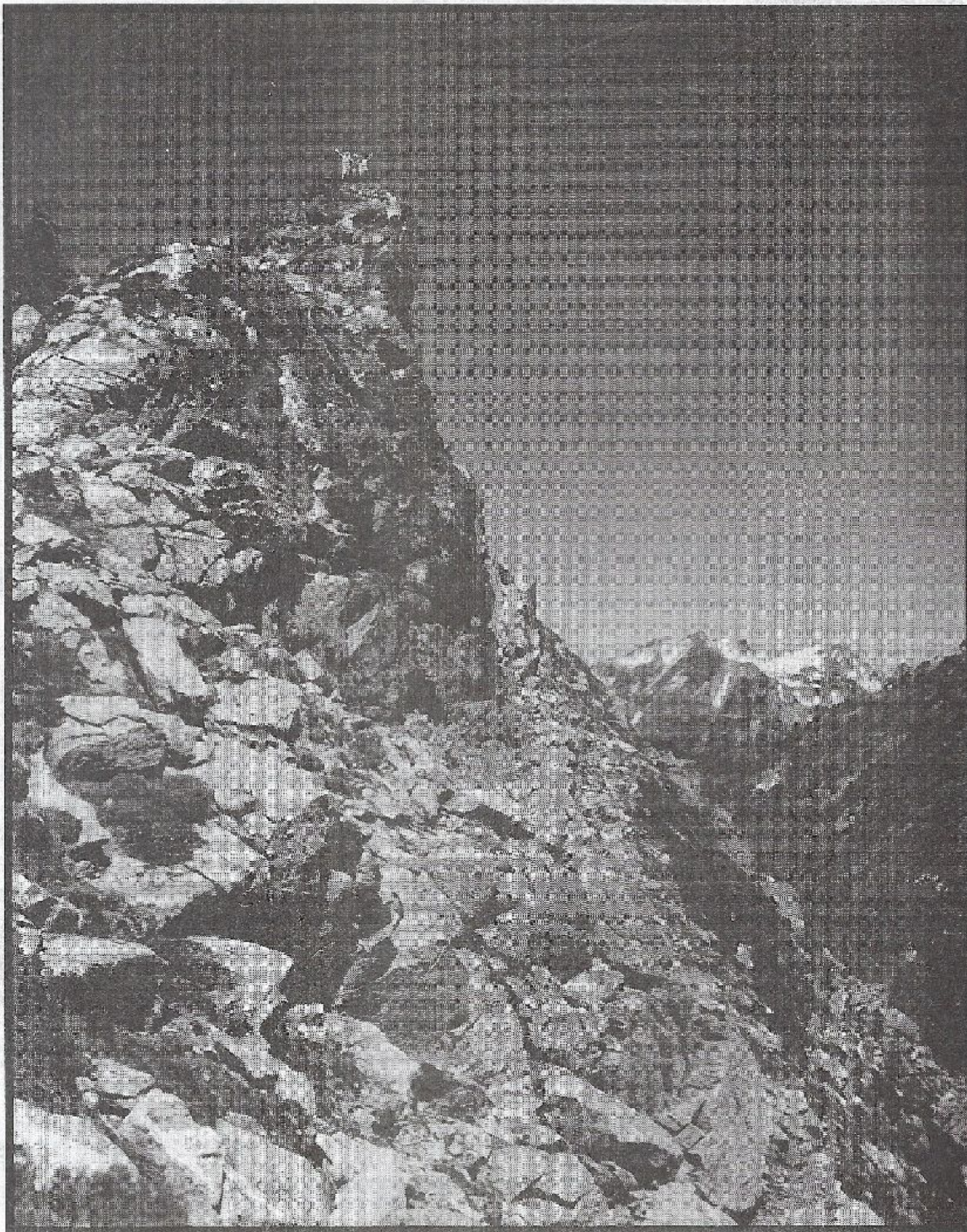


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# Pack & Paddle®

VOLUME 8, NUMBER 5

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RANDOM VIEW—



Robert Michelson

Bog orchid on the Navaho Pass trail.

## Features

- 20 THE RISKS OF CLIMBING  
—and teaching climbing  
Warren Guntheroth
- 22 THE WIND RIVER RANGE  
Jim Miller
- 24 WENATCHEE TRILOGY  
Tom Rainey
- 25 SUQUAMISH TO POULSBO  
Lee McKee
- 26 DRIVEN FROM THE GARDEN  
Karen Sykes
- 27 NEW BOOKS
- 28 GEAR REVIEW

## Departments

- 4 LETTERS TO THE EDITOR
- 5 BACKCOUNTRY NEWS
- 29 PANORAMA — News from All Over
- 31 EDITOR'S JOURNAL

### COVER PHOTO:

Manita Nery, Linda Rostad, and Lindy Bakkar wave from the top of a knob along the route to High Pass. Glacier Peak Wilderness, Washington. Photo by Ann Marshall

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

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

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Louise Marshall  
David Ryeburn



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### PROTECT YOUR DOG: LEAVE HIM HOME

I just finished reading the April "avalanche" issue of *Pack & Paddle*. As a long-time subscriber I have come to appreciate what is almost always good advice in your magazine.

However, I must take the strongest exception to the "Dog Safety" item on page 30, wherein advice is given to provide your dog with an avalanche beeper.

The critical factor in avalanche rescue is time: after 20 minutes or so the survival rate of the entrapped victims starts to approach zero. I don't want rescuers digging out my dog while someone in my group suffocates.

If you are a party of four plus dog, all wearing beepers, and all trapped, the dog is going to reduce the probability of rescue of the four humans by 25%.

The way to protect your dog from avalanche hazard is to leave him at home.

Kurt Herzog  
Grants Pass, Oregon

### SLOPE MEASUREMENT

There is an error in the tip on "Judging Slopes" on page 30 of the April issue. It says "Now slide the horizontal pole exactly halfway down the vertical pole, keeping its handle just touching the shaft of the vertical pole. If its tip is touching the snow surface, you are on a 22 degree slope (ahh, much better)."

Actually such a slope is somewhat steeper than 22 degrees.  $\text{Arctan}(1/2) = 26.6$  degrees, which may very well be too steep. However,  $\text{Arctan}(1/3) = 18.4$  degrees which is likely gentle enough.

So check with the horizontal pole 1/3 of the way up the vertical pole, not halfway up and you'll be safer.

David Ryeburn  
(who wouldn't want mathematical inaccuracy to get someone onto an avalanche slope)  
Burnaby, British Columbia

### MORE SLOPE MEASUREMENT

In the April issue of *Pack and Paddle*, a method for judging the inclination of snow slopes was given which involves placing one ski pole vertically and the other horizontally, both touching the snow surface, and seeing how far up on the vertical pole the other end of the horizontal pole comes.

It was correctly stated that for a 45-degree slope, the horizontal pole comes all the way up on the vertical pole, touching it at its top.

However, it was claimed that for a 22-degree slope, the vertical pole comes halfway up the horizontal pole, and this is untrue, for it actually comes only 2/5 of the way up (.40).

The impression was given that the proportion of the vertical pole which the horizontal pole comes up to is directly proportional to the slope angle, with 1.00 being for 45 degrees, but this proportion is actually the tangent of the slope angle.

Tangent tables are given in high-school trigonometry books, and nowadays tangent values are given by scientific calculators.

For 20 degrees, the proportion is 0.36; for 25 degrees it is 0.47; for 30 degrees it is 0.58; for 35 degrees it is

0.70, and for 40 degrees it is 0.84.

Dave Jette  
Seattle, Washington

[Ed. Note: Rats. It looked like such a simple system. I never guessed I would have to learn trigonometry to master it.]

### UNFAIR CRITICISM

Although I enjoyed the article, I was put off by Julie Brown's criticism toward her fellow rafters in "Swept Away" (April, page 26).

Many outdoor activities have the potential to put us in life-threatening situations where we depend on our companions for life saving rescue, and most of us participate in these activities with companions who have the requisite skills and knowledge.

However, once the decision has been made to go on a guided trip, I think it is unfair to criticize the other paying customers for their lack of skill and ability to react in a dangerous situation.

A few years ago, on a guided climb of Mount Rainier, I became keenly aware of this issue as I was being roped up to a few "yahoos" from Oklahoma.

Kenton Quist  
Woodinville, Washington

### POWERFUL

Wow! "Swept Away" by Julie Brown is the most powerful piece of writing I've seen in *P&P*.

Rick Haley  
Anacortes, Washington

## You Know You're a "Mountaineer"\* When ...

- ... you are on the phone calling the club office at 8:29 in the morning on the day sign-up opens for a hike.
- ... you have a special shelf in the kitchen just for backpacking food.
- ... you practice tying knots in the shower.
- ... on a day hike, you carry a pack that makes everybody ask how many days you've been out.
- ... you just can't decide which skis to wear.

\*This list was compiled by Mountaineer club members but generally applies to all who are zealous in their pursuit of backcountry activities.

# BACKCOUNTRY NEWS

REPORTS AND CONDITIONS

## INTRODUCTION

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

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

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



—Climbing, scrambling, mountaineering, off-trail and cross-country travel.



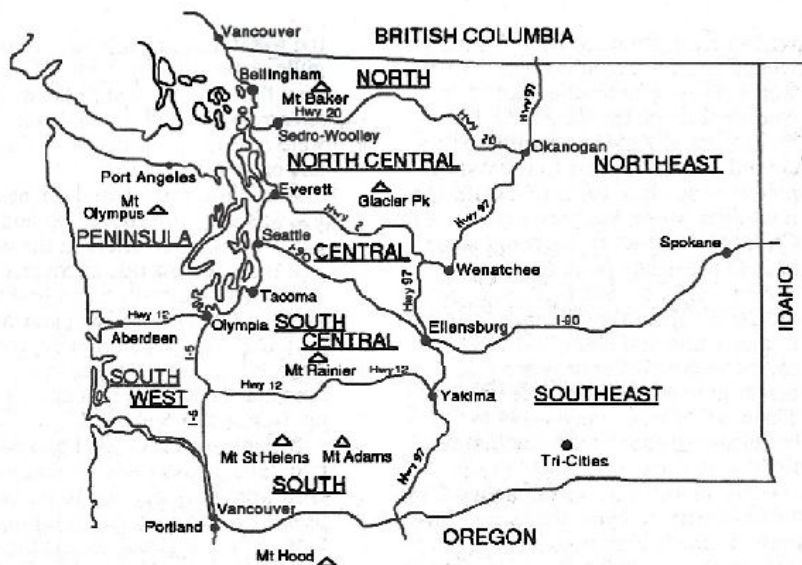
—Hiking, backpacking on trails.



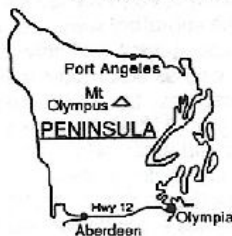
—Canoeing, kayaking and water trips.



—Snowshoeing and cross-country skiing.



## PENINSULA



### HOOD HEAD (NOAA

18477)—Seven of us met at

Shine Tidelands State Park at the north end of the Hood Canal Bridge (see *Middle Puget Sound & Hood Canal* by Marge & Ted Mueller for directions)—actually we met along the road that leads to the park since the park was closed and the access gated.

The short road follows the shoreline so there is beach access for boat launching (and there is a boat ramp) but the access road is posted "no parking" which complicated matters slightly.

After off-loading our boats we found alternative parking spots for our vehicles then made our kayaks ready for the paddle.

Our trip leader, Julie, went over the planned paddle which was to circumnavigate Hood Head and discussed safety considerations before we

launched. The tide was at 6.7 feet and coming in and since there was some flood current Julie's plan was to go in a clockwise direction around the head.

Setting off, we headed for the south end of the head, then followed the inside shoreline around Bywater Bay and into the lagoon at the northwest end.

At low tides the lagoon can be mud, but we had plenty of water for exploration. A spit joins the mainland with Hood Head which Washburne, in his book *Kayaking Puget Sound, The San Juans and Gulf Islands*, notes that you may be able to paddle across at the highest tides; otherwise you need to carry your boats across. The tide now was close to 8 feet and there was lots of dry land which meant a short and easy portage to get to the main Hood Canal waters.

Once across the spit, we followed the shoreline in a northwesterly direction a short way past White Rock, a large rock just off the shoreline. The *Washington Public Shore Guide* shows there is 1500 feet of public shoreline here, accessible by road, but the exact location of it is impossible to tell from the water.

By now a south wind was building, and Julie decided it was time to head the group back to the spit and a lunch break. We had had an easy time of it until now, but would be faced with a headwind most of the way back to the takeout.

After a short lunch we were back on the water and headed along the north shore of Hood Head. The cliffs com-

pletely blocked the wind making for nice paddling, which abruptly ended as soon as we swung around Point Hannon on the northeast end of Hood Head.

From then on it was basically clawing our way along for the 1½ miles or so back to the takeout. The wind was probably in the neighborhood of 15kts with gusts in the 18-20kt range.

Although the wind was fairly strong, there was only slight wave action—probably due to the Hood Canal Bridge acting as a barrier to what otherwise would be a long fetch. As we approached the takeout, we could see occasional spray flying over the bridge from waves on the other side.

Crossing the bridge on the way home presented the dramatic scene of frothy jumbled waves and spray on one side of the bridge and calm water on the other—a testament to how much force a floating bridge must absorb on high wind days.—LGM, Port Orchard, 3/27.



### CHILEAN MEMORIAL

(USGS *La Push*)—We knew some schools were having spring break this week, so we expected lots of people, and we looked at our annotated map for alternate campsites in case the small sites at Chilean Memorial were full.

Stopping at the Mora Ranger Station, Lee and I picked up our registration envelope. The office was closed, so we mailed in our fees: \$13 for our two-night stay.

The beach was scattered here and there with dayhikers, but only a smattering of backpackers. To our surprise,

## BACKCOUNTRY NEWS

### DEADLINE: May 18

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

we met Kurt, from our MOFA class last winter, and his friend Nanette—small world. They were heading out after coming through from Ozette.

Our first alternate campsite was occupied. We continued to the windy point just south of Chilean, but decided it was *too* windy. We would continue to Chilean. If necessary, we could come back to the windy point to camp.

Amazingly, we had Chilean to ourselves. We spent the high-tide time setting up camp and observing several eagles soaring over our heads and perching in a leaning spruce nearby. The weather was sunny—not warm, but pleasant, and the sky at night was filled with stars.

In the morning we set off around Cape Johnson with an early afternoon turnaround time to accommodate the afternoon high tide. In 3 miles we came to a headland that used to have a nice stairway over it. It is now washed out and the scramble up is in semi-gooney clay.

Here we had lunch and also watched an entire family of eagles (including “teenagers” still in their dark feathers) feed on something indistinguishable at

the water’s edge while ravens and seagulls waited nearby. Some of the eagles then flew and hopped to the nearby stream to stand in it and drink. There were at least half a dozen of the birds, one of them very large.

At night it rained, and the next morning was grey. We packed up and headed out, watching sea otters in the waves. The mid-day low tide uncovered the wonderful tide pools about half a mile north of Hole-in-the-Wall and we spent a lot of time wandering here, trying to step only on seaweed and avoiding the occasional big wave that came sneaking up a surge channel.

At Hole-in-the-Wall I talked with two young boys from Leavenworth who were very excited to be on the beach and actually going through the hole in the rock wall. It was their first trip to the ocean.—Ann Marshall, Port Orchard, 4/5-7.



## QUILCENE BAY, DABOB BAY (NOAA 18476)

—A minus tide, little wind, and mild temperatures—our trip leaders Martha and Gary couldn’t have picked a more per-

fect day for exploring this portion of Hood Canal. Our launch point was at the Quilcene Bay Marina, about 1½ miles south of the town of Quilcene (see *Middle Puget Sound & Hood Canal Afloat & Afloat* by Marge and Ted Mueller for directions).

By 10am with the tide just over 5 feet and dropping rapidly to a low of -1.8 feet, our flotilla of 11 single sea kayaks set out heading south toward Frenchmans Point where small Quilcene Bay merges with much larger Dabob Bay. Then it was on to Whitney Point which is the site of a state shellfish laboratory.

Gary and Martha called for the first break of the day giving us the opportunity to stretch our legs, use the restroom facilities, and look at the interpretive display outside the laboratory. Quilcene and Dabob Bays are noted for oyster raising, and the beach here as well as most everywhere was strewn with oyster shells.

Back in the boats we continued south along the western shore of Dabob Bay to Pulali Point. The rocky ledges which make up the shoreline were teeming with all sizes, shapes, and colors of starfish as well as other marine life. The tide was close to -1 foot, and it was fun to just drift along with a paddle stroke now and again while we “tide-pooled” from our kayaks.

Rounding the point we entered Jackson Cove. After some discussion Gary and Martha decided we should continue a ways farther before stopping for lunch since it was such a perfect paddling day. There is more development here—including rustic Camp Parsons, a long-time Boy Scout camp and the starting point for many early Scouting explorations into the Olympic Mountains. There are also lots of inviting beaches but none have public access.

At the south end of the cove we rounded Wawa Point which provided further opportunity for “tidepooling” then continued a short distance to an area noted in the *Washington Public Shore Guide* as being public tidelands for our lunch break before heading back.

Total distance for the paddle was around 11nm, and besides marine life, there was an abundance of eagles, loons, and other bird life. This is an area well worth exploring if you enjoy such things but do be cautious of the wind. Long fetches can make for some nasty wave action.—LGM, Port Orchard, 4/18.

**HIGH DOSE BRIDGE**—The High Dose Bridge on the West Fork Dosewallips is out. The bridge has been bent into a V by heavy snow load. There is 8



Sam Thompson and Bill Lynch on the trail to Lena Lake, a good early season hike. Olympic National Park.

Jane Habegger

feet of snow at the bridge. There is an avalanche 20 feet deep on the road near the falls and generally 6 feet of snow beyond that.—Ranger, 4/6.

**OIL CITY**—The trail along the Hoh River from the Oil City trailhead to the coast has been repaired. The washouts which occurred over the winter are no longer a problem.—Ranger, 4/16.

**EAST FORK QUINAULT**—Patchy snow from Graves Creek trailhead to Fire Creek. Solid snow above Fire Creek, with a small slide blocking the trail 1 mile above Fire Creek (3.5 miles). Snow depth at O'Neil Camp (6.5 miles) is approximately 4.5 feet. Snow depth at Enchanted Valley (13 miles) is 8 to 9 feet.

The suspension bridge below Enchanted Valley has collapsed due to snow load; hikers must ford the river. Stream crossings are extremely hazardous due to steep, tall snow banks; also watch for collapsing snow bridges over streams. The door to the emergency shelter in the Chalet is blocked by snow 17 feet deep.—Ranger, 4/16.

**SOL DUC**—Sol Duc road is only plowed to the lodge. The road beyond the resort is closed due to several trees and deep snow.

**North Fork:** Several trees are down on the North Fork trail before the footlog at the 1-mile mark. There is no current report on the footlog, which has been unsafe for several years.

Deep snow has prevented patrol of other Sol Duc trails.—Ranger 4/13.

**HIGHWAY 101**—Closed by a slide at Lilliwaup 4 miles north of Hoodport. You can make a long 30-mile detour on back roads, but it's easier to just approach on the side you want to be on.—Ranger, 4/20.

**DUNGENESS ROAD 2860**—Closed before East Crossing Campground. Slides block the road and it is snow covered. No estimated opening date.

**Dungeness Forks road 2880** is also closed by a slide near the bridge. —Ranger, 4/20.

**NORTH FORK QUINAULT ROAD**—Closed for reconstruction. Should be open by the end of May.—Ranger, 4/20.

## SOUTHWEST



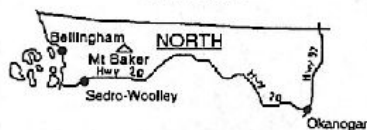
**CAPITOL FOREST (USGS Little Rock, Capitol Pk)**—I was accompanied by John Roper and Sue Docnim, a jolly saucy crew, for this trip of driving and peak-bagging in various corners of the forest.

We started with Buck Ridge and moved on through the day to Rock Candy Mountain, Capitol, "Punishment" and Little Larch. The name "Punishment" was attached by John after a wrong turn on the Capitol Ridge, the wrong turn adding up to 1400 feet bonus elevation.

Capitol Forest consists of more than 70,000 acres of second and third growth timber in the Black Hills region of Thurston and Grays Harbor Counties. In 1933 the State Forest Land Board purchased 33,000 acres and has increased its holdings over the years.

Begun as a reforestation project, the land is now in multi-use status. It was dedicated as a public access area on August 13, 1967. Great views of the Southern Olympics, South Cascades and Lower Puget Sound.—Ian Mackay, Seattle, 4/2.

## NORTH



**THE MAID and The Domestic Help Range (USGS Alger)**—An interesting 2.5 square mile mini-range of lumps and bumps lies just east of I-5 about half way between Mount Vernon and Bellingham on the north side of the lower Skagit Delta.

The highest (and only map-named) summit of the group, Butler Hill (886 feet), is nicely described in *Footsore 3*. Although it was once a lookout site, its top is now forested and viewless. If the Butler didn't do it, for you, his many friends may. I found Butler a little disappointing several years ago. On this sunny day however, Karen and Aaron and I found a much more rewarding experience on "The Maid" (882 feet), .6-mile southeast.

Go east off I-5 at Exit 236 on Bow Hill Road. In .8-mile, cross old Highway 99, where the name changes to Prairie Road. At 3 miles take a right on Grip Road.

Cross over the Samish River, go uphill under powerlines, and at 3.65 miles, park on the right at a (yellow) gated road (not shown on the 1952, PR 1968, 7.5-minute quad). A sign welcomes hikers, bikers, and horses (no motorized vehicles).

We walked the road, choosing the more well-trodden right forks lower down. Passing under powerlines, there is a good view southeast to "The Gardener" (609 feet) which is the summit next to what the map calls Garden of Eden (a real misnomer). Howard Putter and I climbed "The Gardener" a couple of months ago and it actually makes for an honest woods experience.

After going by a shot-up light green International SUV and crossing a creek, the road steepens. At the top of this grade, go left at a Y, and at a higher 3-way junction, stay left. The early views are over to three 2000- and 3000+-foot prominence behemoths, Lookout, Anderson, and Lyman Hill.

Higher, the throat of the Skagit opens up to reveal Sauk, Cement, Eldorado, and Illabot. From the clearcut top the vistas are most rewarding, up to the Haystack-Cultus group and down to the "inland San Juans," landforms that now rise above rich farmland that will become islands when the ocean rises just 30 feet. These include Burlington and Sterling Hills, Big Rock and "The Skagit Gadget" just south of Sedro Woolley.

The many real San Juans are fun to pick out, from Hat and Guemes to the big guys, Cypress, Orcas and Lummi. The approximately 1.5-mile walk took about an hour with a curious 5-year old exploring along.

To finish the group and the domestic engineer theme, "The Chauffeur" (201 feet) sits about 2 miles southwest of Butler, next to a gravel pit. This one, however, has private access problems.—John Roper, Bellevue, 4/14.



## EAST SHORE BAKER LAKE (USGS Welker Pk)

Bridges over Baker River, Blum Creek and Anderson Creek are finished. The section which is on a north facing slope (Blum Creek to Maple Grove) is under snow.—Ramona Hammerly, Anacortes, 4/20.

**HIGHWAY 20**—Crews have been working to clear Highway 20 since

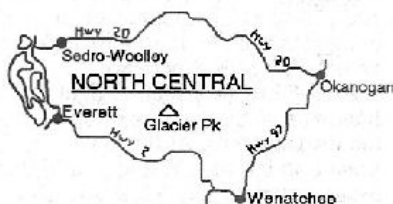
February. It is an attack from both the east and west.

For the sections that have only 8 to 10 feet of snow, they can clear between one-half to one mile per day. Continued snow means sections must be reworked, but the reworking goes faster.

They are now down to the last 10 or 12 miles, but these are the most difficult. This segment has over 20 major avalanche chutes and areas of snow 80 feet deep.

They have no estimated opening date yet for this season, but the word is that it may be the middle of May.—Ranger, 4/15.

## NORTH CENTRAL



## SOUTH WHIDBEY STATE PARK (USGS Freeland)

Lew and I did three short and varied trails in South Whidbey State Park. First was the Wilbert Trail through the last old growth on the island.

It was an easy but not over-groomed trail and a nice stroll. It came out at a road crossing to the campground where we eventually found signs for the Beach trail. This one got busy going down to the beach where we walked a pleasant half mile south before returning.

Close to the top there was a trail option south which joined the Discovery Trail south. This one looped and up-and-downed through the remaining State property and some views for about 3/4-mile and was in decent shape, again without being over-groomed.—Tom Karasek, Lake Goodwin, 4/14.



## EBEY'S LANDING (USGS Coupeville)

On the west side of Whidbey Island, Lew and I started north on the trail up Perego's Bluff. The trail climbs to a junction east and views of Glacier Peak and Mount Baker. We soon stopped for a very pleasant lunch sitting on a grassy glen out of a chill breeze and with a glorious view of Admiralty Inlet and the Olympics in the warm sun.

We continued north to a junction with a beach trail which drops to allow a return around Perego's Lagoon. Lew went down and I turned around to further enjoy the open view trail, actually much like an alpine trail. Nice 3 1/2 mile walk. There were about ten singles or small groups on this Wednesday after-

noon.—Tom Karasek, Lake Goodwin, 4/14.



## HEATHER LAKE (USGS Verlot)

The old logging road in to the trailhead was full of huge pot-holes—don't attempt this road with a little car. We were glad our vehicles had four wheel drive and studded snow tires. It was a lot like being on the Indiana Jones ride at Disneyland! We parked at the trailhead in about 2 feet of snow, and Troop 43 was ready for a snowshoe trip.

The trail started off pretty thin of snow, since it was mostly under trees, but it gradually deepened to at least 9 feet deep! Snowshoeing is a lot of work, and the adults showed it, but the scouts were ready for more! It snowed off and on, and the trees were drooping with a winter's-full of snow. It was absolutely gorgeous! There were also awesome views—and the sky was the bluest we had seen in months!

Lunch was prepared just shy of the lake under a large tree that provided shelter. The boys cooked polish sausages, and the adults heated the chili, complete with fixin's—cheese, chopped onion, and buns. Some took off their snowshoes to relax and walk around, only to find that they sank into the snow up to their waists! We discovered what snowshoes are really for!

During lunch, snow started falling again, and the group decided it was time to head back to the vehicles. The trip back was more downhill than uphill—a relief for the adults! The troop had a wonderful time, and plans to snowshoe again in the future.—Lori Wist, Lake Stevens, 3/27.



## GORDON PEAK (USGS Silvertown)

Gordon Peak was an obvious choice for this beautiful spring day. Because of the high avalanche hazard, we wanted a safe climb plus a mountain easily accessible.

From the Mountain Loop Highway about 7 miles east of Verlot, we took road 4037 which takes off just past the red bridge. The road was drivable for about 2 miles (1800 feet).

Donning snowshoes, we followed the road to a clearcut about a mile from the car. A minor nuisance was cross 25 ditches across the road. Some of these ditches are deep and require skirting them to either side.

From the top of the clearcut (2800 feet) we ascended northwest up a timbered slope to the southwest ridge of the peak. The final 1000 feet up the ridge is steep but tree-covered.

The 5046-foot summit has a large



Pete Cleland


In the rain at Lake Ann last fall: Pete Cleland (left) is ready to hitch a ride home; Dave Kriener uses his towel to sop up the water in the tent.



# BACKCOUNTRY NEWS

REPORTS AND CONDITIONS


cornice on top. The time up was about 3½ hours.—Dallas Kloke, Anacortes, 4/11.

 **WALLACE FALLS (USGS Gold Bar)**—The salmonberry is still blooming and the first shy yellow violets are showing up, very late this year.

There is a caution posted at the information center at the trailhead: logging is being done along the western and northern boundaries of the park. Hikers who intend to walk to Wallace Lake are advised to hike by way of the Woody Trail. Heavy trucks have been driving along the Railroad Grade trail.

I went as far as the valley viewpoint. What a gorgeous day! Practically the first time I've been able to see Baring Mountain and Mount Index from the powerline opening above Wallace River. And I could see the Olympics in the distance.

The woods were warm and filled with the sweet, spicy smells of spring. The rivers aren't very high yet, since the nights are still cold. But as the day got warmer, I believe the water levels started climbing.—Liz Escher, Lake Forest Park, 4/14.

 **YODELIN TO SCENIC via Windy Mountain (USGS Labyrinth, Captain Point, Scenic)**—Spring finally sprung. It was time to take advantage of the first great days of the season and do a traverse from Yodelin to Scenic.

I had been eyeing this trip for several years and now conditions were perfect. The skies were clear and the avalanche danger was low. I had carefully studied the maps, figuring the gain and distance to be a reasonable day trip assuming no surprises.

We dropped a car at Scenic and proceed to Yodelin. Yodelin is about 2

miles past Stevens Pass. We parked directly across from the old Ski Lodge and headed out at 7:40am following the packed road about .7-mile then continued to the headwaters of Nason Creek.

The crust was frozen and for the most part was okay going without snowshoes. When we reached the places where the sun was shining, the snow softened and three of the four of us put on snowshoes. Greg chose to posthole all day—he is young and strong and has plenty of energy to burn.

We continued to the saddle around 4350 feet, then headed northwest to the ridge (just south of Peak 5261). On the ridge the wind was really blowing but it was not cold. The wind continued all day. Steve, Greg and I ran up Peak 5261 while Walt checked out our route for the traverse. We had chosen to avoid this peak due to some rocks near the summit, but with this year's heavy snowpack, the rocks were covered.

We continued to the highest point on the traverse (Peak 5645) without snowshoes. We enjoyed superb views for 100+ miles in all directions. Since the snowpack was not completely firm, Mike put snowshoes back on. We continued on the ridge going up and down bumps on the traverse. After going over a steep bump (5249 feet), Steve and Walt put their snowshoes on after realizing it would be easier traveling.

Near 5488 feet we found a wind-sheltered area for lunch and enjoyed wonderful views. We now looked down on Highway 2. We noticed some snowmobile tracks in the flat area north of Peak 5383 and to the ridge which they accessed from Martin Creek. We were very happy the snowmobiles were not here this day. As we continued to Windy Mountain we encountered two huge reflectors (at 5360 feet), which are noticeable from Highway 2.


We dropped off Windy Mountain following the ridge toward Scenic. At 4200 feet we took off the snowshoes and glissaded down southeast to the Iron Goat trail (old railroad grade) where we encountered a little problem. We came out above the old snowshed wall near the Windy Point tunnel and the wall was a 20 foot drop. We went left and found a way down.

We crossed the Iron Goat trail and dropped to the old road, then followed it to Highway 2 and back to the car at Scenic. This was a very enjoyable ridge traverse. The trip was 9.5 miles, 3400 feet gain, and took us 8.3 hours.

Steve took Walt back to get the car. Greg and I waited at the railroad tracks. We were quite wet from the glissading so we spread out clothes to dry

next to the railroad tracks where it was warm and snowfree.

After about 10 minutes, we heard a whistle—a train was a few hundred yards down the tracks and approaching fast. We tossed our gear away from the tracks as it passed. The train approached very quietly and was a complete surprise to us. When the others arrived with the cars, the clothes and gear were almost completely dry.—Mike Torok, Seattle, 4/15.

 **CHELAN BUTTE (USGS Chelan)**—Just east of the town of Chelan, Sarah, Kaya and I drove south on a road signed "Chelan Butte L.O." The road was a bit muddy, but in fine shape.

After a couple of miles, we came to a junction with a road descending into the Chelan Butte Wildlife Area. I parked here (2792 feet) and we began hiking up the lookout road across mixed mud and snow. After two switchbacks, we reached the beginning of the summit ridge and a rocky flat area. A map for hang-gliders was posted on a large sign here and a takeoff path evident.

The road continued to the busy summit (3835 feet) where a few radio and communication towers hummed in the wind. A weathered wood hang-gliding ramp pointed out toward the Columbia River below us. Sarah found the USGS marker, dated 1940, near the actual summit, while Kaya discovered a Frisbee.

Views were panoramic—to the north, despite clouds, we could spot South Navarre Peak and the beginning of Sawtooth Ridge and to the northeast, Stormy Mountain. Most impressive was the contrast between the deep blue waters of Lake Chelan snaking to the north, disappearing to more rugged country and the lighter-hued Columbia stretching around us to the south.

This short trip would be great as a leg stretch the day before getting on the ferry to Stehckin. The wildflowers are supposed to be impressive later on in spring. 3.5 miles round trip and almost 1100 vertical feet.—Eric Keeler, Seattle, 3/27.

**CASCADE RIVER ROAD**—Open and snowfree to MP 13, just past Hard Creek, elevation 1800 feet. Impassable to vehicles beyond. Ungraded with some ruts, use caution.—Ranger, 4/13.

**MOUNTAIN LOOP HIGHWAY**—The Mountain Loop Highway will be plowed beginning May 15 from Deer Creek to Barlow Pass. No estimated completion date.—Ranger, 4/20.

## ALWAYS CARRY THE TEN ESSENTIALS

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

# BACKCOUNTRY NEWS

REPORTS AND CONDITIONS

**SUIATTLE**—Trail is snow-covered. One mile in are numerous logs across the trail.—Ranger, 4/7.

**WHITECHUCK BENCH**—Trail is snow free. Crossing at Crystal Creek is a foot log with a steel grate; use caution while crossing. Reports have been that the trail is in good condition with only a couple of trees across trail.—Ranger, 4/7.

**HEYBROOK LOOKOUT**—This is one of the few completely snowfree hikes around.—Ranger, 4/20.

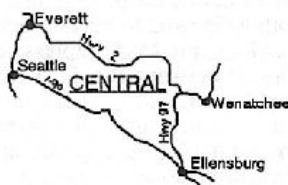
**CHELAN DIST**—509-682-2576. With the level of Lake Chelan down so low, many folks are enjoying beach hiking on its sandy beaches.—Ranger, 4/13.

**ENTIAT DIST**—509-784-1511. Most trails are snow covered. For an early spring hike consider the Lower Mad River trail 1409. This trail has not yet been maintained this season but would provide a good short hike on a warm afternoon.

The Lower Mad River trail meanders along the beautiful Mad River; be sure to watch for wildflowers which should just be starting to bloom. Hikers should expect to encounter some patches of snow and trees across the trail.

To access the Lower Mad River trail park at the gate which leads into Pine Flats Campground.—Ranger, 4/13.

## CENTRAL



### ST. EDWARDS STATE PARK (USGS Seattle North)

—Driven by the need to get back in shape for the summer, and inspired by the past few days of beautiful weather, we decided to spend the afternoon hiking close to home.

St. Edwards State Park is located on the north end of Lake Washington, and has 300-plus acres of trails for both hikers and bikers. Some of the trails are hiking only.

Lynn and I did a small loop down to the lake, along the lakeshore through massive cottonwood trees, and back up through the mature forest. The maple and alder trees are leafing out, trilliums are still in bloom, and Lynn's favorite,

bleeding hearts, have just begun to bloom. We were both surprised by how quiet it was.—KE, Lake Stevens, 4/18.



### EAST FORK FOSS (USGS Skykomish)

I was supposed to lead a club hike here and drove up to take a look. It is a no-go, due to snow.

There's still snow on road 68 which starts about 2 miles in, and plenty of snow in the trees. It's going to take at least three weeks or more before even the low country is snow-free!

The skunk cabbages were blooming near the junction with the Tye River road.—Liz Escher, Lake Forest Park, 4/14.



### PALMER MOUNTAIN

(USGS Grotto)—The choice of Palmer for Saturday seemed to be just another continuation of my 1999 practice of selecting easily reachable peaks.

The first indication that there might be a fly in the ointment came as I approached Monroe and the rendezvous with the Goodmans and Don Beavon; many of the oncoming cars had several inches of snow on them. Indeed, when we parked later on the Index Creek road we were in 10 inches of fresh stuff.

Don G. had done a good job of selecting a direct route which we were going to try. The start has trespassing problems, so we mostly headed up, then zigged and zagged on old roads and cut up occasionally til we reached a large clearcut.

We went more or less straight up this, encountering all the usual slash and sticker obstacles, made more interesting by all the fresh snow at 3000 feet—there was a full 2 feet of it. From here on we were wallowing in depths that I don't think I've ever experienced before.

We stayed in the trees, eventually donning snowshoes (it had been too

steep and messy before) to reach the northwest ridge, which we followed. Soon we got our first look at the false summit, looking very far off given our meager rate of progress.

I was pleased that no one mentioned giving up, though I'm certain all of us were thinking it. A wild-looking snow arete necessitated taking the shoes off, and from there on we kept them off, which sometimes was fine on the wind-swept portions, but was troublesome in the deep troughs where we were wading in mid-thigh drifts.

We reached the summit at 4pm, 8 hours after our start. The weather had been interesting, snowing most all of the time, but with enough visibility to see Philadelphia, Crosby, Cleveland and the lower flanks of several others.

On the northwest ridge the wind was 20 to 30 mph and the cold had frozen all our wet gear from below. Soon after commencing the return we got some thunder and lightning—not too close, but we were all glad to get off the crest.

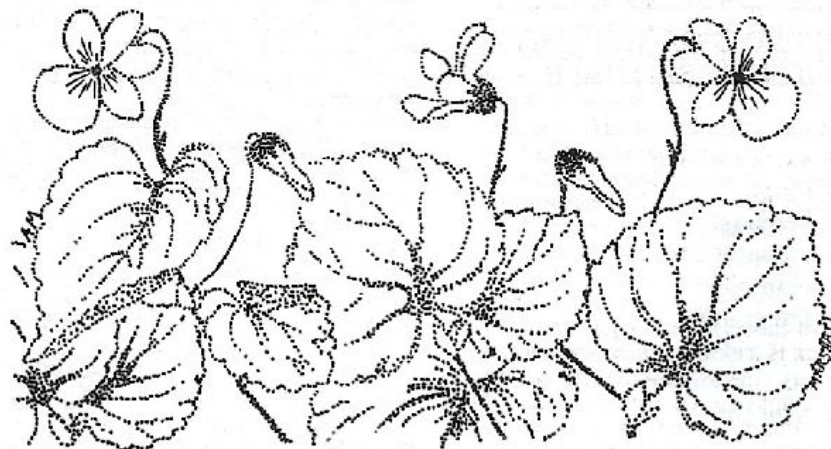
It didn't get really dark til 7pm, and even then our morning track was still evident to the sharp eyes of Beavon who led us back to the cars at 7:30. I enjoyed this one more than any in a long time. Lowly Palmer had exacted the utmost from us all.—Mitch Blanton, Bellingham, 3/27.



### PALMER MOUNTAIN

(USGS Grotto)—I had to do it my way. It turned out half wonderful, half really awful.

Nurturing a fantasy that the old logging roads along the north side of Lowe Creek might be bikeable, I pedaled in from the first impassable spot on Lowe Creek Road to the east (now only 2 miles from Highway 2). The fantasy died less than 200 yards from where the old road branches off. Kloke describes these roads as very overgrown;



# BACKCOUNTRY NEWS

REPORTS AND CONDITIONS

recovering wilderness is closer to the mark. My plan, bike or no, was to proceed to the switchback at 2200 feet next to Lowe Creek, where I hoped to find snow for continuing up the creek to its head at 3400 feet, thence to tackle the long, moderate, timbered south slope of Palmer.

The roads were bewildering—they must have been abandoned 40 or 50 years ago, and below 1600 feet didn't correspond well to the map in connections, elevations, stream crossings, or anything else. I was plain lucky to find the upper road, where its course finally started to make sense, just in time for a memorable thrash through a half-mile of salmonberry stickers.

It took 2 hours overall to get to the switchback at 2200 feet. I was feeling pretty defeated, and might well have turned around, but continuous snow set in at 1900 to 2000 feet. I had timed the season for this trip well after all. The first quarter-mile of the creek beyond the road was deep-cut, with several big waterfalls, and required some tedious maneuvering across steep hillsides and avalanche debris. After that, the valley bottom spread out and I made good time above the north bank to the upper basin, which was open beginning at 3000 feet.

Here I was repaid in full for the earlier miseries. I stood in a pocket of pristine wilderness: 2000-foot walls of black rock, dissected by dazzling white couloirs, waterfalls, and violent avalanche chutes, surmounted by the impossible-looking crags of Crosby Mountain and its north ridge. It was utterly silent, and entirely mine.

The remainder of the route was a steady, straightforward chug through large, sparse old growth, with about 400 feet of open slopes at the top. The soft spring corn snow swallowed my feet to about mid-calf, but it was consolidated just enough to dispense with snowshoes all day. Still, it was another three hours from the road to the east summit point (5043), and my gas tank was on empty.

Palmer was a much better view point than I expected, and more comfortable—I found a roomy, dry rock bench just below the top on which to sun and recover. I ran out of fingers and toes before counting all the visible Home Court peaks, and there was lots else all across the north and east as well. The postcard classic from this vantage, however, is the east face of Mount Index; every crag of the Index traverse stands out, along with the two Norwegian buttresses.

Heading down, I stopped off at the

west summit point (5040+)—in the field, it looks almost certainly higher than the east. Then came a joyous 1400-foot glissade, mostly through trees, with large surface sloughs occasionally keeping pace alongside.

The rest of the descent was orderly and peaceful, until I got to around 1300 feet, and realized I could not possibly be on the same road I had gone up. This particular sticker thrash had dead-ended in the creek bottom, instead of looping back northwest.

The day's glow abruptly crashed. All the options looked grim, and it was getting late. A 10 minute trial through the mounds of rotten deadfall and stickers along the creek shore netted only 50 yards, so I climbed back up the bank enough to get out of the stickers and on more level ground.

The terrain was still a tangle of sickly second-growth, limbs more loose and dead than alive, but 45 minutes, many mantras of patience, and a half-mile later, I emerged on Lowe Creek road not far from my bike.

It was my hardest trip in 10 months (since Russian Butte), but my 64th Home Court peak was in the bag, and I had survived to dream about the 65th.

I can not recommend the route, despite the rugged beauty of upper Lowe Creek, because the approach is too fraught with potential mishaps.

It could go quickly with a guide who'd worked out the roads, but where are you going to find one of those? Not even Bill Gates could entice me back again...

5 hours up, 4 hours down. Over 7 miles roundtrip and 4300 vertical feet on foot; 3 miles and 100 vertical feet on bike.—Jeff Howbert, Bellevue, 4/17.



## K9 and THE HYDRANT

(USGS Stevens Pass)—Why K9? This 6242-foot summit, which lies 2 miles immediately south of the big bend in Highway 2 as it makes its last rise to Stevens Pass at Tunnel Creek, is an outstanding peak.

It's no K2 for sure, but in the right, bad conditions, it could be considered 7 grades below the famous Karakoram peak by charismatic locals. At this time of year, it appears as a double-corniced summit above Scenic Creek (just beyond Deception Creek) on Highway 2. And this ...

Back in the '70s, the Bulgers did the first known winter climb of this peak from Scenic, the west end of what used to be the longest train tunnel in the Western Hemisphere. From the railroad stop and park here, a dog came out of nowhere and adopted the group, following their snowshoe tracks all the way to the summit. The Bulgers, easily amused, called this peak "Dog Mountain."

The next winter, the Bulgers decided to do a snowshoe trip to a 6062-foot point above Murphy Lakes, southwest of Peak 6242. The friendly dog was nowhere to be found on this trip, so they dubbed this summit, "Dog Gone."

Latter-day Bulgers have noted that there are already too many Dog Mountains in Washington, including the popular one down by Columbia Gorge,



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and the one up the North Fork Snoqualmie, so the "K9" (canine) alternative was suggested.

Grant Myers (who kept saying that this was a very scenic peak), Mitch Blanton, Tom Rainey, and I parked at that big bend in Highway 2 at Tunnel Creek and snowshoed up the road toward Hope Lake.

At a  $\frac{1}{4}$  mile past the powerlines, we headed downhill and crossed the South Fork Tunnel Creek, then crossed the creek draining the north side of K9 to climb the nice old-growth north ridge of Point 5567 (The Hydrant) to its top. 3 hours.

After a half hour of refueling and peak-identifying here, we shuffled west along the King-Chelan County line to just before a 5200-foot saddle where we glissaded south to a 4900-foot basin and picked up the southeast ridge of K9. This we punched up in soft, spring snow to the summit.

The overwhelming scene here was south across Trapper Creek to a mass of summits with no names on the maps. Mountaineers call one of these prongs Slippery Slab, and the Back Court enthusiasts dub one peak near Thunder Mountain, Nimbus Mountain (cloud of thunder), and another Thor Peak (god of thunder).

More peaks than you want to hear about were identified by my three climbing partners, who are the best there are in this realm.

We created little avalanches with our glissades back down to the 5200-foot saddle with The Hydrant, then continued our sitting glissades north down what Mitch called the Valley of Death, under the twin hanging cornices on the north side of K9.

Pausing for a moment at a point 2500 feet below the summit, we all agreed that the scene up this steep wintery cirque was as good as it gets in the mountains this time of year on a sunny day. 5.5 hours up (with stops), 2.1 hours down.—John Roper, Bellevue, 4/16.

**MILL CREEK** (USGS *Labyrinth Mtn*)—Went skiing up at Mill Creek at Stevens Pass last weekend. This is the Stevens Pass Nordic Center, but they are closed and the snowmobilers have taken over! However, we took the road that went left up out of the lower parking area, and never saw one, though there were some tracks.

This is the route Stevens Pass calls the "East Portal Overlook." It's more challenging than most of their trails, which are very mellow, and it leaves the powerlines behind, which is nice.

The snow was great, and we found a

spot for play and exploration at the big hairpin, where the right hand embankment drops away to nothing, and you can go into an odd little area of bare round mini-hills, and thence into some open woods for a little way. The snow was great: perfect corn snow, fast and soft.

We then went up to Smithbrook, which was deeply pocked by snowshoers, leaving no smooth areas for skiers. What was of interest were the several smallish snow slides within the first 2 miles, where there are "never" any slides. One was several feet deep and had crossed the road. It was old, but still ... a word to the wise: what's usually safe may not be this year.—Peg Ferm, Monroe, 4/18.

**TAYLOR RIVER** (USGS *Lk Philippa*)—Suzy, Joan, Sarah and I headed out the Middle Fork Snoqualmie road to check out the status of the Taylor River trail. About 5 miles up the road we started getting into mushy snow that covered up many of the potholes on this notoriously bad road, making driving very slow.

We were surprised to be able to drive the  $1\frac{1}{2}$  miles to the trailhead parking lot at 1200 feet and were additionally surprised to see three other vehicles in the lot with a good eight inches of snow on the roofs.

As we gathered our gear together a troop of Boy Scouts and their leaders hiked into the parking lot and claimed the three snowy cars, having camped out the previous night in a heavy snowfall. They all looked pretty wet.

Our party set off from the trailhead at 10:25am in a foot of snow, wondering how far we would get without snowshoes. But we soon found we were able to walk easily without sinking as the returning campers had firmly packed the deepening snow into a trough.

In  $\frac{1}{4}$ -mile we reached the junction with the Quartz Creek trail to the north and noted a large tree down across the road as it begins to climb there. We continued straight ahead on the Taylor River trail and speculated that the trough we were hiking in might be the result of an early morning snowmobile whose tracks had become obscured by the returning Boy Scouts. In any case, we were grateful to whatever had packed the trail for us.

The woods were beautifully covered with fresh snow, and as the sun came in and out, great wet blobs bombed us from overhanging trees. There were a few trees down, but no significant difficulties and we had some nice views of the snow-covered peaks of Garfield

across the river.

The snow depth increased to 3 or 4 feet by the time we reached Marten Falls (2.5 miles) at noon. When it's snow free, it's just a very short walk up the west side of the cascade to the beautiful pool there—a prime lunch spot. But climbing over slippery snow-covered boulders did not appeal to us, so we crossed the old wooden bridge that lay heavy with 2 to 3 feet of snow, stepping carefully to avoid holes that had been punched through.

On the other side we settled down on the snow to eat our lunch and drink hot tea while admiring the falls, plentiful with water.

I had originally hoped to hike another 1.5 miles to Otter Falls to see torrents of melt-water pouring over the cliff, but the snow depth made it clear that we were far too early for that. So we packed up and headed back, arriving back at the car at 1:45pm.

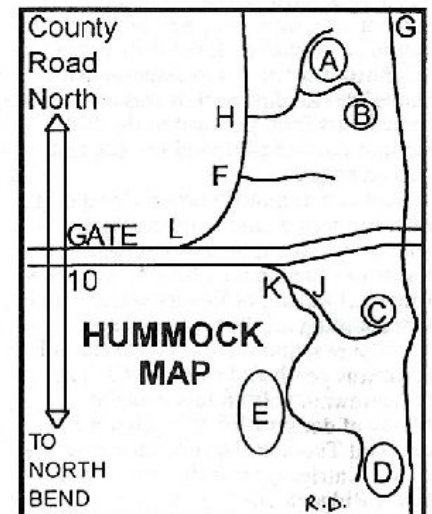
This short trip was evidence enough that it's going to be a looong wait for snow-free trails this year.—A McB, Seattle, 3/28.

**THE HUMMOCKS** (USGS *Mt Si*)—Drive I-90 to exit 31.

Turn left on North Bend Boulevard. Drive northeast .7-mile to Second Street and turn right. Go two blocks and turn left on Ballerat Street.

Follow the yellow line in the road 4 miles to the Y. Staying left, you'll be on the North Fork Snoqualmie River road. The pavement ends in .2-mile.

Keep going for 3.4 miles to a major road crossing. There will usually be a Weyerhaeuser truck parked on the left. Turn left and park about 30 feet down the road across from the gatekeeper's truck.



# BACKCOUNTRY NEWS

REPORTS AND CONDITIONS

Don your duds and go across the main road heading east. Follow the map to the hummocks. Younger people can do all four in a day. Us older folk might like to do them over a couple of days.

A on the map is Sleeping Beauty Hummock 1. B is Sleeping Beauty Hummock 2. C is Huckleberry Hummock and D is Monument Hummock. K is the road to Monument Hummock. It passes E which is Lake McLeod. J is the road to C.

Look for animal paths to the top of each hummock. To get to the Sleeping Beauties, take road L; do not turn right at F. Go to H. At A find a rocky ramp and follow the trail up the ridge. From number 1 you can see the way to number 2.

We just did the Sleeping Beauties on this trip. We enjoyed number 2 the most. Doing both, we hiked 3.4 miles and gained 900 feet.

These are all nice spring hikes especially with the snow in the Cascades, plus you can park where your car is watched by the very nice gatekeeper.—Wanderbuns and Shortstop, Kirkland, 4/10.



## DUNGEON PEAK (USGS

*Chikamin Peak*)—This hidden gem lies in plain sight of thousands passing every day. Just look up Gold Creek from I-90 east of Snoqualmie Pass—it's the first high cliffy mass on the east wall of the valley, right before the highest part of Rampart Ridge proper. On top at 5640+ feet, with a saddle 400 feet below and ringed by striking cliffs on three sides, it impresses as a proper and worthy summit.

We parked at the snowmobile unloading area at the south end of Gold Creek Sno-Park (2600 feet). John reluctantly conceded the southwest ridge direct was unlikely to go, as its nose rises into a tall arete.

Instead we marched up the west side of Rocky Run on snowy roads and hill-sides, eventually crossing the bridge over the creek at 3500 feet, and continued up the drainage to road's end at 3800 feet. Here the snowshoes went on for an entertaining 1000-foot snow scramble, working leftward through several cliff bands to Lake Laura, then up a broad, steep couloir to Lake Lillian (ice axe required).

The remaining route west to the summit was gentler and straightforward. The reward was an unobstructed IMAX view of dozens of Home Court peaks: Mount Thompson, Rampart Ridge, and every intriguing crown and spire of Box Ridge in our face; Chimney Rock and Bears Breast peering over their

shoulders; and Big Boys Glacier, Adams, and Rainier keeping watch in the distance.

Most breathtaking of all, though, were the cliffs and death gullies directly below us along the south and east sides. (John insisted on scouting them as possible down routes—some sort of sick loop trip principle to satisfy, I think.)

The day started and ended brilliantly clear, warming from frozen to oppressively hot (or perhaps the first day of real spring conditions always seems that way).

Retracing our steps down, the walkable crust and new snow we'd plowed through in the morning had turned into a sticky, sloughing mess, that would neither stay put underfoot nor allow a glissade—it was literally more work than coming up.

Still, back at the car, we rated the trip two big thumbs up. We're amazed it's not well-known and eminently

popular among local winter mountaineers. It is just the right distance and vertical for a moderate day trip, and has the same all-winter access as Mount Margaret, but with more scrambling challenge. Avalanche hazard would be something to watch for, especially climbing between the two lakes.

4 hours, 10 minutes up; 2 hours, 30 minutes down; 7½ miles roundtrip and at least 3100 vertical feet.—Jeff Howbert, Bellevue, 4/11.

**LEAVENWORTH DIST**—509-548-6977. Icicle road is plowed all the way to the entrance to Bridge Creek campground. There is limited parking. As of 4/12 there was more than 2 feet of snow up the Icicle. Contact the Leavenworth Ranger District office for current information. Parking along Icicle Road is difficult due to the deep snow on the shoulders. Make sure your vehicle is not blocking the driving lane.



Vine maples and firs on Mount Si.

Jennifer Stein Banker

# BACKCOUNTRY NEWS

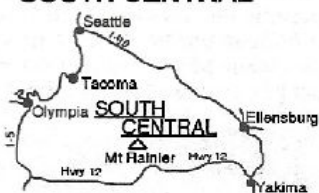
REPORTS AND CONDITIONS

The **Icicle Ridge** trail offers a few snowfree miles of hiking plus some great views. All other trails have deep soft snow. **Snow Lakes** parking lot will be closed for 1 week at the end of April or the first week of May.

**Enchantments:** Overnight permits are required from 6/15 through 10/15. Reservations for the Enchantment Core are now filled for August and September. Call the Ranger Station for a permit application.—Ranger, 4/13.

**CLE ELUM DIST—509-674-4411.** All trails and trailheads remain snow covered. Plan on most areas becoming snowfree up to 8 weeks later than what is considered "normal."—Ranger, 4/13.

## SOUTH CENTRAL



**BULLITT GORGE TRAIL.** (*Squak Mtn State Park, USGS Cumberland*)—I hiked up the Squak South Access Road from the state park facilities under a low ceiling. Central Peak microwave towers were mere ghosts in the mist as I passed under and dropped down to Bullitt Fireplace trail. Upon reaching the West Peak junction, I turned left and followed the Valley Connector trail descending through a rain forest setting, to the crossing of Bullitt Creek headwaters and a junction with the Perimeter Loop trail.

The PLT as it heads south (downhill) from this point is noted as "Bullitt Gorge Trail S2" on the trailboard in the parking lot. It remains within close earshot of the creek, is well graded, and appears to be lovingly maintained. Many giant stumps with springboard notches attest to the former glory of these woods. There was one massive blowdown, quite fresh, requiring a detour (340m).

At 260m the forest gives way to a marshy band; the grade levels and strikes an unsigned T intersection. The righthand leg is the access trail in from High Valley (SE 122nd St). I turned left to a step-across of the creek.

The short trail segment back to the South Road was half-overtaken by spring runoff, and unsigned at its emergence (a big bend in the road, 1km up from the lower Equestrian Loop trail sign). Sunbeams finally pierced the

gloom as I bent steps valleyward, imploring Old Man Winter to release his grip on the land.—Andy Carr, Bellevue, 3/14.

**POO POO POINT** (*IATC Tiger Mountain*)—Another day, more explorations. This time I headed up the Nook trail and connected with the Section Line trail. The Section Line trail drops back down and emerges from the woods close to the beginning of the Poo Poo Point trail, where it crosses the Gas Line.

Having enough time and a sunny but cool day, I decided to climb to Poo Poo Point. The trail follows an old grade, firmly climbing up through a cool forest. After 2.1 miles, the trail intersects the southern end of the West Tiger Railroad Grade. There is also access to the One View trail, which climbs up through thick hemlock forest to the Tiger Mountain Trail (TMT).

I turned right, following the Grade to its end. The trail to Poo Poo Point then drops down a hogback ridge to an old road spur. Then it gently climbs to the end of an active road. There is a small parking area, picnic tables and benches and restroom to handle the hang-gliders, paragliders and bicyclists who climb the road for their particular sports. I was alone for a few minutes until a bicyclist arrived.

The view from the Point is not as good as the higher summits of West Tiger, but still nice. I especially enjoyed crossing the creeks of the Many Creek Valley and viewing the large conifers on the upper end of the trail. When I returned to the Gas Line, I followed the casual damp trail, which follows the utility line until its intersection with the Bus Road.

The Bus Road, a nice wide level trail, plunges into second-growth forest here. Then I took another turn at the connector trail to the Around the Lake trail and thence to the Shelter and parking lot. Being alone, I surprised a black-tailed deer while on the Section Line trail. The coltsfoot, Indian plum and salmonberry are coming into bloom.—Liz Escher, Lake Forest Park, 3/28.

**WEST TIGER 2 & 3** (*IATC Tiger Mountain*)—The weather was fitful, snow above 1000 feet, temperatures cool and some wind. Sounds like January, right? No, late March.

Our group of hikers started up the Tiger Mountain Trail, which climbs almost parallel to the West Tiger 3 Trail. The trail crosses a ridge and traverses a steep slope area above the High Point Creek drainage.

Up and down, as it comes to old grades and leaves them, the trail crosses several forks of the creek, sometimes on plank bridges, once on a very grand 1997 vintage bridge. There is an intersection with the Lingering Loop and High Point Trails with connections to Dwight's Way.

Then the TMT climbs toward the West Tiger Railroad Grade, first following a ridge and then dropping down into a tiny valley at Ruth's Cove. Then it climbs again along a skid grade, passing the location of an old campsite.

Next, it climbs to a junction with the east portion of the West Tiger Railroad Grade. From there, a hiker can decide which summit of West Tiger to climb. To the left is the trail to West Tiger 1, to the right access to West Tiger 2 and 3. Our party was headed to WT2.

By this time, we were hiking through a couple of inches of snow. Sword ferns were coated with white crystals. The heavy boughs of hemlocks drooped over the trail. The woods were a winter wonderland ... only it wasn't winter. It was spring!

We finally came to the intersection where the TMT climbs toward the summit of WT2, while the Railroad Grade heads toward the junction with the West Tiger 3 Trail (1 mile).

We climbed the steep switchbacks through a thick forest cover. The trees were getting shorter as we climbed, but there were only a few glimpses out to the Cascades and the summit towers of WT1. When we arrived at the next intersection, we followed the short summit trail to the top of WT2.

At the top, it was blowing mightily. Instantly we were all very cold, having damp clothing from our morning exertions. We retreated to a cozy opening in a group of hemlocks below the fenced microwave towers. Still cold, we decided not to linger much longer than a couple of bites of lunch and then we dove over the edge of the peak and down the saddle toward WT3.

I slipped in the snow, but sprang up quickly. I had plenty of practice falling during last winter while learning to cross-country ski!

The group was feeling warmed up by the time we reached the summit of WT3, but as it was still very windy and exposed, we opted to drop down into the woods where we took another longer break. We hiked out on the West Tiger 3 Trail to the TMT Trailhead.

All in all it was an enjoyable hike with the added bonus of some strange weather. By the time we reached the cars, fitful showers were beginning and the clouds were darkening up. We had

been lucky.—Liz Escher, Lake Forest Park, 3/28.

**TIGER MOUNTAIN** (USGS Hobart)—Michael, Clark and I headed for Mount Si but got poured upon while on I-90 and doubled back for Tiger Mountain. Our group and three others looked in vain along the nicely groomed picnic area and we finally found the trail behind a picnic bench at about 770 feet.

We should have tried harder to commit the complex trail map to memory, as we quickly became unsure of which trail we were going up. And “up” was the operative word.

We evidently crossed the main trail and went up the northeast side of the mountain. Trail relentlessly climbed with good tread, no views and plenty of traffic noise until we rounded back east. We were hailed upon some, but otherwise weather was okay. Then with some ups and downs it cruised across bridges then quickly began dropping from 1850 feet to a junction at about 1200 feet.

Reluctant to regain the altitude, we opted for the exit trail past metal boxes stenciled “2000 Volts” which may have pre-dated Edison. We didn’t touch.

The trail came out under the power lines east of our car and a road which led us to parallel the highway west to the car.

Overall, a pretty nice 4-mile loop which, but for the traffic noise, could have been deep in forest.—Tom Karasek, 4/9, Lake Goodwin.

**TIGER MOUNTAIN TRAIL** (USGS Hobart)—Our group of Mountaineers started at the High Point trailhead, hiking up from the gate since we were not sure when we would be able to return. The route is 16 miles and over 2500 feet gain, one-way to the South Tiger Mountain trailhead, located off the Hobart-Issaquah Road.

The Tiger Mountain Trail climbs up the ridge, somewhat parallel to the West Tiger 3 trail, crossing the Cable Line trail at about 1 mile. After awhile, the trail eases, traversing through steep forested slopes above High Point Creek. At last it dips downhill and to the east to meet the old High Point Trail and Lingering Loops, with connections to Dwight and Preston Trails.

The TMT then climbs to the West Tiger Railroad Grade and the slopes of West Tiger 2. At Rick’s Rock is a vague junction with the trail that climbs to the summit of WT2. We followed the right hand path, passing through the snowy gap between WT2

and 3, a shadowy forest mindful of “lions, tigers and bears!” We shortly reached the junction with the WT3 trail and then proceeded to the sunny slopes of Mannings Reach for number one lunch. Views out over the Sound were limited due to cloud layer, but we could see Kent Valley and the dark, wooded slopes of Squak Mountain and the brightly colored windsocks at Poo Poo Point.

Next we passed through the open woods on the slopes of West Tiger, an enjoyable place. The trail traverses through salal-covered slopes, dropping to cross small streams and climbing again. There were no other hikers across this stretch. Far from the maddening crowds of WT3!

Soon we reached the One View trail, at Fifteenmile Gap, with connections to the Poo Poo Point trail. The Tiger Mountain road lies less than a half mile above.

At about 8 miles, we passed Lone Rock, a large boulder resting in shady woods. About ½-mile farther we intersected the Fifteenmile Railroad Grade and dropped to the bridge over Fifteenmile Creek, the largest stream on Tiger Mountain. We were just half way done with our trip. We had a second lunch break here. Skunk cabbage was just beginning to bloom in the marshy area near the creek.

From Fifteenmile Creek, the trail

climbs up and down through forest, now on the slopes of Middle Tiger. At 9.8 miles, we arrived at Charlie’s Reach and the junction with a route ascending Middle Tiger, from the West Side Road. Further on, at Phil’s Reach, there was another junction with the main Middle Tiger Trail. The second growth forest here is very dense.

Swooping by the Artifact’s trail, the main TMT drops down to the West Side Road and its original terminus. The route continues on the south side of the road, following a rocky, muddy road. Our leader opted for the horse route, which climbs through forest, reaching an old grade and then dips slightly and settles into a traverse along the western slopes of South Tiger. It passes through pleasant woods until reaching the Power Line clearing.

We rested beneath the huge power line towers for awhile, to enjoy views and gather strength for the remaining two miles. The route now follows the steep service road to a gap and junction with the main TMT. Then the TMT climbs through a lovely forest to a corner and drops steadily down towards the trailhead. Along this stretch of trail we encountered beautiful white trillium and the first woods violets of the year.

The flowers seem to be running a couple of weeks behind due to the chilly early spring weather.

By this time, my feet were complain-



Mark Owen on the summit of Silver King (near Crystal Mountain); Rainier behind.

# BACKCOUNTRY NEWS

REPORTS AND CONDITIONS

ing mightily and I was awfully glad to catch a glimpse of my little red car through the trees! It had been another great day in the Pacific Northwest and a victory considering the fact that it didn't rain a drop on us all day!

We encountered an assortment of blow-downs, especially in the middle and southern stretches (less traveled!) of the TMT. On the South Tiger alternate, a kindly chainsaw carrier had cut out the obstacles. There was mud in several spots and old, icy snow was encountered on the slopes of West Tiger. 2. Some of the older small bridges are very slippery. Bring plenty of water or a filter for more, as this trail is a good workout.—Liz Escher, Lake Forest Park, 4/11.



## COUGAR MOUNTAIN

(IATC Cougar Mountain)—In search of an easy hike for a non-hiker I chose Cougar. We were blessed with the warmest weather short of July and some beautiful, quiet woods.

Merle, the boat person, and I started out at the Red Town trailhead. When we arrived, two horsewomen were preparing their mounts for riding. We put on our boots and headed toward the China Summit trail. We passed through the clearcuts on the western border of the park. Is this land going to be developed? It's very ugly.

The trail then swings into tall second growth forest as it nears the De Leo Wall. We found a clump of rare fawn lilies along the way. At the Wall, we enjoyed hazy views out toward the Olympics and the Sound.

The trail drops quickly down toward Long Marsh. We could hear the ribbit of frogs nearby. Trillium and woods violets were blooming along the trail.

We crossed the creek and followed the Indian trail to the Far Country junction, where we turned, climbing the ridge to the Lookout. From there were views out to Lake Sammamish and east Bellevue. There were some lovely red-flowered currant bushes blooming here.

We hiked along the up and down Shy Bear trail to the junction with Fred's Railroad Grade. Then we took the downhill trail to Coal Creek Falls. The falls is small, but lovely.

We climbed again to the Quarry trail, which drops steeply to the Ball Park Meadows. The trail showed evidence of a great deal of drainage work.

A botany class was hunkered down studying the native plants in the meadow. A restoration project has been going there for a couple of years. Just beyond the meadows, on the Red Town Trail, we came upon two riders and

their horses, watering at the creek.

We walked the final hot, sunny stretch of the Red Town trail back to the cars. The temperature had reached an unbelievable 80 degrees. It was cold drinks or ice cream cones for us at Newport Hills.—Liz Escher, Lake Forest Park, 4/17.



## IRON HORSE TRAIL

(USGS Chester Morse Lk)—

Take exit 38 on I-90. Turn right at the stop sign and turn right again on the first road right. Drive several hundred yards and you are at the Mount Washington/Iron Horse Trail parking lot.

From that lot, hike up the trail starting at the boulders. At the first road, go right. Turning left at the second road puts you eastbound on the Iron Horse Trail. Keep walking until before you is the new bridge with its precast concrete deck panels at Hall Creek.

In November 1988 the previous bridge was destroyed when an avalanche careened down Hall Creek canyon. The wall of snow, ice, water, rocks, and debris tore out the pillars supporting the middle section of the bridge and it collapsed.

If you would like to make a loop out of your adventure, cross the Brallier Bridge and find a trail on the south side of the east end. Follow it downhill to Hall Creek. For a good view and photos of the new bridge, go upstream about one hundred yards.

After we left the parking lot, we saw a family walking up the road. We stopped and asked them if they knew where they were going. The fellow told me that he was taking his family up to see the bridge he had designed. That is how we met Paul A. Brallier, the design engineer who works for KPFF Consulting Engineers.

Paul also told us of the 225-foot span they installed over the Yakima River. That bridge is covered with deep snow. He said once the snow melts, hikers, bikers, and equestrians can use the 270-mile Park starting at Cedar Falls to the Idaho boarder with minor detours.

Paul told us that one-third of the costs of the two bridges was paid for by the Washington Wildlife Recreation Coalition and the balance of the funds came from ISTEA Highway fund, and Washington State Parks.—Wanderbuns and Shortstop, Kirkland, 4/3.



## CHANGE CREEK/HALLS CREEK LOOP

(USGS Chester Morse Lk)—To experience two new trails and make a short but nice loop in one hike, park at the Change Creek trailhead parking lot (take exit 38 from

I-90 and turn right for 1 mile), hike up to the Iron Horse Trail and walk eastward.

Cross the new short bridge being built this last week just before Halls Creek Trestle. Cross the trestle and at the east end turn right and follow the trail to the creek below. The trail connects with a short road that takes you to the highway. From there it is only a .3-mile walk to the parking lot.

Climbers were everywhere. Ropes, gear, people dangling far above, people calling to one another, and people sitting watching; we had the feeling of being in a climbers' classroom.—Wanderbuns and Shortstop, Kirkland, 4/17.



## THE "GOLFBALL" (USGS Cyclone Creek, Greenwater)

—Ever since Jim and I first saw this giant "golfball" sitting in the rough while on our way up the Grass Mountain trail in summer, we have been anxious to see it up close. Right after the Grass Mountain trail emerges from dense forest and into clearcut, this huge white dome can be spotted off to the left (southwest) and down in the trees.

Even though this trip's high point is only 2300 feet, a month ago we wouldn't have been able to do it without snowshoes. So we tried again and, in spite of a skiff of new snow at the car, we easily bare-booted it the entire way. We did this road walk as a counter clockwise loop which turned out to be about 7.5 miles long with 700 feet gain.

We parked the car on the left (north) side of Highway 410, just shy of Greenwater at a Weyerhaeuser gate on road 6200. Most of the gain is encountered in the first mile to a junction. Turning right at the junction onto road 6201 and again in 1/10 mile on 6201.1, in another 1/4 mile we came upon a huge white inflated structure. The map indicates a radio tower at that location but the white sphere is all we saw. So the tower must be inside. But why? We saw no signs indicating ownership or anything, just elaborate door entry instructions into the pressurized balloon. We have never seen a radio tower quite like that one. After taking pictures, we continued on our way.

Back at the junction, we continued ahead on road 6200. The road bed alternated between hard pack and squishy mud while winding around through the trees, mostly on the level. After a few miles, we entered a clearcut with views down to the White River and back up to the flanks of Grass Mountain. Everything above us was coated in winter wonderland white (in April?).

Near the end of the clearcut, we turned left on road 6208 and headed



down to Highway 410 and another Weyerhaeuser gate and sign that read Clay Creek Road. The last mile back to the car was on the highway.

While hiking, we came across two other parties, neither of which was headed to the "golfball." Both parties knew of its existence but not how to get there. They were very excited to learn that we had just come from there and wanted to know its exact location. We were disappointed that neither one knew much about the big white balloon nor its ownership. Do any P&P readers know anything about this structure?—Ginny Evans, Renton, 3/3.



## CARBON RIVER (USGS

*Mowich Lk*)—We started out for a nice casual walk up the Carbon River road since to my understanding it was still closed and I could take the dogs Hydra and Guerrilla with me.

As I parked my car at the Ranger station and started on my way I realized that the "gate" was down. We walked about 1 mile up the road but were passed by bicycles and cars.

Finally deciding that it really wasn't safe with all the cars, two dogs, bicycles, and a narrow road, I turned back. Wanting to see just why the "gate" was down I hopped into my car and drove up the road.

The road was open almost all the way to the campground at Ipsut Creek. It looks like they recently graded the road bed where it washed out a second time and added some signs that say "Check for washout before proceeding."

The road has also been plowed of snow and parking is allowed along the edge of the road but you must turn around basically in your own parking spot. We parked the car and walked to the official start of the Wonderland Trail. There was still plenty of snow on this trail and snowshoes would be a good idea. Hopefully the creek won't wash out the road AGAIN.

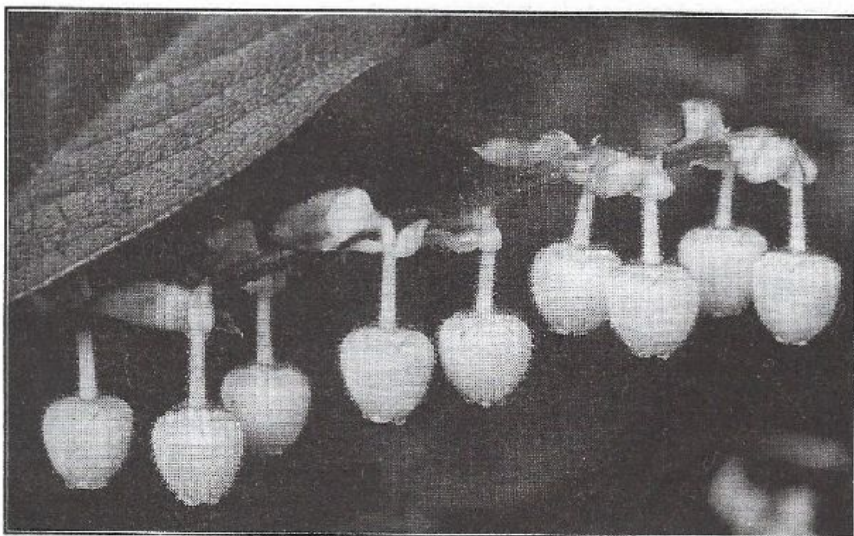
I also think that the NPS should be charging fees if they are letting people into this area again. During my 2 hour stay I counted at least 50 cars and there was no one at the entrance stations collecting fees.—Ralph and Virginia, Tacoma, 4/11.



## PARADISE (USGS Mt

*Rainier East*)—Sunny forecast coincided with need to get out. Checked the West Side Road: thin snow cover and bare spots. Probably a no-go for the rest of this season.

Proceed to Paradise parking lot and after quick check decide the snow has finally consolidated enough for moder-



Salal in bloom.

Grant Myers

ately good skiing and good snowshoeing. Confirmed this a little later with Ake and Bronka—I seem to meet them nearly every time I visit Rainier. They are the sprites of the mountain.

Tried my usual route, Paradise lot and up the divide between Deadhorse Creek and the Nisqually Glacier. Brilliant sun at 10am but fog caught me on the drifts below Glacier Vista. Not comfortable about being there in a whiteout so headed out over the divide between Deadhorse and Edith Creek at the flat below Panorama Point.

Fog lifted somewhat but flat lighting is very difficult for me to handle. Standing at the head of Edith Basin the trees on Alta Vista were very apparent but what was between was a huge void.

The result was a couple of face plants. Not all that damaging but if you wear glasses you know that each results in the nosepieces being forced farther apart and your glasses end up at the tip of your nose. This is not covered in the standard MOFA course.

Anyhow, back at Paradise at 2pm. Glad the snow pack has finally settled. It was frustrating to have all that snow and none of it skiable.—Paul G. Schaufler, Olympia, 4/6.



## UNTANUM RIDGE (USGS

*Wymer*)—Another trip east for sunshine and warm weather. Drove the old canyon road (highway 821) about 12 miles south of Ellensburg to a large parking area marked Untanum Recreation Area where a suspension foot bridge crosses the river giving access to a section of the L.T. Murray Wildlife Area.

Just a short way up the main trail,

which follows the stream, a trail branches off to the left. This follows a side canyon for several miles. It eventually turns into a series of animal trails, but is easy to follow crosscountry to the top of the ridge.

At the top of the ridge is an old jeep road running roughly east and west along the ridge top. We followed this west to the site of a former airplane beacon for lunch and the splendid views. Mount Adams and Mount Rainier were visible, as well as the entire Stuart range, along with many other major and minor peaks.

The wildflowers were profuse. Sagebrush buttercups, desert parsley, balsamroot, yellow bells, small bluebells, mariposa lilies, to name a few we recognized, along with the abundant sagebrush. Worth the drive for the warm weather, wonderful wildflowers and splendid views.—Leigh Champlin, Seattle, 4/11.

**CARBON RIVER ROAD**—The Carbon River road to Ipsut campground reopened to vehicles on 4/9.

The one-lane road through the flood-damaged section is very rough; high clearance vehicles are recommended. The repaired section is about 1000 feet long.

This area could flood again any time after heavy rain or snowmelt. Scout the road first before driving. Turn-around space is limited.

Ipsut Creek camp is open, but no water will be available until summer. Two feet of snow still remains in the campground at this date.

A \$10 fee will be charged at the park entrance.—Ranger, 4/6.

# BACKCOUNTRY NEWS

REPORTS AND CONDITIONS

**CHINOOK PASS**—The arches at Chinook Pass have an estimated 35 feet of snow. There is no predicted date of opening, but will probably be after Memorial Day Weekend.—Ranger, 4/20.



**LEWIS RIVER** (USGS Burnt Peak, Spencer Butte)—This was the only totally cloudless day since sometime last summer, and we really took advantage of it. With my sister and her husband, Jim and I hiked about 5 miles of the Lewis River Trail.

We began at the southern end of the trail at Curly Creek Falls and hiked approximately 5 miles upstream and back since we only had one car. What a beautiful river walk, about the prettiest we've ever done. And being so far from any major metropolis makes it rather remote. Even on such a gorgeous day, we saw very few people.

The trail is in fairly decent shape with one new slide to negotiate. And although only a few miles uproad from the southern trailhead we encountered too much snow to drive in, we had only a patch or two on the trail.

My sister and I are determined to do the entire length of this trail but have to wait until the snow melts before we can even drive to the next trailhead to continue our hike and connect with the part we've already done.—Ginny Evans, Renton, 4/11.

**MOUNT SAINT HELENS**—For climbing information, call 360-247-3961, or recorded message 360-247-3903.

**SNOW AND YOU**—The Marble Mountain Sno-Park and others still "open," but funds have run out to plow the roads and the parking areas, so you may not be able to get to them.

Record snowfall will delay early season access to the Mount St. Helens National Volcanic Monument and other high elevation places in the Gifford Pinchot National Forest. Snowpack is running well above average in almost all areas, with some sites recording 200-250% above normal.

Access to the Johnston Ridge Obser-

vatory has been closed by snow since January 28. This facility is expected to reopen in mid-May.

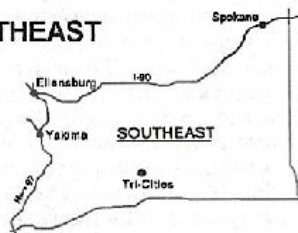
There are no funds available this year to plow road 99 to allow early season access to Windy Ridge. Snow on this road should melt enough to allow access by late June or early July.

In other areas on the Forest, road 25 has been plowed to within a mile of the Wakepish Sno-Park. Access to Sno-Parks on the south side of Mount St. Helens continues to be limited. And in the Wind River area, the road to Oldman Pass, Wind River Highway 30, continues to be plowed by the County. The Sno-Parks out of the Trout Lake area also are not being plowed, and no grooming of trails is taking place.

On the other hand, wildflowers are beginning to appear in the Columbia Gorge. Dog Mountain will be the prime spot as the season progresses.

The lower end of the Lewis River trail from Curly Creek north 4 miles is now snowfree with a few logs across the trail. The Siouxi Creek trailhead is snowfree.—Ranger, 4/20.

## SOUTHEAST



### IRON HORSE TRAIL

(USGS East Kittitas)—We went east again to find sunshine. We had previously done a section of the Iron Horse Trail near Thorp along the Yakima River. This time we went farther east to a section of the trail in the Boylston Mountains, taking the Kittitas exit (east of Ellensburg), driving into the town and turning right (east) on East Kittitas Road.

After about 2 miles the road crosses back over I-90 (no on or off ramps) and proceeds another mile or so to a large parking area near trail access. This part

of the trail is in the Yakima Firing Range and was closed for a time. It is now open to, as the posted sign states, responsible hikers and bikers. There is a register which you need to sign.

We hiked east for about 5 miles to what is known as the Boylston Tunnel, then through the tunnel for another mile before turning back. If you arrange for transportation you can hike all the way to the Columbia River at Beverly south of Wanapum Dam (a total of about 18 miles).

We were content to turn around after 6 miles. There is very little elevation gain since the trail follows the old railroad grade. Sagebrush buttercups were blooming everywhere. We also saw some desert parsley. The ticks were also out.

We enjoyed warm weather and clear skies. A long drive, but worth it for the nice weather.—Leigh Champlin, Seattle, 3/21.

## OREGON



### RIVER TRAIL

(Mt Hood Natl Forest)—Finding a snow-free trail this spring will be a real challenge, but Heather and I found this beauty on the banks of the wild and scenic Clackamas River. The trail is only at an elevation of 1500 feet—snowfree but not mud-free.

We hiked the 4-mile trail out and back from the Rainbow Campground to the Riverside Campground. There is lots of old growth, great river views from high banks and a few good access points along some of the bars.

This trail is extremely popular in the warmer months, but today we encountered only two other people.—Craig Romano, Seattle, 4/9.



### ALDER FLATS TRAIL

(Mt Hood Natl Forest)—Don't overlook this short trail 1½ miles before the Rainbow Campground. The Alder Flats trail descends to the Clackamas River to a backcountry campground in a little less than a mile.

Heather and I hiked this trail in early evening after walking the River Trail. We were given a spectacular wildlife

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show. The trail passes a large wetland that was currently hosting a score of elk. We were able to view beasts of various ages and sizes.

All the while we were observing, a large choir of tree frogs was performing. Down in Alder Flats the beavers were busy altering the waterflows. They were even trying to take down a fairly large and old cedar. These beavers need to be told about selective thinning!

Don't miss this short but wonderful trail.—Craig Romano, Seattle, 4/9.

## JAPAN

**BIHOR PASS** (*Akan National Park*)—Heather and I spent 15 days on the island of Hokkaido in northern Japan. The weather was cold (20 to 40 degrees), it snowed several days while we were there, but the scenery was exceptional.

One of the highlights was a backcountry ski with a group from the area hostel at Bihoro Pass. It was windy and cold but over one foot of new powder had fallen overnight.

We skied the ridge from the pass overlooking the massive Lake Kuss-haro, which like Crater Lake occupies a huge caldera.

We skied the open forest of birch, beech and spruce and took in the views of the low volcanoes of Akan National Park. The whole area reminded me of New Hampshire, except for the volcanoes which looked more like Washington! I felt right at home in Japan.—Craig Romano, Seattle, 3/20.



### MOUNT ASAHIDAKE (*Daisetsuzan National Park*)

—Daisetsuzan National Park is often referred to as the roof of Hokkaido. It contains the highest mountains on the island (over 2200 meters)—many of

them active volcanoes—and some of the wildest land in all of Japan, including old growth forest and brown bear habitat.

Today I snowshoed on Mount Asahidake, the highest point on Hokkaido. The temperatures had dropped into the 20s and the snow was mostly firm and crusty. The wind kept the chill factor solidly cold.

I snowshoed to the 5000-foot crater on the 7500-foot volcano. The entire crater was a frozen stark landscape except for the two fumaroles that were spewing smoke and sulfur into the frigid air. It was an awesome sight, but soon it began to snow again and turned to a whiteout. I made my retreat, but not without pausing on numerous occasions to revel in the mountain.

I had a nice, hot Japanese bath waiting for me at the base. I must return to see this area in the summer.—Craig Romano, Seattle, 3/27.

## 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.

**FOR SALE**—excellent condition: one pair cross-country skis, Karhu 210cm XCD Kinetics with 3-pin Asolo bindings; one pair cross-country skis, Karhu 210CMXCD with 3-pin Asolo bindings; one pair cross-country ski boots, Merrill, men's size 10.5-11.

\$200 for everything. Phone Mike at 425-277-0331 (Renton).

**FOR SALE**—SKIS: 10th Mountain 207cm w/ Pitbull bindings \$100. Tua Tele Sauvage 205cm w/ Riva II bindings and Voile release plates w/ brakes \$125. Karhu Kodiak 210cm w/Asolo tele 3-pin bindings \$45. Rossignol TMS Tele 215cm w/ Voile HD Tele bindings and release plates (no brakes) \$95. Touring skis: 200 and 205cm w/ 75 mm 3-pin bindings \$20 each pair.

BOOTS: Merrell Xtreme all leather tele, women's size 8-1/2 \$65. Call Pat at 360-373-2131 (Bremerton).

**FOR SALE**—Better Birder Scopepack. In new condition. Could be used for photographer who is also a hiker. \$65 cash. Call Virginia, 206-525-7105 between 10am and 4pm Mon through Fri only (Seattle).

**FOR SALE**—Inflatable sleeping pad: Therm-a-Rest LE (Limited Edition) full length, 20"x72"x2". Medium blue color. Used once; perfect condition. Retail for over \$100. Sell for \$60 plus \$5 shipping cost. Pete Cleland, 360-671-0554 (Bellingham). eagleflyer@earthlink.net

**FOR SALE**—Dana Designs internal frame pack: 1998 "TerraPlane X" (10th Anniversary Model). Spruce green/black. Medium size, large straps, medium waist belt. Used once; perfect condition. Retail for over \$475. Sell for \$375 plus \$5 shipping cost. Pete Cleland, 360-671-0554 (Bellingham). eagleflyer@earthlink.net

**FOR SALE**—Salomon hiking boots, model "Authentic 6." Men's size 11. Brand new, never worn. (I had two pairs.) Retail for \$150 plus. Sell for \$98 plus \$5 postage. A very comfortable boot. Pete Cleland, 360-671-0554 (Bellingham). eagleflyer@earthlink.net

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

**FREE**—I have a virtually complete set of Signposts dating back to 1975. If anyone is interested they may have them if they wish to pick them up at my house, 309 N Poplar in Ellensburg, or pay transportation. Call 509-925-1265 to make arrangements.

**SEPTEMBER BURRO TREK**—Just after Labor Day a small group will take off for Whistler Basin and 10 days of hiking in the Pasayten. Inquiries welcome. Remember, no packs! Contact Mary Watson, mwatson@harboret.com

**FOR SALE**—Link Hale Tyee II kayak in mint condition. Includes spray skirt, paddle and storage bags. Asking \$600 or best offer! L. Larson, 206-523-8330 (Seattle).

**FOR SALE**—Rustic, riverfront cabin, 16 miles east of Granite Falls on the Mountain Loop Highway. Wired for generator or battery, summer/winter activity area. \$72,500. Call John Bingham, 360-658-8778.

**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).

**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).

WARREN GUNTHEROTH

## The Risks of Climbing—and Teaching Climbing

—THE YOUNG, OF COURSE, BELIEVE THEY ARE IMMORTAL—

Having learned to climb through University of Washington Extension Courses, back when they could get liability insurance, it seemed appropriate to return the favor by volunteering to teach one of their climbing sections. (We were actually paid, but if you included the hours driving, leading the climb, preparing and giving the evening conferences, the hourly pay was something like \$2.50, a sum that was unlikely to motivate anyone serious about a reasonable monetary return for his or her time.)

The year was 1967, and when I first addressed the 25 enrollees that spring, I had serious doubts that they had any emotional awareness of what they were risking, including the awful finality of death. Intellectually, they understood there was a hypothetical risk, but they lacked the experience to appreciate that the risks, subjective and objective, were all too real.

Of course, none of them believed I was talking about them individually when I spoke of these risks. The more I tried to convince them that they should drop out of my mountain *climbing* section and transfer to the mountain *hiking* section, the more convinced they became that climbing was exactly what they wanted to do.

The young, of course, believe they are immortal, and even mature individuals—including me at my advanced age—have a secret conviction that death *could* occur, but only to others!

Still, I was—and am—convinced that if anyone does plan to climb, taking a course is much safer than going it alone, or trusting a friend who is equally innocent about the risks.

As it happened, the first really significant climb for the class that year had the unintended consequence of accomplishing what my words could not. The venue was Snoqualmie Mountain.

We left Alpentel early on a sunny Saturday morning in April, hiking up to Cave Ridge and turning left up to-



Ed Emery

BEFORE—With me in the lead, students cross the corniced summit ridge, seemingly well back from the edge.

ward Snoqualmie Mountain. The snow was soft, and we sank in six or seven inches, but we moved well changing the lead frequently.

As we started up the final ridge to the summit, I was in the lead, and took pains to stay well away from the edge of the cliff, brushing against a couple of small firs that presumably established the safe perimeter.

There was no obvious cornice—just a flat snowfield that ended without a hint of overhang. Behind me there was cheerful banter of the novice climbers with their first summit in view only a couple of minutes away.

There was a sudden noise behind me, a deep-throated *kerrrump*, and a glance back revealed a giant cookie-bite out of what turned out to be a cornice, beginning at our tracks.

For an instant I was reassured by the peaceful scene, failing to note that there was an unequal space between

the climbers behind me. It was actually quite still until someone in the rear shouted that two of the class had fallen down the steep northeast side of Snoqualmie.

The precipitous slope made it difficult to see the fate of the two without going dangerously close to the edge, but we shortly determined that the first woman had landed on a ledge only 20 feet below.

This ledge sloped down and out, which explained the cause of the cornice collapse. The snow mass rested on the sloping ledge until enough steps had cut in deeply enough to break off a slab, and the snow simply slid off the ledge. Fortunately, our student landed on the ledge and was not swept over the cliff.

In a voice that lacked conviction she informed us that she was all right, and the class, performing like professionals, stayed a reasonable distance back from the edge, and dropped one end of

an 8mm rope to her, which she secured around her waist with a bowline, a credit to the one evening's practice of knot-tying, just a week before.

With the available manpower, we quickly hauled her up.

As I helped her over the lip, I felt terrible when I saw the look in her eyes as she focused on my face, a look of someone betrayed. I tried to reassure myself that I had warned her with the rest of the class, but I said nothing and just gave her a hug.

Meanwhile, Ed Emery, the assistant for the section, had determined that the second woman had slid down nearly 100 feet. Happily, she hit nothing in her descent, and had gently come to rest as the slope gradually lessened.

She too reported that she was okay, but was understandably shaky. Ed rappelled down to her and made sure she was properly secured into a rescue rope. Again, the size of the class was an asset, and she was hauled back up in a remarkably short time.

Once more, I read the same accusation in her eyes: "You didn't adequately warn us!"

Both of the victims bravely insisted on going on to the summit, by a track further removed from the edge of the cliff, and we all enjoyed lunch in the sunshine, and a marvelous view of Mount Rainier. I silently wondered what effect this frightening experience would have on their commitment to climbing.

I didn't have to wait long. One of them called me early the next week and, without the slightest suggestion of blame, said she had decided that, in assessing her priorities in the light of her new-found knowledge, she would not continue climbing.

The other student climber, who was also an undergraduate at the University of Washington, showed up for the next session, a very wet overnight outing at Mount Rainier, for crevasse rescue. She had borrowed a sleeping bag from me, and when she returned it the next Monday, she too withdrew from the course, quite apologetically.

In 35 years of climbing, I have survived at least a couple of life-threatening accidents. The first one occurred in the early years, and I became seriously depressed about a major mistake in



Warren Guntheroth

AFTER—A giant cookie-bite reveals where the cornice went down, taking two students with it.

judgment that nearly left my three young sons fatherless.

That accident occurred late in the year, and by the next climbing season, I was able somehow to convince myself that I would never make such a mistake again, and permitted myself to resume climbing.

There are few things in my life that have brought more pleasure than the mountains except my family and my work. But I have never overcome the concern that students I have taught climbing hadn't thought realistically about the risks involved.

I have tried my best to give them skills, with the hope that their judgment will mature quickly enough to let them enjoy climbing and hiking without paying too high a price.

A few years later, when one of my sons wanted to climb, these anxieties were much greater as I watched the same unfounded confidence as he eagerly went into the mountains.

Is it wise to encourage the young in this dangerous sport by teaching them? My heart answers with a very tentative "ycs."

△

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

JIM MILLER

# THE WIND RIVER RANGE

—A VISIT TO CIRQUE OF THE TOWERS IN WYOMING—

Have you heard of the Cirque of the Towers? If not, you may be the last hiker in the world who hasn't, judging from the popularity of the place.

It lies in a hollow of the mountains above 10,000 feet just under the rooftop of North America, the Continental Divide, in Wyoming. There is a blue gem named Lonesome Lake; and it may have been, once long ago.

High granite towers form a semicircle around the lake. Directly in front of them stands a bell-shaped tower named Pingora Peak. Truly an awe-inspiring locale. Hikers, climbers and fishermen come from all over the world to visit this wonder.

The Rocky Mountains extend from the Yukon to Mexico. The portion that stretches from Yellowstone to South Pass has a second name: the Wind River Range. Of this, the Jim Bridger Wilderness occupies about 60 miles along the west side of the Divide.

The Fitzpatrick Wilderness and the Popo Agie (pronounced po-poze'ya—really! I wouldn't kid you!) adjoins it along the east. Also over on the eastern slope the Indians still hold a small remnant of their old hunting ground. This is gorgeous country with glaciers and rugged granite interspersed with green meadows and numerous mountain lakes.



Stan, Darryl and Jim

In August of '98 we four potential backpackers from Portland entered the Great Outdoors Store in Pinedale, Wyoming, to buy maps. The first thing the clerk said was, "Going up to the Towers?" A bad sign!

I granted a reluctant affirmative. "Well, you'll want the Lizard Head quad at least," he said, pulling open his map drawer. "Anything else?"

It's a long drive on gravel across the wide prairie to the highly visible mountains—about forty miles. The joys are herds of antelope! and sandhill cranes! The woes are several roads branching off, forcing drivers to take a wild guess which way to turn. Eventually we found our way to Big Sandy campground. Wow! It was full and took some time to find a space to leave the car.

We hit the trail. It followed a wide and gentle valley called Big Sandy Opening up into the mountains. Sheep once grazed there; at that time the only building was a fishing lodge run by a man named Finis Mitchell. He roamed the mountains and stocked the lakes with fish. Mitchell has written a booklet called "Wind River Trails," oriented mostly to the fisherman, but still useful to the hiker.

In about 8 miles of easy hiking we arrived at Big Sandy Lake. We were not alone—plenty of people had beaten us here. One of the features of this campsite was a bearproof steel cylinder in which all campers stored their food bags.

Next morning after breakfast the uphill became serious. Big Sandy sits at 9690 feet elevation but you have to gain a thousand feet of vertical to get to Cirque of the Towers—3 brutal miles if one is wearing the big pack.

The trail climbs over and around boulders through steep and rough country. I soon discovered I was not in good enough shape for back-

packing at ten-thousand-plus. Bob and Stan forged steadily farther ahead while Darryl stayed back with me, out of sympathy I strongly suspected.

The trail drops down into a little basin before making the last uphill climb. Bob and Stan had waited for us here and we sweated up the final hill together to Jackass Pass. The view was glorious. This was what we had come to see.

Lonesome Lake lay 600 feet below us surrounded by all those lovely towers. The striking granite pinnacle of Pingora Peak stood out foremost and we watched climbers work their way up it.

We decided to camp at Lonesome Lake and easily found a good campsite. Backpackers were not plentiful here. Most people seemed to be day tripping up from Big Sandy, preferring not to lug the big pack over the 10,600-foot pass.

We put up our tents at four o'clock and promptly dived inside as the daily thunderstorm deluged us. Thunder crashed and lightning flashed. We wondered how the climbers were doing. The hard rain ceased after an hour or so. We emerged and explored our surrounding area, the Cirque of the Towers. What a splendiferous place to be!

Next morning we packed up and jumped over floating logs to get across the Popo Agie river. We conversed briefly with a fisherman from the local area and were intrigued to hear him pronounce the river "Poze'ya."

As we hiked eastward the pinnacle of Lizard Head came into view north of us. In planning this trip we had thought it might be convenient to camp in Lizard Meadows.

We were soon disabused of this idea as the buggy-marshy-horsy area held little appeal. We hiked rapidly through it and turned uphill toward Bear Lake which lay snugly in a grand little cirque. This would be home for that night.

Bear had an unnamed twin lake separated by a shallow ridge. Each had its own watershed entering from nearby mountains, and their outlets joined a

half-mile downstream. One of these streams flowed past our tents, and we frequently spent time on a large flat rock in the middle. This campsite was an enchanting place and, unlike Lonesome Lake, it belonged to us alone.

Originally we had intended to go on and cross over Washakie Pass. From Bear Lake we could see a portion of the Washakie trail rising high above us, an 11,000-foot high rocky traverse. Having found myself not as tough as days of yore, I was having second thoughts. We held a powwow and decided to backtrack; to visit other lakes and find more leisure than making full-day death marches.

Next morning we got a crazy idea to bushwhack straight down the lake outlet to Lizard Meadows. This was exciting and a bit risky. Sure enough, four fools found themselves on a 500-foot cliff overlooking the Meadows. Oh-oh! But after working along it a few hundred yards, we found a feasible route down to the valley floor.

At Lonesome Lake we toiled back up and over Jackass Pass. Our memory of the pass is that it was the most mosquito-ridden place on the whole trip! Onward to Big Sandy; but this time we did not pause at that overcrowded lake. We turned left and hiked a half hour onward to Clear Lake, and found a fine campsite on a big flat rock. And despite our proximity to Big Sandy, there was only one other tent on the shores of Clear Lake.



Bob Chudek

Cirque of the Towers. The front tower is Pingora Peak.

Next morning Bob went off exploring alone, and Stan took his rod and reel and headed over the hill to fish Black Joc Lake. Stan never worried about getting lost; after all he always had his Garmin GPS. If ever in any doubt, the gadget quickly told him in which direction camp lay.

Darryl and I set off to visit Deep Lake, a mile or so away. The way was over wide flat granite gently sloped; you could have driven a car up the "trail."

I rate it as one of the most beautiful short walks in the world. As we came up the U-shaped valley to the pass I ex-

pected Deep Lake to be deep down in the next valley. But as our heads came up over the low natural wall, there was Deep Lake level with our eyeballs!

Temple Peak rose on one side and Haystack Mountain on the other. We lingered awestruck in that lonely and splendid place.

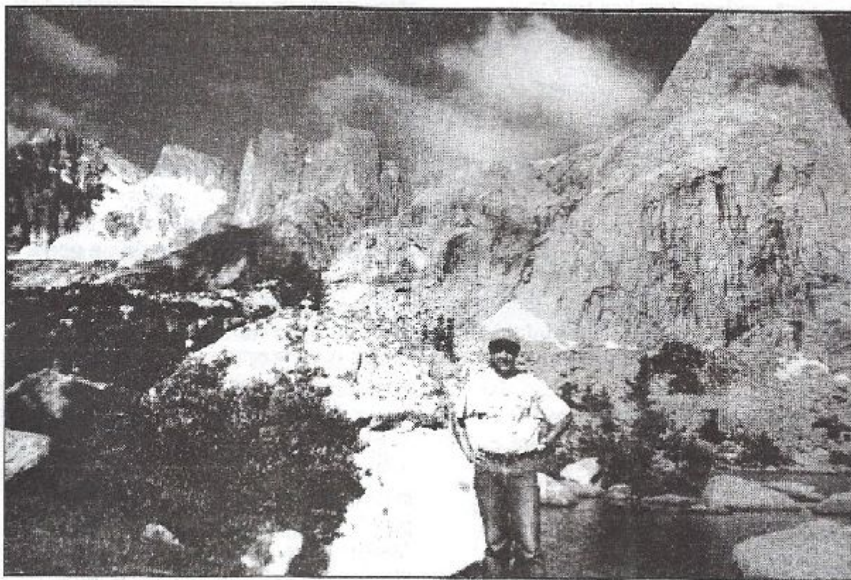
When we got back to camp we found Stan there. We wondered what had become of Bob—until we heard a yell. With field glasses we could see him on top of a nearby granite dome. We polluted the silence by yelling back and forth at each other.

This was truly a hiker paradise. If you look at the Temple Peak quad, you will see that we were surrounded by a dozen lakes, all easily reached by a few hours of crosscountry travel. We simply didn't have time to visit them all.

Inevitably the time came to hike out. As we rounded Big Sandy Lake, we almost pitied the mob there; they were driven to get up to the Towers and had no inkling of the solitude and beauty of nearby Clear Lake and the other lakes we had just come from.

△

*Jim Miller, of Portland, spends his time finding the best places in the world to hike.*



Bob Chudek

Stan McClain and Pingora Peak, in Cirque of the Towers.

TOM RAINEY

## Wenatchee Trilogy

—AN END-OF-WINTER EXCURSION—

Mitch Blanton and I traveled to the eastern side of the Cascades on April 4 looking for nicer weather and a hint of spring.

What we got from our road trip was a good dose of Cascade weather ranging from the ridiculous to the sublime. Our goals were three 2000-foot-prominence peaks nestled in the Wenatchee Valley.

Natapoc Mountain is directly south of Lake Wenatchee and we had hopes of getting good views of high mountains from its summit. Approaching from the east, we skirted some private property and found an old 4-wheel-drive road that we followed briefly.

Shortly after starting we spotted a vibrant grouping of yellow fritillary, a beautiful flower akin to the glacier lily. The road offered little so we headed straight up the hillside reaching the ridge top and firm snow.

This long ridge (6 miles) leads to the summit, which offered no view, due to the clouds and the trees. We backtracked to a sunny spot for lunch but still the only view was of Big Jim, everything else was obscured by cloud.

We found a camp spot not far outside of Cashmere up the Hay Creek



From Windy Ridge, at the Mission Ridge ski area: looking south to Mount Rainier.

drainage at the beginning of the National Forest. This large unofficial site served as our "crash site" for the next two nights.

Mission Peak was our next objective and I was hopeful of taking the ski lift up high and strolling to the summit. In a driving snowstorm, we arrived at a deserted facility finding it closed for the season. It made for an eerie day as we hiked up empty ski runs that had enough snow coverage to provide several more weeks of good skiing. It was fun to have the entire ski area to ourselves as the snow fell rapidly.

At the top of the lifts the weather was in extremis with 18° on the thermometer at the lift shack and winds upwards of 30mph. We snacked in the lee side of the shack and then ventured out into the whiteout for the mile long trek to the summit.

Mitch was really impressed with the convoluted snags and stumps made eerie by the hoarfrost. Mission Peak's "Windy Ridge" lived up to its name as we wove our way through the ice sculpture garden, finally reaching the knife-edged summit crest.

Huge ice feathers streaked the final summit ridge, which we traversed under until right below the top. No stopping on this summit today.

We returned along the ridge and when we neared the ski lifts the weather subsided and eventually offered sun breaks.

We proceeded to our bonus peak—Wenatchee Mountain, which is the next high point east and a continuation of the crest. From its microwave tower strewn summit there is an impressive view down to the town of Wenatchee and the Columbia River. The sun breaks we were now experiencing provided a cheery alternative to the white out

conditions we had for most of the day.

Backtracking to the ski area we found that the empty ski runs provided ideal glissading as they were perfectly smooth and firm, covered with a few inches of fresh powder. We descended black diamond and blue runs on the seats of our pants, first missing our skis then just enjoying the speed exhilaration and emptiness of the runs.

Near the bottom Mitch noticed that I was missing a snowshoe from my pack—most likely torn loose from the wild glissading. The prospects were ugly if I had lost it at the top of our descent route. We headed back up with profanities.

Mitch tore up slope at an alarming rate leaving me trudging behind, amazed once again at his quickness. We only had 800 feet to regain till he found it.

The second time down our glissade tracks were especially quick and we arrived at the ski area base around 5pm after covering about 7 miles and gaining 3500 feet.

The next morning we headed back up the road to Leavenworth in glorious sunshine. On this day we were to get the hint of spring we had originally been looking for.

Tumwater Mountain is 4480 feet high and directly above Leavenworth, an in-town mountain! As we geared up at 1300 feet, flowers were evident, including spring beauty, balsam, glacier lily and more yellow fritillary.

We walked the gated road to 2700 feet and then headed straight up perfect snow to the summit. The infamous rock outcrop summit was reached by kicking steps up steep snow on its east side.

Limited views there necessitated that we continue about ½-mile farther to the lower northern summit that we had originally seen from Natapoc.

This spot was a perfect summit—sunny with great views, and the unexpected bonus of the beautiful and rare *Lewisia tweedyi*, an alpine plant long fancied by both Mitch and me. It was too early for blooms but the large and

Ann Marshall



LEE MCKEE

# Suquamish to Poulsbo

—THROUGH AGATE PASSAGE—

David, our club trip leader, set this paddle up to take advantage of the currents to assist us on this round trip of just under 14nm. Our launch point was at the ramp in the town of Suquamish (see *Middle Puget Sound & Hood Canal Afoot & Afloat* by Marge and Ted Mueller for directions).

Suquamish is on the Kitsap Peninsula about ½nm northeast of the entrance to Agate Passage, which is the ¼-mile wide body of water that separates the peninsula from Bainbridge Island.

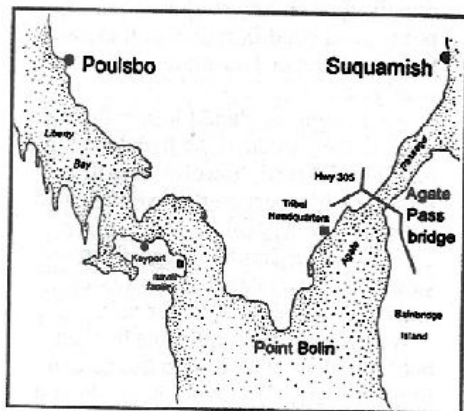
It's always good to work contingencies into trips, and for this paddle David had us leave one car in Poulsbo in case, for some reason (like wind), we wanted to abort the trip at the halfway point.

There are two spots to consider what current will be doing for this trip—Agate Passage and the narrow entrance to Liberty Bay. David had chosen a day where there was only a small tidal exchange in the morning and a large tidal exchange in the afternoon.

Launching our five singles at 10am, we had a small flood current helping us along. Before long we were passing under the bridge connecting Bainbridge Island with the peninsula.

We could see many birds on the water ahead and set our course to give them a wide berth so as not to disturb them. Despite our efforts, a few skitterish birds took off which set the whole flock in motion. For a few seconds the air was full of the sounds of beating wings.

As we passed the fish pens in the area of the Suquamish Tribal Headquarters two common loons kept us company for



a short way and even treated us with one of their eerie calls.

In about 3nm the course, which had been southwest, took an abrupt change to a northwest heading as we rounded Point Bolin. Jo Bailey and Carl Nyberg in *Gunkholing in South Puget Sound* note that some of the rocks here may have petroglyphs, but neither they nor I have ever been able to find any.

Once around the point, Keyport and the Naval Underwater Warfare Engineering Station can be seen in the distance to the west. After following the shoreline a way, David had us cut across the channel to the Naval Station to save some paddling distance.

On this April day only a few power boats were on the water; however, this can be a busy area on a warm summer day. The channel in the area of Liberty Bay entrance and Keyport takes a dogleg which makes for limited visibility so kayakers need to be alert for fast moving traffic when heading into mid-channel.

Shortly after noon we pulled into the launch ramp at the Port of Poulsbo Marina for lunch. If you don't bring your own lunch, several nearby spots in town offer meals.

During our lunch break David listened to the latest NOAA weather forecast on his VHF radio. The forecast was calling for winds to switch to the north in the afternoon which meant for the return trip we might have a rough ride going through Agate Passage, where the wind would be opposing the current.

By 1:30 we were once more on the water with the current now ebbing to help us along. Shortly before 3pm we were back in Agate Passage under the bridge to Bainbridge Island. Here the approximately 3kt current had formed a mild eddy around the bridge abutments which our group took advantage of to practice eddy turns.

After a short time out for playing—which included David and me doing an intentional rescue practice—we continued toward Suquamish. The forecasted winds had not materialized so the water was calm.

A person walking along the beach called out to us that he had spotted a gray whale in the waters just past Suquamish. After spending a bit of time looking, in vain, we headed in to bring a pleasant day of paddling to an end.

△

Lee McKee, of Port Orchard, is a member of The Mountaineers' Sea Kayak Committee.

## Wenatchee Trilogy *continued*

leafy rosettes were unmistakable. What a bonus.

We lazed on the north summit for about 1.5 hours using map and binoculars to decipher the distant mountains. Round trip about 5 miles and 3100 foot gain. We had gotten a little of every-

thing that the mountains had to offer during this trip: a decent "end of winter" work-out, on three summits having 2000 feet of prominence, each climbed in very different conditions and finally great flowers promising that spring is really not far away.

△

Tom Rainey is a closet peak-bagger. He lives near Renton.

KAREN SYKES

## Driven from the Garden

—DEVIL'S GARDEN ACCESS NOW CLOSED—

It was the first day it hadn't rained in months. Kathe Stanness and I didn't feel like snowshoeing and sought a low elevation hike we hadn't done for a while.

I'd been to Devil's Garden several years ago and later led it as a club hike. I got a surprisingly large sign-up—people had heard of it but didn't know how to get there.

The route was obscure and brushy, the signs had faded to almost nothing. It was almost as if the place didn't want to be found. It is not an easy hike despite short mileage but once there we forgot the scratches and bruises, for Devil's Garden is vivid, dramatic and spooky.

Kathe had last been in the Devil's Garden 20 years ago as a scrambling student when The Mountaineers used the area for navigation exercises. We both remembered it as an eerie and compelling place, where you might expect to hear Stravinsky's "Rite of Spring" coming from an underground orchestra.

Harvey Manning's *Walks and Hikes in the Foothills and Lowlands* provides an excellent write-up and background for the area, which is near the Fire Mountain Boy Scout Camp. To hike on Scout property, you still need to get permission from the Ranger who lives nearby. We stopped and got permission to hike.

We parked where directed and hiked the proper road a short distance to where the road is gated. We remembered hiking the road as it passed a large pasture and followed a cat road to the edge of the Devil's Garden, but the years have brought significant changes.

The pasture and the cat road are still there but the signs are gone, not even a hint of the Devil's Garden. *No Trespassing* signs are posted everywhere but since we had permission to hike we figured it was okay to proceed. I found out later we were wrong.

Soon after hiking up the cat track we were surprised to intersect a road, but

remained on the cat road as it was in pretty good condition though it crossed the road three or four more times, confusing us.

We thought we should follow the cat track to the garden as we had done long ago. The cat road, however, was deteriorating with every step as we struggled through a latticework of ferns, briars, and rotting vegetation. Progress grew slow as briars grabbed at our ankles and knees and caught in our hair.

We knew we were off-route by then but figured we'd lurch into the garden sooner or later. We knew about where it was located—the problem was how to get there. The roads added to the confusion and we wondered whose property we were on. We hoped we were still on Scout property.

We aimed ourselves at a large stump near the ridge top hoping for a view but all we saw were more clearcuts. Higher up we could see a landing and struggled upward hoping to find a good trail that would descend to the garden, but none materialized.

We were tired of fighting brush and stopped for a snack and to make a decision as to what our next move should be. Retreat or try again?

We agreed to follow the road back and look for a sign or route we must have missed. We took a spur road and sure enough, we came right to the edge of the Devil's Garden with its towering slabs and jumbled boulders, some as big as houses. It is a strange place indeed, a Stonehenge surrounded by forest.

When we left the Garden we made a quick return by way of the road, feeling somewhat sheepish. We had made so much work of this hike! We followed the road hoping to come across a sign which might explain everything, but to no avail. What we did find was a gate across the road, padlocked and chained.

Apparently the property is now under stewardship of the Skagit Conservation District. From the gate it was a short walk back to the car.

When we got back to Seattle I tele-

phoned the Skagit Conservation District and found out that we were trespassing after all, that the property the cat road is on is now privately owned and the *No Trespassing* signs meant us.

I got the telephone number of the property owner and learned that the public is no longer welcome to cross his land to reach the Devil's Garden.

The reason? The public has trashed the place. He told horror stories of vandalism, garbage (beer bottles, dirty diapers, needles), graffiti, and citizens who would sometimes park in the middle of the road.

We learned that the Skagit Conservation District is helping the owner restore the property which was decimated by logging in recent years, and restoring a stream damaged by sediment.

Very few people are allowed into the Devil's Garden now, and I will not return without permission from the owner, which is rarely given.

I also learned that the Devil's Garden itself is on DNR land—the hitch is getting there without crossing private land, an impossibility as of this writing.

Since Harvey Manning's book was published the area has undergone a lot of changes but the Devil's Garden itself remains unchanged. The boulders probably came from Cultus Mountain and were carried by a glacier to this place, now surrounded by forest.

Some of the boulders are 60 feet high and climbers years ago made use of crack and face pitches. Some of the boulders were given names: Blockhouse, the Wedge, Arrowhead and Flatiron, to name a few.

We leave them to the ghosts of climbers and the hikers who have been driven from the garden.

△

*Karen Sykes, of Seattle, writes a hiking column for the Post-Intelligencer.*

## New Books for trip planning, good reading

**100 CLASSIC HIKES IN WASHINGTON**, by Ira Spring and Harvey Manning. *The Mountaineers*, 1998. \$19.95.

Two of *Pack & Paddle's* best-known readers put together their heads for one more grand guidebook. This one covers the best of the best throughout the Cascades and Olympics, as chosen by Ira and Harvey, and includes snippets of history in each hike description.

The book is divided into five geographical sections with a one-page introduction to each: North Cascades, Glacier Peak, Alpine Lakes, Mount Rainier and the South Cascades, and the Olympics. The introductions serve as a platform for presenting the authors' views on Wilderness, conservation and the environment.

Did we mention that the photographs are in color? The maps, too. The pages dazzle. Because of the book's high quality and stunning appearance, it is a nice addition to any hiking library.

(Order by phone: 800-553-4453.)

**A WATERFALL LOVER'S GUIDE TO THE PACIFIC NORTHWEST**, by Gregory A.

Plumb. *The Mountaineers*, third edition, 1999. \$14.95.

The author knows his waterfalls. *A Waterfall Lover's Guide* catalogs 529 waterfalls in Washington, Oregon and Idaho, and an *additional* 724 are included in an appendix.

Although this is not a hiking guide, many of the waterfalls are accessible by trail, and many others require driving into the mountains, which can often be an excellent family adventure in itself.

Much information

about the waterfalls is given: form, magnitude, elevation, USGS quad, watershed size, the difficulty of approach (by car, by foot, etc).

The author also bestows a "star rating" for subjective beauty. It should be no surprise that Washington has a respectable amount of 4- and 5-star waterfalls.

After these statistics, he devotes a paragraph or two to describe the falls, the best viewpoint, some history, or other items of interest. All in all, an interesting and useful resource.

(Order by phone: 800-553-4453.)

**TICKS and what you can do about them**, by Roger Drummond, PhD. *Wilderness Press*, second edition, 1998. \$4.95.

This little book covers more, perhaps, than one wants to know about how ticks drill into skin and stick there. To know thy enemy, however, read on.

The US has about 90 different kinds of ticks. Only a few cause all the problems, and they are described here.

The author also discusses tick dis-

eases, including Lyme disease and Rocky Mountain spotted fever, and the best method for removing ticks (steady pressure).

For hiking in the Cascades or for travelling into *real* tick country, this volume is indispensable.

(Order by phone: 800-443-7227.)

**SUNRISE TO PARADISE**, the story of Mount Rainier National Park, by Ruth Kirk. *University of Washington Press*, 1999. \$22.50 (paperback).

To celebrate the 100th anniversary of Mount Rainier National Park, this is a fitting volume to read. Many beautiful photographs by the author are interspersed with maps and illustrations by Dee Molenaar, and numerous historical photos.

The text is delightful. The author, who has climbed *The Mountain* five times, tells the story of the Park with interest and humor. Sidebars contribute first-hand accounts of Mountain experiences by Floyd Schmoer (winter caretaker at Paradise); Denise Levertov (poet); and Carolyn Driedger (vulcanologist), among others.

(Order by phone: 800-441-4115.)

**GPS MADE EASY**, by Lawrence Letham. *The Mountaineers*, 2nd edition, 1998. \$14.95.

This is a book Lee likes. He says it was easy to read and understand, and it helped him learn how to operate his GPS.

The second edition has been revised and updated to stay abreast of technology.

The author says, "Do not throw your compass away," and I like him for that.

(Order by phone: 800-553-4453.)



Glacier Peak from Image Lake: from *100 Classic Hikes in Washington*

Ira Spring

△

## Gear Review—most favorite / least favorite equipment

### HIKING POLES

Hiking poles have become very popular here in the last few years, although they have always enjoyed widespread use in other parts of the world.

Several years ago (first knee injury) I started using a single ski pole or hiking stick occasionally, but after a while went back to my trusty ice axe: it just felt better and it was more versatile.

A few years after that (second knee injury) I tried two ski poles—very nice for balance. Then I got a nice adjustable walking stick.

And a couple of summers ago (third knee injury) I used a friend's adjustable trekking poles with shock absorbers—very nice indeed. I bought a pair.

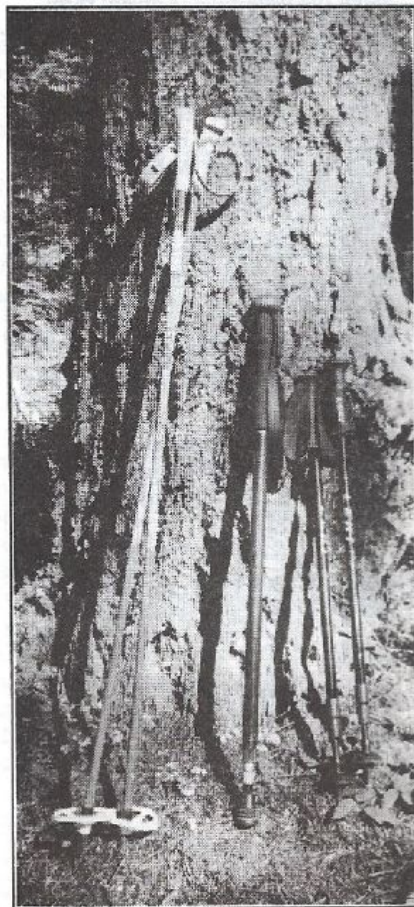
The ski poles weigh in at 15 ounces for both; the Cascade Designs Sherlock Staff weighs 16 ounces; and the new Leki Makalu poles weigh 22 ounces for both. The old ice axe is about 35 ounces (it went a little off the chart on my 2-pound postage scale).

The ski poles work just fine and they are the lightest and cheapest of the bunch. You can pick up old ski poles for a couple of bucks at garage sales. However, they are difficult to store on a pack if you need your hands free. I discovered, for example, that it's really hard to set up for a rappel with 47-inch ski poles waving wildly on your pack.

The Sherlock Staff has a comfortable foam grip, a locking button that is very solid, and some extras: a camera mount under the top knob, an adjustable wrist loop, and a removable rubber foot (nice for indoor use). It also has a D-ring so you can clip it to your shoulder strap, and it collapses to 34 inches. It has a retail price of \$50.

The foam grip is important if you'll use the staff for long periods on the trail. It's much more comfortable than the hard plastic grips of the ski poles.

After several years, the foam covering the upper section has a few tears in it, and the guide line for adjustments is nearly worn off, but I haven't treated this pole gently and it has stood up very well to stream crossings and bush-



Three types of poles: left, old cross-country ski poles, non collapsible; middle, Cascade Designs' Sherlock Staff, shown collapsed; right, Leki Makalu trekking poles, shown collapsed.

whacking.

The Leki Makalu anti-shock poles come with either cork grips or rubber ones. I chose the rubber ones—cheaper, but just as comfortable, I think. The pole is made of three pieces, so there are two places to make adjustments. At first I was unsure of the locking mechanism, which expands inside the pole section. It didn't seem as positive as the Sherlock Staff, but it has worked well.

After giving the Makalu poles pretty harsh treatment on a coastal hike—including a salt water bath—I decided to

take them apart, rinse the sand and salt water out of them, and make sure the springs would still work.

I discovered they are easy to disassemble and put back together, and that the trip to the ocean didn't damage them. They collapse to 28 inches so I can stow them easily under exterior pack straps. The retail price last summer was \$109.

If you're considering purchasing a trekking pole or poles, I'd recommend borrowing them from a friend for a day before you buy.

### TITANIUM COOKWARE

I really wanted a shiny new set of lightweight titanium pots. I was sure taken in. I bought the pot set without first comparing the weight to my old set of pots, and boy, was I surprised.

The titanium cookware came as a set: a big pot and a smaller pot, each with a lid. The weight is 19 ounces. The price is \$85.

There are several problems. First, the lids are good for nothing except being lids. Second, the built-in handles don't fit inside the MSR windscreen, and third, my pot-gripper doesn't fit the rims. Fourth, the handles of the small pot fold against its sides so it can nest in the large pot, but the handles cause the small pot to jam inside so it's difficult to separate them.

Now, my old pots are also a set: a large pot, a small pot, and one lid which fits both and also doubles as a cooking pan. These pots are close to 40 years old, having been my mother's for many years before I got them. I have no idea what their original cost was, but I'm sure it wasn't even close to \$85.

They have no handles to get caught in windscreens, and my pot-gripper fits conveniently on the rims. They don't jam when they are un-nested.

And ... the weight *with* the pot gripper and *with* the nylon strap that holds them together, is 19 ounces.

Guess which pots I'm using!

—Ann Marshall

**STATE PARKS FUNDING**—The proposed budget for state parks falls short of Governor Locke's proposed state parks budget by \$8-million. Park advocates say that the proposal would create real cuts in funding and would fail to address ranger and visitor safety, public service and critical maintenance needs.

According to Cleve Pinnix, Director of Washington State Parks, the budget is out of balance and revenue expectations exceed State Parks' ability to produce. "I am most concerned that any budget adopted for State Parks be built on realistic expectations of revenue. The constraints of state law and of market forces are real. Appropriations that exceed our ability to produce revenue lead to false expectations of what we can actually accomplish."

The Washington State Parks and Recreation Commission has stated that no further cuts can be absorbed in the Parks budget without affecting service levels. The proposed cuts, unrealistic revenue expectations and the lack of real improvement in funding for the park system would place the Commission and the Legislature in a difficult position. "No one wants to propose closing any park, let alone several," Pinnix says, "We ask your help to move away from this brink."

Concerned citizens should contact their state representatives to ask that they at least fund State Parks at the same level as Governor Locke's budget proposes.

### REI QUILTS RECREATION

**ROUNDTABLE**—In an April 9th letter to Mark Lawler of the Sierra Club and Scott Silver of Wild Wilderness, REI has announced that it has left the Recreation Roundtable.

The Recreation Roundtable is a project of the American Recreation Coalition, which consists mostly of motorized sports, resort development, the petroleum industry, commercial camping, and concessionaires. This coalition has vigorously supported "Pay-to-Play" recreation on public lands, including the Fee-Demo program that has brought us the Trail-Park Permit.

Excerpts from the letter follow: "REI has participated in the Recreation Roundtable, an organization that includes a varied representation of outdoor companies, both motorized and nonmotorized in philosophy. REI has held a seat at the Roundtable in order to represent the views of muscle powered outdoor recreation users. This is consistent with REI's history of working with a variety of organizations to

protect the outdoors. REI has never been a member of the American Recreation Coalition (ARC) but since ARC sponsors the Roundtable, our participation in the Roundtable has sent a mixed message to our members.

"It has become apparent that our continued participation in the Roundtable causes confusion, as that organization is linked with ARC. In response to this confusion, REI has stepped down from its membership in the Recreation Roundtable.

"REI has supported the Fee Demo pilot program because, at least conceptually, it offers a way to provide desperately needed funding for trail maintenance and other resource stewardship needs. While we support the pilot, this does not commit REI to pushing for permanent adoption of Fee Demo when the pilot is concluded—the program must stand on its own merits and it must have the support of outdoor users.

"... In the meantime, we favor exploring options and testing ideas that are solution oriented. We will remain open to our members' input in evaluating the options. On the issue of the Fee Demo Pilot, we promise to be rigorous when it is time to evaluate this approach—it must stand on its own and

*to next page*

## Mountain Gallery

by Dee Molenaar

Mount  
Rainier



# PANORAMA

NEWS FROM ALL OVER

continued from page 29

gain public support. We encourage you to contact members of Congress with your perspective as well, as they are the final decision-makers in public lands budget issues. I want to thank the REI members who have provided input regarding these issues.

"Wally Smith, President/CEO"

REI certainly deserves our praise for this act. Send them a thank-you note: e-mail to: [wsmith@rei.com](mailto:wsmith@rei.com) letters to:

Wally Smith, President/CEO

REI

PO Box 1938

Sumner WA 98390.

## MOUNT RAINIER RESERVATIONS

—Climbers and backpackers will be able to reserve campsites at Mount Rainier from 6/1 through 9/30, the time when use limits are in effect for the Park. Here are the details:

- Reservations are optional. No one is required to make a reservation and often one is not necessary.
- Up to 60% of sites will be reservable up to two months in advance of the start of your trip. The remaining 40% will be filled first-come, first served on the day a trip begins.
- Reservations will cost \$20 per party per trip. Fees are not refundable. One re-scheduling before and one during a trip will be permitted without additional charge.
- Reservations will be held until

11am on the day of departure.

Reservations can be made by one of several methods: in person at the Longmire Wilderness Information Center (8am to 4:30pm, Monday through Friday); by phone: 360-569-HIKE; by mail:

Wilderness Information Center  
Mount Rainier Natl Park  
Tahoma Woods, Star Route  
Ashford WA 98304;

by e-mail: [mora\\_wilderness@nps.gov](mailto:mora_wilderness@nps.gov)  
and starting 5/1 by FAX: 360-569-2255.

**COAST EROSION**—Better visit Fort Canby State Park while you can. It is washing into the ocean. Articles in the Long Beach *Chinook* recently describe the visible and rapid erosion of the shoreline in this area. Even the jetty at the mouth of the Columbia River is collapsing.

**MOUNT HOOD PLAN**—Early in April, the Forest Service announced that they will rethink their Mount Hood Climbing Access plan that would have severely restricted climbers on the south side.

**BOOK OF THE YEAR**—North American Bookdealers Exchange has awarded Francis Caldwell's *Beyond the Trails* its Best Book of the Year award. Of 1000 books entered each year for this honor, only 12 are chosen.

Francis is a *P&P* reader from Port

Angeles and we mentioned his book when it was released just a year ago. Contact Anchor Publishing, 360-457-3009, for ordering information.

**PADDLING NORTH**—A giant send-off was held at Fay Bainbridge State Park on Saturday, April 24, for Scott Duncan, who works at the Olympic Outdoor Center in Poulsbo, and his partner Pamela Cragin. That is the day they launched their kayaks for a three-month trip up the Inside Passage to Alaska.

The trip will cover about 1000 miles and the two plan to document their adventures on their web site ([www.kayaktoalaska.com](http://www.kayaktoalaska.com)) which will also be available to classrooms. Pamela, who taught science for five years, will create suggested student projects emphasizing the ecology and the people of the Inside Passage.

**SAN JUAN CHALLENGE**—This two-day, 40-mile sea kayak race will take place this year on May 15 and 16. The course is from Anacortes to Orcas Island and back. A one-day, 16-mile race around Guemes Island will be held May 15.

Spectators are welcome. Other events for the weekend of May 14-16 include a kayak polo match and on-water paddling demonstrations. For directions, information, or a race application, call 360-299-1801.

## ALPINE LOOKOUT NEEDS VOLUNTEERS

The Lake Wenatchee Ranger District is looking for volunteers to staff the Alpine Lookout from July 5 through October 1. (Volunteers would not need to remain at the lookout the entire three-month period; volunteering for shorter segments of time is also an option.)

Alpine Lookout is located on Nason Ridge just west of Lake Wenatchee. At an elevation of 6237 feet, it has wonderful views and is noted as a place to spot mountain goats.

Anyone applying for this lookout opportunity will need to be able to hike 5 miles into the lookout with a full pack as access is by foot only.

The Forest Service will provide water and will fly in the initial load of supplies. Alpine Lookout is equipped with a two-burner propane gas stove (no oven), propane refrigerator, propane heat, and propane lights. The Forest Service will supply the propane.

Lookout experience is desired but not mandatory (on-the-job training is available).

Lookout duties include:

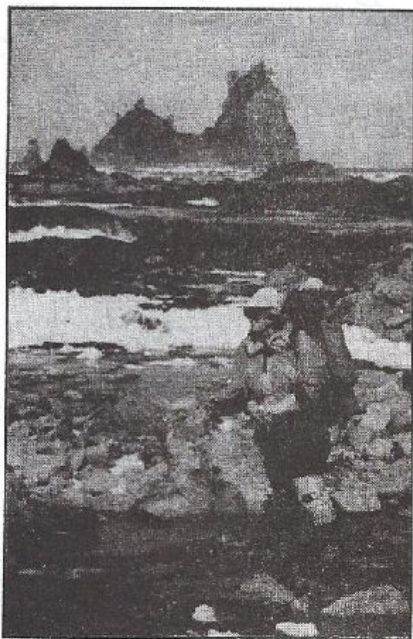
- Detecting fire starts.
- Recording daily weather.
- Acting as radio contact.

On an average day lookout duties would include those items listed above

along with providing information to hikers and backpackers. The Nason Ridge trail culminates at Alpine Lookout and is very popular during the summer months.

A volunteer lookout is responsible for maintaining the lookout and equipment in good working order. Any repairs that are needed will be handled by the Ranger Station.

For details on the lookout's duties and to apply, contact Rick Robbins, 509-763-3103 x 240, or Mike Burke, 509-763-3103 x 241, at the Lake Wenatchee Ranger Station.



Hiking the beach near Chilean Memorial.

**FROM THE MAILBOX**—"Would like to see more articles on Eastern Washington."—*Albion*

"We especially enjoyed Larry Smith's description in the April issue of the high winds out on the coast."—*Bremerton*

"Keep it Washington only!"—*Brinnon*

"Great balance. Keep politics out, keep price the same!"—*Kirkland*

"I like those rescue stories Debby Riehl used to do."—*Monroe*

**OOPS**—Several readers called to let us know they had received incomplete copies of the April issue. Apparently a hiccup at the bindery left out the middle section of pages.

We are happy to replace incomplete copies and have saved a few spares in case you haven't contacted us yet.

**GEOLOGY IN ACTION**—Elsewhere in this issue is an item about the shoreline eroding so badly near the mouth of the Columbia that in a few years Fort Canby will no longer exist.

While Lee and I were hiking on the north coast recently, we noticed that the shoreline there is also receding, particularly at Chilean Memorial. The once-spacious benches that are used for camping are being reduced by the natural forces of wind and waves.

**HOLES IN THE HULL**—There are few things that Lee and Yellow Cat enjoy more than messing with boats. Last week they decided to install a foot pump in one of Lee's kayaks, for those occasions (as in surf) when he might not want to take his hands off his paddle to use the hand pump.

Installing a foot pump involves drilling lots of holes—several mounting holes in the bulkhead, and a big hole for the outflow right in the hull. He thinks nothing of drilling holes in his boats, since he has already added things like compasses, eyebolts, and other fittings. This was, however, the biggest hole he had ever intentionally put in a kayak. Yellow Cat supervised.

After a couple of tries, the new pump is in. On whether he likes it or not, the jury is still out.

**MOUNTAINEERS**—Back at the beginning of March, when it was still deep winter, Edythe Hulet and I started a list called "You Know You're a Mountaineer When ..." to keep our minds from developing cabin fever.

We passed around the list to a few other club members who made additions. It got to be a lot of fun. I decided to use parts of it in *Pack & Paddle* over the next few months, and the first excerpt appears on page 4.

If it sounds like we're poking fun at Mountaineers, that's right. We Mountaineers do a lot of funny things.

Those who contributed to the list are: Karen Sykes, Mike Torok, Amber Bone, John Roper, Kathe Stanness, Trudy Lalonde, Dale Flynn, Elin Rodger, Tom Keller, John Traynham, and Bob Allen.

Additional contributions welcome.

**REPORTS**—It is always fascinating to see where *P&P* readers are hiking. A few months ago, very few were venturing into the gloomiest, wettest weather we've had in some time—and the reduced "Backcountry News" section showed it.

Now the weather has improved but the snow lingers. The trip reports are really picking up from the Issaquah Alps and Eastern Washington, good places for early-season hiking.

We looking forward to reports of wildflower sightings and high country trails—but we still expect to have a few reports from skiers as long as the snow lasts.

**PHOTOS**—Most of the photographs on these pages come from *P&P* readers. We're always happy to add your photos to our collection of ones to use in the magazine (and soon, we'll be using more photos on the web site).

When you send us photos, please write your name on the back, tell us what the photo shows, and include a date so we can tell what time of year it was taken. Put them in an envelope, and mail!

If you have questions about submitting photos, just e-mail or phone the office.

**AVALANCHE CENTER**—The Northwest Avalanche Center came out short in the state budget. By now you will have heard all the details from your local outdoor news sources.

If you want to take action by writing a letter or sending an e-mail, but don't know how to go about it, contact Brooke Drury, Recreation Access Coordinator at The Mountaineers, for information—

phone: 206-284-6310 x3015

e-mail: [BrookeD@Mountaineers.org](mailto:BrookeD@Mountaineers.org)

See you in the backcountry,

Ann Marshall

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