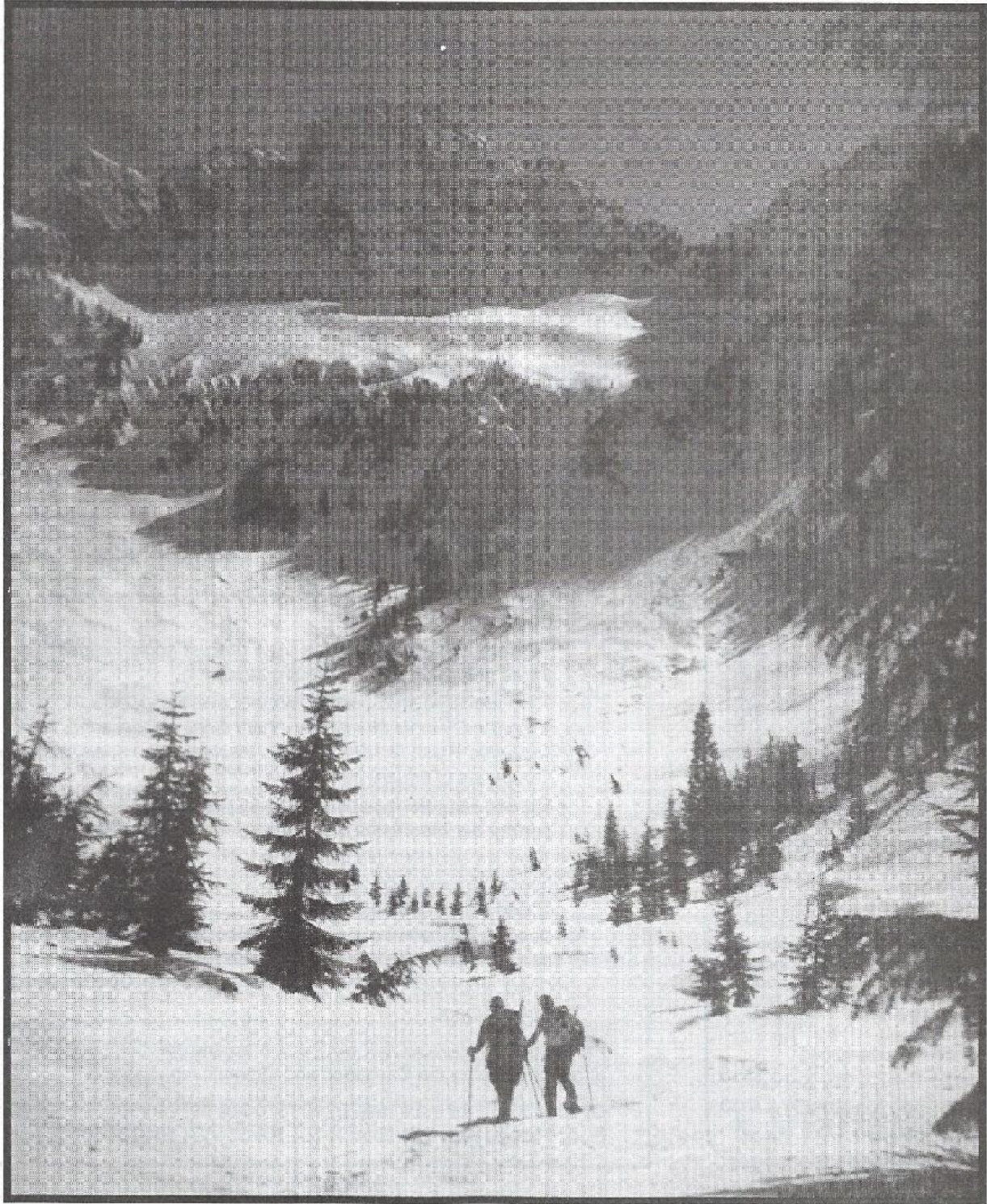


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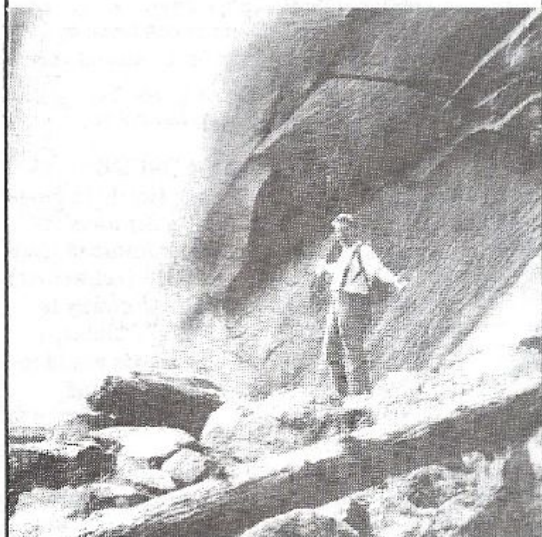
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VOLUME 9, NUMBER 4

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RANDOM VIEW—



David Laws

Al Smith at Bridal Veil Falls near Mount Index.
Baker-Snoqualmie National Forest.

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COVER PHOTO:

Grant Myers and Tom Rainey snowshoe down the West Fork Tunnel Creek under K-9. Near Stevens Pass, Washington. Photo by John Roper.

HOW TO BE A PACK & PADDLE CONTRIBUTOR:

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TASHA THE POWDERHOUND

My best girl Tasha died last week of cancer. She was only eight. She was not a well-known *Pack & Paddle* dog like Sasha or Shadow, but was a great mountain dog in her own right.

Her first introduction to mountains and snow was as a pup, maybe six months old. My daughter Saskia had taken her on an overnight snow camping trip. When they had skied to a good campsite, Saskia set up camp while Tasha raced around enjoying the deep snow and jumped off a snowbank right onto a snow-covered frozen lake and fell through the ice!

Saskia had a hard time getting her out because of the steep soft bank and the crumbling ice (she was alone). Plus Tasha kept thrashing away from her. Finally, in a now-or-never move, Saskia latched onto her collar and heaved her out and onto the bank, then quickly into the tent to dry her off and brew hot soup for her.

Tasha caught on quickly, because each time she shivered Saskia would make soup again (she always was a great eater). This went on through the night!

Tasha grew up to be a great powderhound who went Randonee skiing and mountain climbing with Saskia.

On her free days she loved going hik-

ing or backcountry skiing with old Mom and Dad.

Marita von Michalofski
Bellevue, Washington

SPEAK OUT AGAINST FEES

Mike Dombeck
USDA Forest Service
PO Box 96090
Washington DC 20090-6090

Dear Mr. Dombeck,

I am writing you in regard to the Forest Service Recreation Fee Demonstration Program. I find it unacceptable that I have to pay to go for a walk in the National Forest.

The national forests are public lands, bought and paid with our money, and held in trust by the US Government for the good of all citizens. You are, in essence, forcing us to pay to take a walk on our own property.

I find recreation fees especially troubling in light of the fact that the extractors have benefited from forest resources to the detriment of the public trust. The USFS has subsidized timber sales, and cut roads into our forests at an enormous financial loss; these timber companies have clear-cut our forests and destroyed wildlife habitat and

salmon streams.

And now because the USFS has done these things, we the hikers, the light users, are expected to pay a fee to make up for the financial deficit?

Please let this serve as my vote against the Fee Demonstration Program.

Jim Miller
Portland, Oregon

(Ed. Note: This letter can serve as a guide for your own letter, should you wish to write one.

WINTER ROAD CLOSURE

A note in the Everett Herald in January asked input from winter users regarding possible winter closure of roads 4020 (Mallardy) and 4030 (Schweitzer) off the Mountain Loop Highway to motor vehicles during December, January and February. Roads would remain open to skis, snowshoes and snowmobiles. These were all referred to as "pedestrian activities."

Following are our thoughts, which we sent in a letter to the Darrington Ranger Station:

We regularly ski roads 4020 and 4030. The issue we see with winter closure is variable snow level. If gated at highway level, it means a long walk on dry road or patchy snow carrying gear. Enough snow effectively stops 4-wheelers when the snow gets too deep, at whatever elevation that may be.

We ski these roads as early and as late as there is enough snow to ski. We chain up and drive to "decent snow" level before parking at an elevation that stops most 4-wheelers.

Snowmobiles and skiing are not compatible. These roads are too short for snowmobiling anyway, but once chewed it they are lousy for skiing even after the snowmobiles are long gone. If a road has been snowmobiled, we need to go elsewhere. It takes a lot of snow to make it skiable again.

Snowmobiling is not a pedestrian activity! Hiking, crosscountry skiing and snowshoeing are.

We appreciate that plows now are clearing a section of the road off the highway. It makes for much safer turn-around and parking. Thanks.

VB/MA
Arlington, Washington



Tasha on the summit of Mount Daniel.

Saskia von Michalofski

BACKCOUNTRY NEWS





REPORTS AND CONDITIONS

INTRODUCTION

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

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


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


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



PENINSULA



 **DUCKABUSH**—The trail is open to 5-mile camp. Snow starts just before at 12" deep.—Bruce Klanke, Brinnon, 3/14.

 **DUNGENESS SPIT** (USGS *Dungeness*)—We had not done this hike for several years. It was interesting to discover the new Highway 101 bypass around Sequim.

There were still a lot of parking places when we arrived at the trailhead. After we registered, the volunteer ranger gave us a short briefing of what we might expect to see on the spit. Gray whales had been spotted the previous day, along with seals and eagles as well as many sea birds.

We did not see any whales, but there

BACKCOUNTRY NEWS DEADLINE: April 18

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

were seals and eagles as promised along with numerous ducks, sanderlings and cormorants. We set a leisurely pace to take advantage of the wildlife. Part of the group stopped for lunch about halfway. The rest pressed on the 5 miles and reported an interesting tour of the lighthouse. They all returned with souvenir rocks stamped with the image of the lighthouse.

The tide was coming in so we had to hurry a bit on the way back. A truly delightful trip. Wonderful views of the snow capped Olympics and across the strait to Vancouver Island.—Leigh Champlin, Seattle, 3/5.

DOSEWALLIPS ROAD to the park boundary has just been graded during the past week. It is in excellent condition and snow free. The Bull Elk Creek Bridge has held up remarkably well during this mild winter and no problems in crossing as of 3/11.

From the park boundary into the campground, the road is 90 % snow free. The gate will remain closed and locked until road and campground maintenance work is completed.—Ranger, 3/14.

EAST FORK QUINAULT—Only 3 or 4 trees are down from Graves Creek to the Chalet. Snow begins at O'Neil Creek and is 3 to 4 feet deep at the Chalet. River was only 1 foot deep at the horse ford just before Chalet but will get deeper when the snow starts to melt.—Ranger, 3/20.


HOH RIVER—Trail is snowfree from the visitor's center to Lewis Meadows; patchy to Elk Lake. There is two feet of snow at Elk Lake and the lake is 98% frozen. Before Olympus Guard Station two trees are down; one down between OGS and Elk Lake.

The footlog crossing a seasonal creek at MP 2.3 has collapsed midspan and is in the creek. This is not an obstacle in low water, but could be a problem when the creek is running high.

Two re-routes have been constructed around obstacles. Near Lewis Meadow is a 30 meter washout which is badly exposed into the river. No reroute has been constructed here and hikers will scramble on exposed roots with 10 vertical meters below them.—Ranger, 3/7.

SOUTHWEST



 **FORT CANBY STATE PARK** (USGS *Cape Disappointment*)—With Jim on strike at Boeing, it's like being retired. No money, but plenty of free time. To take advantage of the situation, we headed to Fort Canby State Park on the southern Washington coast near Long Beach for a four-day camping trip in our motor home. We always spend Memorial

Day weekend at Fort Canby but have never been here in winter. We were in for a pleasant surprise, namely, no crowds and decent weather.

Fort Canby abounds with hiking areas. At low tide, a walk from the campground along the beach to the jetty is a must. And for the surefooted, walk the length of the rocky jetty and back.

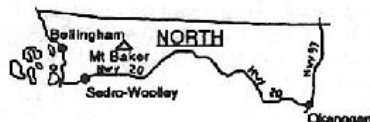
If you're into lighthouses, hike the trail south from Beard's Hollow to North Head Lighthouse and across the length of the park to Cape Disappointment Lighthouse at the mouth of the Columbia River. The route takes you through deep forests with huge gnarly evergreens, along grassy knolls overlooking the Pacific, and past the Interpretive Center where you can trace the journey of Lewis and Clark.

Finally, a short loop trail, which happened to be full of wild daffodils in mid February, runs along a bluff overlooking the bay on the east side of the park.

When you run out of Fort Canby trails, take a drive north to Leadbetter State Park and explore that park's wildlands. And after all that, take a break and go shopping in Long Beach!

All too soon, our mini vacation ended, and it was time to go back to the picket lines.—Ginny Evans, Renton, 2/19-22.

NORTH



LILY LAKE, NORTH BUTTE (USGS Bellingham

South)—I had received my map from the PNWT (thanks for the address in *Pack & Paddle*; see February, page 30) and headed up to do some of the trails on Blanchard Hill that I hadn't done before. We came in from the east; from I-5 take the Alger exit 240, turn left and in a half mile take another left on Barrel Springs Road.

Turn right at the second non-drive-way (the first is Shaw Road and each intersection has a sign indicating the Blanchard Hill Trails), ignore the first trailhead and large parking lot (for horses) and find the Lily Lake trailhead on the left with a parking area shortly after on the right.

We continued up the road another mile or so and found the Incline Alternate trailhead again on the left and dropped a car there. Back at the Lily Lake trailhead, we headed up a very nice trail (built for horses, so a nice easy

grade) to an intersection at 1.6 miles.

We turned left here off the Lily Lake trail and in another .7-mile took a right on Max's Shortcut (also the PNWT). This trail took us up to the ridgetop and eventually intersected the Lily Lake trail again at a Y intersection. We turned left and followed the signs to Lily Lake. A bit of snow on the ridgetop provided a nice frosting to the trees, and the frozen lakes with the snow were prettier than they would have been without.

From Lily Lake, we headed along the west shore to just past the outhouse and found a rather muddy and rough trail (follow the boot prints as they angle away from the lake) that headed up to North Butte.

The Butte has some nice sunny rocks with views out to the San Juans where we had lunch and soaked up sunshine in February. It was even too warm to drink my hot tea. I had meant to go looking for the view of Mount Baker that the map mentions as a 100-foot bushwack from the Butte, but the sun was so pleasant, I completely forgot about it.

We headed back down and veered left on a faint (especially with the snow) trail that took us to Lizard Lake. From there we headed down to the Alternate Incline trail (nicely graded) and down to our cars. This is a great winter hike with quite a few trails that make a lot of loops possible. Highly recommended.—SIE, Bellevue, 2/18.



PACIFIC NORTHWEST TRAIL (USGS Bellingham

South)—A short drive south of Bellingham on Highway 11 (Chuckanut Drive) is a restaurant called the Oyster Bar. I mention this because it is the best landmark to spot the Pacific Northwest Trail, which runs from the Pacific Ocean to Glacier National Park in Montana.

The trailhead is just a few hundred yards south of the restaurant, easily found once you know where it is, easy to miss when you don't. Parking is along the shoulder of the road, and the trail gets heavy use on nice weekends in the summer. Lucky and I arrived at 10:30. The weather was perfect, but since it was a Monday in March, there were only two other cars.

The trail starts steeply up the side of the bluff, switch-backing several times. After nearly 2 miles we came to a fork. The trail to the south leads to the high bluff favored by hang-gliders, and we chose the more rugged option heading for the north. For about a mile the trail meanders through fairly level sections mixed with steep scrambles as it heads for the Bat Caves and Oyster Dome.

Lucky and I took a breather on the

trail to the Bat Caves and poked around for a while. After a few minutes we began the last climb to the high plateau southwest of Blanchard Mountain.

Arriving at the top of the trail huffing and puffing, we noted the seemingly incongruous rail sticking out of the ground just as one attains the summit. After the preceding strenuous climb one has the thought, "What kind of a railroad could climb this grade?" Of course, the railroad came from the other side, and the next section of trail, to Lily Lake, runs along the old grade, a welcome relief from the steepness. By the time we reached the lake we had regained our breath.

At this point I consulted my map and made the same mistake I always seem to make when I haven't been to Lily Lake in a while: assuming the trail to the summit of Blanchard Mountain connects to the back trail to Lizard Lake. We ended up at the summit, 2360 feet, looking for a way down. After a few minutes of wandering around the big rock at the summit, we remembered and headed back down, watching sharply for the faint trail to the north.

After crossing a low saddle, we saw the outhouse just off the Lizard Lake Trail. Lucky and I shared a lunch at the horse camp nearby.

Both Lily Lake, at 2000 feet, and Lizard Lake, 1860 feet, are well-shaded, so they both had a skim of ice over most of their surfaces. We didn't tarry long, as the temperature was perhaps in the thirties in the shade, and we were due home in three-and-a-half hours. We headed for the main trail back to Lily Lake.

Time for another error: we decided the well-marked trailhead was the non-existent "western trail" and the next turn to the south would be the main trail. We ended up dropping 800 feet and came out on the Blanchard Hill Road ¾-mile later. We decided to hustle down the road to the intersection with Hang Glider Road, and decide there whether to take it or the longer trail back to the Pacific Northwest trail. After dodging a few four-wheel-drive trucks and ATVs the choice was easy! We got off the road, even though our feet were begging for the shortest path.

We made good time on this trail, in spite of our tiredness. When we arrived at the hang glider area, several parasailers were making use of the beautiful weather and sunshine. This area has probably the best view of any place in the Chuckanut Mountains, sweeping from the Cascade Range south to Mount Rainier, past Mount Vernon, and continuing to the San Juan Islands.

BACKCOUNTRY NEWS

REPORTS AND CONDITIONS

We took a few minutes to enjoy it and then descended to the car, getting to the highway at 4:50.

14 miles, 2760 feet total elevation—David and Lucky, Bellingham, 3/6.



BAKER LAKE TRAIL

(Green Trails Map 46)—Lucky and I met our friend Al in Burlington and drove east to the turnoff to Baker Lake. A few miles later we crossed the dam and drove to the trailhead.

This trail has recently been extended to the full length of the lake, or so I've heard. This was not the day for us to find out, however, as I needed to return to Bellingham by two o'clock. Accordingly we kept our sights on the hiker's camp a few miles from the trailhead.

The weather was spectacular! We drove through some hardpack snow on the road, although not much. We thought perhaps there would be snow on the trail, but there was none—it was bare and dry. The trail meanders slowly north through the forest on the east side of the lake, with views of the lake, Mount Baker, and numerous streams which cross under the trail through culverts or wooden bridges. In an hour we were at the turnoff for the hiker's camp.

The camping area is nice, although it has not been cleared of blowdowns yet, with several spots for tents, fire rings, but no benches or tables. We decided to take our snack break down on a small peninsula, which is underwater when the water level is higher.

There are a number of stumps on this little area, some of which have had the soil removed from under them, leaving them surrealistically high and dry on top of their roots. The footing was secure but seemed to be composed of a thin layer of mud covered with a thin layer of ice.

Lucky thought this was wonderful, and began romping and running. Soon he tired of that and began to dig little holes through the ice layer, so that he could roll in the mud. When he was completely covered with mud he came over to see what we were eating.

After we finished our snack we ascended to the trail and walked back to the car. We promised each other we'd hike more of this trail soon.—David and Lucky, Bellingham, 2/19.



PEAK 2002 (USGS Marble mount)

—I'm not sure if the locals have a name for this low mountain, but either "Squat-Diddy" or "Deceptive Mountain" are appropriate. The mountain contains numerous cliffs, and is a navigational challenge, because of near constant trees (some old growth).

From Marblemount ranger station the mountain looks like a forested, non-descript ridge (despite having 700 feet of prominence and two sides that drop greater than 1500 feet).

I parked at the ranger station and walked west between buildings, and then into the forest. I briefly followed a short remnant "road" that leads to a couple of picnic tables and wooden frames for tents. My goal was to cross Backus Creek and hike up the broad east-northeast ridge of Peak 2002.

My plans went awry. After spending 15 minutes crossing a thriving stream on a 30-foot log, I was convinced I crossed Backus. Instead, I had surmounted an unmapped winter torrent north of Backus Creek. The result was a class 2 to 3 scramble up mossy dirt and rocks to a 1260-foot plateau north of Backus.

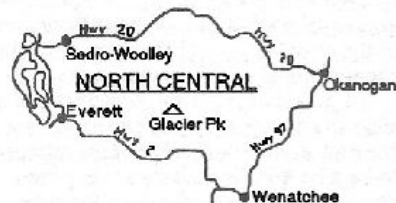
To rectify my error, I descended southwest to Backus Creek and then slowly up to the multi-mounded summit. Not much in the way of views, despite fewer trees. Only the snowcovered mountainside to the northwest was clearly visible.

I tried to descend the south side of Backus Creek, but nasty cliffs (class 3-4+) stopped me at 650 feet. I ascended to 700 feet and managed to cross cascading and roaring Backus on a mossy, boulder and tree obstacle course. After contending with a mix of blackberry bushes, devils club and other thorny plants, I reached the horse pasture. I then followed the fence line north, back to the picnic area and my vehicle.

I was perplexed to not find the winter torrent on my descent. Apparently it had gone underground, as Backus

eventually does. Or maybe I had briefly entered the Twilight Zone.—Steve Fry, Edmonds, 3/19.

NORTH CENTRAL



DECEPTION PASS STATE

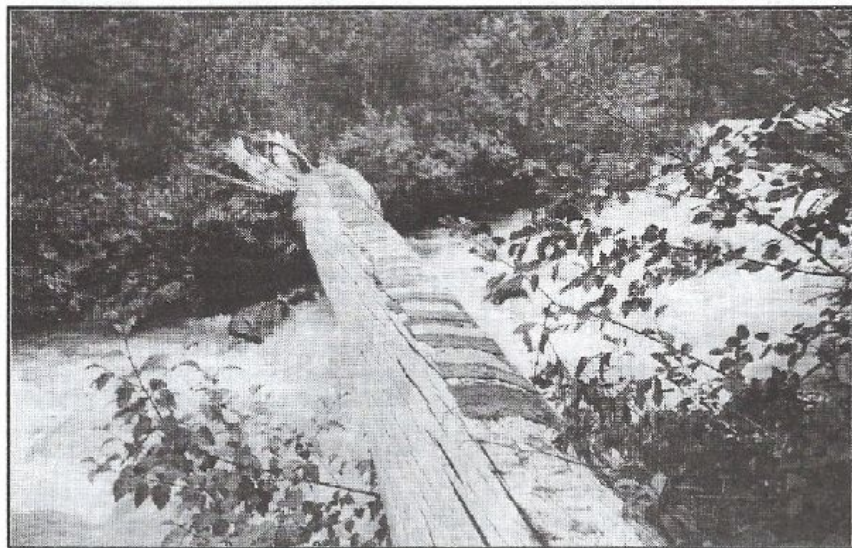
PARK (USGS Deception Pass)

—Took advantage of another beautiful winter (though it's starting to feel like spring) day to do a couple of old favorites and a new discovery at Deception Pass.

We parked at the Bowman Bay parking area and started with Rosario Head and then around Reservation Head where we enjoyed lunch in a protected spot with views of the Pass. We also saw some grass widows starting to bloom.

Back at the trail on the mainland, we turned right instead of left as I've done in the past and followed the trail to more viewpoints. However, a big chunk of trail near the best viewpoint (though not as good as on Reservation Head) has slid and there is yellow caution tape roping it off. A new bypass has been built back down the trail a short distance to the same location. The slide is not too dangerous for adults, but you would need to keep a sharp eye (and maybe more) on children.

We followed the trail as it looped around and back to the main one, back past the turnoff to Reservation Head to



An exciting footbridge near Mount Baker.

David Laws

BACKCOUNTRY NEWS

REPORTS AND CONDITIONS

an unmarked trail junction. Two of our party headed right a short distance to the highway and the rest of us went back to get the cars. We parked in the second turnout before the bridge and crossed over (at some risk on this busy stretch of road) and found the Bowman Hill trail where the cliffs come down to the road level in some trees.

We followed this trail for about half a mile to a lovely viewpoint overlooking the east side of the bridge. This appears to be a boot-built path through some rocks with much evidence of the glaciers that scraped across. In addition, several kinds of flowers were blooming in this unique micro-climate including an Indian paintbrush (in March!).

This is a nice addition to the other short hikes in the area, but the traffic makes this a trail best done early before the traffic picks up.—SIE, Bellevue, 3/3.



DECEPTION PASS STATE PARK (USGS Deception

Pass, Anacortes South)—Sunday we hiked clockwise around Pass Lake on an old road with the last ¼-mile on busy Highway 20. Not a wonderful hike but something different from the popular Deception Pass tourist hikes. Parking in the lot at Pass Lake, we hiked Rosario Road a short distance to a muddy track on the right taking off to the north. We followed this up over a small hill (with no views) and down the other side to an open meadow where we could walk down to the lakeshore.

Sometimes on way trails and most of the time crashing through brambles, we made our way along the lake until we were forced to walk the highway back to our motor home. Not a real long trip but plenty for the late afternoon start we had.

Tuesday we took off on a tiny trail up the side of Bowman Hill. It is only about ½-mile long and is actually shown on

the Deception Pass quad. Where the trail levels out, it becomes an ugly old muddy road. Stop here and enjoy the views south toward the Pass, Goose Rock and beyond.

We met some guys who told us about two caves in the hillside below this viewpoint. Climbing a trail down a pretty moss-covered slot canyon and around the bottom of the cliff, we came out just below the caves. They appeared to be accessible either by rappelling down from the viewpoint or rock climbing up from below.

Both options left us out so we just got a birdseye view of two large openings. The guys told us that one of the caves goes back ways and flashlights are needed. This short hike was just the right length on the day we needed to head back to town and the picket line.—Ginny Evans, Renton, 3/12 & 14



SUGARLOAF, WHISTLE LAKE, MOUNT ERIE

(USGS Deception Pass, Anacortes South)—This area north of Deception Pass State Park is public land and located just a few miles south of Anacortes. Overseen by an Advisory Board, this land is managed for scenic, aesthetic and recreational uses. In the mid 1980s, we sent away to the Anacortes Public Library for maps of the area. They are still usable today although they don't show all of the signed trails we hiked on. There are many interconnecting trails and roads, some unsigned, which can be confusing. However, we managed not to get too lost and had a fun day exploring the area.

Parking part way up the paved Mount Erie road, we began our hike at the signed Sugarloaf trailhead. A short trail brought us to the forested summit; however, just below are open meadows affording nice views of Rosario Strait, the Olympics, and the Deception Pass area. Coming down the other side of Sugarloaf, we found a connecting trail to the Whistle Lake trail system.

Doing a counter-clockwise trek around the lake, we ate lunch on a bluff overlooking the lake's island. Then while Jim headed back to the motor home, Shadow and I connected up with the trail up Mount Erie where we would meet Jim at the top. We didn't see another soul on any of the trails all day. What a neat area; close to town yet very remote, at least at this time of year.—Ginny Evans, Renton, 3/13.



FORT EBHEY STATE PARK (USGS Port Townsend N)

Another of our winter hikes to take advantage of the many state parks. Fort

Ebhey is located north of Ebhey's Landing near Coupeville on the west side of Whidbey Island.

We drove to Libby Beach, a county park just north of the state park. The tide was low so we went down the beach about 3 miles to a trail which goes up to a picnic area at the south end of the park. Along the way we noticed cactus on the bluffs and lots of interesting things in the tide pools.

After leaving the beach we followed the bluff scenic trail through the park, past the gun emplacements and down the beach and parking area at the north end of the park. From here it was just a short walk up the beach to the car.

There were high clouds but no rain. Spring was in the air. Wild currant was in bloom, and the Oregon grape and other shrubs were showing signs of life. The views west across the water toward the Olympics were splendid.—Leigh Champlin, Seattle, 3/12.



BUCK CREEK TRAIL

(USGS Huckleberry Mtn)—

Steve Fox, Jim Cavin and I decided to explore the Buck Creek trail, one of those neglected and forgotten relics.

The Buck Creek Campground is at milepost 15 on the Suiattle River road 26 and is closed for the winter (the Suiattle River road is snowfree about a mile past Downey Creek, 20 miles). The Buck Creek trail is not signed but was easy enough to find beginning from the campground.

Our work started immediately. Though it was easy to find the start of the trail our progress was slowed by a fallen tree which took some time to get across. Once we were past the tree the trail was easy to follow and scenic as it paralleled the river. After ¼-mile or so the trail began to climb and we encountered another fallen tree but scuttled around it.

The trail leaves the river and makes several short switchbacks overgrown with salal. We almost missed the switchbacks. Once the trail leaves the river it doesn't seem to get much use. We caught glimpses of the river below us through the trees—above us large mossy boulders and big trees conspired to block out the sky. We encountered more fallen trees across the trail but none of them were enough to stop us.

We reached a point where we considered turning around as the tread is badly eroded above a gully that drops straight to the river, but on a second look it wasn't as bad as it looked and we kept going until we were stymied again.

The trail just seemed to stop. Period. There were vague possibilities and we

ALWAYS CARRY THE TEN ESSENTIALS

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

desperately tried them all. We went uphill, we went downhill. We hiked on as best we could following bits and pieces of trail interspersed with barriers of various vegetation.

The wisp of trail stopped at a steep ravine and we didn't see anything that looked like it was worth the trouble. Our choices were to drop all the way down to Buck Creek through vegetation or climb above the ravine into the heart of darkness but there was no trace of a route on the other side. It promised to be unpleasant and dirty work so we turned around and retraced our route through the fallen trees and brush.

We returned to the campground to enjoy our lunch on a table that was conveniently sitting in the sun.

On our way out we met a Ranger and asked him about the Buck Creek trail. He told us that it was a fisherman's trail, that it was rough and it sounded like we had gone as far as we could. It is hard to gauge how far we went but I believe we probably managed a couple of miles. Our altimeters did show us gaining 500 feet.

It was a short and brutal hike. Though we never made it to a "destination" Steve said that the trail itself was the destination and we all agreed that it was worth the effort. There's no such thing as a worthless trail in the mountains.—Karen Sykes, Seattle, 3/5.



PRAIRIE MOUNTAIN

(USGS Prairie Mtn)—Getting there: Drive up the Suiattle River road just north of Darrington past the Summit Timber Company. Take a right onto road 25 crossing the Suiattle River.

The Trip: Stefan, Mike and I did a car shuttle thing, then parked at the end of logging road 2512 at the base of Prairie's northeast ridge about 2100 feet. We followed the road up and south-southwest across a stream to gain the northeast ridge. Once on the ridge we went past and over Point 4734 before ascending to the summit of Prairie.

The final scramble (maybe Class 2) was snow-plastered rock and tiny vegetation to the summit. It was breezy here so we took a short break below the summit before continuing to Point 5040+, dubbed "White Prairie Peak."

The trek over to White Prairie is fairly straightforward. We headed south from Prairie staying below the ridge on its east side and regaining the ridge at about 5300 feet. From here on out we stayed on the ridge proper climbing points 5260, 5028 and 4682 enroute.

This stretch was fairly uneventful except that a 150-foot-long chunk of snow and ice broke beneath Stefan's

feet! He saw a crack forming to his right (he was at least 6 feet back from the edge) when the huge cornice to his left calved off! Thanking his lucky stars that he was spared the wrath of the "cornice gods" we trudged onward toward the summit of White Prairie.

On the USGS it looks like a real easy ridge to its top (from the west) but near its summit is a short rock step. We traversed to the right (south) of the ridge before ascending a short steep snow section to gain its top.

Our descent back to where we'd left a second vehicle (on road 2510 just past the crossing of Conrad Creek) was fairly straightforward. I would say that 80% of the trip was with snowshoes in very sugary snow but with our strong party it wasn't a problem. The whole trip was maybe 8 or 9 miles with about 5000 feet of gain.—Everyone's only climbing kitty, Pilar, Monroe, 3/19.



MARBLE PEAK (USGS Silverton)

Getting there: Drive the Mountain Loop Highway about .5-mile past the Sperry-Iverson Mine (where the river is right next to the main road). Find a wide spot in the road and park (about 1420 feet).

The trail: Mike and I were prepared for the worst. I'd borrowed my dad's waders and Mike had a pair with more duct tape on them than Mitch's shorts!

I wasted little time trying to ford the river. My overconfidence was rewarded with an early morning dip in the chilly Stilly! When about half way across, in three feet of water, my bad ankle (that I'd sprained in Joshua Tree a couple of weeks ago) collapsed. I went under, except for my head, and I was whisked away by the current. My waders completely filled with water.

I was finally able to stop further downstream progress. I scampered along the rocks and made my way to the other side. Mike thought this entire episode quite funny and found a different place to cross farther upstream.

Not having an entire change of clothes I resorted to wringing out my long underwear. This method met with some success but I was freezing cold at this point, so I left the wet clothes that I would no longer be using (my socks, gloves, jacket, waders ...) next to the river. Mike quickly found me and we began the wet slog up the northwest ridge of Marble (the ridge just southwest of Marble Gulch).

We followed the ridge up past one short steep section at 3600 feet to just above 4000 feet where we exited the ridge to the right and then traversed up to a heavily treed gully and a notch just

southwest of the peak. There is a not-so-treed gully even farther to the southwest that you want to avoid: it is farther away from the summit.

We reached the summit ridge at 4920+ feet just southwest of the summit. We now headed northeast to the top at 5160+ feet. We arrived at the summit a little before 1pm and then spent almost 1.5 hours digging for the summit register and soaking up the grand views.

Speaking of which, there is an incredible one (view) of the Big Four-Vesper cirque and the completely frozen Copper Lake. I was most definitely in no hurry to get back down.

Once arriving at the fateful river crossing again, I opted for Mike's route across the Stilly. This proved a good choice on my part. This time I crossed without the waders, instead using my plastic boots (which offered better ankle support and I really couldn't get any wetter than I already was!). It was a much better place to cross.

We started down at 2:30 and arrived back at the car at 4:30, only two hours down. Wow! This is a relatively short trip, probably less than 4 miles and with about 3700 feet of gain. We used

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snowshoes once above 3000 feet or so. —Pilar, Monroe, 3/15. (Now I know why cats don't like water!)

VALHALLA MOUNTAIN and TALL HALLA MOUNTAIN (aka D MTN)—USGS *Captain Point, Labyrinth Mtn*—It was fun being out with the R&R Club again (Robust & Rotund, 200-pound minimum weight requirement).

Drive Highway 2 over Stevens Pass and a couple of miles more to a huge friendly parking spot on the right (no permit required), opposite "Yodelin Place." Walk carefully across the highway and either take the path up to the PCT/old railroad bed (which we did), or better yet, follow the snowy road up Nason Creek to its end. We eventually met up with the snowshoe tracks of past parties bound for Lake Valhalla.

At 3800 feet we broke off the trail and headed up untracked foot-deep powder to "SnoKinChe Pass" (4800 feet), where Snohomish, King, and Chelan counties touch. Just before the pass was a beautiful snowy glade that begged to be visited in the summer, and it looks easy enough to do since the PCT goes right by it.

From the pass, we dropped about 300 feet and were surprised to see snowmobile tracks here extending to the uppermost reaches of Martin Creek! We gained the southeast ridge of Valhalla above the Rapid River and continued to the 5200-foot top in lovely old growth forest. Peckaviews allowed us to pick out Captain Point, Fernow, Evergreen, Scrabble, Fortune, Windy, Thor, and Thunder.

Why on earth anyone would put the name Valhalla Mountain on this pathetic point with only 160 feet of prominence puzzled us, especially when Valhalla is the name of the great hall where Odin, the Norse god of art, culture, war, and the dead, receives the souls of heroes fallen bravely in battle.

I thought about this all the way over to the next summit west, "Tall Halla," 5409 feet, which also is wooded and not much to look at, but at least has a notable 729 feet of prominence. Here we celebrated an important milestone for Jeff. This was his 500th peak (hence the "D Mountain" name).

The answer to the above question dawned on me on the trudge back. Forest Supervisor Albert Sylvester named Lake Valhalla in 1910, and at the same time probably named Valhalla Mountain, but instead of the words being placed in the correct position on the prominent 5747-foot summit above the lake, a misguided cartographer slipped

the name onto a ridgepoint to the southwest. Peak 5747 has since been named Mount McCausland after a Forest Service employee from Skykomish.

Jeff figured the total stats for our jaunt today: 10 miles roundtrip, 3300 vertical feet, and commented via e-mail, "Not bad for winter, with so much fresh powder. Now I fully understand why my body is so whacked out."

This is a good big-woods trip with low avalanche hazard, but the views are restricted. 5.5 hours to 5409, 3.25 hours back.—John Roper, Bellevue, 3/12.



MARCKWORTH FREEWAY (USGS *Carnation, Lk Joy, Sultan*)—Took an exploratory tour of the Marckworth Freeway, so called by Harvey Manning in *Footsore*. This old logging route runs from Sultan to Duvall through vast timberlands. Lots of woods, lots of clearcuts, lots of plantations. Swamps, rocky ledges, rushing streams, ponds.

Not much in the way of people, though there is the odd settlement (not to mention odd settlers) back in there. Many miles of gated road available for walking, take your pick. Interesting



A spring trip up Snoqualmie Mountain: Sharon, Nancy, Manita and Ann.

dramatic topography, in the north part.

We started driving at the north end, from Cedar Ponds Road, off Ben Howard Road south of Monroe. It is unsigned but obvious, and marked "Dead End." Don't believe it.

USGS doesn't call it Cedar Ponds Road or Marckworth Freeway, either one, but refers to it variously as "Youngs River Truck Trail," "Tolt River Truck Trail," and "Swan Mill Road." This latter is called Stossel Creek Road on local maps and on road signs; it emerges onto Kelley Road, off Cherry Valley Road, outside Duvall.

Almost all the spur roads are gated now, which was not true when my *Footsore* was printed (1987, 2nd Edition). A very few remain open. So some of the walks described in *Footsore* are now much less accessible, but on the other hand there are miles and miles of road to meander on, and no competition from machinery. A lot of them aren't on the USGS at all.

It is an interesting area. Easy walking, lots of privacy, close to home. The road is not too bad; any trailhead car could manage.—Peg Ferm, Monroe, 2/20.

MOUNT PERSIS (USGS *Index*)—Road 62 is closed again, this time by a logging company. Apparently there is a trailer parked at the start of the road and a watchman who said that the road will be closed until the logging is done.—Karen Sykes, Seattle.

COWBOY MOUNTAIN and more (USGS *Stevens Pass*)—Getting there: Drive to the Stevens Pass ski area and park, leaving a vehicle on the Tunnel Creek Bend for the return trip.

The trail: Don B, Steve Fellstrom, a friend and I set out to climb Peak 5863 and Point 5651, both on the Stevens Pass quad, en route climbing over Cowboy Mountain, 5853 feet.

The four of us began the day heading up a packed track toward the Grace Lakes the gentle upper west ridge that goes to the summit of Cowboy. The views were tremendous in all areas and we spent some time snapping off pictures of the early morning light on the surrounding peaks.

From the summit we were able to take off snowshoes and again follow a packed track along the ridge down to the powerline saddle. Standing under the large towers we took a short break before heading over to Lake Susan Jane, traversing below the Point 5651 ridge. We were accosted on the traverse by the ski patrol and given a short lec-

Linda Roestad

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ture on the avalanche hazards in the backcountry. She seemed genuinely worried about our well being. We kind of pooh-pooed her warnings (this would come back to haunt us later in the day).

The traverse above the lake led us up to a 5000-foot flat saddle above Lake Josephine. We had lunch overlooking the frozen lake before heading over to the 5200-foot saddle west of Point 5863.

After reaching the saddle we dropped packs and proceeded up the west ridge of this peak. We stood on the corniced summit enjoying the scenery dominated by the high crest of the Chiwaukum Mountains and the heart of the ALW.

The only thing we had left to do now was descend back to the 5000-foot saddle and an apparently easy ascent of the Point 5651 ridge ...

Things began innocently enough but as we neared the high summit saddle, at 5400+ feet, Don and I began hearing this "whump" sound. This sound is not a good thing.

We then noticed a crack forming above us. I didn't want to move knowing that the next step I took could set off a slab avalanche (these were very gentle northeast-facing slopes!). A second later down came a slab and Don with it. Fortunately he wasn't buried too deeply and there was a flat bench below us that halted further progress of both snow and Don. Seeing that Don was okay I gingerly walked to the saddle to wait for the others who quickly joined me.

On we went up toward the summit. Amazingly Don was out in front leading us up the southeast ridge to the summit when we heard the "whump" sound again.

Not wanting to go on I urged the others to turn around. Everyone agreed it was time to get out of there. Fortunately we found a safe slope to descend and quickly got to safer ground. Once safe we actually contemplated heading back up to try to complete the climb from the other side but decided against it.

All in all it was a nice day with pleasant company. To the best of our knowledge this is the only winter ascent of Point 5863.—Pilar, Monroe, 2/17.



MOUNT MORPHEUS

(Point 5432) (USGS Snoqualmie Lk)—This nondescript peak is located northwest of Dream Lake, which itself lies above the Taylor River, about 5 miles from the Taylor River bridge. It is number 70 on Jeff Howbert's Home Court list (see July '95, page 22).

Morpheus, as it was named by John Roper, is east of Dog Mountain on the ridge connecting it to the rugged Cas-

cade Mountain massif. It has formidable cliffs on the north, but gentle slopes on the south, along with a nicely situated ridge running up from Big Creek.

The ridge from Dog looks dangerous and forbidding, with cornices hanging along most of its length. Roper's first ascent route along this ridge was no easy feat, even in summer when the snow was gone.

We started at 8:30, a bit late considering our objective. It took us an hour to get to Martin Creek and another hour to Big Creek, which sports a serious concrete bridge with heavy guardrails. The west and north peaks of Garfield looked impressive along the way.

On advice from Mitch Blanton we located the way trail to Dream Lake on the far (east) side of the creek. The first hundred feet was brushy, but soon big trees took over and things opened up. We put snowshoes on to keep from sinking to our knees.

At about 2500 feet we crossed back over Big Creek and climbed steep, heavily wooded slopes, hoping to discover the ridge higher up. At about 4200 feet, with the slope ever increasing, we knew we were too far west. Above we saw a rock outcrop that signified the base of the true ridge. Moving laterally east we crossed over the steepest section of the ridge that brought us out in the open gentler slopes southeast of Morpheus.

From our vantage we could see the summit along with the ridge we just crossed over. Sunglasses and sunblock came out for the first time in many months! Climbing directly toward the summit we regained the ridge at about 4800 feet, careful not to fall over the west side. Here the snow was firm and we were able to make good time.

As we approached the summit cone we inspected the huge cornices on the west and found even bigger ones on the north side as we worked around to the east and gained the east ridge. We concluded it was not worth the risk to climb the final few feet. The views were tremendous in all directions, especially the Chimney Rock group. Dream Lake was snowed in as was everything else for that matter. Mile High Peak looks to be doable from the serpentine ridge coming directly out of Dream Lake.

It was now four o'clock and time to head for home. Our goal was to get back to the road before dark. Rather than retrace our route we dropped down the open slopes toward Dream Lake.

We moved back into the woods at about 3500 feet to avoid getting cliffed out. Big Creek drains out of Dream Lake into a large open brushy area that

must be a struggle when the snow is gone. We easily crossed back over the creek and found our tracks in the woods five minutes later.

We arrived back at the road at 6 and promptly took out our headlights for the long march back to the car. A full moon lit our way for the last hour. We arrived back at my truck exactly 12 hours from our start.

7½ hours up and 4½ down with about 4000 feet of gain.—Mark Owen and Paul Cho, Shoreline, 2/19.



BIG CHIEF MOUNTAIN

(USGS Labyrinth Mtn)—I decided to climb up Big Chief Mountain while still fulfilling my emergency car duties for the ski school.

With ski boots, snowshoes and skis firmly attached to my backpack I headed up the far right side of the Big Chief chairlift. Aside from several odd looks from passing skiers it was an enjoyable climb to the Double Diamond lift where I put on snowshoes for the ridge climb to the top.

Here I was checked by ski patrol people, concerned I was getting in over my head. After a short conversation I was on my way again. Once into the trees on the narrow ridge I was finally alone. It didn't last long however. Soon I was on the top of the ridge where more skiers stared me down.

The true summit of Big Chief Mountain is east of the chairlift about an hour or so. I carried my skis all the way to the top where I had a snack before snowshoeing back inside the ski boundary and then skiing back down to the base. Fortunately for me I arrived just in time to take an injured snowboarder back to Seattle.

The injured boarder ran into a tree in some steep territory and ended up having to be lowered on a rope down to safer ground. She ended up having just cuts and bruises. Now you tell me what sport is more dangerous?!

2½ hours up and 1 hour down with about 2000 feet of gain.—Mark Owen, Shoreline, 3/11.



SCOTTISH LAKES HIGH

CAMP (USGS Big Jim Mtn)

—With friends Kathy Kelleher and Sue Olson, I finally got to Scottish Lakes High Camp after reading about it for years in *Pack & Paddle*.

We stayed in the Columbine cabin. Free maps showed the variety of ski trails and routes.

After settling in we snowshoed to Lake Julius, only a short distance from the cabin. The weather was cool and cloudy with light snow falling. We fol-

lowed a series of marked roads to the ski-trail for Lake Julius which was waded. The ski trail crossed a flat (a meadow in summer), crossed a stream on a snowbridge, and then gently climbed to the lake in a scenic basin. We stayed only long enough to take pictures and have a snack before returning to Columbine. Our round-trip mileage was somewhere between 3 or 4 miles.

We fixed and ate our meal with kerosene lamplight adding a warm glow.

We woke the next morning to sun and got an early start after a breakfast of hotcakes, bacon and coffee. We wanted a more strenuous outing and climbed up Wild Bill Hill to the high point of McCue Ridge. The route between Wild Bill Hill and the high point of the ridge is not marked but it's easy enough to follow the ridgeline.

McCue Ridge is a scenic destination with rock outcroppings and trees etched in rime ice. We also got a few peeks down to the Chiwaukum Valley and toward Snowgrass Mountain before the fog moved back in. From McCue Ridge we followed poles down to the ski trails and returned to the cabin.

Later we walked over to the day lodge for the social hour and met a group of Chelan County Deputy Sheriffs who were staying the night. It was business mixed with pleasure as they staged an outdoor rescue scenario after dark.

It snowed lightly during the night adding a couple of fresh inches of snow. We enjoyed a lazy breakfast and waited for departure time. We wanted to snowshoe down to the point where we would meet the truck. Our gear would come down by snowmobile. This all worked out nicely. We met Chris Hanson, one of the owners, who drove up to meet us in the truck to ferry us and our gear down to the parking lot.

Good times to visit Scottish Lakes are in February or March but April is also good for spring skiing. There is also a fall hiking season which begins in mid-August. The cabins are rustic but well-equipped with kindling and wood for woodburning stoves, propane cooking stoves and lanterns, utensils and dishes for cooking, and fresh water. Mattress and pillows are provided. Bring sleeping bags, personal toiletries, towels, and food. Outside toilets are close to the cabins.

Reservations fill quickly. Scottish Lakes is already partially booked for 2001! For information or to make reservations call 425-844-2000 or 888-9HICAMP or visit their web site at www.scottishlakes.com.—Karen Sykes, Seattle, 2/29-3/2.

❄️ JOLLY MOUNTAIN (USGS Davis Pk)—Getting there:

Drive to the end of the Salmon la Sac road (as far as it is plowed) and park at the large Sno-park on the east side of the road.

The trail: Marti, Kevin, a friend and I set out on a gorgeous Sunday morning for a jaunt up to Jolly Mountain at 6443 feet. We started at a very busy parking area "a-buzz" with the roar and stench of snowmobiles. We quickly headed up road 4315.

At the first switchback cross Salmon la Sac Creek (on its north side) and ascend eastward high above the creek to about 4200 feet when you need to contour into the creek basin to get on the toe of a ridge on the other side of the creek. Now you can either ascend the ridge or follow the creek bearing eastward and then south to a saddle at about 5600 feet to intersect Sasse Ridge at its most northern end.

Standing at this point you can now see your goal across the basin (where the headwaters of the Tcanaway River begin) to the southeast. Our sunny weather was gone giving way to snow flurries and howling winds.

We could either: 1) follow the ridge that "cirques" around to Jolly or 2) cut across the basin and hit the saddle at the toe of the north ridge of Jolly. We opted for the second method which is a bit shorter with a wee bit of elevation loss but not much.

Our little group slogged onward over to the saddle just below 6000 feet and then up the gentle ridge toward the summit. The summit was a bit breezy with blowing snow so we stayed for only a short while before dropping to a protected area to have a little lunch. We had originally planned on climbing another peak to the southwest but we weren't feeling all that "Jolly" at this point so we opted to head back. This was a big day with a little group but each member was quite strong making short work of this long trip!

Originally we had hoped to follow a beaten track (to have been put in by a Mountaineers party the day before) to make things a bit easier but there was none to be found. No matter, we made it anyway!—Pilar, Monroe, 2/20.

SOUTH CENTRAL



🦋 RATTLESNAKE MOUNTAIN, East Peak (USGS

North Bend)—Since the weather was looking good on Friday morning, I decided to head to North Bend. I got off I-90 at exit 32 and went south to the parking lot at Rattlesnake Lake. The City of Seattle water department has a recreation area at the lake.

The trail begins on a gravel road at the north end of the lake and ends about a third of a mile where the real trail starts which was built by the Issaquah Alps Trail Club several years ago. After crossing an old logging railroad grade, the trail switchbacks up to a junction in 1½ miles.

A short trail to the east leads to Rattlesnake Ledge where you get nice views of the lake below at the trailhead, plus lots of mountains all around and the city of North Bend in the valley to the north. The main trail goes up the ridge of Rattlesnake Mountain with several view points along the way.

After getting up the trail about a mile from the junction, I ran into snow. So in a short time the snowshoes went on for the rest of the trip to the top of the East Peak. I couldn't see any other snowshoe tracks. Didn't look like anyone had been up there all winter.

On the way up I did have views of Rainier, Glacier Peak, Three Fingers and some of the mountains up by Snoqualmie Pass. If you go on a clear day you will have a 360 degree panorama.

The last mile of the trip is on some old DNR logging roads and the summit, at 3517 feet, has an old radio tower with a beacon light for airplanes that looks like it has not been used in many years. There is a small building that houses radio equipment which does provide some protection when the wind is blowing. I ate my lunch and started back down as storm clouds moved in around me. It began snowing, then turned to rain at the lower elevations.

Check this trail out for a snowshoe trip next winter, as it has nice views and not a lot of visitors. A description of the area can be found in the book, *Hiking the Mountain to Sound Greenway*, by Harvey Manning. Note, this trail is not on the North Bend USGS map and Green Trails maps do not cover this area.—George Chambers, Bothell, 2/25.

❄️ MOUNT CATHERINE LOOP (USGS Snoqualmie

Pass)—Today tried a third way of closing the Mount Catherine Loop. (The other two involve either the shuttle bus or one of the lifts at Hyak, neither of which are options now that Hyak is

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closed for the season. Already!) As you come out into the Hyak ski area from a counterclockwise circumnavigation of Catherine, head for the high end of the farthest lift, which also happens to be the shortest lift. As you go under the upper end of this lift, take the road in front of you, which goes past the uppermost of the cabins.

Follow this road, staying left and high at the only fork. It leads directly into the "crossover" route, which appears steep at the beginning but is actually very moderate. I think it is used by downhillers when Hyak is open, but now it is groomed for crosscountry, and brings you neatly out at the Nordic Center. This is definitely the simplest way to close the loop.—Peg Ferm, Monroe, 3/12.

GREEN LAKE (USGS Mowich Lk)—Started our hike at the park entrance gate with a 3 mile hike up the road. We were curious to see what the winter had done to the road since the Carbon River decided to use it last fall.

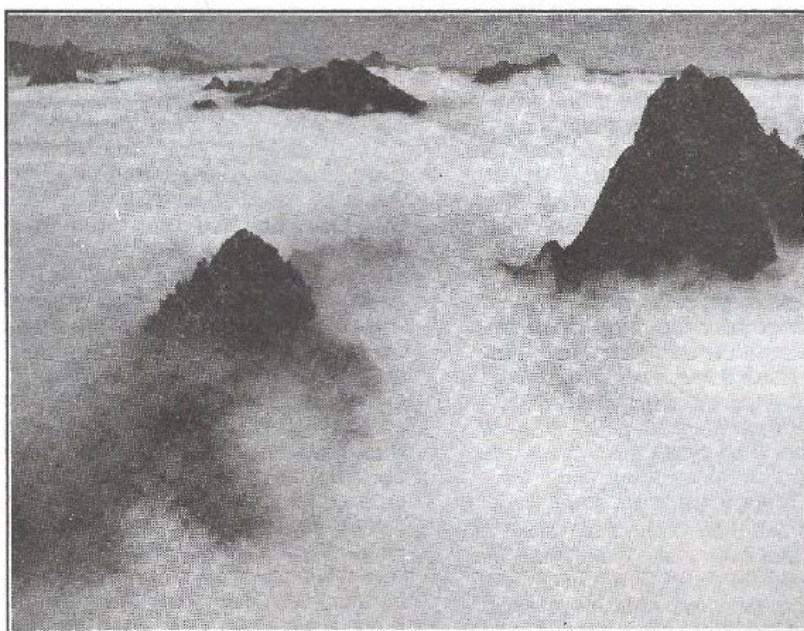
The river moved to the other side of its channel in late November, and they are in the process of fixing the road again. According to the Rangers we met, they need to do this early to avoid disturbing the marbled murrelet and the owls. However, they couldn't give me any estimate of when the road would be open to the public. It's still early in the season and will depend on what mother nature has in store.

In addition, we were told that the suspension bridge over the Carbon River has mechanical damage; the Ranger indicated part of the bridge is tilted and, not surprisingly, he wasn't willing to walk out on it to check it out.

The trail up to Green Lake is in good shape. This is a very pretty trail through old growth with Ranger Falls impressive as ever. The snow started shortly after the Falls, but was very well consolidated, though a little icy. We turned around at the bridge over the creek shortly before the lake; the bridge had mounded and icy old snow on it (it's a flattened log with wire handrail) and we decided it wasn't worth crossing.—SIE, Bellevue, 3/3.

CHAMPION TRAIL (USGS Ashford)—Combination of circumstances reduced number of participants to one: me.

After giving up at the Ohop Valley Bakery meeting place (not a total loss, got an apple fritter while waiting), I stopped at the Mount Tahoma information office. Road 52 access is not plowed, pretty much given over to snow-



Above the clouds on Kaleetan Peak. Chair Peak at right.

Ken Hopping

machines. Also warned about vandalism there. Take advice and head up to lower 92 road Sno-park. No problem with conventional Corolla wagon. Road mostly bare. On trail find snow thin in spots between lower and upper Sno-Park. Tuesday night's snow saved the day.

From upper Sno-Park snow delightful, fast, well groomed. After an initial steep uphill road grade it's mostly a moderate upgrade with some flats. Bypass turnoff to hut and continue to high point on trail (4500) feet and best view of Rainier. Accompanied on that stretch by old acquaintance, long-time Mountaineer and Mount Tahoma trails volunteer Ken Guza.

Nice part of this trip is that it's almost all downhill on the way back, albeit a trifle too downhill on the short pitch just east of the turnoff to the Copper Creek Hut and the pitch right after the sign warning that the trail steepens. Great views, Mount St. Helens and Adams clear to south, smoggy to west.

About a four hour 8-mile trip from the lower Sno-Park to the high point and return.—Paul G. Schaufler, Olympia, 2/19.

DEER LAKE, SAND LAKE (USGS White Pass)—A pleasant trip on a pleasant day. Blue sky to about 1pm. Round trip about 7 miles, elevation gain about 900 feet. Distance and elevation figures vary by source.

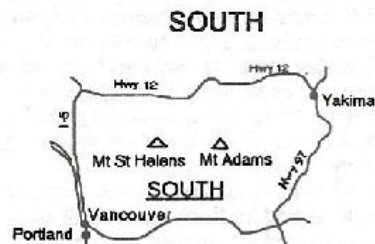
From White Pass cross-country ski parking area I followed edge of ski trail on snowshoes to left up moderate uphill toward Dark Meadows. Intersected

and followed well-traveled Crest Trail past Deer Lake to Sand Lake. About 2½ hours in, an hour's lunch, and 1½ hours out.

Snow-covered trees, many with dangling icicles glittering in the morning sun. The Crest Trail parallels the Dark Meadows ski trail for several hundred feet: one could follow the ski trail to the Dark Meadows loop and join the Crest Trail there.

A beautiful trip on snowshoes, but I missed the downhill ski run back to the parking area.—Paul G. Schaufler, Olympia, 3/7.

CARBON RIVER ROAD—The road is open again for the first time since last fall. Crews have cleared debris and graded the road all the way to Ipsut campground.—Ranger, 3/20.



OLDMAN PASS (USGS Termination Point, Burnt Pk)—Road up from Carson to Oldman Sno-Park bare and wet, but snowing hard and windy as we got our skis on.

BACKCOUNTRY NEWS


REPORTS AND CONDITIONS

Lee and I skied out toward the Oldman/Hardtime Loop and camped at the edge of a clearcut. Skies cleared at night and good weather held for the next day.

In the morning we skied the loop, about 10 miles or so, with good views of three volcanoes and good snow. Depth varied from about 2 to 5 feet. Grooming ended here a couple of weeks ago but we had no problem following route. Met only one other person.

The next storm came in during the night, so we packed up the next morning and skied the short distance out to the car. Headed to sunny Hood River for lunch.—Ann Marshall, 3/14-16.

CANADA

 **SILVER STAR**—For the second time this season, Jacki and I joined others on a five-day cross-country ski trip. The Kent Senior Center has numerous ski trips planned each year, and this year we were lucky enough to participate in the one to Silver Star Mountain near Vernon. Unlike our trip to Mazama, this group included downhill skiers as well.

In the quaint Victorian-themed ski in/ski out resort village, we had first class accommodations, wonderful restaurants to please every palate, and three outdoor clothing stores. And where else can cross-country skiers take a chairlift to the top of the mountain or ski at night on a lighted run?

Monday and Friday were travel days so we bought a three-day pass for \$30 Canadian which entitled us to use all groomed cross-country ski runs, the T bars, the shorter Silver Queen Chair, and the Summit Chair which runs clear to the top of the mountain. Silver Star also has a wonderful program we've never heard of in Washington, "Ski Partners." These are experienced skiers who provide free guided cross-country tours of the resort's trail network.

Twice a day, at 10am and again at 1pm, Ski Partners meet at a central location to take you wherever you want to go.

Tuesday morning Jacki and I decided to renew our skills by joining a Ski Partners group doing an easy "green" run in Silver Star's lower cross-country trail system. Here the gentle trails wound around the countryside through meadows and by thick forests full of snow covered evergreens. One of the runs went by the bottom of the Silver Queen chairlift. By taking the chairlift up, we could ski cross-country trails back down to the Village for lunch. After lunch we were ready for the more difficult "blue" runs.

By Wednesday morning, we figured

we were ready for the big time. Taking the Summit Chair 1000 vertical feet gain up to the top of Silver Star Mountain, we skied Paradise Camp trail back down.

The route begins as a really fun blue run but quickly changes to green, crossing many downhill areas along the way. If that isn't fun! You come to the edge of the downhill slope, look uphill for skiers and snowboarders and when the coast is clear, hightail it across.

It was a bit unnerving at first but after awhile we got used to it. For me at least, the scariest part of the day was taking the chairlift.


Most of Thursday was spent at Sovereign Lakes. Accessed from the top of the Summit Chair, this is a much quieter cross-country-only ski area. Led by Ski Partner Gary, we stopped at the Black Prince Cabin warming hut along the way and for lunch at the day lodge. Skiing up and down along the Gold Mountain trail, we returned to the Village in time for a fun run down the Paradise Camp trail again. Only today we went on a side trip to Paradise Lake and took the exciting snake hill downhill return to the main trail.

This was certainly an exciting and exhilarating three days. It was great being able to do steeper downhill runs with the benefit of a chairlift. But it's a tradeoff since we had to share some of them with downhillers. Also we found the snow to be "sticky" and slow some of the time.

The most disappointing thing was that we had low clouds and fog the entire time we were in the area and never got to see the incredible mountain views we heard so much about. All the more reason for planning a return visit.—Ginny Evans, Renton, 2/28-3/3.

OREGON

HIGHWAY 101—The highway south of Yachats is open only intermittently while crews try to stabilize a sliding hillside. Work should be finished by late April.

 **EAGLE CREEK (USGS Bonneville Dam, Tanner Butte, Wahtum Lake)**—Bruce had long

wanted to show me the Eagle Creek trail, located just off the famous Columbia Gorge, about a 45-minute drive from Portland. Eagle Creek is, according to write-ups, second only to Multnomah Falls in popularity, but it was hard to tell that when we arrived at the parking lot. There were only three cars. Going on a cool winter day or midweek during the summer seemed to be the best way to beat the reputed crowds.

This hike is renowned for its waterfalls and it proved to be quite an experience. There were at least five major waterfalls and numerous smaller ones, as well as beautiful cascades, deep colorful pools and lively rapids. The first falls, Metalko, is only a 1.5 mile hike, but one that involves some exposure and a narrow trail blasted out of a volcanic rock cliff. The construction work on the trail was extraordinary; the maintenance, great. At 2.1 miles was Punch Bowl Falls, a short falls that plunges into a deep blue pool.

At 3.3 miles, we reached High Bridge, well-named as it soars above a very deep slot canyon, through which the "creek" plunges. Eagle Creek has similar size and volume to Ingalls or Index creeks.

At about 4.5 miles is another bridge, much lower above the river. We couldn't help wondering as we gazed upon some sizable logjams nearby how the bridge had escaped destruction.

The next big falls was Tunnel Falls. The trail curves around the headwall of a side canyon and goes behind the falls through a tunnel. The ground was trembling and spray covered everything with a fine, cool mist as we ducked through the tunnel and clung to the protective cable lining the damp, rocky path.

Then, about a quarter mile farther, we reached Criss-Cross Falls and another unnamed falls above it, to find a lunch spot at a vacant campsite. There were numerous good camps along the way, especially above High Bridge.

Besides the large spectacular falls, there were numerous falls plunging over the basalt walls on both sides of the canyon. In some areas, the falls consisted of dripping water gardens with ferns, moss and other plants cling-

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BACKCOUNTRY NEWS

REPORTS AND CONDITIONS

ing to the wet rock. It's a good idea to carry raingear if going in cool weather, because we got "rained" on by the dripping water.

Note: This is not a hike for children or those with a hardy fear of heights. I'm an experienced hiker and was suitably intimidated by a few of the rocky stretches. The path, while high above the creek in some areas, is safe and well-maintained and fairly level. It climbs gradually over its full length. We probably gained about 1500 to 1800 feet over 6.5 miles.

The trail passes through a wonderful forest of mixed deciduous and conifer. I noticed some Pacific rhododendrons, as well as azaleas. There were numerous ferns, mosses, club moss, lichens and evergreen shrubs (mostly Oregon grape and salal). I think I saw some oak trees, as well as cottonwood, maples, alder and wild cherry. Bruce told me that the canyon is full of flowers in the spring.

The cliffs are colorful and impressive, pillow lava and basaltic columns.

The trail head can be accessed from I-84, eastbound, just past the turn-off to Bonneville Dam. To return to Portland, you must drive to Cascade Locks where a turn-around is available.—Liz Escher, Gig Harbor, 2/27.



MULTNOMAH FALLS (*Columbia Gorge*)—A huge hailstorm greeted us as we arrived. While waiting it out in the historic stone lodge adjacent to the trailhead, we looked in the guidebook and were able to piece together a nice loop hike of about 9 miles.

When the rain finally quit, we set out on the paved trail to the top of the falls taking pictures at every viewpoint. In spite of the lingering drizzle, we were able to enjoy the deep forest and huge evergreens towering above us. Continuing upstream beyond the falls on the

Larch Mountain trail, we passed many more waterfalls.

At the next junction, we turned right on the Wahkeena trail to a ridgecrest. Decision time. The weather was looking better, the rain having quit altogether. We decided to go for it and do the additional 1.6 miles on a side trail to Devils Rest. Good choice.

A way trail just before the top led to breathtaking views up and down the Gorge. The sun even came out as we took a short lunch break. Back down to the ridgecrest again and onto the Wahkeena trail took us first down a beautiful green moss and fern covered canyon and then down dizzying steep switchbacks to the Wahkeena Falls trailhead.

Here we caught a short trail that paralleled the old highway back to the lodge where we'd left our car. We ended the hike as we began, amid a giant hailstorm.—Ginny Evans, Renton, 3/16.

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.

LOST—Camera on Pratt Lake/Granite Mountain trail 2/13. If found please call 206-546-0172 (Seattle).

HIKING PARTNERS—Looking for women hiking partners for day trips and backpack trips. Gig Harbor, Port Orchard area. Amy, 253-857-6958.

FOR SALE—Two pairs of Fisher Crown E99 backcountry skis (205 and 195cm) with 3 pin bindings. One pair of women's size 8 boots. All very good condition; paid \$200+each, sell \$75 each. Call Peter at 206-546-2163 (Edmonds) or email <pmblock@earthlink.net>.

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—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).

FOR SALE—McHale pack, made late '80s, red and teal, very good condition. Fits 5'1" to 5'4", 120 to 150lb woman. \$130, will ship. Asolo Snowfields, resoled, leather interior (old and well-kept). Size men's 5/women's 7, \$60 + \$6 shipping. Jennifer Barker 541-542-2525 (Canyon City), <solwest@eoni.com>.

FOR SALE—Fischer Crown in-track skis with crown waxless base, size 210cm, mounted with Rottefella NNN-BC automatic bindings. Dark purple. Well maintained, used 2 seasons. Great for beginner/casual skier on groomed track. \$55/offer Call Bob at 360-697-2573 (Poulsbo) or email <bobble@web-o.net>.

FOR SALE—Kazama Outback Soft Telemark/Backcountry skis. Size 198cm. Traditional sizing, touring/turning ski. Waxable bases, full metal

edges. Comes with Voile climbing skins. Used 2 seasons, well maintained. No bindings, previously mounted with Rainey Superloops. \$45/offer. Knock off \$10 if you don't want the skins. Call Bob at 360-697-2573 (Poulsbo) or email <bobble@web-o.net>.

JUST CRANK IT!—New rock climbing guidebook to Mount Erie and Fidalgo 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).

RAMONA HAMMERLY

the Bowron Lakes

—AROUND THE LOOP SOLO IN A KAYAK—

In the Cariboo Mountains of British Columbia is Bowron Lakes Provincial Park. A dozen lakes, eight portages (6 miles total), and three rivers combine to form a 72-mile circular paddling route. The elevation varies from 896m to 948m.

I did the circuit September 16 through 22, 1999, in a Link Hale Tyee II sea kayak. Birches were turning yellow. Bugs and people were few, and the only official I saw was at the registration center. Short day length was the only drawback (fast-cooking meals help).

The use fee is \$50CN per person for the circuit or \$25CN for the west side only. Axle length of boat wheels cannot exceed 30 inches, nor is more than 60 pounds, in addition to the boat, allowed on a cart.

It is a heavily traveled route with wide, well constructed portage trails, bear caches, designated campsites, tent pads, radio telephones for emergencies (at six places), channel markers (through swampy areas), warning signs for waterfalls, rules and regulations, and ranger teams in power boats.

Bear spray may be leased from park officials when you pay your fee. It is all quite civilized.

The web site is: <http://vts.bc.ca/bowron/parkindx.html>

16 September. No rain. I used the campground at the end of the road and

got out of my tent at dawn, anxious to be underway. The loop starts with a 2.6km portage. Boat wheels roll easily in the parking lot, but mud holes, rocks, and hills demand brute strength and boots with good traction. I made each portage as one trip rather than three carries.

The first time I loaded the kayak I could barely get into it. Did better the second time and enjoyed winding through grassy marsh at each end of Indianpoint Lake. Mosquitoes hastened the gear shift for the third portage.

The campsite at the far end of the portage was small, wet, and occupied, so I reloaded hurriedly and paddled to site 12, one of the best on the circuit. Unloaded and got my tent up before dark.

17 September. Awoke to loons laughing. Short day on Isaac Lake. The main arm of this lake is 31.2 km long, straight and narrow. Much of the day the water was so mirror-flat it was like floating, suspended in air, with only the bow wake to define the water's surface.

18 September. On to Bowman Creek campsite (named for one of the founders of Anacortes who got gold fever) on Isaac Lake. At delta of Betty Wendle Creek, air bubbled up through holes in the sand as I glided on shallow water, then a cow moose ambled north along the beach. Water was calm—surreal. Birch were turning yellow a branch



A moose belly deep in water.

at a time. Otters swam close to shore and a kingfisher escorted me into camp, swooping to almost touch the water between each of his airy lookouts.

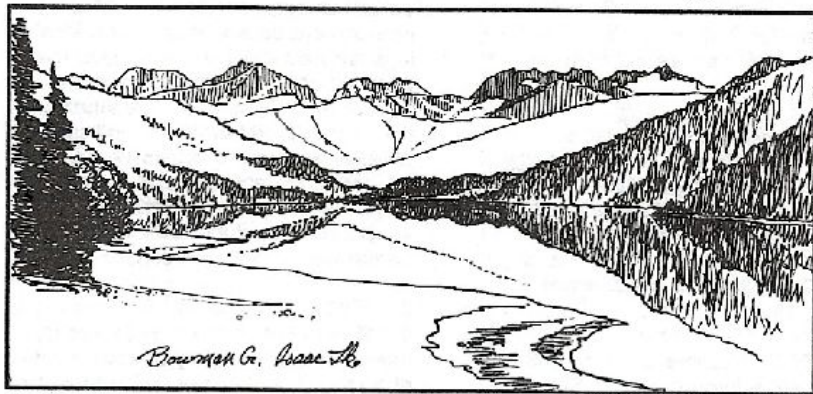
19 September. Down the Isaac and Cariboo Rivers. Opting to portage the chute at the start of Isaac River landed me a moose within camera range. She was belly deep in water, eating weeds from the bottom, while her calf stood in shadow at the edge of the backwater.

Paddling down a quiet section, about eight small Canada geese watched from a sandy point.

Cariboo River was light gray, utterly opaque, fast, and littered with debris. The low mid-afternoon sun, and its reflection, came straight at my eyes. Dumb to paddle westward on a difficult stretch this late in the day (and season).

It was a relief to reach sluggish water, then murky green Lanczi Lake with its deadheads. I had stowed the spray skirt so getting out of the kayak would be quick in an upset. I fumbled into the first campsite on the lake, stiff and strung-out. A canoeist who had done the loop many times said the debris was the worst he had seen.

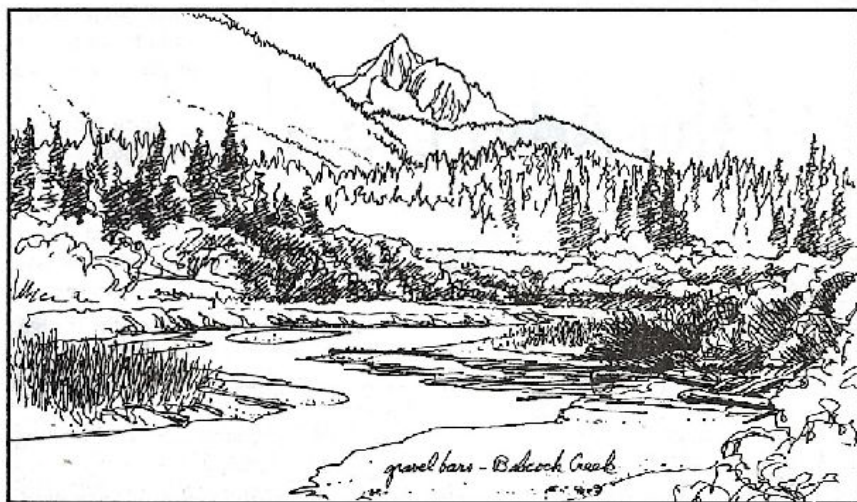
The bear cache was of the old style—two trees with double lengths of sheet metal wrapping the trunks. A distance above the wrappings, horizontal poles were nailed to either side of the two trees and topped by slats to provide a platform for gear. Access was by a 16-foot aluminum ladder (light but unwieldy among the trees) which had to be left on the ground when gear was on



At Bowman Creek on Isaac Lake.

Ramona Hammerly

Ramona Hammerly



Ramona Hammerly

Gravel bars along Babcock Creek.

the cache.

Metal boxes that sit on the ground provide newer caches. Their latches are shielded by metal to exclude a bear's paw. These are easier to use (especially with a flashlight) and do not kill trees.

20 September. Planned on a restful day, but couldn't stop paddling. Warm, sunny and still. Ended up at Unna Lake, a splendid sitc.

On this southern leg of the loop a highwater line stood out on tree trunks and rock faces (defined by a yellow ring of pollen). It was a foot or two above the level of campsites, with a series of lesser rings below it.

Water must have been 2 meters above the current level. This year's snowpack was the highest ever recorded (40 to 50% above normal).

21 September. Crossed Unna Lake for the short hike to a view of Cariboo Falls, then paddled up the river (current perceptible when paddling against it) to Babcock Creek.

The creek's delta and bed were too shallow to float my kayak. Even with me towing it, it occasionally needed a bit of a lift. I got enough lining getting to the portage. Lining the rest of the creek is no longer allowed, to protect the resource, including salmon habitat.

The first wind of the trip came up on Babcock Lake, followed by a brief, heavy blow on tiny Skoi Lake.

22 September. Breezy. Lenticular clouds formed on the peaks by lunch time. It was sultry and warmer. A tail wind, and nervousness about the

changing weather, pushed me on..

At the entrance to the Bowron River I bumped and scraped bottom, but once in the channel, paddling was easy. The water opened into a wide, calm expanse, but a barely visible line of grass crossed it in the distance. I was in the marsh. An opening allowed me to return to the main channel, thankful for good visibility.

Once on Bowron Lake, it was bumpy enough give me a workout. Gray curtains of rain in the west inspired my drive toward the canoe float (no beach).

23 September. Rainy night. Breakfast at Becker's Lodge was a welcome introduction to civilization. Weather on the route home was mixed with lots of wind in the Fraser Canyon.

Canoe vs. kayak: Packing stuff into



Ramona Hammerly

In a backwater at the south end of Spectacle Lake.

a kayak is more tedious. Bigger bags fit in a canoe (frame packs can be a problem) and a canoe holds more (not a plus if you are portaging).

Kayaks are not balanced for carrying on one's shoulders, but work fine with boat wheels.

The more enclosed nature of kayaks keeps the paddler warmer and dryer, but requires some effort in getting out in an upset.

Sea kayaks are built lower and offer less wind resistance. Sitting nearly on the bottom of the hull, as in a kayak, improves stability, allowing kayaks to be narrower, offering less resistance to movement.

Canoe floats are built at a convenient height for canoes but are a bit over high for a kayak, especially a fully loaded one. If your kayak is on the wide side, getting out of it at a float, without someone to steady it, will take some practice. Being tired and stiff at the end of a hard day does not help.

A lightweight two-person canoe is probably the ideal vessel for this trip, but if I'm the only one in the boat, I'll stick with a kayak so long as I can use my boat wheels.

△

Ramona Hammerly, of Anacortes, is an artist whose work has appeared in many books and can frequently be seen in Northwest galleries.

JANE TUTTLE

Capsize in the Arboretum

—IT COULD HAPPEN TO YOU!—

The Seattle Arboretum is an oasis in the middle of a large metropolitan city—a place of quiet, calm, and peaceful trails, trees, water, islands, marshes, and picnic areas.

Kayaking there can give the feeling of being far from the rush of the city, as one wanders through masses of lily pads, tall marsh reeds hiding mallard nests, and a quiet canal between Foster Island and the mainland. The only, and very noisy, reminder of civilization is Highway 520, which cuts across one edge.

On this particular day, few vehicles were on the highway because it was shut down for emergency repairs to the draw-span, so the Arboretum was quiet even by the highway.

Katy and I decided to paddle one Saturday in September 1999 but didn't want to travel far, so we headed to the Arboretum.

She was feeling a little stressed with many things to do, but knew that she needed to take time to relax. We met at the put-in location, a muddy cove near the Visitor's Center. As we pulled our gear out of the cars, we discussed the equipment we would need.

Obviously the boats, the paddles we would use, and our PFDs. The weather was threatening, but hey, we were in the Arboretum. It's always calm here. We would be okay.

I decided against taking my spare paddle—it's a nuisance to slip under the bungee cords. Katy had hers, since it never comes out of her boat. We didn't bother to pre-inflate our paddle floats as we normally would. My dry bag with fleece clothing? In the car.

Off we went, with corn for the geese and smiles on our faces. We found quite a few canoes from the University of Washington out on the water, and many walkers were enjoying the nearby trails. As we paddled around Foster Island, we could see sections of the boardwalk periodically.

Since most of the waterways in this

area are extremely marshy, there is no way to lay a trail on dirt. The Arboretum has done an excellent job of building a boardwalk and trail in a large loop, part of which crosses Foster Island. Periodically on the trail, walkers are able to step out onto overlooks that are positioned in good bird-watching locations.

A bridge crosses the shallow channel on the east side of the island, and a floating boardwalk connects it to the mainland on the west side. The floating boardwalk has a couple of water-level decks for fishermen to bring lawn chairs and coolers, and sit for the day catching dinner. It also has a raised section that allows canoes and kayaks to pass underneath, for access between the Arboretum and the Cut.

As we headed out under the boardwalk bridge, Katy remembers thinking about how to pass through the narrow, low structure. She wasn't rushed, and had time to consider it.

She pointed her boat straight into the passage, right in the middle, then got up some speed. As she got close, she pulled her paddle in alongside her boat, and let her momentum carry her through. We both got to the other side safely.

From there, we headed eastward toward Lake Washington. The waterway we were in now has heavy motorized boat traffic, so it can have a lot of wave action, and it has a lot of obstacles, most from the log boom that is stored in that area when not in use in Lake Washington. But Katy and I are proficient kayakers and maneuvered through there with no problem.

Out on Lake Washington, we headed over to the 520 floating bridge, where the workers were adding aluminum splash guards to the side of the bridge.

We floated lazily, while the workpeople lowered the sections in place and bolted them in, then moved on to the next section. We chatted with one man who explained they were removing the old concrete guards and install-

ing the aluminum to lighten the bridge, which has been sinking. (Oh great! I'll make sure to take my PFD when I cross the bridge in the future!)

By now, some sunshine was breaking through the clouds. We were enjoying the day, and decided to head back to the marshes. We often find red wing blackbirds, bald eagles, great blue herons, Canada geese, and mallards there.

Because of the wildlife, the vegetation, the peaceful surroundings, the lack of current and usual lack of wind, we often take novices to these waters. It is a safe and exciting place to start kayaking.

We started back the way we had come in, heading under the boardwalk bridge again. We watched two canoes come through and stop on our side.

A third canoe was still on the other side. Apparently "Dad" was in the third canoe with a young child, and the children in the two faster canoes were waiting for him, looking toward the bridge.

Between the bridge and "Dad," a young couple was in a rowboat, the gal looking toward the bridge and her date looking at her, and rowing. I realized, in time, that his head was in line with the steel supports, and yelled at him to get his head down. His girlfriend laughed and pulled his head down with her hands.

As he looked around his shoulder, his eyes grew big as he realized how high the boat was, and how low the bridge was! They made it through without injury.

Pedestrians were out in force as well, with several on the boardwalk, and a couple on a fishing float at the edge of the water.

"Dad" was still thirty feet or so away, so I moved in quickly after the rowboat passed, thinking I could get through without holding "Dad" up. After passing under, I floated, waiting for Katy to get her chance to come through and catch up.

Then I heard a loud "THUNK." I ex-

pected it to have been from contact of the canoe's paddle to the bridge, and to be inconsequential.

I was surprised to see the canoe still on my side of the bridge, and Katy's boat under the bridge, three-fourths of the way over!

Her head was still up, and she was grabbing the sides of the boat in a desperate attempt to pull herself up.

She finally rolled the rest of the way over, as I cried, "Oh, no!"

Now keep in mind that the two canoes that were already through the bridge were facing it waiting for "Dad." The rowboat rower was facing the bridge, having just gone under. "Dad" was facing the bridge, about to go under, and the attention of the pedestrians was attracted to the bridge because of my cry.

Katy knows how to exit the boat. She and I have practiced it on numerous occasions in Lake Washington, albeit during the warm summer months.

She knows how to self-rescue—to get herself back in the boat without assistance—and to team rescue—to get back in the boat with another boater assisting. So, I was not afraid of her panicking.

But a long minute went by with no sign of her trying to come out. No desperate flailing, no head popping out like I expected it to ... nothing, just a slight movement of the boat.

I paddled quickly to assist her if she continued to stay under. A man came down onto a fisherman's float adjacent to the bridge to see if he could help. I was concerned that maybe the water was extremely shallow there, and that she was pinned between the mud and the boat. Or that maybe she had hit her head on an underwater bridge support or a rock.

At long last, Katy came up. Her delay? She was making sure she had her prescription glasses and her binoculars, and was trying to keep her rubber boots from sinking to the bottom!

As she exited the boat under water, her boots were getting stuck. She came out of the boat with one boot on and one off, and was trying to keep them



Kayaking in Maine last year: Katy (left) and Jane at Eggemoggin Reach.

Matthew Murphy

sized unintentionally before. Katy explained that this one happened when she tried to follow me under the bridge.

She needed to come through quickly to get under before the canoe got there, and was paddling hard.

She kept the paddle perpendicular to the boat as she entered the narrow passage under the bridge. One blade hit the bridge, throwing her weight to the other side. There wasn't room to brace under the bridge, so over she went.

While she had carefully thought through how to go under the bridge the first time, she did not take the time to do so the second time through.

What did we learn from this accident?

- We had the wrong attitude from the start. We should have assumed the worst and carried all of our safety gear with us. Not that that would have helped us. She still would have flipped.
- We were impatient. We both could have waited patiently for "Dad" to come through. After all, if we had, Katy would not have capsized with three canoeists, a rowboat, another kayaker, and numerous walkers watching.
- It is easy to become complacent in conditions or situations that we've handled previously. We forget to think about how to go under a narrow, low obstacle, cross an opposing current, beach in surf...
- Katy's and my attire was not appropriate for kayaking. First, the boots she wore inhibited her exit from the boat. Second, a dry suit would have been better protection against the elements. (We were both wearing long underwear for insulation.) Water in the lakes may not be as cold as that in the Sound, but it is too cold for the human body to survive for very long unprotected.

What did we do right?

- Our use of capilene was wiser than cotton. For the length of time she had

to next page

from floating away, filling with water, and sinking.

Well, I was right that she wouldn't panic. In fact, she was very calm, and came up with both boots!

She pulled the boat over to the float, where the anxious man stood waiting. He grabbed the front of the boat, and held his hand out to Katy. He seemed determined to hold onto the boat for dear life, but couldn't figure out how to do that and help Katy out at the same time.

I told him a couple of times to let the boat go; I would take care of it. He seemed not to hear. I got his attention by clearly stating, "Let the boat go. I'll take care of it. Please help my friend out of the water."

He took a deep breath, let the boat float, and gave Katy a hand.

Katy, at this point greatly embarrassed and very cold, found her dry bag with the dry clothes, and swapped her wet capilene for dry fleece. We bailed as much water as we could from the boat, and she reentered from the float. The only damage was that the bag of corn for the geese was full of water, and corn was floating free in her boat.

We headed quickly back to the cars, where Katy found dry clothes. She headed up to the Visitor's Center ladies' room to towel herself off and get changed.

As we reflected on what happened, what went wrong, and what went right, we found we had been overconfident because of our abilities and the conditions.

While we've prepared for the possibility, neither one of us has ever cap-

ANN MARSHALL

the Northwest Forest Pass

—FEE DEMO, VERSION 2—

Last year's Trail Park Pass is this year's new, improved Northwest Forest Pass. It has a different appearance. And it works differently. And it costs more.

Instead of a sticker in your car window, the Northwest Forest Pass will hang on your rear-view mirror. The permit no longer is tied to your license plate, so it can be moved from car to car. It will be available for purchase in May. In the meantime, use your '99 permit.

Unfortunately, the option to purchase a second pass at a reduced rate is no longer available. So when Lee and I use both of our cars for a car shuttle, for example, we will need two full-price permits.

The Golden Age/Golden Access 50% discount *does* apply, for those who are eligible.

Oh yes, the price ... the annual pass now costs \$30. A day pass now costs \$5.

The Northwest Forest Annual Pass can be used at most fee sites in National Forests in Oregon and Washington. The key word here is *most*.

There are two exceptions and the details can get confusing, so pay attention.

1. Four areas in Washington and Oregon charge per person, per day. These sites are Mount St Helens and the Echo

Ridge Nordic Ski Area in Washington, and Lava River Caves and Terwilliger Hot Springs in Oregon.

The Northwest Forest Pass will admit one person from each car; anyone else in the car must pay the site fee, which ranges from \$3 to \$6 per person.

2. The Oregon Coast Pass is required for trailheads along the coast in the Siuslaw National Forest, on BLM and National Park lands, and at Oregon State Parks in the coastal area. The pass is good for all occupants of a vehicle, and also allows entry to the Cape Perpetua Visitor Center.

The cost is \$35 for an annual pass, or \$10 for a 5-day pass. No discounts.

Another change is the inclusion of North Cascades National Park Service Complex in the Fee Demo project. Fees for campgrounds and docks that were required before are still required and are separate from the Northwest Forest Pass.

The pass is now required for parking anywhere along the Cascade River road within the Park boundary, which is approximately the last 4 miles of the road. It includes the Cascade Pass trailhead and all the climbing routes accessed from the Boston Basin, Torment Basin

and Eldorado Creek approaches.

It is also required for parking at these trailheads in the Highway 20 corridor: Thornton Lakes, Pyramid Lake, Ross Dam, East Bank and Panther Creek.

According to Forest Service news releases, "most of the National Forest lands in Oregon and Washington are available without fees." This seemed like such a stretch that I called Penny Custer of the Baker-Snoqualmie National Forest. She confirmed that *some* trails are available without a fee.

In the BSNF those trails include: Cougar Divide, Rainbow Falls, Sauk Mountain, Horseshoe Bend (all in the Mount Baker District), Deception Falls (Skykomish District), Gold Creek (North Bend District), John Muir and Christoff (White River District), and some trails at the Crystal Mountain Ski Area.

If these trails (except for Sauk Mountain) are unfamiliar to you, it is because some of them are abandoned, are logged over, or are "nature trails." But they're free.

Continue to the next page to see what P&P readers have to say about the Northwest Forest Pass ...

Capsize in the Arboretum

it on wet, it probably was no warmer, but had she not changed to fleccc right away, the cotton would have continued to sap heat from her body, where the capilene would have drawn less heat from her and dried faster.

- Katy had brought her dry emergency clothing in a dry bag. (I had not.) She was able to warm up fast.
- Katy's choice of location to capsize was fortuitous. The presence of the fishing float not three feet from her capsize was very helpful for getting out of the water fast and getting back into the boat when ready. And her timing was good, as that nice man was ready and willing to help!
- We've practiced rescues on several

occasions, as mentioned above. This enabled Katy to exit the boat in a calm, casual, and (for me) a nerve-rackingly long manner.

It's now almost spring, and we haven't paddled together since. I'm sure this has everything to do with the fact that the kayaking season is over, and nothing to do with nerves or newfound fears.

I'm sure come spring, we'll be out there again, casually paddling the Arboretum in capilene long underwear, leaving our emergency gear behind, and testing the limits of our abilities. △

Katy Schloemer is a retired physical therapist who has a passion for

the outdoors and marine life, especially whales. She's been kayaking for 6 years, and also enjoys hiking, snowshoeing, and bird watching. She is a volunteer naturalist with the Seattle Aquarium.

Jane Tuttle works as a technical analyst in Information Technology at SAFECO Insurance, and has kayaked for about 9 years. During the winter, she is an avid cross-country skier.

Katy and Jane have kayaked together in Alaska, Washington, Maine, British Columbia, and Indonesia.

While they've paddled successfully in a wide variety of conditions, Katy is amused that she cannot stay upright in the calm of the Arboretum!

Here's what P&P readers are saying about the Northwest Forest Pass ...

WHEN THIS whole thing started, we predicted that within 10 years we would be paying \$100/year to use "our" lands for recreation. Looks like the Forest Service is moving in that direction. New prediction: \$200 in 10 years.—*Kirkland*

USERS THEMSELVES should foot the bill for trail maintenance or accomplish it through volunteer programs or clubs. People who "can't afford" the pass usually have the option of obtaining one through two days of work on trails or other projects.

People like me who are less frequent users of Forest Service trails benefit more from the day pass. My only objection is that it has gone up by a higher percent than the annual pass.—*Notown*

I AM ONE of those who earned my permit with two days of trail work. That option needs to stay and even be expanded. It provides for those who can't afford the fee and also provides a huge pool of "unpaid" labor for trail work.

I want it simple. Fish and Wildlife and BLM also need to be covered. I want to be able to walk along the dikes in the Skagit or change my mind and go for a hike in the National Forest without worrying about which permit. I'm okay with a separate one for the National Parks (though it would be nice to combine those) because I know where the boundaries are.

I don't like the addition of the previously free parking areas in the North Cascades.—*Bellevue*

I HAVE a comment on the Park Service fees. Why does a person have to pay for a \$5 permit plus \$2 to go into a place like Camp Pleasant for a night? If you day hike, you go for free. The same number of footprints are left on the trail, but you pay twice to sleep there. I can't believe it takes \$5 to process a permit.—*Naselle*

USER FEES avoid the problem of imposed subsidies of activities at the expense of unwilling taxpayers (e.g. the

ferry system). The trick, however, is to collect the income with minimum collection expense while making it easy for 100% of users to contribute.—*Stanwood*

I'M NOT sure what the Northwest Forest Pass is. If it's the pass that allows you to go anywhere in the Forest Service system within Washington with just one permit, I'm all for it. It seems that wherever I go they require the permit I don't have!—*Freeland*

A \$5 DAILY fee is too much. I also can't get the feeling out of my stomach that this whole fee thing isn't quite right. I look at the past logging practices that the Forest Service allowed, and it makes me not trust the Forest Service.—*Port Orchard*

I AM SADDENED at the thought of the continuation of a fee program for access to public lands. Where will the idea of user fees end? Should only the parents of children in public schools pay for school buildings and teachers' salaries?

I see an ominous trend here, and it makes me wonder what kind of society my children will inherit.—*Arlington*

IT STINKS.—*Aberdeen*

THE NEW fee system still does not address how far these fees will go. Will there soon be additional fees to climb other peaks? How about a fee for Mount Si? Now that would be a real money maker ...

Will the fees increase as frequently as the price of a postage stamp? Will the fees be used to subsidize motorized recreation in our national forests? Will the fees be used to build more roads into our national forests? Where is the accountability?

There are simply way too many unanswered questions from a government agency that subsidizes big businesses such as logging, mining and grazing but wants to wring as much money as possible from someone who enjoys taking a nature walk.—*Lynnwood*

I AM BITTERLY disappointed to find that some of my Trail Park Pass money has been, and is being used, to destroy bridges. As an older hiker with osteoarthritis, my ability to balance on logs is diminished, and to jump rocks is entirely gone. So my money has been used to effectively close some of my favorite trails. The number of bridges destroyed seems to increase constantly.

Does the Forest Service recognize that there are quite a few of us old timers who can do Granite in just over 2 hours, but who can't hike the Pratt Lake trail in early summer because of the stream crossings?

I took a severe fall on the Melakwa Lake trail stream crossing just after they blew up the bridge. What is it going to take to make the Forest Service wake up: a class action lawsuit?—*Burien*

IF WE HAVE to have passes, I think this is a lot better than before. There's more consistency among forests and the pass covers at least two states. However, there is still room for improvement: Oregon has separate passes in the Western Cascades and along the coast.—*Gig Harbor*

LOOKS LIKE we are just paying \$5 more for a Trail Park Annual Pass. And then we still have to buy the Golden Eagle or annual Rainier pass on top of that.—*Renton*

THE HIGHER one-day fee is a discouragement to people who just want a short walk. It kills spontaneous hike planning by casual hikers. Why go outdoors when the government is throwing obstacles in your path? Getting permits and paying fees is about as much fun as doing income taxes. Why do we have to pay twice for hiking?

Regular hikers will buy the annual pass. The escalating fee will become an annual annoyance. Most of the projects funded by this money benefit only the trailhead facilities. The high cost of fee collection is a gross inefficiency. The only positive aspect I see is the incentive for volunteer trail work to get a free pass.—*Bellevue* △

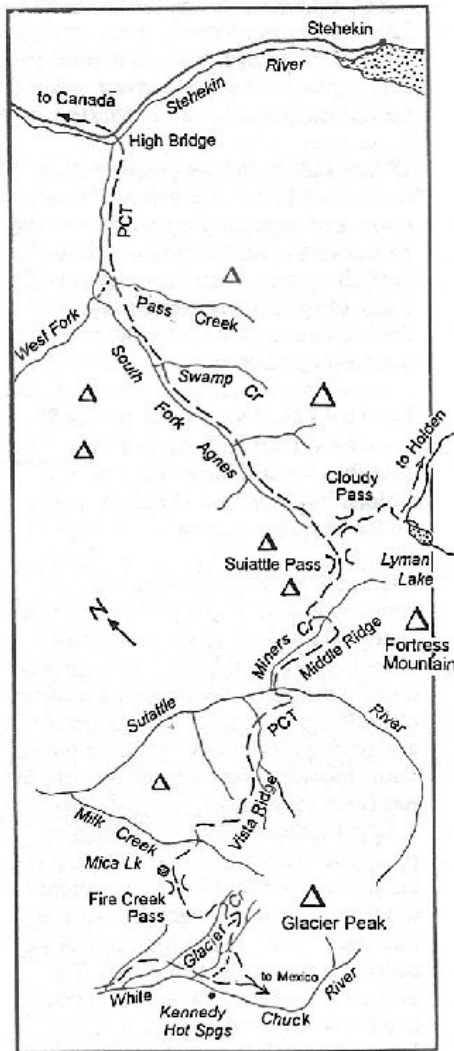
MARK OWEN

Kennedy Hot Springs to Stehekin

—A TROOP 85 FIFTY-MILER—

Once again our troop prepared to venture into the wilderness for our annual week long hike.

This trip, August 14 through 22, 1999, was originally planned to be the northernmost section of the PCT (Rainy Pass to Canada), but excessive winter snows scared us away from this route after a scout leader (we didn't know him) fell to his death on a portion of this trail a couple of years back. Too much steep sidehill hiking with snow still clinging to the trail. Snow in August means ice.



So off we went to what we thought was an easier and safer hike. Little did we know what awaited us!

Day 1 Whitechuck River to Glacier Creek (9 miles)

Rain. Plain and simple. Rain is what we had to face. To be more precise—cold, unrelenting rain with no sign of a let-up. There is nothing worse than starting a week-long hike in rain.

All kinds of questions play havoc with your mind: Do I have enough warm clothing? Do I have too much warm clothing? Why am I bringing a cotton T-shirt? Why am I carrying water when it is running down the trail right between my feet? Should we bring more white gas for the stove? Should I hike in shorts because my pants will get wet anyway? Will gaiters help? Why don't we go on a shorter hike and leave when the rain stops?

When too many questions pop into my mind I have found the best thing to do is act. So we did. Up the road we walked. That's right—road. We found a wash-out that was being repaired that added another mile to the first day.

Luckily we knew about the wash-out from reading *Pack & Paddle*! A call to the Darrington Ranger Station confirmed it. What is another mile when you already are going 65 miles anyway?

After 6 miles we arrived at Kennedy Hot Springs just in time for lunch. We sat around the springs and talked to a couple of wiped-out climbers who got stormed off Glacier Peak. I did not envy them as they crawled out of the warm water to face wet clothing.

After refilling our water bottles at the fresh spring next to the ranger cabin (the only water we drank all week, by the way, that we didn't filter!) we climbed switchbacks north to meet the PCT just above Kennedy Creek.

Jason and I dropped down to the rushing stream to locate the campsite which sadly was on the south side of the river and a scary boulder hop away. We dismissed this idea and convinced

the group to continue to Glacier Creek another 2 miles and 1000 feet higher. This was no easy task as we were all wet and exhausted from carrying heavy packs in the rain all day.

Finally we reached our camp at 5pm. Not wanting to be in the open we settled on a tight group of trees above the trail that provided a break from the wind and rain. Only the constant drip of water had to be dealt with. After eating a hot and delicious helping of Larry's homemade beef stroganoff (I carried the fresh ground beef, thank you) we bedded down for the night.

Day 2 Glacier Creek to Mica Lake (10 miles)

We awoke to more driving rain and zero visibility (could this really be August?) and the challenge of finding our way over Fire Creek Pass, knowing that a snowy trail was lying in wait above us. We were not disappointed by this day's challenges.

After several miles of contouring around Glacier Peak's many flaring



Mike (left) and Donald clear the trail near Glacier Ridge. We spent a good deal of time doing this.

Mark Owen



Jason Rudolph

This was my rainy-day hiking outfit: a fleece top, nylon shorts, and gaiters.

ridges we ate a quick lunch above Fire Creek before tackling Fire Creek Pass. More than once we had to kick steps to safely cross steep sections of trail.

Donald and Brent, the only Scouts who dared come on this trip, never batted an eye. They were up to every challenge and inspired the adults to do the same.

At least 1000 feet below the pass we encountered solid snow that would stay

with us the rest of the day. Fortunately we were able to follow faint footsteps as we approached the pass in strong, sustained winds and blowing snow. One look down the steeper north side was all it took to convince us to leave the trail for a safer alternative.

Crampons were in order here and we had not one pair. After a couple of quick pictures we headed right of the main trail to a place where we could kick steps down to a bench that overlooked Mica Lake. I was happy to see the group never question Jason and me as we led them through this most difficult section of trail—which did not exist, being covered under 5 feet of snow.

We rejoiced at the sight of Mica Lake and what looked to be a trail still well below us. The lake was still almost completely frozen. Finally we found real earth below the lake outlet stream and several campsites all under puddles of water. The only dry spot around was under a clump of trees directly on the trail. Not seeing anyone all day, we decided to make camp right here.

We set up our group tarp and got the stoves going for spaghetti and cheesecake. A group of students from Lopez Island kindly stepped around our stoves and set up camp on snow just before dinner was served. They were



Jason Rudolph

Does this look like August to you? Me (left) and Larry just below Fire Creek Pass.

taking some sort of outdoor survival course and looked pretty well considering the soaking they had taken the past two days.

Brent and his dad Mike pitched their tent under the tarp with Jason and Donald in bivi sacks beside. Larry and I found a fairly dry spot above the trail and soon we were sound asleep.

Day 3

Mica Lake to Vista Ridge (7 miles)

More clouds and rain greeted us this morning. Now just about everything we owned was pretty well soaked. Thankfully we all had fleece and wool to keep us warm. Our backpack covers were very helpful too. The simple act of movement seemed to brighten our outlook as we dropped 2 steep miles down to Milk Creek.

Along the way we passed the best example of a widowmaker I have ever seen. A one-foot-diameter tree had shattered and was impaled directly in the middle of the trail!

A beautiful new bridge at Milk Creek made our crossing a delight. We snacked on raisins, peanuts and other assorted junk food to gather some energy for the 2000 foot climb up to Vista Ridge. To make things interesting we each guessed at the number of switchbacks we were about to face. The map showed only numerous squiggly lines. It turned out to be exactly 52 (I won the bet with a guess of 48). However we all truly won this bet because the sun finally made its first appearance just as we all walked out into the first meadow



Mark Owen

This snowfield crossing near Pumice Creek was easy. Some were scary.

on the ridge top.

Within ten minutes we each had completely disassembled our packs to dry things out. As we snacked and revved in the bright sunshine, we watched the steam rise off of our tents, boots and clothing. We were amazed at how quickly everything dried out. It was like a new beginning, and we each felt a sense of pride that we had endured the first three days so well.

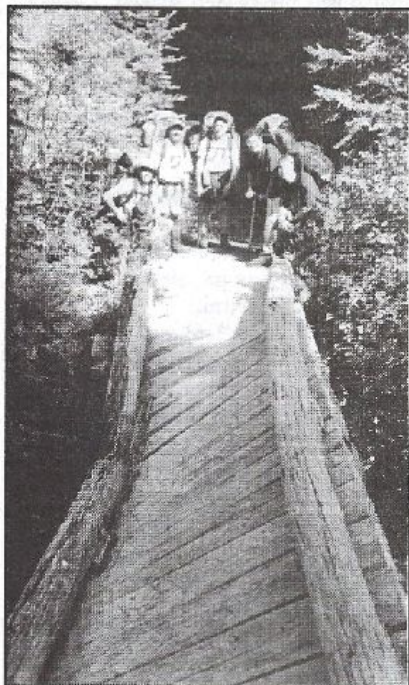
A short hour later we were setting up our camp in a flowery meadow with incredible views north to Dome Peak, Miner's Ridge and Fortress Mountain. We could also see Suiattle Pass, one of our future stops.

We looked for a camp spot, not wanting to camp on virgin meadow, but we couldn't find a one. After a dinner of beans and rice we watched the stars come out as we dozed off knowing that the next day was all downhill.

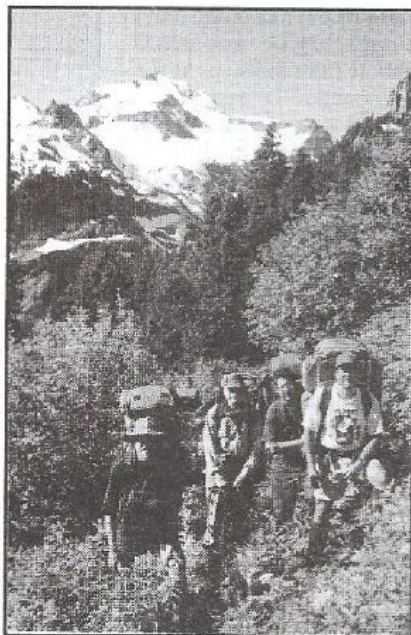
Only the occasional sound of whining insects interrupted our tranquil sleep. We did not know then how much we would come to dislike that sound.

Day 4 Vista Ridge to Suiattle River Camp (6 miles)

We slept in an hour or so and got an 8am start for the drop down to Suiattle River. Without a cloud in the sky, quite a contrast from the first three days, we could finally see our surroundings.



The broken bridge over Miners Creek.



Glacier Peak from below Vista Ridge.
From left: Jason, Larry, Brent and Mike.

What a view we had of Glacier Peak and Gamma Ridge. For a moment we entertained the thought of a cross-country trip to Gamma Peak, but the lure of going downhill kept our feet on the trail. Many switchbacks later we stopped for lunch at the first nice camp spot on Vista Creek.

Later we met a mother and her teenage daughter who wanted to know how close they were to Vista Ridge. We didn't have the heart to tell them they were still 2000 feet below their destination. We would let the map tell them that later. No sense ruining a good conversation. The girl did not look like she could handle the news anyway.

Soon we found ourselves crossing the raging Suiattle River where we found several great campsites. Before dinner we hiked over to where Miner's Creek spills into the Suiattle and had a quick bath. A couple of gallons of warm water and a washcloth did the trick. The hard part was the cold water rinse. There is a fantastic bridge at this spot that has to be seen to be believed.

We went to bed early knowing that 3000 feet and 11 miles awaited us the next morning.

Day 5 Suiattle River to Lyman Lake (11 miles)

On this gorgeous morning we followed a wonderful trail up and over Middle Ridge to a junction. One fork led to

Buck Creek Pass and the other, going our way, led up to Miner's Ridge and Suiattle Pass.

It is here the "Battle of the Bugs" began. Fortunately we all had headnets and long pants. Bug juice was of no use here. They were so thick and persistent that even when a few bugs died, reinforcements would quickly follow. For a moment even, we all longed for the rains to return to wipe out these nasty creatures.

Stopping at Suiattle Pass for lunch was a lesson in futility. Too many bugs. We finally gave up and dropped down to the junction with the Agnes Creek Trail before eating. After a quick lunch we climbed up and over Cloudy Pass, a place I had been the year before. Here we found more bugs and five feet of snow. This is a beauty spot, having graced the cover of *Pack & Paddle* even, so we stopped for pictures of Lyman Lake and Spider Gap.

Hoping against hope to find Lyman Lake bug free (yeah, right!) we got to its shores to find just the opposite—more bugs. Dinner was eaten in the tents. We took pity on Donald and Jason in their bivi bags and let them in.

Day 6 Lyman Lake (A day off!)

Finding a better campsite on the west side of the lake, I convinced everyone to relocate. Here the winds blew stronger and the bugs eased off a bit, fighting their own battles with nature. I have always been one to scout for a better site, usually having trouble getting others to take up stakes and follow me. This time was different. Everyone ran, and I mean RAN, to get away from our first site. I was treated like a hero the rest of the day. The boys even parted with some of their prized snack food to thank me.

The afternoon grew hot and we tried a swim. Only Brent and Donald had the guts to go all the way in. With the snow melt at full bore now, the lake was icy cold. Later, Larry, Jason and I walked around the lake while the others slept. For dinner we had Larry's famous pesto chicken with white rice. As hard as I tried no one was willing to give up even a spoonful of their share. Never has a meal been so carefully divided.

Day 7 Lyman Lake to the South Fork Agnes Creek (7 miles)

On this morning we said good bye to Mike and his son Brent. They had family plans that required them to leave earlier than the rest of us. So they hiked out to Holden and caught *The Lady of Lake* from there. The rest of us climbed out of Lyman Lake, over Cloudy Pass again and dropped down the Agnes. The bugs seemed to ease off a bit the farther down we went. This, the original section of the PCT, had been fortified with several new bridges from the summer before and was a delight to walk. Although without the views the new section has, it offers beautiful rushing water, still pools and big trees. About noon we were already at our camp at the junction of the new section of the PCT. We tried fishing with no luck, so a nap and a game of cribbage took us to dinner.

Day 8

Pass Creek (8 miles)

This, the easiest day of hiking by far, was a joyful walk along a river, gradually descending through big trees to Swamp Creek for lunch and finally Pass Creek to camp. Rather than camp on the PCT we followed the abandoned West Fork Trail about 1 mile to where it crosses the main river.

Here we found a small campsite right next to the huge cement pillars that are all that remain of the bridge. Too bad the bridge is gone.



Lyman Lake is so cold they all ran out after the photo. From left: Larry, Mike, Donald, Brent and Jason.



Dinner on Vista Ridge.

Jason Rudolph

The map shows an unmaintained trail that begs to be explored. There is no easy way across the Agnes, however, from this section of trail.

Day 9

Pass Creek to High Bridge (6 miles)

To make the 9am shuttle bus down to Stehekin we needed to leave our camp by 6. This meant a 5am rise-and-shine. So in total darkness we crawled out of the sack for a short breakfast and a quick get-away. Larry even gave up his morning cup of cowboy coffee in the effort to leave early—the ultimate sacrifice, according to him.

With light packs we made it to High Bridge in two hours flat. After nine days and 65 miles of trail it was weird to finally see a road again. I was already missing the trail when the bus came right at nine to pick us up.

We had a wonderful driver who gave us a real feel for the special town of Stehekin. He made several important stops along the way, including Rainbow Falls and the Valley Bakery where we ate homemade sticky buns.

Mark Owen

Larry had a cup of coffee and was back to his normal self.

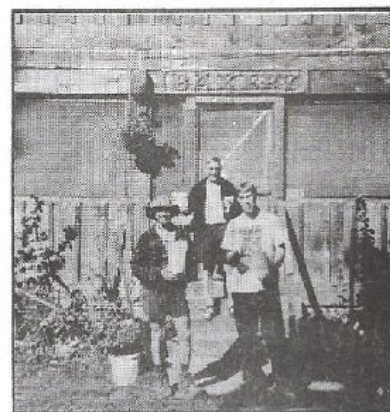
After lunch in town we boarded *The Lady Express* for what we thought would be a quick trip down lake. However the stop at Holden was especially long with lots of people and supplies to pick up.

At about three we arrived in Chelan for the ride home. Donald's parents actually joined us in Stehekin so we knew our ride was secure. Another wonderful Troop 85 Fifty-miler was in the books.

Thinking about that great adventure over the endless winter, I long for next August when once again we will live out of our backpacks for a week of great memories.

△

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



Sticky buns and espresso at the Stehekin Bakery—life is good!

Mark Owen

RON ZAREMBA

Strawberry, Steens and Gearhardt

—DAY HIKES IN EASTERN OREGON—

True serendipity. In October we found ourselves enjoying the hiking conditions we enjoyed thirty years ago, all within a day's drive. We found all this in Eastern Oregon with some notable improvements: the main roads are now mostly paved and a lot of the trailheads now have toilets.

In nineteen days of October, we had one day rained out and only two mornings below 20° F. We stayed in campgrounds in a small travel trailer. During our trip into Eastern Oregon, we made twelve day hikes and we saw a total of five people on the trails. That's right, five. We saw no hunters on the trail although the first half of the month was hunting season. On the other hand, we saw deer every day.

Strawberry Mountain Wilderness

The Strawberry Mountain Wilderness is a 68,700-acre wilderness named for its principal peak, located south of John Day and Prairie City. The most popular area is the Strawberry Lake basin which is accessed from Prairie City on road 60.

It is an easy 1.5 mile hike to Strawberry Lake. Because of the easy hike plus fishing, Strawberry Lake is obviously popular. We walked around the lake on the east side and another mile to Strawberry Falls. The trail goes to the base of the 75-foot falls and continues up toward Strawberry Mountain.

Just above the falls, the trail cuts off to Little Strawberry Lake, about half a mile away. There are a couple of nice camp spots on the hill about 300 feet east of Little Strawberry Lake.

We returned on the west side of Strawberry Lake, startling a large doc at the base of the falls. Keep an eye out for a pileated woodpecker working the area near the Slide Lake trail junction below Strawberry Lake.

The next day it rained. The following morning we were on the trail early (and very frosty) to hike 4 miles into Slide Lakes. Starting at the Strawberry Lake trailhead at Strawberry Creek campground, a mile up the trail, the Slide

Lakes trail cuts off and goes on up the hill. You have gained your elevation (1600 feet) when you reach "Mahogany Point" and start south again.

From Mahogany Point are great views to the west of Strawberry Mountain, to the north of the John Day River valley and to the east of Slide Creek canyon, Slide Mountain and Graham Mountain.

Continuing on the upper trail, the route stays in the open, 1000 feet above the floor of Slide Creek Canyon. Watch for Slide Creek Falls where the valley floor rises up abruptly. The Slide Lakes are in a very pretty setting with several campsites around the lakes. Just before you get to Slide Lake is a separate horse camp.

Both Slide Lake and Little Slide Lake are shallow. We returned the way we came, watching two eagles working Slide Creek Canyon. In our opinion, the hike to Slide Lakes is the prettiest of the five hikes we took in the Strawberry Mountain Wilderness.

The next day we moved back to Prairie City and then onto Wickiup Campground (no fee), 25 miles southeast of John Day and south of the Strawberry Mountain Wilderness.

Wickiup Campground is on road 65 which becomes road 15. Continue east on road 15 to road 16, turn left and then take the first left onto road 1640. In 14 miles, it takes you to the heart of the Strawberry Wilderness and ends at 8000 feet.

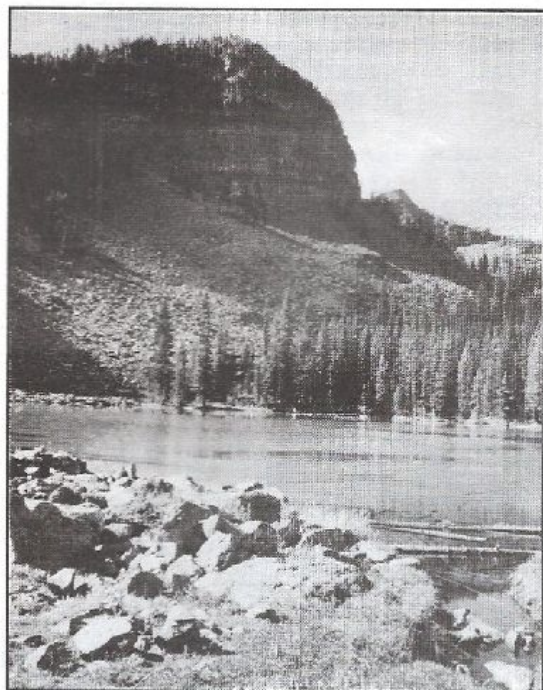
From the end of road 1640, it is a pleasant 2-mile hike down to High Lake. We had a pleasant lunch on the shore and then continued another 2 miles to the top of the ridge northeast of High Lake. From the top of the ridge you have a good panorama looking down on Slide Creek drainage and across to the southeast to

Mud Lake. The air was clear and we could see Steens Mountain, almost 200 miles to the south.

The following morning the clouds were below 5000 feet so we tried the trail up the East Fork of Canyon Creek. Take road 6510 and turn onto road 812. The trailhead is at the end of road 812. The East Fork of Canyon Creek is a stroll through the park, gentle slope and pretty scenery.

We hiked in about 6 miles to East Brookling Creek, had lunch and returned. The hillsides are primarily mature ponderosa pine whereas the bottom of the canyon where the trail ran also had western larch, lodgepole pine, and noble fir. The northern cottonwoods and the aspens were in full color and we enjoyed a beautiful day after a less than promising start. We saw cougar tracks in several locations of the trail.

The prettiest camp is Yokum Corrals Camp about 3 miles in. We didn't see any corrals at Yokum Corrals but this would be a popular horse camp with



Little Slide Lake, Strawberry Mountain Wilderness.

Ron Zaremba

food and water available, in an open setting of stately ponderosa pines.

The next morning was glorious so we drove back up road 1640 to the Strawberry Mountain trailhead, at the switchback 3/4-mile from the end of the road. This is the easy way to the top of Strawberry Mountain as it follows the old road that used to service the lookout on top. The lookout is gone and this portion of the old road is now a trail.

The distance to the top of Strawberry Mountain is about 5 miles each way with an elevation gain of 1300 feet. From the trailhead the trail follows the old road for 1.5 miles to its end at the top of the Indian Creek drainage.

Indian Creek experienced a large forest fire in 1989 that burned to the top of the ridge and then over into the Strawberry Creek drainage to the east. The trail sidehills through the ghosts and skeletons of the burned whitebark pines.

The trail travels along the east side of the Indian Creek drainage to a saddle, crosses over and then starts up in earnest across the open east side of Strawberry Mountain. It then meets the Onion Creek trail on the north side, turns south for the last half mile directly up the open north slope.

Here to the top the wind pummeled us with gusts of 50 to 60 mph. We made it to the top but didn't tarry. The 9000-foot Strawberry Mountain is the highest land mass in the area and we had spectacular views in all directions, including Steens Mountain to the south, Mount Shasta to the southwest and Sisters and Jefferson to the west and north.

We retreated to the shelter of stunted whitebark pine trees (unburned) at the Onion Creek trail junction for lunch. We kept a lookout for mountain goats but saw no wildlife other than the ubiquitous mule deer.

Heading south from Wickiup Campground, we stayed in Burns overnight while we did what had to be done in civilization. If you plan to go to Steens Mountain, you should stop at the BLM office just west of Burns for current information. They have a kiosk full of pamphlets and brochures and the personnel were very helpful.

Steens Mountain

Steens Mountain is southeast of Frenchglen. It is managed by the BLM as a "wilderness study area." Hearings have been and are being held on Steens

Mountain as either a wilderness or national park to preserve its unique character and beauty.

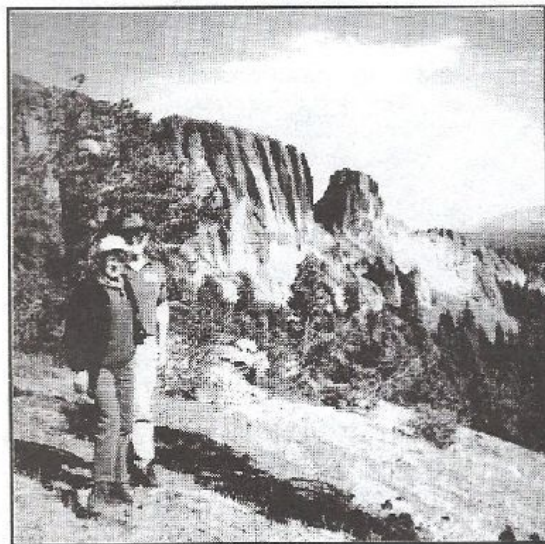
Steens Mountain is 30 miles long, north to south, and rises as a fault-block over 9000 feet. The east face is a vertical drop of over 5000 feet down to the Alvord Desert below.

Glaciation has carved three massive gorges into Steens Mountain, one on the north side, Kiger Gorge, and two on the west side, Little Blitzen Gorge and Big Indian Gorge. There are also three smaller gorges/canyons, Little Indian Gorge on the west and Wildhorse and Little Wildhorse on the north side.

We traveled south past Frenchglen about 28 miles to South Steens campground. This BLM fee (\$6/night) campground is actually two campgrounds, one for "equestrian" and the other for "family." The campground is located on the Steens Mountain South Loop Road, 18 miles east of Highway 205.

After setting up camp, we headed east on the South Loop Road to the top of Steens Mountain. Near the top, a spur road continues south along the top to nearly the south end and the high point of Steens Mountain.

From the gate and parking area it is less than a half mile to the top following the road to the radio towers. The trail from the parking area goes to the southwest a half a mile down to a rock ledge overlooking Wildhorse Lake. From the rock ledge, you can continue down to Wildhorse Lake or continue



Ron Zaremba

Bev and me at the Gearhardt Mountain cliffs.

along the ledge another mile where you can drop into Little Wildhorse Lake and Canyon.

The trail is not well defined much past the viewpoint but then the options are few. We hiked into Little Wildhorse Lake and a couple of hundred feet below it to explore the area before returning the way we came in.

The trail into Big Indian Gorge and Little Indian Gorge starts at the South Steens Campground (family side). Go south through the "group" area and continue along the dirt road. The road is passable for high clearance vehicles for 2 miles to the end where it meets Big Indian Creek.

You can cross the creek just downstream from where the trail (road) meets and crosses. Once you get around the corner, you will be in the main part of the gorge. The gorge is no more than half a mile wide at any point with walls of basaltic cliffs rising on both sides, 1500 feet to 3000 feet.

Big Indian Creek and the springs in the gorge were all marked brightly by cottonwoods, willows and aspen in their full fall regalia. It is about 6 miles to the end of the gorge. We had an enjoyable lunch in a golden grove of cottonwoods along the creek and then returned. We found three campsites, the first about 3 miles in.

The trail to Little Blitzen Gorge is well defined, but the beginning is not so easy to find. From South Steens campground, go up (east) the South Loop road about half a mile. Watch for a small sign on the left side where the



Ron Zaremba

Bev inspects the remains of the line shack in Little Blitzen Gorge at Steens Mountain.



Ron Zarembo

Bev enjoys the view from McDowell Peak, with Crook Peak to the left and Warner Valley in the distance.

trail starts. There is room off the road to park. A small sign says "no motor vehicles," but nothing indicates where the trail is.

The trail follows the east fenceline of the Riddle Ranch south to the mouth of the gorge, less than a mile away. Stay on the south side of the Little Blitzen River until you encounter a pass-through in a barbed wire fence. Horse traffic crosses the river just downstream.

On foot, pass through the fence and you should be able to cross the river on rocks without getting wet. The main trail is on the other (north) side of the Little Blitzen River.

Little Blitzen Gorge is narrower and steeper than Big Indian Gorge, but just as protected and isolated. At about 3 miles you will find the ruins of a corral and a couple of log shacks. The trail continues for a total of 5 miles or so before it reaches the east end of the gorge. Again, we found several camps, the first about 3 miles in.

The first trip we chose in the Fremont National Forest was an easy drive from Lakeview. We decided to hike to McDowell Peak as it is on the western edge of the Drake-McDowell Semi-primitive Non-motorized Recreation Area.

Go north from Lakeview on 395, turn right on Highway 140. Go over Warner Canyon and take the first left, road 3615. Go north on road 3615 for about 10 miles to the South Fork Crooked Creek trailhead. An unofficial 4x4 road goes up the hill from the trailhead. That is the start of the trail.

About 500 feet farther, the trail goes left from the road (4x4 trail). As the

trail switchbacks up the hill, it crosses the 4x4 road/trail twice more before the trail continues north. The trail is poorly marked, but is occasionally marked with plastic trail markers saying "National Recreation Trail."

Even without signs, the trail was not hard to follow. The trail continues north around the west side of Twelve Mile Peak. The trail was not well maintained and brushy in places. At the top of the ridge we had good panoramic views in all directions.

We proceeded north, on down the trail into the canyon and cross-country to the top of McDowell Peak where we enjoyed lunch. It was a beautiful warm fall day, peaceful with nice views in all directions.

Not being inspired to travel further, we returned the way we came. Total distance we estimated at 6 miles and about 1500 feet gain. We saw old 4x4 tracks on the trail for a ways but I suspect that except for hunting season and a few weekends, this area is deserted.

Gearhart Mountain Wilderness

The 22,809-acre Gearhart Mountain Wilderness, the only wilderness in the Fremont National Forest, is about 30 miles northwest of Lakeview.

Gearhart Mountain, 8354 feet, is the remains of one of the oldest and highest volcanic domes in the area. It has 15 miles of trails. The mail trail runs north-south right over the top of Gearhart Mountain, with a 3-mile spur approaching from Boulder Creek on the west. The east side of Gearhart Mountain Wilderness is bordered by road 3372.

The north trailhead is located at the end of spur 015 off road 3372, along the North Fork Fraser River. From there it is an easy 2 mile hike through lodgepole pine to Blue Lake, the only lake in this wilderness.

The trail circles the lake in both directions and then continues up Gearhart Mountain. We got about a mile beyond Blue Lake when Bev's injured foot made us stop and return to Blue Lake for lunch. There are a number of campsites set back from the lake.

The next day we tried the south end of the main trail, starting near Lookout Rock. The trailhead is at the end of spur 012 off road 34. A small Forest Service campground, Corral Creek, is just outside the wilderness.

On the trail in a half a mile, you are in a fanciful area called "Palisades Rocks." These old basalt outcrops have been carved by erosion into all kinds of shapes. Two and a half miles beyond you reach "The Dome" and cliffs. The trail runs along the bottom of the spectacular basaltic cliffs that tower several hundred feet above you.

We went around the point and then cross-country up to near the top of the cliffs for lunch. We returned the way we came, through stately ponderosa pines. When we got back to the trailhead, we walked a quarter mile beyond the gate to the lookout. The lookout on Lookout Rock was set in place by helicopter and is not a good place for small children. The view and the setting are worth the climb to the lookout.

At this point, it was time to return home. There is much to see and explore off the beaten paths of Eastern Oregon. We will return as often as we can, until Eastern Oregon catches up with the rest of the Pacific Northwest.

Eastern Oregon has great opportunities for hiking and camping experiences away from the multitudes. Just think of it as thirty years ago, a day's drive away.

△

Ron and Bev Zarembo, of Golden-dale, are retired, grandparents, and native Washingtonians. They have been hiking, canoeing and backpacking throughout the Pacific Northwest for over thirty years.

WHAT'S HAPPENING

NEWS FROM ALL OVER

WALKIN' JIM STOLTZ—It's been awhile since Walkin' Jim has come through these parts with his guitar and his songs. Come see and hear him on Saturday, April 15, at the First Congregational United Church at 2624 Rockefeller Avenue in Everett, at 7:30pm.

Walkin' Jim gets his name from the more than 24,000 miles he has walked through the wild country of North America. Carrying his guitar and writing his songs along the way, his lyrics express a love and respect for the earth and the wild places he knows so well.

His Forever Wild show combines live music and poetry with stunning, multi-image slides for a stirring celebration of wilderness. In this year's show he will share songs from the Utah wildlands, the Northern Rockies, the PCT, and a Yellowstone-to-Yukon walk.

Walkin' Jim's eight recordings will be on sale at the concert. The event is sponsored by and is a fundraiser for Pilchuck Audubon Society.

Tickets are \$12 at the door. Or buy in advance for \$10 at Wild Birds Unlimited in Edmonds and Everett, or the Pilchuck Audubon Society office, 2829 Rockefeller in Everett (425-252-0926).

HIKE THE LEWIS & CLARK TRAIL—Six nights, five rivers, three states: hike the Lewis & Clark Trail with Historian Scholar Clay Jenkinson and the ghost of Meriwether Lewis.

One of the nation's leading humanities scholars, Clay has lectured and written widely on Thomas Jefferson, the Great Plains and Lewis and Clark. He is nationally renowned for his first-person historical interpretations of several characters including Thomas Jefferson and Captain Meriwether Lewis.

The Lolo Trail, located in the Bitterroot Wilderness and Clearwater National Forest, hosts many Lewis & Clark campsites virtually the same as they were 200 years ago.

The Nez Perce people called the route "K'useyneisskit," the buffalo trail. In 1877 the non-treaty Nez Perce followed the route in their flight from General Howard and the US Calvary.

The history of the Lolo Trail is rich. Many sites along the route are revered by American Indians and valued for their primitive state.

In 1866 Professor Oliver Marcy of Massachusetts writes about The Lolo Trail: "A few days packing from the

village of Missoula will furnish the artist and the naturalist the rarest scenery and the richest experience to be found on the continent."

For dates, cost, and other information, call Becky Cawley, Lewis Clark Promotions, 208-791-8721.

PADDLE FEST—If you are new to canoeing or kayaking—or even if you're not—you won't want to miss Paddle Fest on April 29 and 30 at Stan Sayres Park on Lake Washington. Hours are 10am to 4pm each day. Admission is \$10 per person; kids under 9 free.

Saturday is "Canoe Day." Seminars on canoeing begin at 11am. At 12:30 Lee Moyer of Pacific Water Sports will give a talk on canoe design and features, very useful if you are in the market for a canoe.

Sunday is "Kayak Day." Seminars on kayaking begin at 11am. Again, at 12:30 Lee Moyer will talk on kayak design and features, and how to pick one right for you.

For those 10 and over, a "Quickie Lesson" on basic canoe or kayak handling will be held twice each day. Sign up *early* at the registration booth because space is limited. The lesson fee is \$10.

WHALE OF A VICTORY—A plan to build a giant salt plant on the pristine shores of a gray-whale breeding ground on Mexico's Baja Peninsula has gone down the tubes. Mitsubishi Corp. and the Mexican government announced in March that they are scrapping their joint plan for the \$100 million facility.

The salt plant, which would have been the largest in the world, was planned for an ecologically sensitive area that had been declared a United Nations World Heritage Site; opponents argued that it would have harmed gray whales and more than 300 other animal species.

Environmentalists mounted an international campaign against the plan, galvanizing scientists, artists, celebrities, and concerned citizens around the globe and motivating 700,000 people to send postcards to Mitsubishi opposing the plant.

SNOWMOBILER DIES—At the end of February, a Marysville man died when his snowmobile fell through a crevasse near the 8000-foot level on Mount Baker.

Many hikers are amazed to learn that

snowmobiles are indeed legal on Mount Baker's south slope in the Recreation Area, and that a slice of that Recreation Area goes to one of Mount Baker's summits: Sherman Peak, 10,160 feet.

Climbers crossing a glacier generally rope themselves together for safety, but snowmobilers take no such precautions.

The party involved in the February fatality seemed unaware that crevasses are one of the several dangers to be found on Mount Baker. In an article in *The Herald*, the victim's father said he didn't know there were crevasses lurking below the surface, and that more warning signs should be posted.

The victim, 30-year-old Robert Maurer II, was following another snowmobiler, who apparently crossed a snow bridge safely. When Maurer crossed, the bridge gave way and he fell 60 feet into the crevasse, with the snowmobile and tons of snow and ice on top of him. He leaves a wife and three small children.

MOUNT SI—On April 8 I will lead a hike for people interested in Mount Si. Meet at the new trailhead near the reader board at 10am. I will give some history of trails and places on the mountain.

This will be a slow hike, about 8 miles, plus or minus, and will not go above the 2500-foot level. Hiking boots, food, and water required. Come learn more about Mount Si. No children or pets, please.—*Robert DeGraw, Kirkland.*

BUCKHORN MOUNTAIN MINE—The Department of Ecology has announced it will not file an appeal of the ruling by the Pollution Control Board denying permits for Battle Mountain Gold Company's open-pit cyanide-leach gold mine on Buckhorn Mountain.

In November 1997, the DOE granted nearly 500 million gallons annually in water rights to the mine project even though the streams fed by Buckhorn Mountain were already fully appropriated.

The Pollution Control Board reversed all 16 water rights finding that the modeling results were overly optimistic or inaccurate and not credible.

The DOE acknowledged that the mine drainage leaching from the waste piles was predicted to violate state groundwater standards.—*from the Okanogan Highlands Alliance, PO Box 163, Tonasket WA 98855.*

KEEPING PACE

EQUIPMENT, RECIPES, TIPS

PEPPERY PEANUT HUMMUS—

one 15.5-ounce can chick peas,
undrained

1/4 cup olive oil

3 tablespoons peanut butter

2 tablespoons lemon juice

2 cloves garlic

1 tablespoon (yes, that's correct)

tabasco pepper sauce

1/4 teaspoon cumin

1 green onion

Drain chick peas; reserve liquid. Put peas, 1/4 cup reserved liquid, peanut butter, lemon juice, tabasco and cumin in food processor. Process 1 minute or until as smooth as you want. Snip the onion and stir in.

This is different and quite zippy. If you aren't sure you're the "zippy" type, cut down the tabasco. Chunky peanut butter works. Cut back liquid or oil for a thicker spread. Makes a great lunch with crackers, pita, bagels.—*VB/MA, Arlington*

TRAIL BREAD—Square loaves of "cocktail bread" found in the supermarket deli—sourdough, rye, pumpernickel—are very good travelers. Toast and pack into a bombproof square column. Light weight, keeps well, good with any cheese or spread.—*VB/MA, Arlington*

WRAPS—Flour tortillas carry well in a pack and can be stuffed with just about anything to make a meal.

Here's a recommendation: boil up a pot of instant rice with some dried veggies (freeze-dried peas will work, but home-dried zucchini, spinach, tomatoes or other garden delight is better). Flake in some smoked salmon. Let it sit 5 or 10 minutes. Spoon some onto a tortilla (be conservative), drizzle with a little soy sauce if you like, roll it up, and fold up the end to contain spills.

Unless you are fastidious with every grain of rice, it's best to carry your dinner down to the tide line, or to that big rock with the great view 100 yards

from camp. That way, you'll avoid the scampering of little rodent feet (or big ursine feet) through your camp at night.—*Frodo, Middle Earth*

SKI POLE PHOTOGRAPHY—I've had several people ask me how to cradle a camera with ski poles (see *March*, page 31).

It's easy: Cross the poles below the handles with loops facing up. Place the first loop around and under the handle of the second pole. Then place the second loop around and under the handle of the first pole. Plant the poles at about a 60 degree angle.

The "V" formed by the loops and tightly crossed poles makes a perfect cradle for the lens where it connects to a SLR-type camera. It works better than a monopod, but of course, won't hold a camera like a tripod.—*Darryl Lloyd, Hood River*

GETTING "TICKED"—February 19 is pushing it for spring hiking, but a short sunny spell impelled four of us to go to Catherine Creek on the Washington side of the Columbia a few miles east of Hood River, which put us east of the Cascade crest.

We had hoped for sunshine, but what we got was a cold, slightly foggy day. We forged steadily uphill through the grassy meadows, some parts still compressed by the recent snow.

Halfway up the hill a bit of purple caught my eye: a single grass widow had blossomed. We later found a few others. Still awfully early for flowers.

At the top of the hill we stopped and sat on a log under a tree to eat a bite of lunch. I did think at the time this was breaking a couple of tick country rules: Don't linger under trees and don't sit on logs.

We took the cross-trail to another meadow which permitted higher climbing. Soon we were in snow which rapidly increased in depth. Since some of us were in tennies, we turned back. We dropped into a draw and found a couple of old watering tanks, and a few remnants of an ancient cabin near a trickling spring. The beauty of Catherine Creek is that you can just roam anywhere.

When I got home I took the usual precautions that apply both to risk of ticks and risk of poison oak: Wash yourself and every item of clothing

worn on the hike.

It wasn't enough. When I woke next morning something itched on my chest. I scratched at it and felt that certain soreness that is almost surely a tick. Solid black, about 1/8 inch in diameter. It was just out of sight under my chin, but a mirror revealed the little black varmint with his head buried in my body.

It wryly occurred to me that a predator usually is bigger and stronger than his prey. But here is a creature that considers an animal a thousand times bigger than himself his lawful prey!

Lori took a pair of tweezers and evicted him. Being a Buddhist, she could not bear to kill him, but settled for flushing him down the toilet.

I have had ticks three times—once in Yosemite, once on the Dog Mountain trail, and this one. I have extracted a few from others. A theory often proposed is that if you use a hot match stick or a bit of gasoline, the tick will back out. It doesn't work. A lifetime of experience has convinced me that this is folklore. Here are the truths I have learned about ticks:

You must forcibly remove them. The later you discover them, the bigger they get and the harder to remove and the more danger of infection. When they are quite engorged, chances are the head will detach and remain. Every last bit of tick material must be removed with a sterile needle. At this stage, best the doctor do it. When finished flush with antiseptic to forestall infection.

I called one of my fellow hikers to check if they got "ticked." She said, "Jim, you better go to the doctor. I had a friend who got a tick bite and died—of Lyme disease." Quite an unsettling thing to hear. However three weeks has gone by and I'm still here. Guess I'll quit worrying about it.—*Jim Miller, Portland*

BACK, CAT!—I'd like to see information on the use of pepper spray or mace to repel a cougar. Would it work or just make him mad? Anybody ever tried it?—*Mary, Bainbridge Island*

WIN FAME & ADMIRATION!

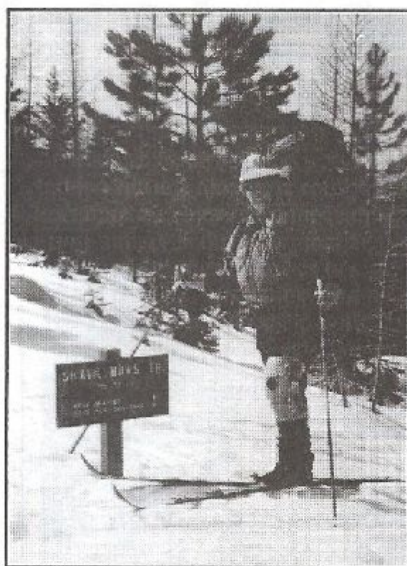
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EDITOR'S JOURNAL



Full-pack skiing in Swauk Meadows.

FROM THE MAILBOX—"I look forward to more outdoors in my future. I'm working part-time and relish having more daylight, sleep and personal time in my life."—*Bellevue*

"Always enjoy the tips section. More recipes!"—*Seattle*

"Fun to read Mike Torok's adventures, especially since I have met him on the trail."—*Monroe*

"Hi to Yellow Cat. Keep up the good work."—*Seattle*

"It was good to hear news of the O'Callaghans (*March, page 31*). We sure enjoyed working with them on the yearly NTA/WTA meetings."—*Port Orchard*

"Good article about trail fees in March issue. Maybe it's not too late to get those onerous trail fees lifted off our necks."—*Portland*

WHO IS PILAR?—Several readers have inquired into the identity of "Pilar," the nom de plume of one of our trail report contributors.

Here's what one reader writes: "Am delighted to see reports from 'Pilar, everyone's favorite climbing kitty.' Have read and enjoyed some of his reports in the Other Hiking Magazine. Am fascinated to see the Monroe address after his name. Do I see this famous character every week in Safeway, at the bank, at the post office? Delightful mystery. And the name is nice. But why a kitty?"

Pilar, who despite the name is a man,

was happy to give us some background.

"The name Pilar comes from my girlfriend's oriental shorthair cat of the same name," he told us. "The lady observed that the cat and I have similar personalities and she began calling us by the same name."

Pilar, the climber, is 32 and took up hiking and climbing after he started college in 1994 at the UW. He graduated in 1998 with a degree in landscape architecture and works for a "design build" firm out of Snohomish.

A Seattle native, Pilar says he is "a climbing bum whose love of the outdoors surpasses all other wants and needs." Last year he climbed over 160 different peaks, either named or with 400 feet of prominence.

PIONEER RIDGE—A phone conversation recently with Carla Firey provided a little more background in the history of the exploration of the Picket Range. The original story by Mitch Blanton appeared in the January issue of *Pack & Paddle*, page 16. John Roper contributed in the February issue, page 31. Dave Knudson added more in the March issue, page 4.

Carla told us the 1970 Picket Pass to Jasper Pass trip had been planned the winter before by her parents, Joan and Joe Firey. When Joe (who is a long-time *P&P* reader) broke his leg skiing that winter, Carla was elected to go in

his place.

Although she was just out of high school, 18-year-old Carla was an experienced climber and backpacker. However, at 45 or 50 pounds, her pack was the lightest, she said. "The others carried much heavier packs. We had complete climbing gear, and ten days worth of food."

And were she and Joan the first women to traverse Pioneer Ridge? It depends what you mean by "traverse," said Carla. They certainly traveled along it for a ways, but they didn't go end-to-end as Natalia Goodman did on Mitch's 1999 trip.

INDEXES—Yellow Cat is still processing Index orders, so send your request in. As the days get longer and sun lingers a little warmer on the porch, she and Lee are both reluctant to spend time working in the office. They leave me to meet the deadline on my own (but then I can put on my favorite music).

See you in the backcountry,

Ann Marshall



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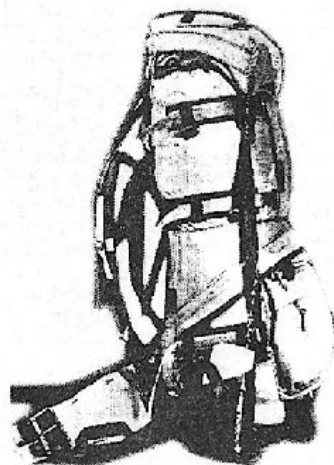
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