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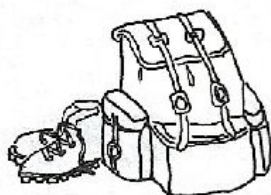


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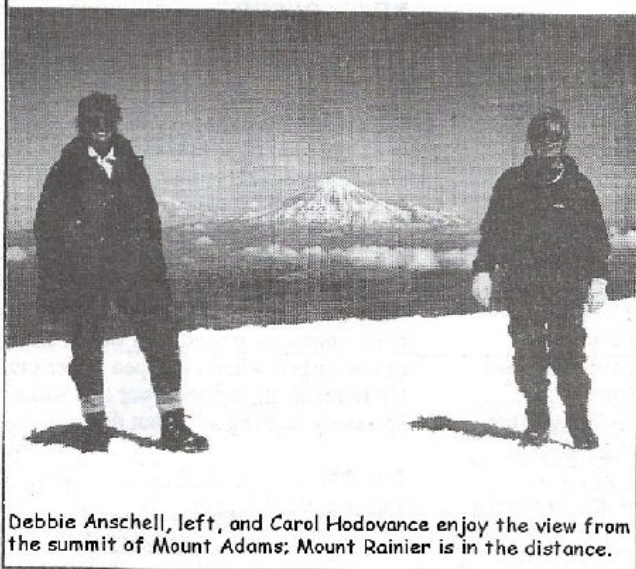
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VOLUME 8, NUMBER 7

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RANDOM VIEW—



Ken Hopping

Debbie Anshell, left, and Carol Hodovance enjoy the view from the summit of Mount Adams; Mount Rainier is in the distance.

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COVER PHOTO:

Zach Fischer, left, and Blake Dally, from Troop 85, enjoy the scenery from Suiattle Pass. In the background is Spider Gap, Chiwawa Mountain, and Lyman Lake. Glacier Peak Wilderness, Washington. Photo by Mark Owen.

HOW TO BE A PACK & PADDLE CONTRIBUTOR:

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ROUTES AND ROCKS

It was interesting to see what could be charged for a copy of *R&R* (June, page 31). Mine is a first (only?) edition, which I bought in 1973 at the long-defunct San Diego Ski Chalet and Mountain Shop in San Diego for \$5.

Though I have used and referred to it uncounted times in the last 26 years, it is still in excellent condition, as are the accompanying annotated topo maps.

While many things have changed since the early 1960s when Tabor and Crowder compiled the book, most of the backcountry included is unchanged, though the trails are not as well maintained.

While I have met quite a few folks who know of the *R&R* book, I seldom find anyone who is aware of another, soft-backed Tabor & Crowder *R&R* booklet I have, published by The Mountaineers in 1968 called *Routes and Rocks in the Mount Challenger Quadrangle*. This one is similar in layout and content to the well-known Glacier Peak region book, but covers only the one map quad area of the Picket Range, and includes an annotated topo.

Lee Stamm
Everett, Washington

PEAK NAMES

While many become upset with the sight of flagged routes, another form of insidious littering has seemed to take over our backwoods.

More and more people seem to feel the need to attach their own names to every unnamed peak, rock, bump or other natural feature they have "conquered." It appears we are doomed to hike and climb through a wild landscape cluttered with cute names.

One of the outcomes of this practice is multiple naming of even the most insignificant of "peaks." A typical example of this showed up in the description of an easy off-trail trip up a peaklet near the new Middle Fork Snoqualmie bridge, downstream of the Taylor River (Choir Boy, April issue, page 9).

This attractive little molehill has been given at least three names in the last few years. It was first named Stegosaurus in the *Middle Fork Plan*, which was published in the mid-'90s by the Mountains to Sound Greenway Trust.

Carl Dreisbach, in his 1997 *Middle Fork Guide*, calls it Taylor Knob. Now John Roper declares it Choir Boy in the April *P&P*.

Maybe we should have a name-the-knob contest. We could plaster the top with so many name tags there would not be room for anyone to get to its nice views up the Rainy Creek valley.

Ralph Owen
Issaquah, Washington

HOWS AND WHYS OF PEAK NAMES

I share some of Ralph Owen's sentiments (*above*) regarding names applied to mountain summits. Multiple names for one peak have long been contentious bones, as evidenced by the Rainier/Tahoma, Mox Peaks/Twin Spires, and McKinley/Denali squabbles.

Locally, my climbing friends "call" some unnamed summits by names that allow us to talk to each other about a peak in short-hand form.

Using Ralph's example, for 10 years or so, before, and not knowing his name, we've called his "Stegosaurus" (which is a good name), "Choir Boy," instead of "that cute little 2120+ foot summit at the base of Preacher Mountain, across the new Middle Fork Snoqualmie bridge, downstream from Taylor River."

It's easier. Plus, we middle-aged folks can remember a name better than an elevation number. We don't mean to step on toes. Call it what you want. Mountains should be fun. Generally though, we feel you ought to climb it before you call it.

Incidentally, to date, we have never submitted a peak name to the Washington State Board on Geographic Names (which is the official way to get a name approved for a USGS map), nor have we asked the Forest Service to sneak a name onto their maps. So, none of our names "litter" maps. Nor do they litter the mountains. Ralph will never find our "name tags" plastered on the top of any peak. (He was joking, folks.)

However, fluorescent-orange route flags are still garbage, and always will be, and they rob and ruin the sense of exploration for those seeking true wilderness on its own terms. Don't put flags up. Rip 'em down. You will be a

hero. Give your kids, and the climber after you, a chance to experience unmarked woods. Please.

John Roper
Somerset Spire
Bellevue, Washington

BIVVY REPORT

I was interested in the bivvy report (June, page 26) as I have been using a Western Mountaineering bivvy for several years now. I am very impressed with the construction and simplicity. It also cost a little less than the Bibler I was comparing it to.

I normally stuff the bivvy with sleeping bag inside as my norm is to sleep out or if weather is bad I set up my ancient Chouinard Pyramid. The worst conditions I have used it in was at Lake of the Angels when I camped under the CP in an all night downpour and woke up nearly floating away but dry!

David N
Tacoma, Washington

WRONG WAY

I must draw your attention to the report on Chelan Butte in the May issue (page 9). Wrong directions! The road to Chelan Butte is at the west end of the town.

Then it follows that if one is standing at the Butte summit looking north you would indeed see the South Navarre Peak and Sawtooth Ridge; however Stormy Mountain would be to your left, northwest, not northeast.

If one were to go to the east end of town looking for the road to Chelan Butte you would soon plop into the Columbia River and still not find the road. Trust me! I grew up in Chelan and on a recent trip there I re-confirmed that the geography is still the same as it was some 50 years ago when I left to seek my fame and fortune.

The sun still rises in the east and sets in the west and I recall many beautiful sunsets behind Stormy Mountain in the west.

Dale Graves
Des Moines, Washington

BACKCOUNTRY NEWS





REPORTS AND CONDITIONS

INTRODUCTION

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

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

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

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



PENINSULA



QUEETS and QUINAULT

(USGS Kloochman Rock, Bunch Lk)—Vinc maple buds were leafing into a pastel green foam against the magenta and blue columns of spruce trees. The campground was deserted and muddy. The solitary call of the winter wren still echoed through the canopy of green. The Queets was raging high with a pearl green runoff.

I swept the evergreen needles off the damp picnic table and boiled some tea water. The grip of winter was only barely starting to loosen its hold—a damp and chilly wind swirled around the fresh salmonberry blossoms, sending the pollinating insects into tailspins. The ground was covered with oxalis.

I took a long look at the river. I wanted to cross with my rubber raft, but decided that the river would probably win

if I tried. I slowly made my way out the valley, stopping to look at scenic little creeks and scenic larger elk.

Drove south down the highway and entered the Quinault valley from the North Shore road. I was lucky enough to follow a freshly graded track with no chuckholes. The upper Howe Creek valley was busting with snow, and I could see evidence of avalanches even from this distance. The Quinault River, in contrast to the Queets, was running clear. The emerald water flowed beautifully over smooth rocks.

Only one car at the trailhead. I smelled the elk all the way to the Pony Bridge, but never got a glimpse of them. The Wire Hole was a blue ribbon between gray rocks below the trail. I set up camp right beside the river just beyond Fire Creek.

As I was eating my simple dinner, Mr. Harlequin flew into the pool, flaps down and landing gear extended. He swam and dove, occasionally dipping one eye down, peering into the blue world of crustaceous bounty for the next snack.

My peripheral vision caught movement way up the river. That movement turned out to be three more members of the Harlequin fleet, coming in for a landing. They ignored me completely.

Slept to the rumbling river voices. Woke early and packed on out under threatening skies. Occasionally, a spot of sunlight would stab a golden beam into the moss understory, turning it into a metallic green carpet of light. — Larry Smith, Port Orchard, 5/19-20.



ENCHANTED VALLEY

(USGS Chimney Pk, Mt Olson, Mt Hoquiam)—Don, Al and I started up the trail at 4:30 full of pep and happy talk. By the time we had reached the picnic table, 2.5 miles, which seems to get lower in the ground every time we pass it, we had stopped talking, our pep had pooped and we were listening to the creaking sounds of our packs.

At 9:30, not having reached our destination of Pyrites Creek, we made camp around No Name about 8½ miles in. This site sits way down off the main trail and is a good, private area.

On Saturday, after hanging food, we left camp around 10 and hiked to the Chalet. There are some trees down across the trail that will need cutting. We went past the remains of an elk and the smell was overpowering.

We took the original old trail to save distance and see what shape it was in... stay with the new trail.

We put on snowshoes (easier traveling but not necessary) past Pyrites Creek camp. The route had been marked with ribbons, but they were unnecessary for those of us who make this trip every year.

We saw two bears and gave them the space they needed. We hiked across the massive snow and ice avalanche that destroyed all trees, underbrush, and the horse hitching posts. The area was covered with pine needles, tree limbs, and debris. Careful stepping was a must!

At about ¼-mile past the Chalet we crossed on a snowbridge that had gaps (we jumped) and then hiked back to the Chalet where we met Lynn the Ranger

BACKCOUNTRY NEWS

DEADLINE: July 20

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

and two other people (who had chosen to wade the "freezing" river). It took us until 3 o'clock to get here—hard hiking! We stayed only long enough to eat and hear about the raven that was pounding on the window. We made it back to our camp by 7 and saw a herd of elk.

On Sunday we slept in until 8:30 and hung around camp until 11. We decided to clear the trail ¼-mile each way from our camp. There was a sweet smell on the trail from some kind of brush. Back at camp the guys crossed a log spanning the river and scouted out the area. The rest of the day we spent reading, sleeping, and cooking. A couple came in and set up camp behind us, down by the river.

On Monday we awoke to a light misty rain. Made breakfast and hung around the fire, and by 9:30 we were packed up and ready to go. After climbing up out of the hole, Al looked down and saw one of our tent poles lying down there.

By noon the rain had stopped. Don chopped a small tree that had fallen across the bridge at O'Neil Camp. We met Connie and Edythe coming up the trail carrying umbrellas and knew right away they had to be Olympians!

Saw a total of six bears over the course of three days. We figured it was a record for the least amount of people to be hiking this year due to the snow. There were only 12 cars in the parking lot Friday night, and 18 cars Monday afternoon at 2.—Kerry Gilles, Don Abbot and Al Gregory, Grays Harbor Olympians, 5/21-24.



GOLD CREEK TRAIL

(USGS Mt Zion)—Lew and I tried to hike the Gold Creek trail off the Dungeness River but were stopped about 3 miles from the trailhead. Road damage is severe. We walked to the trailhead but, after about ½-mile, turned around at a washed out bridge. There was a large log crossing the rushing stream, but it looked a bit slippery and didn't seem worth the risk at that point.

We discovered we should have checked this website first: <<http://www.fs.fed.us/r8/olympic/onfrec/report.htm>>.—Tom Karasek, Lake Goodwin, 6/10.



LOWER BIG QUILCENE

(USGS Mt Walker, Mt Townsend)—Heather and I hiked this trail out and back for a 12-mile spring warm-up. The Lower Big Quilcene trail follows the river through a nice gorge and remnant old growth forests.

This is a low elevation hike; however due to this last winter we were post-



Robert Michelson

Madison Falls, Olympic National Park.

holing in snow for the last mile. With the recent warm weather, the trail should be snow free by publication. Several downed trees need to be negotiated and there is one tricky stream crossing, but this is a great early season hike all in all.—Craig Romano, Seattle, 5/14.



LAKE OF THE ANGELS

(USGS Mt Skokomish)—During our drive up the Hamma Hamma, we spotted a large black bear on a side road. We stopped for a look expecting the bear to run away. Instead it stood its ground, returning our stares. Finally, to evade our camera lenses, the bear took a few steps into the bushes.

The road is blocked 1.6 miles from the Putvin trailhead. An avalanche plugged a culvert and debris from spring runoff buried the road. Looks like a major repair job.

We walked the road past the trailhead, electing to start on the old logging road. This was a wise choice. We learned from other hikers that the trail is in poor condition with several blockages from avalanche debris.

Reaching the snow line at 3300 feet, we encountered a major avalanche track just before the lower basin. A wide swath of trees was sheared off 6 feet above the ground. The stumps, all leaning downhill, resemble a military defense perimeter.

It is easiest to cross the lower end where the track is not as wide. The trail leads right into the worst area. The local population of flies seems to enjoy feasting on hikers who slow down to

crawl over, under and around the mess. With road access blocked, it is not likely the trail will be cleared this year.

We followed a snow gully to reach the upper basin. Still 6 to 8 feet of snow-pack here. The waterfalls were nice with plenty of runoff.—Ken Hopping, Bellevue, 6/12.

HIGHWAY 101—One lane of traffic can now pass through the slide area. The highway department has a demand-triggered stop light on each end to alternate directions of travel. Expect a delay of approximately 4 minutes. Looks like a major job to reconstruct the road.—Ken Hopping, Bellevue, 6/12.



BLAKELY ROCK (NOAA

18449)—If you've taken the ferry to Bainbridge Island, you may have noticed a small rock pile a short way off the southeast shore of the island with a navigation light atop. This is Blakely Rock, at the entrance to Blakely Harbor—which is the country version of the citified Eagle Harbor (where the ferry lands).

Blakely Rock has a sandy shoal extending from its western edge which is exposed at minus tides and makes a convenient place to stop if you're paddling the east side of Bainbridge Island on a low tide since there is little in the way of public access on the east side of the island itself.

The starting point for this Sunday paddle was the boat launch at the Eagle Harbor Waterfront Park (see *Middle Puget Sound & Hood Canal Afoot & Afloat* for directions).

Launching from here is a real hassle if you abide by the time limits of the parking restrictions. A pay lot at the start of the business district on the main street is the best bet if you don't want to risk getting a ticket. The lot is ¼-mile or so from the launch ramp so you will need to figure out how to have your boat in one place and your car in another—for example, use wheels. The park area and adjacent road are currently undergoing redevelopment which may affect parking in the future.

It was close to 11:30 with the tide at a minus-3.1 feet when our group of 17 kayakers, including a number of new paddlers, set out from the launch ramp.

Before long we rounded the southwest entrance to the harbor where an old creosote plant was once located and headed down along the eastern shore of the island. Just before reaching the point we angled offshore toward Blakely Rock and by 12:30 were pulled up on the sandy shoal sticking out from its west side. The tide was at -2 feet.

BACKCOUNTRY NEWS

REPORTS AND CONDITIONS

As we ate lunch we kept a wary eye on our boats since the tide was rapidly coming in and reclaiming the spit. Two other paddlers pulled up while we were there and said they had spotted a gray whale surfacing when they were making the crossing. We kept our eyes peeled but never did see it.

A little before 2pm we were back in our boats with the tide close to +1 foot. There was still shoal exposed, but it was going fast. We headed due south to check out Restoration Point (private land) which is the southeastern tip of Bainbridge Island. The current was flooding which made for a quick trip to the point but also meant we had to fight it when we turned and headed back toward Blakely Harbor.

Blakely Harbor is relatively undeveloped in comparison to Eagle Harbor. In the late 1800s, though, there was lots of activity here, including a lumber mill. *Gunkholing in South Puget Sound* has a picture of those days with sailing ships jammed from one side of the harbor to the other. Today all that remains is a dam at the west of the harbor which was used to form a log pond.

After a time-out for some wet-exit and rescue practice in the protected and warm waters of the harbor, we headed back out into the sound. The wind had picked up out of the north, creating wind waves of 1 foot or so which added a contrast to the tranquil paddle we had had so far.

Also adding contrast to today's paddle was the extreme tidal fluctuation caused by the sun and a new moon being in alignment. By the time we got back to the launch ramp, the tide had gone from -3.1 feet to about 11 feet and it still had another foot to go before it was at its high!—LGM, Port Orchard, 6/13.

LOWER SOUTH FORK SKOKOMISH (*USGS Lighting Pk*)—I repeated the short drive back up to the Skokomish Valley to feed my habit.

At the trailhead, that peculiar presence of marine vapor, so uniquely clean and full of anticipation, was just starting to give way to the power of the sun. The leaves of dwarf bramble and trailing blackberry displayed a handsome landscape of green in the gleaming air. The bleeding hearts were winding down their dance revue, making way for the pink stars of Robert geraniums. Heart leaved spring beauties were showing flowers of simple beauty.

The trail rounded a crest and started its drop into the valley. The view slanted down through great symmetrical pylons of fir and hemlock, the detail fi-

nally blurring into a leafy brine of sea-foam green. Fresh white stars of ruby beadlily glowed like small flashing beacons against the verdant ground.

I passed my previous turnaround point from the week before at one mile, dropping into a small floodplain. The creek was producing a snappy hiss, reminiscent of long rolls from crisp snare drums. Near the 2-mile mark, the trail crossed a larger outwash. Cottonwoods reared straight and true from the deep girdling gravels. Grasses and sedges rippled in the light breeze.

A beautiful stream, flowing darkly among upturned root wads, compelled me to explore its shaded recesses. The contrast between bright sun and deep blackness tested my optical quota of vitamin A! I was showered with sweet smelling cellulose chips as I accidentally grazed a rotten log spanning the stream. Minnows and waterskippers scattered away from the commotion. I was gratified to see those little fish—the glimpse of their hovering company is becoming uncommon in the Olympic streams.

I visited the very large trees at the 2½ mile marker, then turned around for the car. The cobwebs that had tickled my face and legs on the way in were already being rebuilt. Now, the distant voice of the river gabbed in the opposite ear. The new hiking direction provided a whole new perspective of the wonderful sights and sounds of a classic Olympic valley.—Larry Smith, Port Orchard, 6/17.



FORT FLAGLER STATE PARK (*USGS Nordland*)—

Heather and I, along with Adria and Josh, spent the warm afternoon explor-

ing Fort Flagler's beaches and woods.

From the visitor center we hiked out on to the beach. Flagler has some of the most walkable beach on Puget Sound. The old and very scenic pier is now closed due to plank damage. There is some bluff erosion going on too, but the walk around the tip of Marrowstone is pleasant and scenic. We continued our hike to the spit by the campground and then used the park's forest trails to complete our loop. The forest trails are empty, quiet, and just as enjoyable to hike as the beach. We completed a 9 mile loop, but you can go even farther.—Craig Romano, Seattle, 5/15.

NIGHT SKY—Astronomy teacher John Gallagher of Port Angeles will be on hand at Hurricane Ridge on Thursday, August 12, to present a program on the Perseid meteor shower.

Folks who want to take part should meet at the Visitor Center. A caravan will continue to Hurricane Ridge if the sky is clear.

Bring extra clothes and blankets. Telescopes will be provided. For more information, call the Visitor Center at 360-452-0330.

BRIDGES OUT—The damage total so far for bridges is four and a half.

The High Dose, Enchanted Valley suspension and Staircase Rapids Loop bridges are all out with major damage. The North Fork Sol Duc footlog has collapsed. The Graves Creek bridge has a load limit of one horse and rider at a time.—Ranger, 6/2.

AURORA RIDGE—Trail has been cleared of downfall 3 miles from the



A minus tide exposes the "beach" at Blakely Rock, near Bainbridge Island.

Lee McKee

trailhead to the top of the ridge. Between 3 and 5 miles from the trailhead 20 trees are across the trail. One of these trees, 4½ miles from the trailhead, is very large and is difficult to get around. Beyond the Eagle Lakes trail junction, expect many trees down, deep snow, hazardous slopes and snow bridges, severe route finding problems.—Ranger, 6/5.

SOL DUC TO DEER LAKE—14 trees down between Sol Duc Falls and Deer Lake. Deep snow begins at Canyon Creek bridge, 1 mile up from falls. Many hazardous snow bridges. Avalanche chute with tons of trees and snow up to 13 feet deep has obliterated the trail just above Canyon Creek bridge. Deer Lake is frozen. Snow from 5 to 10 feet at the lake Not recommended for most people.—Ranger, 6/19.

FLAPJACK LAKES—Snow starts at 2700 feet, about 1¼ miles below lakes. Lake still has 6 to 8 feet of snow.—Ranger, 6/20.

BARNES CREEK TRAIL—Past the turnoff to the Marymere Falls trail is a 40-foot washout, easily bypassed.

In another ¼ mile a 40-foot stretch of bridge has collapsed on a steep sidehill. It is difficult to continue hiking beyond this point. The footlog at the 1-mile mark is still in place. However, the far end of the log is located about ¾ of the way across Barnes Creek.

Crossing to the other side of the creek requires walking about 40 feet

through water about 1 foot deep.—Ranger, 6/5.

SEVEN LAKES BASIN—Deep snow, route finding problems, many trees down. Check in with a ranger before attempting a trip to the High Divide or Seven Lakes Basin. Expect 10 to 20 feet of snow in Seven Lakes Basin.—Ranger, 6/5.

NORTH FORK SOL DUC—The North Fork has been recently cleared to a short distance beyond the river ford at the 1-mile mark. The footlog at the river ford recently collapsed after being signed closed for three years. The river current is up at this time due to snow melt, so a safe ford is not possible.

The river can generally be forded with caution later in the summer. Until the Park replaces the collapsed footlog, the North Fork Trail provides a wilderness challenge similar to the Queets and Ozette rivers.—Ranger, 6/4.

MINK LAKE TRAIL—Trail begins (along with the Lover's Lane Trail) at the northwest corner of the Sol Duc Hot Springs Resort. The lower sections of the trail are melting out rapidly, but expect patchy snow within the first mile of trail. Less than two weeks ago there was 10-15 feet of snow at Mink Lake. Expect at least 5 to 10 feet of snow at this time.

There are 11 trees across the trail to the point where the trail nears the outlet creek. At this point the snow is very deep and there is no sign of the trail.

Routefinding may be very difficult.

Some water is running along the trail, there are many snow bridges, and the last mile of trail has steep snow slopes. Ice axe and snowshoes are recommended.—Ranger, 6/4.

LAKE CONSTANCE—Snow at lake is 8 to 10 feet deep in the trees, deeper in the open areas. Dangerous snow conditions on the Terrible Traverse; early morning crossing recommended.—Ranger, 6/8.

NORTH FORK QUINULT to LOW DIVIDE—The trail is clear of blowdown and in good condition for the first 10 miles. Snow becomes continuous at 12 miles. The 16-mile ford is currently three feet deep and 60 feet wide. Expect higher water levels as snow melt accelerates with warmer weather. The hand rope is still in place but crossing 20 feet downstream where the river is wider may be easier.

Low Divide is under 10 feet of snow. The shelter and ranger station are mostly buried and have extensive damage.—Ranger, 6/19.

OLYMPIC HOT SPRINGS—The Upper Hot Springs road is closed at Glines Dam. The one way hiking distance to the hot springs is 7 miles. A 4-foot diameter tree is across the road about 2 miles above Lake Mills, below Observation Point.

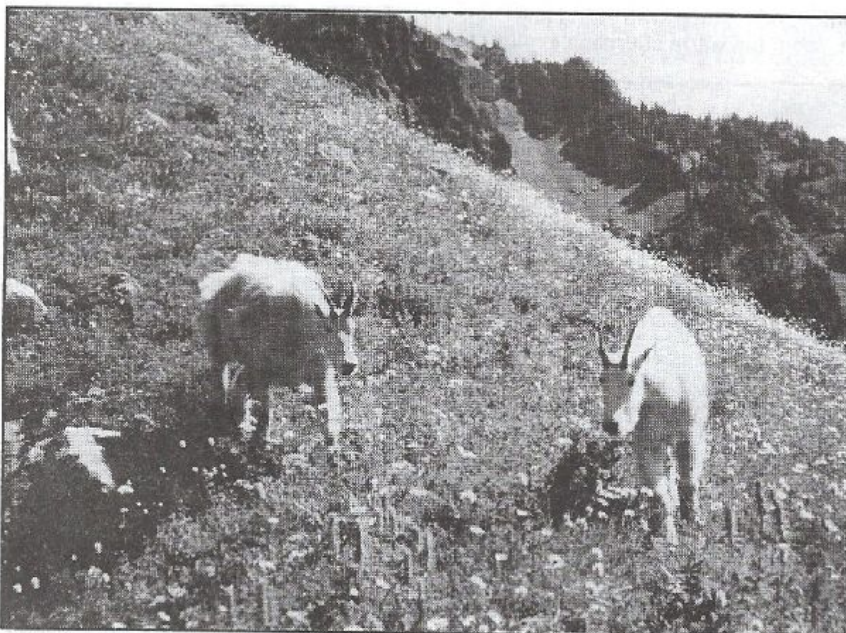
The old wash-out above the former trailhead has grown. One has to walk up the creek 75 feet and cross on a log. It is quite difficult getting to the log on each side. The trail and Boulder Creek camp are now mostly snow free.—Ranger, 6/13.

ENCHANTED VALLEY—The East Fork Quinault trail has been cleared to Pyrites Creek. There are numerous trees down Pyrites to Enchanted Valley. The suspension bridge at 13 miles is out. The river is high and dangerous to cross.—Ranger, 6/19.

ELWHA—Bears were active over Memorial Day weekend and as a result the trail between, but not including, Lillian River and Elkhorn has been closed to overnight camping.

Campers are required to hang all food at Humes Ranch, Lillian River and Elkhorn and are encouraged to use bear-resistant containers.—Ranger, 6/2.

DUCKABUSH—A massive landslide at 6.5 miles has closed the trail.—Ranger, 6/23.



Olympic goats mosey over to investigate hikers.

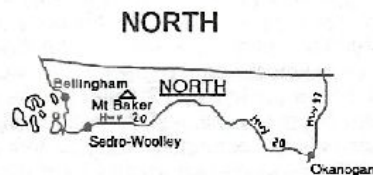
Karen Sykes

DOSEWALLIPS ROAD—Gate is now open.—Ranger, 6/23.

HOH—Trail is clear of downed trees for 14 miles. Snow begins at Elk Lake. Above Elk Lake travel is hazardous.—Ranger, 6/23.

BOGACHIEL—Trail has been cleared for 16 miles and is in good shape. 21-Mile Shelter has collapsed. Creek crossings are high.—Ranger, 6/23.

NATIONAL PARK—For information on fees, regulations, reservations, current road and trail conditions, call the Wilderness Information Center, 360-452-0300.



BAKER LAKE (USGS Mt Shuksan, Bacon Pk, Welker Pk)

—The bridges are in; trilliums, bleeding hearts and salmonberry are blooming, and the sun is back. Glorious!

The parking lot at the end of the road is huge, and the trail so fresh and new that the trailhead sign omits it. Take the Baker River trail until you reach the bridge in about 15 minutes.

Cross the long and very stable suspension bridge over the Baker River, then inhale the aroma of fresh split cedar as you cross Blum Creek. There are steel I-beams under these bridges and they look wonderfully sturdy, but so did the High Dose bridge (see the June issue, page 6).

There is a waterfall at the Hidden Creek crossing and a view of Baker at Noisy Creek. The lake level is still low—it felt something like being alongside a saltwater beach at low tide.

All the streams were full. I sloshed through several before an acquaintance caught me wringing out my socks and found a stick that would serve as a walking stick for me, so I could find the nerve to rock-hop.

There are lots of alders, moss-draped old maples, and cedars that rival the stumps out on the mud flats for size.

The trail had no mud, only moderate ups and downs, and meandered in a manner that would please a Japanese gardener. It is several miles down-river to the lake, but once there, the trail stays fairly close to the lake.—Ramona Hammerly, Anacortes, 5/26.

MOUNT BAKER, Coleman Glacier (USGS Mt Baker)

The final conversation that I had with the Forest Service personnel at Glacier was not the most encouraging: 2 miles of snow-covered road to hike, they were talking high avalanche danger, and no one had summited in the several weeks prior. Well, I'm always up for a reasonable challenge and I always take a "let's go see for ourselves" attitude. So that is what we did.

After a great breakfast in Maple Falls we met at snow line on Glacier Creek road 39. The snow at 9:30 in the morn was sloppy. It was sloppy all the way to our 6000-foot high camp at the edge of the glacier. I used snowshoes all the way but most didn't. Here we met up with Pete and Gail who had come in the day before. Pete said that it had been a little crusty that morning.

After settling in we watched the clouds which had been building all day thicken. Sporadic thunder boomed, then the snow began to fall. It snowed until an hour or so before sunset then cleared enough to give nice views to the north.

I woke a number of times in the night to the roar of the wind. At 1am I unzipped the tent and got a face full of spindrift and saw that our boots were covered with snow. Time to get going.

Outside it was blowing but clear and full moon glow shone over the top of Heliotrope Ridge and off to the north and east. It was glorious.

The snow was crunchy but proved to be a trickster ... really a breakable crust that provided heart-thumping, extremity-warming activity for the first 800 feet. Upon reaching the glacier proper the snow cooperated and due to the record breaking snowfall the Coleman was a virtual white carpet to the Coleman-Deming Saddle. I always find a time like that magical. The snow crunch, the full moon pecking from between the Black Buttes, the stars and the lightening eastern sky.

We crossed only three small (6-inch) crevasses in that distance and soon we had ascended the short ridge. Then we hit the wall ... the Roman Wall, that is. Although steeper than I had expected, it was no problem and we cramponned up (which we had donned at about 8000 feet).

Breathing hard we crossed the broad snow desert to the hump of the white dromedary. We spent an hour there resting and soaking up the views. The view was splendid all around, so many peaks I didn't know the names of.

The cold wind finally drove us to leave, passing our third rope team on the plateau. Wishing them summit

congrats we made our way back to camp, nearly swimming through the glop from about 7500 feet down.

Snow conditions over-all were great. The only lethal activity we saw was from the two small icefalls that abut the ramp to the saddle. Both discharged after we had passed that morning.

That was not at all as disturbing as seeing snowmobile tracks not only going through the saddle and down the Coleman but on the summit itself! —Dave N, Tacoma, with 8 OSATers, 5/29-30.

NORTH CASCADES NP—The Wilderness Information Center in Marblemount is open daily 8am to 4:30pm (extended hours begin 7/1). For information on permits, registration, regulations, call 360-873-4500 x37 or 39.

Thornton Creek road: Open first 3 miles; snowbound to trailhead.

Cascade River road: Open to MP 21; snowbound beyond.

Sibley Creek road 1540: Tree across road 1¼ miles in; avalanche over road just before trailhead.

Hozomeen road: open and graded.

Trails—Permits are required year-round for overnight stays in the backcountry. **Baker River:** snowfree and in good condition. **Big Beaver:** in good shape to Big Beaver Camp. Snow starts 1 mile before Luna Camp, which has 2 to 3 feet of snow. Lots of wildflowers and bears.

Desolation: snowfree 3½ miles from Lightning Camp. **East Bank:** Maintained and snowfree to Lightning Creek. Lots of bear activity. **Park Creek:** 5 feet of snow in Thunder Basin. **Pyramid Lake:** snowfree 1½ miles.

Sourdough: snowfree 2½ miles. **Thunder Creek:** snowfree to Junction Camp. Patchy snow by Skagit Queen. —Ranger, 6/15.

OKANOGAN NF—**West Chewch road 51** snowfree to within 2 miles of 30-Mile campground. **Eightmile road 5130** snowfree to 3 miles past Honey-moon campground. **Harts Pass road 5400** plowed to Cache Creek.

Buttermilk Libby road 43 snowfree. **Twisp River road 44** snowfree.

Lake Creek trail is snowfree to Black Lake. **Monument Creek trail** snowfree for 3 miles. **West Fork Methow trail** has patchy snow for first 3 miles, then solid snow. **Cedar Creek trail** has patchy snow to falls. **Crystal Lake trail** has patchy snow to Wilderness boundary; many small trees down.

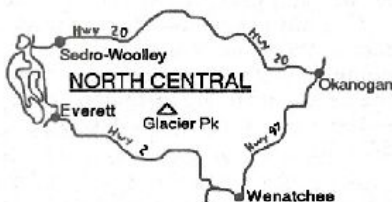
War Creek trail has 14 trees down before Wilderness boundary; snowfree past South Fork. **Twisp Pass trail** snow-

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free 2 miles. Eagle Creek trail has slide over at 2 miles; dangerous to cross. Lookout Mountain trail is snowfree. Oval Creek trail snowfree 1 mile.—Ranger, 6/19.

NORTH CENTRAL



ULALACH (Onion) MOUNTAIN and CEDAR BASIN

PEAKS (*USGS Whitehorse Mtn, Helena Ridge*)—Ulalach is the Chinook jargon name for onion. This peak is easily recognized from Highway 530, just west of Darrington, as a rounded (onion-on-its-side) form up Squire Creek with an impressive, dark north face, right of Jumbo, left of Whitehorse. On closer inspection, this wall turns out to be exfoliating granite, peeling off in typical onion-skin fashion. The other two peaks we did are to its left.

Dick Michelson and I drove the Squire Creek road 5.6 miles to its end from Darrington and parked at 1800 feet. We tip-toed across the healthy creek draining Cedar Basin, and followed the Squire Pass trail about 10 minutes through alders growing up in an old clearcut to the Boulder River Wilderness boundary/sign/register box.

After about three more minutes on the trail, we struck off left, uphill, cross-country through fairly open woods to hit a wide tongue of snow (talus later in the year) at 2800 feet under the imposing north face of Ulalach Peak, 5040+ feet.

This is a great early season route. We punched up the wide open snow slope,

twisting our necks every so often to look up at a nearly vertical 800-foot granite wall to our right. The ridge-top cornices were a little worrisome, but previous debris had stopped short of our intended path.

We gained the 4600-foot low point east of Ulalach, then followed the ridge west to the summit. Three hours, 20 minutes up.

This is a significant peak, with 440 feet of clean prominence, draining into both the Sauk-Skagit and the Stillaguamish Rivers. We enjoyed the fact that this summit appeared to have no evidence of previous ascent, probably because the route from the alternate approach from Squire Creek Pass looks to be a little tricky.

The views of the magnificent east wall of Three Fingers and the mysterious Squire Creek wall were worth the price of admission. With the day still young, we eyed, then footed the two summits north and south of where the words "Cedar Basin" appear on the map (Peaks 5080+ and 5400+).

We have names for them, but in keeping with this issue's spirit of minimizing name proliferation (see "Letters to Editor"), they will remain personal.

From both peaks, "Exfoliation Dome," which some have called "the hardest point in Washington to climb by the easiest route," was spotlighted by a sunray. Joe Vance's "Voodoo" could be examined in its entirety, and no good route up it appeared obvious.

We looped out on our exit down the ridge that led straight back to the car. Although it had some granddaddy old growth cedar and hemlock, it was messy enough not to recommend as a good uproute approach to this wonderful nook of North Cascades heaven.—John Roper, Bellevue, 6/10.

MOUNT PILCHUCK (*USGS Verlot*)—The access road is in terrible shape with huge potholes and leaning alder trees. We were stopped 3.5 miles from the trailhead by snow. High clearance vehicles were able to continue another mile.

The extra distance gave us more time to enjoy the sunshine. We stopped for a break on what appeared to be a curb log. What a surprise when we realized it was the top of the message board. That's 7 feet of snow at the trailhead!

We followed old tracks up the ski slope. One area just before the saddle showed evidence of snow slides from sun warmed rocks above. We moved quickly here to gain the summit ridge. Large cornices were a warning to stay well back from the edge.

The lookout was partially buried in snow, but the door was open. We had great views of the surrounding peaks during lunch. A short traverse east provided a spectacular view of the lookout perched on snow-covered cliffs.

The snow was much softer during our descent. We enjoyed chilling glissades down the ski slope. The final road walk left everyone a little weary. Our round trip time was 7 hours without snowshoes.—Ken Hopping, Bellevue, 5/22.



HEYBROOK LOOKOUT

(*USGS Index*)—We parked on the side of the road and hiked past the road closed sign and gate at 7:30am. Unlike our last hike this day was warm with beautiful sunshine.

This is a pleasant 4-mile hike on a closed logging road with only about 1000 feet of elevation gain. We passed several creeks on the way up. We had lunch at the lookout, 9:55am (the lookout house is gone, and the bottom set of stairs have been removed for safety).

We decided to return by way of the trail to Highway 2 (this involved a walk along the highway for 2.2 miles to get back to the truck—not recommended because of the narrow shoulder). We reached the truck at noon. A good way to do this trip would be to have a car at each trailhead to avoid the road walk.—Dan & Arnold Hunt, Port Orchard, 5/30.



GROTTO MOUNTAIN

(*USGS Grotto*)—Although I had climbed Grotto Mountain in 1990 from the south side, I decided to go with Grant Myers and Cec Thomas on their planned climb from the north.

From the Beckler River road, we took road 6510, then 6514 which heads west high above Eagle Creek. We drove about 4 miles from the main road, finally being stopped by snow.

After hiking up the road a short distance near a prominent horseshoe bend, we headed west, ascending a sub ridge that ends above Grotto Lake. Descending to the lake (3900 feet), we then climbed open snow slopes to the northeast base of the peak's rocky summit.

The peak's short, east ridge of granite rock offers an enjoyable Class 3 to 4 ascent to the top. We had a close-up view of the east face of Mount Baring and the impressive profile of the north face.

On the return trip, we climbed to a saddle east of Grotto Lake; then descended open slopes near a creek which brought us back to the road. Time up was 4¼ hours and 2 hours to get down.—Dallas Kloke, Anacortes, 6/16.

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

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ELEPHANT'S HEAD (USGS Chelan)—Chelan Butte offers some excellent wanderings this time of year. The bunch grass is green and fragrant; lupines, phlox, balsam root, mariposa tulips and a host of other desert flowers abound. The meadow larks are sonorous and there is no danger of post-holing!

Much of the relief that shapes Chelan Butte is fore-shortened when viewed from town and when one begins to explore the terrain many interesting ravines, glades and landforms reveal themselves.

The Elephant's Head is the name given to the prominent knob on the east end of the Butte overlooking the town and the Columbia Valley. I chose this goal for some after work exercise and relaxation. A big moon graced the deep blue sky and evening was just coming on as I left. The trek covered about 3 miles, round trip, with 1200 feet of elevation gain. Though I made the trip in an hour of quick walking, an afternoon or even a whole day could be spent exploring and enjoying.

Take the road headed south just east of the Chelan High School on Highway 97A in Chelan. Follow the main thoroughfare ½-mile or so past some apartments to the first undeveloped land. This is a landing area for the hang-gliding set and there are several windsocks and a Porta-potty. The Chelan PUD owns this land and parking seems to be okay.

Follow the old wheel track up as the incline gradually increases. The route makes a few switchbacks and angles easterly to a deep, narrow ravine. The wheel track ends at this ravine just below an old barbed wire fence. Cross this fence onto Game Department land and work up a grassy slope with the objective of crossing above the ravine where a small bench harbors a glade of old ponderosa. Follow a wheel track east along the contour to the Elephant's Head.

The view from here covers Stormy Mountain, the Navarre Peaks, Cooper Ridge, the Chelan River Gorge and the Columbia Valley—the perfect place to take in the fading glow of a late spring day. This ridge provides ready access for an assault of the Butte Summit, or further walks southerly to Daybreak Canyon. For the trip back I followed this upper wheel-track around to the west for a more circuitous route home. —Tim Hollingsworth, Chelan, 5/26.

DARRINGTON DISTRICT—Construction will take place on a number of trails this summer. Check with the ranger station for project status and updates: 360-436-1155.

PCT: The Skyline Bridge on the Sui-attle will have repairs to approaches and piers. Work will begin in mid August and be complete by October.

Beaver Lake trail: Repairs to the trail and bridge will begin in late summer. No suitable relocations were found around the washout, so this trail will no longer be a through trail.

Poodle Dog Pass: Work will begin in late June/early July. Trail closures are not expected, but could happen if necessary.

Other projects are scheduled for the Miners Creek, Elliot Creek, and Milk Creek trails.—Ranger.

STEHEKIN—Shuttle runs from Stehekin Landing 11 miles to High Bridge, and perhaps to Bridge Creek. Call for reservations and additional information: 360-856-5700 x340 then x14.

Stehekin Valley road: Open 11 miles from Stehekin to High Bridge. Closed beyond High Bridge until river stabilizes.

Boulder Creek: Snowfree to Hooter camp. Trail logged out for 5 miles. Lots of bear sign! **Company Creek:** Cleared by trail crew to National Park boundary. Dense snow, brush and trees beyond on Forest Service section. Scheduled for clearing in 2000!

Devore Creek: Trail crew has cleared to boundary. Beyond boundary is brush, snow, and fallen trees. The Forest Service plans to clear in 2000.

Goode Ridge: Snowbound. Road closed 3 miles before trailhead. 30+ trees down in first mile; approximately 100 by snowline. Trail crew is clearing.

McGregor Mountain: Trail cleared to Coon Lake. Snowbound beginning at switchbacks. **Purple Creek, Juanita Lake:** Cleared for 4 miles. Difficult stream crossing at Purple Creek, 2 miles. A few downed trees; snow continuous 5 miles from trailhead.—Ranger, 6/15.

ENTIAT DIST—509-784-1511. The Entiat Valley road is closed at the North Fork bridge due to high water. All campgrounds above the bridge are closed and campers have been evacuated. Call Ranger Station for current conditions.—Ranger, 6/22.

LAKE WENATCHEE DIST—509-763-3103. Chiwawa road 62 open to Schaefer Creek. White River road 64 snowed in beyond Tall Timber Ranch. Little Wenatchee road 65 has snow at Soda Springs. Smithbrook road 67 has snow at junction with Highway 2.

Lower Chiwawa trail 1548 is snow-free for 8 miles from Deep Creek. Dirty Face trail 1500 has snow beyond 1½

miles. Whitepine trail 1582 snowfree 2 miles. Merritt Lake and Rock Mountain have snow beyond 1 mile.—Ranger, 6/15.

CENTRAL



EAST FORK FOSS (USGS Skykomish)

The trail was snowfree as far as our group went, which was to the log crossing at 5 miles. The crossing itself is in good shape, with the same flattened log and handline that has been in place now for several years.

Talked to a party camped at the crossing who said they had made it to Necklace Valley where the snow is deep—up to the roof of the cabin—and the travel is tough.—Ann Marshall, Port Orchard, 6/20.

MOUNT SI (USGS Mt Si)

When my son Dan and I got to the parking lot it was raining lightly with low clouds overhead. We started up at 7:20am and made good progress, reaching the first viewpoint at 8am and the snag flats at 8:35. Dan went over and read the signs on the boardwalk. He said there was a fire that passed through here in 1910, and was stopped by the dense tree growth.

We hiked on and when we reached about 2880 feet it started snowing! By the time we reached the top at 10am, we were on 2 feet of snow with about 3 inches of fresh and it was still snowing. We couldn't see for more than 200 feet and we were both getting cold so we started down and reached the truck at noon. A great first hike for the season! —Arnold Hunt, Port Orchard, 5/2.

TAYLOR RIVER ROAD

(USGS Lk Philippa, Snoqualmie Lk)—We picked a fine weekend to visit the Middle Fork Snoqualmie country. Temperatures were soaring into the 80s after a cool, damp spring.

We drove up the rough Middle Fork road to the Taylor River bridge to the Y and then ½-mile more up the Taylor River road to the trailhead. Sections of this last bit of road are challenging to the low-slung family sedan.

The cliffs of Garfield loomed against a blue sky as we started out. The salmonberry and violets were still blooming. The skunk cabbage was farther



Robert Michelson

Balsamroot on Manastash Ridge.

along. There were also a few trilliums. We soon reached Marten Creek and crossed the rotting plank bridge. The falls were frothing with run-off.

Soon after Marten Creek, we came upon large snow patches. The snow had melted out of the trees but was still thick upon the flat, hard surface of the former roadbed.

We next came to Otter Falls. The falls lie a short distance from the road. We decided to find them on the way back. We had lunch on the concrete bridge over Big Creek. Noisy waters were sliding down a huge granite slab into the rocks below.

On the way back, we stopped by to find Otter Falls. Tiny Lipsy Lake gathers the waters slipping down the granite face before tumbling through a thickly grown willow clearing.

The walk out was very warm, but enjoyable. We saw a few mountain bikers who had the added challenge of lugging their bikes through creeks and around fallen trees.—Liz Escher, Lake Forest Park, 5/22.

▲▲▲ **POINT 4523 (USGS Lk Philippa)**—This peak lies about 1.5 miles northwest of Preacher Mountain and is the high point in the divide between the Pratt River and Rainy Creek.

Access: We parked at the Middle Fork trailhead and worked our way south in the woods along the river until we hit the valley drainage coming in on our left. From here, we proceeded uphill in open timber until we hit the base of Point 3964. At this juncture is some

brush that has to be dealt with. Eventually though, this gives way to timber and lots of snow.

Ascend southeasterly to the ridge defining the valley and then turn right and follow your nose to the summit (which was uncaired). Excellent views to the south and west.

No problems. However, the area below Point 3964 is avalanche prone (big time) so this fact has to be factored into plans for an early season trip.

Time: Allow 5½ hours.—Garth Warner and Rodger Galloway, Carnation, 6/12.

▲▲▲ **MOUNT PRICE (USGS Snoqualmie Lk)**—The weather promised to be spectacular the coming weekend, and Jeff, Eric and I were set on climbing a summit that would do the weather justice! Several choices were scrapped due to high avalanche danger, and Mount Price seemed to fit a number of criteria.

Driving up the Middle Fork Snoqualmie River road (about 13 miles), our adventure started upon heading up road 5620 just past the Taylor River bridge (calling it a road is a stretch). We parked at the Dingford Creek trailhead (elevation 1420 feet) and headed up the trail.

The Dingford Creek trail has nearly continuous snow beginning about ¼-mile past the tributary that comes down from Pumpkinseed Lake (elevation 2400 feet). The trail appears intermittently through the snowpack as far as Goat Creek, enough that it can be followed with care. There is an average of

2 to 3 feet of snowpack still around Goat Creek. This trail will need lots of work once it melts out, as there are dozens of major blowdowns across it.

Below the snow, much of the tread is in the usual rocky, eroded state. Conditions beyond Goat Creek unknown.

From the Goat Creek junction, we crossed Dingford Creek and climbed the north slopes of Mount Price to the summit (5587 feet). The map did not foreshadow any of the three cliff bands we ran into. We had to go through the first cliff band in a manner that wasn't going to permit down-climbing, but otherwise it was just hard, hot chugging up stable snow slopes.

The views were as fine as any in the western Alpine Lakes: Price is about equidistant from the clustered turrets of Garfield, the north faces of Kaleetan, Chair, Snoqualmie, Red, and Thompson, and the massive walls of Chikamin, Lemah, Chimney Rock, and Overcoat.

After simmering in the sunshine over an hour, we started our descent and glissaded back down till we were just above the cliffs. We were then able to locate a slope east of the cliffs that allowed us to descend safely to the basin. On our return, Dingford Creek had risen close to two feet, and was beginning to lap over our crossing log. We managed to cross the creek by crawling very slowly on that log and breathed a sigh of relief upon reaching the snow covered bank.

8 miles round trip; 4200 feet elevation gain; 5 hours and 45 minutes up; 3 hours and 45 minutes down.—Ihab S. Darwish, Seattle, 5/23.

▲ **SNOW LAKE (USGS Snoqualmie Pass)**—Five of us from Snoqualmie Valley Trails Club opted for a no-crowds trip to Snow Lake. We were in luck: between going midweek and having a 10-foot wall of snow at the edge of the parking lot, we saw no one all day.

We started at 9:15 and roughly followed the trail alignment far underneath the snow. Travel was good on hard morning snow until the big step in the valley floor at 3600 feet. It was necessary to kick steps to mount this. Then at the headwall where the trail switchbacks it was time for serious step-kicking. Only the leader brought an ice axe, and we were imprudent to proceed; however with a game group and glorious cobalt skies, we just couldn't say no.

So we spent the next 90 minutes setting safe steps up the next 600 feet. Fortunately, no one slipped even once, or we'd have really felt we'd been foolhardy. Without an axe, there'd have

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been no stopping other than a direct impact on a tree.

We lunched at the pass overlooking the completely covered lake, soaked up the warm sun and savored the delicate cooling breeze. There is still 15 to 20 feet of snow on "the big rock" at the pass.

We were not dumb enough to retrace our steps. Following the line of the old trail, it is a gentle descent into the basin that feeds Source Lake. The snow was firm and avalanche conditions negligible. With even moderate risk, it would be down-right stupid to be in that shooting gallery. However, conditions were safe. We even had one party member climb the 60-foot cone of snow that all the avalanches had piled on top of Source Lake.

We saw our first footprints of the day where some skiers had come down from Pincapple Pass. From there it is a quick mile back to the Alpentail parking lot over the well-packed trail.

We were just over three hours up and ninety minutes back to the car. We were fortunate; however, hikers would be wise to stick to the valley bottom and then use the old trail route until the snow melts off the steep parts of the trail.—Michael Leake, Issaquah, 5/26.

 **RED MOUNTAIN (USGS Snoqualmie Pass)**—Looking for a quick tour that would get me back to town in the early afternoon, I chose Red Mountain. As it turned out I made it even quicker than expected, primarily from necessity, not desire.


With an 8am start I zipped through the Commonwealth Basin forest. Once in the clear I could see the vast extent of the sloughing that this first major warm cycle of spring had caused the previous two days. The drainage coming off the west slope of Red had several feet of fresh debris, and the entire valley bottom showed signs that every slope had moved the day before.

After skinning up the avalanche fan of the Red Mountain drainage I booted it for a few hundred feet to avoid being directly in the main channel of the drainage. I put the skis back on and gingerly did many Zs up the west slope proper to the summit. The slope was softening as I ascended and I realized a quick exit was important, as all of the slopes would slough again this day.

Like most Snoqualmie Pass-area tours the terrain is steep and cliffy. My first few turns set off sloughs in just the first inch or two of snow, so I chose my line of descent carefully to avoid being above trees or cliff bands. Using big-radius, high-speed turns to stay out in

front of the slipping snow I raced down, turning sharply out of the fall line to rest and allow the slides to go by just as they nearly caught me. Such cat-and-mouse probably is not for everyone but it made for an interesting run.

In ten minutes I was back in the trees, leaving the valley to slide away in the late afternoon, and before noon I was in my Subaru.—Peter Krystad, Seattle, 5/23.

 **INGALLS CREEK (USGS Blewett, Enchantment Lks)**—With the lingering snow in the high Teanaway Country, I rerouted a June backpack to Ingalls Creek. It was good choice for an early season backpack. The flowers were blooming in abundance and the snow was melting rapidly.

The trail was busy this weekend, with Icicle Creek road access being blocked by a huge mudslide. There were two large horse parties sharing the trail with us, but all were congenial.

Our trip was Naturalist-oriented, so we tried to identify as many flowers as we could. There was a rare type of mountain orchid (fairy slipper) and lots of calypos. Farther up the trail where areas were only recently snowfree, the trilliums, yellow violets and early lilies were making a lovely show.

Plus several shrubs, such as service-berry, red-twig dogwood, bitter and chokecherry, and ceanothus were also blooming. There was lots of lupine and some late arrowleaf balsamroot, larkspur, mariposa lily, luina, penstemon and even a nice bunch of *Lewisia columbiana*. And roses.


We hiked up to about 1.5 miles beyond Falls Creek Camp. There was some old avalanche snow on the trail on both sides of the camp, plus scratchy brush. We encountered several downed trees. Boots and hooves are beginning to create bypasses to get around the larger trees.

When we set up camp, we took a short dayhike farther up the valley. There is another nice camp at the junction of Cascade Creek trail. There was not much snow on the south slopes of the Stuarts, just some lingering in gullies. The north-facing southern slopes of the canyon were bright green with young subalpine larches.

We got a good views of the western slopes of Navaho. Not much snow there on the bare rock. We hit more snow patches beyond the junction, lingering in the cool forest.

We had excellent weather on Saturday, a clear, warm day. Saturday night I saw some wispy clouds coming in. By morning there were light sprinkles. It

stopped, however, when we started hiking. By the time we reached Swank Pass, on Highway 97, it was raining. Good timing, again.—Liz Escher, Lake Forest Park, 6/18-19.

 **YELLOW HILL (USGS Teanaway Butte)**—We discovered this 5527-foot mountain while trying to find something to climb that was accessible in the current limiting conditions of snow on the approach roads.

The map is all you need for directions, but briefly, drive to the end of the Middle Fork Teanaway road, past the takeoff to Teanaway Butte and the Indian Camp campground. We never saw the trailhead for the Middle Fork trail. The road deteriorates but is drivable for part of the section the map labels "old spur road."


We began hiking at about 3300 feet. The trail as of 5/29 is mostly snowfree up to a nice plateau at about 4400 feet, with good views. From there you drop some, go over two more summits, and then start up in old growth, with no sign of the trail (under the snow), working mostly north.

The snow is steep in spots, and a little hard in the trees. Toward the summit, there is a clearing that allows you to guess where the summit is (it is not the rock outcropping, but is in the trees). The view from the summit is outstanding—south to Rainier, Goat Rocks, and even Adams. To the north is the Stuart Range—all of it!

We took 2.75 hours up. The descent was a little slow, trying to find our up-tracks in the hard snow, but round trip was only 5 hours, including lunch break.

The highlight of the day was an encounter with Bill Prater, his wife Barbara, and their dog. They made it up only a few minutes after Sasha and me. They knew us through stories in *Pack & Paddle*, and I knew of Bill as the founder of Sherpa Snowshoes and as one of the pioneers of climbing in the Stuart Range, with his brother Gene.

Of course, we all had the blessing of a perfect day, and a very nice mountain with the deceiving title of "Hill." —Warren Guntheroth and Sasha, Seattle, 5/29.

 **YELLOW HILL (USGS Teanaway Butte)**—The snowline had receded to the old growth forest, where Lee and I lost the trail and just headed north. We stopped at the rock outcrop below the summit for fine views and lots of sun.—Ann Marshall, Port Orchard, 6/16.

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EARL PEAK (*USGS Enchantment Lks, Red Top Mtn*)—We were able to drive within ¼-mile of the trailhead on Standup Creek before being stopped by snow. The first stream crossing was impassable due to high water, so we bushwhacked ¼-mile upstream to find a log crossing.

There were occasional glimpses of the trail through patchy snow. Previous experience was a big help in route finding. Instead of recrossing the stream, we stayed on the east side and angled across a steep open slope to intercept the trail where it crosses a side stream. We could hear water rumbling below our feet as we cautiously crossed on a snow bridge.

The gully here was littered with avalanche debris. On the open hillside were craters where small trees had been violently uprooted. Larger trees, up to 14 inches in diameter, were snapped off.

The south-facing slope was mostly snow free as we switchbacked up to a saddle. The main gully on the opposite side was another scene of avalanche devastation. The slide had surged a hundred feet up-slope toppling trees at the ridge crest.

We observed a large bare area near the top of Earl Peak and judged it safe to approach from below. A fine view of the snow-covered Stuart Range was our reward for reaching the summit. An incoming weather front produced interesting lenticular cloud formations above the mountains to the west.

Lunch was a welcome relief after our 5-hour trek to the top. The afternoon snow conditions were ideal for glissading on our return. We were back to the car with an elapsed time of 9 hours

and 4100 feet of elevation gain. Snowshoes not used.—Ken Hopping, Bellevue, 5/30.

TEANAWAY BUTTE (*USGS Teanaway Butte*)—My brother's dog Minto and I went to Teanaway Butte because deep snow was not expected, the trail is not heavily used, and it's a nice tune-up for other longer and more ambitious backpacks later in the year. It should have been an easy trip but I made some decisions which greatly increased the difficulty.

Drive I-90 to exit 85; head toward Wenatchee and turn on the Teanaway River road. Turn left on the Middle Fork road and head toward Indian Camp campground. The last bit of road is dirt but can be handled by any car. The trailhead starts at about 2500 feet.

The trail is really a road which climbs steadily. Supposedly it is closed to motorized traffic but we were passed by several motorcycles. Side trails lead down toward the east and 29 Pines campground so it is important to keep on the main trail which is always the left-hand option. We hit consistent snow around 4000 feet.

The Butte is several knobs clustered together, the highest of which is 4769 feet. The last ½-mile was slowed by detours around fallen trees and deepening snow. We reached the highest point and had the grand views to ourselves. After descending a bit we set up camp on a snowfree area.

Next day I decided to bushwhack from the Butte's summit down to the Middle Fork trail, which leads back to the car. This would make a loop trip far more interesting than the road on which

we had ascended.

We dropped about 1700 feet on mixed snow and rock and found the Middle Fork Trail. I was surprised to see no footprints in the snow, it being Memorial Day weekend and the trail leading directly to the campground. I soon discovered why.

The trail criss-crosses the river at several points but there are no bridges. The water was running strong due to warm temperatures and melting snow. As the crow flies we were only a couple of miles from the car and I figured that with some more bushwhacking and good luck we'd be home soon. I found a log which spanned the river so I scooted across on my duff. Minto didn't trust the log so plunged into the water, unbeknownst to me.

I looked back expecting to see him following me on the log but instead saw his head being swept downriver. He was soon beyond my sight and I had great fear that I'd seen the last of him. I scoured the riverbank for about 10 minutes, calling his name, and to my delight he found me. Soaking wet he was, but happy.

More river crossings were necessary because one side of the river would have impassable cliffs while the other had flat terrain which held the trail. At one point there were no logs for assistance so we had no choice but to walk through the current.

I kept Minto tied to me to avoid separation. It was wet, cold and required most of my strength, but we succeeded without incident. I never did find the remaining section of trail which led to the campground so we did our best bushwhacking. Made slow progress and got scratched up. Finally I heard distant engines so I set off in their direction. We emerged from the woods to an access road which brought us easily back to the car.

Looking back I can see the safest choice would have been to abandon my plan of following the river home, and re-ascending the Butte in order to return by way of the known route. At the time it seemed the least desirable option because it required the greatest effort. As it turned out I learned a few lessons and both Minto and I were very glad Monday was a holiday so we could rest.—Douglas Cuneo, Seattle, 5/29-30.

IRON BEAR TRAIL (*USGS Liberty, Red Top Mtn*)—A business trip to Wenatchee mid-week revealed that most of the snow was gone from the Swauk Pass area so we headed out for the Iron Bear trail. The trailhead is at the end of road 9714 off



Linda Rostad

Two hikers enjoy the view to Mount Stuart from the summit of Earl Peak.

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Highway 97. This is actually the Iron Creek trail. The Bear Creek trail comes up from Miller Creek on the Teanaway side, climbs in about 2 miles to a junction with the Teanaway Ridge Trail. Turning right (north) we followed the ridge trail about another 2 miles to a viewpoint for lunch.

A bit of snow the last mile, but it was not impassable. The views were great: the Stuarts and many minor peaks, including Navaho, Miller, Earl and Iron. Lots of splendid wildflowers; lupine, paintbrush and acres of glacier lilies.—Leigh Champlin, Seattle, 6/6.

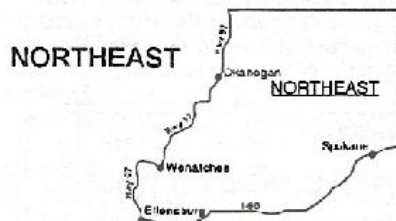
LEAVENWORTH DIST—509-548-6977. On 6/13 a mud slide came down over the Icicle road 1½ miles west of the Snow Lakes trailhead. Debris continues to flow down the drainage, causing temporary traffic delays. Road crews are working to keep one lane open, but expect delays of an hour or more while debris is cleared.

Snow level is about 4500 feet. Many trails are snowfree for the bottom portions. Call ranger station for current conditions.—Ranger, 6/15.

CLE ELUM DIST—509-674-4411. A new fee will be levied in the Cle Elum River valley around the head of Cle Elum Lake and River near Salmon la Sac for what is called "dispersed camping." The fee will be \$5 per vehicle per night. The funds will be used for portable toilets in high use areas.

The North Fork Teanaway road is snowfree to De Roux Creek. The Middle Fork Teanaway is snowfree to Yellow Hill trailhead. French Cabin Creek road is snowfree to 4.5 miles. Fish Lake road 4330 is snowfree to 1 mile past Camp Creek with limited turn-around space.

A climax avalanche in Bean Creek basin dumped debris on the trail from just beyond the Beverly Creek junction. Davis Peak trail is snowfree to Wilderness boundary. Wapatus River trail snowfree for 1 mile.—Ranger, 6/15.



CHOPPER (USGS Wenatchee)—Also known as "Long Pine Peak" and "Thimble," this round-

ed summit rising from the urban edge of Wenatchee offers a quick summit when available time is short. For locals, it makes a nice trip after work in the evening in the spring.

Rising nearly 2000 vertical feet above the Columbia River, it's relief provides fine views up and down river for several miles, as well as downtown Wenatchee directly below.

If visiting from out of town, try driving west on Castle Rock Street from Miller Avenue. At road's end, find a single track which leads away from houses. New housing starts in the area may change the approach. The most common ascent is from the saddle between Chopper and Castle Rock, steep class 2 on gravelly soils that invites a ski pole or staff.—Charlie Hickenbottom and Janet Stanek, Wenatchee, 6/11.

ANCIENT LAKES (USGS Babcock Ridge)—My 18-year-old son Travis and I took a day hike into this basin containing five lakes. Most of the grasses were dry and the flowers finished blooming. Tall lavender mariposa lilies were a welcome exception. The Ancient Lakes are fed by waterfalls emanating from the coulee walls. The sight and sound of these was incongruous in such a parched landscape.

Upon reaching the lakes about 1pm with the sun blazing, we took a nap under a shrubby tree near the lakeshore. After our siesta we decide to take the long way out along the south side of the coulee. We hadn't gone too far when we saw a bobcat patrolling the edge of the talus. We watched him for a long time but when Travis tried to get closer for a better picture the cat bounded effortlessly straight up the talus. We continued for a half hour, pausing only to feed a grasshopper to a black widow spider.

We then stopped to watch a pair of prairie falcons. These two were especially aggressive with the local ravens. They would spy a raven and immediately fly up a couple of hundred feet and stoop, wings beating to gain more speed. When they hit the raven it caused a puff of feathers and a squawk of protest. We observed a colony of cliff swallows with over three hundred nests.

We then followed a game trail up the coulee wall to a point where we could look down on Dusty Lake. We searched in vain for a way down to Dusty but all routes ended in cliffs. In the lengthening shadows, we slowly made our way back to the car.—Dave and Travis Parent, Freeland, 6/19.

SOUTH CENTRAL



IRON HORSE TRAIL

(USGS Snoqualmie Pass)—We started at Annette Lake trailhead and discovered several interesting facts. First—the bridge over Humpback Creek has broken on the west end and we found that the Forest Service has two logs ready to replace the broken ones that support that end of the bridge. The two main logs that cross the creek are okay now, but show signs of rotting.

The second fact, which we were told by the Park Ranger, is that the tunnel at Snoqualmie is now closed because there was evidence that the roof could cave in at any time due to water seepage. According to the Ranger, the State Attorney General's Office was involved in this decision. It is unknown at this time whether or when repairs will be done so that it may be reopened.

We hiked west on the Iron Horse Trail to Hansen Creek trestle (2.8 miles) where we turned left and visited the site of the old Mizpah cabin. You may find the trail on the east end of the bridge on the south side. The cabin has been long gone, but the fireplace and chimney still stand. We call it the Mizpah cabin because of the name cemented into the mantle of the fireplace. What is left is being slowly destroyed by vandals.

The trail that goes beyond the cabin site is growing over, but the trail down to Hansen Creek road is evidently well used. Our hike ended up being 7.6 miles in length with a gain of 740 feet.—Wanderbuns and Shortstop, Kirkland, 6/12.



BOOK MOUNTAIN (USGS Thorp)


—This is what some of the locals call it. Turn off I-90 at the Thorp exit and go right (south) on the Thorp Highway to Cove Road, turning right to the large parking area near the end of the road.

The trail begins at the end of the road and climbs fairly steeply to the ridgetop, where there is a memorial to the wrestling Coach from Ellensburg High School. This is a good lunch spot. From here you can wander as far as you want along the ridge for great views of the Kittitas valley, Umtanum Ridge, and in the distance, Mount Rainier and the Stuarts.

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This is far enough east to have sage brush, as well as pine trees. There were lots of wildflowers.—Leigh Champlin, Seattle, 5/23.

 **WAHPENAYO** (USGS *Mt Rainier West*)—The Eagle Peak trail disappeared under snow at 3800 feet elevation. We followed the ridge to the upper basin. The route to Wahpenayo Peak passes through a notch immediately south of Chutla Peak. There was evidence of past snow sloughs from the cliffs above, but warm weather had cleared the hazard.

A pair of juvenile marmots was out on the snow. They disappeared down a hole when we started up. It will be many weeks before their meadow starts to bloom.

From the notch we followed the ridgeline directly up to Wahpenayo. The summit was bare and sun-warmed rocks made a nice lunch stop. We could hear the boom of avalanche control from road crews clearing the Stevens Canyon road.


After posing for photos with Mount Rainier as the backdrop, we retraced our steps back to Longmire. Six hours round trip without snowshoes.—Ken Hopping, Bellevue, 5/24.

 **RAMPART RIDGE** (USGS *Mt Rainier West*)—The trail is well maintained. No flowers yet. Skunk cabbage in bloom in the Longmire meadow. Lots of trilliums were out on the road between the park entrance and Longmire. And three deer.

Snow patches start at about 3500 feet. Solid snow on top of the ridge, about 1 to 2 feet. It was raining hard so I had no views.

My intent was to ski from Paradise to Narada falls with a car shuttle. Heavy rain, fog and poor visibility at Paradise changed my plan. The 8 to 10 foot vertical snow banks on either side of the Stevens Canyon road where the ski trail crosses it were also a serious deterrent.

Snow line on the Paradise road is at about 3500 feet. There is 4 to 5 feet at 4000 feet.—Bob Michelson, Seattle, 5/31.


 **RAMPART RIDGE** (USGS *Mt Rainier West*)—The trailhead is across the highway from the National Park Inn at Longmire. A short nature loop (the Trail of the Shadows) leads to the Rampart Ridge trail. This is a good early spring hike, usually snow-free by mid June—but not this year!

It is about 2½ miles to a lunch spot at the high point of the ridge (approximately 4000 feet) with splendid views


of the Mountain. There was snow the last mile, but there were lots of boot prints ahead of us and the going was fairly easy.

Part of our group decided to return the way we came; the rest, however, continued to an intersection with the Wonderland Trail for a loop return to Longmire. They reported that the snow conditions were about the same. The camp robbers were out in full force, snatching at everything. One grabbed a whole granola bar from my hand.

Since the round trip of approximately 5 miles took only about 3 hours, including an hour at the lunch spot, we drove on up to Paradise to look around. There was still over 6 feet of snow there, and the Stevens Canyon road had not opened for the Memorial Day weekend as planned. It was a little too early for many wildflowers.—Leigh Champlin, Seattle, 5/30.


 **MUIR SNOWFIELDS** (USGS *Mt Rainier East*)—Heather and I spent my birthday weekend at the Paradise Lodge with the intent of doing some skiing and snowshoeing. The weather was incredible—60 degrees, sunny and not a cloud in the sky.

I have never seen this much snow before in my life—at least 20 feet at Paradise. Avalanche danger was extreme and we watched a rather prolonged one crash into the Nisqually Glacier. We snowshoed up to the 9000-foot mark, and then I skied down while Heather chose a more leisurely descent on snowshoes.—Craig Romano, Seattle, 5/22.

 **REFLECTION LAKES** (USGS *Mt Rainier East*)—Heather and I completed a 6-mile snowshoe loop from Paradise to Reflection Lakes via Mazama Ridge. The sun was intense and the snow was deep. We snowshoed from Paradise to Inspiration Saddle and descended to the Reflection Lakes, *sans* reflections. The lakes were 98% frozen.

We returned by way of Mazama Ridge and then dropped down to the Paradise Valley trail. This was the highlight of the day—the views out to the Tatoosh Range were stunning. Although hundreds of people were trekking up to

Camp Muir and the snowfields, we encountered only three people on Mazama Ridge.—Craig Romano, Seattle, 5/23.

 **FOSS PEAK, aka Bench Peak** (USGS *Mt Rainier East, Tatoosh Lakes*)—Foss is the 6524-foot peak northwest of Unicorn and east of Pinnacle. I don't know if the Board of Geographic Names has assigned an official name.

Party of eight left the Snow Lake trailhead at 9:15am. Last year, nearly the same date, there were avalanche lilies at the trailhead. This year, 10 feet of snow. An hour to Snow Lake. Snow is well consolidated with three to four inches of soft clean newer snow at the surface. The soft snow makes for difficult sidehill travel but glissades become greased lightning.

Up Unicorn Creek to ridgetop at 12:30. Because of the deeper snow pack voids around rocks in the boulder field are not a problem. We topped out at the only part of the ridge not dominated by massive cornices. By massive I mean combers 30 feet along the ridge extending 15 feet out into space. Needless to say we stayed well to the left side of the ridge as we ascended following a lengthy lunch.

Summit at 2:10pm. Actually to about 30 feet horizontal and 10 feet vertical of the high point. Good sense dictated we not go those last few feet. Looking over the edge we could see chunks of snow as large as automobiles that had broken off here. Time for oohs and aaahs and summit treat; left at 3pm.

Left ridgetop at 4pm. Two glissades to basin in upper Unicorn Creek. That is the point where parties headed for Unicorn head southerly. Then one 500-foot plus screamer to just above Snow Lake—great glissade with unimpeded outrun. Snow Lake is a serpentine turquoise ribbon. Bench Lake is snowcovered with a narrow turquoise border. At Snow Lake at 5pm and the trailhead at 5:45pm.

Beat the rain out, had high clouds all day but could see Mount Hood, Saint Helens and Mount Adams from Foss. Don't think I will ever get tired of doing this trip.—Paul G. Schauler, Olympia, 6/12.

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CARBON RIVER—The suspension bridge on the Wonderland Trail is in fine shape.—Ken Jones, 6/20.

❄️ **HAYSTACK ROCK to BULLION BASIN TRAV-ERSE** (*AAA Washington/Oregon*)—Jill and I were up a 6:30am with coffee in hand heading for Haystack Rock at Cannon Beach, Oregon. We were able to poke around the tidepools and take numerous photos in the coastal fog. Stopped for another cup of coffee and fresh bagels and headed to Seaside for a brief walk on the beach as the sun burned through the haze. Filled up the Explorer with fuel and headed north-east toward Chinook Pass for the opener.

Arrived at Cayuse Pass to see the road closed and plenty of Mountaineer vehicles parked. Not wanting to share the slopes with the masses, we headed for Crystal. Stopped at the slide path for "Big Bertha." Spoke to a ranger a few years ago about skiing the route but forgot about it. Looks nice and clear for next year.

Arrived at Crystal about 3pm and Jill and I headed toward Bullion Basin. Still good coverage, only a couple of bare spots to cross down low. Reached the first summit and had a great view toward Crystal. I can understand why Crystal plans to reopen on June 26—the coverage at the area is excellent.

Our late departure enabled us to begin our descent with perfect corn. Arrived home at 8:30pm to complete the traverse in 14 hours—a new Guinness Book record.—Zap & Jill, Redmond, 6/13.

👤 **UMTANUM CANYON** (*USGS Wymer*)—My daughter Kelly came down from Bellingham and said, "Dad, lets go!" Even though I was recovering from the flu it didn't take a whole lot of arm-twisting to get me to throw some gear in my pack. Besides, who can resist a beautiful redhead? We figured a little baking heat would be therapeutic so we headed over Snoqualmie Pass.

First stop; Robinson Canyon. This is a beautiful canyon west of Ellensburg. It is well-known to birders and other naturalist-types and most of this area is enclosed in the vast L.T. Murray Wildlife Area. This time we took the maze of rough dirt roads generally up and to the left until we arrived at the broad summit plateau of Manastash Ridge.

This area is truly a scaled down version of the Rockies, somewhat reminiscent of the Tetons. There are extensive lithosol flats with scattered groves of pines. In the background is the snow-



Mark Owen

Ron McMullen and Paul Cho climb the Upper Nisqually Glacier on Mount Rainier—1000 feet to go!

capped Stuart Range. We wandered around admiring the dwarf larkspur and sage. The flats were covered with sagebrush violets. Large-headed clover was abundant. The many closed bitter-root flowers made me wish I would be there a week or two later. We vowed to try to get back up there and camp on a clear winter night.

Next stop: Umtanum Canyon. Drove down from the ridge and into the parched Yakima River Canyon. Most people driving down Highway 821 could never imagine that there is a wonderful oasis of life just across the suspension bridge from the Umtanum parking lot.

There are generally two trails to follow. One begins just across the railroad tracks from the bridge. This trail follows the south side of the beautiful creek bottom through cottonwood and aspen groves. Parts have been washed out several times in recent years making this trail difficult to follow.

The other trail begins just across the short "No Trespassing" railroad bridge (just to your right after you cross the suspension bridge) and generally contours the base of Manastash Ridge on the north side of the creek. This trail is much easier to follow and passes through an ancient orchard of fruit and nut trees with blooming lilacs scenting the air.

Kelly made me go first so I would get most of the ticks. We made camp at the base of some basalt spires next to the creek in the cool of early evening. The "day shift" of birds was in a feeding and singing frenzy—chukars cackling, canyon wrens trilling, white-throated swifts and cliff swallows zipping and Lewis woodpeckers enthusiastically flycatching. A pair of prairie falcons in

the rimrock were feeding chicks.

We set out on a hike upstream to check out the beaver dams a half mile or so from camp. The beavers had also been displaced by the recent floods and had built a new magnificent dam.

The trail petered out just above the dams. It was apparently washed out but there appears to be a game trail that contours talus on the north side of the creek. We didn't take this trail because of the fading light. We went back to camp, pried a tick out of my scalp and went to bed.

I woke up at first light to a group of six orioles quarreling in the cottonwoods. I watched them and a pair of downy woodpeckers for a while.

I couldn't rouse Kelly so I set out on a walk alone. I sat down in an aspen grove to see what would turn up. I was soon rewarded with my first yellow-breasted chat. I was also frustrated trying to identify some warblers in the brush. A bull snake, suspicious but risking it, glided by. We didn't get to see a rattlesnake. (Damn!)

We followed the north trail back out and headed for home, stopping frequently to botanize, plan for future trips up side canyons and to feed an insect to an ant lion.—David and Kelly Parent, Freeland, 3/22-23.

▲▲▲ PURCELL MTN and WHALEHEAD RIDGE

(*USGS Purcell Mtn*)—Dick Michelson and I motored 100 miles from Bellevue to Randle. About 4 miles east of Randle, we turned left on Davis Creek road 63 and followed it 5.6 miles to the well-marked Purcell Mountain trail (the first portion of which still shows as a road on the new, busy 1998 Green

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Trails map). After a half mile on the trail/road, just past Davis Creek, where the real trail starts, another sign warns horsemen not to take their steeds up this route because numerous holes dug by mountain beaver make this path a booby trap.

We hit solid snow at 3800 feet and made our own way from here up Purcell's south slope, passing big trees marked for slaughter, no doubt, by orange spray paint. Though it is not particularly good-looking, Purcell Mountain (5442 feet) is worth a visit. It is the site of a former lookout, a commanding viewpoint with a notable prominence of 2242 feet, and is the second highest peak (after High Rock, 5685 feet) in all of this huge area of logger-loved land between the Cowlitz and Nisqually Rivers, from the I-5 to the Tatoosh Range. 2.6 hours up.

Next, we then struck off for the highpoint of Whalehead Ridge (5280+ feet), southwest of Purcell, possibly spotting a mountain beaver along the way (neither one of us had ever seen one before). Whalehead is a summit for mountaineers. It turned out to be a lot more "entertainment" than we bargained for. The southeast Ridge direct is the obvious, shortest route, but it looked to involve some class 5 climbing. A gully on the north side looked awful. We ended up dropping to the 4520+ foot saddle east of the summit, then holding and fudging this contour left around the south side of the massif. The wall above us to the right turned into an interesting, bare, wavy, broken, volcanic rock enigma that we wanted no part of. We finally made it to a point west of the high point, then climbed a gully of rock and snow to finish on the northwest ridge. The summit had an old cairn with no register. This took 3 hours from Purcell.

We returned to the car by heading back to the ridge above Davis Creek, hitting it at a point just north of Little Paradise (where the emphasis is more on "Little," than "Paradise"), dropping down a steep snow couloir north of the creek draining this basin, and picking up an old logging road at 2800 feet that led back north to the car. 3.5 hours from Whalehead to rig.—John Roper, Bellevue, 6/17.

MT RAINIER NATL PARK—Nearly 18 feet of snow remains at Paradise, 5400 feet. High trails won't be hikable until late July. Call the Wilderness Information Center for current info: 360-569-HIKE.—Ranger, 6/1.



LEWIS RIVER TRAIL

(USGS Quartz Creek Butte, Spencer Butte)—We are attempting to complete this entire trail from the lower trailhead at Curley Creek Falls to the upper trailhead beyond Upper Falls at Quartz Creek.

The best description for this hike, including a detailed map, is found in *Mount St Helens: Pathways to Discovery*. The description given in *100 Hikes in the South Cascades and Olympics* skims over the most scenic part of the hike, the upper 5.5 miles described here which include five beautiful waterfalls.

Although the road was free of snow, we parked our car in a snow-filled lot at the upper trailhead on road 90. Our destination was 5.5 miles downstream where the Lewis River trail crosses road 90. We encountered a few snow patches just at the very beginning of the trail; otherwise the trail was in excellent shape, the few blowdowns recently cut up and moved to one side. Under a cloudless sky, the sun sparkled off the swollen waterfalls, making them incredibly spectacular. In order, we passed Tainapum, Upper, Middle, Copper, and Lower Falls.

Just before crossing Copper Creek, locate a side trail going uphill to Copper Creek Falls. The other four falls are on the Lewis River itself.

More people visit the upper end of the Lewis River trail partly because of the spectacular scenery but also because of accessibility. There are access points from parking lots on road 90 ¼-mile by trail above Copper, Middle and Lower Falls.

Very nice people in a huge motor home parked at the lower trailhead drove us back to our car so we were able to do a one way trip. Since it was only 2:30pm when we reached the car, we opted to do another 1.5 mile hike to awesome Big Creek Falls and an overlook high above the Lewis River. The trailhead for this short hike is on road 90 downstream from our hike.—Ginny Evans, Renton, 5/22.



FALLS CREEK FALLS

(USGS Termination Point)—A *Waterfall Lover's Guide to the Pacific Northwest* describes Falls Creek Falls

as "a fantastic triple totaling 250 feet."

Words do not do it justice. Nor does its five-star rating in the guide. This might be the best of the best. It is a 1.7-mile hike from trailhead to the falls with a 500-foot elevation gain. Elevation at the falls is 2000 feet and there is no snow on or in sight of the trail.

The footpath is in excellent condition although six blowdowns about halfway up the trail need to be removed by chainsaw. Cross Falls Creek once by suspension footbridge and then cross another unnamed feeder creek by rock hopping. The trail ends just above the plunge pool of the lowest fall.

From Highway 14 take the turn-off to Carson. At Carson's only 4-way stop, turn right and drive 13.5 miles on Wind River road 30. Turn right at a street sign that reads "Wind River RD MP 14.38" (1.5 miles beyond the USFS Beaver campground). In .8-mile turn right on road 3062 and follow the signs 2.5 miles to the Lower Falls Creek trailhead. Only the last 2.5 miles is on gravel road.—Carol Riddell, Edmonds, 6/14.



LAKES TRAIL (USGS Spirit Lk West, Elk Rock)

—Sally joined Bill and me for a trip down to Mount Saint Helens. We drove along I-5 south to Highway 504 and then on to the Johnson Observatory. We stopped en route to hike the Lakes Trail. The hike is 6 miles round trip to the end of Coldwater Lake and 26 miles round trip to Bear Pass.

The hike along the lake is pleasant, meandering up and down with very little change in elevation. Like most of the trails in the blast zone, the trail is in the open and we got plenty of sun exposure. We saw three elk carcasses near the trail.

We saw this trail in the book: *A Complete Guide—Mt St Helens National Volcanic Monument* by Klindt Vielbig. This book is great for the area. The hike is also described on the material you receive when you purchase a pass at any of the visitor centers along Highway 504.—Jane Habegger, Olympia, 5/30.



DOG MOUNTAIN (USGS Mt Defiance)

—This is a favorite annual spring hike for us. We took a long weekend and did this hike twice in two days while staying in Hood River. The first day was eventful primarily because Bill discovered a tick had landed on him while we were walking under a forest canopy. I was able to pull the tick off his neck intact. This is only the second time that we

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have discovered a tick on either of us after a number of years of hiking.

The next day, Saturday, and our second hike to the top of Dog Mountain, we saw our first rattlesnake while hiking. It was right alongside the bottom part of the trail. We had read that there were rattlers on this trail but had never seen one on any of the previous times we have hiked Dog Mountain.

May and June are great times to do this hike. The wildflowers are spectacular. The renowned balsamroot with their big bright yellow daisy-like flowers was starting to bloom.

This is a popular hike. There were over one hundred cars at the trailhead this nice sunny day. With three different trails to the top, the area absorbs a lot of people but don't do this hike on a weekend day if you are looking for solitude! As usual there was the famous gorge wind at the top. We wore our Gore-tex parkas at the summit in spite of temperatures in the high 80s.—Jane Habegger, Olympia, 6/21-22.

DOG MOUNTAIN (*USGS Mt Defiance*)—Dog Mountain offers the best wildflower meadows in the Columbia Gorge National Scenic Area. The trailhead is on Washington state highway 14, east of Stevenson. Base elevation is about 150 feet above sea level.

The 7-mile loop trail ascends the 2940-foot peak from which you can see both Mount Saint Helens and Mount Hood—if you can tear your eyes away from the flowers long enough to enjoy the views.

I hiked the loop clockwise, choosing to take the gentler grade up and the steeper grade down. If I were to hike it again, I would go counter-clockwise to save wear and tear on my knees on the descent.

The trail is dry so take plenty of fluids. There is no snow left on the mountain. And if you don't take your dog to Dog Mountain, you will be in a distinct minority. Factor in plenty of extra water for your four-legged companion.—Carol Riddell, Edmonds, 6/13.

MT ADAMS DIST—Peterson Prairie Cabin is available to rent during the summer, too. Call 509-395-3400.

Goose Lake, Forlorn Lakes, South Climb, Indian Heaven Wilderness and most trails over 3000 feet are snowed in. Rate is 2 to 6 weeks behind normal.—Ranger, 6/15.

ST HELENS NVM—360-247-3900. Road 83 should reopen in early July. Road 81 is now open past Kalama

horse camp to road 8123. Road 25 is open from Randle to Pine Creek, and Windy Ridge should open in the next few weeks. Road 81-830 to Climbers' Bivouac should be open by the end of June.—Ranger, 6/15.



SOUTHWEST

RAINBOW FALLS STATE PARK

(*USGS Rainbow Falls*)—This is a delightful picnic and camping park. I went there to slow-walk on the nature trails, and for the flowers. The field was a sea of daisies and the floor of the woods was covered by scores of trilliums, Johnny-jumpups and many more.

Moss on the trees was soft with such a nice earthy smell. Everything was perfect except that I was the only camper on that Sunday night. It was not scary as I parked across the field from the Ranger's house and the restroom has lights inside and out.

Next year I'll bring more campers so we can enjoy a campfire to top off the day. On my way down I-5 and Highway 6 I sure eyed that old railroad track that would make a good trail.—Marian Mae Robison, Wapato, 5/2-3.

OREGON

EAGLE CREEK (*Columbia Gorge*)—My friend Darrell from Rainier, Oregon, recently retired, writes the newsletter for the Willapa Hills Audubon chapter but sometimes comes to Portland for a hike.

Few trails can claim as much gorgeous scenery per mile as Eagle Creek. However it is almost a given that the most scenic trails have the most maintenance problems. Eagle has been temporarily closed about three times in as many years.

After I talked to Darrel I verified that the trailhead was open. A friend who is a non-hiker also was invited along. On a nice Sunday the three of us drove to the trailhead and found it inundated with people at 10am. Undaunted, we headed up the trail.



Falls Creek Falls, Gifford Pinchot National Forest.

Carol Riddell

In about a half mile we began to see the slide damage. Whole huge trees had been swept down the steep slope. In another quarter mile we began to walk along the trail cut into lava walls with a steel-rope handrail. The hill above us was overhanging and water poured down on our heads. Wow! Refreshing! Eagle Creek was about 200 feet below. The trail was about 2½ feet wide and a stumble could certainly be fatal.

Then the trail re-entered the cool forest with a wide safe tread. In about 1½ miles we turned right on an overlook to take a look at a very beautiful falls. Everybody calls it "Lower Punchbowl" but it has a different official name.

A quarter mile farther (at 2.1 miles) we came to the real, the calendar-depicted Punchbowl Falls, the whole of Eagle Creek plunging over a lava lip into a well-worn stone bowl. One admires it from above—there is no easy way down to the "Punchbowl."

We asked Verne, our non-hiker, if he would like to turn back here. He said he was fine so we decided to hike onward. We arrived at High Bridge (4+ miles), which spans a very high and narrow gorge. Here we had lunch and again queried Verne. Stubbornly he insisted that he could walk anywhere Darrel and I could, and did not need to turn back. I knew Darrel wanted to see Tunnel Falls, so on we went.

Before we reached Tunnel (6-plus miles) I could see that Verne was fad-

BACKCOUNTRY NEWS


REPORTS AND CONDITIONS

ing. We turned the corner and it looked like the trail couldn't possibly lead beyond the overpowering wall of water in the foreground. The trail brings you right up to the fall and then leads into a dark tunnel (built by the CCC ages ago) behind the falls. You emerge from the tunnel onto a narrow wet ledge with a safety rope—this is the trail. It is quite thrilling, although completely safe.

One half mile beyond Tunnel Falls along a lava ledge, you come to Necktie Falls, which actually resembles a four-in-hand necktie. It plunges off from the level you are into the deep canyon below. Above Necktie the canyon widens and there are lots of "lunch ledges." Although one can continue to Wahnum Lake at 14 miles, Necktie is the end of most people's dayhikes. We rested, drank in the scenery, and started back.

All the way back Verne dragged his feet, obviously hurting. I knew I had done what I had hoped to avoid: I had killed him off on his first hike. Rats! says Charlie Brown.

Later Darrel thanked me, said it was the greatest hike he had ever been on. Verne told me that if I ever felt like hiking again, well, just go right ahead without him.—Jim Miller, Portland, 5/22.

 **HERMAN CREEK** (*Columbia Gorge*)—One week after Eagle Creek, Darrel and I met again to


hike Herman Creek, a little farther up the gorge. The trail starts a couple of miles beyond the town of Cascade Locks. It rises fairly steeply for $\frac{3}{4}$ -mile and crosses a powerline. In another $\frac{1}{4}$ -mile is a junction with a connector trail that descends, crosses Herman Creek on a bridge and joins the PCT. We kept straight. The trail became a wide dirt roadway and climbed steadily to Herman Camp, a wide place in the trail. Here is access to the Nick Eaton Ridge trail.

In a while we came to #1 waterfall. There are two waterfalls on the Herman Creek trail, and not a lot else going for it except old-growth trees and a beautiful forest.

Several miles of excellent tread brought us to the #2 waterfall. This was as far as I had gone and I hoped the trail would bring us down to the stream if we went farther on. It's hard to tell from the map.

This was not the case. The trail stayed in the woods, but steadily gaining altitude. We could hear Herman Creek below but never really saw it. At about 6 miles we met a couple hiking out and asked about the trail ahead. "It never drops down," we were told, "until you get past Cedar Swamp junction, a mile or so ahead. When the trail does come down to the stream, you must ford Herman Creek (not easy with all this runoff) then climb the steep hill and you're into snow."

Darrel and I paused for lunch, checked our watches with an ulterior motive, and decided it was turnaround time. We managed to get back to Portland before six and thus were able to partake of Gustav's Happy Hour menu.—Jim Miller, Portland, 5/22.

 **RUCKLE CREEK TRAIL** (*Columbia Gorge*)—The start to the Ruckle Creek trail begins with the extremely popular Eagle Creek trail. Most hikers will never set off on quiet Ruckle Creek because it climbs nearly 3600 feet in less than 4 miles to a forested plateau.

Heather and I thought it was a great conditioner. We found a ledge with incredible views of the river, and the most beautiful hanging meadows in the gorge. We also found solitude on this Memorial Day weekend. The trail was snowfree all the way to the 3800-foot mark, making

this 9.6 mile roundtrip hike perfect for early season wandering.—Craig Romano, Seattle, 5/29.



STRAWBERRY LAKE

(*Strawberry Mtn Wilderness*)

—The hike is short, 1.5 miles, but half that distance was covered in snow. Slow going but no special gear required. The lake is at over 6500 feet below a rugged snow covered ridge between 8000 and 9000 feet. The view is spectacular from the outlet.

Heather and I hiked the 1.5 miles around the lake which ranged from easy to difficult. The eastside of the lake was still deep in snow and we had to avoid some slopes. There are also a lot of downed trees, although the trail crew had begun to clear them. Strawberry Lake is probably one of the prettiest spots in all of eastern Oregon.—Craig Romano, Seattle, 6/10.



MOON, MOORE, AND FIELDS MOUNTAINS—

West of the Strawberry Mountains is a roadless tract of National Forest encompassing the Aldrich range. One trail runs along the crest, and it is very lightly used. Heather and I found the Fields-McClellan trail and used it to peak-bag the Aldrichs.

The Fields trail is a steep old road that leads to the summit of Fields Peak, the highest point in the range. We hiked the trail to below the peak to reach the McClellan trail. We followed this trail but diverted over Moore Peak to avoid some lingering snowfields on the north slope. The view from 7000-foot Moore was incredible—from the Three Sisters in the Cascades all the way to the snowy Wallawas.

We picked up the trail again and then hiked cross-country to Moon Mountain. We looked for bighorns but couldn't find any. We retraced our route and hit the summit of Fields Peak. We then descended on the old road content with our 3-peak bag.—Craig Romano, Seattle, 6/11.



EAST FORK CANYON

CREEK (*Strawberry Mtn Wilderness*)

—Heather and I hiked to the 6-mile mark, just beyond Grindstone Camp. There are miles of old-growth ponderosa pine and western larch. We saw no one all day here.

The wilderness map incorrectly shows the trail between mile 5 and 6. You will need to ford the creek, not easy this time of year. We found two logs. I imagine that in the late summer, it's a rock hop. Oh yeah, it was in the 90s, so prepare to sweat.—Craig Romano, Seattle, 6/12.



Bill Lynch and Jane Habegger on the Dog Mountain trail, Columbia Gorge.

Passing Hiker

BACKCOUNTRY NEWS

REPORTS AND CONDITIONS

CANADA

POLAND LAKE (*Manning Park*)—We drove as far as the gate on the road to the Manning Park downhill ski area would allow us. Since this gate is now closed for cars we carried our skis on the road to the bottom of the Red Chair. Even this 30-minute hike has its rewards—beautiful views of the surrounding snowy mountains.

From there the steady climb toward the peak began. However, we had no shame of putting on our skins first. Shortly before we reached the peak of the ski hill we spotted the trail sign: Poland Lake. (There are actually two signs there, an upper and a lower.)

There was still a lot of snow on the trail, no signs of avalanches. The snow should still be good for a few weeks! Our lunch was right at the lake—it is always nice to have lunch at a lake (minus the mosquitoes).

On our way back, we went to the top of the nearby peak of the ski hill. A perfect day, perhaps 5 to 6 hours, this route could also be done on snowshoes.—George Gromer and Joan Ferguson, Vancouver, 5/16.

FAT DOG TRAIL (*Manning Park*)—This oddly-named trail which starts at Cambie Creek was still skiable on June 1—wow, even snowing!

However, the crossover from the peak to the Three Brothers Mountain or Blackwall Peak is not recommended since the last large portion of the Blackwall Peak road is now snowfree. No doubt this could also be done on snowshoes.—George Gromer and Joan Ferguson, Vancouver, 6/1.

VIRGINIA



STONY MAN and LITTLE STONY MAN CLIFFS

(*Shenandoah Natl Park*) Virginia—Since I was in the Washington DC area on the weekend of National Trails Day, I wanted to hike the trail somewhere. What better place than the close, high Shenandoah Mountains about 80 miles to the west—interestingly the featured area of the June *Backpacker* magazine, complete with fold-out map.

Thus, Angela, Marc, my wife Lynda and I traveled to the Thornton Gap Entrance to the Shenandoah National

Park, drove the winding scenic Skyline Drive to the Skyland area (highest point on the Drive at 3680 feet), and parked. Soon we were hiking north on the Appalachian Trail (my first time ever on the AT!) and took the short loop trail to the top of Stony Man Peak at 4010 feet, with lots of other tourists.

Then onto Little Stony Man Cliffs, which provided a beautiful scenic vista west out over the valley to distant Massanutten Mountain. For this segment of the hike, including the return via the Passamaquoddy trail, we had the trail to ourselves.

Near the Skyland Lodge, just past the natural spring, we happened upon a bear with cub; an entertaining and fortunately safe diversion for us. Round trip 3.7 miles, with only 300+ feet elevation gain to Stony Man Mountain, with a little more descent and rise on the return loop. Fortunately, the weather was quite agreeable, clear with some haze and the day before the 90+ degree weather began!—Don Potter, Bellevue, 6/6.

BULLETIN BOARD

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

FOUND—Keys with keyless remote and a dog tag that reads, "I love my _____." Fill in the dog breed to claim your keys. Found 6/20 on PCT north of Stevens Pass (top of Tye Mill chair). Call 425-771-3344.

FOR RENT—Frantzia Mt. Hideaway apartment at Alpentail/Snoqualmie Pass. Popular with hikers and climbers, useful for PCT hikers. Call Pat, 425-434-6370, leave message (Snoqualmie Pass).

FOR SALE—Sea kayak: Necky Arluk 3, kevlar with spray skirt and cockpit cover. \$1500. This boat now retails for \$2800. Paddle also available. Contact Mark at 206-522-3882 (Seattle).

FOR SALE—Feathered Friends Rock Wren down/Gore-tex sleeping bag. Like new. \$150 obo. Call Bruce, 206-842-6351 (Bainbridge Island).

FOR SALE—REI daypack, like new, ski holders, three external pockets, ice axe holder. Retail \$50, sell for \$20.

Add cost of shipping if required. Contact Jim Abbie, 360-675-0278 (Oak Harbor), <jim_abbie@hotmail.com>.

FOR SALE—Ladies' 10-speed bicycle old but in good shape. Make offer. Call Ron, 425-644-4007 (Bellevue).

FOR SALE—Skis: 10th Mountain 207cm w/ Pitbull bindings \$100. Tva 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/ 75mm 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—Tough Traveler Stallion child carrier. \$160 new; \$80 OBO. 425-481-0736 (Brier).

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—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. Retails for over \$475. Sell for \$360 (reduced from last month!) plus \$5 shipping cost. Pete Cleland, 360-671-0554 (Bellingham). eagleflyer@earthlink.net

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).

DICK MALSBARY

a Bowron Lakes Trip

—CANOEING THE LOOP IN BRITISH COLUMBIA—

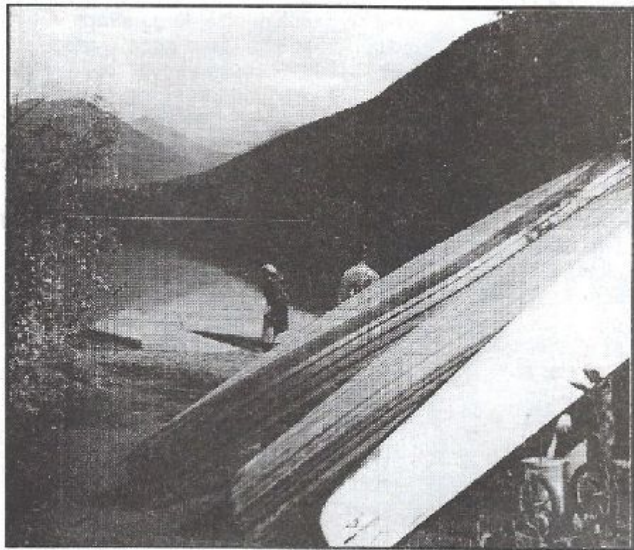
About 10 years ago a friend told me of a group of lakes in British Columbia. He said they formed a rectangle of about 75 miles, and that one could paddle and portage canoes through some of the most scenic and grand country that anyone can imagine.

After other things—such as making a living and raising a family—got in the way, his tale resurfaced in my mind as an idea. By July 1, 1998, I had reservations, a crew and two eighteen foot cedar-strip canoes.

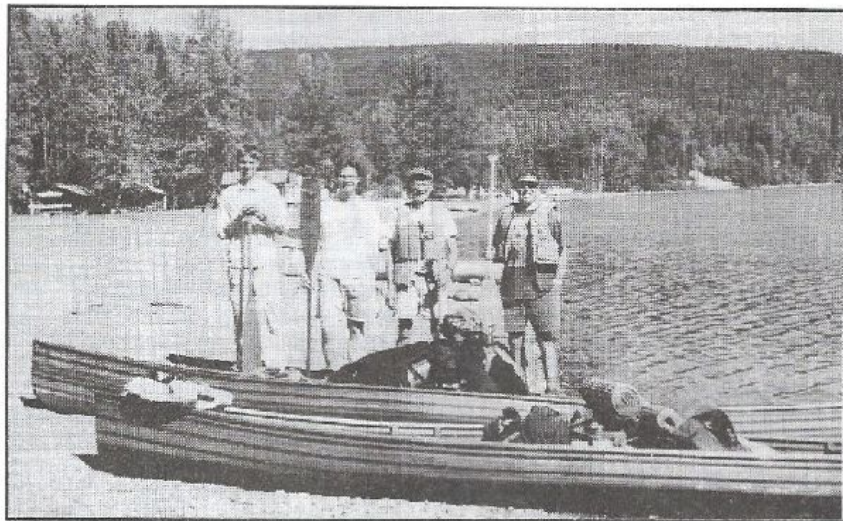
September first was designated as the go day, and by 6am, my two sons Eric and Todd plus paddling partner Bob Hollingsworth left Ferndale with canoes, food, backpacks and high expectations.

After passing through about 500 miles of valleys, rivers and tidy towns with flowers planted everywhere, we arrived at the Bowron Lake Provincial Park around 4pm.

The first objective was to check into the information station at the beginning of the trail. We were informed that we could not start our journey early, because of restrictions on the number of people allowed on the circuit. We were also required to attend an information meeting at 6pm, so we could be made aware of low- or no-impact travel, and



Our two cedar-strip canoes at the beginning of Isaac Lake.



The four paddlers on the shore of Bowron Lake.

Dick Malsbury

of the possible hazards we will have to deal with.

Having an hour to kill, we threw the canoes on our shoulders and headed for Kibbee Lake, a 1½ mile carry.

Leaving the canoes in the brush beside the lake, we returned to the registration center to view a short video, learn of the requirements, and receive a bright red plastic bag for our garbage.

After a meal prepared on the tailgate of our pick-ups, we drove to a campground a short distance away and spent the night sleeping in the rear of the trucks. After a breakfast of gruel and trail mix we return to the registration center to pay our fees and get the canoe tags so by 7am the backpacks were on, paddles in hand and up the trail to Kibbee we headed to begin our journey.

Launching amid a light rain shower we were off for a

1½ mile paddle to the eastern shore. A 1½ mile portage brought us to the bank of Indianpoint Lake, a 4-mile long lake with clear water and views of 6000- and 7000-foot high mountains everywhere we looked.

Due to the low water in Indianpoint we were unable to paddle to the marshy eastern end but had to pull out and portage the canoes past the shallow muddy area. We stowed our packs in some steel bearproof containers, threw the canoes onto our shoulders and headed for huge Isaac Lake a mile and a half away.

Leaving the canoes leaning against a rest, we returned for our gear left safely in the bear boxes. Sprinkles turned into a heavy rain so we found shelter under a large hemlock until the rain lessened. We continued our trek to Isaac and just when we arrived at the canoes another rain shower started; this time we took refuge under the propped up canoes and ate a lunch of homemade beef jerky, trail mix and gorp, while waiting for the rain to cease.

Later we launched the canoes, beginning a 24 mile long paddle on the L shaped slender Isaac Lake. Around 4pm we slid up on the beach at a camping area near Moxley Creek. A young couple from the Vancouver (BC) area had taken a claim on the cabin so up

Dick Malsbury

went the tents.

A hearty meal of freeze dried plus beef jerky capped off our day and with a calm lake and reflections of mountains in our eyes and minds we turned in.

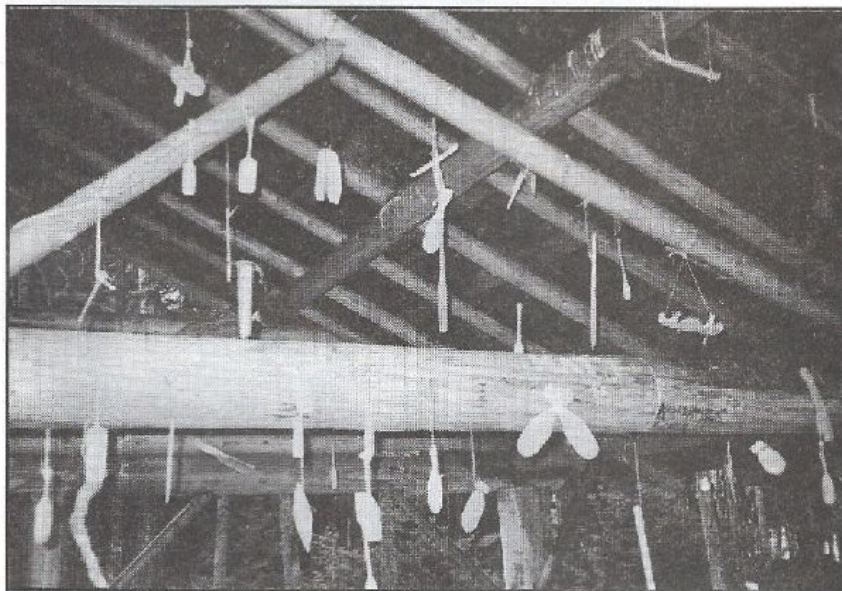
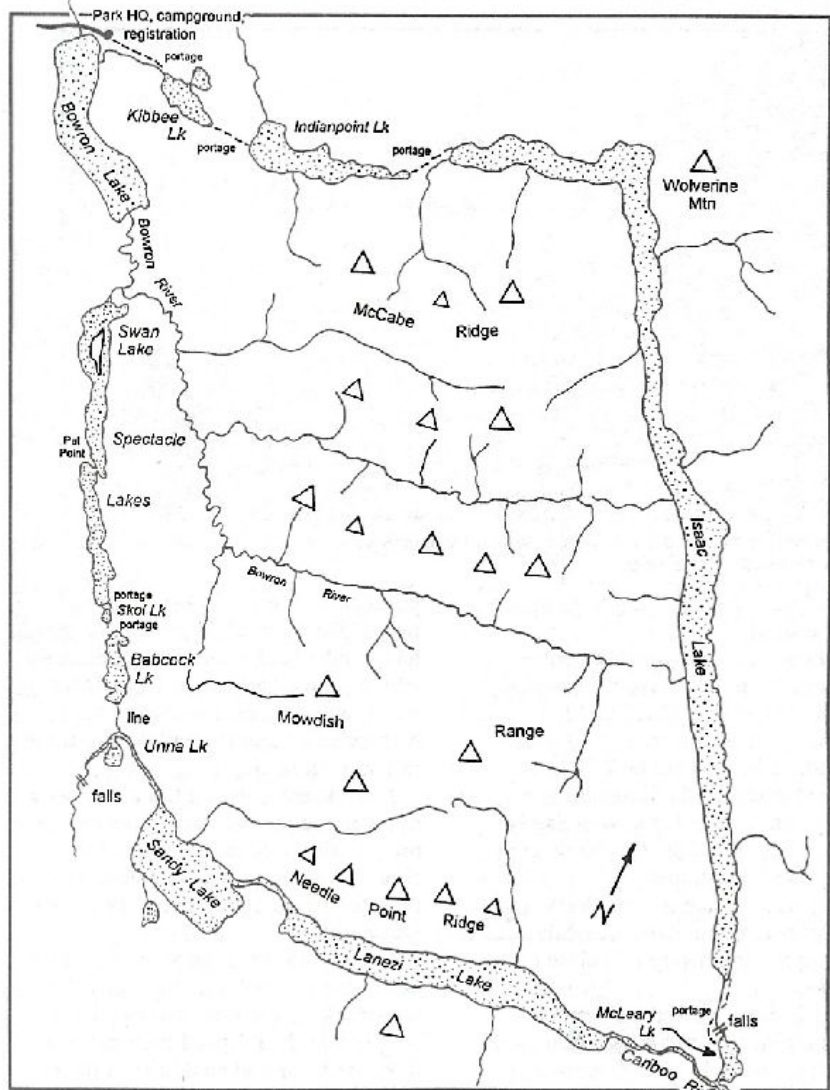
Woke up with a mission, which was to complete Isaac Lake and get past the river part of the trip. After a breakfast of oatmeal and brown sugar we began our day's journey.

Around noon we pulled ashore, took a short nap on the beach, heated some water for soup, took a few pictures and after a short rest headed for the dreaded Isaac River. Arriving at the lake's end by mid afternoon we went ashore to look over the "Chute" and the "Roller Coaster" and decided rather than risk flipping the canoes and getting our gear wet or lost, we would pack it past the mandatory portage called the "Cascades" and then run the empty canoes past the slop with just the paddlers.

The first part was a bit of a challenge, with standing waves and a sharp 90 degree turn before it settled down into a normal river. Just when we were becoming comfortable a sign appeared advising us of an up-coming waterfall and a mandatory portage.

A short carry beside the roaring river brought us to crystal-clear McCleary Lake. Paddling through the lake we could see many fish under our canoes. Little did we realize that this would be the last of clear water for many miles.

Looking up to the mountain tops directly ahead, we saw the glaciers that fed the waters of the Cariboo River. In September they were melting and feed-



Tiny carved paddles decorate the rafters of the Pat Point shelter.

Dick Malsbury

ing the river with so much silt that the water was grey. As we left McCleary and entered the river, the air temperature seemed to drop at least 20 degrees from the glacier water.

The 3-mile river had a few surprises for us. The first was a thunder and lightning storm plus a 45-minute downpour of rain. We ran the canoes onto a sandbar and got out a couple of plastic tarps to use as shelters while we sat in the canoes.

When the rain slacked up we proceeded down the river, glancing off deadheads and sweepers. Entering Lanezi Lake we hoped we would find a campsite soon for the wind had begun to blow and, being wet, the cold was becoming a problem for us.

About half way through the 9-mile-long lake we found a group campsite. A fire, dry clothes, and a hot meal got our minds and bodies in better condi-



Dick Malsbury

The distinctive pyramid-shaped peak was a landmark as we paddled on Spectacle Lake at the end of the trip.

tion, and tents and sleeping bags were a welcome sight.

Up at daybreak, we retrieved our backpacks from the bearproof containers. A breakfast of oatmeal and hot chocolate gave us energy to load the canoes and we headed out by 7:30.

At the western end of Lanezi Lake the now-gentle river led us into Sandy Lake where some of the Cariboo's glacial sediment began to settle. The river draining Sandy Lake is slow flowing with osprey circling above us while searching for an unwary fish close to the surface.

As we had just passed a sharp left bend in the river, we saw a large ranger cabin off to our right side. This is where the Cariboo River continues south past Unna Lake, and we must turn west into Babcock Creek.

We paddled a short distance upstream to the beginning of a 3/4-mile portage to Babcock Lake. This lake is marshy and shallow but we had it all to ourselves on this warm sunny afternoon.

Reaching the lake's end we began our next portage of about a 1/4-mile to a small lake which has a dike built at the drainage end of it to raise the level so it could be navigated by canoes.

A short paddle, then the very last portage brought us to Spectacle Lakes. Due to low water conditions, a mile down the lake we came on water so shallow that we had to hop out of the canoes and push them through the mud. We had been told at the beginning to expect low water conditions throughout the circuit.

By mid afternoon we arrived at a group campsite at about the half way

point of Spectacle Lakes, a place named Pat Point. A large covered area had hundreds of miniature paddles which people had carved from driftwood, written their names and addresses, and hung the paddles from the rafters with fishing line.

As darkness arrived a full moon came up over the mountains. Some people on the other side of the lake began to sing with the accompaniment of a guitar—there was a little magic in the air that night.

Up early to make hot water for breakfast at the covered shelter. While there we struck up a conversation with a couple who had flipped their canoe a few days prior and couldn't get their stove to work after it was fished out of the Isaac River. Without hesitating we gave them all the hot water they needed.

We then began our final day on the lakes. Spectacle Lake turned into Swan Lake, and many birds of prey including eagles were all searching for fish in the clear lake water. We spent a warm sunny day gliding through pristine wilderness and heading for a distinctive pyramid-shaped peak.

The winding Bowron River runs between Swan and Bowron Lakes for about 2½ miles with signs and markers pointing the way to the last lake. As we entered the Bowron we were welcomed back to civilization by the noise of outboards and seaplanes.

We hit shore at 2pm, walked to the trucks, loaded the canoes and backpacks. Found a resort and for a small fee got to use their showers and by 4pm we were headed for the long drive home after a memorable trip.

For More Information

For a map and information on fees and regulations, contact:

BC Parks/Bowron Lakes
281 N First Ave
Williams Lake BC V2G 1Y7
Canada
250-398-4414



Dick Malsbury, of Ferndale, retired last December. For 7 years he has paddled for a Ski-to-Sea team in Whatcom County, and for 5 years he has biked the STP. He has backpacked in Alaska and British Columbia as well as Washington.



Dick Malsbury

Nice weather on Lanezi Lake.

New Books

Geology of the North Cascades, by Rowland Tabor and Ralph Haugerud. The Mountaineers, 1999, \$19.95.

Get this book. It is too big to take in your pack, but you can read it aloud on the drive to the trailhead, or after dinner if you're car-camping.

It has two main parts. The first is an overview of how the North Cascades are put together; the second is detailed and fascinating descriptions of dozens of specific places, cross-referenced to excellent maps.

My only complaint is that the book doesn't fold out flat, and the maps disappear into the center.

Best Hikes with Children: Western Washington and the Cascades, Volume 2, by Joan Burton. Second edition. The Mountaineers, 1999, \$14.95.

Author Joan Burton has completely updated this volume and added 22 new hikes, at least two of them new to guidebooks of any kind, and at least one of them she discovered in the pages of *P&P*.

She frequently shares personal experiences to enliven the trail descriptions. This is an ideal book for anyone who wants short (not always easy) hikes—no kids required.

The Whole Backpacker's Catalog, by Ed Sobey. Ragged Mountain Press, 1999, \$17.95.

The book is an encyclopedic collection of facts, resources, hints and information to help you shop for gear, find guidebooks, and decide what to put in your pack.

Although I don't always agree with Ed (we differ on altimeters and some other things), I can't deny that he generally provides several choices, with good and bad points of each, so you can make up your own mind.

He also includes information for all regions of the country—Forest and Park offices, clubs, books, and guides.

Climbing High, by Lene Gammelgaard. Seal Press, 1999, \$25.

Nervous about telling her parents she was going to climb Mount Everest, 35-



Lene Gammelgaard

year-old Lene Gammelgaard was glad when her brother spilled the news accidentally. The Danish adventurer knew that Everest would extract a high price, but she didn't know until the end what it would be.

She was one of the survivors of the 1996 storm that killed eight people. Her story was published in Denmark three years ago, and now is being published in the US. The book is based on detailed notes she kept of the trip, and tells the now-familiar story with a frank and candid style.

The author will be speaking in Seattle in mid-July; watch your local paper for details.

Sleeping Bag Yoga, by Erin Widman. Sasquatch Books, 1999, \$10.95.

The result of a stiff neck on a two-month "excursion of a lifetime," this book reflects the author's experiences with yoga and stretching to keep the ol' body working and comfortable while hiking, cycling and paddling. Erin Widman, who lives in Seattle, uses the small space of a tent and a sleeping pad for a routine based on yoga with re-named positions.

The book is small and compact enough to take with you until you memorize the routine. Your spine will love you for it!

Kayaking Puget Sound, the San Juans, and Gulf Islands, by Randel Washburne. Second edition edited by Carey Gersten. The Mountaineers,

1999, \$16.95.

Kayaking Puget Sound is the classic guide for our area. It has been updated with current information, five new trips and many new photos. It includes the new restrictions for Dungeness Spit and describes the Cascadia Marine Trail, making this book useful as a CMT trail guide, and a must-have for Puget Sound paddlers.

Sequim Bay lagoon is one of the trips described, but based on personal experience, you may meet a lagoon land-owner who doesn't want you here!

Big Four Ice Caves: Hiking the Big Four Ice Caves Trail, by Harry Majors. Northwest Press, 1998, \$10.13 includes tax and mailing.

Is it possible to write a 50-page book about a 2-mile (round trip) trail? Yes, it is. This is the most detailed and richly informative guidebook I have ever seen. The author notes thickets, individual trees, and seams of rock on the face of

the mountain, among other wonders. His words help us notice the natural features that we frequently rush past, arriving too quickly at the trail's end.

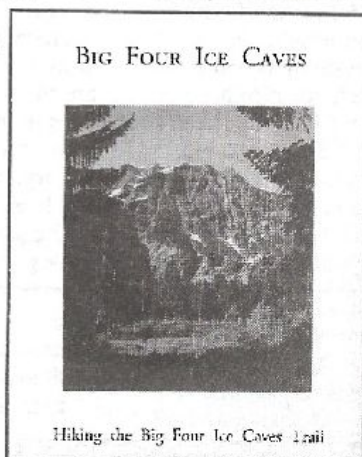
As he writes, "This short walk is equal to a 1500-mile botanical journey, at sea level, from Puget Sound

northward to Alaska. ...No other trail in the Northwest offers [this] in only 1 mile of nearly level walking!"

Ordering information—

- The Mountaineers: 800-553-4453
- Sasquatch Books: 800-775-0817
- Ragged Mountain: 800-262-4729
- Seal Press: 206-283-7844
- Northwest Press: PO Box 3983, Seattle WA 98124

—Ann Marshall



LEE MCKEE

"Boat Over!"

—RESCUE PRACTICE IN A LITTLE CORNER OF PARADISE—

"Boat over!"

Those aren't the words you want to hear when you're making a crossing between an off-shore island and the mainland in current and boat traffic.

But that is exactly what co-leaders David and Duncan heard when Julie, one of our group of six sea kayakers, capsized. Julie had become separated from the main group when the capsize occurred so it took David a few moments to get to her.

What he found was a frightened and unsure paddler bobbing in the water next to her overturned kayak. Uncertain what we should do, Michael and I paddled nearby. The current was ebbing and carrying us farther from the mainland and into the main channel.

David took charge. He directed Michael to come to Julie's aid. Working together under David's guidance, Michael and Julie righted her kayak. Julie wasn't sure how to get back into her kayak and needed direction from Michael and David on what to do.

While that was happening David also determined that I had a tow rope and asked me to connect the rope to Julie's boat and start towing the rescue group out of the channel and toward the mainland. By now Julie had made it back into her boat, and David and Michael were rafted up to her while she regain-

ed her composure and began pumping out her boat.

The other two members of our group, Terry and co-leader Duncan, paddled in close proximity watching for boat traffic—ready to provide additional aid should the need arise.

Duncan, noting that I was tiring from the strain of towing, prepared to take over the towing operation. Before that was necessary, though, Julie had totally recovered and was ready to paddle on her own.

So ended one of two rescue scenarios that were part of an all-day Ocean Rescue Workshop offered by Ocean River Sports in Victoria, British Columbia. Michael Parfy, Adventure Centre Director for Ocean River Sports, was the lead instructor for the workshop with Terry co-instructing. Participating in the workshop were Duncan, a Victoria paddler, and David, Julie, and me, paddlers from the Seattle area.

The workshop is an advanced course designed for experienced paddlers who are comfortable with performing wet exits in the ocean, paddling in moderate seas and 3 to 4 knot currents, and performing assisted and self-rescues, and have attempted a roll in a pool.

The purpose is to put together those skills in dynamic situations of current, waves, wind, and boating traffic under the guidance of senior instructors who both provide direction and keep the situation from getting out of control.

We began the day at 8:30 by meeting Michael and Terry at the Ocean River Sports store in downtown Victoria to listen to the marine forecast and to discuss alternative paddling locations.

Ironically, on a day when we wanted the

forecast to include strong winds, what we got instead were light winds and a sunny day—ideal paddling conditions but less than ideal conditions for an intense rescue workshop. Ah, well, we would still have current, rips, and fast moving boat traffic to deal with.

The decision was made to launch from a park in Cadboro Bay on the east side of Victoria and cross Baynes Channel to Discovery Island—a marine park that sits at the junction of Juan de Fuca and Haro Straits. After a short drive from downtown, we were soon at the park and had our boats and equipment off-loaded.

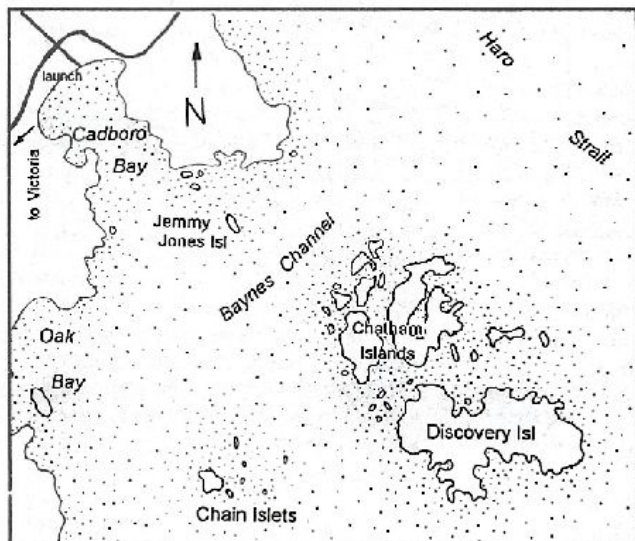
Since we would be doing intentional capsize on the open water, Michael double checked that we all had proper flotation for our kayaks, self-rescue paddle floats and flares, and were dressed for immersion in the cold water. He also inventoried who had tow ropes and VHF radios, then discussed our intended route and general safety considerations.

By 10am we were on the water. Before long we had left the protected waters of the bay and were off Jemmy Jones Island at the northwestern edge of Baynes Channel. Currents in the channel can flow up to 6kts during spring tides, and the channel is one of the main routes used by fast moving whale watching boats headed out of Victoria to Haro Strait, so caution is needed when making the crossing.

Today, though, maximum currents would be closer to 3 knots, and that would be in the afternoon, so our main concern for this morning's crossing was with boat traffic.

The channel at this point is just over ½nm wide, with Chatham Islands bordering the channel on the southeastern edge. We quickly made the crossing to the northwest tip of Chatham Islands, then wound our way through a maze of rocks and islets to a sandy beach on the northwest end of Discovery Island which lies just to the south of Chatham.

Discovery Island is a marine park, but the northern portion of it as well as Chatham Island and some of the small-





Lee McKee

Sharing paddle stories on the beach at lunch: Terry (left), Michael, David, Julie and Duncan.

er islets are Indian Reserve lands and should not be entered without permission.

After a short break on shore, we got down to business. We spent the remainder of the pre-lunch time practicing assisted rescue and towing techniques. The towing methods included using both a long and short tow rope and "contact" towing, a technique using no tow rope.

Back on shore we took time out for lunch and to enjoy our surroundings and the beautiful day. Also out enjoying the day were several adult geese with a group of goslings.

Actually, as Duncan noted, they were most likely holding their own training class—one on negotiating moving water. The ebbing current had been picking up speed in the narrow crossing between Discovery and Chatham Islands, and as we watched, the group swam close to shore to avoid the main current, then crossed the current using a ferry glide. The youngsters were definitely getting some training time!

For us, it was time to get down to some dynamic rescue practice which meant practice in the current and eddy lines on the edge of Baynes Channel. Back in our sea kayaks we retraced our route through the rocks and islets, but unlike the morning, we now had a building ebb current flowing through the narrow channels, adding another dimension to the maze.

Reaching the main channel we broke into two groups. Terry worked with Julie and Duncan, while Michael worked with David and me. We were in a large back eddy so our practice in-

involved crossing the eddy line into the main current, capsizing, doing a capsize recovery, then returning to the back eddy, all under the watchful eye of our instructor—ready to provide assistance if needed.

After all of us had done at least one self and one assisted rescue (both as the rescuer and rescuee), Michael demonstrated the "scoop" rescue which can be used to get a paddler back in their boat who is otherwise unable to get themselves back in their boat.

By now it was late afternoon, but the workshop was not done yet! The final part was to go through two scenarios on the way back to the landing in Cadboro Bay. For the first one, David and Duncan were assigned the role of being co-leaders, while Michael, Terry, Julie and I would play the role of novice paddlers.

With David and Duncan out of hearing range, Michael said the plan would be for Julie to distance herself from the main group after we had made it most of the way back across Baynes Channel, and then to capsize.

Her role included pretending to be upset and not knowing what to do. The other three of us would sit and wait—not doing anything until we had been provided direction by Duncan or David.

Back together again, David and Duncan took on the role of co-leaders. The current was ebbing at a good rate in mid channel, so David and Duncan went over how we would ferry

glide to the other side and covered the general crossing precautions.

Two-thirds of the way across, with Julie separated from the main group, she capsized and the call of "Boat over!" rang out.

Even when I was expecting it, it was sobering to hear the cry and see the overturned boat in open water. But this was what we had spent the day preparing for and the recovery went smoothly.

With the situation once more under control, Michael gathered us around and critiqued the rescue. Then it was Julie and my turn to be co-leaders and have a scenario sprung on us.

It was a little after 5pm when we made it back to our take-out. All in all it had been a fun day of rescue scenarios and practice where we had an opportunity to work on our skills for handling rescues on open water.

The only thing missing was heavy wind and waves, but in its place we were treated to a beautiful day in what Michael describes as his "little corner of paddling paradise."

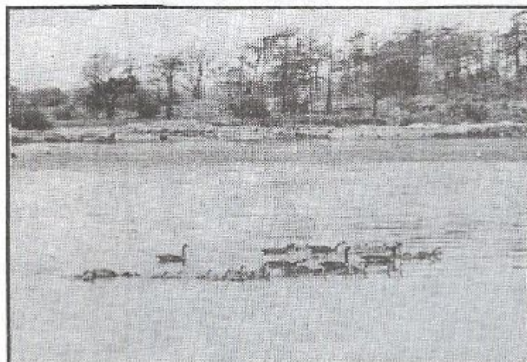
Ocean River Sports offers many different classes as well as day trips for all levels of paddlers. Children are welcome, with a reduced rate, on day trips in the Inner Harbour and the Gulf Islands. Special outings to fit your group, your skill level, or your time frame can be arranged. And remember that the US-to-Canada money conversion makes prices attractive for Puget Sound paddlers going north.

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Lee McKee is a member of The Mountaineers Sea Kayak committee.



Lee McKee

Geese and goslings out for a day of training on the water.

MARK OWEN

A 50-Miler

—TROOP 85 HIKES FROM RAINY PASS TO THE SUIATLE ON THE PCT—

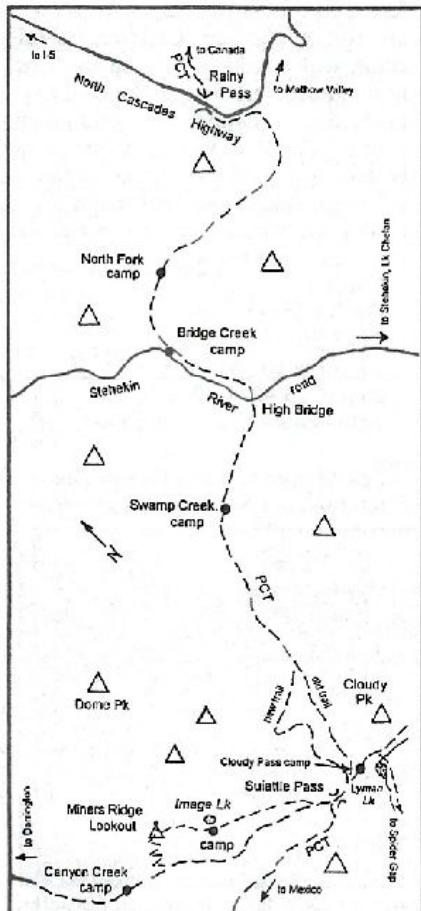
Day One

Ten of us started from Rainy Pass on a hot Saturday in early August, 1998. With heavy packs and eight days' worth of food we were glad to be hiking in the shade of the big trees. Unfortunately, things started opening up and most of the trail was out in the open as we pounded downhill for over 9 miles on the PCT to North Fork Camp.

A nice big campsite awaited us, as did a welcome dip in Bridge Creek.

Day Two

Another beautiful, cool morning greeted us as we easily dropped another 3 miles to the Stehekin Valley road where Spencer, Donald, Brent and Mike smiled at the van coming up the road. As 50-mile rookies they were all feeling the effects of heavy packs and hot feet.



From the Spider Gap trail, looking back at Lyman Lake, Cloudy Pass, and Cloudy Peak.

Mark Owen

It was here that an early exit was spoken of for the first time. When you have lots of new guys it is always prudent to plan a trip where there is an escape route.

Here was their chance, and they took it. The rest of us didn't complain about the split, because we knew that they would be more willing to give up the tasty snacks they had in abundance deep in their packs.

From Bridge Creek camp we had trouble spotting the PCT trailhead so we walked the road to High Bridge. Jon, Todd, Blake and Zach took a side trip to Coon Lake and were thinking about a swim until they saw a big snake in the water. ... Who needs a swim, anyway?

We all finally came together at High Bridge and while everyone relaxed I took the bus down to Stehekin and made a call to arrange a pick-up in Chelan for the rookie hikers.

While waiting for the bus back up to camp I grabbed a swim and a root-beer float. Chelan is one beautiful lake!

Day Three

Our group parted ways after exchanging food. The bus stop at High bridge was crowded with a large group of teenagers who were planning on working on the PCT farther south.

We followed them until Swamp Creek, where we stayed the night. Blake and Zach prowled the river for a good

swimming hole while the rest of us napped the afternoon away.

There are many beautiful camps along Agnes Creek, and especially nice is the large one at Pass Creek, which also has a wonderful view of seldom-climbed Agnes Mountain.

Day Four

I got a very early start knowing this was going to be the hardest day of the week. This part of the PCT is magical. The big cedars and quiet pools of Agnes Creek kept me company before I rose out of the valley on the new section of trail leading to Suiattle Pass.

I could hear the sounds of teenagers working on the valley trail, which the boys ended up taking later. From Suiattle Pass I climbed up to Cloudy Pass and waited for the late sleepers.

Tremendous views surrounded me including Bonanza, Chiwawa, and Fortress. Cloudy Pass is a napper's delight, big and flat with ample grass for a snooze.

The boys rolled in two at a time, a requirement for our Scouts. After several pictures with Lyman Lake in the background, we dropped to the lake, running into an angry porcupine who wasn't willing to leave his spot on the trail. We gave him a wide berth.

Day Five

A day to rest and also explore! While

the boys snoozed I followed a wonderful trail up to Spider Gap, kicking steps up a moderate snow slope for 500 feet. At the gap I met several people coming up from Spider Meadows. The trail looked very easy to follow despite the dotted line on the maps.

I scrambled around the back of Chiwa-wa, and climbed a loose ridge. I suggest a spring ascent, when snow covers the thousands of shifting blocks comprising most of the south side of the peak.

I enjoyed the descent back to Upper Lyman and the beautiful wildflowers along the way. I found a waterfall connecting Upper and Lower Lyman that provided a cold drink and a great view showing a sandbar across Lower Lyman.

I ran into Blake, Zach, Todd, Jon and Stephan sunning themselves along the lake shore. It was quite a sight to watch them literally walk across the lake in chest deep water, straddling the sand bar all the way. I had to join them.

Day Six

I got an early start once again with the intent of climbing Cloudy Peak. A short half hour later I had deposited my pack at the pass and was scrambling up the south ridge.

The last 100 feet of this peak provide some airy scrambling. After backing off two routes I circled under the east face and found the key ledge leading to the final 10-foot chimney. Great views of the entire upper Agnes Valley kept me



Glacier Peak from Miners Ridge.

Mark Owen

company as I scanned the ridges for future adventures. If I had had more time, North Star Mountain would have been a great traverse.

Dropping back to Cloudy Pass I met up with the boys who were playing a game of Hacky Sack.

We found some mining relics on our journey to Image Lake along with a steep climb. The trail finally opens up to incredible views of Glacier Peak as it contours over to the lake basin.

One of the regulations at Image Lake allows for swimming only when there is an active inlet stream. Fortunately we found one! We swam across the lake and had fun playing with a family of marmots on the other side.

Day Seven

We all slept in on this day, knowing it was all downhill to Canyon Creek.

From our campsite below the lake, we marched over to the lookout on Miners Ridge, spooking a black bear along the way.

The retired couple on lookout duty had named the bear we saw Latte, and the three other bears in the basin Espresso, Mocha, and Cappuccino.

This incredible lookout is one of just a few still staffed during the summer fire season. The north side of Glacier Peak is as wild and roadless as can be and needs some watchful eyes looking after it.

The couple was very nice and allowed us up on the walkway. What a grand view. Of course all of this just prolonged the agony of descending nearly 4000 feet to Canyon Creek.

We ran into some horses

and an unruly dog that made our last night a memorable one. While the unleashed dog nipped at our heels, the horse party passed us at the newly-built bridge and grabbed the nice big campsite just off the trail.

I made a comment to them about unleashed dogs but they didn't seem to care. The final straw was seeing their horses wading in the stream.

They noticed our displeasure and tried to soothe us with hot chocolate. Free food can wipe away a host of sins.

Day Eight

The final 6 miles out went by too fast. A light rain fell as we dreamed of Darrington hamburgers. It is always bittersweet to end a trip as fine as this one was.

Going back to city life is just too predictable compared to hiking new trails and living out of a backpack for eight days.

△

Mark Owen, of Shoreline, is an elementary school teacher.



The lookout on Miners Ridge.

Mark Owen



Zach, Todd, Jon, Blake and Stephen at Cloudy Pass.

Mark Owen

ETHEL M. DALBY

Truant in the Hills

—BERRY-PICKING WITH FRIENDS IN 1930—

INTRODUCTION

by Karen Sykes

My grandmother, Ethel Dalby, was an aristocratic woman who stood almost six feet tall, an unusual height in those days for a woman. She never bobbed her hair, also unusual in that time. When I was small she would sometimes permit me to brush her white, waist-length hair.

She lived in a large two-story house built by the family across from the "water wheel," near Union on Highway 106, a familiar landmark to locals. The water wheel was built in 1922 by my grandfather Edwin J. Dalby and my father's brother, Ed. It has appeared on many calendars over the years.

Edwin spent an idyllic boyhood on Hood Canal and became friends with the Skokomish Indians, a branch of the Twanoh (Twana) tribe. Today an ancient native canoe moulders quietly on the family beach.

Both my grandparents were writers. Edwin wrote for the Post In-

telligencer (he was a marine reporter). Ethel also wrote poetry and stories, sang (she had an opportunity to perform in the opera) and played the piano.

Despite having four children and maintaining their large, rustic home on Hood Canal, she also found time to sketch and paint; her watercolors were popular. The house was filled with books, sheet music, paintings, and native baskets, and the house smelled of woodsmoke and good things to eat.

When I was growing up we had summer reunions which centered around their house on the Canal. Clam bakes, done in the native way, were always something to look forward to as well as Grandma's freshly baked blackberry pies. These events usually ended with a bonfire on the beach with Grandma presiding with memories and stories.

Berry picking was a family tradition. Everyone participated. Well into their 80s my aunts and uncles

would return every summer to raid the secret blackberry patches they had known since their childhoods.

These berries were not the large easy-to-pick berries that grow along the roadsides today; these were low-growing blackberries that trailed along the ground. You had to work hard for these berries. I remember many hot afternoons spent on hands and knees picking these berries and coming home stained and scratched from my labors.

I did not know until recently that Grandma had gone on a berry-gathering expedition with her Skokomish friends until I went through my father's memoirs and discovered her story.

The Nisqually, Puyallup, Yakima, Taidnapam and Muckleshoot women were known to gather berries as were the Skokomish women my grandmother knew. This is her story of an expedition to Mount Rainier with her friends to gather berries around 1930.



Phoebe had regaled me with her tales of trips to The Mountain for blueberries, along with the other Indian women. Each wash day when she drove down from the reservation to "help us clean," as the children said, she brought us some token of her good will.

Sometimes it was a slab of her own fragrant smoked salmon, caught in her gill net. Again, as on this particular occasion, it was a large cedar root basket filled to the brim with the dewy purple blueberries, so delicately flavored, and which my family relished in pies.

Phoebe was going to The Mountain again soon, she said. Perhaps in glancing at my face she sensed the longing I had so often felt to make the trip as the carefree Indian women did, for suddenly she asked, but rather hesitantly, "Would you care to go with us?"

Oh! Would I care to go with them! It was difficult to accept in the dignified

manner of an adult, feeling as I did like skipping around the room!

There would be just the three of them, she, Una and Lucy. They would each take their own blankets, food, dishes, and a large tarpaulin. They would also take along a fresh salmon to bake before the camp fire, and vegetables from the garden. I could bring what I wished.

"Do you think you could stand the climb up the Old Indian Henry trail to the high slope of Mount Rainier?" This query from Phoebe, with a questioning smile, and a speculative, yet kindly look in her dark eyes.

"Just try me," I replied, "but how many miles long is the trail, and how steep is the slope?"

"Oh, it's not too steep, or far, and I think you will be able to make it, for you are no Cheechaco," was her reply.

That evening, delightedly I told my husband. His immediate reply was, "Of

course you will go, it will be a wonderful trip. The very fact that they asked you to go is a rare compliment, as Indians do not bother with white folk as a rule. I don't know of another time a white woman has been invited to make a trip to their berry patches."

My husband, a student, had spent the greater part of his childhood among Indians, knowing and appreciating them as few whites did.

"But what about the children? I have never left them before."

He replied, "You won't have to worry about the children with your mother and me both here to look after them."

Monday found me all ready to go, my bedding and a few necessities in a compact bundle. Some coffee, bacon, salad oil, and canned goods in a shopping bag along with my water colors and sketch pad.



Ethel Dalby, with her son Edwin.

Dressed in outing clothes, and wearing a pair of tennis shoes I was ready. A quick glance of appraisal in the mirror reflected a tanned face, dark eyebrows, gray eyes, and white teeth in contrast, with a bright red scarf on my head adding a touch of color.

"A pretty good-looking Indian," was my family's verdict.

"The red scarf helps," said I. Shortly afterward my Indian friends and I were leaving the yard in Phoebe's somewhat decrepit car, with my family waving a fond, but amused farewell. We were started on the great (to me) adventure!

As we drove along, all care was left behind me, my spirits were high. Was it the gay head scarf, or anticipation of all that lay ahead? We drove on down the highway, past the village with its houses clustered around the post office and general store, and along the country road leading to the county seat.

Phoebe drove slowly through the town large enough to have a speed limit. At a street intersection, I glimpsed the sedate prosecuting attorney talking with the equally dignified editor of the town's weekly paper.

Enjoying a close personal friendship with the legal luminary's wife, I recklessly "Yoo-hoo'd," waving my hand as we passed by. Both gentlemen glanced

up quickly, and at the sight of four dark faces topped by gay head scarves, started, and stared in blank confusion, and discreetly tipped their hats.

"They certainly didn't know you and thought you another Indian," was Una's remark, which amused me. I resolved to be one of them the rest of the trip.

We passed Olympia, the State Capitol, and branched off on a detour near Tacoma, a short cut to "The Mountain" highway. "I'm hungry," said Lucy.

Suddenly we realized the feeling was unanimous. Una urged us to stop at a roadside stand for hamburgers, but I held out for a real meal at one of the better places along the way.

My suggestion was not received with much enthusiasm, however, and it was not accepted until Lucy joined forces with me. A little later our old car came to a stop, and was parked beside several expensive automobiles.

"It's too nice a place for us to go into," said Phoebe.

"Look at the way we're dressed," said Una.

"But look who we are," said I.

"Besides we are clean and respectable, and can pay for our meal," was Lucy's contribution to this wordy argument.

Our entrance seemed to create a mild

sensation. A few polite persons glanced up for a discreet look of veiled surprise, returning at once to concentrate on their dinners.

There were others, however, who stared openly, to my friends' embarrassment, and my somewhat indignant amusement.

We were seated near the piano. After consulting with my companions, an order was placed for one steak and three chicken dinners.

As we sat waiting, Lucy the witty and well-educated member of the group, appreciating the situation as much as I, asked me to play. I at first negatived the suggestion, but the exhibitionist proved too strong, and I found myself responding to a certain challenge.

The instrument had an excellent tone, and my fingers trailed from Sibelius' "Maid with the Flaxen Hair," softly to Cadmain's "Land of the Sky Blue Water," and "Waters of Minnetonka," quite forgetful of an audience except my friends sitting there listening.

Conversation had ceased, the room became too quiet. Very suddenly I concluded, returning to my chair.

Our dinner was served, and we applied ourselves seriously to an excellent meal, talking quietly among ourselves, and were the first guests to leave the

place. Shortly we were on our way up the wide highway, with twilight falling.

It was dusky as we entered the National Park gateway. Phoebe and Una stepped out to sign the register, Lucy and I following. I was the last to do so.

There were three gentlemen in the office, a fine featured elderly man, a University student, and a pleasant faced middle aged person, all members of the official ranger staff. Kindly individuals, but not without a sense of curiosity, who watched as my companions signed the book.

I had placed my name without prefix under those of the other three, who placed Skokomish reservation to their residence. After my given and last name I wrote Seattle, which was our winter home.

The University student did not attempt to conceal his curiosity, he turned the register around, while three keepers of the gate glanced at the signatures. It was the elderly individual who asked, "Pardon me, but when you're not at Seattle, what is your address?"

"Skokomish reservation," was my astonishing reply. My three companions were no more surprised than I to hear this statement of facts coming from my own lips.

I at once stepped backward through the doorway, having no desire to take part in the brief conversation which followed, in which the rangers advised our party as to the best location to camp, also warning as to the danger of forest fires and cautioning as to the care we should take with our camp fire in the dry time of the year.

We thanked the gentlemen, and left for our site, which Phoebe had planned before we entered the park. It was nearly dark, but we soon located the old camp place.

While I built the fire and gathered branches and chunks of bark which lay in the circle of the fire light, the three women, one of whom was middle aged, the other two as young as myself, rigged up the tarpaulin for a serviceable shelter for the night. We gathered what fir branches and ferns we could find to place for the body of our beds, then spread our blankets on these.

Lucy and I lay at the near end with our heads facing the Nisqually River on whose bank we were camped. Una and Phoebe faced the hills.

We fell asleep with the glow of the

waning fire in our eyes, sleeping soundly, except for one time when I awakened suddenly with the sense that something had been browsing over my hair, as possible a deer, which I knew to be an improbability even though our heads did protrude, as the tarp furnished only a roof on this end. I lay gazing at the full moon seemingly caught in the branches of a tall fir tree until sleep once more overtook me, and dreamless slumber was mine, though the river splashed and gurgled beside us.

Up early the next morning were my three companions, two of them starting the new-born day with a dip in the river in a quiet eddy near the bank. Not so Una and I. Face and neck and ears was sufficient for me with water only a mile or so from its glacier parent.

I dampened my hair, braided it and wound it around my head, (being one of the few who had not bobbed). Lucy, Phoebe, and Una ate no breakfast, and as I prepared strips of bacon, scorched toast, and a scrambled egg, and brewed a pot of coffee, though their nostrils dilated at the tantalizing fragrance, they jokingly declined my invitation, and said in mock Indian dialect, "No, that white woman's way, Injun no eat breakfast," meanwhile packing sandwiches for a lunch to be eaten later on.

They gave me directions as to how to pick up the outstanding trail just beyond the foot log, assuring me I couldn't possibly become lost, and saying they would meet me up the trail somewhere.

Breakfast out there alone in the wilderness in the very early morning, beside the wee fire I had kindled, near the rushing river, under The Mountain was an event I shall never forget.

My thought went for a time to my family at home. They would be sound asleep for two hours or more yet, it was five thirty now.

After rinsing my dishes, putting away the food, and opening my bedding, I packed a couple of sandwiches, tied the scarf around my head, picked up a large basket with wool carrier attached, and swung it around my forehead, the basket laying against my back.

I picked up pencil and pad, and was on my way over the low ground, past the foot log, and puncheon bridge, and starting on the gradual rise upward along the trail. My friends had a good half hour start on me, but I was tall

and slender, and a good hiker, while they were more on the plump side, though excellent woodswomen and trail climbers.

The intense quiet of early morning in the forest was unbroken except for occasional twittering birds, or a squirrel scurrying across the trail to dart up a tree. The wilderness was just waking. The air was cool and fragrant with heavy pollen-laden sword ferns and tang of the forest.

The pathway was narrow and worn down deep into the ground, and one felt conscious of the myriad of moccasined feet down through the ages which had trodden there before, for The Mountain had been a noted Indian hunting ground.

Sleeping in the open had rested me, the cool mountain air was stimulating and the loveliness above and around me so breathtaking, the effect was exhilarating beyond words.

As I climbed on up the trail which lay on higher ground, my feet sprang upwards untiringly. Each bend of the path brought more beauty before the eye but up above The Mountain as yet was enveloped in gray cloud mists.

As higher ground was reached the air grew warmer, for the sun was breaking through. The ascent became more steep, trees smaller and the underbrush less dense. The mists were melting away, and the view from this height where the trail wound near the edge of the foothills, more revealing.

One longed to stop here, and to just sit and look. The Mountain, now partly visible above the mists, seemed to rise farther into the heavens as one climbed higher. Another half hour and it was noticeably warm. The climb was still upward, and around more bends.

The sun was higher now and the heat made it necessary to discard my sweater, so I left it cached at the foot of a tree.

Around the curve in the pathway I found Phoebe and Lucy sitting on a log, plain fagged, and resting. Una the young mother-to-be was stretched in the shade on the moss covered ground. They greeted me gaily, evidently a bit surprised to see me so soon, or for that matter at all!

I chided them for not having breakfast with me. "Maybe I will the next time," replied Una. She and I sat and talked awhile as Lucy and Phoebe gathered roots of squaw grass and slen-

der young cedar roots to prepare for winter's basket making. I sat and sketched Una on her mossy carpet, a fact she was blissfully unaware of.

We resumed our trek onward and in ten or fifteen minutes came upon a plateau where we found bushes heavy with blueberries, two acres or more.

We picked steadily until our receptacles were filled, fine old Indian hand woven baskets of cedar root, some of which had been made by their grandmothers and used for cooking in, they being water tight, the heat being furnished by dropping red hot stones into their contents.

Lucy's basket was so old the arrow head design woven into it by dark colored roots had almost vanished from wear on its many jaunts for blueberries, to the lowlands for blackberries, and huckleberries on the hills of lovely Hood Canal.

Before leaving the patch, our lunches disposed of, we enjoyed a delectable dessert fresh from the bushes. We started back down the trail in late afternoon. The baskets were now more easily handled and despite our heavy loads we found the downgrade easy.

The full containers now swung below our shoulders, instead of in front as when picking, the baskets being fastened to a hand woven band worn round the head or neck. Gravity was a great help, and we were not winded on the descent. Part way down the slope I came upon the scene I instantly knew would have to be sketched the next morning.

We arrived in camp in what seemed a very short time. Although the sun had since gone down, the summer twilight lingered long. After a refreshing dip in the river we prepared our evening meal. The piece de resistance was a freshly caught salmon which had made the trip with us.

The fire kindled, I watched with interest as Lucy prepared the fish for cooking, although my husband had often prepared and cooked them in the same manner before our large fireplace at home.

First she selected a straight vine maple about an inch in diameter and four feet long. About a foot from the larger end she wrapped a piece of baling wire, which happened to be in the car, tightly around the wood.

Then she split the stick clear down to the lashing. This utensil ready, she cut

off the salmon's head, split it down the back bone from the inside, slipped it tail first into the cleft stick. Then she took cedar splints wide enough to reach from one side of the split fish to the other, and spread it out like an open book, centering the salmon on the stick.

She bound the upper part tightly to hold the fish firmly in place. Then she forced the butt end of the stick into the ground so that it would sustain itself, with the flesh side toward the blaze. She was careful not to cook it too quickly so the meat would fall away from the bone, but cooked it slowly and carefully.

After about 25 minutes of baking, she turned the skin toward the coals for a short period, and the potatoes being baked in the hot coals, we then fell to.

Indians use no salt, and I knowing this had brought a shaker full for my own use. The salmon was baked to a savory golden brown. The cheechaco's contribution was a man-style salad of vegetables served with a homemade dressing shaken in a bottle, and pungent of garlic.

As we sat around the fire after our leisurely supper, Phoebe started to sing an old Indian love song in delate Siwash, the Chinook name for real Indian language. The title was Gual-alk-ohl, which describes the feeling of a dusky young swain preparing to sit up all night near his sweetheart's lodge, waiting for her to rise in the morning.

The three then sang another song in which another lover says "When the sun is over there I'll be thinking of you." I joined in knowing some of the words, having set the melody down along with a few others some time previously.

Lucy then asked me to sing one of my songs. As I looked about me in the beauty of the night, the desire came to sing something fitting, all I could think of was Joyce Kilmer's "Trees." The last word of which had ended when we heard voices approaching from the direction of the roadway, and knew somewhat regretfully that we were about to have visitors.

Soon there came into sight three persons, an elderly woman accompanied by the two younger rangers at the gate entrance.

"Greetings," they called, "we bring you a visitor." Presenting Dr. Marian Garry they approached the fire. Dr.

Garry was an Ethnologist out on vacation in the west looking for "color" in the form of Indian lore. Doubtless the gentlemen had informed her of the Indian camp which had come in quite recently.

"We heard someone singing as we came along," one of the men remarked.

"Oh, we were having an impromptu firelight musical," I replied.

"Whose was the voice which sang 'Trees'?" was asked.

"That was I," was my reply.

"Well, you appear to be equally at home in the white man's music as well as Indian," remarked the student.

"I learned one in my childhood, and the other through study," was my noncommittal reply. Then at the Doctor's request we sang another Indian song together, the canoe song "Ya-wish-toolay."

"Most unusual and intensely interesting," remarked the lady visitor.

When asked if we were familiar with fables of our tribe we nodded assent. The lady wished to hear some. Lucy related the famous duel between Blue Jay and the State Fish, Dr. Garry meanwhile taking notes.

Phoebe obliged with "how Blue Jay won the diving contest." I told the fable of Woodpecker and the Star child Du Que Bath, all of which in no way helped the distinguished Ethnologist solve the problem of the tall, lighter-skinned Indian.

They sat around a long time, and the oncoming darkness made it advisable for them to take the homeward trail. With their curiosity as to the strange encampment unsatisfied they bade us farewell.

The next morning my three companions started up the trail, I accompanying them as far as the foot bridge where I stopped to sketch. In a short time Una was back remarking that she didn't think she would try to go and complaining that she had an unusual and uncomfortable feeling.

She sat down beside me to rest, while I hastily blocked in the scene which I planned to color later. We then went back to camp where Una lay down.

As it was apparent that Una should return at once to civilization as quickly as possible, the wait for the return of the other two seemed interminable. I set about packing up everything in camp for a quick start on homewards

Gear

The MsFIT PFD, by Kokatat

My old PFDs were fine for canoing, when I wasn't wearing a sprayskirt. But in a kayak, the sprayskirt pushed against the bottom of those longer life-jackets, making them ride up around my ears very uncomfortably. My solution was to paddle with the PFD unzipped—comfortable, but not safe.

The other ones were also bulky, had



The Kokatat MsFIT PFD is short and adjustable at both shoulders and sides.

David Price

limited storage and limited adjustment.

So I was very happy to see Kokatat's new PFD designed for women, and cleverly called the MsFIT. It is one of the designs in Kokatat's "FIT" series, along with the ProFIT, SurFIT and OutFIT. The series is designed with a shorter torso, and the women's style has curved "princess" seams so it fits almost like a garment.

Buoyancy is provided by PVC foam cut to a low profile. There is no foam on the sides, only mesh panels. The PFD can be adjusted with two straps on each side, and—this is great—by a strap on each shoulder to take up any slack. No more riding up around my ears! The shoulders are also padded for comfort in hauling boats and gear.

The outer fabric is tough Cordura and the lining is a slick nylon to go on easily over a wet suit or other garments. Unlike some other low-profile PFDs, this one zips right up the center. I like this. Buckles at the top and bottom of the zipper allow you to reach a large internal pocket (big enough for a granola bar) and still stay protected.

A front pocket and lash tab provide more storage, and an accessory pocket is available separately to attach to the back.

The Ms-FIT is priced at just under \$100.

Bottom line: Any PFD will provide buoyancy. I want one that's comfortable and this is it.

—Ann Marshall



Add-on back pocket holds flares and other emergency gear.

David Price

Truant in the hills

soon as the others would arrive.

At last to our relief we heard the sound of their voices as they came down the trail. They soon joined us, and once more with full baskets.

As the need was imperative, we dispensed with the thought of food, and loading our belongings, started out, leaving by the park's back entrance at my very special request, for it was my wish that my identity ever remain an unsolved mystery in those parts.

We left immediately, making good speed down the highway, until we found ourselves in the midst of a raging forest fire, and on both sides of the roadway.

The smoke being so thick we had difficulty in breathing as well as seeing, Phoebe skillful of hand was at the wheel but not being able to see through the windshield, she craned her neck out of the car door and followed the side of the pavement.

Una was now plainly in distress, and we had to get through somehow. The heat was terrific, and burning branches and charring cinders fell about us, I instinctively dodged as they fell toward the car.

Finally after about five miles, the longest of which I have ever seen or travelled, we reached green timber, and the blaze was soon safely behind us. At the first suitable place where we could get the car off the roadway we drove into an open spot, as it was evident there would be no doctor, midwife, nor hospital for Una's accouchement.

We were not a moment too soon as the moment we assisted her out of the car, birth pangs made it necessary for us to place her on a blanket on the ground.

"It" turned out to be a healthy boy of about eight pounds or so. Lucy attended to Una's immediate needs assisted by Phoebe, who handed me the infant who was already protesting evidently with a

powerful pair of lungs at the treatment he had been receiving, as I soaked his tanned body with what remained of my salad oil, and wrapped him in a clean tea towel, and later draped my wool sweater around him.

We made an enforced camp here for several hours, brewing Una some tea while she and the infant recovered in a measure from the ordeal. As it was now late we thought it best to proceed to the nearest city as quickly as possible.

We drove to a hospital in Tacoma where mother and child were pronounced in fine condition. We left them there to be called for later on by

△

Thanks to Karen Sykes, a Mountaineer member and hiking columnist for the P-I, for allowing Pack & Paddle to print the story of her grandmother's adventure.

Swimming Holes

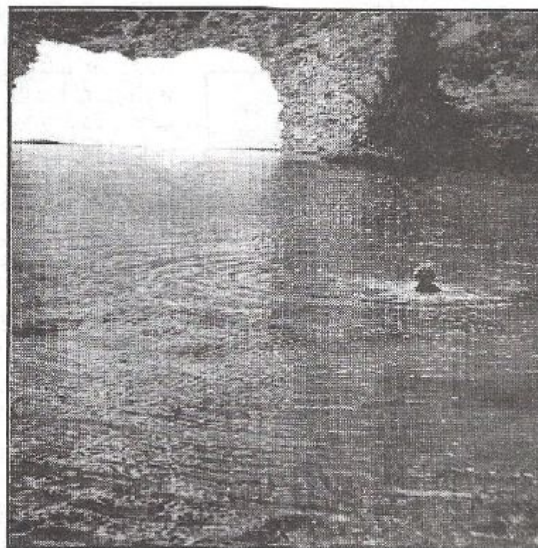
Few things are as invigorating as a swim in a mountain lake or river on a hot summer day.

It's a toss-up whether we'll get any of those days *this* year—so here's a little photo essay to encourage that warm weather.

Right: Rampart Lakes on a hot September day, Alpine Lakes Wilderness. Photo by Don Paulson.



Below: A tributary of the North Fork Stillaguamish north of Granite Falls. Photo by David MacFarlane.



Above: Cat Lake, edged by snow banks, in mid-summer; Olympic National Park. Photo by Manita Nery.

PANORAMA

CASCADES VOLCANO PASS—P&P has told you about this latest of backcountry passes a couple of times (*December 1997* and *December 1998*), but even our office was surprised that it is here, now.

Quietly and without fanfare, this new pass is now required for each person climbing Mount Adams above 7000 feet. The program began June 1.

Options include a **\$15 weekend pass** (valid for a single climbing trip up to three days, Friday-Sunday); a **\$10 mid-week pass** (valid for a single climbing trip up to four days, Monday-Thursday); or a **\$30 annual Cascades Volcano Pass**, valid for multiple trips.

Climbers 16 years or older must have the pass. Golden Age/Golden Access discounts do not apply.

Cascades Volcano Passes will be available for sale at the Mount Adams Ranger Station in Trout Lake, and single-trip passes will also be available at self-issuing stations at the ranger station and at South Climb, Killen Creek and Divide Camp trailheads, when the snow melts.

As an added benefit to climbers (it says here), Mount Adams will honor the Mount Saint Helens Annual Climbing

Pass, and Mount Saint Helens will accept the Annual Cascades Volcano Pass.

Pass fees will be used for implementing a human waste management program, improving conditions of the South Climb access road, and providing information and education programs.

Eventually the Cascades Volcano Climbing Pass will be required on peaks throughout California, Oregon and Washington.

DAN MCHALE'S NEW LOCATION

—After many years on the north side of Queen Anne hill, Dan McHale has moved his pack factory and showroom to Shilshole Bay.

The new address and phone is:
McHale & Co. Packs
 6341 Seaview Ave NW
 Seattle WA 98107
 206-783-3996.

Dan says he likes being on the water and invites readers to come by and see the new place. McHale packs are made-to-order and made-to-fit. Dan or one of his employees can show you how comfortable a McHale pack can be.

Call for directions or other information.

NEW FEE—A new fee will be charged this year in the Cle Elum river valley for "dispersed camping," which means camping in unofficial spots where no facilities exist.

The Cle Elum District estimates that each summer weekend, 3 tons of human waste are left behind by campers. This is causing health and water quality concerns. To pay for portable toilets to be placed in high-use camping spots, a fee of \$5 per vehicle per night will be levied for overnight use. Campers in the area past 6pm must pay the fee.

The fee area includes Morgan Creek north and south, In Between Creek, Dry Creek and the west bank of the Cle Elum River north and south of road 4308.

WILDERNESS DECISION—The decision notice for the Gifford Pinchot National Wilderness Resource Protection Environmental Assessment was recently signed.

A "modified Alternative C" was selected. This alternative will amend the standards and guidelines for Wilderness in the Gifford Pinchot National Forest; use a restrictive permit system

for climbing Mount Adams and for overnight camping in all Gifford Pinchot Wildernesses; and designate campsites in environmentally sensitive areas and/or heavily impacted Wildernesses.

Public meetings will be held to gather comments on the implementation phase of this project. Implementation will not take place (except for the climbing program for Mount Adams) until next year.

FISH & WILDLIFE PARKING DECAL

—If you climb at Vantage you need a Department of Fish and Wildlife parking decal. Climbers in May received warnings, but parking without the \$10 decal is a parking infraction carrying a \$66 price tag.

Paddlers will also need this decal for many put-ins.

You can buy the decal wherever fishing licenses are sold, or get more information at the internet: <www.wa.gov/wdfw/hab/steward/steward.htm>

RECHARGE YOUR BATTERIES

—Would you like to learn how to run your laptop off solar power, wherever you may find yourself? Want to buy solar flashlights, radios, and battery chargers to keep you going on those long camping trips?

How about combining this experience with a hiking trip in one of eastern Oregon's undiscovered wildernesses? You can do it all at SolWest Renewable Energy Fair in John Day, Oregon, on July 24th and 25th.

There will be over 60 workshops, exhibitors, and demonstrations included in the \$5 per day entry cost. One of the workshops, "Solar Camping," will show you how to live in the boonies with all the comforts. While there, why not pick up a solar charger for your GPS unit? Then slip off to the 9000-foot Strawberry Wilderness or one of the "pocket" canyon wildernesses nearby.

For more info:

SolWest Fair
 PO Box 485
 Canyon City OR 97820
 e-mail: solwest@conl.com
 phone: 541-542-2525.

Camping on the fairgrounds available, reservations necessary.

NATIONAL COAST TRAIL—The National Coast Trail Association is



PANORAMA

NEWS FROM ALL OVER

working to establish a walking route along the three Pacific coastal states of California, Washington and Oregon.

Al LePage, the NCTA's director and volunteer coordinator, recently spoke on the Long Beach Peninsula to encourage residents to participate.

In 1998, Washington State Parks formally recognized the Washington Coast Trail, a route which stretches about 200 miles from Cape Flattery to the Columbia River.

Challenges occur where the beach traveler must boat, kayak, or ferry across Grays Harbor and Willapa Bay. LePage notes that cooperation is essential to eventually establish the Washington Coast Trail along its entire length.

The Oregon Coast route is 400 miles long, and in California the distance is 1200 miles.

For information, write:

National Coast Trail Association
5124 NE 34th Ave
Portland OR 97211
phone: 503-335-3876
web: www.coasttrails.org

'ROUND VASHON—A single day sea kayak event, 'Round Vashon, modeled after bicycle fundraising rides, will be held Sunday, July 18.

The goal of this inaugural event is to support the growth and maintenance of the Cascadia Marine Trail, a network of waterside campsites and access points for users of human- and wind-powered, hand-carried watercraft.

Paddlers in single or double kayaks can opt to do the entire 32-mile circumnavigation of Vashon and Maury islands, paddle a shorter segment, or enter as "tag teams" with each member paddling one leg of the route. Not a race but a fundraising event, awards by category will be given to paddlers raising the most funds based on miles to be paddled. The principal sponsor and organizer of the event is Puget Sound Kayak Company, with assistance from the Washington Water Trails Association, the non-profit organization which provides volunteer support of the Cascadia Marine Trail.

The event coincides with Vashon Island's Strawberry Festival when islanders celebrate the ripening berry harvest with numerous fun activities, events and a crafts fair.

The 'Round Vashon event starts and ends at the ramp next to Vashon

Island's north-end ferry dock where there is ample parking on weekends.

The three shorter route put-ins and checkpoints with refreshments are Point Robinson Lighthouse, Tahlequah ferry dock and the Cascadia Marine Trail site at Lisabeula. Each leg of the event is from 6 to 10 miles for a total of 32 miles. The route goes clockwise around Vashon Island to take advantage of the predominant currents.

Solo, tandem and tag team paddlers going the entire 32-mile distance must launch between 6am and 9am and plan to complete no later than the cut-off time of 8pm, one hour before sunset.

Organizers are looking for additional volunteers to help at the start/finish and the three put-in/checkpoints around Vashon and Maury islands.

Sea kayakers may request a 'Round Vashon registration form by calling Puget Sound Kayak Company at their general information line of 206-933-3008, or either of their island outposts: Vashon at 206-463-9257 or Bainbridge at 206-780-3201. Registration forms are also available from the Washington Water Trails Association at 206-545-9161 or <www.eskimo.com/~wwta>.

The registration fee per kayaker is \$20 plus an additional minimum of \$30 in fundraising. Awards for the most funds raised will be made in several categories including solo, tandem and tag team paddlers.

NEW PADDLE CENTER—The Olympic Outdoor Center, headquartered in Poulsbo, has opened a new paddle shop in Allyn, at the head of Case Inlet.

This new center will specialize in rentals, trips and classes in the South Sound. Its location is ideal for those who wish to do more than just day trips with a rental boat. Within paddling distance are three Cascadia Marine Trail campsites. South Sound has many advantages: the water is warmer, the islands and inlets provide protected paddling, and there is no shipping or ferry traffic.

The new Allyn center will have a supply of larger touring doubles suitable for multi-day trips. For rates, rental terms, directions and hours, call OOC at 360-697-6095, or stop in the shop at 18971 Front Street in Poulsbo.

NEW SUPE—Since Denny Bschor left the Baker-Snoqualmie National Forest,

Dan Harkenrider has been filling in as Forest Supervisor.

However, a permanent replacement has been chosen. John Phipps will be coming back to Washington to take the reins of the MBSNF.

John graduated from the UW and spent 8 years here with the Baker-Snoqualmie and also the Olympic National Forest before moving to California's Eldorado National Forest. He will arrive in early July.

GORGE TRAIL—A 45-mile trail from Washougal to Stevenson is being planned for the Washington side of the Columbia Gorge. The project will take several years while land is purchased, environmental assessments are prepared, and actual trail tread is constructed.

The Columbia Land Trust (360-696-0131) is working with the Columbia River Gorge National Scenic Area and the Friends of the Columbia River Gorge to turn the plan into a trail.

PASAYTEN BORDER—The Association of Okanogan County Snowmobile Clubs wants the eastern border of the Pasayten Wilderness moved west 7 miles, and the affected area, including Horseshoe Basin, designated a National Park (which would allow motorized use).

It is asking its members to write their congressmen to change the border. — *excerpted from an item in the Methow Valley News, 6/17.*

INCOMPLETE NUMBER—The June issue gave an incomplete phone number for the Adirondack Mountain Club. It is 518-668-4447.

HURRICANE LODGE—Work began in June on an extensive renovation project on the Hurricane Ridge lodge. The building will remain open throughout most of the summer but expect closures off and on. The project is scheduled to be finished in December.



REST STOP

EQUIPMENT, RECIPES, TIPS

BIVVY BAGS—I've had an OR Advanced Bivy (see *June, page 26*) for four or five years, basically since I saw that they were available. Although I haven't used it very many times (about once a year), I've had pretty good luck with not hitting bad weather.

I have found that it condenses quite a bit if you are sleeping in the open. I carry one or two tent stakes to help arrange the overhead hoop, because otherwise it tends to change positions (usually coming down) during the night.

I'm pretty big (6'3", almost 100 kg) but the bag has adequate room for some cramped reading. Have not been overly claustrophobic, but I'm not sure how I would do in a big rainstorm with the unit zipped up.

I agree that the small zippers are a problem, but they've yet to fail me.—*Rick Haley, Anacortes.*

EMERGENCY SHELTER—The bivy sack review (*June, page xx*) made me think others might find this idea useful.

We've never spent an unplanned night out. Still, with so many day trips, chances are good that sometime we will take a wrong turn or have an accident that will find us spending the night out. We wanted emergency shelter light enough to carry all the time. I modified an emergency blanket, the \$10 red/silver ones with velcro.

Fold the blanket in half lengthwise. On the silver side, sew hook velcro from the middle of the narrow end to about half way up one side. Do the same on the other side with loop velcro. Use a couple lines of stitching with poly thread.

When folded together you have a highly visible tube that closes halfway to keep out wind and water. You can sit or lie with room for some gear. This won't flap around like a flat blanket, but can easily be opened flat.

We keep one folded, velcro together, at the bottom of each day pack. Weight

is 12 ounces. If two of you hike together regularly, make two. Put the velcro on identically. The two blankets can be "sandwiched" together to form one larger shelter for two.

Total cost including velcro, about \$15 each. I'm happy to say we've never used these. I check for wear every year, but after 5 years the stitching is fine with minor wear along the folds.

This is not as nifty as a bivy sack, but cheaper and lighter. It is tougher and more visible than a space blanket or trash sack, but still light enough to carry all the time.—*VB/MA, Arlington.*

TOPO MAPS ON THE WEB—Topographic maps of the Strawberry Mountain Wilderness have been posted to the Grant County website at <www.grantcounty.com>.

This is the first website we've seen with topos, and it also contains information on the area's archeological heritage, as well as a page about the Malheur National Forest.

If you are thinking of recreating in the area and want a map that is not posted, email <webmaster@grantcounty.com> and he will post your map or info next.—*Jennifer Stein Barker, Canyon City.*

LIGHTNING—"Keep calm and keep low," are the words of advice from Wenatchee National Forest when a lightning strike is imminent.

Additional advice is:

- Make your body a single point ground by putting your ankles and knees together and then crouching down. This posture lessens your chances of being a lightning rod or of having a charge enter one foot and exit through the other foot, traveling through your middle organs on the way.
- Get away from your companions. This will lessen your draw as a target.
- Get away from rocks and boulder fields. Lightning likes to travel through the route of least resistance, and water (as in trees and human bodies) is a great conductor from the ground to the sky. Rocks don't hold much water, so your body would be the conductor.
- Aluminum and fiberglass poles will conduct electricity—ice axes, tent poles, fishing gear, pack frames, etc.
- Lightning can happen in snow, rain,

hail, dust, or any kind of turbulence where static occurs. Just because the rain has stopped doesn't mean the lightning is over.

Y2K AND YOUR GPS—The Y2K issue arises from computer software written to use only the last two digits of a year to recognize and correctly process date data. When the date changes from December 31, 1999 to January 1, 2000, this software and any product in which it is used may recognize the year "00" as "1900" rather than "2000," causing product failure, malfunction or data corruption.

In response to this concern, Magellan Corporation is evaluating its products.

Garmin GPS products should continue to operate after the year 2000. Products that display two digits for year will display 00 for the year 2000, 01 for the year 2001, and so on.

If you are interfacing a Garmin product to an NMEA device such as a plotter or moving map, you should check with the respective manufacturer to be certain that these products can properly receive the two-digit date in the NMEA data.

GPS week number rollover: In addition to evaluating its products for compliance with Y2K, Magellan is also evaluating its products for compliance with the EOW (End-of-Week) event, which is similar to the date rollover at the end of the century, but unique to Global Positioning System technology.

GPS time is based on a "GPS week number" ranging from "0" to "1023." Week 1023 will end at midnight (UTC time) on August 21, 1999, at which time the week number will "roll over" or re-set to week 0 beginning on August 22, 1999.

Some older Garmin products may need to perform an "autolocate" or "search the sky" operation in order to acquire satellites and perform navigation functions after the GPS week number rollover occurs. To assist customers, Garmin has issued instructions for operation of each product during the GPS week number rollover event.

If a receiver has not been prepared to handle this week rollover event, the receiver may calculate inaccurate position fixes, generate erroneous dates or have difficulty acquiring satellite signals.—*information compiled by LGM*

WIN FAME & ADMIRATION!

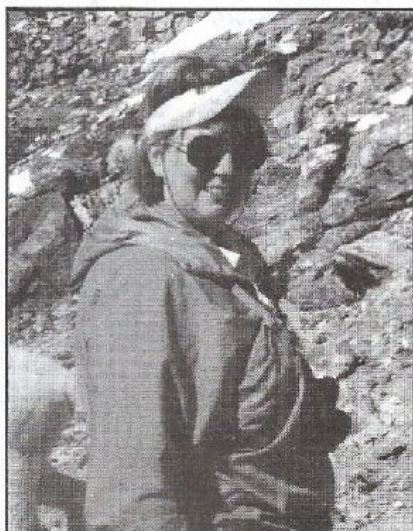
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EDITOR'S JOURNAL



Near the summit of Mount Maude.

FROM THE MAILBOX—"I love your magazine. My heart picks up its pace every time I receive an issue."—*Cinebar*

"I like articles about areas outside Washington, and I think politics are okay, too."—*Mountlake Terrace*

"Would like to see more accounts of long expedition hikes anywhere in the West."—*Seattle*

"I hated to leave Puget Sound, but my new job is to die for. Rumor has it there are mountains near here, and I think I can get used to the weather. I refuse to give up P&P, so send it to my new address!"—*Northglenn (Colorado)*

"4Paws, Jazmin and Kailee give a big four-legged meow to Yellow Cat!"—*Toppenish*

"Even though I don't hike as much as I used to, I still enjoy reading the trip reports and other stories."—*Bellevue*

"I would like to see more accounts of PCT thru-hikes. When are you and Lee going to hike the California section?"—*Yakima*

"I read it cover to cover and especially enjoy John Roper's reports."—*Everett*

VICTORIA—While Lee, David and Julie were practicing open-water rescues (see page 26) I was enjoying tea and cakes at Murchie's. Open-water rescues is not my idea of a fun day on the water, but Victoria offers miles of in-city walking and varied entertainment for those so inclined.

Since Lee can fill up the car with his paddling gear alone, I wondered how everything would fit. But we all made an effort to pack compactly, if not lightly, and with their three boats strapped to the top of the car it must have looked like we were heading for Greenland.

NEW TAX RATE—Perhaps you've noticed that our subscription rate has changed by a few cents (up 2 cents to \$19.48 for one year, and up 4 cents to \$35.71 for two years). Perhaps it's escaped your notice entirely.

This inconsistency is caused by a change in the state sales tax for our area. Since the change is minor, we're going to use up our old supplies before ordering new. You'll see the new rate in the magazine subscription form, and the old rate on your renewal notice. It doesn't matter which number you use.

OFFICE AL FRESCO—When the hot weather arrived, Yellow Cat and I suddenly decided we did not want to spend the day inside where it was hot and stuffy. But if we spent all our time on the porch, we wouldn't get this issue finished on time.

Lee suggested that we just move the entire office outside. So that's what we did. A cool north breeze ruffles the papers (weighted with a couple of rocks),

and YC supervises from a cool patch of moss and violets nearby. A long phone wire connects me to e-mail, and the portable phone is somewhere around here ... when it rings, I'll find it.

In the evening the mosquitoes come out, and then I know it's time to quit for the day.

REPORTS—It is wonderful to see all the trip reports come in as soon as a little good weather arrives. We've added several pages to this issue and still have had to squccceze things in. We make room for everyone's reports, so if yours was cut a bit, it's not that we didn't like it, just that everything had to fit.

See you in the backcountry,

Ann Marshall



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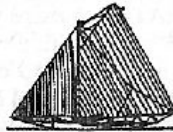
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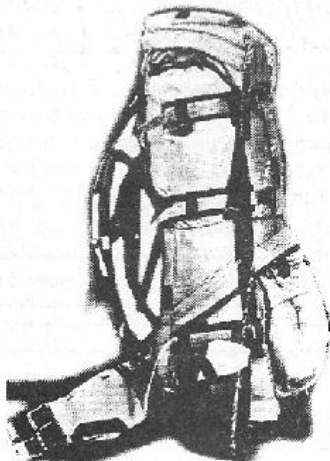
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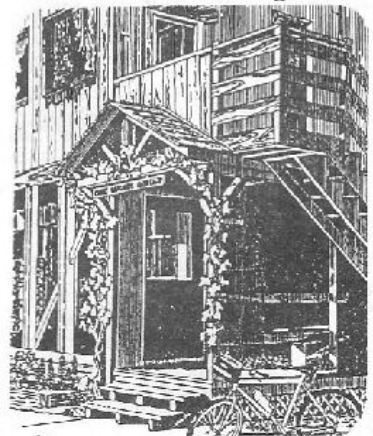
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