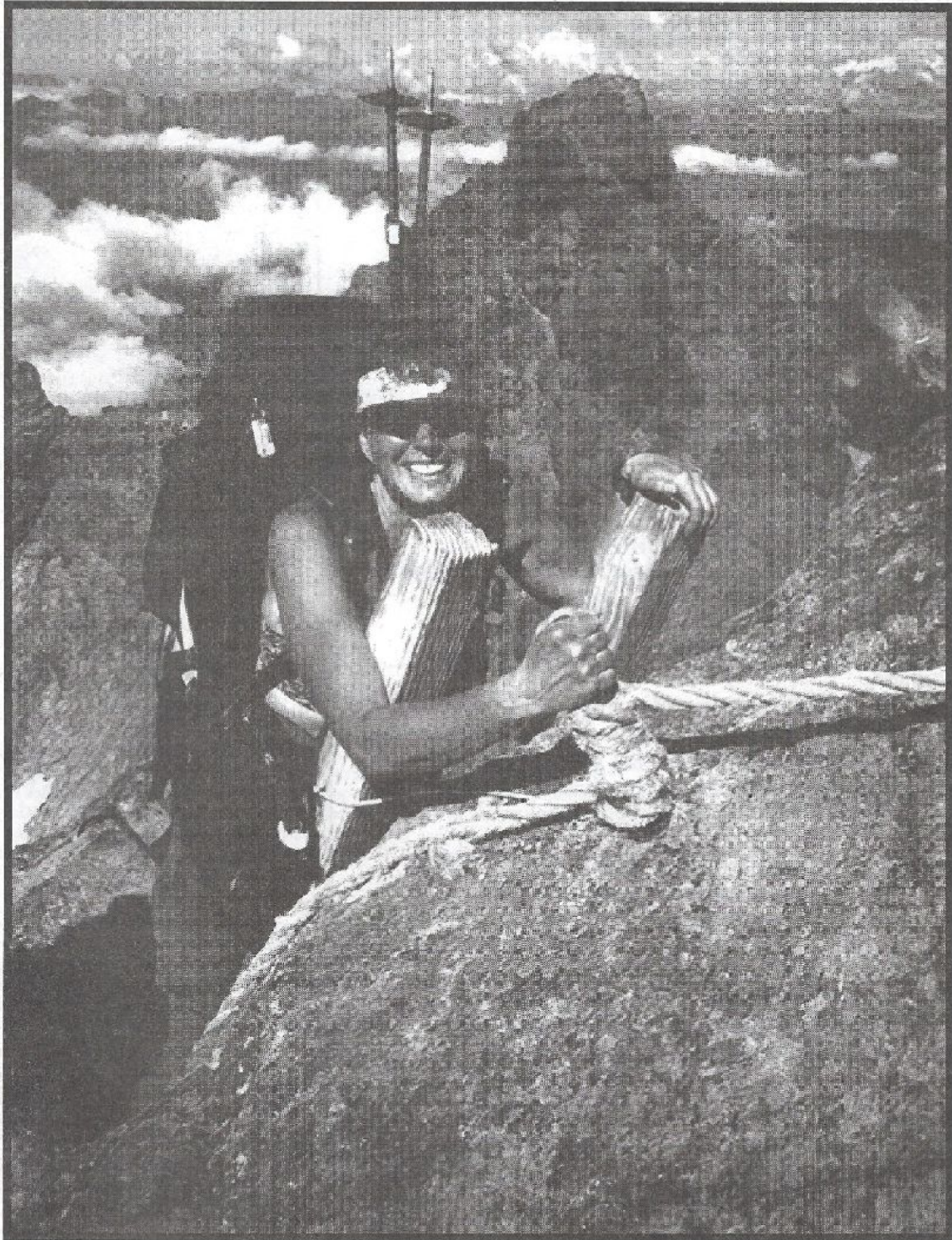


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RANDOM VIEW—



Shirley Haley

Sarah Wilson amid flowers on the Skyline Divide, Mount Baker Wilderness.

Features

- 23 ON MOUNT BAKER'S EASTON GLACIER
Mark Owen
- 24 THE UPS AND DOWNS OF TIDAL RAPIDS
Lee McKee
- 26 ONE HIKER'S GEAR
Rick Haley
- 28 THE BAILEY RANGE TRAVERSE
Chris Bell
- 33 DECEPTION PASS, CATHEDRAL ROCK LOOP
Peg Fern
- 36 WILDFLOWER HEAVEN
Peter Stekel

Departments

- 4 LETTERS TO THE EDITOR
- 5 BACKCOUNTRY NEWS
- 38 PANORAMA — News from All Over
- 38 REST STOP — Recipes, Equipment, Tips
- 39 EDITOR'S JOURNAL

COVER PHOTO:

Debby Anschell arrives at the top of the last ladder on Three Fingers. Boulder River Wilderness, Washington. Photo by Ken Hopping.

HOW TO BE A PACK & PADDLE CONTRIBUTOR:

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

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...

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GOATS AND PLANTS GET ALONG FINE

To my pleasure, *Pack & Paddle* often has photos of Olympic mountain goats. The photo on page 8 of the July issue of two goats in a lush meadow was especially welcome, because it shows how wrong Park Service's propaganda is about the goats. They would have us believe that goats are destroying the plant life of the Olympics and should be killed.

Ms. Sykes' photo confirms what we have observed on our many encounters with goats in the Olympic backcountry: that goats and plants get along fine, just as they do in the Cascades. The only problem that ever existed was near the old salt lick sites, which fortunately don't exist any more.

Keith Gunnar
Langley, Washington

FEE PROTEST

Please join us on August 14th for what will be one of the Pacific Northwest's largest protests against the highly unpopular recreation fee demonstration program. Bring along your friends for a rip-roaring good time! This will be one of approximately 50 protests that will be occurring all across American on the same day. The protest will end early so you'll have plenty of time to enjoy a hike afterward!

Location: Snow Lake trailhead at Snoqualmic Pass

Time: 9:30am to 12:30pm, August 14

For more information call Reverend Jeffrey Barker at 206-325-5662, evenings. For nearly two years, Jeff Barker has conducted a one-man crusade to end National Forest fees. He can be found almost every Saturday at Snow Lake trailhead, passing out literature and speaking to everyone he sees.

He has unflinchingly kept public attention on this issue and has contrib-

uted greatly to keeping our forests wild and free. Last fall, the Reverend Barker's campaign was featured in the *Seattle Times* and I had the good fortune to join Jeff in protest this past October at the REI store in Seattle.

My family and I will be driving from Oregon to Snow Lake trailhead specifically to be with Jeff at this protest. I hope you will all join us in what should be a great day. Please let your friends know about this event.

Other protests are being organized in Washington for those of you who can not join us at Snoqualmic Pass. Please contact me for details:

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Scott Silver
Bend, Oregon

Mountain Gallery

by Dee Molenaar



Denali and the West Buttress Route.

JULY ISSUE CORRECTIONS

- Page 38. The correct web site address for Strawberry Mountain Wilderness topos is www.grantcounty.cc
- Page 3. The correct cover caption is: "Zach and Blake enjoy the scenery from *Cloudy Pass*."
- Page 31. The correct caption for the photo that accompanies "Truant in the Hills" is: "Ethel Dalby with her son Fritz."
- Page 34. The last sentences of "Truant in the Hills" should read: "We left them there to be called for later on by the proud young father and husband. Very thoughtfully and quietly we took our homeward way."

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



BURTON ACRES PARK TO LISABUELA (NOAA 18474)

—This was a one way paddle of just under 10nm around the south end of Vashon Island and part way up its western shoreline. Put-in was at Burton Acres Park on the shore of Quartermaster Harbor and take-out was at Lisabuela Park on Colvos Passage (see *South Puget Sound Afoot & Afloat* for directions).

After setting up the car shuttle, 6 of us in single sea kayaks set out from Burton Acres Park with a minor assist from the ebbing current out of Quartermaster Harbor. We had decided to incorporate some navigation practice into this paddle by following compass bearings for a set time then seeing how close we came to our desired destination to simulate paddling in fog and

also to use bearing fixes to determine the location of 5 pieces of public shoreline along the way. I was using a GPS as a check to see how close we came to finding our locations.

Our first target was Lost Lake Park, an undeveloped Vashon Island Parks piece of land which includes about 1500 feet of shoreline. As anyone who paddles knows, one piece of shoreline looks a lot like another piece of shoreline unless there is some sort of marker. There was no marker here, but by taking compass bearings on two known objects, we were able to pinpoint it. With the tide at a low of minus-1 foot and lots of sand exposed, we decided to make it our first stop to stretch our legs and take a break. There were lots of sand dollars, lots of clam holes, and a couple of small crabs. I imagine they all were looking forward to the tide coming back in!

Back in the boats, we used the same method to locate DNR beach 79 on the southeast corner of the island. Rounding the end of Vashon we entered Dalco Passage and got an immediate current assist that helped carry us past the Tahlequah ferry landing just before the arrival of the ferry.

Rounding Point Dalco we saw lots of small boats fishing in what looked like a minor tide rip a little way off shore. Now heading into Colvos Passage we began paying attention to compass bearings to locate Spring Beach Park which has 1400 feet of shoreline. Using bearings to both Point Defiance to the south and Point Richmond to the north we were able to locate the park and made

that our lunch stop. We were also able to locate Sunrise Beach Park which is 500 feet of shoreline across Colvos Passage on the Kitsap Peninsula side.

Back in the boats we paddled a straight line course up the passage to Point Sandford to take advantage of what little current there was flowing. Just after the Point is a street end access which was obvious from the water but which we combined with compass bearings anyway. Past here it was just a short distance to our final target, Lisabuela Park.

I've done bits and pieces of navigation while paddling but this is the first time I really spent a whole trip trying to find things on the water and was encouraged at how well it worked.—LGM, Port Orclard, 6/27.



DEER RIDGE (USGS Tyler Pk, Maiden Pk)—Trudy L

londe led this trip for our Midweek Mountaineer group instead of the scheduled Buckhorn Pass which was still snowed in. It turned out to be a great hike.

The trail is shown very nicely on the Custom Correct Gray Wolf-Dosewallips map and is described in Wood's *Olympic Mountains Trail Guide*.

Instead of hiking the trail from its beginning at Slab Camp, we drove farther up the road to a big switchback and caught a side trail there. The .4-mile side trail caught the main Deer Ridge trail 1.3 miles up from Slab Camp. In all, we hiked about 8 miles round trip with 2400 feet gain. The trail was in good shape with only a few

BACKCOUNTRY NEWS DEADLINE: August 17

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

downed trees in the vicinity of the Park boundary which were easy enough to go around.

Being in the rain shadow, we were lucky not to have any rain this day; however, the fog teased us as it gave an occasional glimpse of the absolutely incredible views to the south of us. At one point, we had an entire panorama of snow-covered peaks—for about one minute. Then it closed in again. When we couldn't enjoy the view, we admired the variety of wildflowers along the trail.

There were very few snow patches to cross and they weren't difficult. Where the trail leveled out and ended at Deer Park, the area was mostly snow covered. We found a nice dry picnic table out of the snow where we had lunch and took a long break in bright warm fog/sun before heading back down.—Ginny Evans, Renton, 6/30.

DUCKABUSH RIVER
(USGS Mt Jupiter, The Brothers)—With snow still lingering in the high country, we headed to the Duckabush, in the southeastern Olympics. I was hoping it wouldn't be as populated as more familiar areas like the Elwha.

The trail starts out on a climb over Little Hump and then drops into a lush green valley. Then it starts up Big Hump at a little over 2.5 miles, climbing 1000 feet in a little over a mile in a series of tight switchbacks. A great resting place is the false summit, an open area of glaciated rock overlooking the canyon below.

The trail then dives into shady woods, climbing slightly and then plunging

600 feet down to Five Mile Camp and the river. After Five Mile, the trail goes up and down above the blue-green rushing river. Areas of lush forest alternate with rocky outcroppings. Stream crossings were frequent.

Right at the National Park boundary (6.7 miles) was a large mudslide. We were able to cross carefully. Most of the mud is gravelly and was setting up like drying concrete. A lively creek passed through the slide, but was easy to cross where it had separated into braided channels.

After the slide, the trail deteriorated. There were frequent downed trees, mud-holes, wet brush and difficult stream crossings. We gave up before reaching Ten Mile Camp. Even with daypacks, it was tough going.

We saw a wide variety of forest flowers and some rockery beauties, including *Lewisia columbiana*. Some late rhodies were still blooming on Big Hump.—Liz Escher, Lake Forest Park, 7/5.

CRESCENT BAY TO FRESHWATER BAY (NOAA 18465)—Seven of us in single sea kayaks set out to explore this area on a one-way paddle. We met at a small parking lot on the east end of Crescent Bay next to Salt Creek (see both *North Puget Sound Afoot & Afloat* and *Kayaking Puget Sound, the San Juans, and Gulf Islands* for directions). This lot is at the western boundary of Salt Creek County Park and provides access to the beach. At higher water levels you can float your kayak down Salt Creek to the beach; however, the boundary between public

and private land is the middle of the creek, and kayakers not observing this boundary have been confronted by property owners.

Today the tide was about .5-foot and coming in but the water in the creek was too low to float boats, so we had a long carry to the beach.

Since we were setting out in conditions of moderate wind and swell, we left Crescent Bay a ways to the west of Tongue Point. That allowed us to get a first-hand look at the water and to retreat into the bay if anyone was uncomfortable with what they saw.

Everyone, though, was comfortable in their abilities to handle the conditions, so we turned east and headed around Tongue Point. We had a flood current and that together with the westerly wind and following seas pushed us right along.

This truly is a rugged piece of coastline with sheer cliffs dropping into the water, small pocket beaches, and large kelp beds. Unfortunately the water conditions were such that most of our attention needed to be focused on handling the following seas.

About two-thirds of the way we spotted a sheltered pocket beach where we were able to make a landing. Sheer cliffs bounded the pebble beach, and it was evident that little to no beach existed at high water. With the tide now about 4.5 feet and coming in quickly we decided to limit our stay to a quick snack and look around.

Rounding Observatory Point we immediately fell into the protection of the high cliffs and the waves and wind disappeared, leaving us with totally calm water. Since the conditions had precluded much exploration on the way, we had time to spare, so we did some wet exits and rescue practice before landing on the sandy beach of Freshwater Bay County Park.—LGM, Port Orchard, 7/11.

CAMP PLEASANT (USGS Mt Skokomish, Mt Olson)—The trail was cleared to the bridge past Big Log Camp. There were several trees down past that and a few patches of snow. The bracken ferns were still not unfurled. I ate lunch overlooking the swollen river. After a quick trip to the Darky Mine I made a hasty retreat out in a little over two hours.—Cindy Notown, 7/12.

MOUNT TOWNSEND
(USGS Mt Townsend)—Lew and I started up the upper south trailhead (3250 feet). Weather was overcast, which was nice considering the



Joan and Linda at Spread Eagle Pass.

Ann Marshall

BACKCOUNTRY NEWS

REPORTS AND CONDITIONS

relentless steepness of this trail.

The trail is in very good condition except for one major blowdown with a way trail already developing around it. There were snow patches, but all except one were small and easily negotiated.

This trail offers some very good distant views east and of a massive out-cropping south once about half way up the climb. A few nice waterfalls too. Wildflower variety is one of the best of any trail I can recall, but there aren't as many this year, at least not yet. Too soon after snow melt I imagine.

We reached a good stopping and lunch point at about 5800 feet and about 5 miles which had good views west and to the southwest toward snow-covered Silver Lakes. The ridge and true summit to the north are probably about 400 feet higher. All the valleys west (below Silver Lakes, Tubal Cain to Marmot Pass, and the Dungeness River Valley) should be lightly traveled this year as the primary access Dungeness River road is washed out below Gold Creek. —Tom Karasek, Lake Goodwin, 7/14.



MOUNT TOWNSEND

(USGS Mt Townsend)—It seemed like spring at the lower trailhead with all the rhodies in bloom. There was so much water flowing from Sink Lake that we actually crossed on a footlog. We got lost as usual at Camp Windy which still was under 2 or 3 feet of snow. Windy Lake was just thawing out. Lots of flowers—the heather, paintbrush, phlox, and lupine were all in bloom. The sun and views on top lasted about halfway through my p-nut butter sandwich when a cloud decided to take over. —Ben and Nancy Brodic and Sparky, Edmonds, 7/20.



BOGACHIEL RIVER

(USGS Indian Pass, Hunger Mtn)—This seemed like a good choice for a snowfree backpacking trip. The trade-off was 6 miles of squishy mud going in to Bogachiel Camp. Although the map shows a shelter, that structure washed away in 1990 when the river channel shifted.

We found a pleasant spot next to the river with a breeze to keep the bugs down. After our evening meal we had a nice visit with Bogachiel Beth, the resident ranger.

On our second day we hiked on up the river. The forest is impressive with many interesting interactions among trees, river and wind. We stopped for a break at Flapjack Camp where we spotted two snakes.

The valley gradually transitions from flat bottomland to a narrow gorge. Seven

miles from camp we stopped for lunch beside a deep pool near Lotloh Creek. Water sculpted rocks were topped with moss and columbine.

Two of us continued on to Fifteen-mile Camp. The trail starts to gain elevation and move away from the river as it enters a fine Douglas-fir forest. The shelter is located in an impressive grove of large trees.

Crossing a nearby stream, I pointed out a fresh bear track. My companion, however, was not convinced. We were debating the issue as we rounded the next bend to confront a large black bear in the middle of the trail. My friend conceded the point. Fortunately, the bear was polite and dashed off into the bushes.

We nervously continued to the bridge crossing before turning back toward camp. After a long 18-mile day, our freeze dried meals actually tasted good.

The next morning we packed up camp and hiked back to the trailhead. The tread was somewhat improved, but I would recommend doing this hike after a full week of dry weather. The trail was clear of downed trees and very well brushed. Thanks, Beth!

On the drive home we stopped at Kalaloch Lodge for lunch followed by a walk on the beach. The crowds of people here made us fully appreciate the isolation of the deep forest. —Ken Hopping, Bellevue, 7/9-11.



DOSEWALLIPS STATE

PARK (USGS Brinnon)—

Sherron, Lew, me and eight family and friends from 7 to 58 set off up the network of trails above the campground in Dosewallips State Park. We crossed the footbridge and were immersed in almost a rain forest with drooping moss, fresh greenery of every description, salamanders, slugs, snails and birds.

The older ones were showing discoveries to the younger ones and considerable vice-versa. Progress wasn't real fast, but discoveries made it fun for all. At 1 1/4 miles we came back to an internal access road we had crossed at the 1/4-mile point and the party split, some returning by the easier road and five of us continuing down to the river and back up a bit to a trail paralleling the road. We picked up the pace and beat the road group back to the campground and our cluster of RVs.

The whole loop was about 3 miles. Next morning we did the only other trail on the property, a short 1/2-mile or so down to the beach and a view tower with good description boards explaining the shore life. —Tom Karasek, Lake Goodwin, 7/17.



THE BROTHERS (USGS

The Brothers)—

The trail to Lena Lake is in excellent condition. This year the water level is unusually high, submerging many shoreline campsites.

The turnoff for The Brothers trail is marked with a sign. We encountered several snow blockages as low as 2000 feet when crossing avalanche gullies. I was very impressed by the untamed wildness of this narrow valley. The stream alternately roars around moss-covered boulders then gurgles quietly past fern-covered flats.

Several large windfalls block the trail just beyond the third bridge crossing. We reached snowline 1/4-mile from the climber's camp. Snow depth there was 3 feet. We continued upstream to find an open gravel bar with welcome sunshine. Travel time from the car was 4 hours.

We started our climb at 7am the next morning. A boot path was occasionally visible through bare spots near the stream. We crossed one small avalanche track at the base of a cliff then began ascending a long avalanche slope that curved upward to the right. Judging from moats around several giant boulders, snow depth here was 20 feet.

We carried crampons but they were unnecessary on the sun-warmed snow. A flat spur ridge topped by small trees bounds the eastern side of the slope. We left the snow at a headwall and scrambled up a series of easy ledges.

After a rest stop on top of the ridge, we resumed climbing on snow. A prominent gully known as The Hour Glass soon came into view on the left. Snow conditions were excellent for kicking steps and we ascended the steep slope unroped.

Crumby rock on the sides of the gully suggests that it is safest to do this route as a snow climb. The gully broadens near the top. We angled right toward the main summit block. Leaving the snow, we scrambled up to a 20-foot-high face. On the right side a sloping chimney offered clean footing. Above was a short talus slope leading to the summit. Time from camp 5 hours.

This peak has been on my gotta-do list for a long time. It was a great feeling of satisfaction to finally reach the summit after a challenging climb. Looking down at the steep descent route, I had to remind myself that it was only half finished.

The snow was much softer going down. We could plunge-step, but occasionally an icy crust would deflect the heel plant. Even with extra caution, one member of our group gave an impromptu demonstration of precision

BACKCOUNTRY NEWS

REPORTS AND CONDITIONS

self arrest technique.

The lower avalanche track was littered with debris making it uncomfortable for glissading. We found it acceptable for boot skiing and enjoyed a long run down to tree line.

Everyone was tired when we arrived in camp at 4pm. With energy waning we packed up our gear and shouldered heavy packs for the 6-mile hike to the trailhead. The camaraderie of a shared victory, together with a dose of planning for our next adventure, helped divert our attention from those aching muscles and joints. It was 8:30pm when we finally arrived at the cars. A long but enjoyable day.—Ken Hopping, Bellevue, 7/18-19.

HOH RIVER—Snow becomes continuous at the avalanche chute below Glacier Meadows with 10 feet of snow at the meadows.

Snow becomes continuous on the Hoh Lake trail at top of the ridge at about 3500 feet. There are 7 trees down below CB Flats. Almost 10 feet of snow here with large amounts of windfall already in evidence in melting snow. 15 feet of snow at Hoh Lake which is still 95% in ice.—Ranger, 7/5.

GRAND VALLEY—In short, there is a lot of snow and a ton of trees down on the accesses into Grand Valley from either Deer Park or Obstruction Point. The Obstruction Point road is mostly covered with snow but fairly easily hikeable. There are some patches of bare road toward the trailhead.

The lake basin is snow covered. Three campsites are melted out.—Ranger, 7/7.

SEVEN LAKES BASIN—Trail is snowfree for approximately 3 miles; after that expect snow up to 3 to 4 feet deep. The trail is clear of snow around

the Appleton Pass junction, but deep snow begins again before Seven Mile Camp. 26 trees are down before the Appleton Pass junction. Many more are down beyond that.

Snow bridges are a particular problem from the Sol Duc River to Sol Duc Park. There are many snow bridges up to 15 feet high across the smaller creeks. A rope is recommended to assist in creek crossings. All campsites from Bridge Creek to Potholes, including Sol Duc Park, Heart Lake, Lunch Lake, and all of Seven Lakes Basin are snow-covered. All lakes are still almost completely frozen with Deer Lake being the exception.

Silver Snag campsite on the High Divide has about 30 feet of snow. High Divide has large cornices on the north slopes. The area to the south of Bogachiel Peak toward Hoh Lake is massively buried in snow.

Check in with a ranger before attempting a trip to the High Divide or Seven Lakes Basin.—Ranger, 7/16.

DOSE, Main Fork—Trees cleared up to Deception Creek. Hand rail on Deception Bridge is broken. Damage to some of the puncheon bridges. Patchy snow up to Bear Camp.—Ranger, 7/6.

DOSE, West Fork—High Bridge is out and trail is closed.—Ranger, 7/20.

NORTH FORK QUINAULT—The North Fork Quinalt trail has patchy snow in the vicinity of 12 Mile and 16 Mile camps. The 16 Mile ford is 3 feet to 3½ feet deep. Patchy snow begins at 2800 feet and the trail is mostly snow-covered soon after. Low Divide has 6 feet of snow. All campsites and privies are buried. The shelter is unsafe to use due to snow damage.

The Martin's Park trail remains under deep snow and Martin's Lakes are completely covered.

The trail from Low Divide to Chicago Camp has patchy snow on it for the first mile but is mostly snow-free. The trail is covered in several places by avalanche debris and there are approximately 25 trees down. The footlog across the Elwha is gone. The ford 20 feet upstream from the trail is 2½ feet deep.—Ranger, 7/15.

DEER PARK—The road is now open all the way to Deer Park. There is still snow in some of the campsites. Wildflowers along the upper part of the Deer Ridge trail, going toward Slab Camp, are glorious at this time. The Deer Ridge trail has been cleared as far as the park boundary.—Ranger, 7/16.

APPLETON PASS—Trail has many blowdowns and is completely under snow above 3100 feet elevation. Beware of unstable snow bridges and avalanche danger.—Ranger, 7/16.

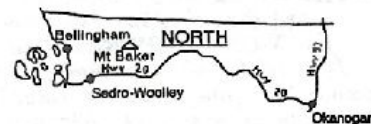
DUNGENESS ROAD 2860—Remains closed near the junction with 28.—Ranger, 7/21.

GRAVES CREEK COUGAR—Four cougar sightings since July 11 have caused the Graves Creek campground, nature trail, and stock camp to be closed temporarily. The sightings are believed to be all the same animal, a young cougar about 2 years old.

Hikers are encouraged to avoid the East Fork Quinalt for a while to give the cat some room.—Ranger, 7/19.

WILDERNESS INFO CENTER—Call 360-452-0300.

NORTH



MOUNT CONSTITUTION

(USGS Mt Constitution)

Heather and I traveled to Moran State Park and found the campground surprisingly not full, and the trails fairly quiet. We did what I call the Grand Moran circuit, an 11.5-mile loop trip from the Midway Campground to Cascade Falls, Mountain Lake, Twin Lakes, Mount Constitution, Summit Lake, Cold Springs, and Cascade Lake.

The trails were all cleared and in great shape. While it rained on the mainland, we enjoyed the rainshadow effect and even had some good views from the 2409-foot summit of Constitution. Lots of deer and lots of amorous newts in Summit Lake.—Craig Romano, Seattle, 6/25.



RUTH CREEK

(USGS Mt Sefrit)

This was a pretty half-hearted effort. With rain at the trailhead on Friday evening we chose to sleep on the banks of the Nooksack instead of going in late as planned. It was still drizzling in the morning but with Tom's rally cry of "It's going to break up!" we loaded up and started walking up the Hannegan Pass trail.

Halfway up the valley the snowcover became thick enough for us to drop to the stream and start skiing. We stayed

ALWAYS CARRY THE TEN ESSENTIALS

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

BACKCOUNTRY NEWS

REPORTS AND CONDITIONS

on the north side and had to struggle through a few bands of timber before we made it into the open country at the head of the valley. As I seem to be finding everywhere this year a large avalanche had scrubbed the north slopes, leaving a thick layer of tree trunks, branches, and needles over a several hundred yard wide swath.

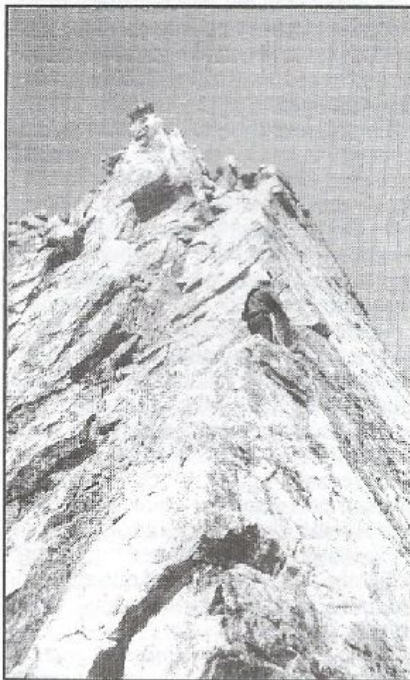
After reaching the footings of Ruth Peak we continued up into the cloud ceiling, which had been hanging at a steady 5000 feet all morning (actually all month, I think). Knowing we would never see anything, and our party already reduced by attrition, we turned and skied some nice turns back to the avalanche debris where the stragglers waited.

We skied the south side of the creek out, which was much steadier going than the north. Continuing past our last known snow bridge over the creek we continued swinging around the huge snow-covered talus cones to the swampy flats of Ruth Creek. We waded the creek in full boots and pants before squishing the last mile to the car.—Peter Krystad, Seattle, 6/26.



PARK BUTTE/SCOTT PAUL TRAIL (USGS Baker

Pass)—Road 13 is impassable at the 3000-foot level, approximately 3/8-mile from the trailhead. The obstacles are snow and a washout. Since the Sulphur Creek bridge into Schreibers Meadows



Paul Cho climbing the southeast ridge of Sharkfin Tower.

has collapsed under snow load, the way is now via the snowmobile access.

There is sufficient snow that snowmobiles are still out in force, spewing noxious noise and fumes throughout the National Recreation Area.

We followed snowmobile tracks more or less up the Scott Paul trail, my hiking partner in climbing boots and me on my snowshoes. We went up the ridge to point 4864 and then continued to approximately the 5100-foot level.

Snowmobile tracks were everywhere and noise from the machines was in the distance. When a squadron of four headed our way we retreated to the saddle on the trail at 4600 feet. Then we descended by way of the east fork drainage of Sulphur Creek. At 3600 feet we crossed to the east side of the creek and continued toward the road. The creek traverses along Road 13 and so did we until the creek went under the road, allowing us to return without wading.

My recommendation, unless you are summiting Mount Baker, is to avoid this area until the snow retreats to the point that snowmobiles are banned for the season.—Carol Riddell, Edmonds, 7/4.



BIG BEAVER VALLEY (USGS Ross Dam, Pumpkin

Mtn)—On this very hot July day, Heather and I completed an 18.5 mile day hike up the famed Big Beaver Valley and alongside fjordlike Ross Lake.

We started at the Ross Dam trail, dropped 500 feet and took the water taxi to Big Beaver campground. We then hiked up the valley 5.5 miles to 39-Mile Creek campground. This valley is a truly spectacular hike of giant old growth cedars, some over 1000 years old. At the camp we were alerted by a backcountry ranger about a black bear sow and cub in the vicinity. Sure enough, on the return at 2 in the afternoon, mother bear was foraging on the trail. No sight of the cub (relief).

At 3 in the afternoon we watched fly in front of us and stare us down for over 20 minutes what I believe to be a young spotted owl. Its diurnal presence threw me off, but its docile nature and spotted wings and chest made me believe it was *strix occidentalis*. Anyone out there with info? I'm still waiting for the naturalist at Marblemount to call me back.

We continued on the Ross lake trail hiking 7 miles back to our start. What a great trail—an impressive waterfall and great views of Jack Mountain and Ruby Peak as well as the lake.—Craig Romano, Seattle, 7/9.



THUNDER CREEK (USGS Ross Dam, Forbidden Pk)—

On another hot but gorgeous day, Heather and I hiked up another classic North Cascade valley of old growth giants, and roaring glacial melt waters. We hiked just over 6 miles up the valley to just beyond the North Cascades National Park boundary.

The trail is in spectacular shape and is quite popular. We spent time at the McAllister Camp—a nice spot on the creek where the waters tumble and flow through a narrow chasm. It was just us and the dippers at this spot sharing this glorious valley. Note of caution: lots of flooding near the suspension bridge; prepare for wet feet.—Craig Romano, Seattle, 7/10.



JACK MOUNTAIN (USGS Jack Mtn, Mt Logan, Diablo

Dam)—I chose the southwest route on Jack for its easy access from Highway 20. The late June date I chose so that there would be ample water at the base camp. The access was certainly easy and there was more than enough snow at 6000 feet for water!

Contrary to what it shows on my Green Trails map, the East Bank trail does not start on the east side of Panther Creek but on the west.

The trail quickly drops to cross Ruby Creek then meanders for 2½ miles to a three-way junction and the start of the Jack Mountain trail. The trail gains slightly over 4000 feet in about 4½ miles. We found the trail to be in decent shape, a little brushy with about a dozen small trees across it, all of which were easily crossed or gone around. We hit spotty snow at 5000 feet and solid at 5500 feet.

At 6000 feet we found a nice sheltered spot near the last of the trees to set up camp. There we spent the afternoon and evening in the clouds but protected from the wind.

The next day we had more of the same along with snow. We set out and went as far as Little Jack, the point almost directly north of our camp. Here we decided that with the complex nature of the route it would be better to have some visibility to continue.

The way out was nearly uneventful. Shortly after leaving camp I noticed fresh bear prints in our prints from the day before. He (she) seemed to be carefully using our steps as it descended the path. Some were clear enough to see the claw marks, too. We assumed that this was just a black bear using his claws to negotiate the snowy slope. We never did see it though we kept our

Mark Owen

eyes peeled on the way down.—Dave N., Wendy P., Rob F., and Cathy J., 6/26-27.

Ed. Note: About bear tracks: draw a line under the toes of the front paw—if the line angles back, it's a black bear; if the line is straight across, it's a grizzly bear. Black bear claws are not very long and can be seen right in front of the pads; grizzly claws are quite long and form a semi-circle in front of the pads.

NORTH CASCADES NATL PARK
—Wilderness Information Center in
Marblemount: 360-873-4500 x 37 or 39.

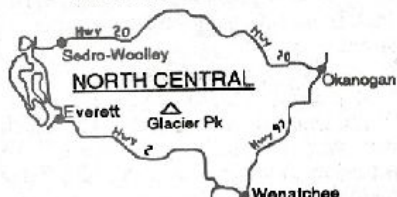
Cascade River road is now open to the Cascade Pass trailhead.

PCT Stehekin south is snowfree at least 5 miles from Stehekin valley road; patchy snow to Hemlock Camp. **Big Beaver** is clear and in good shape to 39 Mile camp. Snow level at 3400 feet with 3 to 9 feet of snow over Beaver Pass.

Thornton Lake trail is snow free but brushy first 2.5 miles. Patchy snow at 4000 feet with solid snow above 4200 feet. **Whatcom Pass** is snowbound above 4000 feet from Little Beaver.—Ranger, 7/15.

METHOW VALLEY—For current conditions call the Visitor Center, 509-996-4000.

NORTH CENTRAL



DECEPTION PASS (USGS Deception Pass)

—Lew and I parked at the Deception Pass State Park West Beach parking lot and headed generally east above the shoreline toward the bridge. The trail varies from good to badly overgrown and, since the brush was wet from our lovely rain, we got wet. The trail got better as we continued east along North Beach and settled into an excellent trail with good views of the rugged channel and bridge then up and under the bridge.

We continued east on the Goose Rock Perimeter Trail around to Cornet Bay then up to a broad rocky summit at about 500 feet with good views south and west. We dropped down on the north side and went west to intersect the wide Discovery Trail which goes under the highway back to the park. We followed the highway north and over the main bridge to Pass Island and the

second bridge over Canoe Pass.

Shortly we found a trail west at a gap in the railing and dropped to the beach and a fishing dock. Reversed along the beach to Lighthouse Point and, following a mispositioned "Trail" sign, got on a rapidly diminishing way-trail along the north side. We don't recommend that trail with its poor tread, brush and steep drop-offs but it went the right direction and we reached Vista Point. Enjoyed the view briefly then went south and east on the main trail past a beautiful sheltered cove.

Brief views until we got to the actual Lighthouse Point which is also very picturesque and presents a great view of both parts of the bridge. After photography, we returned to the beach we had left, then up and south on the Canoe Pass Vista Trail past a dangerous but flagged wash-out and views mostly blocked by trees. The trail loops back to itself so a person could avoid the wash-out. A warning sign at the junction would help turn people, one of whom could well get hurt here.

Back to the beach we returned up to the bridge, across, enjoying the view from the other side, under the south end and back on the North Beach trail to our car. The total was probably about 6 miles and took us a very pleasant five hours, even in the overcast and light mist. It would be very nice on a sunny day.—Tom Karasek, Lake Goodwin, 7/2.



JOHANNESBURG MOUNTAIN (USGS Cascade Pass)

—Dallas Kloke and I left our bivvy site (Dallas's pickup which was parked 2 miles from the end of the road) at 4:30am to begin our climb of Johannesburg. The snow was hard in the Cascade-Johannesburg couloir and with crampons we made quick work of the 3400 feet of steep snow. We arrived at the couloir's top in one hour and 40 minutes.

From here we ascended a series of steep gullies and mixed terrain on the east ridge. The sun was now warming the slopes and a constant barrage of small avalanches and rockfall slid down. On a traverse of a steep gully, Dallas was pummeled and partially buried by a small slide. Luckily he was not swept down the chute.

From the top of the snow gullies, we traversed the ridge on narrow ledges, crossing smaller rock gullies to reach the summit in 2 hours and 50 minutes from the col. After a few photos and nourishment we began the long descent. Downclimbing the ridge and rappelling once, we reached the top of the

snow gullies. Our perfect snow conditions had changed, so we made a long series of picket belays and two rappels to reach the col. We belayed the upper 600 feet of the couloir, then unroped and plunge-stopped the rest of the way down in soft snow.

This was my first ascent of this Cascade classic and the sixth for Dallas. Johannesburg is a big and serious alpine adventure. Bring a full compliment of alpine necessities and enjoy a long day. Round trip from car was 15½ hours.—Scott Bingen, Anacortes, 7/6.



CASCADE PASS, SAHALE (USGS Cascade Pass)

—The Cascade River road was still closed, and gated, 2 miles from the end of the road. A trudge up the road with full packs revealed no good reason for it to be closed, although subsequent events convinced me that keeping casual day hikers off of the trail to Cascade Pass would have been reason enough!

The ranger at Marblemount insisted that we stick to the trail rather than head straight up the valley on open snow to Cascade Pass. So, we tried. The first couple of miles were fine, but then we started losing it in the snow. Knowing the trail did a lot of switchbacks and then a long traverse was driving us nuts as we probed the steep hillside without knowing whether the trail had switched to our right or left or if it was off on its big traverse.

So, we bailed out. Soldier Boy Creek looked like a wide open snow slope of modest steepness, so we just headed up it and came out on top of Sahale Arm at about 6500 feet.

We continued up to the proscribed campsite in the high glacial moraine at 7600 feet. Several tent platforms in the rocks were all melted out, but we did have to melt snow for water. Below us, the top of Sahale Arm was about one-quarter melted out, with large swatches of meadow and trail exposed and dry.

On our climb of Sahale the next day, our party of 4 encountered a party of 10 and a party of 6 from the Quin Sabe Glacier route. A good trivia question would be: How many climbers can you fit on the summit of Sahale? A casual observer might guess 4, but it seems you can fit a whole lot more as long as nobody starts break dancing.

Fortunately, people started rappelling off at about the same speed others were summiting, so we reached a kind of equilibrium.

On our way out we decided to give Cascade Pass another chance. Dropping off Sahale Arm to the pass was continuous snow field and longer and steeper

than most people would want to do without an ice axe. Below the pass, the slope was mostly snowfield but we knew there were cliff bands and some steep chutes below.

There is a "best way," but from above we did not see it, so we settled for second or third best, which was crossing a little brush and dropping down a nasty little chute. In hindsight, there were other routes that looked a lot nastier so we didn't complain.

We found out later that a descending climber had slipped in one of these steep chutes and fallen 150 feet before being stopped by brush. Fortunately, the person was not badly hurt, but it was said to be a rather close call.

After descending from Cascade Pass, one has to cross the river over snow bridges of questionable integrity and then find a way to the road without bashing through a bunch of brush. All in all, maybe it is better to keep the road closed if only to keep hordes of people from hiking up the trail and then thrashing around in the snow on steep hillsides to get to Cascade Pass!
—Dale Flynn, Seattle, 7/10-11.

▲▲ FORBIDDEN PEAK (USGS Cascade Pass, Forbidden Pk)

—Forbidden is a northwest classic. When I was presented the opportunity to climb it I jumped on it!

As the day drew near and the weather report called for continued sunny skies my excitement grew. I met Ralph and then long-time friend Tom and we made our way to the trailhead. I should say we *almost* made it to the trailhead. The Cascade River road was gated, due to final cleanup from the winter, a little short of the trailhead.

The trail, though a little overgrown, was in okay shape. After some gentle grade it gets down to business and climbs! At length we came to the first of the three major stream crossings. The water was high and the snow undercut. Shortly past the last of these a minor stream is crossed and we lost the trail in the hard snow of the woods. We did the only logical thing to do and headed as straight up the slope as possible.

The trees thinned and we broke out into Boston Basin. What a sight: a huge arc of snow-covered glacier rimmed by the jagged peaks and rocks: Torment, Forbidden, Sharkfin, Boston and Sahale. Across the valley loomed the huge mass of Johannesburg, streaked with aretes and steep ice falls.

We made camp at 6300 feet below the snow couloir we would ascend the next day. The rest of the evening was taken up with watching a Mountaineers

group making a very late summit. They all seemed to reach the top by about 5 o'clock. By the time it was too dark to see them anymore they were still only about 2/3 of the way back down the ridge. We would not see them again until we headed up the couloir that Sunday morning. A tired but okay group.

The couloir went pretty fast even with another group of three ahead of us. It seemed to be about 45 degrees. At the ridge notch we racked up and began the rock portion of the climb. Using a combination of running belays and belayed climbing we made our way to the summit in about 7 hours. Three on a rope is slow climbing no matter how you do it.

The summit views were great. Many

peaks I was unfamiliar with, some I recognized from perusing Beckey's guide, like the twin peaks of Hozomeen. To the northeast the bulk of Jack Mountain and beyond the many Pasayten peaks. To the west the flowing icy skirts of the fabled Eldorado. We waved to our friends who were, hopefully, summiting, too.

The descent was long but was mostly very pleasant, the weather and ever-changing views making it a joy. There were a few tense moments as Ralph slipped, unroped, several times on the ridge. I then scared the polypro right off myself, Ralph, Tom and two others when I took a slip at the bottom third of the couloir.



Clark Mountain from Napeequa Valley.

Seemingly out of control and nearly blind from snow shoved under my glasses I accelerated down the slope. Instinct took over and I was able to arrest before landing in the small crevasses at the bottom. Gathering my wits and checking to make sure that I had no more than scrapes we made the rest of the way down to camp with out any more excitement!

We had already planned to take a third day to go out and it made for a very relaxing time. Watching the alpenglow again fade to black, the first stars appeared and I thanked my lucky one for a beautiful climb.

The bergshrunds in the upper couloir had opened considerably during the length of our climb and the first major stream crossing, on the way out, had deteriorated quite a lot by Monday. By the time this is printed it will be far more difficult to make this climb. We really timed it right.—Dave N., Tom M. and Ralph L., 7/10-12.



BOULDER RIVER (USGS Mt Higgins, Meadow Mtn)—I

thought I knew this turn-off but went right past it almost to Darrington. To avoid the same experience, watch for milepost 41. The road is immediately past the sign. There is also a Community Transit bus stop sign at the road. About 100 feet up the road is a large sign to confirm the trail destination.

This trail is a good one for a hot summer day even though it is difficult to get close to the river. Lots of trees and shade; a forest hike. The falls at 1¼ miles seems to come out of the sky and it is so close you need a wide-angle lens to get it in your camera.

Boulder River is running full and makes a lot of noise and probably will continue for a long season this year. We saw a number of interesting flowers along the trail; one that is a treat but easily missed is wood nymph.—H & A Davidson, Medina, 7/13.



WHITE CHUCK RIVER (USGS White Chuck Mtn)—

NOTE: The White Chuck road will be closed from 7/6 through about 8/5 1.5 miles before the trailhead for bridge construction. Call Darrington ranger for details: 360-436-1155.

We had a great hike in the rain. This was my first trip on this trail and my first hike to a hot spring. Rain improves wilderness solitude a lot! We saw only 5 people all day on the start of the 4th of July weekend.

There were 5 or 6 serious mud holes, 2 or 3 washouts that had been repaired, all downed trees removed, and all

bridges in place although the last little bridge just before the hot springs is partially broken. The big bridge over the river is in fine shape. There were a few snow patches on the last mile before the springs but snow in the woods started at 2500 feet. The backpackers we met at the hot springs had explored up Kennedy Ridge and told us that they didn't hit serious snow until the tree line, just snow patches below.

This is a wonderful forest trail. It climbs near the White Chuck river always within sound of the river, and sometimes within sight. There are campsites right on the river bank at 2.5 miles. There is a 3 star waterfall at the crossing of Punice Creek. At about 4.7 miles is a hard-to-see waterfall on the river in a deep narrow gorge. Prior to this are views down to the river from 200 feet or so as the trail traverses a sand cliff.

Canadian dogwood blooms lined the lower trail and trilliums were common. I observed about 15 kinds of flowers. It's a big-tree forest and the giants are all cedars, 4, 5, and 6 footers up to 200 feet tall. At lunch next to the hot spring we were visited by a beautiful hummingbird.

The trailhead is at 2300 feet and the Hot Springs is at 3300 feet. It's normally snow free by May 15th, so you can see that the snow is about 6 weeks late melting at this location.

Dinner at the Sandwich Shop in Darrington was very good and cheap. Also try their handmade chocolates.

11 miles roundtrip: 3 hours up; 2 hours, 40 minutes down; about 2 hours drive from north Seattle.—Robert Michelson, Seattle, 7/2.



VESPER PEAK (USGS

Bedal, Silverton)—Vesper is a good choice if other plans keep you in town through the morning. We arrived at the small trailhead parking area about 2. The ranger report for Headlee Pass was dated July 1998, yet someone found time to ticket several cars without Trail Park Passes. How can this be?

We followed the muddy, rooted trail for 10 minutes until we came to the Stillaguamish River. The much talked-about challenge of its crossing did not disappoint us! We ended up going upstream about 30 yards until we were able to balance, straddle and leap our way across.

The trail then winds through an open area with snow in spots. About four switchbacks higher it turns a corner leading directly into Headlee Basin. Here we found solid snow great for kicking steps. Everything looked stable except

for one slide so we proceeded to climb up and finally exited right to the pass. Here we met a dozen skiers and snowboarders coming down from the summit. From the pass we had a great view of Morningstar and its satellite peak Vega.

From the pass we made a short side-hill drop to an open area where we could see Vesper's summit rocks. A quick 5 minutes later we were at the outlet of Little Lake Elan, named after a girlfriend of Art Winders, famed early explorer and fellow Washington Husky.

It is here that one decides to climb Sperry or Vesper, although an early start will allow one to climb both in a single day easy. We opted for the higher Vesper. It is an easy, straightforward march up open slopes to the top which has big resting areas for laying out. The sun made a brief appearance and gave us a glimpse of Big Four and Del Campo. The register needs a replacement, but we did sign in on some scraps of paper.

We made quick work going down plunge-stepping most of the way back to Headlee Pass and down the basin. We dropped a big log on the river crossing, making it much easier going back. We also located the logs of Manley's Cabin and found the abandoned trail up-valley to Lewis and Morningstar.

3½ up, 2½ down.—Mark Owen and Paul Cho, Shoreline, 6/19.



SUNRISE MINE TRAIL

(USGS Monte Cristo)—It's been yucky for some time and it's going to be yucky for some time to come. I don't care anymore. I just gotta go! Such is the cost of addiction.

This time my addiction took me to the col between Del Campo and Morningstar. I took the Sunrise Mine trail hanging a left at the old cabin site. Sometimes I was on the trail. Most of the time I wasn't. Catching my skis on the slide alder, huckleberries and everything along the way, I was beginning to wonder if it was going to be worth it ... then I hit snow.

Had it not been so foggy I'm sure I would have made a more direct approach. As it was I got way off to the north. The fog lifted enough for me to see that I needed to head downhill. More bushwhacking and a lot of vegetable belays later I found myself on a snowfield with lots of avalanche debris.

The fog lifted again giving me a line of sight and I headed up to Foggy Pass. There was a fresh avalanche off Morningstar. I saw a cornice higher up, waiting its turn to fall, but for the most part I saw no real danger. I aimed for a rocky island about halfway to the pass.

Once there the fog lifted again and I

saw that the greatest avalanche potential was above me. So the dog and I called it good enough and sat for the first time in 3½ hours. The on-again, off-again rain was off for now. We shared food, wished for views, caught our breath and enjoyed being there.

As I wrote in my peak log the rain returned, the fog got thicker, and a wind blew down from the pass. Taking the hint, I packed up quickly, donned my skis, and shoved off.

The snow was sluffy and fast. I zig-zagged a couple of turns, testing the snow and my skiing. Oh, I can handle this! Now it gets fun. I ski around trees, rocks, and big snowballs. Slip down narrow places. Whoop and holler. Forty-five minutes later it all comes to an end. I pack my skis, get lucky and find a "trail" I didn't see on the way in, and an hour later finds us at the truck.

Two weeks later I went back when the weather was clear. A lot of snow had melted but I was not able to make it all the way to Foggy Pass. The snow near the top was steeper than I expected, and much more sun-cupped. But I had my self-arrest ski poles with me (thanks, Zap). Didn't need 'em, as it turned out.

Four hours up, 2 hours, 20 minutes back, an hour of which was skiing.—David MacFarlane, Lake Stevens, 6/27 and 7/11.



ROCK MOUNTAIN (USGS Mt Howard)

—The trailhead is located several miles east of Stevens Pass, just beyond a DOT truck garage. It is best to start early because the south facing slope really heats up during the afternoon. Hike up the powerline access road several switchbacks. The trail starts right next to the highest tower.

The lower portion is a natural rock garden featuring more than 20 different wildflowers, including Columbia lewisia. In the middle section, bushes have obscured the tread in several places, forcing hikers onto the side slope. Mosquitoes were a problem here.

We reached the snowline at 5400 feet. Continuing on the trail grade, we came to a sign reading "DANGER, Artillery Impact Area." This hazard was not mentioned on the trailhead message board! We turned uphill to the ridge crest continuing to a trail junction above Rock Lake.

The ridge line above had a residual snow cornice backed up by a wide moat. We kicked steps up the southern spur, which was easily accessible. From there it was a walk to the summit. Spring beauty and glacier lilies were just beginning to bloom, an indication that snowcover had only recently retreated.

The foundation of an old lookout occupies the summit. We found a warm spot sheltered from a strong breeze to eat our lunch. Views are unobstructed in all directions.

Our descent was speeded by snow conditions perfect for boot skiing. The strong afternoon breeze helped cool us and kept the bugs away. We passed a man with a fishing pole on his way up and gave him the bad news that Rock Lake was still frozen.

Round trip 6.5 hours (including a long lunch break) with 4100 feet of elevation gain.—Ken Hopping, Bellevue, 7/13.



BLUE LAKE PEAK (USGS Washington Pass)

—For the second year in a row good weather failed to materialize for our planned ski descent of Mount Baker, so my Southern California brother Eric and I took his rented alpine touring gear east to find clear skies. We failed on the clear skies but we did get beneath the clouds enough at Washington Pass to enjoy some skiing. For mid-June there was still an amazing amount of snow in the mountains, 4 feet blocking the road at Blue Lake trailhead.

We followed the tracks of three other parties through forest who were all headed for a weekday ascent of the Beckey Route on Liberty Bell. The giant cornice at Blue Lake Col had fractured and slumped, so we could safely climb up over it. Eager for some sort of peak we scrambled in our ski boots to the top of Blue Lake Peak to enjoy the limited views. The scramble down was unpleasant, the gravelly holds much less secure.

We took the run deep down into the Copper Creek drainage for fun, and then climbed back out for that extra workout. To finish we dropped the direct line down to the hairpin turn on the highway, several thousand feet of good skiing on firm snow, the one blessing of all the cool weather. Eric jogged the road to get the car while I listened to the wind blow.—Peter Krystad, Seattle, 6/21.



ABERNATHY RIDGE, SLATE LAKE (USGS Midnight Mtn)

—This is a steep pull up a south-facing slope. An early start is recommended during the heat of summer but the persistent hiker is rewarded by outstanding views and interesting scrambles once on the ridge.

The trail is in excellent shape, following moderately steep switchbacks from the 2900-foot trailhead. At 4800 feet the trail tops the ridge and crosses the newly surveyed Wilderness Boundary. It continues climbing steeply to point 6622 where it breaks out into the

meadowlands. Here I encountered my first snow, piled in patches around the meadow. The avalanche lilies just were coming out in sheltered areas. The snow is still quite deep in the forest on the north slopes.

The trail meanders through meadow for a mile or so then descends around a basin to the north headed for Slate Lake. I followed the ridge up over grass and snow to a high point overlooking the lake. Here is a wonderful 360-degree view dominated by Gardner Mountain just across Wolf Creek and Reynolds Peak and the Sawtooth Mountains to the south. The big hills of the Crest were holding back the rain clouds on this day, keeping me in bright sun with just a fair breeze. From here it was an easy scramble around to point 7576, though I had to drop a hundred feet or so through unpleasant loose rock to get past one ugly pinnacle.

From 7576 it looks like more of the same all the way to Abernathy Peak. I dropped down to the lake through snowfields for the return trip. The lake lies in a broad larch meadow. The lake was frozen still and the meadows just melting out. The larches had just a tinge of green. A relatively tidy horse camp at the east side of the basin was the only campsite I saw, but there are plenty of opportunities.

The trail out was lost in deep snow so I had to wing it, staying west of the creek and climbing a couple of hundred feet before rounding the ridge. Once back on the southern exposure it was back to springtime. On the hike out I surprised several deer, including at least one buck sporting his spring rack.—Tim Hollingsworth, Chelan, 6/27.



TWISP PASS (USGS McAlester Mountain, Gilbert)

—Beginning at the end of the Twisp River road, this gateway trail allows access to upper Bridge Creek for hikers and horses. From the pass several scrambles and rambles are available to the hiker.

The trail is mostly snowfree to within ½-mile of the pass, then mostly snow covered to and at the pass. A trail crew has cleared the logs from the snowfree section, so the trail is in fine shape.

When crossing the pass from east to west, one enters a corner of North Cascades National Park, a place requiring a pass for an overnight stay.—Charlie Hickenbottom, Wenatchee, 7/11.



CHELAN LAKESHORE

TRAIL (USGS Prince Creek, Lucerne, Sun Mtn, Stehekin)—This 17.2-mile trail starts at Prince Creek and ends in Stehekin. Including all the

ups and downs, the trail gains and loses 3000 feet. My sister Jacki and I hike it every spring and found the trail to be in its usual excellent shape with the exception of two downed trees which were easy to go around.

The lake level was down about 4 feet which is normal for this time of year. The side streams spilling into the lake were anything but normal, however. They were very swollen with runoff but bridges on the Lakeshore trail itself were always there when we needed them so we didn't have any trouble crossing. What an awesome sight to see such large volumes of water cascading down the hillsides.

For \$4/night, we parked our car in the lighted parking lot at Field's Point Landing and took the *Lady II* uplake to Prince Creek. The *Lady II* boat costs \$22 round trip which is by far the most economical of the boats available.

Our trip got off to a poor start. The restaurant in Entiat where we planned to eat breakfast was closed and there wasn't another eating establishment, store, or crust of bread between there and the ferry dock. We ended up eating Costco muffins and chocolate milk onboard the boat at an inflated price.

Then just before we reached our dropoff point at Prince Creek, I realized that I had forgotten one of our lunches. I couldn't remember where it was; I just knew it wasn't with us. (I later found it in the pantry at home). Luckily we were able to purchase a sandwich on the boat and crammed it into our backpacks minutes before disembarking at Prince Creek.

Only one other party of three guys got off at Prince Creek but they hiked so fast that they were soon out of sight down the trail. We had the entire place to ourselves. We had decent weather until our last day in Stehekin, warm and partly sunny but windy.

Hiking along open rocky slopes dotted with ponderosa pine, we wound our way toward the forest at Meadow Creek, our first night's destination. Until this point, we had seen only one rattler which was stretched clear across the trail and appeared dead.

Such was not the case with the next one we met. We had just cleaned up at Meadow Creek and were going upstream for water when Jacki suddenly threw her arm across my chest and about knocked me over. I had almost stepped on a huge rattler that was half hidden in the brush at the edge of the creek. The idea that moments before we were standing stark naked within a few feet of the biggest rattlesnake we'd ever seen still sends shivers up my spine!

The next day we walked the few miles to Moore Point where we set up camp. Moore Point is a huge flat right on the lake and is one of the flag stops for the boat. It is generally the only place on the entire trail where we encounter many people.

With day packs, we hiked the nearby Fish Creek trail 1.7 miles to the junction with the Round Lake trail. It looked like the bridge over Fish Creek on the Round Lake trail has been gone for years. In its place were many scary-looking logs raised high over the raging torrent underneath. After my last fiasco with a log (*April, page 16*), I wasn't ready to try again.

Along the Fish Creek trail we met another *Pack & Paddler*, one of the guys who got off the boat with us at Prince Creek. They had camped at Cascade Creek the first night, not a well known spot, and we asked how they knew about it—he had read about it in *Pack & Paddle*. And he recognized my name from the articles I'd written.

The third day we walked to Stehekin, arriving mid afternoon. We set up camp in the free Purple Point Campground at the edge of town. For free we got a level tent site, picnic table, running water, garbage cans, bear hooks for hanging food, as well as a relatively new metal bearproof food box.

Then we walked down the road to the free shower room. Huge room with sink, toilet and on-demand hot water shower. Wonderful! We ate a delicious meal at the North Cascades Lodge and took in the ranger talk before bed.

We awoke to rain making a mud puddle around our tent. By the time we actually got up, the rain had quit. For breakfast, we always walk to the bakery a mile or so out of town for one of their scrumptious pastries before catching the boat downlake.

This is a wonderful relaxing backpack with a fun ending in Stehekin. We think the best time to go is in early- to mid-June. Too early and the bakery isn't open midweek, too late and school is out, crowding up the trails.—Ginny Evans, Renton, 6/21-24.



CHELAN LAKESHORE TRAIL (USGS Prince Creek,

Lucerne, Sun Mtn, Stehekin)—A sliver of blue sky, like a reflection of the lake in gray storm clouds, lay wedged above us, battling to keep eastern and western fronts from pummeling each other. We pattered up the lake in the *Lady II*, buffeted by hard winds, but refusing to sit inside when there was sun on the back deck. All 17.5 miles of the Lakeshore Trail looked dry and sun-baked, and we

traced its path along the shore, in and out of canyons, up and over rocky buttresses. Stehekin was awash in bright sun, with Forest Service trail crews disembarking with misery whips strapped to their packs, headed up to snowy Agnes Creek.

The first 6.6 miles of the trail were memorable, climbing slowly up to Hunts Bluff, then rambling down into Moore Point campground, with a short unwanted side trip down a road to a private shore. Most official campsites were taken, but there were several informal patches nestled in the cottonwoods and close enough to the lake.

Awaking to pure blue sky the next morning, we sat on driftwood logs and stared out at a glassy lake, interrupted only by the *Lady Cat*, like a water-bug zipping up lake. The old meadow north of Fish Creek, ringed by old stone wall remnants of a resort and homestead orchard, looked like an inviting, peaceful place to stay for the next trip.

Heading out the next morning we climbed steadily through young forest, passing two hikers coming the other way who'd seen two rattlesnakes on the trail. We were on our guard afterward, but there are stretches of the trail where you just have to trust that there isn't a snake wedged beneath all the underbrush and rock. The trail sneaks in and out of canyons, and ambles through waving grass, wildflowers and rugged red ponderosa pines, sometimes sneaking out onto a cliff-edge to give the hiker a spectacular view and an opportunity for "lollygagging" like the lizards crawling across the rocks.

We saw two rattlers, just before stepping on them, and we were followed by bright western tanagers flitting in and out of the pines. There are several informal places where one can pitch a tent, but between Moore and Prince Creek, only Meadow Creek offers water close to established campsites.

Eleven miles later, we staggered into Prince Creek, after betting and hoping for the previous 4 miles that the next bend would reveal the end. We took the first campsite, a great nook on the lakeshore with a windbreak of driftwood planks. A small fire and a massive dinner later, we were snoring under the emerging stars.

The next morning we were happy we had pushed the whole way the day before, because the sun was strong, the water crisp and clear, the lakeshore rocks were warm, and a good long lollygag was had. As we waited for the *Lady*, a yearling cinnamon-colored black bear cub came shuffling down the trail, causing a mild commotion as we

scattered to give him room to get by, but he just sniffed a bit then scampered up the hillside into the brush.

This is justifiably named one of the 100 classic hikes in Western Washington in Spring and Manning's new collection.—Ken Pirie, Seattle, and Dave Wortman, Seattle, 7/2-5.

▲▲▲ ENTIAT VALLEY (USGS Pinnacle Mtn, Saska Pk)—In our quest to find access roads and trailheads free of snow, and the hope of better weather, we headed up the Entiat Valley to the road end at Cottonwood Camp. So far, so good. After 2 miles on the trail, we hit snow at around 3500 feet. Because the trail parallels the river up the valley, it was not hard to follow it through long snow stretches.

After 6 miles, now in the Glacier Peak Wilderness, we turned up the Snow Brushy Creek trail, which also parallels the creek. Mercifully, it is on a south facing slope and was partly melted out, so it too was not hard to follow. After 3.5 miles, the trail emerged into the snow filled basin. We camped in an open area (avalanche swath) at about 5800 feet and found running water by punching out the snow shell over a creek.

On our scramble up 8402-foot Pinnacle Mountain, Ian wanted extra exercise, so he kicked most of the steps. Billie spelled him a few times, while I complemented their work from below. The snow was melted out above 7800 feet and the remaining slope was just steep scree, talus, and easy scrambling.

Our eastside weather gamble worked out as we enjoyed partly cloudy views to the north, east, and south. West of Bonanza and Maude, the peaks were cloaked in clouds most of the time.

The next day, we cramponed up to Saska Pass, which was buried in steep and deep snow on both sides. With a little teamwork, a little route-finding, and a little whining, we negotiated the pass and traversed down to the 7000-foot basin between Saska and Emerald Peaks. We headed up this fine little alpine basin toward Emerald.

Much of the rock was melted out and the sun was beaming by this time. It was starting to feel a lot like summer. The easiest route, the class 2 scramble gully, was stuffed full of snow but Billie scouted out a short and sweet class 3 rock scramble that brought us onto the upper talus field. From there, it was a pleasant stroll to the top.

Emerald struck me as one of those unusual, spacious summits that would make a great place for a planned bivvy—a special place to watch the sunset and the sunrise and to enjoy great views

on all sides. There were hundreds of ladybugs on the summit doing just that, but we retraced our steps back to our camp by Snow Brushy Creek.—Dale Flynn, Seattle, 6/25-28.

▲ DIRTFACE MOUNTAIN (USGS Lake Wenatchee)—

Snow patches begin at 4000 feet. Continuous snow from about 4600 feet elevation to the former lookout site. Mosquitoes below snow line are voracious.

The middle third of the trip has many blowdowns to cross, but none are difficult. The trailhead is behind the Lake Wenatchee Ranger Station. Expect a hefty workout, as this trail gains about 4000 feet elevation in 4 miles.—Charlie Hickenbottom, Wenatchee, 6/20-21.

▲▲ TUMWATER MOUNTAIN (USGS Leavenworth, Winton)

—A fun loop hike can be managed by parking at a junction just below 3000 feet elevation on Ranger Road. From here walk the 4-wheel-drive road south (too much windfall to drive anyway) to the ridge crest in section 3 south of the true summit.

From here, stay on the ridge crest and travel crosscountry (mostly open, light brush) for about 2 miles, traveling over the tree-covered high point of Tumwater and on to Point 4278, which does sport an excellent view. Descend in flowery meadows east to more logging roads which return to the starting point. Memorable views of the full length of Drury Falls are rewarding.—Charlie Hickenbottom, Wenatchee, 6/25.

STEHEKIN—Repairs to the upper Stehekin Valley road have been made so that vehicles are now able to go as far as Bridge Creek, where the PCT meets the road from the north. The Stehekin Adventure Company provides shuttle bus service from Stehekin Landing to High Bridge.

From that point, the National Park Service provides van transportation the additional 4.6 miles to Bridge Creek. We think that the snow farther up the road will have melted sufficiently to allow service the final 4.5 miles to Glory Mountain by the end of July.

Reservations for the Park Service van are a real good idea. Call 360-856-5700, extension 340, then extension 14.—Ranger, 7/9.

DARRINGTON DIST—Work on trails here continues apace. Check for closures, delays, and current conditions: 360-436-1155.

CENTRAL



▲▲ GUYE PEAK (USGS Snoqualmie Pass)—

Patchy snow begins just above the 3100-foot elevation at the parking lot and becomes continuous and deepening above 4100 feet. Followed the faint trail intermittently until it disappeared under the snow. Trilliums, glacier lilies and the little yellow violas bloom up to the snow.

The route is from the parking area toward the saddle between Cave Ridge and Guye Peak and then southerly to the rocky 5168 foot summit. Striking near views of mini-landscape rock gardens and fog-bound trees. Fog and drizzle all day with rain toward evening. I would suspect a great view from the summit. Round trip about 5 miles.—Paul G. Schafler, Olympia, 6/30.

▲▲ ROCK-THUNDER PEAK (USGS Snoqualmie Pass)—

Our objective was a prominent peak east of Snow Lake on the ridge between Rock Creek and Thunder Creek. Hiking authorities disagree whether to call this local prominence Rock-Thunder or Thunder-Rock. I prefer the former.

The Snow Lake trail was snow-covered right from the start. Glacier lilies and spring beauty were blooming in the occasional bare spot. A well worn track led to the headwall where the trail switchbacks up to a saddle. This was definitely ice axe territory, but we saw several people strolling up in tennis shoes.

From the saddle we dropped down and traversed over to the Snowflake Lakes basin. In a normal summer, this would be an unpleasant bushwhack through waist high brush. Our excess snowpack made it a pleasant walk.

The ridge has a saddle with cliffs at the low point. Aim for a diagonal band of trees left of the cliffs to gain access to the ridge top. The slope is steep so ice axe competency is essential, especially for safe descent.

We followed the mostly bare ridge line to the summit. The final portion requires a little rock scrambling. Your reward is a fine view of the Middle Fork valley and Burnt Boot Creek. Snow Lake was true to its name, with only a fringe of blue water showing around the edge.

On our return we looped back by way of Source Lake. Round trip time was 8 hours, which included a long lunch break at the summit. Elevation gain was 3200 feet. This is a guaranteed place to escape the usual crowds around Snow Lake.—Ken Hopping, Bellevue, 7/5.



SNOW LAKE TRAIL (USGS Snoqualmie Pass)—

The clouds were low and we could feel a heavy mist soaking into our shirts as we donned our faithful old boots. It was such a threatening day that only 16 cars sat awaiting quick trips by their drivers. On the trail we ran into snow quickly.

We found the trail to be in terrible condition: lots of brush and branches on the trail, logs across it, snow bridges collapsing, ankle twisting rocks and big boulders. We also found a big hole where a tree fell down hill tearing out a six-foot wide hole in the trail.

We cleaned all of the brush and branches from the trail, filled in the hole made by the toppled tree, cleared out scads of huge branches from a giant four footer and made it a safer log to cross. We cut a foot hole in one smooth downed snag so people could step over it. We gritted our teeth when we found that the three-foot long rock water bars I installed several years ago were gone. Someone removed them and guess where the water is flowing? Down the trail.

The backcountry ranger commented, "Ah ha, someone is doing our work for us!" as we cleared branches and debris from the big fall down at the large talus fall. And I guess we were. But why wasn't it done earlier?—Wandercubns and Shortshop, Kirkland, 7/17.



KACHESS RIDGE (USGS Kachess Lake)—

The trailhead is at the end of road 2105 north of I-90 near Easton. The trailhead is a little hard to find in the maze of roads used by off-road vehicles. We were the only car at the trailhead, but we discovered that there was a level 4 Volkswalk in progress. About ¼-mile beyond their checkpoint, which was about 3 miles, we ran into fairly deep snow and decided to turn back to a viewpoint with views out over the valley and Easton for lunch. We were rewarded with wonderful wildflowers: lupine, paintbrush, saxifrage, phlox, penstemon and larkspur to name a few. There was just a bit of drizzle as we started out but the weather improved as the hours passed.—Leigh Champlin, Seattle, 7/4.



EASTON RIDGE (USGS

Kachess Lk)—This once popular trail seems to be hiked less and less in recent years perhaps due to the logging around the bottom. It still begins in the same place and there is a trail through the clearcut. The long ridge walk to the summit is still as beautiful as ever but it is getting overgrown in places, a sign of non-use. With crystal clear skies and the temperature in the upper 60s to low 70s, our hike was perfect.

The guys parked the car at the southern trailhead and met us at the summit for lunch, enabling my sister and me to do a one way hike. We have nice husbands who are always doing things like that. With the myriad of logging roads in the area, they were able to drive within 1.5 miles of the summit on that side. A good trail goes right to the summit from the end of the road. Clear through, the hike is about 5 miles and 2400 feet gain.—Ginny Evans, Renton, 7/5.



IRON-BEAR CREEK (USGS Liberty, Red Top Mtn)

—We drove on beyond the rain to Highway 97. Just 2.2 miles beyond the Mineral Springs restaurant, we turned left onto road 9714, and drove almost to the end, about 3 miles.

Where Iron Creek crosses the road we thought it unwise to drive through, so we parked in a clearing. Beyond the creek is a large parking lot and the trailhead. Trail in good condition; someone has cleared out blowdowns. The flowers were magnificent. At the top of the ridge, about 2 miles, trails cross. We went up, north, for great views of the Stuart range and more fantastic flowers. We ate lunch on a knoll where the trail topped out. There was a big snow bank with avalanche lilies popping up.

Took us 3 hours up, 2 down, but there was much consulting of flower books along the way.—Goldie Silverman, Seattle, 6/30.



IRON PEAK (USGS Mount Stuart)—Knockout views of Mount Stuart and other Stuart Range peaks highlight this excellent alternate to Longs Pass or Ingalls Pass. Parking is available for several cars alongside the road just north of De Roux Campground.

The longer-than-usual seasonal covering of the trail by snow was evident here as elsewhere. We hit mostly continuous snow in the upper basin at about 5000 feet elevation. For additional details, refer to the *100 Hikes* series, *Alpine Lakes* volume.—Charlie Hickenbottom, Wenatchee, 7/4.



INGALLS, South Ridge (USGS Mt Stuart)—

Anticipating a hot day, our party, led by Dave Collins, got an early start, leaving Seattle by 4:30am. The road was snowfree the entire way. We were on the trail at 7am. The hike in from the trailhead (4240 feet) up to Ingalls Pass (6310 feet) took about 2 hours and was basically snow free until about 5400 feet. The views of the Esmeralda peaks and Hawkins were quite nice. The trails are well-maintained and smooth.

From the pass, it was about an hour to make it up through the snowfields above Ingalls Lake and achieve the "Dogtooth Crags." The snow petered out around here, and a short Class 3 scramble (some exposure; a few following parties roped up here) around the crags led to the base of the technical portion of the route.

We started climbing at 11am. The first pitch is the crux, with three options: a 5.1 to 5.3 crack, a 5.6/5.7 crack or a 5.9/5.10 crack/face. Being a sound political sort, I chose the center crack. The sides of the crack had been worn smooth from years of hands and gear massaging away the rough edges.

The medium was a curiously glass-like, green sedimentary rock. It reminded me of slate or mica—unfortunately I know next to nothing about geology. At the head of the first pitch, I missed the requisite traverse and ended up doing a particularly interesting face climb across some of this stuff. I placed a token piece in the middle of a pinky crack at one point, but it quickly became apparent that the only way I was going to avoid any undue attention was to "spider-man" across it.

When I got to the top of the pitch, I clipped into the bolts, pulled up some rope, and watched my last piece of pro shimmy out of the rock and slide down to safety. I felt kind of bad for the basic student who was following me ("Oh don't worry, that's just some extra pro I didn't feel like carrying all the way up ...") but fortunately the loss of that last piece meant that I could direct him toward a much easier route.

The next pitch was a cake walk, low Class 5, and a short scramble put us just below the summit. The smooth face of the summit block was readily negotiated by a hand line, thoughtfully bestowed by the first two members of our party. We were on top (7662 feet) enjoying lunch and a glorious view by 1pm. We spent about an hour soaking up spectacular views of the western flanks of Stuart and enjoying a wide, if somewhat hazy, panorama of Cascadian splendor.


BACKCOUNTRY NEWS

REPORTS AND CONDITIONS

There were still some parties coming up behind us on the climbing route, so we downclimbed the northwest ridge (Class 3 scrambles here and there) until we came to an obvious rappel point. Note: when downclimbing the route this way, do NOT rely on the haphazard cairns. One leads to a very severe overhang that would add an extra and unnecessary rappel to the experience. The Mountaineers descent description is more useful than the Nelson & Potterfield (*Selected Climbs...*) description.


A double-rope rappel off a live (krummholz) tree leads down to a small ledge with a pair of bolts. A single rope rappel recovers terra firma. We traversed around the Dogtooth Crags and got back to the snowfields. The snow was adequate for some long glissades most of the way back to Ingalls Pass. We were back at the trailhead at quitting time, 5pm.

10 hours total: 5 hours up, 2 or 3 hours down, with 3420 feet gain.—Ted Baughman, Lynnwood, 7/10.

 **IRON PEAK** (USGS Mt Stuart)—The weather sounded better cast of the pass so we headed for

the Teanaway. The trailhead is on the North Fork road about 2 miles from the road end. Five cars were already at the trailhead at Iron Creek when we arrived. There is room for 6 to 8 cars. It is about 2½ miles to a saddle (6100 feet) and another mile to the 6510-foot summit. We began to encounter snow about half way to the saddle. We were able to reach the saddle without much difficulty but the snow here was 8 feet deep and we decided we were not equipped for attempting the summit. No one had thought to bring ice axes.

We saw that a group on the summit did have ice axes. There was also a group skiing down into the Beverly Turnpike basin. We were content to eat our lunch and enjoy the view of the Stuart range. It was a bit early for wildflowers. There were, however, lupine, paintbrush, Mariposa lily and phlox (several varieties) near the beginning of the trail and a few glacier lilies just below the snow line.—Leigh Champlin, Seattle, 6/27.

 **IRON PEAK** (USGS Mt Stuart)—What a hike! If you're in reasonably good shape it has to be one of

the best in the Teanaway area for views.

The trail is very business-like, about 2500 feet of gain in 2.5 miles. It switchbacks up through open forest and across benches up to the rocky ridge line of Iron Peak.


There were snow patches on the way up, but they were melting fast, creating a wet trail. A few downed trees were also encountered. The tread was ground up by the iron shoes of horses attempting the climb on soft, damp earth.

At the pass was still a large patch of snow. Every year it forms a cornice there. Use caution until the cornice melts or falls away.

We wandered to the southeast along the crest eating up the views of Koppen Mountain, Esmeralda, Ingalls Peak, the drainages of De Roux Creek, the North Fork and Beverly Creek. And to top it all off, Mount Stuart and the rugged Enchantments.

On top are interesting, very tiny flowers including desert parsley and anemone. It was too early for the crazy weed described in *100 Hikes in the Alpine Lakes*.


We had picture perfect weather and were reluctant to leave.—Liz Escher, Lake Forest Park, 7/18.

 **TEANAWAY BUTTE** (USGS Teanaway Butte)—Warren Jones led this hike for our Midweek Mountaineer group during June. We tried to duplicate what we guessed to be his "back door" route, an approach from the north instead of the usual longer southern route. Since we started our hike at 2pm, we needed a short one and this was it.

Driving the Jungle Creek road almost to the end, we parked and walked the road south until it turned into a way-trail and popped over a ridge. There we caught the road/trail going toward Teanaway Butte.

Along the way, the guys and dogs spotted a bear but as usual my sister and I were talking and never saw it. Among way trails, cross-country, and old roads, we made it to the top in short order. The dogs found and ate the only snow patch which was just below the summit. Lovely views of Mount Stuart and the Teanaway peaks from the butte.

Not sure we did Warren's route but the mileage and gain were around the same: 5 miles round trip; 1200 feet gain.—Ginny Evans, Renton, 7/3.

 **WAY CREEK, JUNGLE CREEK LOOP** (USGS Teanaway Butte)—We did this trip clockwise, going up the very steep, little-used Way Creek trail (actually an old road most



Mount Rainier and the Carbon Glacier from Curtis Ridge trail.

Paul G. Schaufler

BACKCOUNTRY NEWS

REPORTS AND CONDITIONS

of the way up). The best views on this hike are where the Way Creek trail tops the ridge about .5-mile before the junction with the Koppen Mountain trail. We encountered some snow in the trees on the north side of the ridge as we crossed to the Jungle Creek trail but it presented no problems.

Pleasant forest walk complete with "babbling brook" as we hiked down the Jungle Creek trail. My brother-in-law David was nice enough to hike from the ridgetop back down the way we came up and move the car to the other trailhead so we didn't have to walk that crummy Jungle Creek road for 2 miles. This hike was okay but we've done better.—Ginny Evans, Renton, 7/4.



ESMERALDA BASIN

(USGS Mt Stuart)—Too overcast on our side of the mountains, so we headed east. From I-90 we took Highway 970 about 5 miles to the turn-off to the North Fork Teanaway River road and followed it to the end and the trailhead to Esmeralda Basin.

The river is beautiful, and we followed it much of the way. When we entered the basin, the trail became a stream and the meadow a marsh. Looking uphill, we saw many trees broken off by avalanche, and the tops were strewn all over the trail. We also began to run into snow drifts across the trail.

We were picking our way around the blow downs and drifts, trying to follow the trail, when it began to rain. We looked up at the tops of the mountains and saw clouds where we had been seeing peaks. We decided it was time to turn back. Two people fell on this trip, one on a slippery plank in the meadow, the other on a slippery log across one of the many little streams across the trail. This is not an early season hike; the

Iron Bear Trail in the same vicinity is much better.—Goldie Silverman, Seattle, 7/14.



ESMERALDA BASIN

(USGS Mt Stuart)—I was a little apprehensive about leading this Mountaineer trip with the slow melt-out this year, but thought we would just chance it and see what happened.

We found that the snow cover was not continuous in the basin, and we encountered only snow patches at Fortune Creek Pass, 6000 feet. The southern exposure and rocky slopes were mostly clear. Flowers were springing up where the snow had recently left.

There are several wet and fragile meadows in the basin, which are filled with Jeffrey shooting stars, elephant's head pedicularis and bog orchid in the early season. The drier areas were sporting glacier lilies (as the snow recedes), lupine, senecio, anemone and other tiny beauties.

When we climbed up toward the junction with the County Line Trail, we encountered several rock outcroppings punctuated with bright pink colonies of Douglasia and yellow-flowered stonecrop.

The small creeks were all very lively, but not too much impediment to travel, except for those with small children. We watched as a father carefully carried his little ones, one by one, across a swift stream.

Although the weather was cool and damp, everyone enjoyed the trip. The mists rose and fell throughout the day, giving peekaboo glimpses at the impressive walls of the Esmeralda Peaks and Ingalls Peak. When we arrived at Fortune Creek Pass, it was to look off into a fog bank.—Liz Escher, Lake Forest Park, 7/17.



STAFFORD CREEK TRAIL

(USGS Enchantment Lks)—

Elaine and I left beautiful weather behind us on this first day of actual summer, and went east, to find, happily, equally beautiful weather and great hiking conditions in the Teanaway. There were only 6 cars at the trailhead!

We headed up the Stafford Creek trail (elevation 3100 feet) under astonishingly deep blue skies, in cool piney-woods air. Not a bug anywhere, and plenty of flowers. This is a nice trail, never terribly steep, through dry forest. It follows the creek; you are never out of earshot of the sound of its falls and rapids. The forest thins as you go up, eventually becoming just scattered trees and sparse rocky "meadow."

Lots of glacier lilies up high. At 5100 feet is a trail intersection, where we turned right, and left the creek. We started finding snow patches at about 4500 feet, but it didn't get serious until about 5500 feet, where it became continuous snow.

We stopped there, only 500 feet short of Navaho Pass, which turned out to be a good idea the next day, as my muscles informed me that 11 miles is too long for the first "warm-up" hike.—Peg Ferm, Monroe, 7/5.



TRONSON RIDGE (USGS Tiptop)

Five miles north of Swauk Pass is Five-Mile road and is signed as such. On the map it is road 7224. It is 3.3 miles to the parking area on the ridge. Choose to hike north or south; both directions are good.

We chose south this time and found that our trail was lined with subalpine mariposa lilies. What a show! Many other flowers, too, including Tweedy's Lewisia, a real treat. And behind is the Stuart Range still holding a lot of snow. Tronson Ridge has no snow that we could see and it has enough trees to provide shade. At about 2½ miles the Red Hill trail branches off to the left but there's a drop of about 1000 feet involved; a bad thought for a return.

At the junction the trail sign points straight ahead on trail 1204 for Red Hill. The sign looks to have been there a long while. Maybe there's something I don't understand.

We continued a very short distance to point 4870 for a great view of the Stuarts and to the north a view of Glacier Peak and, extending to the east of Glacier, a snowy range which probably included Clark, Bonanza, Pyramid and other 8000-footers.—H & A Davidson, Medina, 7/8.

You know you're a Mountaineer when ...

- ... you keep your kayak/ski/bike racks on year-around.
- ... you carry the Ten Essentials wherever you go.
- ... you forgot to bring one of the Ten Essentials and you feel guilt, shame and remorse.
- ... you tell your co-workers about your trips and they look at you in an odd, new way.
- ... you give speeches (or listen to them) in the parking lot before every trip.
- ... kids in tennies on the Mount Si trail ask if you're staying all night because your pack is so big.

BACKCOUNTRY NEWS

REPORTS AND CONDITIONS

LAKE WENATCHEE DIST—509-763-3103. Chiwawa road 62 closed beyond 19-Mile Camp. Little Wenatchee road 65 closed at end of pavement. Smithbrook road 67 has snow at Highway 2 junction. Indian Creek trail bridge over the White River has collapsed. Logjam over the Chiwawa has washed out so there is no access to Little Giant.—Ranger, 7/15.

LEAVENWORTH DIST—509-548-6977. Ingalls Creek trail has snow beyond Fourth Creek. Snow Lakes trail is snowfree to Nada Lake; passable snow to Snow Lakes; lots of snow beyond.—Ranger, 7/15.

CLE ELUM DIST—509-674-4411. Bridge right at beginning of Squaw Lake trail is out; will be replaced with temporary bridge. 6 feet of snow at Peggy's Pond. Scatter Creek auto ford is up to your engine block; best to park and ford on foot. Teanaway roads are snowfree.—Ranger, 7/15.

SOUTH CENTRAL



POO POO POINT (USGS Hobart)—Our small group of women climbed up this persistent trail through lush green woods. The last time I was on Tiger, it had been snowing (in April!) so the greenness of the undergrowth was a pleasant surprise.

This quiet side of West Tiger is really a pleasant walk. The creeks in Many Stream Valley were flowing happily. The trail was muddy and overgrown in spots (salmonberries are taking over the world). Birds were singing and we caught a rare glimpse of an owl in flight. And later startled a doe.

We had somewhat limited views, but could still see out over to the Sound, to Lakes Sammamish and Washington and over to Seattle. Heavy clouds were lingering over the Cascades and Olympics.

Since I'm usually hiking in the mountains by now, it was a pleasant surprise to (re)discover such an attractive hike nearby, an especially important fact now with snow still lingering in the high country.—Liz Escher, Lake Forest Park, 6/26.



MOUNT ARARAT (USGS Mt Rainier West)—The Kautz

Creek trail started out level but changed to a constant uphill grade after crossing this stream. We reached the snowline at 3900 feet and soon lost the trail. Relying on compass headings, we navigated along the edge of a basin then uphill to a terraced area at 4800 feet.

Compass sightings on Mount Wow and Tumtum Peak showed we were west of the trail. Traversing over to a pass at 5100 feet, we were rewarded with an excellent view of Mount Rainier. Mount Ararat was not far away, but appeared to be well guarded by cliffs.

We followed the probable trail route around some small knolls to a saddle in front of Ararat at 5500 feet. A short but steep snow slope up through a notch in the cliff face brought us to the east slope above Indian Henry's Hunting Ground. We spotted fresh elk tracks as we walked up to the broad summit.

I would rate this view of Rainier as one of the finest. Unobstructed panoramas of the Tahoma Glacier made our lunch break a feast for the eyes. The meadow was covered by four feet of snowpack. Flowers won't be blooming here until August.

We decided to traverse over the summit and descend on the southwest side. The slope was much steeper here but afternoon snow conditions were excellent for kicking steps.

We were back to the trailhead in just over 8 hours with 4100 feet of elevation gain. This was an excellent view trip with just enough route finding difficulty to give it an edge of excitement. We had absolute solitude during the hike.—Ken Hopping, Bellevue, 7/6.



PINNACLE PEAK (USGS Mt Rainier East)—Parked at the Reflection Lakes parking area, Pinnacle Peak Saddle trailhead in fog. Fog persisted as we approximated the trail route to the saddle. The more direct route straight up from the parking lot to the notch between Pinnacle Peak and The Castle is cornice free and would be easier.

As many rock scrambles will be for weeks to come, this was 80% snow and 20% rock. Lower portion of the standard route up Pinnacle snow covered. Lunch at the summit, visibility still about 100 feet but can feel solar radiation. Descend to the Pinnacle/Castle notch where some clearing reveals Wahpenayo, Plummer and fragments of Rainier. A series of pleasant glissades back to the parking lot.

Round trip to summit about 3 1/2 miles. 1700 feet of elevation gain.—Paul G. Schaufler, Olympia, 6/27.



ANTLER AND DEGE PEAKS (USGS White River Park, Sunrise)—Jill and I arrived at Sunrise Point and looked up to the steep face of Dege Peak at 7006 feet and we noticed a significant cornice on one side for the first time in years. The line looked clean and skiable. We drove toward Sunrise Park, stopped halfway and started climbing toward Antler Peak, 7117 feet. The backside of Sour-dough Ridge has some great steep and short descents.

Our first run was just below Antler Peak into an enormous bowl of perfect corn. We continued down the bowl then circled into another bowl for our ascent to Dege Peak. Skinned up most of the bowl and kicked steps up the final pitch—the torn ligament in my knee wasn't happy. We made the final ascent up Dege and stood at the top of the cornice at a 46 degree pitch. Jill found a short drop over the lip. After a few moments of "thinking," we let out a few barks and dropped over the cornice and onto the face. It was pure cream for the next 900 vertical. YAHOO! PS: Surgery next week.—Zap & Jill, 7/5.



SILVER KING AND THREEWAY PEAKS (USGS White River Park and Norse Peak)—Leave 4200-foot parking lot 8:25am, head up Elizabeth Creek toward the saddle east of Threeway Peak. Arrive 6200-foot saddle at 11am. Up through krummholz and over rock to the ridge leading to the summit.

On snow and long slope to 6796-foot summit at 12:30. Lunch and view of Mount Rainier. Leave summit at 1pm, descend on east slope to intersect ridge leading to Silver King. Some difficulty in finding route over steep snow-filled gullies and portable handholds on rock.

Follow the ridge on snow and open rock to the summit of 6998-foot Silver King. Admire hazy view of Mount Rainier. Arrive Silver King 4pm, descend on northeasterly-trending ridge at 4:30pm. Follow ridge on steep snow, good plunge stepping, and drop off ridge to Elizabeth Lake at 5:35.

Down spotty snow on ski trails to parking lot. Six individuals left parking lot, same six arrive at 6:30pm with minimum loss of blood. About 5 miles, 2800 foot net elevation gain.—Paul G. Schaufler, Olympia, 7/10.



SNOQUERA PALISADES (USGS Sun Top)—Jim and I did this as a clockwise one-way trip, going up the Palisades trail and down the Ranger Creek trail. We left one car at the Palisades trailhead and the other

BACKCOUNTRY NEWS

REPORTS AND CONDITIONS

at the parking lot at Buck Creek. The length is about 12 miles with 2900 feet gain.

The trail is in great shape. There are a few blowdowns on the upper part of the Palisades trail near the shelter that were easy to go around. The Palisades trail crosses two clearcuts, one at 4000 feet and another at 4700 feet. The trail through the clearcuts is in just as great a shape as the rest. Besides finding the trail being taken such good care of, we were delighted to find only one snow patch on each trail. And the high point is about 5000 feet!

Although the entire trail is in the forest, with the exception of the clearcuts, there are viewpoints looking south to Mount Rainier and the surrounding area all along the top of the Palisades on the way up. We had one viewpoint on the Ranger Creek trail at Little Ranger Peak, a short signed side trail about halfway down.

We saw only two cyclists on the way up and a guy and his dog on our way down. A stop at the Alpenstock in Greenwater for ice cream cones on the way home completed our perfect day.—Ginny Evans, Renton, 7/10.



SNOQUERA PALISADES (USGS Sun Top)

The parking area, which has been greatly improved with blacktop, marked parking spaces and a pit toilet, and trailhead are at the Boy Scout's Camp Shephard a few miles beyond Greenwater on Highway 410. The trail starts right in the camp, and switchbacks up to the top of the ridge. The Scouts have built a stairway at one point where the trail is badly eroded, which was a great help.

Most of the trail is through woods which were profuse with coral root. At about 4 miles you come out on an overlook with great views of Mount Rainier. Lots of wildflowers, and an interesting sedum with a yellow bloom, possibly a variety of stonecrop. You can make this a loop round trip by continuing along the ridge and returning on the Ranger Creek trail, a total of about 13 miles. We chose to return the way we had come, however, as the trail switches over to the north side of the ridge and we were unsure of snow conditions. We had not encountered any snow.—Leigh Champlin, Seattle, 7/11.



DALLES CREEK FALLS (USGS Sun Top)

We decided to take our little grandson, Colton (age 3½), on a hike with us. Jim and I had hiked the Snoquera Falls Loop a few days earlier so we chose the Dalles Creek trail for his first hike knowing

that it would be snow free. (Both trails to these two falls are great for children but this trail requires some handholding, especially above the lower falls where it is steep and rocky in places.) The trailhead to Dalles Creek is on the east side of Highway 410, ¼-mile south of the Skookum Falls overlook. A trail permit is required to park along the highway next to the trailhead.

The trail starts uphill quite steeply at first but levels out as soon as it enters the forest. In a short distance is a trail intersection with a sign mix-up. Keep going straight; the trail to the right goes south to Camp Shepard. Soon the trail follows Dalles Creek down to a very old but still sturdy bridge. From there on the trail starts switchbacking through open forest toward the cliffs and Dalles Falls.

Jim and I use our hiking sticks to clear fallen branches off the trail as we go along. Colton liked to do this except that he wanted to clear every little twig, considerably slowing our progress.

Colton made it to the falls about 1½ miles without any complaint. We stopped often to talk about trees and the mossy cliffs around us. Due to lots of snow melt the falls were impressive. Mist filled the air for some distance and was soothingly cool on this warm day.

We had lunch just above the falls and Jim hiked on ahead to get to the ridge top and overlook to check conditions for a later hike. Colton decided that he would like to see the "special steps" which consist of a ladder up a washed-out switchback. This is a masterpiece of step construction consisting of grooves cut into a vertical log with steps nailed across each groove. It has solved the perpetual erosion problem on this very steep and narrow gully.

Colton and I turned around at this point to slowly work our way back down the trail. We saw a pretty black snake with a red stripe down its back sunning itself on a rock by the trail. It crawled off into a critter hole. Colton's eyes grew great big, watching this event.

We were close to the trailhead before Jim caught up with us. It was a great hike and Colton will no doubt go with us on many more.—Madeleine Beaty, Federal Way, 5/24.



TATOOSH TRAIL (USGS Packwood, Tatoosh Lks)

Jacki and I decided to go as far as we could on this trail beginning at the south end. We were surprised to find the Hinkle Tinkle shelter still there as it is no longer shown on the latest Packwood Green Trails map. But it is, and in fine shape too. We liked until

we hit solid snow around 4500 feet and couldn't figure out where the trail went. It was amazing that the snow went almost instantly from a few patches to total cover. Since it was cold, foggy and beginning to drizzle, we had a quick lunch and beat a hasty retreat.—Ginny Evans, Renton, 7/14.



BACKBONE RIDGE (USGS Ohanepocosh Hot Spgs)

Beginning at the south end, we hiked 3.3 miles north to the Stevens Canyon road. Including all the ups and downs along the ridge, the total gain was 2100 feet. Within a mile, a side trail leads to tiny Backbone Lake. Continuing north, the trail goes up and over many small viewless summits. Although the trail has only one small peckaboo view west and one to the east in its entire length, the woods walk is rather pretty. The trail is lined with salal most of the way and seems bright and cheery even if both ends are roads. We only did it for the exercise and so I could complete the entire Backbone Ridge trail.

The latest Packwood Green Trails says this hike is 2.6 miles long, the old GT map says 3.5, and the trailhead sign at the Stevens Canyon road says 3.3. We believe the 3.3 is the most accurate. It is certainly more than 2.5 which is what we thought we'd be doing when we left the car.—Ginny Evans, Renton, 7/14.

MOUNT RAINIER NATL PARK—Call the Wilderness Info Center for current conditions: 360-569-HIKE.

SOUTH




DRY CREEK (USGS Packwood)

My sister Jacki and I were hard pressed to find interesting hikes around Packwood because the snow level seems to be hovering around 4500 feet right now which leaves out the best trips. The Packwood Ranger Station suggested Dry Creek as it is totally snow free to the 3815-foot unnamed summit 3.5 miles up the trail. It turned out to be a relatively easy hike with a 360-degree view. From the old lookout site, we looked down to the valley as well as up to Mount Rainier and South Point. The Packwood Green

BACKCOUNTRY NEWS

REPORTS AND CONDITIONS


Trails map shows a way-trail continuing south from the junction where we turned off for the short side trail to the summit. Indeed the trail does continue another 3.2 miles to another unnamed viewpoint at 5425 feet, but the path looks overgrown as I'm sure most hikers opt for the first high point.—Ginny Evans, Renton, 7/13.


 **TONGUE MOUNTAIN and THE UVULA** (USGS Tower Rock)—Tongue is easily licked. After doing this hike, I am surprised this isn't more commonly written up on these pages. It's a remarkable landform.

Pull out your McCoy Peak Green Trails map and follow road 2909 all the way to a 3600-foot trailhead. Hike north along the ridge trail 1.7 miles to the 4838-foot top. The last part switches through a flowery meadow that reminded me of the Sauk Mountain trail. A warning though: the last 100 vertical feet of "trail" is exposed, rotten rock, and dangerous, and is not recommended for children, the acrophobic, or those without life insurance.

A southeast sub-summit is flat and safely reached and gives essentially the same views to Rainier, Adams, Saint Helens and all the Cispus River peaks.

Dangling above the Tongue, The Uvula (unnamed Peak 5227) is the next peak south on this ridge. I returned to the car and followed the Juniper Ridge trail south to Juniper Peak, then picked up The Uvula on the way back by hiking its south ridge via spotty game trails. This is where Ira took that fabulous shot of Tongue Mountain in the *South Cascades 100 Hikes* book.—John Roper, Bellevue, 7/18.

 **HUMMOCKS TRAIL** (USGS Spirit Lk West)—A charming 2½ mile loop trail complete with downs and ups, shade and sun, streams, stepping stones, ponds, birds, butterflies, one ground squirrel, two elk skeletons, carpets of wildflowers, regenerating vegetation, stark volcanic vistas and no one around. Marvelous!—ARC, Seattle, 7/10.

 **MOUNT ST HELENS** (USGS Mt St Helens)—It was raining when we drove into the completely deserted Climber's Bivouac on Friday evening. Three feet of snow covered the tent sites. To stay warm, I spent time shoveling a snowbank to make room for our vehicle. Only three other groups arrived before sunset.

We started our climb at 7am in a light drizzle. The route was snow-covered all the way. I was amazed at the

severe forest damage from the heavy winter snow. The forest floor was carpeted with downed trees and branches.


The rain slacked off as we left timberline and started up Monitor Ridge. Although visibility was limited, this was my 10th year on the route and the terrain features were very familiar: a rock where we once took shelter during a storm; a favorite photo stop. It was just like visiting old friends.

Our perseverance was rewarded when we broke above the clouds at 7500 feet. All members of our group reached the crater rim in under four hours. We could see Mount Hood poking through the clouds, but Rainier and Adams were hidden by cloud banks swirling near the summit.

Everyone was delighted to bask in the sun during lunch. Eventually, the clouds closed in and it was time to head down. A layer of fresh sticky snow made the glissade tracks very slow.

We overtook a group from Colorado. They were uncertain about the route. The natural glissade path deviates toward the west. We anticipated this problem from our previous experience and soon had them back on track. They seemed very grateful for the guidance.

We were back to the car in a little over 7 hours. It rained buckets on the drive home. Everyone was elated to sneak a good climb into the middle of a lousy day.—Ken Hopping, Bellevue, 7/3.

 **MOUNT ADAMS** (USGS Mt Adams East)—We had to walk the road in from just below Morrison Creek, which added about 3½ miles of road to our hike. Soon after we started up the road, we hit snow patches and downed trees. It wasn't long before we were on continual snow.

We camped on bare ground in a melted-out tree well at about 6100 feet. At about 2am we began our ascent. Ann and Joan got queasy around the cinder cone just down from the Lunch Counter, so they decided that was as far as they would go. They climbed to the top of the cinder cone and watched the sunrise, while Linda, Elin, Manita, and I continued.

The hardest and steepest part was the long snowfield to the false summit. From the false summit, we crossed a dip to approach the final pitch to the summit. Even though it was not as long or hard as the pitch to the false summit, we were tired and in thin air, so the going was slow. This was Manita's and Elin's first volcano summit, so we celebrated at the top with lots of picture-taking.

Going down the glissade chutes was


so much fun! There were some small ice chunks in the tracks, but mostly the snow was soft by this time. We talked to Ann and Joan by radio to let them know we were on the descent. They had placed a wand at the point on the trail where we were to turn left and head into our hidden camp. I had soup for dinner and fell into an immediate sleep.

The next day, after a leisurely breakfast, we packed up and left our little tree well for the next climber who might want it. (While we had been there, two different parties came by looking for it, as if it was a well-known camping spot and a prized one at that.)

We found that rangers had been cutting down trees out of the road as we neared our cars. The road was opened up all the way to a parking lot at Morrison Camp.—Lindy Bakkar, Lynnwood, 7/10-12.

MOUNT SAINT HELENS—Call 360-247-3961 for climbing info.

CALIFORNIA

 **MOUNT SAN ANTONIO (Baldy)** (USGS Mt San Antonio)—This hike could not have been farther from the Puget Sound drizzle I was escaping by visiting my brother in Pasadena. Mount San Antonio, at 10,064 feet, is the highest point in the San Gabriel Mountains, and provides staggering vistas of both the Los Angeles basin and deserts to the east. The rugged San Gabriels provide proof to a provincial Seattleite that great walks can be found in Los Angeles County.

For scenic reasons we approached the trailhead by driving the Angeles Crest Highway out of La Canada 50 miles. This road winds incessantly along the spine of the San Gabriels, providing both thrilling driving and morning views of the sea of ocean fog covering the vast metropolis to the south.

Seven miles of dirt road from the Blue Ridge Summit led to the North Devil's Backbone trail. With temperatures in the mid-90s forecast for the city our one pack contained the two Southern California essentials: sunscreen and bottle after bottle of water.

The trail rollercoasts the ridge, climbing over several intermediate humps before dropping to a notch at the foot of the north ridge of Baldy. The hot scent of dry pine forest filled our noses most of the way, with a breeze providing pleasant cooling whenever the trail chose to be on the west side of the ridge. Stout Jeffrey and sugar pines provided shade breaks exactly where


BACKCOUNTRY NEWS

REPORTS AND CONDITIONS

we needed them.

The final ascent through the sparsely spaced and twisted limber pines to the broad and barren summit was steep and gravelly, and I could almost hear the sun's radiation sizzling around us. With the top to ourselves I marveled at volcano summit-like views, however much obscured by the deep brown haze. While there is no denying the highly visible impact the smog has on this high mountain terrain the dramatic scenery is little diminished, at least from our vantagepoint.

On the knec-punishing return to the car we avoided the largest of the intermediate humps by traversing west around it through an open basin, which had been burned clear of the usual violently scratching chaparral. Having run a little short on water the final mile was a bit of a stagger for me, especially the final 200-foot kicker climb back up to the car. Totals: 10 miles and 4000 feet.—Peter Krystad, Seattle, 7/1.

 **MOUNT BADEN-POWELL** (USGS Crystal Lake)—After a few days' rest from our exertions on Baldy Eric and I chose the second-highest peak in the San Gabriel Range for another day up out of the smog. This trip was also the coming-out hike for the next Krystad hiker: my nephew Anders, age six.


We again twisted our way up the Angeles Crest Highway some 50 miles from the edge of Los Angeles to the 6565-foot trailhead at Vincent Gap. From here there were 41 well-graded switchbacks in 4 miles to the summit. Much of the way is in pine forest, with

grand views of the Mojave stretching out to the north the entire distance. Playing the "five switchbacks then more junkfood" game our party slowly wandered all the way to the magnificent 9399-foot summit to enjoy the dramatic late-afternoon views. Ravens soared around us, perching on one old limber pine then another.

Eric and I anticipated a struggle returning to the car since we had not had any real intention of the three of us making the top together. The 8-mile roundtrip was nearly three times Anders' previous best hiking effort, but this turned out to not be an issue.


About 2 miles from the car I went to investigate a small spring down a side trail, and during their continued descent Eric and Anders developed a new game: Beat Uncle Peter to the car. Anders quite literally ran the remaining 2 miles to the car, with father and uncle jogging behind. The one couple we passed was shocked to be overtaken by a gleefully howling six year-old at a full sprint, but it was those in my generation who were most stunned by this clear indicator that a new pacesetter will soon emerge.—Peter Krystad, Seattle, 7/4.

OREGON

 **DUBLIN LAKE** (Hatfield Wilderness)—Heather, friend Sharon, and I chose this unpopular trail in the Columbia Gorge for a quiet 4th of July weekend hike. We hiked the Tanner Butte trail to little Dublin Lake high on the ridge.

We descended on the Tanner Cut-off trail, which is probably one of the least interesting trails in the Gorge. It is steep, lightly maintained and grown over in spots. However, Heather almost stepped on a Pacific giant salamander along the descent. I have never seen one of these gigantic amphibians before—fascinating creature. We also got to watch an osprey go fishing up at Dublin Lake. The wildlife made this 10.5 mile loop hike a plus.—Craig Romano, Seattle, 7/3.

ENGLAND

 **DARTMOOR**—Today I hiked to the high point of Dartmoor, High Willhays (621 m), and a couple of other tors (hills surmounted by rocky outcrops) in the vicinity.

Dartmoor is a huge expanse of treeless, boggy upland, very lonely, with a wild, exposed feel. You can travel crosscountry to any point you wish, usually with only a few sheep for company. It was the setting for Arthur Conan Doyle's "Hound of the Baskervilles." (If you ever go, be aware that parts of the park are also used as military firing ranges. The guns are quiet most weekends, but it's best to check the online schedule.)

Dartmoor has a local hobby called "letterboxing." It sounds perfect for old peakbaggers who are slowing down. See: <www.aucote.u-net.com/boxes.htm>

And for the US version of letterboxing, just beginning: <<http://members.aol.com/catsdice/lbna/clues/>>—Jeff Howbert, Bellevue, 7/10.

BULLETIN BOARD

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

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

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

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).

MARK OWEN

On Mount Baker's Easton Glacier

—A ONE-DAY ASCENT—

This year our annual volcano climb took us to Washington's northernmost ice-clad giant. Paul had already climbed Baker by way of Heliotrope Ridge so we chose a southern approach. Wanting a challenge we decided to try a one-day ascent on July 8th.

The heavy winter snows both helped and hurt us. Unable to drive to the Baker Pass trailhead, we car-camped on the road so we could get an early start. We were underway about 4am using headlamps and quickly walked the ½-mile to the trailhead where we found the Sulphur Creek bridge broken in half by a large tree. Fortunately the bridge used by snowmobilers was in good shape.

With 8 feet of snow in Schriebers Meadow it was hard to find any real trails, just footprints and snowmobile tracks going every which way. It didn't really matter though; we just headed due north and soon we found ourselves below the Railroad Grade which we promptly gained access to.

True to its name the grade was a constant and easy walk. Along the way we passed two beautiful ptarmigans, one still cloaked in its white wintry feathers.

Many large, flat campsites can be found between the 5000- and 6000-foot



Paul Cho, Ron McMullen and Mark Owen on the summit of Mount Baker.

levels. With the weather continually improving we struck out onto the Easton Glacier and roped up at the sight of several huge crevasses—and a few hidden ones waiting to swallow us up.

Up to 7000 feet the snow was firm, but from then on it was soft with fresh snow everywhere. We sank one to two feet with every step. It was getting hot and the hours were melting away and this glacier was smiling at us knowing we were trapped in its maze.

From above we could see the sulphur plume rising steadily out of the summit crater as we finally joined another set of tracks coming up the eastern portion of the Easton, which we learned on the descent was the best route up. It was impressive looking in the crater with fumes of sulphur gas boiling out.

We dropped our packs here, grabbed some food and a big drink and started up the final 30-degree headwall. The soft snow made it a long but safe ascent and soon we found ourselves on top of Grant's Peak, the highest part of Baker's crown, 10,781 feet. This was my last Washington volcano so it was especially sweet.

In short order we plunged-stepped down to our packs and

then glissaded down a much more direct route than our climb up, following the eastern edge of the Easton directly back to the trailhead. 12 hours up; 4½ down. We just beat the darkness back to the car, completing another great day with great friends!

△

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



Ron trudges along the track across the summit plateau.



Approaching the vent in the summit crater; summit on left.

Mark Owen

Mark Owen

LEE MCKEE

The Ups and Downs of Tidal Rapids

—OR, HOW A CONSERVATIVE PADDLER HAS FUN AT DECEPTION PASS—

It's 6:30 in the morning, my sea kayak is loaded on my car, and I'm on my way to Deception Pass. This will be my third trip and I'm amused to think such a very conservative paddler like me could actually be excited at the concept of kayaking in water full of swirls, upwellings, rips, eddy lines and high current.

I haven't always looked forward to going to Deception Pass. In May of 1997, still learning the ins and outs of paddling in current, I had capsized in Deception Pass. I hadn't a clue why I had gone over. It was as though a big hand had sneaked up from the depths and flipped my kayak upside down.

That day was a real downer for me—I was the only one of our group to have capsized and I had no idea why it had happened! Driving home that night, I had no intention of ever going back to Deception Pass again.

In June of 1998, much to my surprise, I was once more on the water in Deception Pass taking a tidal rapids training class. Although I made it through that day without capsizing, I was far from comfortable in the current. Driving home that night, I figured I'd been lucky and probably wouldn't ever return to the pass again.

Currents, though, are something that must be dealt with on salt water paddles. My ability to handle wind and

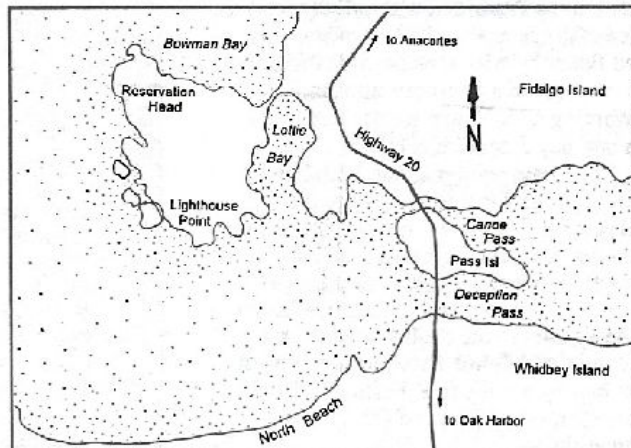
waves had steadily improved, but currents were a weak spot. So here I was a year later doing something I had figured I wouldn't do—preparing to paddle in Deception Pass *again*.

The class I'm attending is called Tidal Rapids Training, offered through George Gronseth's Kayak Academy in Seattle. It is one of several available for improving kayaking skills and is taught by Rex Robertson, who also teaches the Kayak Academy's Ocean Surf Kayaking course.

The class began by meeting Rex in the parking lot at the south end of the bridge that spans Deception Pass. There are three students today—Ken, who is from Montana and is fairly new to sea kayaking; Ardel, who is from Bainbridge Island and a repeat student like myself, and me. From here we walk out on the bridge and look 182 feet down to the surface of the water. This is not an easy thing for me to do since heights bother me. I work hard at quelling my uneasiness as Rex talks about the dynamics of the water flowing below us.

From our vantage point we watch as swirls and boils materialize, then suddenly disappear. Back eddies and their associated eddy lines formed by the fast moving water are also quite defined. Soon we'll be in our kayaks floating among those swirls.

Unlike the other two times I have



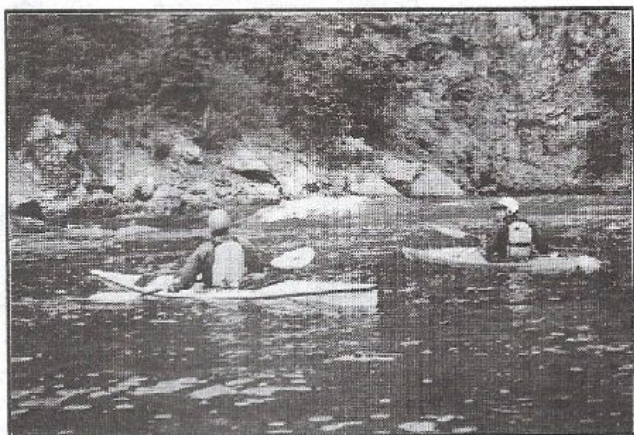
been here, today a wind is blowing from the west, further adding to the dynamics. In the open water to the west we can see occasional swells and a smattering of white caps.

For now the current is flowing in the same direction as the wind, but that will change when the current switches to an ebb in the afternoon. Then the forces will be opposing each other and things could get quite rough. I realize that not all of my uneasiness is due to the height!

Back in our cars we drive the short distance to Bowman Bay which is just north of the entrance to Deception Pass. Here are campsites, picnic tables, and a sand beach. This will be our launch point. After unloading our boats and equipment, Rex continues his instruction by placing arrow cutouts on the top of a picnic table. The arrows represent differing current strengths and depict main and back eddy currents.

Using a small model kayak, complete with paddler, Rex goes over the key steps in how to enter and exit eddies—the main one being to lean into the turn to keep from being capsized by the current you are entering.

As he's talking we're all aware of the wind blowing in gusts and the sound of waves breaking on the shore. Rex finishes his instruction by going over the all important safety aspects—like how



Ken, left, and Rex study the big waves rolling through Canoe Pass.

Lee McKee

we will handle a capsized situation.

With the instruction complete, we don dry suits and helmets and prepare for the on-the-water part of the class. By now it's just after 12:30 and the current in the pass is just past its peak flood of 5.8 knots.

It will be decreasing in strength until about 3pm when it will switch quickly to an ebb. This will allow us to get practice in crossing eddy lines that form under the bridge in the main pass as the current drops, have lunch on the sandy beach on the southwest entrance to the pass in the short time between the last of the flood and the start of the ebb, then cross over to Canoe Pass to continue our practice as the ebb current builds.

Usually the water part of the class begins by paddling out Bowman Bay, around Reservation Head and Lighthouse Point, and into the entrance to Deception Pass.

With the west wind and swell we have today though, Rex says the conditions outside the Bay could be tricky. Instead we will go to the alternate plan which is to paddle to the isthmus between Bowman Bay and Lottie Bay. Lottie Bay opens directly onto the north side of Deception Pass. This will allow us to carry our boats the short distance across the isthmus and thus avoid the turbulent water between Reservation Head and Lighthouse Point.

In short order we make the transition from Bowman to Lottie Bay and are ready to head into Deception Pass. We ferry across the flooding current to the south side of the pass, negotiating a gentle swell rolling in from the west.

As the current carries us toward the narrow part of the pass Rex quickly reviews how we will enter the back eddy on the southeast side just past the bridge. With Rex leading the way, we all manage to successfully make it into the back eddy.

Here we are protected from the main current and relax a moment before Rex continues with the instruction. We spend the next hour or so taking turns at going into and out of the eddy with Rex tutoring us on technique. We also drift along the eddy line itself while we let the swirling current gently turn us in a circle. He cautions us to be prepared to quickly lean and brace should we feel the current suddenly trying to pull us over.

The current has now dropped to about 2 knots and it's time to head to the beach for a quick lunch before the

current switches. We use the technique called "eddy hopping" to work our way back against the current. This involves powering our way against the main current where the rock wall juts out into the current, then slipping into the slower moving current or back eddy on the other side of the outcropping. After a few anxious moments we all make it.

Where we intend to land for lunch, though, we find waves breaking on the beach. After some discussion of alternatives, we decide we can't land our landing between large boulders and soon are all safely on land for lunch.

The after-lunch plan is to practice ferrying across the current under the bridge between Whidbey Island and small Pass Island before the current builds too much, then cross over to Canoe Pass which is what the waterway between Fidalgo Island and Pass Island is called. We'll then continue to practice paddling in the current as it builds through Canoe Pass.



Ardel runs the swells through Canoe Pass.

Lee McKee

A characteristic of the current flowing through Deception Pass is that there is little or no slack water—the water essentially just slows down, then starts to speed up in the opposite direction. Consequently, lunch is not a leisurely affair—as they say: time and tide wait for no man.

Shortly after 3pm we are once more back on the water. The current now is ebbing—flowing westward out of the pass at around 2 knots and building. But the current is not the only thing that has changed—so has the surface of the water. With the current now opposing the wind and swell, large waves are forming; some are breaking.

The conditions in the narrow section of the pass under the bridge look omi-

continued on page 27

Tidal Rapids Kayak Lesson *(the difference between upright and in balance)*

*Crossing the line where two currents meet,
Is like a rug being pulled from under your feet.
But you'll have no trouble with where you're going,
If you lean the direction the new current is flowing.*

*Upright and in balance aren't always the same,
It's confusion between them that's really to blame.
When the current is fast and strong,
You have to lean hard and long.*

*It's counter-instinctive—not natural at all,
But the fear of leaning is what causes one to fall.
Commit to leaning down stream,
And no current is too extreme.*

—by George Gronseth

RICK HALEY

One Hiker's Gear

—WHEN I TURNED 30, MAY SAID I WAS OLD ENOUGH FOR A THERMAREST—

I asked Ann to institute this new feature to help us learn from each other. Most of us enjoy exchanging information about the equipment that allows us to enjoy the outdoors. I see this column as a way to help us decide on gear and avoid each other's mistakes.—RH

Being a recovering gearaholic, I have lots of equipment options designed to meet a variety of needs, from ultralight solo overnights to week-long semi-truck load hauling.

I haven't bought much top-of-the-line gear, instead concentrating on solid equipment toward the less expensive end. That way I can buy more toys, and if I don't like something, I can eventually replace it instead of sticking with it because it cost megabucks. Face it, it's more fun to buy outdoor gear than fill the gas tank or pay the cable bill.

However, most of what I have was purchased before our son James was born. Something about having kids puts a dent in the grown-up toys department. Fortunately most of my gear choices have been at least livable.

Bio

So you know where I'm coming from, here's a quick bio: I'm 43 years old, 6'2", 215 pounds. I've been backpacking since the Boy Scouts, used to do 8 to 10 trips a year, but these days don't get out as much as I'd like.

Most of my backpacks now fall into two categories: quick overnights, either solo or with May and James, or death marches with my hiking buddies, which may be 3 to 7 days long.

All measurements are approximate based on my dim memory.

Tents

One for every occasion. For ultralight use, I have an Outdoor Research Advanced Bivy (31 ounces). I use this when I'm out for a short time in good weather. The bivy is more fun to carry than to sleep in. It certainly is light, will keep the bugs at bay, and you can read in it, but I wouldn't want to spend

much time in it. Also, I've had various amounts of condensation every time I've used it—the worst when sleeping in the open on cool nights when lots of dew collects. If you had to batten down the hatches it would be pretty close in there.

For longer trips, I use a Eureka Timberlite (a shade under 5 pounds). This tent is close to bomb-proof, having survived some awful winds in the Cascades (*P&P, January 1999*), killer hail in the Wallows, and numerous downpours everywhere. I've never been wet in it. Although billed as a two-person tent, at 4'6" wide it is pretty cramped. For one person, there's plenty of room and you can sit up to read in it.

For the three of us, we usually use a Eureka Alpine Meadows 2 (7 pounds, 11 ounces). I'm not sure this tent is made anymore. The AP2 is a tad heavy but makes up for it with luxurious room and solid construction. It easily accommodates two adults and a kid, and we've put three adults in it in a pinch.

I've also got a Cabelas coffin-style tent (3-plus pounds). It is similar to a Eureka Solitaire but haven't used it since I got the bivy bag. It was pretty cheap to buy and shows it.

Packs

For ultralight use, last year I got a Camp Trails Scirocco (3500 cubic inches, a little over 3 pounds, internal) and I love it. It has a great weight/volume ratio. You can fit everything you need for a couple of nights without being tempted to throw in things like espresso makers just because you have room. I've had my load down to 20 pounds with this little jewel and that



really adds miles and elevation to my hiking potential. I'm at the upper height limit for the suspension so if you're over 6'3", forget it.

Before that I used a Camp Trails Rainier (4500 cubic

inches, 4 pounds, 6 ounces, internal), which I also still enjoy. I also selected this pack for its weight/volume ratio as well as price. It has a more generous suspension and you can throw in a few extras. I use it for light 2 to 3 night trips or heavy overnights. Both of these Camp Trails packs were quite reasonably priced and so far have held up.

For big loads (like week-long trips) I insist on an external frame. I've tried 50+ pounds in an internal and I felt like it was sagging down to my knees and dragging me down with it.

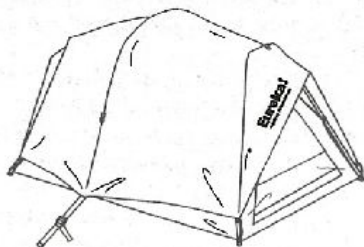
My load hauler is the biggest Coleman Peak 1 I could find. Internal space is about 4100 cubic inches, with lots of room outside for tents, bags, Thermarests, half-racks, and more. Weight is about 6 pounds. I've had up to 70 pounds in and on this thing, and it was at least tolerable.

I've used the Ram-flex frames since they first came out in the early '80s. They were so much more pleasurable than the discount-store aluminum frame I'd been using that I've never gone back. The old Peak 1s had terrible zippers and uncertain stitching, but I've had my current model for at least six years without a problem. The frames eventually become more limber than when they started but that hasn't seemed to affect performance. Peak 1s are becoming hard to find and I think that's a pity.

A word about fanny packs—get a nice big one! I use a Lowe 1000 cubic inch variety. You can stuff it pretty full without it becoming burdensome.

Sleeping bags

I am partial to down because I've



rarely had a truly soaked sleeping bag. My favorite is a Campmor down (0 degree rating, 3 pounds, 8 ounces). This bag is now at least six years old and shows no deterioration despite lots of use, both in the pack and car-camping.

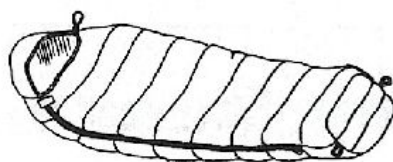
For ultralight, I use an old North Face Purple Haze (down, 15 degree rating, 2 pounds, 6 ounces), which is really tight on a big guy, or a Sierra Designs Waylite (Lite Loft, 10 degree rating, 3 pounds, 4 ounces). The Lite Loft seems to have lost a fair amount of loft in just three years, despite proper storage and light use.

Sleeping Pad

When I turned 30 (lo, these many years ago), May bought me a Thermarest. She said I was old enough to put away the bluefoam. A few years ago I got the UltraLite 3/4 and truly can't tell the difference except for the weight. When feeling like some luxury, or if I'm resigned to a heavy pack anyway, I'll tuck the pad in a Thermarest chair. If you're like me, you were extremely skeptical of the "backwoods barcalounger" concept right up until you sat down in one. Then you immediately bought one and spent the next several years lamenting all the sharp rocks and wet logs you sat on before.

Stove

I usually use a Coleman Peak 1



Multi-Fuel. You just can't beat the combination of reasonable weight and no-worries performance. One fuel fill-up will easily last the three of us for two nights.

I had an early MSR Whisperlite but spent more time taking it apart and cleaning it than cooking with it. I assume the shaker has solved that problem but see no need to find out. The Peak 1 has been trouble-free for many years.

Just this year I bought a Gaz Turbo Bleu for traveling use, since the airlines are beginning to frown on stoves with built-in fuel tanks. I have been calling ahead to find out where to buy cartridges. It seems like a good stove but the fuel is expensive and if you have to carry two cartridges you're not saving any weight. At least you can now take the cartridges off.

Boots

My favorite boots are Tecnica Cervinos I got several years ago. I wore them around the living room for one evening and the next day climbed Easy Pass and the ridge above it without so much as a hotspot. They are about

worn-out and I despair finding the equivalent. My experience has been that if it's wet, leather boots eventually soak through, then never dry. At least the fabric/leather trim kind can dry.

One Piece of Gear I Won't Go Without

A headlamp. I use a Petzl Micro, which was the lightest I could find. For tent reading or after-dark meals, you can't beat it. However, if you're planning a lot of night hiking, you might want a more powerful beam.

Biggest Gear-buying Mistake

I once bought a pair of Vasque boots that never fit right. They felt great in the store, but on the trail they developed a fold in the lining at each heel that gouged me unmercifully. These boots are now for sale, barely used—make me an offer.

The irony is that usually I bought boots mail-order, but went to the store this time to get a perfect fit.

△

Rick Haley, of Anacortes, is a member of the Anacortes Community Forest Lands Advisory Board.

To submit your own "One Hiker's Gear" column, see page 39.

The Ups and Downs of Tidal Rapids continued from page 25

nous to me. Rex instructs us to wait in the back eddy to the west of the bridge while he goes out into the main current to evaluate conditions.

Coming back he recommends we go to Plan B, which would be to forget about the ferrying practice and instead cross over downstream of the bridge where the current is not as fast and where we would be taking the waves head on or on the beam instead of the stern. Ken, though, would like to give the crossing here a try and Rex agrees.

While Ardel and I wait, Ken and Rex head out into the current and waves and make it to the other side. With Ken safely tucked into a back eddy behind Pass Island, Rex returns for Ardel and me and soon we are on the other side, too.

We spend the next two hours getting practice in the current and waves of

Canoe Pass. Ken, who seems to be a natural at surfing, spends much of the time surfing the standing waves, while Ardel and I practice eddy turns and going down through the standing waves.

Shortly after 5pm the current is near its max of 6 knots or so, and it is time to call it a day. On the way back to Bowman Bay we joke that had George Gronseth known the conditions we were going to have today, he might have charged us extra for the class since it involved wind, waves, surf, AND current—combinations of several classes he offers!

Driving home that night, I'm amused again by my reaction to the class—instead of thinking I'd never return as I've done in the past, I actually think I might need to spend more time there. Maybe I'm getting the hang of this current thing after all!

Tidal Rapid Training Course

These are one day courses. The fee is \$140 (includes free use of a dry suit) Four students max. In addition to practicing the techniques for dealing with eddy lines, boils, and whirlpools, this course covers ways to read moving water, evaluate and avoid hazards, a review of bracing strokes, ferrying, and much more. For a detailed course description, contact:

George Gronseth's Kayak Academy
2512 NE 95th St
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206-527-1825
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e-mail: kayak@halcyon.com

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

CHRIS BELL

The Bailey Range Traverse

—AN UNEXAGGERATED ACCOUNT OF A CLASSIC CROSSING—

There is often a tendency to exaggerate events of a backcountry trip, but I would never want to be accused of that grave sin. Therefore, I have carefully stayed to the facts, only the facts. What follows is the story of a trip across the Bailey Range during early August of 1998.

My son Tor and his special friend Carol invited me to join them on their summer vacation, a traverse of the Bailey Range in Olympic National Park. It is always great when a parent is invited to join his children for an extended trip together. It is greater yet when the trip is spent in the high country of the Olympic Mountains. It is the greatest when for eight days the weather is perfect—no rain, only one slightly overcast day.

As is typical when I am traveling with my young friends, the trip started late Friday evening, when we drove from Seattle to the Hoh River campground, dropped off one car, then continued to the Sol Duc where I finally laid out my sleeping bag in the parking lot at 2am for a few hours of fitful sleep.

I have now concluded that this prelude to a trip is simply a test—if I can continue to tolerate late night drives to

trailheads, then jump up bright and early in the morning prepared to travel, I am still welcome to come along. It is a struggle to stay young at heart, and a bigger struggle to convince the body that it continues up to the task.

Saturday

The real work commenced when we hoisted our packs onto our backs. Carol had brought enough food to feed all the bears we might encounter along the way, together with all other species of animals indigenous to the Olympics and even a few that are not.

We needed to use the climbing rope and pulleys to get the pack onto her back. She groaned, but started up the trail at a brisk pace and in good humor, and as usual that was the last I saw of her until Heart Lake, when I caught up to her and Tor for our first rest stop.

No one was camping at Heart Lake, a most unusual circumstance, but in compliance with the bear alert that the rangers had posted during the "bear incidents" of last summer. We found at the lake a couple of old gals who explained that they had first explored this area in 1923 or so. They were back again and had just been swimming in

this snow-fed lake when a bear joined them in the water, but had apparently expressed no interest in these ancient water nymphs.

We stayed at Heart Lake only long enough to catch our breath, then continued onto the High Divide, turned east, and headed over the jagged and narrow Catwalk, arriving at Boston Charlie's, a small mud hole nestled at the easterly end of the Catwalk on the side of Mount Carrie.

Exhausted we stayed here, even though we had to share this tiny site with two others—the last humans we were to encounter for the next six days. While enjoying our first meal out we watched twelve elk grazing on the slope of Mount Carrie while a bear ambled over to them, to find out what was so appetizing. The bear expressed no interest in our food.

Sunday

This was planned as an easy day, which turned out to be the case. We moved camp only two or three miles, to a place where a series of tiny streams provided good water and the ground was sufficiently level to set up our tents. We first had to move through a series of washed out gullies, but they were all doable without a great deal of difficulty. The trail was obvious, much more so than I remember four years ago when I had made this same trip.

No sooner had we unpacked than the goats arrived—seven of them. These were not ordinary mountain goats. They came right into our camp, as if they owned the place. Relieving oneself could not be done with any degree of delicacy and, in fact, their aggressive behavior made this process a matter of some concern.

Their search for salt was insatiable, and they found each and every location where the three of us had relieved ourselves, always on rock to try to preserve the vegetation from their frenzied search for salt.

The day was beautiful, the view of Mount Olympus spectacular. We had a



Our first rest stop at Heart Lake: Carol (left), Chris, and Tor.

Chris Bell



Chris Bell

The salt-searching mountain goats of Eleven Bull Basin.

wonderful rest from the grueling hike of the previous day.

Monday

We awoke to mountain goats, their number having increased to thirteen (reinforcements), sticking their heads into our tents, waiting for some action. From me they only got a stone tossed in their direction.

This was scheduled as a tough day, all the way to the upper Ferry Basin. I had been telling Carol all about crossing Eleven Bull Basin, and the gullies that were so deep that they put the Grand Canyon to shame, and that these gullies started at the top of Mount Carrie and continued all the way down to the Hoh River. When I had previously negotiated this part of the trip four years ago, three hours had been spent just building up the courage to step off the rim, and down into the void.

So we left our campsite with great anxiety, and around every ridge Carol would peer forth, expecting to find this gaping slash in the earth just waiting to engulf her. Almost two hours later, when we arrived at the little tarn before Cream Lake, I realized that some great force must have recontoured the mountainside, removing in size and difficulty the gullies of the Eleven Bull Basin.

In fact, surprise of all surprises on this trip, we came to realize that we had already crossed this once perilous section of the route the previous day. You can imagine our collective relief.

This was not my only surprise. When we arrived at Cream Lake there was not a mosquito, or a deer fly or horse fly. Just a placid, beautiful lake set deep in

the Bailey Range. The mosquitoes must have all been attending a motivational

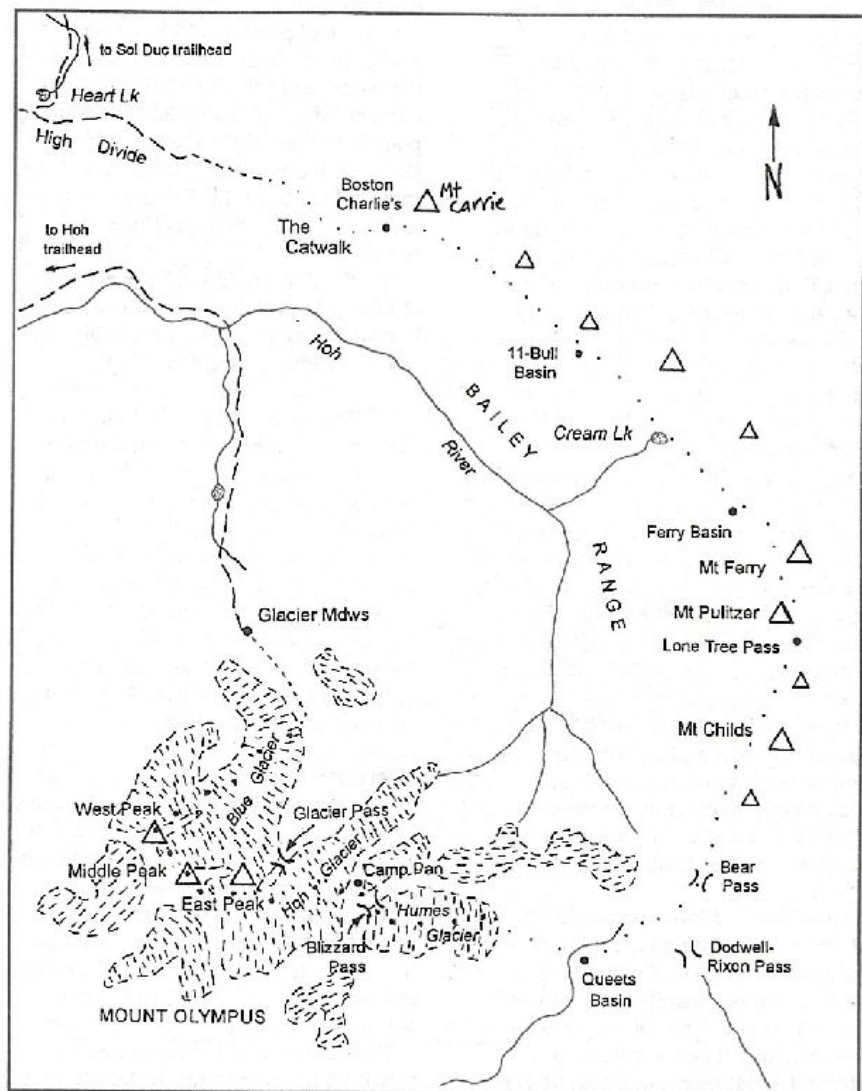
seminar on how to counter the effect of DEET, because the last time I visited this lake the pests were lined up in droves to dive bomb me. I had lost two pints of blood just getting through this section of the trip. But this time—nothing. Not a bug.

After a short break, we again started for the high country, up to 5500 feet and the high lakes below Mount Ferry where we set up camp and had a good wash in the cold snow-fed stream leading from the lake.

As usual along the way we had encountered more bears. The blueberries were ripening, and the bears were far more interested in trashing the hillsides than they were in ravaging our packs.

Tuesday

Another easy day, as Tor had already planned. He had laid out the entire trip, and so far it was going without a hitch.





Chris Bell

Carol and Tor at Lone Tree Pass, with the bulk of Mount Olympus behind.

He was the route finder, and we never got lost. He was the field marshal, and we followed him like loyal foot soldiers, and we never experienced any unexpected problems—except that he could do nothing about *my* foot soldiers, which were beginning to mutiny at this point. No amount of Dr. Scholl's foot care could relieve their rebellion.

But I was able to marshal them up to the pass between Mount Ferry and Mount Pulitzer, where we dropped our packs and climbed (walked up) Ferry for the gorgeous view of the Elwha Valley, and all of the mountains to the east. Then it was on the short distance across the shoulder of Mount Pulitzer to Lone Tree Pass where we set camp.

Our trip was fitting into a routine. After camp was set, and food consumed, either Tor or Carol would start reading from Mark Twain's delightful book *Roughing It*, about a stagecoach ride across the wild west in the 1870s. Often this reading would continue into the evening, after we had retired to our respective tents.

I found my tent being pitched closer to theirs for each night of the trip, so I could eavesdrop on this great story which was unraveling as we traveled through the Baileys. By the end of our journey even I had taken my turn at reading.

In addition to Mark Twain, Carol and Tor had brought a book on flowers, to advance their goal of being able to identify all of the wildflowers, shrubs, trees and other vegetation in the State of Washington. The book describes 1,000,001 wildflowers in Olympic Na-

tional Park, with a page devoted to each flower.

Carol had purchased a separate pocket to be attached to her pack just so that she could carry this literary monstrosity, which probably added seventy pounds to the weight she was carrying. But I did learn lots of new names of the multitude of beautiful flowers that were in bloom at all elevations throughout our journey.

But the day would not be over before climbing Mount Pulitzer, otherwise known as Snagtooth, and probably the most disgusting mountain I have ever climbed. Each handhold comes out in a fist full of spiny and sharp shale rock. Tor and I must have lowered the elevation of the mountain two or three feet just climbing to its summit.

While not a particularly technical climb, the mountain does have some exposure, especially when its rock cannot be trusted. But the panorama from the summit was great, and in the far distance we were able to observe three people following our earlier path, but we never saw them again.

Wednesday

We were off early, since we had a ways to go—the Queets Basin. We were now on snow, a bit of a relief from clambering on rock, over and under downed trees and stumbling over roots. We crossed under Mount Childs, over Bear Pass and then made our way down into the basin below, avoiding Dodwell-Rixon and continuing directly toward the Queets.

The climbers' guide suggested we stay high in order to reach the entrance

onto the Humes Glacier, our next destination. We followed these instructions, which advised us to stay at approximately 4500 feet of elevation, even though only mountain goats and bears would be stupid enough to find this route an acceptable means for travel.

The faint, and often obscure, trace of a path finally led us on top of cliffs, with no apparent prospect of reaching our destination. We had observed a few cairns and finally through the dense blueberry and huckleberry bushes we saw a grand cairn almost five feet tall, at the base of which laid the remains of a human skeleton holding onto a boulder with a diabolical smile on his toothy cranium. We knew it was time to turn back.

This was our first navigational setback, and left us struggling back to Queets Basin, slipping and sliding on blueberry bushes, slide alder and hidden holes covered by deep grass that severely tested our balancing abilities. A lesson to be learned—don't always trust guidebooks.

After our humble retreat we set up camp on a knoll, close to the Queets River, where we regrouped for a renewed assault the next day. In the meantime we watched numerous bears moving along that same hillside with ease, mowing down the blueberries, overturning huge boulders probably looking for what meager animal life that lived beneath them. This was a very humbling experience.

Thursday

The next day, with renewed energy,

we resumed our effort to find a route to the Humes Glacier. By this time Tor and I were able to mount Carol's pack on her back without the use of a hoist, although there was still enough food carried in it to prolong our trip for at least a month or two more.

This time we stayed low, crossing the Queets River at about 4000 feet, then dropped down on the other side to approximately 3700 feet where we located a path which appeared to have seen human feet within the past few weeks. After negotiating the path for some distance through the trees, and down a steep ravine, we at last found ourselves along the raging stream that flows from the Humes.

We located a broad but steep gully filled with rock and airplane parts, which, by ascending, led us up directly to the Humes Glacier. Apparently, the pilot of this ill fated airplane was not aware of the "leave no trace" policy, because bits and pieces of his airplane were scattered almost the full distance of the 1200 feet of elevation which we had to gain as we climbed up this gully.

Crossing the Humes Glacier was magical. The glacier is old, in a state called ablation, which I think is the correct term. That means no big crevasses or hidden dangers. Rather, little streamlets criss-crossed the ancient ice,

often creating sink holes with emerald pools of water and deep channels of multi-hued colors.

Sometimes we could hear the roar of the ocean beneath us, other times a rushing wind, and then later just the gentle murmur of a more subdued force straining beneath us. Clearly the glacier has a life of its own, and it is a fascinating life that we were allowed to share as we moved across its surface.

Upon cresting the Humes it was up onto the snowfields high above the Hoh Glacier. Here, miracle of miracles, we could look down on a small oasis of solid rock, perched high on the side of and above the glacier. This was our destination—Camp Pan.

After descending the steep snowfield we arrived at our home for the night, and a magical home it was. On this rock were several perfect campsites, level and affording a perfect view over the glacier and the Hoh Valley. Since we had arrived in the early afternoon, we had lots of time to rest, enjoy the site, and continue our adventures with Mark Twain.

Throughout the trip Carol was our inspiration. She confronted each new challenge with good spirit, never complaining. Her happy disposition distracted my desire to focus upon my aging body that by this time was in full

rebellion from the rigors of each day.

Shortly after our arrival at Camp Pan we could see two dots coming toward us from Glacier Pass, across the Hoh Glacier. The dots happened to be humans, and when they arrived we were introduced to two climbing rangers from the Park Service, who promptly checked our permit, found it to be in order, and then proceeded to be excellent guests—the first humans with whom we had contact since our first day out.

Their presence was fortuitous, since they were leaving the next morning for Mount Olympus, our destination. Looking down onto the Hoh Glacier, we knew that there would be some tricky negotiating around the numerous gaping crevasses, and with the trail of two experienced rangers to follow, we felt much more confident. If their footprints suddenly disappeared, at least we would know where not to follow.

The evening was spectacular. The alpenglow of the setting sun on the surrounding mountains created a warm, exhilarating feeling. Slowly the lights of the Saanich Peninsula, on Vancouver Island, began to appear. No longer was the moon full, so we could begin to see the stars more clearly. There was not a cloud in the sky. Could life be any better than this?



Tor and Carol on the Humes Glacier.

Friday

Possibly life could be better, but it can in fact be down right mean-spirited, as I was quickly to learn. Back on with the harness, crampons and rope. Onto the glacier to start our almost three thousand foot climb to the summit of Mount Olympus from Camp Pan. The crevasses were enormous, descending sharply for what appeared to be an endless depth as I would peer over their sides while traversing around them.

Back and forth we zigzagged, picking our way through the maze of open crevasses, crossing ice bridges where they could be found, and jumping the more narrow ones. High on the glacier we could see a mountain goat that was confused negotiating the system of crevasses, and that finally gave up and returned to the safety of a rocky ledge.

But my spirits improved as we finally approached the summit, which happens to consist of three separate rock peaks: East, Middle and finally West, which is the tallest.

Our destination was the West peak, but to my dismay Tor had not warned me of the necessity of first climbing Middle Peak, with full pack, an obstacle in our journey which could not be avoided.

Up we went on what is described in the guidebook as a third class scramble, but again the guidebook had to be wrong. At least it did not take into account the fact that we were climbing with full packs which by now probably weighed two-hundred and fifty pounds each and very much under the influence of gravitational pull which at that elevation had increased geometrically to the height reached.

The battle between my need to surmount this stone-faced obstacle and the gravitational pull was finally concluded when I pulled myself to the top of Middle Peak, exhausted from the effort. But now the new struggle commenced, getting down the other side.

Fortunately, a true third class route manifested itself, and within a short time we were back on glacier, headed toward West Peak which we knew we would climb without pack.

Again the guide book description failed us. After finally getting off the snow, there was still a rock climb of approximately 60 feet or so. What I expected to be a class three route turned out to be in the wrong location, and I found myself using fingers, toes and teeth maneuvering up a class four pitch

without aid, and only the dire warnings of death and despair from my son below to encourage me on.

Sweet success and suddenly I was on the summit, where the standard route, to the west of the summit block, was obvious. After shouting down instructions I was promptly joined by my climbing companions and we briefly savored our accomplishment, looking out over a cloudless horizon where we could see from Mount Hood to Mount Baker.

We did not tarry, since the specks of the two climbing rangers traversing back and forth between the crevasses of the Blue Glacier reminded us that our day was far from over.

Back to our packs, again roped together, we started the long descent to the camp at Glacier Meadows. The foot prints on the snow of the rangers were obvious, and after what seemed to be a tedious period of time moving back and forth around the gaping crevasses of the Blue Glacier we found ourselves at last on firm ground, heading down the trail to camp.

We arrived at Glacier Meadows shortly after 6pm. We were tired and decided to stay there, even though more people were in the camp than we had hoped to encounter.

Most were preparing to climb Olympus the following day. They were dressed to the nines, and we could hear them talking about how nice it would be if Nordstrom were to come out with a line of clothing for climbers.

I could not understand the purpose for which they would use half of their equipment, except to be worn on the body like jewelry. Based on the questions I could hear being asked back and forth in the camp, it was apparent that the use of this equipment was somewhat of a mystery to some of them.

Why would this kind of a climber be found attempting to climb Mount Olympus? It was peculiar that they should hike in almost 18 miles up the Hoh River trail, to attempt a climb of a mountain which really does present some technical challenges and requires a basic understanding of mountaineering skills.

Having just negotiated Middle Peak with a full pack, after coming across from Camp Pan, I was feeling pretty smug, which may have increased my dismay at encountering these climbers at Glacier Meadows.

We were tired, but in the interest of unweighting ourselves for the long trip out the next day, Tor started cooking meal after meal, reducing the size of Carol's pack by at least a third, and leaving me bloated but fully content.

To bed and sweet dreams about the warm shower and hot cup of coffee which would be experienced the following day. It is claimed that I kept the entire camp awake during the night with my snoring, but this assertion I hotly deny.

Saturday

Up early, still thinking about that shower and cup of coffee. By now Carol could get her pack on without our help, but that did not change anything. Even with my one hour head start, she quickly passed me and covered the almost 18 miles to the Hoh visitor center and the car in seven and a half hours after leaving Olympic Meadows.

I limped in shortly afterward, to collapse at the car where Tor and Carol loaded me into the back seat. During the drive from the Hoh back to my car at Sol Duc I went through the excruciating pain of foot decompression syndrome.

Our treat was Sol Duc, where for six or seven bucks we had the luxury of soaking in the hot springs, and I finally began to feel human again. The collective aroma of three skanky climbers, unbathed for over a week, did not discourage the other bathers, and we shared the pools with a large contingent of other bodies.

A tasty seafood dinner in Port Angeles, a real bed in a motel, and our trip had come to an end. What a really wonderful time.

Most importantly, I was blessed to spend this extraordinarily beautiful and challenging adventure with two truly special people, and I am the luckiest dad there could be. Always supportive, never complaining, never a harsh word, only a desire to have a great experience together. It was had.

△

Chris Bell, of Seattle, is a former resident of Port Orchard where he practiced law for 25 years. After retiring a couple of years ago, he now divides his time between volunteering for WTA and traveling in Latin America.

PEG FERM

Deception Pass, Cathedral Rock Loop

—A BACKPACK IN THE ALPINE LAKES WILDERNESS—

Sunday, August 23, 1998

We got off later than usual even, and got to the trailhead at 5pm. Despite a soft misty drizzle, we decided to walk into Hyas Lake, a couple of miles.

As I guessed, it was dry under the trees. We had the place to ourselves. Hyas is a long, narrow, shallow lake, in a deep valley, and full of reeds. When the breeze dies, it mirrors the surrounding peaks.

Forest of dark, straight, somber trees. Little Hyas is hardly distinguishable—the reeds close in for a while, creating an indefinite waterway between the two.

Monday

The climb up to Deception Pass is moderate. Stopped to put out a smoldering campfire someone had left. People can be such idiots, I must say.

The duff was burning and they'd thrown fir needles all over the coals. Must've read someplace that you cast dirt on a fire to smother it, and they figured fir needles equalled dirt ... who knows?

It was a good hot bed of coals, and took a long while to haul enough water to put it out.

Passed the turn-off to Tuck and Robin Lakes, a trip we did 5 or 6 years back. That's a mean little trail up there, and not for the faint of heart or weak of knee.

Our route took us up to Deception Pass. The weather was still cloudy, but it's an undistinguished pass anyhow—all treed and no really good viewpoints.

It was fun to reach the PCT and see a trail sign saying:

↔Stevens Pass
↔Snoqualmie Pass

The book says there's no water at the pass, but there *is* a pond just down from the pass, heading south on the PCT. I bet there's camp space there, but we didn't stop to check.

Not many camps with water any place along that 5-mile southbound

stretch of the PCT. There's one in the woods just after the first big creek crossing, then another just past the last big creek crossing.

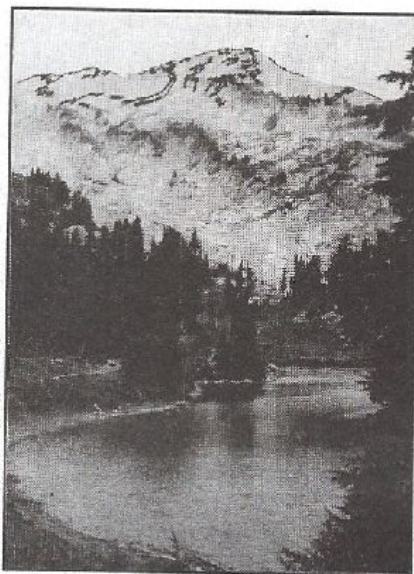
This last creek crossing isn't, exactly, as the creek is running entirely underneath the rocks at this point, and you'd have to scramble a good ways up or down to get to actual water.

Our Green Trails map is croneous in this area, as it shows a significant drop in elevation that simply isn't there. The PCT does drop steadily for the first three mapped creek crossings, but then maintains a steady uphill grade until it reaches Cathedral Pass.

[Ed. Note: Peg's map, dated 1984, is out of date. Green Trails has corrected the route of the PCT on later maps.]

We were tired by this point—8½ miles in full pack is about all we ever want to do, or I should say, more than we'd prefer!

We found a perfectly nice camp about ¼-mile from the PCT on trail 1345. There are some little tarns right along the ridge there, perfectly nice. There are two "real" camp spaces and one "sort-of" space.



Peggy's Pond and Mount Daniel.

Peg Ferm

We had it to ourselves the first night, but two more tents appeared the second night. The camps are all on the other side of the tarns from the trail, with very nice views to Deception Pass, Mount Stuart, and down the valley to Turquoise Lake, out toward Cle Elum.

Tuesday

I'd hoped the weather would clear off. It's been cold, cloudy; Cathedral Rock keeps wrapped in drifting scraps of cloud. This morning is quite chilly and gray, but—faint comfort—it looks even worse up toward Stevens Pass. Patches of blue occasionally appear to the south.

We walked in to Peggy's Pond, a spot I've always wanted to visit, being a Peggy myself.

It's really a small lake, or two small lakes, tucked into a hollow northwest of Cathedral Rock. Over-used, though.

The trail to it is rough, and signed only to forbid stock. Quite a few camps there, but evidently not enough, as people were camping in the meadows. It's a base camp for climbers going up Mount Daniel and Cathedral Rock. Two full toilets attest to the amount of use, as does the web of trails.

It's a gorgeous, dramatic spot, though, with Cathedral Rock looming craggily over it, meadows, and the massive bulk of Mount Daniel to the west.

We walked up the inlet stream that feeds Peggy's Pond, up into the rocky basin below one of the glaciers. We stopped when we got to the edge of the snow, about 6000 feet.

Might not have gotten even that far, but we converged with another couple, John and Rita from Beaverton. John seemed quite experienced, so we followed his lead. Rita told us he climbs often and has been up Stuart a bunch of times, and up Mount Hood over sixty times!

There were several milky puddles at the base of the snow, showing either



Peg Fern

Gregg gears up for the climb out of Deep Lake back up to the pass.

white or opaque green. What a wilderness of rock! It seems the only thing that grows there is flowers, along all the creeks. It's quite startling to see masses of gold and bright pink (monkeyflower and penstemon) in the rocky wastcs!

There's also moss, and some tiny rushes, growing about 4 inches high. Marmots all over the place, enjoying their brief summer. It even cleared off and got sunny while we were up visiting the glacier-wallow.

The wind blows down off the summit, evidently, so it stayed pretty cool. Warmer down in the basin of Peggy's Pond, which was swarming with campers by the time we got down there again. *Not* a place for solitude.

Found a large puddle full of polliwogs, with not so much as a pair of hind legs among them. How in the world do they mature up here? I guess if they all did, the place would be hopping with frogs, which it isn't. At least two frogs, presumably, lived long enough to reproduce at 5500 feet. Strange and wonderful!

Lots of hikers we've met both on the trail and at Peggy's Pond are doing the PCT. Met two halves of one group from Tri-Cities doing a key swap midway. The second half said they weren't going back up to meet at Peggy's Pond, as arranged, so I hope ol' Jim (who we met at Peggy's Pond) has a spare set of keys on him!

One bug so far this trip. My new

boots are behaving perfectly, and I've lost my hat.

Wednesday

No deer last night; I suppose the extra campers scared them off. They startled us the night before, coming into our camp, snorting. I had no idea deer *snorted*, like horses do! Their hooves go boink, boink—a sound like

a drum on this hard, dry earth.

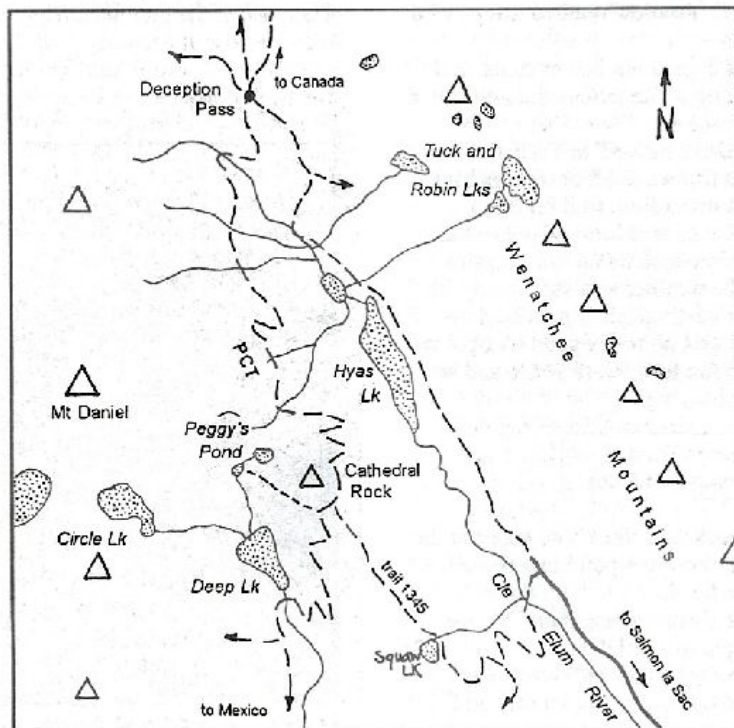
Today, mercifully, dawned clear and sunny. Finally! We walked down to Deep Lake, which we'd seen from the Peggy's Pond trail.

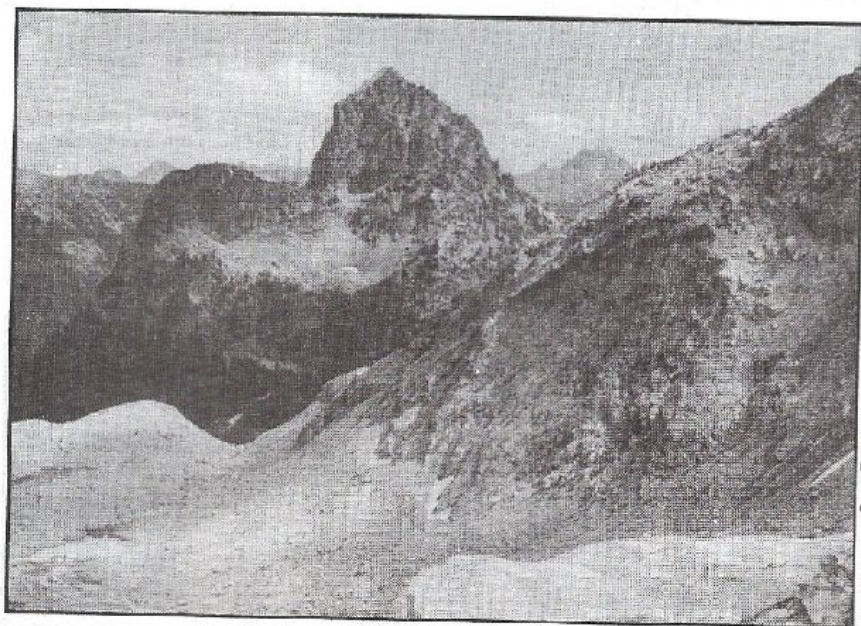
It's about 3 miles down from Cathedral Pass, and fed by a magnificent series of cascades coming down out of Circle Lake. A guy we talked to said he and his buddy intended to go up there from Deep Lake today. It looks like a major endeavor, being 1600 feet in what looks like about 3/4-mile. Wow. Not for me.

Today is our day for lollygagging on a rock, in the sun, by the lake. Paradise. Deep Lake is wonderful, well worth the trip down. It's got meadows around the outlet stream, all sedges and other grasses. Gentian—the most astonishing color in nature—grows here and there in patches. Gorgeous!

Mid-afternoon a group with several adolescent boys came in. Amazing how much space they take up, and they seem to need constant chatter. I don't suppose adolescents can really help it, in groups anyhow.

The trail from Cathedral Pass is a long, *long* leisurely route. You can see bits and pieces of the old trail, which must have been a real knee cruncher. The new trail is so gently sloped that I often wished it would just get *on* with





Cathedral Rock from the side of Mount Daniel.

Peg Ferm

it. I was more tolerant of the gradient going uphill, of course!

Our neighbors tell us there were 35 people at Peggy's Pond last night. Wow! Deep Lake was getting a lot of people in, too, but there's quite a bit of space there and many camps. We really have quite a bit of privacy here on the ridge top, but it is a bit less scenic. A real lake is nice, and I always feel a little squeamish drinking out of a tarn, although with treatment I don't suppose it makes that much difference.

Lots of huckleberry plants, but almost no berries. Too dry? Too early?

At night there is a vast silence, unlike most lakes where one hears the rush of the incoming creeks. Deep Lake was full of the sound of a 2000-foot series of falls. The Milky Way is plain, a bright mist of starlight.

Thursday

The sun gets up over the Wenatchee Mountains about 6am; we got to watch it today.

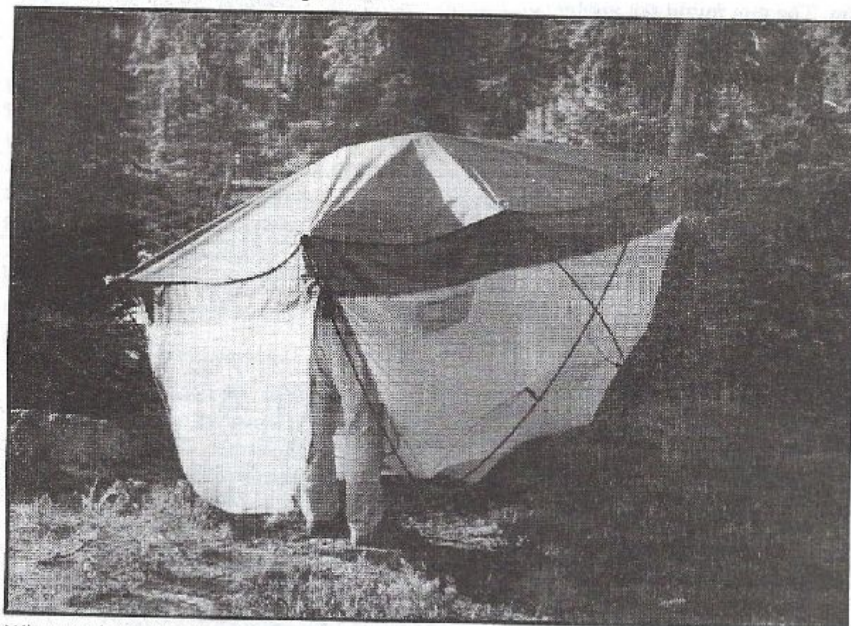
We found more tarns yesterday and this morning. They're all lined up along the ridge. The largest and deepest one is northernmost, closest to Cathedral Pass. Then two more shallow ones. Then one murky puddle and one completely dry.

We spotted number six about 50 feet below the puddle and dry ones, harder to get to, but nice looking. Then on the trail going out were two more. The

trail drops off the ridge after that, down to Squaw Lake, which has many camps. It's a reedy shallow little thing, too, with a barely seeping outlet and no apparent inlet, not much more than an oversized tarn itself. Not too warm for all that!

The trail down from Squaw Lake is such a mess I'm glad we didn't go up it. About half of it is loose rock, about fist-sized, not a delightful walking surface. Also roots, some fairly steep pitches, very well used.

Caught about four raindrops on the



When we hike together Gregg always carries the tent.

Peg Ferm

way out, and Thursday night, snugly in our motel in Cle Elum, it rained hard.

ALL IN ALL

I don't think I'd give this trip my highest recommendation. The first part is really long, and unless you are going to Tuck and Robin Lakes, I don't see why you'd bother.

(Tuck and Robin Lakes are worthy of three or four days all by themselves.)

Neither is the route especially scenic, until you get to Cathedral Pass. The shorter—and no doubt more painful—route in is straight up from Tucquala Lake on trail 1345.

And the whole Cathedral Pass area, it should be noted, is terribly overused.

None of the creek crossings were difficult at this time of year, but I can see how they'd be pretty exciting at high water.

△

Peg Ferm, of Monroe, is a landscape designer. She has been hiking ever since she arrived in Washington in 1976.

PETER STEKEL

Wildflower Heaven

—“IF IT’S FLOWERS YOU WANT, I’M YER MAN AND SPIKE’S YER DOG”—

With a great amount of anxiety, I watched the four-wheel drive truck slowly grind its way up the rocky road from Lake City, Colorado.

The driver’s face was hidden by a large cowboy hat but I could plainly see two rifles and a shotgun suspended from the rack behind him.

A vicious-looking dog of mixed parentage stood in back, with forelegs perched atop the cab, barking and howling like the Hound of the Baskervilles. A large herd of sheep, oblivious to the din, made way for the truck, then stared, dimly, as it passed.

I hurriedly gathered up my plant press, flora, and collecting equipment and shoved whatever I could into my daypack. Mentally measuring the distance between me, my truck, and what I took for an approaching sheepman, I wondered if I could escape before the dog attacked.

Knowing I was on public land being leased to sheep growers didn’t obviate the feeling of trespassing. I pictured the coming confrontation with impending doom. The guy might not appreciate people disturbing his sheep.

The truck stopped about 20 feet from me and the driver got out, leaving his weapons behind. He sternly pointed a finger at the mutt and it ceased its racket, shrinking back in the bed. Silence, except for the sound of my shallow breathing, descended across the tundra. Looking like the Marlboro Man, but slightly worse for wear, the fellow strode quickly to me.

He pulled his white wool collar up around his neck to guard against the chilly morning and asked, abruptly, “Seen any bistort?”

“Huh?” I replied. I was aware of sweat running down the inside of my shirt from my armpits.

“Seen any bistort?” he repeated. “It’s my favorite even if it does remind me of sheep.” He leaned forward and rested one hand on his thigh and the other

on his hip. He posed, like a runner getting ready to sprint. Instead, he spit out a long stream of tobacco juice.

I considered the question and his observation. Bistort is an alpine wildflower that stands about six inches above the ground, waving its white inflorescence about, looking like—well, now that I thought about it, it looked like a sheep that had been run up a flagpole.

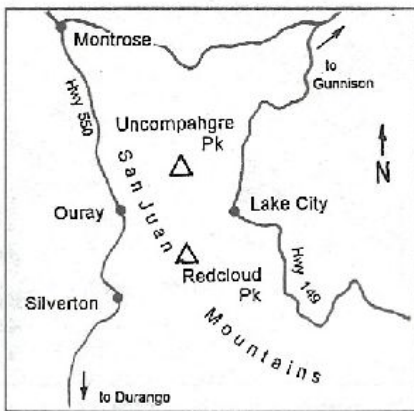
“These here woollies,” he continued, “do a good job of munchin’ ever’thing to ground level.” He straightened up, slapped his thigh and gave out a loud laugh. “They’ll prob’ly be eatin’ before, during, and after hell freezes over!”

“This isn’t your flock?” I struggled to say.

“I sell trucks in Montrose. Fella that owns the sheep lives in Denver and I wisht the things lived with him.”

“I haven’t seen much of anything,” I said, relaxing and warming up to the fellow. “There’s good vegetative growth but all the flowers have been eaten.” I indicated the sheep with a sweep of my hand and shrugged my shoulders.

“Hop in the truck, then. Me an’ Spike,” he hooked his thumb back, indicating the dog, “come up here ever’ week from town to watch the flowers and take pitchers. If it’s flowers you want to see, then I’m yer man and Spike’s yer dog.”



Bistort.

Peter Stekel

Within the triangle of Ouray, Silverton, and Lake City and along a road known as the Alpine Loop lies some of the finest wildflower viewing in the United States. For years, I’d heard stories about this place in Colorado’s San Juan Mountains: Wildflower Heaven.

If you get there before the sheep you’ll be rewarded with primordial views to fourteen thousand foot peaks and colorful carpets of flowers: huge blue columbine, magenta and ocher paintbrush, blue sky pilot, bluebells, gentian, fleabane, and aster, and fields of willows with clusters of yellow flowers dangling in the wind.

Peeking out of the rocks are saxifrage, various mustards, sandwort, and

catchfly. Underlying them all is a green spread of grasses and sedges.

Alec helped me load my gear in the back of his truck and we were off. We spent the remainder of the day driving and hiking all over the place from 12,800-foot Engineer Pass, down to Ouray, up the San Juan Skyway to Silverton, and then back onto a primitive road to the ghost town of Animas Forks, up 12,600-foot Cinnamon Pass and back to my truck. Most of the route is suitable for vehicles with high clearance with only the region surrounding the two passes being recommended for four-wheel drive. While Spike sat in the truck, growling at any passing truck with Texas plates, we wandered about looking at flowers.



Columbine.

Peter Stekel

Alpine Loop amenities are rustic to non-existent. Along the 65-mile drive are three campgrounds, a picnic area, and lots of open space. This National Back Country Byway of public land is administered by the BLM and Forest Service. Developed facilities are located in surrounding communities for those who require motels, RV sites, stores, and restaurants.

History buffs will enjoy various townsites plus the Alfred Packer Historic Site, where the purported cannibal slaughtered his five companions. Fisherpeople have a choice of rivers as well as Lake San Cristobal near Lake City. Hikers can choose a host of trails or scurry up Handies, Sunshine, and Uncompahgre Peaks.

Originally called LaPlata City, Animas Forks was founded in 1877 and abandoned during the 1930s. It is the best representative remaining of the 11 area mining towns that extracted over \$750 million of base and precious metals from the region.

We stopped there to admire a lush stand of the densely hairy yellow Indian paintbrush. Alec took out his camera and I began to pull up clumps of the plant.

"Why for you doin' that?" Alec asked.

"For the plant press," I replied. I showed him the press, a 12 x 12 inch

affair of plywood, cardboard, newsprint, and blotter paper.

"What's that for?"

"I use it to collect plants for drying."

"Why?"

"I donate them to university herbaria for study."

Alec shook his head slowly and a grin worked itself across his face. "Yer kinda like one of them sheep." He spat another long stream of tobacco juice.

"Why don't ya study the plants where they grow, take home pitchers of 'em, and leave 'em here for others to enjoy? Don't be like them tourists that's always diggin' stuff up."

I could see his point so I collected what samples I'd already removed, and returned the press to the truck. Since we were friends now, Spike licked my hand and I admonished him to, "Guard the press from tourists and other plant predators."

I joined Alec with my camera, a hand lens to study the smaller features of flowers, and H.D. Harrington's, *Manual of Plants of Colorado*, for identifying what we saw.

At day's end, with the summer sun dipping behind the ridge, Alec and I said our goodbyes while Spike snored softly. It had been a busy day. I watched the headlights from Alec's truck wind

westward down the switchbacks of Engineer Pass until the only light remaining came from the rising moon. I got into my truck and headed east. Sheep bleated softly in the night.

For more information, contact the Bureau of Land Management, San Juan Resource Area, 970-247-4082.

△

Peter Stekel, of Seattle, likes to hike. Sierra Nevada. Rocky Mountains. Cascades. Olympics. It doesn't matter as long as there is lots of rock, lots of wildflowers, and not many trees. He has a web site at <http://members.home.net/peterstekel>

REST STOP

EQUIPMENT, RECIPES, TIPS

PLANTAR FASCIITIS—Painful feet sent me researching. I discovered the Plantar fascia is the sheath connecting the base of the toes to the heel across the bottom of the foot. Plantar fasciitis is an inflammation of the fascia, often accompanied by small tears (if caused by a traumatic injury).

A diagnostic symptom is pain with the first steps in the morning or after a rest (boy, that's it). People with either high arches or flat feet, who can point their toes more than 60 degrees, are most susceptible.

It often starts slowly with few or no symptoms after the triggering incident (for me, standing on my feet for three weeks going through my mother's stuff). The longer you let it go, the harder it is to treat.

Treatment is: massage of the fascia to break up scar tissue, gentle stretching of the calf several times a day, buying Berkenstocks (I'm on my way...), ice, not heat (that is why the hot tub hasn't

helped), keeping the foot at a 90 degree angle with a splint while sleeping so the toes don't point (which makes the foot have to stretch again in the morning).

If you know someone with sore heels, this may be the problem.—*Jennifer Stein Barker, Canyon City.*

BACK ROADS—I always honk the horn a few times when approaching a blind corner on a Forest Service road. Don't you think this is a wise idea? I wish other people would do the same.—*Ron Rugg, Seattle.*

OUTDOOR SEMINARS—The North Cascades Institute has several interesting seminars coming up in August. Here are just two from their list.

"Field Geology" is scheduled for August 6 through 8 and is a backpack trip to Yellow Aster Butte. Professor Scott Babcock will unravel the mysteries of volcanoes, tectonics, glaciers and streams. Cost is \$165.

"Wildflowers of Mount Adams" is on the schedule for August 21 through 23. Well-known professor Art Kruckeberg will lead full-day field trips. Cost includes meals and lodging (varies from \$285 to \$395, depending on room).

Participation in these seminars is limited and they fill up fast this time of year. If you are interested, contact:

North Cascades Institute
2105 Highway 20
Sedro-Woolley WA 98284
360-856-5700 x 209
www.ncascades.org

GREEN TRAILS—Green Trails will be releasing a brand new Tiger Mountain and Cougar Mountain map in mid-August. It will be a large-format map, approximately double the size of their standard 11"x17" hiking maps. This new map will be a great addition to the resources available for hikers in the Issaquah Alps.

PANORAMA

NEWS FROM ALL OVER

HIGH LAKES FISHING CLASS—Gerry Ring Erickson (a P&P reader) will be the instructor for a class in high lakes fishing that will be held at Scottish Lakes High Camp on September 18 and 19.

Class participants may show up Friday evening, the 17th, to get acquainted and pick up class materials. Gerry will hold half-day classes at Lake Julius on Saturday and Sunday.

The course will cover general information for high lake trout fishing, plus actual fishing tips at the lake regarding fly/bubble and fly fishing methods, stalking trout, catch and release methods, and more.

Folks who are interested in attending should contact Don Hanson, 888-9HI-CAMP, for prices and reservations.

OLYMPIC FEES—A June 21st report from Olympic National Park lists the progress of various projects funded with our Recreation Fees.

"Since Congress authorized this program in 1997, nearly two million dollars in fee money has been generated for over one hundred projects at Olympic," writes Superintendent David K.

Morris in the report. Here are some highlights from the report:

Backcountry: Wilderness use fees, along with other fee revenue, are funding extensive repairs and maintenance projects in the Park's backcountry.

Five additional seasonal trail crew workers were hired this summer and are currently focused on opening the Park's 600-plus miles of trail and repairing the damage caused by winter storms. Last year, wilderness use fees allowed for clearing both the Bogachiel and Quocets trails for the first time in five years.

Olympus Guard Station in the Hoh was restored last summer. Work has begun on the Elwha's Elkhorn Ranger Station. Two backcountry shelters will be repaired this summer: Home Sweet Home and Greywolf. The Humes Cabin will be repaired.

North Fork Quinault: This winter's \$45,000 renovation of the historic North Fork Ranger Station is part of a Parkwide effort to restore the historic ranger stations.

Roads: Three well-used gravel roads have been improved over the past three years. The North Fork Quinault road

reopened in mid-June after extensive work to upgrade its alignment, drainage and overall safety. The Whiskey Bend and Graves Creek roads were repaired earlier.

Other Projects: Wilderness camp revegetation projects at Hoh Lake and CB Flats will be complete this fall. A new trailhead kiosk at Ozette will be finished next year. Picnic tables and fire grates are being replaced in campgrounds. Many other projects are also underway.

CASCADE VOLCANO PASS—Charging the new fee to climb Mount Adams was postponed because the permits weren't back from the printer on June 1, when the new fee was supposed to go into effect. The fee was postponed until the middle of July.

The Cascade Volcano Pass is now required for climbers on Mount Adams. The cost is \$15 per person for Friday through Sunday; \$10 per person Monday through Thursday. Fee tubes will be installed at climbing route trailheads when the snow melts.



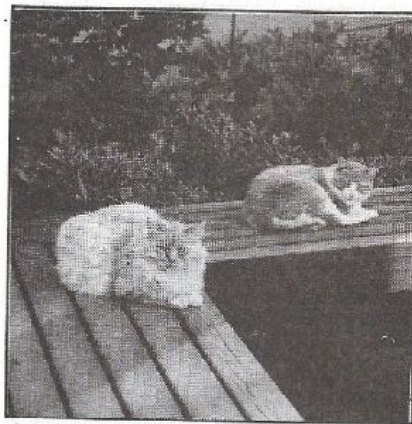
On the West Fork Foss River trail.

FROM THE MAILBOX—"I enjoy P&P greatly. How about an article about ultralight backpacking? I'm getting old and my back hurts!"—*Seattle*

"These days, Bob and I follow Harvey Manning's advice to 'go slowly and see more of the world,' but reading about others who still race up and down mountains is lots of fun. Yours is a magazine for everyone."—*Winthrop*

"Nobody is purrfect and I'm going to stop pussy-footing around and renew my subscription. Would you say that's the cat's meow?"—*Bothell*

"Please send me a form for a subscription. I am still looking for DL. I lost his trail on the way up Negro Creek several years ago and hope to snag him on some stormy night high in the Olympics."—*Bellevue*



Tom and Sandi Rousseau

Swisser and Nicker, part of YC's extended family in Oregon, are hard at work on the back deck.

YELLOW JACKETS—We were amazed one night when we pulled into the driveway and the car headlights illuminated an enormous yellow jacket nest about 5 feet off the ground, in a tree right next to the parking area.

We had not even been aware the nest was there until the lights reflected from it. The nest was as big as a basketball and, as we observed over the next few days, growing bigger. It's difficult to "relocate" a yellow jacket nest, so we destroyed it. It was one of the largest ones I had ever seen.

ONE HIKER'S GEAR—What do you carry in your pack, and why? We want to know!

Our new feature (see page 24) is to find out what gear *real* hikers and backpackers are using. What do you spend your hard-earned money on?

Take a look inside your pack and tell other readers what you like and what you don't. You can write down your opinions following the pattern in the article on page 24, or contact the *Pack & Paddle* office (c-mail, phone or mail) for an easy form to guide you.

KARL ULLMAN—We received sad news the other day. Karl Ullman's mother Beverly called to tell us that Karl had died of cancer. He was 34.

Pack & Paddle readers may remember the series of articles he wrote in

1993 and 1994 during and after his PCT hike. He spent the winter of '93-'94 as a volunteer in the tiny Gotchen Creek cabin on the slopes of Mount Adams. One snowy day Lee and I skied miles in to visit him and share brownies and tea.

He started an outdoor school in Trout Lake for young people and taught them backcountry skills and a love of nature and self-sufficiency.

Beverly said he was getting ready to go back out on the PCT this summer but the cancer had progressed too far. A memorial service at the Arboretum in Seattle drew a heart-warming crowd of his friends and colleagues, said Beverly, and another memorial-and-campout will be held at the end of August on the slopes of Mount Adams.

Karl had a contagious *joie de vivre* and energy that will be missed in the trails community.

See you in the backcountry,

Ann Marshall

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