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VOLUME 7, NUMBER 5

RANDOM VIEW—



Connie McLaughlin

Heading for Snoqualmie Pass: Connie McLaughlin and Jo Flannery tick off more miles on the PCT.

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COVER PHOTO:

Lee McKee crosses the footlog over Silver Creek, on the Tubal Cain Mine trail. Buckhorn Wilderness, Washington. Photo by Ann Marshall.

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WINTER ACCESS

In my usual process of reading almost every page of *Pack & Paddle*, I saw the report (*April, page 29*) that the legislature was funding the Avalanche Center by taking from the Sno-Park Fund. The effect of this is said to eliminate grooming of ski trails.

While I don't like such raids on funds collected from user-fees, I have to remind readers that the fees collected for Sno-Parks were originally intended only for clearing snow to allow parking off-highway for winter activities, including skiing, snowshoeing, innertubing, snow-mobiling, and in general, access to the mountains in the winter.

After initial success, the cost for a permit was increased, and the State Parks people used the money for grooming and setting tracks for skiers. Then, rangers-as-police showed up, and threatened people whose use was other than skinny skis with a \$65 fine. (The officer forbid us to take our dog on a leash over the one-half mile needed for access to Amabilis.)

Thus, those of us who didn't want to use the tracks, who had paid the same fees as those who did, were denied access to a state logging road and our favorite ski mountain.

(One consideration for the fastidious skier: there are 12 privately operated Nordic ski areas where people can park and ski on groomed trails, policed to keep non-skiers out.)

I personally disagree with the current political preoccupation with cutting taxes and privatizing our public resources. Still, our immediate choices appear to be set tracks versus avalanche warnings.

I have not used either service, but I don't for a second believe that set tracks is a rational choice over safety. Since all of the users of Sno-Parks are at risk for avalanches, this use of those fees is at least reasonable.

There is a lesson here: be tolerant of the needs and desires of others, and don't make others, including the less affluent, pay for your choice of winter fun!

Warren Guntheroth
Seattle, Washington

TRAIL PARK PERMITS

This letter is in regards to the Trail Park Permits, something I was originally in favor of and supported, both vo-

cally and with letters. (My reasoning being that I would rather have users pay for trail maintenance than clearcuts).

But my adversaries were right. We were being lied to!

First: Last year when this trail pass issue was being debated we all were told that except for 20% being skimmed off the top for administration costs (a rather large amount, I might add) the rest would be used for trail work.

So what happens? The 20% is skimmed off by the regional office (which has nothing to do with the nuts and bolts of trails). Then the regional office gives the rest to the district office, Darrington in this case.

The breakdown is as follows:

FACILITIES SALES: 13,500

TRAILHEAD MAINT: 35,500

TRAIL MAINTENANCE: 75,000

The first two are *administration* costs—costs that are supposed to be covered by that first 20%. On top of that, the Verlot Station has not received any moneys for their work, which is virtually all trail related.

Secondly: When I bought the first permit last July (originally the passes were due out in May), I had asked about paying full price for a pass that was only good for 6 months. I was told that the passes were good for 12 months from date of purchase; made sense to me. (I wish I could remember the name of the person(s) who told me that.) Now I come to find out they are only good until the end of December.

Now the new passes are being sold—with the year already a quarter of the way gone—for full price. And still only good for 8 months. *Not fair!*

I'll be darned if I'm going to pay for another pass when I should still have 4 months left on the old one!

If the Forest Service wants people to get with the program, then they're going to have to start being a whole lot more honest with those of us whom they are doing business with.

I still want to support this program. Again, for the same reasons mentioned before, but not if what I'm paying isn't going where I was told it would.

Please try to see if you can get the USFS to clean up their act (again). Otherwise I'll be one of those who refuses to support a lie.

David Mac Farlane
Lake Stevens, Washington

READER MEETS READER

While I was on a club work party to repair a part of the Dosewallips trail a man came up and said to me, "You must be Don and Kerry." I didn't know this person, so I told him that yes, I was Kerry but the man standing next to me wasn't Don—and who was he?

It was Larry Smith! What a pleasure it was to meet him. I have read and laughed and cried over his stories for many years. I was so excited to meet somebody on the trail that we have written to and e-mailed. The unfortunate thing was Don and Rick had gone up a creek bed to see about detouring it so Don missed him.

When Don finally came back down I said to him, "Guess who I just had the pleasure of shaking hands with?"

He guessed, "Ann and Lee?" I said no, but you're close.

He said, "Larry Smith?" I could see the disappointment on his face for having missed him. And I could see the wheels turning in his head trying to figure out if he went up the trail after Larry, how long it would take him!

Kerry Gilles
Westport, Washington

PACIFIC NORTHWEST TRAIL

No sooner had I read Robert DeGraw's account of "stumbling on" the PNWT near Bellingham (*April, page 5*) than I picked up one of the yellow pamphlets about the trail at our local hiker's supply store. It is intriguing!

The Tacoma Library NW Collection had a copy of the 1984 guide in book form (now there is only a diskette) and I've been happily tracing routes in the Washington section—the trail goes on from Metaline Falls through northern Idaho and Montana to Waterton, Alberta.

Of course the PNWT also runs along with some of our most familiar: the Boundary Trail in the Pasayten and various Olympic National Park trails, including High Divide and the beach strip. But there are interesting non-wilderness routes, such as hiking along the west coast of Whidbey Island, taking the ferry to Port Townsend, walking the railroad line to Discovery Bay

to next page

BACKCOUNTRY NEWS





REPORTS AND CONDITIONS

INTRODUCTION

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

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

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



PENINSULA



WEST FORK SATSOP RIVER, Class II (USGS)

Wynoochee Valley NE, Grisdale—I've been working like a mad dog, seven days a week, for the past few months. I received a call Thursday night from a friend in Montesano. He was foaming at the mouth because the Satsop was in prime shape for a canoe trip—slightly over normal volume from some snow-melt and clear as a bell. It was high

LETTERS continued

and road walking from there (15 miles!) to the Louella Workcamp Road which will lead eventually to the Graywolf Trail and into the Olympic Mountains.

The trailhead Bob DeGraw described, ½-mile south of Oyster Bay near Larabee State Park, is evidently a new one which is only promised in the '84 book. I plan to find it soon.

Perhaps other P&P readers will add to our Pacific Northwest Trail knowledge.

Mary Watson
Gig Harbor, Washington

time for a day of recreation!

We met Friday morning at 8am and motored up to the bridge over the river on the Matlock/Grisdale road to drop off the take-out car. He was right—the river was in superb shape—deep blue-green, running full, with friendly and sparkling rapids.

We then traveled up the Wynoochee Road and turned on road 2260 toward the old Satsop Guard Station. The road was closed, but my friend knows the spur roads well, and we were close to the river in no time. We got out of his truck and were immediately buffeted by a warm foehn wind coming up the river.

The sky was cobalt blue, with puffy clouds scudding along. The alders and willows were acquiring that pastel green glow from all the emerging buds and leaves. The skunk cabbage was just starting to dislodge the earth with muddy green fingers. We could see the mouth of the "Grand Canyon" of the Satsop about a half mile upstream, its final Class IV rapids flinging up a veil of spray that looked ominous even from this distance.

This particular section of the river encompasses a triple transition from bouldery upland river basin to shallow rockwalled canyons to alluvial depositional soils with clay banks interspersed with sandstone walls. The variety and mixing of these landforms provides a fabulous geological tour, as well as very entertaining riverbed variances.

The usual major logjam was encountered about ¼-mile downstream. This turned out to be the only logjam in the whole 13-mile stretch! The river was

full of leaping riffles and required vigilance for the first 3 or 4 miles in order to avoid good-sized rocks.

We could see the first major corner/drop and a small dark gorge ahead. We scouted it out, and decided to line the canoe through this drop, rather than take a possible dunking this early in the day. The main body of this minor canyon was a delight, with successive rapids and pools.

The walls showed a definite demarcation where the rocky bed interlaced with the start of the sandstone layer. Thunder eggs were scattered about the sandstone cliffs, and there was a nice area of fossil clamshell strata.

The next several miles were an array of delightful chutes between plentiful sandstone and conglomerate boulders. Placid pools echoed light from pale stones in the deep water. The final canyon was quite impressive, and required hasty maneuvering to navigate the twisting river. Canyon River discharges into the river here, and provides a Class III rapid for some future joyrider. We just slithered through on the edge, and were able to avoid the big water.

The final portion of river was larger in volume, but easy traveling. We just spun and "diagonaled" our way through long riffles and flat reaches. The lower-

BACKCOUNTRY NEWS DEADLINE: May 20

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

ing banks turned into maple and alder bottomland with mossy green terraces.

We ended the float about five hours from the start. This was a fine and glorious day, with a perfect smattering of adventurous river thrown in. The only real complication was that the chirping birds were occasionally drowned out by the river sounds.—Larry Smith, Port Orchard, 3/20.

HOPE ISLAND, Mason

 County (NOAA 18448)—Our party of two double kayaks picked today to inaugurate the spring paddling season. Looking for an easy paddle, we launched at the Arcadia ramp east of Shelton. This is an excellent location for access to many South Puget Sound destinations.

We paddled across the channel toward Hope Island State Park in calm conditions. Near the shoreline of Squaxin Island, we noticed a surface disturbance in the water.

Paddling closer, we observed an adult sea otter floating on its back and playing. We coasted about 25 yards away from the otter, and observed it for some 15 minutes.

After beaching our kayaks on the east shore of Hope Island, we watched the otter swim the length of the channel between Hope and Squaxin. After some beach time on Hope, we paddled close to shore and circled the island during a low tide. The calm conditions and clear water let us observe the rich marine life in this area—starfish, anemones, and several species of crabs abound.

We recrossed the channel to Arcadia ramp as the flood tide began to pick up its flow. A great way to start the season. I checked with a local research group on returning to Olympia: there have been reliable sea otter sightings in South Sound for the last two years—we felt fortunate to add our sighting to the list.—Cleve and Marty Pinnix, Olympia, 3/29.



OLYMPIC HOT SPRINGS

(USGS Mt Carrie; CC Seven Lks Basin)—A small group from Troop 14, four boys and three adults, hiked into this popular destination. We had an 11-year old with us and didn't want to overload him on his first trip.

Arrived at the hot springs campground in the early afternoon, set up camp and went down for a soak in one of the pools. We ended up staying in for two and a half hours! On this cool day it was so hard to get out! Cooked dinner in the dark and went to bed.

The next morning three of us climbed up the abandoned Crystal Ridge trail

to about the 4000-foot level until we tired of postholing through the snow. Fresh mountain goat tracks we had been following abruptly vanished in mid-snowfield. Did it fly?

Found remnant switchbacks of a very old trail on the lower ridge. We then descended and hiked out in the early afternoon. Without a multitude of campers, the hot springs aren't half bad! —Dave Parent, Troop 14, 3/20-21.



CASE INLET (NOAA 18448)

—Six of us from the Olympic Kayak Club, in one double and four singles, met at Allyn on a breezy morning. We wanted to put in quickly because the tide was heading out and Allyn becomes a mud hole when the water leaves.

Before the trip we had called the Port of Allyn about their new launch fees (\$3 for a boat ramp launch and parking) and we were told that hand-carried, beach-launched boats could just pay a \$1.50 parking fee. So that's what we did.

We were afloat before the water was out too far, and paddled south with the wind behind us. Several little creek inlets make good exploring at other times but the water was a little too low today. We enjoyed the many beautiful and colorful starfish on the bottom. Passing under the Reach Island bridge, we stopped at the marina to use the sanican, and continued to the bridge at Stretch Island.

The water here was too low to let us cross under this bridge, however, so we backed up and went around the north end of Stretch Island to the undeveloped state park. The wind was blowing from the north and the park property is on an unprotected point, so our lunch stop was brief. With his wind meter, Lee measured the wind at a steady 12mph, with gusts to 20.

The original plan had been to cross the inlet to Vaughan Bay, but with the windy conditions we decided to go back up the way we had come.

Once we left the relative protection of Reach Island, we had to claw our way up into the wind. When we were almost to Allyn, we were rewarded for our struggle by a quieting wind and—wow! —a gray whale! In mid-inlet we saw him blow a couple of times, then dive.

Although we sat quietly and waited and watched for half an hour, he didn't surface in our view again. Getting cold, we figured it was time to call it a day.—Ann Marshall, Port Orchard, 3/28.



GAZZAM LAKE (USGS

Bremerton East)—Extra work

has taken me to Bainbridge Island on weekends for the past several months. This has enabled me to visit various little pockets of wilderness during my two hour lunch periods. Bainbridge Island has a surprising number of trails and parks.

Gazzam Lake is one of the more pristine spots. It is managed by the Bainbridge Parks and Recreation Department. Currently, it consists of a network of trails. However, there are plans for further improvements by the Parks Department Master Plan.

Drive or ferry to Bainbridge Island and take High School Road west past the high school about 2 miles. Turn left on Fletcher Bay Road and after a couple of miles turn right on Baker Hill Road, then take Deer Heart Road right (gravel) up the hill through deep woods. The small parking turnout is on the left.

Walk past the Parks Department sign through damp woods and bear right between two large water towers. The trail now becomes very lovely, with manzanita, barberry, willows, chokecherry, salmonberry, and the ubiquitous lurking nettles. There are little clearings full of songbirds interspersed with deep and mossy woodlands. The trail takes a series of ups and downs across old glacial eskers and enters an area of deeper woods with beautiful cedars and firs.

After about a mile, the lake is finally glimpsed through the forest, shining like a small jewel. Various species of waterfowl paddle around the lake.

The trail skirts the left (west) side of the lake and rises over a larger esker to follow the indistinct ridgeline of an old moraine. The fir trees are up to five feet in diameter here, and the ferns and mosses remind you of the rain forest. After about 2 miles, the trail ends at a housing area. Total distance: 4 miles round trip.—Larry Smith, Port Orchard, April.



TOTTEN INLET (NOAA

18448)—Where Highway 101 crosses Kennedy Creek between Olympia and Shelton, our party of two double kayaks launched at the head of Totten Inlet.

About 100 yards off the highway down the side road, we found a small gravel pullout. An old roadbed (blocked with concrete barriers) makes an easy 50 yard carry to a lower bench; it's then less than 10 feet down a moderate bank to put in. WARNING: don't try this at anything less than an 11-foot tide level. Anything lower will put you on soft, treacherous mudflats. We spotted a vehicle at the Arcadia ramp west of Shelton for our takeout.

The reward for this extra effort is a delightful, quiet arm of Puget Sound to explore. We barely had water below our keels for the first 500 yards out from shore, but we still took time to watch the large flights of shorebirds wheel above the upper inlet.

Once out to deeper water, we relaxed and cruised this pastoral, little traveled inlet. Upper Totten Inlet has a major concentration of commercial shellfish operations. With the exception of one workboat, we encountered not a single other vessel on this sunny Sunday until nearly to the mouth of the inlet.

At one point, the entire passage appeared to be blocked by shellfish culture rafts and buoys, but on closer ap-

proach, we found it easy to thread our way through.

The outgoing tide made this a good spring trip; not too much effort required. We enjoyed great views of Mount Rainier on the horizon as we passed Steamboat Island and landed at the Arcadia ramp after 4 hours and an estimated 12 mile paddle.—Cleve and Marty Pinnix, Olympia, 4/19.

LENA LAKES—Trail is snowfree to lower Lena and the lake is thawed. Trail crew has cut out downed logs. Snow begins past Park boundary on the way to upper Lena.—Ranger, 4/13.

DOSEWALLIPS—Road is still gated

at Park boundary; will open in May. Patchy snow at Big Timber, but plenty of bare ground for camping. Continuous snow before you reach Diamond Meadows.—Ranger, 4/13.

OLYMPIC NATL PARK—The Park trail crew is replacing the old wooden boardwalk at Second Beach with over 360,000 pounds of gravel. At the end of March, a Chinook helicopter flew the gravel to locations along the trail, where it was spread by the crew. The trail has reopened for hiking.

Three Prune, Stalding and Kimta Creek bridges on the North Fork Quinalt trail should be replaced by Memorial Day.

Conditions on the Elwha trail indicate that it will require the most work to prepare it for the summer season.

General conditions: snow level between 2000 and 3000 feet; rivers and stream crossings are high; many trees down.—Ranger, 4/5.

PARK FEES—A Wilderness Permit Fee is charged for all overnight backcountry stays. Registration is \$5 plus \$2 per person per night for ages 17 and older.

An entrance fee is also charged at most entrance roads into the Park. Call 360-452-0300 for more information.—Ranger, 4/13.

RESERVATIONS—The Park's wilderness reservation system is available for hikers planning to camp overnight at Ozette coast, Grand Valley, Flapjack Lakes and Lake Constance.

A limit on the number of campers at each of these areas will be in effect beginning 5/22 through 9/7. Reservations are required for camping along the Ozette coast, which includes the coast from 2-mile north of the Ozette River south to and including Yellow Banks.

Reservations are optional, but encouraged, for Grand Valley, Flapjack Lakes and Lake Constance.

Reservations can be made up to 30 days in advance by calling the Wilderness Information Center at 360-452-0300 from 8am to 4:30pm Tuesday through Friday. The center will open for walk-in visitors on 5/22.

VANDALISM—Car break-ins have occurred already at the Duckabush and Mount Zion trailheads. Don't leave purses, wallets, cameras, credit cards, check books or other valuables in your car.



Karen Sykes

A hard day on the Hoh River.

BACKCOUNTRY NEWS

REPORTS AND CONDITIONS

SOUTHWEST



ROCK CANDY MOUNTAIN

(USGS Summit Lk or DNR Capitol Forest)—We senior ladies have decided to hike to Camp Muir this summer, so we are planning an uphill adventure every week until then. Since Rock Candy Mountain (2634 feet) is only 7 miles from Olympia, with an elevation gain of 2000 feet, we started with it.

Rock Candy is in the Department of Natural Resources' Capitol Forest and is a multiple-use forest, so logging is usually going on. However, by starting low, one can avoid the logging trucks.

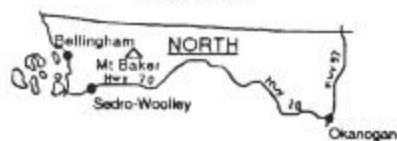
From the Mud Bay Park & Ride, go west toward Aberdeen on Highway 8 to the Rock Candy-Summit Lake exit. Exit left to Rock Candy, and follow the main road about 1 mile to the gravel road on the left just past the only houses, elevation 600 feet. There is a pull-off about 50 feet up the road. Be sure to use it and don't block the road.

Hike the gravel road about 1 mile to the "North Rim Trail #1" on the left, even though the sign points straight ahead. This is a nice woodland trail and the dirt-bikers have paved all the curves on the switchbacks with cement blocks to stop erosion.

At a more-or-less four-way junction, take the trail to the right, which says, "Rock Candy Mountain 1.3." The distance refers to the old trail which is obliterated. When you reach an old road, follow it up and to the left and it finally switchbacks up to the summit and the site of an old fire lookout. Two triangulation benchmarks remain, but the view has become obliterated over the last 20 years.

It took us 2½ hours to reach the summit. The beauty of this hike is that one can hike it year-round.—Priscilla, Rosalie, and Olive, Olympia, 3/27.

NORTH



RASAR STATE PARK

(Skagit County)—Here's a jewel of a state park, brand-spanking new, officially opened last July. Heather

and I took advantage of yet another unseasonably warm weekend and decided to camp and hike at this new park.

The park has nice campsites, drive-in, walk-in, and Adirondack lean-tos. Rasar was donated to the state by the family of the same name. Rasar consists of 128 acres on the Skagit River. There are a series of hiking trails and interpretive paths that run throughout the park. We hiked them all—probably about 4 miles.

One leads from the campground down to the river. From there you can follow a trail west for some distance along the river. Retrace your steps east to some of the nicer spots in the park. The trail goes out to some nice sand bars in the river; good eagle watching here. The trail then loops out into open fields with good views of the Cascades.

Another trail loops back into the forest to the campground while a different one runs to the day-use area. This park is still a "secret," so check it out before the crowds arrive!—Craig Romano, Seattle, 3/20.



EAST BANK TRAIL

(USGS Welker Pk, Bacon Pk)—Our good weather was about to end but that didn't stop Heather and me from doing a very nice 14-plus-mile hike on Baker Lake's East Bank Trail.

Here's the low down on this trail: East Bank is perfect for early season hiking and backpacking. The trail is in great shape, snow free and free from windfalls. BUT! The bridge is out at mile 2 on Anderson Creek. It is fordable, but exercise caution. We scouted for a "calm" area and where it was only just below our knees—but the water is only a degree or two warmer than freezing. Your feet will go numb quite quickly.

Anticipating this crossing, we packed in some old running shoes to ease the pain of the crossing. Once we were beyond Anderson Creek and the adjacent Anderson Point Campground, we had 5 miles of trail to ourselves!

Even though the forest has been logged, there are lots of lone giants punctuating the maturing second growth. At the point where we turned around near Silver Creek, pacific yews grow in the understory.

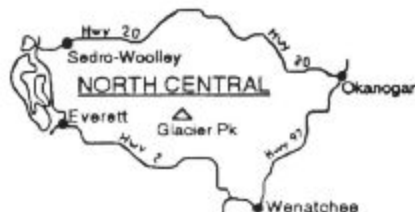
The Forest Service is building a bridge across Baker River this summer so that the northern section of this trail can be more freely accessed. I'm sure we'll see you out there this fall as we complete this lovely trail.—Craig Romano, Seattle, 3/21.

NORTH CASCADES HIGHWAY—The highway is now open for the season. Skiing is still good at the top, on 5 to 6 feet of snow!—Ranger, 4/22.

HARTS PASS ROAD—Is open to Cache Creek and is still being groomed for snowmobiles.—Ranger, 4/22.

CHEWUCH RIVER ROAD—Open to Lake Creek trailhead.—Ranger, 4/22.

NORTH CENTRAL



EBEY'S LANDING

(USGS Coupeville)—Heather and I spent all day walking the beach in the pouring rain and hail at Ebey's Landing on Whidbey Island. If you have never been here treat yourself to some of the finest beach hiking on inland waters in the northwest. Ebey reminds me a little of England, and California's Point Reyes, with a touch of Maine. It is truly spectacular.

This trip Heather and I spent hiking the Keystone Spit (nice but too rocky for comfortable walking) and the trails and beach from Fort Casey to Ebey's Landing. A total of about 7 miles distance covered. The bluffs were as spectacular as ever and some harlequin ducks were floating in the surf. This area offers a true rarity for inland Washington waters—lots of public land and a spectacular coastline. Check it out!—Craig Romano, Seattle, 4/11.



DOUBLE BLUFF

(Whidbey Island)—Found enough of a rain shadow here to walk along the beach in comfort for several miles. There's a nice little parking area here now, and the access point is now publicly owned. Bathrooms, even.

Thought several years ago that the place was doomed, as someone poured a huge concrete foundation blocking the access, and strung up barbed wire and keep-out signs. It's all ours now. Blessings on those who worked for it.

It's a particularly interesting beach, because the enormous crumbling sandy bluffs contain such varied strata. There's a lot of that hard, slick Seattle blue clay, weathering out in tablets like big post-its, you can peel off sheets of

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the stuff to use for skipping stones.

That clay means there was a big lake here at one time, as such fine sediments (the clay) do not settle out in moving water. A recent landslide on the beach was sending out a plume of re-suspended clay particles into the sound.

One can also see cross-bedding, laid down by moving water. A sequential history here for those to read who will. According to Harvey Manning, deposits from at least two glaciations are exposed here: a rare sight, as the last glacier thoroughly wiped out traces of the previous ones in most parts of the Puget lowlands.

North from the parking area, a layer of peat crops out. A mile or two north, car-sized chunks have fallen to the beach, half buried now in sand and gravel. Could this be the unconformity, the discontinuity in the strata? How old is the peat?

There looks to be enough sediment on top of it to account for a whole glacial period. It must have been deposited in an interglacial period, when the

weather warmed up enough to grow things for a few thousand years.

How many years are needed to deposit a foot of peat? How long ago was it? 20 thousand, 40 thousand years? Can anyone tell me?

Take a bit of peat in hand and separate the soft layers. See bits of bark, stems, reeds, roots, even branches, now exposed to the sun for the first time in ages. A marsh, a delta maybe, growing in a warm climate. Humans on the other side of the globe, inventing culture. The oldest cities are 10,000 years old. Life is much older than we are, and looking at this ancient bog is a good way to remember it. There are worse ways to spend a Sunday afternoon.

Saw Dall's porpoises on the ferry going over.—Peg Ferm, Monroe, 3/8.



LICHTENBERG MOUNTAIN

(USGS Labyrinth Mtn)

—Our destination, Lichtenberg ("Lightning Mountain"), seemed aptly named as we drove under ominous clouds and driving rain over Stevens Pass.

After changing directions on Highway 2 at the Nordic Center crossing, we drove east briefly and parked at a snowplowed alcove, a short distance in advance of Smith Brook Road (3200 feet). Sarah, Jeff, Ihab, Nick and I snowshoed, while Lynn skied, for nearly 2 miles up the road, until we entered a square-shaped clearcut (3720 feet) which the road ascends in two switchbacks.

Nick was visiting from England and, while an experienced technical mountaineer, had never been on snowshoes before. We began climbing the fun stuff, through steep old growth, first west, then southwest, following the outlet creek from Lichtenwasser Lake.

The snow was fairly well consolidated and allowed for good snowshoe ascent conditions. Nick hooted in surprise at the ease of ascending steep slopes in snowshoes and declared an interest in purchasing a pair to take home.

At the lake (4704 feet), an impressive pyramid of vertical rock and overhanging snow (Point 5452) rose directly to the southeast and anchored the begin-



Steve Fry

May in the North Cascades: Jack and Crater Mountains make a dramatic backdrop for David Singleton as he ascends a snowy ridge.

ning of a ridge that led to the summit. We skirted the west side of the frozen lake, then climbed southwest up an open basin toward the saddle between the false summit (5737 feet) and the top.

Cornices and old avalanche debris forced most of us to attain the southeast ridge near the false summit. Jeff managed to burrow through a cornice gap and joined us in a windy whiteout on the ridge. We soon reached the rounded summit (5844 feet), where our effort was hailed by the roaring wind and blowing snow. Nick remarked that the lack of views reminded him of similar days on summits in Scotland.

We retreated to the saddle, then glistaded into the basin for lunch. After a quick descent to the road, all the plodding snowshoers in the group watched in envy as Lynn slipped on her skis and whisked by us to the car.

As a side note, Lichtenwasser Lake was named by the ubiquitous USFS chief Albert H. Sylvester around 1910. He claimed to have no knowledge of the origin of the name Lichtenberg; only that it appeared on the first edition of the Skykomish quad surveyed in

1902.

Smith Brook was named by Sylvester as well, replacing "N. Fork Nason Creek" on the original quad and honoring H.B. Smith, an early settler in the Nason Creek valley (Thanks to John Roper for providing the background information).

2700 elevation gain, 3¾ hours up, 2½ hours down.—Eric Keeler, Seattle, 4/5.



CEDAR CREEK (USGS Mazama)

—Bill and I went to the Methow for four days. Our car broke down on Blewitt Pass on our way there but we decided not to let it ruin our trip. We had our car towed to Wenatchee where we rented another car and continued to Mazama.

We stayed at the Freestone Inn at Wilson Ranch. They had a great special in March. We were so glad we went. Although the snow left something to be desired, the warm sunny weather more than made up for the snow. We skied two days.

The first day I skied and Bill snowshoed on the Cedar Creek road off the North Cascades Highway. This ended up being a nice but short trip of maybe 4 miles round trip if we had just stayed on the road.

We made it quite a bit longer by continuing from the end of the road up to Cedar Creek Falls on a hiking trail. We strapped our skis and snowshoes to our packs and did a winter hike. The snow was fairly well packed, though in places we did some serious postholing! It was a nice day.—Jane Habegger, Olympia, 3/20.



THOMPSON RIDGE (USGS)

—The second day we drove up to Sun Mountain Lodge to do a ski-shoe on the Thompson Ridge trail, part of the extensive Methow Valley Trail system in the Sun Mountain area. It was a nice half day of skiing for me and snowshoeing for Bill.

Afterward we jumped in the hot tub back at the Freestone and had a great dinner in the restaurant there.—Jane Habegger, Olympia, 3/21.



CHELAN LAKESHORE TRAIL (USGS Prince Cr,

Lucerne, Sun Mtn, Stehekin)—Took my two sons, Jesse and Travis, Michelle (Jesse's friend), our Costa Rican exchange student and his father, who had never been backpacking.

Jesse and Michelle caused some consternation when they arrived only 5 minutes before the boat's departure. Caught the *Lady Express* (the only boat running until May 1) to Prince Creek. Admired mountain goats on the cliffs along the shore.

We were dropped off downlake from the creek but the crossing was no problem. Almost immediately we were stunned by the profusion of wildflowers too numerous to mention here. These continually changed along the route based on habitat, elevation and microclimate.

Tried to locate booming blue grouses in all their tail-fanning and air-sac-inflating glory. Camped the first night at Meadow Creek. Sublime campsites suitable for one tent are everywhere and water is no problem in the spring. Bear in mind that most of the large flat areas on the alluvial fans are private property and have dwellings on them.

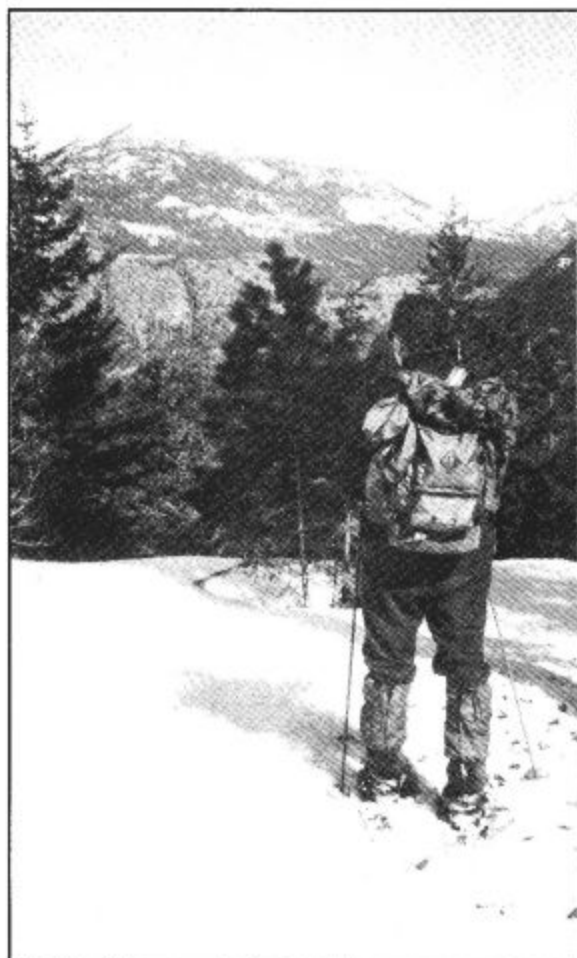
On the next day we slept in and ambled the 3 miles to Moore Point. We spent a wonderful day taking a refreshing but very brief swim in the lake and exploring the old hotel's orchard and garden terraces. Many exotic plants and trees remain. Explored the packrat nest in the shelter. It contained a Discover Card (expired!)

Had a birthday party for Bernal, the Costa Rican dad, complete with a Bakepacker cake topped with a can of cherries and whipped cream we hauled in for the occasion. Stayed up late by the fire. Arose early to walk into Stehekin at a leisurely pace and catch the boat back to Field's Point.

The trail is in good shape with one minor washout and a few easy blow-downs. In summary, good friends, perfect hiking weather, and we saw nary another soul.—Dave Parent, Freeland, 4/18-20.

ENTIAT DISTRICT—The main Entiat Valley road is open to Lake Creek campground. Other roads are snowfree but soft and barricaded until they dry.—Ranger, 4/14.

LAKE WENATCHEE DISTRICT—This year a fee will be required for overnight use of all campgrounds and undeveloped areas in the upper Chiwawa Valley. Camping fees are \$4 per



A beautiful spring day for snowshoeing in the Methow Valley: Bill Lynch on the Cedar Creek trail.

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night (season pass \$25). Golden Age/Golden Access passport holders will get a 50% discount. A self-registering fee station will be located at Finner Creek.

The camping pass is good for trailhead parking in the upperChiwawa, BUT your Trail Park Pass is not good for camping in this area.

If you have questions about this system, call the ranger station: 509-763-3103.

NORTHEAST



FRENCHMEN COULEE

(USGS Evergreen Ridge)—On

Friday Joan and I drove over to central Washington to do some desert hiking and flower-looking. After breakfast in Vantage we drove down the Columbia to Wanapum Breaks (55 Hikes in Central Washington). After a couple of hours of wandering among the flowers we headed for Frenchmen Coulee (same book).

We hiked across the coulee for an hour. Lots of flowers. On the way back a pickup truck came out of the area and passed us (the area is closed to motorized vehicles). It was a Chevrolet, about 10 years old. Short open bed. Two tone: tan lower, dark (black or green) upper. Three white young males in the cab. Oh yes, it was a two-wheel drive.

It was a little later that we watched them break into our car when we were

¼-mile away. Fortunately we were carrying wallets, cash, credit cards and checkbook with us. They spotted us and left hurriedly when I cut across the desert to try to get their license number. No luck.

We cleaned the glass out of our seats and started to drive out to report it. A short way up the road a car was pulled off with two people outside. Thinking they had trouble also, we stopped.

No trouble—a couple of rock climbers getting ready for some basalt columns. When they found out our trouble, they called it in on their cell phone. They stayed and talked with us for quite a while. Sure helped to calm us down.

It seems car break-ins are quite common in Frenchman Coulee, a popular area for rock climbing and recreation on the east side.

A special thanks to Chad Lochrie and Jennie Wolfack. Chad happens to be one of the owners of MSY—Mountain Supply of Yakima (507 W Nob Hill, Yakima WA 98902; 509-454-8474). Plug intended. It's nice to be with friendly people after something bad.

Advice to future desert hikers: if you see that pickup, go somewhere else.—Bill and Joan Arundell, Renton, 4/3.



CLARA AND MARION LAKES

(Colocum State Wildlife Area)—Heather and I had just finished running a race in Wenatchee, but we had all afternoon to do some exploring. We headed up to the Mission Ridge Ski Area. At the far end of the parking lot is the trailhead for tiny but pretty Clara and Marion Lakes. The sign was missing but a post marked the spot.

New snowfall had covered yesterday's tracks—but enough people have been up this trail recently to leave an indent in the snow. We had no problem finding our way. The snowshoeing was good—more powder as we climbed.

It is only a mile to the first lake, but you climb almost 900 feet. Both the little lakes are in part of the Colocum State Wildlife area—a huge management unit interspersed with the Wenatchee National Forest.

The lakes were pretty much frozen over, but the outlet streams were exposed. Two groups were camping at the divide between them. Heather and I explored the adjacent meadows and then the open ledgy area above the lakes. For those of you who know Mission Ridge, this area is behind Bomber Basin.

When we returned to our car it began to rain quite hard. It was perfect timing.

This little area deserves your attention and further exploring possibilities exist.—Craig Romano, Seattle, 4/4.

CENTRAL



LITTLE SI (USGS Snoqualmie)

—A friend and I have been staying in condition by going for a hike after work during the week. Over the winter we usually found ourselves hiking up Tiger Mountain or Mount Si—we'd hike until we ran out of light.

Now that the evenings are longer we're expanding our territory. April 15 found us quibbling at the Mailbox Peak trailhead as to whether or not we had time to climb and come back down.

My friend, who prefers to remain nameless, wanted to return to Si because she knows the trail so well and can run up and down very quickly. She is taking the Intermediate Climbing course and getting a work-out is her top priority. Since I am *not* taking the climbing course my top priority is to do a different hike.

We compromised—we'd scramble to the top of Little Si. I'd scrambled Little Si in past years and assured her it was fine, nothing dangerous, we didn't need ropes, etc. We arrived at the Little Si trailhead and eased into the last

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parking space.

The Little Si trail starts off steep immediately on an old road before leveling out again. My friend had heard of bolted routes on Little Si and indeed, as we approached the mountain we could hear the clink of hardware and then see the climbers.

We peered through the green gloom looking for the scramble route which didn't seem to be where I remembered it. After a couple of false starts, I found it and started up the steep, rough trail. I recognized the terrain but was surprised when we reached the crux move and found neither one of us wanted to tackle the down-sloping, wet, mossy rock.

We looked around for an easier route and followed a faint path to the right until it came to a spot where we'd either have to climb out onto exposed rock or claw our way up moss and unfriendly-looking vegetation. We looked around again for an easier route but none seemed available.

I was willing to admit defeat and head back down but my friend didn't want to go back down the way we had come (slippery stuff). We returned to the exposed spot and after another look I thought I could make the rock move okay, which I did.

I waited for my friend to join me but lost sight of her as she decided to claw her way up through the brush rather than make the rock step. I struggled upward, careful not to slip as the route was exposed. I could hear my friend thrashing behind me but couldn't see her. I had visions of having to be rescued and a story appearing on the front page of the local papers about irresponsible hikers. The thought of that kept me climbing and soon my pal's blonde head emerged from the tangles.

The rest of the climb was easier and soon we were on the summit, starting a young man who thought he had the place to himself. I wonder what he really thought as we two middle-aged women appeared from nowhere.

We took the easy, safe trail back down laughing at ourselves, but you'd think after all these years of hiking I'd know better—memories fade after a period of time and sometimes conditions are not as you remembered them.

She plans to return for the bolted, overhanging routes with her climbing friends. In the meantime, I will continue my struggles with brush and scramble routes and if I can lure my friend away from the climbing routes I am sure we will have more adventures.

To reach the Little Si trailhead take I-90 and get off on Exit 32. From North Bend, turn on Mount Si road, cross the



Lee McKee

Walt Bailey, left, and Randy Patterson have lunch in the rain.

bridge and if you are lucky find a parking place to the left of the bridge. Don't park on private property whatever you do. That could even be more dangerous than looking for the scramble route on Little Si.—Karen Sykes, Seattle, 4/15.

▲ **EAST GARFIELD (USGS Snoqualmie Lake)**—When rumors started circulating this spring about a trip to East Garfield I shamelessly begged Mitch Blanton to get me invited. Fortune or fortitude got me included in what turned out to be a group of serious peak baggers led by Mark Owen and headed for the east ridge of Mount Garfield.

John Roper had arranged for Mark to show us the country with which he has become so familiar. Mark and his partners have traveled all around the Garfield massif and his knowledge is extensive. We joined the east ridge of Garfield near 4800 feet and got our first look at the upper ridge.

Large bear prints distracted us for a little while; however the summit was far off (1 mile) and the ridge was a series of convoluted humps, corniced and covered with fresh snow. I looked at Don Goodman thinking that his big mountain experience might come in handy today. Mark assured us that he didn't remember "any problems" from his previous trip up this route.

We took turns punching steps up a classic Cascade ridge, "death drop" to the left and cornices to the right. Often times we traveled through the narrow area formed by the ridge and cornice—lots of holes to fall into while taking in the view!

The rope came out at approximately 5000 feet for a couple of lengths and then it got stashed for the rest of the ascent. It eased off and became a lovely alpine ridge still in the throes of winter, but in a great location with views in each direction.

Mark and Dick Michelson were already on the summit when I arrived and we feasted on the views of the surrounding summits. Mark and John seemed to know the name of everything around us and Mitch was looking for someone across the valley on Dog Peak. Mark made sense of the mass of peaks around us—Outrigger Spire, the north and west peaks and Courte-Echelle. This was Mark's third trip to the summit of East Garfield.

Bruce and I set the track down, his long legs testing my stride. It was a mellow trip down, kind of slow, perhaps everyone was trying to get the last bit of experience out of a great day.

11 hours round trip; 5800 feet gain (in and out).—Tom Rainey, 4/15.

✓ **DOMERIE PEAK and MOUNT BALDY (USGS Kachess Lake, Ronald, Cle Elum Lk)**—These two summits in "Gene and Bill Prater Country" make an excellent winter and spring destination. Strategically located for views up and down the upper Yakima River valley and across cobalt-blue Cle Elum Lake to Daniel and the Stuart Range, along a gentle crest with picturesque rock outcrops and wind-sculpted snow and bonsai-like pines, this is a good one.

Surprisingly, we had a hard time locating information on the access to Trail 1308 up the southeast ridge approach in the usual guidebooks. Does the Forest Service have any hints?

We drove through Roslyn and less than 2 miles past Ronald to the road leading to the Cle Elum dam. Mike Bialos thinks these towns were misnamed: "They should be Roslyn and Jimmy, or Ronald and Nancy, not Roslyn and Ronald."

They don't let you park at the dam, or walk across it, but the first road east of the dam buildings heads south for .3-mile to a "Footbridge" (on USGS Ronald). Park here and walk across the deteriorating steel bridge, making sure to avoid the many holes in the deck.

We walked up a path on the west bank of the Cle Elum River to the interesting, long spillway below the dam, picking up the road that leads up the southeast ridge of these summits at the dam/lake (elevation 2223 feet).

At the first switchback (2440 feet) is a private property spur, right. Stay left.

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(On the way down, we chatted with the friendly home owner here who said that this road was ungated with access from the west side of Cle Elum River and controlled by the Forest Service.)

At the junctions of Sections 3, 4, 9, and 10 (2560 feet) the road crosses a 100-yard section of uninhabited (in '98) clearcut land labeled private property. Find your way around this. In the flat and open clearing beyond we spooked a herd of a half dozen elk.

The road then entered trees and the Wenatchee National Forest, ending at 3400 feet, just beyond the snow-covered trailhead. The woods were brush-free, opening up for all-around views at 4000 feet. After going over a couple of subsidiary bumps (one of which is labeled Dornier Peak, 4771 feet), we reached Mount Baldy, 5107 feet, the local high point.

This was the first day in the mountains this year that really felt like spring, even though the Stuart Range was still totally snow-frosted. 4:15 up, 2:20 down.—John Roper, Bellevue, 3/29.

ARROWHEAD MOUNTAIN (USGS Mt Howard, Chiwaukum Mtns)—With the weather looking bad to very bad on the western slopes we headed east in hopes of finding fewer clouds. We found it in Arrowhead Mountain, 6030 feet. This regional summit is located due south of Rock Mountain on the south side of Highway 2, and offers nice views of the Chiwaukum Mountains.

After a backtrack on the highway looking for a road next to Nason Creek, we settled on a maintenance road that was just past the creek on the north side of the highway. We walked back up Highway 2, crossing back over Nason Creek, and followed John as he picked his way through the brush that lead up to the railroad tracks.

A first for all of us, we waited for a train before crossing the tracks. After a few minutes we were in nice timber heading for the northeast ridge of Arrowhead.

The ascent is as straightforward as they come—gain the ridge and follow it to the summit. We were all glad for an easy route, as this was our first time out together, and we all had stories to share from our many and varied years of hiking and climbing. John had the best stories by far, having climbed for over 30 years now and still going strong.

It snowed a little near the top, which was a nice alternative to the rain farther west. We discussed a loop trip by way of the much steeper north ridge and before anyone could really comment on

John's proposal, he was off, plunging downhill, all of us running to keep up with him.

After a quick 500 foot drop we left the ridge to the east. There we found a luge-type run through the trees that was just right. Once again we waited for a train before making our way down to the highway and back to the car.

Two and a half hours up and a very fast 1:10 down by way of the north ridge express. With most of the afternoon ahead of us we headed to McDonalds for 39 cent cheeseburgers (the limit, by the way, is 20).—Mark Owen, with John Roper, Mitch Blanton, and Paul Cho, 4/5.

SOUTH CENTRAL



COUGAR MOUNTAIN REGIONAL WILDLAND

PARK (USGS Issaquah)—After a long hiatus from leading trips, I led my first Mountaineer hike to Cougar Mountain in early April. We started from the Wilderness Creek trailhead off Highway 900, south of Issaquah. The trail starts immediately to climb up the eastern-forested slopes of Cougar toward Wilderness Peak.

I had decided to do a loop primarily through the central and eastern trails. After reaching the next junction, we followed the Deceiver Ridge trail to Long View Peak. Unfortunately, the weather wasn't conducive to views; low-lying dense clouds obscured long distance views all day.

Next, we headed toward Far Country

Lookout, enjoying walking through a forest which showed signs of waking to spring. Beautiful white trillium, yellow woodland violets, skunk cabbage and salmonberries provided early color and beauty. Indian plum, ferns and vine maple leaves were beginning to unfurl in the weak spring light.

At Far Country, we could see over the lower Newcastle Hills toward Seattle. On a clear day, you can see the Olympics. The weather was warmish (no rain, though cloudy), so we enjoyed a lunch break on the open knoll.

Next, we were off to Ballpark via Indian Trail to quickly view the meadow renovation project. Then we hiked up Quarry Trail and took a quick side trip to Coal Creek Falls. Our route took us to the junction with Fred's Railroad Grade and then to Shy Bear Pass.

The group still had some energy, so we decided to hike up to Wilderness Peak (I did warn them there was no view!) and then climbed down the steep Wild Cliff trail and back to the cars. It was a pleasant hike for the participants and a successful one for me.—Liz Escher, Seattle, 4/14.

PARADISE (USGS Mt Rainier East)—“Car 54, where are you?” kept bubbling up in the back of my mind as I tried to raise Team Two by radio from the Paradise parking lot. It was 3:30pm and the fog had settled in with the earlier and continuing overcast and light snowfall.

I could just envision the headlines screaming “Search and Rescue finds Mount Rainier volunteer Nordic Patrol Team!”—acutely embarrassing when we are the “experts” trying to help other backcountry skiers get out of jams on the flanks of our infamous weather-maker volcano.

Earlier that day, the six of us on volunteer patrol had split into two teams.



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We decided that Team One (me, Lynda and Katherine) would ski into Edith Creek Basin to check on conditions there and Team Two (Jim, Anita, and Beth) would ski down the Paradise Valley road to 4th Crossing and ascend Mazama Ridge to check that area.

Around lunchtime, I had done a radio check with Anita to confirm their location and progress. Skiing in the flat light and gentle snowfall in Edith Creek, just below Alta Vista, I asked how their visibility was.

"Great" was Anita's parsimonious reply. Looking across the grey gloom to the barely discernible flanks of Mazama Ridge, I thought sure that she was pulling my leg, but did not question her further.

After a lunch break back at the upper parking lot, we revised our plans to ascend the Alta Vista route to the base of Panorama Point, as the visibility had deteriorated substantially. Instead we decided to check in with the Rangers at the Jackson Visitor Center and get a cup of hot coffee, while remaining glued to our radios in case our services were needed. In the late afternoon, as we emerged into thicker grey soup, our concerns for Team Two increased.

Three tries to contact them from the upper parking lot failed to raise a whisper of response. Turning to Com Center (Mount Rainier Communications Center at Tahoma Woods) for help with their more powerful radio reach, we informed Com Center that we were unable to raise Team Two and would they try? Breaking off, Com Center called to Patrol Anita for reply.

A half-minute later, Com Center said that they had responded, did we have any questions? "Just ask them to confirm their location!" was my answer.

Fifteen seconds later, Com Center relayed, "On Mazama Ridge!" Relieved that they had some semblance of knowing their location, I did not want to press for further details and tie up radio traffic any more.

Finally, toward the end of the patrol day (about 5pm), I radioed Anita to determine their location, to assess how much longer we might have to wait before heading down. "We're at the parking lot," was her instant answer. Sure enough, through the wispy gloom we could just see them descending the walkway to the lot. Shortly we were comparing notes on the day.

"How did you navigate so well in all this poor visibility?" I asked.

"What poor visibility?" they answered. "We had glorious sunshine all day and skied out to Cowlitz Rocks and back. We could even see Rainier's sum-

mit, and there was a guy with his shirt off basking in the spring sunshine at Cowlitz Rocks. It was fantastic. It wasn't until we got back to Mazama Ridge above 4th Crossing that we ran into any clouds."

Sure enough, their faces radiated the baking they had enjoyed. All while we felt like Joe Blt#@!sk! suffering under our cloud of grim demeanor. And I thought of Deborah Dickstein who had changed her club trip destination from Cowlitz Rocks to Silver Peak at Snoqualmie Pass because of weather concerns. Ah, the fickle luck of the mountain gods. Rainier in its notorious weather vein had visited the hordes at Paradise with misery, but had rewarded the adventurous with glory.

Oh well, at least the snow had been good for practising turns, even in the flat light. Sometimes you pays your dues, sometimes you hit the jackpot. Team Two scored!—Gerry Ring Erickson, Seattle, 4/4.

❄️ HUCKLEBERRY RIDGE

(USGS Sun Top, Clear West Pk)—Jenni Creveling, Sandra Robinson and their daughters Sarah Creveling and Kathryn Robinson joined me for a ski trip. We met in Enumclaw and decided to ski on the road to Huckleberry Ridge. It was sunny and this road is nice and open to allow you to enjoy the sun. The route provides a nice easy grade uphill to a clearcut old logging platform.

There was not an overabundance of snow. We had to take off our skis in several places near the exposed top. That is where we had our lunch. Sarah and Kathryn beat all of us grownups to the car. They did great skiing downhill!—Jane Habegger, Olympia, 3/7.

❄️ COPPER CREEK HUT, Champion Trail West (USGS

Ashford, Mt Wow)—Bill and Coby snowshoed and I skied to the Copper Creek Hut. Although it was the end of March, it felt wintery with about a foot of good new snow—and it was snowing this day too.

The snow was sparse at the very bottom of the trail but was plentiful and nice, light snow for most of the trip. We ate our lunch in the warmth of the hut. It was pretty full with a group of women who were from Oregon. I think the road to the Sno-park for this route closes at the end of March. Last year we tried to do it on the first weekend in April and found the road blocked miles below the snow park.—Jane Habegger, Olympia, 3/28.

❄️ **MANASTASH RIDGE**
(USGS Manastash Creek)—In mid-April, our small group of Mountaineers climbed up the ridge from a trailhead off Manastash Road, immediately accessing the L.T. Murray Wildlife Recreation Area.

The air was crisp, with storm clouds clinging to the ridges north of Kittitas Valley. On the way up, we saw the beginnings of the spring flower show. Early arrowleaf balsamroot was showing, as well as spring beauty, gold star, mertensia, dwarf waterleaf, salt & pepper and squaw currant. The bitterbrush was just beginning to bud out.

As we neared the "summit," near a memorial to Gene Prater, we noticed a storm coming our way. The decision was to keep going, but to watch out for thunderstorms since the weather seemed quite unsettled. We were prepared to get drenched, but when the storm finally reached us, it was just ice pellets and an icy wind, which soon shifted away. After having a quick snack break, we decided to walk on farther along the ridge.

On the crown of the ridge, we found one of the few 4WD roads still open in the L.T. Murray. A string of five jeeps equipped with huge mud tires passed us by, each vehicle holding one person and sometimes a dog. We were left in solitude with the wind and birdsong after that brief intrusion.

We hiked west toward the University of Washington Observatory, through alternating blackjack ponderosa pine woods, squat stiff sagebrush and bunchgrass and rocky fields dotted with tiny wildflowers (sagebrush violets, desert parsley and buttercup).

On the way we encountered animal prints (elk, deer and raccoon) in the mud, meadowlark serenades and territorial views which appeared and disappeared with the play of clouds and wind across the vast Central Washington skies.

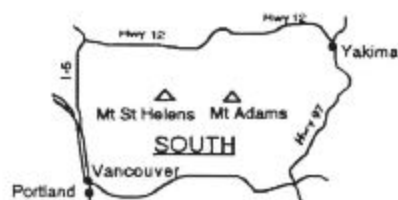
In the early afternoon, about ¾-mile short of the observatory, we decided to turn back. Feet were beginning to falter and eyes were full of the views of the Manastash Canyon, Tancum and Um-taneum Ridges, Cleman Mountain, Tancum Ridge, the Wenatchee Mountains, the Stuart Range and the beautiful green Kittitas Valley.

We turned back and made our way to the trail leading down the ridge to the cars. Beautiful early spring hike, with flowers, dramatic weather and even some sunshine. We drove home to the Puget Sound well satisfied, especially after stuffing ourselves on pizza in Roslyn.—Liz Escher, Seattle, 4/14

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SOUTH



LEWIS RIVER (USGS *Burnt Pk, Spencer Butte, Quartz Cr Butte*)—Troop 1 from Olympia decided to try the Lewis River trail—again. Out of the previous four times over the years we have only been successful twice in reaching the trail in March.

We set out from Olympia on Saturday morning in rain after several days of beautiful weather.

I was delayed in Olympia until noon and was to meet the group at Bolt Camp. They were to hike in from the north trailhead. Just as I was unloading my pack, the two vehicles that had left Olympia at 7:30 pulled into the parking lot with the three adults and ten scouts.

Seems that they did not read the directions from *102 Hikes* carefully and had spent the day looking for "a concrete bridge over the river." Actually they found a concrete bridge but after hiking over logging roads, skid roads, and trees for a couple of miles decided that they might have missed a turn somewhere.

As it turned out, all ended well. The Troop hiked into Bolt Camp and, finding that two hikers had taken over the shelter, moved back down the trail to a nice camp spot.

In all the weekend was a success despite the rain. At least it wasn't snowing or freezing. Only two things cast a pall over the outing.

First, the two campers at Bolt Camp had essentially taken over the emergency shelter. That and their somewhat less than gracious welcome were the deciding factors in seeking another campsite. In my opinion, emergency shelters are just that—for emergencies—not for setting up housekeeping. Considering the potential for sharing the quarters with various small critters during the night and disease I would rather sleep under a leaky tarp in a downpour.

Second was the presence of mountain bikers. Three came through camp early Sunday morning without so much as a hello. Although the trail is in fairly good condition, the bikers did stir up the soft spots. With all of the logging roads available, it would be nice if the bikers stayed off the hiking trails. Kind of hard to stress minimal impact camp-

ing when mountain bikes are present.—KC, Olympia, 3/21-22.

WORM FLOWS, JUNE LAKE

(USGS *Mt St Helens*)—Heather and I took advantage of the sunny 60-degree day and snowshoed up to about the 4500- to 5000-foot level on Mount St. Helens' wide-open southern slopes.

We left from the Marble Mountain Sno-park and followed the gentle Swift Creek trail up to above tree-line. From here its pick your own route. We headed northeast to the Worm Flows and picked a grand exposed spot for lunch. Views to the south were unlimited! Views to the north were of course obstructed by the volcano itself.

Only two other snowshoers out and three skiers, which we were able to watch descend down the mountain. We extended our own descent by following the winter route to June Lake. The lake was about half frozen and the outlet was flowing freely. Lots of water-ouzels along with the small cascade broke the silence of this serene little place.

We hiked out by way of the June Lake trail to the Pine Marten trail. The whole outing was about 9 to 10 miles. No avalanche danger as long as you stay clear of the cliffs near Monitor Ridge.—Craig Romano, Seattle, 3/13.

WELDON WAGON TRAIL

(USGS *Husum*)—Nancy and I had not returned to this trail since hiking it at its dedication on April 21, 1990. Leave your car on the east side of Highway 141 at a turnout on the north side of the White Salmon River; walk back over this bridge and the bridge over Rattlesnake Creek before starting up the first road to your left (east).

The trail follows a road used to haul apples from 1911 to 1923, climbing about 3½ miles and 1500 feet to an old oak, a Bearing Tree first used by surveyors in 1888.

As you gain elevation, Mount Hood comes into view to the south. Grass

widows and buttercups were just emerging, but portions of the trail still were frozen. Deer and elk tracks, many fresh, frequently crossed the trail. Dogwood and balsamroot ought to be at their peak in early May.

On our way back down, we diverted to a Native American cemetery (15-minute round trip). One grave is of a gentleman who lived from 1805 to 1914: 109 years!—Bill Meyer, Portland, 2/24.

CATHERINE CREEK LOOP

(USGS *Lyle*)—Bob, June, Nancy and I were out to see and photograph the early wildflowers of spring. As we climbed away from the Columbia River Gorge, the wind diminished and the sun warmed us enough to start shedding our layers. We had parked off the surfaced road which left Highway 14 just to the west of Rowland Lake. The pull-out is a little over a mile from the junction with Highway 14, on the north side of the road.

A pair of red-tailed hawks entertained us as they wheeled along the valley heights. We climbed along an old road after crossing Catherine Creek, eventually climbing crosscountry to an eastern ridge top where we lunched and watched the river traffic and Mount Hood to the South.

Descending the ridge, we examined the rock arch before eventually joining the highway and ¼-mile back to the car.—Bill Meyer, Portland, 3/18.

THE CHERRY ORCHARD

(USGS *The Dalles North*)—This hike is less in the destination and more in the journey. Views from the top largely are available during your climb. Along the way, however, you will continually want to explore the various bench lands, examine the profuse and diverse wildflowers, watch the raptors soaring above the rim rock or the bluebirds on the open slopes or listen to the canyon wrens' descending trill.

You will also need to know that this is prime tick country in the spring, and to also make sure you don't startle a dozing rattlesnake.

Russ Jolley, in his book, *Wildflowers of the Columbia River Gorge*, says his "anti-tick strategy consists of:

- (1) Eating a clove of garlic for breakfast.
- (2) Spraying or dusting socks and pant legs with a commercial tick repellent.
- (3) Now and then checking pant legs for the little creatures, especially when traveling through brushy areas.
- (4) Back at home, checking skin and all clothing for ticks."

We subscribe to numbers 1 (doesn't have to be for breakfast), 3, and 4.

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The trailhead is east of Lyle, just east of two slightly separated tunnels on Highway 14 and less than 1/2-mile beyond milepost 77; park on the north side of the highway.

Nancy and I had a great late lunch at the Big River Grill in Stevenson on our way home.—Bill Meyer, Portland, 3/25.



NESTOR PEAK (USGS

Willard)—It had been a decade and a week since we had taken this hike northwest of White Salmon and Bingen. The trail on DNR land has matured with the help of many hours of labor, and the signing which previously was non-existent but is now excellent. Kudos to whomever is responsible.

The trailhead is off of road N-1000 about 5 miles northwest of Highway 141 and at an elevation of a little over 1300 feet. See Lowe's *33 Hiking Trails Southern Washington Cascades* or a Gifford Pinchot Forest map for directions.

This is part of DNR's Buck Creek trail system. While our previous trip had revealed a strutting tom turkey and three hens as we approached the trailhead, this trip presented to us a ruffed grouse, a pileated woodpecker, and our first calypso orchids of this season. It also gave us the full array of spring weather: starting out in 50 degree mostly sunny conditions, we were engulfed with snow flurries at about 3 miles where the views would have become evident but partly sunny skies emerged again at the 3088-foot summit a mile farther along.

As we lunched nestled against the leeward side of the lookout and admired the base of Mount Adams partially hidden by the clouds, the eastern wheat fields, and the Hood River Valley (Mount Hood was obscured), a front bringing snow, ice pellets, 38-degrees and very strong, gusty winds sent us back into the protection of the trees and the lower elevations. It was one of those days when clothing layers were continually being added or subtracted.

By the time we got to White Salmon, we were ready for a big ice cream cone at a shop on the west side of the main street.—Bill Meyer, Portland, 4/7.



SNAKE RIVER BREAKS

(USGS *Clarkston, Silcott Isl*)

—Are you stuck in Lewiston or Clarkston with an evening to kill and some good weather?

Head northwest on Downriver Road (ask a local where that is) which follows Snake Lake (the plugged Snake River) downstream toward Lower Granite Dam. Drive a few miles downstream from Red Wolf Bridge until you find a canyon that piques your curiosity, then just go where you will. Don't take the first big one—there's a cattle ranch up it. Any of them after that are okay and each is slightly different.

James, May, and I were in the valley for a spring visit with friends. We gathered locals Dave and Harriet and headed for the gulch that I call Dead Dog Canyon because about 18 years ago I found a canine skeleton (probably coyote) at the canyon mouth.

In the spring there's water in both forks of Dead Dog Creek and quite a few flowers. We found *draba*, *lomatum*, *lithophragma*, *erodium*, *balsamorhiza*, *fritillaria*, and surprisingly, a few patches of *orobanche*. I say surprisingly because in dozens of visits to these canyons I hadn't noticed them before.

We crashed hackberry (*Celtis reticulata*) for a short distance up the canyon to Dead Dog Falls (very spectacular, at least four feet high with about three gallons per minute flow), then ascended the ridge that divides the two forks of Dead Dog Creek.

After cresting a small butte, we reached a saddle where, during my first visit in 1980, I found an outcrop of sedimentary rock bearing alder leaf fossils. What this outcrop is doing in the middle of the rimrock is way beyond my biologist's understanding of geology. I considered it a minor miracle at the time.

After finding a few fossils and letting James run around, we descended to the East Fork of Dead Dog Creek and headed back down valley for a total hike of maybe 2 miles and an elevation gain and loss of 500 feet.

Other canyons farther downstream have different exposures and features. One place had the entire eastern Washington wintering population of robins one February day, while in another we found a patch of shooting stars in April. Closer to the dam is a canyon I call Palestine because the hackberry trees standing against basalt walls conjured up images from Sunday School coloring books. This one is highlighted by a 50-foot waterfall when there is water.

The yellow starthistle plague has made great inroads in this country, and

summertime walking would be a hot, spiny, and possibly snaky endeavor. Hiking in the fall risks a lead shower courtesy of chukar hunters.

Every canyon has its share of cows (don't even think about drinking from the creeks!), but also magpies, redtails, meadowlarks, canyon wrens, and several varieties of sparrows.

In the short green season in this hot zone, there are enough charms to keep most people entertained. If you hike far enough and up enough, you will emerge from these mostly unvisited canyons into the back end of someone's Palouse wheatfield. Or you may dead-end at a headwall with no recourse but retreat.

The vertical nature of the real estate limits the camping opportunities, but these canyons are better for the day-hike variety of poking around anyway.

So if you find yourself with a free spring evening in Lewiston, take a break in the Snake River Breaks. You never know when a minor miracle might occur.—Rick Haley, Anacortes, 3/22.

CANADA



LEMMENS INLET (*Clayo-*

quot Sound)—Since we were unfamiliar with Clayoquot Sound, Lee and I thought it might keep us out of trouble to do our first paddle with a guide from the Tofino Sea Kayaking Company. Although they offered to let us launch from their beach, hauling our heavy double kayak down the long steep steps looked difficult. We found two other locations to put in—the public boat ramp at the end of Fourth Street, and a public beach just north of First Street. We chose the First Street beach.

We met our guide, Doug, and four other paddlers at the Tofino Sea Kayaking Company beach about noon to catch the incoming tide. The sun was bright and a breeze ruffled the water.

We followed Doug out of the busy waterfront area to Deadman Islands, where he pointed out two nesting eagles. Across the way on Meares Island we could see the First Nation village of Opitsaht.

Weaving through little rocky islands, we rode the current into Lemmens Inlet and paddled up it as far as Adventure Cove, where we stopped for lunch in the sun on an old raft. Snow-capped mountains towered over forested ridges. Loons and other water birds were plentiful.

The wind was stronger on the way back. At the end of the inlet, Doug led us through hidden passages between islands to the Big Tree Trail, where we

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beached the boats and walked among the old-growth cedars for which Clayoquot Sound is famous.

Strong tidal currents provided some interest as we headed back to Tofino. Lee and I said goodbye to our paddling companions at the TSK Company beach and paddled our boat back to First Street, about 10 or 12 miles total. It had been a great day.—Ann Marshall, Port Orchard, 4/15.

OREGON

EAGLE CREEK (Salmon-Huckleberry Wilderness)—

The most difficult part of this hike is finding the trailhead. Have a good map of the area (Forest Service and/or Clackamas County), and William Sullivan's *100 Hikes in Northwest Oregon*. Be attentive, however, for Sullivan's mileage for turns is not accurate.

The trail begins on an old logging road. Do not attempt to drive this! You drop about 500 feet in elevation from this point to the actual trail in the Eagle Creek Valley. From here you soon enter the Salmon-Huckleberry Wilderness. You now have at your feet miles upon miles of pure hiking pleasure in a remote valley equipped with wild river and primeval old growth forest.

We had new snow along the way and lots falling on us but no problems staying on the trail. We hiked as far as the river crossing of Eagle Creek at about the 2450-foot level, the official ending of the Eagle Creek Trail.

The entire roundtrip was 13.5 miles and we didn't even encounter one other soul/soles this entire Saturday. Eagle Creek is only about 40 miles from Portland yet it remains fairly obscure. Nothing wrong with that!—Craig Romano, Seattle, 3/28.

ARIZONA

 **GRAND CANYON NATL PARK**—Our group of six left an inch of fresh spring snow at the South Rim heading down the South Kaibab Trail to the Colorado River. We encountered some compact snow and mud for the first mile but the balance of this heavily used trail is in great condition and well maintained by Parks staff.

South Kaibab is 7.3 miles long descending approximately 4800 feet to the Bright Angel Campground and the Phantom Ranch located just up Bright Angel Creek on the north side of the River. The trail travels through about ten different rock formations representing 1.7 billion years of southwestern geologic history.

Spring flowers and greenery were out in full force, providing many interesting stops under foot and on the horizon. Weather changed as we descended into the canyon, the sky cleared and temperatures at the river were generally 20 degrees warmer than at the South Rim.

Bright Angel Campground has approximately 25 campsites and is truly a Shangri-la from the heavy traffic of South Rim tourists. Phantom Ranch is a place from an earlier, simpler time offering cabins, dorms and a canteen.

Most guests arrive by mule but hikers can also stay and/or eat at the Ranch. Our two nights in the campground included evening talks by a ranger and a backpacking guide and stops at the canteen for a nightcap. A near full moon lit the night sky adding dreamy atmosphere to the visit.

The second day we hiked north up Bright Angel Creek along the North Kaibab Trail. A long 13-mile round trip hike will take you to Ribbon Falls. Another popular backcountry destination

is the Cottonwood Campground located about a mile up from the falls. We passed hikers descending from the campground and heard favorable reports.

Continuing up the North Kaibab Trail another 5 miles from the Cottonwood Campground will take you to the North Rim which will open again in mid-May. North Rim is also accessible by crosscountry skis this time of year.

Our third day we headed south to Indian Garden Campground up the Bright Angel Trail 4.3 miles and 1300 vertical feet. Highlights included crossing the suspension bridge over the river, waterfalls, an old mine, the rock formations and spring vegetation.

From this Campground we could see our final destination, the Lodges of the South Rim and the trail leading to them. The Campground sits along lovely Garden Creek which crosses a wide plateau. Mule deer graze around camp and the squirrels are suspiciously friendly. Evening entertainment was a sunset walk out to Plateau Point for a final view of the gorge, the river and a moonlit return to camp.

The final day we hiked the 4.5 miles and 3000 vertical feet to the South Rim. This trail (Bright Angel) was thick with curious foot traffic. Many of our fellow backpackers were on the same schedule, arriving at the Rim around noon, wading through descending South Rim tourists.

We also passed the mule trains descending into the canyon and discovered they travel down the Bright Angel and up the South Kaibab.

While our stay was far too short we did start to discover the rhythms of the Grand Canyon and took a small piece of it with us. We feel fortunate to have had such an opportunity.—Randy Knight, Spokane, 4/7-10.

BULLETIN BOARD

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

FOUND—A camera in the Stampede Pass area. Identify to claim. Call Fred at 425-885-3749 (Woodinville).

WANTED—Boots: men's Raichle Montagnas, 10½ or 11. Andy Studebaker, 509-634-4926 (Keller).

FOR SALE—Asolo Snowpine backcountry touring boots. Very good condition. Men's size 10½. \$125.

Also have one ski, Karhu XCD GT Kinetic, 210cm. Free to good home or I would like to find a mate for same.

Call Bruce Candioto, 206-842-6351 (Bainbridge Island).

FOR SALE—Leather mountaineering boots made by Scarpa/Fabiano. Men's size 10½-11. Good condition. \$25. Call Roger, 360-373-6642 (Bremerton).

OSAT—A clean and sober climbing and mountaineering club. 253-236-9674.

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, 425-821-5752 (Kirkland).

WINTER CLIMBS—All copies of Winter Climbs: One Day Ascents are sold. The author hopes to have additional copies available in November.

RICK HALEY

James Steps Out

—IN WHICH JAMES HALEY LEARNS HOW TO NAVIGATE ROOTS AND ROCKS—

When do you start taking your children backpacking? When can they walk? When can they carry your pack?

For my wife May and me, the initial answer was "as soon as possible," since we were determined to continue enjoying that part of our "Before James" lifestyle. Certainly we had to wait until James' neck was strong enough to hold his head steady during the inevitable jolts and jerks associated with riding in a backpack.

Since he was born in April 1996, that meant that the soonest we could put him in the pack for long periods was not until late summer of that year. So the plan became to take a number of dayhikes as shakedown cruises and then head away from the car for overnight fun in late August or September.

Anyone who remembers the fall of '96 can instantly see the folly of this plan—the monsoons struck early and often that year. We had good luck with the dayhikes, one of which was reported here (*P&P April 1997*), but never got our schedules straight with the weather and spent every late summer night at home or car-camping.

A REAL BACKPACK

This failure grated on me throughout the fall, winter, and early spring. We spent most of James' first summer in a tent, but always next to the car and the extra diapers, piles of clean bottles, and liquid refreshments that come with it.

By the spring of '97, we were anxiously studying the snowmelt reports looking for a destination worthy of James' first backpack.

But events once again intervened. We spent spring break in a cabin on the flanks of Steens Mountain in southeast Oregon and were laden with family responsibilities throughout April, so James' first backpack was put off until early May.

At that point, the voluminous snowpack was still clogging the heights, and



James checks out the Whitechuck Bench trail.

milk? Which one of our myriad tents is appropriate? How many clothes does he *really* need for two days? We've got to get this right, because there's only one chance to make a first impression.

Dinking around at home, I discovered that I could attach the daypack that normally housed his equipment to the back of the child carrier. The daypack had enough capacity for bottles, diapers, and clothes.

Roaming the local grocery store aisles, I found powdered milk, canned evaporated milk, and shelf-stable ultra-pasteurized 2% milk in paper cartons. In addition, we had leftover powdered formula. Somewhere in there would be the right stuff, we hoped.

During pre-trip trials, we found that powdered milk was acceptable and the old formula was not. We didn't try the ultra-pasteurized stuff ahead of time and decided

that evaporated milk would be too much bother with no way to store it once opened.

We settled on two changes of clothing for James plus sleepwear, reasoning that we could always bail out if we ran out of clothes. If the forecast had called for a chance of rain, we might have brought more (or stayed home).

I packed the baby equipment in the daypack, fastened it to the kid carrier, and decided that we had that part licked, although I should have checked again. Now all we had to deal with was normal backpack planning.

We packed up our Eureka! Backcountry 2 tent. It has a good weight/volume ratio, and we figured we would just have James sleep between us since it's wider than most two-person tents. On car camps, we use a 4-person dome and James sleeps in his playpen, but that was not going to work for us this time. This calculation ignored one important factor which we did not discover until later.

we had to find a lowland trail that fit our agenda, which normally consisted mostly of solitude and more solitude.

But as we tried to figure how to get James and all his stuff up the trail along with all our stuff, we realized that one of us was going to double-haul—that is, carry James and his accoutrement in, then head back to the car for their own pack. Any volunteers?

We finally decided on the Whitechuck Bench trail near Darrington. We had never been up it (too tame, we thought, and it doesn't really go anywhere) but it fit the bill for James' trip in that it looked like we should be able to camp somewhere just a couple of kilometers up the trail (for ease in double-hauling) and we didn't expect too much traffic this early in the season.

HOW DO WE DO IT?

So the real planning began. How to haul enough diapers, bottles, and other baby equipment so that James enjoys the trip rather than becomes traumatized? What are we going to do about

Rick Haley

THE DAY ARRIVES

The blessed Saturday finally arrived with sunshine and blue skies, and we got out of town in good order. As we drove up Highway 20 and turned off toward Darrington, we discussed logistics. Should I hike in ahead and find a camp, then return for the family, or should we all go in at once (with me carrying James) and have me return for my gear later?

It came down to a question of safety—were May and James going to be better off by themselves in the woods or cooling their heels at the trailhead?

We decided to all go in together and let them wait in the forest, reasoning that out in the woods there are only bears, wolverines, and hantavirus, while who knows what might show up on the road?

Not to cast aspersions on the good people of eastern Snohomish County, but we've had a few uncomfortable encounters with quasi-humanoids in that area and they were always by the road. One trip in particular we still call "Camping in the Twilight Zone," but that's another story.

GETTING THERE IS HALF THE FUN

We arrived at what we thought was the trailhead, and with no further information available either from signage or an uncharacteristically inaccurate Green Trails map, we headed up the nearest trail. And soon found ourselves thrashing brush on a steep hill above a cut bank on the White Chuck River.

After some weeping and gnashing of teeth, we emerged on a spur road which led in a few meters to the real trailhead. We were off to a roaring start, all right.

Thankfully, James has a huge tolerance for bushwhacking, as we learned while surveying some boundaries in the Anacortes Community Forest Lands.

The trailhead finally located, we set off to discover our fate. The trail first leads through a forest which was festooned with fluorescent flagging, so it's probably not there any more. From breaks in the forest we could see south over the White Chuck and toward Pugh Mountain and Sloan Peak.

After about a kilometer, the trail meets an old roadbed and descends to another bench somewhat closer to the river, leaving the flagging and views behind. In about 1.5 kilometers, the trail crosses Black Oak Creek (no

oaks in sight), and it was around here that we decided to look for accommodations.

I crashed through the jungle and miraculously found a clear area about 75 meters away. It fit our criteria: reasonably flat and clear, not visible from the trail, decent water access but far enough away from the creek to keep James from wandering into it. This was a new concern as he had taken his first steps on Steens Mountain and was now fully bipedal, but we reasoned that the salmonberry and devil's club would keep his meanderings to a minimum.

I left my family in the woods and headed back for my gear, and gave not a moment's thought to getting in the car and spending the afternoon in a tavern in Darrington.

A DAY IN CAMP

After moving the car to the real trailhead, I set off at a brisk pace and soon rejoined the family in our jungle hideaway. May had the Thermalounger out and James was taste-testing the local soils and mosses.

We spent the rest of the afternoon in the usual camp activities: a day hike, tent-pitching, and water pumping. There were a few trilliums, bleeding heart, and yellow violets (May insists that they are "Johnny Jump-Ups").

We also tested out our array of kid foods on James. The ultra-pasteurized milk was only a moderate success, but

we found that powdered milk was just fine.

I took James down to the banks of Black Oak Creek, and with a firm grip to keep him from his natural predilection to dive in, sang as many Black Oak Arkansas songs as I could remember, which turned out to be a couple of lines of "Jim Dandy to the Rescue." Anyone who remembers how truly bad Black Oak Arkansas (a seventies band, for the uninitiated) was realizes that James and the forest creatures were spared by my faulty memory.

James seemed to enjoy himself and paid close attention to the new stimuli—plants and birds and rocks and things. We didn't have to think up anything for him to do.

When it came time for bed, we discovered the weakness in our tent selection. James was still having too much fun to go to sleep. After we retreated to the tent, James began a solo game of what we used to call "Four Wheel Drive," which is played by rolling all over the tent and your tentmates in your sleeping bag.

James bounced off the walls for at least an hour, and at that point we realized our mistake in not bringing the three- or four-person model. James finally calmed down after 10 o'clock, but sleep was not a plentiful commodity as he continued to squirm off and on all night.

OUR OTHER MISTAKE

In the morning we discovered our other mistake. After changing James' diaper, I began rummaging around to see how many more we had. Which turned out to be zero. Knowing that he was due for a major diaper loading at any time, I informed the still-somnolent May of our predicament.

After some discussion we realized that we would be packing out early and heading for the market in Darrington to resupply.

We are experts at the emergency evac, a talent honed on innumerable rainy or snowy mornings. This particular morning being sunny and still, we didn't apply maximum panic but still had things packed up in short order.

We reversed the order, with the whole family exiting first and me going back for my pack later while May and James risked the road warriors, since we thought there might be diapers in the car.

We even relaxed long enough to let



Rick Haley

See ya! James heads down Thunder Creek.

James walk some of the trail, although not much since he had only been walking for six weeks and roots and stones were not conducive to progress. But he had practiced on the trails of Washington Park and the Anacortes Community Forest Lands, and so wasn't a complete rookie.

We made it to Darrington before any eruptions.

THE SECOND BACKPACK

We're not going to tell you where we went for James' second backpack, because the place was perfect and when we go back next year, we don't want to find *you* there.

Suffice to say that it was off a well-traveled trail in the Cascades which leads to a popular lake. Instead of joining the hordes at the lake, we dived off the trail about one kilometer from the trailhead and bushwhacked down to the outlet stream.

May and I had scouted the spot long before James came along, thinking that if we were ever on a kid hike, this would be the place. It was a good thing that we scouted, for we found one and only one good campsite between the trailhead and the lake. The spot also makes a good way-station on the route to or from other adventures since it only takes about 20 minutes to hike in.

We were joined by our friends Kelley, Kevin, and Emily, who is four months older than James. This was Emily's first backpack. The modus operandi was the same as in the White Chuck hike—everyone went in together, then the dads went back for their own gear.

A bright July sun attended our activities, and despite the bugginess of the year, things weren't too bad in our particular drainage, a condition I'd noticed there before.

We found our hideaway without trouble, having lined up a notch in a

ridge with the top of the mountain behind to locate the place to leave the trail. James and Emily, being quite fully mobile by this point, spent the afternoon tripping on the downed wood around camp and the parents spent the afternoon trying to keep the toddlers out of the creek.

The next morning we hiked up to the lake and spent a very pleasant afternoon climbing on rocks and wading in the outlet creek. The kids were perfect angels and the sun again favored us.

On the way back to our hideaway, May ran into her old professor, Dr. Art Kruckeberg of UW, author of many fine books including *The Natural History of Puget Sound Country*.

The following day we carried everything out and successfully concluded our trip without injury or trauma to the little ones.

FINE TUNING

We corrected several errors this second trip—starting with bringing our four-person tent, leaving James plenty of room to roam. It is a Camp Trails Starlight 4—not the sturdiest tent in the world, wouldn't trust it for a downpour and allergic to wind, but at less than eight pounds it is easily packable and quite roomy. We brought plenty of diapers, and we didn't camp near anything named so as to conjure up bad '70s music in Dad's head.

In addition to the backpacks, James and I had several trail hikes last summer besides the frequent trips to trails in our neighborhood. Usually these worked out to combinations of James on the trail and in the backpack.

As the summer progressed, he spent more and more time out of the pack. By the end of the fall he was able to hike close to a kilometer at a time on easy trails, and even farther with rests.

Sometimes he was distracted by ev-

ery flower and rock, while other times he motored along like Eric Ryback.

He still has trouble with roots, especially when cruising at full speed. But he has learned the trouble spots in our favorite local trails and slows down to negotiate them. When he slows down, we take extra time for botanizing or view-soaking. It can be illuminating to see everything from a kid's viewpoint.

Some of our favorite kid hikes include Thunder Creek in the North Cascades and Glacier View near Mount Rainier. You have to hold on to your toddlers at the top of Glacier View, however.

YES, YOU CAN HIKE WITH KIDS

What we've found from having James in the woods for two summers is that while you make some compromises to baby- and toddlerhood, such as shorter hikes, double-hauls, and picking places without serious hazards like cliffs or torrents, much of your outdoor life remains the same.

You can still get out there among the peaks, meadows, and streams, and as our trips to Anderson Butte and Glacier View show, you can even gather in mountain-top views.

And with a little clever mapwork and scouting, you can find scenic, secluded campspots within minutes of trailheads.

So don't think you have to wait until your children can out-hike you. Set your sights a little lower, get clever with the map, and get on out there. Just remember to bring plenty of diapers.

△

Rick Haley, of Anacortes, is a part-time biologist and newsletter editor for the Fidalgo Island Brewing Society.

Suggestions for Kid-Hikes

from *Best Hikes with Children in Western Washington & the Cascades*

Rainy Lake and Cutthroat Lake, North Cascades—These two hikes make a good weekend, since they are in the same vicinity, just off the North Cascades Highway. Rainy Lake is 2 miles round trip. Cutthroat Lake is 4 miles round trip, and the lake is wadable in warm months. Good for tod-

dlers, but Cutthroat Lake trail can be hot and shadeless.

Fremont Lookout, Rainier National Park—At 5 miles round trip, this hike is okay for older kids. The lookout building can be fascinating to school-age children, especially when a lookout

is on duty to explain all the stuff. And of course there's that view of Rainier.

Mount Zion, Olympic Peninsula—Pick a good day for this one, so when the kids reach the top (a 900-foot climb in 1¼ miles) they will be rewarded by the great view.

the Good Old Days

—LOOKING BACK AT THE DAYS BEFORE GORE-TEX—

This is a continuation of our sometime-feature about back-country travel in the "good old days," defined as being "before Gore-tex." Send your story in!

...

Marion Marts Shoreline, Washington

[The] sandwich-mooching fawn (*August 1997, page 29*) reminded me of my experience with an elk stampede in Glacier Meadows, Olympic National Park.

It was late August of 1934. Jack and Bud (later my brother-in-law) from Scout Troop 65 and I had come in via the High Divide—more ups and downs than horizontal. If there was a road up the Hoh Valley then I didn't know about it.

Had a fire all laid for an early morning start. About 1:30am we were awakened by the whistling of elk, some above us and apparently some below. The noise increased and came closer rapidly.

With visions of being trampled by an elk stampede, I got out of my bag and fumbled furiously to light the fire. While I was working over the fire the elk herd clattered down the nearly-dry streambed about 20 feet behind me. The other two could see them from their sleeping bags.

I never knew what spooked them—maybe it was the two old prospectors who had been target shooting earlier that day (after pounding on their pistol sight with a stone to "git it lined up right"). So we proceeded up to the glacier with candle-lantern long before dawn.

Never reached the summit; without maps and guidebooks I followed the path of least resistance from Snow Dome out to the west and ended at the foot of some impressive and ominous cliffs.

So we headed back to Sol Duc Hot Springs and our transportation.

...

Walt Carriveau Spokane, Washington

Back in the '30s, Roy Johnson and I spent a wild night in the fire lookout

on Tolmie Peak, in Mount Rainier National Park.

We were on one of our two-week vacations, with a base camp at Mowich Lake, when we decided to hike to the lookout on the peak. It was an easy, beautiful hike and we arrived in early afternoon.

We found the lookout station in the capable hands of a fire lookout named Myron Haines, or Haynes. He had been living on his regularly-issued concentrated food, some of which caused his skin to break out in an itchy rash.

As we had arrived before dinnertime, we agreed to make him a good meal from the contents of our packs. We made our version of a Mexican tamale pie, with a Bisquick crust, and dried apricot pie for dessert.

Watching that poorly-fed young man eat that meal was a treat for us, and for him, of course, a welcome respite from Park Service-issue food. Myron was extra grateful and related many interesting stories of the mountain as we chatted after dinner.

As he made a routine sweep from the tower with his powerful glasses, he

spotted storm clouds approaching the mountain. His experience told him that a big storm was blowing in.

True to his prediction, a violent electrical storm was upon us. We were treated to a pyrotechnic display, accompanied by loud rolling thunder such as only Mother Nature could come up with.

Myron would not let us hit the trail in that kind of weather, but insisted that we stay overnight in the lookout station, despite regulations against such a thing. He spent the duration of the storm perched on a tall kitchen stool equipped with a green glass insulator on the end of each leg of the stool.

The awesome storm was like no other we had ever seen during our many trips to that magnificent mountain. Anyone who sees Rainier only in good weather misses some of life's greatest thrills.

The next day we bid Myron goodbye, left him some of our more palatable food, and headed down the mountain, after I had scratched my initials in a copper penny and hid it in a rock outcropping near the fire lookout tower.

△



Louise Marshall

FROM AN OLD-TIMER'S PHOTO ALBUM—Hikers on the PCT north of Stevens Pass, mid-'60s.

KAREN SYKES

Middle Fork Snoqualmie

—MANY CHALLENGES ON THIS CLOSE-IN TRAIL—

This was another Troop 70 adventure—oops, I mean Troop 71 (our number has been changed due to circumstances beyond our control).

This last, cold weekend in March adults outnumbered the Scouts—five adults and four boys. This weekend the weather couldn't have been better: cold and mostly clear, despite persistent rumors of snow.

The drive up the Middle Fork road is an adventure in itself: 22 miles of potholes and deep puddles. We took both Jeeps—Happy Car and the newer Jeep now affectionately referred to as The Escape Pod.

John gleefully led the way, striving to hit every pothole, or so it seemed to us passengers whose heads bumped against the interior of the car as we rattled, creaked, and groaned to the Dingford Creek trailhead. It was a relief to get out of the car and hoist our packs.

We weren't sure what to expect in terms of the trail. Some reports indicated that creeks were bridged, others that creeks were not bridged and some crossings were downright dangerous.

John and the boys surged ahead of Kathe and me and were soon out of earshot. We wanted to take pictures and didn't want to hurry though we hoped someone would help us at the worst stream crossings.

The first couple of miles past Dingford Creek were lovely to hike through—a huge, glorious cedar tree is right next to the bridge. Wild ginger, yellow violets and bleeding hearts are starting to show but the skunk cabbages are the main attraction at this writing. Kathe says they are also called swamp lanterns—a prettier term than skunk cabbage. A boardwalk passes through a small swamp with rising mists and we enjoyed the swamp lanterns glowing in the early morning light.

Dave and John were waiting to assist us at the first stream crossing. This stream was not marked—the only signed stream we came to was Thunder Creek farther along the trail.

About a third of the way the trail was replaced by an old road which sounds

easy but wasn't. There were a lot of blowdowns on the road and climbing over and under these barriers with big packs is not a simple matter.

We crossed a couple of more streams and then came to what I can only describe as a river of dead timber that had come down the mountain. We scrambled 30 feet and got across without spraining ankles or worse, though I am guilty of taking pictures of Kathe struggling to get through this mess with her gigantic red pack.

The road turned to trail again and we crossed a meadow that had just melted out, the ferns still flattened from the weight of winter snow. Another pitch through forest led us to the crossing of Burntboot Creek, and on the other side waited one very annoyed group of people. John and the Scouts had been waiting much too long for us to show up.

This was not an easy crossing. After stepping from one unstable rock to another we had to climb onto a rootball and finally onto a log which had a narrow spine—this log spanned about half the river. I ended up scooting across the log as the Scouts cheered me on.

We then hiked the last bit to Goldmyer where we had made reservations in advance. We all enjoyed Goldmyer—it is a very special place but it is not suited for crowds. It is privately owned and managed and they are doing a good job of keeping Goldmyer a sanctuary.

A cold night was followed by a cold morning. We woke to frost but breakfast and coffee warmed us up. John and I planned to ford the Snoqualmie River, hike back to the cars at Dingford, and drive back to the crossing. The crossing was unbearably cold but otherwise presented no problem. It was just slightly over my knees and involved about 30 feet of water. When we reached the other side our feet were screaming from the cold. Even dry socks and putting on the boots didn't warm us up until we began to hike.

We stashed our packs well off the road and made quick work of the hike down to Dingford.

We both enjoyed walking the road—

perhaps even more than hiking the trail on the previous day. The views of Garfield Peak and the nearby snow-covered ridges were fantastic. The road parallels the river most of the way and the river was lovely with deep green pools and gravel bars. It is a land constantly under revision by nature's hand.

We hiked by one pullout where someone had left a lot of garbage; we planned to clean it up on our way back out. Of course, people who leave the garbage are one of the reasons this road is being considered for closure. We returned to Dingford, glad to see that the cars were still intact.

We stopped by to clean up the garbage but someone had beat us to it! We drove back to the river crossing, picked up our party and began the bumpy drive back to civilization.

We stopped in North Bend for Dairy Queen but the boys are maturing and they insisted on Arby's instead.

As for closing the road at Dingford, I have mixed feelings. I hate to see so many of our scenic places being loved (or trashed) to death and certainly this has been the case along the Mid-Fork.

We've all heard the true stories about the drinking parties, the vandalism, the shootings, and we also know that it is becoming more and more challenging to find solitude in the wilderness as more and more people discover it.

The problem, though, is that by closing such areas we are keeping out everyone. Many of us still are living by the clock and the calendar, and weekends are all some of us have. The wilderness shouldn't become an elitist sanctuary where only the wealthy and the retired have privilege.

These are not easy decisions to make. A gate across the road at Dingford will not keep me from returning but it will make some hikes and backpacks more difficult to plan.

△

Karen Sykes, of Seattle, is a Mountaineers club member, and a hiking columnist for the Post-Intelligencer.

CONNIE MCLAUGHLIN

PCT: Piecemeal

—A DREAM TURNS INTO ANNUAL OUTING—

"Piecemeal" is the way my daughter, Jo Marie Flannery, describes how she and I are doing our annual trekking of the Pacific Crest Trail that we started in earnest in 1996.

This was the result of several years of dreaming, starting with planning a trek in Nepal and gradually getting less in time and money due to such things as grad school and marriage for Jo.

As a result, what started out to be a one week hike in 1996 has now become an obsession to accomplish the whole Washington PCT and I'm sure will eventually include Oregon.

(I wonder who the oldest person to do this is? I fear at the rate we will be able to do this I will be rather old when I finish!)

CAREFUL PLANNING

We planned carefully for our first installment as neither one of us had ever done much backpacking and no long distance trips. We decided on Stevens Pass to Snoqualmie Pass, about 70 miles in all. We had to work around Jo's schedule of taking the bar exam



Jo crossing the glacial stream coming off Mount Daniel.

and starting a new job, so our start date was set at August 6 and we would walk out eight days later.

We figured we would have a day of rest in the middle and we took our ice axes so we could climb Mount Daniel on that day. During the second day I knew I would not be climbing Mount Daniel or any other significant peak on this trek! The third day we also figured out that there would be no day of rest!

Now I want you to know I packed my pack very carefully and repacked it a few times and I still had far too much weight. I started out with 51 and one-half pounds; Jo was about 4 pounds lighter.

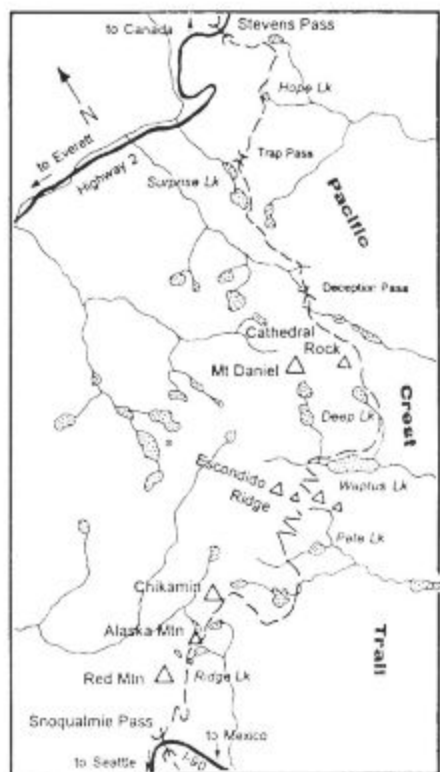
When I got home I could figure out only 3 pounds at the most I could have left behind! As a result we became exhausted by the end of the first day after going only a little over 8 miles into Hope Lake. (This is the only camp where we had trouble finding a site as most were taken when we arrived.)

What it amounted to was that we started out cold and had not conditioned sufficiently for the amount of weight we were carrying.

When planning this trip we thought we would do easily 10 to 14 miles a day. The through-hikers do 22 to 25 or more per day. They sure must be in a lot better shape than we were in!

We had great camps almost every night. The worst part was the terrible mosquito and fly swarms that descended, on cue, everywhere we slowed down or stopped. A couple of nights we had to wear netting (I carry bridal veil for this purpose).

Overall the trail, which covers some very rugged landscape, was in very good condition. Jo carried Green Trails maps which were a lot more accurate than my USGS quads. We made the mistake of dropping all the way down



to Surprise Lake instead of taking a newer by-pass. This gave us not only greater distance but 350 feet more loss and then gain.

The things that took their toll on us that we had not planned on were not only the weight of our packs, but also daytime temperatures of about 90 degrees, and the bugs so bad as to be demoralizing at almost every stop!

We were not prepared for the constant drain of energy from carrying heavy packs up steep inclines for over 2000 feet and then dropping the same to climb it all over again. Day 4, our supposed rest day, we gained only about 150 feet coming out of our beautiful campsite at a pond below Cathedral Rock, then dropped over 2500 feet, past Deep Lake and on down to the Wapitus River.

JO'S CRISIS

We did over 11 miles that day and Jo experienced a crisis that almost called a halt to our trip. About half



Jo Flannery

Connie on the "Kendall Katwalk."

way through this day's trip, at a break, Jo announced she could not go on! She wanted to know how she could get out and the fastest way.

I took out a map and showed her where we were and that it would take a day to get out at this point. We would have to go on down to Waptus Lake and then take a trail that comes out near Salmon La Sac.

After giving me all the reasons she had to pull out, she asked me for a rebuttal. Now, mind you, I am near exhaustion myself by this time; every day I think I will toughen but I don't!

The only thing I could think of was, "My age," I said. "If I quit now I will never come back and do this." We had only about a mile to go before reaching the branching trail that would take us out. Jo said she would make up her mind when we got there.

After much contemplation, she chose to go on. We made good miles the rest of the day and went right on by where we were going to camp. When we got to the Waptus River a young man was eating his dinner in the middle of the bridge.

BEAR NOISES

He had it figured rightly that where there was a breeze from the rushing water there were no flies or mosquitoes. We had done this the day before for lunch. We went back up the trail a short way to a campsite we had just passed and decided to camp there for the night.

Thomas, the young man on the bridge, camped across the trail from us. He joined us for dessert of Key Lime pie (the only dessert we carried).

This was the only night we heard bear sounds on our trips. Our food hanging leaves something to be desired. (I read somewhere that another hiker hangs their food from "the world's shortest bear.") Okay, we mostly hung it from mice, squirrels and other short legged critters.

This night Thomas gave us a hand and so we felt safe. Although we again heard the bear in the early morning hours he never did come into our camp.

CROSSING ESCONDIDO RIDGE

The next day was one of the hardest for me. It was very hot and we got a late start. We had to climb about 2200 feet right off up Escondido Ridge which took us (me) a lot longer than it

should have.

Once on top it was very pretty and the trail rolled up and down for over 2 miles before dropping down long switchbacks over 2300 feet.

Now, it is getting late in the day and we have a long way, over 4 miles, to go to find a campsite. So we hurry down as fast as we can and end up just wading right through a couple of rushing streams. We get to the valley floor just as the light is starting to fade. We have to get to the Pete Lake trailhead where we hope to find an available campsite.

We luckily made out a light tread going off the trail which Jo went to investigate. When she called out, "We're home," I was ever so grateful. This camp was set up with headlamps on.

We were so tired—it was after 9pm—that we ate our breakfast food and had our dinners the next morning for breakfast. We covered about 10.5 miles with 2650 feet gain and over 2300 feet loss.

There were many places that I wish we could have stopped and enjoyed along the way. But we were always pressed for time although some of our breaks were too long. The scenery was some of the most gorgeous I've seen. Every day brought wonderful views. I was not too tired to enjoy them.

WATER

The seventh day Jo carried extra water around Chikamin Ridge and on around Alaska Mountain to our last campsite at Ridge Lake. Even though the day was hot we could have gotten by with our two quarts each. There was a spring not too far around the ridge and another one below Alaska Mountain where a hiker from the UK was filling his bottle. He was doing about 25 miles a day ... I just sighed!

Water was not a problem on this sec-

PCT: Stevens Pass South to Snoqualmie Pass

	Miles	Gain	Loss
Day 1 to Hope Lake	8+	1950'+	1300'
Day 2 to Deception Lakes	9.5	3150'	2450'
Day 3 to Cathedral Rock	9-	1100'+	500'
Day 4 to Waptus River	11+	150'	2500'
Day 5 to Pete Lake T. H.	10.5	2650'	2300'
Day 6 to Park Pond	8-	2100'	300'
Day 7 to Ridge Lake	9	2000+	?
Day 8 to Snoqualmie Pass	6.5	350'+	2700'

These numbers are all approximations, as close as I could figure each day.—CM

tion of the trail. After the third day we just filled our bottles without treating the water that looked like it was a spring. We carefully pumped from any lakes and ponds.

We had only two fordings of streams where we had to put on our wading sandals. One of these was tough for me as I don't do them very well. We used both ice axe and walking stick to work our way across a glacial torrent from Mount Daniel that was over our knees. The second fording was a wide, pretty stream coming out of Deep Lake.

PROUD OF OURSELVES

We had told my other daughter, Robin, who met us about a quarter of a mile up the trail with her dog Jordon, that we would walk out at Snoqualmie Pass between 2 and 3 on our eighth day and we walked out at 2:40pm.

For all the stress and trials of the trail, we really were very proud of ourselves. When we had been back about a week Jo called and said, "What can we go do now?"

So over Labor Day weekend, Sunday and Monday, we started at Stampede Pass and walked 19+ miles north to Snoqualmie Pass. The huckleberries

were ripe on this trip and we were able to not only get very purple tongues and hands, but we also each brought back a quart in our water bottles. This portion of the PCT is a lot easier: it was not as hot, there were not as many bugs and our packs were a lot lighter.

Although it was easy in comparison, the terrain is not as beautiful. The first day on our way to Mirror Lake was mostly through logged-off areas and became very brushy at times. Extensive trail work has now been completed all the way south to Tacoma Pass.

On reflecting on the trip afterward, I am very thankful that I had the health and endurance to do it. It was much harder on me than I ever dreamed it would be, even though I kept reminding myself that climbing Mount Rainier was the hardest thing I had ever done—but at times I wondered! Would I do it again? You bet!



Jo Flannery, left, and Connie McLaughlin at Snoqualmie Pass.

Bob McLaughlin

See next month for our '97 trek, when we meet and adopt PC Packer.

△

Connie McLaughlin lives in Edmonds where she has sold real estate for over 20 years.

DEBORAH RIEHL

Rescue Epics

—“KEEP THE PARTY TOGETHER”—

Please excuse the long absence of "Rescue Epics:" a fun new job, long hours and lots of frolicking in the mountains have kept me busy. I don't, however, want to meet any P&P's at my new place of employ—the county jail.

After a relatively quiet summer rescue-wise, we were paged out in the afternoon of last September 20.

A seven-member climbing club party had ascended Lundin Peak. On descent, disaster struck. The leader was standing on a huge boulder which suddenly gave way. He fell about 40 feet, suffering massive injuries.

Another party member was struck by pieces of the boulder which caused him lacerations and a broken arm. More than one nearby party witnessed the accident and called for help on their cell phones.

Two rescuers, Doug and Karl, arrived quickly at Snoqualmie Pass and began hiking in on the Commonwealth Basin trail. Cynthia, a SPART member, was hiking in the vicinity of the Kendall Katwalk when her pager went off. She called in on her cell phone and said she would head for the scene. She met Doug and Karl in Commonwealth Basin.

Four of us were assembled at the Summit rescue cache to be flown in on King County's Guardian 3 helicopter. Two Army MAST Blackhawk helicopter ambulances stood by. We were to be flown in two-by-two because the Guardian 3 is a small OH-58 aircraft.

Guardian 3 lifted off with the first two rescuers but soon returned, being unable to find a place to land. At about that time we received word that the climb leader was now receiving CPR.

One of the powerful new MAST Blackhawk helicopters lifted off and was able to hover over the scene and lift out the two victims as Doug, Karl and Cynthia arrived.

Doug decided to take the remaining three party members at the accident scene out by way of the shortcut across Cave Ridge to Alpentel. Five rescuers ascended from Alpentel with extra water and flashlights to assist the stricken party members. They rendezvoused at the 4200-foot level.

The climb leader's farewell words, though he was in great pain, were: "Keep the party together."

△

Debby Riehl, of North Creek, is a member of King County Search and Rescue.

KERRY GILLES

Rain, Rain, Go Away

—THE OLYMPIANS CLUB SUMMER OUTING—

Every year we Olympians wait anxiously for our group trip. Unfortunately in 1997 the weather and location were both a great disappointment. If it weren't for the wonderful group of people we would have bailed out early.

This spot still has possibilities for a good base camp, in better weather, so in case you want to consider it, here's how our trip went.

Saturday, August 23—Don and I drove from Aberdeen to the Pete Lake trailhead in three hours, stopping in Cle Elum for lunch and touring the TV-famous town of Roslyn.

At the campground, we searched for "our people," set up camp and took a mile walk to the Cle Elum River where we watched a stuck truck get help.

Note: campgrounds all had "sorry, full" signs up, but in truth were not!

Sunday, August 24—Those who chose to sleep under the stars were up and scrambling at 3am as the rain came down. After a lot of car-door slamming and some grumbling we all tried to get back to sleep.

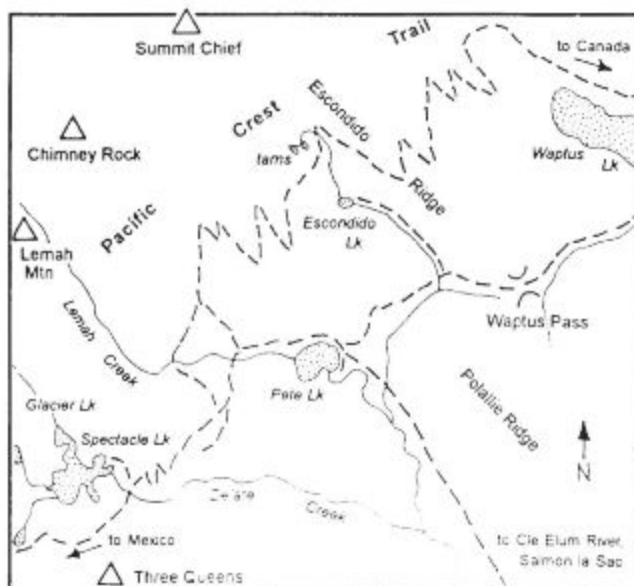
In the morning, duffle bags and boxes were dropped at the horse area. It was an easy 5-mile hike into Pete Lake.

Once the horses arrived with our gear, we had a lot of work to do. Setting up the kitchen is a five-person job; then there's setting up a washline, designating a toilet, gathering firewood and setting up your own site. Lake water was boiled and pumped, very time consuming.

Pete Lake sits down in a hole but has views of Lemah Mountain and Chimney Rock at the far end. The water temperature measured 48 degrees.

Monday, August 25—It is still raining and it took some coaxing to get anybody out hiking.

We made an 8-mile round trip hike northwest to Lemah Meadows and saw a beautiful tiered waterfall. We were in



the forest with no distant views.

Back at camp, during a brief sun spell, Don took his raft out for a paddle around the lake. Dave took it out next but got caught in the downpour that came on quickly.

We sang campfire songs under our umbrellas this night, and watched the bats.

Tuesday, August 26—With lots of clouds, we headed southwest to Spectacle Lake, a 9-mile round trip hike. We stopped to take off our raingear—for the moment.

As Harold pulled his pantleg over his boot, Ed leaned over to start unzipping his pantleg and at that precise moment Harold's hand slipped and he socked Ed above the eye.

We patched Ed up, just like last year, and kept him away from Harold the rest of the trip.

Spectacle Lake (the prettiest) is like an octopus with a half-dozen arms. To the south rises Three Queens, 6800 feet. To the northwest is Chikamin Peak and to the north the spires of 7512-foot Lemah Mountain.

It's a strenuous half-mile down to the lake, and the best view is from the top. Don, by himself, went on to see Glacier



Three happy campers pumping water—Harold, Don and Ed.

Kerry Gilles



Kerry Gilles

No rain! On the PCT we finally got high enough for views from Escondido Ridge.

Lake while the rest of us headed back.

Our return trip was filled with lightning nipping at our heels, thunder deafening us, and a pelting rain. The trail was now a stream and we felt like we were salmon swimming against the current. We tried to take cover but to little avail.

We had an 11-foot log to cross, but by this time it would have been easier just to wade the creek. We had to yell at each other to hear over the torrential downpour.

Camp was flooded and everyone helped to move and rescue tents and belongings, but most important was saving the kitchen!

I peeled off my wet clothes and crawled into my sleeping bag to get warm. I had a hot cup of coffee waiting for the drowned Don when he finally made it back to camp.

Wednesday, August 27—We all stood around the fire this morning drying our clothing. Only one person would go hiking with me today, so we went east to Waptus Lake.

Because of the steep descent to this lake, Dale and I called it good when we could see just a corner of it. Mosquitoes were terrible. Trail work is in progress.

Back at camp the Fish & Wildlife Department had come in and stocked

the lake. They also brought us news of another storm coming in.

Thursday, August 28—We took a camp vote this morning whether to pack up and leave. Two left, ten stayed.

We became "camp potatoes" until we went stir-crazy. Ed and I walked back down the Pete Lake trail, sidetracking to the original old trail. We found a field of wild strawberries and saw where a herd of elk had bedded down.

Back at camp we watched ducks diving for the fish that had been planted.

Friday, August 29—No rain! Five of us went north to Escondido Lake, then followed orange markers straight up to the PCT.

We made a loop around to Lemah Meadows and back to camp for a 12 mile round trip day. This was a good hike—we were high enough to finally be out of the woods and we had some good long-distance views to enjoy.

We hiked through a large burn where a sign burned on a tree said, "Fragile area, please no camping." We hiked down switchbacks that were each at least half a mile long!

Saturday, August 30—Great day! Sun is shining! Everybody is moving quickly to take down and clean up camp. We're heading home!

The packer we used for this trip was Three Queens Outfitter/Guide Service. You can request their brochure by calling 509-674-5647, or writing:

Three Queens
211 Seaton Road
Cle Elum WA 98922

△

Kerry Gilles, of Westport, participates in many Olympians Club activities, including the recent clean-up of the Dosewallips Campground.



Don Abbott

Kerry tries to stay dry while reading in camp at Pete Lake.

books

PADDLE ROUTES OF THE INLAND NORTHWEST, by Rich Landers and Dan Hansen. *The Mountaineers*, 206-223-6303. 1998. \$14.95.

This hot-off-the-press book is just what you need for water exploring east of the Cascades. Covering 50 flatwater and easy whitewater trips, the book is aimed at families and beginners.

Each trip begins with distance, time, rating, hazards and other information. A description of the paddle and driving directions are included, along with clear and helpful sketch maps and many photos.

The region covered extends from the Cascade foothills east to the Flathead River and spills north into British Columbia for half a dozen trips. Yes, it does include the famous Hanford Reach.

NORTH CASCADES HIGHWAY, by JoAnn Roe. *The Mountaineers*, 206-223-6303. 1997. \$14.95.

In part to celebrate the 25th anniversary of the opening of the North Cascades Highway, author JoAnn Roe has written a history book in a very readable form.

She tells stories of the people who have travelled through or spent their

lives in the North Cascades, including some interesting pioneers' and explorers' accounts, as well as working in geology.

Since this is a history of the *highway*, its tone is more slanted to praise of pavement than this backcountry reader likes. But take your summer guests on a drive over the highway, and bring this book along. They—and you—will probably learn a lot about the North Cascades.

MOUNTAINEERING MEDICINE and Backcountry Medical Guide, by Fred T. Darvill Jr, MD. *Wilderness Press*, 800-443-7227. 14th edition, 1998. \$5.95.

Compact in size, this book is designed to be packed along with your first aid kit. Dr. Darvill, who is a life-long mountaineer, recognizes that backcountry emergencies require different procedures and a different mindset than emergencies occurring in cities. He recommends—and assumes—basic first aid training for anyone who travels in the mountains, and *Mountaineering Medicine* is designed not only to reinforce that training but also to carry it a step further.

In a backcountry emergency, when the services of a trained medical crew may be hours, or even days, away, this manual can give you big results.

SIERRA NORTH: 100 Backcountry Trips, by Winnett, Winnett, Haber and Morey. *Wilderness Press*, 800-443-7227. 7th edition, 1997. \$14.95.

Sierra North was first published by Wilderness Press in 1967 and is the book that started the company. Back in the days when trail information was hard to come by, publication of guides like this one changed backpacking.

Covering the north half of the Sierra Nevada from Echo Summit to Mono Pass, *Sierra North* details 100 of the finest trips in the region, giving special attention to natural history, and including trail profiles and many photographs. As always, Wilderness Press includes a trailhead map to help you plan.

Introductory chapters on important concerns give non-residents the straight scoop on the bear problem and how to find your way through the permit system, among other topics.

special mention ...

BEYOND THE TRAILS with Herb and Lois Crisler in Olympic National Park, by Francis E. Caldwell. *Anchor Publishing*, 360-457-3009. 1998. \$24.95.

This large-format, 200-page book is a must-have for every fan of Herb Crisler and the Olympics. Written by a *Pack & Paddler* from Port Angeles, *Beyond the Trails* is a wonderful biography of Crisler's life, incorporating many photographs by the author and others that show the Olympics of the 1940s and how the Crislers lived in the backcountry. Several excellent photos of explorer Billy Everett are included, as well as Crisler's legendary shelters.

The story begins with Herb's early



Herb Crisler, age 73, cooks over a fire in the Olympics during a solo trip in 1966.

from the archives

years in Georgia, and ends with his and Lois' divorce and Herb's last years (he died in Puyallup in 1985, at 92).

But the main story is a fine account of rambling and exploring in the deep Olympics, of epic adventures and 100-pound pack loads and filming wildlife for Disney Studios.

The Crislers spent a lot of time in the Bailey Range, occasionally entering it from Dodger Point. Hikers today still have difficulty managing the gully on this route. How did the Crislers do it? We'll let you discover for yourself.

Anyone who has spent even a little time in the Olympics will find this a great story.

PANORAMA

NEWS FROM ALL OVER

PADDLE EVENTS—The second running of the San Juan Challenge will be May 2 and 3. The Challenge is a 40-mile race between Anacortes and Orcas Island, a 19-mile one-day race around Guemes Island, and lots of other kayak-related stuff.

For information, call 360-299-1801. Activities take place at South Harbor Park, 14th Street and Q Avenue under the old smokestack.

Pacific Wave and the North Coast Sea Kayak Club will host Demo Days at Cullaby Lake (near Astoria). The schedule is: May 1—Current Designs; May 9—Necky; May 23-24—Eddyline; June 7—Perception. Paddle until the sun goes down, for free.

National River Cleanup Week will be highlighted by a day of work on the Skykomish River, Saturday, May 16. Wear work clothes and boots, bring rain gear and leather gloves.

For information, call Allison Warner at the Skykomish Ranger Station, 360-677-2414, or Herb at Wallace Falls State Park, 360-793-0420.

WILDERNESS RANGERS—The Methow Valley Ranger District is looking for volunteers for Wilderness Ranger work this summer in the Pasayten and Lake Chelan-Sawtooth Wildernesses.

Wilderness Rangers backpack up to 10 days at a time, often alone, doing public education, restoration, campsite inventory, trail and camp maintenance. The country is fabulous, the work and travel can be hard but are rewarding.

You must be good with people and comfortable working alone. Housing and a small allowance for food and miscellaneous expenses are provided, along with training, equipment, a uniform, and transportation to and from the trailheads.

If interested, contact Laurie Dowie at the ranger station: 509-997-2131.

OLYMPIC NATIONAL PARK FEES

—Increased entrance and camping fees, parking fees at Lake Ozette and new fees for wilderness use were put into effect last year. As a result of the funds from these fees, several projects are underway, including these:

- An extra trail crew (five people) will come on in mid-May to work on the Bogachiel trail. As time permits, this crew will move on to the Queets and Duckabush trails.

- Improvements and repair to the Olympus Guard Station were made this spring. The building was raised from its foundation to replace rotting sill logs and floor boards. New roof beams and new shutters were installed. Similar repairs are being made to the Elkhorn Ranger Station.

- This spring, the Park will complete a condition assessment of all shelters. The assessments will help determine the priority in which shelters will be repaired. Supplies and materials for this project will be ordered this year and, time permitting, work will begin on stabilization as well.

- The Whiskey Bend and Graves Creek roads have been graded, repaired and surfaced with hundreds of tons of gravel. Final repair work will be completed in the fall. The Queets road is next on the list; repairing and graveling will likely be completed next year.

In addition, many other projects are being worked on and planned.

PCT PLANNING—Several changes in supply points have been made in PCT towns this year.

In Tehachapi, the post office (805-822-1373) has moved to 1085 Voyager Drive, about 2 miles farther from the trail. Shelter Cove Resort is under new management and the new owners are uncertain if they will continue to hold supply boxes; call them at 541-433-2548.

Space at the Belden post office is extremely limited; please time your box to arrive no more than a week before your arrival. You might want to avoid Belden completely from July 17-19, when all facilities (except the post office) will be closed to the public for the annual Biker Weekend.

Hyatt Lake Resort will accept supply boxes shipped *only* by UPS; address is 7979 Hyatt Prairie Road, Ashland OR 97520.

Although the Olallie Lake Guard Station won't be staffed this summer, the Forest Service has made arrangements for hikers to pick up boxes at the Resort. Address them to the Guard Station, and allow plenty of time for delivery, as the Forest Service will only deliver them to the Resort once a week.

Bill and Molly Person ("Pooh Corner") will provide support for thru-hikers at Donner Summit in Truckee during the hiking season; call them at 415-285-3558 to arrange for a food

drop, airport run, or a hot shower.

And the Chamber of Commerce of Cabazon will buy your lunch—just ask the postmaster for a certificate for a free sandwich at the deli.

All this info and more is available in the *PCT Communicator*, the newsletter of the PCT Association. Yearly membership is \$35. Write to:

PCTA
5325 Elkhorn Blvd #256
Sacramento CA 95842
or phone 888-728-7245.

OLYMPIC VOLUNTEERS—Olympic National Park has room in its pool of volunteers for you. Many projects can be accomplished in a short time, just a couple of days, so volunteers who have limited time can still contribute a lot. Entrance, camping, and backcountry fees are waived for volunteers.

Call 360-452-4501 x219 to obtain a Volunteer Application for Short-Term Projects.

TRANS-CANADA TRAIL—A trail to stretch from one end of Canada to the other will accommodate hikers, horse riders, cross-country skiers, bicyclists and, in some places, snowmobiles, according to an article by Robert Sarti in the *Vancouver Sun*.

Specifically, the trail's eastern end will be St. John's, Newfoundland, and its western end will be Victoria on Vancouver Island, with a northern spur going through Alberta to Tuktoyaktuk on the Arctic Ocean.

It is scheduled to be completed in June 2000 for Canada's big millennium celebrations. Although parts of the trail exist now as public rights-of-way, parks, and hiking trails, many sections are still incomplete and under construction.

In BC, a work crew of unemployed fishermen from Coquitlam is at work building the trail along the Coquitlam River. The Trans-Canada Trail Foundation, which is coordinating the entire project, hopes that half the \$42 million needed to complete the trail will come from individuals, and that the other half will come from businesses and governments.

TRAIL PARK PASSES—Passes are required at most National Forest trailheads. Cost is \$25 for a year's pass. If you want to use two cars at once, you can buy two passes for \$30.

REST STOP

EQUIPMENT, RECIPES, TIPS

STRAP—REI has a simple strap called a "sport wrap buckle." It's a velcro strap with an o-ring at one end. You run the strap through the buckle, then stick it back on itself. You get a lot of leverage with the buckle, and the velcro sticks so well you may want to offset the end to give yourself a place to grab to undo it.

I had seen these in 6-inch size for ski wraps before, but these are in 12- and 18-inch lengths that will attach sleeping pads, tents, shovels to pack patches. Priced by length \$2 to \$3. These weigh less than nylon straps with buckles and don't slip. The straps are stiff enough to slide through a pack patch fairly easily; the buckle helps keep from accidentally pulling the strap out of the patch.—*VB/MA, Arlington*

TRAIL ETIQUETTE—Here are some general trail rules to make encounters with different user groups go smoothly.

- A loaded pack string has the right-of-way.
- In steep, rough country downhill traffic yields to uphill traffic.
- Hikers, because of their greater mobility, should yield the right-of-way

to horse or motorcycle groups. When encountering horses, move to the downhill side of the trail, make no sudden movements, and speak in a normal voice to the riders.

- Stock users, when approaching hikers, should be courteous and advise them on the best way to avoid spooking the animals.
- Motorcyclists should yield the right-of-way to stock groups by pulling off the trail and shutting off engines. Slow down when passing hikers.
- Mountain bikers should yield when encountering stock. Dismount from bikes and move with the bike to the downhill side of the trail. Remember that bicycles are quiet and give little warning to other users of your approach.

—*from Wenatchee National Forest*

WATER BAGS—If you have been careless with your water bag or bottle and left it to molder and rot in the trunk of your car all winter, you may be able to rescue it for the coming summer with the following treatments.

- Fill the bladder with water. Add ½- to 1-cup of baking soda and agitate to dissolve. Let sit overnight. Pour out the water, fill with fresh water and empty. Hang with cap off to air dry.

For a quart bottle, use a couple of tablespoons of baking soda.

- For every quart of water, add ¼-cup of vinegar or lemon juice. Agitate to mix and let sit overnight. Rinse and air dry.

If your water bag or bottle still looks and smells awful after this, you can use a bleach solution (1 cup bleach for every quart of water), but at this point you ought to just get a new water container.

WILDFLOWERS—The Forest Service maintains a Wildflower Hotline that is just starting up for this season.

Call 800-354-4595 for updates and information on wildflowers.

REPAIRS—Mike Cobb, who runs Cobbworks, repaired my vintage day pack. He receives referrals from climbing and ski shops in Olympia and does good work.

Although my pack was fixed satisfactorily, he had a very busy schedule and when I went to get my pack on the scheduled day, it was not quite ready. Working with him, though, we corrected a design flaw in the pack with the repair job, as well as making it usable again.

He is located at 719 Division Street NW; 360-352-7168.—*Gordon McDougall, Olympia.*

BACKCOUNTRY NOTES

Pen-and-ink notecards of the Cascades. Blank inside. Envelopes included.



Package of 8 for \$7.50
(includes tax and postage).

Order from:
Backcountry Notes PO Box 1063
Port Orchard WA 98366

Gear—stuff you like, stuff you hate

LL BEAN PARKA—I just purchased and have tried an LL Bean Guide Gore-tex shell. I won't repeat the catalog description but will comment on some of the things I like and dislike.

First, at \$210 for a regular length (\$220 for long), it is not as costly as some others on the market. It is unlined and has taped seams. My choice would have been to have a lining but I am not certain whether nylon taffeta or mesh would really make a difference in terms of wear and tear, and leaking.

It has chest-high mesh pockets and the parka can be stuffed into either one and zipped shut. Those mesh pockets also seem to give a slight bit of ventilation when the zippers are left open, although the

pit-zips are really intended for that purpose. I look at mesh pockets and wonder what is going to disappear through those little holes.

The hood folds and rolls into the collar but, as with most parkas with this design concept, it tends to work like a cervical collar.

The hood has velcro which allows the face opening to be adjusted vertically, while the side-to-side vision is good (and it neither has nor needs any adjustments). The men's large is 30 inches long. This permits easy access to a harness, but is still long enough to cover my light down parka. The long length for ten extra dollars would cover many winter parkas, as it is a few inches longer.

The fabric is noisy, but so am I at times.—*Gordon McDougall, Olympia*

EDITOR'S JOURNAL



Poking around the old World War II plane wreck in Tull Canyon.

FROM THE MAIL BOX—"When I am looking for a new place to be I turn to *Pack & Paddle* first for inspiration."—*Bellingham*

"My favorite publication in the whole world!"—*Seattle*

"I've hiked and camped all my life, but at 81 years I find I can neither climb nor keep up anymore. When I feel depressed about it I get out back issues of *P&P* and read the hiking stories. I'm truly an armchair hiker."—*Bellingham*

"My comment is to only cover Washington and even drop the paddle part. Nevertheless, I enjoy the remaining parts, especially the news and activities."—*Brinnon*

"I don't read about adventures with children; I don't read climbing stuff generally. I do like to read about ski and snowshoe trips and would like more reports and articles about snow touring."—*Arlington*

YELLOW CAT—YC always enjoys sorting the mail. Every once in a while she finds a tidbit of currency with her name on it.

The most recent tidbit came with a note:

YC, Pls find \$5 for tuna.

—the Golddust twins

These nice folks from Hillsboro made

YC's day with this bonus. Her only other pay for her hard work in the *Pack & Paddle* office is a few minutes of "mouse-on-a-string" in the evening.

E-MAIL—A reader wanted to know if Yellow Cat had her own e-mail address. No, she doesn't, but mail can be easily directed to her desk by putting her name on the "subject" line.

The *P&P* e-mail address is: packandpaddle@visnetinc.com
We gladly accept trail reports, letters-to-the-editor and other contributions by e-mail. If you want to send a large document, please make it a .txt file.

VANCOUVER ISLAND—Lee and I spent some time in mid-April in Tofino, about halfway up the west coast of Vancouver Island. It is a beautiful place and a paddler's delight.

Although our trip was short we were able to paddle a little, sightsee a little, and plan for another (longer) trip.

Pacific Rim National Park protects a big chunk of the island's rugged shoreline, but roads, houses and resorts are springing up rapidly. We reflected with gratitude on Olympic National Park and its holdings along the Washington coast that keep our ocean beaches in a more-or-less wilderness condition.

GREY WHALES—While in Tofino, we thought we had missed the grey whale migration, which occurs in March, but in April it was still going on with mother-and-baby whales heading north. We were charmed to be able to see them from our motel window and from the restaurant where we had breakfast one morning.

It didn't take long before we had convinced ourselves to spend the afternoon cruising in an inflatable Zodiac to further observe them. Our Zodiac driver cautioned us that the mother-and-baby groups could be elusive. But the boat ride itself was worth the price, and we did see more whales.

CLIMBING GYM—I visited a climbing gym for the first time recently. It was a lot of fun. Although it can never replace being outside, the gym has its own appeal.

We all got checked out so our group of eight could belay each other. Ted and John headed off right away to do the hard stuff. Lindy, Manita, Elin and

I practiced on 5.4s and 5.6s while Dale gave us tips. And Linda added some challenge by encouraging us (insisting, actually) to try one of the routes "English," just so we could say we did.

Linda will even be in a climbing competition at Vertical World in Redmond on May 2!

PACK & PADDLE AS "PUNISHMENT"—Lee's son Bill is working as an environmental educator at the YMCA's Camp Colman on the Key Peninsula.

Bill reports that a Shoreline teacher was seen recently with a copy of *Pack & Paddle* on his clipboard. Students who misbehaved were given the magazine to read while they contemplated the error of their ways.

What a great idea ... all those recalcitrant young minds being exposed to backcountry travel through the pages of *Pack & Paddle*.

HAWK VISITS—On a recent morning I was surprised to look out the window and see a small hawk perched near a bird feeder among the trees. Lee and I watched it for several minutes before it flew away.

I consulted the bird guide to try to determine who our new visitor was, but couldn't make a positive identification. I've seen it one more time, when it swooped down, scattering smaller birds in every direction.

Over the years the bird feeder has provided lots of office-window entertainment for me. I keep a pair of binoculars to get a close-up view of the goings-on.

See you in the backcountry,

Ann Marshall

BACK ISSUES AVAILABLE

Complete your *Pack & Paddle* library—get all the back copies from Volume 1, Number 1 to the current issue. Write or call for ordering information:

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"THE NORTH CASCADES EAST" pictorial relief map is the ONE. After a complete review and revision, where needed, Dick Pargeter has just reintroduced this unique Cascades map.

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This map is for dreaming and planning, and for trail travel only. If you're walking off-trail, use with 7.5 or 15 minute* USGS type topos. And use common sense and experience.

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