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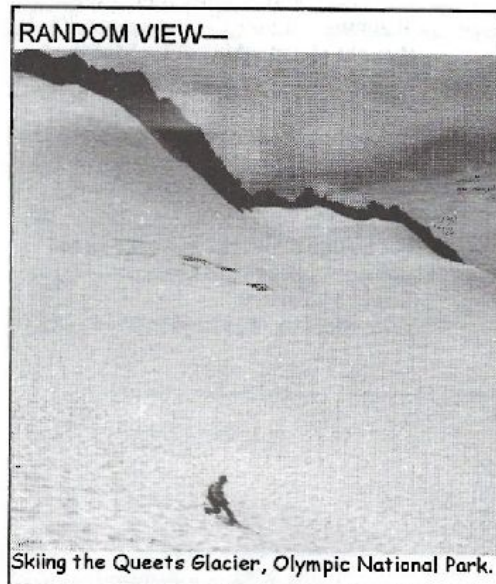


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Pack & Paddle[®]

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COVER PHOTO:

Kerry Gilles crosses a bridge over White Creek, in the upper Quinault drainage. Olympic National Park, Washington. Photo by Don Abbott.

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EVEN MORE SLOPE MEASUREMENT

All I got to say is, I could care less what the vertical pole is doing in comparison to the horizontal pole. (*May, page 4*).

Come on now, being in the back-country is supposed to be fun and simple. If you aren't sure or aren't comfortable, then stay off the slope.

If you've been "out there" enough (like me) you learn to go with your gut feeling. That's why I'm still here.

Joe Munger
Tacoma, Washington

HANDS OR FEET?

I just got around to reading Julie Brown's "Swept Away" in the April issue (*page 26*). Her dictum to "keep your feet downstream" does not agree with kayaking advice given many years ago to "keep your hands downstream."

The problem with going feet first downstream is getting your feet caught on anything under the water. I'll never forget a video I saw of a tragedy during a white water race where a contestant dumped and caught his downriver-pointing feet in a rock crevice. He was not rescued in time.

With hands downstream you can swim to stay on top of the water and use your hands to fend off obstacles. You certainly have a better chance with a sweeper if you hit it with your hands instead of your feet.

Don
Seattle, Washington

Ed. Note: Remembering that Lee and I have been taught "feet downstream," I checked a few of the whitewater books in the *Pack & Paddle* reference library. They also said "feet first," but one book qualified it by saying that if one is approaching a hazard such as a sweeper,

one should shift to "head first" swimming for more speed and to have one's hands in a position to be useful.

RISKS

After reading Warren Guntheroth's article, "The Risks of Climbing—and Teaching Climbing" (*May, page 20*), I thought of something John Muir had told a mother when she said to him that she didn't want her son to climb mountains for fear that he would die.

Muir replied: "Madam, if you don't let him go, his Spirit will surely die."

I tried to find where I first read this, but couldn't find the book it was in.

David McFarlane
Lake Stevens, Washington

Mountain Gallery

by Dee Molenaar







Mount Olympus from High Divide.

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



WAGONWHEEL LAKE

(USGS Mt. Skokomish)—Conditioning hike. Approximately 2.9 miles, 3200-foot elevation gain. About a 5 hour round trip, 3 up, 2 down.

As of this date, trail bare to where it tops ridge at approximately 2500 feet. No transition, snow depth up to 3 feet almost immediately after. Trail difficult to follow above 3500 feet; this party of 6 followed tracks of yesterday's hikers. Helps to have prior knowledge of trail location.

Stopped just prior to the lake. There is a steep open slide alder slope with a lot of heavy wet snow on it and evidence of horizontal cracks high up. Suggest it is prudent to check it out carefully before crossing. It is only a little shy of the lake which is admittedly not one of the eight wonders of the modern world.

Weather, gratefully, much better than forecast: drizzle, cold but predicted rain and wind did not materialize.—Paul G. Schaufler, Olympia, 5/2.



HOH RIVER (USGS Mt Tom)

—I hiked to Happy Four Camp (5.7 miles) and back under gray skies with some filtered sun and occasional light showers. There is essentially no elevation gain on this section of the trail.

Conditions alternate between firm forest floor carpeted with fir and spruce needles, mud wallows only bison could love, elevated sections of gravel fenced

in with split old-growth cedar, some ankle-twisting roots, and new foot bridges. The most recent trail improvements seem to be between the 3- and 4-mile posts.

At about 3.5 miles I heard the chop, chop of the axe and the buzz, buzz of the chain saw. As I rounded a bend in the trail I encountered a maintenance crew of three working on trail improvements. I guess (hope?) that was my \$10 entrance fee at work.

Of the several designated campsites between the Visitor Center and Happy Four, the most delightful appeared to be on Five Mile Island. It is a wide, open



Carol Riddell

Happy Four Shelter on the Hoh River trail, 5.7 miles in. Olympic National Park.

BACKCOUNTRY NEWS

DEADLINE: June 22

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

meadow with mixed deciduous trees next to a wide, braided section of the river with good views into the Olympics when the clouds part.

In addition to the numerous robins and juncos, I spotted some mountain chickadees and two varied thrushes. The mossy forest floor was most prominently featuring oxalis and sword ferns. I did see two lone trilliums in bloom. At times the buzzing of bees pollinating the salmonberry flowers almost rose to the chainsaw level.

The Hoh River trail has been closed to stock since February. The rangers continue to assess the conditions and no date for reopening the trail to stock has been set, according to the posted notice.—Carol Riddell, Edmonds, 5/2.

FISHERMAN HARBOR

NOAA 18476—Five of us in single sea kayaks set out from the Misery Point launch ramp east of Seabeck (see *Middle Puget Sound & Hood Canal Afoot & Afloat* for directions) with the tide at its 7.9-foot high and dropping. Although the forecast called for winds 5 to 15 kts from the southwest, only a slight breeze came from the north.

The water was basically calm as we crossed Hood Canal, heading northeast toward Fisherman Harbor which Marge and Ted Mueller in *Afoot & Afloat* describe as: "...a narrow slot in the bluffs at the foot of the Toandos Peninsula resembling, perhaps, a fjord for elves."

The straight line crossing is just under 2½ nm, and 45 minutes later we were at the narrow opening to the harbor. There is a sandspit at the entrance which can be nearly bare at low

water, but the tide was now at about 7½ feet and there was plenty of water for us to paddle into and all the way back to the end of the harbor.

Other than a few houses scattered about on the high shoreline and the private Coyle Community Dock and ramp, there is little development.

After exploring the harbor, we headed back out into the canal and landed on the tidelands on the east side of the entrance. The tidelands here are public and designated as part of the Toandos Tidelands State Park. Two of our group had shellfish licenses and gathered their limit of oysters.

Being somewhat after noon by now we all opted for lunch and were joined by a local dog out for a walk. Actually, he probably heard the word "lunch" and decided to see what the menu was. He immediately spotted Sue as the soft touch of our group and proceeded to help her enjoy her tuna fish sandwich—all except the pieces of lettuce which he managed to spit out.

The wind was beginning to pick up some coming from the north when we loaded up and headed back across the Canal. We decided to make an almost straight line crossing, heading toward the mouth of Big Beef Creek on the opposite shore. The crossing here is just under 2nm and by the time we had reached the other side, the wind had built up enough to cause the occasional whitecap.

The tide now was around 5 feet and although there was enough water to cross under the bridge into the mouth of Big Beef Creek, there wasn't enough water to do any exploration. We did

spot a big bald eagle high up in one of the trees, surveying his domain.

By now the wind had built up to what two of us guessed to be 15+ kts, which along with the long fetch provided by the Canal was enough to create wind waves of 1+ feet hitting us on our beam as we headed back toward the launch ramp. It is surprising how fast the wind can come up and change the whole nature of paddling on the Canal.

The downside of launching at Misery Point is that the beach is gravel. With the wind and waves coming out of the north, the resulting minor surf can be difficult to land in without potential damage to your boat. Fortunately we all managed to get ashore with no harm.

Misery Point ramp is one of those operated by the Department of Fish and Wildlife. This is the first one I have launched at this year, and sure enough, a sign at the entrance indicates that a conservation sticker is needed to use the facilities.—LGM, Port Orchard, 5/8.



QUINULT VALLEY (USGS Mt Olson, Mt Hoquiam)

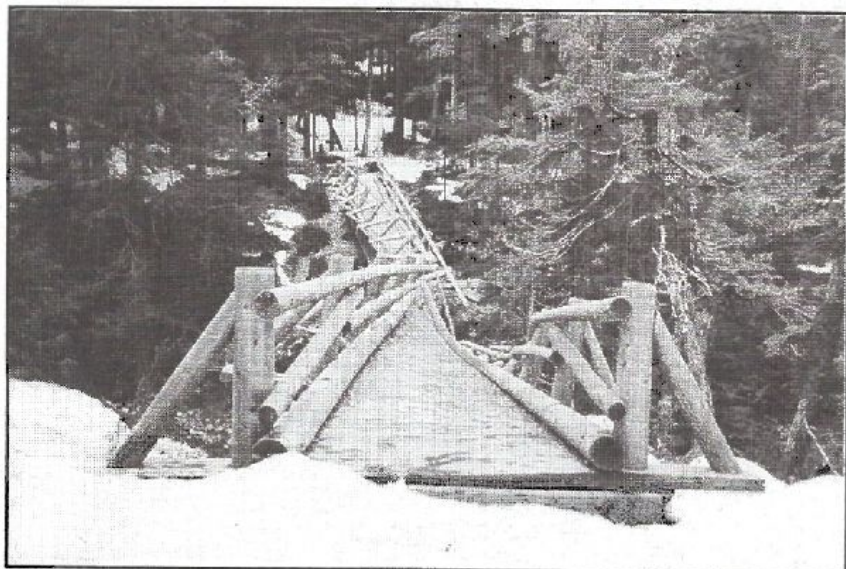
There was a 24 hour window of decent weather looming, so I packed up the overnight gear and took an early morning drive through Grays Harbor County.

The fog layer lifted near Neilton and the ramparts of Olympus briefly stabbed into view, cloaked in a near-record amount of snow. I pulled over and gazed through my binoculars at the snow mists accelerating from the summit block.

I turned off the highway onto the South Shore Road. The roadside greenery was exploding with lush growth! Salmonberries were sporting purple blooms, and the oxalis was crowding every available space in the understory. Bright-eyed little violets dotted the hummocks with yellow blushes of color.

Turning into the Quinault Nature Trail (the Trillium Factory), I could smell the spring odors—cottonwood pollen, damp earth and the ambrosia of deerfoot vanilla leaf. I counted the first hundred or so trilliums within fifty feet. The trail was completely lined with them all along its ½-mile loop! The longer nature trail was closed for bridge repairs.

Leaving the nature trail, I took the museum-quality drive up the valley to Graves Creek, passing many elk. There seemed to be many more of them than usual. I would assume that more elk wintered right down by the river because of the snow levels. I was able to



The new High Dose bridge, demolished by snow.

Carol Riddell

study them very closely with the binoculars. They were eating vine maple buds and salmonberry flowers. I stopped at the campground to arrange my pack. I was fortunate enough to spot the elegant and dainty pink petals of an Oaks toothwort, sometimes called bittercress, growing beside a huge fir tree root.

There was only one car at the trailhead. Graves Creek was running at normal levels—just wait until the sun starts warming up the high country though! The dark forest near Pony Bridge had its usual charm—very green foliage contrasted sharply with the black earth and ruddy-barked nurse logs. The river near Fire Creek was deep aquamarine, and the rapids glinted with steel-sharp reflections. I toured up the river to O'Neil Creek junction, where the snow was about 8 inches deep and thickening fast. I turned around and made a camp at idyllic Woodchopper Flat just above Fire Creek.

A bear provided company while I gazed at the river. Water ouzels darted up and down the river in a staccato frenzy. The evening shadows brought a chill as I sipped my warm tea. The Western Mountaineering bivvy sack that I was testing for Ann Marshall was very cozy. I fell asleep easily to the sounds of the river.

The next morning I rose early and took my time hiking out, stopping to admire many new plants springing up from the duff. I shot nearly an entire roll of film as I drove back out the valley in thickening clouds.—Larry Smith, Port Orchard, 5/10-11.



DOSEWALLIPS RIVER

(USGS Mt Jupiter, *The Brothers*)—Road 2610 is closed at milepost 12 (Olympic National Forest), at 1000 feet elevation, due to a large downed tree. At this point the road is narrow so parking is minimal.

It's a 3-mile walk to the trailhead and NPS summer ranger station. There are several downed trees and small slides along the road. It does not appear to require any major work to get this road opened. What gives? We're paying our access fees!

It is 2½ miles from the trailhead to the High Dose Bridge at 2000 feet elevation. The first half mile of the trail has several large windfalls that will require removal by chainsaw. I was able to remove several smaller windfalls and brush portions of the trail. There are still some snow patches on the first half mile of trail. After that it is clear to the trail fork.

The low bridge is clear of snow and

in excellent shape. The mile from there to the High Dose bridge, which is on a north-facing slope, is still under snow.

I had to test my steps to avoid breaking through in areas where it has melted underneath. A pair of light snowshoes would have been handy. My trekking poles were a must.

The brand new High Bridge is a mess. The steel I-beams are severely twisted. The large boulder part way out the span is supporting the bridge. Those with the proper climbing gear and ridiculous sense of immortality could cross it, but it would probably cause the Park Superintendent to have liability nightmares, so don't.

Another hiker, Chuck Robinson of Brinnon, commented that the high handrails probably did the bridge in. They trapped the snow and allowed it to pile ever higher. Rain hit it and increased the weight beyond the bridge's carrying capacity.

My thought then was that if it had been built as a classic hiking bridge with only one side rail, the route to Mount Anderson would still be open. The snow would have sloughed off the bridge before it could do damage if it had been built without a siderail on the down-river side.

Was this an effort to cater to horse travelers who don't want to bother getting off to walk their stock across the bridge?—Carol Riddell, Edmonds, 5/15.

NORTH FORK SKOKOMISH—

Snowfree first 2 miles. Fifteen or more trees down first 3.5 miles of trail; largest 4 feet in diameter. Snow continuous after 2½ miles up trail. Snow depth at Flaps Junction is 4 feet. Route finding difficult past this point.—Ranger, 5/11.

STAIRCASE—Campground is open, full services: \$10/night. Rapids Loop trail is open, snow free, but the bridge 1 mile up trail is closed due to damage from heavy snow pack.—Ranger, 5/11.

HURRICANE RIDGE ROAD OPEN

—After three months of closure due to record-breaking snowfall, the plowing crew succeeding in re-opening the road on May 1. It may close again if snow continues, but is expected to be open for the season. Call 360-452-0300 for current conditions.—Ranger, 5/3.

OLYMPIC HOT SPRINGS—The road to the trailhead which accesses Olympic Hot Springs has been closed at the dam for several months due to a slump of the earth preventing vehicular traffic. No date is known when the road may be reopened. The closure makes the

hike to the hot springs 7 miles rather than 2 miles from the normal trailhead.

Signs have been posted requesting hikers to park at the Lake Mills boat ramp, where the West Lake Mills trail starts. The sign at the boat ramp indicates that Boulder Creek is 2 miles.

Hikers must be aware that there is no trail up Boulder Creek from the West Lake Mills trail to the hot springs. Those parking at the boat ramp wishing to hike to the hot springs should hike up the road grade behind the closure.—Ranger, 5/18

SUMMER REGS—The Wilderness Information Center will take your reservations for those backcountry areas requiring them. The Center is open for phone reservations at 360-422-0300 from 8am to 4:30pm daily, and open for walk-in reservations in late May.

Reservations may be made up to 30 days in advance for the Ozette coast, Grand Valley, Flapjack Lakes, and Lake Constance. Beginning this year, reservations may also be made for High Divide and Seven Lakes Basin.

Quotas on visitation are in effect during the summer for these areas from May 28 (Memorial Day weekend) through September 6 (Labor Day).

Reservations are required for all overnight camping on the Ozette coast, which includes the coast from ½-mile north of the Ozette River south to and including Yellow Banks. Reservations are optional but encouraged for the other areas.

A Wilderness camping permit is required for all overnight stays in the Park's wilderness backcountry. Permits are available at the WIC, all Park ranger stations, and some trailheads.

There is a \$5 registration fee for the permit, plus a nightly fee of \$2 per person for every party member 16 and older. An annual pass is also available. This year, wilderness fees are reduced for those with Golden Age or Golden Access passes.—Ranger, 4/27.

DOSEWALLIPS—The gate at the Park boundary is closed; probably will open at end of May. High Dose bridge is out. (See photo page 6.)—Ranger, 5/11.

DUNGENESS ROAD 2860—Closed before East Crossing Campground; slides blocking road. No estimated opening date. Dungeness Forks road 2880 is also closed by a slide near the bridge.—Ranger, 5/11.

GRAY WOLF—Due to new extensive slide damage, trail is closed between trailhead and milepost 4.5. Foot log

from Graywolf River at Slab Camp trail is out. No estimated opening date.—Ranger, 5/11.

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

LENA LAKE—Maintenance in progress; downed logs cleared out for 1.5 miles. 4 to 5 feet of snow at lake.—Ranger, 4/20.

SOUTHWEST



LEADBETTER STATE PARK (USGS Oysterville, North Cove)

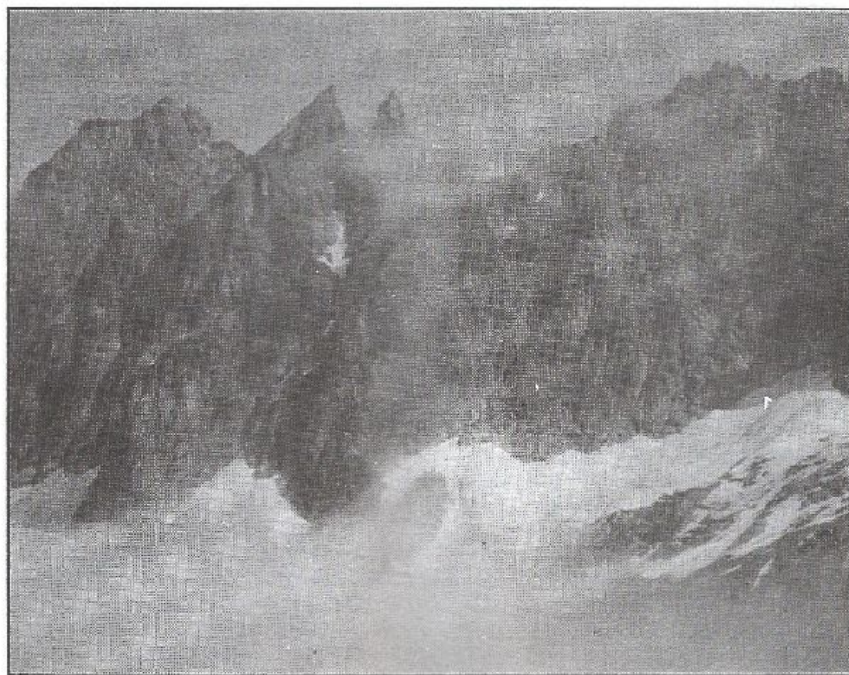
—Hey, the coast is one of the few snowfree hiking options in western Washington this spring.

Today Heather and I did a grueling 11.5-mile hike on what is probably the wildest beach in Washington outside the Olympic Peninsula. We started in the very beautiful Leadbetter State Park. The forests are grand in this park and the mosquitoes are even grander.

We hiked the 2+ miles to the beach; however, I must clarify that the final ½-mile we actually waded. The trails flood here often until June. We removed our boots and hiked knee-deep in the cold, marshy, flooded trail. It was actually fun and kind of like hiking in the Florida Everglades without cottonmouths, alligators, leeches and snapping turtles.

We hiked the beach, a beautiful wide strand, into the adjacent Willapa Bay National Wildlife Refuge, and followed the beach north around Leadbetter Point to Willapa Bay. We then hiked the bayside beaches in sometimes very soft mud/sand and then we made our way across some salt marshes before picking up one of the bay trails.

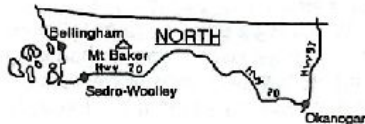
There was a large beached decaying whale, lots of alive, curious harbor seals, and plenty of birds flying, floating, and swimming by. Willapa Bay is one of my favorite places on the Washington coast.—Craig Romano, Seattle, 4/30.



Grant Myers

Crescent Creek Spires; North Cascades National Park.

NORTH



MOUNT ANN (USGS Shuksan Arm)

—This soft and beautiful summit lies a mile-plus southwest of Lake Ann, along the standard Fisher Chimney climbing route to Mount Shuksan. I believe this name first appeared in print in Ted Mueller's 1968, nicely done, *Northwest Ski Trails*. No, wait. There it is in Louise Marshall's even more classic, grandmother-of-all-Washington-guidebooks, the first *100 Hikes in Western Washington* of 1966.

I had passed under and above this peak in 1967 on the way to climbing Shuksan, but I didn't realize that it was a "must climb" summit until the next year when I saw an Spring photo of this peak that buckled my knees in the new skiing guide. And as I thumb through this book again now, I've got to say that it contains some of the best aerial and ground-level photos ever taken by the world-famous Spring brothers.

Our gang of seven eventually assembled at the end of the Mount Baker/Shuksan ski area road (4200 feet) after a worrisome wait, while one member in the second car hurled chunks (a medical term), undone by the backseat ride

up this twisty road.

We hiked up a snowmobile-hardened path to Austin Pass (about 4700 feet) on foot, then struck off on our own on snowshoes, more or less following the hugely buried trail route down into Swift Creek through wide open glades and a bit of nice forest toward Lake Ann. Avalanche sloughs off the slopes to our right and left did not pass unnoticed.

About 2 miles from Austin Pass, at 3930 feet, we decided to head straight south to a saddle between Mount Ann, 5840+, and its 5681-foot eastern sub-summit, even though the cornices above us on the left ridge made for worries. The other choice was to go up to this ridge above Lake Ann, following it to Peak 5681 which looked even worse.

As we made our way along through this spring-winter wonderland, we felt less endangered than we originally expected. Our jaws banged on our knees with the stunning views all around as the light and shadows played nicely off the white, undulating terrain over to Mount Baker. We tried to ignore the fact that we were travelling along at 4300 feet in a basin with no trees.

Once we arrived at the saddle between our two objectives, only Steve (who is getting in shape for Denali next month) and I took interest in the lower summit to our left. Though its prominence didn't meet the 400-foot standard that the others required, it did live

up to the Colorado standard of being 7 contours (or about 300 feet) above the pass separating it from a higher peak. Once atop, we were glad we did it. The incredible new-snow-plastered wall of the southwest side of Shuksan was something else.

We had trouble and fun deciding what we would call this peaklet next to Mount Ann. I hope she doesn't edit this out, but since the name "Ann" reminded us of the obvious, various suggestions included: "Yellow Cat Hill," "Mount Lee," "P&P Peak," and "Annette."

Lake Ann was named after Ann Howard Price, the wife(?) of W. Montelius Price (of Price Glacier) who made the first ascent of Mount Shuksan with Asahel Curtis on 9/7/1906.

Returning to the group, we all then marched to the top of Mount Ann, which in the old (15-minute quad) days had the precise elevation of 5869. This seemed like the perfect place to be on a perfect day.

We rode little surface slough-alances back into the basin northeast of Ann, then clomped out on our in tracks, moaning at the unjustness of having to climb 700 feet uphill at the end of the day, back up over Austin Pass. 4.75 hours up, 3 hours down.—John Roper, Bellevue, 4/22.



FRAGRANCE LAKE (USGS Bellingham South)

Lew and I went up the Fragrance Lake trail/road from the parking area south of Larabee State Park south of Bellingham. We went right at the Lost Lake Trail and continued to climb south to a ridge with a few views on the way up and good tread.

The trail then dropped and became intermittently muddy down to Lost Lake. The lake is pretty from afar but not much up close. No camping spots seen. Trail had sections of deep mud near the lake too.

Continuing, we opted to go north on a well traveled but unsigned trail thinking it would return us to Fragrance Lake. It didn't. It skirted too far east and went on and on. We passed up an unsigned trail west which another hiker told us goes to a ridge then runs south to Fragrance Lake. It looked little traveled and in questionable condition, but we will probably try it another day. Many of us are getting to know lowland hikes this year.

We continued on what had become an abandoned road and bailed out via a clear but again unsigned trail about 1½ miles from the north trailhead. We went west, shortly breaking out into the

top of an exclusive residential area, Chuckanut Heights.

After a brief lunch on a rock wall where we had a great view, we dropped down looking for the Interurban Trail. We finally found it almost at the main Chuckanut Drive road. Went south on this former railroad grade for miles back to our car. Total time about five hours and distance probably a bit over 12 miles.—Tom Karasek, Lake Goodwin, 5/5.

DRIFT CARDS—Between now and August, Friday Harbor labs are releasing batches of drift cards in the San Juans to study surface currents.

The cards are bright orange, about 4" by 6". If you find one on shore, please pick it up and report it. If it is still afloat, let it come ashore by itself.

MT BAKER DIST—Trails remain snow-covered.—Ranger, 5/13.

NORTH CASCADES HIGHWAY—Has opened. Do not stop at the bottoms of avalanche chutes; keep driving.

EAST BANK ROSS LAKE—Trail is cleared to Ruby Pasture. Snow free.—Ranger, 5/10.

CASCADE RIVER ROAD—Open to almost milepost 18 (subject to change). Ungraded with some ruts. Impassable to vehicles beyond.—Ranger, 5/5.

THUNDER CREEK TRAIL—Cleared to mile 5 (patchy snow last mile).—Ranger, 5/5.

BIG FOUR—Approximately 3 feet of snow at the Big Four parking area.—Ranger, 5/19.

MOUNTAIN LOOP—Snohomish County started plowing the Mountain Loop Highway on May 17th. The road should be open to Barlow Pass within a week or two. There is still lots of snow.—Ranger, 5/19.

SUIATTLE—From the trailhead to 1.5 miles are 7 or 8 large logs across trail. There are a few smaller logs between 2 miles and Canyon Creek. Trail is snow-free to Canyon Creek.—Ranger, 5/13.

BARCLAY LAKE—Patchy snow turns to solid ½-mile before lake. 3 feet of snow at lake; lake is partially frozen.—Ranger, 5/13.

HEYBROOK LOOKOUT—If you're looking for a snow free hike, this is still the only one on the Skykomish Ranger District.—Ranger, 5/13.

STEHKIN SHUTTLE—Shuttlebus service along the Stehkin Valley road is available approximately mid-May to mid-October.

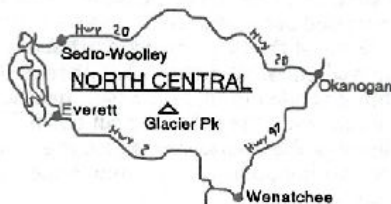
This year shuttle service between Stehkin Landing and High Bridge starts May 22. Call to reserve seats on Park Service shuttles that leave the boat landing at 8am and 3pm: 360-856-5700, ext. 340, then ext. 14.—Ranger, 5/15.

LAKE WENATCHEE DIST—509-763-3103. All trails are still snowcovered.—Ranger, 5/11.

CHELAN DIST—509-682-2576. All trails are still snowcovered.—Ranger, 5/11.

ENTIAT DIST—509-784-1511. This is a good year for hikers to visit Mad River. The trail has not been maintained yet this season, but spring flowers are out. Snow patches begin at about 6 miles, and trees are down due to the 1994 fire. Park at the trailhead in Pine Flats campground.—Ranger, 5/11.

NORTH CENTRAL



FORT EBEBY, PEREGO'S LAGOON (USGS Port Townsend North, Coupeville)

Heather and I spent the weekend camping at Fort Ebey State Park on Whidbey Island. This day we did an 8-mile loop using a wild stretch of beach and a couple of trails.

We left the state park right from the campground and followed the bluff trail until it dropped to the beach. We then followed the beach south to and around Peregó's Lagoon to Ebey's Landing.

We returned by going up the Peregó's Bluff trail at Ebey's Landing for some of the finest views on the entire island. It is then a steep descent back to the beach, a short repeat of beach, and then the climb back to Fort Ebey State Park.

There are many variations that can be done with this hike. They're all good! —Craig Romano, Seattle, 4/17.

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DISCOVERY PARK (USGS Shilshole Bay)

—Jerry and I went for a day hike close to home at this great early-spring destination, right in Seattle. The Loop Trail gives a great perspective with many side trips. One side trail took us down to the lighthouse on the beach. The beach access is wonderful—we looked right across at Bainbridge Island and the Olympics.

At the Visitor's Center we learned there are more than 7 miles of trail in the park. We bought a map for 75 cents for our next visit.

Call for information: 206-386-4236. The location is 3801 West Government Way.—Nancy South, Brier, 5/14.



THE ARK (USGS Lake Philippa)

—It wasn't quite forty days of rain, but the weather we encountered on a climb of Point 5339, located due north of the Taylor River bridge, resembled it.

The close proximity of Dog Mountain, Marten Lake, Mowitch Lake, Cougar Lake, Honey Lake, Goat Mountain and Otter Falls inspired Jeff to dub the unnamed peak "The Ark" in his Home Court list. Coincidence? Well, the outlets of Mowitch and Honey Lakes do form Sunday Creek, which flows past Twin Peaks. Previous names of the peak have included Rooster Mountain and Center Mountain.

Mitch, Jeff, Ihab and I traveled in pairs and parked at the gate preceding the Taylor River bridge (1150 feet). We

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

headed up the Taylor River road for ½ mile, then turned left onto a road leading into the Quartz Creek drainage. Using a 1950s era USGS map (Mount Si) and Warren Guntheroth's report (*P&P*, July 1996) as directions, we followed the road for 2 miles until taking an abrupt uphill branch road (2400 feet).

Hiking in snow by now, we disregarded a westward branch at about 2600 feet, continuing instead straight ahead on the more overgrown eastward branch; at 3200 feet, we veered left and uphill at another branching switchback.

We reached the beginning of a basin (3300 feet), where pairs of snowshoes were attached amid the continuing wet conditions. The slopes in the basin were very open—the old clearcuts had surprisingly not begun to fill in, for some reason.

We ascended the west side of the basin, through sloppy, "snowcone" snow, and up a steep section to the south ridge. After a short break, we continued to the intersection with the west ridge (5120+ feet). The summit ridge led for ¼ mile along overhanging cornices to the rocky top.

A few scrambling moves, including a cheval, were required on exposed rock to reach the airy summit (5339 feet). No signs of any doves, olive branches or views whatsoever. The north face dropped precipitously beneath us for hundreds of feet and after a few "summit/cloud" pictures, we quickly retreated out of the wind.

Back at the ridge junction, we removed our snowshoes and enjoyed a fun glissade through the basin. Instead of following the roads, we cut down through the second-growth slopes, postholing occasionally through the thinning snow.

Everyone was thoroughly soaked by now—could Gore-tex really last through a flood? The cloud ceiling raised just a bit and we saw the ridgeline leading to the top of Quartz Mountain and farther along, the dizzying ramparts of the west peaks of Garfield.

On the main road, after the snow patches ended, Jeff retrieved his bike and rode the last 700 feet. The rest of us slogged along in our boots and reached the trailhead and dry socks soon after.

9½ miles, 4200 feet elevation gain, 4¾ hours up, 3 hours down.—Eric Kccler, Seattle, 4/25.



MCCLELLAN BUTTE (USGS Bandera)

—We made a 2-mile loop hiking the new trailhead to the old trailhead. Drive to exit 42 on I-90 and turn right at the end of the off-ramp. Cross the bridge and go .2-mile

to a road on your right. Follow it to the new parking lot.

To do the trailhead loop, Hike .6-mile to the Iron Horse trail. Turn right at the railroad grade and walk .4-mile to the McClellan Butte trail sign. Turn right, cross an abandoned road and walk under the power lines.

Notice all the wire hoops along the trail. They are the remains of an ancient water conduit.

At the remains of an old foot bridge, follow the trail on the right side of the bridge. Jump a small tributary, make your way across the sand and rocks, and cross the downed alder tree. Find the trail again on the other side of the alder. Cross the new foot bridge and from there the trail is well-defined back to the parking lot.

Notice the grand displays of trilliums, bleeding hearts, salmonberries and other flowers. Take note of the micro gardens of moss, tiny plants and fungi.—Wanderbuns and Shortstop, Kirkland, 5/8.



POINT 6000 (USGS Snoqualmie Pass)

—This midpoint on the ridge running between Snoqualmie and Lundin is approachable from two directions. Our original goal on this beautiful, and sadly rare, spring day was Lundin, but we were stopped cold by the plentiful and soft snow.

We started near the PCT trailhead on a wide spot in the road leading to Al-pental. Following old snowshoe tracks we headed into Commonwealth Basin, quickly leaving I-90's roar behind. As we traversed above the main stream coming out of the basin, we soon realized we needed to cross it or our plan would soon come to a halt. Luckily we found a snowbridge that did the job.

Tons of snow filled every inch of ground as we snowshoed beneath Red Mountain and up the broad and easy slopes below Lundin. Harder snow would have been nice, but the afternoon sun had other ideas.

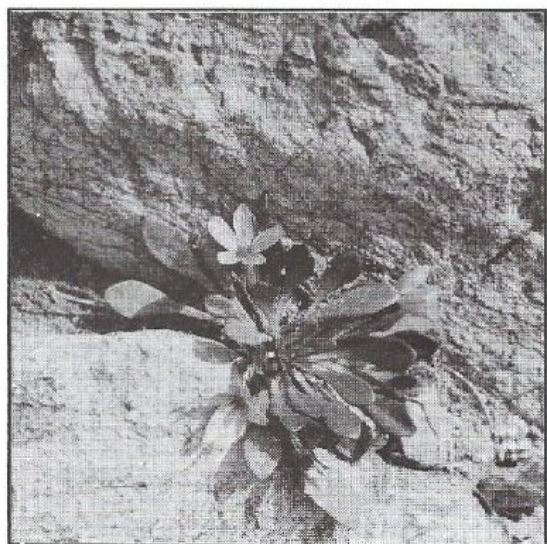
After topping out on the ridge we saw the class 4 route up Lundin was covered in heavy, soft snow that would be impossible to protect, even with the snow pickets and rope we brought along.

To make the day interesting we set our sights on Point 6000, which looked like a massive snow dome from our vantage. We followed the narrow ridge, careful to give the cornices a wide berth. The ridge widens out 100 feet below the dome which made for a steep but safe ascent.

From the summit we could see that traversing all the way to Snoqualmie was a no-go so we plunge-stepped

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Alpine spring beauty.

down to Cave Ridge, picking up a large path of footprints.

We continued our loop trip around Guye Peak by sliding the final 500 feet straight down to Alpentel's parking lot where we got lucky and picked up a free ride in the back of a truck with a big dog.

3000 feet. 8 hours round trip.—Mark Owen and Paul Cho, Shoreline, 4/24.

 **ICICLE RIDGE** (USGS Leavenworth)—We were surprised that it was raining at the trailhead; we hadn't expected rain in Leavenworth.

The trail climbed steadily up the hillside. Our party of eight ladies stayed cool in the fog and drizzle, and enjoyed many wildflowers in bloom. Gradually the rain stopped.

We talked to some locals on the trail who told us it was snowfree about 4 miles. We stopped at a spot on the ridge where we had nice rocks for sitting. Views opened as the clouds lifted and we looked down into Tumwater Canyon on one side and Leavenworth on the other. Views up the Icicle were still socked in.

On the way down we stopped to look at some rocks. Lindy, who is studying geology, gave us a little lecture on their origin. Passing hikers were impressed and asked the two gals at the end of the group who our "instructor" was.

Near the bottom we met a large group of young people and their adult companions who were spending the week-end hiking and rafting in Leavenworth. One of the adults told me the group was from Nathan Hale High School in Seattle and the program was sponsored

by the Sierra Club. Way to go!

Portions of the hillside were covered with charred snags from the big burn of a few years ago. Some of these are now toppling over the trail and we got awfully sooty crawling over them all. But the wildflowers and views made this a great hike. It was too cold yet for snakes.—Ann Marshall, Port Orchard, 5/15.

Ann Marshall

EARL PEAK (USGS Enchantment Lakes)

—I flew over the Teanaway on a commercial flight the week before and looking down at all those great ski slopes reminded me to go check out what I had always thought would be a good early season route into the

area. On the map the Standup Creek trail drives due north, straight into the Wenatchee Mountains. This trail also has the closest trailhead to the end of the pavement at 29 Pines Campground.

The North Fork road was solidly blocked by snow .8-mile past the campground, 2500 feet. There were two other Subarus with ski racks pushed into the bushes, and I added mine.

Bad weather had pushed far east this day so I set out (on skis) in a light drizzle. With great early morning energy I shot up to the Stafford Creek road, turned right and ran up it a mile, took a left and quickly climbed the

gentle mile to the real trailhead, 3000 feet. This was also the snow level, as the drizzle was now a gentle snowfall.

At first the trail follows old road on the west side of the creek, then fades into forest. I continued on the west side, tucked tightly in at the foot of the slope, with the brushiness quite minimal. I crossed to the east side at about 3700 feet on a big log, and crossed back shortly thereafter.

Near 4000 feet an open, flat-bottomed gully appeared on the left. The obvious ease of progress lured me in and the route proved to be my "highway to the high country." (I believe the route of Standup Creek is shown incorrectly on the USGS map here; it flows west of the 4400-foot knob in the gully I ascended, instead of hooking sharply east of it as the map shows.) This gully is certainly a horrible avalanche trap in mid-winter, but I trusted the big slides were past.

This is clearly where the creek got its name: it "stands up" for a little more than a mile to gain 2000 feet, all the way maintaining a constant angle and the same flat-bottomed profile. It is unique in that for its entire length it angles across the foot of the main slopes of Earl, acting as a gutter for the entire south slope.

These slopes are either scattered whitebark pines or open terrain. Through the fog and now-heavy snow it looked like lots of great skiing. Around 6000 feet I broke off to the east to gain the trail saddle at 6200 feet.

From here the southeast ridge leads



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to the summit. In hindsight I believe I misread my map in the driving snow and probably missed the summit by a hundred feet, but I will give myself a "close enough" summit award on this one. For my descent I sideslipped my uptrack back to the saddle.

I had forgotten to leave a note regarding my whereabouts for Shannon, so I was skiing very conservatively. Forgetting such a note is a big mistake for two reasons: no one knows where to look for you, and you spend all day worrying about that fact. I made lazy turns all the way down the gully, a few inches of fresh on top of a firm base.

By the time I got to the trailhead I was really dragging, and the now soft snow on the Stafford Creek road was a real slog. When I finally made my car (7 hours round trip) I took a quick nap in the dry pine needles under a nearby tree.—Peter Krystad, Seattle, 5/2.

LEAVENWORTH DIST—509-548-6977. Icicle road is snowfree all the way to Johnny Creek campground. Eightmile road is still gated but should be open by end of May. Ingalls Creek, Devils Gulch and Icicle Ridge are good hikes now.—Ranger, 5/11.



Elin Rodger crosses yet another charred and sooty tree on the Icicle Ridge trail. Fortunately, there are lots of wildflowers to offset the soot.

CLE ELUM DIST—509-674-4411. Snow is still 5 feet deep in Salmon la Sac campground.

North Fork Teanaway road is snow-free to near the Stafford Creek junction. There is still plenty of snow for skiing and snowshoeing.

All trailheads are snowed in and we expect them to melt out up to 8 weeks later than "normal."—Ranger, 5/11.

NORTHEAST



ANCIENT LAKES (USGS Babcock Ridge)—We headed east of the Columbia to the Quincy Wildlife Refuge. As we drove over Snoqualmie Pass, it was pouring but by the time we passed the Ryegrass Rest Area, we were driving out of the clouds. We left them behind like a gray, dripping curtain.

Cross the river and go up the hill, toward George. Flat country. Lots of farms and orchards. Take the Quincy/George exit from I-90 and go north on Highway 281. Take a left in downtown Quincy, drive 4 miles west on Highway 28. Turn left at U NW, between mileposts 25 and 26. Head south one section; turn right on 9 NW. The road goes straight for a little over a mile, then drops onto a sagebrush-covered terrace above the river. You then leave paved road, continuing on a good gravel road, 5.9 miles to its end in a dirt parking lot, just beyond the last farmhouse.

The "trail" is an old jeep road. Horses, hikers and mountain bikes are all welcome so be alert. Also watch for rattlesnakes.

The hiking guide said the route to the lakes was 4 miles, but it seemed shorter. We followed the old road until it split, one branch heading east into a wide coulee. We followed it and soon could see the first of the lakes, a round pond, surrounded by long grass and shrubs. Just beyond

was a gentle grass-covered slope and another lake.

We dropped to another jeep road, which paralleled the one we were on, and walked by the first and second lakes. Then we climbed another small rounded ridge to find the third and largest lake. We camped there. Not far away a large waterfall crashed down over the edge of the basalt cliffs.

After making camp, we visited Dusty Lake. On the way, we studied some of the flowers. This area is considered sagebrush-bunchgrass steppe. There were actually several different zones all in a small area. I noticed balsamroot and lupine growing on talus slopes above the valley.

On the valley floor, the vegetation was dominated in some areas by sagebrush and bunchgrass, in others by cheatgrass and other grass species. It was too late for the showy phlox, but the fragrant purple sage was blooming in a few spots.

Orange globe mallow was another plant in bloom. The most dominant flowering plants when we visited were daisies: shaggy, linear-leaf, and cushion daisy. There was also the occasional bit-terbrush just going out of bloom.

Bird watchers will love this place. There are all kinds of birds with beautiful songs and interesting habits. I recognized killdeer, magpie, coot, mallard duck, swallows, Canada geese and meadowlark. The geese were shepherding little ones.

We also saw a gopher snake, two beavers and a rattlesnake. In the evening, we watched as one of the beavers swam around in the lake below us and then hauled himself out for some dinner in the long grass. Then nearby, a family of coyotes celebrated by yipping and howling together briefly.

This is an unusual place for west-siders. It's barren but supports a rich variety of plant life, and dry although there is plenty of water, with waterfalls coming down over several of the cliffs. There are only a few trees, mostly willows at the edges of the lakes.—Liz Escher, Lake Forest Park, 5/15-16.



ANCIENT LAKES (USGS Babcock Ridge)—Spring is a delightful time of year to explore this area in the Quincy Wildlife Recreation Area (WRA). It is wonderful roaming country with trails everywhere.

On the warm and sunny day we visited, wildflowers were blooming (phlox and balsamroot were the most prolific) and birds were singing. What more could you ask?

Since we had two cars in our party,

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we opted for a one way hike and parked one vehicle at the Dusty Lake trailhead and one less than 2 miles away at the north end of the WRA at the Ancient Lake trailhead.

Beginning at the Dusty Lake trailhead, we wound around through mesas and canyons, getting views down into the coulee containing the six Ancient Lakes, looking west to the Columbia, and walking by H Lake on the way back.

Although geographically speaking the Ancient Lakes area is rather small, there are many interesting and varied routes to take. We used *55 Hikes in Central Washington* to locate trailheads for the three hikes we did in this area.

Note: REI and other hiking stores do not carry maps for this area of the state. I purchased mine at Metsker's (formerly Pioneer) in Bellevue.—Ginny Evans, Renton, 4/24.

(Ed. Note: Metsker Maps of Bellevue is a great store. They will take your order by phone and mail the quads to you so you don't have to deal with Bellevue traffic. Call them at 425-746-3200.)



BABCOCK BENCH (USGS Cape Horn SE, Evergreen Ridge, Babcock Ridge)

—After camping near H Lake, we shuffled cars to do a one-way trip along Babcock Bench above the Columbia River from Sunland Road north to the lower trailhead for Ancient Lakes. We guessed the mileage to be approximately 9 miles between the two trailheads, the route being virtually level.

According to Sharon Orr of The Mountaineers, the barrel cactus should be blooming right about now and I was anxious to see them. Sure enough, their bright pinkish-red blooms dotted the landscape along the bench.

About 4 miles along, we stopped for lunch just below the Gorge Amphitheater where we could see its huge stage and terraced hillside. There we crossed the only stream we encountered along the entire bench.

Near the north trailhead, we passed by the lower routes into Dusty Lake and Ancient Lakes where we met the only people we saw on the trip. Midday we spotted a snake that looked like a rattler but without the rattles.—Ginny Evans, Renton, 4/25.



FRENCHMAN COULEE (USGS Evergreen Ridge)

—After another night spent in the Ancient Lakes area, this time right beside the picturesque Evergreen Reservoir, we headed to Frenchman Coulee.

This is a fun place to watch the climbers practicing on the giant colum-

nar basalt towers that line the hillside like picket fences. Even on a midweek day in April, there were many parties on the walls.

After exploring around the base of the cliffs, we wandered around on top and overlooked the coulee on both sides. Lunch was at a hidden lake just a few minutes from the cars. Since we had to be back in Seattle by early evening, this short hike of a few miles was perfect.—Ginny Evans, Renton, 4/26.



WHISKEY DICK RIDGE (USGS Cape Horn SE)

Looking for sunshine and warm weather our group headed east, this time almost to the Columbia River. A long drive (approximately 135 miles) but well worth it for nice weather, great views and lots of wildflowers.

Drive east on I-90 to Kittitas. Take the Kittitas exit, drive through town, continue north to Vantage Highway (old Highway 10), turn right (east) and continue about 5 miles to a large parking area at the entrance to the Quilomene Wildlife Area. Begin the hike along the road. At the first fork, keep right, at the next keep left, then at the next take the left fork, which is an old jeep track which contours around through a canyon and up to the ridge top where it intersects with the main road. You can follow the main road all the way but it is much longer.

The jeep track ends at this point, but it is a short easy climb to the top of the ridge. Step carefully, however, as the wildflowers are profuse, especially Simpsons cactus.

A large rockpile marks the high point on the ridge which is a splendid spot for lunch. We had 360-degree views: the Columbia River to the east, snow-capped Mission Ridge and the Stuart range to the north, the Cascades to the west and the Boylston and Saddle Mountains to the south. I think we would have been able to see Rainier and Adams had it not been cloudy on the horizon.

The wildflowers were abundant. In addition to the above mentioned cactus we saw balsamroot, bitterroot, lupine, phacelia, small bluebells, several varieties of phlox, Hookers balsamroot, rock penstemon, buckwheat, large-headed clover, Thompsons paintbrush, narrow-leaved haplopappus and lots of sagebrush. Many others that we were unable to identify. We were grateful for the copy of *Wildflowers of Washington*, by C.P. Lyons (Lone Pine Publishing, Vancouver, BC) which we had brought along to help identify flowers and plants.—Leigh Champlin, Seattle, 5/16.

SOUTH CENTRAL



SKOOKUM FLATS (USGS Suntop)

—On a rainy late April morning, Charlene and I took off on a hike in the White River area, north of Mount Rainier.

Drive south of Greenwater toward Crystal and look for road 73, the Huckleberry Creek road. The road quickly becomes gravel and crosses the White. On the other side of the bridge, the trail begins. This trail is multiple use, hikers and mountain bikers.

It had been pouring in Seattle, but by the time we arrived, the rain had become lighter. Under the thick umbrella of towering hemlock and Douglas-fir, any precipitation was insignificant.

The trail follows the White River south. After 5 miles is a footbridge across the White, which is connected by trail to Camp Sheppard. After another mile or so, the trail is crossed by road 7160.

The southernmost end of the trail comes out near the turn-off to Crystal Mountain Boulevard. On this trip we did not investigate the southern part of the trail.

We were alone in these fine woods on a warm, rainy day. Trilliums were blooming in newly melted-out areas. The mosses and leaves were glowing with spring greens. The White River has black sand and the water follows many braided channels, creating islands, gravel bars and deep, fast channels.

This is fine, easy early spring trip. There are some deep banks, so if you're going with children, guide them carefully across those spots.

Skookum Creek was in fine form, filled to the brim with meltwater. The falls was as lovely as the large one on the Boulder River and very high. The creek divides into two channels, one with a bridge, the other with the choice of a slippery log or ford. We managed the ford on rocks.

The woods are finally beginning to melt out. We did see some snow patches out on the gravel bars and on the ridges above.—Liz Escher, Lake Forest Park, 4/25.



UMTANUM RIDGE (USGS Wymer, The Cottonwoods)

—It was warm when we arrived at Umtanum Recreation Area, located on the

BACKCOUNTRY NEWS

REPORTS AND CONDITIONS

Yakima River south of Ellensburg.

We crossed the bouncy suspension bridge and headed through the thicket near the outflow of Untanum Creek. A short way beyond, a faint trail branched to the left, leading into a gully and climbing higher onto the slopes of Untanum Ridge.

Once the trail crossed the creek, it became more of a cat track curving over the lower slopes of the ridge. We were in sagebrush and bunchgrass steppe country, alive with the song of larks, blackbirds and sparrows.

As we climbed the open slopes, we stopped often to admire the spring flowers. Several varieties of sunflowers, larkspur, Thompson's paintbrush, puccoon, stickseed, Prairie star, yellow and squaw currant, Oregon grape, lupine, brodiaea, shooting stars, dagger pod, several desert parsleys, showy phlox and a variety of golden daisies were all blooming. The serviceberry was beginning to set fruit and the bitterbrush was just coming into bloom.

It had been warm below, but when we reached the top of the ridge and the 4x4 road, our jackets came out. A chilly wind was blowing along the heights, unimpeded by the sagebrush and worn fences. We could see for miles, north to Kittitas Valley, Mission Ridge and the Wenatchee Mountains, south toward Cleman Mountain.

Distant views were obscured by thick layers of dark clouds. Squall lines danced across the ridge, near and far. When we sat down to lunch at Wenas Point, 3630 feet, it began to snow lightly. It was hard to believe it was May in Central Washington.

We didn't linger long, but plunged over the edge and down the grassy slopes to where it was warmer. It was an enjoyable but coolish hike. We did not see any snakes or get bothered by ticks. Too cold for them, too?

On the way home, we were deluged by a hailstorm and snowflakes just out of North Bend. Grand spring weather!
—Liz Escher, Lake Forest Park, 5/9.

ROADS—Highway 123 at Cayuse Pass: hope to have open by Memorial weekend. Highway 410 at Chinook Pass: closed; deep snow. No opening date. Crystal Mountain: road generally open; call 888-766-4636 for conditions. Crystal Resort opens 6/26 for summer season. Mowich Lake road closed at Paul Peak. Stevens Canyon road: closed; no opening date.—Ranger, 5/11.

RAINIER RESERVATIONS—You can reserve campsites this year in the

Park. Cost is \$20 per party per trip. For information, call 360-569-2211 x3317.—Ranger, 5/11.



PACKWOOD LAKE (USGS Packwood Lk)—My friend Liz and I headed for the trailhead, not knowing how far we could get on the road. We had heard that it was snow-free up to the water tower, and that was good news for us.

Saturday was a beautiful sunny and warm day, and we could have not been happier. After picking Liz up in Randle and going over our gear, we headed for Packwood and then on up the road to as close as we could get to the trail.

We managed to get within 1 mile of the trailhead and a little past the water tower. I pulled off the road as far as I could and parked the car, hoping that it would be okay in that spot for the weekend. We arrived at the parking place at about 9:30am, and headed off up the snow-covered road about 10am with our snowshoes on and our overnight packs.

We stopped at the regular parking lot, and took a drink of our water, one of many for the day. When we continued up the trail, we realized that coming up shortly was a bare section of trail without any snow on it at all. We had to stop and remove the snowshoes, hike up the trail a little way, and put them on again. We were using the MSR Denali snowshoes with the extenders on the back. Fortunately for us, the snowshoes are really easy to get on and off, which helped a lot with our backpacks on.

The trail was pretty much snow covered from about 1/4-mile up the trail. The condition of the snow ran between soft and icy/crusty. We had about 2+ miles of sloping trail, icy/crusty that we could not use our snowshoes because of the incline and danger. We walked with our boots and carried our snowshoes through this section.

We also had stream crossings that were about 4 feet deep that were fairly hard to get down with our gear and snowshoes. The streams themselves were not 4 feet deep, just the chasm between the snow banks. We

did have one such crossing that we went up and around with a little trouble but did manage to get through.

When not icy, the snow was wet and heavy, but still good snowshoeing and we really enjoyed ourselves. Just past the "crater area," about 4 miles in, we stopped and sat in the sun and rested. By that time we had been on the trail for about 4 hours. As you can see, it was very slow going and very tiring.

There were about 11 downed trees across the trail, but nothing that we had trouble getting around or over, both with snowshoes on and without. I did post-hole through one spot up to my crotch with one leg, with my pack going over my head and pulling me sideways, but I did not get hurt, just had trouble getting out of that position. The snow was very cold also. The scenery on the trail and surrounding area was so beautiful and quiet and peaceful.

We arrived at Packwood Lake about 4:30pm, 6 1/2 hours from the car, very tired, but elated to see the clear lake, and beautiful snow-covered Johnson Peak. We were very surprised to find the campsites bare and snow free. It meant that we would not have to camp on snow, even though that is what we had planned to do.

By the time we arrived at camp, we were tired of walking and sitting on snow. Our campsite was about 1/4- to 1/2-mile from the ranger cabin, and was in the sun which was great. We set our things down, and headed for a log to sit on in the sun and just relax. Little did we know that we had neighbors next to us—two young men had come in the same way we did and had the same problems. We camped far enough apart, however, that it seemed like we were the only ones there.

We watched a family of either Barrow's goldeneye, or buffleheads. We thought they were buffleheads, but looking in our bird book, I think they may have been the goldeneye. They were really beautiful and fun to watch. They would come right up to the log that was by our camp and just swim around and dive.

We finally decided it was time to set up camp and get dinner. After dinner, we hiked up the trail to see some work that Liz had done (she is one of the wilderness rangers for the Randle district, and worked with WTA last year at Walupt Lake) on a punchcon on the trail. We went back to camp about 8pm.

About 5am Sunday it started to drizzle, and continued off and on for the rest of the trip. The scenery from our campsite was so beautiful with the mist, lake and ducks. We lazed around

in bed until 9:30am, then got up and had a leisurely breakfast, and broke camp. We had decided to go out the service road as neither one of us wanted to deal with the sloping terrain on the trail and the problem of taking our snowshoes off and on.

We left camp at noon on Sunday, and had a real nice, but long and tiring trip back to the car. As I mentioned, the snow was wet and heavy, but at least we did not have to remove the snowshoes until we arrived back at the car. Even with the drizzle, it was fairly warm, and when we came to the open service road, it was good that it was overcast, or we both would have been parboiled from the sun. We arrived back at the car about 3:30pm, only 3½ hours getting out.

We saw lots of elk tracks around the lake, and on the trail coming out, and some cat tracks near the regular parking lot. My car was okay and the weekend great. Would love to do it again.—Bev Blanchard, Chehalis, 4/17-18.

MT ST HELENS—Most upper elevation areas may open a full month later than normal. Some high trails may be snow-covered until August or later.

The 83 road will be closed at the Cougar Sno-Park for about 6 weeks to allow reconstruction of slumped areas. During this time climbers will need to start their approach from the Cougar Sno-Park for the Monitor Ridge or Butte Camp routes.

For climbing information, call 360-

247-3961.—Ranger, 5/4.

MT ADAMS DIST—Trails are opening up and most areas under 2500 feet are snowfree. Most of the trails have not been maintained so expect to encounter downed trees. Falls Creek Falls trail is now open. Dog Mountain trail has wildflowers. Lower section of Trapner Creek is open.

For info call 509-395-3400 (Trout Lake) or 509-427-3200 (Wind River).—Ranger, 5/4.

CANADA

VANDALISM—During Easter cars parked on the Duffey Lake road were broken into and items stolen from them.

Remember that the entire Squamish-Whistler-Pemberton area, including the Duffey Lake corridor, is a hotbed of crime and your car is not really safe anywhere there. Leave no valuables behind when you go on trips to the area.—from the BC Mountaineering Club newsletter, 5/99.

CAMPING PASSES—A camping pass is now required for all overnight camping at Forest Service campgrounds, except at a limited number of campgrounds where an enhanced service fee is required.

The fee for an annual camping pass is \$27 (\$22 seniors' rate). A single night camping pass is \$8.

Camping passes are available from government agents, various vendors

throughout the province, and some on-site service contractors.

An enhanced campground fee of \$10 per night will be charged and collected at campgrounds that provide additional services, such as security or higher levels of maintenance. Campers with an annual camping pass will pay a discounted rate of \$5 per night.

For more information on these fees, see the Ministry of Forests' website at <http://www.for.gov.bc.ca>

—from the BC Mountaineering Club Newsletter, 5/99.



MOUNT MATIER (Joffre Lakes Group, Coast Range.

Topo: Duffey Lake)—Our group of five OSATers met at the resort village of Whistler on the last day of April to organize group gear for our first visit to this area.

The Joffre Lakes Provincial Recreation Area is east of Pemberton and sits above Lillooet Lake. It is a compact area of half a dozen peaks, several glaciers and the three Joffre Lakes. The tallest of the peaks, at about 9000 feet, is Mount Matier. The largest of the glaciers, at about a square mile, is Matier Glacier. The other named peaks reflect a variety of roots: Joffre Peak, Slalok Mountain, Mount Spetch and Tzil Mountain.

We left Whistler Village Saturday morning with broken skies and high hopes. We were greeted at the trailhead with a heavy snow flurry. It passed and we were soon headed up the valley toward Middle and Upper Joffre Lakes under occasional breaks in the clouds.

It is about 2 miles and 1300 feet gain to reach the upper lake, nestled just above the middle one at approximately 5200 feet. We crossed the lake to camp on a small island which sits almost under the small ice fall where the Matier Glacier comes down between Joffre Peak and a buttress of Slalok Mountain. It is a very beautiful spot to camp with the blue ice of the glacier, the dark rock accented by the whiteness of the snow and the peaks towering above.

It continued to flurry on and off for the rest of the day but we had those high hopes for the next day, again.

5 o'clock brought some hints of rose to the clouds as we headed up a moraine next to the glacier. We took a rest break at approximately 7300 feet where, under better circumstances, one could view all of the peaks. Even though we were disappointed with the deteriorating weather we continued, placing wands as we made our way across the glacier. We fought our way through 8 to 10 inches of new snow and at about 8200 feet we decided to give it up. The



Ann Marshall

On Mount Saint Helens, just below the summit rim.

BACKCOUNTRY NEWS

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Ken Hopping

Carol Hodovance, below the bergschrund on the Hogsback route, Mount Hood.

wind was howling, the snow was flying and the slope was getting steeper.

We knew we were near the North Ridge, which was our route, but it was time to turn around and think about a return trip another time.

It continued to snow and blow for the rest of our time there and we never did get a full and clear view of the area. Returning to the cars on Monday we dropped out of the clouds and headed for Pemberton and a restaurant. We found just the spot in a place called The Pony Express. Check it out if you're up that way.—Dave N., Rik A., Shirley R., Bill L., and Kathy H., 5/1-3.

THE MUSICAL BUMPS

(Whistler)—This is a pleasant and short tour just out the boundaries of the Whistler Ski Area. I had seen it on an earlier trip with the family and knew I wanted to do it in conjunction with our up-coming trip to the Joffre Lakes north of here.

It is called the Musical Bumps because it is three low hills, Piccolo, Flute and Oboe, that make up part of the Fitzsimmons Range, which in turn is anchored at one end by Whistler Mountain.

I also found out while talking to two other tourers that it is the start of a loop that is called The Spearhead Traverse. One just drops down to Singing Pass, around the head of Fitzsimmons Creek and along the Spearhead Range to Blackcomb Mountain.

One could begin this tour the old fashioned way and climb with skins 5000 feet up from the valley floor, or ride the gondola as I did. In a few min-

utes I was skiing over to the Peak Chair and soon skiing up the first Bump, Piccolo. Each of these peaks are no more than a couple of hundred feet of climbing and one can pick many lines of descents depending on skill, cornices, etc.

You could, if the Harmony Chair is running, make a number of runs off these Bumps, particularly from Piccolo and Flute as they drop back into the ski area. From Oboe it takes a traverse and small climb to get back to the groomed runs. Many people either continue to Singing Pass or drop directly from Oboe and then down through the trees to a road that runs above Fitzsimmons Creek and back to the Village.

In all a very pleasant and relatively safe tour particularly for beginning tourers.—Dave N., Tacoma, 4/30.

OREGON



HECETA HEAD—Heceta Head Lighthouse has a well deserved reputation as the most photographed light in the Pacific Northwest. Many of you have seen pictures of the place, probably without knowing what it is. The shot has appeared on many calendars.

The light has long been reachable by a short trail from Devils Elbow State Park (between Florence and Yachats). Recently a brand new section of Oregon Coast Trail has been built from the north side of the head, over the top, to the lighthouse.

I led a Chemeketan Club hike from Washburne State Park to Devils Elbow. We left a car at Devils Elbow and started from the Washburne day use area. We crossed Highway 101 and started our hike shortly to the right from the campground loop road. We hiked south through the woods for about 1½ miles to a parking area on 101. We crossed the highway, walked north about 100 feet, and went west on the Hobbit Trail. About 100 feet west the Heceta Head trail went off to the left. I was told the trail would be clearly marked but I saw no sign.

The very pleasant route wound up through large trees to the summit of the head. Climbing up over the top is necessary because of a huge, impressive seaside cliff. In a couple of places there are spectacular views with benches. We ate our lunches at one of the sit-upons.

The trail switchbacks down the south side of the head and intersects the lighthouse trail just south of the structure. A very scenic walk. I think we hiked just short of 5 miles.—Kim Hyatt, Salem, March.



CAPE PERPETUA—Cape Perpetua, on the Oregon Coast, lies about 3 miles south of Yachats. The area is extensively developed for recreation, with a Forest Service Visitor Center, many miles of trails, the Cummings Creek and Rock Creek Wilderness Areas. Devils Churn and a blow hole are great for storm wave watching.

There has long been a 1.3-mile trail (1.5 from the Visitor Center) up the south side of Cape Perpetua to a stone shelter and viewpoint on top of the head. Recently a new segment of the Oregon Coast Trail has been completed from a trailhead near Yachats, to the north of the cape, to the shelter. I hiked a loop, coming up the north side trail to the top, down the old trail to the highway, and down along the side of 101 back to my car.

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The new trail varies a good deal. It has the look of a volunteer built affair. In some place it is very good but in others gets indistinct and/or a bit treacherous.

From the north end trailhead the route traverses up above the highway for a ways, drops to cross a stream (an excellent new bridge), and then wanders east, seeming to climb forever, up an old abandoned road.

The trail crosses a creek (no bridge or anything else; might be difficult in high water) and then swings back west. The trail is quite nice for a ways and then at a sign ("trail") the route starts traversing a steep hillside. This final section is much the worst, with a lot of up and down with some short, abominably steep sections. I was very glad I was carrying a stick. The entire route is in the trees with no ocean views.

I paused for a few minutes at the lookout and started down. Before long I ran into big trouble. Three or four large trees were down over the path and at one spot a slide had removed the trail entirely. Getting past this spot was more than a little dicey. Of course at the bottom there were abundant signs warning of the problems. Should you decide to emulate my route be sure to check first to see that the south side trail has been repaired.

The north side trailhead was marked but not at all obvious. Look carefully just south of the last houses east of the highway. There is very limited parking at the north end. If you wish to try my loop, park at Devils Churn.

According to various signs I saw, I hiked about 4 miles. I have much trouble believing this figure. The hike took me about four and a half hours. I have reached geezerhood and am slower than I once was but not that slow!—Kim Hyatt, Salem, March.

SMUGGLER'S COVE, NEAHKAHNIE MOUNTAIN


(Oswald West State Park)—Heather and I enjoyed another great pre-summer weekend. We put together an 8-mile hike using some of this park's great trails.

This park has it all: old-growth forests, summit views, beaches, and rugged headlands. We hiked down the Sands Creek trail to Smuggler's Cove and then hiked the Oregon Coast trail to the summit of 1600+-foot Neahkahnie Mountain.

This small but rugged peak rises directly above the coast. There are beautiful forests of Sitka spruce enroute to the summit, but the highlight of this hike is the view. You look directly south

ever the Newhalem Spit as far as Cape Meares. Probably one of the finest views on the entire Oregon coast.


We had a great weekend here but were saddened to learn about the murder of one of the Park rangers shortly after we left.—Craig Romano, Seattle, 4/23.

 **BAYOCEAN SPIT** (Tillamook County)—Bayocean Spit used to house a small city back in the 1920s. That's all gone now—nothing but dunes and wild shoreline are there to greet us today.

Heather and I found the way to the spit just outside Cape Meares. We hiked the gated service road/trail to its first junction—a short spur to the beach. We then hiked north for 3 miles to the south jetty of Tillamook Bay on some of the loneliest beach in Oregon.

We hiked back on the service track which brought us to great views of Tillamook Bay and its myriad birds. Great bird watching and peaceful walking. The complete loop is just over 8 miles and you'll have plenty of beach and bay for yourself.—Craig Romano, Seattle, 4/25.

CALIFORNIA

 **UPPER YOSEMITE FALLS** (Yosemite Natl Park)—This

"very strenuous" hike, as the Park calls it, gains 2700 feet in 3.6 miles, but is well worth the effort. With landmark views, vertical granite walls, incredible waterfalls and valley sights all around us, my brother Jeff and I hustled up the first thousand feet to Columbia Rock, passing several people who thought we were crazy to start so late in the day. We secretly hoped we wouldn't have to use our headlamps, but we were glad we had them.


From Columbia Rock the trail drops and goes around a large, ledgy corner to views of the Upper and Lower falls. Here the trail climbs steeply up a series of wonderful granite steps with mist and waterdrop keeping things cool.

Soon we arrived at the canyon rim, and a trail junction. Left takes you to El Capitan and right to the falls overlook, Yosemite Point and Half Dome.

There was still snow on the ground as we tromped over and down a scary rock staircase to the overlook. Thankfully the exposed areas had handrails. Camping on the rim must be a delight!

We quickly left, just beating the fast-falling darkness to the car. 1½ hours up and 1:20 minutes down. 2700 feet elevation gain in 7.2 miles.—Mark and Jeff Owen, Shoreline, 4/19.

UTAH

 **DRY FORK, COYOTE GULCH, PEEKABOO GULCH, SPOOKY GULCH** (Escalante Natl Monument)—Driving directions: drive south for 20 hours or about 1100 miles, passing through the horrendous traffic of Salt Lake City. Continue down to the beautiful high desert of Escalante.

Take the rough Hole-In-The-Wall Road south 27 miles along the eastern edge of the Kaiparowits Plateau. Drive the even rougher Dry Fork Coyote Gulch Road west about 1.5 miles to the parking area overlooking the classic desert highlands that slope down to the Coyote Gulch branch of the Escalante River. The 12,000-foot Henry Mountains form an incredible snowy backdrop against the desert environment.

I was fortunate enough to be able to accompany Don Paulson into this beautiful and new environment. His VW Eurovan gave us Bohemian comfort, easing our trip down through major snowstorms and blazing sun.

When we arrived at the parking area the sun was fading behind foreboding clouds. Wisps of fine snow were settling into the red dust and the wind was rising. Within a short time, the snow was slicing sideways. We had already heard of the stories of hikers being stuck for days when the roadbed turned to tomato soup, so we took the seemingly endless 30-mile drive back to Escalante. Late in the afternoon the sun came out again, and polished the Kayenta sandstone into a bronze-red sheen. We rode along as the van slowly crawled back to the parking lot...

The evening stars were spectacular as I got my first good look at the clear desert night sky.

We were up at first light (Don is nearly always up at first light with his camera.) The Henrys were silhouetted against a pale green sky. We dropped into the cream colored Navajo slickrock benches. Bonsai trees grew out of cracks in the rock. We followed the line of least resistance, dropping inexorably into the barely visible slash of the canyon below.

We finally dipped down into a final wash leading to the main streambed. Cottonwoods and willows showed their pale green buds against the khaki rocks. We entered the level wash of the Dry Fork as lizards darted between our boots. A dark red slash bisected the opposite maroon canyon wall—Peekaboo Gulch.

With hearts beating and adrenaline flowing, we entered the sanctum of the narrow hanging slot canyon, climbing

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the 15 feet of smooth "pouloff" on steps carved into the gritty sandstone. Standing on the first little basin, we peered into the winding catacomb before us. Hallways of reflected light cast a glow onto the rock walls soaring overhead.

We gasped with wonder at the many hues of red and orange. We gasped again with compressed lungs as we squeezed through narrow gaps. We slithered, crawled and gyrated up this defile for about half a mile before it finally shallowed out onto the slickrock.

Back at the Dry Fork again, we headed downstream along the level "sandbox" toward Spooky Gulch, another branch slot canyon. We passed beyond the wash that leads to the gulch. The Dry Fork narrowed into its own beautiful defile, with the canyon floor about 20 feet wide and the cliffs soaring about 100 feet overhead. We finally came to a chockstone as big as a trailer, completely blocking the passage, with a dropoff of about 30 feet.

We retraced our steps and turned into

the Spooky Gulch wash, slogging through tons of sand toward the black slash in the rocks. From a distance, it looked like the canyon was only about a foot wide. Of course, when we reached it, we realized that it was actually about two feet wide!

This remarkable slot was only barely wide enough for a sideways squeeze. At times, we had to shimmy up the walls, then stem our way through perfect little circular arches and holes. The walls nearly touched 200 feet over our heads! The sunlight filtered into the recesses after being bounced back and forth from wall to wall.

Our final destination for the day was the slightly wider but no less spectacular slot canyon of the main bed of the Dry Fork itself. This turned out to be a wonderfully easy and level walk through a cathedral of rock. Thousands of years of watery torrents carved this smooth-walled tube. Some of the flotsam was wedged between the walls thirty feet overhead. The floor consisted

of clean-swept gravels and drifting peach-colored sand.

The peculiar quietude was mesmerizing. As I was wandering and dreaming, a sudden trill slapped me in the ears. I stopped dead in my tracks at a fanfare of birdsong. A canyon wren! Each turn brought new surprises of color and texture. The shadow of an owl soared along the illuminated rock wall, nearly knocking my socks off with surprise. Once in a while, I could see stunted pine trees peering down at me as they guarded the canyon rim high overhead. As the day wore on, the shadows and light traded places, changing the patterns of the walls into complex ornaments of stone.

The light was fading for the day as we finally exited. The air rapidly cooled as we ground our way up the sand hummocks and wavy rock formations to the van. The final rays transformed the Henrys into a chromium sheen against a cobalt sky.—Larry Smith, Port Orchard, 4/8-9.

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—Tough Traveler Stallion child carrier. \$160 new; \$80 OBO. 425-481-0736 (Brier).

FOR SALE—MEI Denali I-PL internal frame backpack with adjustable parallel suspension and adjustable back length. 3500 cubic inches expands to 5000. Extra attachable pockets. Top converts to fanny pack. Many extra features. Used once. Knee and back surgery ends future backpacking. Bargain at \$90. Paid \$201. Call Randy at 425-337-6118 (Mill Creek).

FOR SALE—Frostfire III backpack, by Mountainsmith. Used about 12 times. In great shape. High capacity, 5000 to 6000 cubic ins. Will pay shipping for buyer. Asking \$100. Contact David Nordstrom at 253-752-9214. Leave a message if I'm not at home.

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 \$50 (reduced from last month!) 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 \$360 (reduced from last month!) plus \$5 shipping cost. Pete Cleland, 360-671-0554 (Bellingham). eagleflyer@earthlink.net

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@harbornet.com

FOR SALE—Link Hale Tye 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.

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).

TOM MOYER

Water Knot Failure Report

—TESTS SHOW HOW THIS KNOT HOLDS UP—

Summary

Anecdotal evidence exists to suggest that water knots—commonly used to join webbing into a sling—sometimes fail by slipping.

I have found through testing on a load frame that this knot gradually slips when cycled repeatedly with loads as low as body weight. When the tails have slipped all the way into the knot, it fails.

This resolves the concern I have had about “mysterious” failures of this knot. I believe it is completely safe to use as long as it is checked and found to have sufficient tails before loading.

Background

I have been told many anecdotal stories of accidents caused by the failure of water knots (aka ring bends or overhand follow-through knots) by slipping. Understanding these failures is of some concern to mountain rescuers who use this as a standard knot for tying two ends of a webbing sling together.

Many climbing and rescue texts recommend leaving plenty of tail with this knot and pretensioning it carefully to avoid possible slipping, but none of them provides any detail on failures.

Past pull-testing I have done on wa-

ter knots (with sufficient tails) showed no slipping failures—no matter how poorly the knot was dressed or how poorly it was pretensioned.

This caused me some consternation. If a knot occasionally has mysterious failures that I can't duplicate, should we be using that knot for rescue work?

Suggestions by other climbers (and the temporary availability of a programmable load frame) prompted me to look at the possibility that these knots were slipping over time under repeated loading and unloading cycles, rather than by slipping when loaded for the first time.

Test Methods

I used a small MTS load frame to pull on a loop of 9/16" tubular webbing tied with a water knot. The load was cycled from 0 to 250 pounds at a fairly slow loading and unloading rate (about two seconds per cycle).

Loads and extensions were measured directly by the load frame. The test was halted automatically upon failure of the knot.

Results

The test showed consistent slipping of one of the tails into the knot at an average rate of 0.0035 inches per cycle. A knot that started with tails almost three inches long failed in 806 cycles. It was interesting to note that only one of the tails slipped into the knot—the one on the “top” side of the knot.

A second test with overhand safeties on the water knot gradually slipped through 1.75 inches of tail at

about the same slip rate (0.0028 inches per cycle), and then cinched and did not slip any farther.

A loop tied with a water knot was loaded with a static pull of 200 pounds to check whether the knot was slipping by creeping. The test was run for thirteen minutes. During the first eight minutes, the loop elongated by 0.025 inches. After that, it had no significant elongation. The water knot seems to be affected by loading and unloading, not by a static pull.

A third cycle test was done on a loop tied with a single fisherman's knot. Over the first 750 cycles, the loop elongated by 0.247 inches. After that, no further elongation occurred. The test was discontinued at 1630 cycles.

Conclusions

Water knots definitely fail by slipping under cyclic loading. Low loads, such as body weight, are sufficient to cause failure. Other knots (such as a single fisherman's) tied in the same material do not exhibit this kind of failure. Overhand safeties tied on top of a water knot may prevent the failure, but do not guarantee it.

This is not all bad news for water knots. I now understand the mechanism of failure and know how to prevent it. This is a lot more comforting than using a knot about which I have suspicions.

I will always check the length of the tails on every water knot—and particularly every fixed rappcl anchor tied with a water knot—before trusting my life to it.

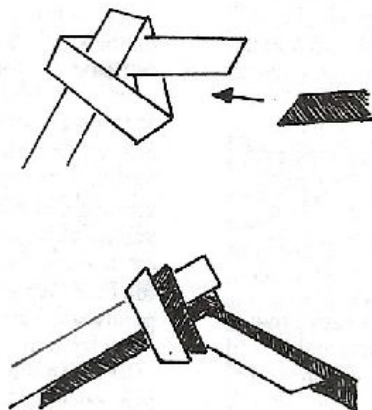
We will continue to use water knots in Salt Lake County SAR, and continue to require long tails on this knot as we always have.

△

This article is reprinted by permission of the author Tom Moyer, who works in Search and Rescue in Salt Lake County, Utah.

WATER KNOT

1. Tie an overhand knot in one end of webbing.
2. With other end of webbing, retrace the first knot in the opposite direction.
3. Leave long tails, and secure each tail with an overhand knot.



KIM HYATT

Seven Bits of Sky

—A BACKPACK IN OREGON'S SKY LAKES WILDERNESS—

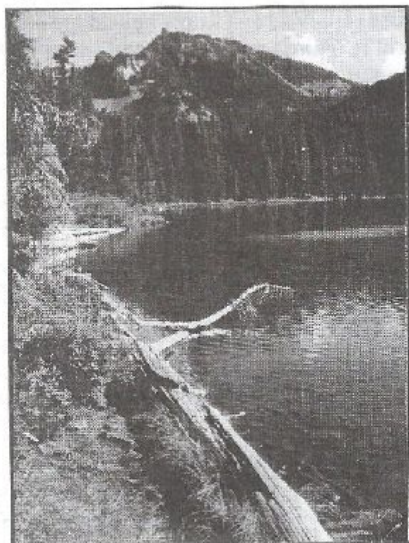
The large Sky Lakes Wilderness (113,590 acres) straddles the southern Oregon Cascades between Crater Lake National Park and Highway 140. The wilderness is famous for its myriad lakes, rugged country, 9495-foot Mount McLoughlin (Mount Pit), and zillions and zillions of mosquitoes.

I scheduled a Chemeketa Club backpack for September 1998 when most of the skeeters should be gone and we could settle for the area's more beneficent charms.

About a third of the way south from Crater Lake may be found the Seven Lakes Basin. Besides its seven lakes this spectacular area is crowned by rugged 7431-foot Devils Peak. Obviously Devils Peak is not the highest in the wilderness. However, I think it is second highest and in many ways it is more interesting than McLoughlin.

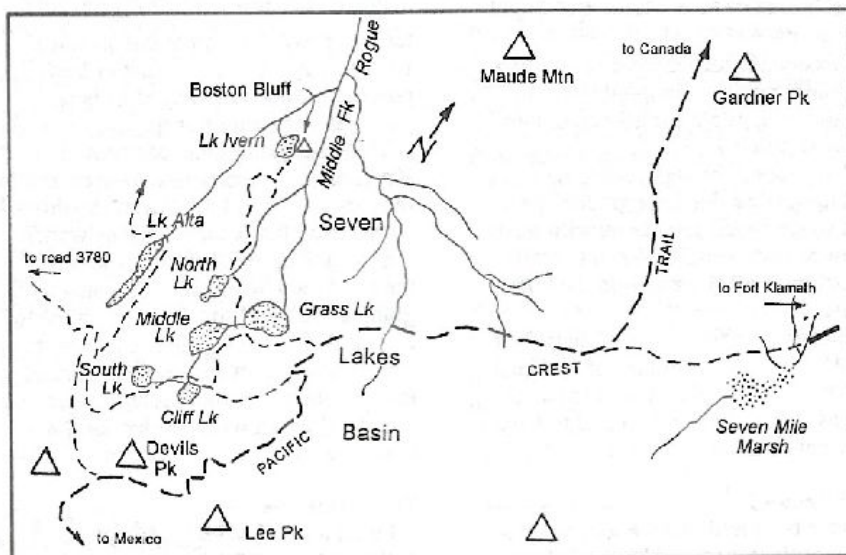
For my wife Paula's benefit I specifically planned a base camp-type trip. We would hike in, set up camp, and do a number of day hikes in the area.

As it turned out an ailing arthritic ankle kept her from making the hike. The takers were Dana Miley, who I had met once before, David Foulger, completely new to me, and Karen Hyatt from Eugene, who I met on the



Middle Lake and Devils Peak.

Kim Hyatt



day she was born. (Karen is my eldest daughter.)

The backpacker can find many ways to get to the Seven Lakes Basin. The Pacific Crest Trail goes through the middle. The shortest logical approaches are from road 3780 (Rogue River National Forest) to the west or road 3334 (Winema National Forest) to the east.

The west side approach is actually a little shorter but climbs 1700 feet to a ridge top and descends 600 feet into the basin. The eastern approach climbs gently 600 to 700 feet to the lakes.

I opted for the east. However, be advised that signs at our trailhead told us that the Forest Service is making plans to close down the present eastern trailhead (to repair severe erosional damage) and construct a new parking area and trailhead about 1½ miles east.

The added distance and elevation gain will make this entry somewhat less appealing.

SUNDAY—From Salem I drove south down the freeway to Eugene and picked up number one daughter. We crossed the Cascades on Highway 58 and drove south on Highway 97 to Chiloquin and back northwest to Fort Klamath.

From the middle of this sleepy little

village our approach road crossed a very flat piece of farmland and entered the forest. I had been warned that the forest road had been very badly damaged by flooding a few years back. I saw many signs of damage but the road itself was fine.

I understood that we would find a campground at the trailhead. We planned to spend the night before beginning our backpack. The Sevenmile Marsh "campground" could be the definition of primitive. We found one adequate john and a few places to park. That was the extent of the amenities.

At twilight Dana and David appeared on the scene. Tents went up and we settled down for the night.

MONDAY—Our trail immediately crossed Sevenmile Creek and after a half mile of traversing the steep side of a canyon, climbed up onto the plateau and ambled gently up through pine forest, about 1.8 miles, to a junction with the PCT. We stayed left and climbed gently southwest (an occasional short steep stretch).

At about the 4.5 mile point we came to a junction. We had a choice to make. Left would take us to Cliff and South Lakes. Right led to the two biggest lakes of the septet, Grass and Middle.

We opted for right.

Our choice was serendipitous. The Seven Lakes Basin has been heavily used and most of the campsites have been closed for restoration. There are several designated horse camps and at least a couple of designated backpacker camps (at Lake Ivern and South Lake). None of these camps has a view of a lake.

Of course the backpacker can set up his own camp, in the trees, well back from a lake. The basin features abundant flat area where this could be done. I found it very annoying that although I had spent a fair amount of time, on a couple of occasions, talking to Forest Service personnel, no one had bothered to tell me about any of this.

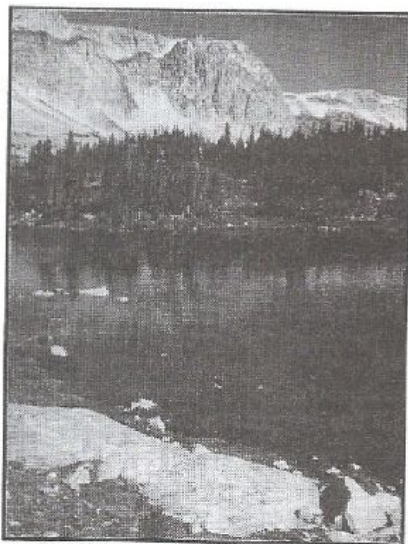
At Middle Lake we found the only legal camp (no sign proclaiming a closure) with a good view that we were to see in the entire area (with one notable exception, more later). We set up our tents and enjoyed a quiet afternoon.

TUESDAY—We donned our day packs and rambled north on the Lake Ivern Trail. Our path was very pretty with huge old growth trees, several lush springs, and a few rocky areas. The lake itself was nothing particularly exciting but some of the immediate environs were impressive. At the north end of the lake the terrain dropped precipitously into the valley of the Middle Fork of the Rogue River. Nearby rock banks afforded good views.

On the east side of the lake the map indicated a feature called Boston Bluff. David said he had never been to Boston. We would have to go. We saw no sign of the U.S.S. Constitution but massive cliffs allowed grand views to the east and south. After a leisurely hour or two we wandered back to camp. The total distance was in the neighborhood of 4 miles.

In the afternoon Karen decided she wanted to try hiking around Middle Lake. She asked if there were any takers. For some reason I was not feeling all that zippy-do, but Dana and David agreed to tag along. I had fun sitting at the lake shore and watching their progress, seeing them here and there as they hiked. Karen reported that a few marshy places caused minor difficulties. For the most part the traverse was fairly easy.

WEDNESDAY—Today was the big one, big, at least, for an old geezer like me. We hiked a loop, up and over the



One of the basin lakes.

top of Devils Peak and back. I think we covered about 8 miles and climbed 1700 feet, give or take a yard or three.

It's not rocket science: a loop can go in either direction. I did not make up my mind until we reached the junction. I mentally flipped a coin and we went clockwise. A good choice. Back east a little way to a junction with the PCT and then upward, ever upward. The terrain became more and more open with glimpses of the cliffs and battlements of Devils Peak.

We came to a knoll with a full view of Devils Peak to the west and long vistas of lakes, forest, and deep valleys to the north, ending with the jagged rim of Crater Lake itself. A stream gurgled nearby. There were a couple of good campsites. It would be difficult to imagine a more lovely place to set up a tent.

A few more switchbacks carried us to Devils Peak's east ridge and our first good views to the south, Klamath Lake and Marsh, and the remaining sweep of the wilderness including, of course, Mount McLoughlin.

The PCT does not go to the top of Devils Peak. The old original path did (there was once a lookout on the summit). The remains of the old route were still visible. I had been there many years ago. The other three took the side excursion while I rested on my laurels.

We were enjoying a clear, sunny day.

However, a brisk, cold wind whined across the ridge. This old hand has been around enough to recognize an approaching front when I feel it. No need to get alarmed. We had good tents and we were only one easy day from out.

The PCT traversed or ridge-hopped one-half mile to Lucifer Mountain and a junction. We turned right, leaving the Crest Trail, and traversed a steep, rocky slope downward to the north. Turning right at each of the next two junctions we dropped to South Lake.

After a longish rest stop we descended ¼-mile to beautiful Cliff Lake. The cliff referred to is the north face of Devils Peak. Before the place was beaten to death, Cliff Lake campsites would have afforded fabulous views and the deep waters would be great for swimming.

From Cliff Lake another ¼-mile took us to the junction where I had done my mental coin flipping. We had only a ½-mile of hiking to our Middle Lake camp.

THURSDAY—Morning found a few clouds around but the aspect did not look too alarming. We were not scheduled to leave until the next morning and what the heck. We again donned our day packs and rambled off toward Alta Lake. We climbed back up past Cliff and South Lakes and wandered north toward our destination.

Alta is a strange lake in a strange location. Very long and thin, the body of water sits in a cleft on the summit of a ridge. As we arrived clouds began blowing across the ridge. The lake would pop in and out of the mist. Temperatures were distinctly on the nippy side.

As we descended from Alta we returned to the sunshine and much

continued on page 23



Boston Bluff.

Kim Hyatt

Kim Hyatt

ROGER GRAY and BOB MCBRIDE

Paddling the Lower Columbia

—A VARIETY OF PADDLE TRIPS FROM SKAMOKAWA—

Roger Gray:

At the end of March a group of kayakers from the Olympic Kayak Club went to Skamokawa for four days of paddling. Seven people rented lodging at the Skamokawa Inn and made day trips in the area. Laura Boyle and I signed up for a guided trip with the Paddle Center.

The first day with our guides we were transported with our boats to Puget Island, upstream from the ferry landing, where we launched in rain. There were two guides and seven clients, who came from all over—Portland, eastern Oregon, and as far away as Santa Fe. The man from Santa Fe said he had seen more rain in three days than he has seen in years.

Our guides were Garreth and Nancy. In spite of the cold and wet weather they kept up a spirited commentary on the history and wildlife of the area.

We paddled through the sloughs of Puget Island, crossed Cathlamet Channel, passed under the bridge at Cathlamet, had lunch on a sand bar in a stunning burst of sunshine, then paddled back down through channels in driving rain, headwinds and two hail

storms, back to Skamokawa. That night we were treated to an outstanding meal at the cafe.

Saturday morning we set off downriver on the ebb tide for a short paddle to a beach next to Jim Crow Point. Our guides pointed out spots of historic interest, including places where Lewis and Clark had been.

We checked the high tide line from the last high tide and checked the tide book to estimate how high the next high tide, in the middle of the night, would be.

After a splendid dinner we stood around the campfire on the beach in the rain for a while, and went to bed in our tents early. It rained all night. Next morning there was ice on the tents. At dawn I was awakened by about five acres of geese making that incredible cacophony of honking they do.

Nancy prepared a great breakfast of cous cous and oatmeal with dried cherries and walnuts. I've been eating this mixture for breakfast at home ever since.

Mid-morning on the slack tide we set off across the river toward islands on the Oregon shore. Spring is the time

for seeing birds on the lower Columbia, and Garreth was good at identifying them for us.

The rain continued as we paddled through the flooded islands. Everyone was in agreement when Nancy suggested heading to our landing at Knappa.

As we paddled down Prairie Channel next to the Oregon shore, my compass read about 25 degrees off what the chart indicated. I checked my compass with Laura's and they agreed. But Garreth assured me we were in the right channel. As we paddled on it became clear he was right. The chart indicates a local magnetic disturbance, but only of 3 degrees, not 25! I am still puzzled by the behavior of the compasses.

This was my first kayak trip with professional guides. It was comforting to be able to rely on local knowledge while finding our way through all those confusing islands and sloughs, especially in all that weather. It was a memorable paddle trip.

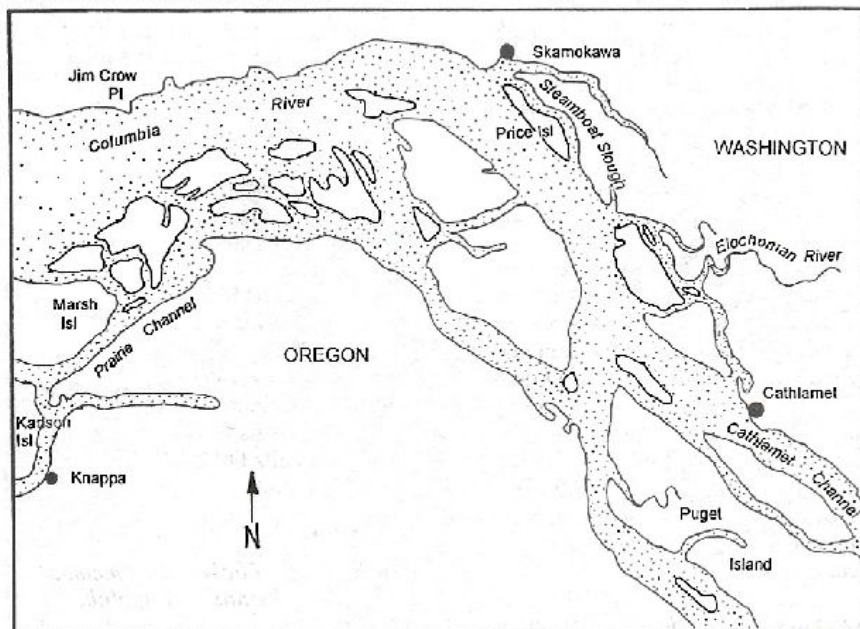
Bob McBride:

Seven of us rented an apartment called the Lott House in Skamokawa ("smoke on the water") for our four-day stay. The upstairs apartment is located on the water with a view of the big boat traffic on the Columbia River.

Upon arriving and checking in we launched our kayaks from the floating docks at the Skamokawa Paddle Sports and Outdoor Center. We paddled up Steamboat Slough and around Price Island, returning in the main channel of the Columbia. We saw a lot of lesser scaups with an osprey and some grebes.

The next day we launched from the boat dock again and paddled up the Elochoman River for about 2 miles and then up to Cathlamet where we had lunch with the Harbormaster who felt sorry for us having to picnic in the rain. We returned in the main channel with a nice current and tidal assist. We saw a large number of scaups and Canada geese.

On Saturday we loaded the kayaks on



the cars and took the toll ferry from Puget Island (Cathlamet) to Oregon. We launched at the old ferry landing at Knappa and paddled west on Knappa Slough, up through the channels around Karlson and Marsh Islands and then back to Knappa Landing. These two islands are located in the Lewis and Clark National Wildlife Refuge. No matter which way we turned that day, the wind always seemed to be in our faces. We saw thousands of scaups, a great blue heron rookery and lots of Canada geese.

On Sunday, since everything was covered with ice, we hiked the trail through the Columbia White Tail Deer National Wildlife Refuge. This trail is less than 3 miles in length and had an assortment of birds and other wildlife.

On this trip we saw green winged teals, lesser scaups, great blue herons, grebes, cormorants, mallards, coots, Canada geese, turkey vultures and hawks along with several other species we could not identify. We also saw several white tail deer and a couple of nutria (a water dwelling rodent with webbed feet and a long, almost hairless tail with soft, brown fur, often dyed to look like beaver).



Paddlers approach the town of Skamokawa.

Shirley McBride

The two bedroom apartment with Hide-a-bed sleeps 6 people and can be rented through the Skamokawa Inn, 888-920-2777. Plan your paddles to take advantage of the high tide during the day.

For more information:
The Skamokawa Inn and the Skamo-

kawa Paddle Center can be reached by phone at 888-920-2777, or write:
Skamokawa Center
1391 W Highway 4
Skamokawa WA 98647,
or on the web:
www.skamokawapaddle.com

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Seven Bits of Sky

continued from page 21

warmer hiking. We ate lunch at Cliff Lake and returned to camp.

We had now visited all the lakes but North. Strangely enough, North was not far, less than ½-mile, from our Middle Lake camp but no marked trail went there. I had considered trying to find the lake cross-country but had not yet bothered. I woke up from my nap and there was David, claiming he had found the route. Would we like to go?

This time we all followed as David led us north on the Lake Ivern trail for roughly ⅓-mile. We saw no sign or any other indication.

If the hiker was alert he would see the path turning left and wandering off into the woods. Sure enough, the trail led to North Lake. Our education was complete.

The other three decided to see if they could find their way back to Middle Lake, cross-country. I returned by the trail so I could report what happened should they never turn up. I beat them back to camp by about five minutes.

The skies became more and more cloudy as the afternoon progressed. The sunset was stunning, ranking right up there among the best I have ever seen!

FRIDAY—Urgency called and I piled out of my tent about 5:45. My gosh, it was raining! I hadn't noticed. I had used my little one-man tent several times but had never been caught in the rain before. I can report that it works just fine.

We ate our breakfast, packed up, and headed down the trail. The rain fell lightly, off and on, not enough to really bother anything. Going in had been annoyingly dusty. No dust coming out yet not muddy either, just right. Karen and I were a little alarmed. It seemed too far to the last junction. A couple of sections did not look familiar.

Could we have rambled by without seeing our path? We hadn't. At the trailhead we tossed our packs into our vehicles and drove to Chemult for lunch. It was a great one.

Any bugs? Quite a few flies, the non-

biting, annoying variety, only a very occasional skeeter or two.

People? We saw very few people. We heard a couple of horse groups go by, in the distance. Our campsite was somewhat out of the way, off the Lake Ivern Trail. Of course September is very much off-season. Many more visitors should be expected in July and August, along with the bugs.

For information:
Butte Falls Ranger District
Rogue River National Forest
PO Box 227
Butte Falls OR 97522
541-865-3581

Klamath Ranger District
Winema National Forest
1936 California Street
Klamath Falls OR 97601
541-885-3400

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Kim Hyatt, of Salem, is a member of the Chemeketans hiking club.

MIKE TOROK

Downey and Pilot Peaks

—TAKING FULL ADVANTAGE OF A PERFECT SPRING DAY NEAR GLACIER PEAK—

The hardest part of doing a peak is getting the party to agree on a destination. When Mitch is picking the destinations, the peak is important. However, I look at access, brush, weather, view possibilities, snow conditions, etc. But this time Mitch wanted to do Downey Mountain.

I had wanted a two-day trip this late-April weekend when the forecast was for good weather, but when the forecast went to pot for Sunday, that was off. I decided to do a hard trip Saturday to take full advantage of the good weather forecasted and rest Sunday.

I figured I would go along with Mitch to Downey Mountain, then abandon him and continue over to Pilot Peak and then back to Peak 6640+ for sunset views. Downey is the lowest summit on the ridge so I had to get to a higher point for better views.

I had enlisted Matt and Greg and they were excited. We planned for sunset on the ridge hoping for wonderful alpenglow colors on the peaks. This would be a two-day trip for the price of one.

I had figured the stats at 13 miles and 6000 feet gain (I later found out I made a math error)—a reasonably hard day-trip!

Matt and I were a few minutes late meeting Mitch and Greg at the Downey Creek trailhead. Mike B. and Dave had already headed out while the rest of us left at 7:45am. We headed up the Downey Creek trail about a half-mile to 1760 feet and then left the trail heading up the ridge to the east-northeast.

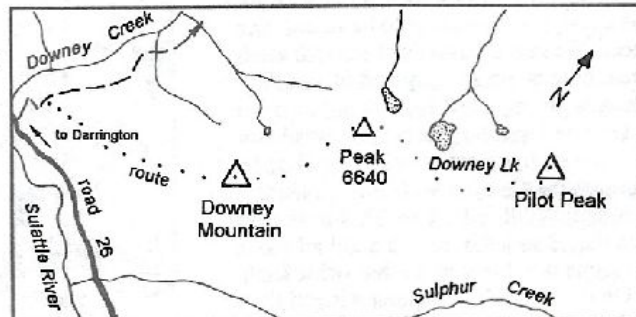
The ridge went great. One spot of concern was the area of close contours shown on the map. It

went without problem. We encountered absolutely no brush but some small down trees.

We were making great time, so Mitch started thinking. He was envious of my plan and seriously considered joining me in going on to Pilot. He asked if Mike B. would call home to say he would be late. We met up with Dave and Mike B. about 1200 feet below the summit.

We reached the summit of Downey Mountain around 11:30am. We had gained over 4500 feet and it was so easy, it felt like 2000 feet of gain. We ran into snowcover about 3200 feet. The snow was firm and we easily kicked steps to Downey.

We enjoyed wonderfully clear skies and breathtaking views. We identified countless surrounding peaks. Glacier and Dome were in full beauty in front of us. We could see the Bath Lake high route and other high traverses. It just



doesn't get any better than this.

Mitch started to waffle. The route off Downey looked a bit tricky. He looked at the map and started to assess the situation. The ridge I was thinking about running did not look that good.

If he joined us, he would be wasted for Sunday's trip. After quite a while of deliberation, he said he would be happy with Downey Mountain.

Mitch, Mike B. and Dave enjoyed over 2 hours on the summit of Downey Mountain. I would guess they were entertained by our progress (and probably thought we were crazy).

We left the summit of Downey a little after noon. It was no problem descending to a col, then to the basin where we put on snowshoes. We chose to descend to the basin at the second col down from Downey for less side-hilling and gain.

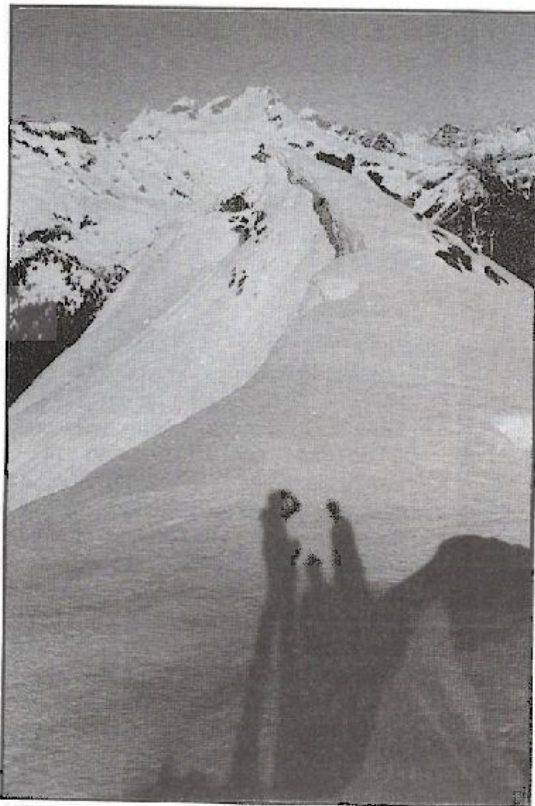
Around 1:20pm we crested the ridge and got our first views of Pilot Peak—wow. The views were super, picture-postcard. However we had a bit of work to get to Pilot Peak.

We determined the best route was to contour to the ridge above Downey



Greg, left, and Mike resting midway between Peak 6640 and Pilot. Pilot Peak is at left in background; Dome Peak is in the center.

Matt Burton



"5 o'clock shadows" on Pilot summit; Dome Peak in background.

Lake, then follow the ridge to the summit. Following the ridge over Peak 6640+ looked like it might not go (Mitch also saw this and factored it into his decision).

The snow was soft and very slow going. The person breaking trail had it hard while the others cruised. It took us what seemed forever to get to the ridge. We enjoyed fabulous views all the way.

Once on the ridge, we made great time. The snow was much firmer but we still needed the snowshoes. At about 6400 feet below Pilot, we debated taking snowshoes off and following the ridge. We tested snow conditions but it was too soft to go without snowshoes. We talked about scrambling the bare rock on the ridge. The scramble looked fun but could cost us time.

We decided to ascend just below the ridge crest with snowshoes for the next 300+ feet to the crest, then on to the summit. We walked to the summit with snowshoes. The views were absolutely wonderful. For the first time in the day, the wind had picked up and it was cool with one clothes layer. We enjoyed the summit for a while.

We dug through the cairn and found a register. It indicated ascents in 1970,

'71, '94, and '95. At 5:45pm we had to force ourselves to leave the summit.

We followed the ridge back and then on to Peak 6640+. We reached this peak around 7:45pm, plenty of time to enjoy the views and get ready for sunset photos.

We found a register in the cairn with the same person ascending the summit in July 1996 and July 1997.

We waited anxiously for the color to appear. It was exciting to be in such a place at sunset—a rare moment in time to be able to sit on a summit in clear skies and full winter beauty at day's end. As sunset came, color faded. The color of the sky was a bit disappointing. Oh well, next time. It was the incoming storm's fault by blocking the sun from setting over the horizon.

We left the summit of Peak 6640+ at 8:30pm. Greg was a bit worried how we were getting back when darkness set in. Matt, on the other hand, was still muttering about the

lack of color.

We took off the snowshoes and glistened several times (more than 1500 feet total) to the forest below. The moon was at three-quarters and it provided lots of light. We came out below the un-named lake north of Downey Mountain. It was no problem to descend the

forest with headlamps. We even found the trail that Beckey referenced shortly after leaving the snow. This trail looked like a built trail (not on any of my old maps). It switchbacked to the Downey Creek trail.

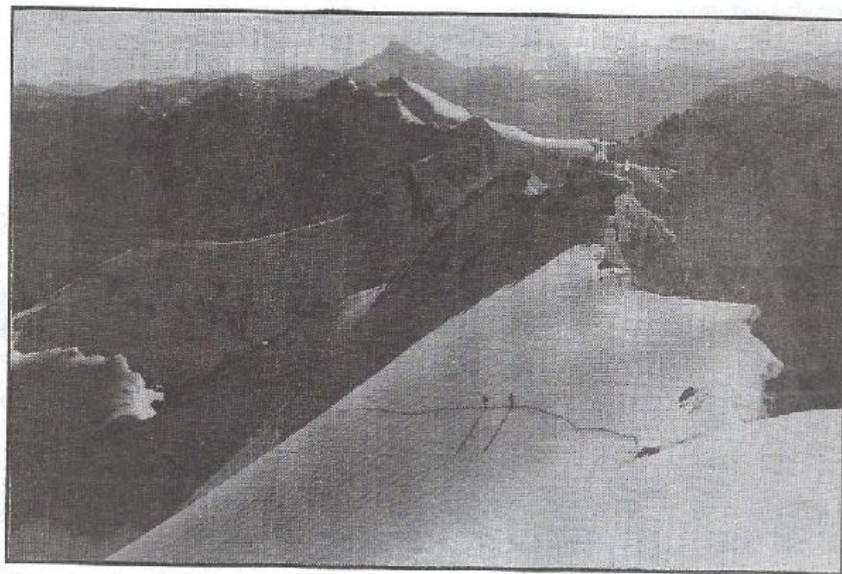
The old trail can be found about 2 miles up the Downey Creek trail and about 3 minutes past the stream coming down from the westside of Downey Mountain. You have to look very carefully for the faint tread; it's about 30 feet past a series of 4 to 6 old cut logs. The trail heads up about 80 feet, then starts switchbacking. We arrived back at the cars at 11:30pm.

Everything basically went according to plan. The skies were perfectly clear all day and it was relatively warm with little wind. Looking back, the worst part of the trip was coming out the Downey Creek trail. We had many big logs to climb over and several slides where the trail grade is gone. I think this trail is becoming lost and it could be re-designated as a "route."

We were tired but not trashed—yes, just tired. Our pace was not fast and we took plenty of breaks to enjoy the perfect day. I rested Sunday while the others played in the rain. The trip was 13 miles and 7300 feet of gain.

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Mike Torok lives and works in Seattle. He has been exploring the backcountry for over 20 years.



Returning from Pilot to 6640.

Matt Burton

Matt Burton

Gear: bivvy bags

Bivouac sacks used to be only for climbers, but today backpackers and scramblers who want an ultra-light shelter can choose to carry a bivvy sack.

Bivvy sacks typically weigh from 1½ to 2 pounds. Designs range from a classic sack to a mini-tent with tiny poles. *Pack & Paddle* tried two of the best ones on the market today: OR's Advanced Bivvy, and Western Mountaineering's Fortress Bivvy.

Our testers for this project were Larry Smith, Lindy Bakkar, Linda Rostad and your editor, Ann Marshall. Nancy South and Joan Watson helped, too.

...

Bivvies Aren't For Everyone

Linda Rostad:

I had never been in a bivvy sack until I crawled into OR's Advanced Bivvy. It was difficult to get in the bag past the poles, and I panicked when the solid top cover came down over my face.

I wasn't able to stay inside it for very long. I don't think I could ever sleep in a bivvy.

...

Outdoor Research

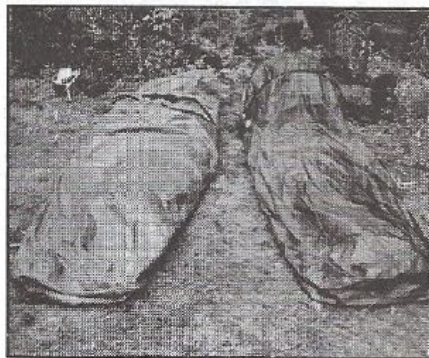
Advanced Bivvy Sack

Price: \$235 Weight: 31 ounces

Material: Gore-tex

Lindy Bakkar:

I had never used a bivvy before sleeping in the OR Advanced Bivvy Sack. I used it at sea level in November. It is spacious even though it isn't as big as the Fortress.



WM's Fortress, in front, and OR's Advanced.

I spent some time figuring where the pole sleeves were, even though I had studied the instructions beforehand.

The mosquito net doesn't have double sliders on the zipper. Having only one slider means I have to fumble for the zipper down in the corner.

The bag was warm and comfortable. I had room around my face and didn't feel cramped even with my eyes open.

When it started to rain early in the morning it was not hard to change the poles to the closed position. I did it by feel, in the dark, and it was easy.

OR includes an extra end piece for the poles because I guess they figure you're going to lose one. They are not shock-corded in or attached. I would like them to be a bright color, instead of black, so at least they are easier to see. (*Ed. Note:* After several uses of this bag and after losing one of the end pieces, I figured out how to keep the them from getting lost—just store them snapped onto the sack.)

Overall I really liked this bivvy. The

pole arrangement gives you protection from wind and rain without having the fabric over your face.

Larry Smith:

I used this sack in Force 2 hurricane weather during a winter storm at the beach, with winds topping out at about 80mph. Outside temperature was about 40 degrees. I used a Thermarest full length sleeping pad inside the Gore-tex sack, along with a small closed cell pad for my hips.

This is OR's top of the line bivvy, and it certainly comes with all the accoutrements possible for a sack! Some of the gadgets were integrated nicely into the design, while others may be "overkill." The bottom line for this sack is that it performed very well in intended function—warm, dry shelter.

The whole package is about the size of a Chihuahua (11x6 inches). The unit comes with a double set of anodized, pre-bent poles which form a "clamshell" hoop arrangement over the head.

The configurations allow for a variety of setups, including "open air," "mosquito proof" and "completely sealed." The little guides for the poles were not very sturdy, and I would anticipate their ripping after a while.

There are two velcroed straps inside the sack that held the Thermarest nicely, with no shifting. The hoop arrangement for the clamshell hood was easy to set up.

I found that the hooded area shifted around quite a bit, as the arrangement relies on integral tension to keep it



The OR sack with the lid up and the mosquito netting zipped into place.



The OR sack with the lid partially dropped.



The OR sack with lid dropped for bad weather. It can be zipped shut in wind.



The Western Mountaineering sack with top down in good weather.



The Western Mountaineering sack with hood over sleeper. Mosquito netting closes with a zipper.

smooth and snag free. The zipper tracks were sewn with double lap-felled seams at 12 stitches per inch—a great piece of workmanship. The stitching overall on the bag was superior.

The Gore-tex lining is bonded to small-mesh ripstop nylon. The “bathtub” coated nylon floor is smooth and

seamless. The toe-box is huge, and the whole bag is nice and wide. I was able to lift my knees without disturbing the integrity of the bag.

The simple and effective mosquito netting is integrated into the opening in a “half-moon” style, and there is a strategically located little clip that allows you to tie the netting off. I was able to read simply by draping the hood over my head. The integrated rain gutter on the hood seems quite adequate.

The bag was a bit hard to stuff into its carrying sack, requiring me to actually stick my tongue out a couple of times to “coach” it in! It’s about as big as a size 11 tennis shoe.

Pros: Light weight; simple design. Very functional mosquito netting and hood arrangement. Wonderful roominess. Superior stitching. Minimal condensation (a bit damp near my face in the morning). Comfortable “feel.”

Cons: Metal zipper pulls might be a problem in sub-freezing weather. Stuff sack is somewhat small for the bag.

Conclusion: I’ll take it! A great bivouac bag. Quick setup, roomy, easy to use and very effective.

...

Because any bivvy sack does not provide the protection that a tent does in bad weather, some climbers also carry a small tarp to pitch over the bivvy sack in storm conditions. If it seems to you that with this combination you might as well be carrying a tent, you probably will be happier with your tent!

A bivvy sack is useful for increasing the warmth of a lightweight sleeping bag, for carrying as an emergency shelter (its original purpose), for lightweight backpacking, and for solo trips.

△

shape. The poles did not seem to be “locked” into place as well as they could be, and I finally just put the whole hood in “closed” position after a fair amount of frustration. There are some guyline loops which would probably be handy if you were near something to tie off with.

Also, the zippers are very small, and tend to tangle with the fabric easily. You cannot work the mosquito net zipper with gloves on.

Once the clamshell was completely zipped, the unit was bombproof, and I felt secure even in the high winds and intermittent driving rain. There was plenty of room for me and my gear, with my boots at the bottom of the bag. The instructions also indicated that you can use your boots to help hold the hood up.

Pros: Bombproof. No shifting of sleeping pad. Roomy. No leaks. Easy to pack. Easy to stuff.

Cons: Hoop system needs improvement. Wimpy zippers. Fragile pole guides.

Conclusion: This bag was wonderful when it was completely closed up, with no condensation. The hood arrangement is a nice idea, but could use some more engineering to provide more tension in keeping it all together. I probably would not pay the \$235 for the bag, and would instead look for a simpler design that would perform the same basic functions.

...

Western Mountaineering Fortress Bivouac Sack

Price: \$138 **Weight:** 29 ounces
Material: Gore-tex top, coated nylon bottom

Ann Marshall:

I used this bag on a trip into the

Pasayten Wilderness in the fall, when temperatures were in the 20s at night. In design it reminds me a lot of my old Early Winters first-generation Gore-tex bivvy bag, but refined and modern. It was toasty, cozy, and very roomy.

Although this is a basic bivvy sack, it has some nice features which made it my favorite. I like the way the opening goes across the top of the sack, and not around the end. This meant I could store gear and boots, even my pack, in the expansive hood, and have the opening right at my face.

There is plenty of head-and-shoulder room for bedtime reading. And, when it got really cold, I could just slide down into the sack for more protection.

I started out leaving the mosquito netting open, not wanting to be “closed in.” But in the night I woke to see in the moonlight a small rodent poised inches from my face, about to explore the inner depths of the bivvy bag. I closed that netting in a hurry, and found that it was not at all confining, especially given the alternative. Both the inner and outer zippers have double pulls.

The bag is compact and easy to stuff into its sack. For part of the trip I carried it and my sleeping bag stuffed as a single unit into my sleeping bag stuff sack, which made it extremely easy to “set up.”

Larry Smith:

I used this beautifully constructed bivvy sack with a summer-weight bag in the Quinault Valley in May. The combination was quite adequate for the cool evening. The combination of ripstop nylon, taffeta nylon and Gore-tex makes for a very supple and durable bivvy bag with a comfortable “feel” to it.

The YKK zippers with big pulls were

BILL RENGSTORF

Evergreen Mountain Lookout

—SPIFFED-UP LOOKOUT READY FOR VISITORS—

In October 1990, volunteer leaders of Seattle Explorer Scouts Search and Rescue agreed with the Skykomish Ranger District to perform an historic restoration of the venerable Evergreen Mountain Lookout, located up the closed Beckler River road about 10 miles north of Skykomish.

Finally, in August 1998, the first finish coat of gray paint was applied and all of the windows held not just glass, but clean glass.

Other work included reinforcing pic-footings, dry rot repair, wall straightening, siding replacement, window frame replacement and repair, new door and shutters, new roof and lightning protection system.

To accomplish this, over 7000 work hours were put in and more than 120 workers were involved. The comfortable interior furnishings compare nicely with the originals that complemented the 14-foot by 14-foot building kit that was carried to the 5885-foot peak by packhorse in 1935, four years before Germany invaded Poland.

Since the 1920s there have been 657 lookout sites in Washington. Of those, 108 still have structures standing. Thirty-two of those are in western Wash-

ington. Also, 30 of them are staffed at least five days per week.

During World War II, Evergreen Lookout served as an Aircraft Warning Station. In the 1980s, six lookouts, including Evergreen, were placed on the National Register of Historic Places. Evergreen was last staffed for fire detection in 1987.

Visitors will find the window shutters raised in the spring between the end of May and the end of June, depending on snowmelt that regulates access of scheduled work parties. The shutters will be secured for winter on the last Saturday of September.

So far, the building remains unlocked all year and is available to all appreciative visitors who are willing to hike the 7.5-mile gated road, then a 1.5-mile trail—first come, first served. A party of 4 to 6 is about the right fit. (The building may be placed in a rental program in the future.)

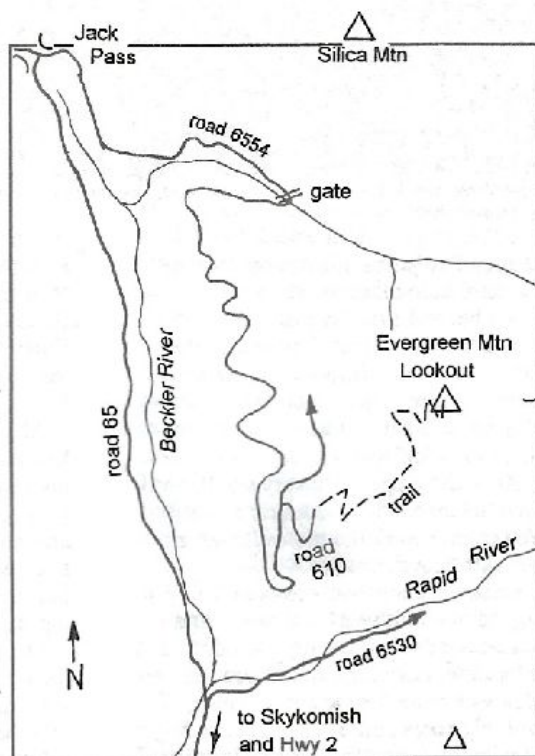
The road is well suited for mountain bikes and provides a mixture of a few thigh-burning uphill sections with gentle cruising. The brisk dash back down is well worth the pedal up.

The first third of the trail has some steep switchbacks through an old 1965 burn, followed by a gradual, nicely shaded approach to a large meadow that shows off a tremendous flower display in early August. From the meadow, the lookout is just around the corner.

Total elevation gain over the 9 miles is 3000 feet.

There is no reliable source of water near the lookout. The last seasonal creeks are only along the road.

For more information regarding overnight visits, contact John Robinson at



the Skykomish Ranger District, 360-677-2414.

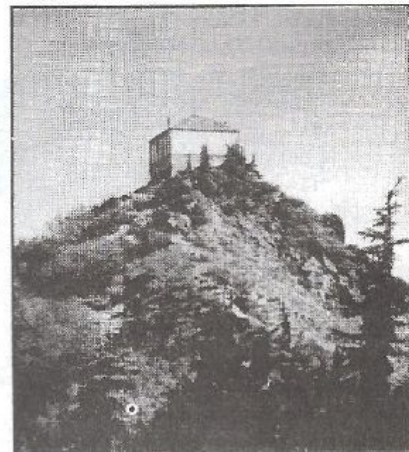


Bill Rengstorf is a long-time Scout leader, and a member of King County Search and Rescue, and the Forest Fire Lookout Association.



The lookout, shutters open.

Bill Rengstorf



Shutters down for winter.

Bill Rengstorf

MANNING PARK ROAD—According to an article in *The BC Mountaineering Club Newsletter* (May 1999), the BC government plans to put a road through Manning Park's "panhandle" section so International Forest Products Ltd. can log spotted owl habitat in the 18-Mile and 20-Mile Creek drainages.

The Western Canada Wilderness Committee says it is seeking support from US conservation groups, who have an endangered species act to protect the spotted owl, to join the fight to save the Manning Park spotted owls.

"The Wilderness Committee will work to defend the park and spotted owl habitat at all costs and we are calling on conservation groups on both sides of the US/Canada border to make this an all-out fight in defense of nature," said WCWC's Joe Foy. "Not one tree shall fall in Manning Park."

THIRD BEACH TRAILHEAD—Although Olympic National Park's Third Beach trailhead has long had a reputation as a prime site for car vandalism, the usual damage does not include bullet holes.

According to a Park news release dated May 12, rangers received word that a man and woman had returned to their rented minivan after a hike to Third Beach and found the rear portion of their vehicle heavily damaged by gun shots. Both rear side windows had been shot out, along with the rear window. Food and gear inside the van was hit. Another nearby vehicle was also damaged.

Investigators found several spent casings which reveal that the shots were likely fired from a semi-automatic rifle.

Three men are currently being held in the Forks jail on unrelated incidents. They are being questioned regarding their possible involvement in the Third Beach trailhead shooting.

At press time, Park spokesperson Barb Maynes told *P&P* that nothing new had turned up and that the investigation is continuing.

ACCESS PERMITS—When we planned our trip to Ancient Lakes we were reminded by Mary and Gene Sutliff that we needed to have WRA Access Permits to park at the Ancient Lakes trailheads or to camp overnight in the area. This is the first year that the Department of Fish and Wildlife is

checking for these permits, although we didn't even see a sign indicating we needed one when we entered the Quincy WRA.

The permits are decals that go in the back window of the vehicle and are available at any sporting goods store that sells fishing licenses. We bought ours at Fred Meyer. Every vehicle in the party needs one and the cost is \$10 plus a \$1 dealer fee. They can be used for access to any WRA and paddlers will need them for many launch sites.
—Ginny Evans, Renton.

ACID RAIN—Acid rain is still a problem in the Adirondack Mountains of New York, according to an article in *Adirondack*, the magazine of the Adirondack Mountain Club.

Although the National Acid Precipitation Assessment Program reported (August 1998) some success in reducing sulfur dioxide emissions since the Clean Air Act was introduced in 1990, the Adirondacks have not shown a decrease in acidity of surface water.

Approximately 25% of Adirondack Park's lakes and ponds cannot support plant and aquatic wildlife, reports the *Adirondack* article, and if acid rain continues at the current rate, by 2040 more than 40% of the Park's lakes and streams will be unable to support life.

For more information on the Adirondack Mountain Club and its efforts to reduce acid rain, contact:

Adirondack Mountain Club
814 Goggles Road
Lake George NY 12845
518-668-444

<<http://www.adk.org>>

RECORD SNOW—Two inches of snow in mid-May added up to 1124 inches for the Mount Baker Ski Area since November 1, 1998. This breaks the 1970-71 record of 1122 inches held by Paradise on Mount Rainier.

The record is unofficial until it is verified by NOAA's National Climate Extremes Committee. The process could take several months, but in the meantime, no one's arguing with Mount Baker's claim.

TEAL SLOUGH—The Nature Conservancy has purchased 338 acres in Pacific County from the Hancock Timber Resource Group. The parcel is adjacent to the Willapa National Wildlife

Refuge and supports one of the last coastal old-growth stands in southwest Washington. Some of the old trees are more than 35 feet in circumference and estimated to be 800 years old.

The Nature Conservancy purchase was made possible by a grant from Microsoft co-founder Paul Allen's Forest Protection Foundation.

The US Fish and Wildlife Service, which manages the Willapa Refuge, is going through a public planning process to add Teal Slough to the refuge.

GLACIER RESEARCH—Mauri Pelto, the head of the North Cascade Glacier Climate Project, has developed an extensive home page on his glacier research with data and images.

The address is
<www.nichols.edu/departments/glacier/>

If you have good photos of Cascade glaciers, Mauri would like to see them. He can be reached by mail at:

Mauri Pelto
Nichols College
PO Box 5000
Dudley MA 01571

Mauri and his research team will begin field work this summer at the end of July, visiting the Lynch, Columbia, Rainbow and lower Curtis Glaciers, as well as an extensive trip to the Honeycomb, White River, Whitechuck, Gerdine and Suiattle Glaciers on the south side of Glacier Peak.

JET SKI BAN—Effective June 1, personal watercraft such as Jet Skis, Waverunners and similar vessels are prohibited from all waters within the North Cascades National Park Service Complex. This includes the Park, Ross Lake National Recreation Area, and Lake Chelan National Recreation Area.

Specific waters include Ross Lake, Diablo Lake, Gorge Lake and the Skagit River within Ross Lake NRA (from Bacon Creek upstream), the northernmost 4 miles of Lake Chelan with the Lake Chelan NRA and the Stehekin River.

Superintendent Bill Paleck stated, "So far there has been very little use of personal watercraft in the Park complex. ...It's important for us to act before this type of use increases."

This restriction is only temporary. It will remain in effect until a final rule is published.

ENERGY BARS—These dense bars carry well in a backpack.

- ½ cup mashed ripe banana
- ⅓ cup brown sugar
- ¼ cup honey
- 1 tablespoon vegetable oil
- ½ teaspoon vanilla
- 1 egg
- ½ cup flour
- 1¼ cups multi-grain hot cereal or quick-cooking oats
- ¼ cup chopped pecans
- ½ teaspoon salt

Stir together the first six ingredients until well blended. Add remaining ingredients and mix well. Spoon batter into a greased 8-inch square pan. Bake at 350 degrees for 25 minutes. Cool completely before cutting into bars.

A batch of these bars from the *Pack & Paddle* test kitchen was passed around on a recent hike. Here are some comments from the samplers:

Lindy (a Powerbar fan) said, "Tastes good, but it's too heavy; too much moisture. How about putting it in the dehydrator?"

Joan said, "It's not any heavier than a Powerbar. Taste is okay, but would be even better with some chopped dates."

Elin said, "Good taste, very dense, looks like it will pack well without crumbling."

RATING THE BARS—*Backpacker* magazine recently reviewed several of the commercially-made "energy bars" on the market. Trying to find something to replace good old Nature Valley

Granola Bars, Lee bought the three top-rated bars in the *Backpacker* review: a Powerbar, a Clif bar, and a Bear Valley bar. We have been sampling them.

Neither of us liked the Powerbar (chocolate flavor) at all.

Lee did not like the Clif bar (chocolate chip and peanut crunch flavor), but I thought it was tolerable; not tasty, but edible.

Lee did not like the Bear Valley bar (fruit and nut pemmican flavor), but I thought it was tolerable; almost tasty, and certainly edible.

And the winner is ... good old Nature Valley Granola Bars. It looks like Lee will keep on eating them. (Not me—I don't like them.)—*Ann Marshall*.

BEANS AND RICE—This last January I was out snow camping in Tronson Meadows with Tom Hudson and those great kids from Explorer Post 84. I tried a new recipe working with a hot water kitchen. We call it "Good Old-fashioned Bean And Rice Food."

I like to put all the ingredients in a one quart Tupperware (or similar) container with a lid. The food travels well this way and is all ready to add hot water and eat.

Ingredients:

- minute rice, 1 cup
- dehydrated black beans, 1 cup
(PCC has them cheap in bulk)
- diced onion, 1 ounce
- diced red pepper, 1 ounce
- jalapeno, fine dice, 1 teaspoon

ground cumin, pinch
ground oregano, pinch
cilantro(fresh), chopped, 1 tablespoon

garlic, minced, 1 clove
salt and pepper to your taste
a blast of hot sauce of your choice
(my current favorite is from De-Laurenti's deli at the Pike Place Market; it is a very hot one but salsa or Tobasco will work just as well)
Cover all ingredients with boiling water, stir and let stand covered with lid for a 10 minutes. I like to add extra water to make it more of a soup, but this is personal preference.

The recipe is easily adjusted. You could use all dehydrated ingredients if going out for a long haul, but I prefer fresh if it's my dinner on the first day of a trip.

One precaution! It is advisable that all tent-mates eat the same meal out of a sense of fairness.

This not a very nice-looking dish but it sticks to your ribs, stays with you and tastes great, also provides complete protein for vegetarians. Try it and develop your own variation.—*Ian Mackay, Seattle*.

WIN FAME & ADMIRATION!

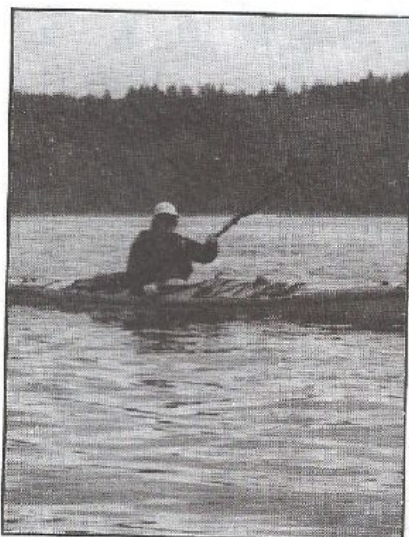
Send us your favorite recipes for hiking and paddling; a review of your newest (or oldest) piece of gear; a safety tip; or tell us about modifying or making your own gear.

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You Know You're a Mountaineer* When ...

- ... you really think wool is warm when it's wet.
- ... you actually know what the Ten Essentials are.
- ... you get out your climbing guides when the neighbors order their seed catalogs.
- ... you know your REI number by heart.
- ... your outdoor gear actually wears out.
- ... every Sunday morning you swear off hobbies that are expensive, expose you to rotten weather, require you to carry great weights on your back, deprive you of sleep, and make your body hurt. Monday, you start planning the next weekend's trip.

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



Kayaking in Colvos Passage.

FROM THE MAILBOX—"Thanks for putting out a great magazine. I use the trail reports whenever I plan a hike in a new area."—*Seattle*

"Each page brings magic into our lives with places to go that we hadn't even realized were there."—*Wenatchee*

"Getting about time to put away the skis and get the kayak saddles on the rack. We'll look for you on the water."—*Olympia*

HIKE DIRECTIONS—"Any chance you could make reference to the description of the hike as it appears in one of the Mountaineer guides?" asks a reader.

We have wrangled with that problem for many years. Some of the trails are not in guidebooks. Some of the trails are not on Green Trails or Custom Correct maps. Some of the trips aren't even in the climbing guides.

But the entire state is mapped on quads published by the USGS. So we have chosen to list the USGS 7½-minute quads with trip reports. It's easy to get an index to topographic maps for Washington, and with the index, you can locate the trip.

Then you can decide which, if any, of the many guidebooks you want to use for more information. It's not perfect, but it's the best solution we've come up with.

OUT-OF-STATE REPORTS—The USGS quad listing doesn't apply to hikes outside Washington. For those,

we use whatever the report writer wishes to supply in the way of clues—sometimes it's the USGS quad, or the managing agency, or county, and all of these are useful.

Y2K—The change of the year will bring chaos to *Pack & Paddle* world headquarters here in Kitsap County if we don't get our computer programs updated.

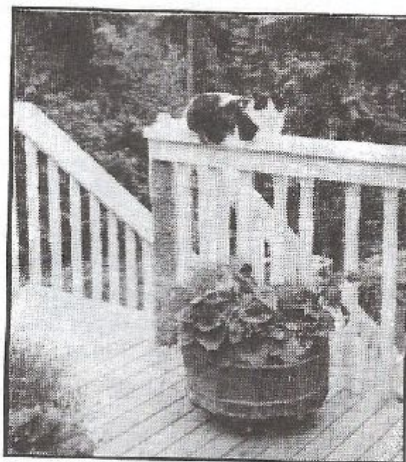
So we are in the process of making sure the office will run smoothly from December 31 into January 1. All subscriber records are being shifted to a Y2K-compatible program. We don't anticipate any problems during the transfer, but if you should notice that you've missed an issue, or that some glitch has occurred in your address, please let us know.

GLITCHES—Actually, it's surprising just how often glitches occur all on their own, without any prompting from the Y2K pixies.

If at any time you notice something amiss with your subscription, let us know so we can fix it.

WE MEET READERS—One afternoon recently while Lee was practicing his Eskimo rolls at Southworth, I was spotting for him from the comfort of a beach chair on the sand (and reading Lene Gammelgaard's *Climbing High*).

A man with a couple of cute kids walked down the beach and up the road, then turned around and came back. "You must be Ann and Lee!" he said. I allowed as how we were, and we had a



"The Puss," another member of YC's vast extended family, who resides with subscribers VB and MA.

nice visit.

Turns out he is Port Orchard subscriber Arnold Hunt, a longtime reader.

BIRDS—Maybe it's the cold weather we're having, but our varied thrushes are hanging around much longer than they normally do. Instead of moving up into the foothills, they are still foraging around in our sea-level forest.

We also recently spotted one of my favorite birds, the western tanager. There were three of them, all brightly plumed, who spent the morning flitting from bough to bough. I went from window to window to watch them, then finally took the binoculars and went outside to observe.

CUISINE—In spite of what Explorer Post 84 calls it, G.O.B.A.R.F. doesn't sound all that awful (see recipe on facing page). Ian Mackay is a chef—now, how bad can his cooking really be?

ROUTES AND ROCKS—Got a copy of *R&R* on your bookshelf? How much do you think it's worth?

Linda Rostad decided to see if she could find a second copy of *Routes and Routes* as a back-up for her well-used one. Looking on the internet, she found a place that deals in used books. They had catalogued five copies of the out-of-print 1965 guide, in various stores around the country.

She drove to the Seattle store that was listed as having one of the copies, and bought it for \$85. She says it is in excellent condition, and it came with all the maps, which are also in excellent condition.

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Ann Marshall

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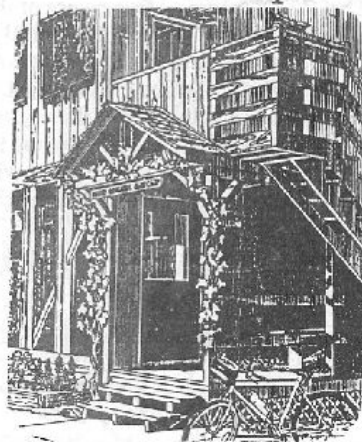
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