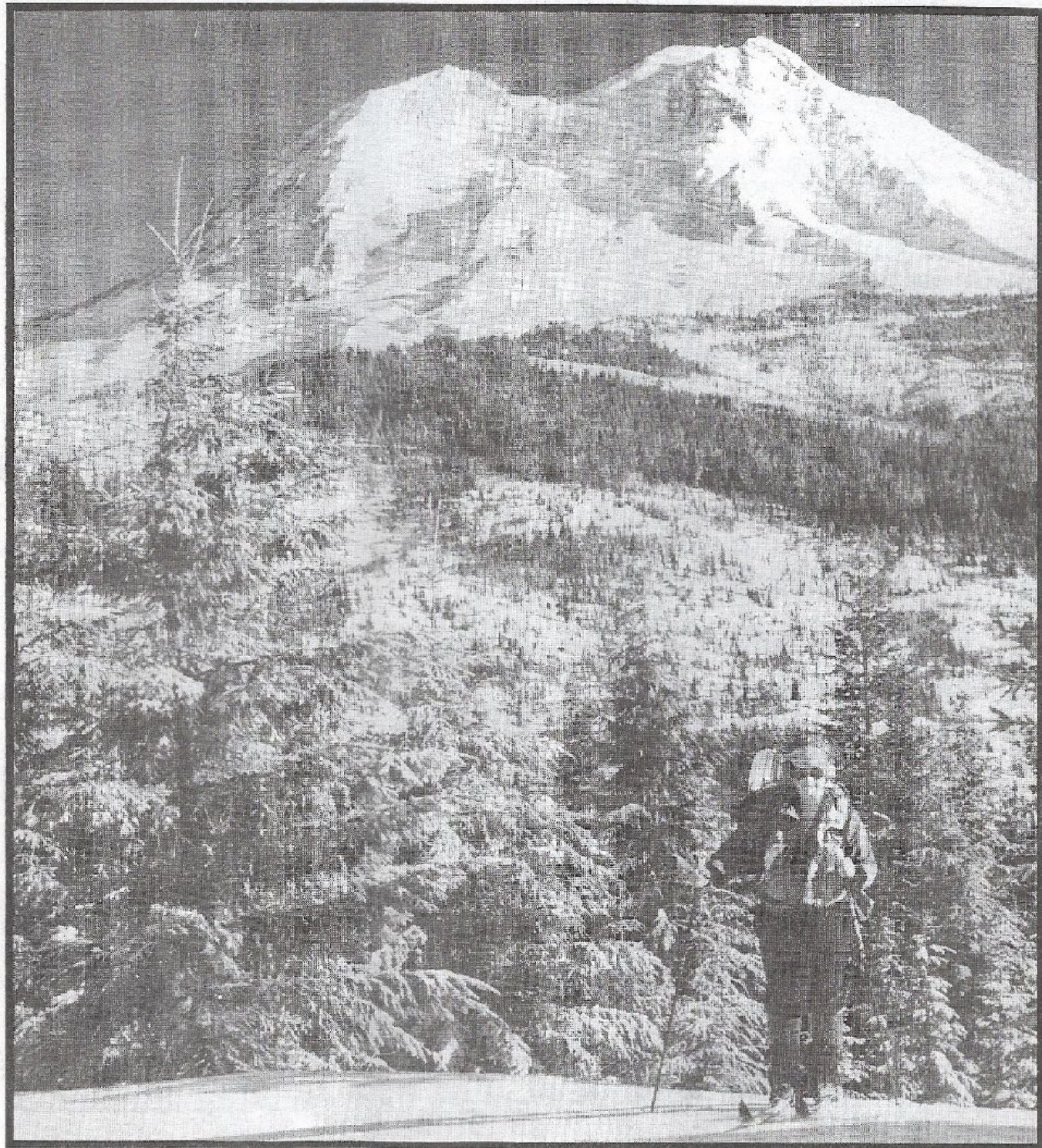


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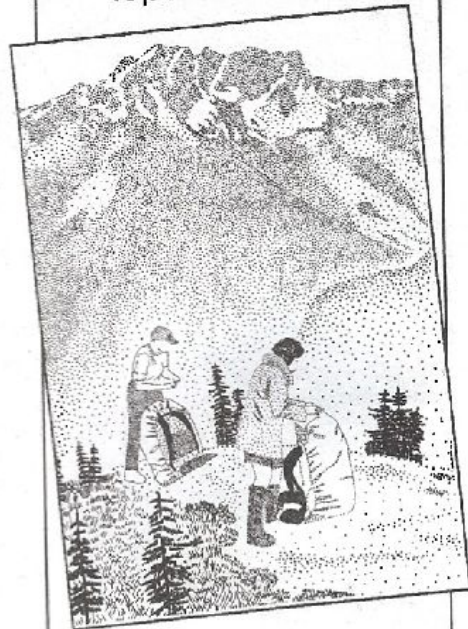
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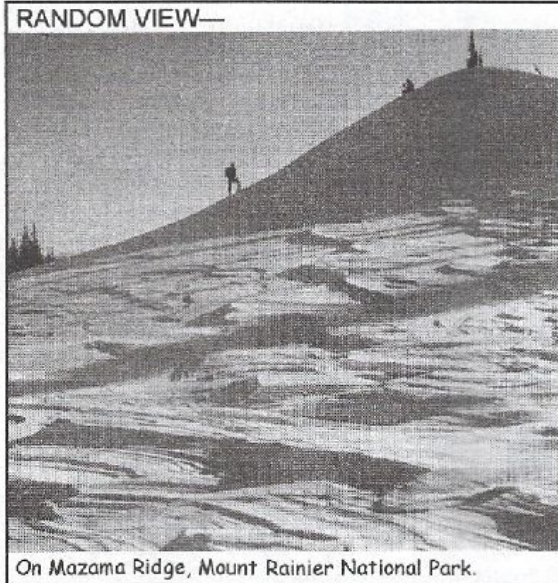
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# Pack & Paddle®

VOLUME 8, NUMBER 2

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RANDOM VIEW—



Karen Sykes

On Mazama Ridge, Mount Rainier National Park.

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### COVER PHOTO:

Ann Marshall skis up the Copper Creek road with Mount Rainier (highest point in Pierce County; see page 24) rising behind. Photo by Lee McKee.

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### TRAVELS WITH A STOVE

While in Hawaii doing some backpacking last month, I checked in my backpack with Hawaiian Airlines for an inter-island flight from Maui to the Big Island.

I was asked by the check-in person if I had been camping. When I answered affirmatively, I was asked if I had a stove. I carry an MSR-XGK stove; because I always empty the unleaded gas from my fuel bottle into my rental car tank prior to boarding a flight, I figured I had no problem admitting I had a stove.

When I was asked if I had any fuel, I answered no. I was asked to produce the stove and fuel bottle from my luggage. The employee said she had to look inside the fuel bottle.

I unscrewed the pump assembly from the fuel bottle, and when the employee examined the open bottle and saw and smelled the few drops of residual gas inside, she told me that the fuel bottle/pump assembly could not go on the flight. I was stunned.

I have been following the same procedure for over 15 years, and I have never even been asked if I have a stove.

I couldn't just hand over an integral part of my stove for her to throw away, and she called security to reaffirm her

decision. Finally my brain became unlocked, and I told her that the pump insert is part of the stove, but that I would part with the fuel bottle. That was acceptable with her.

In our discussion of the problem, she told me that this happens all the time, and that once the fuel bottle has been used (ie., if it smells like gas), it is considered hazardous material.

On my departure from the Big Island, I was flying on Hawaiian again. This time I had emptied my replacement fuel bottle three days prior to departure and had left it open and upside down to air out until I packed for my flight. Of course, it still smelled like gasoline.

Sure enough, I was asked the same questions at check-in, my stove and fuel bottle were sniffed, and the fuel bottle was initially denied boarding, despite the fact that it was bone dry. When the check-in person showed it to his supervisor, however, the supervisor okayed it for transport.

I wonder if only Hawaiian Airlines is getting tough or if this is going on with many airlines. I've travelled with a backpack many times, but this has never happened before.

Losing a fuel bottle is no big deal, but what about folks who own a stove

in which the fuel tank is part of the stove? They would simply have to fork over their stove to the airline for disposal as hazardous material.

I had an idea to fill my fuel bottle with orange juice and cap it with a normal fuel bottle cap (I didn't try that), but that won't help people with Peak-1 type stoves.

Is there much difference between someone travelling with a drained (but perhaps not absolutely dry) fuel container which is sealed and somebody traveling with a bottle of vodka? It's bad form to argue with airline security (I was too stunned to do so anyway).

Does anybody have similar experiences or different solutions to this matter?

Jay Mueller  
Tacoma, Washington

### THANK YOU

Thank you to the P&P readers who kindly gave us information about Bibler tents. Opinions were mixed. Our conclusion was to rent one before we consider purchase.

VB/MA  
Arlington, Washington

### SHELTER ROCK

Sometime tell your readers that "Shelter Rock" is not in Royal Basin.

The old camp is up the Big Quil. I stayed in the old cabin along with the packrats back in the '30s.

Even Karen Sykes called the one at Royal Basin "Shelter Rock."

Bob Marriott  
Port Townsend, Washington

*Ed.—According to Robert L. Wood in Olympic Mountains Trail Guide, the Royal Basin rock is called "Big Rock," but is also known as "Shelter Rock."*

*Shelter Rock Camp on the Big Quil, he says, has no large rocks near it (although Lee and I found what we think is the original "shelter rock" while exploring near the site of the old camp last summer).*

## Pack & Paddle's 1998 Index is ready!

The Index lists all trips and trails for the past year, and also lists titles of feature articles and items of interest by subject. The index is FREE, but stamps and self-addressed long envelopes are always appreciated.

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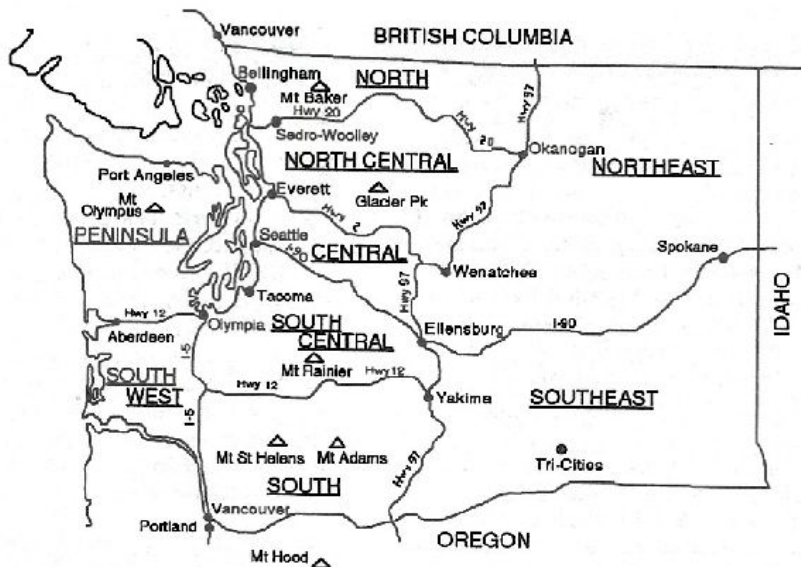
## INTRODUCTION

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

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

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

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-  —Hiking, backpacking on trails.
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### PENINSULA



#### DUNGENESS SPIT (USGS Dungeness)

—Four hikers set out for the lighthouse on this Mountaineers' outing.

Temperature in the low 20s and winds gusting to 50 mph offer opportunities to build character. Medium to high tides result in much rock walking and log balancing.

The leader (your author) temporarily deranged by the weather, mistakes the "decoy" heron and ducks in the little wading pool next to the lighthouse for live birds.

Nevertheless we all make it back to the cars and then the fun begins. It begins to snow and the roads turn to glaze ice, resulting in four hours' travel time from Hood Canal to Seattle. A thoroughly enjoyable trip.—John Walenta, Seattle, 12/19.

### BACKCOUNTRY NEWS DEADLINE: February 18

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



#### SPRUCE RAILROAD, LA FALLETTE FALLS (USGS

*Lake Crescent*)—I caught the 7:50 ferry to Bainbridge, and arrived at Lake Crescent around 11. Sun and clouds alternated on this mild, breathless morning. The Furies of December have abated, leaving a mid-ridge snowline on Aurora Ridge and no snow visible on Pyramid Mountain.

La Fallette Falls is on the north rim of the valley west of Fairholm. Accurate directions were provided by BNJ's trail report in the May 1989 issue of *Signpost* (page 9). There was one significant blowdown on the access woods road. The scramble up to (and down from) the spray basin is steep and slippery, requiring considerable care.

The setting is very reminiscent of falls in the Columbia Gorge. Halfway down, I crossed the creek (west to east) onto a spur platform leading to a filled-in shaft of the Crescent Mine; adjacent is a low, intriguing cave hole.

I then drove to the end of the North Shore road, parked, and embarked via two wheels back to the highway. The 20-mile trip around the lake, on a fat-tire bike with under-inflated tires, took this slowpoke 2½ hours. Even on a winter Monday, the occasional log truck traffic required constant attention. Otherwise, a very enjoyable pedal. A startled otter near La Poel gave me a definite "double take."

Crossed the Lyre at last to reach the eastern trailhead at 3:15. This brought me to the scenic bridge at Devil's Point (and a "2nd lunch" stop) as late after-

noon sun fled from the horns of Storm King Mountain; oh well—if I were headed for New Zealand I'd be in a hurry too! So hastening steps completed this through-hike and brought the truck into view at 4:50, as evening sprang into the heavens.—Andy Carr, Bellevue, 1/4.



#### LAKE ANGELES (USGS

*Port Angeles*)—I arose on the morning of the first Sunday of the year just before the first real work day of the year. The weather outside was absolutely beautiful, so I got my gear ready and took off. After stopping for breakfast in Sequim I arrived at the trailhead, approximately 1900 feet, at the end of a short side road just outside the Heart o' the Hills entrance to ONP.

I was finally on the trail at 11:30am. It was about 40 degrees and the trail is entirely in the shade this time of year, which makes for very pleasant uphill hiking. The trail climbs pretty steadily most of the way, no really flat stretches or really steep stretches.

After a small elevation gain, the brush and understory start to thin out, and pretty soon there isn't much but tree trunks and dry branches at ground level, but it's still very pleasant and quiet. The only exception is the distant and muffled sound of traffic from the Hurricane Ridge road.

Soon I arrived at a marked campsite near the second major stream crossing. Just beyond the crossing is a large deadfall which isn't too difficult to get over. On the way up are a few more

downed trees, but no major obstructions. I could see where a few windfalls had recently been sawed to clear the trail.

I finally ran into a large patch of snow on the trail at 3800 feet. After about another 100 feet of gain, the snow covered the trail the rest of the way to the lake. Ski poles provided very useful assistance in going up. I had snowshoes along, too, but there was no need for them since the snow was heavy and crusty.

Ate lunch at the frozen-over lake, with a noticeable chill setting in. The lake is at approximately 4300 feet. It was easily 10 to 15 degrees cooler up there, although there was some very nice sunshine.

Headed back down and reached the car just after 4:30pm. By that time it was almost dark. I saw only one other person on the trail all day.

This is a great wintertime day hike. Take ski poles. You'll only need snowshoes if there is fresh snow above 3000 feet. It's 2½ hours up, 1½ hours down. Go fairly early so it's not dark before you finish hiking.—Rick Kohler, Poulsbo, 1/3.

**BEACHES**—Third Beach to Oil City: a few trees down along the way which are no problem. Goodman creek is unfordable at the normal ford location; however, it can be crossed on a log jam 3-mile upstream from the ford. Not recommended for average backpackers. Cougar tracks in the trail from Mosquito Creek to Hoh Head.

Norwegian and Coastie Headland trails are both in good shape. There are no downed trees or new tread damage to either trail. The short sand ladder on the south end of Norwegian is in good shape. The rope on the steep north side of Coastie Head is fine.

Beach fires remain banned from Wedding Rocks headland to Yellow Banks.—Ranger, 1/16.

#### NORTH FORK QUINAULT ROAD

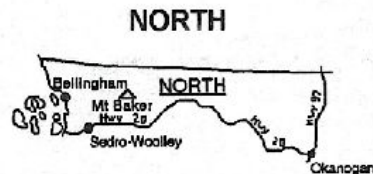
—The North Fork road will be closed to all traffic until March 12 for repair and improvement. The North Fork and Big Creek Trailheads will be accessible by foot only from the Upper Quinault River Bridge, adding an additional 3 miles of hiking *each way*.

Do not block the road gate when you park, and watch for heavy equipment on the road.—Ranger, 1/15.

**HURRICANE RIDGE**—For recorded information on the road conditions, call 360-452-0329.

Entrance fees will be collected all winter at Heart o' the Hills.

**HOH RIVER**—The December wash-out that closed the Hoh River road has been temporarily repaired and the road is now open.



#### BEAR, BALD and NEW YORK (USGS Hamilton, Cavanaugh Cr)

—Vertical gain (with ups and downs) about 2700 feet; mileage about 13 (depending how far you can drive the road).

On the Sunday after New Year's Day I went on a snowshoe trip to some moderate clearcut summits. Kind of a sandbag trip but glorious views and fabulous company: Peggy Goldman, Jim Quade, Mike Torok and John Roper.

From Highway 20, turn off at the Ensley Road (overpass bridge) in Hamilton, drive north ½-mile to the Crown Pacific entry gate to check in with the guard (open 6am to 10pm). Follow the main road (road 100) for about 10 miles where it crosses the Nooksack River; continue on road 200. At 13 miles we decided to stop before we got stuck in the snow.

We walked about another ½-mile to a locked gate at 2280 feet. After the gate follow the left fork going up about 2½ miles to a pass at 3400 feet. Take the second right fork heading northwest, then take the right switchback at 3700 feet.

Continue to the road's end at 4200 feet. A short stroll leads to the clear-cut summit of Bear. Walk the broad ridge south-southwest with a few ups and downs, one short moderately steep step of 200 feet leads to the wooded summit of Bald, 4524 feet. There are great views of the Twin Sister Ranger and beyond to Baker.

Drop off the summit and follow the ridge northwest about a mile to the summit of New York, 4280 feet.

To meet the loop trip requirement we dropped off the west side to pick up the road that went counter-clockwise around Bald to join our tracks at 3700 feet and the long walk out.

Trip time was 7.5 hours. Conditions were breakable crust depending on weight: the R-and-Rs (robust bordering on rotund) over 210 pounds broke through and postholed where the lighter party members did not, so if you are light on your feet you could

easily improve on this time.

The trip is almost totally a road walk but the views are incredible, a good choice when avalanche conditions are high.—Ian Mackay, Seattle, 1/3.



#### SAUK MOUNTAIN (USGS

Sauk Mtn)

—Mark Desvoinge and I enjoyed a fantastic ascent of Sauk with excellent weather and snow conditions. It's rare when you can spend over a half hour on a summit for lunch in the winter.

The snow was firmly packed on the road and it took us about an hour and a half to reach a point where we put on our crampons. A huge amount of avalanche debris was on the lower, south slope of the mountain probably from a week ago.

We chose a shallow gully system to the left of the summer trail route. This route averaged about 40 degrees with a section or two of 45 to 50 degrees. The route tops out on a ridge southeast of the highest point. Our time up was 3 hours from the car.

I feel Sauk may be the best one-day climb on the west side of the Cascades. With the type of weather and snow conditions we had plus the easy, open approach, several steep route possibilities, and finally a panoramic view of hundreds of mountains including Rainier, Glacier, Eldorado, the Picket Range, Shuksan, Baker and the Twin Sister Range, Sauk has it all.—Dallas Kloke, Anacortes, 1/3.



#### OYSTER DOME (USGS

Bellingham South)

—This is always a good winter hike, even on a not-so-nice day. We park at the upper parking lot (saves about 2 miles) at the Blanchard Hill Trailhead.

About .9-mile up the road is the old incline trail which follows an old logging road much of the way, past Lizard Lake to join the Blanchard Hill trail in about 2 miles. Continuing past Lily Lake, the trail to Oyster Dome turns off just where the trail starts to drop down to the Bat Caves and Chuckanut Drive.

A short mile brings you out on Oyster Dome, with splendid views from Whidbey Island in the south up into Canada in the north with all of the islands to the west. We returned on the Blanchard Hill trail, thus making a loop.—Leigh Champlin, Seattle, 1/3.



#### FRAGRANCE LAKE (USGS

Bellingham South)

—We were trying to avoid rain so drove north intending to do the Interurban trail which runs from Larrabee State Park north to the Fairhaven district of

Bellingham. There is a large parking area at the beginning of the trail near the south end of Larrabee State Park.

Just a few hundred feet along the trail a side trail branches off to Fragrance Lake. We decided to do this as we had done the Interurban Trail a while back. It is about 2.1 miles to the lake. The trail goes through woods all of the way, with a number of very large old-growth trees.

A path goes all the way around the lake and has several good picnic spots. We opted, however, to lunch at an overlook about half way down the trail (a side trail branches off about .2-mile) with great views out over the water west to the San Juan Islands.

We managed to get back to our cars just as the rain hit.—Leigh Champlin, Seattle, 1/17.

**METHOW VALLEY**—So far this has been the warmest winter I have ever seen here. But real winter has come and it has snowed every day for the past four. Even with the warm weather of December and early January, the incredibly skilled grooming machine operators have produced great track skiing. All 180km of trails are open in the valley and have plenty of snow coverage.

Now that we have new snow the off track skiing is good. There are about 6 to 8 inches of powder on an old crust layer. The soft snow has enough density to allow good turns without breaking through the hidden crust. Good off track destinations have been Aspen Lake/Storybook Hills, Buck Mountain and Patterson Mountain.

New this season are marked, mapped and maintained snowshoe trails. The snowshoe routes have been getting enough use to maintain a nicely packed trail yet rarely do snowshoers see other folks on the trail.

Some of the most popular routes are Patterson Lake/Rader Creek/Maggie Loop (note that Patterson Lake and Rader creek are no longer ski trails), Moose/Black/Kraule Loop at Sun Mountain, and in Mazama, the Beaver Loop at the Freestone Inn.

The Department of Transportation has been plowing Highway 20 as far west as Silverstar Creek. This gives access to Delancy Ridge, Silverstar Glacier and with a bit of effort Cutthroat Creek, Lake and Pass.

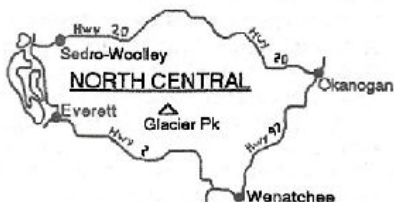
Check the sign at Early Winters Creek because the road is closed at Early Winters Creek from time to time if road work is being done.—Don Portman, Winthrop, 1/19.



Ian Mackay

Peggy Goldman and Jim Quade walking the ridge from Bear to Bald. Twin Sister Range in background.

## NORTH CENTRAL



### COPPERBELL MINE

(USGS Gold Bar, Index)—We wanted to hike but since it was raining hard and already noon, we opted for this short trip below the snow line. Following the directions given in *Footsore 2* and using our USGS maps, we parked on the far side of the power lines where the road to the mines takes off.

The hard-packed ballast on the road served us well. There were no washouts but on this day, much of the road bed was also a bed for a shallow but swift moving stream. Numerous waterfalls tumbled down the hillsides onto the road creating quite a large creek until at some point, they cascaded downhill off the road. This scenario repeated itself many times all the way to the mines.

One of the mines had a nice wide opening where we got out of the rain for lunch. There are quite a few of the old mine shafts in the area that are fun to locate. Only two mines are alongside the road; the others are uphill from the road with trails leading to them.

After lunch, we continued east on the road past the mines to its end in a

jumble of boulders where we turned around. As the book says, there would have been nice views of Index and Persis across the valley about ½-mile up the road from the car but all we saw was a whiteout.—Jim and Ginny Evans, Renton, 1/16.

## CENTRAL



### MOUNT TENERIFFE

(USGS Mt Si)—Mount Teneriffe is not a mountain that elicits great excitement, but habitues of the I-90 corridor will be familiar with its modest visage.

It does have several attractions that should make it more popular as a winter climb: 1) it is close to the greater Seattle area, and road access to the start is assured in all weather; 2) its south facing aspect and proximity to saltwater result in reduced snow depths (when compared to similar elevations elsewhere); 3) some person(s) has done a fine job of creating a trail half way to the summit, from which point the remainder is through nice open forest.

I became interested in Teneriffe because of its inclusion on Howbert's

# BACKCOUNTRY NEWS

REPORTS AND CONDITIONS

Homecourt List (see *P&P*, July 1995, page 22). It also seemed like a perfect peak for the short days of January. I was joined by Tom, Don, Juan, and Dick for a foray.

We drove through Old North Bend, took the same road that accesses the popular Mount Si trail, and continued about another mile to find the old logging road that used to reach the high country between Si and Teneriffe.

The start at 950 feet is marked by a locked white gate. We walked the main track, ignoring a couple of side branches, for about 3/4-mile where we encountered a creek flowing in a culvert below the road.

Our intent was to turn north to access the southeast ridge of Teneriffe. We were scouting around trying to decide where to broach the messy regrowth immediately roadside when someone in the advance guard discovered a surprising path just east of the creek.

This proved to be a trail that goes through pleasant forest with the ever-present creek providing delightful sights and sounds.

At 2000 feet we reached the base of a spectacular waterfall which is worth a trip in itself. The trail continued to 2600 feet where it abruptly ended in the "middle of nowhere." Presumably it is a work in progress.

Here we worked our way northeast up the steepest terrain of the entire ascent to gain the southeast ridge at the 2800-foot level. From here the route to the top is a classic Cascade forested ridge with the trees giving way only in the last hundred feet before the 4788-foot summit.

On this day we were greeted by strong wind, stinging snow, and limited views, so lingered only long enough for the obligatory summit photo. Perhaps the highlight of the day occurred on the descent when Don spied a mountain goat poised dramatically above an overhanging cliff at the top of the falls. About 6 hours roundtrip.—Mitch Blanton, Bellingham, 1/9.

## ❄️ COMMONWEALTH BASIN (USGS Snoqualmie Pass)

—Jan and I headed up on snowshoes into the Commonwealth Basin on a cloudless cool, but not cold, day. Only an inch or two of new snow overlaid the set snow, crusty from last week's snow-melting rain.

We followed a definite path of previous snowshoers, hikers, and at least one cross-country skier. The trail was mellow for the most part, steep in only one location. Several snow bridges across feeder streams added some romance to the trip. A large waterfall off the slopes of Kendall peak provided a noisy and picturesque spray in the distance.

We turned around at the head of the valley under Red Mountain just before the ridge ascent begins.—Don Potter, Bellevue, 1/2.

## ❄️ ALPENTAL WATERFALL (USGS Snoqualmie Pass)

Took a plowed road out of the last Alpentel parking lot, then a nice trail to a lovely waterfall. Trail steepens, we didn't follow, looked as though an ice axe would be needed to get to the next waterfall.

In the past this has been a difficult area to access. We snowshoed.—SP, Seattle, 1/6.

## ❄️ DIAMOND HEAD (USGS Swauk Pass)

—Eric, Ihab, Sarah, Kaya (dog), and I went way east on Sunday, to Swauk Pass, praying for a spot of dryness. It rained like heck all the way to Cle Elum, and was still going pretty good at the Swauk Pass Sno-Park.

We decided to tough it out, and snow hiked/snowshoed to the summit of Diamond Head. After a 3 mile march south on the groomed, packed snow of road 9716, we donned snowshoes and took a shortcut straight uphill to the south saddle, then wandered north to the ill-defined high point at 5915 feet.

The rain tapered off, but we were still beset with rotten snow, scads of snowmobilers, and high wind on the summit. The snowpack was so meager that in places whole hillsides were bare, including most of the boulder fields on the west side of Diamond Head, and a large, 200-yard swath of gentle grassy slope just south of the summit. That was really

weird to run into at 5800 feet in January.

Views were a joke. It was pretty fun nevertheless, largely because Kaya was so wound up the whole time.

Beware the Sno-Park lot; it was so icy that Eric's Subaru Outback slid 2 feet sideways *after* he parked and got out. Three hours up, 2 hours down; 8 miles roundtrip and 1800 vertical feet.—Gimpy, Bellevue, 1/10.

**ENCHANTMENTS**—To obtain an overnight Wilderness permit application, call the Leavenworth Ranger Station now: 509-548-6977. Processing will begin on 3/1.

## NORTHEAST



## GINKGO STATE PARK (USGS Vantage)

—We were looking for sun since it was wet on the west side. We ended up at Vantage. Leaving I-90 at the Vantage exit, following the Vantage Highway north, we turned east at the first major road north of town (it leads to a boat launch at the site of the former Vantage Ferry).

Just a few hundred yards down the road is a turn-out at a gated jeep road. There is room for one or two cars. Be sure not to block the jeep road as they tell us it is used. We hiked up the gated road about 3 miles (you can go as far as the spirit leads). The road leads up into the backcountry of Ginkgo State Park.

In a short distance you gain the ridgetop with splendid views of the Columbia River Gorge. The wildflowers were gone but there was lots of sage brush. It is a long drive to find sun but made for a wonderful day.—Icigh Champlin, Seattle, 11/15.

## SOUTHEAST



## BOYLSTON MOUNTAINS, SADDLE MOUNTAINS

(USGS Boylston, East Kittitas, McDonald Sprg; see also DeLorme, page 51, A-B 7)—Jeff and I met in the rain

❄️ *Call before you go!* ❄️

❄️ Northwest Avalanche Forecast  
Washington Cascades and Olympics:  
206-526-6677

Oregon Cascades and Southern Washington:  
503-808-2400

Highway and pass information: 888-766-4636



# BACKCOUNTRY NEWS

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in Bellevue. We ran into snow on I-90 before Denny Creek—traction devices required. We were headed for a couple of summits near Leavenworth, but when snow still mucked up the freeway at Cle Elum, we started thinking of a plan B.

Our new goal, Boylston Mountains, lit by the sun, shined straight ahead as we drove into Ellensburg. This is the ridge on your right (south) as you drive I-90 down Ryegrass Coulee to Vantage on the Columbia.

If you like Whiskey Dick which is just north, or Umtanum Ridge to the southwest, here's another great sunny-side destination.

Navigating with DeLorme now, we took Exit 115 (Kittitas) and zig-zagged south of the freeway on Cleman Road to Badger Pocket Road to Carroll Road to Prater Road (tipping our hats to Gene and Bill, thanking them for their Sherpa snowshoe invention) to parallel the freeway on Boylston Road.

About 4 miles after Boylston goes under a railroad bridge a right fork leads up and crosses the John Wayne RR Trail to an immediate Y. We took the left branch here, winding, fishtailing, and spinning our way up the sparkly, snowy road to the Boylston ridge crest, northwest of the summit.

With hearts already pounding, we hiked up this ridge to the highest point of the Boylston Mountains (1000+ meters) where we had sweeping views of the rolling hills above the Columbia River. We smiled at our luck as we looked back at the cloud-clotted Cascade Crest.

About 3.5 miles southeast of us, the summit of Saddle Mountains beckoned, and since it looked higher than our present stance, we decided to tackle it, heading down across a sage brush hillside to the intervening saddle, then up about 1000 feet on various tracks.

By the time we reached the Saddle Mountain summit, the wind became decidedly nasty and sustained, even painful, blowing at least 40 to 50mph, reminding us that it really was winter. 4.5 hours round trip.—John Roper, Bellevue, 1/16.

## SOUTH CENTRAL



**DUWAMISH WATERWAY**  
(NOAA 18450)—The original plan was to paddle the LaConner area



Ken Hopping

Debbie Anshell, Richard Stiles and Bob Zeigler pause by a frozen waterfall on the trail to Rachel Lake. Alpine Lakes Wilderness.

to look for snow geese but a forecast of high winds caused our trip leader Vicki to change plans. The alternate destination was to paddle the relatively protected waters of the lower Duwamish Waterway.

Several launch spots are identified in both *Kayaking Puget Sound, the San Juans and Gulf Islands* by Randel Washburne and *Middle Puget Sound & Hood Canal Afoot & Afloat* by Marge and Ted Mueller. Vicki chose the Terminal 105 Viewpoint, is located at 4260 West Marginal Way SW in West Seattle (south of Spokane St and just north of SW Dakota St) for our put-in.

Eight of us met shortly after 9am in pouring rain and blustery wind in the parking area just off West Marginal Way. If you're launching a hand-carried boat you can drive down an access road to get closer to the water to unload and there is limited parking for a car or two. You'll also find sani-cans and an open-walled picnic shelter—which protected us somewhat from the rain as we got things together but did nothing to stop the wind.

Once on the water we headed across to the southern tip of Harbor Island where the Harbor Island Marina is located and headed for the East Waterway. Passing under the bridge supports of the Spokane Street East Waterway bridge, we were soon in the open waters of the East Waterway. This is what

you would call "industrial paddling." The banks of the main Duwamish as well as the East and West Waterways are lined with a mixture of shipyards, barge landings, factories, derelict buildings, and wharfs. As the current carried us along Vicki told us some of the history of how Harbor Island came to be in the late 1800s.

Rounding the north end of Harbor Island put us into Elliot Bay where we continued to follow the shoreline westward. Here we passed by a navy ship undergoing maintenance and a ferry in a floating drydock. Soon we were at the mouth of the West Waterway.

There was only moderate wind and wave action, so our group decided to continue paddling west to Seacrest Park, 2200 feet of public shoreline on Elliot Bay in West Seattle. The water, which had been a muddy brown in the Duwamish, slowly cleared as we got farther from the estuary. At the park we landed for a short break. We shared the beach access with two divers who were checking out their equipment.

Back on the water we headed into the West Waterway. We started out paddling up the western shoreline, but at the point where it made a bend we were making limited progress against the wind and current, so moved over to the eastern side where the current was less and our progress better.

Arriving back at the Terminal 105

Viewpoint, we took a quick lunch break. Then six of us got back in our kayaks for a short paddle up and around Kellog Island. Kellog Island is a wildlife preserve so access is not allowed. We saw a number of blue herons, ducks, and other waterfowl as we made the circumnavigation.

If you paddle in the Duwamish you need to take into consideration the current and the heavy boat traffic. This is a working waterway, and you will encounter a variety of craft that can be moving quickly. You definitely want to practice "defensive paddling" here.—LGM, Port Orchard, 1/16.



### COAL CREEK TRAIL

(USGS Mercer Island)—

Heather and I embarked on yet another incredibly wet day to do this very-close-to-home hike. The Coal Creek trail runs for 3 miles with some short side trails. The trail is entirely within the 303.5-acre Coal Creek Park. We started at the eastern terminus at the border with the Cougar Mountain Park.

The trail is a delight to hike, but it was a bit muddy and slippery in spots. We hiked to the western trailhead and then retraced our route for a 6-mile loop.

Because of the trail's course in the Coal Creek ravine, much of the surrounding suburban sprawl is out of sight. You will not feel as though you are in the Seattle metropolis. This will help you put yourself back in time, for this area has a lot of historic as well as natural value.—Craig Romano, Seattle, 12/5.



### WEST TIBBETTS CREEK

(USGS Issaquah; Cougar Mtn RWP)—This trail is not marked on the Cougar Mountain Park Trail System map, and lacks "official" signage, but is easy to locate. The tread is in good shape despite receiving relatively little maintenance.

The route offers good opportunities for solitude, and the pleasure of a constantly babbling brook at one's side. Directions can be found in the Issaquah Alps Trails Club guide to Cougar Mountain (Manning/Owen).

Last May I hiked the 1-mile lower portion of this trail, beginning from a connector off the Bear Ridge Trail below the Fantastic Erratic.

The path keeps to the north of the main creek, while descending to and crossing Bakersville Creek in a little swale. It then tunnels through deep greenery and mud patches as it drops to the valley floor and a crossing amid swimming holes and picnic spots. Bear Ridge Trail is rejoined 100 meters

short of the emergence onto Highway 900.

Returning up Bear Ridge trail to the connector, I ascended the ¼-mile middle portion of the Creek Trail, which proved a somewhat rougher segment; several abrupt ups and downs. The path climbs to Rotten Log Lookout, and re-intersects the Bear Ridge trail.

On this mild and sunny January afternoon, I returned to stroll the ¾-mile upper portion. Take the Tibbetts Marsh trail to a signpost 20 meters north of the cedar log crossing over Tibbetts Creek. The signpost has the words "Bear Creek Tr" scrawled in crayon; the Creek trail begins behind this sign. Occasional red paint blotches on trees help mark the way, which stays close to the creek gorge in a steady descent.

Wintertime opens up occasional view windows to Squak and Tiger Mountains. I emerged once again onto Bear Ridge trail, 50 meters south of Rotten Log Lookout.—Andy Carr, Bellevue, 1/3.



### CEDAR BUTTE (USGS

North Bend, Chester Morse Lk)—Parking for this hike is at Rattlesnake Lake. We were surprised to see the improvements that have been made: a much larger parking lot, lots of landscaping and a re-alignment of the road to Cedar Falls.

A short trail leads from the parking lot and joins the Iron Horse Trail just at the edge of the Cedar River Watershed. About 2 miles up the Iron Horse Trail a side trail turns off to Cedar Butte. The first mile of this is through clear-cut, then the final mile is through second growth forest.

The views from the 1800-foot summit are up the Middle Fork Snoqualmie River, and include Mailbox, Si, Bander, Defiance and Washington.

If you work out transportation in advance this can be combined with Twin Falls State Park. Back on the Iron Horse Trail you can continue east to the Twin Falls trail which leads down to the falls, then on to the trailhead and parking area at Twin Falls State Park. Since they are both short, combining them makes for an interesting day.—Leigh Champlin, Seattle, 11/22.



### SILVER KING (USGS Norse

Pk)—This 7012-foot bump along the long, nearly circular ridge above the Crystal Mountain ski area is a delightful winter climb.

We started out from the parking lot and headed up one of the easy ski runs called Tinkerbelle. We got more than one funny look from passing skiers who wondered why we didn't just pay the 35

dollar lift fee. It was interesting carrying skis, snowshoes, and boots, but we soon got use to the weird feeling.

The ski run was easy to kick steps up and within an hour we were in the woods and heading up the northeast ridge, grateful to be alone in the backcountry. Snowshoes came out at about 5500 feet and they came in real handy until the ridge got too steep and we had to kick steps for about 200 feet.

Much to our surprise and right near the summit we were able to see skiers standing on top. We met a group of about 15 on top who were slightly surprised to see us kicking steps up the open ridge. We were able to see every Washington volcano, Mount Hood and the entire Stuart Range! It was an awesome day!

After a lazy lunch watching the skiers come and go we turned west and traversed the ridge to The Throne where Paul put his skis on and headed down what I would call a cliff. He had joined the crowd of crazy skiers.

I plunge-stepped down the bowl, happy to have my knees still in one piece, and found a green run called Queen where I met Paul. A few minutes later we found ourselves back on Tinkerbelle for the final run back to the car. 4 hours up and 1 hour down.—Mark Owen and Paul Cho, Shoreline, 1/2.

**MOUNT TAHOMA TRAILS**—For current conditions and hut information, call 360-569-2451.

### SOUTH



### YELLOWJACKET ROAD

(USGS White Pass)—Our party of eight started up the snow-covered road on less than three feet of packed, icy snow.

Snow players had badly postholed the first hundred yards or so, but conditions improved thereafter. Lightly falling snow began to put a better surface on things as we climbed away from the parking lot. There's not much snow at this elevation!

We passed the first old clearcuts without even trying to ski much off the road. Those young seedlings of a few years back had grown rapidly, and it


# BACKCOUNTRY NEWS

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will take a heavier snowpack to open up room to explore these slopes.

We continued out to the end of the road, having to pick our way carefully at times along some of the southwest exposures, where the thawing conditions had sent numerous small rocks off the roadbanks and onto the roadway—tough to wax right for lava!

Continuing snowfall improved conditions somewhat, and on the return we ventured off through the opening and were able to find a few open runs. This is still a pretty spot for an easy tour, but it'll be much better if the snowpack builds up later this winter.—Cleve & Marty Pinnix, Olympia, 1/10.

 **GILLETTE LAKE and GREENLEAF OVERLOOK** (USGS Bonneville Dam)—On one of the wettest weekends of the year, Heather and I decided to do a mellow 9-mile hike on the Pacific Crest Trail in the Columbia Gorge National Scenic Area.


We began our hike at the historic Bridge of the Gods and followed the PCT north past Fort Rains to Gillette Lake. Most of this hike is through second-growth forest. There is very little elevation gain to this point.

We continued from the lake for another 1.3 miles to the Greenleaf Overlook—a splendid vista point overlooking the Gorge.

Highlights of this hike include Greenleaf Creek, a roaring, cascading waterway (crossed by a bridge), and the hundreds and hundreds of newts that littered the trail. This area contains many small ponds that host thousands of these amphibians. We had to be very careful hiking so as not to step on one. I have never seen anything like it before.

This is a great all-season hike.—Craig Romano, Seattle, 11/21.

## OREGON


 **MULTNOMAH and WAHKEENA FALLS** (Columbia Gorge)—Heather and I went on yet another incredibly wet day of hiking. This time it was a 10-mile hike that included three of Oregon's finest waterfalls and a mini-summit as well.

Due to a trail closure because of storm damage, it is now 3 miles to the top of Multnomah Falls. This didn't bother us in the least—we had the entire top of the falls to ourselves, unthinkable in the "old days!"

We started our hike at Wahkeena

Falls, just as impressive as Multnomah. We hiked the trail to the top of these falls, then to Fairy Falls and then onward to Multnomah Falls—a spectacular course that included two ravines with water rushing like the devil himself released it.

We detoured for an additional 3 miles to hike to the 2450-foot promontory Devil's Rest. From here is a grand view over the Gorge and lots of old trees as well. This entire circuit is 10 miles and it can be done throughout the year. Avoid the crowds by hiking it this winter.—Craig Romano, Seattle, 12/12.

 **COLUMBIA GORGE (GT Bridal Veil & Bonneville Dam)**—Wetter than normal weather has again filled up the Gorge creeks and turned every lowland hike into a waterfall lover's paradise, with cascades streaming down the bluffs.

The main stem falls on Tanner Creek, McCord Creek, and Oneonta Creek have lost the grace and beauty that they normally exhibit in winter. They bear more resemblance to opened fire hydrants.


I have never seen the creeks this full in the 15 years that I have hiked in the Gorge. The Larch Mountain trail (Multnomah Falls) is still closed. The Forest Service has now decided that it is safe to rebuild the old trail, a section of which was destroyed in a slide, and work is supposed to commence in the spring.

I hiked the Oneonta trail to Triple Falls and beyond to the junction with Horsetail Creek trail (3½ miles, 1300 feet gain), the continuous roar of the creek cleansing all things urban from my mind.

I also hiked the trails to Upper and Lower Elowah Falls on McCord Creek (3 miles round trip, 800 feet gain) where the steel girder bridge has again been dislodged, and the Pacific Crest Trail 2 miles to Dry Creek Falls (surely a misnomer).

I ended with a short hike to Wahclella Falls on Tanner Creek (1 mile, 500 feet gain).—John Walenta, Seattle, 12/29-30.

## CALIFORNIA

 **PINNACLES NATIONAL MONUMENT**—When the Cascades are full of snow in the winter, opportunities exist elsewhere for snow-free hiking. Pinnacles National Monument in central California has maintained trails, a different ecosystem, and also the opportunity to watch rock

climbers practice their craft.

Get on a flight for San Jose early in the morning. Rent a car at the airport and head south on Highway 101. Follow signs to Hollister, then watch for signs for Pinnacles National Monument. Travel time from the airport is less than two hours. You can be hiking by the afternoon.

There are two distinct entrances to the park. Most of the popular rock climbing venues are near the east entrance, as well as the only campground nearby the monument. The west entrance has no nearby campgrounds. Hotels are located in Hollister and King City.

The High Peaks trail is one of many, but it, perhaps, symbolizes what is famous about Pinnacles National Monument. It begins in a lush valley, complete with cedars reminiscent of the Pacific Northwest, then ascends to the ridge top, passing rock features too numerous to count. Winding among the many shapes is a trail literally carved out of the rock in several locations.

By combining the High Peaks Trail and the Condor Gulch Trail, you can make a 5.1-mile loop. Either trail gains perhaps 1500 feet in elevation to gain the ridge top. Once there, the trail winds for perhaps 1 mile among the myriad of towers along the ridgetop. In places, the trail goes over and along steep dropoffs protected by handrails constructed during the 1930s CCC era.

A different ecosystem called chaparral dominates the landscape. Chamise, manzanita, and buckbrush provide a suitable environment for many song birds, but don't promote off-trail travel. The valleys have intermittent stream corridors containing oaks, buckeyes, and sycamores. They are quite lush in comparison to the surrounding hillsides. Of particular interest is the local turkey vulture population. Their soaring antics are best viewed from the ridge on the High Peaks Trail. We were fortunate to have a group of six soar right in front of us while we lunched on top.

But it's the rock pinnacles that catch and hold most people's attention. They were formed millions of years ago by volcanic eruptions. The plate dynamics in this area has resulted in much of the volcano sliding 200 miles to the southeast. What's left, however, will provide a scenic backdrop for snow-free hiking in winter. It's worth the effort to see what's there.—Charlie Hickenbottom, Wenatchee, 12/28-29.

ED AGIUS

# Hiking Through History

—TULL CANYON AND TUBAL CAIN—

It all began with a casual exchange of tales between two amateur adventurers. Andy, who grew up in Port Angeles, described his experiences as a member of the local chapter of Search and Rescue, while I related memories of bicycle tours through New England twenty years ago.

Through Andy's stories I first heard of the 1941 crash site of a military aircraft in the Buckhorn Wilderness of the Olympic Mountains. Along with this tidbit I would learn of an additional tasty morsel just a stone's throw from the location of the crash site, an abandoned turn-of-the-century mining operation known as the Tubal Cain.

The seed was then sown which would eventually grow into a plan to visit these locally historic sites.

Years would pass before Andy's words would surface again. I extended an invitation to a close friend to accompany me on a hike into history. Sam, who comes very close to being my clone, well into his forties, fit and with a strong adventurous spirit, was the perfect hiking companion.

It was early in the month of Novem-

ber. This assured little or no hiking traffic on the Olympic trails, a plus, but also it presented a shortened hiking day. The rendezvous was set for 6am in Gorst for the car pool to the trailhead. The day turned out to be heavily overcast with an on-and-off misty drizzle to accompany us. It didn't dampen our spirits a bit.

As we prepared to walk off into the woods Sam revealed that his boots hadn't touched a trail since 1988. "It's been that long?" I asked, not expecting an answer. He was very happy to be hitting the trail once again.

While looking at the topo map I noticed that it just might be possible not only to explore the location of the crash site and the Tubal Cain Mine but also if we were really quick we could make the turn-around point Buckhorn Lake, an additional 2.5 miles beyond Tubal Cain. We would play it by ear.

The 3.1-mile hike along the Tubal Cain trail into the Buckhorn wilderness is one of the less strenuous hikes in the Olympics. The trail is well groomed and has a gentle and at times imperceptible rise as we strolled along.

The first indicator that told us we had arrived in the area of interest was a branch path known as the Tull Canyon trail. This trail immediately begins to climb, meandering 1.5 miles to the first of our destinations, the wreckage-strewn crash site. After just a few steps we came upon a shallow miner's tunnel sunk into the hillside.

As we moved farther up the trail we found pieces of aircraft metal lying on the ground, bits and pieces that had been moved by previous hikers.

When the trail finally leveled out, Sam and I took our packs off for a break and to nose around in the woods. It wasn't long before we stumbled across one of the aircraft's engines. It reminded me of a huge version of a model airplane engine, having similar cooling fins.

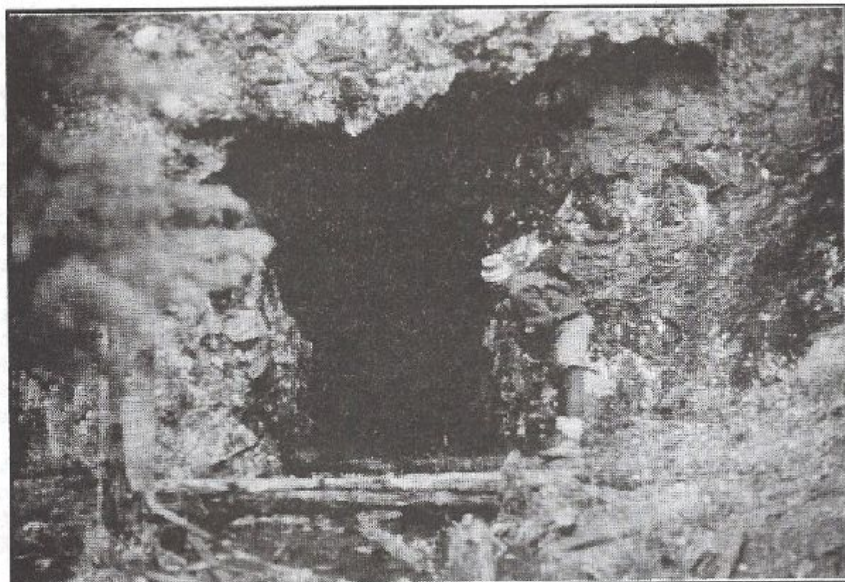
I reached down and touched one of the prop's driving pistons still attached to the propeller shaft in the engine housing. It moved from side to side. The movement seemed to bring the engine to life, if only for an instant. The engine, being one of the heavier parts of the plane, traveled farthest down the valley from the point of impact. It used its weight combined with the plane's velocity to plow through the forest.

As I mentioned, 1941 was when the plane crashed. But it wasn't until 1948 that the wreckage was finally discovered by some hunters along with the remains of the six-member crew.

This valley also holds another of the area's abandoned mining operations known as Tull City.

We shouldered our packs and headed up the trail to reach the heart of Tull City. Around a slight bend was what appeared to be a small beaver pond or downed timber blocking the small stream the trail was now following. Here the trees seemed to open up. We could look up the valley to its origin. The valley was skirted by steep treeless slopes leading to the surrounding ridge lines.

On the edge of this small pool we found the major portion of what re-



We poked our noses into the mine shaft.

Sam Miranda

mained of the 1941 disaster. I was in awe at the sight. The aircraft aluminum looked as bright as the day it was cast. I found it hard to believe the crash had occurred over fifty years ago.

One of the aircraft's tires was still in place on the landing gear and gave the impression it was inflated. I tried to reconstruct the final moments of the doomed pilot and crew as they tried to pick a safe landing route for their troubled craft.

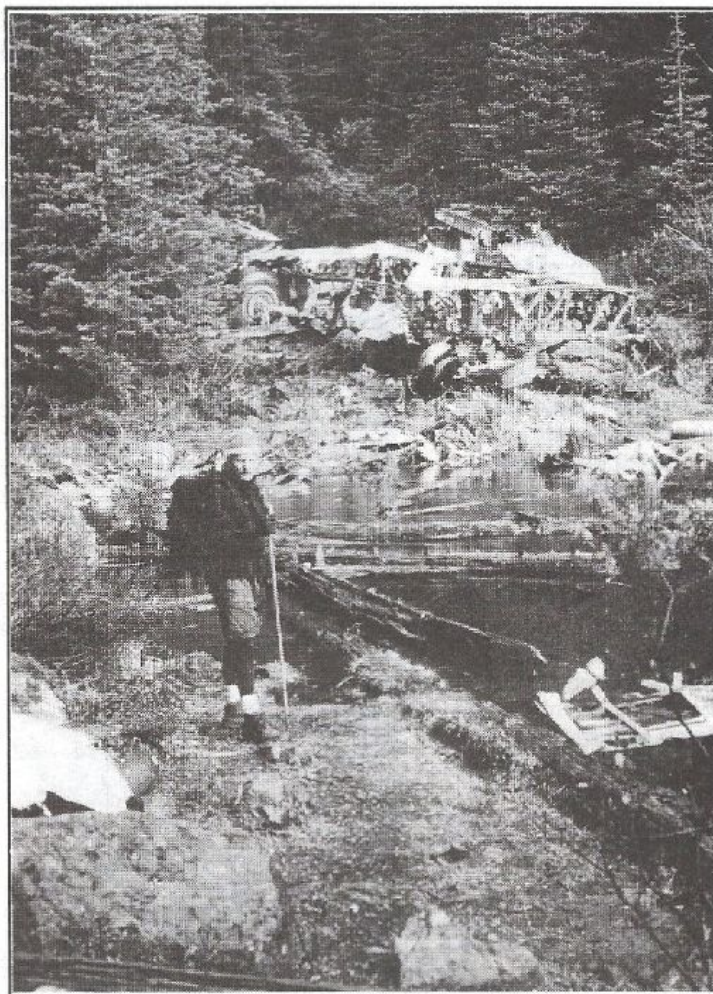
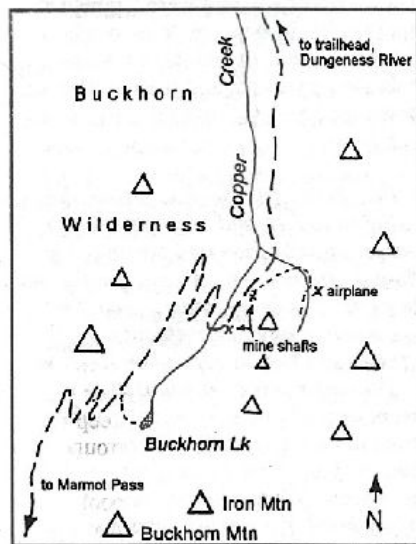
Just a bit more down the trail we reached its terminus where we found what remained of Tull City—two log structures with various pieces of rusted metal debris strewn about. We took a quick look around then did an about face to return to the main trail and head for the Tubal Cain Mine.

The Tubal Cain Mine was an extensive zinc and copper mining operation. It eventually had to be abandoned after an exceptionally severe winter which resulted in avalanches and flooding, rendering much of the mine unworkable.

The topo map showed that the perimeter of the mine touched the Tubal Cain trail at two points: first, where the trail split heading up to Tull City and second, where the trail crosses Copper Creek before heading up a handful of switchbacks to Marmot Pass.

Just prior to where the mine's perimeter touched the trail at Copper Creek I noticed a large talus pile. I turned to Sam and mentioned I thought there would be a mine shaft entry just over the top. He was all for heading up.

As we crested the mound the shaft opening appeared before us. I thought



Sam Miranda

At the edge of the pool we found the remains of the aircraft.

there would be more to the Tubal Cain than this shaft and some rusty cable and pipe.

We decided to break for lunch. It was getting late, being well after 1pm. We tried to make ourselves comfortable in the light drizzle by sitting on a downed log under a thick evergreen.

Sam pulled out a thermos of hot noodle soup as I reached into what at the moment seemed a bland bag of gorp with beef jerky and dried fruit as side dishes. Even with the side dishes it still didn't measure up to Sam's hot meal.

He used chopsticks to scoop out the noodles from his wide mouth thermos. Lucky for me, Sam decided to share his mini-feast.

After having been refreshed with new found energy from our meal, we discussed what to do next. Sam wanted to explore the mine's inner mysteries. I had thoughts of another destination, Buckhorn Lake, 2 or so miles up the trail.

I mentioned to Sam it wasn't recommended to enter any of these old shafts. Besides my warning, there was also a steady stream of water exiting the mine to deter us. This would have meant a sure soaking of our boots. Not something I'd prefer to do.

We decided to poke our noses into the mine's shaft, just a few steps, to get the feel of being surrounded by the mountain. Shining our lights down the shaft we noticed small objects hanging from the overhead.

I first thought they were newly forming stalactites but with closer observation we discovered they were bats. The bats were tightly tucked into winter hibernation, the size of a child's fist. We did not disturb them.

At this point we should have headed home for a casual hike out. But no! We decided, though not without serious thought, that Buckhorn Lake would be our destination. The trail just drew us

*continued on page 16*

LAURA WILD

## Capsize on the Skagit

—A THREE-FAMILY OUTING TURNS COLDER AND WETTER THAN PLANNED—

It was a beautiful sunny October Sunday when our group assembled on the banks of the Skagit River at Marblemount. Our goal was to have a pleasant afternoon canoe trip to Rockport, approximately 10 miles downstream, with our children. We'd left two vehicles at the State Park there, and now were preparing to launch.

The group included three families: Elizabeth and Andrew, and their daughter, Anne, 3; Jim and Marlene, in their 50s; and my husband, Ken, and children Emmett, 7, and Eliza, 3.

Jim and Marlene had spent much of the summer sailing, but hadn't canoed recently. Andrew and Elizabeth had canoed extensively, and were the trip leaders. My family had spent the summer canoeing each of the seven lakes in our area. None of us felt any trepidation about this river trip.

Andrew had read the guidebook, which described this section of the river as a moderately-challenging paddle. The Skagit was running a bit fast, after two days of rain. We put Eliza in Andrew and Elizabeth's canoe with Anne so the two three-year-olds could enjoy each other's company.

I'd forgotten the bag with our change of clothes for the kids in the car, which was now parked at Rockport, but I wasn't concerned. The weather was warm, and this was a short trip.

Down the river we floated, exhilarated by the scenery and the sun. Within the first half hour, we experienced a couple of riffles which splashed water into the canoe. Emmett protested about getting his tennis shoes wet, but soon forgot as we watched fish jumping. The three-year-olds were trailing their fingers in the water, laughing and giggling.

We came to a bend in the river, where the stream forked. The guidebook had said to stay right, but we thought it looked shallow by the way the water was riffing off the rocks. The left fork appeared to be a better choice, and we took it.



Eliza and Emmett Wild on a warmer, drier outing: at Pinnacle Lake.

Here is how Elizabeth described what happened next:

*Our peaceful run suddenly changed. There was a stump protruding from the water, and we negotiated to go around it to the left (near shore), but the river decided that we should go right.*

*We had no time to adjust and hit the stump in just the right (wrong) spot to flip us over and straight into the water in the blink of an eye.*

*Anne popped up immediately and Andrew grabbed her. A second or two later Eliza popped up as well and Andrew grabbed her and held them both up. My glasses got knocked off so seeing became a problem for me.*

*We were holding onto the canoe and to each other in the frigid water. The canoe was behind us perpendicular to the river, as we floated along at a fairly swift pace.*

I was in the bow of our canoe, and had been totally absorbed with scouting an appropriate route for us to take to avoid tree stumps and rocks, so my first hint of trouble was when Kenny, in the stern, shouted, "Get the kids!" I looked over to see Andrew and Elizabeth, coming to the surface and holding the children above them while trying to hang on to their canoe.

My first and only thought was that we needed to paddle immediately to get the children. The girls' lifejackets provided good flotation and made it easy for Andrew to keep them high in the water. Luckily, we were able to get close enough to the adults so that Andrew could grab my paddle.

We loaded the girls into our canoe, then turned our attention to making it safely through the next bit of white water.

We knew Andrew and Elizabeth were experienced outdoorspeople, and would take care of themselves. Jim and Marlene, in their canoe, had been behind us, and now set about to recover the paddles, seat cushions, and items of clothing floating down the river.

We paddled hard to the north shore, and found a quiet eddy where we could get the girls out of their wet clothes. They were crying and were frightened, but they knew we were doing our best for them. We changed them into our polarfleece jackets, and then headed down the river, looking for the rest of our group.

*Elizabeth: After we had passed the children to Ken and Laura, we let go of our swamped canoe and continued to float down the river. We put our feet up in front of us as we floated. I couldn't see much of anything without my glasses so I had to depend on Andrew.*

*The water was cold, but it didn't seem as cold as I'd expected. Andrew tried to hold on to me, to keep us together. My life vest was loose and the shoulders of it were up around the top of my head. We went through some*

Laura Wild

rough water and I swallowed some of it as the river splashed in my face.

Jim and Marlene came alongside to try to help us. Andrew thought we should get in their canoe and have them paddle us to shore.

We had both taken canoe safety classes, where we had been taught how to enter a canoe. The class had been in still, warm pool water, and we were now in cold, moving water, but we tried it anyway.

Andrew helped me get in at the back of the canoe, then he went to the front of the canoe. He was just about in when the canoe tipped and we all ended up in the water.

Marlene was under the canoe in an air pocket, and didn't know how to exit without putting her head under the water. Jim and Andrew helped her out by tipping the canoe.

Jim and Marlene held onto their canoe, and Andrew and I were hanging onto the end of ours. We felt the canoe drag on the rocks as we floated.

I put my feet down once to try touching bottom, but the water was too swift to stand. Jim said it didn't seem that hanging onto the canoes was going to help us get to shore, so we decided to let go.

A minute or so later the water was slowing down and getting deep. I didn't know when to try to go toward shore. I didn't want to wear myself out by trying to swim too soon.

I did know that I wanted to go for the shore on the right side because the road was on that side, and if we were going to get help quickly having a road nearby would be an advantage.

I felt Andrew start kicking, and knew it was time to start swimming. Andrew had seen people fishing, and yelled for help. We swam for the north shore, while Jim and Marlene swam to the south shore, which was closer to them. They grabbed onto branches hanging in the water, and we held onto boulders.

We worked our way up to the road where fishermen were waiting to help us. Talk about being in the right place at the right time.

We had seen Jim and Marlene's canoe capsized just as we had finished changing the children, but soon lost sight of the four adults. We paddled through the next set of riffles, then saw some fishermen on the north side of the

river, just below Highway 20.

Heading the canoe to shore, we noticed Andrew scrambling down the bank near the fishermen. We pulled our canoe over, and, with the fishermen's help, unloaded the children onto shore.

A woman who had pulled off the highway to see how the fishing was offered her truck as a place for the kids and Elizabeth to warm up. They sat in the cab, in their underwear, wrapped in sleeping bags and coats, with the heater on full-blast, and tried to warm up.

Andrew changed into dry clothes that bystanders had given him, and tried to assist in the rescue of Jim and Marlene.

When Jim and Marlene had swum to the south side of the river, they landed on an island. Now they were shivering in the breeze. We could see them just across the river from us, but wondered if we should canoe through the white water which separated us to bring them to safety.

One of the bystanders tried calling 911 on his cell phone, but found his phone wouldn't work in this location. Someone else drove to Rockport to call the Sheriff. The caller returned, saying Search and Rescue was on its way. An amphibious vehicle could be called out, if needed, to bring Jim and Marlene to safety. We waited.

Jim and Marlene were wearing polypro and wool, but in the lengthening shadows, we could see they were chilled as they hugged each other. With less than an hour of daylight left, we didn't know how much longer we could wait. It had been an hour since Search and Rescue had been called, and no one knew what was happening.

One of the younger guys who had been fishing volunteered to paddle our canoe with Kenny. The two of them took warm clothing and sleeping bags that people had contributed, and, paddling fiercely upstream, were soon on the island with Jim and Marlene.

Leaving the Good Samaritan on the island, Kenny and Jim paddled Marlene to the north shore, then returned to the island to pick up the young fisherman. Just as the three men reached the north shore, a State Patrol officer arrived on the scene. He ushered Jim and Marlene into the back seat of his car, where more people offered dry clothing and hot coffee.

A few minutes later, Search and Rescue came up the river in a power boat. Realizing that the rescue had taken

## LESSONS LEARNED

We learned some important lessons during this trip. Elizabeth came up with the following list of safety precautions [embellished by P&P]:

- Travel in a group when paddling.
- Make sure each craft has identification (owner's name, phone number, etc.) attached to it.

[Laminate this information, punch a hole in one corner, and tie it to the boat.]

- If wearing glasses, use a strap to hold them securely.

[Croakie makes a strap of neoprene that will float; be sure to get the one called "Floater." Lee bought one of these *after* he lost his prescription sunglasses in Skagit Bay.]

- Make sure lifevests fit snugly, so they will not ride up or be lost in an accident.

[Consider using a "crotch strap" if the PFD can't be adjusted to fit snugly.]

- Take a water safety class, or a refresher.
- When in the water, don't panic; float feet first down the river.
- Wear clothing appropriate to the season and the activity, i.e. polypro and wool in the fall and winter.

[The new wet suit styles and materials are much more comfortable than they used to be; available for children, too.]

- Keep dry bags closed, and attach them to the canoe.
- Carry a spare set of glasses, clothing and blankets in the car in case of emergency.
- Keep a spare key hidden on your vehicle, or in someone else's possession.
- Don't try to pull an adult into your canoe; have them hold onto your canoe, and paddle them to shore.

[Rescue techniques improve with practice, practice, practice!]

place, they headed downriver to look for the canoes. They did locate one canoe, but thought it too risky to retrieve.

The kindness of perfect strangers was overwhelming. People helped us retrieve our cars from where we had left them, brought us hot drinks, and told us stories of how they'd made mistakes on this river.

Before we drove home, a couple of men stopped to tell us they'd seen Andrew and Elizabeth's canoe. It was a quarter-mile downstream, in about 6 feet of water, and they'd tried to pull it out, but the force of the current had made it difficult.

Andrew and Elizabeth had all their valuables (car keys, driver's licenses, money, credit cards) in a fanny pack

which was tied onto the canoe. Thankfully, Elizabeth had a spare set of keys buttoned into her pants pocket.

They decided to return the next morning, try to hire a river guide with a power boat, and see if they could retrieve the canoe.

When Andrew and Elizabeth arrived at the roadside pull-off near where they thought the canoe lay at 11 the next morning, they were surprised to find the canoe had been retrieved, and was now sitting at the riverside. The young man who had retrieved it stood nearby.

Apparently, this stretch of river is known to locals as a graveyard for canoes. The young man helped bring the canoe up the embankment, and after much protest, accepted \$20 for his

efforts. Jim and Marlene's canoe has never (to our knowledge) been found.

I feel very, very grateful that we had such a happy ending to our calamity.

As Elizabeth said, "So many things could have happened, but didn't. Some people have told us that we were very lucky. And I say to them that I know there was more to it than luck—much more."

△

*Laura Wild lives in Arlington. She and her family enjoy hiking to lookouts and old lookout sites.*

## Hiking through History *continued from page 13*

deeper into the Olympics. I knew we wouldn't make the lake any sooner than 3pm.

Buckhorn, a one acre lake, lies in a bowl just below Marmot Pass. We knew there would be elevation gain and a time constriction with the afternoon quickly fading.

Sam took the lead at first but when he began to fall off the pace I scooted ahead on one of the switchback turns, kind of like passing on the inside in a dirt bike race. Now Sam was hard pressed to match my pace.

Several times the thought crossed my mind to turn back as I glanced over my shoulder to find Sam lagging slightly. I asked Sam if he was okay.

Sam used his age as an excuse, but I wouldn't accept that. We are but a handful of years apart and he was just as fit as I was, maybe more. I figured he was just running out of fuel. I had been sucking on my hydration system throughout the day while Sam had barely put a dent in his canteen of water.

I wasn't quite sure where the Buckhorn trail began. I was deceived by a game trail which lost us several minutes in discussion and referring to the topo and further thoughts of turning back.

We crossed a wash-out on the mountainside that wiped out a portion of the trail. We made our way down the loose gravel and up the other side. Another hundred yards brought us to the obvious trail to Buckhorn. It dropped off to the left into a forested area which concealed the secluded lake. Down we went .5-mile to a camp which had recently been used by some travelers on horseback. They left a large stack of uniformly split fire wood obviously hauled in.

When we arrived at the lake's banks it was 3pm and I knew we wouldn't be walking out of these woods in daylight. I turned to Sam and said, "We've got fifteen minutes to enjoy the lake."

The lake was 90% covered with thin ice and a layer of snow. The only open area was where the mountain stream entered the lake keeping the water ice free with its turbulence. The time passed swiftly. We lingered for thirty minutes, lost in the discussion of our surroundings, before we finally skeddaddled.

Sam recovered some with the rest. His new-found energy carried us swiftly along the trail. Five o'clock came and went along with daylight. Sam, thinking out loud, mumbled, "We've got to

pop out of these woods soon."

He did have a flashlight with weak batteries and I had my mountaineering headlamp if we became desperate. At 5:15 it was basically pitch black and we were following the contours of the edges of the well outlined trail using the different shades of darkness as a guide. Finally we emerged from the woods into the trailhead parking area and breathed a sigh of relief.

Now you'd think our troubles were over, but no! A heavy pea-soup fog engulfed the area. Sam put his jeep into four wheel drive and we headed off down the winding, single lane and, at times, cliff-edge dirt road with our noses at the windshield.

Sam watched just off the left fender and I off the right, trying to remain centered on the road. It wasn't until we reached the black top that we finally congratulated each other on a very exciting and successful hike through history.

△

*Ed Agius, of Bremerton, is retired from the Navy. He is an avid backpacker and a student in The Mountaineers' Basic Climbing Course.*



# books of interest

**An Ice Axe, a Camera, and a Jar of Peanut Butter**, by Ira Spring. *The Mountaineers*, 1998. \$24.95.

This book is too big to carry in your pack, so you'll have to read it in your living room.

The Ira Spring most of us know is the guidebook photographer. His association with photography, however, started in 1930, when he and his brother Bob each received a free camera. From then on, a camera went with him on every adventure, and he had plenty of them.

Related here in his humorous, conversational style, each chapter covers a different topic, among them: Ira's parents (portions of this appeared earlier in *P&P*), his early explorations of the Olympics, travel to the South Seas during WWII, meeting and marrying Pat, working in the backcountry while raising a family, and his work toward preserving trails and wild places.

The words serve as frames to highlight a collection of Ira's work throughout the years, and the book's large format lets the reader admire many full-page photos.

Order by phone: 800-553-4453.

**The Mountaineers: a History**, by Jim Kjeldsen. *The Mountaineers*, 1998. \$19.95.

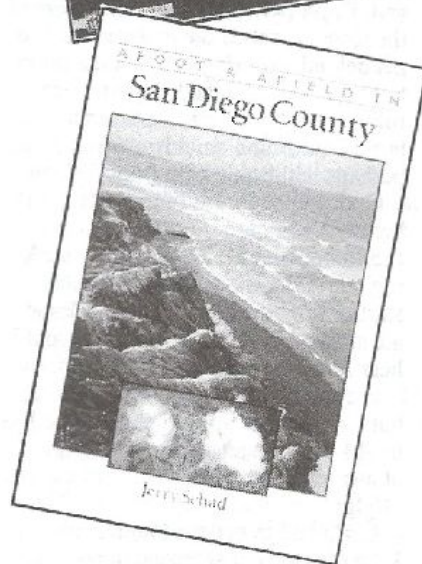
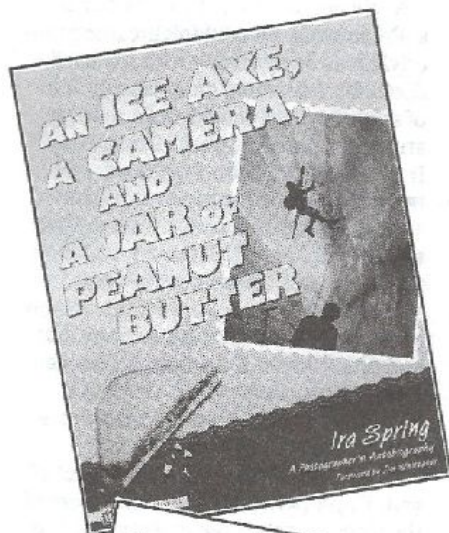
This history of the first 90 years of The Mountaineers club is a fascinating account of the progress of backcountry travel in this century, as well as the history of an influential organization.

Filled with many historic photos and engaging stories, it is worth a read by any club member.

It is a little hazy on the founding of *Signpost* and WTA, however; Ira's account above is more accurate.

Order by phone: 800-553-4453.

**Afoot & Afield in San Diego County**, by Jerry Schad. *Wilderness Press*,



third edition, 1998. \$15.95.

As winter hangs in with Pacific Northwest storms and gloom, it is almost spring in southern California. And San Diego County is a lot closer than Hawaii.

This book was originally published in 1986. Since then, more than 50 new hikes have been added. This third edition also features trips suitable for mountain biking and leashed dogs.

*P&P* readers planning to head south for springtime hiking here should heed the section called "Special Hazards," then enjoy your choice of the 220 trips,

including some on the PCT.

Order by phone: 800-443-7227.

**Backpacking with Babies and Small Children**, by Goldie Silverman. *Wilderness Press*, third edition, \$9.95. 1998.

This reasonably-priced book is a great source of encouragement for families wishing to take toddlers—or even infants—on backpacking trips.

Using her own 30 years of experience, the author offers sound and time-tested advice for dealing with weather, equipment, and food. It is written both for experienced backcountry travellers and for those parents who will be learning along with their kids.

Information includes how to plan a kid-friendly trip, how to cope with difficulties, and how to have fun. The experiences of other hiking families, many of them *Pack & Paddle* readers, are also included.

Charming photos of happy kids throughout will make you smile.

Order by phone: 800-443-7227.

**100 Hikes in the South Cascades & Olympics**, by Ira Spring and Harvey Manning. *The Mountaineers*, third edition, 1998. \$14.95.

What's new in this third edition? The same number of trips, that you can count on. And, generally, the same trips that were in the second edition, with one or two exceptions.

The big changes in the six years since this was last released are in road and driving directions, and regulations in Wildernesses and National Parks. Where necessary, all information has been updated. Two sections of color photos add a nice touch.

You'll want to add this volume to keep your library up to date.

Order by phone: 800-553-4453.

STEVE FOX

## An Avalanche on Mailbox Peak

—WITHIN A SECOND, THE ENTIRE SLOPE WAS SLIDING TOWARD US—

### The event

On Christmas Eve 1998, our group of four (me, "Alice", "Bob," and "Carla") and a 30-pound puppy met to climb Mount Catherine on Snoqualmie Pass. After a tricky drive down from Everett on icy and snowy roads, we revised our plan to Mailbox Peak, the 4800-foot peak just east of North Bend.

The steep hike went fairly well, except for a strong wind at times. At 2500 feet it started raining, but by 3000 feet there was only a very light snowfall. Eventually we broke out of the trees and slogged in sometimes deep powder, sometimes nearly bare crust, up to the base of the boulder field.

Here the wind was howling. We tried climbing up it for a way, but decided it was too deep and windy for the dog, and headed to the left to go through the trees. Eventually the trees gave way to an open slope (about 30 degree angle), which had deep wind-blown powder on it. Carla decided to turn around here with the pup, and started descending to a big tree to wait. With me in the lead, Alice and Bob followed.

Not more than a few steps up the slope, I saw a small flow of snow coming down the slope. Within a second, the entire width of the slope was avalanching toward us. It didn't look too deep, and my first thought was, "Oh, there's a small avalanche."

Nonetheless, I yelled, "Avalanche!" Not worried in the slightest, I turned and said, "Run!" I had no idea which way to run—we were 30 to 50 feet from the trees, and much farther from the sides of the slope. However, I had no concern as I thought the fine powder would just wash around our legs.

Suddenly I found myself sliding downhill, very fast. I thought, "I'm going to hit a tree head first and get really hurt."

I remembered about halfway down that you should "swim" to keep afloat. There was no way to do that as I was totally out of control. I knew I was going to get buried next. Sure enough, I came to a stop with my mouth full of snow.

Panic set in—I couldn't breathe properly. I was on my back, with my head downhill. My throat was partially full of snow. My legs could barely move; my arms were pinned. I choked out, "Help!" It was all I could do to yell once or twice with the snow in my mouth.

I heard Carla frantically saying Bob was buried. "Hey, I'm buried too," I thought. I was trapped by the pack straps and I was choking. I didn't know if my head was above the snow or not, and didn't know if another avalanche would do me in for good. At least I hadn't hit a tree. I tried to calm down.

After hearing the initial "avalanche" yell, Carla (who was near the bottom of the slope) grabbed the dog and tried to get behind a nearby tree. But the flow knocked her down and the two were rolled over. Somehow, Carla wasn't buried much and quickly squirmed out, perhaps with some help from the dog.

Carla yelled for all of us, but didn't hear any response. Frantically, she raced around and saw Bob's feet sticking out of the snow. She immediately started pawing at the snow in a desperate attempt to extricate Bob. She could hear him moaning.

Carla had no idea where Alice was, but saw me face up in the snow and figured I was going to be up and helping at any moment. Then she heard me yell "Help!"

Carla had to make a tough choice: keep digging out someone in obvious trouble, or help me. Two can dig quicker than one, and I was yelling for help. Anxious to make meaningful progress, Carla stomped through the deep snow to help me. She frantically cleared my face, while in a near-panic saying Bob was buried.

I heard Alice shout out she was fine for the moment, but stuck. I had a shovel on my backpack, but could barely talk yet. "Get me out of here—my legs!" I demanded and Carla pawed the snow off my legs. In doing so she piled snow back on my face.

That really scared me, but I couldn't

yell due to the snow choking me. (A week later, this seemed comical.) I quickly figured it was uncomfortable, but not life-threatening. In short order, one leg was freed up, and I used it to help scrape snow off the other leg.

My pack was holding me down, and I couldn't get free. Carla's hands were very cold, and she had a really tough time finding my waist belt clip, then finally unclipping it. She unbuckled the chest strap, and loosened the shoulder straps as much as possible, but I was still caught.

I lurched upward mightily, worrying about the time clapping, but it didn't work. My straps held me in. Somehow, Carla and I freed up my left elbow and I finally wriggled out. I could only guess it took 3 to 5 minutes from the time the avalanche stopped until now. Whew, I'm out!

Now I can help at last! I quickly got my pack and fumbled for what seemed like a long time to disconnect my shovel, get it free, and connect it back together.

I could hear Bob groaning. I dug like crazy with the shovel. In a few minutes we freed an area around his face and one hand. His body was against a 4-inch tree, and seemed bent backward.

Was he badly injured? I kept digging while Carla cleared the snow better around his face, so he could breathe. The moaning had stopped, and he wasn't moving.

During the avalanche, Alice started running too. Immediately she was knocked down and found herself zooming downhill headfirst, on her chest. She could only see snow all around her. She worried about hitting a tree also.

Sure enough, she hit several branches and sticks in the snow, and perhaps some small trees too. She ended up with her head well out of the snow, both legs spread wide at a funny angle and twisted, and one arm deep into the snow. Those three limbs were totally stuck as the snow hardened like concrete around her.

Her one free hand had the mitten and

ski pole ripped off during the avalanche. She tried to scoop the snow away from a leg as we worked on Bob, but made little progress. Her hand was so cold she put it in her jacket to warm up. She was calm about the whole thing.

The puppy wandered up and Alice was hopelessly licked with little means to defend herself!

Meanwhile, poor Bob had also been knocked over. He slid down in the terrible jumble of snow and ended up immobile except for his two feet. The snow sealed him in a frozen tomb. He prepared himself to die, and in a few minutes, he passed out.

I kept urgently digging out Bob's pack (he was face down) and around his body and legs, while asking, "Can you move your hand?" There was no response. He didn't move. Carla kept freeing snow from around his face.

Suddenly, his hand moved, and we knew he was alive. We were both freeing up the area around his head, and I had set down the shovel.

Oh no! Where's the shovel? There it was, downhill 30 feet! I raced down to get it, raced back up and continued the frantic digging.

He was a good 3 feet under and I had cleared away quite a wall upslope. Would it collapse on him? Hurry!

Finally we freed him. He revived very quickly. We got his pack off and helped him up. I was really worried he had injured his back. Carla had him sit quietly in a safe place while I raced up to extract Alice with the shovel. Her leg was twisted badly and she had a bruise, but extracting her wasn't too hard with the shovel.

We all grouped behind a large tree to collect our wits. I asked if anyone was cold. No, all were fine. We went back to retrieve some stuff from the snow pile. Bob really wanted his poles, and we found both. My ice axe and half-size ski pole were missing, as well as both of Alice's poles and her mitten.

We started down the hill, staying in the trees and away from open snow slopes. It was a long trip down, with Alice having to slide down the slushy, slippery, rooted trail in many sections to ease her knee. We had to use headlamps partway down. Hours later, everybody was home, safe and sound.

#### Analysis

The Northwest Weather and Ava-

lanche Center is an excellent resource. I had read the previous day's avalanche report before we left, which sounded somewhat okay below 5000 feet. However, when I got home, the current day's report wasn't as good.

According to *Freedom of the Hills*, when in an avalanche, you should locate and extract the victim quickly. A person located within 15 minutes has a 90% chance of survival. Carla made the right choice in extracting me first, even though Bob was clearly in much more trouble. Two can dig faster.

We should have checked Bob for breathing and pulse, and extracted any snow from inside his mouth as soon as practical. I'm sure we would have if he had not started moving.

We also should have checked everybody carefully for any injuries he or she may not have noticed. Bob did recover very quickly, which made us think we didn't need to worry too much.

Survival tips in an avalanche include grabbing a rock or tree, digging in axe or ski pole, swimming, making a breathing space, etc. From my experience, these are nice in theory, but you have no time to think. You just survive.

In a climbing emergency, there are 7 steps to take when an injury occurs:

#### 1. Take charge of the situation

I took the initiative to take charge, even while partially buried. I knew that I had the shovel, and that Alice was okay but Bob was buried.

#### 2. Approach the victim safely

We just hoped no more avalanches would occur.

#### 3. Perform emergency rescue and urgent first aid

We dug Bob out quickly and scooped the snow from his face. We also did this for Alice later. The only first aid administered was an elastic bandage on Alice's knee.

#### 4. Protect the victim

We moved Bob and Alice to a safer area behind a tree, and had them stay quietly until the situation seemed stable.

#### 5. Check for other injuries

I wanted to get down quickly. In retrospect, we should have done a head-to-toe check of all four of us.

#### 6. Plan what to do

We needed to get off the mountain as quickly as possible before shock set in, or an injury proved to be worse. We needed a safe route, which we stuck to.

#### 7. Carry out the plan

I was a bit hard-nosed about keeping us moving down the slippery trail. Alice's

knee was a problem, but we kept moving. We didn't get out until 6pm.

We did numerous things wrong:

- We did not recognize the wind-blown slabs.
- We did not recognize the classic slope angle that is highly susceptible to avalanche.
- We did not recognize the warming weather, even though it was raining below.
- We did not spread out, one at a time, on the open slope.
- Every party member should have had snow shovels and avalanche probes.
- We should have had avalanche transceivers and proper training with them.
- We all should have turned around when the whole party was not able to continue. Mailbox Peak just isn't worth it!

We were incredibly lucky:

- One person was buried so slightly that she could help extract another quickly.
- We weren't all buried together when the slab broke free.
- Nobody hit a tree really hard.
- Bob was easy to find.
- The person with the one shovel wasn't buried too deeply.
- We had a shovel!

In summary, before the avalanche we ignored some basic warning signs. After the avalanche we performed closely to the way we had been trained.

While the event was a really close call, we all came out of it okay.

I recommend that anyone going into this type of terrain take an avalanche course, pay attention to weather and avalanche reports and current conditions, and take proper equipment.

△

The complete version of this account can be read at:  
<http://www.eskimo.com/~sfox/SJF/HIKE/avalanch.htm>

*Steve Fox, a lifelong resident of the Pacific Northwest, is an engineer and a member of BOEALPS. He lives in Everett and has been hiking and climbing for 30 years.*

LIZ ESCHER

## Chelan Lakeshore Trail

—AN OUTSTANDING TRIP FOR A LONG SPRING WEEKEND—

Memorial Day weekend, 1998. The hordes from the damp west side of the Cascades were heading east! Our group of Mountaineers was destined to join them.

Coming from the Seattle area made this hike more of an adventure for me than most outings. First, the drive—a minimum of three hours from north Seattle to Field's Landing—then a boat trip to Prince Creek, and return from Stehekin on the last day. I was a little anxious about all the connections and arrangements, but eager to go back-packing.

### First Day

#### Prince Creek to Meadow Creek

Arriving very early (8:15am—you can imagine when I woke up!) at Field's Landing, we waited for our faithful leaders, Bobbie and Don, to show up, as well as the rest of the group.

We had the added thrill of realizing we were about to share space on the *Lady of the Lake II* with a huge group of teenagers destined for Holden Village. We were heading to Prince Creek and didn't even want to guess how many other hikers were going to disembark there also (we found out later it was 44, plus five dogs!). We hoped we could find camps large enough for our group of eleven.

The original *Lady* (now demoted to baggage tender and mail boat) was loaded with the kids' luggage and departed. Then the *Lady II* arrived. Regular passengers (us) got on before the kids, so we all got seats.

Our packs promptly got buried on the front deck, along with the five dogs that were confined to cages for the duration of the trip. We settled down, ready to view the lake and its rocky shores. On the way up lake, we spotted a black bear foraging in one of the meadows.

Upon arrival at Prince Creek, 44 hikers and five dogs disembarked, climbing down onto the dry, stony delta and breaking up into our respective groups.

We slipped into boots, made last

minute adjustments (and repairs!) to packs and headed toward Prince Creek. The water was very high and fast and crossed by log bridge. We all breathed a collective sigh of relief—first crossing safely completed.

The Prince Creek trail junction was next, which we located in boulder-strewn open woods. Now we were officially on the Lakeshore Trail.

When we had arrived at Field's Landing the sky was blue, but at mid-day had a thickening cloud layer. We were in for a weather change. It was warm as we gained elevation, passing over open rocky slopes and through ponderosa pine and mixed brush. It wasn't long before we had our first rattlesnake sighting, a young one slithering off down the bank into the brush.

I enjoy spotting and identifying dif-

ferent plant species whenever I hike. I also like to share this growing knowledge with fellow hikers. It adds a different dimension of enjoyment to hiking and sometimes gives a legitimate excuse to rest and look at a lovely or unusual plant.

I knew there were apt to be different microclimates along the lake as we traveled north, but I had no idea exactly what I would find. I brought along a volume of *Sagebrush Country* that was helpful, but which did not cover all the plant material found.

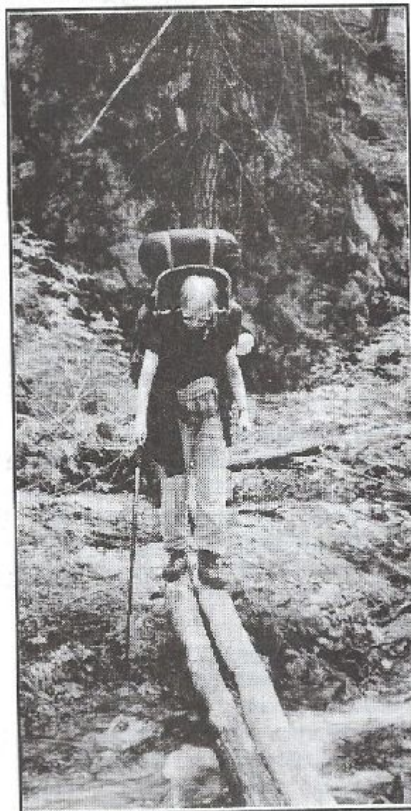
Walking along this central Washington lake was an education for me. At the beginning of the lake were hardly any trees, just isolated ponderosa pine, sagebrush, bitterbrush and bunchgrass on the hillsides.

Farther north were predominantly open ponderosa woods or pinegrass, as described by Harvey Manning (see *100 Hikes in Central Washington*), with breaks on the rockier bluffs. The open slopes were covered with bitterbrush, balsamroot (*Balsamorhiza sagittata*), lupine, bunchgrass, manzanita (*Arctostaphylos columbiana*), and serviceberry, yarrow, stoncrop and *Collomia grandiflora*.

The cool, damp stream canyons and gullies were refuge for thickets of Pacific dogwood and wild roses or the soft greens of big-leaf maple, thimbleberry, ocean spray (*Holodiscus discolor*) and snowberry (*Ribes sanguineum*), false Solomon seal, arnica and colonies of the tropical-looking cut-leaf *Luina*.

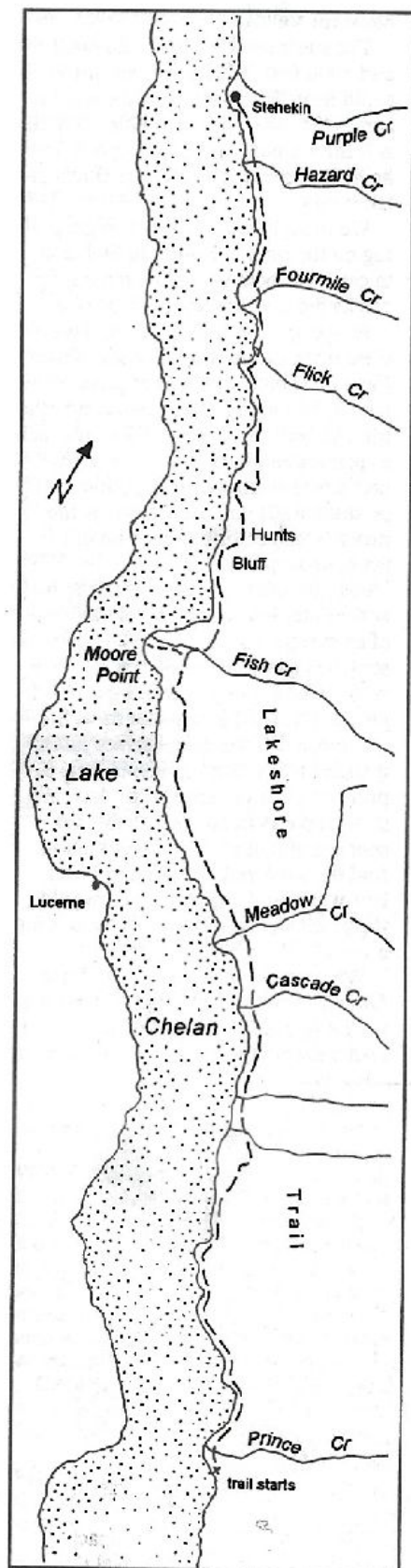
Farther north, Douglas-fir and spruce began the gradual transition into heavier forest, with the rocky ledges still home to many sun-loving plants including *Arctostaphylos* sp., serviceberry, yarrow, balsamroot, lupine, orange paintbrush, creamy death camas, purplish-blue penstemon, violet thread-leaf daisies, wild rose, and grasses and many others.

Since this was the first backpack of the season for most of us, travel the first day was slow, broken with frequent snack and water breaks at the main



A creek crossing on logs.

Liz Escher



creek crossings. Late in the afternoon, after crossing Cascade Creek on a slippery log, we had another break to rest, filter water and eat.

We were sitting there when a party of five hikers and four dogs came down the trail. We had passed them a couple of times and had already designated them as the "dog people." The dogs were hot, too, and bounded enthusiastically in and out of the rushing creek. We learned all the dogs' names—Bailey, Nip, Tuck and Ebony—since we passed each other's group several times during the first two days. The dogs were well behaved with each carrying a small pack.

The first day we were heading for Meadow Creek but there was a general feeling that campsites there would be at a premium. I kept an eye out for possible sites and pointed out a grassy bench about a third of a mile from Cascade Creek as a possibility.

One of the leaders, Don, seized on the opportunity and we waited for the main group to come up. We came to an agreement: this would be our camp for the night. The only negative thing was we would have to go back to Cascade Creek for any water.

The site was very roomy and proved to be an excellent camp, with views of the lake and a rocky ledge for cooking. The views from our dining room were gorgeous and soothing. After eating and clean-up and hanging up the food bags, we all retired early, worn out after a busy day.

## Second Day Meadow Creek to Flick Shelter

The next day was cloudy, but still warmish. Everyone was better rested, although a little stiff. Still the day was fresh, so we got started after breakfast.

First, repairs were made to one woman's old pack. Donations of safety pins and applications of duct tape held the pack together for the remainder of the trip. (Don't forget that duct tape!)

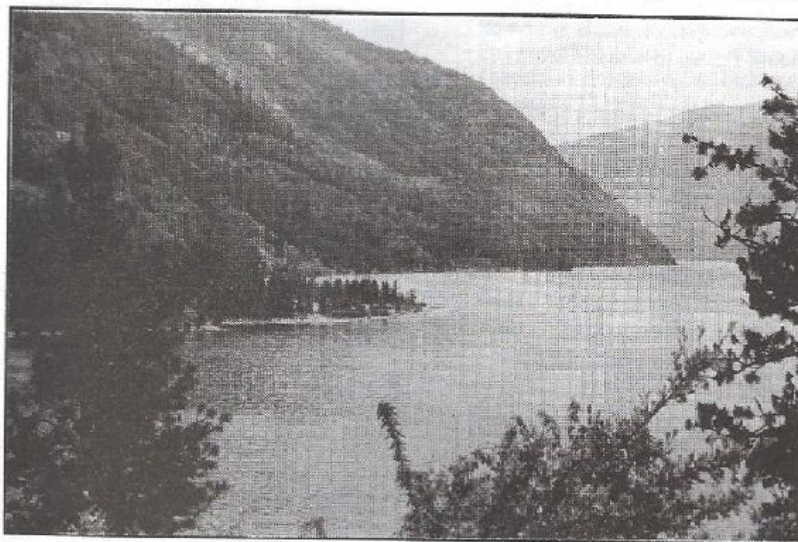
In less than a half-hour after starting out we arrived at Meadow Creek, where a small shelter and camp are located. There we met up with other hikers from the boat, including the "dog people."

We refilled our water bottles for the trek and started out. We passed through a burned area signed "Harvey's Burn" and then climbed to the old "tree farm." A road took the place of the trail for awhile before disappearing after a spring crossed the trail.

Rounding a bend in the trail, I spotted several tall stalks topped with curving orange flowers and green buds of tiger lilies (*Lilium columbianum*). Dozens grew in the shade of dogwood and maple trees. The plants were tall and elegant.

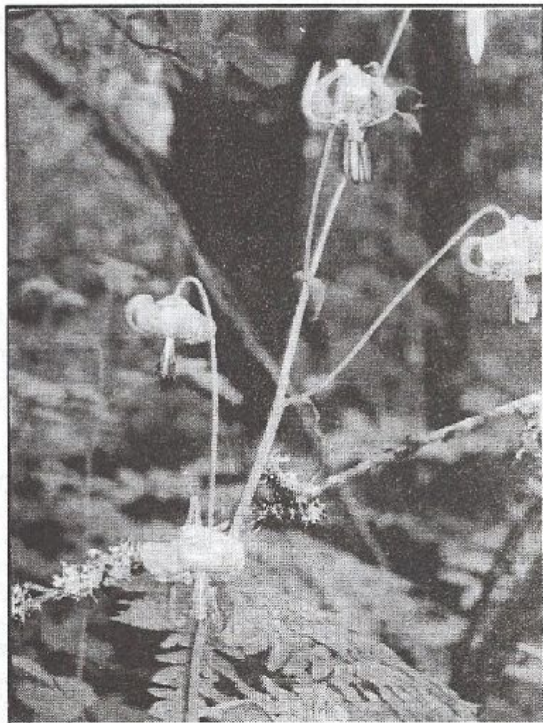
The flowers were the topic of conversation until the next big surprise. Don and I spotted a large black bear walking through low brush and grass about 100 yards off the trail. Don stopped and pulled out his two-way radio to communicate to his wife, Bobbie, who was currently out of sight walking with the slower members of our party.

She asked him to wait so everybody could pass through the area together,



Liz Escher

Looking back at the Prince Creek Delta, where we had unloaded from the boat.



Elegant Columbia lilies.

which we did. By the time everyone arrived the bear had disappeared, heading away from the trail. Also, a couple of the women told us they had seen another larger rattlesnake. There were plenty of wild things to keep our interest!

The trail now took an abrupt dive to the junction with the Moore Point trail and a crossing of the wild waters of Fish Creek on a stock bridge. We reached Fish Creek about noon and filled up water jugs, again (water disappears quickly on this hot dry trail!). No one was energetic enough to investigate Moore Point, so we decided to move on.

After Fish Creek, the trail climbed yet again to the rocky heights of Hunt's Bluff. We found a lovely lunch spot overlooking the lake, with views up to Silver Bay and over to Lucerne and the mountains above Holden. From our little aerie, we watched the *Lady II*, various private boats and the seaplane traveling up and down the lake.

It was getting toward midafternoon, time to find a campsite. We hiked on to Flick Shelter and found one tent already pitched on the point and a boat tied up to the dock. Our party decided to stay put, even in the limited quarters. Six of us decided to sleep in the shelter and the rest in closely spaced tents. It

was a luxury to have the conveniences of a picnic table, fire pit, and boat dock, making up for the lack of space.

Rain began to fall in the late afternoon, but the shelter provided a convenient gathering place for most of the women on the hike. We had a long, animated conversation, while listening to the wind and rain.

Later, the rain relented and dinner was cooked in stages on the communal picnic table. By the time everyone had climbed into bed, the rain and wind started up again. Sometime around 10pm, the rain began to pour and the wind to howl, with large waves crashing upon the breakwater. It was eerie in the darkness and a bit disorienting.

As I sank down into sleep, I could almost imagine the ground swaying beneath me. Shades of the Titanic! Fortunately, the spray only dampened some of the tents closest to the water. All survived through the night without drowning, including the occupants of the boat.

### Third Day

#### Flick Creek Shelter to Stehekin

The next day the weather was moist and cool; fresh snow had fallen overnight on McAlester, Purple and Bowan, some of the high peaks rising above the

Stehekin Valley.

The snow level was between 4000 and 5000 feet. The air was so still we could hear the waterfalls and cascades across the lake with great clarity. With soft thick clouds still hanging over the heights, there was an obvious threat of more rain.

We thought it a good idea to get going on the final 3½ miles to Stehekin to catch the boat back. The remaining creeks did not present any problems.

As we approached Stehekin, there were more cabins along the shoreline. (Several cabins and plots of private land are all along the lakeshore and the trail, as well as occasional features such as pastures and old roads.) Near Stehekin was an old clearing surrounded by stone walls and overgrown by the invasive and colorful Scot's broom (*Cytisus scoparius*).

A light rain started before we arrived at the outer reaches of Stehekin. Four of us swaggered past the clean, well-scrubbed guests at the Stehekin Lodge, who stared at our packs and gear (and probably winced at the odor as well!).

We reached the lodge terrace just as it began really raining, just in time to pull out pack covers and parkas. We stashed packs in any reasonably dry spot out of foot traffic and took off to find the store and hot running water. Hot water and snacks ... you would think we had been out in the woods for a week!

We were prepared to wait until the *Lady II* showed up, but decided to take the *Lady Express* instead when we realized we would be able to get back to the



Looking north toward Stehekin from Hunts Bluff.

Liz Escher

Liz Escher

cars almost three hours earlier than expected. It was more money, but worth getting home at a decent hour.

After buying ticket upgrades, we all piled onto the *Lady Express*, finding seats where we could. The trip down lake was a lot faster. Before we knew it, we passed by the delta of Prince Creek and the beginning of the hike.

#### Overall

This was an outstanding trip despite the threatening weather (which never was too bad for our experienced Mountaineers).

We were alternately thrilled and terrified by the wildlife (bears and snakes) and enjoyed the various colors and scents of the rich flora, especially the fragrant wild roses and dogwood.

It is a good trail, although rocky in some parts and grassy in others. It was a roller coaster ride, up and down, but the grade was good, with little mud except by seeps and springs.

Despite the amount of people there for the holiday weekend, we were able to find good camps and enjoy short but congenial chats with our trail companions. Although tired and dirty, we all



The Flick Creek shelter.

agreed it had been a great trip. We were ready for some dinner in Leavenworth or beyond!

A big wood tick traveled home in my hiking clothes, which I had fortunately changed out of at Field's Landing upon returning to the car. I found it on the bathroom floor when I was sorting out things. Yuck!

*Liz Escher, of Seattle, is a wildflower enthusiast who has been hiking for 20 years.*

## BULLETIN BOARD

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

**WANTED**—Does anyone have some of the old style self-arresting ski poles that have the two-prong piece that fits into the top of the handles? They were new in around 1993, but aren't made any more. I believe Black Diamond use to make them. Or if anyone has a good idea about what would be a good self-arresting pole please let me know.

David Mac Farlane, 360-659-7252, or: 13800 Getchell Rd NE, Lake Stevens WA 98258.

**FOUND**—pair of gloves on old TMT. Call to identify. 425-881-5443 (Bellevue).

**PACKLESS IN THE PASAYTEN**—You are invited. Sign on for 7 days begin-

ning the first week of August. Burros carry the load, we hike. Out of Harts Pass on the PCT to Mountain Home. Probably among the most beautiful hikes anywhere! Cost: about \$350. Deposit needed by 2/1. I will orient and organize if desired. Contact Mary Watson at 253-884-4690 or e-mail to [mwatson@harbornet.com](mailto:mwatson@harbornet.com)

**FOR SALE**—New pair of Columbia hiking boots size 9 men, or could fit a size 10 women. Worn once. Value \$100. Make an offer. Call 360-373-8676 (Bremerton).

**FOR SALE**—Elan downhill skis, 195cm, Geze bindings, like new \$225. Lange downhill skis, 190cm, Tyrolia 480 bindings, \$45. Fisher cross-country skis, 200cm, waxless, full metal edge, good condition, \$45.

Alpine cross-country ski boots, men's size 44. Vibram soles, \$25. Nordic track 530Pro, XR 210 pulse-

meter, good condition, \$325.

Phone 425-746-3877 (Bellevue).

**FOR SALE**—A limited number of copies are available as of November 9 for the guidebook *One Day Winter Climbs: Canadian Border to Snoqualmie Pass (Western Cascades)*.

The price is \$13 which includes mailing. Dallas Kioke, 4012 M Ave, Anacortes WA 98221. 360-293-2904.

**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).

**WASHINGTON SKI TOURING CLUB**—Meets first Thursdays at 7pm at the Seattle REI. Club info line: 206-525-4451, or [www.wstc.org](http://www.wstc.org)

JOHN ROPER

# The High Points of the 39 Counties of Washington

—PROJECT INVOLVED FAMILY AND FRIENDS—

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When our son, Aaron, was born in 1993, Karen and I needed a new and entertaining, but subdued, mountain list to pursue, one that could include the baby boy. Luckily, that year Andy Martin compiled such a list, enumerating the highest point in every county in Washington.

Many of these summits were perfect for Aaron, a newborn fifth generation Washingtonian. Andy's phone number was on his list, and after looking it over, I gave him a congratulatory call.

Andy told me that he had compiled similar lists of the county high points for about half the US states at that time, mostly in the west and northeast, as well as the Mexican states, and the 54 National Parks of the US.

Now, by 1998, Andy and his friends have found the high points of nearly all of the 3140 counties in the US, and his book, *County High Points*, will surely drive many a fanatic peak bagger ecstatic. Send \$8 (includes postage) to:

**Andy Martin**  
3030 N Sarsaparilla Pl  
Tucson AZ 85749

for your own copy.

Andy identified all of these points by reviewing maps at the University of Arizona library in Tucson, starting from large scale, 1:1,000,000, and honing in to nail them down on the 7.5-minute (1:24,000) quads.

He did Washington in about 15 hours. Pretty amazing, when you consider that our state has around 1440 7.5-minute quads.

The list delighted me. As a climber, I'd already picked off some of the County High Points without even knowing it—those in counties with volcanoes and high non-volcanic peaks. And Steve Fry's list of the *100 Highest Peaks in Washington with 2000 Feet of Prominence* had taken us to several more of the high Olympic and eastern and southern Washington county summits. But I still had 21 County High Points to do when I first scanned Andy's gift.

To make these trips more culturally entertaining, we also visited the county seat of each county to contemplate the town, soak up some history, and photograph the county courthouse.

Some of these buildings are quite impressive, and a few are award-winning architectural wonders (Pacific, Jefferson, Spokane, Columbia, Douglas, and

Franklin Counties, to name a few).

The following descriptions provide a thumbnail guide to each County High Point. Mileages are approximate.

In addition to the USGS maps listed, Forest Service maps and DeLorme's *Washington Atlas and Gazetteer* (buy one!) are extremely helpful, even vital, on the approaches. With a DeLorme Atlas and the pages and coordinates listed below, you can easily locate the county summits, and get a pretty good idea of how to access them.

**Fair Warning:** This is an "armchair guide," an offering for amusement, not for action. Many of these peaks are potentially life threatening, or are on private property. Adequate training for the real mountains, and owner's permission for ones on private property are required. Consult the *Cascade Alpine Guides* and the *Climber's Guide to the Olympic Mountains* on the "serious peaks." Respect private land.

The counties are listed alphabetically, with the name of the High Point, its elevation, USGS 7.5-minute quad, DeLorme Atlas coordinates, County Seat (CS), and route description shown. Unofficial names are in quotation marks.

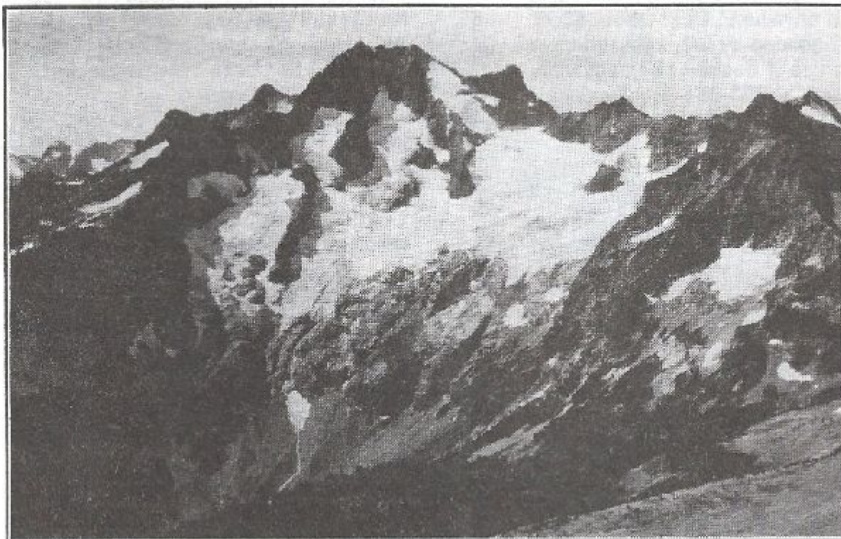
**ADAMS County. Karakul Hills (2100+ feet), USGS Karakul Hills. DeLorme: p71/C7, CS: Ritzville.**

An eastern Washington wheatfield, named for a sheep of central Asia, or the loosely curled black wool from its lambs. Take exit 231 off I-90, east of Ritzville. Follow Tokio Road to Ziemer Road.

On our "climb," we waited for the farmer to finish plowing the summit and asked permission to walk his dirt field .7-miles from the road to the top.

**ASOTIN County. Ray Ridge (6185 feet), USGS Saddle Butte. DeLorme: p43/D5, CS: Asotin.**

This spot elevation mark is actually a smidge into Garfield County, so Asotin's High Point is maybe 6183 feet



Bananza Peak, High Point of Chelan County.

John Roper





John and Aaron Roper on Whitman County's High Point.

Karen Roper

**CLALLAM County. Gray Wolf Ridge (7218 feet).** *USGS Tyler Peak.* DeLorme: p77/A7. CS: Port Angeles.

A good-enough looking peak early in the year with snow, then it dries out too much. It's a scenic hike up the Baldy trail from the Dungeness River, and then along the northeast ridge crest of Gray Wolf to the summit.

**CLARK County. "Sturgeon Fin" (4120+ feet).** *USGS Bobs Mountain.* DeLorme: p23/BC6-7. CS: Vancouver.

One of the most delightful finds on this whole list. Leave I-5 at Woodland and drive to Yacolt and beyond to Sunset Falls Campground.

Follow road 41 south to road 4109, a rough road, navigable in a city car with a cavalier driver to its bermed end.

A stunning flowered meadow walk on an abandoned road leads to the top of Silver Star Mountain (4360+ feet). Just west is a striking, slightly-cocked basalt fin that looks precisely like a sturgeon swimming straight for you. The words "Sturgeon Rock" are clearly misplaced on the maps.

Just west of what *should be* Sturgeon Rock (4160+ feet), Clark County reaches its apogee. This was Aaron's first overnight campout in a tent.

**COLUMBIA County. Oregon Butte (6387 feet).** *USGS Oregon Butte.* DeLorme: p42/D3. CS: Dayton.

The highest peak in southeast Washington and the Washington Blue Mountains. The summits here are simply bumps on high ridges. It's the grand-canyon valleys that drop from the ridges that make this part of the state noteworthy.

Drive southeast out of Dayton, to Eckler Mountain Road to road 46 to Godman Campground, then east to the end of road 4608. A 3-mile trail goes on to the summit, which sports a little red lookout house.

**COWLITZ County. Goat Mountain (4965 feet).** *USGS Goat Mountain.* DeLorme:

p33/C6. CS: Kelso.

A rocky-wooded hump 6 miles southwest of Mount St Helens. From Cougar, drive up road 81 past Merrill Lake, to Goat Marsh Lakes trailhead.

From the west lake scramble southwest to a saddle southeast of the summit, then up the ridge (with a class 4 bush-rock move on the crest, or somewhat easier bush-rock just right of the crest) to the south ridge. Better do the 4960+ foot contour north of 4965 too. Goat is a little harder than it looks. The approach from the west is surely easier.

**DOUGLAS County. Badger Mountain (4254 feet).** *USGS Orondo.* DeLorme: p83/D7. CS: Waterville.

Local ski area. This massive squatty summit does look a little like the back of a badger. Private property.

One way up is via the final headwater-draw of Rock Creek from the Badger Mountain Road, then through cow-pied sagebrush fields to the top. Two brass benchmarks atop are stamped "Ski."

**FERRY County. Copper Butte (7140 feet).** *USGS Copper Butte.* DeLorme: p117/C5. CS: Republic.

The highest of a number of nondescript wooded humps cuddled by the lovely Kettle River, and distinct as the last of the 7000+ foot County High Points.

Drive east over Sherman Pass on

or so, but definitely higher than a 6170-foot control point just southeast. From Forest Service spur road 4030 to Diamond Peak (see Garfield County), turn south in .15-mile, then continue another .7-mile (passing Misery Camp).

Walk the last few feet to the top rather than taking your macho machine to the highest drivable Washington County High Point.

**BENTON County. Rattlesnake Hills (6170 feet).** *USGS Maiden Spring.* DeLorme: p38/A2. CS: Prosser.

We punctured a gas tank on the first attempt at this summit from the west, then returned a few months later to try it from the east, following DeLorme's Atlas north out of Prosser to the "Well" on Bennett Road.

A fence and wildlife reserve sign stopped the car short of the east summit. A perfectly walkable road leads to the top. Crickets, sounding very much like rattlesnakes to those with imaginations, caused some worry.

**CHELAN County. Bonanza Peak (9511 feet).** *USGS Holden.* DeLorme: p98/C1. CS: Wenatchee.

The highest non-volcanic peak in the state and overall the most challenging Washington County High Point. Logistically, it involves a boat or plane ride up Lake Chelan to Lucerne, then a bus ride to Holden village.

The Mary Green Glacier can be nasty late in the season, and the summit rocks are friable and steep, usually requiring a rappel down. Figure on three days, roundtrip.



Mount Buckner, High Point of Skagit County, and the Boston Glacier.

John Roper



John Roper

Karen enjoys fields of flowers with Sturgeon Fin, Clark County's High Point, behind.

Highway 20 and turn north on road 2030 (North Fork Sherman Creek) to an historic trail that leads up the east slopes to the north ridge.

**FRANKLIN County. "Benjamins Butte" (1640'+ feet).** *USGS Washtucna South.* DeLorme: p55/C6, CS: Pasco.

Private wheatfield. Drive 2 miles south of sleepy Washtucna to Nunamaker Road, then another mile to the farm shown on the map (house and multiple out buildings, including an airplane hanger).

Ask permission to drive their road southeast by east as close as possible to the objective (the 500 meter contour). This is where I finished up the High Points of the 39 Washington Counties (on August 2, 1994) in freshly-plowed, ankle-deep Palouse loess soil.

**GARFIELD County. Diamond Peak (6379 feet).** *USGS Diamond Peak.* DeLorme: p42/D4. CS: Pomeroy.

A farther east continuation of the ridge from Oregon Butte (high point of Columbia County), separating the Tucannon and Wenaha Rivers.

There is a 6360+ contour west-northwest of this summit which may be higher. Better do it too. Drive about 34 miles south from Pomeroy on Highway 128 to Mountain Road to road 40 to its highest point at the very headwaters of the Tucannon River. Then turn west on road 4030 to its end. Follow the 1-mile trail to the top.

**GRANT County. "Ulysses S. Hill" (2899 feet).** *USGS Rattlesnake Springs.* DeLorme: p68/A2. CS: Ephrata.

A high, rolling sagebrush hill on private property. Using DeLorme's Atlas, find Overan Road, north of Quincy, either over the top of Beezley Hills (for the best area views), or up Lynch Coulee.

The final summit "road" (two tire tracks in a field) takes off just west of the powerlines in Section 22.

**GRAYS HARBOR County. "Wynoochee Point" (4880+ feet).** *USGS Wynoochee Lake.* DeLorme: p60/A4. CS: Montesano.

A bump on the west ridge of unnamed Peak 4949, west of Capitol Peak where the east county line crosses the ridge in the far northeast corner of this quad. Drive 40+ miles north from Montesano past Wynoochee Lake. This road is gated for wildlife protection until April 30 (in '94), one mile north of the lake.

Continue on road 2270 then Spur 300 up Copper Creek to a 3500-foot pass. Climb another 1400 feet through fairly open timber southeast to the County High Point.

**ISLAND County. "Camano Crest" (580+ feet).** *USGS Camano and Juniper Head.* DeLorme: p95/C5. CS: Oak Harbor.

Whidbey Island and Camano Island make up this county. According to Andy Martin, who inspired this madness, this is the lowest county high point in the entire western US. There are actually five bumps at exactly this

same 580+ foot contour, all very close together, all on private property.

Drive onto Camano Island from Stanwood and head south to Island Crest Way. The summits are located off EZ Duzit Road and Sequoia Road. This was Aaron's first County High Point at less than two months old.

**JEFFERSON County. Mount Olympus (7969 feet).** *USGS Mount Olympus.* DeLorme: p76/B3. CS: Port Townsend.

The king of the Olympics, of course, and the farthest west Washington County High Point. The approach involves a looong 17-mile hoof in, up the Hoh River and Glacier Creek.

The Blue Glacier can get pretty icy. The summit rocks have stopped the faint-hearted. See the Olympics guide.

**KING County (and KITTITAS County). Mount Daniel (7960+ feet).** *USGS Mount Daniel.* DeLorme: p81/D7. CS: Seattle.

The only Washington peak that is the High Point of two counties. Drive to near the end of the Cle Elum River road from I-90 and Roslyn, then take the trail to Peggy's Pond.

Climb up snow or rock slopes over the east summit, past the middle summit, to the highest, west summit, a hands-on scramble.

**KITSAP County. Gold Mountain (1761 feet).** *USGS Wildcat Lake.* DeLorme: p78/D2. CS: Port Orchard, Ann and Lee's home.

This is a user-unfriendly mountain. Multiple roads access the top but are gated low and negatively signed, protecting Bremerton's watershed and various TV and communications towers. Let your conscience be your guide.

**KITTITAS County. Mount Daniel (7960+ feet).** See KING County. CS: Ellensburg.

**KLICKITAT County. Indian Rock (5823 feet).** *USGS Indian Rock.* DeLorme: p26/A2. CS: Goldendale.

A sprawling pancake summit north of Goldendale. The cluster of rocks 500 feet east-northeast of the 5823 benchmark is probably a little higher.

A rough road (for a city car) snakes up the east ridge of this High Point from Satus Pass, along the boundary of the Yakama Indian Reservation. Walk the last few hundred feet from a spur, south to the summit for sweep-

ing views of the Columbia River and Mount Hood.

**LEWIS County. "Big Horn" (8000+ feet).** USGS *Walupt Lake*. DeLorme: p35/A5. CS: Chehalis.

The final 10-foot rock pitch, a vertical, class 5.4 crack, makes this the most technically difficult move on the easiest route up any of Washington's County High Points.

From 3 miles south of Packwood, drive up Johnson Creek to hike the trail from Chambers Lake into the Goat Rocks Wilderness. Hike into the idyllic headwaters of the Cispus River (see cover of July '98 *P&P*), and just beyond to Cispus Pass.

Carefully scramble steep junky gullies to the southwest base of the peak to make the last athletic move.

**LINCOLN County. Lilienthal Mountain (3568 feet).** USGS *McCoy Lake*. DeLorme: p87/A7. CS: Davenport.

There is no question as to what the High Point is in this flat county. Access to this peaklet might be over private property.

There are several approach possibilities here. One is from the northwest near Fort Spokane, walking a gated road to the top of west "Li'l Lilienthal" (3320+ feet) then east another mile to the summit.

**MASON County. Mount Stone (6612 feet).** USGS *Mt Skokomish*. DeLorme: p77/D6. CS: Shelton.

This is one of the 2000-foot prominence peaks. Drive up the Hamma Hamma River road and take the rough Whitehorse Creek (Putvin) trail to Lake of the Angels.

The climb continues cross-country up and down the southwest slope and ridge to a final rock move near the top.

**OKANOGAN County. North Gardner Mountain (8956 feet).** USGS *Silver Star Mtn*. DeLorme: p112/D4. CS: Okanogan.

The king of the Methow River. A lot of climbers try this more than once before getting it, since the usual north ridge route is a little more tricky than advertised.

We did it over Abernathy Peak on a three-day Memorial Day weekend. Long, but not technically difficult.

**PACIFIC County. "Pacific County HP" (3000+ feet).** USGS *Blaney*

*Creek*. DeLorme: p31/A5. CS: South Bend.

A shaved hill on Weyerhaeuser land which gives surprisingly great 360 degree views to Oregon, Hood, Willapa Bay, the Olympics, Rainier, St Helens and Adams.

From Pe Ell, drive south to the Weyerhaeuser Headquarters and get permission, instructions, and a map on the road route up the Chehalis River to Thrash Creek and on to the summit. Expect a little confusion, and take your bike, just in case.

**PEND OREILLE County. Gypsy Peak (7320+ feet).** USGS *Gypsy Peak*. DeLorme: p119/A7. CS: Newport.

The highest peak in eastern Washington, east of the Columbia-Okanogan Rivers, and located in the farthest northeast corner of the state. It's the best looking peak in this part of the state.

Drive east out of Metaline Falls past Sullivan Lake on roads 22, 2220, 2212, and spur 200 to a pass between Leola and Gypsy Creek. Follow the Cromwell Ridge trail 1 mile, then head cross-country a long 2 miles to the summit. The 7309-foot WC (witness corner) is just shy of the summit.

**PIERCE County. Mount Rainier (14410 feet).** USGS *Mt Rainier West*. DeLorme: p48/B2-3. CS: Tacoma.

To mountaineers, no more need be said. Easiest route: From Paradise it is preferable to slog up past Camp Muir to Ingraham Flats: "Sleep" here, if you can. Get up at midnight and follow everyone else to the top and back.

Two days round trip. Anticipate

headache, nausea, cold toes, and exhilaration.

**SAN JUAN County. Mount Constitution (2407 feet).** USGS *Mount Constitution*. DeLorme: p108/C2. CS: Friday Harbor.

The most magnificent marine view in the US. Take the ferry from Anacortes to Orcas Island and follow maps and signs on paved roads to within a few steps of the summit which sports an impressive stone castle-like lookout built in the '30s.

**SKAGIT County. Mount Buckner (9112 feet).** USGS *Goode Mtn*. DeLorme: p98/A1. CS: Mt Vernon.

Buckner cradles the largest glacier in the lower 49 states (outside of Rainier). The map shows the High Point as the northeast summit, though most climbers stop at the closer 9080+ southwest summit, happy that the guidebook fudges this point up to "est. 9114 feet."

The easiest route is from upper Horseshoe Basin which can be accessed by a potentially dangerous downclimb from Sahale Arm, or a brushy upclimb through a spectacular waterfall-headwall from Stehekin River/Basin Creek.

**SKAMANIA County. "Skamania Pinnacle" (8920+ feet).** USGS *Mt Adams West*. DeLorme: p34/C4. CS: Stevenson.

Until its May 18, 1980, eruption, "old" Mount St Helens (9677 feet) was the County High Point. When the Big Blast blew its elevation down to 8365 feet, a nondescript spot on the east boundary of the county, on the west



Mount Daniel, High Point of King and Kittitas Counties.

ridge of Mount Adams, above the Pinnacle Glacier, became the High Point by pure luck.

The quickest way is from the west via a trail off road 23 between Noname and Twin Falls Creeks to Burnt Rock, then up easy snow and volcanic rock slopes.

**SNOHOMISH County. Glacier Peak (10420+ feet).** *USGS Glacier Peak East.* DeLorme: p97/D7-8. CS: Everett.

The wilderness volcano. This is generally a two-day trip, via the White Chuck River-Kennedy Hot Springs-Sitkum Glacier route. Experienced climbers have died on the glissade down.

This was my first County High Point, June 25, 1967.

**SPOKANE County. Mount Spokane (5883 feet).** *USGS Mount Spokane.* DeLorme: p89/A8. CS: Spokane.

The only County High Point where the county, the county seat, the high point, and the quad share a common name.

Drive the paved road (Highway 206 and spur) all the way to the summit from Highway 2, a few miles north of Spokane.

**STEVENS County. Abercrombie Mountain (7308 feet).** *USGS Abercrombie Mtn.* DeLorme: p119/A5. CS: Colville.

Just west across the Pend Oreille River from Gypsy Peak, Abercrombie is the culmination of a high ridge be-

tween that river and Deep Creek/Columbia River.

Drive east out of Leadpoint up Silver Creek to find a pleasant hike via an old lookout trail.

**THURSTON County. Quiemuth Peak (2922 feet).** *USGS Eatonville.* DeLorme: p47/B6. CS: Olympia.

This summit, recently named by the Washington State Board on Geographic Names, is best seen from Alder Lake where the Eatonville cut-off road connects with Highway 7.

From Elbe, go south 2+ miles to Pleasant Valley Road which becomes road 74. Follow this to road 7409 to the end of spur 017, then walk cross-country to the top for good views to Alder Lake and the Olympics.

**WAHKIAKUM County. Huckleberry Ridge (2673 feet).** *USGS Skanokawa Pass.* DeLorme: p31/B6. CS: Cathlamet.

Drive Highway 407 up Elochoman River north from Cathlamet to Weyerhacuser Road 700 which goes up the West Fork. Hope the gate is open.

Drive, walk, or pedal to another gate a quarter mile from the top, continuing to nice summit views into Oregon and the lower Columbia. New logging and road building were going on in 1994, which may allow access from a little farther up the North Fork Elochoman River.

**WALLA WALLA County. Lewis Peak (4888 feet).** *USGS Deadman Peak.* DeLorme: p42/D1. CS: Walla Walla.

A wooded knoll near the east county line. From Minnick on Highway 12, northeast of Walla Walla, take the Lewis Peak county road to its end—a grassy flat area.

A jeep road (cabled and signed "No Trespassing" in '94) continues a short half mile to the summit.

**WHATCOM County. Mount Baker (10781 feet).** *USGS Mount Baker.* DeLorme: p110/B2. CS: Bellingham.

Washington's most beautiful volcano, say some, and the highest peak in the Skagit River drainage.

Strong parties can day-trip the most popular routes (Coleman Glacier route from the southwest, and the Easton Glacier from the south). The tricky, veiled crevasses on Baker and summer avalanches have killed people here.

**WHITMAN County. Tekoa Mountain (4009 feet).** *USGS Tekoa Mtn.* DeLorme: p73/C8. CS: Colfax.

A long, broad, woods-crested mass rising above the Palouse. Drive 1.5 miles west on Highway 27 out of the town of Tekoa, finding a somewhat rough gravel road that goes almost to the top before a gate guarding a communications center makes the last few feet a walk.

**YAKIMA County. Mount Adams (12276 feet).** *USGS Mount Adams East.* DeLorme: p35/C5. CS: Yakima.

The second highest peak in the state is easiest from the south (Cold Springs campground). Horses used to trudge up to a summit lookout. The ski down in early season is a classic.

Our family and friends found this project to be entertaining, educational, and athletic. We learned a lot about the geography, architecture, and history of the state, and met many fine folks. Washingtonians are blessed with a diverse, interesting, and unique state and people.

△

*John Roper, of Bellevue, is an inveterate peak-bagger.*



Gray Wolf Ridge, High Point of Clallam County.

John Roper

# PANORAMA

NEWS FROM ALL OVER

**SNO-PARKS**—Remember the changes to the Sno-Park program this year.

Six Sno-Parks have been closed: Satus Pass near Goldendale, Swank Campground at Blewett Pass, one of the Mount Tahoma Sno-Parks near Ashford, Scatter Creek near Newport, Indian Canyon Golf Course in Spokane, and Silver Springs near Greenwater.

A Grooming Permit is required to sustain the high cost of grooming at these Sno-Parks: Lake Keechelus, Price Creek Eastbound, Crystal Springs, Cabin Creek, Lake Easton, Kahler Glen, Lake Wenatchee North and South, Chiwawa, and Mount Spokane upper. The Grooming Permit is \$20, in addition to the \$20 Sno-Park permit.

These changes are because the state legislature has ordered the Sno-Park and Snowmobile programs to contribute \$20,000 each to the Northwest Avalanche Center, and because revenues don't stretch far enough to provide all the grooming necessary to keep the popular areas in good shape.

For more information on the Sno-Park program, call 360-902-8500.

**HURRICANE RENOVATION**—The Hurricane Ridge lodge in Olympic National Park is scheduled for major renovation in '99.

Built in 1957, the building has suffered for years with a leaky roof and walls, among other problems. The work will include a new roof, insulation in the walls and ceiling spaces, weather-tight doors and windows, and a new terrace. The outer walls will be repaired.

Construction will begin early in the summer and is scheduled to be completed by fall. The building will remain open during that time.

**MOUNTAIN LOOP PROJECT**—The Mountain Loop Scenic Byway is a 50-mile section of road from Granite Falls to Darrington. In 1996, the Forest Service, Snohomish County and the Federal Highway Administration were prepared to begin writing a draft environmental impact statement with options for improving the 14-mile unpaved section between Barlow Pass and the White Chuck River.

During the initial stages of public involvement in 1997, a number of people indicated they wanted to see a broader

range of alternatives in the EIS—something more than paving and widening.

So the EIS was put on hold while additional public discussions were arranged and the FHWA temporarily stepped out of the process. Since there was not enough public support to continue a study of the paving alternatives, FHWA officials dropped the project from their current program and that funding has been lost.

The Forest Service has decided not to fund an environmental impact study in 1999 for the unpaved section of the Mountain Loop. But they will prioritize safety issues so that action can be taken when funding becomes available.

Safety issues can include such things as additional signing and more turn-outs, but does not mean the character of the Mountain Loop will be changed (like widening to a double-lane road).

If you have questions or a continued interest in the Mountain Loop Highway, contact:

**Terry Skorheim, District Ranger  
Darrington Ranger Station  
1405 Emmens Street  
Darrington WA 98241  
360-436-1155.**

### **GARIBALDI PARK THREATENED**

—“The boundaries of Garibaldi Park have been adjusted several times to accommodate the development of ski areas at Whistler and Blackcomb.

“Most recently a chunk of the Spearhead Range was removed from Garibaldi Park to facilitate expansion of Blackcomb Ski Area. At the time it was proposed to add several areas to Garibaldi Park to compensate for this loss. In the end, the only area added was a small piece of land around the Garibaldi Lake trailhead.

“As Whistler and Blackcomb continue to expand, pressure is likely to mount for further deletions from the

park or for expansion into the park.

“If the proposed Brohm Ridge ski development goes ahead it would locate a large ski village and ski lifts right against Garibaldi Mountain near the popular Garibaldi Neve ski traverse. The developer refuses to rule out expansion into Garibaldi Park.”

These excerpts have been taken from an article by Markus Kellerhals, in *Cloudburst*, the quarterly newsletter of the Federation of Mountain Clubs of BC. Individual memberships (\$25) in the Federation are welcome; write:

**FMCBC  
47 West Broadway  
Vancouver BC V5Y 1P1  
Canada**

or call 604-876-7047 for more information.

**REWARD**—Vandals destroyed a restroom at the Heather Lake trailhead about 2 miles east of the Verlot Ranger Station on the first of January. Apparently someone tied a chain around the 10-foot-by-10-foot building and pulled it off its foundation with a four-wheel drive vehicle. The value of the restroom was about \$10,000 and will be replaced with taxpayer dollars. A reward of \$5000 is offered for information leading to a conviction of the person or persons responsible.

**BALD EAGLE CENTER**—The Bald Eagle Interpretive Center, located one block off Highway 20 on Alfred Street in Rockport, will be open Fridays, Saturdays and Sundays from 10am to 4pm until the end of February.

Forest Service Eagle Watcher Hosts are stationed along the Skagit River at Howard Miller Park, and along Highway 20 at mileposts 99 and 100 on Saturdays and Sundays. Hosts provide spotter scopes and interpretive information at these sites.

### **How to Contact Us**

Write:

Pack & Paddle, PO Box 1063, Port Orchard WA 98366

e-mail trip reports, letters, questions, greetings, stuff:  
mail@packandpaddlemagazine.com

Phone:

360-871-1862

**LLAMAS**—Here is some information to answer Laura Wild's question on llama trips (*January, page 28*).

*Backcountry Llama* has a web site at <http://www.kalama.com/~llamapacker>. You can also phone for information: 360-425-6495.

They have only three listings for Washington. One is Kit's Llamas; I believe they do only Olympic trips. Another is Deli Llama Wilderness Adventures which can be reached by e-mail at [Adventure@delillama.com](mailto:Adventure@delillama.com). Then there's an older listing for a fellow named Bill Gardiner at Box 335, Omak WA, 98841 (509-422-5814).

Last but not least is the fellow we used twice in past years, Ralph Rideout of The Llama Tree Ranch in Lacey off of Slater-Kinney Road. Unfortunately I don't have a better address for him. These were two of the best trips we have done. Using llamas for backpack-

ing with your kids is a great experience!—*Dave N, Tacoma.*

**LEARN MOUNTAIN WEATHER**—**February 2** at the North Face store in Seattle from 7pm to 8:30pm—Avoiding The Five Common Weather Hazards: avalanches, whiteouts, floods and the typical weather patterns that cause them.

**March 18** at the Seattle Mountaineer Clubhouse from 7pm to 8pm—Using Clouds To Predict The Weather: a great slide presentation showing what each cloud formation means in terms of upcoming weather.

**March 25** at the Seattle REI from 7pm to 8:15pm—Using The Internet For Preparing Your Weather Forecasts: learn the best sites for mountain weather and how to do your own forecasts.

For more information, call Michael

Fagin of Washington Online Weather, 425-450-4901.

**SNAPS**—Increasingly, garment makers are returning to the use of snaps to close flaps over zippers. Unfortunately, some are running the snaps completely through the garment, creating cold spots.

My response has been to insulate the inner portion of the snap with circles of leather or felt glued in place with Contact Cement or a similar product.

A quick fix is to simply put on felt pads which are made to cushion the bottoms of lamps or book ends. They come in various colors and have a short-lived adhesive on the back.

Molefoam shreds and moleskin is cotton and holds moisture when it gets wet.—*Gordon McDougall, Olympia.*

## Pack & Paddle on the Web:

<http://www.packandpaddlemagazine.com>

When we started this magazine in 1991, it was typeset with an ancient IBM typesetter, and the layout was done on a tabletop, using a light table and a waxer.

In those early days, our friend Ron Barensten printed out our mailing labels on his computer, and kept telling me that I really should get a computer for both typesetting and subscriber records.

Eventually he succeeded. Typesetting and layout for *Pack & Paddle* has been done by computer for several years now. I still have the light table and waxer, and they come in handy for some layout work, but the old typesetter is gathering dust in a corner.

To the amazement of my friends and family, I am quite comfortable working with this computer. They sure put up with a lot of kicking and screaming, though, as they dragged me into the computer age.

A year and a half ago *Pack & Paddle* added the ability to send and receive electronic mail, and now—finally—we are ready to announce our brand-new web site.

We have been working on it for a long time, and if it weren't for the help of our friend, neighbor and long-time subscriber Bert Cripe, we still would be working on it.

Bert offered his services for free, and we gratefully accepted, since no one in the office (even Yellow Cat) knew a thing about web sites.

The end product is a series of "pages" describing the magazine, how to subscribe, articles from the current issues, articles scheduled for future issues, Backcountry Notes, current news, and links to other sites.

The "pages" most likely to interest current readers are those that list articles for future issues, current news, and links to other sites.

The future issues page lists articles which are scheduled so you can see what's coming up.

The current news section features events that occur between magazines to help keep you informed: road and trail closures (or openings), public meetings, new regulations and fees, or other items that might be of interest. These items will also appear in the next pub-

lished magazine so readers without internet access won't miss anything.

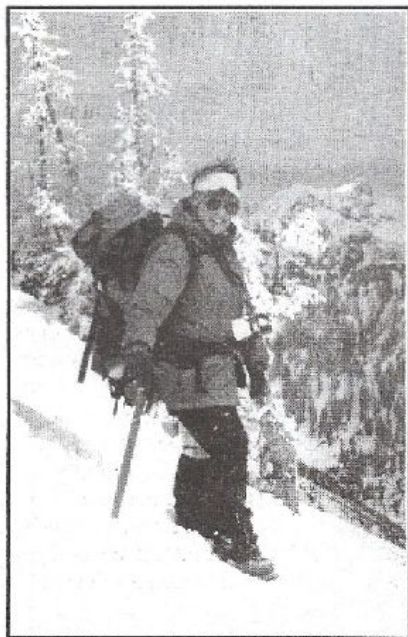
The links page includes computer links to other web sites with information you may find useful: weather and avalanche conditions, pass reports, tides and currents, outdoor clubs and organizations, National Forests, National Parks and State Parks, ferry schedules, and more.

The current opening photograph is provided by photographer (and *Pack & Paddle* reader) Don Paulson, and is a beautiful view of Heart Lake and Mount Duckabush in the Olympics. We will be using more of Don's photos, as well as photos from other readers, on this page. Some readers have suggested a "Photo Gallery" and we will consider this for the future.

Since the web site will continually evolve and change, we welcome suggestions on what you would like to see. Send us an e-mail and let us know.

And for you readers without internet capability—or maybe even without a computer—don't worry: our main focus is the printed magazine!—*Ann Marshall, Editor*

# EDITOR'S JOURNAL



Coming down from the summit of Snoqualmie Mountain.

**FROM THE MAILBOX**—"I really liked the Rescue Epics you used to publish."—*Brier*.

"I like the magazine pretty much the way it is. It's 'right on' for all of us who enjoy the outdoors."—*Kingston*.

"I would like to see out-of-the-area trip reports done more as the travel magazines do—less of a personal trip report and more of an information resource. I'm not so interested in what someone else did, but rather how I might be able to do it."—*Seattle*.

"I often save up the summer issues and read them in winter."—*Bellevue*.

**MOFA**—Since I have to take a MOFA course before I can graduate from the Basic Climbing class, I have enrolled in one. Lee is coming along to brush up on his first aid as well.

MOFA (Mountaineering-Oriented First Aid) is useful for anyone who leaves 911 behind while hiking, climbing, skiing, or paddling. Besides standard first aid procedures, we'll learn how to carry out emergency rescues and deal with all sorts of backcountry crises.

Call your Red Cross office to see if there is a MOFA class near you.

**PEOPLE WE KNOW**—We were pleasantly surprised to see the smiling

face of Joan Burton at our first MOFA session. Joan is a long-time reader and also the author of the two-volume series *Best Hikes with Children*.

And it was fun to run into reader Ted Baughman at Snoqualmie Pass, as we were each setting off on different club snowshoe trips. Ted and I were both Basic students last year, he has gone on to Intermediate.

**INDEX**—The '98 Index is complete and everyone who requested a copy should have received one. We have a good supply so send in your order. We also have indexes for all years from Volume I.

The indexes are free, but we are always grateful for self-addressed long envelopes and stamps to help keep our costs down. Order form on page 4.

**CAT GREETINGS**—"I have resisted all these years the temptation to send Hurricane's greetings to Yellow Cat," writes an Anacortes reader, "since Hurricane hasn't really cared for most other cats except as cannon fodder. But he is 16 now and mellowing a little, so here's his Solstice Wish that Yellow Cat find a little catnip in her stocking.

"As you may have guessed, the H-Cat is named after Hurricane Creek in the Wallawas. He's also named after Reuben (Hurricane) Carter since most

of his life he's been a fighter," continues our reader. "He was neutered early but retained an aggressive nature toward other cats that has diminished only in the last couple of years. Always been a lap cat with people, though."

Yellow Cat responds with a "thank you" for the Solstice Wish and wants the H-Cat to know that she did, indeed, acquire a new supply of catnip.

**WEB PAGE**—Our server is currently having "hacker problems" which could affect the content of our new web site (see facing page). The company is working to resolve the situation as quickly as possible. If you happen to see any problems with our web site, we'd appreciate an e-mail to let us know. ... Oh, the joys (aggravations) of modern technology.

See you in the backcountry,

Ann Marshall



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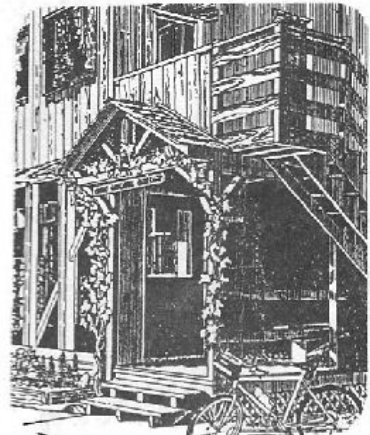
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