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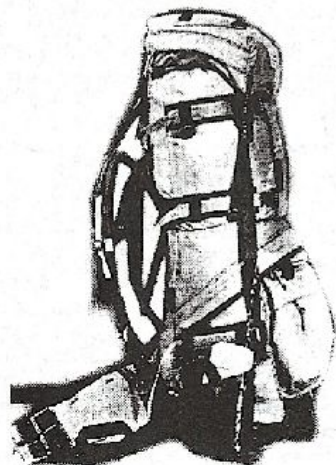
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VOLUME 9, NUMBER 2

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RANDOM VIEW—



Jacki Whittaker

Ranger Bill Austin and Turk staff the Goat Peak Lookout above Mazama every summer.

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A Mountaineer group led by Barb Powrie snowshoes up Skyline Ridge (Stevens Pass), Washington. Photo by Ann Marshall.

HOW TO BE A PACK & PADDLE CONTRIBUTOR:

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

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BACKCOUNTRY NEWS





REPORTS AND CONDITIONS

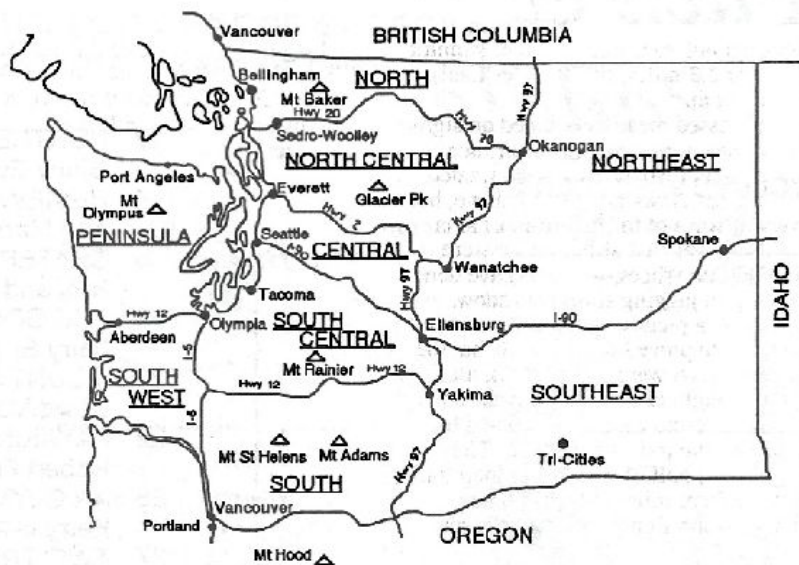
INTRODUCTION

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.
-  —Canoing, kayaking and water trips.
-  —Snowshoeing and cross-country skiing.



PENINSULA



MOUNT WALKER (USGS Mt Walker)

—After 5 days of fog covering Vashon Island, I knew I needed some sun. I drove south of Quilcene (Highway 101 milepost 300) to the Mount Walker trail. The gate was locked, so I walked to the trailhead (.3-mile).

The trail is 2 miles to the viewpoints, with a 20% grade. Steep! As soon as I started up the trail, I moved from the fog into tree-filtered sunlight. The trail is in wonderful shape. I had lunch at the north viewpoint, with three aggressive birds who wanted my bread. The temperature was 60 degrees. There are picnic tables, benches, outhouses.

I walked to the south viewpoint, (.6-mile) to see Mount Rainier rising above the fog. I took the road back down, 4 miles, arriving back in the fog and 34

degrees. Simply a wonderful day hike.
—Tom Magee, Vashon Island, 12/28.



MOUNT MULLER (USGS Mount Muller)

—This summit is the culmination of a low-elevation, but statistically-impressive Washington landform. Its 3748-foot top may make "real climbers" scoff, but with 2598 feet of prominence, it ranks as one of the Top 100 peaks in Washington in this important category. It's also noteworthy as a 17.5-mile ridge that rises quickly out of Lake Crescent to a 3000+ foot crest that rambles on and on before dropping down again to Bear Creek.

Dick Michelson and I were looking forward to the stunning views a big prominence peak like this presents, especially since Muller is so strategically located. The maps told us we'd have a great look at the north portion of the Olympics and out across the Strait of Juan de Fuca to the peaks of Vancouver Island and down into Victoria and Port Angeles, and west to Hawaii and Japan. We were in that great, odd weather pattern that had lasted for more than a week at the end of December with fog in the lowlands but sun in the mountains. Unfortunately for us, that pattern ended this day.

We caught the 5:50am Edmonds ferry to Kingston and noted that it was 92 miles from the landing (and about 31 miles from Port Angeles) to an obvious sign on the right (north) of Highway 101 for Mount Muller (about .8-mile past MP 217) at a power substation. We were happy to see this, since

none of the various USGS, Topo!, Forest Service, DeLorme, and Green Trails maps that we had showed any trail from this side, nor did any of our dated guidebooks.

A mile and a half or so before the trailhead turnoff, we crossed up and over the pass between Lake Crescent and the Sol Duc River at 1150 feet. This is the prominence-defining "Noah's Saddle" for Muller. If the ocean were to rise to this saddle, it would isolate Muller as an island, and the height of that island would be 2598 feet (3748 feet top minus 1150 feet saddle) which is the way prominence is calculated.

We drove a couple of hundred yards north from 101 to the Muller Loop trailhead, and found there a great map of the trail systems to the top. This map also showed that if you drive a little farther west on 101 to forest road 3040, you can access a trailhead on the north side that is significantly closer. We checked this out, only to find that this road was closed due to washouts.

Returning to the Muller trailhead, we continued driving left on a road that with a macho-machine would save about 300 feet and a half mile. We didn't have such a machine, so walked from 1060 feet up an abandoned jeep/mining road to pick up the trail at "Miner's Corner" and then followed the excellent trail 3.1 miles to the ridge crest west of Muller, signed 3250 feet. If you came in from the north on road 3040, it would be only .5-mile to this point. From the crest we followed the ridge trail east up and down past pil-

BACKCOUNTRY NEWS DEADLINE: February 15

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

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low-lava outcrops to the Muller summit (another 2.3 miles, or 5.4 miles total). 2.5 hours up.

We crossed meadows named on signs for women and gaps named for men and no doubt would have been treated to the great views mentioned above, but today, it was not to be. The most amazing thing was that although we were carrying snowshoes, we could have done this trip in jogging shoes. No snow. Dick took a picture of me at the summit sign, just to prove I'd been there, but the summit views were of ourselves, alas.

We thought of heading straight down to the car, cross country, but opted to return on the trail we came up. The other (east) half of the Muller loop trail is a couple of miles longer. 2 hours down.—John Roper, 12/29, Bellevue.

HURRICANE RIDGE

(USGS Hurricane Hill)—My friend Diana invited me on this trip with the Peninsula Wilderness Club. I hadn't been to Hurricane Ridge in several years and was looking forward to the great view. After forming car pools at the Hood Canal bridge, we drove to the visitor center in Port Angeles to await the opening of the road.

The Park Service allowed us to proceed at 10:30, after we stopped to pay our entrance fees.

Our large group of 24 signed in at the lodge (undergoing renovation), strapped on snowshoes, divided into fast, medium and leisurely groups, and headed toward Hurricane Hill about 11:30.

Low clouds, strong winds and snow flurries hid those great views I was looking for, but the snow was deep and fluffy, the trees plastered with white. This is a popular place and the route is divided into tracks for skiers and snowshoers. Snowshoeing has become so popular that I saw more snowshoers than skiers!

Our leisurely group stopped for lunch in the protection of trees at the end of the road. Ahead, we could see that the part of the route called "Steep and Icy" had been blown clean of snow and was covered by a sheet of ice. Those who continued to the top of Hurricane Hill reported a harrowing ascent and an even scarier descent.—Ann Marshall, Port Orchard, 1/8.

NORTH FORK SOL DUC—The footlog across the North Fork of the Sol Duc River finally has been washed downstream. Forging the river is now the only option.—Ranger, 1/11.

OIL CITY—The Oil City road is open but restricted to one lane of traffic

along three sections of the roadway. Travel after dark is not advised. Jefferson County has not determined when permanent repairs will be made.—Ranger, 12/22.

SOUTHWEST



MIMA MOUNDS (USGS Little Rock)

—I've always called this place "me-ma" but recently found out that it is pronounced "my-ma." Whatever!

Jacki, her daughter Heather and I had a fun few hours of sunny weather exploring these unusual little bumps just west of Little Rock. Following the loop trails shown on the trailhead map, we did about 5 miles around the area and covered most of it.

These mounds have fascinated me for years, and I finally got to visit them. They are interesting little rounded hills of prairie grass, nary a tree in sight except at the very edge of the plains. The trails wind their way between the hillocks, never climbing over them. Signs warn to remain on the trails in order to preserve the area. Climbing onto the domed roof of the small inter-

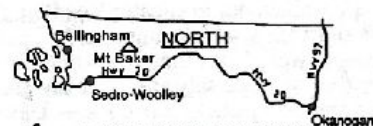


Darren McKee on the route to Waterhole from Hurricane Ridge.

pretive center near the parking lot, we were treated to a nice overview of the mounds.

The dome roof makes the center look like just another mound so it blends in well with the environment. It's good someone had some foresight when they constructed the building. Since this is a rather short hike, we had plenty of time afterward to eat dinner at nearby Capitol Mall.—Ginny Evans, Renton, 12/21.

NORTH



LOST, FRAGRANCE LAKES, RIDGE TRAIL

(USGS Bellingham South)—Lucky and I headed for the summit of Cleator Road, thinking we'd head for the Lost Lake overlook and the ridge trail, then come back via the Lost Lake (north) trail. The first problem we encountered was that Cleator Road was experiencing a snow closure from the gate up.

At first we thought, "What a bunch of wimps!" But just a short distance up the road we began to experience snow—on the ground, as well as falling out of the sky. We decided against the summit, as Lucky's long paw-hairs collect snow, which turns into snowballs and slows his progress to almost nothing.

After perhaps 1/4-mile in the light snow cover we headed onto a connector trail which cuts over to the ridge trail.

After less than a mile of alternating snow and mud we connected with the ridge trail. This precipitous trail runs along the ridge between Highway 11 (Chuckanut Drive) and the Lost Lake drainage, 1400 to 1900 feet above sea level, with a steep (75%) grade on one side and a cliff on the other.

In places it is a bit dangerous near the Lost Lake lookout, which is at the summit end. Fortunately, we were heading the other way—south, toward Bellingham.

I was a bit worried about Lucky, as the trail had an inch of snow in most places. Sure enough, after a mile he began to lie down and chew off snowballs—some as big as my fist. I helped as much as he'd let me, even going so far as to trim some long paw-hairs with my Swiss Army knife scissors. I figured that once we got to the Lost Lake trail, we'd be low enough to be below the snow line.

Wrong! When we went down the steep but short trail to the Lost Lake trail, we came out into about an inch of snow. I think it just doesn't get much

Lee McKee

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sun in there, so any snow hangs around all winter.

Lucky did better, since there were plenty of patches of standing water, which would melt the snow from his feet as he plodded through them. The snow stopped, and the Lost Lake south trail is wet enough that Lucky had little problem. We headed up and out, then to Fragrance Lake for lunch. Fragrance Lake was gorgeous with a coating of snow on the surrounding forest. We saw one couple there; otherwise it was deserted.

We walked out to Cleator Road on the short trail, which runs mostly straight west. Next time I'll watch the weather more closely and wear my gaiters and bring Lucky's booties.—David and Lucky, Bellingham, 1/10.



PINE/CEDAR LAKES TRAIL AND ENVIRONS

(USGS Bellingham South)—We thought about staying in, since it was wet and near freezing, but I said my motivational mantra and found the energy to get myself out. Lucky, of course, would go out at midnight in an arctic blizzard, and needs no convincing whatsoever.

(My mantra, which you are welcome to use if it works for you, is, "Would you rather be home, warm and dry, wishing you were out, or out, wet and cold, wishing you were home?" For me, the answer is almost always a resounding "OUT!")

We have been using the Pine/Cedar Lakes trail for conditioning for the last three weeks, and almost every morning I've noticed what looks like an old logging grade running along the base of the hill, heading west from the trailhead. Curiosity got the better of us today and we decided to check it out.

After a bit of scratching through brush near where the small stream crosses the trail, we were on what is perhaps a relic of logging in this area. Clearly visible from the trail above, it is definitely an old road or roadbed.

We followed it for ¼-mile, which, near the end, became more and more like bushwhacking. At the next stream it peters out, with no trace of a switchback or a crossing. Generally one may spot an old grade by watching for the patches of alder among the evergreens; no such "newer" growth exists across the stream, to my eye. There is a short, steep grade down to someone's property, but we declined to trespass, and headed back.

Suitably scratched and soaking wet, we headed up the main trail. At the 1-mile mark we decided to try cutting

over to the Lost Lake trail on the old connector. I hadn't been on this trail for three years, and suddenly I wasn't on any trail at all. I retraced my steps to the main path and turned on my GPS, only to find it non-functional, due to one bad battery. We looked a little longer for the old trail, but without the GPS it was too late to try. Again we headed up the main trail.

When we arrived at the cutoff for Cedar Lake we kept heading on. About two-thirds of the way to Pine Lake is a fairly obvious trail on the right, which heads southwest, then east, connecting to a DNR road. We took this trail, expecting to get a good view of the Mud Lake area. Three years ago I was just able to see over the brush and trees. Now I'd need to be at least twelve feet tall. Lucky doesn't much care about views, so we just headed back.

On our return we looked for another area of old logging grades we knew from before. It is attained from the area of the new Lost Lake connector trail. However, the work on this trail has obliterated the access to this area and I couldn't find it.

Three years is not much in the life of a forest, but can make more changes than one might imagine. As we reached the trailhead, about 4pm, the trail was becoming treacherous due to freezing. We headed home, happy to have been out on a wet, cold day, in spite of not finding much in the way of new or old trails or views.—David and Lucky, Bellingham, 1/2.



LAKE WHATCOM RAIL ROAD (USGS Lk Whatcom)

—This former rail line, we understand, was originally the Northern Pacific main line into Bellingham. It follows along the east shore of Lake Whatcom for about 3½ miles.

Leave I-5 northbound at exit 253

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

(Lakeway). After leaving the freeway make a right at the first intersection, then a left at the first traffic light. At a Y intersection at the entrance to Whatcom Falls Park keep left on Northshore Drive. Follow this past the development along the lake. At another Y at Agate Bay (there is a fire station on the left) keep right. In a couple of miles is a sign pointing left to the Lake Whatcom Trail. This is a county park with a fairly large parking area.

In about ½-mile the trail reaches the lake shore where it turns left and follows the old railroad about 3 miles. As this was a short hike we stopped at Whatcom Falls Park on our way back to view the destruction from the pipe line explosion and fire last spring. Nature is beginning to rebound, mostly fern and ground cover. It will be a long time before the trees grow back. There are some interpretive signs with interesting before and after pictures.—Leigh Champlin, Seattle, 1/16.



ROPER'S ROMP (USGS Damnation Pk, Mt Blum)

Getting there: Drive to the north end of Baker Lake and begin on road that goes up to Shannon Ridge trail.

The trail: Drive as high as possible up road 1152 and park when the snow gets too deep. We got to 1600 feet and began slogging up the logging road up toward Point 3804. With Mitch in the lead we followed onward and upward, our nice little party consisting of John R, "poster child" Jeff H, Marti, Don B and me. We didn't don snowshoes until about 300 vertical feet from the summit where Jeff H took the lead to the top.

It was a nice little trip high-lighted by summitting Point 3804 whose treed "apex" was covered by billions of tiny little "snow fleas."

From here it was down another logging road to a saddle around 3300 feet before beginning the next harrowing ascent of Point 3749 aptly dubbed "Nadrap Peak" by Jeff H, after I took a slight fall traversing a steep icy slope en route to the summit. Needless to say nobody followed my summit route to the top!

Once on the apex of this narrow summit we finally were able to take a break, enjoy some hot Kool-aid (compliments of Mitch) and some of Don's bagel sandwiches while exchanging pleasantries with each other. It snowed pretty much all day which made for a beautiful "Christmasy" like trip with great company.

Even John did a little bit of leading. Mitch redeemed last week's slacker step-kicking episode by doing a fair

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share of the leading under horrendous conditions!

Don appreciated the break from his normal death-defying climbing escapades but he and I were able to capture a little bit of that effect by attempting a short-cut on the return route which proved to be quite adventurous (I think John was having a little fun with us when he suggested we take this short cut!).—Pilar, Monroe, 12/26.



SOUTH FORK NOOKSACK RIVER (USGS Cavanaugh Cr)

—Lucky and I set out late after mailing the last of the out-of-town Christmas gifts. We arrived at the Skookum Fish Hatchery about 11:30. This is apparently a favored area at some time of the year as the hatchery has "No Parking" signs all along the fence; however, there were no other cars around and we didn't see anyone all day. We parked ¼-mile from the bridge and trailhead, and hoofed up the road.

We started ascending the logging road and went a few hundred feet up the side of the hill before we realized this was not the hike we'd seen described in Ken Wilcox's excellent book *Hiking Whatcom County* (third edition). We could see a trail by the river below, so we backtracked to the gate and started over on the lower trail.

The South Fork Nooksack was running full and muddy. Soon, so was the trail. A ¼-mile in, to avoid a swampy spot on the trail, we explored a side path, which leads to an aerial tram across the river to a water-level sensing device maintained by the US Coast and Geodetic Survey.

Back out to the main trail, we crossed numerous streams, slogged through mini-bogs, major puddles, and worked around mud-holes and streams running down the trail.

At one point Lucky jumped a stream onto an apparently solid embankment; he went up to his chest in mud. I thought I might have to stand in the stream and pull him out by the tail, but he got himself out. Shortly thereafter he jumped or fell into a big puddle and got all the mud off.

When we came to a seemingly impassable bog in the middle of the trail, we began bushwhacking through the forest between the bog and the river. This proved futile, as we were either in forested bog or fighting our way through brush and windfall. We spent about half an hour to make perhaps an eighth of a mile progress. We fought our way back to the main trail and slogged on.

After a total of perhaps 3 miles, we

came to a major stream, running down the middle of the trail. At that moment, a hawk screamed at us from his perch fifty feet directly overhead. We took that as a signal that we'd reached the end of the trail.

The book says the trail continues into Skagit County to a clear-cut; perhaps it does, during a drier time of year. We slipped and slid our way back, this time finding a way through that impassable bog, and I managed to fall into the last stream before the trailhead. We returned home wet and weary, although we'd gone only 6 mostly level miles.—David and Lucky, Bellingham, 12/10.

NORTH CASCADES NATIONAL PARK—The North Cascades Visitor Center near Newhalem is open week-ends throughout this winter with the exception of holidays.

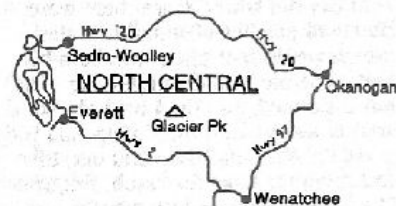
The center's hours are 9am to 4:30pm. Naturalists will present programs at 1pm daily. On clear days, it is often possible to see mountain goats in the distance from the short boardwalk trail behind the visitor center.

The center offers exhibits, audiovisual programs, books and maps.

Groups may arrange for weekend visits to the center or for weekend presentations by calling 206-386-4495 x 12.

Goodell Creek campground at milepost 119 and Colonial Creek campground at milepost 130 are open for camping. Neither campground has potable water in the winter, nor are they plowed. There is no fee for camping during the winter.—Ranger, 1/8.

NORTH CENTRAL



EBEY'S LANDING (USGS

Coupeville)—On the west side

of Whidbey Island near Coupeville. State Parks maintains a small parking area on the water at the end of Ebey Road. The trail climbs the bluff and follows it for about 2½ miles to the bluff end. There are views west across the water to Port Townsend and east across Ebey's Prairie. Mount Baker is visible when it is clear.

We were in a transition zone. Sunny and clear to the south, cloudy and rainy to the north. We were hailed on briefly and it was a bit windy. After lunch on the bluff it was an easy loop return by way of the beach. We enjoy this hike in winter as it is usually in the rain shadow of the Olympics.—Leigh Champlin, Seattle, 1/2.



GOLD MOUNTAIN (USGS

Darrington), FRENCH

POINT (USGS *Mt Higgins*)—Getting there: Drive past Darrington and turn right past "Summit Timber" headquarters. Turn right onto road 24 to obvious branch roads up toward the highest summit of Gold Mountain (on the



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northwest end of the peak).

The trip: We had a huge party: Jerry, Tom R, Dick M, Fred and Don B, Sam Houston, Grant Meyers, Mitch and me. We were going to need a large party to make it up this massive summit (the summit ridge stays high for several miles).

We drove to around 2200 feet and found ourselves setting up an advanced base camp about 20 minutes after starting out to rest up for our "summit assault" of Gold Mountain. After about an hour's rest we decided to attack the summit in "waves."

The first party included Grant who located the "summit road wad" after a few minutes of searching a heavily wooded area. Eight of us then proceeded to climb atop the "wad" for a summit photo taken by Don B. Thankful to be alive we then descended for some much needed oxygen before taking the 10 minute trek back to the car. Quite a trip!

Amazingly enough we still had enough energy to climb one more peak so it was off to attempt "French Point." The drive begins several miles up the Boulder River road (west of Darrington). Take the obvious clearcut road taking care to avoid the on-coming logging trucks.

The road goes right to the summit where there are still some of the old concrete footings remaining from the former lookout (also remember to watch out for still burning brush piles).

This was Tom Rainey's first hike since back surgery—welcome back!—Pilar, Monroe, 12/23

❄️ **MOUNT DICKERMAN (GT Sloan Peak)**—On the day before Christmas, Sue and I headed up the Mountain Loop Highway, leaving the foggy lowlands behind for some sunshine higher up.

The road was plowed from earlier snow, but the parking lot had several inches of the white stuff. We were the only ones on the trail as we started up the many switchbacks. The first mile of trail was snow covered, then as we got higher, we hiked on the bare trail.

We got nice views of Big Four, Sperry and Vesper Peak through the trees. About 1 1/4 miles up the trail we were on snow once again. Another couple caught up to us before the first avalanche chute. Before getting to the meadow, we stopped for lunch in a spot with a good view across the valley. I checked the temp and it was 47 degrees.

Warmer than the valley down below. While we were eating, a backcountry skier came by heading up to the higher

slopes, plus another snowshoer. With lunch eaten, we decided to head back down, to get back to the parking lot before dark. Met three young people who were going up, without gaiters or snowshoes.

Since there was snow on the trail, we couldn't hike as fast as when it is bare. After getting down to the trailhead parking lot, I had to chain up to get back out to the bare road. As we left, it was getting dark and the six other hikers were still up on the mountain, coming down with headlamps, we hoped.—George Chambers, Bothell, 12/24.

❄️ **BIG FOUR (GT Silverton)**—Bouncing out of bed Saturday morn, piled our gear into the car, and headed to Deer Creek, 22 miles past Granite Falls. "Thousands" of cars lined both sides of the Mountain Loop Highway.

We stepped onto our slippery slats and shuffled off for a 5.5-mile round trip fun run in the sun. The snow was well packed by the many snowmobilers. In fact, it was so well packed in the middle of the closed section of the highway, people walked from Deer Creek to Big Four. Most hikers, snowshoers, cross-country skiers, and snowmobilers were pleasant and courteous. A few mouthy snowshoers were blasting the snowmobilers with insults, but the drivers held their tempers and for the most part were very pleasant.

On the way back, I heard some sleds coming and stepped off the main track. One was running the snow ridge piled along the road. Suddenly, his right runner caught something and flipped him into the ditch. At that point the ditch was about eight to 10 feet deep. There was no snow in the bottom. I quickly headed for the wreck. Suddenly, the guy's head popped up. Several of us helped right the machine and dug a ramp so he could get it back on the road. He was shaken but okay.

We ate lunch at the Big Four gazebo, cheered on a large group of snowshoing Mountaineers, chatted with 6 other skiers, and enjoyed a most beautiful winter day. As we ate, the beautiful Stellar's jays eyed our lunches with great interest. They noted every crumb that fell from our sandwiches and swooped down to grab them at the first opportunity.—Wanderbuns and Shortstop, Kirkland, 1/15.

❄️ **TOIL PEAK and DOUBLE TOIL PEAK (GT Monte Cristo)**—With the recent break from the rain we hoped to drive to the Blanca Lake trailhead. At about 3/4-mile before

the trail Sam Houston and Ron Sawyer chopped away at ice and snow with their ice axes to help make a parking spot/turn-around in deepening snow.

By 9am we were on the actual trail atop crunchy hard snow. Above 3000 feet we were breaking through occasionally and at 4200 feet we put on snowshoes.

We followed the ridge until 4600 feet briefly traversing the north flank then south toward "Toil Peak" (5128 feet on map). A couple of short steep sections and we were on top at noon thanks to excellent snow conditions.

As we ate our lunch we enjoyed some great views and sunshine from this partially wooded summit. By 12:30 we were on our way down the 500-foot drop toward Double Toil (5427 feet on map).

The north ridge up the peak was a steep but pleasant route; had the snow not been as firmly crusted we would not have been able to remove our snowshoes, making for a much more difficult climb.

A couple of sections here would be hazardous under poorer snow conditions because of avalanche and exposure potential. I thought about this as my dog Panterra used his claws as built-in crampons to confidently make the ascent.

A couple of hundred feet lower than the summit we traversed the east flank of the ridge on gentler slopes and wound our way up to summit at 1:40. With such short daylight hours we allowed ourselves only 10 minutes to soak up a sea of peaks and views, a shame for such effort and great weather.

We retraced our route at a brisk pace to reach the car at 4:40, just before dark.

We all agreed that this trip is a winter classic and a fitting end to another year of mountain adventures.—Grant Myers, Bellingham, 12/29.

MOUNTAIN LOOP HIGHWAY—The Mountain Loop is blocked at Deer Creek, approximately 24 miles east of Granite Falls. There is plenty of snow and plenty of parking. And you do NOT need a Trail Park Pass or a Sno-Park Pass.—Ranger, 1/12.



CLE ELUM DIST—Through a series of informal discussions with motorized and self-powered users, eight areas have been identified that snowmobilers

will be asked to avoid in the interest of promoting cooperation among user groups. The discussion group believed this would be better received than regulations imposed on everyone.

These eight areas were identified as important to skiers and snowshoers because of location, access and terrain but are little used by snowmobilers. The Kittitas County Snowmobile Grooming Council has endorsed this plan. The Forest Service will mark these areas with signs, and maps will be available at the Cle Elum Ranger Station.

Our intention is to try this for a winter and see how it works. We will evaluate its success one season at a time. It is our hope that snowmobilers will avoid these areas so skiers and snowshoers can enjoy the quiet and everyone will be satisfied with the arrangement.

The areas are:

1. The "Trollhaugen" area between the John Wayne Trail and I-90, south of exits 62 and 63;
2. Howson Creek/Salmon la Sac in the Cle Elum Valley
3. East Red Mountain in the Clem Elum Valley
4. Wenatchee Ridge Road, Blewett Pass
5. Jungle Creek, Teanaway
6. Beverly and Bean Creeks, Teanaway
7. Iron Creek and Bear Creek in the Swauk-Teanaway (not the one in Cle Elum Valley)
8. Wilson Rim Ski Trails

For more information contact the Cle Elum Ranger Station in Cle Elum, 509-674-4411.—Ranger, 1/10.

ENCHANTMENTS—Overnight Wilderness permits are required from June 15 through October 15.

To obtain an application for the 2000 hiking season, call the ranger station (509-548-6977). Processing of permit applications will begin on March 1.—Ranger, 1/5.

SNOWSHOE WALKS—Ranger-led interpretive snowshoe walks at Snoqualmie Pass will be held through April 8 every Saturday and Sunday. The walk meanders through old growth forest, with stops to discuss winter ecology and basic snowshoeing tech-

niques. The walks leave the Information Center at 10am and 1pm, and generally last 90 minutes. A donation is requested to help maintain the snowshoes and compensate the interpreters.

For more information, call 425-434-6111.—Ranger, 1/4.

SOUTH CENTRAL



LANDSBURG to MAPLE VALLEY (USGS Hobart, Maple Valley)

—This was a one way hike for the Snoqualmie Valley Trails Club and I was the car at the end. The 13 hikers led by Dave Ziegler did the 5.17 miles from Landsburg to near where Highway 18 crosses the RR grade at Maple Valley.

I hiked toward Landsburg to meet the group. They had done a side trail and I caught up to them about 1/2-mile on the west side of the first iron bridge on the grade from Landsburg.

If you like rivers and some solitude, it is another fine winter's hike. If you explore all of the side trails, you will get your brush crashing, your complete solitude, and even mud on your boots.

On New Years Day, Shortstop and I went back to do the rest of the trek and a loop trail that follows the Cedar River. We started at Landsburg heading to where I met the group on 12/26. We hiked 3.5 miles with a 50 foot elevation gain.

On the east side of the highway hikers can't go east of the Park. The reason is it becomes the Seattle Water Department's Cedar River Watershed.

To get to Landsburg, go to Issaquah and follow the Hobart Road to Highway 18 interchange. Or take Highway 18 to the Hobart Interchange and drive south. Hobart Road becomes 276 Avencu SE a little south of there. Follow it about 7 to 9 miles to the Cedar River Bridge. On east side of the road is a park. On the other is the parking for the old CM

State Park and PR/R grade which is the trailhead.—Wanderbuns, Kirkland, 12/26 and 1/1.



WEST TIGER MOUNTAIN (GT Tiger Mt)

—Turning off I-90 at the Tiger Mountain exit we turned left instead of going right up to the parking area and main trailhead. The road ends in about 800 yards and there is ample space for several cars. The trail begins at the road end. In about 2 miles it joins the main Tiger Mountain Trail (TMT). Turning left and continuing uphill through the woods soon brought us to a fork where turning left took us to the summit of West Tiger 1 where all of the transmitting towers are located. This was one of those days when the inversion was in effect and at the top it was almost shorts and tee-shirt weather. We chose to have lunch here and enjoy the sun and the views. It is a short trek over to summit 2, and then on to summit 3 where we picked up the trail for the descent back down to the main trail. It was a short trek back down the road to the car. This was an interesting variation to the West Tiger hike.—Leigh Champlin, Seattle, 12/26.



OWEN BEACH, COMMENCEMENT BAY (NOAA 18474)

—This turned out to be a three plan day, starting with Plan A and ending with Plan C. We wanted to spend time doing navigation practice while paddling, but winds in the range of 20 to 30 knots caused several refinements to the overall plan.

Nine of us met at a local McDonald's in Tacoma on Saturday morning where we started the navigation practice by marking up our charts and discussing

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navigation basics. The original route, Plan A, involved launching from Owen Beach in Point Defiance Park (see *South Puget Sound Afoot & Afloat*), crossing The Narrows, and then returning to Owen Beach. But due to the wind, that was replaced with the Plan B route, paddling into upper Commencement Bay from Owen Beach.

With charts marked up, we headed for Owen Beach and unloaded boats. After doing compass error checks and position fixes, we launched and paddled a set course out into Dalco Passage. Our first target was a spot a quarter mile off-shore which we located using a natural range involving the Gig Harbor entrance light and a compass bearing from Neill Point on Vashon Island.

Having made it to that spot, we next headed southeast into upper Commencement Bay to our second target—a little over a mile away and a half mile or so off shore. Wind waves and gusts on the stern quarter of our kayaks made holding a compass course somewhat challenging. After about a mile we lost protection that a ridge line on the shoreline had been giving us and started to feel the effects of the wind even more.

With our group getting separated in the windy conditions, we gave up on Plan B and went to an impromptu Plan C, which was to head for shore and do a shoreline paddle. We continued along the shore and found the range line marking the start of a measured nautical mile and decided to paddle that to see what our paddle speed really was. Even that plan got sidetracked halfway through when our group decided a shore break at a nearby sani-can was in order.

Being late afternoon and with darkness coming early in winter months, we decided to forego the measured mile paddle after a short break and headed back to Owen Beach instead.

Part of navigation is adjusting your route as conditions dictate, and we sure got a lot of practice in that area on this day's paddle!—LGM, Port Orchard, 1/8.



CHEHALIS WESTERN RAILROAD (USGS Lacey)

This trail is one of the rails-to-trails hikes that follows the route of the former Chehalis Western RR from downtown Lacey about 6 miles to the Sound at Henderson Bay. Take the Marvin Road exit from I-5 and park where the trail crosses the road.

The trail is paved most of the way. After passing behind some houses and condos it is fairly rural, with farms, interesting old barns, small ponds and

some wetlands where we spotted a blue heron. The trail ends at the site of the log dump where logs were dumped into the water for towing to mills in the Everett area. There are a few picnic tables. There are plans to develop this into a park/picnic area. There is an interesting nature trail loop nearly completed. It is necessary to hike along a highway a short distance as a trestle is not usable, but we understand this is to be repaired as part of the park project. This is a very interesting winter hike.—Leigh Champlin, Seattle, 1/9.



TUMTUM PEAK (USGS Wahpenayo Pk)

Getting there: Drive to the Nisqually entrance and park at the Kautz Creek trailhead.

The trail: Marti and I decided to go out Christmas day and decorate a tree commemorating the holiday on the summit of Tuntum Peak. We had an icy drive up to the Park through the Puget lowland fog. This lasted until we got to Alder Lake where the fog lifted and we were treated to wide-open cloudless blue sky.

We came prepared for lots of snow and began the trek in clear cold conditions. After the icy crossing of Kautz Creek the trail became snowfree and the temperature kept getting warmer and warmer...

We followed the trail to around 3200 feet where we began heading almost due west to the saddle at 3360+ feet northeast of the peak. From here we headed southwest up open timber to the heavily wooded summit at 4678 feet. We were in snow only the last 500 feet or so the entire day.

At the top is an old torn-up flag



Jane Habbeger and Bill Lynch on the way to Reflection Lakes.

A passing skier

around a dead tree with a tiny summit register dating "way back" to July of '98. We were only the second party since then. There are some great filtered views south to Mount Adams and of High Rock Lookout from the top but not many elsewhere.

Marti had made some "Christmas bows" the night before and we decorated a tiny sub-alpine fir near the summit with them, while enjoying hot cocoa and basking in the 60 degree weather.

After spending nearly an hour at the top we decided it was time to head down. I suggested trying the east ridge so down we went... Things went well for awhile until we hit a very steep cliff that left us a little sketched.

So we went back up a bit and headed more northeasterly eventually hitting the Kautz Creek trail about 1/4-mile from Kautz Creek. It was now an easy trot back to the car! This is a very nice little trip and if you stick to your approach route it is very straightforward.—Pilar, Monroe, 12/25.



BELJICA (USGS Mt Wow)

Getting there: Drive to Stefan's and park. Cram yourself into the cab of his truck (try to get the window seat; I failed!). Drive east on Highway 706 and take first left past Kernahan Road east of Ashford. Follow road 59 until snow prohibits further travel.

The trail: Marti, Stefan and I started out at about 3300 feet before we were stopped by snow. Supposedly there is a Sno-park at the junction of roads 59 and 5920 (about 3700 feet), but it isn't plowed or maintained except by the last 4X4 to have rolled through. High clearance, 4-wheel-drive and chains are a few of the necessities you need to get to the "sno-park."

We had a nice experience trying to get Stefan's poor little rear-wheel-drive truck turned around which entailed both getting it stuck and ripping a chain from one of his tires. Fortunately we succeeded and began slogging up the road around 9:30 toward Mount Beljica. The three of us began in a light, wet snow following in the tracks of one courageous vehicle.

After reaching road 5920 we donned snowshoes and began heading up the road toward Lake Christine. At 4040+ feet the road crosses the main stream coming down from Lake Christine. At this point we left the road and began following the stream heading almost due east on the north side of the creek.

The going was fairly arduous at times in 18 to 24 inches of new powdery snow. Stefan led when things got ugly and at one point we got into a real

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interesting rock formation at 4600 feet. The rock was an overhanging continuous shelf seemingly impossible to get over and snow-free beneath with icicles hanging from the roof.

This would have been a great bivi spot aside from the fact that it was very close to a major road a few hundred feet below! Funny how you never find these things when you really need them.

Above the shelf the steepness relent-ed and soon we found ourselves sitting on a little knoll above the lake. Here we took a short break before heading north-northwest up very gradual slopes to the top of Mount Beljica at 5475 feet. Marti and Stefan did most of the leading and the route was fairly protected except for the last 50 feet or so which was cold and very exposed to the elements. I hadn't been wearing any head gear to this point and experienced an immediate "ice cream headache" upon being blasted by snow and wind at the summit.

Stefan kissed the treeless summit (no views) and we quickly descended back to the shelter of the trees where we had an "extended" five minute break. Poor Stefan was beside himself having to wait this long (perhaps his longest stop

ever!) while Marti and I ate. It was already 12:45 and peak 5528 was calling! So back down to the lake, across the outlet and up to the east ridge of point 5528. Stefan kicked steps the entire way leading us valiantly to the summit.

This little summit is the highest thing in the surrounding vicinity and again there were no views other than the one of Stefan heading out on a small cornice to kiss the summit!


Not knowing if this peak had a name we called it "Mount Magrst" in the same spirit Mount Beljica was named (there were no vowels in the first letters of our names so we had to add the second letters too). The descent was straightforward and we went straight down our up route.

Once back on the main road 59 it appeared many people had driven up to the "sno-park" area since our initial attempt earlier in the day. We spent a good deal of time picking up beer cans on the road walk back to the truck and arrived back at the cars a bit before 4:30. The only difficult part now was getting down with only one tire chain.

It was getting dark and we were surprised to see that many vehicles were still coming up the road as we were trying to descend. After a couple

of close calls with oncoming traffic we got down and had a pleasant drive back to Stefan's.—Pilar, Monroe, 1/9.

OHIO

 **OWL PROWL**—Two large groups gathered at the Lake View Cemetery for an evening Owl Prowl. Naturalists from the Nature Center at Shaker Lakes started the evening with information about owls in general, their habitat choices, feeding preferences and their special features in the bird world.

The 285-acre cemetery is surrounded by the lights of Cleveland so there was enough light to walk the paths without flashlights. It had snowed during the day so the grass and monuments had a frosting of white which also contributed to the light.

It's an old cemetery so there are lots of trees and shrubs to shelter birds. However, we weren't lucky enough to see an owl that evening. Deer and foxes have also been sighted there. It's a marvelous spot of parkland in the middle of a busy city. We returned to the mausoleum for hot chocolate after walking several of the roads and paths.—Kathe Stanness, Cleveland & Marysville, 1/7.

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—Climbing gear on Sauk Mountain, 12/4. Call to identify. 206-523-7733 (Seattle).

FOUND—On West Tiger, 11/22, Goran and I stopped at the "hiker's hut" and found a stuff sack with clothing on the bench. I took them home and washed them—they were damp and smelly—now I have them waiting for the owner to identify and claim. Call Fred, 425-888-3749 (Woodinville).

FOR SALE: Sorel boots, never worn (too small); black, waterproof bottoms, warm removable liners, suede leather uppers, men's size 7 (women's 8 to 8½). Paid \$70, will sell for \$35. 425-868-7601 (Redmond).

FOR SALE—Merrell FTS Flash Tele-mark ski boots, two pairs. Plastic/leather.

1 year old, worn only a few times but too stiff. Women's 7, and men's 8.5. New \$325, asking \$225/pair OBO.

Two pairs Quick-fit tire chains, no need to lie in the snow to hook up. Fits multiple size tires, used on Grand Cherokee. \$45/pair OBO. Valerie or Michael, 360-435-0739 before 8pm (Arlington).

FOR SALE—1989 Life Link shovel. This is the "breakdown" model—the blade detaches from the handle for easy packing. Strong shovel. Good condition. \$25 plus \$10 postage.

1988 Lowe "Latok" fleece-lined salopette knickers. One-of-a-kind, designed by Alex Lowe. Wonderful bivi and climbing pants. Blue/red knee and rear patches made with nylon Armor Cloth. HUGE and smooth non-icing YKK zippers. Full side zips. Full crotch zips (bellybutton to tailbone). Approximately 32-34 inch stretchy waist. A nice piece of gear, lightweight and warm. I'm too darn big for them now. Mint condition. Paid \$100+, will sell for \$40 plus \$10 postage.

Larry Smith, 360-876-7788, leave message during the day (Port Orchard).

JUST CRANK IT!—New rock climbing guidebook to Mount Erie and Fidaigo Island. Most routes range from 10 to 25 feet. Great for beginners and experts alike.

Price is \$12 plus \$1.50 for shipping (\$13.50 total). Dallas Kloke, 4012 M Ave, Anacortes WA 98221. 360-293-2904.

WSTC—Washington Ski Touring Club offers a variety of trips, clinics and volunteer opportunities for cross-country and backcountry skiers. Meetings are held the first Thursday of the month, November through April, at Seattle REI, 7pm. For more information, call 206-525-4451, or visit our website, www.wstc.org

OSAT—A clean and sober climbing and mountaineering club. 206-236-967 or on the web: www.osat.org

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).

GINNY EVANS

Northern Wind River Range

—“LET’S GET OUT OF WASHINGTON AND FIND SOME PLACE WITH NO SNOW”—

It all began with my grouching to my sister last April about our heavy snowpack and the fact that the high country probably wouldn't open up until fall. I blurted out, “Let's get out of Washington and go to the Wind Rivers in Wyoming for instance. They probably don't have the volume of snow we do.”

Then at our May Mountaineer Mid-week Hikes planning meeting, Alan Mebane announced that he was going to lead a 3-day August backpack in the Winds. Fate? Call it what you will. I was the first to sign up.

Jeanie and Alan Mebane spend their summers working and volunteering in Grand Teton National Park so they are very familiar with the entire area including the Wind River Range. They selected a moderate trip that allowed plenty of time for stopping to look at flowers and plants and for picture taking.

It was the perfect trip in every way except for the *mosquitoes*. I never even thought that the bugs in the Winds would be worse than here in our Cascades until Dick Searing, who also signed up for the backpack, said he'd heard there were lots of bugs. Then I happened to talk to two other parties who had hiked there, and they both said



Alan and Jeanie Mebane

Ginny Evans

the same thing—wonderful trip except for the mosquitoes. It took quite a bit of searching locally to find an insect repellent with a high DEET and head nets.

We could have easily waited until we arrived in Pinedale, the last town before the trailhead. Every store in town had a huge supply of insect repellent as well as a variety of head nets. With such large displays, we knew we were in for it.

Day 1

Taking Skyline Drive out of Pinedale on August 18, we skirted Fremont Lake on a paved road all the way to the huge parking lot at the popular Elkhart Park trailhead, elevation 9300 feet. It was the biggest trailhead parking lot we'd ever seen and was already full of cars at 8:30 on a weekday morning.

The Mebanes told us that this area is very popular with Utahans in particular. Sure enough most of the cars in the parking lot hailed from Utah.

More people backpack in the Winds than day hike but with the many trail junctions, the crowds get dispersed in the backcountry. Shouldering our packs, all seven of us shoved off from the trailhead just after 9am.

Besides Jeanie and Alan Mebane, Jim and I, my sister Jacki and her husband David, and Dick Searing made up our group.

The first few miles of the Pole Creek trail were on a very gentle grade in an

open forest made up mostly of lodgepole pine with a beautiful ground cover of whortleberry. It was wonderful having the Mebanes know the names of every tree, shrub, and flower we passed.

Soon we crossed into the Bridger Wilderness, and first broke out of the forest at 3.3 miles in Miller Park, a lovely flower-filled subalpine meadow. At 4.5 miles is Photographers Point, aptly named since we enjoyed grand views of the peaks on the Continental Divide. Stopping for pictures and lunch, we took a long break. Just a few mosquitoes greeted us when we sat down.

After lunch, the trail got rockier and steeper. We gained some altitude and we lost some as we wound our way into the wilds of the Winds. The farther we hiked, the better the scenery.

It is difficult to describe the incredible views. It is similar to our Enchantments only without the larch trees and ten times bigger in size. Numerous tarns and lakes lined the way, along with scattered subalpine forests, and small meadows strewn with fleabane, asters, white columbine, cinquefoil, Indian paintbrush, and lupine just to name a few.

The way proceeded through a high landscape of bare, ice-polished granite. Every lake we passed became prettier than the previous one.

Just before Barbara Lake, we turned north on the Seneca Lake trail. We stopped briefly at Barbara Lake to pump water. The Mebanes kept reminding us to drink more than usual because we could easily become dehydrated in the high elevations of over 10,000 feet, something those of us living near sea level aren't used to.

In midafternoon, we stopped at an overlook above deep blue Seneca Lake. I gazed down upon the scattered stands of whitebark pine and spruce in the lake basin surrounded by smooth granite domes overseen by a panorama of peaks over 13,000 feet. I think that heaven could never be any more beautiful than this.



Jacki learns to eat while wearing a head net, at camp between Seneca Lakes.

Ginny Evans

We made our camp at the north end of Seneca Lake at an elevation of 10,250 feet. This would be home for the two nights we were in the area. Our group had covered 9 miles, and 2000 feet gain including all the ups and downs.

We made good time this day even though hiking at these high elevations necessitated more rest breaks than usual. The only effect I noticed regarding the elevation was that when going uphill, I got out of breath just talking. Anyone who knows me, knows I like to talk. It is just terrible to get out of breath and have to stop talking.

Well, it was a perfect day until we began setting up camp. The mosquitoes saw us coming and came out in droves. Out came the repellent and head nets. Try eating with a head net on when you aren't used to wearing one.

More than once, I spooned a mouthful into the netting, and Alan said he forgot and blew his nose through the net. But the evening alpenglow on the peaks made up for our discomfort. Such vivid pinks and purples. I've never seen anything like it before. After a short walk to another gorgeous lake, I joined a rousing card game in Dick's tent. An incredible day.

Day 2

We were hoping for low temperatures overnight to freeze out the bugs but it remained mild all night. Today dawned clear and sunny but we would be donning our rain jackets before the day was over. There weren't quite as many mosquitoes in camp during breakfast as there were the night before but enough that we still needed our head nets.

Beyond Little Seneca Lake, we headed off on the Indian Pass trail toward Island Lake and timberline. When Alan said that Island Lake was the prettiest one, I asked him how they could get any better than what we had seen so far. He said this one had islands in it, hence the name.

It was strikingly beautiful, especially the white sandy beach at the south end of the lake. A mile or so beyond Island Lake, we took off north on the Titcomb Basin trail.

Wearing only day packs and taking our time, we soaked up the scenery, continually stopping for pictures and snacks all the way to Titcomb Lakes.

At Titcomb Lakes, we split up. Jeanie, Alan and Dick opted to sit on a



Looking into Titcomb Basin.

Ginny Evans

wonderful little granite knoll overlooking the lakes and have lunch. Jacki, David, Jim and I continued to the end of middle Titcomb Lake.

Just ahead was the northernmost lake in the string and then Titcomb Basin above that. I just *had* to get to that basin. No one else felt that way, and they wanted to stop for lunch and to pump water so I hiked the rest of the way alone.

The stark basin at 10,650 feet is a mecca for climbing parties, an austere base camp for ascents of the northern peaks of the range, including Gannett Peak, the highest in Wyoming. Many parties were camped there, all in the open as not much besides stubby grass grows here.

Looking up the sheer granite walls to the lofty peaks above, one feels rather small. I also noticed a bunch of black thunderheads up there and after a few pictures, beat a hasty retreat.

Gathering people at various locations on the way back, we attempted to outrun the rain but didn't quite make it.

It never did rain real hard, however, and the sun was out by the time we reached camp. The mosquitoes greeted us again so on went the head nets. What would we do without them? The head nets I mean. Everyone was too tired for a walk or card game after dinner, and we turned in early.

Day 3

We got up so early that we beat the mosquitoes and actually enjoyed a camp meal without head nets. Breaking camp, we reluctantly left this beautiful area and retraced our steps we took in

two long days ago.

Soon after leaving camp, we met a desperate backpacker who would have paid anything for a roll of film. Jacki and I both had an extra roll of print film and were about to give him some when he said it had to be slide film or nothing. He wasn't interested in prints.

Although it was blue sides and sun in the morning, by early afternoon the black clouds began to roll in again. This time we were caught in a few downpours but again, by the time we reached the cars, the sun was out and we were dry.

This is by far the most beautiful backpack any of us had ever done. The ease of access combined with the grandeur of the scenery made it even more enjoyable.

I highly recommend it but suggest going after Labor Day when the crowds have thinned and the bugs are gone. The Mebanes were in the same area in early September last year and weren't plagued by mosquitoes at all.

Thanks, Jeanie and Alan, for sharing this special area with us.

△

Ginny Evans, of Renton, has been hiking for many years. She is a Mountaineer trip leader.

ANN MARSHALL

Reviewing Fee Demo

—WHAT'S COMING FOR THIS YEAR? NO ONE'S SAYING ... YET—

Since 1996 the Recreation Fee Demonstration Program has been with us. Originally the program was to be an experiment lasting only three years. Congress has extended the program twice, however, and it now is scheduled to expire in September 2001.

If some groups have their way, the experiment will become a permanent fee system. Other groups, like the Sierra Club, oppose the fees and have released emphatic statements against the current fee system.

In years past, *Pack & Paddle* has brought you a brief look at how the funds collected over the past year were spent. We could track down few figures for 1999 for the Forest Service, aside from vague statements of accomplishment, thus:

Trail Park Project, Oregon and Washington forests: Funds were used to repair and maintain 275 miles of trail, maintain 40 waterbars, replace 30 trailhead posters, install 6 information boards, repair and reconstruct 5 hitching rails, install gates at 2 trailheads, install seasonal chemical toilets, install a trail bridge, install fee tubes, and enhance trailhead and parking facilities.

By last October, however, the Park Service had figures prepared for Mount Rainier and Olympic National Parks. *P&P* picked up a copy at a fall meeting on user fees. Let's go through them first before we look ahead:

MOUNT RAINIER

In fiscal year 1999, Mount Rainier National Park took in \$2,377,621 from the Fee Demo program. This included:

- \$1,400,069 daily entrance permits
- \$250,074 reservation campgrounds
- \$249,985 park specific passes
- \$192,760 Golden Eagle passes
- \$122,573 campground fees
- \$99,400 commercial vehicle tours



- \$38,110 Golden Age passes
- \$24,071 backcountry fees
- \$580 recreation permits

This amount was less than 1998 by \$156,411, although perhaps that is because of the wet weather and all that snow.

The total budget for MRNP in FY 99 was \$8,310,000, so the amount taken in from Fee Demo was about 25% of its budget.

The handout shows what they spent:

- \$486,700 fee collection operations FY99
- \$266,000 campground rehab
- \$221,900 upgrade Ohanapecosh sewer treatment
- \$113,600 rehab heavily used trails
- \$106,000 repair Grove of the Patriarchs trail
- \$57,800 Wilderness permits FY99
- \$21,000 rehab Reflection Lake area
- \$16,100 hazard tree identification
- \$11,000 reveg damaged subalpine meadow
- \$1500 construct vault restroom at Tipsoo Lake

The projects included several others not listed here. The total spent comes to \$1,860,350.

OLYMPIC NATIONAL PARK

In fiscal year 1999, Olympic National Park took in \$1,961,318 from the Fee Demo program. This included:

- \$823,329 daily entrance permits

- \$645,695 campground fees
- \$165,840 Golden Eagle passes
- \$134,003 backcountry fees
- \$129,884 park specific passes
- \$31,490 Golden Age passes
- \$19,305 commercial vehicle tours
- \$11,732 other recreation use fees

This amount was less than 1998 by \$188,932. The same as Mount Rainier, the decline can perhaps be accounted for by the rain and snow of last summer.

The total budget for ONP in FY99 was \$8,185,000. The amount taken in from Fee Demo was roughly 25% of its budget.

Spending is listed as follows:

- \$393,000 FY99 cost of collection
- \$215,800 gravel road surfaces
- \$205,000 rehab exterior of Hurricane Ridge Lodge
- \$167,800 Wilderness Information Center
- \$123,700 reveg wilderness campsites
- \$107,900 rehab backcountry trails
- \$107,500 replace restroom doors park-wide
- \$69,200 rehab campground interpretive trails
- \$61,000 repair water system
- \$56,500 rehab backcountry ranger stations
- \$50,000 rehab restroom at Quinault Visitor Center
- \$46,500 rehab historic frontcountry ranger stations
- \$32,000 wilderness trip video/planner
- \$25,200 stabilize shelters
- \$25,200 replace visitor orientation flyers
- \$25,000 replace regulatory signs
- \$18,300 install animal-proof containers
- \$13,000 backcountry sanitation
- \$7800 replace Ozette trailhead exhibit

The projects included several others not listed here. The total comes to \$2,605,850. We are sure glad they

gravelled all those roads—a welcome and much-needed improvement.

NORTH CASCADES NATIONAL PARK

Although North Cascades National Park does not participate in the Fee Demo program, it can take advantage of part of the funds generated by other National Parks.

The total budget for NCNP for fiscal year 1999 was \$4,819,000. They used \$223,100 from Fee Demo funds for these projects:

- \$78,500 rehab wilderness camps
- \$70,000 replace and rehab trail bridges and puncheon
- \$39,600 rehab four campsites
- \$35,000 replace Field's Point relief map and exhibit

MT BAKER-SNOQUALMIE NATIONAL FOREST

Just before press time we talked to Gary Paull, the Trail and Wilderness Coordinator for Baker-Snoqualmie.

Gary has put together specific trail maintenance figures for the forest which he was happy to pass on to us. This work was accomplished with Fee Demo funds. Although we don't have dollar amounts, Gary said the total was down slightly from last year, due to the lingering snow which reduced access.

Here are several categories of maintenance, with miles of trail on which the work was accomplished, listed by ranger district:

Trail Clearing

Mount Baker	96.7 miles
Darrington	219 miles
Skykomish	108.6 miles
North Bend	100.7 miles
White River	214.6 miles

Brushing

Mount Baker	92.7 miles
Darrington	73.9 miles

Skykomish	25 miles
North Bend	89.5 miles
White River	94.3 miles

Trail Tread Repair

Mount Baker	28.8 miles
Darrington	16.2 miles
Skykomish	5 miles
North Bend	31.8 miles
White River	37.4 miles

Drainage

Mount Baker	18.8 miles
Darrington	45.7 miles
Skykomish	36.2 miles
North Bend	37.3 miles
White River	69.6 miles

Puncheon Repair/Replace

Mount Baker	10 feet
Darrington	30 feet
Skykomish	171 feet
North Bend	162 feet
White River	80 feet

Turnpike Repair/Replace

Mount Baker	45 feet
Darrington	80 feet
Skykomish	165 feet
North Bend	176 feet
White River	50 feet

Toilets Cleaned 2x/week

Mount Baker	9
Darrington	19
Skykomish	6
North Bend	16
White River	17

Baker-Snoqualmie also accomplished some trail work with funds from the flood emergency appropriations of 1996-97.

These projects included:

- Replace footlog on Miners Creek
- Replace footlog and relocate trail on Deception Creek
- Bridge on Hardscrabble Creek as well as other projects, some still under construction.

WHAT'S NEXT

Last year after still more new fees and loud wails of protest, the Forest

Service said they would bring us a kinder, gentler fee system in 2000.

According to the "Stakeholder Report," published last fall by the Forest Service:

"By spring of 2000 there will be a new fee system in the national forests of the Pacific Northwest that is simpler, easier and more convenient. We are designing that system based on what visitors have told us, on the results of a visitor survey being done in the fall of 1999, and on our experience running the program. We expect the new fee system to be much better."

According to Scott Silver, of Wild Wilderness in Bend, "... the Pacific Northwest has been selected as one of two demonstration projects that will be subjected to an extremely aggressive marketing campaign (the other test site will be the Coconino National Forest in Arizona). These two sites will be used by the USFS to justify their request for permanent Congressional authorization of a National Recreation Fee Program."

Very little information has been released about the new, improved fee system. All we were able to learn is that it will be announced in mid-February.

We guess it's going to be a surprise.

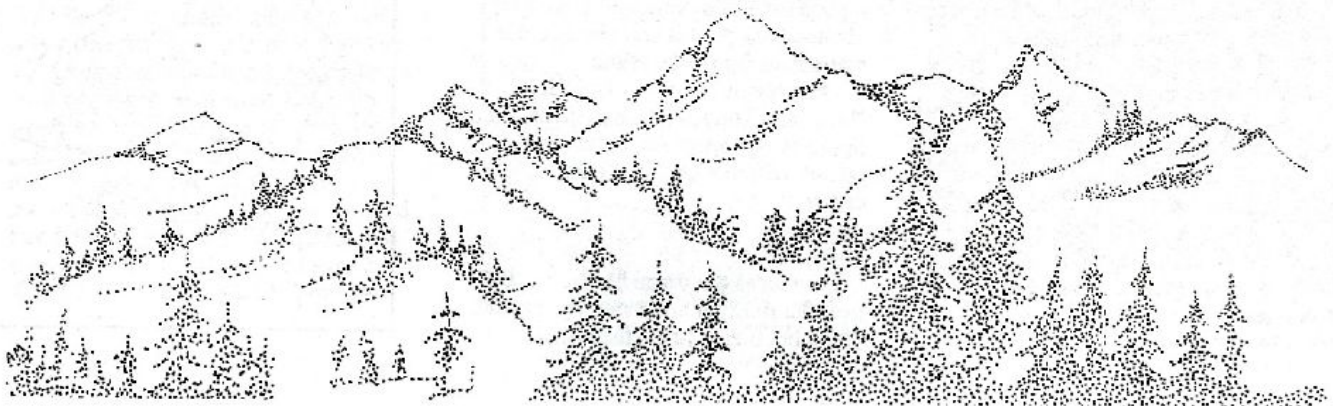
STAY TUNED

We'll keep looking for published figures on how the other National Forests in Washington spent their Trail Park Pass dollars in 1999, and we'll let you know.

When we find out what the great new system will be, we'll let you know that, too. But you'll probably hear about it the same time we do.

△

Ann Marshall, of Port Orchard, is the editor of Pack & Paddle.



ROB AND DIANE RUTHERFORD

Crater Lake

—ONE TRIP: TWO VIEWPOINTS—

Rob:

We prepared and practiced for our winter attempt to circumnavigate Crater Lake in March 1999. We snow camped and crosscountry skied several weekends in northeast Washington and Idaho during January and February. We read Lee's *Pack & Paddle* snow camping articles and Ann provided us with previous *P&P* accounts of winter treks around the lake.

Diane:

Our practice trips led me to believe that Crater Lake would be my biggest outdoor challenge yet. You see, I am a city girl who grew up outside Washington, DC. The thought of skiing 33 miles around a volcano in the middle of winter and camping in the snow was foreign to me. I love the outdoors, but pushing outdoor life to this extreme was my husband's fantasy, not mine. I decided, however, to be a good sport and give it a try.

In the months preceding the trip, I spent several sleepless nights worrying about all the things that could go wrong. Did I have the physical stamina and the mental toughness this endeavor would require?



Rob stands in a tree well, out of the wind, to check the map.

Ken Wirtz



Passing skier

At the rim of the caldera: Rita, Ken, Diane and Rob. The passing skier took the photo in exchange for some duct tape to repair his ski pole.

We had practice sessions in which I perfected the art of falling, removing my pack, standing up and putting the pack on my back again. Fear of the unknown is wonderful motivation to get into good physical shape. I did not want to keep our team of four from successfully accomplishing our goal. And so I upped the incline on the treadmill, added that extra weight and attended more aerobic classes in preparation for our big adventure.

Rob:

We peppered John Rasmussen, a very helpful ranger, with long distance questions about conditions, needed skill levels, and equipment. He said March was a good time to try and on the 21st we obtained our permit and checked our equipment for the last time.

The previous day Ken and Rita Wirtz, and Diane and I had driven from Spokane. We spent the night in the quaint Wilson's Cottages near the park entrance.

Diane:

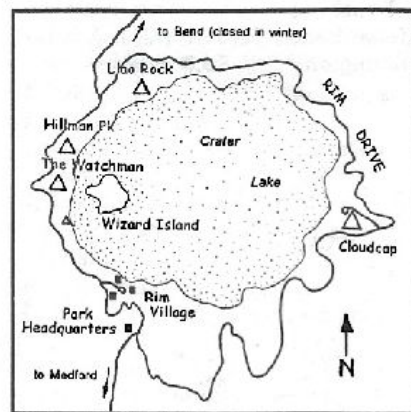
I treasured the warm blanket on the bed, the running hot water, lights, and, yes, a hot breakfast on the kitchen

table. As the others checked the gear for the last time, I made several trips to the bathroom. Amazing, isn't it, how anxiety can express itself?

Rob:

We set off clockwise from the Rim Village around the west side of the lake. The trail followed the Rim Road and the initial good weather provided spectacular views of the lake. The roadway itself is generally invisible under a yearly average of 45 feet (yep) of snow.

After a few initial tumbles getting used to skiing on the icy surface with



our heavy packs, we progressed relatively slowly for the first four miles.

Diane:

Falling became a way of life.

Rob:

Now we approached The Watchman, 8000 feet high, towering 1900 feet above the lake. A long ridge extends from The Watchman away from the lake. The trail around the west side of The Watchman traverses a steep exposed slope.

Diane:

I felt my legs become weak. How could I negotiate this traverse without slipping and plunging to the depths below? Using their knowledge of mountain climbing, an ice axe and a snow shovel, Ken and Rob cut steps and carried the packs and skis across the steep slope.

Once safely on the other side, I believed I could have done it on my own if only I had not looked down! We spent about an hour completing this 100 yard stretch.

Rob:

After another couple of hours of skiing we turned the corner through the notch at Hillman Peak. Now we could see the entire northwest portion of the route, including Liao Rock, the North Junction, and numerous peaks to the north and west.

Although somewhat disappointed not to have covered more ground, we decided to camp at this beautiful, somewhat protected, spot. It was getting toward dark and we could see no natural shelter for a mile or so. After setting up camp, changing clothes, and eating, we enjoyed the isolation and a beautiful sunset followed by a black sky and brilliant stars.

Diane:

Although the temperature was well below freezing, cold was not a problem. The practice sessions had helped us learn what combination of wool, polypro, fleece and nylon kept us comfortable.

As the beautiful sunset faded, followed by a black sky with brilliant stars, I thought to myself, "I am so glad I am here to experience this peace and serenity of nature. How will I ever describe it to my friends back home?"



Rob Rutherford

Ken and Rita—breakfast on the second day.

Rob:

During the night, however, the wind came howling into our camp from the east followed by snow. We arose to alternating visibility to the west and whiteout conditions as the clouds rolled in and out. We managed to fire up the stoves and ate a warm breakfast of oatmeal and hot chocolate. It was decision time.

Diane:

A board meeting was called to order in our tent and we discussed our options and resources. None of us wanted to turn back, but we knew good judgment was essential to mountaineering.

Rob:

Our choices were to hunker down and wait for the weather to improve, push forward, or to head back. If we waited in place until the next day, we might have encountered the same conditions again. We might risk running short on food and fuel later, although we had extra. Trying to move forward did not make sense because we could not see the trail and the weather report gave no assurance of improvement. Reluctantly, we turned around.

Diane:

Reluctantly and sadly disappointed, we unanimously voted to head back to the lodge.

Rob:

Because of the conditions, we had no desire to do The Watchman traverse again. We headed down away from The Watchman and the lake into the woods. The goal was to get around the ridge coming down from The Watchman and back up to the rim trail with as little elevation loss and gain as possible.

Using map, compass and Ken's altimeter watch, we slowly navigated our way down and around. Ken's optimistic attitude and experience made him an ideal leader.

Starting the climb back up, everyone but me donned snowshoes because of the difficult terrain. I had made the decision they were not worth the weight. This proved to be a big mistake and forced me to climb awkwardly through



Rob Rutherford

The traverse on The Watchman—steep and scary!



Rita, left, and Diane.

the trees on my skis or to post-hole my way up with boots. Both methods were more energy consuming than snowshoes.

Diane:

Much to my relief, we decided not to do the Watchman traverse again. We proceeded slowly. Nature had another gift for us here. Bushwhacking through the quiet, pure white forest, I felt a contented peace. To think I gave my husband such a hard time about coming along on this trip—and now I was enjoying it so much.

Rob, however, looked like he was not having such a great time. He did not heed my warning at the start of the trip. I advised him to bring his snowshoes but he said he would not need them. Now he was forced to climb awkwardly through the trees on his skis and expend more energy than if he were using snowshoes. Sometimes, wives do know best!

Rob:

We slogged upward, finally stopping where we figured we were not far from the rim trail. Pretty tired, we set up our tents and enjoyed a pasta dinner. Before crawling into our sleeping bags we noticed that the weather had cleared and that we had a beautiful view to the west.

Diane:

We figured we were approximately 200 feet from the rim trail. The “boil in a bag” tortellini dinner (pre-fixed at home) was delicious and by 5:30pm we were snuggled in our tents, reading our novels by the glow of a candle lantern.

Rob:

The next morning the intermittent fog returned. We resumed hiking uphill thinking we must soon meet the trail. We arrived at a clearing and huddled to discuss the situation. Ken scouted ahead but found no trail.

From the map we knew that we should eventually encounter the trail if we continued to climb. This was tiring work but our logic seemed correct. We agreed that the work intensity was about the same as climbing Mount Rainier.

Diane:

The pitch was quite steep and I tried to concentrate on breathing and placing one foot securely in front of the other. The others, who had climbed Mount Rainier, taught me the rest step.

I tried not to become discouraged when we would reach a clearing only to learn it was not the trail and we had to continue upward.

I fought panic, tried to think positively and pushed my body physically as we continued our search for the trail.

Rob:

After a couple of hours the fog cleared briefly, revealing the rim trail below us but some distance to the right. The map showed densely packed contour lines between the trail and us, so we carefully worked our way along. Sometime later another break in the fog showed two skiers directly below us.

We had missed the trail! We negotiated this steep area by grabbing tree limbs and each other, slowly making our way down to the trail.

It turned out that the clearing we had passed earlier was indeed the rim trail but, because of the fog and drifting snow, we did not recognize it. We had climbed half way to the top of The Watchman.

Diane:

Now the problem was to safely negotiate our way back down this steep mountain. Motivated by fear, I jammed my snowshoes into the hill which later cost me two toenails. Ken managed a complete somersault with pack, and Rob learned to traverse and turn on skis in a narrow area. Rita, a health and fitness educator, urged us to take breaks, eat and drink plenty of fluids to avoid exhaustion.

Finally, we descended to the trail. We demonstrated our exaltation by hugs and sighs of relief. Although we never used the word “lost,” we were pleased that we had used our skills to the best of our ability and “found” the trail back to the lodge and civilization.

Rob:

From here we skied on the trail back to the Rim Village. This time we spent



Rita, Diane and Rob, with The Watchman in the background.

Rob Rutherford

Ken Wintz

the Good Old Days

Larry Smith,
Port Orchard:

This motley crew is posing on top of Mount Olympus on August 10, 1978. Left to right: me, Terry Burke, Chuck Ruiz, Bob Ruiz, Darrell Westmoreland, Rick Burke.

Rick and Terry Burke went on to make some first ascents and new routes in The Valhallas, as well as skiing the Geri-Freki glacier.

The whole gang grew up in the Montesano/Aberdeen area. We were looking a little grizzled after being out nearly two weeks in the Olympic backcountry. Mount Olympus was our culminating climb at the end of two weeks of perfect weather.



Believe it or not, all these guys ended up as fairly conservative people with good careers! △

Readers are invited to contribute stories and photos from the Good Old Days (before Gore-tex).

Crater Lake

the night at Malita's Motel and luxuriated in hot showers. Hamburgers for dinner never tasted so good.

I will do a couple of things differently next time: Bring snowshoes (duh). Bring more fuel. We melted snow for all our water needs and I used 7 ounces per person per day instead of the published recommendation of 4 ounces/person/day. Ken used less; his stove may be more efficient.

Although disappointed that we failed to achieve our goal, we learned a lot about backcountry winter camping and felt, despite our navigational inaccuracies, that we had used reasonable judgement.

Diane:

Now as I tell this story, I ask myself,

"What did this adventure really mean to me? What would I do differently?"

A good fitting pack is essential. I had borrowed my son's internal frame pack and the fit was not right. Consequentially, I suffered from back spasms. Next trip I will bring a pack that is the right size and that is adjusted to fit my body type.

On a more personal level, this adventure helped me to believe in myself. I worked toward a goal, and although we did not complete the 33 miles, I gained self-confidence in my outdoor abilities. This city girl spent two nights and three days in the winter wilderness. It gave my husband and me shared memories to treasure, a positive step in cementing any relationship.

Finally I brought home with me the

beauty and splendor of nature. I am a Hospice Nurse, and as I sit at the bedside of the dying, I try to bring to them the tranquillity and peace that I found in the mountains. △

Rob and Diane have lived in Spokane for the last 25 years of the 29 years they have been married. They love to hike, backpack, fly fish, ski and sail along with a great group of friends. Rob is an orthopedic surgeon and Diane is a hospice nurse. They have three adult children who love the outdoors as much as they do!

DAVID MACFARLANE

Mount Hood

—WHY HAVE JUST AN ADVENTURE, WHEN YOU CAN HAVE AN EPIC?—

This was the weirdest day I've ever spent on a mountain. ...

0345: "Hey, you guys want to take the snow cat up to Palmer for 10 bucks apiece?"

"Sure. Why not?"

My host Tom, who lives in Hood River, had invited me down to climb Adams on the 17 and 18th of July last summer. Weather and 4 miles of snow on the road changed our plans to a ski-climb on Hood.

Hence, we found ourselves loading our gear and my new Siberian husky, Northwind, into the snowcat at 4am. The only other people in there were an older couple who didn't really strike us as climbers, nor did they have skis.

0430 finds us at Palmer Station getting ready to skin up. Thirty minutes later we're exchanging skis for crampons. The clouds, which we had first climbed above, caught up to us, bringing with them snow and varying degrees of visibility. This leap-frogging continued all the way to the Hogsback.

When we got to the Devil's Kitchen we found a most strange sight. In a very large pot, sitting on a large propane burner fueled by a 5-pound tank, was an entire turkey being deep fried! One other turkey had already been so cooked.

This was to be for a bachelor party



4am—Tom (right) and I get ready to head up in the snowcat. Northwind is already aboard.

Snowcat driver

which was somewhere summit bound. We asked where the dancing girls were, and were told they were coming on the helicopter. At first we thought it was all a joke, but we soon learned that the helicopter, at least, was for real.

This was where we learned of the events unfolding above us that would occupy the next six hours of our day. On the long, narrow Hogsback sat John, a Californian who was part of a paid guided party of 8 attempting to summit Mount Hood.

It was 0530 when, as they were attempting to work their way around the north end of the bergschrund, the party ahead of them shouted, "ROCK!" Everybody ducked. John just happened to be in the wrong place at the wrong time. The 40- to 50-pound rock (my estimate, based on its description) hit him on the right side.

Two things saved his life right off the bat. First, the rock hit his arm, breaking his radius and ulna. Had his arm not been there the rock would have crushed his chest outright. (We later learned that his ribs were "like gravel.") Second, he was short-roped to the others. Without being roped he would have slid several hundred feet into the steaming cauldron below.

It was 8 o'clock when Tom and I reached them and asked what we could do.

John was sitting on a short foam pad atop a snowboard. They were just about to get him into a bivi sack. The first thing they wanted was my full length pad (this is the only time I've ever carried my full length pad).

The head guide—who was also an EMT—was doing a great job of making John comfortable.

I asked what he knew to be wrong: Fractured radius/ulna. Possible fractured clavicle (it was) and ribs. Blunt lung trauma. He also thought that he might have a torn spleen. I said that if the spleen was ruptured John would have bled out by now. "Yeah, you're right," he agreed.

"What have you got for lung sounds?"

"Harsh and raspy."

"Any gurgling?"

"Yes."

"Pulse?"

"It's decreased now to around 100. Had been up to 140."

"We may need to tip him over to let him cough up some of those fluids in his lungs" (John did, later on, and the gurgling sounds lessened).

The rest of the group consisted of another guide and 5 clients. Except for the other guide, who spent a lot of time on the phone, the others seemed strangely disconnected to the events happening around them.

Two were starting to suffer from altitude sickness. Testosterone seemed to be keeping these young males from telling us how bad they were feeling. I told them if they started getting really bad I would take them down.

An Air Force rescue chopper was now on its way. The chopper crew was trained to snatch downed pilots from behind enemy lines, so we knew if there was any way to get John out of here in short order, they were it.

But the clouds which had been chasing Tom and me up were now settling in on the Hogsback.

Tom, the guides and I all took turns talking to John, trying to keep his spirits up and making sure he stayed conscious. Even Northwind would lick his face from time to time, which John seemed to like.

It became increasingly more necessary for us to form a human windbreak around John as the weather deteriorated. Wind and skin-stinging snow were becoming more and more frequent.

Three SAR groups had been dispatched. Not having any direct communication with them meant we had no idea when to expect them.

A group from Tacoma SAR, who just happened to be on a personal climb, were the first to show up. They asked if they could be of assistance. The EMT



David MacFarlane

The SAR team gets John ready to be evacuated.

asked if they had any chemical warmers. They had plenty and readily gave them up, which was good as John was starting to shiver a lot, despite having every bit of extra of warm clothing anybody had stuffed around him—and his human windshields.

When they could do no more they left to finish their climb. (Some of us questioned their choice—considering the weather—but not their abilities.)

It was now around 11am and we could hear the chopper. The visibility was 10 meters at best, the wind around 20 knots. There were two ways into here around the pile of rock that forms the western end of the Hogsback. The chopper shuttled between these two spots and even flew overhead a few times.

The wind howled. The snow blew. The clouds thickened. The chopper came and went.

This went on for hours. Twice we had a “window of opportunity.” But no bird could be heard. I began to feel for John each time we heard the chopper approach and then disappear. His hopes must have come and gone each time. We tried harder to boost his morale.

EMT: “John, are you married?”
 “Yes.”
 “Got any kids?”
 “Yes.”
 “Boy or girl?”
 “Girl.”
 “How old?”

“Three and a half years.”

“Is she blonde like you?”

“Yes.”

(That hit close to home. I have a 6-year-old blonde daughter.)

Some of us started to flap our arms around like featherless birds. My concentrated Gatorade—which had become slush by 5:30—was now too solid to drink.

It's now around 12:30. We get word that some rescuers have been dropped off at the summit. Thirty minutes later a lone figure appears out of the fog.

“Hi. I'm Glen, the climbing ranger.”

(The guides know him.) He says, “I can't solve this guy's problems by myself, but I'll see what I can do.” The EMT asks if he has any O2—something the EMT has been asking for all day.

“No, sorry. But SAR's just down below.”

Glen says that he needs people to sherpa gear up from the rescuers. So Tom and I take off and drop down about 200 meters. We are readily

given gear to carry up. I get the oxygen. I never knew O2 could weigh so much! About 75 meters from the ridge one of the guys runs down, gets an O2 tank out of my pack and races back up.

Things move into high gear. We now know the chopper isn't going to take John out. He's now getting oxygen. The sled is getting put together. Snow anchors are being dug. And the remaining clients are being led down by the second leader, allowing more room for the rescue workers.

The EMT with the medical supplies gets vital signs and desperately tries to find a vein in which to put a catheter. (I can't see any at all). Her first attempt fails. On her second try we see blood flash back into the hub. But the blood doesn't keep flowing. Then the heparinized extension set freezes before it can be passed along (twice she uses John's neck to warm her fingers). So she decides just to get some I/M morphine into him and says, “Get him out of here.”

I am impressed with the way the SAR folk handle things. There are no egos, no one-up-manship, no rivalries. Everybody works well together.

By now it's 1pm. John gets loaded into the sled, with a clear plastic shield placed over his head. Shortly thereafter he voices concerns of being claustrophobic and not being able to breathe. There wasn't much anyone could do to alter his fear, so off he went (I think the

continued on page 24



David MacFarlane

1:30pm—In fog, the SAR team lowers John on a sled.

ROBERT FOX

Kayaking the Marine Trails

—MAINE AND WASHINGTON—

Maine

I was several days out of Portland, Maine, on my solo, eastbound kayak trip, and things were becoming critical. Really raunchy weather had closed in, with rain and cold and fog that at times made the mainland to my left and the island to my right very difficult to see.

Not a great time to make the 8- to 10-mile open-water crossing to the comparatively safe waters of North Haven and Vinalhaven Islands.

Nor was camping nearby and waiting for better weather an exciting prospect. How long would I have to wait?

Option 3, rounding the point up ahead and bearing left into the town of Rockland, was both a delight and a horror to contemplate. The plus was the attraction of the great indoors on a day such as this: hot showers, shampoos and starting to dry out my wet gear. The negative was that such comforts would become intoxicating, and threaten the continuation of my adventure.

With some reluctance, I went left around the point, keeping it at enough distance that I didn't get directly involved in the crashing of the waves on the rocky shore.

Rockland was still a good one-hour paddle away, so it was time to review trip events.

The Maine Island Trail had long been on my "must do" list, and just after Labor Day in 1997 seemed the right time to do it. With the heavy-use period of July and August just past, competition for campsites would be eased, but enough summer would remain to increase chances for pleasant kayaking.



Maine: rugged coast and a maze of islands.

The trail is described in its 1997 handbook as a "325-mile-long waterway extending from Casco Bay on the west to Machias Bay on the east." The goal is a sequence of legal camping places for people traveling in canoes or kayaks.

My expedition kayak is a folder, but I had dismissed that "fly anywhere, and simply check the two boat bags as your luggage" hype as so much propaganda. I imagined horrendous difficulties, but I was wrong.

My start from a park along the eastern promenade in Portland held such promise, with the sun breaking out after a spell of bad weather.

The next days were a wonderful adventure. At times I was weaving my way through a maze of islands, and at other periods I was out on the open Atlantic, with nothing to starboard but the endless sea.

I got lost briefly, then stumbled onto a tiny, lightly-touristed berg where I had lunch on a sunny deck overlooking the water. The town turned out to be Five Islands.

Later I visited Booth Bay Harbor, after Bar Harbor probably the most touristy town on the Maine coast, and enjoyed a restaurant meal.

My six overnights were all on islands, all of them on the MIT, and on only one occasion did I have to share my island with anyone else. A while after I arrived at Raspberry, three other guys arrived at this one-campsite island but were able to find other places to set up their tents, away from the main site that I had already occupied.

I was impressed, mostly negatively, with the fantastic density and spread of lobster traps, as evidenced by the



Booth Bay Harbor.

Robert Fox

multi-colored floats that marked their presence. How many lobsters could be left, with this strenuous effort to catch them?

With the brutal, Siberian-style winters that Maine experiences, I would have thought that their houses would be small and compact. Not so. The coastal dwellings I saw were great, rambling structures, monuments to energy-inefficiency. Great gray homes along a gray rock-lined shore is one of my chief memories of the Maine coast.

The Trade Winds Motor Inn in Rockland was just what I needed. Convenient to my landing place, with all the indoor comforts, and with an extra bonus I hadn't expected: on the TV a channel devoted to frequent updates of the marine weather forecast. And from it, I learned the bad news—three more days of the same stuff.

Deciding whether to continue or to end an outing is sometimes difficult and sometimes easy. In this case I thought the total picture came up to 70% for ending and 30% for continuing after a probable three-day layover. I went with the 70% side.

Washington

Sidney, BC, where the Victoria airport is actually located, made an ideal starting point for a solo, multi-day voyage through the San Juan Islands and down to Seattle or vicinity. The Sidney Waterfront Hotel, with a good grocery store just around the corner, completed the nearly perfect set up.

My first camp was on Jones Island, an old friend from prior kayak trips and now part of the Cascadia Marine Trail. The kayaker's site is on the south, sunny side of the island and the view is outstanding. As I left the next morning and continued east I passed still more southside camps, and the north side of Jones also has a good bay with major facilities such as mooring floats, dock and campground.

I had some concerns about Pole Pass, the narrow strait that separates Cranc and Orcas Islands. An adverse current here can slow a kayaker considerably, but my timing was lucky. It was a breeze.

Later, as I rounded Decatur Island's Fauntleroy Point and headed south, I hit my first contrary tidal flow. It was a battle royal getting to the kayaker's landing place on James Island, like Jones a location I had been to before various times and on the Cascadia Marine Trail.

Late that afternoon, while enjoying the view from my camp high above the water, I had a sinking feeling: entering the bay was a flotilla of kayaks carrying eight young people.

Other tent sites set aside for kayakers were close to mine, and I had visions of chatting and giggling going on until past midnight and starting up again at 5am.

But luck still held. Instead of joining me at my perch in the high ground just outside James' westside bay, they opted to go deep into the bay to the main landing area, and camp in the low saddle that separates the higher elevations at the north and south ends of the island.

The next day proved to be more dramatic. Heading southeasterly into Rosario Strait, I planned to pass to the left of Bird Rocks. But the current had other ideas, and insisted that I go to the right.

Not long after, fog closed in and reduced visibility to maybe a quarter of a mile. I could no longer see where I wanted to go, so I paddled a purely eastward heading, which when combined with the southward tidal flow should yield a net southeasterly direction of

travel and perhaps bring me to a landfall somewhere near Deception Pass.

The fog was variable but mostly even worse than before, and finally I could dimly see land, with people here, there and everywhere, probably because of the state park near the pass. Then I saw it, and my location was firmly fixed: the high bridge over Deception Pass.

I pushed on, trying to go south along the western shore of Whidbey Island, but once again the tide imposed a veto.

Then I decided to go through the pass itself, if the current permitted, and it did. The passage was fast, lively, with eddies all over the place, but the water was reasonably flat and not too scary.

After rounding Hoypus Point (see Lee McKee's article "Practicing Navigation," *August 1998*), I looked at the Cascadia Marine Trail site at Ala Spit (so-named according to my old nautical chart and the CMT literature, though Lee's source calls it "Ben Ure Spit.") I was none too pleased, perhaps having been spoiled by the excellent camping on Jones and James.

My "Puget Sound Recreation" map shows nearby Hope Island as a state marine park and gives it the camping symbol, so I did a counterclockwise circumnavigation of the island to check it out. The northside bay would make such an excellent addition to the marine trail that I wondered why that hadn't already been done. If reserving it for picnicking is the idea, my limited experience suggested that there's little demand for such activity.

A few of the occupants of the several big boats parked out in the bay did come ashore, but only for a brief stroll. The boats themselves made a more convenient place to have meals.

My July 10 visit curiously was just one day before Lee's group kayaked the same waters.

The next morning I guessed that the tide had reversed its direction from what it was the previous day, both in the pass and along the west coast of Whidbey Island, and I was right on both counts.

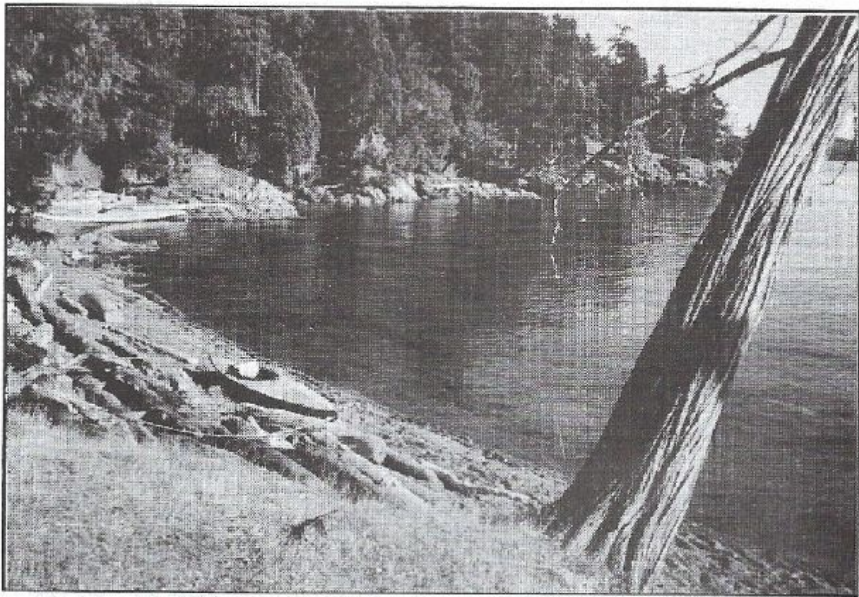
I dealt with the strong current, quirky eddies and whirlpools of the strait once more and crossed under the bridge, but before I could get close to the shore on the south side of the pass dense fog surrounded me and I again needed my compass to show me which way to go.

At the same time, the biggest waves of the whole trip came rolling in, and I had to keep on my toes.

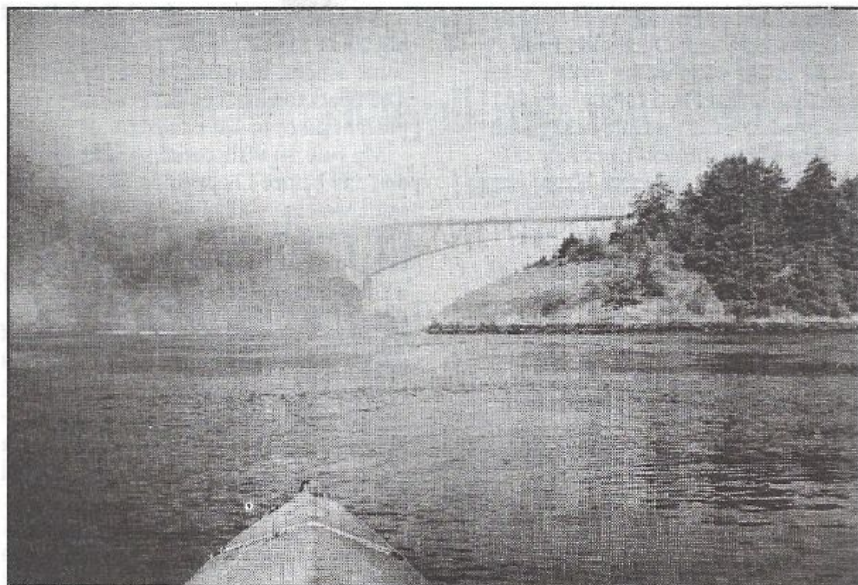
Continuing south, the fog tended to make me get closer to land in order to keep it in sight, while breaking waves at times made me choose a course farther out, beyond the breakers.

Later in the day the fog finally cleared, and there were great views of the Olympic Mountains. Closer at hand, the west shore of Whidbey was itself interesting, with the island revealing considerable height.

For my next overnighting, I was aiming at the Marine Trail site at Fort Worden State Park, near Port Towns-



Camp on Hope Island.



Robert Fox

The bridge over Deception Pass emerges from the fog.

end. It seemed so close, but I had difficulty traveling the final distance. The tide was again working its will, and it clearly wanted me to go to the CMT site at Fort Flagler, on Marrowstone Island.

I "went with the flow," enjoyed good camping, and the next day travelled south, passing west of Marrowstone and Indian Islands. It was slow going against adverse current through the narrow passage near the south end of Indian Island, and later I fought headwinds for awhile.

I camped at another CMT location, at Salsbury County Park, between Port Gamble and the floating bridge. The usual CMT sign was missing, but I had no complaints. It rained off and on during the night, but my tent and I came

through okay.

The next (and last) day was no fun at all. My reservoir of good luck had run dry. The headwinds never let up, the chop was more obnoxious than menacing, and it took me 10 hours to travel the 20 miles to Kingston. On my mental dashboard, the "abort" light flashed persistently.

Though as convenient a take-out place as Seattle would have been, Kingston wasn't half bad. A motel, many restaurants and frequent ferry service to Edmonds made it quite a workable situation.

In any case, it was time to call it a day.

Addendum

The Maine trip comprised 106 miles

and an average of 17 miles per day, based on 6.33 days.

On the Cascadia Marine Trail, I went 112 miles at an average 18.7 miles per day, based on 6 days.

Trips like the ones described in this article are suitable only for experienced paddlers who assume total, unshared responsibility for their own safety.

Information about the campability of Hope Island is confusing and contradictory, but I prefer to regard the following quote as authoritative. It's from the November 1998 issue of *Easy Current News*, a publication of the Washington Water Trails Association:

Hope Island North

Hope Island North still does have camping available on it although it is not a CMT site.

On the other hand, which Hope Island were they referring to? The mystery deepens. Stay tuned.

For more information:

Maine Island Trail Association

PO Box C

Rockland ME 04841

207-596-6456 (Rockland office)

207-761-8225 (Portland office)

web: www.mita.org

Washington Water Trails Association

4649 Sunnyside Ave N #305

Seattle WA 98103

206-545-9161

web: www.eskimo.com/~wwta

△

Robert Fox, of San Diego, is a former Pacific Northwesterner, now retired and enjoying the outdoors in southern California.

Mount Hood

continued from page 21

morphine kicked in, which helped).

It's 1:30 and Tom and I head down in fog and snow on our own, with lots of "thanks for hanging in there" from the guide.

As we get to the place where we'd ditched our skis, we see the snowcat waiting for John. They had radioed hours before that they would try to get the cat up as high as possible, and there they sat at around 9500 feet.

We moved on. Sometime later we decide to rid ourselves of our crampons, which had been continuously balled up

with snow. So we stop by some inconspicuous looking rocks—and look over to see a climber's pack and ski poles.

The permit on the pack is dated July 9 ... and it's the 17th today! So I tie a line onto it and drag this full pack of dead weight down the mountain to Palmer Station.

Tom and I arrive at Palmer around 3:30—the same time John was being flown out of Timberline. One of the SAR guys shows up shortly thereafter, and I show him the pack and permit.

"OH BOY," he says. They'll get it down to the lodge to try to figure out what happened.

I said to him, as Tom and I prepared to ski down the last 1000 meters in the same foggy conditions we've had all day, "We just came here to ski."

He replied: "Why have an adventure, when you can have an epic!"

When we got back to the truck Tom asked me if I'd remembered seeing that couple we rode up with in the cat. Neither of us had seen them after we all unloaded ... weird.

△

David MacFarlane, of Lake Stevens, is a veterinary technician who loves exploring the mountains on skis with his Siberian.

KERRY GILLES

An Olympic Traverse

—FOLLOWING ELK TRAILS—

In September of 1998, Don and I made a trip up Fire Creek to Muncaster and Gudger basins in Olympic National Park. We started up the East Fork Quinault on September 11, and returned on September 20.

Day 1, Friday night

Good weather. Pink fluorescent "No Campfires" signs greeted us at Graves Creek trailhead. My pack weighed in at 47 pounds. I suggested to Don we eat out of my pack for the first three days but he wouldn't go for that.

We stopped at Fire Creek and camp was up by 5pm. Bats flew at the first hint of dusk. A dog barked occasionally from the guy who was being kicked out for having it there.

Day 2, Saturday

Left at 8:30. Six snail-paced hours later we arrived in the lower Fire Creek basin, which is roughly 2-plus miles from the only real trail we would touch for the next 9 days. We had excellent directions for this trip from Larry Smith but still managed to get ourselves in a bit of a jam at times. Those darn elk need to learn to take one path!

We set up camp, found the nearby creek and filled the waterbag. We explored a smaller meadow below us and struck it rich on blueberries. I found an elk antler also.

Back at camp Don lay down outside and was snoring in 3 seconds flat. I lay on my back and watched the white fluffy clouds and listened to the raven's wings. The stillness is heaven. Craggy peaks rise to the north of us and the hillsides are awash with fall colors. The ravens started a good chatter that evening and we watched the sky speckle itself full of stars.

Day 3, Sunday

Good weather. We didn't realize we had placed the tent on sloping ground, causing us to not get the good night's sleep we were so looking forward to. We waited for the sun to dry the dew

off, as every ounce would count going up the ridge today. By 11 we were following a "fat elk" trail that took us at turtle speed to the top of Fire Creek Pass, two hours to go 1 mile.

I recommend for those doing this hike to camp at upper Fire Creek, much better terrain and scenery. We were just too tired to go the extra distance on that second day.

The view our eyes beheld on top of the pass is beauty of unspeakable words. We watched and listened to a herd of elk, we ate, drank and were so content just being at this spot. Lucky for me, Don had a roll of slide film for my camera since I left mine sitting on the table at home!

We slowly and carefully worked our way down the scree and boulders until we hit the first plateau. Dropping our packs we climbed a notch to get a different perspective.

We followed a creek down a waterfall hoping to find a tarn but it turned out to be a snowbank. Zig-zagging down to another plateau, we saw a bear filling up on blueberries.

Our camp was set up on a sure-fire flat spot next to a gurgling creek. A perfect tree on a knoll was our food storage. There is a lot of white rock and quartz here. Many huge boulders landscape the area. Muncaster Mountain is to the left of us.

The bull elk came within 100 yards of our camp that night to check us out. He bellowed twice and ended with a few short squeaks before moving on. Very exciting!

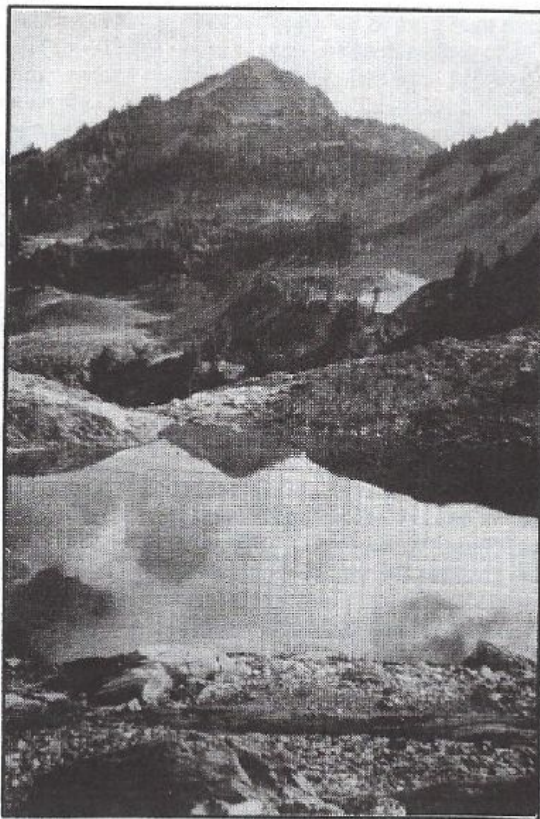
Day 4, Monday

More good weather. "Just another day in para-

disc" is the song that popped into my head when I awoke this morning. Don is climbing Muncaster Mountain and I am staying close to camp. Muncaster Basin is a huge area that has endless roaming possibilities. There are hot pink monkey flowers and canary yellow flowers around.

The bear and I are in close eye contact throughout the day. The elk have been singing all day. I decide to move the tent so the sun would hit it earlier.

Don hollers down to me from atop the mountain. I give my best holler back but don't think the sound carried. He said there was some kind of signal antennae up there. A goat trail took him to the top but it starts at the "low" end. That evening the bull elk once again scoped us out.



Mushroom Lake.

Kerry Gilles



Don Abbott

Kerry on June 10th Peak.

Day 5, Tuesday

Good weather. We head up (east) to the breathtakingly beautiful meadows that stretch forever under our feet. It reminds me of pictures from Ireland. The greens, reds, mirror tarns, gray and black rockeries are a kaleidoscope of color.

At the top we can see June 10th Peak. The surrounding area is barren to the north. We head that direction, looking for the deep lake that Don saw from atop Muncaster Mountain. We have a 500-foot drop by way of a gully rock slide to reach it. We go swimming after setting up camp.

Hiking around the lake we go up (southwest) to find the tarn that is our creek water. To the northwest is Taylor Peak. A bear is at the lake now, one of many that we've seen. Don and I decide to name this lake "Mushroom Lake."

Day 6, Wednesday

More good weather. Leaving "Mushroom Lake" behind, with promises to return, we headed for Dayton Lake and Gudger Basin. We crossed wide open areas with views galore. We took the high route rather than go down into a basin and we found a large aqua tarn surrounded by gray rock and sand. It took us 3 hours to get across this span of terrain.

It's been two years since we were last here at Dayton/Gudger and the only change is the trees have gotten bigger. We use the same tree for hanging our food as before, and have a cup of tea.

The inlet to the lake is a mere trickle so Don went looking for a source, but we can filter from the lake if we need to. We see four snow geese here and explore some of the area we didn't cover before.

Day 7, Thursday

Weather change. The route up June 10th Peak is a variety of brush, rock, scree, animal trails, a tier of benches. Once on top, a 360-degree view shows where we have been and where we are headed. It starts getting cold and windy very suddenly. We get down quickly, scaring a deer out of the brush.

We had wanted to go over to another lake and explore more of the area but the weather prevented that. Back at camp a few sprinkles start so we eat and take a nap. The weather changes to gray-white clouds with wind.

We pick up the camp, tent and all, and move over to the other lake, because we have never camped there. We have a window of opportunity to get a great picture of June 10th Peak before the pouring rain starts for the next 20 hours. There is a good creek for our water over here.

Day 8, Friday

Rain. The fog is thick and we need to make a decision about going on or laying over. At 9am we have a break in the weather. We hurry to dismantle camp and climb up to the pass.

We stay high to the left and cross the three meadows by way of a defined elk

trail. Three hours later we are back at the old fire pit with the elk bones in it below 6049 (trip in 1996). After refueling our bodies we head out on what we think is the trail from the past.

Things get bad, then worse. We slide, tumble, even rope up and rappel down the steeper areas. There are numerous ribbons but they are not trustworthy.

Four and a half hours later we need to make camp—it's raining, getting dark and we are frustrated! In between two humps we set up camp on an uneven sloping piece of land. We hear Pyrites Creek below us.

Day 9, Saturday

Intermittent rain. Neither of us got much sleep with rain splatting on the tent and our constant scooting on the sloping ground. Condensation has gotten my sleeping bag wet.

The plan today is go east and stay higher, find an easier way down to Pyrites. Better elk trails or more consistent ribbon would be nice. It takes 4¼ hours of hard hiking before we start seeing and remembering parts of a familiar trail. Coming out right at Pyrites Creek camp I kiss the trail hello!

Hiking down the trail a ways we set up camp and proceed to dry out everything. After hot food and drink and we are our merry selves again.

Day 10, Sunday

Okay weather. We sleep in till 7:30. Our sore bodies tell us to just lie there, our kidneys tell us to move! We are happy and laughing and already retelling the story of this traverse. Twenty feet away the Quinault River sings its music to us.

Rain has left, hikers are coming and going. We savor the morning slowly knowing this is the last of our main hiking for the year. The last 2 miles out seem to go on forever.

△

Kerry Gilles, of Westport, is a member of the Olympians and has been hiking for 11 years

LAURA WILD

Two Trips in the Pasayten

—OUR GOAL WAS TO FIND A HIKE THAT DIDN'T REQUIRE SNOWSHOES IN JULY—

Our annual summer backpack had been scheduled for late July many months in advance, due to the logistics of getting four people's schedules to coincide. The plan had been to do something in the North Cascades, but as summer drew nearer, we knew nothing would be snow-free until September.

Thus when, in June, we pondered where we might be able to go hiking without having to bring snowshoes, my thoughts turned to Horseshoe Basin. Being so far east, with a southern exposure, I was sure it would be melted out.

Phone calls were made to various Forest Service offices. A week before we left we were told the Basin was 80% melted out, but everything around it was solid snow. In fact, only the trails in to Black Lake and Cathedral Lake via Hidden Lakes were snow-free. We opted to try the Basin.

The North Cascades Highway looked promising as we drove east on July 24. The drifts which had been piled by the side of the road in late June were gone, although plenty still hung on the peaks. None of us had ever seen so much water in the Methow River at this time of year.

Our final road stop, in Tonasket, brought overcast skies, and temperatures in the high 80s, not particularly warm for eastern Washington in July. As we carefully drove the rutted road to the Iron Gate trailhead, we were all double checking to be sure we had our rain gear with us.

My first trip to Horseshoe Basin, in 1979, had been in late September. We'd spent two days there, chased out by snow, and had encountered no cars in the parking lot and no people on the trail.

My second trip, in 1989, had been in early August. I remembered two cars in the parking lot, and seeing one other party in the Basin. In 1999, with snow everywhere, I knew the Basin would be a popular destination.

We counted 14 cars in the parking lot, and passed several parties on our

way in. Yet the beautiful thing about the Basin is that, with so much space to roam, many parties can be camped there without having to hear or see one another. It is one of my favorite places to hike in the state.

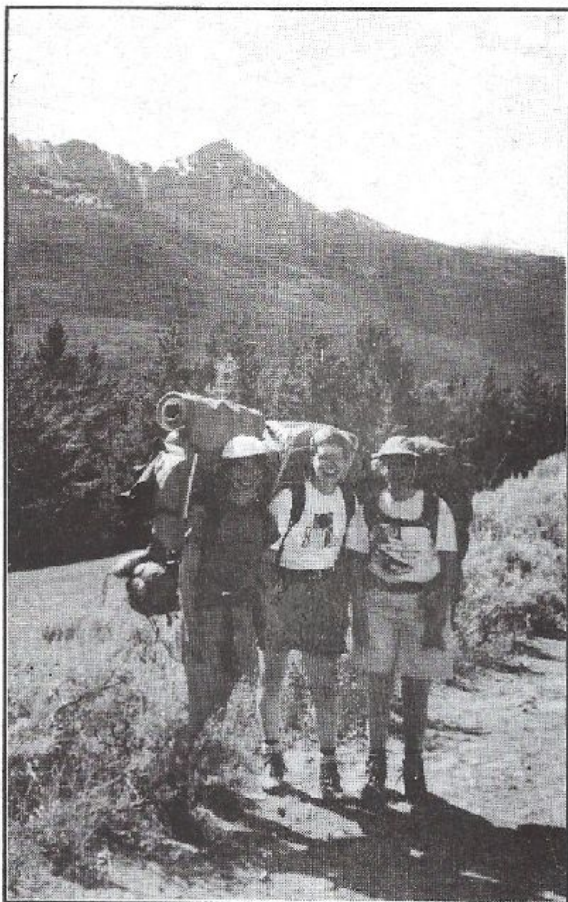
We had planned a tailgate dinner before putting on our packs, but since it was only 3:30, and no one was hungry, we drew straws to see who would carry the pasta salad and fried chicken. It seemed rather strange to be carrying such urban food into the wilderness; Valerie had the good fortune to carry both.

The 5½ mile hike into the Basin, at 7000 feet, was lovely, with gradual elevation gain and wildflowers at their peak along both sides of the trail. We stopped en route to eat and put on more clothing. The weather was deteriorating, and by the time we found a campsite under the trees, the wind was blowing fiercely and we could feel a drop or two of rain. Fortunately, a fire ring and an ample supply of firewood had been left by the last occupants.

As we sat around the fire, we discussed our options. If the weather wasn't looking good in the morning, we would hike out, drive to Winthrop, and try the Black Lake trail. At 3500 feet, we knew it would be snow-free, and warmer.

The night was cold and windy, with some rain. In the morning, with overcast skies, we decided to spend the day in the Basin, doing a day-hike to Windy Peak, 9 miles round trip.

The sun was persistent in trying to



Doris Curtis

At the start of the backpack trip to Horseshoe Basin: from left, Deborah Weinstein, Laura Wild, and Valerie Antonelis-Lapp.

burn through the haze. By the time we had reached the summit of Windy Peak, elevation 8334, it appeared good weather was here to stay.

On the summit we met three other women in their 20s, friends from college who had reunited to do this trip. Those of us in our 40s and 50s reminded ourselves that we might have looked as good as this group did 15 years ago. At least our desire to be on the trail hadn't diminished over the years.

We read through a journal which had been left on the summit by friends and family of Chris Weber, who died of cancer in 1998. (See *P&P*, July 1998,



Doris Curtis

On top of Windy Peak: Laura, Valerie, Deborah, and Doris in front.

page 23.) We were all deeply moved to think that one so young, who loved these mountains so much, had been memorialized by those who loved him.

At camp that night, our group opted

to head to Black Lake the next day. Its proximity to Winthrop meant that we could hike out and be home earlier than anticipated. Valerie wanted to be home with her family sooner, rather

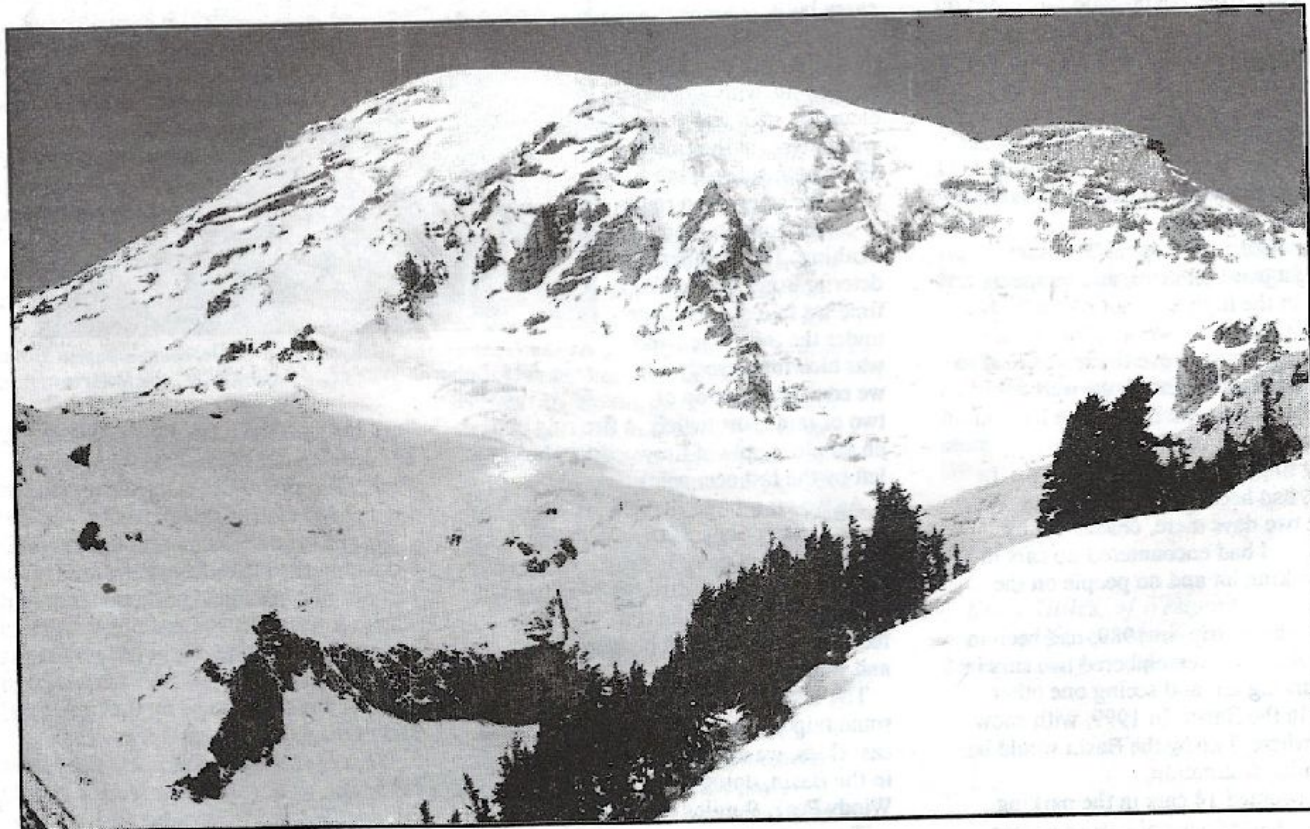
than later. So, in glorious weather, we packed up Monday morning, hiked out, drove 4 hours to the Black Lake trail-head, and put on packs again for the 4.5 mile hike to the lake.

It was definitely warmer here. The flies were hungry, and the trail had been well-used by horses. Kind of made us wish we'd stayed in the Basin. We arrived at the lake at 7pm, in time for some of our group to take a brief dip before dinner. We were pleased to find the place to ourselves. Doris even slept out under the stars.

Tuesday morning found us on the trail again, heading to our car, and home to our families. It was a fine trip, giving us memories of the high country to sustain us through the long days of winter.

△

Laura Wild lives in Arlington. She and her family enjoy hiking to lookouts and old lookout sites.



Paul Schaufier

Mount Rainier from the trail to Glacier Vista.

PANORAMA

NEWS FROM ALL OVER

ACID RAIN—Over the last several months the Environmental Protection Agency has taken a number of steps to decrease the air pollution that causes acid rain. In September of 1998, the EPA issued regulations to combat both acid rain and smog. The agency called for 22 states to make state plans to reduce summertime nitrogen oxide emissions. The EPA predicted that it would cost ratepayers about \$1 a year to implement the reduction if power plants passed the cost on to customers.

In May 1999, after legal challenges from Midwestern utilities, a federal court put the EPA nitrogen oxide requirement on hold indefinitely. The appellate panel also invalidated EPA regulations, issued in 1997, which would have significantly curbed smog and ozone levels around the country by reducing nitrogen oxide levels.

The regulations would have significantly reduced the summertime haze in the Adirondacks and Appalachians. Last summer, Great Smokics National Park had haze and smog levels similar to Atlanta at rush hour.—*from Adirondack, the publication of the Adirondack Mountain Club, New York (518-668-4447).*

VANCOUVER ISLAND PADDLE-FEST—The second annual Vancouver Island Paddlefest is scheduled to start off the next paddle season with a splash on April 28 through 30 at Ladysmith.

The Paddlefest will include the Kayak 2000 Conference where the paddlesport community will discuss trends, issues and the future of kayaking in British Columbia. Speakers will include Dale Miller; Bill Crawford; Joseph Agnew, CRCA; Andre Hurley, ACA; and Doug Lloyd.

Highlights of the 2½ day event include demonstrations in the pool, cardboard kayaks, squirt boats, a gear exchange, dinner and dance, boat try-outs and clinics. It is hosted by the town of Ladysmith.

For more information, registration and volunteers, call Melanie Graham at 250-245-5092, fax 245-5094 or visit the web site at <http://www.island.net/~pfest>

EAGLE FESTIVAL—On January 12th, 32 eagles were counted between Newhalem and Marblemount; 131 were counted between Marblemount and

Rockport, and 73 between Rockport and Sedro-Woolley. The numbers were slightly down from the last count, but still a lot to watch!

The Skagit Bald Eagle Festival will be held February 5 and 6. Check for Eagle Festival Events by calling the Eagle Interpretive Center at 360-853-7614.

ANCIENT BASKET—A long time ago, a traveler left a woven cedar basket near Obstruction Point in the Olympics. It was found by another traveler in 1993 and was recently radiocarbon dated at about 2900 years old.

Often referred to as a "burden basket," this basket was held in place with a tump line and was used to pack foods or other materials. It is similar to others found in coastal archeological sites in Washington and British Columbia. Woven cedar baskets were used until recent times.

BEACH CLEAN-UP—Volunteers are needed for a beach clean-up in April from Shi Shi to Kalaloch. To sign up, contact:

Jan Klippert, Project Coordinator
14036 Meridian North
Seattle WA 98133
206-364-2689
jklippert@aol.com

CRYSTAL MOUNTAIN PLAN—A Draft Environmental Impact Statement for Crystal Mountain's Master Development Plan that was due to be released last summer has not yet been completed.

Additional planning and study were conducted to modify Crystal Mountain's proposal and to revise the alternatives to be evaluated in the DEIS. The following revisions have been made to the proposal:

- The proposed Summit Chapel has been relocated 50 feet to the north to avoid trees hosting *Tholurna dissimilis*, a lichen.
- Trails 13A, 13E and 14A have been realigned to take advantage of existing tree openings in Morning Glory Bowl. Selective individual tree removal, rather than clearing, would occur in riparian reserves.
- Trail 4B has been realigned alongside Quicksilver Express to avoid impacts to riparian reserves.
- The upper terminals of both the Rainier Express chairlift and Summit Tram would be relocated farther

downslope, no higher than the Summit House, to avoid visual impacts from Sunrise Point in Mount Rainier National Park.

- Utilities have been consolidated and would be installed underground and trenched together to minimize ground disturbance.
- The proposed 100-room hotel would include 100 underground parking spaces to allow for a reduction in surface parking.

The DEIS is scheduled to be completed this spring. It will be released to the public for review and comment. If you are interested in being notified when the DEIS is ready so you can make comments on the Master Plan's effect on the PCT or backcountry skiing, contact:

Larry Donovan
Mt Baker Snoqualmie Natl Forest
21905 64th Ave W
Mountlake Terrace WA 98043.

ARROWLEAF PLANS CANCELLED—For 30 years various developers have tried to make a go of the 1200-acre parcel in Mazama known most recently as Arrowleaf Resort.

It all began in the 1970s, with the Aspen Ski Company forming plans for a downhill ski area on Sandy Butte which would be known as "Early Winters." The ski area fell by the wayside and over the years a series of other plans took its place.

The R.D. Merrill Company stepped in about 8 years ago, scaled down the plans for development and began construction of the first phase, including the Freestone Inn and the Wilson Ranch.

This year, the National Marine Fisheries Service and the Department of Ecology shut down irrigation and water systems in the Methow Valley, even though run-off from snowmelt was at a record high. The water problem continued all year and is still not resolved. Without water rights, R.D. Merrill has decided not to continue with its plans.

Honoring a long-standing agreement, Merrill agreed to sell the property to either the Friends of the Methow or Methow Valley Citizens Council. The two conservation organizations are now working with the Trust for Public Land, which has saved so many other parcels of open space.

Even TPL may not be able to save

to next page

PANORAMA

NEWS FROM ALL OVER

Arrowleaf, because the selling price is in the millions (estimates run from \$12 to \$30 million) and the conservation groups have only 60 days (from December 7) to negotiate a price, then 90 days to close.

If the conservation purchase does not go through, Merrill could choose other options, such as selling the property in lots as small as 20 acres, selling it in larger parcels, or donating portions.

ROSLYN RESORT—A proposed 6000-acre resort on the Cle Elum River would have a 204-unit hotel, 1058 condos, 1780 homes, two golf courses and a 136-unit RV campground. Proposed by the Trendwest Company, the development is called Mountain Star Resort.

A second development by the same company is planned for 1100 acres on the edge of Cle Elum. It would include a hotel, another golf course, apartments, condos, homes, a business campus, a community center, water treatment plant and expansion of a school. Two hundred acres of this parcel will be developed as a horse park with barns, arenas, a polo field and meeting rooms.—*from information printed in The Wild Cascades, newsletter of the North Cascades Conservation Council, PO Box 95980, University Stn, Seattle WA 98145.*

HISTORIC PHOTOS WANTED—Do you have early photos of the Hurricane Ridge Lodge? Olympic National

Park is looking for such photos, especially interior photos showing the original furnishings and dining area. Brochures or post cards from the building's early years are also wanted.

Also on the list are photos of the old Wolf Creek road from the Elwha to Hurricane Hill, and early ski photos from either Deer Park or Hurricane Ridge.

The photos will be used in an educational exhibit about the history of Hurricane Ridge, and winter sports in the area.

All photos would be copied and then returned to their owners. To make photos or other items available for the Park to use, contact Park Anthropologist Jacilee Wray at 360-452-4501 x292.

KEEPING PACE

EQUIPMENT, RECIPES, TIPS

MAP—A map of Blanchard Mountain trails is being offered free by the Pacific Northwest Trail Association.

Send a 4x9 self-addressed stamped envelope to:

PNTA
PO Box 1817
Mount Vernon WA 98273.

ZIPPER PULLS—Got this from "Backcountry Skier," by Jean Vives, and it works very well. Get 3mm or 4mm Perlon accessory cord from a mountaineering or fabric store (like Seattle Fabrics). It's round, easier to grip with gloves than flat ribbon.

Cut into 12-inch lengths for clothing zippers, 14-inch lengths for larger items like tents and sleeping bags.

Flame the cut ends and tie in an over-hand knot. Stick the loop end through the zipper opening, and then the knot through the loop. Snug down tight. Easy to grab and colorful too.—*VB/MA, Arlington.*

WATERPROOF PAPER—Recently Gordon McDougall told me about "Rite in the Rain" paper that you can run through a photocopier or through your color printer.

I sometimes like to travel with a section of the quad photocopied and stashed in my pocket for frequent reference. Invariably the map ends up as a useless, soggy lump from rain, snow, fog, or sweat.

With our TOPO! program and Rite in the Rain paper, now I can print out a waterproof map section on the color printer. I haven't tried it yet for hiking or skiing, but Lee soaked a map pretty thoroughly in salt water and it worked wonderfully.

We bought a box of 200 sheets for \$23.90 at Captain's Nautical Supply in Seattle. It's called Rite in the Rain All-Weather Copier Paper Item No. 8511. You can check their web site for more details: www.riteintherain.com—*Ann Marshall*

TENT POLES—A few months ago a reader asked for ideas on how to make fiberglass poles slide more easily through an old tent with corner-to-corner sleeves.

A suggestion from Gordon McDougall is to coat the poles with a spray silicone to act as a lubricant. Gordon highly recommends the silicone on all

aluminum poles. He doesn't know if it will work as well on fiberglass poles but it certainly is worth a try.

He says the silicone makes the aluminum poles very slippery and difficult to hang onto, but it prevents oxidation and allows the poles to run smoothly through their sleeves.

MORE READER QUESTIONS—

Here are other questions from readers. Share your knowledge and opinions:

1. I'd like to know where to stop and eat on my way to or from trips, so I'd like to see reports of restaurants in mountain towns around the state.
2. Have you used a GPS unit in the backcountry? What do you think of it? What brand do you have? Is it truly useful or just a toy?

GORDY'S PIZZA & PASTA—In answer to question 1 above, here is a place to eat in Port Angeles.

Gordy's is located on Highway 101 eastbound, toward the east end of town, on the north side. Great pasta dishes, with the option of half-size orders so you can save room for cheesecake. Reasonable prices, and room for lots of hikers. Call 360-457-5056 for hours, or if you get lost and need directions.

SEND US ...

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

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Camping near Swauk Pass.

FROM THE MAILBOX—"We met Sasha last spring as she was taking Warren toward the summit of Yellow Hill in the West Fork Tcanaway. We followed their tracks on our way to Elbow Peak."—*Cle Elum*

"Having read Warren's book about Sasha and the articles about her in *P&P*, I feel a real sense of loss at her passing. I wish to thank him for sharing her with us through his writing."—*Renton*

"This was the first year since high school that I didn't get a trip in. Even in the Navy I managed to do a backpack each summer. Far too much overtime this past year."—*Covington*

"If you know of anyone contemplating a total hip replacement I would be happy to talk with them. I now have a lot of first-hand information (more than I really cared to have!)."—*Seattle*

"Glad the mag hasn't gone slick!"—*Seattle*

"I had hoped to be sending in trip reports, but trips to the hospital aren't for publication."—*Olympia*

"Daiquiri, Sangria and Kahlua all say HI to Yellow Cat. They all read *P&P* for the latest word on YC, and appreciate hearing what she's been up to."—*Seattle*

SKI SHOPPING—While Lee and I were ski-shopping recently at Sturtevant's we spotted Judi Maxwell behind the Ski Masters Ski School desk. Judi is a long-time subscriber and former

Scramble class instructor. (In Bean Basin, the informal names "Judi" and "Mary" have been given to two peaks on the ridge in honor of the contributions of Judi Maxwell and Mary Sutliff to the Scramble program.)

It was great to visit with her for awhile, and also to get her opinions on skis and bindings. A few days later I ended up with new boards. Thanks for the input, Judi.

PICKET, PICKETT or PICKELL?

—In the January issue was a story by Mitch Blanton about his trip from Whatcom Pass to Pioneer Ridge, across Pickell Pass. I could not find that pass named in Beckey, but I did find that he has both "Picket" and "Pickett" passes on the sketch map on page 95 of the *Red Fred* (second edition).

I asked Mitch for help on unraveling my confusion. He replied that "Pickell Pass" seems a logical name for the pass at the headwaters of *Picket* Creek and *Goodell* Creek, and referred me to John Roper for further explanation.

"I've been here twice, but the name's not mine," says John. "Pickell Pass was first applied, to my knowledge, by Joan Firey when she led a group that included Carla Firey (age 16 then), Peter Renz, and Dave Knudson through here in 1970 on a great loop through the Southern and Northern Pickets, and out via Jasper Pass to Thornton Lakes, I believe.

"This was written up by Peter in *Summit* in 1971 or so as 'The Carpet-bagger's Traverse,' if you want to read about it," continues John. "I've just repeated Joan's nomenclature. It's a good name, because once you get here, if the weather turns bad, you're in a real pickle."

So what about Pickets-with-one-T or Picketts-with-two-Ts? John can explain that mystery, also.

"These are the Pickets, as in picket fence," he says. "There was a time when Beckey thought they were named after Civil War general George Pickett, and used this thought in his earlier books. He later got straightened out. See page 97 in the new *Red Fred*."

JOE TREES A BEAR—*P&P* reader Joe Weigel, who lives not too far from us in Port Orchard, described how he went outside one night a week or two ago to re-hang their bird feeder. He thought some pesky raccoons had

knocked it down. As he picked up the feeder he heard rustling in the nearby tree and went inside for a flashlight so he could get a look at the raccoons.

Much to his surprise, the flashlight beam illuminated a bear.

"It was a good-sized bear, too," related Joe in his calm manner. "I just turned right around and went back in the house." I bet the bear was as surprised as Joe.

RACK SHIFT—We have heard many stories told by the elders (like Lee Moyer and Tom Steinburn) about disasters that happen to kayaks on top of cars. Lee (McKee) came close to having his own disaster.

When we put his kayak on the car last weekend, we noticed that the front bar of his Thule rack had slid about 6 inches to starboard. It was definitely not loose; he could not move it by hand and had to use tools to reposition it.

The only explanation is that on the previous trip, as he was driving home across The Narrows bridge on a very windy day, the wind shoved his kayak with such force that it also moved the rack bar.

INDEX—Yellow Cat wishes to announce that the 1999 Index is ready. She has mailed out all requests received over the last couple of months and says thank you for your patience.

As usual, her assistant (Lee) has made separate indexes for snow and paddle trips, which are handy if you want this specialized information. See the coupon on page 2 if you want to request an index.

And now, YC is going to nap until the Vernal Equinox.

See you in the backcountry,

Ann Marshall



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