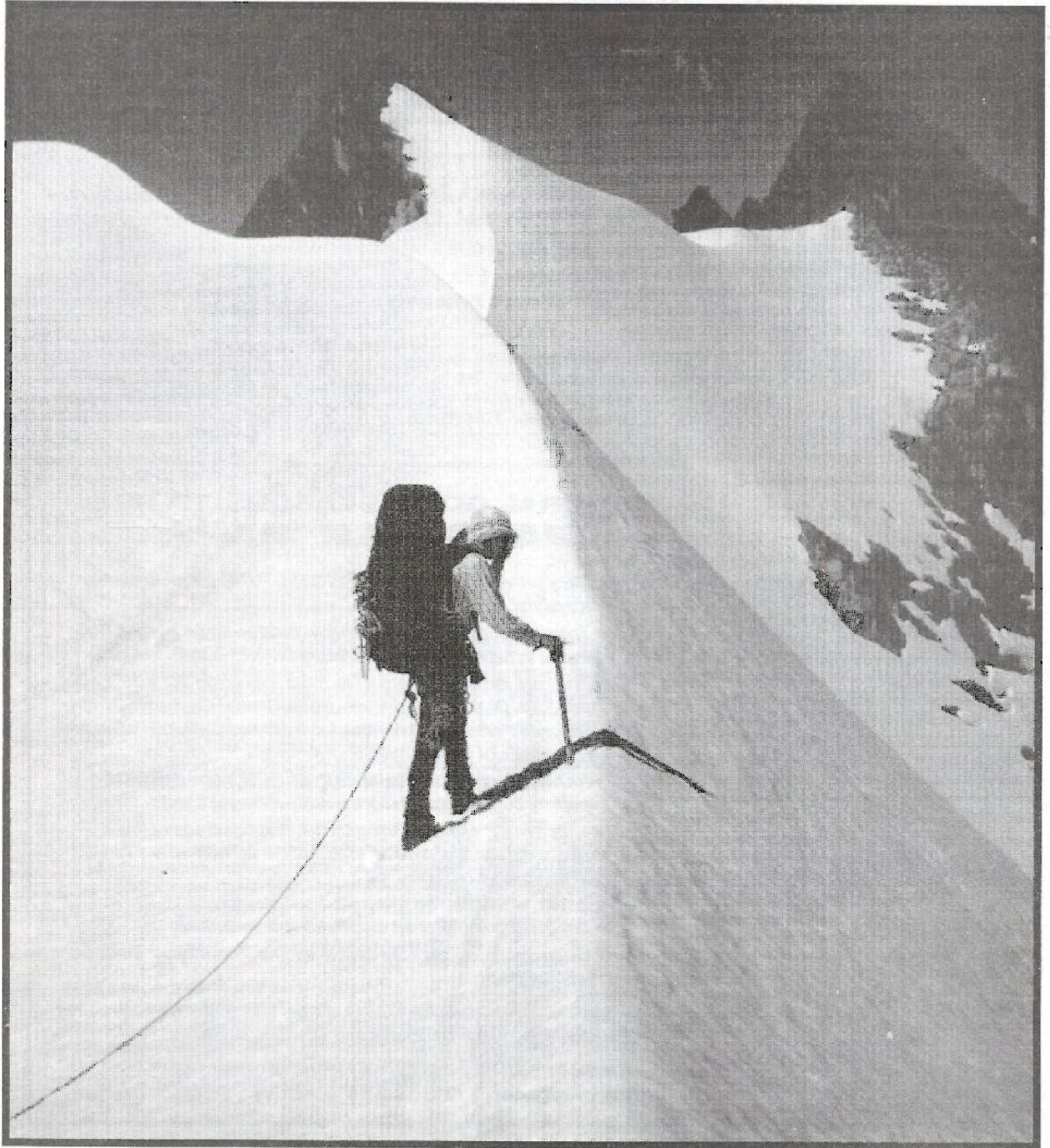


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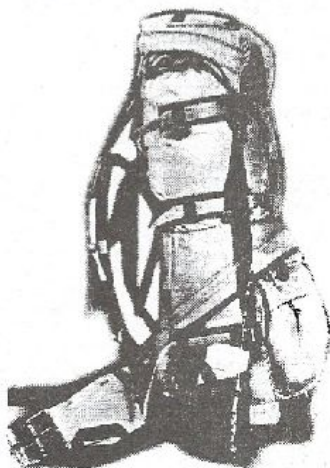




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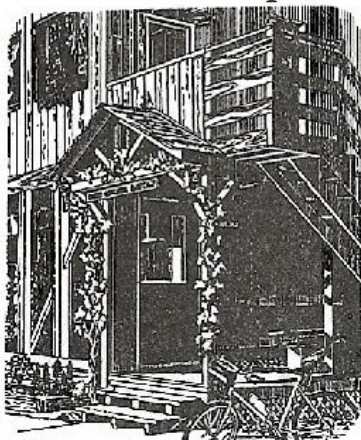
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# Pack & Paddle®

VOLUME 9, NUMBER 6

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RANDOM VIEW—



John Roper

John Butterworth on Balance Rock, after a shoulder stand off Uncle John. Omak Lake behind.

## Features

- 21 GINNY GETS A NEW PIN  
Ann Marshall
- 22 OH CHUTE!  
Karen Molenaar Terrell
- 23 CLOSURES, NEW STUFF AND REMINDERS
- 24 SNOW-FREE IDAHO  
Lindy Bakkar
- 27 PORTLAND'S WILDWOOD TRAIL  
Bill Keil
- 28 DREAM LAKE TRIFECTA  
Pilar

## Departments

- 4 LETTERS TO THE EDITOR
- 6 BACKCOUNTRY NEWS
- 29 PANORAMA — News from All Over
- 30 REST STOP — Recipes, Equipment, Tips
- 31 EDITOR'S JOURNAL

### COVER PHOTO:

Mitch Blanton checks out the route to West Challenger, in the Picket Range. North Cascades National Park, Washington. Photo by Mike Torok.

### HOW TO BE A PACK & PADDLE CONTRIBUTOR:

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

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### NO CAPSIZE

I just wanted to thank you for producing a great local publication. I find your articles interesting and very informative.

Earlier this month, I was invited to Seattle to kayak with a friend of mine. We are both novices and as such did not want to mess with the whitecaps on Lake Washington. Luckily, I had read the article, "Capsize in the Arboretum," by Jane Tuttle in the April issue.

I didn't even know the Arboretum had water access (I'm from Bellingham) much less a wonderful and relatively safe place to paddle. We enjoyed a beautiful afternoon paddling through the reeds and trees. We had a blast exploring all of the nooks and crannies of Duck Bay and the surrounding waters around the 520 bridge.

Fortunately, we had better luck than Jane Tuttle, as neither of us capsized (although, I can see how easily that could occur). Thanks again for the great magazine. I look forward to the next issue

Lorena Weisenburger  
Bellingham, Washington

### MORE ON PICKETS

I finally got to pulling out my old trail notes to compare with those of Mitch Blanton ("Picket Pleasures," *January issue*).

I was with a Mountaineers party in July 1974 that traversed the Southern Pickets starting from the Skagit River (Sky Creek), continuing north with climbs of Triumph and Despair Peaks and on to Jasper Pass and Pioneer Ridge.

From there we also ascended Peak 7020 on July 31st (being disappointed to find a cairn but no register) and most of the way up Mount Crowder before descending one of its north side icy chutes to traverse over to "Pickell Pass." We were not familiar with this name at the time and I'm wondering where and when it showed up on the maps.

Our party, which included Frank King, Tom Mogridge, Monty and Joanne Lennox and one or two others, had to make the difficult descent on the east side of Pickell Pass to gain the headwaters of Goodell Creek and traverse over to Picket Pass. This is de-

scribed by Crowder and Tabor, but I seem now unable to find it (having only their 1965 Mountaineers' issue of *Routes and Rocks* for Glacier Peak/Chelan area).

We then traversed the north side of the Southern Pickets, dodging ice-fall enroute to Azure Pass and Lake, then out to Sourdough Ridge and Diablo—also a "most challenging" adventure, as was Blanton's!

My notes also similarly record the spectacular "point blank view" of the Picket Ranges from the Peak 7020 area, exceeded only by the views from Picket Pass itself.

Blanton's article did not describe the events of Dwight Crowder's untimely early death, which might be an interesting thing for you to add as an editor's note. Since he has received remembrance with his name placed upon "Peak 7082" I would certainly agree with Blanton and Don Goodman that it would be appropriate to name "Peak 7020" after Tabor. The country those guys covered and accurately documented is almost unbelievable.

Karl Duff  
Port Orchard

**Ed. Note:** "Pickell Pass" is one of those informal names that was applied by an early traveler (Joan Firey in this case) about 1971. As far as I know, it does not appear on any map to this day, but does seem a fitting name for the pass between Picket and Goodell Creeks.

Don Goodman kindly supplied this information about Dwight Crowder:

"Dwight was killed in a car accident near his home town of Portola Valley in April 1970. He was only forty years

old. He was hit by a car whose driver ran a red light."

### TRAIL FEES

Quit complaining and do something about the trail park fees now. Whether for or against user fees, do something before Congress sets the program in concrete without any changes. But first get your facts right. Your letter may be ignored if all you say is something land managers and legislators know is not true.

1. Walking on federal land is free! The trail park fees only help maintain the trails that you use on that free land. Your Congressman knows this.

2. We rightly complain about government subsidies for loggers, miners, and cattlemen, but let's face it—trail park pass money is not used on roads. The Forest Service is committing a big share of its road budget to maintaining access to trailheads which amounts to a form of subsidy.

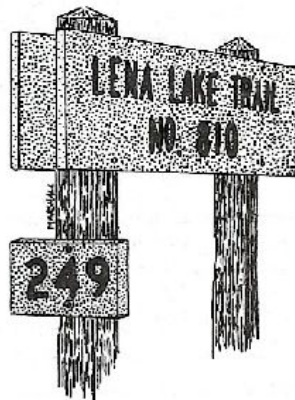
Although I find fault with the present Trail Pass system, in principle I am for a user fee. However, letters to your Congress are needed for a user fee must be user friendly, reasonable, easy to obtain at trailheads, and good on all national public lands.

We must have public oversight how the money is spent.

I have gone to Washington DC seven times to lobby for trail funding. Most of the western delegates are supportive. However, there are a lot more eastern delegates who look at trail funding as a recreational subsidy. I had it pointed out by an eastern Congresswoman that the Appalachian Trail was built and is maintained by volunteers.

I doubt Congress will ever give us the money we need to maintain trails. I have concluded that if we want trails, we must maintain them ourselves. To do so, what could be fairer than a user fee? However, I would welcome other ideas.

Without congressional help, most of the maintenance is done by volunteers, but several thousand volunteers come with a price tag. It takes full-time helpers just to coordinate all those volunteers. Certified trail leaders must be trained. Volunteers are only effective for the first 2 or 3 miles or they will spend too much time walking to accomplish much. Beyond those first miles the





# LETTERS to the EDITOR

This is an open forum and does not necessarily express the opinions of the publishers



work can be done only by wecklong work parties or by full-time employees hired for the summer season. At the present time most of the money is coming from your Trail Park Passes.

While I consider that user fees are needed to walk on our "free public land," Congress is responsible for the care of public lands, but for years they have only halfheartedly funded their obligation to clean water, wildlife, trees, and other vegetation. We must be sure our trail fees are not an excuse to overlook their obligation to the land.

Trail funding is a very important issue. Whether opposed to the fees or for them, please get busy and do your share by contacting your Congressmen, chief foresters, and local newspapers. When you condemn the trail park pass fee, be sure to give your solution for a better way to fund trail maintenance.

There must be other ways to fund our trails. I would like to challenge all Pack & Paddlers to present your ideas of how to fund trail maintenance.

Ira Spring  
Edmonds, Washington

## NASON RIDGE

Here is an update on the Lake Wenatchee/Nason Ridge letter I wrote last month (*May, page 4*). The letter below went out to 750 addresses in the Lake Wenatchee area. The local newspapers are also writing articles.

On May 1, DNR issued a Stop Work Order on this project. As of May 12, Longview Fibre has appealed the SWO. It is now in the appeals process with the Forestry Practices Board. They will decide if Longview can begin work, or if they need to re-apply under the new SEPA Class IV Special regulations which require an environmental checklist, and may allow for public comment. We hope to know soon.

Options of purchase are being looked into with the Forest Service, Trust for Public Lands, Chelan-Douglas Land Trust, and Longview Fibre.

Pat Rasmussen gave me permission to forward the letter below to you.

Terri Halstead  
Lake Wenatchee, Washington

Dear Friend of Lake Wenatchee,

Longview Fibre Corporation plans to log 226 acres on the southeast shore of the lake, from the ridge down, clear-cutting one section and "selective logging" (80% cut) the rest.

This project will ruin the eastern trail access of the Nason Ridge trail and will have a major impact on the scenic views of the entire Lake Wenatchee recreation area. The scar from this logging operation will be visible from all points around Lake Wenatchee and surrounding ridges for generations to come.

You only have to look farther east along Nason Ridge to see Longview Fibre's "selective logging" practices. Or look across Lake Wenatchee at Pole Ridge to view a 1970s clearcut on private land which has seen no significant forest regeneration to this day.

Road building had begun when neighbors realized what was happening and began to take action. Two websites show what is planned, with maps and photos of the slope that would be logged, viewed from the State Park and from north shore cabins:

<[www.leavenworth-leaf.com](http://www.leavenworth-leaf.com)> or  
<<http://communities.msn.com/FriendsofLakeWenatcheeForests>>

Neighbors called the Department of Natural Resources who halted the road building and logging until a Class IV application and SEPA analysis are done. Longview is fighting to proceed immediately. The public must have opportunity to comment in this process.

Adjacent landowners have called Longview Fibre to discuss purchase of the forest so that it can remain intact, but Longview currently refuses to sell. Lawyers are preparing to appeal the permit based on the high value of the forest for recreation, water quality, scenic value and geological stability.

In addition to our local enjoyment of this treasured lake, area recreational businesses depend on tourists coming

to enjoy the pristine lake and forests.

The State Park, with 200 campsites, received 35,100 overnight guests and 327,800 day visitors per year in 1998-99. The Nason Creek Campground, with 75 campsites, averages 3,900 campsites filled per season, a total of 12,000 visitors. The Nason Ridge Trail is popular for hikers, horseback riders (including guided rides from the State Park), mountain bikers, motorcyclists and a huge number of cross country skiers.

We must take action NOW:

1) Download the petition from the web at: <[www.leavenworth-leaf.com/longfibrepetition.htm](http://www.leavenworth-leaf.com/longfibrepetition.htm)> sign and mail it back to:

LEAF  
PO Box 154  
Peshastin WA 98847.

2) Write, e-mail or phone LEAF and ask to be kept informed as this proceeds. Address above. E-mail: <[leaf@leavenworth-leaf.com](mailto:leaf@leavenworth-leaf.com)>. Phone: 509-548-7640.

3) Write a letter to Longview Fibre, expressing your concern:

Wade Boyd, Longview Fibre Corp.  
PO Box 639  
Longview WA 98632

And/or write to:

Department of Natural Resources  
c/o Steve Wetzel  
713 East Bowers Road  
Ellensburg WA 98926

Please send copies of correspondence to LEAF for the permanent record.

Sincerely,  
Friends of Lake Wenatchee  
Pat Rasmussen  
Peshastin, Washington





# BACKCOUNTRY NEWS





REPORTS AND CONDITIONS

## INTRODUCTION

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

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


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

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




## PENINSULA



 **MOUNT ROSE** (USGS *Lightning Pk, Mt Skokomish*)—Mount Rose is 12 miles west of Hoodspoint off Highway 101. I arrived at the trailhead with the sun shining, even though Seattle had rain. The trail is maintained by "five retired men from Shelton," and they do a wonderful job.


The trail is *very* steep, going up 3500 feet in 3 miles. At 2 miles the trail splits to make a loop. I took the left trail, Ridge Trail, and about 1/2-mile up I encountered snow. There are orange diamonds on the trees to help guide the way. But at about 4000 feet, it started to snow, a lot. So I did not make it to the top. Just before the trail splits is a short trail to the waterfall. This hike will get your legs in shape.—Tom Magee, Vashon Island, 5/3.

 **GOLD CREEK** (USGS *Mt Zion*)—Lew and I went up road 28 to 2830 and started in the middle of the Gold Creek trail. The trailhead is a bit hard to locate; about 500 feet before the road-end on the right with parking for only a couple of cars.

We hiked on excellent tread with no blow-downs or snow to the shelter near

the start of the Tubal Cain/Marmot Pass trail. Views are limited on this trail but there are a few.

A person can drive to the Tubal Cain trailhead by a circuitous route past the Royal Basin trailhead. The Gold Creek access is still cut off by slides on the Dungeness Road which may be a while in the repair process due to the amount of work required.—Tom Karasek, Stanwood, 4/30.

 **WAGONWHEEL LAKE** (USGS *Mt Skokomish*)—Leave Olympia 7am. Arrive Staircase 8:10. Start up trail. Mahonia, yellow violets and vanilla leaf blooming, new snow on Lightning Peak across the way.


Put shirt, hat and gloves in pack with raingear. Hit ridge top at 9:25. Much colder; put shirt, hat, gloves back on. At 9:37, at a minor viewpoint at 2700 feet, I see patchy blue sky. The good news is I have gained over half the elevation. The bad news is, it gets *really* steep now. I see Copper Mountain through fog.

At 10:30, trail turns to left and I reach solid snow from here on. Need to watch for blazes. The trail is indistinct where it turns at about 4200 feet. Grade flattens.

On the big open slope, where there is snow over slide alder, the snow is beginning to rot. It will be hazardous crossing from about May 8th until snow melts completely. Some slide alder already showing. I followed boot track instead of paying attention so lost trail and time. Relocated trail beyond open hillside.

At 10:40, reached Wagonwheel Lake, partly obscured by sudden heavy snow flurry. Snow covered except for small patch near outlet. At noon, recross snowfield with a clearing sky. Another snow flurry as I head down, from there to trailhead it's snow flurries, fog drizzle and "sun breaks."

Back at the trailhead 1:30pm; nice trip.—Paul G. Schaufler, 5/1.

 **DRY CREEK** (USGS *Lightning Pk*)—Lots of neat humungous old stumps and mossy boulders up and down trail from end of private road to lake access trail. That trail leads to Dry Creek State Park camp, no public facilities.

At that point trail follows a very old road grade all the way to the Dry Creek crossing. Steep at first, but the grade flattens about a third of the way to the creek crossing. Hear rushing water most of the trip. Many springs, beds of yellow violets, bleeding hearts, scattered trilliums.

Bridge is collapsed, hazardous to cross if wet, could scoot across on poles about 100 feet upstream. Trail steepens after crossing creek. At near 2000 feet the trail switchbacks to the right, crosses the ridge and from there on follows a westerly branch of the drainage. To gain elevation there are a series of switchbacks with short segments to the left and long tangents parallel to the stream to the right. I counted about 12. A yew is across the trail near 2500 feet. Near the ridge is a white cross marking the point where a hiker died in 1986.

Ridge attained at about 3300 feet.



I followed ridge up to patchy snow and avalanche debris at pass.—Paul Schaufler, Olympia, 5/18.

**DOSEWALLIPS ROAD**—The gate is open and the road to the trailhead is in fair and passable condition. The campground has been cleaned and spiffed up thanks to the volunteer efforts of the Olympians and Dose Rangers and maintenance crew.—Ranger, 5/18.

**ELWHA RIVER, HAYDEN PASS**—Trail is snowfree and cleared to Camp Wilder. Hayden Pass trail is snowfree and cleared for first 3½ miles. Beyond is heavy snow and even heavier blow-down. The Elwha is closed to camping between Lillian and Elkhorn.—Trail Crew, 5/4.

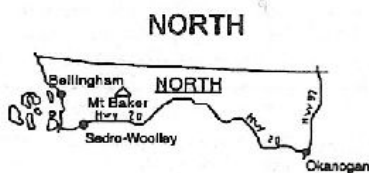
**QUINULT**—North Fork trail is snowfree and cleared as far as Elip Creek. Ireley Lake trail is cleared. Big Creek trail is clear to just above Big Creek bridge. East Fork Quinault trail is cleared and in good shape to Fire Creek. East Fork is snowfree to the Chalet.—Trail Crew, 5/12.

**HOOH**—The Hoh trail has been cleared to 5 Mile Island. Beyond there, several trees are across the trail and it is very

muddy. Deep snow starts about ¼-mile above the lake. There is a 50-foot landslide on very steep, loose terrain in the chutes above the lake. There is evidence of recent avalanches beyond Glacier Meadows. 5 feet of snow at Glacier Meadows.—Trail Crew, 5/9.

**FLAPJACK LAKES**—Limited to 30 people per night at Flapjack Lakes and beyond to Gladys Divide between 5/1 and 9/30. Call for reservations, 360-452-0300. Snow begins about 3300 feet 1¼ miles before the lakes. Lakes are frozen.—Ranger, 5/12.

**LAKE CONSTANCE**—Limited to 20 people per night at Lake Constance between 5/1 and 9/30. Call for reservations: 360-452-0300.—Ranger, 5/12.



**SAN JUAN ISLAND**—San Juan County Park has 20 campsites at \$18 per night. Park is much used by kayakers as Smallpox Bay offers a protected put-in for Haro Strait.

Campsites may be reserved: 360-378-1842. Sunset 5/14 was awesome.

Lime Kiln Point State Park is open for day use at 8am. The new parking area is large and a composting toilet (in a grand rustic building) will open soon. A gravel pad to its north serves as a drain-field and the solids are removed, mixed with lots of alder chips (from off island) and allowed to compost for two years.

The trail to a whale watching platform is wheelchair accessible, open, and workers were adding curbs May 15. A foot trail continues north to the lighthouse and beyond to the lime kilns. There is a restored kiln and another with loose and missing sides and madrona growing from it. Old roads go up through the quarry area where madrona most successfully grow from cracks in the rock, followed by Douglas-fir and occasional big leaf maple. Came out on the road and followed it back to the park. Saw a fox on the road.

**American Camp**: I sketched at Cattle Point Interpretive Area (on BLM property beyond the historical park) on Saturday, May 13. A group of whales came by, headed north from Cattle Point light and followed by several whale watching boats. A rod fox was tame enough to come within ten feet.

Hiked to the light on Cattle Point—walk road about a block south past private property to ½-mile interpretive trail. Beach lupine were in full bloom and at least four kinds of butterflies were fluttering among the grass and weeds.

Jakle's Lagoon parking provides access to trails in the forest on the north facing slope of the historical park (some go to the beach) and the Mount Finlayson trail through grassland along the crest at forest edge (about 5 miles of trail allow several loops).

If the tiny lot is full, pull-outs or the shoulder of Cattle Point road west of the lot allow access to the Mount Finlayson trail on short, informal trails through the grassland. Wildflowers were blooming on all trails. The high grasslands had a different assortment of butterflies, including anise swallowtail.—Ramona Hammerly, Anacortes, 5/13-15.

**OYSTER DOME, NORTH BUTTE LOOP** (USGS Bellingham South)—Begin on the unsigned Oyster trail just south of Oyster Creek on Chuckanut Drive. The trail soon reaches a road; turn left and hike about ½-mile. Just before a gate is a small trail sign pointing to a side road right. Follow this another ½-mile to an obvious trail on the right.

The trail climbs steeply uphill joining the north end of the Samish Bay connector trail from the Pacific Northwest Trail (PNT). Continue left and upward, steeply at times, passing Bat Cave trail.

At Dome trail turn left, crossing a small creek and on to Oyster Dome and views out to the San Juans. It was chilly with some wind and just a hint of sun through the clouds so after a brief stay I continued on my improvised loop. Rejoin the main trail and continue to Lily Lake passing Max's Shortcut trail on your right. (Incidentally, trails are shared with bicycles and some are shared with horses so be



Bill Lynch heading up the Duckabush River trail.

Jane Habegger

## BACKCOUNTRY NEWS DEADLINE: June 13

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



# BACKCOUNTRY NEWS

REPORTS AND CONDITIONS


prepared for mud.) Continue along the south side of the lake about 1 mile to a junction to Lizard Lake. Lizard Lake is another 15 minutes or so.

On my Blanchard Hill South Chuckanut Mountain Map (available from Pacific Northwest Trail Association) an "obscure" trail is shown from Lizard Lake back to Lily Lake (much shorter route) with a junction for a side trip to North Butte. It took me a few minutes to locate this trail after walking the length of Lizard Lake and back to the campsite. It is between the outhouse and a metal fire-ring above the campsite near the east end of Lizard Lake. You have to search around for the start, but once on it, it becomes better defined. In ½-mile or so the junction with North Butte trail is reached. Go right here.

I explored three viewpoints: the best being the northeast with a splendid view of Mount Baker.

Return to the junction and continue back to Lily Lake. I decided to fall for Max's Shortcut trail and short it is not. However, it is prettier and less muddy than the up route. In about 2 miles you will reach the Samish Overlook and in another ½ mile the south end of the Samish Bay connector where you can cross to rejoin the Oyster trail.

I chose to continue on the PNT to Chuckanut Drive with ½-mile walk up to the car. This loop is about 12 miles with 2600 feet gain. It is mostly wooded with two prominent viewpoints and Samish Overlook as a lower viewpoint.—Sally Pfeiffer, Seattle, 4/29.

 **HANNEGAN PASS TRAIL** (*Green Trails 14*)—The sun was shining when we arose, and Lucky and I got out reasonably early for us. I decided I'd see how far we could get on the Hannegan Pass trail. After all, I reasoned, this is a fairly low elevation trail, which doesn't gain much altitude until near the end, on the south-facing side of the mountains—perhaps we could sneak up to the pass, or near, a month earlier than usual.

We turned off the Mount Baker Highway onto Hannegan road just before ten. About 4 miles later we got a reality check—snow and debris blocked the road. We turned around and parked on a wide spot just west of the blockage, and started up the road. Within less than a mile the road was covered with several feet of snow. We arrived at the trailhead, ready for a snow hike.

The trail was mostly covered with snow, with a few breaks. We trudged along, enjoying the incredible scenery. Someone with a dog had been up the trail over the weekend, probably Sun-

day, and someone else before that, so staying on the trail was not difficult.

We saw numerous orange and black butterflies "puddling" on the bare spots, but they wouldn't hold still long enough for a positive identification. The sun was bright but clouds began to move in, a little at a time, providing some welcome shade.

Lucky did better in the snow than I'd feared, as the snow was not the type which clumps up on his paws and renders him helpless. We crossed a number of long stretches of snow, with only a couple of small snowbridges to skirt.

After about 2 miles, we ran into a stretch of soft snow. Lucky and I both tired quickly of stepping in too deep and having to clamber out. Soon we decided we'd had enough for one day, and the clouds were continuing to gather.

We made our way back, stopping at the trailhead for a quick lunch and a little play in the snow. We were back in Bellingham before three, VERY tired. Not bad for a couple of fellers who don't much care for snow!—David and Lucky, Bellingham, 5/15.



## NOOKSACK CIRQUE TRAIL (*Green Trails 14*)—

Another Monday found Lucky and me ready to hike, but grumpy about the snow levels. Accordingly, we picked this low elevation hike.

Trail approach is on the Mount Baker highway at mile 46.5, followed by a short drive up a mostly good gravel road. I say mostly good because my low-profile Honda came to a pankiller of a pothole about .2-mile from the trailhead. We parked in a wide spot and hit the trail.

The official trailhead is at the west side of the washed-out bridge over Ruth Creek. Whatever washed out this link must have been impressive, as the bridge was obviously built for logging purposes and was about fifteen feet above the water.

We descended to the water, looking for the best place to cross. I'd hoped for a downed log but didn't find any. Accordingly I changed into my cross-training shoes, reserved for wading. Lucky had already determined there was no way across and was heading back down the road, assuming I'd lost the trail—or my mind. I started across the twenty-foot-wide stream, thinking I could hop across pretty quickly. Lucky bounded back and started across.

I was wrong about the "quickly" part. I'd guessed the stream was just over the boot-tops, but it was more like top-of-the-shins deep, and the current was strong enough to make footing uncer-

tain. Soon Lucky was swimming and drifting downstream, and I was picking my way across as best I could.

We soon attained the east bank and I changed back to my hiking boots and dry socks. The trail is easy after the ford—it follows the old logging road for 2 miles. We hiked in increasing rain, passing minor deadfall at the 1-mile point and encountering snow at about 2 miles. Somewhere after the second mile the logging road ends and the trail continues through the woods.

By the third mile the trail was completely in the snow. Without the footprints of someone who had been there the day before, we'd not have been able to stay on it. We went to perhaps the end of the maintained trail—it's hard to tell in the snow—where the footprints ended, and said, "Enough!"

The return trip was uneventful. The rain continued to increase until, by the time we reached the crossing, it was a solid downpour. This made the ford even more exciting—water was now over my knees in places.

I managed to get across without falling and Lucky managed not to float too far downstream. (He discovered he could start upstream from me and then crash into me if the current moved him, a fact that made my balancing act just that much more exciting.) On the other side I jumped around for a few minutes in serious pain from the cold, until the blood returned to my feet. We slogged back to the car and I changed into fresh wool socks for the drive home.—David and Lucky, Bellingham, 5/8.



## MOUNT SEFRIT (*USGS Mt Shuksan*)—

My two companions, Mark and Scott, hadn't climbed the peak before and it had been 35 years since I had made my first ascent. I suggested we climb it by the southwest route which I had done back in 1965. The weather forecast was good, the Seattle stations promising lots of sun and warm temperatures.

We drove to the end of road 34 which branches off the Hannegan road. One has to cross Ruth Creek on several down trees to reach the Nooksack Cirque trail. Beckey's guide description is pretty accurate, "... 1.5 miles to just beyond two minor streams, altitude 2500 feet" before you take off up "... moderately steep but open forest." Our mistake was going too far on the trail and hitting brush. We had to back track a ways before heading up the forest.

It's about a 4500-foot elevation gain to the north peak at 6931 feet. The climb up this craggy summit is via good Class 3 rock from the east. To



reach the main peak of Sefrit (7191 feet), we descended and traversed east across very deep and wet snow. The weather was totally the opposite of what was predicted. It was very cloudy, occasional whiteouts, and light rain.

We couldn't tell for sure what rocky point was the highest summit. We finally climbed up between two of them, and headed for the right hand one. Our choice was right and we topped out after 6½ hours from the car.

Our view of the north side of Shuksan and Nooksack Tower wasn't as spectacular as it would have been with clear weather. We took a shortcut on the descent by postholing the snow slopes on the southwest side, then traversing back to the forest.—Dallas Kloke, Anacortes, 5/20.



## WHISTLER MOUNTAIN (USGS Washington Pass)

Whistler Mountain, 7790 feet, was an enjoyable, fast climb with perfect snow conditions. Pete and I made quick work of the east couloir.

We finished the route by following a variation up the steep snow slopes above the couloir. The snow here was hard with some water ice beneath the rock bands. Crampon conditions were excellent. We gained the north ridge below some impressive cornices and followed the ridge up steep snow and rock. Here the mixed climbing was interesting and fun. The route was simulated in 4½ hours.

We descended the southwest side and back to the car in 1½ hours.—Scott Bingen, Anacortes, 5/8.



## THE NEEDLES (USGS Washington Pass)

Getting there: Drive east of Rainy Pass and park at the Lone Fir Campground.

The trail: Stefan and I left Marysville at 4:30 in the morning in a torrential downpour. While packing in the early morning hours, I'd forgotten to put any food in my pack for the weekend. Things were definitely looking awful.

As we groggily began our day from the car at 3600 feet, there were only spotty clouds and a lot of blue! We crossed the highway and began a northwest traverse crossing three prominent ribs before finally getting a glimpse of the large black easternmost summit "Needle" at 8160+ feet.

We donned crampons for the high traverse at around 7200 feet (we never once used snowshoes). Standing below the summit (confused as ever) Stefan and I tried to figure out the route. After a little bit of trial and error we found ourselves on the correct ledge right

above the notch east of the peak. Once on the ledge we climbed about a 20-foot lieback directly above us to the right.

Stefan led and somehow found his way up past this 5.5 crux move and up and over a small block to easier ground that continues to the right and goes counterclockwise up to the summit.

Stefan and I then tagged the cairned summit and downclimbed about 30 feet to the first rappel anchor (a large rock with many old slings around it; watch out for a very large loose rock nearby). We then rappelled down to the ledge (one 60m rope works fine) where we traversed a little to the right (as you are facing away from the rock) to the little pine tree you will use for the second rappel which takes you right to the notch.

From this high col at about 7800 feet we dropped to around 6600 feet before traversing over and up to the Catleap-Needle saddle (7120+ feet) from the east. Once at the saddle it is an easy traverse staying either on the ridge or a little below to the 7789-foot summit.

The summit film can listed two parties: John Roper in 1993 (where he dubbed the peak "Catleap Peak") and a party in 1995 that discounted John's naming of Point 7789.

After 7000 feet of gain it was now finally time to go down. We were able to partially glissade the main gully south-southeast of the summit down to Pine Creek and the easy walk out (remember to stay well above the creek where it is easier going). We arrived back at the car a little after eight.

Completely wiped we hopped in the truck and drove to Mazama where we met a friend of Stefan's who owns a cabin just outside town. His generous hospitality more than made up for the grueling day! We all planned to go climb Porcupine Peak the next day (see following report).—Pilar, Monroe, 4/22.



## PORCUPINE PEAK (USGS Washington Pass)

Getting there: Drive Highway 20 to about 1 mile before Rainy Pass just east of Porcupine Creek.

The Trail: Stefan, Matthew and I started at 8:30 or so after a luxurious stay at Matt's cabin. Matt carried skis while Stefan and I walked in without snowshoes. The snow conditions were perfect and the skies were clear.

Staying high above Porcupine Creek we ran into a group of skiers camped a little over a mile from the highway. We continued up the valley toward Cutthroat Pass. The aim here is to get around a very steep eastern buttress of Porcupine and then make a nice gentle rising traverse into the upper southeast

basin below Porcupine Peak, point 7762.

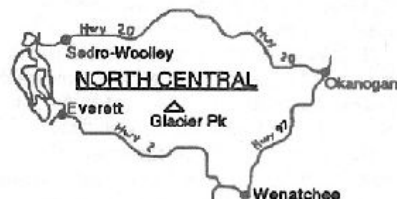
After reaching the corniced summit (no ropes necessary) at noon, Matt then skied down so he could get back to Seattle early to do some work. I belayed Stefan out to the highest point on the cornice so he could kiss the summit. I followed and then we had an incredible glissade back to Porcupine Creek.

We left the summit a little before 1pm and were back at the truck by 2pm, an incredibly short day! The entire day may have been 7 miles or so with around 3500 feet of elevation.—Your favorite kitty, Pilar, Monroe, 4/23.

**WEST CHEWUCH ROAD**—Snow-free to Black Lake trailhead and a ways past Andrews Creek trailhead. Trails are still snowcovered.—Ranger, 5/20.

**EIGHTMILE ROAD**—Snow-free 6 miles.—Ranger, 5/20.

## NORTH CENTRAL



## GEE PEAK (USGS Gee Pt)

Tom and I were able to drive road 1720 a little past the junction with 1722, stopped by snow at around 2700 feet. We started walking at 8:45am. About ¼-mile farther, the road was entirely snow-covered, and soon we opted for snowshoes.

Another 2+-miles up the road, at about 3600 feet elevation, Tom thought we should head up the fairly steep road bank (snow-covered), thinking we should be right beneath the draw west of the peak. He was right; soon we saw the open slope leading up to the ridge between Gee Peak and Gee Point.

By now, it was bright and sunny. Still in snowshoes, we headed up slope, fairly steep at times, but with good consistency for kicking steps. As we gained altitude, the surface became covered with about an inch of new-fallen snow and the underlying base grew firmer.

In the steepening, firmer snow, we removed snowshoes and continued toward the ridge. I had some difficulty kicking steps in my mid-weight hikers, but fortunately Tom had the energy to lead the way up in his proper mountaineering boots.

The slope became progressively steeper and at one point we had to climb



# BACKCOUNTRY NEWS

REPORTS AND CONDITIONS

around a small rocky outcropping to get on the route nearly up to the ridge where, true to Mr. Kloke's description, there was a shallow gully on the left leading toward the summit.

Tom led up the steep (45 degrees plus) slope to the base of some sloping rocks partially covered with wet, melting snow. Judging by our altimeter readings, we thought we must be close to the 5050-foot summit.

Given the wet rock, soft snow of variable depth, and slight exposure, we thought it best to belay further climbing. Tom didn't have a harness but tied in with a bowline and I was just as happy to belay. The only tense time was until he got up and across some wet, sometimes muddy rock and shallow snow to a tree that could be slung for protection.

He climbed farther until there was about 30 feet of rope left and decided to take advantage of a tree for an anchor, not being sure how short he was of the summit. On climbing up to him, my hands got cold, numb, and stiff from having to take holds in snow and on cold, wet tree branches.

I climbed past Tom and slung a couple of small trees and then realized that the next little snow knoll was the summit. We fixed the rope for Tom to climb up and walk up the summit knoll; we kept well clear of the edge of what probably was a cornice, stopping about six feet short of what appeared to be the absolute high point.



PCT heading south from White Pass, Glacier Peak Wilderness.

Views were quite nice, north to neighboring Gosh, Golly, and Whiz Peaks and beyond to Baker and Shuksan, and south to the impressive Gee Point (showing a sizable cornice on the north-east aspect) and beyond to Round, Higgins, Whitehorse, and Three Fingers.

We had left our packs at the first belay anchor and, having no food or camera or extra clothing with us, soon decided to head down. The descent was fairly uneventful, although at one point I plunged into a hidden moat up to my armpits and had a bit of a challenge getting out. The walk out, as usual, seemed longer than the walk in. By the time we returned to the truck, there was thickening overcast moving in from the southwest.

Many thanks to Mr. Kloke for sharing knowledge about such delightful, if obscure, areas as the Gee Whiz Group in his *Winter Climbs* book. If I had it to do again, I would bring crampons to give better security climbing up wet, variably snow-covered rock.—Steve Hammond, Everett, 4/26.

**OLO MOUNTAIN (USGS Meadow Mtn; GT Granite Falls)**—I really wanted to get out and do some kind of a trip but the forecast was poor so I decided a bike trip up a mountain road would make for a good workout and a easy and quick way back if the weather turned bad.

To get there, drive to Granite Falls and continue on the Mountain Loop highway for about 4.5 miles east of the main cross road center of town. Look for a wide gravel road on left, and sign that says Masonic Park. Take the left fork at this junction, and drive about 1/2-mile to the gate and park (550 feet).

The road is great for biking and crosses Canyon Creek just after the gate. Take an immediate right after crossing the creek and stay on this branch until milepost 5 (mileage is from the start which you have driven 1/2-mile of). The first part is flat and easy then the road angles up, requiring mostly the lowest gear for the next few miles. At milepost 5 is a major junction; take a right angling downhill to a saddle and headed straight for Olo.

After starting back uphill stay right at the fork and continue up and down an easy stretch to milepost 6. Take the left fork steeply up, now pushing the bike. I pushed my bike

most of the way to a few minutes past mile 7 where the road Ys, in the middle of an ugly clearcut.

Take a left now and soon exit the clearcut (2800+ feet). I made it another 1/4-mile before hitting snow and ditching the bike (3000 feet). After putting on gaiters, I continued up the road until it swung around to the east side of the top (3400 feet). Take the left spur road at a saddle for just a few yards then head north through an open area and into open woods of 20-foot-tall trees.

Using map and compass it was a 10 minute walk north to the gently cresting summit. This really isn't much of a viewpoint and on the day I was there I was glad to just not get rained on. It's a good workout however and is a peak with over 1900 feet of prominence.

Don't expect a lot of great trees—it's mostly all clearcuts—but because it's a gated road at least you'll have some solitude. The coasting ride down too was reason enough to do it, 7 1/2 miles of pure joy, and I never got rained on! I took 2 1/2 hours up and 1 hour down, 16 miles round trip, 3000 feet gain.—Grant Myers, Bellingham, 5/7.

**CHOKER, LUMBER MILL (USGS Day Lk)**—Getting there: Drive the South Skagit road off Highway 20 and park just west of O'Toole Creek at a gated road.

The Trail: John R., Dick M., Grant M., Ron, Pantera (Grant's dog) and I started off on this marginally clear Monday morning. The plan was to either drive high up O'Toole Creek or high up Boyd Creek, or whatever road went higher. Both had gates and our drivers weren't willing to take a chance getting locked out on the uphill side, so we parked ... at a whopping 120 feet above sea level!

We started up the newer logging road west of O'Toole Creek, crossed the creek and followed the road which began ascending the ridge east of the creek. We hit the National Forest boundary at 2800+ feet, always heading due south.

Once in old-growth the going became very nice, no brush and open forest. We followed this prominent ridge south-southeast aiming for Point 4405, dubbed "Eve's Apple," went over this point and then dropped 160 feet or so to the Eve's-Choker saddle before ascending southeast to the 4672-foot summit of Choker Mountain. We used snowshoes for the final part of the ascent but it wasn't all that necessary.

On the summit John handed out some cherry Mountain Bars, left over from his 2000th summit party a few weeks earlier. Pantera did some patient



begging and we all relinquished some of our goods.

After enjoying some sun and a grand view of "Iron Mountain" across the valley, it was time to head over to "Lumber Mill Mountain" at 4750 feet. To bypass some cliffs we descended southeast to about 4100 feet where we crossed the ridge and then went due west to the 4200+-foot Choker-Lumber saddle. From here we followed the obvious northeast ridge to the summit of "Lumber Mill" staying just east of the crest.

Both this summit and the last afforded little views to the surrounding areas but the ridge en route provided some outstanding views of Mount Baker, incredible views of the Skagit River Valley and a few peeks through the trees at the summits of the Gee-Whiz group to the southeast (these summits rise some 4500+ feet in less than 3 horizontal miles from the Skagit River!).

We were all a bit tired after gaining this granddaddy of a summit! What was supposed to be a nice easy day ended up being 5800+ feet of gain.

To descend we dropped to the saddle and traversed to the Evc's-Choker saddle staying west of Choker. We arrived back at the cars around 6:45. The final stats of the day were: three summits (two with prominence), 12 miles with 5800 feet of gain, some great company, and one tired pooch!—Pilar, Monroe, 4/10.

## ▲▲ RAT TRAP MOUNTAIN or SKAARS PEAK (USGS)

*Mount Pugh*—This unnamed 5400+ foot summit lies just east of Rat Trap Pass, across from White Chuck Mountain and on the White Chuck and Suiattle River divide. It's a bulky form whose claim to fame is its 1120 feet (lots) of prominence and the origin of its name.

Harry Majors described the amusing story of the naming of Rat Trap Pass on page 34 of his excellent 1975 historical atlas, *Exploring Washington*:

The Pass received its name in 1928 when Nels Skaar was the head of a Forest Service trail crew here building the Crystal Creek trail. Each evening the lookouts, guard stations, and trail crews would plug into the Forest Service telephone line to sing and play various musical instruments. On this particular occasion, Nels Skaar announced in his characteristic Scandinavian accent that "The Cwistal Cwik Orchestwa will now come on the air," and his crew began singing a ribald song that went, "Did you ever get your ... caught in a rat trap?" Immediately upon hearing this, the chagrined district

ranger at Darrington jumped up and shut off the telephone loudspeaker, as several women were present in the group listening in on the concert.

Majors also noted that Skaar built the trails from the White Chuck River up to Lake Byrne and up Pugh Creek (now abandoned—but note, old trail buffs, it might be fun to try to find what's left of it). Skaar made the first ascent of Sloan Peak in 1921 with Harry Bedal, and these two men also blasted the trail from Stujack Pass to the top of Mount Pugh.

Mitch and I are running out of close-in peaks to climb together, so I was happy he came up with this suggestion, and though the weather was awful as we met in Arlington, we didn't particularly care, since we figured that the 5400+-foot top would be treed anyway.

We were joined by the Mikes (B and T) and made it past Darrington up the Mountain Loop Highway to the White Chuck River road, turning north on the Rat Trap Pass road to a hairpin where snow blocked the way at 2558 feet on the south ridge of our objective. We basically went straight up this narrow ridge, which at 3000 feet becomes old growth. There is a somewhat steep section lower down on the nose, but no real problem.

Atop, we were happy to find openings in the woods (and clouds) that allowed looks out in all directions, if we wandered around a bit. This would make a good winter trip provided you could drive to 2000 feet. 2.5 hours up, 1.5 down.—John Roper, Bellevue, 4/22.

## ▲▲ DEAD DUCK MOUNTAIN (USGS Pugh Mtn)

Head up the Sauk River/Mountain Loop Highway from Darrington, and turn left up the White Chuck River. Then in another 5 miles, just before crossing the White Chuck bridge, cross Dead Duck Creek, just north of Mount Pugh.

About 1.5 miles northeast of Pugh, in the center of Section 23, is an unheralded 4642-foot peaklet with 482+ feet of prominence.

You, I, and Grant Myers would never ever go to this spot voluntarily unless we were acolytes of the prominence seekers who "wring out the quads" and figure out landforms that rise the magical 400 feet above the pass that separates that peak from the next higher peak (in this case, Pugh). Dead Duck does.

How did Dead Duck Creek, which actually shows on the map, get its name? Did some Forest Service ranger come upon a dead duck here, or was this named for Nels Skaar after the district ranger upbraided him for playing his Rat Trap song to the Darrington

Forest Service office (see above report)?

Grant, his dog Pantera, and I parked at the upper end of the White Chuck River bench trail at 1550 feet, north of the river, and walked west back over the bridge, then headed up straightaway via the north-northwest ridge of Dead Duck. Grant enjoyed the concept that his springer spaniel, a bird dog, was "retrieving" Dead Duck Mountain, though he admitted he'd never shot a duck, and that Pantera had never fetched one.

The lowest section was messy—steepish windfall, with muddy slopes—that became more pleasant at 2600 feet. At 4100 feet the fresh snow quickly piled to a foot deep, making us snowshoe up, whereafter we punched on up to the top. There is an opening on top that gives good views north, and we could look up through the trees to the impressive, quite serious northeast cliffs of Pugh. 3.4 hours up, 1.5 down.—John Roper, Bellevue, 5/12.

## ▲ MOUNT PILCHUCK (USGS Verlot)

The road is open to within 100 yards of the trailhead. We saw 15 people on the hike. That's quite a crowd for a mid-week snow climb. The road is in poor condition with lots of BIG potholes.

Counted 25 gravel trucks during our drive through Granite Falls. Sometimes we would pass 3 in succession, all big double load rigs. That new gravel pit sure has things congested and I suspect the operation is not running at full capacity yet. They were paving a second entrance road to the site. The residents of that area certainly got shafted by the severe traffic impacts of that operation.—Ken Hopping, Bellevue, 5/16.

## ▲ WEST CADY RIDGE (GT 143 Monte Cristo)

Four of us met in Monroe. Manita missed her ferry so did not come. We were stopped by a foot of snow on the road ¼-mile before the trailhead. Trail was mostly snow, 3 to 5 feet deep, with few melted-out patches.

We followed tracks of a large dog and a man wearing ski boots but never saw them. Some snow bridges were exciting; they should collapse or melt out soon. Snow was mostly firm with only a few soft spots for postholing.—Ann Marshall, Port Orchard, 5/20.

## ▲▲ COPPER POINT (USGS McAlester Mtn)

A cold morning and blue skies brought excellent snow conditions for the three of us as we ascended to the saddle between Copper Point and Pica Peak.



# BACKCOUNTRY NEWS

REPORTS AND CONDITIONS

Kevin Kiser, Lance Campbell, and I decided to give the snow plastered north ridge a try. With no route information and limited view of what was ahead, we donned crampons and started up a narrow ice and snow gully ranging in steepness from 50 to 65 degrees. We exited just west of the ridge after 50 meters onto snow and ice covered rock.

Ascending the ridge and west flank, we alternated leads using a combination of running and anchored belays to the summit, 7840 feet. The rock on Copper is quite loose even after a cold night. Belay anchors were hard to find. We had a small rack of wired nuts and a few small cams for protection along with a few pickets. Crampons, ice axe and an ice hammer were needed. The rock moves were around 5.6 and the "dry tooling" on the ice and snow covered rock was rated M3.

The climb from the hairpin turn on Highway 20 below Liberty Bell Mountain took 4½ hours. We descended the west rib of Copper and climbed Pica Peak before returning back to the saddle.—Scott Bingen, Anacortes, 4/29.

**GRAYBEARD PEAK (USGS Mt Arriva)**—Pete Guagliardo and I got a less than alpine start from the Easy Pass trailhead. Leaving at 9am, we headed for Graybeard. The snow that was firm in the morning soon turned to mush in the afternoon sun. Snowshoes or skis would have been useful for the approach. Unfortunately, we left our snowshoes in the truck.

A long southeast traverse from Easy Pass led to the south side of Graybeard. Ascending a ridge and climbing northeast we reached the summit, 7965 feet. Even though it was a slog through soft snow the views were worth it. Round trip time was 11 hours.—Scott Bingen, Anacortes, 5/7.

**TWISP RIVER**—Road is open to North Creek. Trails beginning off the Twisp River road still have a lot of snow.—Ranger, 5/11.

**SHUTTLE BUS**—The bus will run in the Stehekin Valley from Stehekin Landing 11 miles to High Bridge beginning 5/19. Service will extend to Bridge Creek when snow and road conditions permit. Reservations are required for some periods and recommended for others. Call 360-856-5700 ext 340, then 14 for reservations and additional information.—Ranger, 5/15.

**BARCLAY CREEK**—A footbridge near the trailhead has been washed out. Due to the washout, the trail is recom-

mended for experienced hikers. Repairs will occur after the snow melts.—Ranger, 5/4.

## CENTRAL



**EAST FORK FOSS RIVER (USGS Skykomish)**—The parking lot was empty when we arrived and empty when we left at the end of the day. All of the trail signs were still wrapped in plastic. We had the trail to ourselves on a perfect hiking day. Loretta, Jenny, Sammy, and I started up the trail under sunny skies. The forest was damp and on the ridges above we could see fresh snow.

It was not long before we had to go over trees fallen across the trail. There were enough to be challenging, but not enough to be discouraging. There were at least fifteen trees down on the trail as far as the river crossing. Sunlight streamed through the trees highlighting the many flowers along the trail. We saw lots of trilliums, calypso orchids, yellow violets, and skunk cabbage in bloom. Streams were easily crossed and the trail was in good shape. The final half mile was mostly covered with thinning snow patches. We had great views of Mount Hinman as we progressed up the valley.

We had lunch at the campground 5 miles in. Of course, the clouds mostly covered the sun as we ate lunch. It even snowed for a short time at the end of lunch. We left our packs and went up to the river crossing. The flattened crossing log with a wire railing is still in place, good news for those wanting to continue up to Necklace Valley. On the way out we heard two woodpeckers and other various birds happily singing.

Jenny and Sammy collapsed in the back of the car while we changed our clothes and were soon fast asleep.—Linda Rostad, Redmond, 5/6.

**MOUNT PERSIS (USGS Index)**—The Forest Service is again experiencing problems with illegal dumping on road 62. If volunteer cleanup efforts can't keep pace, the road will be closed. We noted a big pile of roofing debris right in front of a "No Dumping" sign, so the future looks grim. Follow road 62 from Highway 2, tak-

ing left branches at two Y junctions. One mile from the trailhead, Longview Fiber has a yarding area for their logging operation. The road has degenerated into a big mudhole. Regular passenger cars were parking here. We splashed through in a high clearance, 4-wheel drive vehicle.

The road beyond is primitive. After a hairpin turn, it traverses north ¼-mile to a wide spot where you can turn around and park (2700 feet). The Mount Persis trail is an unsigned bootpath angling up the embankment.

The path proceeds directly uphill through an old clearcut. Prior to the 1999 logging operation, there was an almost magical transition to old forest with moss-covered terrain. Now the hiker experiences a gut wrenching transition to fresh stumps and logging slash. Removal of the trees has opened up broad vistas to other clearcuts in the valley below.

Evidently there was an effort made to keep slash off the old trail. However, we encountered blockages where wind has toppled some of the residual trees.

The route generally follows the ridge eastward. When a major gully blocks progress in that direction, it angles southeast across a boulder field then steeply upward following the edge of the gully.

We hit snow at 4200 feet. The terrain here was too steep for snowshoes but a little farther the slope eased up enough to allow their use. Passing the head of the steep gully, we finally entered the original forest and began a traverse southward below a subsummit to a saddle at elevation 4800 feet. From there we could see the sheer rock face of the true summit. A looping traverse brought us safely around on moderate slopes southwest of the summit.

Sizable snow cornices caused us to stay well back from the edges. A few exposed rocks at the summit supplied a perch where we could enjoy the panorama. Mount Persis, with its outstanding views, should merit a first rate trail. Instead we now experience a lesson in forest management for short term gain.—Ken Hopping, Bellevue, 5/7.

**TUNNEL VISION PEAK (USGS Stevens Pass)**—This prominent peak (also known by some as K9) is located south of the horseshoe turn below Stevens Pass on Highway 2. The 6242-foot summit has a prominent gully on the northeast flank which I wasn't able to do last winter.

Mark Desvoinge and I parked at the large open area just off the highway as the road to the trailhead (trail 1061 to



Hope Lake) was snow covered. Just before reaching the trailhead, we took a spur road that goes right and parallels a creek. After crossing the creek, we headed up the valley through open forest to the large basin beneath the peak (4400 feet). The north face is around 800 feet high with several narrow gullies. Our gully is the prominent one on the left side of the summit.

The whole basin was a mass scene of avalanche activity, fortunately a few days previous to our climb. We climbed up lower slopes of very soft snow to the base of the 600 foot gully. The 40 to 45 degree snow gully leads to the east ridge about 150 feet below the top. Our summit time was 5 hours.

Descent was made by the east flank to a saddle at 5200 feet, then back down to the basin.—Dallas Kloke, Anacortes, 5/13.

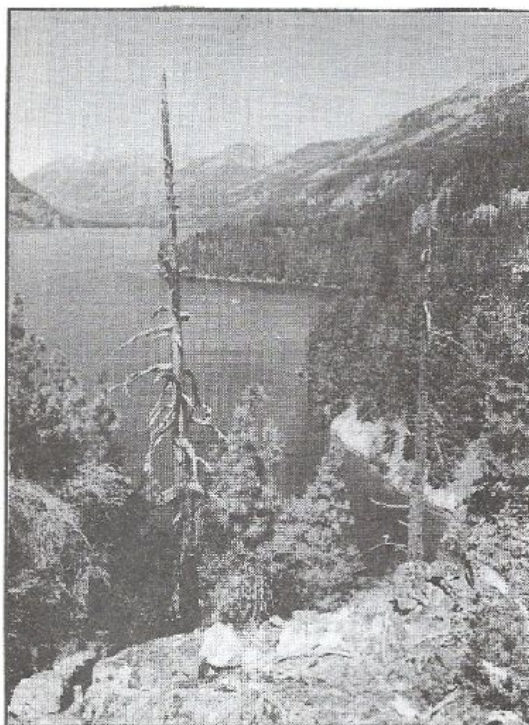
**TURQUOISE PEAK (GT Skykomish)**—With a great weather forecast and the Cascades in full spring melt out, Mitch Blanton, John Roper and I set off for Turquoise Peak (5945 feet), between the Foss and Miller Rivers.

We drove to the end of the Foss River road off Highway 2 (1600 feet). Leaving the car at 8am, we hiked up the trail toward Malachite Lake. There are gigantic Doug-firs and hemlocks along the way, and yellow violets and trilliums abounded. The trail crosses the outlet creek of Malachite Lake at about 3800 feet. We did not and left the trail here, following the outlet creek uphill bearing to the right and into a gully that lead us to the 5000-foot pass between Malachite Peak and Turquoise Peak, then on up to the 5600-foot bump east of our destination. Here we met two friends of John's relaxing and lunching.

No amount of coaxing from Dr. Roper would persuade these gentleman

## 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



Looking toward Stehekin from the Lakeshore Trail; McGregor Mountain in the distance.

to join us on the last part of the ascent which could have been described as slushy and somewhat steep. Arriving at 1:30pm, the summit afforded us a wonderful Home Court vantage point of Big Snow, Summit Chief, Bears Breast, Cascade, Iron Cap and more. With the wind gusting and the sky spitting, we executed a swift Roper descent and were back at the car before 5pm. The snow level was 3600 feet.—Jerry Huddle, Bellingham, 5/20.

### **MARTEN LAKE (USGS Lk Philippa, Snoqualmie Lk)**

Having gone half way up the way trail to Marten Lake the previous week with Suzy Stockton and Josephine Poo, I was anxious to go back and complete the trip. Jim, Shadow and I set out to do just that on a beautiful Sunday morning.

A short way before crossing Marten Creek on the Taylor River trail, take the scant uphill track through the trees. The route stays within sound of the creek and follows it all the way to the lake gaining 1200 feet in approximately 1 mile.

Although somewhat wet and muddy in places, the way is readily followed up over roots, rocks, logs and through brush that some nice person has cut back. We hit our first snow at about 2400 feet and within a few hundred vertical feet, it was a pretty solid cover.

By then, we were in the open and easily followed old tracks through the snow, occasionally finding bare trail in the trees.

What a gorgeous setting. An unnamed peak towers right across the snowcovered lake from where the trail enters at the outlet. Then contrast the pristine snow with the deep blue sky, and you have a picture perfect day. We ate lunch atop a snowy knoll overlooking all this. Only a small piece of lake around the outlet was thawed out.

Since it wasn't all that late when we returned to the Taylor River trail, we continued along this easy road/trail all the way to Big Creek stopping at Otter Falls and Lipsy Lake along the way. Many cyclists use this trail but they were as polite as hikers when they sped by. It was tempting to thumb a ride at the end of a long day as we began the hike back down the trail to our car.—Ginny Evans, Renton, 4/30.

### **FROZEN, POPSICLE (USGS Mt Phelps)**

Getting there: Drive road 62 to where it is gated and park. At a major T intersection go left up the North Fork Tolt River (on the north side of the river) and follow it to the bitter end. You get to this road at just less than 2000 feet elevation.

The Trail: I hadn't been getting out much with my new job and all and I felt fortunate to be able to do this with a great bunch of folks. It was an all-star line-up: Mitch, Don, Stefan, Juan and the Robertsons. We got on our bikes sometime around 6:30am at the gate that prohibits vehicular traffic into the Tolt River Watershed.


The ride went well for most. I had the misfortune of having my chain break a mile or so from the end. I pushed my bike this last bit. We then bushwhacked our way through hundreds of little alders, hemlocks, and salmonberry before abandoning the "abandoned" road. At this point we began heading up in an easterly direction on the north side of a prominent creek draining the basin of the northern peaks of Frozen.

Eventually the terrain becomes a pronounced ridge, which we followed to about 4200 feet where we began a southeast traverse to a major notch just north of the summit. This saddle contains a huge tower that we dubbed "Popsicle," keeping with the Frozen theme; we climbed it later that day. The weather was clear and beautiful and



while the others headed up to the summit, Stefan and I climbed a little tower north of "Popsicle" called "Frozen Pea" (this is a very short tower with a curious balanced rock on its apex). After having climbing the "Pea" we joined the others for a summit brunch while soaking up the views. Don provided the apricots.

After about 30 minutes or so we descended to the Frozen-Popsicle notch. Stefan, who'd left a long time ago from Frozen, was already nearing the summit of Popsicle, leading up its south face with Chris belaying him. Chris followed next, followed by Mitch, Juan, Don and me. Once everyone was down it was a mid-thigh slog through the rapidly softening snow back to our ridge and down. Once back at the bikes the engineers took over and helped me fix my chain so I wouldn't have to push it back.—Pilar, Monroe, 5/13.

 **POINTS 5013 (Paper Boy) and 5185 (Isabella-Boomerang) (GT 174 Mt Si)**—These two summits are located along the west ridge running from "The Ark" (Point 5339). They are summits 95 and 83 on the Homecourt list. They are easily accessible on the Quartz Creek road that leaves from the Taylor River trail.

On this particular day the weather was overcast and rainy, but some sun appeared, along with snow and wind—a real mixed bag. The important factor that made these summits doable was the cold weather, keeping avalanche danger to a minimum, and the hard snow conditions which made for wonderful snowshoeing.

I pushed my mountain bike up the road, carrying it across two washed-out bridges until the brush prevented any possible use for the descent. At about 2800 feet the road ends just before a huge washout that prevents any further safe travel. Many thanks to whoever placed the nice hand line over the last crossable washout.

At this point I headed straight up for about 10 minutes until I encountered heavy, soft snow. Snowshoes came out and the weather cleared just enough to see the ridge. I headed in a northwest direction through open areas, which are probably brushy after the snow melts. The higher I climbed the harder and easier the snow got to climb on.


Soon I was on the southwest ridge of Paper Boy (Does anyone know the origin of the name for this peak?) and heading for the summit. In short order (4½ hours from the car) I was on top and contemplating the next peak, Point 5185.

Drooling at the possibility of getting

another Homecourt Peak and with snow conditions ideal, I headed down to the 4450-foot saddle where I left my pack for the steeper climb up to Point 5185. My MSR snowshoes worked beautifully in the steep, hardpacked snow leading up to the summit ridge. It took me one hour from Paper Boy.

Once on top, in whiteout conditions, I high-tailed it back down to my pack and up to Point 5013 again before retracing my steps down to my bike and a fast, fun ride down to the car. I popped a tire, but rode the rim the last five minutes back down.

5½ hours to Point 5185 and 2½ hours back to the car. 8 hours round-trip. About 5000 feet of gain.—Mark Owen, Shoreline, 4/22.

 **MIDDLE FORK TRAIL** (USGS Lk Philippa, Snoqualmie Lk, Snoqualmie Pass)—Another beautiful spring day found Jim, Shadow and me again exploring the Middle Fork area. Last Sunday we passed the Middle Fork trailhead parking lot, and I am embarrassed to say that I didn't know what trail led off from there. Duh! I know, the Middle Fork trail. But where exactly did it go? I didn't know.

There were quite a number of cars parked there when we arrived but we saw few parties on this lovely day. We began the hike along with four goats complete with panniers and their two leaders. Shadow didn't know what to make of them. After all, they were larger than dogs but smaller than horses. We played leap frog with them for a few miles until, thank goodness, they stopped at a riverside gravel bar for lunch and we never saw them again.

Following the trail upstream alongside the Middle Fork, we slip-slided in mud for 5.5 miles to a bridge which led back across the river to the Dingford Creek Trail. We've never done that hike either so followed the trail to the Middle Fork road and official Dingford trailhead before turning around and continuing our hike. Hereafter, the mud abated somewhat and the hikers disappeared; we never saw another one all day.


Wanting to have a definite turnaround point from which to continue our hike another day, we decided to hike the additional 2.5 miles to Rock Creek where a trail takes off uphill to Snow Lake. The map shows another bridge across the Middle Fork at this point but of course it is no longer there. We were tempted to cross on logs but it was difficult just trying to get out to them. Besides Shadow hates log crossings.

Jim decided that hiking the Middle Fork road would be easier than sliding

around on the muddy trail, so up again to the road at the Dingford trail. Here we took a break and began the 6.5 miles down the road at 5:30 pm.

So nice to have these long spring days. Seventeen-plus miles after we began, we arrived back at the parking lot at 7:45pm while it was still light, to find our car the only one left in the lot. What a wonderful day. Sunny spring days are perfect for lowland river walking. No bugs, water high with winter runoff, and bright green forests almost shimmering in the sunlight.

With the recent improved accuracy of the GPS, Jim was so excited to finally be able to rely on this instrument. He counted off mileage and hiking time left to the car as we walked the last few miles down the Middle Fork Road.—Ginny Evans, Renton, 5/7.

 **MIDDLE FORK TRAIL** (USGS Snoqualmie Pass, Chikamin Pk, Big Snow Mtn)—Two weeks ago Jim, Shadow, and I did the lower portion of this trail from the new Gateway Bridge to Rock Creek. Determined to finish all 14.5 miles, we set out to see if we could negotiate the first obstacle, driving to the upper trailhead. Our Ford Explorer is currently under the weather so we had to count on our Camry sedan for getting us there.

Although we scraped bottom a few times, by driving very slowly over the rough spots, we were able to drive clear to the end of the Middle Fork road. Here we checked out the Dutch Miller Gap trailhead before heading back down the road about .25 mile to the upper trailhead for the Middle Fork Trail.

This past year a new sturdy bridge was built across the Snoqualmie River just 1.5 miles down the trail from the upper trailhead, making it three bridges that cross the river for the entire length of the trail. Recent improvements have been made along the trail on the far side of the river in the way of wooden planking over muddy spots and small creeks. The trail is in good shape all the way to Goldmyer Hot Springs.

Here we were met by the caretaker who informed us that dogs weren't allowed and that it cost \$12 each to use the facilities. All we wanted was a short looksee before continuing down the trail. After talking to him, we left without a tour of the hot springs.

Between Goldmyer and Rock Creek, it got rougher. This section of the Middle Fork Trail is the least traveled. From the upper trailhead, most hikers just go as far as the hot springs. And for access to the Rock Creek trail to Snow Lake, hikers use the Dingford



trailhead. Without the benefit of bridges, Burnboot and Thunder Creeks were not all that easy to cross with the heavy spring runoff but we did find logs. After falling in two creeks within the year, I must admit that I succumbed to scooting across one log on my rear rather than trying to walk on a wet log and risk falling in—again!

We met one guy hiking the entire trail. Other than him, the few other parties we encountered were either going to or from the hot springs. We covered 12 miles with approximately 1300 feet gain. The rain nicely waited until we were back to our car.—Ginny Evans, Renton, 5/20.



## BIG SNOW MOUNTAIN

(USGS Big Snow Mtn)—This is one of the best of the classic peaks in Washington. The views of the Alpine Lakes Wilderness monsters don't get any better than from here. And it's not so hard to do—if you have a high-clearance rig. Spring's a good time to do it.

Jeff, Ihab, and I took an hour to drive my Subaru Outback 13.2 miles from Taylor River to a snow stop, just short of the end of the Middle Fork Snoqualmie road. I was pretty happy that we only barely scraped bottom once, going slow. But don't try this in your father's Oldsmobile, unless you want to make your father really mad.

We quickly hiked on up to Hardscrabble Creek, then headed uphill cross-country to the little lake at 3000 feet that the USGS map erroneously shows as the road end (Green Trails has the current situation right). From this lakelet we clambered up a rocky bank to a really abandoned road which we followed to a less abandoned road which ended at 3500 feet in a logged-off snowfield.

From here, the snow was stiff enough to make the trip to the lower Hardscrabble Lake at 4059 feet a breeze. I first thought this creek and lake were a misspelling of "Hardscrabble," but it turns out that Hardscrabble means "yielding meagerly in return for much effort" (Webster). Those crazy miners a century ago must have named this accurately.

We walked nonchalantly across the frozen lower Hardscrabble Lake, and rejected the quickest route to the top, an avalanche-choked snowchute that led straight to the northeast ridge of Big Snow. A 6131-foot hump above the lake impressed us with its nearly 1500-foot south wall. It begged to be stood upon, and we eventually did along the way, calling it "Hardscrabble Dome." The hardcore will likely put up a route



Mauri Pelto

Lee Schaper atop one of Mount Daniel's summits. Alpine Lakes Wilderness.

on this south side someday.

We took a safer route via the upper Hardscrabble Lake. About one-third of the way between the two lakes, we put on snowshoes, then crossed the 4598-foot upper lake and worried our way up a gully to the northwest. A fresh avalanche had released just before our arrival, sloughing off slabs on Peak 6131. We climbed over this summit and on up the wide-open gentle northeast ridge of Big Snow with no further concerns.

What a summit viewpoint this is! Daniel, Bears Breast, Summit Chief, Overcoat, Chimney Rock, all the fingers of Lemah, Chikamin, Burnt Boot, Thompson, Snoqualmic, Chair, Kaleetan, Price (right above a frozen Hester Lake), wonderful.

After a half hour in paradise we headed back home, pretty much stepping on our up tracks. 5.5 hours up, 2.75 hours down.—John Roper, Bellevue, 5/9.



## ANNETTE LAKE (USGS

Lost Lk)—A lot of use over the winter has left packed snow on the trail from 2700 feet on up. Where it gets too icy for secure footing, it is easy to bypass those spots by kicking your own steps, just off trail. The snow is firm enough snowshoes are not needed. The only half-way soft snow is out in the avalanche slopes. But where the trail crosses these open areas, the tread is firm.

There is good snow cover in the woods above 3000, but the snow line is surely melting higher daily. We just managed to skip the switchbacks by descending on hard snow in a broad

traverse, picking up the trail again at 2600 feet, right at the bridge.

The lake is well covered, except at the outlet. At least three feet of snow on the north shore. On this midweek trip, we saw no one else.—Michael Leake, Issaquah, 4/27.



## THOMAS MOUNTAIN and MOUNT BALDY (GT Kachess Lake)

—Six of us set out to do Thomas Mountain (5269 feet) and Mount Baldy (5107 feet) near Easton on I-90. We had a description of how to get to the trail and avoid the creek crossing at its start, but here's a better one: take I-90 to exit 70, cross back over the freeway and turn right on Sparks Road. Follow for 1.2 miles and go straight onto gravel road where Sparks turns right. Follow this road to where it forks (at power lines) and go left. Continue under power lines to an intersection (quarry on right), turn right then left on rougher and less used road just before quarry. Follow for 1/2-mile to end at grassy turn-around. Hike continuing ahead on motorcycle trail. Stay on the most hiker-looking trail to intersection with the trail coming up from the other side of the creek. Now hike up and reach a clearcut, turn left and pick up the trail shortly, as the road curves. From now on it's easy, just follow the trail as it steeply climbs.

At 3500 feet is a saddle and a left turn at the trail intersection. We found patchy snow here and some open areas with good views and a place to take a water break. We continued up and hit solid snow cover at 4000 feet or so.

The route is up open woods on a



steep ridge so it was easy route-finding. Views opened up of Rainier as we climbed until we reached point 4942 which was tree covered. We headed off to do Thomas Mountain dropping 300 feet on hard snow and continuing north along the forested ridge. We just had to do this peak since Cec Thomas was along! We had great easterly views as we had our lunch on the summit, especially Cle Elum Lake and Mount Stuart area. Pleasant sunny weather distracted the others into forgetting about Mount Baldy, but I was there to remind them of our other objective. I convinced Mike Reeve to accompany me to peak 2, then the others decided to follow back to the turn off for Baldy.

Steve and Maria decided to wait as John Wells, Mike, Cec, and I ran the ridge out to Baldy. This ridge was more open and enjoyable than the route to Thomas, with great standing glissade drops and fantastic 360-degree summit views. We made it back to peak 4942 in 1 hour 20 minutes including 20 minutes on top. We then all headed down the snow and steep trail. The trip took about 7½ hours and was 10 miles, with 4600 feet total elevation gain. We carried snowshoes and ice axe but didn't need them, and the weather was perfect!

It was a long drive from Bellingham, but interesting to see some new country.—Grant Myers, Bellingham, 5/7.

**ENCHANTMENTS**—Permits required 6/15 through 10/15. All dates for August and all Friday and Saturday start dates in September are filled. Call the ranger station for application information: 509-548-6977.



**BABCOCK BENCH** (USGS Babcock Ridge, Cape Horn SE)—It's that time of year for the glorious eastside when the desert flowers are in bloom, and we don our shorts and T-shirts and hike in the sunshine. Thus was the scenario when we did this trip.

Beginning at the lower trailhead for

Ancient Lakes, Dick Scaring, Jacki and I hiked a sand/dirt road south approximately 8 flat miles along Babcock Bench to Sunland Road. The bench continues both north and south of where we hiked and is a plateau midway in elevation between the Columbia River and the top of the canyon.

About a mile or so along we passed the trail into lower Ancient Lakes and then the lower route into Dusty Lake. The flowers aren't as profuse on this section of the trip as they are on the second half of the hike south of the Gorge Amphitheater so we made good time since we had nothing to stop and look at. The Columbia isn't visible from here either unless we walked west overland quite a way. We ate lunch at the edge of a canyon just below the amphitheater.

A few miles south of the amphitheater, we began to see the flowering Simpson's hedgehog cactus at its prime, as well as more phlox than I've ever seen. Huge "bushes" of phlox dotted the entire landscape. At this end of the 8 mile stretch, it was a short distance from the road west to the edge of the rim overlooking the Columbia. We could see from Sunland Estates directly below us south to the bridge at Vantage and beyond.

The Ancient Lakes area is an incredible place for spring hiking. Babcock Bench is just one of many fun and interesting places to explore.—Ginny Evans, Renton, 4/20.

**ANCIENT LAKES** (USGS Babcock Ridge)—Started from the trailhead, late afternoon, in intermittent rainshowers. Showed the boys where the lakes were and told them there were numerous trails to get there—just stick together. I followed a safe distance behind and stopped them as they were heading over the talus to Dusty Lake.

Made camp on the ridge between the two largest lakes. We explored the waterfall and followed trails to the top of the coulee. Some of the guys caught and released some small crappies. Watched the aerial acrobatics of prairie falcons attacking redtail hawks, golden eagles, and any other larger bird. Muskrats and geese cruised past.

Woke up at first light to the voices of thousands of cliff swallows in nests above camp. Enjoyed a flock of black-necked stilts working the lakeshore. Ambled up to the high point above the lakes. There are a lot of trails to be explored up there. Discovered a pair of sleepy porcupines in a basalt crack. The guys did a little more fishing, went for

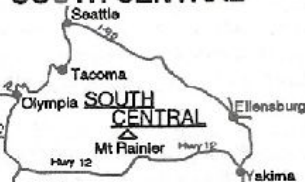
a swim, had a wrestling match, and we hiked out in the late afternoon.—Dave Parent, Troop 14, 4/28-29.

**WHISKEY DICK RIDGE** (USGS Cape Horn SE)—We try to do this hike once a year in May for the wildflowers, especially cactus. It is a long drive (approximately 135 miles) but worth it for sun and flowers.

Drive east on I-90 to Kittitas. Taking the Kittitas exit, drive through town, continuing north to the Vantage Highway (old highway 10). Turn right (east) and continue about 5 miles to a large parking area at the entrance to the Quilomene Wildlife Area. Begin the hike along the road. At the first fork, keep right. In about 2 miles turn left onto a jeep track which contours around through a valley and ascends to the ridge top. The jeep track ends just short of the summit, but it is an easy climb to the top.

We headed for a large rock pile which is the high point on this part of the ridge. The actual summit is several miles west and covered with transmission towers. We had 360-degree views: the Columbia River to the east, snow-capped Mission Ridge and the Stuarts to the north, the Cascades to the west and the Boylston and Saddle mountains to the south. On the far horizon were Rainier and Adams. Wildflowers were abundant, and included the main attraction, Simpson's hedgehog cactus in full bloom. A very rewarding day.—Leigh Champlain, Seattle, 5/7.

#### SOUTH CENTRAL



**RAMPART RIDGE** (USGS Mt Rainier West)—The Rampart Ridge trail is fairly low and snow free early. The trail turns off the Trail of the Shadows which is just across the highway from the National Park Inn at Longmire.

It is about 2 miles to the 4080-foot high point on the ridge. Just past the officially marked overlook, just as the trail starts to descend to its junction with the Wonderland Trail, is a large rocky area with a wonderful view of the mountain. This is a good lunch spot, if you don't mind the aggressive camp robbers. Through binoculars we could see climbers on the Muir Ice Fields.



# BACKCOUNTRY NEWS

REPORTS AND CONDITIONS

We were reluctant to leave this lovely spot. It was a beautiful sunny day, although when we got back to the parking area at Longmire the clouds were moving in from the south.—Leigh Champlin, Seattle, 5/14.

**SNOQUERA PALISADES** (USGS *Suntop*)—The trailhead is on highway 410 about 2 miles north of Camp Shepherd. There is parking for 5 or 6 cars off of the road. The trail is marked White River trail. In about 1/2-mile it intersects the Palisades trail which switchbacks steeply up to the top of the ridge past a waterfall. At one point the switchbacks are so short and steep that a ladder/stairway has been installed which is a great help.

Once you reach the ridge top the trail follows along less steeply to the north overlook. There is a limited view of Mount Rainier and views down into the White River valley. Continuing for another 2 miles the trail follows the edge of a clearcut then back into the woods and across a stream to the south overlook. This is slightly higher than the north overlook and more of Rainier is visible above the ridge across the valley.

It is possible to do this as a loop. Continuing from the south overlook the trail joins the Ranger Creek trail which then takes you back to the highway south of the scout camp. This is about a 14 mile round trip, however. We returned the same way we had come for a 10 mile round trip. There are lots of wonderful old growth trees near the beginning of the hike. There were trilliums along the trail near the waterfall, and we noticed paintbrush and wild strawberries in bloom at the lunch spot.—Leigh Champlin, Seattle, 5/21.

**SKOOKUM FLATS** (GT 238 *Greenwater*)—Our Mountaineer group met leader Liz Escher in Puyallup and carpoled to the lower trailhead, 2200 feet, just off Highway 410 on road 73. Dropping one car here, we continued to the middle trailhead, 2400 feet, on road 7160.

This is an easy walk of about 6 miles and a good early-season outing. The path goes up and down along the White River. At one point a fun suspension bridge crosses the river, a good side trip. Gravel bars make good lunch stops when the sun is out. And Skookum Creek displays a great waterfall.

We saw many trilliums and clumps of calypso orchids along the way.—Ann Marshall, Port Orchard, 5/6.

**PEAK 4040+** (USGS *Mineral*)  
—With a prominence of 640+

feet, Peak 4040+ is the second highest true peak on the Mineral quad (by the 400-foot rule). It sits west of the Elbe-to-Morton highway (Highway 7), about 3.7 miles northwest of Storm King Mountain. It is drained by East Creek, Coal Creek and Summit Creek. Old logging roads lead to its nearly naked top. Although probably of little interest in summer, this makes a pleasant winter destination. To get there, turn west off the highway about 4.5 miles south of Elbe onto road 74.

If snow blocks higher access, the peak could be gained by a route of logging roads up its north snout, beginning at a gate .7-mile from the highway. From the top of Peak 2703 in midwinter, this looks like an attractive route, nearly all in the open. The climb resembles a miniature Mount Deception, with several ridge ends posing as false summits along the way. The gain would be about 2500 feet, the round-trip distance close to 9 miles.

With a higher snow level, drive road 74 as far as possible, then walk, taking a washed-out branch east at 3180 feet. This climbs up the west side to intercept the north route at 3680 feet. A small lake rests to the east below this



Liz Escher on the suspension bridge over the White River on the Skookum Flats trail.

ridgetop junction.

The statistics for this route depend on where you are forced to park. If you make it to where road 74 is nearly washed out at 2400 feet (3.9 miles from the highway), the hike would gain just over 1600 feet with an 8-mile round trip. Should you be able to drive all the way to the washed-out east branch, the remaining gain would be just shy of 900 feet, with a 4 mile total distance.

We were awash in rain clouds on this late spring day, so views were limited. Better weather would offer vistas of Rainier and its environs.

For another account of this peaks and others in The Rockies, read John Roper's report (*July 1998 issue, pages 18-19*). —Mick Campbell, Puyallup, 5/8.

**HEART K RIDGE** (USGS *Taneum Canyon*)—Wanderbuns spent a lot of telephone time getting all of the approvals needed before we could schedule the hike. Most of the Rocky Mountain Elk Foundation land is off limits until late in May because of calving season. The ridge we wanted to hike is at the northern edge of the preserve and is not frequented by the elk at this time of the year.

The Snoqualmie Valley Trails Club and Matsushita Adventure Club drove east on I-90 to Exit 93 (Elk Heights road). We turned left over the freeway, then right on Taneum Creek road. After crossing over the freeway again, we turned right and shortly arrived at the parking area for the Rocky Mountain Elk Foundation. After donning our hiking gear, we walked Taneum Creek road over a bridge and turned right into a field. This hike was mostly crosscountry and occasionally followed animal trails. We ascended the spine of a ridge (all open territory) walking through hundreds of acres of blooming lupine, balsamroot, and several other varieties of flowers. A warm breeze filled with the perfume of the lupine was heavenly. It was a glorious hike! Besides the floral display, we admired the view of the snow-clad Stuart Range to the north.

After ascending through meadows, we found ourselves at hilltop among beautiful ponderosa pines. We all sat down for lunch admiring the view across the valley to the south and listening to the breeze whisper in the pines. Four of the group stayed at the lunch spot while the other 12 explored the forest along the ridge top.

When returning to the cars, we altered our route somewhat along the ridge. The lunch spot was 4.78 miles and 1004 feet of gain. The group that



# BACKCOUNTRY NEWS

REPORTS AND CONDITIONS

explored the ridge did 5.4 miles and 1156 feet of gain.—Wanderbuns and Shortstop, Kirkland, 5/13.

## BOOK MOUNTAIN, MAN-ASTASH RIDGE (USGS)

**Thorp**—This is a popular hike with our group. We head east to find sun in the spring and fall. I last reported about it in the November '99 issue. It was interesting to note a report by Ginny Evans in the May issue telling of an alternate route and a loop return.

Exit from I-90 at Thorp, turning right (south) on Thorp Highway to Cove Road. Turn right again to the marked parking area just short of the gated end of the road. The trailhead is past the gate. After crossing the irrigation canal on a foot bridge the trail, marked Westburg Trail, (also known as the Ridge Trail) follows a valley a short way before turning right and heading steeply up the ridge. In about 2 miles the trail reaches the ridge top at the memorial to the late wrestling coach at Ellensburg High School, Bud Westburg. This is a good spot for lunch, with views of Kittitas Valley, the Mission Ridge area and the Stuart Range.

After lunch we wandered along the ridge top, west toward the UW observatory. There are views south to Umtanum Ridge, the Saddle and Boylston mountains. Rainier is hidden in the clouds. We did not have the sunny weather we had hoped for. We seemed to be in a convergence area and we were hailed on a couple of times, but not enough to spoil the hike. Not too much in the wildflower department. Other than sage brush, there were some lupine, paintbrush and balsamroot.—Leigh Champlin, Seattle, 4/23.

## UMTANUM RIDGE (USGS)

**Wymer**—We had already done several hikes in the Umtanum Recreation Area this spring so we decided on a new hike. We parked at the Umtanum parking area near the swinging bridge. We crossed the highway and made our way up to a slightly lower ridge top. A short way down the highway is a gate where you can easily get through the wire fence along the highway. We basically followed animal trails and carefully made our way to the ridge top. We found that by heading a little to the right of the ridge we found an easier way to reach the top.

Once at the top we discovered a large meadow ablaze with wildflowers. Those we recognized included balsamroot, camas, bitterroot, phlox, thyme, buckwheat, large headed clover, lupine, and prickly pear cactus (not yet in bloom).

We found a nice place for lunch and enjoyed views of the other nearby ridges of Umtanum, along with the Yakima River as its winds through the canyon.—Leigh Champlin, Seattle, 4/30.

**MT RAINIER**—**Cavuse Pass** is open. **Chinook Pass** is open. **Mowich Lake road** is open to Paul Peak trailhead, 1 mile inside the Park boundary; expected to open to Mowich Lake on 7/1.

**Paradise Valley road** expected to open 6/30. **Stevens Canyon road** opened end of May. **Sunrise road** estimated to open 7/1 to Sunrise; end of May to White River campground.

**Crystal Lakes trail** is snowfree past Crystal Peak junction.—Ranger, 5/8.

## SOUTH



**MT ADAMS DIST**—Trout Lake: 509-395-3400. Wind River: 509-427-3200. Many low-elevation trails are snow-free. All higher elevation trails are still blocked by snow and they will likely be open by the 4th of July.—Ranger, 5/17.

**ST HELENS**—360-247-3900. Windy Ridge road is open. Loowit trail is still snowed in.—Ranger, 5/17.

**COWLITZ VALLEY DIST**—Randle: 360-497-1100. Packwood: 360-497-0600. Road 99 is open. Road 25 from Randle to the Lewis River is open.—Ranger, 5/17.

**PCT**—The trail is snowfree from road 68 south to the Columbia River. Snag Creek bridge is out which requires a detour of about 2 miles.—Ranger, 5/17.

## CANADA

**MONUMENT 83 (92 H/12 Manning Park)**—Every backcountry ski route has a moment each year when conditions change from winter into the magic of spring touring. Easter weekend was not the right moment and the magic of spring skiing was nowhere to be seen.

Blissfully armed with current snow and trail information, we drove the 2½ hours (125 miles) from Bellingham to

Allison Pass with growing concern. Gray skies gave way to fog, drizzle, rain, frozen rain, and finally heavy wet snow. Then less than 1 km east of the pass, blue sky began breaking out from behind high fluffy white clouds, and warm yellow sunlight flooded the dry forest. Drinking coffee and tea at the lodge we waited an hour to see if misery was going to overtake us. But for the rest of the weekend, Allison Pass stood guard and not a drop of rain or dark gray cloud broke free to trouble us.

Two miles east of the lodge we parked in the empty lot (another omen) for Monument 83/78, Boyd's Meadow. Shouldering what felt like crushing weight of overnight packs and skis we began the expected ½-mile walk to snow. A half hour brought us to the junction of monument trails 83 to the left, 78 right. We eventually encountered snow but it was too wet and soft to float our skis over rocks or melting ponds flooding the trail. Picking our way through this slop we had a late lunch at the bridge over Chuwanten Creek at a little more than an hour from the trailhead.

Gaining elevation slowly our hopes of firmer snow were dashed on the dry hard road bed that met us—snowless nearly to the foot of the final ridge. Sadly using our snowshoes to pick through mush, mud and slush we finally found hard snow ascending the ridge north of our destination. A switchbacking road led steeply upward gaining 1000 feet. We had our first open views from the start of the ridge top at about 5700 feet.

Our views were soon lost but the open forest and approaching night encouraged us to labor onward. On the left side of the trail the melted out sign marking the junction of the Centennial Trail (11 km to Pasayten River) appeared. Now one more long km brought us to the open wind-packed dome at the top. Towering on the far south side a standard US Forest Service Lookout rose up on its stilts.

As we approached, a ground-hugging rustic log cabin with roof top observation cupola came into view. Feasting deeply on the views of the Northern Cascades and Pasayten Wilderness we savored the fading light of day.

Despite the elevated views from the forest lookout we choose the warmer and more picturesque log cabin. Comfortably sorting gear inside and preparing for our dinner and camp I almost didn't regret the added weight of the unused tent that I had hauled in.

Clear skies that night brought the temperature down and we did get some skiing in the following day but downhill hiking in ski boots eventually be-




# BACKCOUNTRY NEWS

REPORTS AND CONDITIONS

## OREGON

came less than enjoyable. With lunch breaks and equipment changes it took us about 6 ½ hours up and 5 hours down. The ski tour info indicates 32 km (20 miles) round trip with 5-6 hours up and 1½ hours down. I think this could be right. I want to try this again next year but earlier and with more suspicion about reported snow conditions. The trail appears well maintained with obvious winter clearing of windfall taking place. As a summer hike, the destination is grand and the forest lovely but don't expect far views for most of the trip.—Bud Hardwick (with Louis B.), Bellingham, 4/22-23.

 **SKYLINE RIDGE** (*Manning Park map*)—It was a beautiful sunny morning as Ron Sawyer, Bud Hardwick, my dog Pantera, and I set out from the Lightning Lakes parking lot in Manning Park. This is a busy place in summer but we saw only one other car and no other hikers the whole trip. This being between skiing and hiking season, the place was deserted.

After a couple of bridge crossings, and a walk along the shore we started up the Skyline 1 trail, initially on bare ground. The trail swings to the north side of the east-west ridge where we encountered snow. From there it was almost totally a snow walk. As the trail swung back to the ridge we lost the path but just followed the ridge as it rose to timberline at 6000 feet.

We had great views of Frosty Mountain and Castle Peak as we roller-coastered the ridge crest. It was a lot more up and down than we had counted on! Eventually we reached the high point of Skyline Ridge at 6550 feet, our first summit. From here it was a great view of all of Manning Park, and especially south to the US peaks just a few miles away. It was sunny and warm with just a few clouds.

We then descended to Despair Pass but not before going over a couple of other minor bumps. By the time we reached Despair Pass we had been going 7½ hours with full packs and were about ready to get them off our backs for the night. Unfortunately the pass was in the woods and had no flat spots. In another ½ hour we had made it to better camping on, of all the spots, Snow Camp Mountain.

It was certainly good to be in camp after 8+ hours of hiking so we tolerated a less than ideal tent setup and a semi-clogged (slow) stove. As we drifted off to sleep I wondered what the next day would bring; we had 3 peaks to do and a pretty poor weather forecast.

We arose at 5am under clear skies with

an orange glow in the east. By 6:10 we had our snowshoes on and were heading up the crisp snowslopes of Snow Camp. We made quick work of this first summit (½ hour), and got some close up views of the super rugged Hozomeen Mountains just south in the Pasayten Wilderness. As we dropped down to the saddle to our next peak, clouds increasingly filled the sky. We continued, climbing the corniced snow ridge of Lone Goat Mountain (6575 feet).

By the time we reached the top of Lone Goat it was grey and a chilly wind was blowing. We really wanted to get the last of this series of peaks so we dropped steeply down the snow ridge toward Red Mountain (6633 feet). Pantera was doing fine until we reached some 45 degree slopes. He got a bit whiny but with a little looking around he found an easier way down.

We had ditched our snowshoes on top of Lone Goat since the snow had been firm and as Ron had predicted, as soon as you leave them behind you will need them. It was a long slog over to Red without them, but the snow improved near the top and we arrived on the summit at 10:30. It was great to be here on our fourth summit of the trip, but our rest was broken by the realization that we still had to climb back over Lone Goat and Snow Camp, then break camp and hike out, all with the threat of precipitation!

It indeed was a long way back, with lots of elevation gain and loss, but we never got rained on. From camp we headed straight down toward the ski area checking map, compass, and altimeter. We used snowshoes through the gentle slopes of open forest, down to an easy log crossing over the creek.

We had a lengthy roadwalk down to the gated ski area road, followed by a 3.8 mile jog in hiking boots (but no pack) to retrieve the car. Just about 12 hours of travel time that day but we had seen some awesome sights and had summited 3 peaks, 2 of them twice!

A highly recommended wilderness adventure (with snow cover) and one I won't soon forget.—Grant Myers, Bellingham, 5/17-18.

## SILVER FALLS STATE PARK (USGS Drake Crossing)

—This hike is found in *100 Hikes in Central Oregon Cascades* which includes hikes from both sides of the Cascade crest. Located within a state park and not very far east of Salem, this hike is a real gem and well worth spending a few hours exploring. Just a note: Oregon State Parks charges a \$3 daily entry fee per car.

Jacki and I did the 7 mile, 600-foot-gain loop described in the guidebook. This Silver Creek Canyon trail is also shown in greater detail in an easier to read brochure we obtained at the park. Noted for its spectacular waterfalls, the trail goes by ten of them. In many places, the trail goes beneath the creek and behind the waterfalls. Being spring, the water was high and the falls quite dramatic.

We hiked the entire loop in just over four hours including all the short side trips and a lunch stop at the top of Twin Falls. And I didn't fall into any of the falls this time. But then we didn't have the dogs along to rescue either.—Ginny Evans, Renton, 5/2.

## SMITH ROCK STATE PARK (USGS Redmond)

At the risk of repeating myself, this hike is also in the *Central Oregon Cascades* guidebook, has a \$3 entry fee, and is shown in the easier to read park brochure.

Located along the picturesque Crooked River in central Oregon, Smith Rocks is a rock climbers' paradise; consequently, we encountered mostly climbers on our hike. But since the rock jocks were all congregated at the base of climbing walls, we virtually had the trails to ourselves. I have no idea how many miles we did nor our elevation gain. We kept going up and down, first along the river, then up the steep climbers' side trails to view the snow-capped Cascades and give a try on the easier rock like Asterisk Pass.

Along the main trails, there were wooden steps in the steeper places and plenty of switchbacks. We hiked a long loop trail encompassing all the

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# BACKCOUNTRY NEWS

REPORTS AND CONDITIONS

popular climbing walls including the famous Monkey Face. We viewed this one from below its base as well as from an outcropping directly across from the Monkey's cave-mouth. Fascinating multi-colored rock formations complete with dangling climbers.

Although this is considered a day use park, there is a walk-in bivouac area. Cost for overnight camping is \$4/night. There is a bathroom with flush toilets and showers. Showers cost \$2/person but are free for campers.—Ginny Evans, Renton, 5/4.

## IDAHO

 **HELLS CANYON: Pittsburg Landing to Kirkwood Creek (USGS Kirkwood Bar, Grave Point)**—The description of this trail is found in *Trails of Western Idaho* by Margaret Fuller. From the town of White Bird (15 miles south of Grangeville on Highway 95) take the road south out of town (old 95) and follow it a couple of miles until it crosses the Salmon River. After crossing the bridge signs will direct you left 17 miles to Pittsburg

Landing (a wonderful dirt road winding through some spectacular hills and scenery) on the shore of the Snake River—a real nice campground.

The actual trailhead can be found at the end of the road to the Upper Landing. One-way distance is 5 miles with an elevation gain of 800 feet and loss of 720 feet. The up-and-down trail mostly follows close to the river, winding in and out of gulches, up and over rocky cliffs. Views of the river, enclosed by steep canyon walls, are spectacular.

This time of year everything is green, and the temperature was comfortably warm and not hot. We saw many varieties of flowers such as scarlet gilia, death camas, yarrow, purple asters, paintbrush, larkspur, alumroot and wild rose. The yellow prickly pear cactus was just beginning to bloom. We also saw lots of poison ivy lining the trail.

Bugs were not a problem, nor were the snakes or ticks. On this Monday only two cars were at the trailhead. We met a single gal on our way in who had backpacked in the area for several days.

The weather started out perfect at 8am. About 3 miles in, just before

crossing an exposed hillside, a rain and thunder squall blew across the trail, so we retreated 1/4-mile to the shelter of Kirkby Creek Canyon and lunch. The skies cleared shortly after and we continued 2 miles to Kirkwood Creek, a National Historic Site. Len Jordan, Idaho governor and US senator, and his wife and three children lived here during the depression. Their fascinating story is told in Grace Jordan's book *Home Below Hells Canyon*.

We toured their house and saw their concrete bathtub. Year-round caretakers live in the house.

Some of the trail goes along cliffs edging the river 400 feet below. We had no problem, but the very faint-of-heart may not appreciate several of these spots.

The trail continues south to Birch Springs for a total distance of 31 miles from Pittsburg Landing. Access to Birch Springs is by jet boat.

After a leisurely return trip and a few more rain squalls, we arrived back at the campground and our tent at 6pm.—Carl and Candy Berner, Renton, 5/8.

## 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**—Men's Vasque leather hiking boots. Size 11-12, wide. \$50. Elaine Edmonson, 360-876-5429 (Port Orchard) or e-mail: <loghouse@silverlink.net>.

**FOR SALE**—Seagoing kayak, Easy Rider Eskimo, 19' single seat, 2 covered compartments, includes paddle, sail, spray skirt, seat cover. Kathy or Matt Sinn, 360-874-1370, leave message during day (Port Orchard)

**KAYAKS FOR SALE**—Klepper Aeriis folding double kayak, great condition, paddles and sprayskirt included. \$800 firm. Pacific Water Sports Sea Otter kayak (older model), flotation included. \$400. 360-786-0594 (Olympia); e-mail <kasia\_pierzga@hotmail.com>.

**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 206-548-2163 (Edmonds) or email <pmlblock@earthlink.net>.

**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, re-soled, 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**—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.

**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).



ANN MARSHALL

## GINNY GETS A NEW PIN

—AN OLD FRIEND PROVIDES A NEW PIN—

On a Sunday in April, Ginny Evans was hiking with her husband Jim, her sister Jacki, and their dogs Shadow and Shabby (short for "Crystal Chablis") along the Eagle Creek trail in the Columbia Gorge.

At a lunch stop beside the swift creek, Shabby decided to go for a swim and was quickly swept away. Ginny tried to save her sister's dog and was pulled under the water and over a small cascade. Jacki stepped into the creek to save Ginny but Jim pulled her out before she, too, disappeared into the water.

Shabby waded ashore, considerably downstream, by herself. Ginny came to the surface at the bottom of the cascade and hung onto a rock, and Jim pulled

her out. She had lost her hat, which is the point of this story. Ginny always wears her hat when she hikes, and it was covered with pins from her years of outdoor adventures.

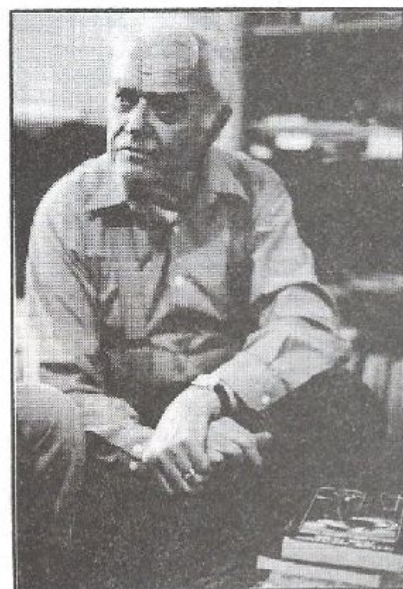
Ginny was able to replace the hat, and then she started trying to replace the pins. The one she really wanted was the tiny Mountaineers club pin with the ice axe on it. The club no longer sells it, so last month Ginny asked if any *Pack & Paddle* readers had a spare or unused pin they would sell.

She very quickly got a response. It came from an old friend—Robert L. Wood, of Snohomish, a club member since 1957 and the well-known author of history and trail books about the

Olympic Mountains (his *Olympic Mountains Trail Guide* has just been re-released in a third edition). Bob collects pins, and he had just the pin Ginny wanted. And what's more, he wouldn't sell it; it would be a gift.

In honor of the occasion, Ginny invited a few Mountaineer friends who hadn't seen Bob in a while, and we all met at his house for lunch and a visit.

The group consisted of Trudy Ecob (Mercer Island), Florence Culp (Seattle), Dick Searing (Bainbridge Island), Louise Marshall (Lynnwood), Ginny (Renton) and me (Port Orchard). The average age of this group was 73!



Ann Marshall

With a pile of the books he has authored on the table, Bob listens to his visitors spin hiking tales.

All of us had hiked with Bob at one time or another, and it was a fun afternoon of story-telling and reminiscing.

Of course, Ginny wore her hat with her new collection of pins: a Teanaway Ten pin, a spare Signpost pin, several new decorative pins, and Bob's gift, the tiny green Mountaineers club pin with the ice axe.

"I had a wonderful time," said Ginny, "and I'm indebted to Bob for the pin and to *Pack & Paddle* for making it all happen!"

△

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



Ann Marshall

Bob Wood and Ginny Evans look over some of the correspondence between them about the Mountaineers club pin while celebrating the transfer of the pin to Ginny's hat.



KAREN MOLENAAR TERRELL

## OH CHUTE!

—I PRAYED I WOULD LIVE TO SEE MY CHILDREN AGAIN ... —

I'm embarrassed to admit that it was a fear of going down that had kept me going up. And now here I stood—on the top of Mount Adams—with nowhere left to go but down. I was terrified. The moment I'd long been dreading was upon me.

This was the first mountain I'd climbed since having children. Pre-kids mountain-climbing had been one grand adventure. But motherhood had changed the way I approached mountaineering—I now had two little boys at home to whom I desperately wanted to finish reading *Farmer Boy* before my demise.

This was also the first major mountain I'd summited without Dad. In the last twenty years Dad had gotten me to the summits of Mounts Rainier, Baker, and Hood. More importantly, he'd gotten me safely down from them. This time I'd have to get myself down. Scanning the long, icy slope I'd have to descend without his help, I felt my stomach do somersaults.

I knew I was too tired to walk down this mountain. I'd have to glissade. Though most climbers think of glissading as the dessert-part of climbing, I'd almost killed myself attempting a glissade as a teenager and had suffered from a phobia of it ever since. Dad understood my fear (he'd been a witness to my near-death glissade) and had always been willing to give up his own glissades to walk down with me.

Although I don't believe in luck, I have to admit that Dad was as near to a good luck charm as I could bring with me on a mountain. I knew I was safe, so long as he was with me. Mind you, this feeling of safety wasn't just based on the love a daughter has for her father.

Dad is a well-known mountaineer. He's climbed on K-2, Mount Saint Elias, and the Matterhorn, and has climbed Rainier about fifty times. But this summer Dad had turned 79 and was finding he enjoyed experiencing



Scott and Karen Terrell at the summit of Mount Adams.

mountains more from their base than their summit.

This morning he had started the climb of Mount Adams with my husband, a couple of friends, and myself, but at 10,000 feet had begun to feel he was holding us back (which actually wasn't true—I was enjoying his steady pace). So he'd turned around.

Now that we'd reached the summit, there was no point in prolonging the inevitable. I suggested to my comrades that we start down as soon as the standard victory pictures had been taken. My husband, Scott, took my hand and squeezed it. He knew I was scared.

Mount Adams is one of the few mountains in the Cascades on which you don't have to contend with any crevasses. Consequently, because climbers don't need to dodge crevasses when descending, there are these huge chutes going straight down the slopes that have been carved out by the suc-

cessive derrieres of dozens of glissaders. All a climber needs to do is throw herself into one of these chutes and push off to travel down the mountain for several hundred feet.

I reached the first chute and took a deep breath. Bravely, I sat down and pushed off. Nothing happened. My wool pants stuck me to the snow like velcro. This was an anticlimactic moment. I began to row myself down the chute with my ice axe.

I'd gotten about half-way down when I heard a "whoosh" behind me. My husband, in his slick wind-pants, was barreling down the chute toward me, picking up speed as he came. I began to row frantically.

I am blessed to be married to a man who is calm, cool, level-headed. Unlike me, he didn't panic as he descended upon me. Without fanfare or a slackening of his pace, he opened his legs out to either side of me and sort of wedged me in between them as we went careening down the chute together.

I gripped onto his boots with white-knuckled hands—in the same way a person riding a roller coaster might grip the bar holding her to her seat—and prayed I would live to see my children again.

This was a particularly long chute with lots of curves and twists. It made for a wild ride. Simultaneously screaming in terror and laughing in exhilaration, I hit the fluffy snow wall that marked the end of the chute, Scott tumbling into it after me.

We had survived.

Scott pulled me up, brushed the snow off me, and decided it might be wise to give me a quick refresher course on how to self-arrest and steer with my ice axe.

Tentatively at first, and then with more confidence, I began to practice using my ice axe. I discovered that day that the Laws of Physics apply to me in

John Harris



the same way they apply to everyone else, that I—like anyone—can rely on an ice axe to stop me from falling if I use it correctly.

Soon I was rushing happily from one chute to the next, looking forward to the ride, eager to practice what I was learning. And in no time at all our little troop was nearing base camp.

As we got close to camp I saw the figure of Dad climbing up to meet us.

When he reached us he hugged me and said, "I've never before had to be the one that waits at base camp." Shaking his head, he added, "I don't like the worry of it."

Wow! This had been a big day for Dad, too! Being the one who watches and waits had probably been harder on him than coming down Mount Adams had been for me. Basking in our mutual admiration we made our way down to

the camp together.

When I got home I would finish reading *Farmer Boy* to Dad's grandsons.

△

*Karen Molenaar Terrell, of Sedro-Woolley, is a middle school history teacher in Burlington.*

## Closures, New Stuff and Reminders

**NOTE:** This is by no means a complete list. It's only what knew about at press time. Calling the ranger station or information office before your trip is always a good idea.

### Olympics:

**Bridges.** The High Dose bridge, the Staircase Rapids bridge, and the suspension bridge on the East Fork Quinalt near Enchanted Valley will remain closed this summer. Repairs will begin in mid-September, when helicopters can fly materials to the sites without disturbing nesting birds.

**Beaches.** Fires remain prohibited from Wedding Rocks headland to Yellow Banks. What was originally a 3-year fire prohibition has turned into an "indefinite closure." Raccoon-proof food containers are *required* for all beach trips. Reservations required Memorial Day to Labor Day.

**Dungeness road 2860.** This road was closed last season due to washouts. The lower part is still closed, but you can drive around it using roads 2880 and 2870 to reach the Royal Basin and Tubal Cain trailheads.

**Wynoochee River road 2270.** Closed by a washout at 8.5 miles, past Wynoochee Falls. Scheduled for repair this year.

**Hamma Hamma road 25.** Road still blocked by huge slide 2 miles beyond Lena Lake trailhead. Repair may happen in 2001 or later. This affects access to Mildred Lakes and Lake of the An-

gels. The lower Hamma Hamma will be closed for construction starting in August this year. Lena Lake trailhead will still be accessible by using roads 24/2480.

### Cascades:

**Cascade River road.** A Forest permit is required for the entire Cascade River road, including trails within North Cascades National Park. This means not only Cascade Pass, but also Boston Basin, Torment Basin and Eldorado Creek climbers' approaches.

**White Chuck road.** The White Chuck road is closed by a washout at 6.7 miles. Hikers can walk around the washout. It's 4 road miles to the trailhead, which is the main access to Kennedy Hot Springs, Fire Creek Pass, and the Boulder Basin route on Glacier Peak. Parking space at the washout is limited. No decision has been made on repairs.

**Barclay Creek.** The bridge near the trailhead is washed out. It turns this easy trail into a difficult one. Repairs are scheduled for this summer.

**White River bridge.** The bridge over the White River that allows access to Mount David and Indian Creek is scheduled to be replaced this fall or next spring with an \$80,000 steel bridge.

**Indian Creek bridge.** The bridge a couple of miles up Indian Creek from the White River bridge may be replaced late this year or next year. The district has the materials to replace

the log bridge, but has no money to hire a helicopter to fly in the stringers for the bridge.

**Heather Lake trail (Lake Wenatchee District).** The bridge over Lake Creek halfway up the Heather Lake trail remains out. The district has no money to build a new bridge. Forging at the site of the bridge is difficult and dangerous. Intrepid and confident hikers can follow a boottrack to a less difficult fording site. The trail may be re-routed.

**Nason Ridge trail.** Although residents of the Lake Wenatchee area are trying to stop the logging, at press time, Longview Fibre was still planning to close the east end of the Nason Ridge trail this summer.

### Passes, Permits, and Fees:

The new Northwest Forest Pass is on sale now. It costs \$5 for one day or \$30 for one year. It covers National Forests in Washington and Oregon, except for some special places like the Oregon Coast and Mt St Helens. The Northwest Forest Pass is also good for some trails in North Cascades National Park. But for other National Parks, you need a different permit.

In Olympic National Park, you'll pay an entrance fee, a backcountry permit fee, and a per person nightly fee.

In Rainier National Park, you'll pay an entrance fee. A climbing permit is \$15 per person.

A \$15 Cascade Volcano permit is also needed for climbs of St Helens or Mount Adams.



LINDY BAKKAR

# Snow-free Idaho

—SIX LADIES MEET THE SEVEN DEVILS—

One day in January 1999, Nancy and I stood at the top of Chief ready to let our skis fly down the left edge of the run where new snow lay deep and fluffy. I watched Nancy take off in a puff of powder, then followed down the fall line. An unseen bump grabbed my ski and I went down in a laughing heap. I tried to get up, but sank deeper.

There was no hard layer of snow as far down as my poles could reach. Using the crossed-poles trick, I was on my feet shortly and pushed off with abandon, but I thought, How deep is this snow anyway?

That winter our group skied week after week in the best and deepest snow the Cascades have received in years. It was so deep it broke records. Then spring came. The snow melted slowly. By July, we were tired of it, but we had a week-long trip planned for early August.

Alternate plans were formed in the car on the way home from snowy Mount Adams. We longed for flowery meadows, rocky summits and thawed lakes.

We decided on the Seven Devils Mountains in southwestern Idaho. It would take one of our precious days to drive there, and another to drive back, but it would be snowfree.

## HEADING EAST

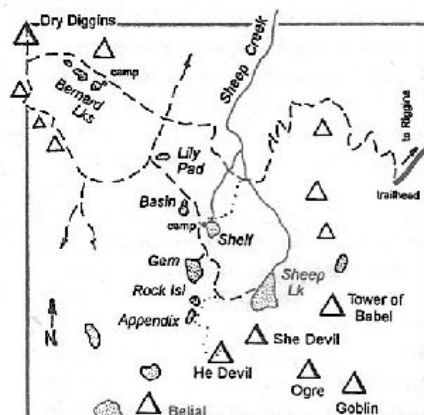
On the last day of July we headed east. Manita rode with Elin in her truck. Nancy, Linda and Ann rode with me in the Explorer.

Arriving in Riggins in the afternoon I noticed two things: the dust and the heat. After an early dinner we drove up the steep, bumpy road to Windy Saddle at 7500 feet, into the cool air of the high country, and camped at the trailhead.

## GOING DOWN

It was a beautiful morning. The trail, instead of going up, started down a long grade through trees. After bottoming out at 7100 feet, we climbed back up to the shoulder of a ridge and took a rest on an outcrop of rock. The expanse of land before us shimmered in the sun.

Descending the back side of the ridge through talus, we reflected on the geologic history of all the rocks around us. The area had once been an island of volcanoes in a warm ocean. Coral reefs had surrounded the peaks. Over eons, the region had been crunched up onto the continent where it is today. Uplift during the crunching brought all the coral reefs as well as the volcanoes well into the upper elevations to become part of the mountains of western Idaho.



And now it was our playground.

At the bottom of the ridge we entered deep forest and had lunch at a river crossing. Continuing, we hiked up through woods to a junction. A few raindrops fell as we went on to camp at Lower Bernard Lake, 7500 feet.

We had the lake all to ourselves. The water wasn't cold, but the bottom was slimy and none of us wanted to step in the muck. We found various rocks and logs to sit on while dangling our legs in the water and enjoying the sun and the solitude of the lake.

## SECOND WIND

After dinner, I got a second wind. I decided to explore the rocks behind our camp. At first, I expected to just get to the base of the cliff, but there was an easy ramp up to the first shelf. Another ramp led to a higher shelf. I worked my way up until I stood on top of the ridge looking down on our tiny tent compound. Someone was standing there. I waved, and she waved back.

The sun was going down and I hustled back, not wanting to get caught and having to climb down after dark.

## DRY DIGGINS

In the morning we packed up and hiked to the spur trail to the Dry Diggins Lookout, 7828 feet. Stashing our packs, we took only fanny packs for the hike to the lookout. We hiked through meadows full of every color and kind of flower imaginable. Butterflies were



At Dry Diggins, Nancy looks out over the Snake River canyon.

Ann Marshall



everywhere, and the fragrance of pine filled the air.

From the lookout we peered through binoculars to watch rafts going through the rapids on the tiny Snake River 6000 feet below us. Above the river rose magnificent layered cliffs. To the southwest we could see the snowy peaks of the Eagle Cap Wilderness, and behind us were the peaks of the Seven Devils.

Having Dry Diggins to ourselves, we decided to linger on the warm flat rocks that surrounded the lookout. We took off our boots and dried our socks. The rock I had chosen just fit the curve of my back. Relaxing, I closed my eyes ... Linda's announcement that we needed to leave jolted us all out of our various reveries. Yes, we had a long way to go.

### FINDING CAMP

We shouldered our heavy packs and continued through meadows and pockets of trees. Just as hunger pangs were taking hold, Linda called ahead to Ann and Elin to look for a lunch spot.

They found a small outcrop of rock off the trail in the shade. As we were finishing lunch, a big man with a shovel and bucket walked up to us out of nowhere. Nancy asked him if he was out clamming.

He answered, "The beer's warm," as if that should explain everything.

Turns out that he had been getting snow from a small patch to take back to a horse camp. He had noticed us up on the rocks and came by to be neighborly.

On the trail again, we passed through a ghost forest, where all the trees had been killed by fire but were still standing. Under the naked trees were flowering meadows in full glory. The air was hot and dusty, and thirst began to gnaw at us. I was out of water.

We had thought about camping at Lily Pad Lake but on arriving we discovered it was a marsh. No camping, and no water.

We moved on to Basin Lake. It was crowded with several large groups. We filled our water bottles, and continued to Shelf Lake.

Shelf Lake seemed like heaven. No one else was there. A beautiful camp spot in the trees awaited us, while a flat rock jutted out into the lake for swimming. It was perfect.

### AN "EASY" DAY

I had no idea what an interesting day this would become. It was supposed to



Looking down on Rock Island and Gem Lakes from the shoulder of He Devil.

be an easy day. We would just go to a couple of small lakes, not far.

We met a Sierra Club trail crew at the junction to Gem Lake. After visiting Gem we strolled up to a high point above Sheep Lake where we could observe He Devil and She Devil Peaks.

We ate lunch during a brief rain shower, and walked up the ridge. Exploring further, we saw a possible route up He Devil. Suddenly our easy day had become a recon.

We went back a ways to where we could find a route over to two small lakes, Rock Island and Appendix. At the end of the last lake, Linda said, "This is our ridge we were seeing from the other side." I wasn't sure. Four of us decided to ascend and check it out. Nancy and Linda decided to wait by the lake.

Elin scampered up the rocky chute as if her energy were boundless. Ann climbed slowly but steadily. Manita and I dragged behind a bit, but our enthusiasm kept us going. It was hard and steep. We ascended talus and scree up the shoulder of the ridge until we got to the point, about 8400 feet, where it connects with the main ridge to He Devil. It would go!

We called Linda and Nancy on the radio to tell them the good news. While I was talking, a black cloud boiled up and a thunderclap exploded overhead. On the radio I told them we were coming down, now! Linda said they would take shelter under the trees.

We barely got down to the first set of trees when hail broke loose to pelt us

hard. We stopped to quickly get our raincoats on. The lightning and thunder were close and we knew we needed to get down. The hail turned to a downpour.

Still, Manita wanted to point out beautiful flowers along the way. Ann said we had no time to look at flowers, just *keep going*. As we descended on the run, we reviewed what to do if we felt our hair crackling or other indications of an imminent lightning strike.

At the lake, we found Linda and Nancy under a sheltering tree. We were totally drenched. The rain showed no signs of stopping, so we decided we had to move. We needed to get back to camp where we all had warm, dry clothes.

Leaving the tree, we hiked in a line, quickly passing Appendix and Rock Island Lakes. As we got closer to camp the rain slowed and finally stopped.

We stretched lines between trees to hang dripping gear. It had been a long day and we were all tired, wet and irritable. After hot food and drinks, we went to bed early.

### GETTING ANTSY

This morning, for the second time, I saw a mountain goat across the lake. The mosquitoes were out, so I doused myself with repellent. I was tired of swatting at them and decided not to think about the poisonous effects of DEET.

We had decided we would not climb He Devil today. We needed to dry out. The sun and blue sky would help with that. Later in the morning, I headed up



to a rocky knoll above and in back of camp. Ramps and ledges provided a good way up. I explored the crevices for interesting flowers, and examined the rocks, trying to guess how they had been formed. The geology course I had taken the previous spring taught me that I know very little.

When enough time had passed that I thought the group would be ready to go on a hike, I descended and returned to camp, only to find that Linda and Ann had gone on an exploration to the end of the lake. Everyone else was reading or napping.

I waited some more. No one seemed in a hurry to go anywhere, but I was getting antsy. Finally Nancy reached a similar stir-crazy point and she and I headed to Sheep Lake, a couple of miles up the trail, and had a wonderful afternoon there.

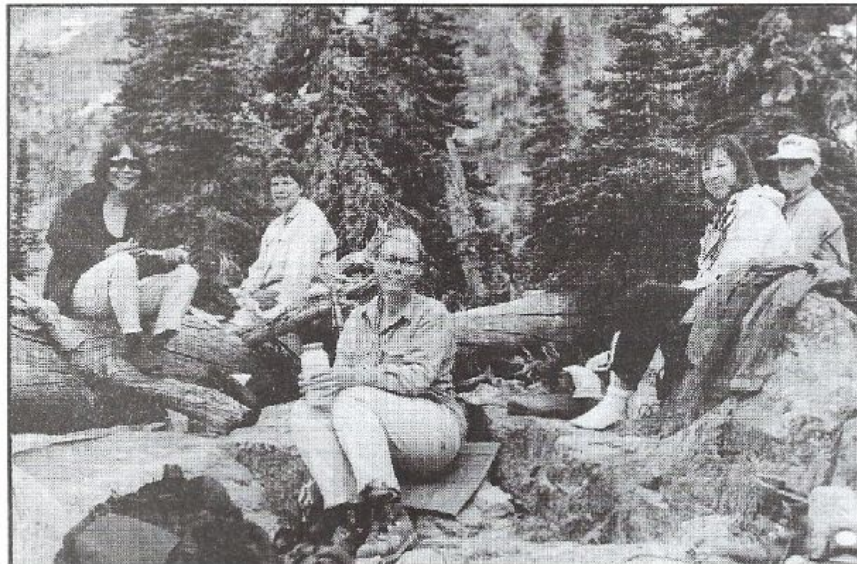
At dinner we discussed our plans. He Devil was next on the agenda.

### HE DEVIL

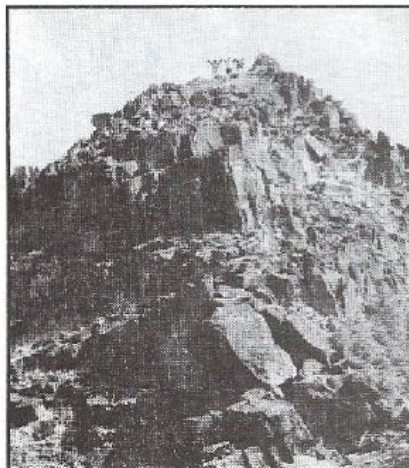
We were up early in the morning so we could have a good climb before any afternoon thunder showers developed. We hiked back up the now-familiar trail with determination, our goal the highest peak of the Seven Devils.

Shortly we reached Appendix Lake and the beginning of the climb up the ridge. We walked along it to the main summit ridge.

Once on the main ridge we had only a thousand feet to go. Cairns and scraps of tread appeared here and there, but mostly we just went along the path of least resistance.



A lunch stop between rain showers—left to right: Manita, Lindy, Linda, Elin and Nancy.



On the summit of He Devil—Linda, Lindy and Manita.

The false summit was separated from the true summit by a narrow defile and 100 feet of scrambling. Some of us took the challenge of the final summit, 9393 feet. We traversed on tortuous ramps and rock steps to the base, then ascended the summit block. We waved to those waiting on the false summit, then carefully descended.

Clouds were gathering. We did not want to be up here when the next thunderstorm hit. After a quick bite to eat, we had to get down.

Descending was much easier than we anticipated. Once we were off the main ridge, and we saw that a drenching wasn't imminent, we took our time inspecting rocks and flowers, and made our way back to camp.

The swimming rock had been waiting for us all day. By the time I got to

the water, the others were already there. What a refreshing end to a day of climbing.

In the late afternoon thunder clouds gathered and growled at us. Rain threatened, but only a few drops fell. This would be our last night at Shelf Lake.

### HEADING OUT

The next morning we packed up and hiked away from Shelf Lake, but not the way we had come. Instead, we skirted the edge of the lake to the outlet stream. On their exploration a couple of days ago, Linda and Ann discovered a possible cross-country route.

Following the topo map, we worked around a rock outcropping and located a route down a cliff on a series of ramps. At the bottom, we followed a chute to the forest, which quickly became thick with underbrush. A bit of bushwhacking brought us right out to the trail.

Now it was a matter of trudging up the hill to the high point. Linda and I dropped to the rear, still examining and exclaiming over rocks. When we got to the high point, hot and exhausted, we found the others rested and refreshed.

We had a drop and one last climb to the cars. Now it was time to pack the cars and head back to town, down the long, steep gravel road. I stopped the car part way down to rest the brakes.

Back in Riggins we had dinner at a busy and crowded place. The food was great! We headed out of town, looking for a campground. We didn't find the one our waitress told us about, so we ended up driving many miles south. Just about dark, we found a comfortable Forest Service campground, pitched the tents and slept soundly.

Our last day was a day of hard and fast driving, with a lunch stop at Hilgard Junction State Park. Elin's friend John met us here, and after lunch we said goodbye to Elin. She and John would stay another week in this country.

With the five of us now in my Explorer, we drove freeway across the corner of Oregon into the Tri-Cities, and then west over the Cascades. Coming home, dropping off my friends one by one, I was sad to see the adventure come to a close. Time had passed so quickly.

△

*Lindy Bakkar, of Lynnwood, is a skier and climber. She works as the attendance secretary at Meadowdale High School.*

Ann Marshall

Ann Marshall



BILL KEIL

## Portland's Wildwood Trail

—FINISHED AFTER 47 YEARS—

It took 47 years to complete, but the Wildwood Trail in Portland's Forest Park is finally finished.

The 30.2-mile trail is probably the longest trail of its kind in the country. It extends the full length of the nearly 5000-acre, 8-mile-long park. It winds along the convoluted sidehill at about the 550-foot elevation level with a few canyon ascents and descents.

It's all within the city's limits, yet it crosses only four traveled roads in its length, long enough for distance hikers to make real one-day challenges of it.

Park and trail aficionados gathered last fall to officially open the final two trail miles at the park's north end. This is a particularly isolated section of almost wilderness threading through some big old growth as well as some lush undergrowth.

For those who want to make a day of it, and it will be a *long* day, the trail starts at the Portland Zoo-World Forestry Center complex as an urban walk through the city's Hoyt Arboretum. The arboretum has plantings of nearly 200 tree species from throughout the world.

It crosses a city street and then drops down to the Burnside canyon. Burnside is a busy east-west route and crossing it is probably the only hazard of the entire trail.

Wildwood then climbs up the hill to the Pittock Mansion, now managed by the Park Bureau. Henry Pittock, member of the first party to climb Mount Hood, later built the mansion after he became publisher of the *Oregonian* newspaper.

The trail then drops down and crosses Cornell Road, 10 miles from the next road crossing, except for some dirt fire lanes not open to cars.

In that section the route cuts through an 800-acre section of the park that burned in the terrible 1951 fire year. School children replanted a share of it and the seedlings they put in the



Bill Keil at the north terminus of the Wildwood Trail in Portland's Forest Park.

ground are now 50-foot trees.

Part of the upper slopes of that burn are private land that has been developed into large estates. Luckily the city was able to obtain the land below the development for the park.

Traffic and industrial noises drift up from the Willamette River area, but farther north these fade into the calls of birds. Deer are not uncommon and even cougars have popped up from time to time. Although the south end of the park is rather a dead end, animals migrate back and forth along the ridge from the coast.

The trail's completion took so long because privately owned land blocked the route at several spots and acquisition was slow in coming.

Much of the park was platted for homesites early in the last century. Building on these steep sites with virtually no access was impractical. Many of the buyers let the land go back to the county for back taxes. It took a special act of the legislature to allow the county to transfer the land to the City of Portland.

Several years ago the last of the blocking parcels were sold to the city so the trail could be finished.

Springboard notches in rotting stumps show that large portions of the park were logged years ago, but the new generation of trees, already quite large, will be old growth in this century.

The trail opening last fall meant quite a bit to me as I supervised the first work on the trail when I signed on as City Forester for my 1952-56 stint. I replaced Wally Pesznecker, the city's first forester who did the survey work for the initial 3-mile section.

We had a summer crew of a dozen high school boys on the pioneering work. Over the years other

youth work groups and volunteers pitched in to improve the earlier sections as well as to push through to that elusive far-end goal.

Not just marathon hikers appreciate the trail. With a car shuttle, sections of 2 to 6 miles can provide easy leg stretchers.

It isn't quite like a hike around Crater Mountain in the Ross Lake country of the North Cascades, but the total mileage is nearly the same.

△

*Bill Keil is a semi-retired Portland writer, photographer, forester, and hiker as well as an occasional Pack & Paddle contributor. He is a fully retired mountain climber and back-packer.*



PILAR

## Dream Lake Trifecta

—A SPRING TRIP IN THE ALPINE LAKES WILDERNESS—

Mitch, Tom and I drove up the Middle Fork Snoqualmie road and parked at the Taylor River trailhead. We started up the Taylor River around 7am on Tuesday morning, May 16.

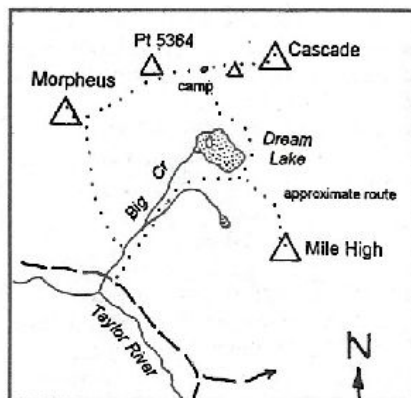
The plan was to climb three of the Home Court peaks: Morpheus, 5432 feet; Cascade Mountain, 5591 feet, and Mile High at, you guessed it, 5280 feet. The three of us pedaled up the Taylor River trail to its junction with Big Creek (about 1720 feet).

Being on bikes we made short work of this section and the only mishap occurred when Tom's rear wheel came off and he partially sprained his foot. As we limped over the bridge things were looking grim. Tom decided that maybe he'd better bow out. Mitch talked him into staying and we were very happy to hear that he was going to give it a go.

The trail was in very good shape for the first mile or so but petered out at around 2500 feet in a slide alder/vine maple bash. At this point we opted to cross the stream to avoid the brush and began heading up in the forest toward Morpheus. We hit snow around 3400 feet or so and continued the slog up to the summit of Morpheus around 12:30. There was no wind on top as we basked in the warm sun on some rocks. We stayed for well over an hour while Mitch counted 53 Home Court peaks from this gorgeous locale.

Eventually we descended to our packs and began the long ridge traverse over to our camp at the notch just east of point 5364 at 4840+ feet. At the notch we set up our high camp and went off to do an evening ascent of Cascade Mountain. From our camp we traversed on the north side of point 5196, which began as a steep traverse but ended on nice gentle rolling hummocky slopes to the summit of Cascade.

Again the summit afforded great views of the ALW but was a bit breezy. Mitch and I hung out on top for a bit enjoying the changing scenery with the clouds streaming in, while Tom descended to camp. From our high perch we watched as he glissaded down the park-like slopes of Cascade, disappear-



ing in the evening alpenglow. The view looked like a scene from heaven (now we remember why we like this insane pastime).

Once back at camp Mitch and Tom hunkered down in the tent while I collected clean snow to melt for dinner. It had become quite breezy after the sun went down at camp so I too joined my two compadres inside the cozy confines of Mitch's favorite tent, the REI Dome.

Mitch and Tom, who have been going out to the mountains together for almost 25 years, shared mountain stories while we slurped down our dinner. Around 9:30 we shut off the headlamps and settled in for the evening. The night was uneventful except for the occasional light drizzle and the breaking off of a cornice nearby during the wee hours.

Excited about the possibility of another beautiful day we awoke eagerly but had trouble seeing even the fly as fog had moved in thick as pea soup. I was willing to sit in the tent until I could see the sun shining but Mitch wouldn't wait until July 14th. I was the last one out of the tent.

Tom and Mitch were heading down well before I had even packed my pack. I then donned my soggy boots and frozen shells and proceeded to follow their tracks which descended into the fog toward the lake. Mitch led bravely down the steep slopes and eventually we all met up at around 4200 feet.

Things went fine until I took over the route finding. I got us on a very steep rib with polished granite slabs and wa-

terfalls surrounding us with no place to go. We rapped off mountain hemlocks and scrub Alaska cedars, descending rain-slickened rock, jumping across cliffs. Ferrying packs down the steeper sections we finally arrived at the safety of the gentle snowfield above Dream Lake. Thankful to be walking on horizontal ground we watered up at the lake and took a break after traversing around to the other side so that we could begin our assault on Mile High. Tom opted to hang back to make something warm to eat and get feeling back in his toes.

Mitch and I began the plod up to our next peak to complete what is known as the "Dream Lake Trifecta."

Mitch led much of the way heading southeast from the lake to a notch around 4600 feet and then along the northwest ridge to the summit.

As you might have imagined there were no views and Mitch forgot his pencil! There was in fact a summit register dating way back to October 15, 1995, when John Roper, Johnny Jeans, Dick Kegel, Eric Keeler, Bruce Gibbs and Jeff Howbert claimed a first ascent. Though we didn't have a pencil I brought a camera and snapped a picture of Mitch holding up the summit register.

The trifecta complete, it was time to get the heck out of there! Soaked to the bone from the constant drizzle and wet drippy trees we had one awesome glissade back to the lake, where Tom was waiting with warm coffee and Kool-aid.

We strapped on our wet packs and headed down. The descent went very well with only about one hundred yards or so of bad brush, and we were back on the trail and in the forest.

We then had a nice descent through the forest and back to our lonely mountain bikes where we had an extremely quick exit (it took just under an hour to go 4.5 miles), and were back at the cars at 5:45pm.

△

*Pilar, of Monroe, works in landscaping and goes to the mountains every chance he gets.*



# WHAT'S HAPPENING

NEWS FROM ALL OVER

**COAST CLEAN-UP**—Jan Klippert, organizer of the gigantic Olympic Coast Clean-Up that took place April 29 and 30, reports that the task was a success.

Three hundred fifty-nine volunteers participated, he said, and many of them came from the ranks of *P&P* readers.

This was the first time any project this large had been attempted throughout the whole length of the ONP coast. Volunteers collected 7380 pounds of debris at Kalaloch, Second Beach, Rialto, Oil City and Duc Point. At the remote sites, 361 bags, 13 drums and 24 tires are cached to be removed by boat later this summer.

Jan noted that the Olympic National Park staff and the Olympic Coast National Marine Sanctuary staff made significant contributions to the effort. "We did make a difference!" he said.

**SNOWMOBILE ZONE ON SAINT HELENS**—In the latest *Ptarmigan* Ptales (newsletter of the Ptarmigans club), Kim Rittenhouse reported on a meeting held by the Forest Service on early March to get comments on limiting snowmobilers on Mount St Helens.

Writes Kim: "We entered the discussion room to discover that we were among two other climbers, two cross-country skiers, a snowshoer and 150+ snowmobilers!"

The Forest Service did not make any decisions about how they plan to improve the area, says the report. Public comments are welcome. Write to:

Tom Knappenberger, GPNF  
10600 NE 51st Circle  
Vancouver WA 98682  
360-891-5045.

**BLACK BEAR REHAB**—We first told you about Idaho Black Bear Rehab a couple of years ago, when Sally Maughan of Boise had just started her organization to rehabilitate and release orphaned cubs as an alternative to euthanizing them.

Her last newsletter was in November of 1997, and she has finally found the time to get out another one—probably because she now has six people on the board of directors, and wonderful volunteers.

Black Bear Rehab has never said no to taking in an orphaned cub. The organization recently completed a new larger enclosure which will give them

lots of room to house cubs. This year they will begin a training video on the rehab process which will be available for rehabilitators, biologists, zoos and others around the world.

On the back of Sally's newsletter is a "Bear Necessities" wish list. It includes such things as bath towels, logs and stumps for climbing, honey, boxes of oatmeal, fresh fruit of all kinds, and of course donations of cash.

If you'd like to help, contact:  
Idaho Black Bear Rehab Inc  
Sally Maughan  
6097 Arney Ln  
Garden City ID 83703.

**TOWNSEND'S BAT**—Caves in southwest Washington provide habitat for the Pacific Townsend's big-eared bat. One special cave protects a maternity colony—one of only four in the state—that is critical to the species, and also provides a hibernation site in the winter.

The Nature Conservancy recently purchased 67 acres that includes this cave. Because the bats will abandon their young if disturbed too often, the Conservancy installed a bat-friendly gate a couple of years ago with the permission of the land owner, a timber company. The gate permits bat access but keeps humans out.

Interestingly, this particular cave was discovered by cavers and *P&P* readers Jim and Libby Nieland of Amboy. They were the ones who brought it to the attention of the Nature Conservancy about ten years ago.

**NEW BECKEY**—*The Cascade Alpine Guide: Columbia River to Stevens Pass* will be released in a third edition in August by The Mountaineers. Price: \$35. The previous edition was last updated in 1987.

**ROADLESS AREAS**—Last fall the Forest Service initiated a process to propose the protection of remaining roadless areas.

The Forest Service is responding to "strong public sentiment for protecting roadless areas" and "budget concerns related to ... building new roads in roadless areas when the Forest Service has an \$8.4 billion maintenance and reconstruction backlog yet receives insufficient funding to maintain the existing road system."

Two Puget Sound public hearings have been scheduled for June. Each speaker will be allowed 3 minutes. A court reporter will record comments. Written comments will also be accepted.

The hearings will be:

- June 24, 9am to 4pm at the Everett Pacific Hotel, Orcas Room, 3105 Pine Street in Everett. Take exit 193 off I-5.
- June 28, 1pm to 10pm at the Seattle Center, Northwest Rooms (Olympic), 305 Harrison Street in Seattle. Take exit 167 off I-5.

For more information, contact Dave Redman, 425-744-3274, or Ron DeHart, 425-744-3573.

Meetings are scheduled elsewhere around the state as well. For meetings in Morton, call Harry Cody, 360-497-1105; in Vancouver call John Roland, 360-891-5099; in Wenatchee, Ellensburg and Yakima, call Marti Ames, 509-662-4335; in Omak and Okanogan, call Jan Flatten, 509-826-3277.

**MOUNTAINS TO SOUND MARCH**—The 10th anniversary of the Mountains to Sound March will take place this summer from July 13 to July 22.

The group going the entire distance is limited to 200, but others are welcome to join in on any daily segment as long as you provide your own transportation and food.

The original March in 1990 started at Snoqualmie Pass and took five days (including one day of 25 miles) to hike into downtown Seattle. The 10th Anniversary March will start in Thorp and travel by wagon train for three days to the Pass, then continue on foot to Seattle, with no hiking day longer than 15 miles.

The organizers hope to have a big crowd for the final day, Saturday, July 22, when the group will hike the final 10 miles from Newcastle Beach Park in Bellevue, over the I-90 bridge to the Seattle waterfront for speeches and celebration.

Here's the schedule:

- July 13, from Thorp Mill to Firemans Park in South Cle Elum, 18 miles by wagon train
- July 14, from South Cle Elum to Jack Price's ranch in Easton, 10 miles by wagon train
- July 15, from Easton to Hyak trailhead at Snoqualmie Pass, 19 miles by wagon train



# WHAT'S HAPPENING

NEWS FROM ALL OVER

- July 16, Snoqualmie Pass to Tinkham campground, 9 miles by foot
- July 17, Tinkham to Rattlesnake Lake, 12 miles by foot
- July 18, Rattlesnake Lake to Snoqualmie Point (exit 27), 11 miles by foot
- July 19, Snoqualmie Point to Preston, County Park, 7 miles by foot
- July 20, Preston to Issaquah Community Center, 11 miles by foot
- July 21, Issaquah to Newcastle Beach Park, Bellevue, 15 miles by foot
- July 22, Bellevue to Seattle Waterfront Park, 10 miles by foot

For an application or more information, contact:

**Mountains to Sound Greenway**  
1011 Western Ave, Suite 606  
Seattle WA 98104

or call organizer Ken Konigsmark, 425-957-5094.

**ECOLOGY CLASS**—Get a taste of life as a wildlife biologist by assisting with wildlife research this summer in the North Cascades.

Western Washington University is offering a two week field course with Chris Morgan (faculty member, Huxley College of Environmental Studies, WWU) to gain university credits and valuable real world research experience in the field while hiking amid some of the state's most magnificent scenery. Focusing on grizzly bear ecology, research, conservation and management, students will also learn about countless additional species, especially

large carnivores such as cougars, black bears, wolves, and lynx.

For more course and enrollment information, call Chris Morgan, 360-595-0116; or see <www.wilderness.ws> (click "About Us" link). Pre-course orientation on afternoon of July 13. Course dates: 7/21 to 8/3.

**GRANITE MOUNTAIN AVALANCHE**—A 45-year-old Seattle man was caught in an avalanche on Granite Mountain. The slide occurred about 12:30 in the afternoon. The man collided with another hiker who was not seriously hurt and was able to walk out. The first man was airlifted to Harborview with internal injuries.

## KEEPING PACE

EQUIPMENT, RECIPES, TIPS

**NEW BOOTS**—I bought new boots from REI on December 31st. After two hikes and several local walks totaling about 20 miles I couldn't break them in and I was getting painful blisters.

Last week, remembering their promise to bring them back if the fit wasn't satisfactory, I tried doing exactly that. They gave me a new pair of boots by a different manufacturer and one-half size smaller. Now, that is good customer service.—*Tom Karasek, Stanwood.*

**GPS ACCURACY**—The US has stopped the intentional degradation of GPS signals. This means that civilian users of GPS will be able to pinpoint locations up to ten times more accurately than they did before.

**DOG RAIN COATS**—I carry a raincoat for each of my two dogs. The coat is a shaped waterproof sheet backed by pile and attached with velcro around the neck and a buckle strap around the tummy.

I purchased mine from the local feed store, but have seen them in pet stores and on the internet. Prices start at about \$25 and up depending on the size of your dog.

Measure your dog from the neck to the start of the tail to determine the correct size. I have always had one for my Schnauzer, Sammy, because he shivers

when wet once he has stopped moving.

He has outgrown his first coat (I now have a used 10" coat available), so when I bought him a replacement, I also got one for my Brittany, Jenny. She is 11 and has slowed down lately. In the past I have used some of my own extra clothing to give her protection from the wind and rain at lunch time.

On really wet backpack days, Sammy has even worn his raincoat under his pack for added protection. My dogs

sleep indoors so they are not toughened up to the cold.

Now my clothes stay cleaner since I do not need to share and they are available for me if I need them.

The coats I have are made by Canine Casuals, 425-788-5312. I had the dogs with me when I bought them, so I actually was able to try them on before purchasing.—*Linda Rostad, Redmond.*



Jenny takes a trail break.

Linda Rostad



# EDITOR'S JOURNAL



Setting up camp in upper Bean Basin.

**FROM THE MAILBOX**—"Pack & Paddle is always great."—*Bellingham*

"We especially like the ideas on gear and equipment ... any ideas on altimeters?"—*Seattle*

"As always, I look forward to my next issue of *P&P*. It kept my goal of returning to the Great Northwest through a frigid, ugly Chicago-area winter, where the only place to ski was the tailings of an abandoned strip mine!"—*Everett*

"You are always a highlight of the month! *La recherche du temps perdu!*"—*Seattle*

"We are both in our 80s and have wonderful memories of the places you have led us to."—*Hoquiam*

**NEW SIGNS**—Someone who works for the Forest Service told me recently that he will spend a large chunk of his time this spring going around replacing all the perfectly good "Trail Park Pass Required" signs with new "Northwest Forest Pass Required" signs.

It struck both of us as an enormous waste of hikers' money.

**COMMITTEE NEEDED**—The Forest Service ought to take a cue from the State of Washington, and administer the Northwest Forest Pass money like the Sno-Park or Water Trails programs do.

These programs have citizens' advisory committees that recommend where and how the fees should be spent.

**TARGET**—"You've heard the saying 'Don't leave valuables in your car at the trailhead,'" writes a reader. "We now have \$30 worth of merchandise hanging inside our car windows at the trailheads."

It's a point I never would have thought of, and I have heard it now from a couple of people—that the value of the parking permits makes them a target for theft.

**STRAY KITTY**—Yes, Peg Ferm found a good home for the little stray cat she rescued. Yellow Cat thanks you all for being concerned.

**MOUNTAINS TO SOUND MARCH**—My goodness, it's been ten years already since the first Mountains to Sound March.

I remember my son, then 18, driving me up to Snoqualmie Pass the night before the trek started. His reward for the taxi service was getting to drive my car for the week!

I had a great time hiking with many subscribers on that trip. I might have gone on this year's trip too, but didn't hear about it in time and now have other things on the calendar. I think, however, that I'll try to join in on the 22nd, from Bellevue to the Seattle Waterfront.

**EAGLE**—I was startled today by the sight of a bald eagle being chased by

crows, flying right through our yard and down our little country road about 15 feet off the ground.

**NORTH CASCADES**—It has been interesting to have such an exchange of letters about the Picket Range and North Cascades lately.

A reader from Wallingford goes with this theme: "...in the opinion of some, it was Tabor and Crowder who lessened the spirit of the Glacier Peak and North Cascades wildernesses by demystifying these great unknowns far before natural exploration would have.

"How? By drawing little red lines ("high routes") all over the maps of these areas for people to turn into trails, and red dots to scuff up as campsites.

"The amount of country they covered was "unbelievable" until it's realized that they gathered all this information not by the hard-fought "old fashioned way" totally on foot, but by helicopters dropping off geology students (and them) to run ridges, gather rocks, take notes, and get picked up on the other end, and get paid for it.

"But they sure did produce some fine, informative books, including Tabor's new North Cascades geology book."

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