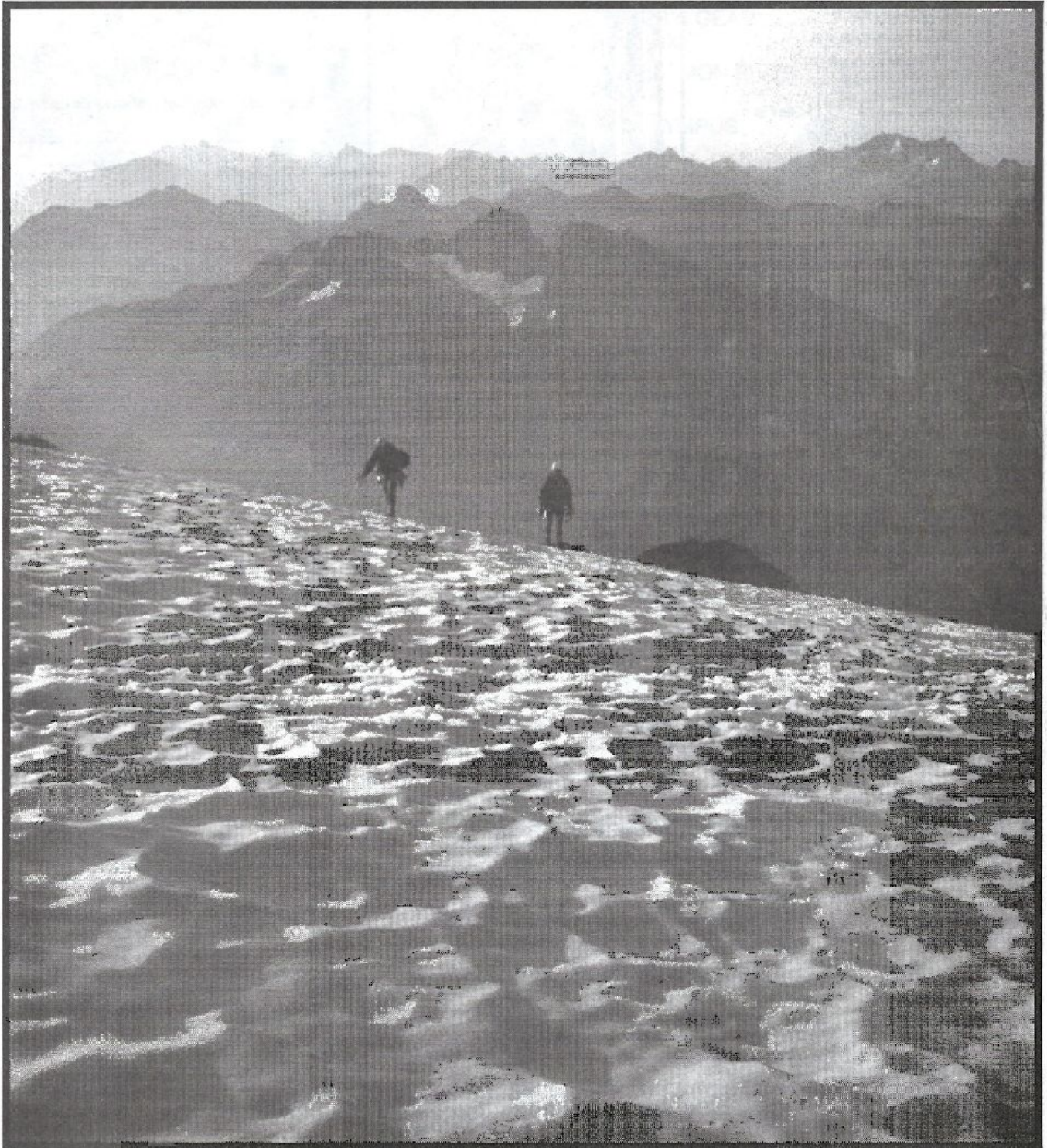


PACK & PADDLE®

... covering the backcountry in
Washington and the Pacific Northwest

SEPTEMBER 1999
\$2.00



**GREEN TRAILS
MAPS**

Explore your world
in 15 minutes

ONE OF THE TEN
ESSENTIALS FOR:

Hikers
Climbers
Thinkers
Kayakers
Mountain Bikers
Dreamers
Canoeists
Skiers
Doers

Find Green Trails Maps at
the best outdoor, sporting
goods, book, and map
stores throughout the
Pacific Northwest.

Call 1-800-762-MAPS
for the store nearest you.

**North Cascades
Basecamp**



Join us at our family style inn for
hiking, bicycling, fishing, or just
plain relaxing in the heart of the
Cascades. Hearty breakfasts and
dinners. Hot tub. Families and
groups welcome. No smoking.
Reservations recommended.

Contact Dick & Sue Roberts
255 Lost R. Rd., Mazama WA 98833
(509) 996-2334

Mazama Country Inn

Fabulous Food • Great Scenery • Hot Tub
Tennis Court • Mountain Biking • Hiking
Horseback Riding • Birding • Relaxing
1-800-843-7951

visit our web site: www.mazama-inn.com



Outdoor
Recreation
Information
Center



books, maps,
and information
206-470-4060

second floor of
the REI building
in Seattle

**SEVERAL GOOD REASONS TO USE
PARGETER MAPS**

- They provide an economical BIG PICTURE for mountain travelers!
- They are beautiful bird's-eye view oblique angle images illustrated in full color from USGS quads.
- They are large, info-packed formats averaging 24" x 32" covering the Olympic Mountains, North Central Cascades, North Cascades West and San Juan Islands—Thousands of square miles!
- Richard Pargeter's popular pictorial relief maps delightfully portray our mountains more quickly for most users.
- They are excellent planning tools—find hundreds of lakes, peaks, streams and valleys across the breadth of the ranges in their uncut relationships.
- Copious overprinting gives road and trail locations, ID numbers, trail point-to-point distances and elevations.
- Great quantities of really usable info for less money. Don't be without them.

Please ask for PARGETER MAPS at map and sporting goods stores or at stores along the Cascades and Olympic highways.

Or send \$6.95 for each map (ppd) for quick delivery to:
R.A. Pargeter, PO Box 844, Kent WA 98035. Thank you!



**US Army Corps
Of Engineers
Volunteer Hotline
1-800-865-8337
Give A Helping Hand**

Nationwide Opportunities

Volunteer your time at Corps
of Engineers lakes, public
lands, parks and
campgrounds.

We need:

- Campground hosts
- Trail workers
- Visitor center aids
- Shoreline cleanup workers
- Lake Office assistants
- And More!

Free campsite often included!

www.orn.usace.army.mil/volunteer
**US Army Corps of Engineers
Volunteer Clearinghouse
PO Box 1070**

**Nashville, TN 37202-1070
Call for an information packet:
1-800-865-8337**

Pack & Paddle®

VOLUME 8, NUMBER 9

www.packandpaddlemagazine.com



Features

- 24 CROSSING THE OLYMPICS
Francis Caldwell
- 26 CLIMBING SAHALE
Lindy Bakkar
- 28 THE GOOD OLD DAYS
- 29 ONE HIKER'S GEAR
Tom Karasek
- 30 LOWER SALMON RIVER
Larry Wood
- 31 MOUNT OLYMPUS
Ken Hopping
- 33 ALL ABOARD!
Eric Keeler
- 36 LUMMI ISLAND
Lee McKee

Departments

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

COVER PHOTO:

Joanna Long, left, and Tom Spille ascend the snowfield below Sahale Mountain, with the sunrise accenting the smoke from a forest fire. North Cascades National Park, Washington. Photo by Lindy Bakkar.

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.

Need more guidance? We'll send our Writers' Guidelines; just ask. And we're always happy to discuss an idea with you on the phone: 360-871-1862 or e-mail: ycat@packandpaddlemagazine.com

Hiking, backpacking, climbing, skiing, snowshoeing, canoeing, kayaking and related activities are potentially hazardous. It is the responsibility of the individual to learn and understand the proper techniques associated with safe participation in these activities, and to fully accept and assume all risks, damages, injury or death which may result from following route descriptions or other advice in this publication. This publication is not meant as a substitute for personal instruction by a qualified person.

PACK & PADDLE (ISSN 1059-4493) is published monthly by Pack & Paddle Publishing, Inc. Office of publication is 4450 Lakeview Dr SE 98366 (do not send mail here). Mailing address is PO Box 1063, Port Orchard WA 98366. Telephone is 360-871-1862. E-mail is ycat@packandpaddlemagazine.com. Subscription rate is \$18 (US funds) for one year. Washington residents add \$1.48 state sales tax. Periodicals Postage Paid at Port Orchard WA 98366. Printed by Little Nickel, Lynnwood WA.

POSTMASTER: Send address changes to Pack & Paddle,
PO Box 1063, Port Orchard WA 98366.

Staff

Publishers: A. Marshall and L. McKee
Editor: Ann Marshall
Business Manager: Lee McKee
Administrative Assistant: Yellow Cat

With help from: All Readers

These nice folks have helped us by sending articles from their local papers and newsletters.

Thanks to our "Clipping Service" this month:

Amber Bone
Margaret Farley
Louise Marshall
Debbie Remmers
David Ryeburn



printed on recycled paper
with soy-based ink

©1999 Pack & Paddle Publishing, Inc.
All rights reserved.

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.

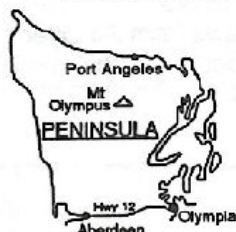
Space is limited; we may have to cut your report to fit available space. Typing is not necessary; we can read just about anyone's handwriting. We're interested in ALL trips, easy and hard, ordinary and exotic.


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



 **FLAPJACK LAKES (USGS Mt Skokomish)**—We love to do outdoor trips with our kids, but the chance to go by ourselves while they were at camp was too good to pass up.

We drove from Port Townsend to Staircase late Sunday and were ready to start off with our heavy packs by around 6pm. The North Fork Skokomish trail was a relatively easy start with some good views of the river, some great old trees, and an interesting hike through a 1985 burn. It was a beautiful day with late afternoon sun. We hiked to the start of the Flapjack Lakes trail and decided to camp just beyond the junction among a serene cedar grove.

The next day we started up Flapjack Lakes trail. At .5-mile from the lakes we ran into lots of snow and as importantly, lots of downed trees. The trail was obscured for large sections. With some extra ups and downs and back-

tracking, we finally made it to the lakes.

We found ourselves totally alone at these popular lakes. They were thawed and deep green in color, and almost totally surrounded by snow. We found one snow-free and dry tent spot and enjoyed the rest of our day watching the lake and, to our surprise, two mountain beavers. The view of the Sawtooths was also a special treat, especially during the sunset alpenglow.

The next day we decided to attempt Mount Gladys, 1700 feet above us. We started up the trail toward Gladys Divide but soon were unable to follow it due to deep snow and downed trees. We bushwhacked up a slide and ended at a ridge somewhat below Mount Gladys.


As we topped the ridge we were rewarded with a view of huge brilliant snowfields with Cruiser in the background. The short hike to Gladys on snow rewarded us with one of those rare views that remain with you for a long time.

Snow was extensive throughout all of the many miles that we could see. The Hamma Hamma basin was especially deep with snow and Murdock Lakes, the Hamma Hamma River source, were still frozen and snow covered with that special blue color. While we were in the sun, thunderstorms rumbled out in the Puget Sound lowlands.

We decided that rather than hike back down the steep slope that we would hike the ridge northwest and stop by Black and White Lakes. This we did with little problem, some on snow and some on dry. The lakes were still mostly frozen but starting to show some

water. From there we bushwhacked back to Flapjack Lakes. Two groups had made it to the lakes for the night but we were well spread out and I think that we all enjoyed an especially beautiful sunset.

With a late start, we arrived at the car for the ride back to Port Townsend and a rare dinner out. The next day we welcomed our kids back.—Kim Rafferty, Port Townsend, 8/1-4.

 **UPPER SOUTH FORK SKOKOMISH (USGS Mt Tebo)**—Oh, it was wonderful to be back on this trail after several years of road closures which prevented it! Just the first 1½ miles through the old growth forest with a camera or just plain awe and reverence could take up a full day.

Our group of 6, all in our 70s or close to it, took road 23 from the fish hatchery on Highway 101 near Union. (Don't forget to turn downhill on road 236! If you pass the Spider Lake sign you've gone too far.) It was a day of gentle sun and a few clouds.

The sign-in book warned us that there was "dense snow" 2½ miles up, but we didn't get that far. There were enough big downed trees to climb over so that a difficult stream crossing just short of Tumble Creek sent us on the way back.

But it was enough. Such rich, new green everywhere, Queen's Cup covering the ground, trilliums and yellow violets still in bloom, lots of Canadian dogwood. The sun came filtering through the tall Douglas-firs, cedars and hemlocks. And those huge boulders

BACKCOUNTRY NEWS DEADLINE: September 20

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

covered with moss and nursing other plants! The river was raging; a spectacular sight from the sturdy log bridge crossings.

Some hardy souls had actually made it across to Sundown Lake, at least according to the book, but such endurance isn't necessary to get maximum pleasure from this trail. We did take the short ¼-mile hike down to the Harps Shelter and I made another resolve to camp there. What a perfect day, and with a total of no more than 4 miles of walking.—Mary Watson, Gig Harbor, 7/21.



MOUNT MULLER LOOP

(USGS Snider Pk, Mt Muller and Custom Correct Lake Crescent, Happy Lake Ridge)—Note: This rather new trail is not shown on the USGS maps; whereas, all but the beginning and end of the loop is on the Custom Correct map as well as the GT Lake Crescent map.

Seven ladies joined Trudy Lalonde for three incredible days of hiking in the Olympics. Poor Trudy had a frustrating time finding trails that were not snow covered but still ended up with three super trips. The first was Mount Muller located just west of Lake Crescent on the north side of Highway 101. Simply turn north at the Mount Muller trailhead sign on the highway and drive a short way to the parking lot.

We did this as a complete loop of about 13 miles with 3500 feet gain including the ups and downs along the ridge. We encountered only a few easily negotiated snow patches on the north side of the ridge.

The beginning is through the forest until the ridge is gained where the views begin. To the south, we had a nice panorama of the Olympics with Mount Olympus in the center. After the fog burned off, glimpses through the trees to the north revealed the Strait and Vancouver Island. Below us was Lake Crescent.

We sat in one of the many ridge top meadows for lunch amid a variety of wildflowers. The return route had a few miles of old road on the valley floor close to the end. We entered the parking lot right next to the trail we took up that morning.

One of our party disturbed a bees' nest resulting in one of us getting stung ten times. Luckily she wasn't the one in the group who was allergic to bee stings, and she had virtually no reaction at all.

We had a wonderful meal at Lake Crescent Lodge on the way back to Trudy's cabin on Lake Sutherland. Super weather, views and company! —Ginny Evans, Renton, 7/20.



MOUNT STORM KING TRAIL

(USGS Lk Crescent, Custom Correct Lake Crescent, Happy Lake Ridge, and GT Lk Crescent)—We decided to take it easy today and hike this short but steep trail in the morning and do the ranger walk-talk to Marymere Falls after lunch.

Parking in the lot by the Lake Crescent Ranger Station, we hiked the trail 2 miles and 2000 feet gain to its end nowhere near the top of Storm King. There is only one major viewpoint about two-thirds of the way up where we could look north across Lake Crescent to Pyramid Mountain as well as the Strait and Vancouver Island.

Three of us went beyond the end of the trail where we located a rope similar to those found on the ocean wilderness beaches. We climbed to the top of a large rock outcropping for views similar to those found at our lower viewpoint.

We returned to the trailhead just in time for lunch on the lawn in front of the lodge. This is a good trail to do on a cool, cloudy day which is what we had. —Ginny Evans, Renton, 7/21.



GRAND RIDGE, DEER PARK to ELK MOUNTAIN

(Custom Correct Gray Wolf, Dosewallips)—This Olympic gem is what I consider to be the grandest hike of them all. Located entirely within Olympic National Park, the trail traverses the ridge at elevations mostly above 5000 feet.

Much of the trail is in open meadows dotted with wildflowers and affords views to the south of Warrior, Constance, Anderson, and Olympus just to name a few. Beginning at Deer Park, the view is always ahead as you walk southwest toward Obstruction Point, the western

terminus of the trail. This day we had no choice since the Obstruction Point trailhead was closed, its access road still under snow. In fact, the Deer Park road had just opened the weekend before our hike.

Although curvy and narrow in spots, the Deer Park road is in good shape and had no snow on it at all. We were delighted to pop out of the fog before reaching the trailhead.

The first few miles of trail are in the trees. We did some climbing over and around downed trees but they presented little trouble. Route finding in the trees while hiking on snow proved to be somewhat dicey and we lost our way a few times on the return trip. After the first few miles, we were through the trees and had no more snow.

As we neared Elk Mountain, our turnaround point, and climbed in elevation, the terrain took on a tundra-like appearance. We ate lunch on the trail just below Elk's summit. After lunch we decided to take the short easy stroll to the top before turning back.

It is 11 miles roundtrip to Elk Mountain from Deer Park. The ridge is full of gentle ups and downs. Seems like we didn't go level very often and that we had as much gain going out as coming in although I know that can't be the case.

In a few weeks this trip should be absolutely perfect. By then the snow should be gone and the flowers at their peak. Perhaps the trees will even be cleared—or is that hoping for too much?—Ginny Evans, Renton, 7/22.



SOUTH FORK HOH (USGS

Spruce Mtn, Owl Mtn)—This valley is like an emerald shrine. Long



Bill Lynch

Jane Habbeger near the top of Mount Townsend; Buckhorn Wilderness.

BACKCOUNTRY NEWS

REPORTS AND CONDITIONS

streamers and tapestries of moss hang and dance in ever-shifting breezes from gnarled alder and vine maple limbs tipped with brilliant light green foliage.

Scattered throughout groves of soaring ancient spruce, grassy glades and fern beds reach hip- and shoulder-high, weaving paths among living pillars and fallen giants. Imposing stumps rear up out of the wreckage of windstorms past.

The river itself is an ever-changing entity curling across gravel bars. Brilliant tiny flowers play peekaboo everywhere. And over it all a large rocky spire atop a tree-covered ridge seems to look down and say, "You again?"

Me again. I didn't climb it this time either.—Farwalker, Hadlock, 7/19.

DIAMOND POINT to TRAVIS SPIT (NOAA 18471)

—This paddle is along the Strait of Juan de Fuca shoreline between Discovery Bay and Sequim Bay with the round trip distance just under 10nm.

The current prediction for the station in the area (Kamen Point) was for a morning ebb switching to an afternoon flood. With that in mind we choose as our launch point the road end access in the community of Diamond Point at the west entrance of Discovery Bay (see *North Puget Sound Afoot & Afloat* for directions) and our lunch stop and turn around point as Travis Spit which is at the east entrance to Sequim Bay. Parking is very limited near the access at Diamond Point and there are no restroom facilities, so you should limit your party size and plan accordingly if you do launch from here.

When we launched today at 10:30, there wasn't any noticeable wind and the water was like glass. With such ideal conditions we considered paddling out to Protection Island which sits a little over a mile off shore and is a National Wildlife Refuge, but with no public access we decided to stick with the shoreline paddle.

On the water, three of us in single sea kayaks started paddling westward along the shore. Once past the localized development at Diamond Point, there is little to no development to mar the natural shoreline. Most of the shore is wooded bluff with the beach at lower tides being a mixture of pebbles and larger rocks along most of the way.

There are two sections of DNR beaches. The first is about ½-mile long just to the west of Diamond Point. The other runs the entire distance from Thompson Spit to Travis Spit so there is plenty of availability for stopping (depending on wave action).

This was a minus-tide day, and we

paddled in the shallow water next to shore "tidepooling" as we went along. This area is rich in marine life—I've never paddled in an area before where I have seen so many Dungeness crabs walking around or hiding in the seaweed. Since we had poked along it was close to 1pm by the time we pulled out at Travis Spit for lunch.

An afternoon breeze was starting to pick up as we headed back toward Diamond Point. Initially hugging the shoreline again we were surprised to see the water full of whitish-colored jellyfish an inch or two in diameter. They were everywhere, and we wondered what would have caused such a concentration of them.

Shortly before 4pm we were back at Diamond Point and making the transition from water to land people again. The transition was completed by a stop at the Snug Harbor Café at the head of Discovery Bay on Highway 101 on the way home.—LGM, Port Orchard, 7/31.

MOUNT WASHINGTON (USGS The Brothers)

Washington is one of my earliest climbs. I have done the Washington-Elinor traverse, and I have done it in the winter.

It was time for a new angle and the East Ridge sounded just right. I called Dave up and laid out a scenario of blue skies and pillow lava. He said he would sleep on it.

We started up the Mount Washington trail which is only a mile long and ends at a little treed saddle on the ridge. (I was hoping that Bob Wood's *Olympic Mountains Trail Guide* would shed a little light on the story behind this short trail but it did not.)

From there (see the Forest Service's skull-and-crossbones warning sign) a more rudimentary trail climbs steeply up the wooded ridge, then a dirty gully, and out you pop eyeing the peak above.


From here is a most pleasant ramble over and around pinnacles and outcrops of that pillow stuff then a short traverse leads to a basin and the start of the roped climbing.

We were lucky to find a way across the moat and on to the rock. Three pitches on Class 4 unprotectable rock led to the top of the 30-foot chockstone and from there nice scrambling bridged the distance to the nose. A checky 60-foot rappel and another short scramble and we had to face the facts—we were on top.

The views were quite heady, 360 degrees of mind boggling beauty. We descended the standard route amazed at the winter snow pack still remaining and the destruction of trees in the lower

bowls—snapped off 6 feet above ground!

This turned out to be a fun route, one that I would do again in the wink of an eye.—Dave and Dave, Tacoma, 8/1.

 **MARMOT PASS, BUCKHORN MOUNTAIN (USGS Mt Townsend, Mt Deception)**—Trail to Marmot Pass is clear and snowfree up to Camp Mystery; a pleasant ramble through forest then breaking out to views.

Easy trail leads from Marmot Pass up the ridge to Buckhorn summit. Lots of clouds this day so we retreated back down the ridge to a shallow depression on the lee of the slope and spent a long time catching occasional views of the Needles and enjoying the solitude.

On the way down we got a kick out of watching one marmot chasing another, at full speed, over the snow and through the trees all the way to Grandmother's house, I guess. We decided that they must not realize the gravity of the situation and that they have very little time for marmot foolery.

Mystery camp was over flowing with a Boy Scout group and a couple of ducts.—Dave and Mark, Tacoma, 8/7.

HOPE ISLAND (NOAA 18448)

—Our trip leader Jane opted to launch at Boston Harbor, a small community just north of Olympia where Budd Inlet meets Dana Passage (see *South Puget Sound Afoot & Afloat* for directions). There is a small marina, store, public launch ramp, and restrooms. Non-trailed parking is limited, but you can usually find spots to leave your car on side roads.

The tide was just past its low of -.9 feet and the current was just starting to flood as six of us in single sea kayaks launched. Budd Inlet, Eld Inlet, Squaxin Passage, Peale Passage, and Dana Passage all meet in the waters to the north of Boston Harbor so it is a good idea to be mindful of what the currents are doing here. Both Ken Campbell in *A Sea Kayaker's Guide to South Puget Sound* and Randel Wash-burne in *Kayaking Puget Sound, the San Juans, and Gulf Islands* discuss cautions the prudent paddler should observe when paddling out of Boston Harbor.

This morning there was no wind and the current was just starting to flood so the water was glassy smooth as we made the 1¼-mile crossing to the south end of Squaxin Island, which is the large island lying to the east of much smaller Hope Island. Squaxin is a native reserve so landing is not allowed unless you have specific permission.

Following the western shoreline of

Squaxin we stayed in shallow water to allow us to "tidepool" from our kayaks.

There were lots of crabs of various sizes, small fish, jellyfish, and much more to observe. About 1½ miles up the shoreline brought us adjacent to Hope Island where we made the just-under-½-mile crossing.

Near Hope the current picked up, and we used it to our advantage to carry us around the north end of the island. Heading down the west side of Hope we stayed close to shore to avoid the main current, now flowing against us. At the southwest end of the island we landed at the main picnic/marine trail camping area. There are a number of picnic tables in an old apple orchard, and a spot set aside for the Cascadia Marine Trail camp site. From here you can follow old pathways through the forest.

By 2pm lunch and exploration were done and we were back in our boats for the return trip. The current, which had been flooding for most of the day, was decreasing as it headed once more toward slack. We could still feel some of its effects, though, as we made the crossing to the mainland at Hunters Point. Rounding the point, we followed the shoreline a way south before starting the crossing back to Boston Harbor.

A stop at the marina store for a cold drink and an ice cream bar made for a great ending to an enjoyable trip.—LGM, Port Orchard, 8/7.

CRESCENT BAY TO

WHISKEY CREEK (NOAA

18465)—This was an approximately 6nm round trip to explore the coastline west of Crescent Bay. Launching from the beach access at the western boundary of Salt Creek County Park on the east end of Crescent Bay (see both *North Puget Sound Afoot & Afloat* and *Kayaking Puget Sound, the San Juans, and Gulf Islands* for directions) three of us in single sea kayaks headed west.

The current was just starting to flood and there was a small rip at the point on the west end of the bay. Rounding this point we followed the cliffy shoreline a short distance to a point that forms the east end of Agate Bay. Here we found a moderate rip that we needed to negotiate before entering Agate Bay.

Agate Bay, like Crescent Bay has a large sandy beach. However, the beach is mostly private, with public access to the beach below mean high water beginning at the west end of the bay where DNR beach 420 begins.

Continuing along the shoreline, we found areas of sheer cliff and sections of gravel beach. This section of shoreline is part of DNR beach 420 which is

about 1½ miles long.

Our lunch stop and turn around point was Whiskey Creek Beach and Resort. This is a commercial facility which means you must be guests of the resort (which we were) or obtain permission from the property owner if you want to stop here. The resort does have a boat launch which is protected with a small breakwater, so it is possible to launch from here if you are a guest or pay a day-use fee.

With wind and waves building, we headed back to Crescent Bay. By the time we got there we found small 1- to 2-foot surf to land in. If you paddle this area, you do need to be prepared to handle much larger surf which can develop at Crescent Bay depending on the wind/swell conditions. For information about Whiskey Creek Resort, call 360-928-3489.—LGM, Port Orchard, 7/10.



SHI SHI BEACH (USGS

Ozette, Makah Bay)—I had a

week off from work and wanted to take a nice relaxing trip. I hadn't been to Shi Shi Beach for several years. The northern route is not officially open, so I thought it would be interesting to try the southern approach this time.

My hiking partner Jim couldn't go so I decided to go solo. Left Poulsbo Saturday morning for Ozette. Ran into my friend Lee at the Hood Canal Bridge, so I stopped to chat for a few minutes. Lee was heading out for a paddling trip that day.

Arrived at the Ozette Ranger Station in mid-afternoon, picked up my permit and hit the trail. Camped at Cape Alava the first night. Lots of people there.

There was a nice low tide Sunday morning for making the crossing of the Ozette River. Forged easily wearing sandals by going far out in the shallow, broad part of the river near the surf line. There were about 10 people crossing in the opposite direction at the time I was crossing.

Camped the second night at the outlet of Scafield Creek just a little to the north of Duk Point.

The next day was the toughest. The sun and warm temperatures made hiking an exhausting activity. Going north from Duk Point I first had loose gravel to struggle through. Then I had a stretch of round, loose rocks from marble- to cantaloupe-sized to trudge through.

Then came the energy-sapping, ½-mile long boulder field in the area of Father and Son (a rock formation offshore). Negotiating the boulder field takes a tremendous amount of concentration to avoid accidents. There are many places where careful foot and

hand holds are needed to make way up and over the boulders, or sometimes climbing down off them.

After I got through the boulders, I quickly arrived at the first rope ladder for climbing a headland. The first one is the tough one, having a long rope and a very steep pitch. There were a total of 3 headlands to go up and over and several beaches to walk before reaching the appointed destination.

Finally arrived at Shi Shi around 2pm, fully exhausted. It's still a beautiful place. There were a number of people at the beach already. Trudged around the beach for a while looking for old familiar campsites, but everything was different from what I remembered. Finally located a really good campsite above the beach sheltered in the trees.

It was wonderful spending 2½ relaxing days at the beach with not much to do but read a book, walk the beach, take pictures and eat regular meals. One minor problem was that I discovered that I must have dropped my topo map and tide table somewhere along the way, because they were nowhere to be found. Hated to lose that map since it had a goodly number of my notes written on it.

Had a couple of nice chats with Jennifer, the seasonal ranger, who does many several-day stints throughout the summer at Shi Shi, checking campers, patrolling trails and clearing brush from the trails. Was able to verify tide information with her for my planned departure.

Departed Shi Shi on Thursday morning for the return. The headlands and boulder field didn't seem as difficult on the return, possibly because I knew what to expect. Also the weather was cooler. Almost miraculously, I found my lost map and tide table on the return trip. They were in a zipper-lock bag near a spot where I had taken a rest break on the way up.

Spent Thursday night just north of the Ozette River, preparing for the return crossing on Friday. The return crossing was also not difficult, although I crossed at a point a little higher up river. The water was only knee-deep, and the river was narrow at that location. Hiked the rest of the way out Friday, and with the aid of a couple shots of coffee, made it home late that night.

NOTE: With the northern approach to Shi Shi not officially open, those people taking that route are entering at their own risk, as they are crossing private property. Plenty of people appear to be doing it, but I wouldn't want to go that way only to be turned back by

BACKCOUNTRY NEWS

REPORTS AND CONDITIONS

someone not allowing entrance to their property.—Rick Kohler, Poulsbo, 7/31.

HOOD CANAL at Union (NOAA 18476)—And now for something completely different: skimming the wavelets in an open-cockpit kayak instead of trudging up some endless switchbacks with a ton on my back. Inches from the brine instead of knee-deep in penstemon. For the narrow-minded mountain person, these were indeed new horizons.

Never went very far, just little trips from the house we were staying at near Alderbrook. Saw some seals fighting over a salmon. Saw some cool jellyfish. Saw Bill Gates' vacation retreat. Saw way too many jetskis.

Paddled enough to feel the pull of the tide and the push of the wind, and learned that I wouldn't want to be out there when either was against me. But when going down wind/tide, got up some good speed and saw why people liked these things.

Keister always wet from built-in scuppers. Shoreline packed with houses, modest and pretentious. Floatplanes, dinghys, party barges, waterskiers. Not a wilderness experience. At least I could see some mountains—Mount Washington with gobs of snow for this time of year.

Will I do it again? Sure. Will I buy one and do it all the time? Not likely... —Rick Haley, Anacortes, 8/5-9.

LITTLE HOQUIAM RIVER (USGS Hoquiam, New London)—Our party of six in three double kayaks was looking for an easy paddle suitable for novices.

We ventured to Grays Harbor and found a real gem. Access to the Little Hoquiam River is easy; as you leave Hoquiam northbound on Highway 101, turn left on Endersen Avenue and follow it about half a mile to a small city park with a concrete launch ramp. We put in here about two hours before high tide; use caution with the chocolate pudding on the lower part of the ramp.

The incoming tide meant a gentle current helped us along upstream. Upon leaving the launch point, we immediately left the sound and sight of the road. While the drainage has been logged, the new growth is coming on, there's still some sizable remnant spruce along the banks, and there were no other boats of any description on this sunny Sunday afternoon.

One road crosses the river after a while; otherwise, we were all alone. Just upstream of the road crossing, the main river bears left. We explored the

right fork a short distance until coming to a log jam. Paddling back down to the junction reminded us how much benefit we were getting from the upstream current!

Continuing up the main stem, we came to a partially submerged log across the river. We dawdled in the area for half an hour or so, when the rising tide let us slip over the obstruction.

The river narrowed, turning through oxbow bends. We threaded our way around other logs, presently coming to what appeared to be a beaver dam in the tidal waters. The nearly high tide let us slip over this as well, and we continued a bit farther before coming to another brush dam that signaled the end of our navigation.

By now it was high tide, and we poked slowly back downriver, botanizing the variety of flowers in bloom, watching hawks and other birds in the quiet valley, and noting how little effort it takes to propel a sea kayak when not battling wind and tide.

We completed our trip with no other traffic on the river, and noted that a short distance downstream from the launch, the Little Hoquiam joins with the main river and offers other opportunities for tidal trips.

The bonus at the end of this trip was stopping at Parma, a delightful family-run Italian restaurant in downtown Aberdeen. We'd recommend the Little Hoquiam for easy canoe or kayak trips—just read those tide tables and get the timing right!—Cleve and Marty Pinnix, Olympia, 8/1.

DEER LAKE—Trail is snowfree except the avalanche chute above Canyon Creek bridge. Deer Lake is 99% ice free. Potholes are still 100% frozen.—Ranger, 8/8.

SEVEN LAKES BASIN—The Sol Duc River trail is clear of snow for approximately 7 miles. Bridge Creek below Sol Duc Park is almost impossible to cross without climbing an 8-foot snow wall; this may require a rope and mountaineering ingenuity. The trail south of Sol Duc Park crosses Bridge Creek again at a 2 foot deep ford.

The campsite at Silver Snag is mostly melted out; a steep wall of snow makes it difficult to descend to the campsite. At Lunch Lake three campsites are free of snow. All other campsites from Bridge Creek to Potholes are snow covered.

West of Bogachiel Peak are long stretches of sidehilling on steep snow slopes. Recent avalanches are evident. Check in with a ranger before attempt-

ing a trip to the High Divide or Seven Lakes Basin.—Ranger, 8/12.

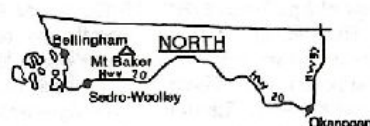
DOSE—Constance Pass is snowfree from the Dose side to 5100 feet. There are areas of snow up to five feet deep in Sunnybrook Meadows.

On the Main Fork Dosewallips snow begins at 3900 feet. There are 100 trees down between Bear Camp and Dose Meadows. The bear wire is down in Dose Meadows.

On the north side of Gray Wolf Pass snow level is at 3000 feet. Snow is very heavy with lots of blowdown trees intermixed.

High Bridge is closed.—Ranger, 8/2.

NORTH



DOCK, PARK BUTTES (USGS Baker Pass)

I guess you have to see the snow levels this year to believe the reports. I had decided to take a couple of days to re-do two favorite hikes south of Mount Baker, collecting some bolete mushrooms along the way.

We drove up road 12 toward Dock Butte, bypassing one pile of snow only to find a huge tree sloughed across the road a few miles from the trailhead. This would have turned a 1½-mile walk into a 5- to 6-mile slog, one way. We could see the north side of the butte was a wall of snow well down the slope.

Okay—move on to the other butte. Just short of the parking area below Schriebers Meadow, snow covered the road, and the way ahead looked like slop.

We didn't even try to find out if there were boletes this year.

The last backup destination was promising. We could see from the highway that the trail up Sauk Mountain was clear all the way to the ridge.

Then, at the bottom of the access road off Highway 20, a crude sign informed that the trail was closed for four days mid-week for trail maintenance. By then it was too late to find other alternatives. And for a capper, that night the big four-hour electrical storm blasted over our camp!—Al Stenson, Mercer Island, 8/3-4.

MOUNT SHUKSAN (USGS Mt Shuksan)

Kevin Kiser and I began our approach to the North Face route on Mount Shuksan by leav-

ing the lower lodge road at the Mount Baker Ski Area at 6pm. We followed the logging road that begins at the ski lift start. From road's end we traversed the brush and clearcuts to a snow gully that leads to the snow-covered White Salmon Creek. We ascended to the saddle between Price Lake and the creek. Time up to our bivouac was 2 hours and 45 minutes. Our third party member, Lance Campbell, came in a few hours later.

To climb light, we slept in bivvy bags but with no sleeping bags. Although it was a cold night we were grateful for our light packs the next day. We began our climb at 4:30am with excellent snow conditions.

The three of us climbing simultaneously, with a few running picket belays, we reached the glacier shoulder below the summit pyramid in 2 hours. Crampons and a second ice tool were appreciated on the steep North Face slopes. We crossed the Hanging Glacier and traversed to the Crystal Glacier. A scrambling ascent was made of the summit pyramid where we enjoyed spectacular views of surrounding peaks.

Our descent route followed the normal route down the Sulphide Glacier to Hells Highway, then we crossed the Upper Curtis Glacier and finally down the White Salmon Glacier. Trying to take a short cut, we were stopped by steep cliff bands and brush. Backtracking a ways, we finally got back on the right route to our truck. Round trip from bivvy to our parking spot was 11 hours.—Scott Bingen, Anacortes, 7/25.

MOUNT BAKER (USGS Mt Baker)—At 3:30am Lance Campbell and I left our bivvy spot at the Coleman Glacier moraine for an ascent of the North Ridge. A warm night had made snow conditions less than ideal. We crossed the Coleman Glacier slightly lower than the standard route, traversing northwest below the ice walls separating the glacier below the normal Coleman route.

We meandered across and around numerous crevasses and ice falls to the bergschrund below the route variation in Becky's guide. After crossing the schrund, we climbed up a steep snow face to the broad ridge just below an ice bulge. The 80 degree ice bulge was an enjoyable pitch requiring several ice screws.

Above the ice bulge, we simul-climbed up steep slopes to the headwall, through an ice fall, and finally to the summit plateau. This was my 5th ascent of Baker and the second one of this year. Earlier this summer I soloed the

Coleman route in a single push car to car in 7½ hours.

Mount Baker is a mountain that I will never tire of, and the North Ridge is a spectacular route. We descended the normal route. Our round trip time was 10 ½ hours.—Scott Bingen, Anacortes.

FREEZE OUT RIDGE (USGS Tiffany Mtn)—This trail is north of Winthrop on Forest Service roads 37 and 39. Snow patches at 7500 feet. What a difference from the snowline along the crest of the Cascades.

Wildflowers just barely starting to open. Mosquitoes are plentiful, but the trail is in good shape.—Paul, Nancy, Ruby and Rose, Bellevue, 7/14.

NORTH CASCADES NATL PARK—Summer (such as it is this year) is here, but summer conditions have yet to prevail. Wildflowers are blooming in many areas, as the snow recedes, and the displays are beautiful. Lower elevation trails are clear and in good condition.

For information on regulations and permits, call the Wilderness Information Center in Marblemount, 360-873-4500 x 37 or 39.

Roads: Thornton Creek road is open to the trailhead. High clearance vehicle recommended. Road is steep and narrow. Cascade River road is open to the Cascade Pass trailhead. In good shape but some potholes. Sibley Creek road is open to the Hidden Lakes trailhead. Hozomeen road is 39 miles of gravel with a few washouts—passable but muddy.

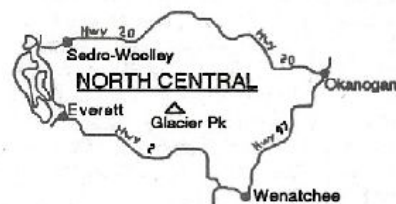
Trails: Big Beaver is in good shape to Beaver Pass. Little Beaver has some

water over trail and a few trees down. Cascade Pass has some snow patches, but Sahale Arm is mostly snowfree. Hannegan Pass is snowfree almost to pass, but 2 feet of snow remains at pass.—Ranger, 8/12.

PASAYTEN WILDERNESS—For information call Methow Valley Visitor Center, 509-996-4000.

Andrews Creek is snowfree and maintained to Spanish Camp. Boundary trail from Irongate to Cathedral Pass is snowfree and maintained. Snow remains west of Upper Cathedral Lake. Chewuch River trail is snowfree. Hidden Lakes trail is snowfree to the lakes.—Ranger, 8/14.

NORTH CENTRAL



SKAGIT GADGET (USGS Sedro Woolley South)—The Skagit Gadget is a chunky, but unmistakable 1120+-foot blob immediately south of Sedro Woolley across the Skagit River, unnamed on maps.

Pretty much every year since 1963 when we first climbed Trappers Peak above our home in Newhalem, my dad and I (with friends and relatives) have climbed a mountain, usually in



Dave Kriener on a ridge near Lake Ann; Mount Shuksan in the background.

the Skagit corridor, peaks like Haystack, Dock Butte, Sauk, Illabot, Diob-sud, Hidden Lakes Peak, Oakes, Maurine Peaks, Ross, Pyramid, Paul Bunyans Stump, Sourdough, Ruby, and The Roost.

Somewhere around 1971 when we climbed Newhalem Peaks (above Stout Lake, and visible from town), he announced, exhausted on our return, "This is my last mountain." Jack has been doing his "Last Mountain" every year since. He likes to kid his friends that, "It's very important to be consistent about an exercise program. I like to climb a peak a year, just to stay in top shape."

He's 84 now, so we have to tone our goal to the years. So this year we picked Skagit Gadget. Drive into Sedro Woolley and turn south on Highway 9. Cross the Skagit River and in less than a mile, turn left (east) just before Clear Lake. Follow this about 2 miles uphill to a left turn and park in .2-miles at a gated road on the left, elevation 379 feet. There's a new sign here since last year placed by a tree-growing company that calls the 920-foot bump above the gate "Clear Lake Hill."

Dad, son Aaron, sister Reenie, nephew John and I hiked the gated road north around this first bump, passing under powerlines, then took a left fork (the crushed-gravel road to the right goes to a cell-phone tower). It's about 2 miles and 700 feet vertical gain to the top of Skagit Gadget.

The summit is logger-enhanced for a wonderful 360-degree panorama. This is the premier viewpoint for the lower Skagit Delta. The big islands of the San Juans bulge above the Whulge. Upriver, a piece of the Twin Sisters Range, Baker, Bacon, Electric, Cement and others are identified. Sedro Woolley is a stone's throw away.

Dad found a grassy spot to lie down in, then after lunch and photos around, he trucked back down to the car, proclaiming again the familiar line, "THIS is my Last Mountain."—John Roper, Bellevue, 8/17.

NERVOUS BRIDE and ANXIOUS GROOM (USGS *Finney Peak*)—There actually is a Nervous Bride Creek that is so labeled on maps (USGS *Finney Peak*, Mount Baker FS map, and *GT Darrington*). So I'm not making this up.

It flows into Finney Creek, south of Concrete and Rockport. At the head of the creek is a clearcut 4480+-foot summit that, in winter and spring, looks like it could well be the blushing bride herself, decked out and radiant in a

snowy gown.

Does anyone know how this creek got its name? I'm betting some newlywed Forest Serviceman applied the name while hiking up to lookout duty at Finney Peak or Gee Point with his young wife on their honeymoon in the 1930s.

Dick Michelson and I drove high on these "peaks" on logging roads (roads 1730, 1731, and 1732—built before 1982) off Finney Creek road 17. High clearance recommended.

Nervous Bride (4480+) is the better viewpoint here, and quite spectacular actually, worthy of recommendation, for sure. Baker, Shuksan, Sauk, and Glacier are huge, and other delicacies include the Twin Sisters Range, Lake Shannon, the Northern and Southern Pickets, Jack, Backbone Ridge, Eldorado, the Ptarmigan Traverse peaks, the whole Gee String, Olympics, and WOW!

We also did the high point here, a mile south of Nervous Bride, dubbed Anxious Groom, Peak 4520+, which has over 1000 feet of prominence above its saddle with Finney Peak. Its top is wooded though, not particularly handsome, and like in all weddings, though taller, takes backseat to The Bride. Snow or downed trees left us about 500 feet of gain to reach both summits.—John Roper, Bellevue, 7/22.

PINNACLE LAKE (USGS *Vertot*)—Snow starts on flats ¼-mile east of lake. Lake snowfree. Very buggy. Snow is pretty solid above 4000 feet. The basin probably has 10+ feet of snow.

All the lakes are lined with snow to their bottoms, with water on top. They are a beautiful aqua color, worth the trip all by themselves. The ridge tops are melted out so you can have lunch off snow.—Michael Leake, Issaquah, 8/4.

MOUNT DICKERMAN (USGS *Bedal*)—One will have to bring one's own blueberries for this hike, as the meadows are still snow covered. We were glad we had our poles. No snow on top though, just beautiful views.—Ben and Nancy Brodic and Sparky, Edmonds, 8/9.

WALT BAILEY TRAIL (USGS *Mallardy Ridge*)—To get to the trailhead, drive east on the Mountain Loop Highway until you see the Red Bridge. Just before the bridge is a paved road to the right. Follow it 1.4 miles to the Y and turn right onto road 4032. It is then 1.1 miles to the concrete bridge.

From this bridge on road 4032 to

places to park is: curve, 3.8 miles, 15 cars; roadside, 3.9 miles, 3 cars; roadside, 4.0 miles, 4 cars; roadside, 4.15 miles, 5 cars; roadside, 4.3 miles, 6 cars; roadside, 4.5 miles, 6 cars; roadside, 4.7 miles, 4 cars; trailhead, 4.9 miles, 4 cars.

Parking is really tight at the trailhead. Don't block those cars already there, and be sure to leave room for others to turn around.

We had rain and lots of it. Meadows snow covered. Beautiful, but couldn't see much because of the fog.—Wanderbuns & Shortstop, Kirkland, 8/6.

GOAT LAKE (USGS *Sloan Pk, Bedal*)—Trail was snow free by 7/4. A trail crew was out brushing and removing downed trees. We shared our cookies with them.

The old trail has been rebuilt so that a loop trip is possible on the lower 2/3 of the route. The old trail is close to Elliott creek for the first 1½ miles. The creek is almost as big as Whitechuck River with beautiful pools, cascades and little falls. The river roar is very pleasant background music. McIntosh Falls was very impressive, just off the trail to the right about ½-mile from the lake.

Goat lake is snow- and ice-free. We didn't see the mountains due to low clouds all day.—Robert Michelson, Seattle, 7/24.

PERRY CREEK TRAIL (USGS *Bedal*)—Perry Creek trail is a very nice hike. The trail is park-like. It is wide, the brush is cut back, and it is completely different than when I hiked it ten years ago. Hats off to you, Ranger folk. Job well done!

We hiked to the beautiful tall falls to the east of the main trail at 1.1 miles. The creek doing the tumbling comes off Mount Dickerman. The box canyon frames it well. Watch for it if you like waterfalls.

It was getting late in the day and a downpour soaked us. Rain wasn't the problem—it was the lightening and thunder. Though we were down in a narrow valley, lightening strikes edges of cliffs which can cause rocks to tumble.

We cleared recent boulders and limbs from the trail to and from the falls. The last .2-mile back to the car was dark. Almost needed a flashlight. There is room for about 16 cars close to the trailhead.—Wanderbuns & Shortstop, Kirkland, 8/6.

BLANCA LAKE (USGS *Blanca Lk*)—Lew and I started UP the Blanca Lake trail about 10:15.

BACKCOUNTRY NEWS

REPORTS AND CONDITIONS

We had parked ¼-mile from the trailhead (1920 feet) after seeing a sign that a parking permit was required. Willing to support trail work, but forgot to find a place to buy a pass.

The trail does go up, but is in very good shape with no blowdowns. Very limited views on the way up and two water opportunities. We missed both on the way up; probably because we were focusing on our feet too much.

We hit the first snow patch on the trail at 3460 feet and solid snow about 3700 feet. Promptly lost the trail, but saw two red flags which confirmed the direction. Direction from there wasn't hard, although we only caught a glimpse of the trail once up to the 4620-foot summit.

Knowing that the trail definitely went up, we just continued up. We walked a few dry but very sharp rocky ridges, some by clutching at small conifers, fortunately well rooted.

Never saw Virgin Lake through the snow but think we figured out where the trail dropped the 600 feet to Blanca Lake but didn't go there. Views that direction were limited.

Views were very good north to southwest with full sun on scenes of high country trees shooting up at an angle from white snow slopes. We could see Glacier Peak and what we figured out was probably Kodak Peak, Monte Cristo peaks and the whole range to the southwest.

Enjoyed a brief lunch with very few bugs (had a few on the way up) then wandered around on the fairly flat summit area avoiding any suspiciously flat places to avoid swimming in Virgin Lake. We started down the valley to the left (going downhill) of the ridge route we had taken up.

Bearing right, we soon encountered our footprints and more or less followed them until losing them again and just continuing down to the trail. Met one guy going up just below the snow.

Two and a half hours up and one down to the car by 3pm. Held up on the road out to Index by a Snohomish Sheriff while a Suzuki commercial was being filmed. We asked, but no free samples for our inconvenience.—Tom Karasek, Stanwood, 7/27.

EVERGREEN LOOKOUT (USGS Evergreen Mtn)—Enthusiastic friend Corrinne suggested we do a "really big" hike. I'd been itching to get to Evergreen Lookout for years, but had been deterred by the closure of the road leading to it, adding 8 miles of road walking to a 1½ mile trail.

We brought along mountain bikes;

mine, a small framed model borrowed from a small friend, hers a new bike which had never left pavement before.

We stopped at the Skykomish Ranger Station to check on road and trail conditions. The very young gentleman behind the counter told us that a) there was a 7-foot high gate across the road to Evergreen, over which we might find it difficult to toss our bikes, and b) there was a good 3 to 4 feet of snow on the trail. When we cheerfully said we'd give it a try, he shook his head sadly.

We found the "7-foot high gate" to be a 3-foot high bar of metal, with bike access to the road around either side. Mounting our trusty steeds, we wobbled our way up the road. In a mile, my thighs were aching from their cramped position.

The road was in fine shape, and we alternately rode and walked the 8 steep miles to the trailhead. It being the hottest day of the year to date, we were hoping to find snow along the way to roll in, but none materialized.

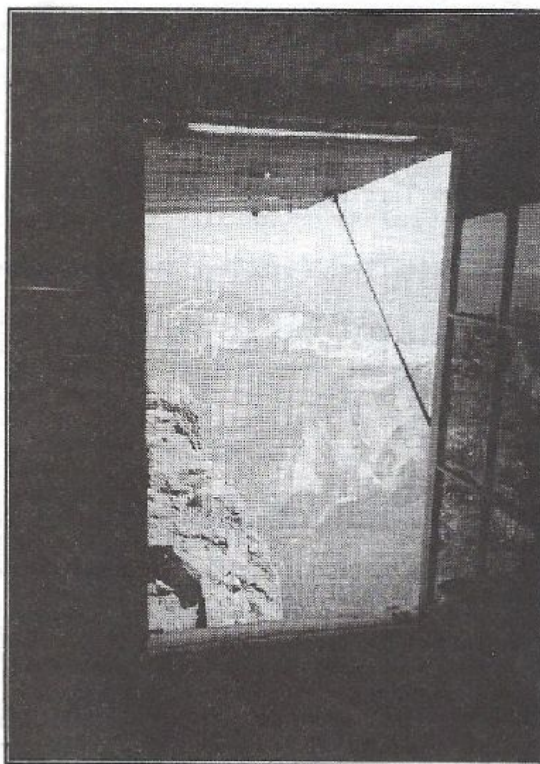
We changed into our hiking boots and began the steep ascent through an old burn in the mid-day sun. At the 1-mile mark, as the trail entered the shade of the forest, we found a 1-foot patch of snow on the trail. We stopped in ecstasy to rub our faces in it, and wrap some in our bandannas to tie around our necks.

It wasn't until the lookout, elevation 5585, was in sight that we found any significant snow, a drift which required 10 strides to cross.

The lookout has been restored by the Seattle Search and Rescue folks, members of the Everett Mountaineers, and others who contributed time and money (see June issue, page 28). It's a beauty.

We ate lunch inside to keep the flies away. As we read the log, we were intrigued to find that the first person to arrive at the lookout this year had done so over Memorial Day Weekend. Plenty of others had made their way up this summer.

We marveled at the views as long as possible, then reluctantly headed down the trail to our bikes, and the long coast to the car.—Laura Wild, Arlington, 8/4.



View from the Three Fingers lookout.

Dan McHale

LOUIS LAKE (USGS Gilbert)—From the Twisp River road, the route started horse-dusty and stayed that way. Ben spotted the huge mounds of fresh bear scat followed by fresh bear footprints. We walked a bit, then came lots of crashing in the thick undergrowth below the trail, then the smell of rotting flesh—glad it wasn't ours.

We hit snow patches right before the nice, squared off footlog that crossed the outlet stream. The lake was surrounded by brush and bugs, so we ate our lunch in the lake, perched on the floating logs.—Ben and Nancy Brodie and Sparky, Edmonds, 7/29.

TWISP PASS (USGS Gilbert, McGregor Mtn)—Got a late start, and paid for it as it was hot. The views began shortly after crossing the Twisp River on a nice footlog bridge and just got better.

We hit some fast melting snow patches right before the pass. The pass was somewhat wooded, so we climbed on a way trail a bit to get good views of Dagger Lake and the North Cascades.

An unmarked but well used trail that came off just before entering the park took us to a pretty little lake. The trail appeared to go on but we didn't explore further.—Ben and Nancy Brodie and Sparky, Edmonds, 7/31.

BACKCOUNTRY NEWS

REPORTS AND CONDITIONS

SCATTER LAKE (USGS Gilbert)—I love hikes with lakes and larches, and this has both.

As usual, I found making it across the outlet stream to be more of a challenge than the steep grade. We saw our first larches, and snow patches in the lower meadow. Then the trail took another surprising turn for the final push to the lake.

The lakelet was mostly frozen, and the lake, below Abernathy Peak, still had a few snow patches around it. The basin has nothing but larches, and must be beautiful in the fall. We watched the marmots play on the opposite shore.—Ben and Nancy Brodie and Sparky, Edmonds, 7/30.

CHELAN DISTRICT—509-682-2576. Mosquitoes and flies are out in full force.

Summit trail is snowfree and maintained from the trailhead at South Navarre to Surprise Lake and near Star Lake junction. Agnes Creek trail is relatively snowfree and maintained up to Hemlock Camp. The upper PCT is still snowy.—Ranger, 8/10.

ENTIAT DISTRICT—509-784-1511. Entiat River trail is snowfree to Entiat



Sarah and James Wilson on the Lookout Mountain trail near Marblemount.

Meadows. Ice Creek trail is not maintained; too much snow, lakes are completely ice covered.—Ranger, 8/10.

LAKE WENATCHEE DISTRICT—509-763-3103. Smithbrook road is closed by avalanche debris ½-mile before Union Gap trailhead.

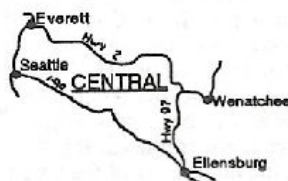
A \$5 fee is charged for all overnight use of all campgrounds and undeveloped areas in the Upper Chiwawa valley from the end of pavement on road 62 to road end.

On Cady Creek trail 1501 and Cady Ridge trail 1532, the trailhead bridge over the Little Wenatchee has collapsed. A difficult log crossing upstream is possible. Water is deep, swift and cold.

On Indian Creek trail 1502, the trailhead bridge over the White has collapsed; no access this year.

White River trail 1507 is snowfree and maintained for 6 miles.—Ranger, 8/10.

CENTRAL



LAKE SERENE (USGS Index)—We had not done this hike for a number of years for two reasons: (1) traffic on Highway 2 and (2) the dangerous condition of the trail.

We had heard that the new trail was finished and was a wonderful improvement so decided to check it out. The trailhead is in the same place with a greatly improved parking area and toilets. The trip is now 4 miles round trip instead of 2.

Not far up the trail a wonderful and expensive foot bridge crosses the stream at the base of Bridal Veil Falls allowing a splendid view of the falls. I would like to think that our trail park permit money was used for this new trail and improvements. Just before the bridge a side trail leads in ½-mile to another falls viewpoint. We did not take advantage of this.

After crossing the stream the trail heads up through some old growth trees. Stone and log steps have been built at strategic places making for an easy ascent. We arrived at the lake to discover that

it was still ¾ frozen. There was a lot of snow clinging to the cliffs of Mount Index.

It was a clear sunny day and we enjoyed a leisurely lunch at the lake shore. It really is a beautiful lake, nestled at the base of towering Mount Index. The trail crew was still working, extending a trail across the outlet to the bluff near the base of Index. Loads of people on the trail but not too many at the lake. I think many were stopping at the falls.

The return trip, however, reminded us why we had not been doing hikes in the Highway 2 corridor.—Leigh Champlin, Seattle, 7/18.

IRON GOAT TRAIL (USGS Scenic, Stevens Pass)—As we pondered where to go on a day hike after a rainy weekend, Dianne suggested we hike around the Iron Goat trail at the foot of Stevens Pass.

We had never driven on the Old Cascade Highway off Highway 2 near Scenic (just past milepost 58), so we drove the old road about a mile to a turnaround, put on our hiking boots, and crossed the Tye River on a new footbridge. We had the road to ourselves, and through breaks in the forest could see the retaining walls of the former snowsheds of the old railroad grade.

After 2 miles, we came to a new gravel road that the Forest Service has built down to the former Wellington townsite. The west portal of the first Cascade Tunnel is visible a short distance off the road. A steady stream of water now flows from its dark mouth where the railroad grade once was.

At the recently completed turnaround, we chatted with Laura Potash, the Forest Service's botanist for the area who was working with a volunteer to prepare the turnaround area for revegetation.

She said four work parties are being organized to transplant native plants to the turnaround area on September 2, 11, 18, and 23; these work parties seem like a terrific opportunity to absorb some spectacular scenery, learn more about history of Wellington and railroad activity in the area, and help complete the Wellington trailhead on the Iron Goat Trail.

For more details or to volunteer, leave a message at the Volunteers for Outdoor Washington's Iron Goat Trail information line, 206-283-1440.—Dianne and Jack Lattemann, Seattle, 8/16.

RAILROAD HISTORY—A guided hike focusing on railroad archaeology along the Iron Goat Trail will start

Shirley Haley

BACKCOUNTRY NEWS

REPORTS AND CONDITIONS

from the Skykomish Ranger Station at 9:30am on October 9th.

No signup is necessary, and the hike will last three to six hours depending on the weather and the interests of those attending.



OLALLIE LAKE (USGS Snoqualmie Pass, Bandera)—

After getting our parking pass at the North Bend Ranger Station (exit 27 then through town) Lew and I took exit 45 off I-90 and drove the 3 miles of good road to the Talapus Lake trailhead.

There were three cars plus ours at the trailhead so we figured it wasn't as busy on this Monday as we had feared. This is one of the few nice areas which are snow free this year.

The trail is pretty good, starting at about 2400 feet with a gentle slope and no blow-downs or snow. We walked past Talapus Lake at about 2 miles and on up another mile or so to a junction to Olallie Lake. We went up to Olallie, about 3400 feet, and set up camp east of the major clearing, ran our food up a tree and tossed packs into tents to do some day hiking.

We dropped down the 200 feet or so to the junction, then south to another junction with the Pratt Lake trail which we took uphill about another mile. At the top of a viewless ridge the trail split; right and down to Pratt Lake and left and level to Mount Defiance and Mason Lake. We opted for the level traverse and were quickly rewarded with good views, including first Olallie than Talapus, but we never saw Pratt.

After a bit over a mile on this traverse, the trail proceeded serious up. We put up with it for a while to about 4100 feet and were still snow free but when it started serious down, we turned around. On the pleasant way back to Olallie we decided to pack up and head out. Just not tired enough to want to crash in a tent at 3:30 and there were a few aggressive bugs.

Passed about 20 people over the course of the day, including a group of about nine young girls and leader at Olallie, several groups of two or three day hikers and a couple of groups of two backpackers. Not too bad for the size of the area.—Tom Karasek, Arlington, 8/16.



RED PASS (USGS Snoqualmie Pass)—

Trail conditions were poor, the flowers were spectacular, we had clouds and no views and were dumped on by a thunderstorm on our descent. But hiking with pleasant companions is always enjoyable so we had a great time.

Commonwealth Basin was almost deserted, two other people all day. Solitude just off I-90 on a Saturday! There were many big downed trees (close to a dozen), more on the PCT than the Commonwealth Basin trail. There is lots of snow in the basin in big patches. There is also a lot of standing water and mud. The camping area is almost melted out. Then no snow till we reached Red Pond.

Partial snow on the scree slopes above as the trail makes it to the pass, which was bare and dry. Oh yes, Commonwealth Creek was a challenge to get across, plus two other wet creek crossings. Early- and mid-season flowers were blooming side by side.

10 miles, 2900 feet total in and out rise.—Robert Michelson, Seattle, 8/7.



SNOW LAKE (USGS Snoqualmie Pass)—

Two women hikers departed trailhead at 10am for 3 mile hike to Snow Lake. Haven't done this hike in years due to crowds, but obviously midweek is much nicer.

Met a lovely group of women hikers who hike every Tuesday and range in age up to 80 years old. Three of them hiked down to the lake with us from the crest. Trail in excellent condition up to that point. Then there is considerable snow to cross to descend to the lake. Ice axe not necessary, but boots instead of running shoes for sure.

The lake was still not completely melted out—lots of icebergs. Very beautiful. Hiked on toward Gem Lake

—some snow patches, but not difficult to cross. Did not go past end of Snow Lake. Lots of meadow restoration in progress due to overuse.—Linda Meier, Seattle, 8/17.



RACHEL LAKE (USGS Chikamin Pk)—

A number of large trees down on the valley floor with boot tracks kicked around them. Snow starts 400 feet below the lake. Some snow still on camping sites. Lake snow free.—Michael Leake, Issaquah, 8/1.



RACHEL LAKE (USGS Chikamin Pk)—

We three women hikers got an 11:30 start at Rachel Lake trailhead. Turnoff is just before entrance to Lake Kachess campground. Only forest road sign is still up. Just 3 cars in the parking lot, lucky us; maybe the "sign down trick" works.

Trail in good condition until steep upgrade at about 2½ miles. Then some downed trees and water runoff erosion, but not a real problem. Beautiful blue-green lake of some size, no snow remaining, about 4 miles to lake from trailhead (although seems longer).

Did not continue up to Rampart Lakes due to late start and weather conditions deteriorating. Easy drive from Seattle and a great day hike contributing to its popularity.—Linda Meier, Seattle, 8/13.



THORP MOUNTAIN (USGS Polallie Ridge)—

Carrie, Brian and I headed up to the old lookout from



SUBSCRIBE TO

PACK & PADDLE



the magazine about backcountry travel in Washington and the Pacific Northwest

— 1 year (12 issues) \$19.48—(\$18.00 + \$1.48 state sales tax)

— 2 years (24 issues) \$35.71—(\$33.00 + 2.71 state sales tax)

— Gift (we'll send a card)

(Residents of states other than Washington may subtract tax.)

name _____

address _____

city, state, ZIP _____

send with payment (check or money order) to:

Pack & Paddle

PO Box 1063

Port Orchard WA 98366

Questions? Call us at 360-871-1862 E-mail ycat@packandpaddlemagazine.com 9/99

BACKCOUNTRY NEWS

REPORTS AND CONDITIONS


the Thorp Lake trailhead. There is no parking lot; you just park on the side of the road and look for a brown flexible guide post with a hiker decal on it.

The trail starts out through an old selective logging area before getting into the uncut forest. There are a few downed trees along the way and a few spots where the snow melt is flowing down the trail.

Up above the junction to Thorp Lake we ran into some snow that had not yet melted under the trees, so we did some scrambling. The last 1/2-mile is snow free with flowers along the way to the summit. The lookout building was open and had a ranger on duty for the rest of the summer.

The old lookout built in 1931 could use a coat of paint: it is almost down to bare boards. The view from the top is worth the hike as we got several nice photographs of Rainier and Adams to the south and the mountains of the Alpine Lakes Wilderness to the north.

There weren't very many hikers on Thorp Mountain on the sunny day we went up. A good choice if you don't want a crowded hike.—George Chambers, Bothell, 7/31.

 **YELLOW HILL, ELBOW PEAK** (USGS Mt. Stuart, Kachess Lake)—Looking for snow-free trails and warm weather took us to the Teanaway valley. We turned off Highway 970 onto the Teanaway road, then left onto the West Fork road and right onto the Middle Fork road.

The Yellow Hill trailhead is at the end of road 4305-113. Unfortunately this road is not marked. We had been there previously so knew where to turn. Last time we had to park just at the junction of the Middle Fork road and road 4305-113, which added about 2 miles to the trip.


This time the road had been regraded so we were able to drive to the trailhead. There is room for 4 or 5 cars. The trail climbs steeply through open forest in about 3 miles to Yellow Hill at 6430 feet. This is a good stopping point and lunch spot. The view is mostly west and north to the Stuart range and the Snoqualmie Pass area.

The tip of Mount Stuart was in the clouds but there were wonderful views of the Teanaway valley and all of the major and minor peaks. Mount Rainier was hidden in the cloud bank along the ridge of the Cascades.

Wildflowers were plentiful; paintbrush near the beginning of the trail, lupine higher up, along with fleabane and phlox. There were several we could not identify as we forgot to take along

our wildflower guide.

Three of our group went on to Elbow Peak (5673 feet). They reported some snow patches (there had been none up to Yellow Hill) and a rocky knife-edge ridge near the end of which was a bit scary. The views were not all that much better. A beautiful hike. The only drawback is that there is elevation gain on the way out as the trail ascends up the ridge to a brief viewpoint, then descends about 300 feet before climbing up to the ridge top. Not a problem, however, as the scenery makes up for it.—Leigh Champlin, Seattle, 8/8.


 **ELBOW PEAK and YELLOW HILL** (USGS Teanaway Butte, Cle Elum Lk)—Sasha and I had climbed Yellow Hill on May 29th of this year, when the snow was solid above 4400 feet (see July P&P), and the trail was nowhere to be seen after that point.

We returned on August 8th to extend the climb to Elbow Peak, and Ed and Tom Emery came along to climb Yellow Hill. To our surprise, they had reworked the upper part of the road which had been impassable in May, and that gave us a better start.

It was also much easier because we had a trail to follow the entire climb, with the exception of the final 100 feet to the summit of Yellow Hill. Sasha and I sprinted (relative to our geriatric limbs) on to Elbow, over barren, reddish-brown rolling ridges, in contrast to the thick forests of Yellow Hill. However, they weren't really barren: there were numerous miniature lupine and succulents if you looked closely.

There was no water, only one nice snow remnant on the east side of the ridge to Elbow. The view of the Stuart Range was decapitated by clouds, but only for the top 1000 feet. To the south, Rainier was completely invisible, along with everything toward Seattle. It took us only three hours up. We stopped and reascended Yellow Hill on our way back.

The drive over and back on I-90 on a Sunday in August was not all that pleasant, but then again, it beat sitting around in the clouds in Seattle.—Warren Guntheroth, Seattle, 8/8.


 **MEDRA PASS** (USGS Mt. Stuart)—This hike had been featured as Karen Sykes' "Hike of the Week" in the P.I. the week previous. We have done a lot of hikes in the Teanaway area but never this one so decided to give it a try, since snow was still keeping us to lower elevations.

The trailhead is on the North Fork Teanaway road just past Beverly Camp-

ground. There is room for 4 or 5 cars off the road. The trail crosses the North Fork Teanaway on a good horse bridge, then for the next couple of miles follows the North Fork Johnson Creek through woods, crossing the creek 4 or 5 times (easy rock hops).


The trail leaves the woods and switchbacks up the valley wall and in another 2 miles reaches the top of the ridge at Medra Pass. Views in all directions: Mount Stuart and the Stuart Range, Mount Rainier, and many other minor peaks, and the entire Teanaway Valley. A couple of hardy hikers from our group continued north the additional 2 miles to Koppen Mountain and reported equally splendid views.

Wildflowers included mariposa lilies, phlox, paint brush, lupine just to name a few. We encountered only two other hikers on the trail.—Leigh Champlin, Seattle, 7/25.

 **IRON PEAK** (USGS Mt. Stuart)—Go on a Monday like we did, and you won't see many people. There was only a trio of incredibly spry senior hikers going in, and a horse party late in the afternoon halfway down as we were descending.

Near the pass were a few lingering snow patches under the trees and one large patch on the north side of the pass, perfect for cooling bare feet.

Lupines were just blooming after the late snow melt, and we admired all the small flowering alpine plants among the rocks that were making the most of this brief growing season.—Dianne and Jack Lattemann, Seattle, 8/9.

 **BEAN PEAK** (USGS Enchantment Lks)—On July fourth, I drove up the North Fork Teanaway River road with just Sasha, the Siberian Princess. The road was barely free of snow past Beverly Campground,

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

but we had no problem driving the short distance on the road to the Beverly Creek trailhead (3900 feet).


The trail was soon covered with a thick layer of avalanche snow; in fact, the entire Beverly Creek was buried in it. Since the map indicated that the trail went up the right side of Beverly Creek, I kept to the right. (Only later did I conclude that by keeping to the right, over the avalanche snow, I was actually going up Bean Creek, where the trail is on the left side.)

We continued ahead until we entered the large basin and finally found a trail, but only for a short distance before losing it in the snow again. I scanned the cirque and (mis)identified Iron Peak—the only peak that is labeled on the map—at 6510 feet, and north of that, Teanaway Peak at 6779 feet. The next peak east on the perimeter I deduced to be Bill's Peak (6917 feet), my target du jour, which I planned to climb from the southeast. I searched in vain for the trail that circled east to go up Fourth Creek. The basin was beautiful, and the peak was handsome.

After four hours from the car, and a brief scramble, I was on the summit (6743 feet), viewing the entire Stuart Range. I dropped down to the eastern corner for some shade to eat lunch when my eyes were drawn to a ridge running north, with a unique, dark formation that looked very much like Volcanic Neck, which we had climbed 10 years ago. I finally looked at the map carefully, and it was Volcanic Neck (6666 feet)—and I had just climbed Bean Peak!

On our descent, we stayed on the west side of Bean Creek and enjoyed a much easier descent, except for the crossing of Beverly Creek below the avalanche. A rather flimsy log was okay for me, but Sasha explored until she found a large flat rock with a uniform—but very rapid—depth of water over it, which she cautiously waded.

Once on the other side, and on the snow-free trail, she seemed a little peeved about such a dangerous crossing and took off at a trot for the car without waiting for me. She was waiting at the trailhead, of course, for her ride home. —Warren Guntheroth, Seattle, 7/4.

 **BILL'S PEAK** (USGS *Enchantment Lks*)—Two weeks later, I returned to the North Fork Teanaway River road, drove past the Beverly Creek trail, and parked at the takeoff for the Iron Peak trail, at 3900 feet. This very efficient trail goes up steeply to the pass at 6200 feet, between Iron Peak and the unlabeled Teanaway

Mountain.

Bean Peak was obvious directly across the cirque, and the closer one—that looked a lot like Bean Peak, if you ignored its proximity to the pass—was Bill's Peak. I was a little surprised at how far down I would have to descend, and decided that I would try to stay a little higher, on a traverse around to the southeast slope of Bill's.

Once again, I learned what Sasha has always known intuitively, that it would have been better had we dropped down onto the flat and circled around, even if we couldn't see the trail.

After a half-hour of ugly side-hill gouging, a wide gully beckoned in the general direction of the summit. After an hour of steep, loose rock, we climbed out, only to face several more gulches to cross that were similar to the one we had just exited.

We finally got high enough to encounter a long snow tongue that appeared to head for the summit; the snow was quite hard, and I had no crampons. Sasha, on the other hand—or foot—had her built-in crampons and she headed straight up.


We switched on and off the ridges and snow, and eventually reached a 100-foot-long snow ridge with two horns at either end. They both appeared to be the same height, and we climbed both. The register that entertained John Roper (see *December 1995 P&P*, page 25) was under several feet of snow, but the view was again spectacular of the Stuart Range.

We required 5 hours up, at least an hour longer than it would have required if we had ascended the Beverly Creek trail (see Bean Peak, above.)

To descend, we mostly used the ridges, since the snow was too steep and hard even for claws (they are facing the wrong way for a descent). We went all the way down to the flat, and worked around toward the worst part of the climb, the re-ascend of 600 feet to the pass.

The round trip was a slow 9 hours, although Sasha ran down the trail to the car and had been there quite a while when I dragged out.

She had made friends of a very nice couple parked there, who were concerned that she was lost, and who were kind enough to wait to see if I showed up. In the meantime, she successfully acquired some goodies from them. —Warren Guntheroth, Seattle, 7/18.

 **COUNTY LINE TRAIL** (USGS *Liberty*)—Decided to try the County Line trail (referred to in some of the hiking books as Blewett Ridge). The trailhead (trail 1226) is

reached by way of the Old Blewett Highway off Highway 97.

Turning left at Blewett Pass we followed a series of Forest Service roads, which thankfully are well marked, to the trailhead, which is also marked, contrary to information in some of the hiking books.


I do not recommend this for passenger cars, however. Our Suburban made it okay but a car might bottom out, so you could park at Blewett Pass and hike the roughly 2 miles to the trailhead.

The trail, elevation 4700 feet, begins in pine forest and switchbacks to the top of the ridge where it wanders along, with ups and downs, shifting from side to side which affords splendid views in all directions. The Stuarts were hidden in clouds but all of the major Teanaway peaks were visible, as well as Tronson Ridge and Mission Ridge and other peaks east of Highway 97.

A number of crests make wonderful lunch spots. At about 3 miles is an intersection with the Teanaway Ridge trail which provides another splendid viewpoint/lunch spot which is also reachable from the Iron-Bear Trail.

The main trail continues about 2 miles to Miller Peak (6400 feet). We did not go all the way to Miller Peak, but turned back where the trail dropped 500 or 600 feet before ascending to the summit. It is about 10 miles round trip to Miller Peak.

There were several stands of larch trees along the way. The wildflowers, in addition to the ever-present lupine and paintbrush, included mountain dandelions, wild carrot, fireweed, snow thistle, and a rare yellow columbine. There was a vast amount of grass similar to bear grass but without blooms. —Leigh Champlin, Seattle, 8/15.

 **ICICLE CREEK, KLONAQUA LAKES** (USGS *The Cradle, Stevens Pass, Chiwaukum Mtn*)

—Our original destination was Lake Mary; however, a major obstacle at 4.8 miles on the Icicle Creek trail forced us to change our plans. A bridge crossing with a 30-foot span had collapsed under excessive snow load. The planks were removed leaving one intact stringer log in place.

The top was not flattened for foot travel and its small diameter forced awkward heel-to-toe foot placement. Anticipating the consequence of a 7-foot plunge into the swiftly flowing stream, the opposite side seemed awfully far away. I took two steps on the wet log then turned around because there was no margin of safety.

We tried crossing at the horse ford

upstream. Water was surging to mid-thigh just a few feet from shore. Eyeing the strong current at midstream, it was again obvious that any slip would lead to disaster. My numb legs were barely adequate for a retreat to safety.

Many unflattering thoughts were directed toward the Forest Service for not posting this hazardous crossing at the trailhead nor mentioning it during a telephone call to the Leavenworth ranger station. The majority of hikers we encountered considered it too dangerous to attempt. Success would only earn the privilege of gambling again on the return trip.

Acknowledging defeat, we decided to camp at the junction with the French Creek trail and hike to Klonauqua Lakes the following day. Since this was the opposite direction from our intended hike, we lacked the requisite Green Trails map. A generous hiker from Mukilteo loaned us her copy.

The first mile and a half of moderate uphill grade was followed by 4 miles of nearly level trail in the upper valley. A trail crew had recently cleared downed logs but portions remain seriously overgrown with brush.

Steep switchbacks lead uphill to the lakes. We encountered eight windfalls but only one was difficult to cross, and we arrived at the lake.

We located a boot path traversing high on the ridge south of the lake. Occasionally, snow patches covered the route but our intuition was successful in finding a continuation. The upper lake proved to be much more picturesque and we enjoyed lunch staring up at granite cliffs punctuated by a tumbling waterfall.

On our return, we followed a side trail to Bob Lake. A layer of algae on the bottom gives this shallow lake a distinct greenish color. We found a path at the outlet leading directly to the Klonauqua trail, saving a half mile of travel.

The trip back to camp left our feet weary, yet everyone was happy to salvage an adventurous hike from our aborted plans. Round trip 9.5 hours, 16 miles, with 3000 feet total elevation gain to the upper lake.—Ken Hopping, Bellevue, 8/15.



LADIES PASS (USGS Jack Ridge, Chiwaukum Mtn)—The turnoff for the trailhead on Icicle Creek was well signed. The Chatter Creek trail started on an old logging road but quickly changed to steep switchbacks. The grade was easier after the first mile; however, encroaching brush became a hindrance. Our clothes were soon soaked from the wet leaves.

Trees began to thin out and views opened up as we entered a hanging valley above 5200 feet. Grindstone Mountain, with its steep rock face, occupied the far end of the valley. I was impressed with the great variety of wildflowers along this section. Due to late snow melt, the flowers were blooming near their peak.

The trail became little more than a boot path as it weaved upward through a cliffy area. At one point it skirted the edge of a steep dropoff. We crossed some residual snow patches before the final switchbacks to a pass at 6650 feet.

The north side of the ridge was mostly snow-covered, hiding the trail from view. We managed to find the route with help from strategically placed carins. Dropping down across a basin, we followed the "Hiker Only" path up to a signed junction with the Icicle Ridge trail.

Meadows filled with spring beauty and Indian paintbrush were an incentive to continue. We soon reached Lake Edna, which was half covered with ice. The trail disappeared under snow, but a short segment rounding the shoulder of Cape Horn provided our next way point.

Much to our relief, the steep slope beyond Cape Horn was snow free. We followed the trail down to a viewpoint above Ladies Pass. This was our turnaround point.

After a relaxed lunch enjoying the scenery, we retraced our steps back to Chatter Creek. Only one other hiker was encountered the whole day. Round trip 9 hours, 14 miles, with 5450 feet total elevation gain.—Ken Hopping, Bellevue, 8/16.

CLE ELUM DIST—509-674-4411. Hex Mountain trail 1343 is temporarily closed due to logging. Scatter Creek car ford fluctuates with snow melt; if you cross in the morning, you may not be able to get back in the afternoon. Bridge at start of Squaw Lake trail has been replaced.—Ranger, 8/10.



HUMPBACK MOUNTAIN (USGS Lost Lk, Findley Lk)—On one of the few dry and sunny days this spring, we drove up Hansen Creek road 5510, off I-90 at exit 47. Just be-

fore where the road crosses Hansen Creek (approximately 3000 feet), we left the car and went east on an abandoned logging road, not shown on the map. This route is suggested in one of the ski books, but we were a month late, so it was a half-mile of dense slide alder.

At the end of the "road" we simply headed northeast toward big trees, across an old clearcut with no redeeming features whatsoever. Once in the trees, which coincided with the snow level, it was pleasant going to the ridge top at 4800 feet.

The ridge top was relatively aesthetic: firm snow with a low grade for a half-mile to the summit at 5174 feet. Sasha led the way back precisely. The ascent was a slow 3 hours and 45 minutes, but only 1 hour and 45 minutes down.

The views of Lake Annette—entirely snow-covered—Silver Peak and Abiel to the east, and to the north, Granite, Snoqualmie, et al. were very pleasant. There was one peak that puzzled me, that I initially confused with Abiel, with a handsome sharp summit and several snow gullies. (See the next route description of Hansen Mountain.)

Judging from the map, the second branch road off the Hansen Creek road, that heads due north shortly before the creek crossing, might avoid some of the bushwhack. Kloke's *Winter Climbs* suggests the first branch off this road, or approaching the south ridge from the Lake Annette trail in the winter.—Warren Guntheroth and Sasha, the Siberian Princess, Seattle, 6/11.



HANSEN MOUNTAIN, aka BEARSCOUT PEAK (USGS

Lost Lk, Findley Lk)—A full month after climbing Humpback, I returned to explore our mystery mountain. We decided to explore the approach without looking at anything except the map—usually a good way to suffer—but we lucked out.

Starting up Hansen Creek road 5510 off I-90 at exit 47, continue across Hansen Creek in an overall southwest-erly direction. Circle east around a hairpin turn, and where the road heads south, park at approximately 3800 feet. The road shown on the 1996 Green Trails map that continues ahead to the northeast is abandoned, but a faint trail heads toward it. When you get to the northernmost part of the first loop, you can see the objective (see photo).

Continue to the end of the road, hike through 50 feet or so of brush into old forest and hike up to the ridge at 4800 feet. Since the ridge defines the beginning of the drainage into the Cedar

River Watershed, there is a reasonably obvious tread, just north of "no trespassing" signs, to the summit at 5200 feet with excellent views in all directions, particularly of the two summits of Humpback, Silver, Abiel, and Tinkham peaks, and Lake Annette.

Since there was still snow above 3800 feet on July 10th, trekking poles or an ice axe were useful, but this is basically a hike with only 1400 feet of gain for a very nice summit.

Kloke suggests going up Hansen Creek to the summit via an abandoned logging road just beyond the bridge, but that would not be a good approach except in winter, and then avalanche danger might be a problem.—Warren and Karl Guntheroth with Sasha and Jasper, Seattle, 7/10.

▲ MEADOW MOUNTAIN (USGS Lost Lk)

—On a clear day in August, we figured we could climb in the Stampede Pass area without too much heat—or rain. The peak is 5414 feet, and we had only the contour map to help us plan the approach.

We took Exit 62 off I-90, and turned right onto road 54, and left on 5480 and 5483. We turned off on an unmarked road toward Meadow Pass, crossed the Pacific Crest Trail. After crossing Snow Creek at a sharp turn, we left the car and started straight up the hillside, initially in old growth.

We soon encountered a logging road not on our map, and it turned out to be the same road, doubling back. Above that, cliffs forced us to the south, and we finally turned north on the north-south running ridge, which still had a lot of snow on it in this "year of the big

snows."

The summit was a surprise, since the map revealed no lookout site, nor any trail. The lookout is long gone, but wires and other debris that looked quite ancient were still there.

Sasha discovered a trail heading north from the

summit. Although I didn't know where the trail went, Sasha was certain that it was better than the way we ascended, so I followed her lead.

The trail disappeared in a quarter-mile, under snow on the east side of the ridge, in old trees. The descent was moderately steep, but Sasha confidently led the 2000-foot descent to an intersection with the upper road, exactly above where we had left the car.

Thinking she had made a rare mistake, I watched her turn left on the road. I walked down the road a few feet, waiting for her to come back, and when she did, I was about to go over the edge to the lower road, when Tom and Ed Emery called to me. They had moved the car up to save us a little hiking.

They had walked the upper road, which Sasha recognized and went the wrong way hoping they were still over there.

All in all, a pleasant bushwhack, requiring only three hours round-trip, with a spectacularly clear view of—what else?—Mount



Ed Emery

Looking southeast toward Hansen (Bearscoat) Peak, with, from left, Sasha, Karl Guntheroth, Jasper, and Warren, on the abandoned logging road heading toward Hansen.

Rainier, and the less inspiring view of the clearcuts of the Cedar River Watershed.—Warren Guntheroth, Seattle, 8/10.



SNOQUERA FALLS (USGS Sun Top)—Our granddaughters Jennifer (10) and Stephanie (9) joined their little brother Colton (3½) to go hiking with us. It was a beautiful day (also Jim's birthday) and we picked Snoquera Falls as our destination.

We parked at the Camp Shepard trailhead with only one other car in the lot. The trail begins as a newly constructed path, on hard packed gravel. It swings behind the scout campfire circle and then branches off to the right. Stay left and cross a little creek and go uphill to the tie in with the Snoquera trail coming out of Camp Shepard. Go right (south) on the trail marked "Snoquera Falls, 1½ miles."

Stay left at the next two trail junctions and after a couple of long switchbacks, the trail skirts some cliffs and leads to the creek below the falls.

We had lunch at a nice spot on the right hand side of the falls. After lunch we crossed the creek to the other side and climbed up a side trail to get a better view of the falls. There was not as much water coming over the falls as on earlier trips, but it was still awesome, especially when the wind picked up the water and whipped it sideways.

Both the girls and Colton liked the mist in the air on this warm day. We had a leisurely walk back and were pleased at how well the kids hiked the 3½ miles, especially Colton.

On the way home we stooped for a couple of hours at Mud Mountain Dam



Looking south from the south ridge of Humpback, with Sasha in foreground, Hansen (Bearscoat) Peak in the middle, and Rainier in right background.

Warren Guntheroth

so the children could play in the nice park there.—Madeleine and Jim Beaty, Federal Way, 7/12.

RANGER CREEK, DALLES CREEK LOOP (USGS Sun Top)—We picked one of the rare nice days this spring to make this hike, although it got a bit hazy by the time we reached the ridge and the good views.

We parked the car at Camp Shepard parking lot (trail pass required) and walked south to meet the Ranger Creek trail. To do this, it is best to first go on the Snoquera Falls trail a short distance and then turn right at the first intersection.

If you turn right too soon (on the new trail below) you will end up on Highway 410. Then you will have to walk south along the road for a spell, which we accidentally did. (The new trails are not marked at all.) The trail from Highway 410 turns left just before Buck Creek Bridge.

Once you reach the Ranger Creek trail, the way switchbacks up through very open forest with a steady even tread mostly within hearing distance of Ranger Creek. At one point it will make a long traverse away from the creek and end up on top of a shoulder with Little Ranger Peak only a short walk to the left. That is where we ate lunch on top of a sunny rock overlooking the valley below.

The trail to this point had hardly a stick on the tread which made for nice easy walking. A mile or so after pro-

ceeding toward the Ranger Creek Shelter we encountered a major blowdown which was somewhat tricky to get over and around. From there on we were busy clearing small debris off the trail as we hiked along to the shelter and for several miles beyond.

The trail turns left at the shelter cabin toward the Palisades. There were many more small and large trees down from this point until we reached the South Overlook.

The hike along the ridge to this point was quite pretty with many rock penstemon in full bloom on the cliffs along the way. Most were lavender blue but we also saw some beautiful bright pink ones and a great many wind anemones as well as many other flowers. From the overlooks you can see into the Park, Mount Rainier as well as Sun Top and the ridges above Buck Creek.

After the South overlook, the trail was much better again as it wound its way down through forest to a crossing of Snoquera Creek and then to a clearcut. It re-enters the forest on the other side of the clearcut and shortly thereafter reaches the North Viewpoint. The cliffs drop off severely right there. Once we saw a large group of hawks riding the updrafts. It was an awesome sight.

Now the trail goes through beautiful moss covered open forest until it crosses Dalles Creek below the upper Dalles Falls. It then drops through the steep narrow canyon past the lower Dalles Falls to a trail junction just across an old bridge. Turn left (south)

at the junction toward Camp Shepard and the parking lot just behind. The loop is close to 16 miles and great if you are looking for solitude. We didn't see a single soul.—Madeleine and Jim Beaty, Federal Way, 7/8.



PEAK 5590 (USGS Sun Top)

—Peak 5590 (5592 on the Green Trails map) lies 1.5 miles south of Sun Top on the ridge between the White River and Huckleberry Creek, a northern continuation of the Sourdough Mountains in Mount Rainier National Park. Skookum Creek originates on its northeast flank.

Branches of Buck Creek drain its east side and tributaries of Lost Creek are southwest. A stream arising in a cliffy canyon on its northwest side drains directly to Huckleberry Creek.

A true peak by the 400-foot rule, it rises at least 510 feet above its southern col and higher peaks farther south (the next named summit being Slide Mountain). Immediately south of the col is a slightly lower top, Point 5585.

Trail 1183 traverses high on the east side of Peak 5590 on its journey from the south end of the Ranger Creek Landing Strip along the White River to the upper Sun Top road. If the Sun Top road is ungated, the easiest approach would be from the north where the trail begins at 4761 feet only 1.3 miles away.

Erik Bjarke and I hiked from the south. Too lazy to begin at the White River (2600 feet), we drove road 7160 to near its end on Fawn Ridge at 4300 feet (the gate at 3500 feet was open). The road also intersects the trail at 3640 feet, useful if snow blocks the way above.

We hiked the trail to the south col, then up easy slopes to the top. An open rocky area part-way up affords a lovely view of Rainier and The Palisades. From the top are distant views of Stuart, Daniel, Glacier and the Olympics.

On the return trip we tried the northwest nose of Point 5585 but ran into steep rock at 5200 feet. Better would be the gentle northeast ridge, or probably anywhere on the east or south sides, but we didn't have time for another go at it that day.


Had we only done Peak 5590, the round trip would have been about 7 miles, and the elevation gain, counting ups and downs, would about 1800 feet.

Incidentally, after crossing to the west side of the 5080-minus col just north of Point 5585 we found an old trail traversing southward; anyone know where it goes?—Mick Campbell, Puyallup, 6/29.




Paul G. Schauflier

Cowlitz Rocks, Mount Rainier National Park.

 **CARBON GLACIER (USGS Mowich Lk)**—This is a well-maintained super-highway trail. I only wish the access road got as much care!

Besides the glacier view, this trail offers a big tree forest (Doug-fir and cedar), many wildflowers, two waterfalls (take the very short side trail to Ipsut falls), partial Mount Rainier views, and a bouncy suspension bridge over the Carbon river. Presently no fee at Ipsut creek campground due to lack of water. Bring water and firewood.

7 miles, 1100-foot rise.—Robert Michelson, Seattle, 7/30.

 **WONDERLAND TRAIL, East Side (USGS Chinook Pass, White River Park)**—I was pleased to get campsite reservations several months ago but now wish I had saved my \$20 since we pretty much had the place to ourselves!

Our party of five (my friend Jim and our kids ages 9, 10, and 11) left Fryngan trailhead early afternoon and enjoyed clear trail for about 3 miles. The last 1½ miles to Summerland were in snow and the switchbacks were sufficiently steep in places that we roped the kids to us. They did well with ski poles while we used axes. Travel was slow as we kicked good steps for the kids.

Summerland (Winterland?) was deserted! We didn't even see the ranger who we were told would be there. The toilet and two tent sites were melted out but since we were alone we took the group shelter since it was still raining. Later that evening four people came up to spend the weekend at Summerland. They were the last people we saw until the Olallie trailhead.

We awoke to crack views of the mountain through the fog/clouds. These were the last views we were to get as the poor weather continued the entire weekend. Summerland to Panhandle Gap was all snow of course; luckily Jim had been to the Gap before and knew the way. We roped up for most of this day too. We were afraid the kids wouldn't be able to handle an ice axe and could hurt themselves.

Routefinding beyond the Gap was more challenging especially with the limited visibility. We relied on compass bearings and a ranger's tracks still visible in places. The ranger had placed a few wands but they had all melted out (we replaced them).

When we got to the stream across from Indian Bar the clouds had sat down even lower so nothing of the camp was visible. We spent a long time going up and down the stream looking for the trail, a bridge, or a ford. Finding none

of these, we were about to get seriously wet crossing to look for the campsite when the clouds lifted and there right across from us was the shelter!


The rangers had said it was buried except for the roof but it looked pretty open to us. Finding it caused us to look harder for the trail which we soon found complete with bridge (yeah!). We were happy to spend the night in the shelter which is a very nice one with bunks and a fireplace (rocked in).

Routefinding the next day was again interesting as about half of the 9 miles we covered was under snow. Compass bearings, some boot marks, and just enough pieces of melted-out trail kept us on track and pretty soon we were on the Olallie trail which, though mostly snow-free, was plagued with several dozen blowdowns. They were all passable but some required difficult detours on slippery snow/ice covered slopes. Again the ski poles and ice axes were helpful.

We all arrived safe and tired and found a place called CJ's Coasters in Enumclaw where we pigged out on BBQ ribs to celebrate what had been a challenging trip we'll remember for a long time.


To conclude, the snow is melting but there's still a lot in places. I would have turned around if I hadn't had my axe. Two of us broke through minor snowbridges with no ill effects so beware of them. Although the shelter at Indian Bar was open, only one tent site looked even close to melting soon and the toilet was no where to be seen.

I'm glad we persevered since we had the whole eastside Wonderland to ourselves, something I never expect to see again.—Phil Evans, Mukilteo, 8/13-15.

 **GREEN LAKE (USGS Mowich Lk)**—This is a short deep forest climb through the finest old trees I have ever seen. About half way up you come to lower Ranger Falls and then a ¼-mile farther, main Ranger Falls. Continuing in deep forest the trail crests a little rise before dropping to Green lake.

Snow free; the snow line in this part of the park is about 5000 feet or higher and the lake is only at 3300 feet. I saw many deep forest flowers on this hike, my favorite being the wood nymph. I started early and was back to our camp at Ipsut Creek before lunch.

4 miles, 1200 feet rise.—Robert Michelson, Seattle, 7/31.


 **PARADISE RIVER (USGS Mt Rainier East & West)**—Rangers' warnings of melting snow and

hidden holes deterred me from leading Mountaineers on the first 2 miles of this subalpine-to-deep-woods hike in Mount Rainier National Park. But we punted so we could hike in both ecosystems.

On hard-packed snow, 2 to 4 feet deep, we hiked the easy 1¼-mile Nisqually Glacier View trail. The warm, clear day gave our rookies a sweepingly sharp view of the upper Nisqually drainage.

Then we drove to Narada Falls and began the hike's final 4 miles on the Wonderland Trail. Coralroot was growing in the deepest woods. Two pine martens tore down the trail, their smooth red fur helping us follow them.

This is a six-bridge hike. A bridge near the Paradise River crossing was wrecked, but wood planks had been substituted. The three log crossings of the Nisqually River were all sturdy. At the adjacent Cougar Rock Picnic Area, our drivers retrieved cars from Narada Falls.—Susan Wineke, Bellevue, 7/31.

 **SHRINER PEAK (USGS Chinook Pass)**—We decided to give it a go, even though we felt there might still be a lot of snow. The trailhead is about 7 miles south of Cayuse Pass on Highway 123 in Mount Rainier National Park.


Several cars were already at the parking area when we arrived. The first stretch through the woods was quite nice, then came the treeless section. It was a warm day and high humidity. The wild strawberries made up for it, however. Part of our group stopped at a large rock overlook at about 2½ miles with splendid views of Rainier.

The rest of us pushed on 2 miles toward the summit (5834 feet). We soon began to encounter snow. We lost the trail at one point where it loops around through trees, but found it again. From this point it switchbacks to the summit.

There were several snowfields to cross, but enough people had been along that it was easy to follow the trail.

I think the view of Rainier from Shriner Peak is one of the best there is. We could also see Adams and St. Helens, and in the distance Mount Hood. We chatted with a couple from Switzerland who were enjoying the scenery.

Wildflowers included lupine, paint brush and mariposa lilies in addition to the wild strawberries. All in all, in spite of the snow, it was a wonderful hike!—Leigh Champlin, Seattle, 8/1.

 **ALLEN MOUNTAIN TRAVERSE (USGS Sawtooth Ridge)**—My sister Jacki and I did a crosscountry traverse of this seldom-hiked peak just southeast of the more

popular High Rock. Twice we have tried to hike the trail that traverses mostly along the southern flank of this mountain and twice we've failed.

The first time we started from Towhead Gap, the same parking area for the High Rock trail, and lost the Allen Mountain trail in a clearcut at Cougar Gap. This time we tried hiking from the eastern end of the trail and were stopped almost immediately by steep icy snow where the trail dips to the north side.

Disgusted at not being able to hike this simple little trail from either end, we opted to go straight up the ridge and head for the summit. We started from the Towhead Gap trailhead. The ridge is narrow and therefore easy to follow and not get lost.

We hiked up some steep snow but nothing difficult. When the ridge started to level out, we began to hike through meadows and rocky outcroppings with beautiful Rainier views until we hit the summit, a "high rock" at 5100 feet and 1000 feet of gain from the car. A little farther to the east, we spied another tree-covered bump that looked to be the same elevation as the summit.

After that "summit," the ridge began to drop so we turned around and retraced our steps. Beautiful hot day with cool breezes every so often when we needed them. The tiny biting flies were horrendous in places, however.

One note about the return trip. It was easy to just hike the narrow ridge to the summit on the way in but it does make a dog leg to the east after the initial steep portion. We didn't even notice it until on the way back when we continued down the wrong ridge!

All of a sudden the ridge dropped off very steeply to the north and looked all wrong. I peered through the trees and saw our ridge running northwest while we were hiking southwest. From that point, I could even see our car but we weren't hiking toward it. So we retraced our steps to where our ridge came up to meet the one we were on.

A note about the Green Trails maps for this area: The old GT Randle is more accurate than the newer one. The latest GT Randle shows two summits, one at 5095 feet and the eastern summit at 6045 feet. The old one shows it at 5045 feet which is correct.—Ginny Evans, Renton, 7/28.



GOAT PEAK (USGS Goose Prairie)—We thought that Goat Peak might be free of snow and we were correct. There was only one small snow patch right below the summit which the dogs enjoyed. Shadow



Jane Habegger

Marmot on the Mount Fremont trail; Mount Rainier National Park.

ate it and Shabby rolled in it. To watch the two of them, you'd think they knew the secret to a happy and fulfilled life. Sometimes I think dogs are smarter than their human counterparts.

We hiked the 3400 feet of gain to Goat's summit on the Goat Creek trail which leaves from the Bumping River road right across from Cougar Flat Campground where we spent the previous night. Very handy to have a trailhead right outside your door.

That may be the only advantage to the campground. We paid \$10 per night for an outhouse, water you had to pump yourself, and a dumpster for garbage. Since we had self-contained RVs, we availed ourselves only of the garbage service. Even if we had used all three amenities, \$10 seems a bit steep. And they certainly come around to collect the fees and to remind you that check out time is 2 pm.

A nice trail with a good grade led to the American Ridge trail. We encountered some downed trees along the trail just like we have on most other trails we've hiked this summer. There were relatively easy ways around all of them.

Turning right on the ridge trail, in a mile we were enjoying summit views of Mount Rainier, Fifes Peaks, the Snoqualmie Peaks, the Teanaways, Mount Aix, Mount Adams, Bumping Lake, and the list goes on. It was one of those crystal-clear glorious days.

The guys hiked back down the way we came up, while Jacki and I hiked the Pleasant Valley Lake trail down the north side ostensibly to see the snow conditions of which there were none. We paid for our fun though. We discov-

ered that the bridge across the American River at the bottom of the trail has been gone for two years which caused us to walk an additional 3 miles or so to the next crossing where the guys picked us up.—Ginny Evans, Renton, 7/31.



TWIN SISTERS LAKES (USGS Bumping Lk, Spiral Butte, White Pass)—After yesterday's beautiful hike to Goat Peak, this one turned out to be a bust. The downed trees along the way were larger and more difficult to go around. The mosquitoes were out in droves. And the snow level was at 4700 feet so by the time we got to the lakes at 5100 feet, the area was about 70% covered with dirty snow.

Our original destination of Tumac Mountain was just about totally snow covered on the north side where our trail was located. So we had an early lunch at one of the twins and hiked back down.—Ginny Evans, Renton, 8/1.

CRYSTAL LAKES—Snow-free. Nice flowers.—Ranger, 8/8.

MYSTIC LAKE TO SUNRISE—Snow patch at Skyscraper Pass. Dangerous slump along West Fork, but an alternative route has been flagged. West Fork crossing is scary.—Ranger, 8/6.

NACHES DISTRICT—509-653-2205. As a result of summer rainstorms, a section of Bumping Lake trail 971 has washed out in a mudslide near Cedar Creek.

Not only is snow making high country travel difficult, but the mosquitoes are really bad. With high temperatures and lots of rain, humidity has made a mosquito's life wonderful and a hiker's life miserable. Mosquitoes have no preference for location or elevation, only for an appropriate host.—Ranger, 8/10.



TOWER ROCK (USGS Tower Rock)—This is the El Capitan of the Cispus River, south of Randle. Even though Tower Rock is nowhere near the highest landform on

this quad, it is so impressive from the north that even at a lowly 3335 feet, the USGS decided to name this whole sheet after it.

It has an 1100-foot north face of nearly vertical, kissing contours that was actually climbed in 1982 (5.8 and aid). Dallas K, Brian B, and Pete D need to get down here and put up some more routes.

Me, I just drove up road 7605, a mile west of the Tower Rock campground to a switchback at 3120+ (on USGS Greenhorn Buttes), and contoured east, over to Tower Rock's south ridge and up to the top.

It was a little more annoying than it looked on paper, and I was surprised that such an impressive landform didn't have an obvious path to the top. This thing drops straight off to the north, and I barely peeked over the edge.

There were three wooden crosses on the northwest edge of the summit, two old and weathered, one shellacked and new.—John Roper, Bellevue, 7/18.

SOUTH COLDWATER LAKE to JOHNSTON RIDGE

(*GT Spirit Lake*)—We found this loop to be one of the most scenic trips in the St. Helens National Volcanic Monument. Although passes are required on many of the monument trails, the ones we took are excluded from the listing. Views abound, bugs are nonexistent, and we saw few people until the last two miles: all my requirements for a perfect trip. Just remember to bring plenty of water and sunscreen. It is a hot dry trip in the devastated area with no shade.

The two USGS maps for this trip (Elk Rock and Spirit Lake West) don't show many of the trails nor the Johnston Ridge Observatory, our ending point. The GT map shows everything.

Beginning at South Coldwater Lake trail 230A, we climbed steadily above the lake for 3 miles until the junction with trail 230 which we followed toward St. Helens Lake.

The views really began as we rounded a corner and spied the lake below us and Coldwater Peak just above. Looking up and around we saw Mount Rainier, Adams, Hood and of course St. Helens front and center, so close we could almost touch it.

Turning south on Trail 1, we followed an interesting ridge where the trail kept switching from one side to the other. At one point, we walked through a hole in the rocks which I believe one of the guidebooks calls Hole in the Wall. A little farther on, Spirit Lake came into view.

As Trail 1 turns west toward Johnston Ridge Observatory, we went up and down over a series of minor hills. Here we had views to the south of those small odd colored lakes that sit in front of St. Helens' crater and of deep cut gullies.

This is where we began to see hoards of people. I believe they all hike from Johnston Ridge to see Spirit Lake. Soon we came to the parking lot at the observatory where we had left a car.

We crossed eight or ten small snowfields along the way. There were ways around almost every one in case someone didn't like crossing steep snow.

Adding up the mileage, it comes to 10.3. Sure seems more like 12. I didn't have on my altimeter watch but including all the ups and downs, my guess is we did about 3000 feet gain. That too seems low. We hiked steadily all day and it still took us eight hours to do the trip. A must-do hike if you are in the area and want to see the best that the monument has to offer.—Ginny Evans, Renton, 7/25.

LITTLE HUCKLEBERRY MTN

(*USGS Little Huckleberry Mtn*)—Short trip can be easily done if visiting Mount Adams or Columbia Gorge area. 5½-mile round trip, 1800 feet gain to an old lookout site with views of major volcanoes. Prolific wildflowers all the way, especially columbine and tiger lilies. Even a be-draggled trillium—in late July?—John Walenta, Seattle, 7/30.

MOUNT ADAMS DIST—All roads are open and snowfree. All trails are accessible, but some snow remains in high elevations. Berries are late.—Ranger, 8/3.

ST HELENS NVM—Summer has arrived all at once. For climbing info call 360-247-3961.

The north section of the Loowit trail remains closed from trail 216E to Studebaker Ridge due to a debris flow from the crater in '97.

The Goat Creek trail 205 is 3 miles longer due to a slide on the access road.—Ranger, 8/3.

CANADA

WEDGEMONT LAKE

(*Whistler*)—There was a lot of snow at Whistler and I didn't expect to make it to the lake due to snow. The trail is a few miles north of Whistler off Highway 99. A side road to the trailhead was narrow, steep, full of ruts AND crowded!

I started hiking just after 8am and didn't expect much road traffic, but there were three or four cars and a road grader driving on the 1-mile-long road and passing was a problem. The road was in better shape on the way down, and the grader was gone. I don't know where the cars were going, since I saw no one until the lake.

The part of the trail just below timberline was the hardest for me (and there was a long way to go after that). This was the part where the trail ascended a huge waterfall. Actually, the falls was far enough away that the views were not all that special.

The lake, however, was spectacular. There was a bowl surrounded by mountains above the falls that had a little snow, but the trail was easy to follow (UP!) The lake was in a second bowl. This bowl had some bare ground and was in the midst of glacier covered mountains.

The lake was the green color of Lake Louise. The bowl had a cabin for mountain climbers occupied by four overnights. Wedge Mountain is just under 10,000 feet and it took me three hours to get to the lake, a distance of about 7 kilometers and an elevation gain of 1200 meters—3800 feet.

I thought that downhill would be better (it was slightly faster), but the trail was so steep that I had to be careful where I put my feet, so that I wouldn't fall! I was glad to get down.—Lewis Coleman, Poulsbo, 8/3.

MONTANA

SACAGAWEA PEAK

(*USGS Sacagawea Pk*)—The Bridger Range is a small isolated ridge of peaks and points extending for about 20 miles north from Bozeman. The upper slopes of loose rock well above timberline provide views of broad ranchland 5000 feet below.

Best known for the skiing at Bridger Bowl, the range also offers several hiking trails, with peaks for both hiker and scrambler. Luckily for the peak-bagger the highest peak in the range, Sacagawea, is also the easiest to reach. The top is at 9650 feet, and the closest trailhead is just below timberline at 7700 feet on the east side of the range.

The various guidebooks and local literature vary considerably in both driving and hiking distances. Therefore, I carefully measured the auto mileages, and as accurately as possible paced the hiking mileage (descending). I also recorded expired time, since in a region famous for early afternoon lightning it is vital to be up and down before storms.

BACKCOUNTRY NEWS

REPORTS AND CONDITIONS



Jane Habegger

Mount Hood from Lost Lake Lookout.

From downtown Bozeman on Main Street take Rouse Avenue north; it becomes Montana highway 86 (Bridger Canyon road). At 22.1 miles from Main Street take a hard left onto gravel road 74. Follow this for 6.5 miles (much washboarding) to the trailhead just above Fairy Lake campground. Total driving time 55 minutes one-way.

The trail climbs steadily, often splitting and rejoining, to an open basin between the cliffs of Sacagawea to the south and those of the southern subsummit of Hardscrabble Peak to the north. After rising gently for a while, the trail switchbacks up the steep basin head to a broad col on the Bridger Range crest at 8963 feet, 2 miles from the car. Turn left and follow climbers' paths .75-mile to the summit (Class 1). Time to the top for a late-middle-aged guy 1.5 hours.

Venture a bit down the northeast ridge to gain perspective of the imposing vertical limestone striations on the east face. If you have time, stroll the path south to the easy 9581-foot subsummit. Gaze farther south 2.6 miles to rugged Ross Peak (9004 feet) and 7.2 miles to gentle Saddle Peak (9159 feet). Look north 1.4 miles to the third and highest point on hikable Hardscrabble Peak (9575 feet). Look across surrounding flatlands to distant ranges. Talk to the friendly mountain goats, one or more of whom may approach amazingly close to you. All the while, keep an eye on the weather, even if the day started perfectly clear.

The round trip hike (not counting time and distance spent on top) was 2.5 hours and 5.5 miles, with 1950 feet of gain.—Mick Campbell, Puyallup, 8/2.



HARDSCRABBLE PEAK

(USGS Sacagawea Pk)—From

downtown Bozeman take Rouse Avenue north and continue to follow directions to Fairy Lake campground; see above.

Follow the same trail as for Sacagawea, above, to the broad col on the Bridger Range crest at 8963 feet, 2 miles from the car. Here, a climbers' path heads south to Sacagawea Peak. For Hardscrabble, turn north. Using your map and an intermittent path, climb over the west shoulder of Point 9562 at about 9400 feet, descend to a col at 9250 feet, cross loose talus on the west side of Point 9394 at about 9350 feet, drop to the next col at 9330 feet, and ascend the broad south ridge of Hardscrabble, 9575 feet.

Peer over the steep striated limestone cliffs on the northeast side of the peak. Visit with the mountain goats and butterflies. Inspect the many tiny plant species struggling for existence amid the rocks. Look at the rugged peaks to the north and Sacagawea to the south. Gaze across the flatlands east and west to distant mountains. Also, watch the weather, as lightning storms may occur on the best of days with short warning.

On the way back (or up) go up Points 9562 and 9394 for more fun and views.

These are not peaks by the 400-foot rule, unlike Hardscrabble itself which has a clean prominence of 612 feet. Round trip with all three tops is about 7 miles with just over 2400 feet of gain (counting the ups and downs).

Some brief Class 2 segments, otherwise a stroll. Time for this pre-fossil was 1.75 hours up and 1.5 hours down, the latter including some time loafing on Point 9562. Your time may vary.—Mick Campbell, Puyallup, 8/3.

OREGON



MULTNOMAH FALLS to WAHKEENA FALLS

(Columbia Gorge)—About six years ago a fire swept through the Columbia Gorge, burning trees and underbrush. The damage didn't seem too much at the time but the long-term results are still being felt.

Tree and shrub roots had held the steep unstable rocks together before; but after the fire, the slightest disturbance (like an off-trail hiker) might bring the hillside down. A humongous boulder fell into the Multnomah Falls pool. Last year a big rock came rolling down and struck a hiker on the Falls trail—and this after much work to prevent that very possibility.

The Forest Service threw its hands up and declared that the trail to the top of Multnomah Falls was hopeless and would be closed—forever. The hikers wept but this did not sway the USFS. However something else did ...

Multnomah Falls has long been Oregon's No. 1 tourist attraction. But after the trail closure, it dropped to No. 2 (Spirit Mountain Casino became No. 1). What happened behind closed doors can only be surmised, but it wasn't too long before the USFS decided, well, it wasn't all that hopeless after all, and sent its work crews back up the trail.

Lori and Kojak the canine and I arrived at the Multnomah Falls mob scene and started up the trail. A formidable wall and fence had been erected to protect the tourists from rolling rocks. Its best protection feature was the

How to Contact Us

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

E-mail: ycat@packandpaddlemagazine.com

Phone: 360-871-1862

Web site: <http://www.packandpaddlemagazine.com>

fact it prevented kids from climbing the unstable hillside. We crossed the bridge beside the awesome thundering falls. The higher we hiked, the more the crowd thinned out.

At the top we took the side trail to the lookout atop the falls and talked with some people from England. Then we hiked on up Multnomah Creek, a singularly beautiful little stream with several impressive waterfalls.

About a mile up the creek a trail branched off to the right. We turned and hiked the gently rising track, noting the wildflowers along the way. In about a mile we came to a major junction with the Wahkeena Falls trail where a cairn once stood with concrete trail signs. It had been badly vandalized. We stopped here for a sandwich and were constantly asked trail directions by passing hikers.

A short distance onward is a turnoff to Wahkeena Springs where Wahkeena Creek comes right up out of the ground as a fully formed creek and flows down to plunge into the gorge. We went onward, passing Fairy Falls, a beautiful tributary of Wahkeena Creek.

In a short time we hiked past Wahkeena Falls. Here some teenagers were off-trail, climbing the unstable slope. Lori lit into them, "Can't you read signs? Don't you know that's illegal?" The kids' parents were nearby and told

Lori they didn't see anything wrong with it.

At the Old Highway we took the half-mile return trail to Multnomah Falls.

This is not a long hike—it is probably less than 5 miles total, but it is loaded with scenic beauty.—Jim Miller, Portland, 7/26.



LARCH MOUNTAIN (GT


Bridal Veil)—The Forest Service has reopened the paved walkway leading to the top of Multnomah Falls. On a sunny Saturday I encountered the usual several thousand people on this opening section of the trail to Larch Mountain.

The crowd quickly thinned after the turn-off to the precipice, but was swelled again by a series of hiking parties who were doing this trip one way downhill with a car shuttle.

With stats of 14 miles round trip and 4000 feet gain, the one way trip obviously appeals to many hikers, but I find that my knees hurt even more on a downhill-only hike.

Views from Rainier to Jefferson at the Sherrard Point Lookout. Many other waterfalls along Multnomah Creek and enough big trees to hold your interest throughout the trip. Well graded trail in excellent condition.—John Walenta, Seattle, 7/31.

IDAHO

 **CITY OF ROCKS**—Long considered a major destination area for traveling rock climbers, "The City" also has a network of trails that would be of interest to hikers. Scattered among many loops and one way possibilities are numerous rock formations ranging in size from large boulders to 200-foot-tall crags.

The flora at the 6000- to 7000-foot range is dominated by juniper, piñon pine, mountain mahogany, and also includes some types of cactus.

Camping is regulated by the National Park Service. About 80 sites are available, often filling up on weekends in the spring and early summer, but on a recent trip, many sites were available, some offering both shade and some privacy.

If one were traveling to the Tetons, Wind River Range, or sites in Utah, a stopover at City of Rocks for a few days would work well.

The NPS has a hiking brochure called "Trails of the City." The hiking map and other information is available from City of Rocks National Reserve, POB 169, Almo ID 83312.—Charlie Hickenbottom, Wenatchee, 8/2-7.

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—Daypack on trail to Klonauqua Lakes. Identify contents to claim. 425-861-1762 (Bellevue).

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

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

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. \$180 new; \$80 OBO. 425-481-0736 (Brier).

FOR SALE—Rodriguez custom-built 23" road bicycle. 18 speed, tip shifters, frame pump and bottle racks, fenders, leather saddle, Blackburn racks and bags. Perfect shape. \$600. 206-329-1065 (Seattle).

FOR SALE—Mariner I 18-foot expedition sea kayak. Older boat, 2 bulkheads, watertight hatches, sliding seat, double glass on bottom. Selling with Lightning paddle, pvc Snapdragon skirt, and all the other gear needed for a big trip. Boat is in Port Townsend.

Contact Cory, 207-646-8007 (Maine), weldonius@hotmail.com. Make me an offer!

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).

FRANCIS E. CALDWELL

Crossing the Olympics

—LIEUTENANT O'NEIL SLEPT HERE—

Three of us took a five-day trip of 44.5 miles that turned into about 50 miles with side trips, from Staircase, on the North Fork Skokomish, to Graves Creek on the Quinault, crossing the Olympic Mountain at O'Neil Pass in Olympic National Park.

Lieutenant O'Neil, with 10 enlisted men, 4 civilians, 11 mules and a bell mare, spent three months building trail and exploring a route across the Olympic Mountains in 1890.

It took us 5 days on the government trail to reach Graves Creek.

Peering at thousands of windfalls, some eight feet in diameter, thick brush, cliffs and other obstacles along the trail, we marveled how the army had been able to make the trip in just three months. Men and mules were tougher in those days.

Peter Hemp from Kingston, Fred Langford from Redmond and I decided to retrace Lt. O'Neil's exploration.

Being of sound mind, but not so sound bodies, we hired Kit's Llamas to carry our gear. I'd watched llamas in the high Andes of Peru and Bolivia, at elevations to 16,000 to 17,000 feet, and wanted to make a trip with them. This was my first trip into the Olympics

without a back-breaking pack. It could easily become habit-forming.

We cheated on O'Neil on both ends. O'Neil started July 2, 1890, from Lilliwaup on Hood Canal. We started inland at Staircase. The army went to Lake Quinault, then on to Grays's Harbor. We went only to Graves Creek trailhead.

We met Kit Neimann, a small, sixty-ish lady from Olalla, an expert, conscientious llama packer, at Staircase, the morning of September 8, 1998. I put 40 pounds on one llama and carried about 20 pounds of camera gear, rain clothes, and other goodies.

Across the river from the campground is Fisher's Bluff, where a cliff plunges into the river. This obstacle caused the army a lot of work to get around.

Thankful for shade on a hot day, we walked the 9.6 miles to Nine Stream campground.

It had taken Lt. O'Neil's advance party a month to reach Nine Stream. The mules were still at Camp Seven. No use building trail until they knew where it led. The advance party camped

here several days, long enough to educate the wood mice population.

Exploring parties were sent out north, looking for a route across the divide. What they didn't know is that the North Fork Skokomish and East Fork Quinault, although only 4 or 5 miles apart as the raven flies, flow parallel for a distance of about 10 miles, but are separated by mountain ridges too rough for mules to cross.

Discouraged, the men were ready to quit and return to Hood Canal. O'Neil, however, wasn't one to give up. He sent more parties out to the west. Scouts Linsey and Fisher found a way across the pass (First Divide) down to an unknown river flowing north.

They followed it upstream and found Marmot Lake, Hart Lake and Lake La Crosse. From the divide above the lakes they could see Lake Quinault. They hurried back to tell the others that a route had been discovered.

At Nine Stream I began my battle with intellectual wood mice. I had hung my food bag on a line tossed over a maple limb. Usually I fold the neck of the bag and tie it to keep out rain, but no rain was forecast, so I carelessly left a half-inch opening.

We were joined at Nine Stream by Tamara Rose and Kristi Cortright, two California girls backpacking along our same route. We enjoyed their company for several days.

When I retrieved the food bag the next morning a mouse had gone out the limb, rappelled down the cord, entered the bag of food and helped himself. Well, they've had 108 years to perfect their thieving techniques.

From Nine Stream to First Divide the trail is steep. The girls were ahead, and saw two bull elk in the clearing just below the summit. We ate lunch on top, then descended to Home Sweet Home, looked over this famous shelter, now in bad shape, then hiked through beautiful stands of Alaska cedar and Western hemlock down to Duckabush Shelter.



Kit Neimann and her llamas on the O'Neil Pass trail.

Francis Caldwell



End of the trip: Jack Langford (left), Francis Caldwell, Peter Hemp at Graves Creek trailhead.

Francis Caldwell

By the time I reached the lake it was pouring rain! Such is Olympic Mountain weather. The girls had their tent up and Tami was pumping water. "Oh, yeah, we saw several black bears right along the trail," she said. Disgusted, I put my camera gear away and headed for O'Neil Pass. Before I reached camp, the rain stopped.

With darkness approaching, I hurried to set up my tent. We were treated to great views and a sunset. Kit's llamas enjoyed the view also. Perhaps they were reminded of their ancestral home in South America.

After photographing the sunrise and drying off the tents, we headed down the O'Neil Pass trail. Today we'd cover 10.5 miles to Enchanted Valley. I climbed up above the trail and waited to photograph the llama train coming down the pass through frost-tinged huckleberry.

The trail follows the contour of the divide and heads north, toward Anderson Pass, instead of southwest, the way we needed to go. Directly below, tantalizingly close, was the Chalet, but the long way is sometimes the best way. I stayed on the trail.

This is a beautiful trip, through alpine meadows, stunted alpine forest and acres of huckleberries. We saw several black bears feeding on berries.

At lunchtime I caught up with the girls. They'd left camp at Lake La Crosse at ten o'clock, then taken the short-cut over the divide west of Hart



Kristi Cortright and Tami Rose on the O'Neil Pass trail.

Francis Caldwell

Lake, which cuts off about 4 miles. Tami and Kristy were kind enough to pose for me, with Linsley Glacier and West Peak in the background.

That night, camped on the river bar in Enchanted Valley, I was awakened twice by avalanches thundering down across the river and once by the screams of a cougar near my tent.

I'd hung sweaty shorts and socks on a tiny string clothes line stretched between two trees. In the morning I found a mouse's calling card on my shorts. Tight-wire walkers, these little devils.

From the Chalet next morning I had a good view of West Peak and part of Linsley Glacier at the head of the East Fork. Two pretty women rangers, Lynn Dwan and Jenn Jones, permitted me to photograph them at the Chalet.

This was a 13.5 mile day. It was very hot. I'm glad I didn't have a heavy pack. I didn't see any of my party all day. Kit and the llamas passed me while I was having lunch on the river bars. It was getting late by the time I reached the Pony Bridge. If I can just reach the old picnic table, where the trail emerges from the canyon, I thought, I have it made, with only 2 miles of easy downhill to the trailhead.

Reached Graves Creek at six o'clock to find Peter and Fred hunkered down by the signpost waiting for Kit to come with her truck from the stock corral.

September 24, 1890, the O'Neil pack train reached Graves Creek, then continued down a trail cut by settlers. They'd lost but one animal, a mule that fell over a cliff along the Quinault. The rest of the mules were shipped back to Portland.

One part of the group climbed Mount Olympus, and eventually rendezvoused at Vancouver Barracks October 9.

Would I do it again? Are you kidding? Well, maybe next year. La Crosse Basin has to be one of the most beautiful places in Olympic National Park.

Kit's Llamas is certified for all of Olympic National Park and Forest. Reach her at:

Kit's Llamas
PO Box 116
Olalla WA 98359
253-857-5274

www.northolympic.com/llamas

△

Francis Caldwell, of Port Angeles, is the author of Beyond The Trails.

From Duckabush Shelter O'Neil sent a scouting party down the river to find its mouth. They came upon a rugged canyon, and had to detour high onto the flanks of Mount Elk Lick.

After reaching Hood Canal, instead of returning up the Duckabush, they decided it was easier to go to Lilliwaup, then follow the trail they'd cut, to re-join their comrades. That says a lot about the tough going on the Duckabush before a trail was cut.

All three of us left camp early the next morning, knowing we had a steep climb.

The last pitch below Marmot Lake explained what wiggly lines on the map meant. It was noon before we reached Marmot Lake. I'd already been told by backpackers we met that a dozen black bears and a herd of elk were around Lake La Crosse. I looked forward to filming there. I left Peter and Fred to await the llama train, then headed up the spur trail to beautiful Hart Lake. Good views of Mounts Steel and Duckabush from there.

During the first three days the sky had been clear and blue. After photographing the lake, I headed for Lake La Crosse, with my tripod and long lens ready. I knew the girls were camped there. Kit planned to camp on top of O'Neil Pass.

It's a mile from Hart Lake to Lake La Crosse. On the way black clouds sailed over the divide. Bull elk were bugling below the trail and I could see a large herd.

LINDY BAKKAR

Climbing Sahale

—A BASIC STUDENT'S ACCOUNT—

Sahale was to be my third climb with the Seattle Mountaineers, the climb that would complete my requirements for graduation from the Basic Climbing Course last year. As with all climbs, the experience would be unique.

The park ranger at Marblemount warned us that permits were going fast and we might be out of luck. So, as eight of us converged at the ranger station at the end of August in 1998, it was no surprise that the permits were gone.

Tom Spille, our climb leader, dejectedly gathered us on the steps to discuss our options: we could climb a different mountain, or we could camp down in the lowlands and climb Sahale in one long day.

Just as we had circled on the steps, our ninth climber joined the group and introduced himself. "Hi! I'm Brett," he announced. "I got us a permit." We stared at him open-mouthed as we absorbed his words. He had arrived from Bellingham early enough to get one of the last permits available.

Everyone was delighted. He was the hero of the day. Now we could camp high on the mountain, above Sahale

Arm, in the rocky campsites at the base of the Sahale Glacier.

We left the parking lot in a joyful mood and in our cars bumped up the Cascade River road to the trailhead, skittering across its washboard surface.

At the trailhead we organized the final elements of our packing and were briefed by Tom. For this day, we would each go our own pace and meet at Cascade Pass. From there we would follow the trail on Sahale Arm to the campsites. Though we would gain 4000 feet in elevation, there was no pressure to hurry. We had the whole day.

Of course, none of us knew much about each other at the beginning of the climb. My long-time friend Ann, who had been my inspiration for taking the climbing course, would be with me. But I had never met any of the others.

Mountaineer club outings are usually that way. We start out as strangers, but as we share the experience together and begin to know one another, we find we have a common passion for the mountains.

Trying to put a muzzle on my nervousness, I began ascending the trail

with the others. Those with faster paces moved on ahead. Conversations developed in twos and threes as we moved up the easy switchbacks toward the pass.

Somehow I managed to move up behind Keihan Ebrahimi, one of the leaders, with my slow and steady pace. He must have stopped for awhile. He asked me about my climbing experience. I, in turn, asked about some of the places he had been.

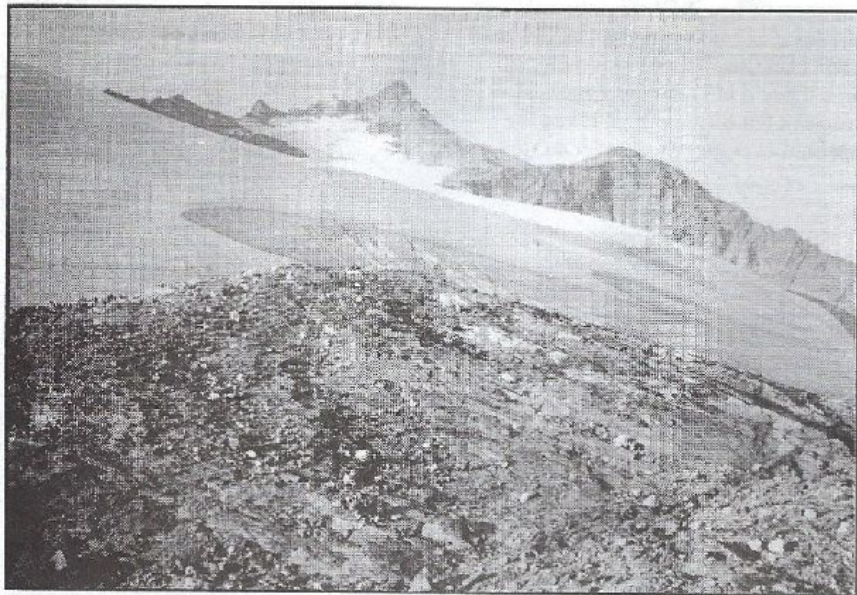
His pace was faster than mine was, but I wanted to hear what he had to say so I pushed myself a little harder. Sweat dripped from my face and I could feel the heat radiating from my skin.

Every once in awhile, Keihan—who didn't even break a sweat—would turn and stop to emphasize some particularly important part of the conversation. After a few moments, he would move on. I think he was being considerate, knowing I was older and checking to be sure I was not burning myself out at the faster pace. I appreciated that. Soon, we were at Cascade Pass.

The Pass is a junction of several trails. To the south is the beginning of the famous Ptarmigan Traverse, the dream of many a climber. To the east the trail winds through the mountains to Stehekin. To the north is Sahale, our destination.

On Cascade Pass itself, split log benches formed a square resting area. This day all the benches were filled with hikers. There must have been over twenty people on the benches or standing on the periphery, avoiding the grassy areas with re-vegetation signs. I was impressed with a feeling of crowded-ness. No wonder permits were required for overnight camping.

Starting up Sahale Arm, the trail followed a gentle ridge rising above the tree line and then continuing in an arc around a deep cirque. The slopes were covered with wild blueberries. Tom and Brett loved those berries and could not pass them without sampling. Because of that, I caught up to them a couple of times.



The summit of Sahale from the moraine.

Ann Marshall

We reached a place where hikers were stopped to watch something with binoculars. They pointed out a honey-colored bear on a lower slope. It appeared to be eating blueberries, too.

After another rest, we scrambled up a steeper rocky trail toward our waiting campsite. We had reached the world of rock, snow, and ice. And looking out over the valleys, we could see many glacier-pocketed peaks.

The campsites were dusty spots of gritty, light brown soil surrounded by walls of rocks. We took our water from the melting glacier above the camp, most of us using iodine tablets for purification. Down the other side of the next hill of rocks to the west was a composting toilet with a gorgeous view of Sahale Arm. On the other side, neighboring hills of rocks harbored several more campsites. Dropping steeply below us was a deep valley with bears and blueberries.

The wind began to increase. I watched it pick up dust and swirl it around the door of the tent, not registering the fact that the open door was inviting the dust to dance inside. The gusty wind tried to get at our stoves behind rock windbreaks.

As evening closed in, we noticed smoke rolling into the valley from the west. It billowed and grew. This was serious smoke. Somewhere was a major fire. Continuing to monitor the smoke, we realized it was filling the valley all the way through, and it was rising to our level. At first, it smelled like a friendly campfire, but later our eyes began to sting. A brilliant sunset was the gift of the smoke.

Soft talking and rustling told me our group was preparing for the night. But I did not want to sleep yet. I sat on a large rock overlooking the valley to watch, listen, and savor the moment. These are the words I wrote as I sat there:

"It's not cold. I sit here on a rock pile among many rock piles. Smoke sits in all the valleys I can see, settling and lifting on gusty air currents. Ghostly peaks with glacier-filled gaps rise through the smoke, some just outlines of rocky ridges. My eyes sting. It smells like burning wood. Where is the fire? The sun has set, and the sky is red to the west. Laughter comes from behind the rock wind walls. A half moon shines down on us. Mice are skittering

through the rocks, little dark shapes darting in and out, scurrying around the tent site boundaries."

I stretched the moment as far as I could, but I would need sleep for the climb the next morning. The open door of the tent beckoned, and I joined Ann in sweet rest, despite the flapping of the tent walls. My last thought was how amazed I was that I could feel comfortable on hard ground amid the rocks. And my consciousness drifted away like the smoke that floated on the air.

During the night, the wind ceased howling. By 5am, everyone was up. Tom told us we would need crampons. Since an ice axe would not be able to bite into the hard snow, it would be safer to climb unroped.

Joanna, one of the students, had trouble with a crampon. It was too long for her boot and fell off, dangling from her foot. Tom stayed with her to fix it, while the rest of us continued, crampons biting into the hard snow.

John Firebaugh, a sixteen-year-old intermediate student and one of the leaders, went slowly. He looked back to check on our progress. At one point he stopped to guard a patch of blue ice and make sure all of us got safely past it. For his age, he seemed to have exceptional judgement and concern for us

students.

The glacier rose steeply and then curled over to flatten into a shelf of snow-covered ice split by one huge crevasse. We moved to the narrow end of the crevasse and stepped over it, one at a time. Then we crunched back over to the rocky summit ridge.

Off the snow now, we removed our crampons and left them with our ice axes among the rocks, then scrambled up the steep scree and rock slope, which became steeper and more difficult the higher we got. My helmet was struck by a falling rock—a first-time experience for me. Many loose rocks were dislodged, while the resounding cry of "Rock!" warned climbers below to protect themselves.

At one point, Tom offered to belay anyone who wished the security to get past a crux move. Several climbers took him up on it. But I could see other possible routes. Just before the crux move, a series of small ledges led upward. I called up to Tom, asking if I could try it. He said, "Go ahead!"

My fingers grasped the first solid handhold and I shifted my weight upward. I felt connected to the rock. As I reached Tom's level, my delight burst out into a grin.

Next we dropped our packs and climbed the final summit block. A rope had been anchored to the top for our security, if we wanted a belay. Again, I saw a different route. But this time, Tom asked me to stay with the route where the rope was hanging.

Some of us chose to climb without the rope, while others used it for "insurance." As we all nestled among the summit rocks looking out over the vast expanse of the North Cascades, I began to feel humble and insignificant. The beauty was stunning, even in the smoky haze.

Tom passed out chocolate and we spent an hour or more identifying the surrounding peaks for each other. The hard part was yet to come, though, when it was time to descend. Tom decided that the loose rock was too dangerous for a rappel. We would have to down climb, watching out for each other.

The top section was fun to climb down, because the rock was clean. Then Tom rigged a rope to belay us down past the crux move. I decided to use the belay, since I had not climbed up that particular route.



Lindy just below the summit rocks.

Ann Marshall

Bob climbed down first, but after he was off belay, the knot got stuck in a crack and Tom could not shake it loose. Bob was already well below the stuck knot. I volunteered to down climb and dislodge it. Tom consented, but told me to clip into the rope when I got the knot unstuck, so I did.

As I began moving downward away from the leaders and off the rope now, my confidence dwindled. I was bewildered. Everything looked different. All the footholds seemed to be down-sloping and covered with loose pebbles and dirt. Where were all the good holds I had found on the ascent?

Humbled once again, I descended slowly and carefully, focused on safety, finally reaching our stash of crampons and ice axes. We were all relieved to be

back at the edge of the glacier.

On the glacier, we backtracked over the route we had taken in the morning. Coming to the last steep slope, the leaders made sure we were past any dangers before we could glissade. Keihan glissaded on his feet, making S-turns in the snow as if he were skiing. I would like to learn to do that!

Back at the tent sites, we packed to leave. Sheila, stepping up to the duty of a basic student, took her turn to carry the rope. We gathered at Cascade Pass before the final descent to the cars. On the way, some of us were lucky enough to get to watch a black bear in the blueberry bushes for awhile.

We talked to a ranger at Cascade Pass who told us the forest fire was in Marblemount. The road had been

closed, but we could still get out. So, with aching feet, we began again. The miles melted under our boots as we talked to each other on the trail. Soon we were in the parking lot.

During a stop for pizza we ate, talked, remembered, joked and parted as friends, saying, as always in Mountaineer groups, that we hoped to climb together again some day.

△

Lindy Bakkar, of Lynnwood, is a skier and hiker who is also active in Scouting programs.

The Good Old Days



Gordon McDougall and Kathe Stanness on the summit of Mount Si in 1974. Kathy is wearing jeans, and boots that she says aren't "real" hiking boots. Gordon's orange parka is made of 60-40 cloth, which was a big deal 25 years ago, before the age of Gore-tex. Photo by Randy McDougall.

TOM KARASEK

One Hiker's Gear

—I'VE WEEDED OUT THE COLOR TV AND THE UMBRELLA—

Like many hikers in their late 50s, I've tried a lot of different gear: some gifts, some bought on sale, some selected because the above didn't work out and some to replace what wore out. Before I share my present set, here are my priorities in gear selection.

First, it has to work on the trail and/or in camp. Next it must contribute to my comfort—or at least not hurt.

Next, it can't be a penny more expensive than what serves the purpose equally well. Then, it should be light, but I don't cut off handles to save micro-ounces. And it has to provide value for the weight in trip enjoyment, safety, comfort or nutrition, pretty much in that order.

The above criteria has resulted in weeding out plastic egg-in-shell carriers, a nice chair cover for my pad, a candle lantern (I was very slow to switch to a headlamp), most spare clothes, a nifty little color TV, a home-made vestibule, various pans, and spare food beyond basic nutrition.

The umbrella reluctantly went too after overhearing a member of a passing group grumble something about "Pancho, Pedro and Mary Poppins" as the three of us in poncho, large hat and my umbrella passed during a Hoh River trail downpour.

That said, here goes the list and some reasons. Hope they help you have more fun.

Bio

I have mainly done 3- to 5-day hikes, from one pass to the other on the PCT, the Press Trail, High Divide, etc. at 12 to 18 miles a day. Recent years I have mostly done 2-night loops but find what worked for the longer trips when I was younger works fine now for the shorter trips and my older body.

Boots

Danner with Gore-tex liners and just solid enough to take an occasional crampon—but I've stopped carrying crampons, or my ice axe for that matter. Feet get cold in ice, but not wet. Water

over the top fills the boot nicely, however, and must be dumped out.

Socks

Wool or heavy cotton (my feet don't get wet, but the socks must wick my sweat up and out) with a second nylon dress pair on first to slip and wear before my skin does.

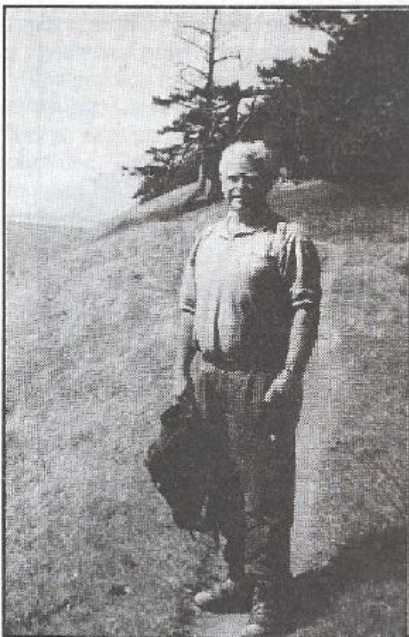
Clothing

Old soft jeans and cotton golf-type shirt with good wicking. No spares except for the shirt on long trips.

Pack

Largest REI one made at the time and similar to the current "Sierra Crest." Considering high weight distribution for trail hiking, I pack it, from the top, with tent poles and waterproof food bag (suitable for running up a bear rope) outside then inside the large pocket, my tent, jacket, stove, changes of socks and undershorts and a ski hat (for really cold nights).

Then in the lower pocket goes camp shoes, stainless steel tea kettle, fuel



Tom Karasek on the trail.

bottle and bear rope. Outside below that go my sleeping bag in a garbage bag and the pad. The side pockets get the flashlight, trip journal, AM/FM radio (very light and nice for quiet music and weather news), ditty bag (including hydrocortisone cream for chafing), tent stakes, TP, a novel and probably too much first aid stuff that I've never used.

Tent

JanSport similar to REI's "Half Dome." Good size for me and my pack and boots. After about 20 years this tent is still waterproof and all the zippers work fine. I especially like the rain fly that goes almost to the ground.

I've measured air temperature 10 degrees F warmer inside than out. Be nice if it had a functional bug-proof window with the rain fly in place, however.

Pad

Factory-second Therm-a-Rest full length. Bullet-proof but has to be blown up. Be nice if made from a non-skid fabric for sleeping on slight slopes.

Sleeping Bag

No clue of brand anymore and I store it wadded up (after well aired out) so loft isn't wonderful. Sleep in most of my clothes, probably because of that, but I'm warm enough that way.

Cooking/Eating

Peak 1 stove (I carry the repair kit, but it just keeps on working). Stainless tea kettle for morning coffee and hot cereal and evening freeze-dried dinner. Insulated cup, heavy plastic utensils, one-liter used soda bottle for happy hour punch and some type of chips go into the food bag.

Used to put "belly-button-cheese" on Triskets for lunch, but can't find any more and have to use spray can cheese now. Jerky and pepperoni on the trail make lunch stops short, which my low tolerance for bugs often necessitates anyhow.

continued on page 32

LARRY WOOD

Lower Salmon River

—PADDLING NEAR RIGGINS, IDAHO—

It's taken me since last October to send in this story on the Salmon River. I don't know why—mainly 'cause Jerry was supposed to do it; he was the trip leader, after all. But he's a much better paddling procrastinator than I.

It's not that either of us thought that the trip was uneventful or dull—*au contraire*. Everything was tip-top. Water level, weather, camping facilities, shuttle convenience, and paddlers were a package to die for.

It had been some years since I had joined my only other trip to the Riggins area as a tandem paddler and found as the years passed that, although I had enjoyed every stroke, my lasting impression was that I'd been challenged just about as much as I'd needed, thank you very much.

If I concentrated I could recall a vague appreciation of the stark canyon landscape and calmer stretches of water, but it was such a long drive (as it seemed then), and the water levels that I could handle seemed to compete with the greener pastures north of the US border.

I left the annual Salmon excursions to Jerry, and I searched for more open sky. I kept meaning to go back.

So last summer I joined Jerry Cesaratto's Legion to refresh myself in what I'd been missing. Ah-hah! Standing wave trains. Calm stretches. Bi-i-ig wave trains. More calm stretches. Fun rapids. White sandy beaches. Warm weather. Blue skies on river. Light rain in camp. Isolated scary class III rapids. Surfing. Good food and spirits.

Jerry had staked out a campsite at Spring Bar, a Forest Service campground 4½ hours from Spokane and some dozen or so miles upstream from Riggins. It's a great spot to run trips up and down the river. Tables, water, fire pits and bbq stands add to creature comforts at about \$6 per night per site through September.

Brian Burns and this paddler arrived at 11 am and we got in an afternoon run in the Spring Bar area. Ruby rapids, a class III at higher flows, was a laid back class I and hardly rated a second glance as we drove past it during shuttle.

Next was Lake Creek rapids which was a solid class III down the middle, but it was a II+ to -III on river left based on wave trough depth. A short distance below Lake Creek was a long unnamed wavetrain crescendo ending in a haystack which could be a stopper for those ill prepared to punch their way over the crest, as Brian can attest.

That evening others trickled into camp: Larry and Mary Wright, Fabian and Logan Napolsky, Mark Rist, Brian Durheim, and Angela Marczynski joined our runs on Saturday and Sunday.

Everyone made it through Lake Creek rapids skillfully except for J.C. who once again showed who was boss—the Salmon River, and don't you forget it.

Incidentally, his wife Lucy had taken Jerry through the same hole a year or two earlier quite successfully ... I guess he just wasn't paying attention then. (Sorry, Jer—you had your chance to write this story).

The last day's run took us through Riggins, Time Zone rapids (scary), Chair Creek rapids (scary), and Fiddle Creek rapids (just looked scary; if you closed your eyes it wasn't half bad).

About half the group exited after Fiddle Creek while the rest of us plowed on to the Lucille take-out to take advantage of a sun-filled sky and a stiff headwind.

The main attraction of the river was something I'd missed on my first rainy trip. The area upstream from Riggins and Spring Bar, except for the road alongside, resembles the primitive stretches of the river. Sun-baked, tawny, steep mountain slopes came right to the water or within a few yards. It's a closed-in feeling that offers no vista except directly ahead or behind—but those are superb.

In fact, the river and views were worth returning to, two weeks later when Derek Zimmer, a prior club pres now across the state, called to harangue me to join him on some trip, some-

continued on page 32



Between rapids on the Salmon River.

Larry Wood

KEN HOPPING

Mount Olympus

—THE KEY TO SUCCESS IS TO HAVE A ROCK CLIMBER IN THE GROUP—

Overnight camping means a heavy pack. Add in climbing gear plus a 35 millimeter SLR camera and the load can get excessive. With the honor of carrying a rope, I struggled to shoulder a pack weighing 63 pounds.

On July 31, we paid \$35 for our permit (five people, three nights) at the Hoh visitor center. In spite of our over-burdened packs, we reached the Olympus Guard Station in just under 4 hours. Our computer reservation proved to be worthless because all the group sites were filled.

We camped on the gravel bar. A nice breeze made it bearable and views up the Hoh valley to Mount Carrie were partial compensation. Weather prospects looked good with partial clearing around sunset.

Sunshine meant warm temperatures for our hike the next day, the first of August. Old growth forest along the Hoh provided some relief. The serious uphill began a mile before the high bridge. Our knees were severely tested during the next half mile after the crossing. Then the grade eased up for the remaining mile to Elk Lake.

We took a long rest break there. The morning light and mirror smooth lake were perfect for photos. While probing the shoreline for a good composition with the pond lilies, I came across the skeletal remains of a mountain goat.

Shortly after leaving Elk Lake, we encountered hard packed snow whenever the trail crossed an avalanche gully. The terrain steepened until the path hung precariously on the side of a deep ravine. One short segment of trail was washed out, forcing us to edge past with the help of a hand line. Our first views of Snow Dome were enough to draw us onward past the obstacles.

Snow was continuous the last half mile to Glacier Meadows. Both shelters were buried to the roof line. We registered at the ranger station then hiked up to the lateral moraine where we set up our camp on the snow.

Views of Olympus and the Blue Gla-



Ken Hopping

Mount Olympus from Snow Dome. Left to right: Ted Kirpes, Russell Anshell, Debbie Anshell, Chip Curtis.

acier were outstanding. We watched a group of four people descending from Snow Dome. Later, when they passed by our camp, we were pleased to learn that the route was in good shape. With this encouragement, we got out our ropes and other climbing equipment for a review and practice session.

Our wakeup call was 4:30 the next morning. Clear skies with a light breeze were perfect conditions for climbing. The first pink light of dawn touched the summit of Olympus as we laid out the climbing ropes at the foot of the moraine.

The Blue Glacier showed only a few crevasses at the lower end. During our crossing, we easily stepped over two closed cracks near the opposite side. The climb up Snow Dome was much easier than it looked from camp. We reached sunshine about half way up.

Views of the ice fall to our left were quite impressive. We saw one large block tumble down and disintegrate. Although nearly a mile away, the thundering sound instantly grabbed our attention.

We took a rest break on top of Snow Dome with the summit as a backdrop

for pictures. After crossing the flats, our route angled up toward a pass immediately east of the false summit. We had to thread our way across a snow bridge between two nearly overlapping bergschrunds.

One curiosity on this section was the presence of thread-like ice worms about an inch long. Those little wigglers immediately killed my habit of topping off the water bottle with snow.

At the pass, we found a sloping snow ramp that allowed us to cross a moat and climb up rocks on the opposite side. A looping traverse up around the south side of a rock outcrop brought us to another moat. The edge was firm and we jumped across to reach the false summit. The top was flat and snow-free with bivvy sites.

We scrambled down a scree-filled gully to a bowl below the West Peak. From here the route climbed a high-angled snow slope to reach the base of the summit spire. There was no evidence of the bottomless moat that bedeviled climbers in 1998.

The key to success on Olympus is including at least one team member who enjoys rock climbing. We set up a fixed

One Hiker's Gear *continued from page 29*

Misc

I like my altimeter watch for dual clues as to how much farther to go up or get to camp. I carry a water bottle, trail food, camera, bug juice and map in a fanny pack worn backward so I can get at it all while wearing my pack. I

hook up my pack last so it can be released in an emergency. A gallon milk bottle gets clipped into the ice axe loop and my ditty bag has a spare cap for it with holes drilled. It makes a fine shower when half-filled with one teakettle of boiling water and cold water.

△

Tom Karasek lives in Arlington.

Readers are invited to send in their own columns for "One Hiker's Gear." Contact the office for guidelines.

Lower Salmon River *continued from page 30*

where, before the first snow fell. A few calls found that most water levels around Spokane were unusable by 1 October, so he agreed to meet me in Riggins for his first Salmon run, and he is now hooked.

We camped at Spring Bar (the only souls for our three days) and put in the first day at Vinegar Creek which is as far (25 miles) upstream from Spring Bar as the road will take you.

There was no noticeable drop in water from the trip two weeks earlier, which says a lot about the consistency of that drainage. It was a phenomenal experience to drift along absolute rock shoreline and yet see many white sandy

beaches some two or three feet deep tucked into eddy areas that extend in some instances 15 to 20 feet above water line at their upper reaches.

After three perfect days, we awoke to misty clouds as we broke camp. The rain even held off until after breakfast. The one fact of life in that canyon seems to be the afternoon express that kicks in about 2pm that can blow a solo paddler back upstream.

The Salmon is a trip that takes some extra effort to describe to someone who's never seen it. You can't just rip off one of those "great day, great weather, great fun" reports. In fact I

can't do it justice and don't pretend to do so, but I can use the excuse that there are reasons why some trip reports don't pop up in the very next club newsletter. And now my conscience is clear.

So, hail, Cesaratto! We who were about to die and go to heaven, salute you.

△

Larry Wood, centurion, lives in Spokane and paddles with the Spokane Canoe Club. This report first appeared in the club's newsletter.

Mount Olympus *continued from page 31*

rope on the lower section. With lots of loose crumbly rock bouncing down, our helmets proved to be essential safety equipment. I belayed while Russell lead the last 50 feet. One portion required edging on a one-inch ledge while reaching up to a crack for a hand jam.

With a top rope established, the rest of us took turns climbing to the summit. Ted experimented with a novel, but less than graceful, body jam. Chip declined to participate at first, but seeing that everyone else survived, he bravely overcame his fears and trusted the rope.

We signed in at the summit register and noted that there were no entries for the previous day. I suspect that many parties forgo the final ascent to the true summit. With plenty of attention to safety, we spent three full hours getting all group members up and down.

Everyone was in high spirits during

the trip back to camp. We arrived at 5:30pm and immediately packed up our tents for a move to Elk Lake. It was after 8pm when we arrived there to claim the last available campsite.

Several trees near our tents had been completely stripped of bark to a height of six feet. The claw marks of a hungry bear were a sobering reminder of the harsh conditions that prevailed due to late snow melt. It was not a surprise to find the bear wire completely over-subscribed that evening.

We were positioned to hike all the way out on the fourth day without killing ourselves. Even so, a distance of nearly 15 miles on a hot summer day is no easy task. It was a great morale boost to find that two big windfalls had been cleared just in time for our exit.

The river trail was in excellent condition, especially the "tourist zone" near the trailhead. We finished strong,

setting a 3 mph pace during the final two hours. The sight of determined hikers, carrying huge packs loaded with climbing equipment, caused most of the day hikers to yield the path. Or possibly it was the odor from four sweaty days without a bath.

Dropping my pack at the trailhead, I had a very satisfying feeling of "mission accomplished!"

△

Ken Hopping, of Bellevue, works for Boeing. His companions were Debbie and Russell Anshell, from Redmond; Ted Kirpes, Enumclaw; and Chip Curtis, Joplin, Missouri.

ERIC KEELER

ALL ABOARD!

—TAKING THE TRAIN TO THE TRAILHEAD—

The coveted prize of a Colorado peak bagger is to have ascended all the mountains in the state over 14,000 feet (commonly referred to as "Fourteeners").

There are 54 in all, most involving merely a hike up. The most remote group of Fourteeners lies deep in the San Juan Mountains of southwest Colorado. To reach Chicago Basin, the base for climbing Sunlight Peak, Windom Peak, and Mount Eolus, a hike of over 22 miles is necessary.

A unique alternative is to ride a historic, narrow gauge train through a striking canyon and get dropped off near the outlet of the basin, considerably shortening the hiking required.

Sarah, Rob and I arrived in Durango on September 8, 1997, and camped a short way out of town. Having grown up in Colorado, I had purposely chosen a post-Labor Day time for this trip for a few reasons—

- The weather is best at this time, following the July and August "monsoon season," because the daily thunderstorms have ceased for the most part.
- There are far fewer people than in the prime summer months, and cooler nights have thinned out the bugs.
- The seasonal color change of the aspen trees has begun, though the full bonanza of gold, auburn, and red wouldn't flourish for a few weeks.

The next day, we broke camp early and arrived at the train depot by 7:45am. The station was bustling with chaos and we were glad we had picked up our tickets the day before. Our packs were loaded into a small boxcar and we took our seats.

If you go, make your reservations early—even though it was a weekday, with school in session, the train was full. In fact, I had called only a few weeks before and was punished with seats in the front row of the box car, with views coming only by neck-twisting maneuvers.

The round trip on the Durango & Silverton Narrow Gauge Railroad would be impressive on its own. Constructed in the winter of 1881-1882, in only 9 months, the track linked the two new towns and accessed the gold deposits found in the early 1860s.

The labor force numbered upwards of five hundred men, mostly new immigrants of Chinese and Irish descent, who performed the dangerous work for little pay (\$2.25 a day). As the mining activity faded, tourists filled the train to view the steep canyons and rugged mountains. Today, the train is powered by a coal-fired, steam locomotive built in 1923 and includes a parlor car dating back to 1878.

The train departed at 9am with a blast of steam and a blare of the whistle—downtown Durango's alarm clock. The train moved slowly through the outskirts of town and surrounding ranches alongside the Animas River. Soon, though, the path steepened and the train climbed into the narrow gorge.

We were all in awe that a railroad was put in the canyon at all, let alone

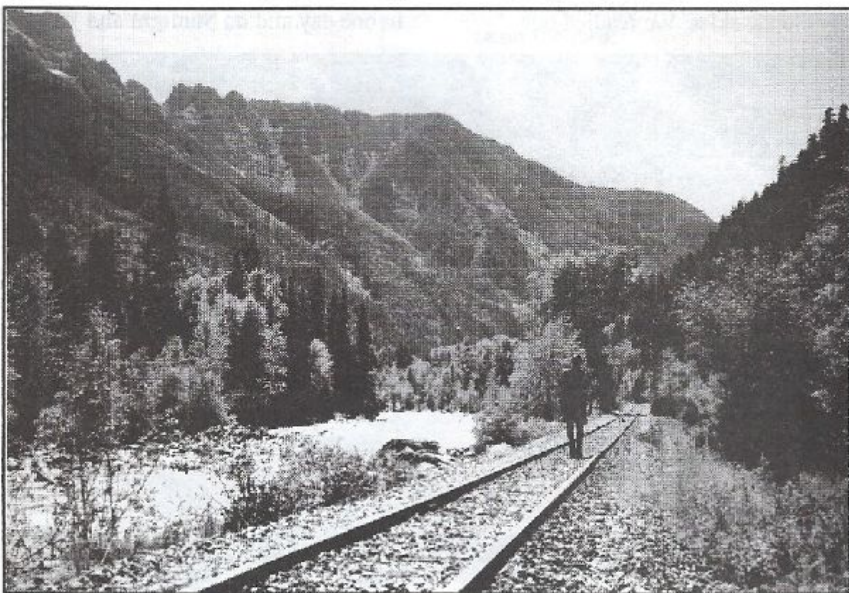
over 100 years ago. In the narrow areas, everyone in the car moved to the exposed side to take pictures. I envisioned everyone in all the cars doing the same thing, and the train tipping over and tumbling tumultuously to the bottom. The scenery was truly impressive, but the weather was not—mostly cloudy, then it began to rain.

Finally, a couple of dark peaks appeared to the east—Pigeon Peak and Turret Peak, imposing sentries guarding the heart of the Needle Mountains. The conductor came by and motioned us to the front of the next car. At 10:50am the train stopped and we hopped out, along with eight others.

We walked to the cargo boxcar and grabbed our packs. The train lurched forward, blasted its whistle and was gone around the corner toward Silverton. The silence was deafening; the sound of the rumbling river took the place of the train.

We adjusted our packs, stretched a bit and headed off into the Weminuche Wilderness Area (460,000 acres—largest in Colorado).

Beginning at an old mining camp,



Near the stopping point for the train.

Eric Keeler

Needleton (8100 feet), the Needle Creek trail climbs along a stage road 7 miles and 3000 vertical feet into Chicago Basin. After crossing the river, the first half-mile was on a road, which first passes a few private cabins. The weather was misty, but holding up. The trail started here and we stopped to get our required permit.

The trail was in fine shape, obviously well traveled and easy to follow. By loosely paralleling Needle Creek, the trail was a moderately steep grind, with few switchbacks, flat areas, or "climber's trail" sections. The views were magnificent, when clear, of the towering peaks on either side of us, mostly thirteeners, rocky and imposing.

As we got closer to the basin, we noticed some exploratory mining activity, but no massive mines, unlike other areas in Colorado's high country. Our group continued steadily and finally entered the lower part of the basin.

We didn't venture too far and found a flat, lush camp near Needle Creek. After setting up our tents, Sarah took a nap while Rob and I wandered up the basin. It appeared as if there were two shelves and we had camped on the lower one, as the trail extended up valley at least ¼-mile.

The weather looked promising as we went to bed—fairly warm, partly cloudy. I slipped into summit dreams in the dark valley, with the bubbling creek providing the only noise.

SEPTEMBER 10

A peek out the tent at 6:30 showed partly cloudy skies. We readied our



Waiting out the weather in camp. The Marmot Bastille did fine in the storm.



Approaching the upper basin.

packs, ate breakfast and hit the trail. After a mile or so of hiking, we took a steep climber's path which split off the main trail that led to Columbine Pass (12,600 feet). As we got higher and closer to Twin Lakes (12,500 feet), the weather began changing to the west. Thick, dark clouds were building up, though not moving toward us.

We got to the lakes after a brisk effort. The two small lakes are set in a rocky basin with flower-covered grassy slopes and are rimmed by craggy mountains. Mountain goats are common here, but we didn't see any. We stopped to take a rest and to consult our map.

Our original plan was to climb Eolus in one day and do Sunlight and Win-

dom the next. However, it became apparent we might not get the chance. The dark, swirling weather worsened and it was difficult to predict exactly where the weather was blowing in from.

I suggested waiting it out for 30 or 45 minutes to see if the conditions improved. It gave me a chance to scout out the routes on the three peaks and consult our guidebook:

- **Mount Eolus**

Mostly shrouded in clouds, we spotted a trail heading straight for Eolus then right at a wall. A diagonal ramp through this led to a ridge, where one heads up a series of ledges to the saddle (13,850 feet). Follow a long, connecting ridge known as the Sidewalk in the Sky. A scramble up the east face to the summit (14,083 feet).

- **Windom Peak**

Windom and Sunlight are to the east of the lakes. Go cross-country to the saddle between the two. Ascend the west ridge to the top (14,082 feet).

- **Sunlight Peak**

Use the same saddle as Windom. Follow a red gully to the ridge, then contour north on a series of ledges. Crawl under a boulder. The summit is comprised of large, rounded blocks of granite. The "true" summit (14,059 feet) is a rock knob that involves some 10 feet of friction climbing to ascend. Climbing legend has it someone did a hand stand on this knob in spite of the 1000-foot drop-off to the left.

The crackling of nearby thunder helped sway our decision. We reluctantly headed down, with our tails between our legs, humbled by Mother Nature. Other climbers we encountered came to the same conclusion.

Around noon, the rain and lightning moved in and we fled to our tents. Our earlier decision turned out to be wise—we probably would be off the summit, not far though, and traversing wet, steep rock. We were trapped in our tents all afternoon—my new four-season Marmot Bastille got quite a storm test and did great; Rob's tent did not fare so well. I don't remember what brand of tent he had, but he returned it to the store after the trip.

The rain stopped after 7pm and we cheerfully exited our tents. Rob made a smashing dinner of spaghetti and we sat around in our camp watching the sky clear. I began to get enthused again about our summit possibilities tomorrow and suggested getting up earlier, around 4am, to improve our chances of getting off the summit before any bad weather hit.

SEPTEMBER 11

Today's events started early, real early. Around 2am, we were awakened by the pitter-patter of rain on the tent fly. This soon escalated to a drizzle, then downpour. Amid this came flashes of lightning, with thunder as close as "One-one thousand, two-".

At 4am, our designated wake-up

time, it was still raining steadily. We agreed to wait it out a bit and see if the weather would change (again).

At around 9:30, it stopped raining, though the sky to the west was still threatening. Rob remarked that it was getting late for a summit attempt and Sarah noticed more oncoming dark thunderclouds. The decision was made and we began to break camp quickly, trying to pack everything before we got soaked. We scurried around, released our food from its tree perch and stuffed all our wet gear into our packs.

As we walked down the trail, the clouds broke and it began to get sunny—had we made the right decision? I privately hoped it would storm again to justify our decision. Another squall blew in—no lightning, but plenty of rain. We reached the end of the Needle Creek trail and stopped to sign out on the trail register.

The last distance seemed to extend endlessly, until we came across a couple of cabins and the sturdy bridge that led to the tracks. We were the first group there, around 1 o'clock, and we quickly dumped our packs on the ground. A train scheduled to come by at 4:40pm would definitely stop to pick us up, but we had heard that the 2:55pm train stopped if there was room.

Cruelly, the sun came out and we pulled gear from our packs to dry. We weren't alone very long, as people trickled over the bridge, as soggy as we were and complaining about the

weather. At nearly 3:30, the train pulled around the corner and everyone began jostling for position. Fortunately, they had plenty of room and everyone was allowed on.

In fact, an entire car was empty and all the backpackers were escorted there. Shortly after the train left, I soon realized why—everyone stank! The scent of 15 or 20 backpackers, aromatically challenged from many days in the backcountry, was overpowering. We rolled down the windows for air—of course, it immediately began to rain.

On the slow ride home, we all exchanged torturous tales with our clammy comrades. The train pulled in to the depot near 6pm and we retrieved our packs.

After a shower at a nearby hotel room, the next luxury was hot food at a hopping Mexican restaurant, Francisco's, close to the train depot. Carne adovada and Fat Tire Amber Ale were ordered as we discussed plans to visit nearby Mesa Verde National Park tomorrow on our unplanned "extra day."

I was a little disappointed at being shutout on the Fourteeners, but I knew the weather hadn't given us much of a chance. We had indeed seen a lot of wild, majestic scenery in the basin and the ride to the trailhead had been truly unique.

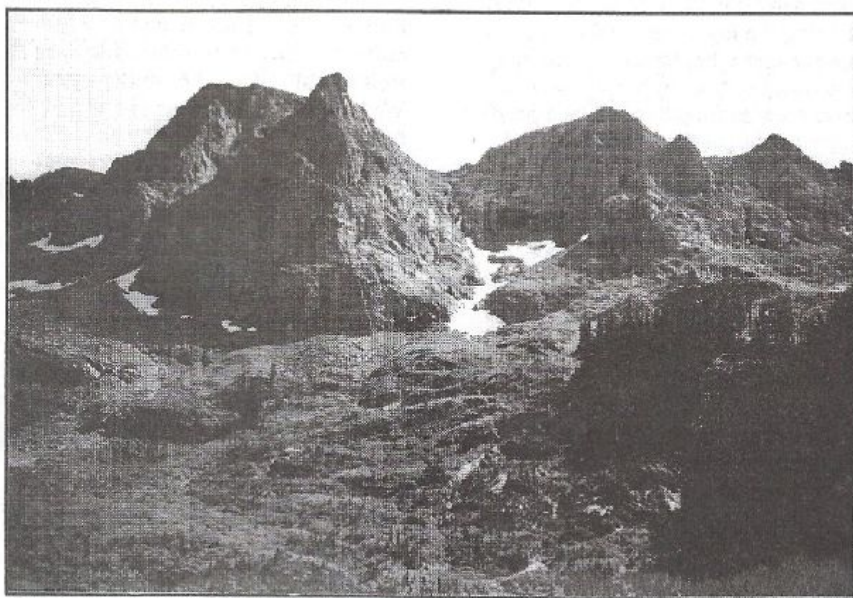
MORE INFO

For train reservations or ticketing information, contact the Durango & Silverton Narrow Gauge Railroad at 970-247-2733,

or on the web:

<www.visitorinformation.com/durango/train>.

△



The views of towering peaks were magnificent.

Eric Keeler

Eric Keeler grew up in Colorado and moved to Seattle over 6 years ago. He works as a research scientist but plans to go to grad school at the UW this fall.

His free time this summer has not been spent in the mountains, but in making wedding plans—he and Sarah are getting married at the end of August.

LEE MCKEE

Lummi Island

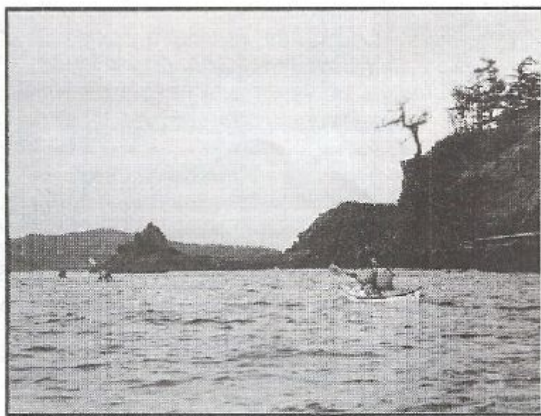
—AN OVERNIGHT PADDLE ON THE EDGE OF THE SAN JUANS—

A group of us in single sea kayaks set out from Gooseberry Point (see *North Puget Sound Afoot & Afloat for directions*) for an overnight trip to Lummi Island on July 24. The current in Hale Passage was at the tail end of the ebb as we made the ¾-mile crossing to the island. With the current switching to a flood and the wind starting to blow from the south, we hugged the shoreline of the island as we proceeded southward to the DNR campsite near the end of the island.

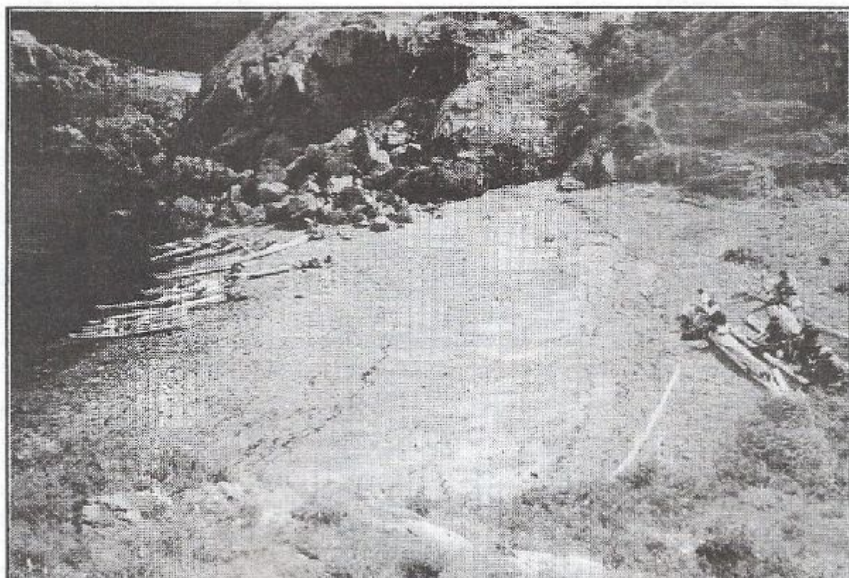
Once past the area of the ferry landing on Lummi, there is little shoreline development. At Inati Bay the Bellingham Yacht Club leases land and has located pit toilets and picnic tables for the use of boaters. From here you can also walk a dirt road/trail to a high point—but it is wooded with no views.

About a mile farther south is the location of the DNR campsite (also a Cascadia Marine Trail site). Three coves at the site provide access. The most northerly one is the smallest and probably not very suited for landing. The middle one is quite accessible and the most southerly one is the main access—with a sign on the cliff identifying the site.

There are five spots for camping spread out among the cliffs and rocks. Wooden stairs and a trail system join the spots. Each spot has room for more than one tent, and since room is limited, you should be prepared to share the spot



Rounding the south tip of Lummi Island.



Lee McKee

We pull in to a beach at Lummi Rocks for lunch.

with other kayakers and boaters.

When we arrived, the wind and rain were blowing making for a less than comfortable situation for making camp, but as the afternoon progressed, the sun came out and the wind stopped. Our group used one of the fire grates to cook dinner over charcoal that our trip leader Felicia had arranged to be brought along.

During the night the wind blew hard from the south, but by morning it had calmed and only a slight southerly breeze blew as we packed up and headed around the south end of the island. The current was ebbing somewhat as we headed north along the western shoreline, but there seemed to be little affect.

Just before noon we reached Lummi Rocks which are about a ¼-mile offshore from the island which was to be our lunch stop. Just as we were getting set to go ashore, we spotted a pod of orcas heading in our direction. As we drifted in the vicinity of the rocks, they passed by—several within a hundred yards of us. What a sight!

Shortly after noon we were done with lunch and back in

our kayaks to continue our circumnavigation of Lummi. By now the current was flooding and helping us along. Several of us took a short break at the road end access at Legoe Bay (no facilities) before continuing around Village Point and to the north end of the island at Migley Point.

Rounding Migley Point, we headed back into Hale Passage and now had current against us to contend with as well as a slight wind from the south. We hugged the shoreline to a ways south of Lummi Point to avoid the current, then started a ferry glide across the passage back to Gooseberry Point.

This worked well until we got fairly close to the shore at Gooseberry Point where we found the current to be running quite fast. We were at the time of max flood in the passage which was predicted to be 1.5kt. But close to the shore at the point it appeared to be quite a bit faster than that requiring a few moments of serious paddling effort to make it to shore!

△

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

PANORAMA

NEWS FROM ALL OVER

NEW LAUNCH AT GOODELL CREEK—A new picnic shelter and raft launch next to Goodell Creek Campground has recently opened. The new facilities, just west of Newhalem, are now far enough downriver from the old location to keep rafters and campers separate.

Gerry Cook designed the project and supervised its construction by park employees. Members of the Upper Skagit Tribe, with whom Cook consulted, said that the picnic shelter, which is 30 feet long and 20 feet wide, resembles buildings used in the past to store canoes. Where rafts are launched today, Skagit people have for centuries put canoes into the river. The salmon etched into the floor by Dana Barton is a Haida motif modified with input from the Upper Skagit Tribe.

SNOQUALMIE PASS PLAN—The ski resort at Snoqualmie Pass is working on a Master Development Plan to enlarge the ski areas. A draft Environmental Impact Statement will be prepared this fall and will be available to the public for review and comment.

Loss of backcountry skiing is a big concern at Snoqualmie Pass. In recent years the development of groomed nordic trails has reduced the terrain for backcountry skiers, and implementing the new proposals will reduce it even more.

Increased grooming, construction of alpine trails and construction of a yurt would increase use in the backcountry area, and perhaps force backcountry skiers from an area historically used by them.

The DEIS will include a description of the estimated increase in use and the impacts on backcountry use.

ILLNESS ON AT—At least three dozen AT hikers became ill in June after passing through a section of the trail in Virginia. A health district official said the hikers may have picked up a virus by sharing contaminated food or by drinking water from the same source.

Water has been scarce on the AT this summer because of dry conditions, and wells at two nearby stores were found to contain pollutants.

The illness, which causes nausea, vomiting and diarrhea, seems to run its course and then goes away. Affected

hikers were urged to rest and avoid dehydration. Officials said signs would be posted along the AT to warn hikers of the problem.

'ROUND VASHON—The July 18 circumnavigation of Vashon Island proved to be a successful fundraiser for the Washington Water Trails Association.

Kayakers paddled the 32-mile route as solo entrants or as tag teams to raise almost \$4000 for the organization.

Indra Finch was the top fund-raiser with over \$700 in donations. The top tag team consisted of Laura Woodcock, Vivian MacKay, Barbara Hintzen and Darlene Edgar. The first person to complete the circumnavigation was Larry Dubois in a time of 7 hours.

The event will also be held next year, when WWTA celebrates its 10th anniversary.

SYMPOSIUM—Sign-up forms and flyers for the Sea Kayak Symposium were late this year. Your local paddle shop should have them by now.

The Symposium will be September 17 through 19 in Port Townsend.

GIFFORD PINCHOT WILDERNESS

—Three public workshops will be held in September to get your input on the proposed permit system for Wilderness Areas in Gifford Pinchot National Forest. The Forest has decided to use a regulatory permit system—what they want is to make it convenient and “user-friendly.”

The workshops are:

- September 21, 6pm, at the MBSNF office, 21905 64th Ave W in Mountlake Terrace.
- September 22, 6pm, at the Randle Fire Hall, Highway 12 in Randle.
- September 23, at the GPNF office, 10600 NE 51st Circle in Vancouver.

If you are not able to attend but would like to submit written comments, send your letter to:

Kevin Cannon
Cowlitz Valley Ranger Station
13068 Highway 12
Packwood WA 98361.

The affected Wilderness are Mount Adams, Tatoosh, Trapper Creek, William O. Douglas, Glacier View, Goat Rocks, and Indian Heaven.

(Ed. Note: Thank you to the Forest Service for letting us know about this enough in advance to print this notice.)

ORCAS—The population of resident killer whales of Puget Sound and southern BC has declined in just four years from 98 to 84. Scientists guess that two reasons might be declining sources of food and increased toxic chemicals in the whales' environment.

The resident whales form three large family groups known as the J, K, and L pods. Researchers in the US will continue to study their decline and possibly ask the National Marine Fisheries Service to list the animals under the Endangered Species Act.

Canada has already listed the orcas as “threatened.”

ACCIDENTS—In mid-August a 15-year-old boy on a guided trip in the Glacier Peak Wilderness was hit by a falling boulder. He sustained three hip fractures, a ruptured spleen, a bruised lung, cracked ribs and a facial gash. Rescuers spent the night with him until the weather cleared enough for a helicopter evacuation.

Then the rescuers turned right around, hiked another couple of miles up the trail, and helped a 16-year-old boy who was pinned beneath another boulder. They had to pry the boulder off the boy's broken leg. He was evacuated by helicopter.

At the end of July a Seattle man spent three nights missing on Mount Adams. He had been climbing with a partner who became ill and turned around. He continued alone to the summit but became disoriented on the way down. He was found walking out on a forest road.

On August 17 an 18-year-old hiker from the Netherlands was found dead, apparently from a fall, several days after hikers reported an abandoned camp at Elk Lake on the Hoh River trail. After an intensive search, his body was found on a steep slope above Glacier Meadows.

A 24-year-old Portland woman walked out to Quinault Lodge after becoming disoriented in snow and fog on the Elip trail. She mistakenly headed down the Tshletshy Creek drainage and, after realizing her mistake, was able to get herself out by map and compass.

BEAR SAFE GUIDES—Bear Safe is a program of activities designed to alleviate conflict between humans and bears in Washington.

Directed by Chris Morgan of Insight Wildlife Management in Gig Harbor and funded and supported by the World Society for the Protection of Animals (WSPA), Bear Safe provides information on how to prevent nuisance bears and subsequently how to avoid the need for bear relocation and destruction.

For a free copy of the Bear Safe Washington guide, please call toll-free 800-542-BEAR (2327). Learn more about IWM on the web: <http://home.earthlink.net/~insightcpm/>

HIKE SAFELY AND CARRY A BIG STICK—Forty-some years ago when I was a teenage neophyte hiker, my dad bought me an ice axe. He probably thought it made me look more manly than the skinny, pimply kid I was. I couldn't figure how to lash it to my Trapper Nelson pack, so I began carrying it like a cane.

Along the trail folks would chuckle and point, or say things like, "If yer lookin' fer snow, come back in six months." After all, we never hiked on snow, let alone where you would need to self-arrest.

However, with time I learned the axe was handy for lots of other things, like crossing streams and traversing steep damp slopes. It works good as a trash-stabber to pick up trailside rubbish. Stuck firmly in the ground at rest stops, it serves as a fixed point for attaching a dog's leash, hanging a camera bag or leaning a pack. I've even used it as a seat, being very careful to direct the pointed end toward the ground.

I'd had it for nearly twenty years before I learned how to self-arrest; I've only needed to do that once since, but was glad to know how and really glad to have the axe.

If you carry an ice axe, I hope you have a protective cover over the head. I

don't cap the spike, as it's in constant use. In the old days, the covers were heavy rigid leather, a two part affair connected by a buckled strap. This was very hard to get off in an emergency such as a bear attack. The new covers are stretchy one-piece rubber affairs that snap off easily; however, these need frequent replacement, for the pick and adze poke through after a few months.

About 30 years ago a friend of mine was using an old ski pole for the same reasons; he couldn't afford an axe. He got his share of peculiar stares. But he persevered. Now, he uses two modern poles and zips along practically on hands alone, like two racing pogo sticks. These poles are designed specifically for hiking, with ergonomic handles, shock absorbing springs and designer colors. They don't have horns or turn signals yet, but those may be coming.

Besides axes and poles, hikers use staffs or walking sticks. These can be purchased, though there are often lots of good natural ones along any trail. Colon Fletcher, the Man Who Walked Through Time, wrote a wonderful book in 1968 titled *The Complete Walker*.

On the back jacket cover is a picture of Fletcher with a 450-pound pack, Red Wing boots and his huge wooden staff, with that thing, nobody's going to stop him. "No, Little John, you stand aside."

I still carry the same old wooden-handled ice axe my dad got me so long ago. Its shaft is warmer to hold than the new metal ones, and it's not infested with termites as far as I know. Twice I've had to trudge back up a peak to fetch the thing, having left it there by mistake.

As I age further, I find the axe more and more helpful going straight up steep slopes; it enlists upper body muscles to assist enfeebled legs to gain the summit. Its equally useful descending. People still kid me about it, but let 'em laugh. Once they see John Roper zip up 7000 feet or more with his poles, they'll stop laughing and go buy some.

So be proud to carry an axe, staff or poles. Anyone makes fun of you, stick it to 'em.—*Mick Campbell, Puyallup.*

LONG TRIP MANUAL—The Seattle Sea Kayak Club has published its second edition of their manual to assist

fellow kayakers in planning both long and short trips in all kinds of climates.

There is an extensive section on how to plan, pack, and travel when you have to fly to your destination. This is an excellent guide for paddlers who are just starting to do extended trips, as well as those who have several long trips under their paddles.

Long Trip Planning Manual is 26 pages and can be ordered two ways: \$4 for the stapled version, or \$5 for the spiral-bound version. Send a check to:

Randy Brook
13742 41st Ave NE
Seattle WA 98125.

FILSON BOOTS—I've finally found a lug-soled boot as comfortable as my crepe-soled Redwing Legends. Filson now sells "the Uplander," which differs from the Redwing in that the leather is a little softer and it has a removable cork insole as opposed to Redwing's leather insole.

I can't decide which insole I prefer, but the Filsons are definitely more durable for sharp rocky travel. Their soft tops are like a gaiter with no gap to let snow and twigs in.

An ankle-high "chukka" version of the Uplander is in this year's catalog, which should be excellent for trail travel. I primarily hike off-trail, which is why I prefer the higher tops.

An old JanSport narrow exterior frame pack does okay off-trail, but I often switch to interior frame JanSports or some of the new DaKine guide packs they've developed for heli-skiing.

Old foresters of course wear Filson clothes because they last longer, and my wool cruiser jacket does double duty as a sleeping pad.—*Eric Burr, an old forester in Mazama.*

TENT POLES—I have an old JanSport tent similar to the REI Half Dome. Mine, however, has tubes which run from each corner to the peak and through which I run the segmented fiberglass poles.

That has worked fine up until about a year ago. Now, the poles hang up all the way through the tubes. I really don't want to wash it as I may disturb the excellent waterproofing.

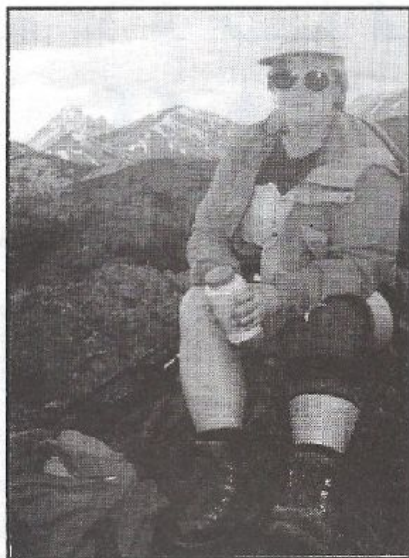
Any ideas on how I can restore smooth pole insertion? Slow is not good in the rain or swarms of bugs.—*Tom Karasek, Arlington.*

WIN FAME & ADMIRATION!

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

PACK & PADDLE
PO BOX 1063
PORT ORCHARD WA 98368

EDITOR'S JOURNAL



On Iron-Bear summit, in the Teanaway, with Mount Stuart behind.

FROM THE MAILBOX—"That was the absolutely best cover, ever, of Debbie Anshell on The Ladder! (*August issue*.) She looks a lot happier than I did on the top rung."—*Arlington*.

"We love the magazine and so do our five kitties."—*Bellingham*.

"Can't do much hiking any more, but reading the trail reports brings back great memories! Also like the feature articles—prefer the ones in-state."—*Everett*.

"Greetings to Yellow Cat from fans and fellow editors, Francesca and Tequila!"—*Seattle*.

UMBRELLA—In this month's "One Hiker's Gear" column, Tom Karasek laments that he no longer hikes with an umbrella after passing hikers made a "Mary Poppins" comment.

I haven't given mine up yet, and am constantly refining the method I use to strap it to my pack so I can hike hands-free. I think my companions would rather hike with me looking like Mary Poppins than listen to my whining about the rain.

ESCAPE FROM SNOW—Snow is good. It covers brush and scree, making ascents easier. It fills in moats, provides water, adds a protective layer to our glaciers, and we couldn't glissade without it.

But we were getting a little tired of it by July, and our group of women de-

ecided to find a place where we could hike for a week without snow. We had to go to Idaho, but we did find snowfree trails, great views and meadows full of wildflowers.

The Seven Devils Wilderness is east of the Wallawas, across the Snake River. We hiked and camped between 7000 and 9000 feet, saw few people once we got off the main trails, and saw no one on our cross-country explorations.

The trails were in great shape (we met a Sierra Club group doing trail work) and mostly easy to hike. In addition, it was free. Such a beautiful area and we didn't even have to pay.

AVALANCHE TRACKS—Easy-to-reach trails that have some pretty spectacular avalanche paths this year are Esmeralda Basin and Bean Creek.

In July Elin and I hiked into Esmeralda for a day of botanizing. A little way down from Fortune Creek Pass we walked through a wide avalanche swath, with trees tossed and snapped. And just last week Lee and I hiked up Bean Creek, where we observed with

jaws agape the path of the slide that came down the creek. In the upper basin was another track, similar to the one in Esmeralda Basin, with trees snapped off and tossed. Amazing.

SNOW RULE—Here's an interesting observation from SB of Silverdale:

"A long time ago, an old friend told me to watch the snow on Mount Townsend," she says. "When the snow was *completely* gone from the east side of the mountain, you could then start to head into the high country.

"That didn't mean you could get to the highest passes but it was the beginning of the migration inward. I have always lived by that rule, and it applies this year, too. It is the middle of August and the snow is just about gone. He was correct—in a normal year the snow is usually gone about mid June."

See you in the backcountry,

Ann Marshall



Ellie Cat always wears a PFD when kayaking. Here she takes a paddle on Redfish Lake, Idaho, with her person Shirley Ewing. Her other person Bill Ondrechen took the photo. "Ellie travels everywhere with us, and loves camping," says Bill, a *P&P* reader. When not hiking or paddling, they live in Boise.

D



Seattle Fabrics
Outdoor & Recreational Fabrics
 Retail & Wholesale
 Special Orders • Shipping Anywhere

SNOW SPORTS • Gore-Tex® • Fleece Fabrics • Waterproof Fabrics • Bag Fabrics • Patterns	HIKING/CAMPING • Coated Nylons • Sleepbag Zippers • Hardware & Webbing • Repair Items • Mosquito Netting • Bivy Sac Patterns	WATER SPORTS • Sunbrella® • Marine Zippers • Dry Bag Materials • Neoprene • Window Vinyl • Marine Hardware	OTHER ITEMS • Patterns & Books • All Widths Canvas • Fabrics For Kites, Windsacks, Banners, Flags, Also Velcro, Webbing & Zippers
--	---	---	---

OPEN MON THROUGH SAT 9-5
 9-7 THURSDAYS
 CATALOG AVAILABLE


(206) 525-0670
 FAX (206) 525-0779
<http://www.seattle2000.com/seattlefabrics>
 Helpfult Staff • Classes Available 8702 Aurora Ave N Seattle 98103 - SE Corner of 88th & Aurora

BACK ISSUES AVAILABLE

Complete your *Pack & Paddle* library—get all the back copies from Volume I, Number 1 to the current issue. Write or call for ordering information:

Pack & Paddle
 PO Box 1063
 Port Orchard WA 98366
 360-871-1862

McHalePacks
 has moved to a new location at
 Shilshole in Ballard:
 6341 Seaview Ave NW
 Seattle WA 98107
 (206) 783-3996
 —Please call ahead—
Above West Marine



Integral Designs
 Tent Dealer

INTRODUCING
 THE FIRST OF OUR NEW
AROUND-THE-MOUNTAIN
 POSTCARDS-POSTER SERIES

“AROUND RAINIER”
 Viewpoints Around the
 Northwest’s Greatest Mountain

The postcards-poster contains the following features:

- Colorful relief map of Mount Rainier National Park, Washington.
- Watercolors of selected popular views around the mountain. The back side of each painting has been designed to scissor into individual postcards to mail to your “Having-a-great-time-wish-you-were-here” friends and family.
- The back side of the poster includes a text that summarizes the mountain’s geologic setting, discovery and early explorations and ascents, and mountaineering as it is today.

With a suggested retail price of \$9.95
 you’ll be pleased with this attractive poster.

Order from: Molenaar Maps, PO Box 62, Burley WA 98322
 Include 8% state sales tax and \$2 shipping for first poster, \$1 each additional poster.