronizing reply, that he could understand that we were "distracted" by the injury to our colleague, but that they were trained to stay calm, or words to that effect.

There was a paragraph about the need to protect the wilderness conditions in the park. (Even then they were obsessed with this!) He obviously thought his staff had acted responsibly.

He defended the lack of standards for climbers by claiming that the Olympics were safe, much safer than Rainier, and without sensing the contradiction, wrote that his staff had a lot of experience managing climbing accidents.

Clearly, I did not agree with him, and sent a letter to his boss, Secretary of the Interior Stewart Udall, including a copy of the head ranger's letter.

Ordinarily, I had learned that the top bureaucrat would always support his or her staff, and reply with a few soothing platitudes, but just this once, I had hope for better because Udall had just returned from a climb of Kilimanjaro.

I was confident that he would see the urgency of a broken leg on the summit of Mount Olympus. Indeed, in his personal response he seemed quite concerned. However, the follow-up letter from an assistant was vintage bureau-

cratic boilerplate, conceding nothing.

Still, when I visited the park the next summer, I chatted with a working-type ranger who told me that Headquarters had instituted a new policy that all rangers had to learn about climbing and mountain safety.

I concluded that letter writing was effective, at least if you were writing a fellow climber!

△

Warren Guntheroth, of Seattle, is a pediatric cardiologist. You may see him on the trail with his Siberian husky, Sasha.

Warren has written a book of their adventures, called Climbing with Sasha. It is available for \$15 from Husky Books, PO Box 27803, Seattle WA 98125.

The Good Old Days

—LOOKING BACK AT THE DAYS BEFORE GORE-TEX—

Last summer a "From the Mailbox" comment asked for "more stories from old-time hikers and conditions back then." Over the winter we have collected a few of them, which we'll entertain you with this summer.

If you want to tell a "good old days" story, send it in. Please keep it to around 500-750 words.

We're defining "good old days" as anything before Gore-tex—that is, from the mid-'70s and earlier.

The Good Old Days

Fred Redman, Woodinville

Reading the request for stories from "back then" got me reminiscing on one of our epics.

It was about 25 years ago when Goran, Garnet and I decided on a hike that we thought would be worth while: Snoqualmie Pass to Goldmeyer Hot Springs to Rock Creek to Snow Lake to Alpentel to Snoqualmie Pass.

I went to my map file and sure enough I still have my 1961 Snoqualmie Pass Geological Survey map. The small piece of paper that I wrote the elevations on was still in the case with the map. The map is pre-Kendall Cat Walk and shows the "old" Pacific Crest Trail. The old trail went up to the saddle between Red Mountain and Lundin Peak, dropped off the other side, traversed the face, then followed the ridge to Goldmeyer.

Even then this trail was in terrible condition. If I remember correctly this was a few years after the new trail had been built, even though my map didn't show the new trail.

We then went west on the Alternate Crest Trail to Rock Creek and up to Snow Lake. From Snow Lake the trail went up the same as now but traversed across the face of Chair Peak above Source Lake and down to Alpentel, then down the road back to our car at the trailhead. Garnet had this big Cadillac with fins. Looking back, it was ghastly, but he loved it.

My notes show that we did a total of 4950 feet elevation gain and a distance of about 19 miles. We didn't see anyone on the trail until the walk down the road from Alpentel. We were suffering badly, but elated at the same time. I recall when we arrived at Goldmeyer we were already feeling our legs from the descent from the Red-Lundin saddle but figured going up to Snow Lake must be easier than having to go back up what we had just come down.

I remember someone, on the Alpentel Road, asked us where we been. When we told them they asked, "How many days did that take?"

Our answer was, "Since 7am this morning." It was about 5pm.

I was at the Red-Lundin saddle last week and could still pick out sections of the old trail, and got to thinking maybe it will still go. ...

Talking of Old Maps, one of the first maps I bought, and still have, when I arrived from the "old country" was a hand drawn one of Snoqualmie Pass Region published by The Mountaineers in July 1952, drawn by H.R.M. The map actually shows many routes that we have enjoyed over the years that don't show up on any other maps.

It also shows distances, such as:

Snoqualmie Pass to Red Mountain to Goldmeyer Hot Springs: 7.5.

Snoqualmie Pass by way of Snow Lake to Goldmeyer Hot Springs: 12.5.

So H.R.M. reckoned this was a 20 mile hike, not the 19 miles we figured from the topo map. I've always thought that H.R.M. was Harvey Manning but have not seen him use a middle initial in his guide books. Mr. Manning, is it you?

...

Scoutmaster's Luck

Karl Duff, Port Orchard

August of 1968 was the wettest August in history in the Pacific Northwest, and the third week turned out to be the wettest week of that month.

I had scheduled the High Adventure Trip of Scout Troop 348 of Lake Forest

Park for a traverse of the Alpine Lakes region between Stevens Pass and Snoqualmie Pass—later to become the Alpine Lakes Wilderness Area. Almost the entire route is at or above timberline.

Washingtonians are used to their Julys and Augusts being dry. The occasional rain storms that blow in off the Pacific Ocean are usually gone in two or three days. Although the weather pattern we had been observing since the beginning of the month was clearly out of the ordinary, I clung to the hope that "any day now" the weather would clear and we would enjoy a spectacular trip. On the 17th of August, off we started in the pouring rain!

Our route took us in off the Forest Service road leading to Trout Lake and the West Fork of the Foss River. We took the trail into Big Heart Lake, then cross-country on fisherman's track to Chetwoot Lake. Here began our true cross-country route finding.

We had a number of "layover" days for the boys to fish and rest, but on these days I was obliged to go out with one of the other adult leaders and do the route finding for the next day. On each occasion, I would earnestly hope that the next day would clear up.

But the rain continued. We enjoyed some benefit by being so high, generally from 5000 feet to 6000 feet in elevation the whole time, at which elevation the rain was usually more of a mist. On the other hand, our campsites were exposed and the Scouts learned how to properly pitch their rain flies, build their fires and properly cook their food under adverse conditions.

They did a super job of it, kept dry and we heard few complaints. They were taking all of the rain in good style!

As the trip continued, we made our way to Williams Lake, over Dutch Miller Gap and on south to Spectacle Lake, which at that time was also at the end of existing trail. From here it was cross country again for nearly the balance of the trip.

On our layover day at Spectacle Lake,

I ascended to the top of the ridge with assistant Bill Schoening and one of the older boys, Will Deisher. We found a fantastic route to the top and climbed higher to spy out the rest of the next day's route over Alta Ridge which would lead south to Rampart Ridge and our exit trail. The weather was miserable and seemed to be getting worse!

We built a small fire high on the ridge, ate some lunch and watched a mountain goat approach us, while we waited for some kind of break in the clouds.

I was discouraged by our failure to get good weather and now it was more important than ever because of the nature of Alta Ridge. It is high and barren, quite rugged and requires exacting route finding to avoid getting "hung up" in some impassable rocks.

Also, with the weather getting worse, I had a responsibility to use good judgment in not exposing the Scouts to weather or conditions which exceeded their capabilities. Eventually, the clouds did break and gave us a good view of the ridge we had to cross. We agreed it was marginal whether we could make it in this weather.

The next morning we arose to more rain and clouds. As we ascended the ridge, it seemed to get worse. We continued to the vicinity of Park Lakes, where we had to make a decision one way or the other whether to attempt the ridge. As if in answer to our need for definitive direction, the heavens opened and the rain poured down with more volume and fury than any previous time in the trip. It clinched our decision.

We would have to "bail out" and take our alternative "escape" route. It would require us to descend Mineral Creek to Kachess Lake—a fair distance, but over trail which, according to maps, appeared to be only 10 or so miles to the end of a road.

If we could get to the road before the end of the day, I would presumably be able to reach a phone to redirect our transportation arrangements to our alternative pick-up site.

Things did not go well at all. When we reached the outlet of Park Lakes, leading down into Mineral Creek, we found only old blazes on the trees and almost no trace of a trail. As we followed this down the hill, we found that what trail there was had not been maintained for many years.

It had extensive fallen trees and debris which slowed us considerably while



From an old-timer's photo album: David Hoppens (15 at the time) crossing French Creek in 1963 on the way back from a trip to Klonauqua Lakes.

we continued to absorb rainwater. As we reached the lower subalpine meadows, filled with lush waist-high plants and flowers, the vegetation was drooped over to an extent that the trail was invisible. We followed it by shuffling along and "feeling" the trail with our feet while the plants poured their water into our clothes. The lower in elevation we went, the harder came the rain!

By mid-afternoon our misery began to reach new highs! We were totally drenched from the waist down. During rest stops we took off our boots and wrung out our socks. Our fingers and hands appeared as if we had been washing dishes for weeks.

But this was not my major concern. The day was wearing rapidly away, despite our best efforts to keep up the pace and the prospects for setting up a good camp in such a storm and after such an ordeal began to be a serious concern.

We had to reach the end of the road and somehow find a way to the nearest telephone, which might be miles away at the nearest ranger station and require my walking to get to it. But we also had to find a secure campsite, prepare a warm meal and get these boys into their sleeping bags.

We finally reached the northern end of Kachess Lake as it began to grow dark. Now, surely, we all thought, we would have good level trail the rest of the way. But this was not the case at all. The side of the lake was interrupted by a series of rugged ridges of rock over

which the trail went first up, then down; up and down, interminably for nearly 4 miles. Our leg muscles for climbing would cool off and tighten up while descending and then be commanded to start up again and climb the next hill.

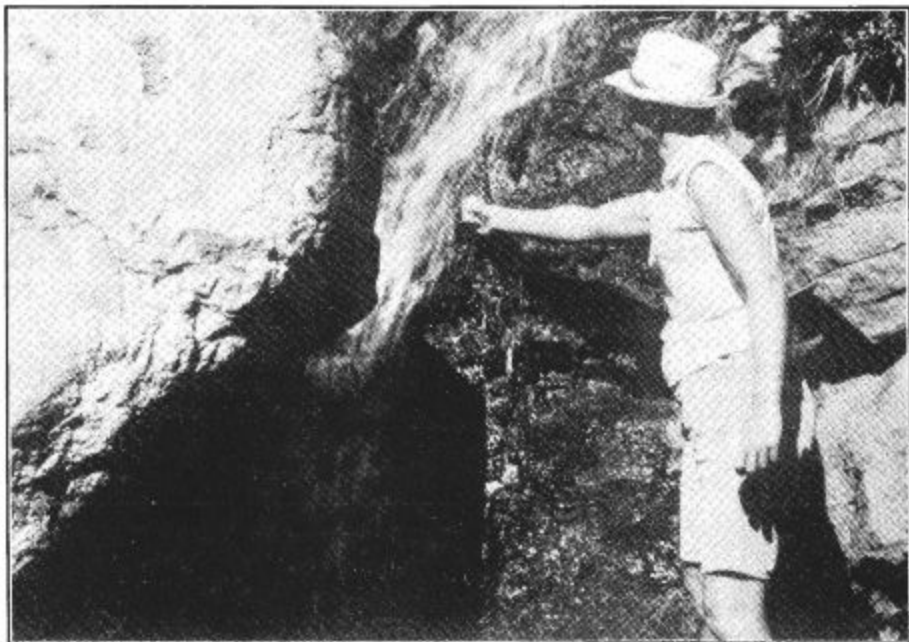
Over and over this cycle was repeated in frustrating sequence, while it got dark and we began to hike by flashlight. All the while the rain just kept coming down.

The Scouts' legs began to get rubbery. Boys began to trip and stumble as I called more frequent rest stops and warned them repeatedly to be careful of their steps. It was clear that we were on a precarious trail with frequent places where a bad stumble could result in a boy taking a trip all the way down into the lake!

There was no place to stop and camp. But in the far distance, I began to think I could hear the hum of an engine. It was hard to tell in the roar of the rain and the slosh of the mud and I wondered where such a noise could be coming from, since we were so far from any civilization.

By 9pm we were just hanging on and doing our best to avoid accident. We were resolved to just reach the end of the road safely and go to bed without supper if that was the price we would have to pay.

In the meantime, we had all agreed that there definitely was an engine in the distance and about this time we caught sight of a single white light far



Louise Marshall

From an old-timer's photo album: Yes, there really was a time when we drank the water right from the stream.

off in the dark.

The end was in sight! We cautioned everyone and took even greater care in assuring that we reach it safely, stationing smaller boys between older, stronger ones or men. Then, as we approached within a few hundred feet of the light, we came to our last obstacle.

The end of the road had been geographically determined by a formidable stream which blocked its further construction without building a large bridge. Now we faced this stream and there was no footbridge!

It was swollen to the very top of its banks by days of rain. The only way across was over a series of bare, slippery logs. While crossing, the boy in front of me slipped and fell in!

I grabbed his hand before he disappeared in the rushing water and held him until the boy in front could grab his other hand. Then we desperately tried to lift him up back up onto the log.

Try as we might, while still carrying our packs, we could not lift the boy and his pack from the water. The stream pulled at him, threatening to tear him from our grasp and sweep him down into the lake.

We were exhausted. What we might have been able to do if fresh, or on solid footing on a nice sunny day, was now beyond us. I told the boy we would have to try to lift his pack up enough for him to get his arms out and we would let the pack go!

In the meantime, he seemed to slip more and more from our grasp as we struggled to hold on. At about the point where the water reached his rib cage, he shouted that his foot had hit some rocks in the stream bottom!

Carefully, he placed part of his weight onto his foot while we renewed our grip and rested. Then we cautiously held him as he walked the rest of the raging stream, one step at a time, to the far bank. I was grateful when the entire party reached it without further mishap.

Like drowned rats, at 9:30pm we trudged the last few steps up from the

stream toward the white light. It was an electric light being driven by a gasoline generator. That was the explanation of the engine! Who could have brought a generator out to such a remote place?

As we drew closer, we realized the light was under an open picnic style pavilion and that the pavilion was filled with people. People with tremendous amounts of food they were eating! They saw us emerging from the darkness and turned to greet us.

They were a group from the Boeing Outing Club, having one of their wilderness-style picnics. They were just finishing serving some several dozen of their group and had tables covered with hot food, desserts, hot chocolate and coffee. Would we like some?

"Just have your boys put their packs over here under these rain flies and get in the chow line. We have paper plates, utensils; everything you need. Eat as much as you want!"

Stupefied by such luck, we wasted no time eating as much as we could while I made arrangements with the leader to drive me to the nearest ranger station—7 more miles, as I recall.

Several huge canvas rainflies had been pitched and one of them was totally unused. It had more than the needed amount of room under it for us to lay out our ground tarps and sleeping bags.

By the time I got back from the ranger station everyone was fast asleep.

△

More old-timers' stories next month ...



Louise Marshall

From an old-timer's photo album: A mid-'60s backpack trip near Mount Adams.

JAY AND LINDY BRUCE

Mount Fernow

—REMOTE AND ISOLATED, BUT NEAR HIGHWAY 2—

A Memorial Day Weekend scouting of this trip was wet, foggy and futile. Road 6610, which both Fred Beckey and Dallas Klocke recommend driving for at least 2 miles, is overgrown with slide alder and has some major wash-outs.

Walking it is character-building, but unnecessary, as we figured out later. However scouting did give us the opportunity to clear some of the blow-downs and overhanging limbs from the main road 6066.

After reviewing alternate routes, we headed out two weeks later on a warm, sunny Sunday with a congenial party of Mountaineers. After meeting at the Skykomish Ranger Station, we headed 2 miles east on Highway 2 to the well-marked road 6066.

We followed this road for 7 miles, up to a fork in the road. We stayed on the upper road (6066) for another mile to 3000 feet, where the road has been closed. There's decent parking and a turnaround there.

It's an easy walk up the road to a hairpin turn at 3200 feet. At that point, we left the road and headed up the gentle ridge. A short stretch of steep brush opens up into a clearcut with steadily improving views to the south and west. Soon we were in big timber again and stayed on the ridge until 4400 feet, when we began a rising traverse to the northeast to attain the ridge for Alpine Baldy (5200 feet).

Alpine Baldy itself is heavily timbered, but the ridge that leads to it has open views south to Mount Rainier, east to Stuart, and west to Baring, as well as an impressive view of

Mount Fernow and the 1200-foot snow slope we would climb to its summit.

The ridge that connects Alpine Baldy to Mount Fernow is bouldery and buttressed, so we chose to drop to 4700 feet on its east side and traverse through the timber toward our next goal, Jakes Lake.

Some spots were fairly steep, but on this day the snow was soft enough for perfect step-kicking. Working our way to a spot below Point 5403 along the ridge above us, we dropped to 4600 feet, crossed the upper basin and worked our way east-northeast up to Jakes Lake (5000 feet) staying to the left of the outflow.

From there, a south-facing, continuous snow slope leads up through a few trees and past large rocky outcroppings to the summit. Following this slope as it narrowed to a gully, we headed to the left of the summit block that bisects the snowfield. Near the top, the snow gets rather steep, but perfect conditions made this trip very straightforward.

At the top of the gully, we headed a few dozen feet to the right on snow to walk right out on the summit rocks, 6190 feet. We rewarded ourselves with a short bask in the sunshine and then headed back out by the same route,

knowing that we still had 500 feet of steep snow to climb on the way out.

On our way back down the ridge toward the road, we crossed an old trail that had been recently flagged. It wasn't going where we wanted to go, but we wondered where it went and why it had been flagged.

This year, generous quantities of snow made this an entirely pleasant trip. Others who have climbed it with more miserly snow quantities or later in the year have found the upper reaches of the gully to be steep, exposed dirt and rock slopes.

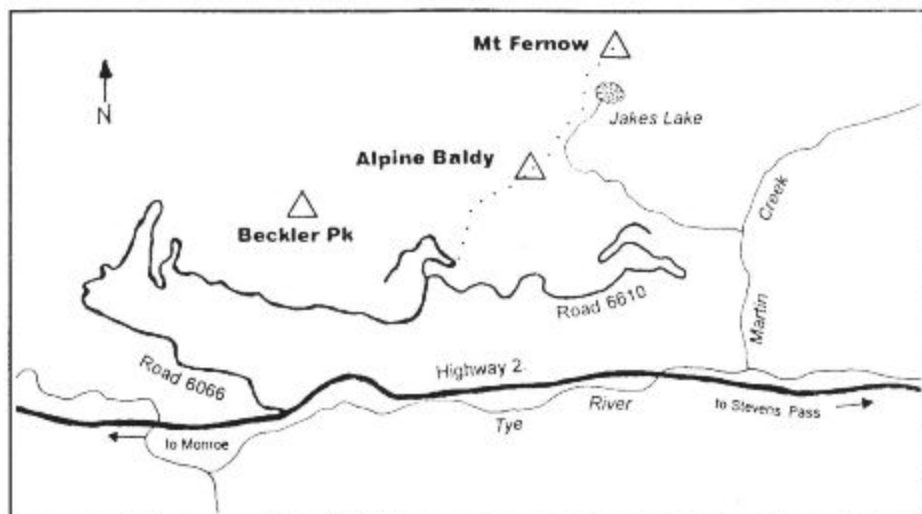
With its remote, isolated location and splendid views, it's definitely a trip worth doing. Use USGS quads *Captain Point*, *Scenic*, and *Skykomish*.

Its 4800 feet of cumulative gain and relatively short 7-mile round-trip distance make it a worthwhile conditioner in spring or early summer. But good snow conditions would seem to be a key ingredient to making this trip go.

△

Jay and Lindy Bruce moved to Seattle from the Midwest 8 years ago, joined The Mountaineers, and have

been active in the club's scrambling, kayaking and climbing programs ever since.



JOHN ROPER

Nachaktsen

—ALL 5700 VERTICAL FEET—

Nach-ak-tsen is the 6931-foot summit .4-mile west of and hiding Mount Sefrit, north of Shuksan (see *USGS Mount Sefrit*). It is quite impressive from the Nooksack Highway 542, visible shortly before the road crosses the river to climb to the Baker ski area.

Henry Custer of the US Northwest Boundary Survey clearly labels this peak on a drawing he made 138 years ago, on June 14, 1859! This drawing (reproduced in *Northwest Discovery*, edited by Harry Majors, Feb. 1984, v.5, no.21, p.73) also depicts "Spech" (now Icy) and "Tschuska" (Shuksan), and is redrawn and labeled below.

These were the original local Indian names for these peaks. Nachaktsen is not shown on current maps, though the name is erroneously applied to a summit southeast of Sefrit in Beckey's guide.

On June 8, our party met Mike at the washed-out bridge over Ruth Creek at the end of the Nooksack River road, elevation 2156 feet. We found a dicey, potentially life-threatening series of slippery logs over rip-roarin' Ruth Creek, and regained the Nooksack River road/trail, now seriously overgrown on the other side.

Following the obvious west ridge of Nachaktsen, logged to 3100 feet 50 years ago, then up through that usual dreary old-growth stuff, we hit snow at about 4200 feet. Ducking around the

south side of the rocky summit-tuft of Nachaktsen, we finished the last 200 feet vertical from the east over class 3 rock and ledges. The summit was un-cained.

To SLR (satisfy loop requirements), we continued to Sefrit (7191 feet) and exited down the "Gray Hair Couloir" which baby-booms north from the saddle between Sefrit and the "Mountain of Middle Age" (6966 feet) to Ruth Creek. This involved one short rappel around a waterfall.

We were happy to run into a group of Bellingham Mountaineers who not only gave us a ride back to our car, but also had opened up the Ruth Creek road three days before with a chain-saw party that cut through at least 50 downed trees. Give these guys a free Mount Baker-Snoqualmie National Forest parking permit!

Bette served us all a way-too-healthy cake to celebrate Bruce's 60th birthday before we drove home.

The most amazing human story of this trip was that of Chris Weber, the nicest and strongest of the new-wave Bulgars. A year ago Chris was cutting nearly all of the snowshoe steps for us on our winter trips as a warm-up to his climbing McKinley/Denali on June 12, 1996.

Then about Halloween, last year, he developed a cough, and some shortness

of breath. This finally led to a diagnosis of a pericardial effusion in December 1996. A liter (quart-plus) of fluid was drained from the sac around his heart.

This helped for a while, but in early February 1997 he became acutely short-winded, requiring a chest-splitting operation that again revealed a crushing amount of fluid around his heart, and the cause: a non-Hodgkins lymphoma invading the right ventricle.

He started receiving chemotherapy with four drugs that stopped the growth of the cancer and all fast-growing normal cells. He lost all of his hair, and in March '97 barely made it out and back on a flat quarter-mile hike with us.

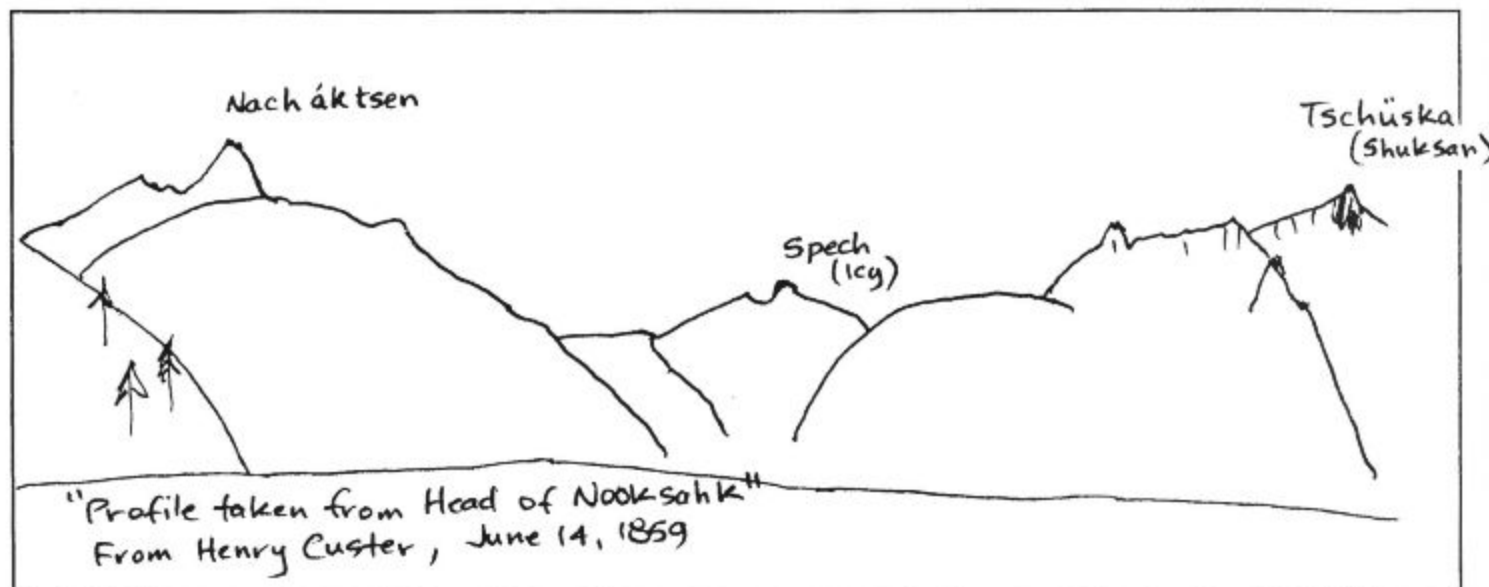
Quite unbelievably though, Chris was along with us on this Nachaktsen trip! True, he wasn't exactly the speediest Chris of old on this climb, but he made it—all 5700 vertical feet up and down—and only four months after his diagnosis! This guy is my hero. He should be an inspiration to all cancer survivors.

Follow Chris through the mountains and his medical progress on Chris' Home Page:

<http://members.aol.com/cwclimbon/index.html>

△

John Roper, of Bellevue, is an inveterate peak collector.



PANORAMA

NEWS FROM ALL OVER

ALWAYS CARRY DUCT TAPE—At the end of June, a man from Seattle fell about 100 feet down a snow slope near White Pass (North Fork Sauk). He landed on his ice axe and suffered a deep puncture wound in his throat.

His companion, another Seattle man who is also a doctor, helped the fallen man up the slope, and used duct tape to cover the wound and stop the bleeding.

The companion then dug out a tent platform on the snow slope. The two spent the night and at daylight the doctor walked out for help. By noon rescue volunteers were on their way to the injured man.

The sheriff's helicopter was able to spot the man from the air, but was unable to land. Rescuers loaded the man into the helicopter as the aircraft hovered with only one skid on the snow.

The injured man was flown to Providence in Everett, and his companion hiked out.

SEWER CANOEING—A group of canoers in London, upset with the closure of their whitewater run on the Thames, is now paddling the city's underground sewer system. Although officials want to stop them, the paddlers have eluded detection.

DOG HIKES OUT—On May 18, Carlos Loria and his dog Buckwheat (both experienced mountaineers) reached the summit of Mount Hood.

On the way down, Carlos slipped and fell 700 feet, breaking bones in his face and his neck. He spent a night on the mountain, then walked and crawled for 11 hours before being spotted from the air by rescuers. His first words to them were, "Where's my dog?" No one knew.

While Carlos recuperated, his brother and sister-in-law distributed fliers about Buckwheat to campgrounds near the mountain. In a couple of weeks Carlos was able to return and distribute photographs of the dog.

He was puzzled that Buckwheat, who was known for his ability to locate trails, had not returned to the trailhead. But now he thinks the dog returned to the summit and waited for him.

Buckwheat apparently began his descent after a foot of snow fell the week after the accident. He probably returned to the trailhead, and then made his way to the nearby Cooper Spur Inn, where he was recognized—and fed—by res-

taurant workers who called Carlos.

Buckwheat was missing for a month. He lost 10 or 15 pounds and his fur was bleached by the sun. Both Carlos and Buckwheat are continuing their recovery at home in Gresham.

WAL-MART AT LAKE PLACID?

The New York state Appellate Court has dismissed a suit brought by Wal-Mart and Lamb Lumber Co. against the town of North Elba and the Adirondack Park Agency, which alleged that actions by the town and the agency have denied them the right to build a Wal-Mart store on Route 86 on the western edge of Lake Placid.

"The mere fact that petitioners may have to endure the APA review process is not sufficient to constitute injury," the court said in part.

The lumber company hopes to sell land to Wal-Mart for the store.—from *Adirondack*, the magazine of the Adirondack Mountain Club.

MINING NEAR JASPER—A government review panel has approved an open-pit coal mine planned for the foothills outside Jasper National Park, dismissing environmental concerns.

The panel concluded that the Cheviot mine will pose little environmental danger and provide significant economic benefits. The project still requires federal and provincial Cabinet approval.

Environmental groups argue the mining will disrupt wildlife in and out of Jasper and destroy a habitat of grizzlies and wolves.

SPARTINA CONTROL—After conducting an Environmental Assessment, the Fish & Wildlife Service will begin action immediately to control smooth cordgrass (*Spartina alterniflora*) in Willapa Bay National Wildlife Refuge.

Control methods will be chosen and applied on a site-specific basis and will include hand-pulling individual seedlings; pushing seedlings down into the mud; repeated mowing; hand spraying and hand wiping with herbicide; mowing followed by spraying; aerial application of herbicide; and mechanical removal of whole plants.

For more information, contact the Willapa Refuge headquarters in Ilwaco, 360-484-3482.

SAND POINT REVEG PROJECT

Olympic National Park is looking for volunteers to take part in the revegetation project at Sand Point this fall. The Park will deliver nearly 20,000 native plants to the coastal site and will need help to get them all planted.

Sand Point is reached by boardwalk from the Ozette Ranger Station and is one of the most popular backcountry camping locations in the Park. Its ease of access makes the reveg project ideal for children and less experienced hikers. Volunteers will have time to explore the beach; it's not all work!

You can volunteer for just a day or stay for a week. The project will run from September 13 through October 1. Space is limited. Contact Catharine Copass, Bill Baccus or Ruth Scott at the Park at 360-452-4501 x286, or email: bill_baccus.nps.gov.

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EDITOR'S JOURNAL



At a high point above Paddy-Go-Easy Pass, Alpine Lakes Wilderness.

FROM THE MAILBOX—"I enjoy reading the Gilles/Abbott articles, and *Rescue Epics* is a great feature."—*Seattle*.

"... a refreshing publication. I enjoy the 'down home' flavor and the local area it encompasses."—*Gig Harbor*.

"I race home the last few days of every month to get my copy of *P&P* from the mailbox. Except for the flowers I buy my wife, it is the best money I spend each month!"—*Shoreline*.

"Would like to see more feature articles for families with children."—*Olympia*.

"Enjoyed Larry Smith's close views and the 'hard core' reports of Peter Krystad, Eric Keeler, and Robert Michelson in the July issue."—*Bellevue*.

BEARPROOFING—Years ago Lee squirrel-proofed our birdfeeders by suspending them between trees and running the ropes through a variety of deterrents: metal tubing, coffee cans, and metal pie plates. It has worked, and the squirrels glean only the seeds that drop to the ground.

We never thought we would have to bear-proof the birdfeeders, but ... recently while Lee was out running errands, I glanced out the window to see a young black bear come sauntering out of our western woods. He padded right along the walkway next to the house and stopped at the first birdfeeder.

By this time I had grabbed the video recorder. The bear stood up, grabbed the feeder, and ran his tongue all around the edges, slurping up the sun-

flower seeds there.

I stepped out onto the porch so I wouldn't be recording through the glass. The bear was surprised and moved away slightly, but when I didn't chase him off he continued to the second feeder. Hooking it gently with his claws, he repeated the slurping process and moved off into our south woods.

When Lee got home I had an exciting video to show him!

It was wonderful to see a black bear right in our yard, but we don't want to encourage him to rely on our unnatural food source. Maybe we ought to hang the birdfeeders as if they were food bags: 10 feet up and 10 feet out.

FOX—This is my month for wildlife. In early July, while driving the shuttle car for our local paddling club between Southworth and Olalla, I saw a fox trotting along the road. My passengers Ron and Terry also spotted it and we watched it until it trotted off into some brambles.

KAREN SYKES—For fans of Karen Sykes, be sure to read her hiking column most every week during the summer in the *Seattle Post-Intelligencer's* "Get-Aways" section on Thursdays. The *P-I* is available throughout the state.

CONGRATULATIONS—To Walt and Verla Bailey, who just celebrated their 50th wedding anniversary.

WORST BACKCOUNTRY EXPERIENCE—On July 14th, our group had the worst backcountry experience of our lives (except maybe Joan, who was working in Glacier National Park during the grizzly attacks in 1967).

Six of us were descending the very steep snowfield from La Bohn Gap. We had just reached the upper rocks and were surrounded by silence and cliffs.

As we stepped onto the rocks and reached for our water bottles, a roar of indescribable proportions surrounded us. In its duration of two or three seconds, I knew that the rock face above us had given way and we were all going to die under tons of mountain.

Then Linda said, "Jet!" and pointed down the valley. There we glimpsed below us the tail end of one of those military fighters.

We looked around at each other and were astonished to see we were all ly-

ing flat, so terrified that we had fallen onto the rocks; I had even dropped my water bottle. No one was hurt; mostly we landed on our packs or on each other.

The jet had come right over La Bohn Gap at what must have been almost ground level. We could neither see nor hear him approach. And if we had been still descending the steep snow, we would all have fallen into the rocks.

I understand the pilots "need to practice" but I think they should do it through the canyons of Seattle instead of the Alpine Lakes Wilderness.

GPS—For my trip on the Alpine Lakes High Route, Lee convinced me to carry his new GPS unit so I could get familiar with it. I can enter waypoints and get compass bearings but my reaction is more "so what?" than "wow!"

Lee plans to write an article this fall on his experiences with the GPS.

KNEE—Halfway through the Alpine Lakes High Route I slipped scrambling over some boulders and fell sideways, giving my knee a horrendous twist. I'd gone 9 years without a knee injury, so I guess it's time for another one.

With an elastic wrap and help from Linda and Lindy I was able to continue to the car 1½ days away. But I was no longer able to kick steps or scout ahead on the route. I was glad to be with such strong and capable friends.

Dr. Fransden says the injury is a sprain, and although I won't be hiking any in August, I should recover fully.

ANONYMITY—Some *Pack & Paddle* correspondents prefer to use initials or *noms de plume* instead of their real names, and that's fine with me.

I ask only that you let me know who you are, and if you're not a subscriber, please include an address or phone so I can reach you if I have a question about what you've sent.

See you in the backcountry.

Ann Marshall

REST STOP

EQUIPMENT, RECIPES, TIPS

GORP—Although GORP stands for “Good Old Raisins and Peanuts,” it now means any kind of trail mix.

To your favorite trail mix, add a package of freeze-dried peas for something different. Adds a great crunch and taste.—*Nancy South, Brier.*

PEDOMETERS—In the last issue, we asked for experiences with pedometers. George Lough and his wife Polly Hibbs from Vancouver say they have tried the “Ultra Step II” made by Precise, which they bought at REI. REI carries a number of different pedometers by this manufacturer, they say. The Ultra Step II is in the low end of the price range, between \$20 and \$30.

It is electronic. The wearer enters his or her stride, and the device calculates not only mileage walked, but calories burned and other information.

Although their pedometer did work, say George and Polly, it is no longer reliable after having been dropped. A big drawback, says Polly, is that this style clips on one’s belt, and falls off easily. She would rather have one that can be worn securely on a wrist.

DRINK MIX—Here’s a formula for an electrolyte replacement drink from Group Health.

In one quart water, mix 2 tablespoons sugar, ½ teaspoon baking soda, ½ tea-

spoon salt. Paul Schaufler says it doesn’t taste bad at all.

BREAKFAST BARS—These travel well in the pack, are not too sweet, and make a quick breakfast with coffee or tea.

1 cup white flour
1 teaspoon baking powder
½ teaspoon salt
1¼ cups packed light brown sugar
¼ cup oil, canola preferable
3 large egg whites
2 cups low fat granola with raisins
1 cup dried cranberries or dried tart cherries

Preheat oven to 350 degrees. Grease or spray a 9x13 baking dish. Mix dry ingredients.

In a large bowl beat together egg whites, brown sugar and oil until smooth. Add dry ingredients, mixing only until blended. Stir in granola and cherries or cranberries. Spread in pan as evenly as possible.

Bake 20 to 25 minutes. Cool in baking dish on rack. Cut into about 20 bars.

SUNFLOWER SEEDS—These seeds contain all the essential amino acids, vitamins A, B-complex, D and E, minerals and trace elements. They’re also about one-quarter protein.

They make a great trail snack, especially when mixed with GORP.

MAKE YOUR OWN DRY BAGS—Seattle Fabrics has an assortment of heat-sealable material that is great for kayakers who want to make their own dry bags.

The material is also useful for making food storage bags for backpacking. The heat-sealable fabric contains food odors and keeps moisture out. You can order the fabric by phone: 206-525-0670.

NEW BOOTS—When shopping for new boots, bring along the socks you would normally wear while hiking. Although stores usually have a “sock basket,” you’ll have a better fit with your own socks.

TICKS—The critters are all over this year. Remove ticks promptly to lessen your chances of being infected with tick-borne diseases. It’s thought that a tick must be attached to the body for at least six hours to transmit, for example, Lyme disease.

To remove a tick, grasp it close to your skin with tweezers and pull it out with a steady, firm pressure.

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

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